

Always / 1895

TRANSLATING STARRETT'S 221B

Translating Vincent Starrett's Sonnet “221B” ("Always 1895")

A Project by The Baker Street Babes

In commemoration of the 85th anniversary of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's death.

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Cover Design: Sora Reyes

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Background illustrations in order of appearance:

- Paget, Sidney. “I fell into a brown study.” in: “The Cardboard Box”. London: *The Strand Magazine*, January 1893.
----- “There’s our man, Watson! Come along!” in: “The Hound of the Baskervilles”. London: *The Strand Magazine*, September 1901.
----- “Holmes was working hard over a chemical investigation.” in: “The Adventure of the Naval Treaty.” London: *The Strand Magazine*, October 1893.

Preface:

When I was trying to find a good ending for an introduction to Sherlock Holmes which I was working on a year ago, I thought that the final couplet of Vincent Starrett's sonnet "221B" ("Always 1895") would be perfect. However, I was writing the book in German, so I thought I'd translate the poem to see if I could manage to convey the hope of those final lines - the immortality of Holmes and Watson as a constant in an ever changing world. It proved quite a challenge, but I loved the process of looking at each word and each verse, trying to find just the right words to express this notion in German.

Knowing that many of the followers of the Baker Street Babes are not native speakers, the idea for this project began taking shape. Since our last project, *One Fixed Point in a Changing Age: A New Generation on Sherlock Holmes*, had inspired many brilliant essays, I knew that the fans of all things Sherlock Holmes would be interested and willing to work hard to contribute to the Sherlockian cause. The 85th anniversary of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's death also struck me as a good date to remember and celebrate his life and work through this collective effort.

Translating poetry is extremely difficult. Decisions concerning form, style, the right connotation of the translated words, rhyme and rhythm have to be made. Due to the fixed sonnet form, Starrett's 221B is very hard to translate without changing the rhyme scheme or metre while staying faithful to the content.

Each translation therefore is not merely a rendering into another language, but a process of several executive decisions and careful consideration of options to convey not only the content of the English original, but also the interpretation of the translator. In that sense, things are not necessarily lost in translation, but gained. I particularly enjoy that we received several translations into the same languages, which show just how different the same poem can become through the interpretation and choices of different translators.

This volume holds 31 different versions of "221B" in 20 different languages. Each one of them is a contribution to the worldwide phenomena that are Sherlock Holmes and John Watson. I would like to thank each and every one of those who made a contribution and helped to proof-read and select the translations for this little book. Your time, help and compassion is very much appreciated.

Maria Fleischhack
July 7, 2015
Leipzig, Germany

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Introduction:

“Only those things the heart believes are true.”

The world was at war in 1942.

Never before had so many nations been engaged in a conflict that threatened to remake the map of the world. Institutions that had seemed as fixed as bedrock were blown to rubble by bombs dropped by warplanes and grand ships of the sea were lost to torpedoes fired from underwater war machines.

Sherlock Holmes’s London was not immune. The Blitz had erased historic structures overnight, sending residents into underground tunnels and children to the countryside. Sandbags and rubble lined Baker Street, and the home some believed to be the original of 221B was left a smoking shell.

Sitting in his little room filled with books, Vincent Starrett felt the tragedy of a world being violently torn to pieces.

Recently we have passed through some of the most dramatic months, I suppose, of contemporary history. Stirred by a confusion of emotions, too tangled to tease, we hung above the radio waiting each fresh installment of the fantastic serial, and found it difficult to believe that this indeed was actuality.¹

Starrett had been born in Toronto, but was raised and lived most of his life in Chicago. A newspaperman by trade, he had also developed a following for his mystery novels, poetry and essays on the joys of book collecting. In 1933, he published a book that was to spark a movement in the United States: *The Private Life of Sherlock Holmes*.

It was in this classic that Starrett mused on the immortality of Holmes and Watson.

But there can be no grave for Sherlock Holmes or Watson ... Shall they not always live on Baker Street? Are they not there this instant, as one writes? ... Outside, the hansom cabs rattle through the rain, and Moriarty plans his latest devilry. Within, the sea-coal flames upon the hearth, and Holmes and Watson take their well-won ease ... So they still live for all that love them well: in a romantic chamber of the heart: in a nostalgic country of the mind: where it is always 1895.²

The growing Sherlock Holmes fraternity had brought Starrett friends from around the country. Now, he was hearing of their sons lost at sea, of the families that disappeared in German prison camps, of institutions teetering on collapse.

Would England survive? Would the world of books and reading and libraries—all those things that he held to be comforting and good—be saved from the bombs and flames?

Those questions, and the very real fears behind them, prompted Starrett to turn to his type-

writer. A long-time poet (he had written his first verse about the death of Queen Victoria when he was eight) Starrett poured all his hopes and fears into a sonnet he called “221B,” after that famous address on Baker Street. The result was the sonnet we know and love today. Here’s how it first appeared:

221B

(for Edgar W. Smith)

Here dwell together still two men of note
Who never lived and so can never die:
How very near they seem, yet how remote
That age before the world went all awry.
But still the game’s afoot for those with ears
Attuned to catch the distant view-halloo:
England is England yet, for all our fears –
Only those things the heart *believes* are true.

A yellow fog swirls past the window-pane
As night descends upon this fabled street:
A lonely hansom splashes through the rain,
The ghostly gas lamps fail at twenty feet.
Here, though the world explode, these two survive,
And it is always eighteen ninety-five.

[March, 1942]

Starrett did something out of the ordinary for his work: He dedicated a sonnet to a particular person. Edgar W. Smith, the General Motors executive, was also the guiding light behind Christopher Morley’s club of Holmes followers, the Baker Street Irregulars. Morley, Smith and Starrett were a kind of Sherlockian trinity, who had swiftly bonded over their mutual affection for Holmes and appreciation for each other.

The reason for the dedication is clear in the March 30, 1942 cover letter Starrett sent to Smith along with the a copy of the unpublished sonnet. In his cover letter, Starrett wrote:

Herewith a sonnet about the Great Companions, which I hope may be part of a slim volume this autumn. Since the second line boldly appropriates one of your best lines, the least the poet can do is dedicate the stanzas to you – but, indeed, he wanted to anyway.³

Smith was honored by Starrett's gesture. In writing back, Smith made a significant observation, one that illustrates his intellectual acuity. Said Smith:

It is not the second line of the sonnet I like best, (Smith wrote) even though you attribute the inspiration for it to me; it is the eighth line, which says, so very believably, and therefore so very truly:

“Only those things the heart *believes* are true.”

The initial publication came in a holiday card at Christmas, 1942, where “221B” was coupled with a poem by Morley. Printed in a limited edition of 60, the little piece is a treasured collector’s item today.

The next year, “221B” made its first appearance between hard covers, when Starrett published the last major collection of poetry, *Autolycus In Limbo*. Smith also reprinted the sonnet in *The Baker Street Journal*, which added to its repute.

Over the years, the sonnet’s reputation grew, as Sherlock Holmes societies adopted it as a part of their meeting rituals. By the time Starrett died in the 1974, the sonnet was as well known as *The Private Life of Sherlock Holmes*. The last line—“Where it is always 1895”—had also become the unofficial slogan of the Sherlock Holmes movement.

It has been more than 70 years since “221B” was written, and it is delightful to think that Starrett’s work is being adopted by a new generation of Holmes admirers. I believe the sonnet will continue to thrive, as long as dreamers read the Sherlock Holmes stories, as long as men and women imagine a land of gas lamps and fog, and as long as we yearn for a world where two friends dedicate their lives to solving crimes and helping those in need.

It is also fitting that there should be a volume dedicated to translations of “221B”. This noble sonnet was born of a world conflict and has since been adopted by Holmes societies around globe.

May it always be read in peace.

Ray Betzner
March 2015
Philadelphia, USA

1 Vincent Starrett, introduction to *221B: Studies in Sherlock Holmes*, New York: The Macmillan Company, 1940, p. xii.

2 — —, *The Private Life of Sherlock Holmes*, New York: The Macmillan Company, 1933, p. 93.

3 Correspondence between Vincent Starrett and Edgar W. Smith as reported in *Irregular Records of the Early 'Forties*, edited by Jon L. Lellenberg, New York City: The Baker Street Irregulars, 1991. pp. 106-108.

Words by Vincent Starrett

221B

Setting by Jim Ballinger

Andante

The musical score consists of four staves of music. The top two staves are for the piano, and the bottom two are for the voice. The vocal part is in soprano range. The music is set in common time, with various key changes indicated by key signatures. The lyrics are integrated into the musical lines.

Andante

Here dwell to-gether still two men of note Who

ne - ver lived and so can ne - ver die: How ver - y near they seem,yet how re - mote That

time be-fore the world went all a - wry. But still the game's a-foot for those with ears a -

tuned to hear the dis-tant view-hal- loc Eng-land is Eng-land yet, for all our fears_

Music copyright ©1995 Jim Ballinger

2

11

On-ly those things the heart be-lieves are true. A yel-low fog swirls past the win-dow-pane As

14

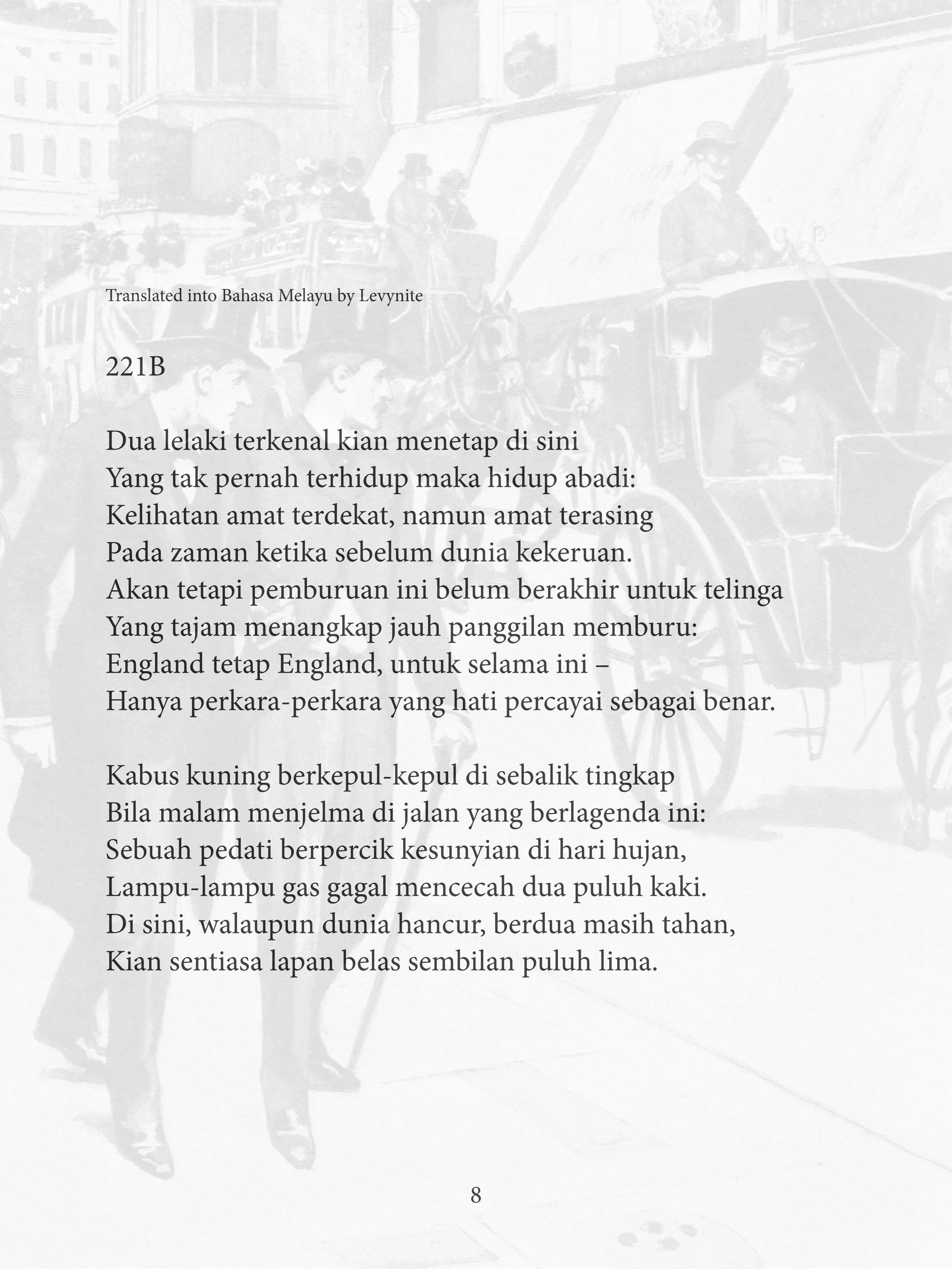
night de-scends up-on this fa-bled street A lone-ly han-som splash-es through the rain, The

16

ghost - ly gas lamps fail at twen - ty feet.

18 rit.

Here, though the world ex-plore, these two sur-vive, And it is al-ways eigh-teen nine-ty - five.
rit.

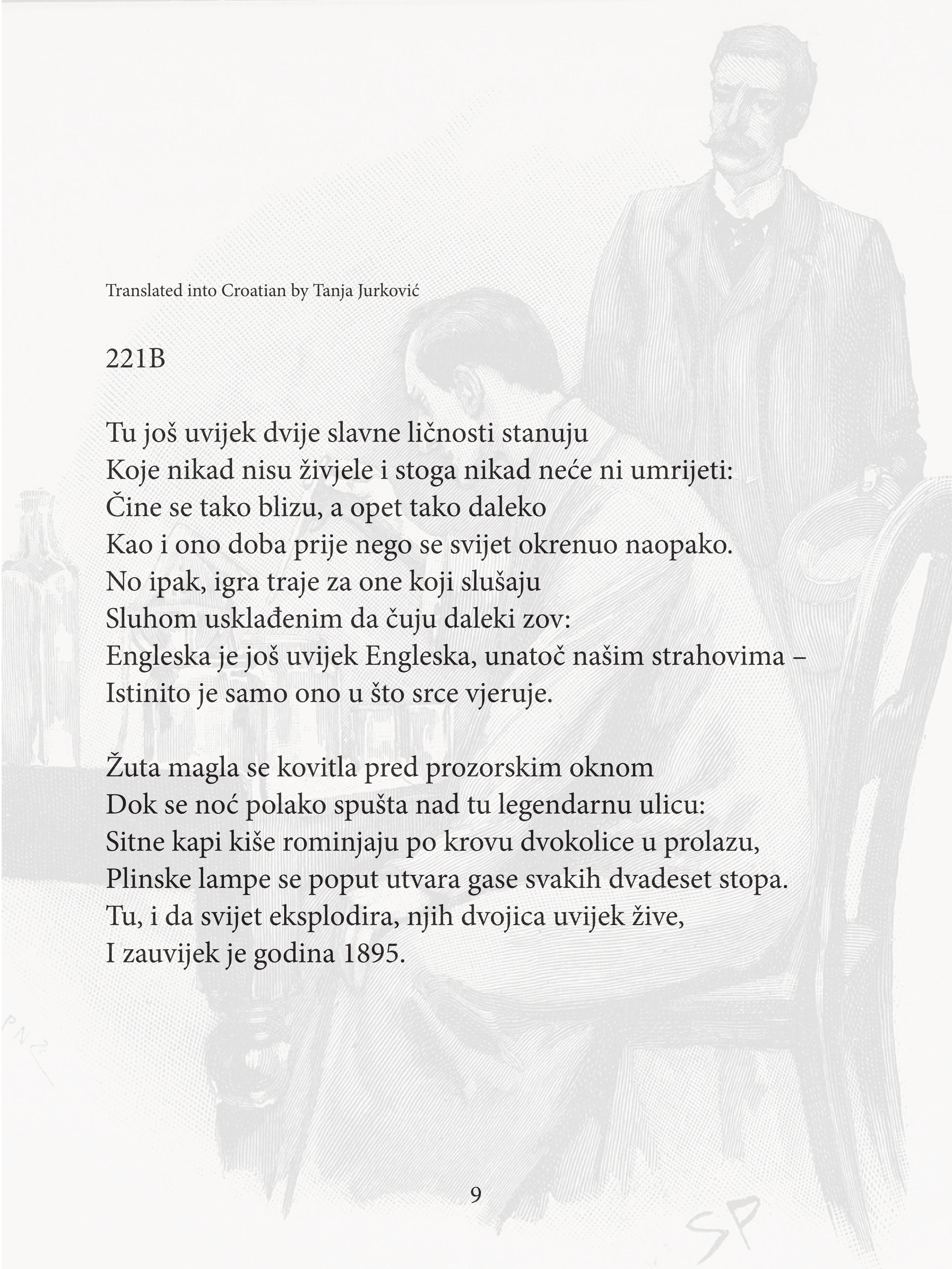


Translated into Bahasa Melayu by Levynite

221B

Dua lelaki terkenal kian menetap di sini
Yang tak pernah terhidup maka hidup abadi:
Kelihatan amat terdekat, namun amat terasing
Pada zaman ketika sebelum dunia kekeruan.
Akan tetapi pemburuhan ini belum berakhir untuk telinga
Yang tajam menangkap jauh panggilan memburu:
England tetap England, untuk selama ini –
Hanya perkara-perkara yang hati percayai sebagai benar.

Kabus kuning berkepul-kepul di sebalik tingkap
Bila malam menjelma di jalan yang berlagenda ini:
Sebuah pedati berpercik kesunyian di hari hujan,
Lampu-lampu gas gagal mencecah dua puluh kaki.
Di sini, walaupun dunia hancur, berdua masih tahan,
Kian sentiasa lapan belas sembilan puluh lima.



Translated into Croatian by Tanja Jurković

221B

Tu još uvijek dvije slavne ličnosti stanuju
Koje nikad nisu živjele i stoga nikad neće ni umrijeti:
Čine se tako blizu, a opet tako daleko
Kao i ono doba prije nego se svijet okrenuo naopako.
No ipak, igra traje za one koji slušaju
Sluhom usklađenim da čuju daleki zov:
Engleska je još uvijek Engleska, unatoč našim strahovima –
Istinito je samo ono u što srce vjeruje.

Žuta magla se kovitla pred prozorskim oknom
Dok se noć polako spušta nad tu legendarnu ulicu:
Sitne kapi kiše rominjaju po krovu dvokolice u prolazu,
Plinske lampe se poput utvara gase svakih dvadeset stopa.
Tu, i da svijet eksplodira, njih dvojica uvijek žive,
I zauvijek je godina 1895.

Translated into German by mylastvow

221B

Hier wohnen zwei hoch angeseh'ne Herrn
Die nie lebten und drum nie vergehen.
So nah sie erscheinen und doch so fern
Als noch intakt war das Weltgeschehen.

Doch noch immer ist das Spiel im Gange
Für die die folgen dem fernen Trara.
England bleibt England noch, sei nicht bange
Nur die Dinge, die das Herz glaubt, sind wahr.

Draußen vorbei zieht der Nebel so klamm
Es dunkelt an jenem vertrauten Ort.
Durch den Regen rauscht einsam ein Gespann
Der Gaslampen Licht geistert hier und dort.

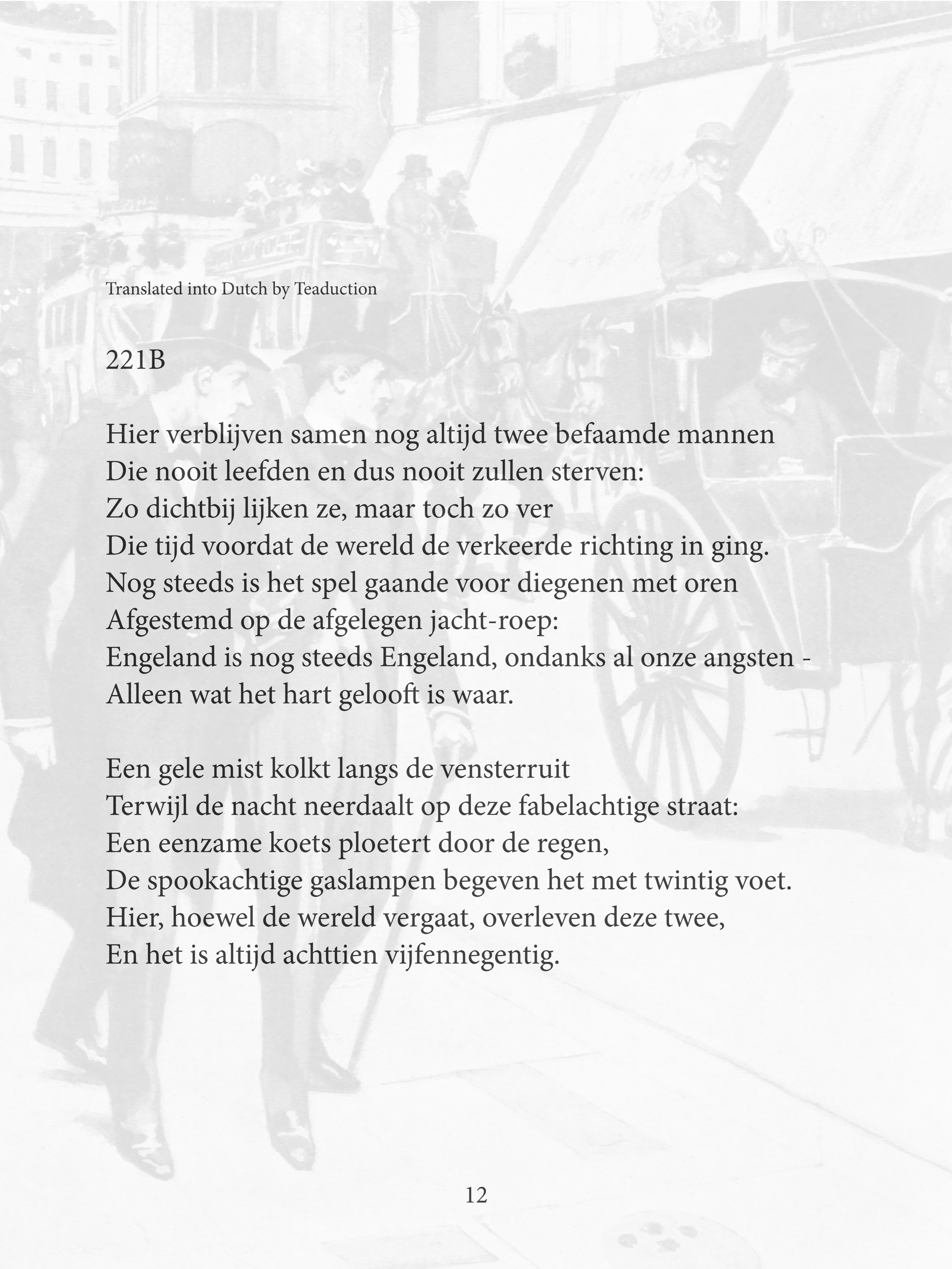
Diese Zwei werden für alle Zeiten
Auf ewig unsre Herzen begleiten.

Translated into Russian by Flora Ollomouc

221Б

Два легендарных друга здесь живут,
Не рождены, а значит, смерти нет:
Они так близко к нам, а дни бегут
С откоса с той поры, как рухнул свет.
Еще идёт игра погони той,
Что чуткий слух уловит, как магнит.
Незыблем Альбион, пусть страшен бой –
Лишь сердце верность истине хранит.

Туманом жёлтых вихрей за окном
Клубится ночь, слетая к Бейкер-стрит,
Кэб одинок, залит, забит дождём,
Отряд фонарных призраков размыт.
Погибнет мир – им есть, где выживать –
Год восемнадцать девяносто пять.

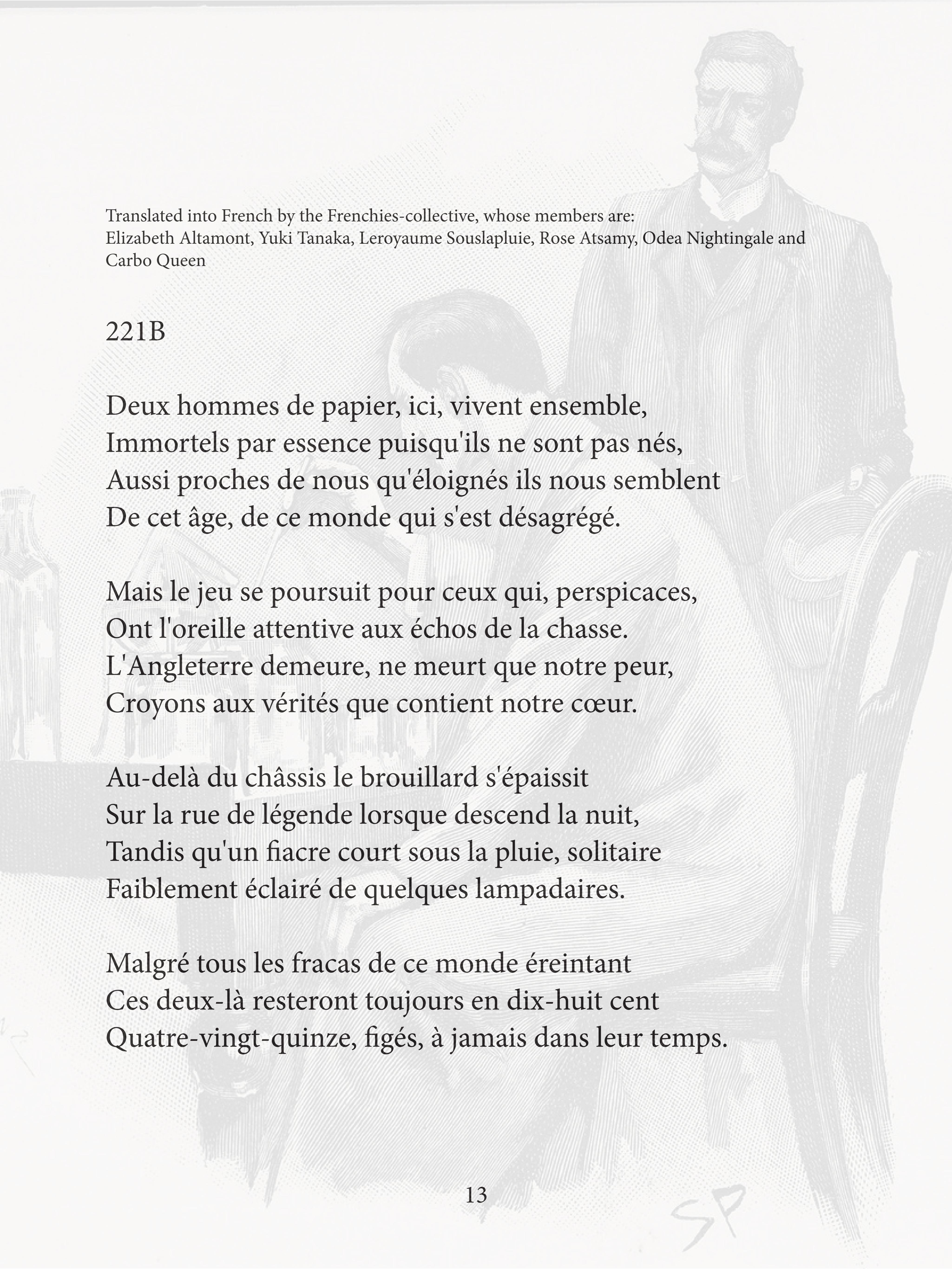


Translated into Dutch by Teaduction

221B

Hier verblijven samen nog altijd twee befaamde mannen
Die nooit leefden en dus nooit zullen sterven:
Zo dichtbij lijken ze, maar toch zo ver
Die tijd voordat de wereld de verkeerde richting in ging.
Nog steeds is het spel gaande voor diegenen met oren
Afgestemd op de afgelegen jacht-roep:
Engeland is nog steeds Engeland, ondanks al onze angsten -
Alleen wat het hart gelooft is waar.

Een gele mist kolkt langs de vensterruit
Terwijl de nacht neerdaalt op deze fabelachtige straat:
Een eenzame koets ploertert door de regen,
De spookachtige gaslampen begeven het met twintig voet.
Hier, hoewel de wereld vergaat, overleven deze twee,
En het is altijd achttien vijfennegentig.



Translated into French by the Frenchies-collective, whose members are:
Elizabeth Altamont, Yuki Tanaka, Leroyaume Souslaplue, Rose Atsamy, Odea Nightingale and
Carbo Queen

221B

Deux hommes de papier, ici, vivent ensemble,
Immortels par essence puisqu'ils ne sont pas nés,
Aussi proches de nous qu'éloignés ils nous semblent
De cet âge, de ce monde qui s'est désagrégé.

Mais le jeu se poursuit pour ceux qui, perspicaces,
Ont l'oreille attentive aux échos de la chasse.
L'Angleterre demeure, ne meurt que notre peur,
Croyons aux vérités que contient notre cœur.

Au-delà du châssis le brouillard s'épaissit
Sur la rue de légende lorsque descend la nuit,
Tandis qu'un fiacre court sous la pluie, solitaire
Faiblement éclairé de quelques lampadaires.

Malgré tous les fracas de ce monde éreintant
Ces deux-là resteront toujours en dix-huit cent
Quatre-vingt-quinze, figés, à jamais dans leur temps.

Translated into Vietnamese by Huynh Bui Minh Thao

221B

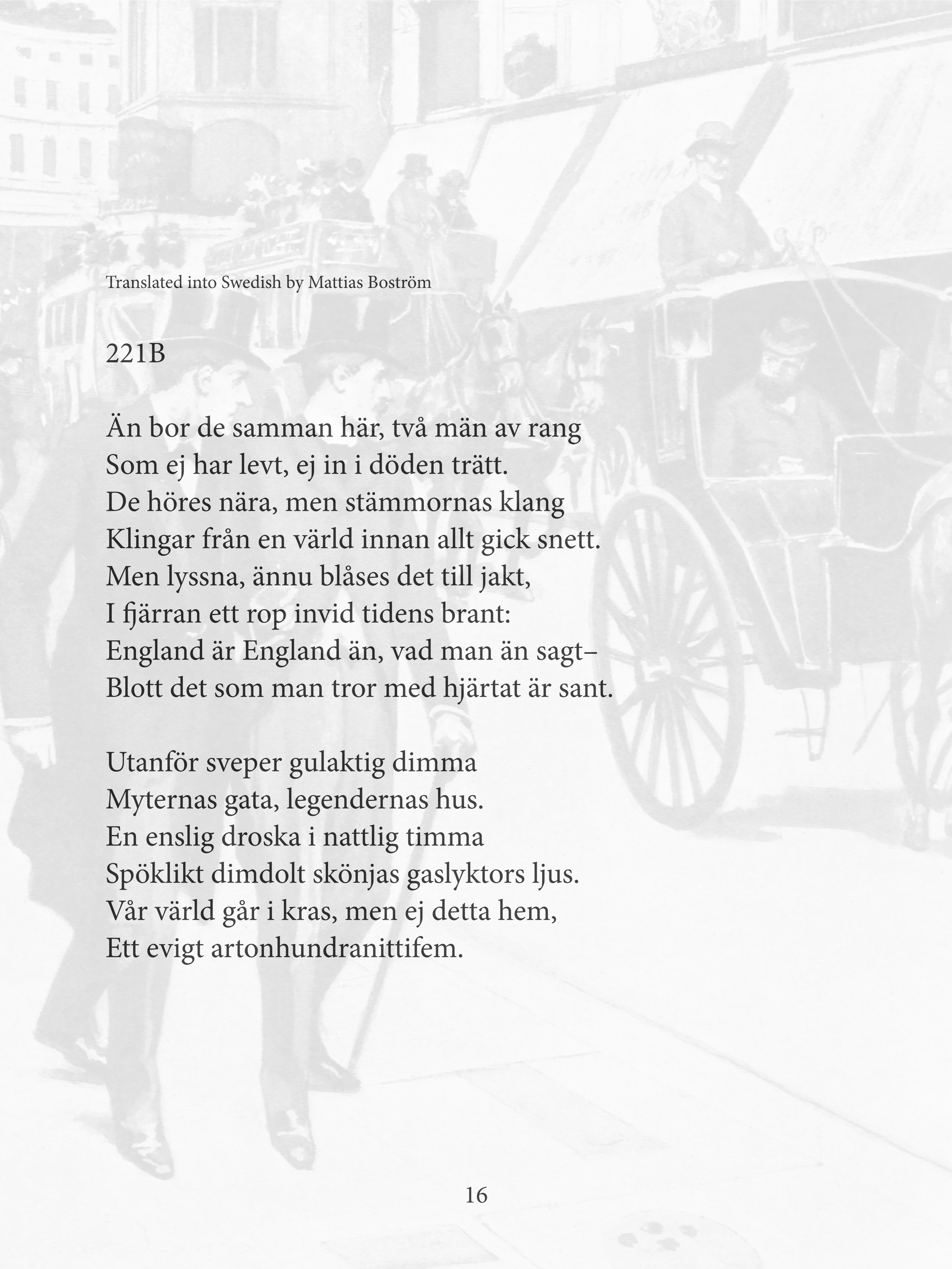
Cùng ngụ ở đây, vẫn là hai người đàn ông danh tiếng
Những người không bao giờ sống và vì thế không bao giờ chết
Dù rất gần nhưng cũng lại rất xa
Vào thời đại trước khi cả thế giới đều trở nên sai lệch
Nhưng trò chơi vẫn được tiến hành cho những ai có đôi tai
Cùng nhau để bắt được tiếng kèn từ xa
Nước Anh vẫn là nước Anh, với nỗi sợ của tất cả chúng ta
Chỉ những điều trái tim tin tưởng là thật
Màn sương nhuộm màu vàng cuốn cuộn thổi qua cửa sổ
Khi màn đêm buông xuống trên con đường thân thuộc này
Cỗ xe ngựa đơn độc đi xuyên qua cơn mưa
Những ánh đèn đường buông xuống lưng chừng bảy thước
Dù thế giới có nổ tung, nơi đây hai người vẫn sẽ sống
Và vẫn luôn luôn là năm 1895.

Translated into Czech by xgraciela

"221B"

Zde bydlí spolu dva muži známí,
Co nežili, přec nesmrtelní jsou.
Vzdálení, ač blízko tu s námi,
Z dob než svět zvrátil podobu svou.
Zájemce však opět případ čeká!
Ty lačné slyšet tiché volání.
Pravdou jest, byť leckterý se leká,
Jen to, čemu srdce se přiklání.

Žlutá mlha se za okny honí,
Noc na slavnou ulici padajíc.
Drožce voda stříká zpod kopyt koní,
Mdlé lampy svit na dvacet stop, ne víc.
Ti dva zde žijí dále, zatímco bouřlivě se mění svět,
Však tu se píše stále, rok osmnáct set devadesát pět.

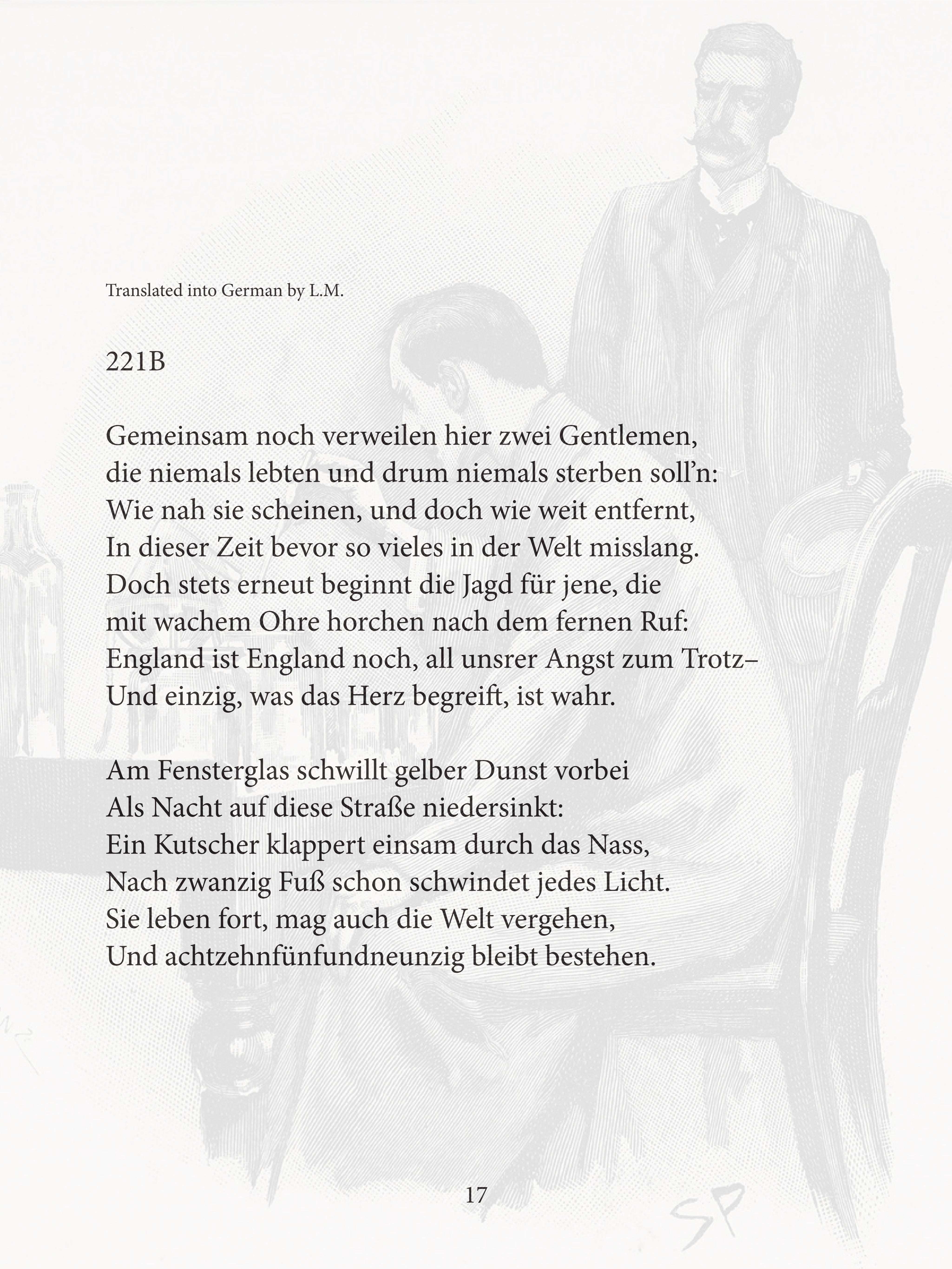


Translated into Swedish by Mattias Boström

221B

Än bor de samman här, två män av rang
Som ej har levt, ej in i döden trätt.
De höres nära, men stämmornas klang
Klingar från en värld innan allt gick snett.
Men lyssna, ännu blåses det till jakt,
I fjärran ett rop invid tidens brant:
England är England än, vad man än sagt—
Blott det som man tror med hjärtat är sant.

Utanför sveper gulaktig dimma
Myternas gata, legendernas hus.
En enslig droska i nattlig timma
Spökligt dimdolt skönjas gaslyktors ljus.
Vår värld går i kras, men ej detta hem,
Ett evigt artonhundranittifem.



Translated into German by L.M.

221B

Gemeinsam noch verweilen hier zwei Gentlemen,
die niemals lebten und drum niemals sterben soll'n:
Wie nah sie scheinen, und doch wie weit entfernt,
In dieser Zeit bevor so vieles in der Welt misslang.
Doch stets erneut beginnt die Jagd für jene, die
mit wachem Ohre horchen nach dem fernen Ruf:
England ist England noch, all unsrer Angst zum Trotz—
Und einzig, was das Herz begreift, ist wahr.

Am Fensterglas schwillt gelber Dunst vorbei
Als Nacht auf diese Straße niedersinkt:
Ein Kutscher klappert einsam durch das Nass,
Nach zwanzig Fuß schon schwindet jedes Licht.
Sie leben fort, mag auch die Welt vergehen,
Und achtzehnfünfundneunzig bleibt bestehen.

Translated into Italian by Elisa Milotti

221B

Ivi dimorano due uomini illustri ed ancor uniti
Che mai vissero per mai morir:
Tanto prossimi, eppur così remoti
Nell'era che anticipò del mondo lo sbieco divenir.
La partita invero è aperta a chi l'uditio sa affinare
Per cogliere il distante richiamo del cacciatore
L'Inghilterra è ancor Inghilterra, malgrado il nostro tremare-
Reale è soltanto ciò che crede il cuore.

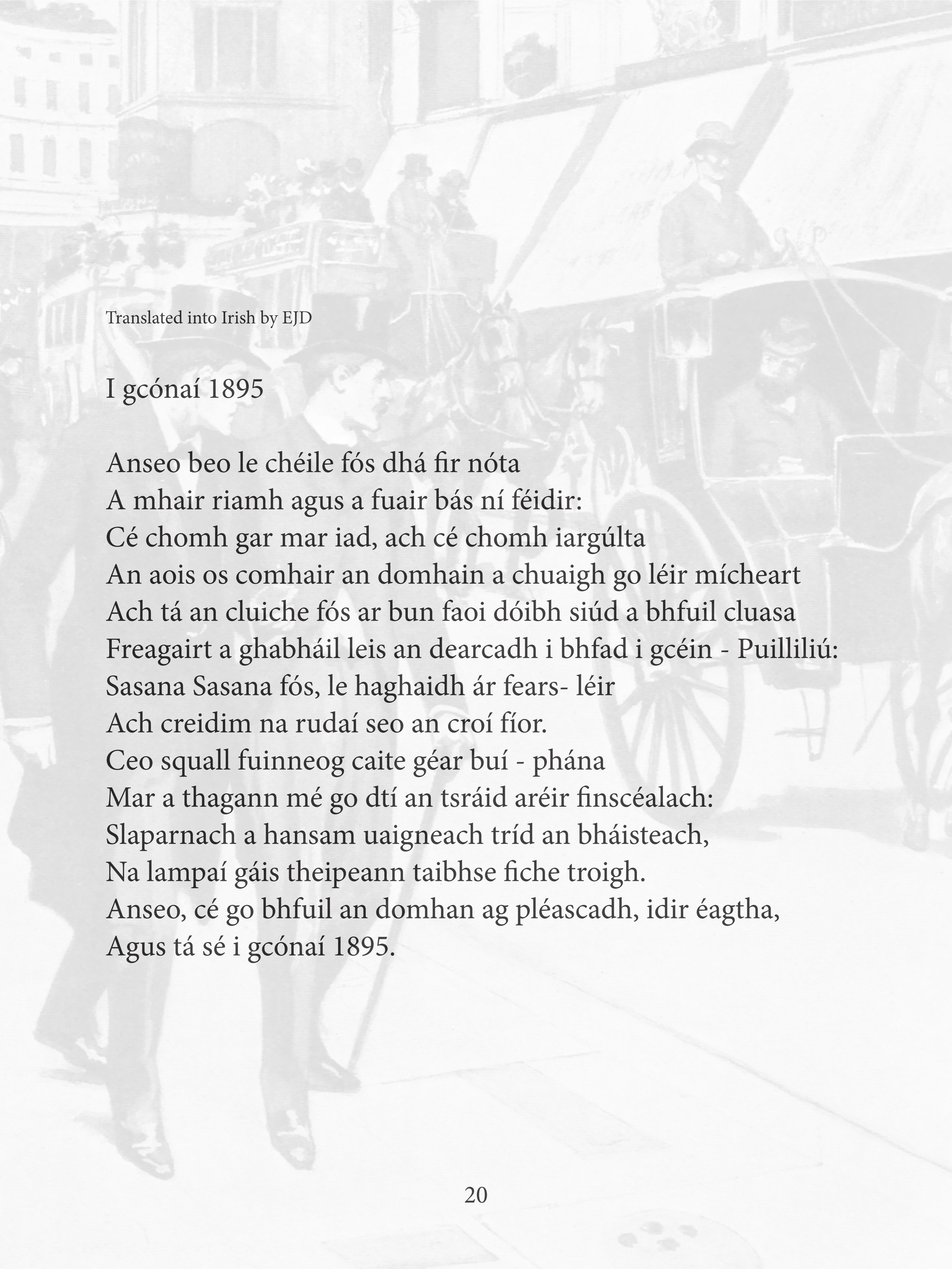
Una nebbia gialla s'anima al di fuori della trifora
Quando la notte discende su questa via leggendaria:
Un calesse solitario sguazzando la pioggia perfora,
A venti piedi è già rarefatta la sinistra luminaria.
Qui, dovesse esplodere il mondo, per i Nostri vita sarà
Ed il milleottocentonovantacinque per sempre durerà.

Translated into Greek by Evangelia

221B

Εδώ κατοικούν ακόμη δύο σπουδαίοι άνδρες
Που ποτέ δεν έζησαν και έτσι ποτέ δεν θα πεθάνουν:
Πόσο κοντά μοιάζουν και όμως πόσο μακριά.
Εκείνη η εποχή πριν ο κόσμος πάει όλος στραβά
Αλλά το παιχνίδι έχει ξεκινήσει γι' αυτούς που έχουν αυτιά
Συντονισμένα να πιάνουν τη μακρινή κραυγή του κυνηγού:
Η Αγγλία είναι ακόμη Αγγλία, παρά όλους μας τους φόβους -
Μόνο εκείνα τα οποία πιστεύει η καρδιά είναι αλήθεια.

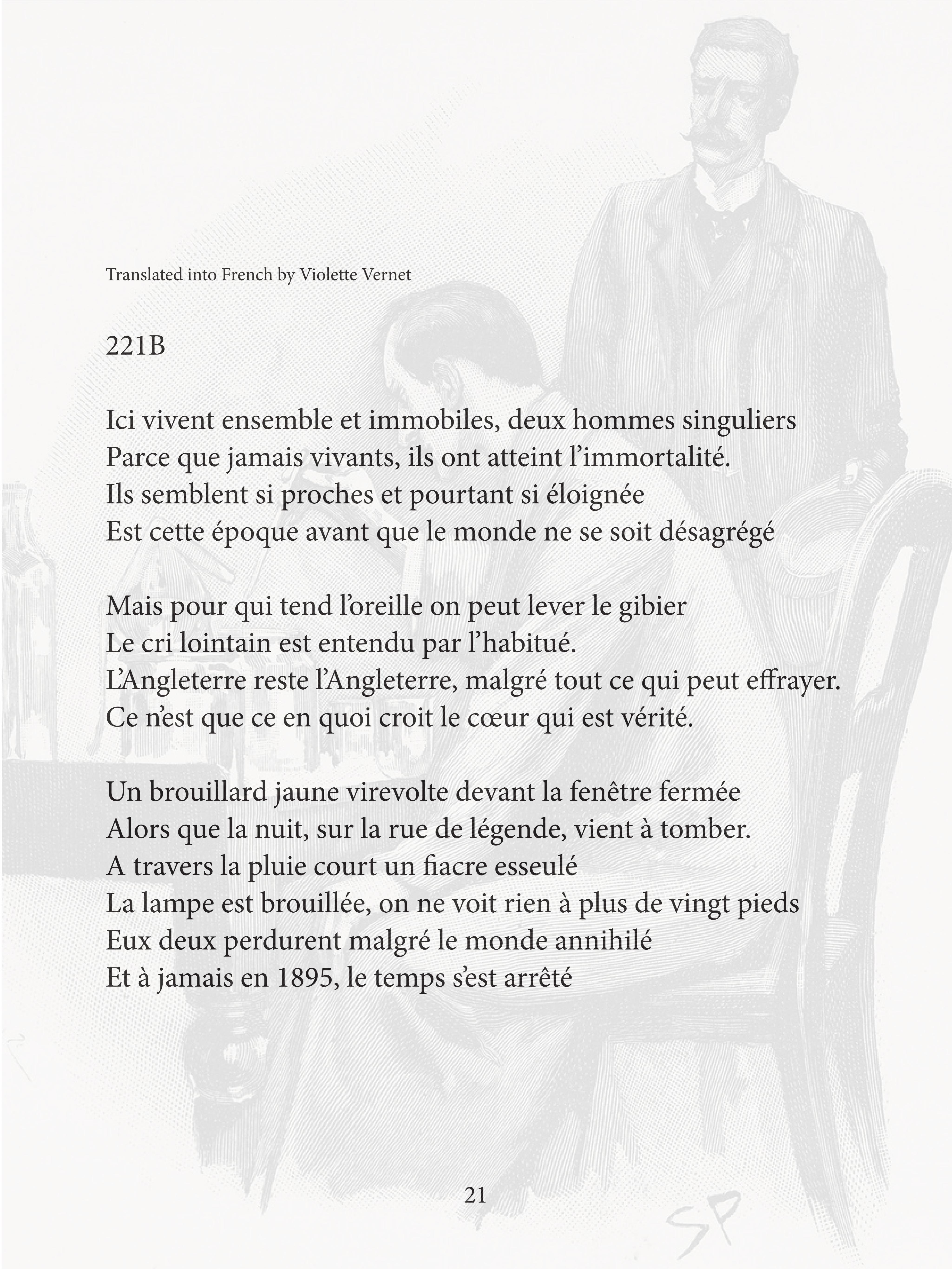
Μια κίτρινη ομίχλη στροβιλίζεται πέρα από το τζάμι του παραθύρου
Όπως η νύχτα πέφτει σε αυτόν τον μυθικό δρόμο:
Μια μοναχική άμαξα τσαλαβουτά μες στη βροχή,
Οι λαμπτήρες αερίου, ωσάν φαντάσματα, δεν λάμπουν 20 πόδια μακριά
Εδώ, ακόμη και αν ο κόσμος καταστραφεί, αυτοί οι δύο επιζούν,
Και είναι πάντα χίλια οκτακόσια ενενήντα πέντε.



Translated into Irish by EJD

I gcónaí 1895

Anseo beo le chéile fós dhá fir nóta
A mhair riamh agus a fuair bás ní féidir:
Cé chomh gar mar iad, ach cé chomh iargúlta
An aois os comhair an domhain a chuaigh go léir mícheart
Ach tá an cluiche fós ar bun faoi dóibh siúd a bhfuil cluasa
Freagairt a ghabháil leis an dearcadh i bhfad i gcéin - Puilliliú:
Sasana Sasana fós, le haghaidh ár fears- léir
Ach creidim na rudaí seo an croí fíor.
Ceo squall fuinneog caite géar buí - phána
Mar a thagann mé go dtí an tsráid aréir finscéalach:
Slaparnach a hansam uaigneach tríd an bháisteach,
Na lampái gáis theipeann taibhse fiche troigh.
Anseo, cé go bhfuil an domhan ag pléascadh, idir éagtha,
Agus tá sé i gcónaí 1895.



Translated into French by Violette Vernet

221B

Ici vivent ensemble et immobiles, deux hommes singuliers
Parce que jamais vivants, ils ont atteint l'immortalité.
Ils semblent si proches et pourtant si éloignée
Est cette époque avant que le monde ne se soit désagrégé

Mais pour qui tend l'oreille on peut lever le gibier
Le cri lointain est entendu par l'habitué.
L'Angleterre reste l'Angleterre, malgré tout ce qui peut effrayer.
Ce n'est que ce en quoi croit le cœur qui est vérité.

Un brouillard jaune virevolte devant la fenêtre fermée
Alors que la nuit, sur la rue de légende, vient à tomber.
A travers la pluie court un fiacre esseulé
La lampe est brouillée, on ne voit rien à plus de vingt pieds
Eux deux perdurent malgré le monde annihilé
Et à jamais en 1895, le temps s'est arrêté

Translated into German by Susanne Goga

221B

Hier weilen immer noch zwei Männer, wohlbekannt.
Sie lebten nie und können niemals sterben:
Sie sind zum Greifen nah, doch nur ein fernes Land
Ist ihre Zeit, bevor die Welt zerfiel in Scherben.
Hörst du gut hin, beginnt das Spiel noch immer,
Der Ruf der Jäger klingt von fern, doch klar und laut:
England bleibt England, denn die Angst siegt nimmer -
Es ist nur wahr, worauf das Herz vertraut.

Ein gelber Nebel wabert vor den Scheiben
Als Nacht auf die berühmte Straße fällt.
Ein Hansom wird im Regen einsam bleiben,
Vom geisterhaften Gaslicht kaum erhellt.
Und explodiert die Welt, die beiden überleben.
Hier wird es 1895 immer geben.

Translated into Romanian by Blushenka

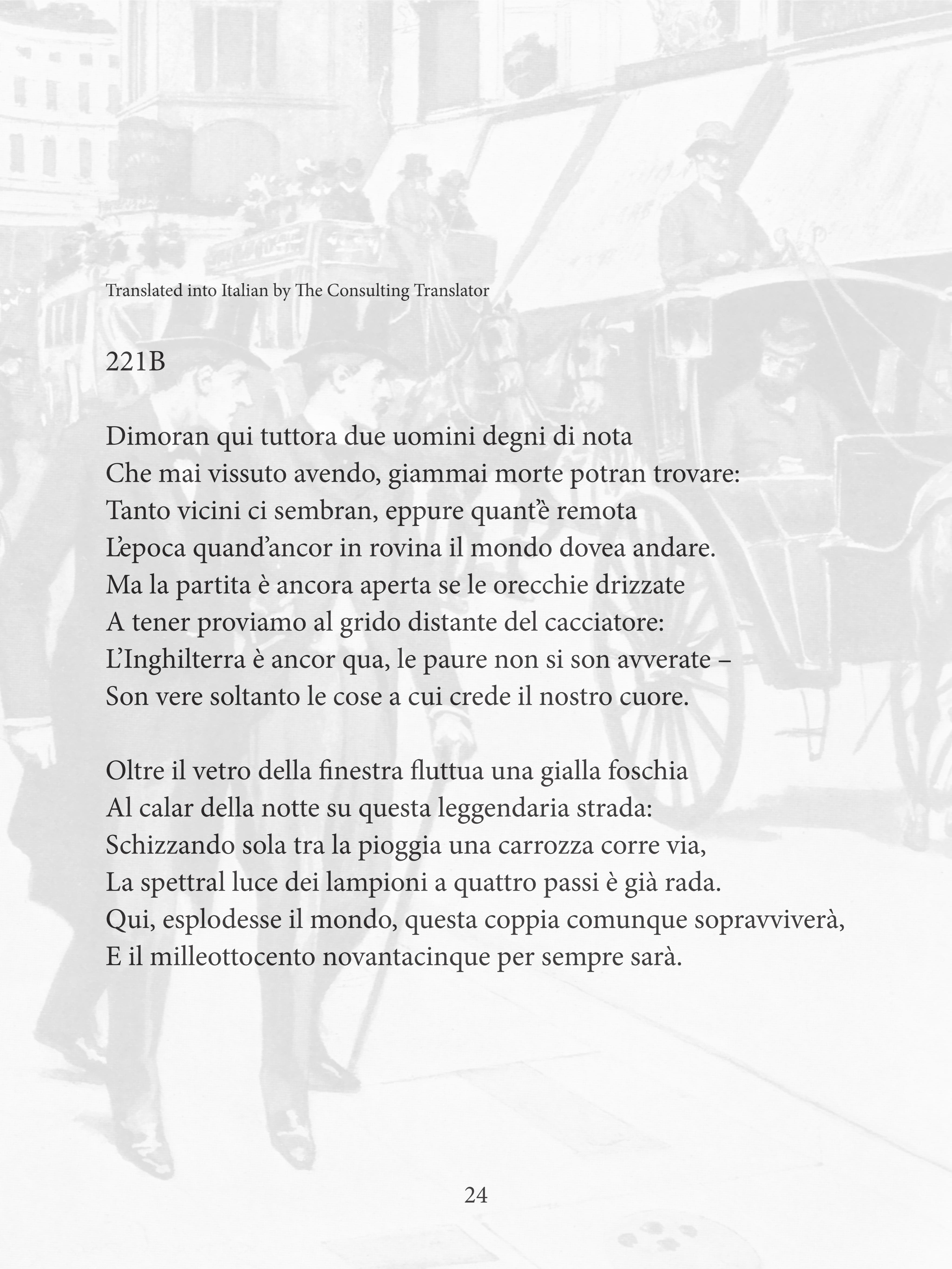
221b

Aici stau încă ei - cei doi,
Feriți de viață și de moarte,
De faimă, nu! Aproape, dar departe,
E vremea lor de îndrăznețe fapte.

Jocul e-n toi, știm noi! Căci auzim -
E chiotul ce-anunță hăituirea,
E-aceeași Anglia, e-aceeași firea,
Ce gustă jocul, gustă urmărirea.

Lampa de gaz aruncă lumini pale,
Prin ploaia surdă birja se grăbește,
Un nor de ceață urcă sub ferestre,
S-a înnoptat în strada de poveste.

Aici lumea să piară, dar cei doi rămân - atunci
Și-acum: e anul o mie optsute nouăzeci și cinci.

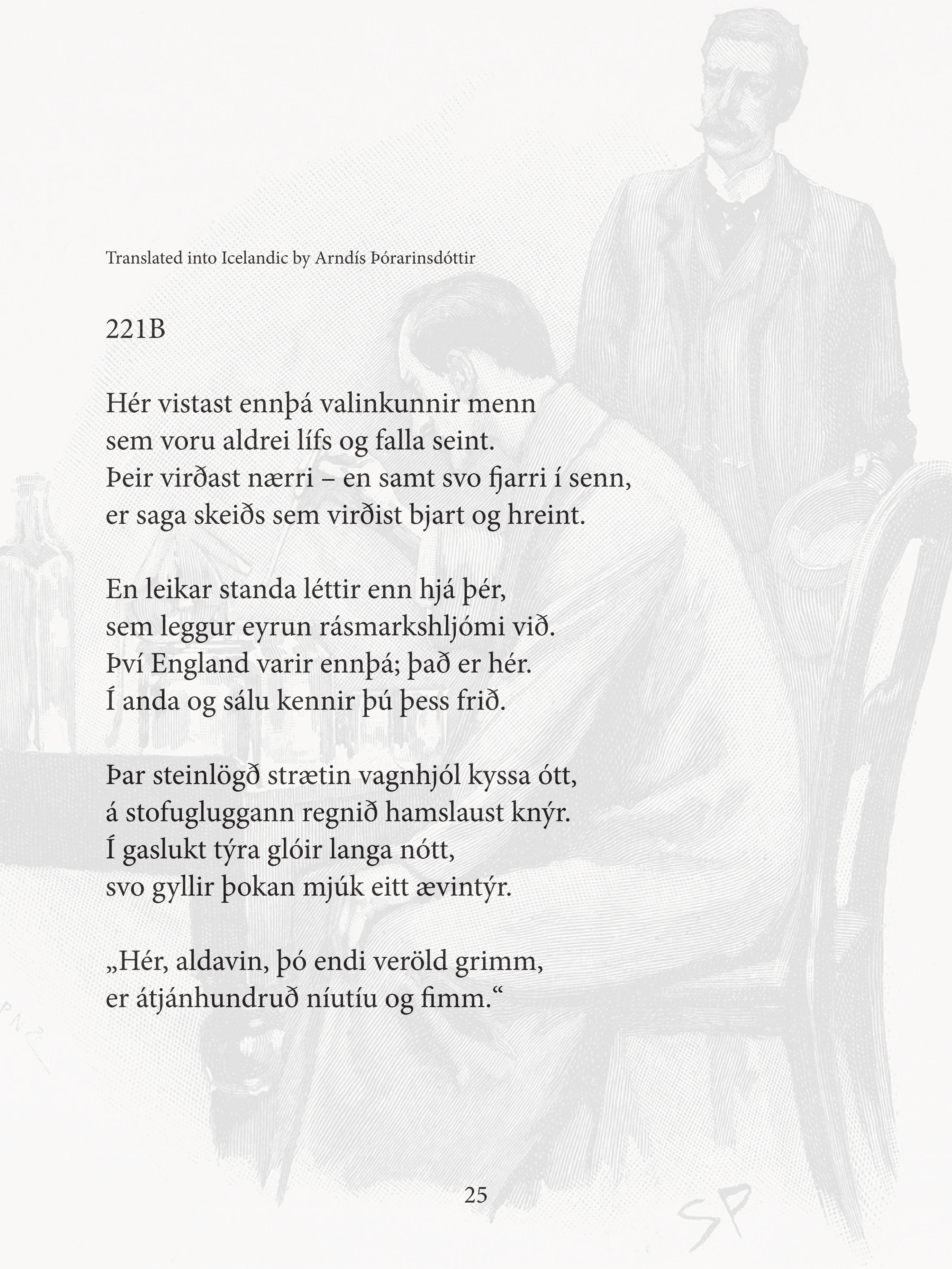


Translated into Italian by The Consulting Translator

221B

Dimoran qui tuttora due uomini degni di nota
Che mai vissuto avendo, giammai morte potran trovare:
Tanto vicini ci sembran, eppure quant'è remota
L'epoca quand'ancor in rovina il mondo dovea andare.
Ma la partita è ancora aperta se le orecchie drizzate
A tener proviamo al grido distante del cacciatore:
L'Inghilterra è ancor qua, le paure non si son avverate –
Son vere soltanto le cose a cui crede il nostro cuore.

Oltre il vetro della finestra fluttua una gialla foschia
Al calar della notte su questa leggendaria strada:
Schizzando sola tra la pioggia una carrozza corre via,
La spettral luce dei lampioni a quattro passi è già rada.
Qui, esplodesse il mondo, questa coppia comunque sopravviverà,
E il milleottocento novantacinque per sempre sarà.



Translated into Icelandic by Arndís Þórarinsdóttir

221B

Hér vistast ennþá valinkunnir menn
sem voru aldrei lífs og falla seint.
Þeir virðast nærri – en samt svo fjarri í senn,
er saga skeiðs sem virðist bjart og hreint.

En leikar standa léttir enn hjá þér,
sem leggur eyrun rásmarkshljómi við.
Því England varir ennþá; það er hér.
Í anda og sálu kennir þú þess frið.

Þar steinlögð strætin vagnhjól kyssa ótt,
á stofugluggann regnið hamslaust knýr.
Í gaslukt týra glóir langa nótt,
svo gyllir þokan mjúk eitt ævintýr.

„Hér, aldavin, þó endi veröld grimm,
er átjánhundruð níutíu og fimm.“

Translated into Polish by Kat

221B

Wciąż mieszkają tutaj dwaj dżentelmeni,
Którzy nigdy nie żyli, więc nie zabierze ich śmierć.
Jakże są nam bliscy, a zarazem jak oddaleni,
Niczym czasy nim świat ogarnęła zamieć.
Lecz dla czujnych uszu gra wciąż się toczy
I ci posłyszą sygnał jak myśliwski róg:
Anglia wciąż stoi, choć pośrodku zgliszczycy –
Tylko wiara ma siłę rozpedzenia trwóga.

Żółtawa mgła leniwie spowija okna,
Gdy noc zapada nad tą ulicą owianą legendą:
Samotna dorożka toczy się od deszczu mokra,
Widma gazowych latarni co parę metrów bledną.
I choćby wybuchł świat, tych dwóch nie zatrze pamięć.
Tu zawsze będzie rok – tysiąc osiemset dziewięćdziesiąt pięć.

Translated into Lithuanian by Sigitas Matulaityte

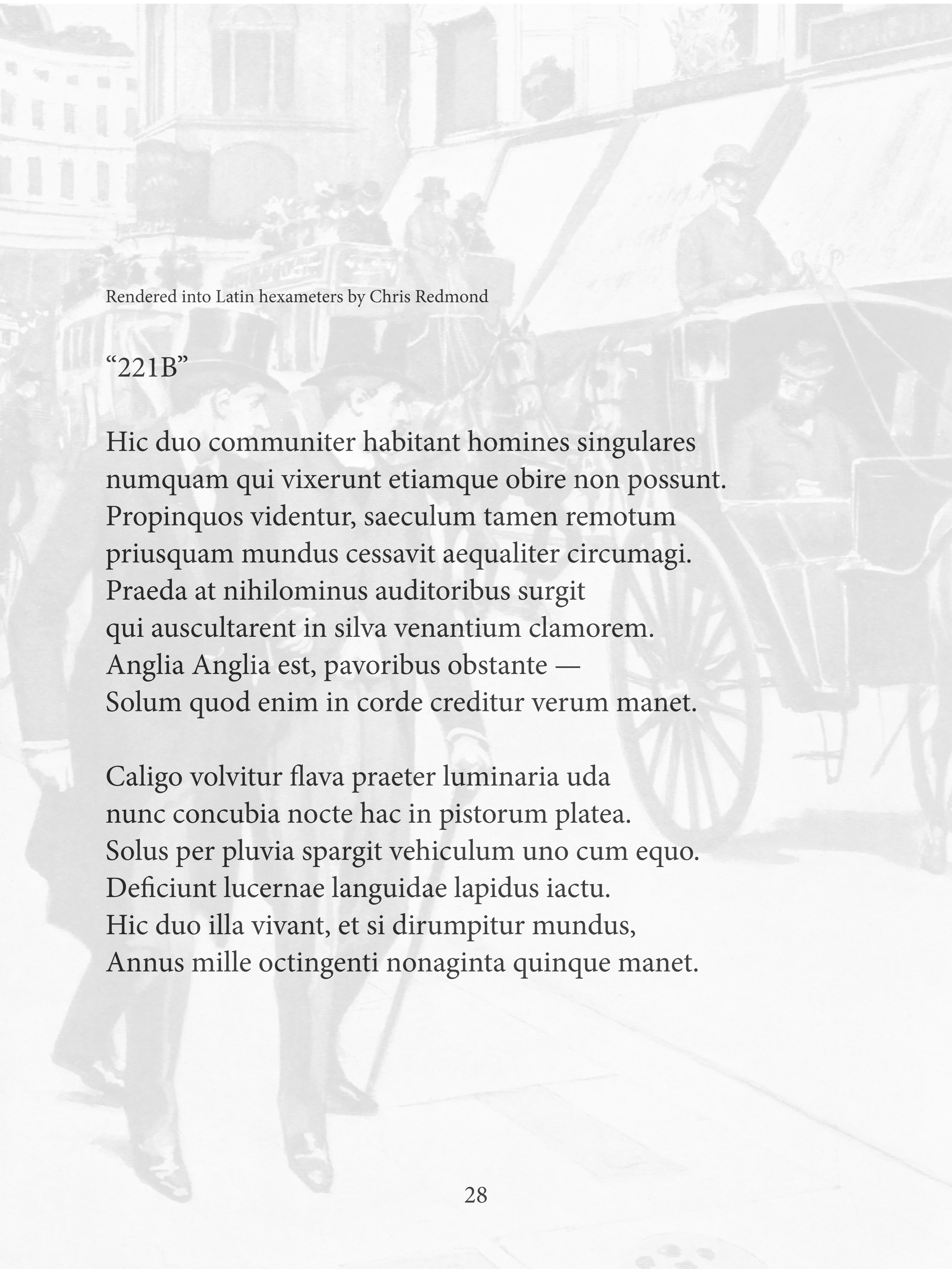
221B

Štai čia susipažinkite, du žymūs vyrai,
kur niekad negyveno, todėl jie nemirtingi.
Šalia jie mūs, tačiau kartu toli -
iš amžiaus, kai viskas buvo paprasčiau.

Bet žaidimas vis dar tėsias atidiems,
kurių ausis pasiekia aidas iš toli:
Anglija tebėra Anglija nepaisant baimių
ir tik tai yra tiesa, kuo tikime širdy.

Geltonas rūkas plaukia už langų,
naktis jau leidžias ant garsiosios gatvės.
Vienišas dviratis ekipažas lietuje nurieda,
vaiduokliškai dujinei lempai gėstant
už dvidešimties pėdų.

Čia, nors pasaulis griūtų, jie išliks gyvi
Nes visad čia tūkstantis aštuoni šimtai
devyniasdešimt penktieji.

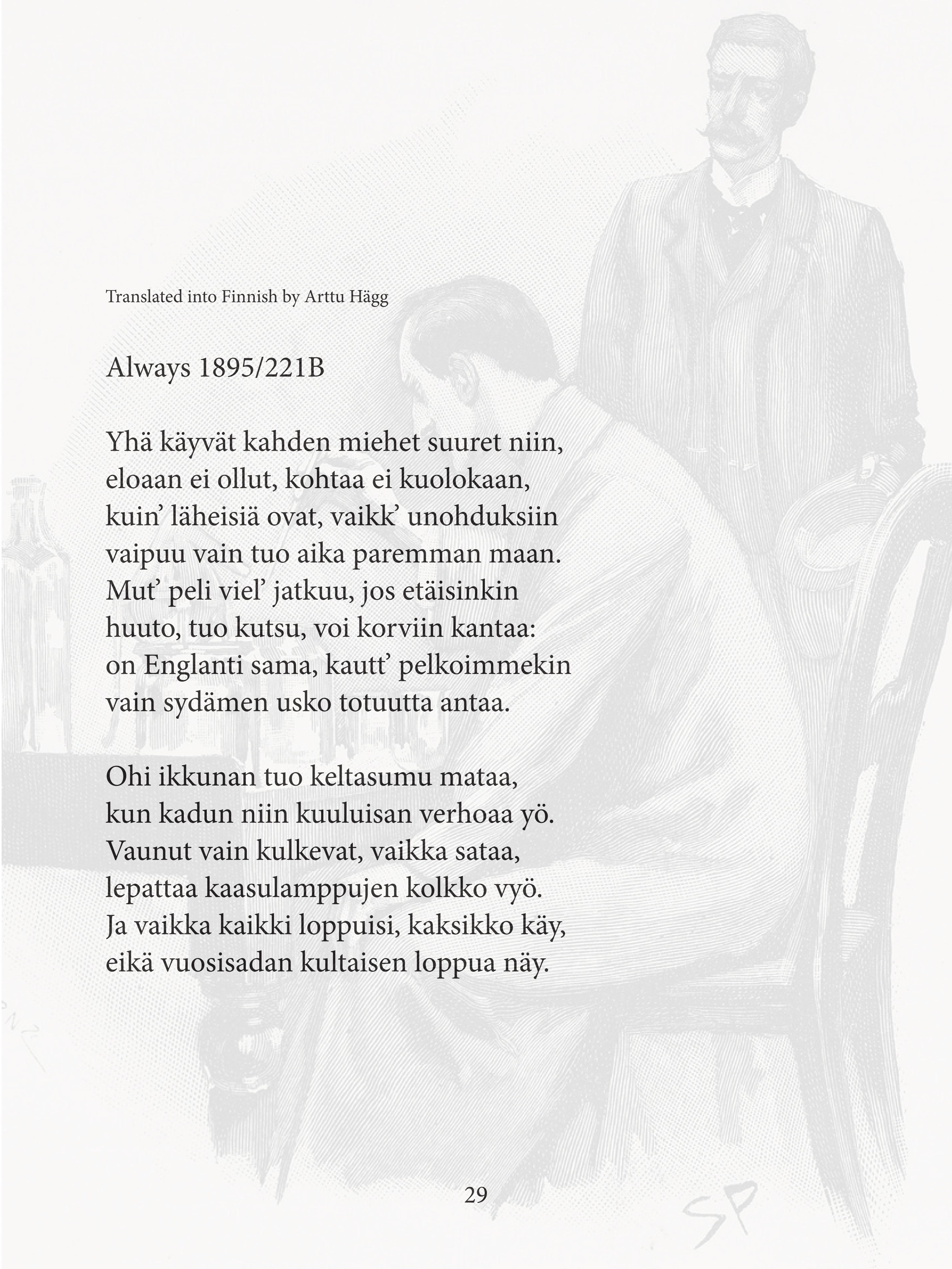


Rendered into Latin hexameters by Chris Redmond

“221B”

Hic duo communiter habitant homines singulares
numquam qui vixerunt etiamque obire non possunt.
Propinquos videntur, saeculum tamen remotum
priusquam mundus cessavit aequaliter circumagi.
Praeda at nihilominus auditoribus surgit
qui auscultarent in silva venantium clamorem.
Anglia Anglia est, pavoribus obstante —
Solum quod enim in corde creditur verum manet.

Caligo volvitur flava praeter luminaria uda
nunc concubia nocte hac in pistorum platea.
Solus per pluvia spargit vehiculum uno cum equo.
Deficiunt lucernae languidae lapidus iactu.
Hic duo illa vivant, et si dirumpitur mundus,
Annus mille octingenti nonaginta quinque manet.



Translated into Finnish by Arttu Hägg

Always 1895/221B

Yhä kävät kahden miehet suuret niin,
eloaan ei ollut, kohtaa ei kuolokaan,
kuin' läheisiä ovat, vaikk' unohduksiin
vaipuu vain tuo aika paremman maan.
Mut' peli viel' jatkuu, jos etäisinkin
huuto, tuo kutsu, voi korviin kantaa:
on Englanti sama, kautt' pelkoimmekin
vain sydämen usko totuutta antaa.

Ohi ikkunan tuo keltasumu mataa,
kun kadun niin kuuluisan verhoa yö.
Vaunut vain kulkevat, vaikka sataa,
lepattaa kaasulamppujen kolkko vyö.
Ja vaikka kaikki loppuisi, kaksikko käy,
eikä vuosisadan kultaisen loppua näy.

Translated into Spanish by Laura Ce

“221B” o “Siempre 1895”

Aquí moran juntos dos hombres destacados
Quienes nunca vivieron y por lo tanto nunca pueden morir:
Cuán cercanos ellos parecen, sin embargo cuán lejos
Esa época antes que todo el mundo estuviera mal.
Pero aún el juego está en marcha para aquellos con oídos
Atentos a atrapar el distante llamado:
Inglaterra aún es Inglaterra, a pesar de todos nuestros miedos-
Sólo aquellas cosas que el corazón cree son verdad.
Una niebla amarilla se arremolina delante de la ventana
Mientras la noche desciende sobre esta legendaria calle:
Un solitario carruaje salpica a través de la lluvia,
Las fantasmales lámparas de gas se desvanecen a seis metros.
Aquí, aunque el mundo explote, estos dos sobreviven,
Y es siempre mil ochocientos noventa y cinco.

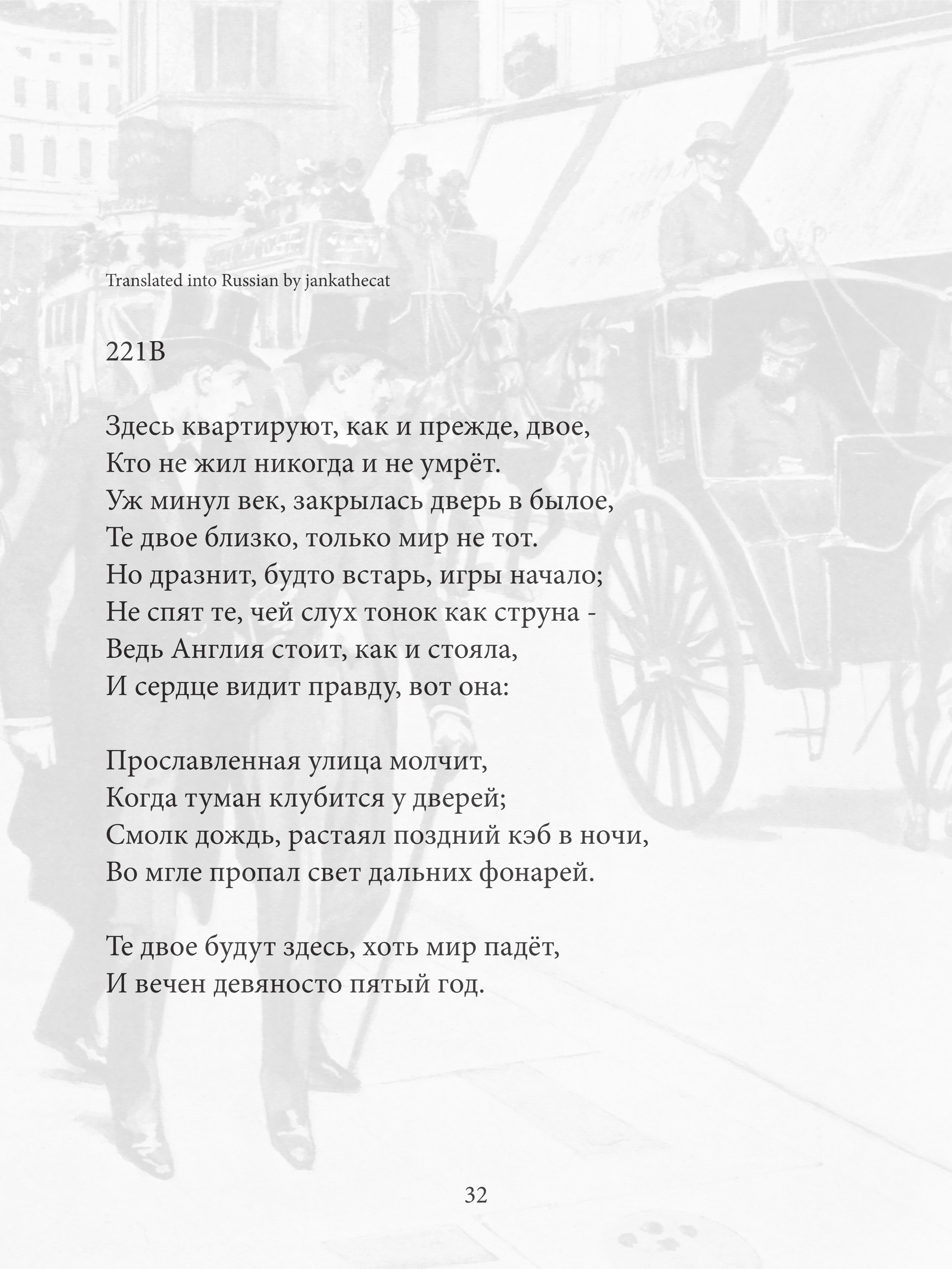
Translated into Dutch by Shirley Carlton

“221B”

Twee mannen van aanzien huizen nog altijd op dit adres
En zullen nooit sterven omdat ze nooit hebben bestaan:
Hoe dichtbij lijken zij te zijn en toch ook zo ver weg
Uit die tijd van voordat alles op aarde mis is gegaan.

Maar het spel is nog niet uit voor hen met scherp gehoor
Dat is gespitst op de echo uit het verleden:
Engeland is heus nog echt hetzelfde als hiervoor–
Alleen dat wat het hart gelooft heeft een goede reden.

Een gele nevel kringelt voor de ruiten en ertegen
Als het nacht wordt in deze legendarische straat:
Een eenzaam rijtuig trotseert de regen,
Langs lantarens waarvan het licht in mist verloren gaat.
Hier zijn, al vergaat de wereld, deze twee eeuwig levendig,
En is het voor altijd achttien vijfennegentig.



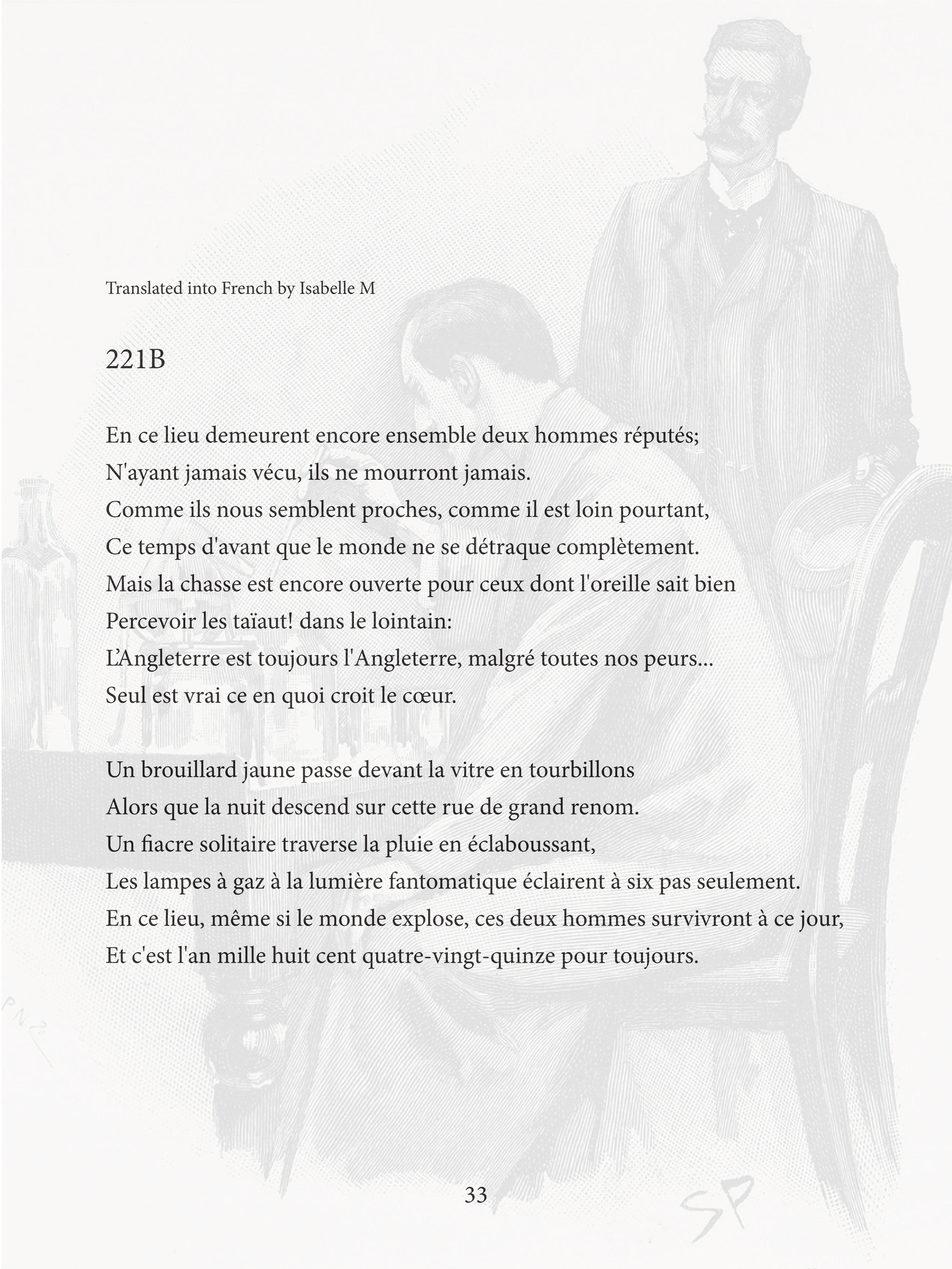
Translated into Russian by jankathecat

221B

Здесь квартируют, как и прежде, двое,
Кто не жил никогда и не умрёт.
Уж минул век, закрылась дверь в былое,
Те двое близко, только мир не тот.
Но дразнит, будто встарь, игры начало;
Не спят те, чей слух тонок как струна -
Ведь Англия стоит, как и стояла,
И сердце видит правду, вот она:

Прославленная улица молчит,
Когда туман клубится у дверей;
Смолк дождь, растаял поздний кэб в ночи,
Во мгле пропал свет дальних фонарей.

Те двое будут здесь, хоть мир падёт,
И вечен девяносто пятый год.



Translated into French by Isabelle M

221B

En ce lieu demeurent encore ensemble deux hommes réputés;
N'ayant jamais vécu, ils ne mourront jamais.

Comme ils nous semblent proches, comme il est loin pourtant,
Ce temps d'avant que le monde ne se détraque complètement.

Mais la chasse est encore ouverte pour ceux dont l'oreille sait bien
Percevoir les taïaut! dans le lointain:
L'Angleterre est toujours l'Angleterre, malgré toutes nos peurs...
Seul est vrai ce en quoi croit le cœur.

Un brouillard jaune passe devant la vitre en tourbillons
Alors que la nuit descend sur cette rue de grand renom.
Un fiacre solitaire traverse la pluie en éclaboussant,
Les lampes à gaz à la lumière fantomatique éclairent à six pas seulement.
En ce lieu, même si le monde explose, ces deux hommes survivront à ce jour,
Et c'est l'an mille huit cent quatre-vingt-quinze pour toujours.

Translated into Italian by Marta DC

221B

Qui dimorano, ancora insieme, due uomini degni di nota
Che mai vissero e che mai potranno morire:
Come sembrano vicini, eppure quell'epoca,
prima che il mondo diventasse un luogo aberrante, appare così remota.
Ma il gioco è ancora in corso per coloro che
Prestano attenzione al lontano richiamo:
L'Inghilterra è ancora Inghilterra, riguardo tutte le nostre paure-
Solo le cose a cui il cuore crede sono reali.

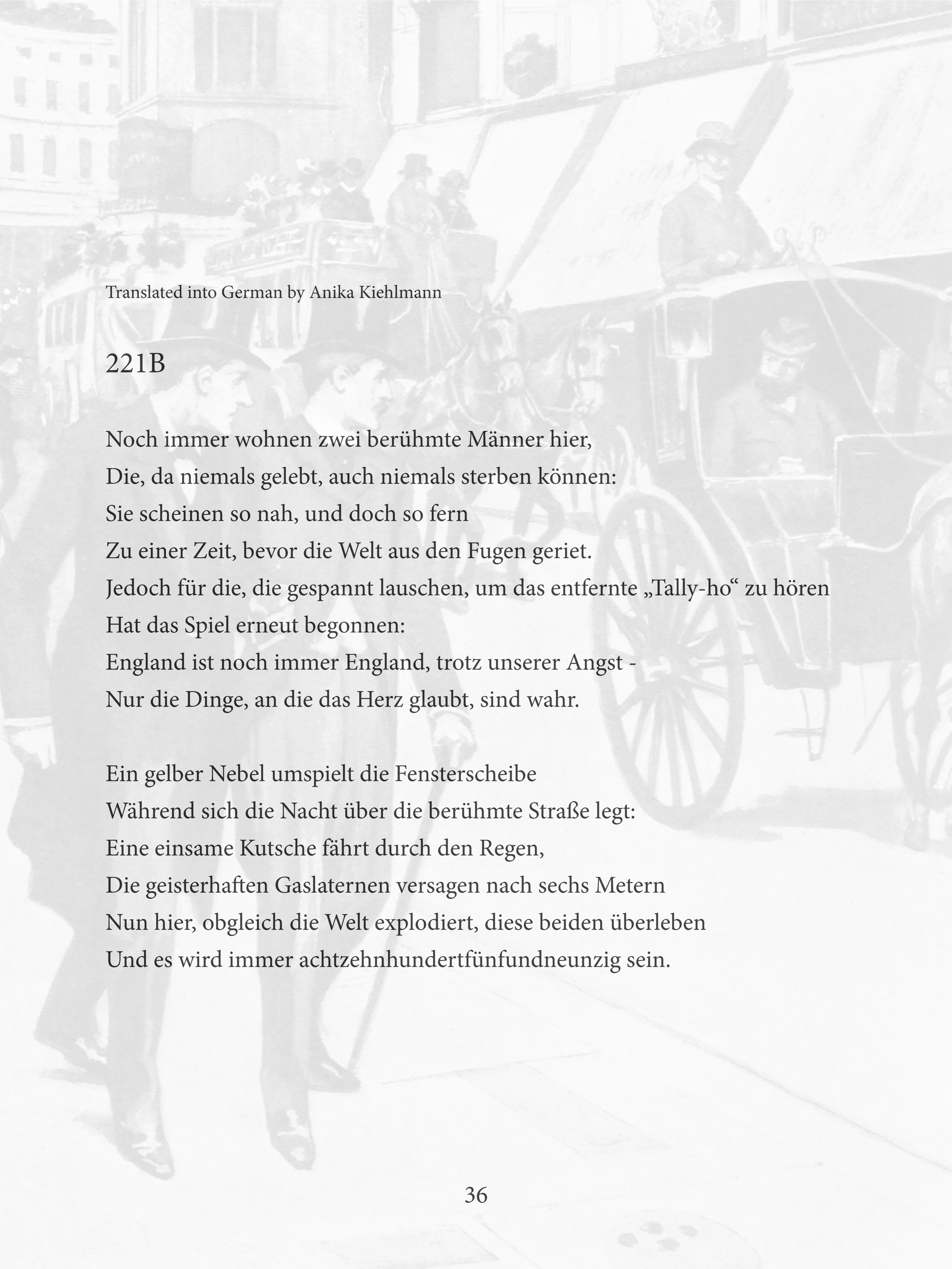
Nebbia gialla turbina davanti alla finestra
Mentre la notte cala su questa strada favoleggiata:
Le ruote di una solitaria carrozza creano spruzzi attraversando la pioggia,
Le spettrali lampade a gas non arrivano a venti piedi.
Qui, anche se il mondo esplode, questi due sopravvivono,
Ed è sempre il milleottocentonovantacinque.

Translated into Vietnamese by Le Minh Tuyet Nhi

221B

Cùng ngụ ở nơi đây, vẫn như thế là hai người đàn ông danh tiếng
Chưa bao giờ tồn tại nên cũng chẳng khi nào mất đi
Gắn ở bên nhau, mà cũng như nghìn trùng xa cách
Thời đại ấy, ngay trước khi thế giới hóa tro tàn
Nhưng cuộc chơi thì sẽ luôn có chỗ cho những đôi tai
Tinh nhạy bắt được thanh âm view-halloo vời vợi
Anh Quốc vốn dĩ đã luôn là Anh Quốc, trên tất cả những sợ hãi của chúng ta
Chỉ có những tin tưởng nơi trái tim mới đích thực là chân lý

Làn sương nhuộm vàng cuồn cuộn lướt qua ô cửa
Khi trời đêm buông rơi trên đoạn đường mờ ảo kia
Cỗ xe ngựa cô độc sẽ băng xuyên qua màn mưa ấy
Ánh đèn đường đổ xuống từ lưng chừng 25 feet
Thời khắc đó, thế giới dẫu nổ tung, thì vẫn còn đó hai kẻ sống sót
Sẽ vĩnh viễn là 1895.

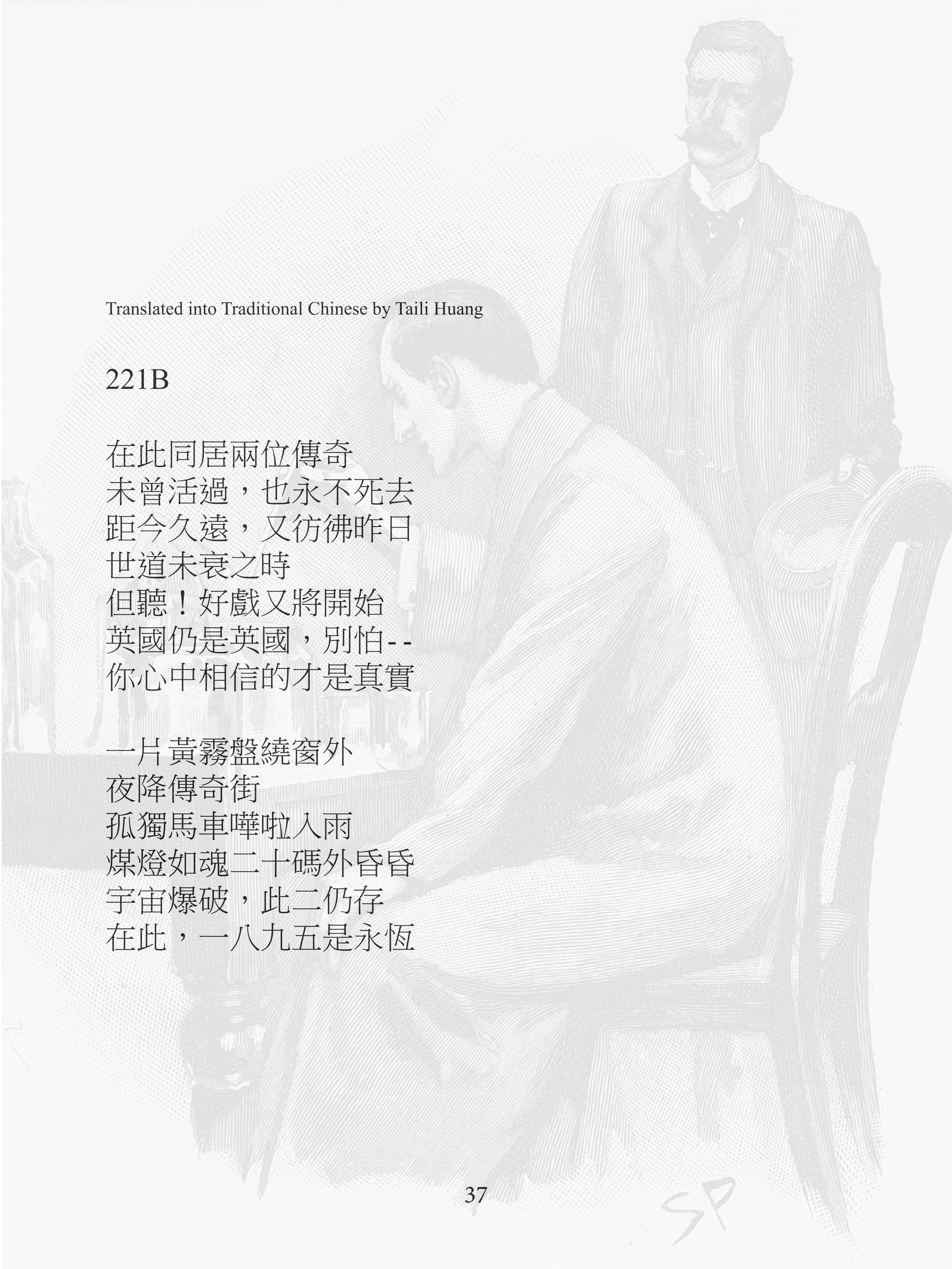


Translated into German by Anika Kiehlmann

221B

Noch immer wohnen zwei berühmte Männer hier,
Die, da niemals gelebt, auch niemals sterben können:
Sie scheinen so nah, und doch so fern
Zu einer Zeit, bevor die Welt aus den Fugen geriet.
Jedoch für die, die gespannt lauschen, um das entfernte „Tally-ho“ zu hören
Hat das Spiel erneut begonnen:
England ist noch immer England, trotz unserer Angst -
Nur die Dinge, an die das Herz glaubt, sind wahr.

Ein gelber Nebel umspielt die Fensterscheibe
Während sich die Nacht über die berühmte Straße legt:
Eine einsame Kutsche fährt durch den Regen,
Die geisterhaften Gaslaternen versagen nach sechs Metern
Nun hier, obgleich die Welt explodiert, diese beiden überleben
Und es wird immer achtzehnhundertfünfundneunzig sein.

A faint, watermark-like illustration occupies the background. It depicts two men in period clothing. On the left, a younger man with dark hair, wearing a light-colored suit and a bow tie, looks slightly to the right. On the right, an older man with a mustache, wearing a dark suit and a bow tie, looks directly forward. Between them is a small, dark, round object, possibly a pipe or a book.

Translated into Traditional Chinese by Taili Huang

221B

在此同居兩位傳奇
未曾活過，也永不死去
距今久遠，又彷彿昨日
世道未衰之時
但聽！好戲又將開始
英國仍是英國，別怕--
你心中相信的才是真實

一片黃霧盤繞窗外
夜降傳奇街
孤獨馬車嘩啦入雨
煤燈如魂二十碼外昏昏
宇宙爆破，此二仍存
在此，一八九五是永恆

Thanks to all who participated in this project!

