Translating – discovering or inventing?
Deleuze and Guattari in Bulgaria(n)
Antoaneta Koleva

Let me begin in the simplest of ways – I translated into Bulgarian the two volumes of *Capitalism and schizophrenia: L’Anti-Œdipe* (in 2004) and *Mille plateaux* (in 2009), and also took care of them as a publisher. On one hand, I am referring here most of all to my experiences of translating *Mille plateaux* – all-too-fresh, even slightly dangerous-to-return-to, because of their excessive intensity (and therefore – psychopathologic potential). But they are shelteredly placed in the context of my experience of translating (I would prefer to say my ‘exercise of thinking’) of the first part of this book, as well as of editing *Qu’est-ce que la philosophie?* (in 1995) and *Différence et répétition* (in 1999), and in fact much more – in the context of the experience of translating, in the last 20 years, mostly the books of Michel Foucault, but also Blanchot, as well as a couple of works of Derrida, etc. And also placed in the context of over 15 years of experimentation in and through Critique & Humanism (*KX*, in the Bulgarian abbreviation), a small independent publishing house which is the only one in Bulgaria specialized not merely in contemporary humanities but in certain trends of them where Deleuze would be an extremely convenient “visage”. This is why the present text is inevitably contaminated with a kind of *pathos*, and is done from the perspective of a certain pragmatics. And this way it is also political in the sense in which ‘politically’ means “with all the force of one’s desire”.

On another hand, I must say that an expectation for me to write here as a translator in the most literal sense of the word and to refer to mainly linguistic problems will be a poorly justified expectation. I would rather not do that, with a couple of exceptions. And the reason is not so much the fact that these seemingly primordial problems are actually hard to share (and more precisely, not allowing discussion of their detail) with an audience that does not speak the target language of the translation in question. To be frank, my leading impulse is to write about a special experience, an experiment related to the translating of *Mille plateaux*: this is the matter of a seemingly strange side of the translating (of which it is not usual for the translator to take care) – the materiality of the book in the aspect of its cover (face, or “visage”, once again) I imagine that it would be possible to count as a part of the translating the care of the ‘wrapping’ of the book, of the “organs” to its “body”, of the linking of ‘interior’ and ‘exterior’ which obliterates this distinction itself. This is what can bring the agency of the translator beyond the problems

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5 болг. *K* as it appears on the book covers.
6 I remind (self-ironically) moods from the beginning and the end of *Mille plateaux*. In fact, I feel it tempting, and in other senses obligatory or natural, to talk in the terminology of Deleuze and Guattari, and in general – to talk in the terms of the one you talk about.
7 Which, inevitably, is only possible on a “micro-level” in publishing, and should constantly invent both itself and the so-called audience, in taking constant risks. Something for which Deleuze is a wonderful fulcrum.
of language (in the strict sense only), provided maybe that she/he feels this need. This is just another question on a possible experimentation that turns the publication of (some first rank pieces of) humanities into a specific assemblage of cultural acting. I.e., what I would like to write about is a matter of translating also as a passage from (the intensity, or intension of) the book-ideas to (the extension of) the book-thing, in an attempt to obliterate this border as well, to draw another “line of flight”, together with its added value of joy and/or freedom; i.e. a matter of transferring, of taking the thought, tension and mood from the ‘interior’ of the book as a multiplicity of concepts to its ‘exterior’ as, it comes out, an ensemble of circumstances, in order to make it visible that one more another norm is probably not worth reserving; in other words, this is the matter of an alleviation of the otherwise difficult translating of Deleuze through playing with and putting on risk of something that comes out as one of the ‘forms of expression’ of translating.

In other words, I intend most of all to tell about an attempt, through the cover of the Bulgarian edition of Mille plateaux and its ‘inventing' each time anew, to transform every copy of the multiplied book into a singularity, not so much into a peculiar thing than into a tiny event consisting of diverse circumstances (seemingly, only lines of colour and shape, of emptiness and fullness, of time and place, but also equally lines of mood, motives, pre-understandings, consequences, relations). By that, the translating of the book is to be made unfinished, initially at least until the finish of the particular experiments with the multiple print, since it is possible that, in this way, there will have been a multiplication of the places from which translating originates, although in one of its tiniest constituent lines.

And a little piece of context in the beginning:

Deleuze and Guattari in Bulgaria: A Note on Translations/Appearances

To discuss the translating of Deleuze into Bulgarian is to broach a theme that symptomatically reflects most problems of the dazingly proliferating translations of texts in humanities in the last 20 years, after decades of censorship and isolation during the socialism in Bulgaria when talking of any ideas similar to Deleuze's was only admissible under the label of ‘critique of bourgeois philosophy’. The swing of the pendulum to the other direction, in an attempt to catch up with what had been missed, had, and sometimes still has, a number of negative effects: unscrupulous translating, uneducated translating, hasty translating with the impulse of competitive 'staking out a territory' (be it research or publishing territory). This could be the outline of a somewhat sad situation if we don't try to think it also in other, much more positive perspectives, and as unusual as a realizing that the deficiencies of translation can be generators of fruitful impulses, that there always is a possibility to translate anew the same texts if the conviction in the need of that is strong enough, and also that every culture, no matter how minor it be, has a sufficiently strong instinct to discard, in the final account, the ‘waste products' of translating.

If I try talking in the name of such a local, ‘minor culture', I must admit that there could be many questions that we could have asked ourselves throughout the years about translating Deleuze, and they are typological: whether to translate at all, and if yes, for whom in fact, which also means, by what to start translating and how to continue it, what is the criterion of the choices. When the translating has begun and in a cultural field, defined by its minor language, a book has already started to live, how to go on? What lines to pursue in the continuing presentation – by thematic affinities, by the chronology of production of the original texts, by the contingent joyful choices of translators or publishers? Should the flows of translating follow the terminology proposed by the chronologically first translator (this was not what precisely took place in the Bulgarian translation of Deleuze)? And then comes the innumerable host of linguistic problems. The translating of texts like those produced by Deleuze, utterly specific and testing thought and language, clearly asks something very important, namely: is it possible to turn the translating into a collective project – not as a collective work on one book but as a collective progressing improvement of the appearances of the translated in the different events of translation? Here too, the answer about my native language is rather negative.

Here is the chronology of the publications of Deleuze and Guattari in Bulgarian:
I shall give a couple of observations about these translations: it cannot be categorically said that their translators use a unified terminology; it can, however, be said categorically that the work on translations was not collective (under any form of intellectual togetherness). It is a fact that all books, with one exception, were

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8 Translated by Rossen Roussev (I have done the specialized editing – a function of terminological and conceptual control over translation which, currently, is more and more fading away in the practices of publishing humanities in Bulgaria).

9 Translated by Vladimir Gradev & Irena Krasteva (I have done an editorial reading).

10 My translation.

11 My translation (in Sociology as a chance [Социологията като шанс], a collection of texts edited by Lilyana Deyanova, professor in sociology, and published by the Department of Sociology, Sofia University, for “inside-educational purposes”).

12 Translated by Todorka Mineva (only this book was published by another publisher).

13 My translation.

14 Except for a small unformal seminar at Sofia University, initiated by several students in philosophy in the beginning of 2011.
already refers to the ethos of translating. And, to catch a glimpse of the ‘logos’ in translating Deleuze, not so typical any longer, I shall say that it intensively stimulates reflexivity, the problematization of translating in the very process of its doing. If it has occurred to someone to try applying, even if playfully, some of the concepts of Deleuze to one’s own practice of translating, one may have noticed that this is an unending fort-da which contains equal chances for self-perfection and delight which it would be stupid to miss. By that, translating Deleuze is a merger of ethos, logos, and pathos – a line along which I would estimate as strikingly similar the effects of Deleuze and Foucault.

The Many That Remains Many: Translating and Cover

As I already said, I am referring mostly to the translation of Mille plateaux, both because of the tiny time distance (the translation was published in September 2009) and because the strength of its effect along diverse lines.

I have already sketched out what could be my motivation to speak about the cover, the book design under the heading of ‘translating’. The idea of such an appearance of the book which, ex post, became conceptualized to be a producing of the book and completing of its translation as stretched across time and renewed with each copy, emerged spontaneously, in fact, amidst the translating and with the motivation and feeling of a maximal approximation to what the book speaks about. Although the experiment, be it a success or a failure, only dares to encompass the cover (and, since a translated book is concerned, it must not dare more than that), I found out, ex post too, that it is both a following and a betrayal with regard to some exact theses of the book:

It is not enough to say, “Long live the multiple”, difficult as it is to raise that cry. No typographical, lexical, or even syntactical cleverness is enough to make it heard. The multiple must be made [...] in the simplest of ways.

What is the body without organs of a book? [...] Here, as elsewhere, the units of measure are what is essential: quantify [...]. There is no difference between what a book talks about and how it is made.

I think the experiment, however, challenges the status of translating; and de facto it manifests a long-time strive of mine (as a publisher and a translator) for its “de-territorialization” out of the pages of the book. For it is clear that translating is not simply transferring from one language to another, and the work on Deleuze gives a priority chance for expressing that.

The book body of the Bulgarian Mille plateaux is produced as a nice white parallelepiped, and the cover is blank cardboard. The whiteness is the first invitation (beside of being also a sort of warning about the book “content”). The following ones are: by a modest though specially designed public announcing, the information was spread that every potential reader is invited to the publishing house (with no time restrictions, i.e. for quite a long period) or in the day and place of the book’s launch, to produce

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15 I quote everywhere from the English translation by Brian Massumi: Deleuze, Guattari, A Thousand Plateaus, University of Minnesota Press, 1987 (this quotation, p. 6).

16 Ibid., p. 4.
her/his own cover. The number of potential readers is not so great (understandably) as to make impossible or difficult such an action, and the publishing experience shows that there will be copies of the book available in the next three to five years. The white cover provides thousands of possibilities for experimenting and as many for interpreting. Here I am mentioning only a few of them: One (first) possibility is to leave the visage of the book empty, as a “white wall”, as one of the plateaus of the original says, as a wall of ‘defence’, as a ‘free breathing’, as an ‘expectation for a signature to endorse property’, as some of the newly produced readers’ plateaus say.\(^{17}\) Other possibilities are provided by the availability of a set of rubber stamps for hand use: they are six, deliberately created in diverse styles and containing all “traditional” book requisites – (1) the names of the authors (with the possibility of separated stampings), (2) the title of the book (with the possibility to stamp its two words separately), (3) the subtitle, (4) the logo of the local publisher, (5) and (6) two pieces of text which are to present the book on the back cover, according to the standard expectations.

\(^{17}\) The motives of those who make the choice to leave the cover blank – or to make any other choice – are multiple and they are somewhat of entryways to possible psychological, esthetical, ethical, epistemological, etc., planes (not to speak that, if we reverse the vector, they could become a basis of observations on the attitudes toward the artefact of ‘book’ in general). There is, however, no reader at all who has not been especially excited by the chance to talk why she/he has produced this or that cover. This has provoked a next step of mine – placing tiny flyers in the book copies which invite everyone to share, at a provided e-mail address, what one thinks about such a book (with no precisions whether the cover is concerned, or the text itself...); the underlying idea is to upload the bunch of comments on our website, or in an more suitable for interaction blog.

\(^{18}\) So far, the idea was not implemented to produce stamps for more than one version of the title. It is possible to increase in this way the chances for play; just because there are two alternative Bulgarian translations of the substantive “plateaux” [“плоскости”, as it has been translated, or “плата”, as it could be translated in a more calque-type of a translator’s thinking], and also two translations of “mille”, one of which would follow the original precisely [“хиляда”] and the other would have the same meaning but conveying it in a typical phrase of the target Bulgarian language [“хиляди”, i.e. “thousands of”]. But it will never be too late for such an idea, while there are still enough copies of the book left, most of all because the stamping, being delayed in time, depends in fact on the interest to assist in this way in the translating.
Every rubber stamp is applied by hand, making it possible: to miss, by chance or deliberately, any of the stamps; to put any of them more than once; to combine and dislocate stamps in diverse and unpredictable ways; to use not only the planes of the cover but also the planes formed by the compacted edges of the pages of the closed book, as well as any planes chosen within the book; to use monochrome ink for all stamps or any combinations of the offered six colours of ink, etc. There is, of course, no scheme guiding you how to put the rubber stamps. Predictably, there are no two similar covers, no two similar visages of the book.

Most probably it is not unique to produce a multiplicity of covers for one and the same book (though I have not found anything similar till now); most probably there is no however a precedent of making the “passive counterpart” of the “whole translation story” to become “active” in its producing, and especially via micro-artifices such as, let me say, the chance to choose among different titles for instance (the word “plateau” can be rendered in Bulgarian under at least two different words), the chance to stamp your own title (“book face”)

19 Copies of the book with stamped cover (i.e., “ready to use”) are also available in the bookshops; they have been produced by persons eager to stamp them instead of the readers, thus using their chance to include a message in the book; every book has a transparent wrapping and the sign “Your copy has a unique cover and rubber stamps put by hand.”

Let me go back to my narration about the cover: the choice of such an ‘unserious’ wrapping of Mille plateaux’s translation was in fact rather risky and vulnerable, similarly to and even more than the translator’s choice of Bulgarian terms as analogues to the concepts of Deleuze and Guattari. Vulnerable to criticisms and suspicions that this may be a betrayal and an intolerable intervention into the suggestions of Mille plateaux, and also vulnerable to a literal, real, material failure of the publication. The latter did not happen, the first did not either, the reaction is a public silent acceptance and most incredible, wholly inventive interpretations of the experiment in private communications, in the prevailing context of surprise and delight. For me, however, a risk like that is a sort of very important completion of the translation, or to put it other way – taking such a risk equals saying in public that

20 This is another idea to be tried: to offer white-cover copies at the bookstores together with an insert in the book body that invites everyone to come to the publishing house and produce one’s own cover only after reading the book.
both this translation and any translation in principle *always remains unfinished*. And it is also a quasi-therapeutic attempt to alleviate the *trauma* of translating by a *multiple complicity* in it. Probably Bulgarian is the most ‘minor’ language into which this book has been translated but it is also possible that its translators, in this expanded and weak (or liberalized) sense that I am using here, are the multiplicity having the greatest puissance, cardinality.

The array of superposed justifications to the experiment is growing (a real pack) with no hierarchy or arrangement. Its lines oscillate between the initiator of the experiment, and the participants – is it possible that they, by means of the experiment-cover, could acquire an initiating experience, an introduction into reading of this so special book?, *may a purely technical* practice be deployed as an *intensifier of thinking*, *as any practice should be*?, the lines oscillate between the book that is happening in a multiple way and the translator – is this a multitude of events or the endless stretching of one single event of “publishing the translation”, and hence, how meaningful is the emerging feeling of some “breakthrough in the standard experience of time”?, the lines weave first of all the most important loyalty, the loyalty to the ideas of the text that is to be dressed into those covers (Deleuze and Guattari) – is it possible through this experiment of becoming-book to catch sight of a process of individuation, to undermine the stiffened organization, to leave the territory (even if in a matter of those few square centimeters of a cover), to reacquire it, to accentuate the event, the meaning as event, the incessant variation that make indistinguishable the expression and the content (of it?), to produce *manu propria* a small map as the cover is, to let through a ray of doubt of a *radicalized performativity* as being-there may come out to be... Of course, the play of constructing justifications, motives, effects (and covers) can continue its expansion; what matters is the quantity of joy and the transformation of the action into an important perspective of interpretation – this is, I dare to think, one more of those special gifts one unexpectedly gets while translating Deleuze and Guattari, while transferring, introducing them to a local reality.

Regarding an analysis of a translation of Deleuze and Guattari, on more or less linguistic plane, I said that it is a difficult enterprise when it is done in a language different from the target language of the translation (almost anything remains unutterable in any other language), and I also stated that it would not be prioritized here. However, I want to quickly cross this plane too, only to provide some hints on other sources of my conviction that translating is, to a great extent, inventing, or constructing: (1) I will propose a general observation; (2) I will mention a *de jure* betrayal in my translation of an important term of Deleuze and Guattari of which I am convinced that it is a *de facto* faithfulness; and (3) I will speak, in just a few words, on a molecule of frivolity – minute but significant because it allowed me, I believe, by direct experiencing, to feel what Deleuze means in talking of “culture of joy”\(^\text{21}\).

**“Entryways and Exits”: A Couple of Language Issues**

A reservation concerning talk: I use repeatedly the term ‘interpretation’. In fact I assume that this is much more a matter of construction, experimenting construction, which means invention. Not only in the case of producing something as simple/complex as a book cover (‘faciality’, says one of the original plateaus of the book) but also in the case of what it is standard to take as an ordinary transfer of meanings from one language to another. Translation is, *ergo*, not discovering, it is inventing, and this is why it can be infinite, non-completable with the effects of pathologizing or of liberating.

A reservation concerning empiricism: The short notes here speak again only of the construction of the two volumes of *Capitalisme et schizophrénie*, and foremost of *Mille plateaux*. This construction seeks to retain the unity between the two parts, and this is it that

influences the reception of Deleuze and Guattari in Bulgaria (as far as there is any).

The elusiveness, first: it is beyond discussion how difficult the texts of Deleuze and Guattari are to penetrate, "retain" and inventively translate. As a background of any talk, I would name "a first among the primordial" difficulties the incessant elusion of Deleuze and Guattari from themselves, a terminological elusion by differentiation of the meanings, which works on the principle of a medicine ‘with a retarded action’ or, as it were, with the irony of “better late than never”. I consider this characteristic of theirs to be a wholly deliberate impulse towards a constant tracing of ‘lines of flight’ from themselves, towards a constant “determinantalizing” in relation to their own territory and conceptual “settling down”, and also a training temptation to the reader to do the same. (A psychological-ethical-epistemological detail that becomes more acute in translating Deleuze and Guattari: they are among the most acceptable authors to put trust into, precisely because they mercilessly apply their specific manners of work on to the other (texts) also onto their own working (text) – a kind of operationalized self-reflexivity.) Typical examples in *Mille plateaux* on elusions by subsequent, delayed differentiations are such pairs of terms/concepts as “distribution” and “repartition” (in Bulgarian, respectively, „разпределяне“ and „поделяне“); after hundreds of pages of sporadic use of full synonymy, a node of problematization appears that puts a categorical distinction between them, loads them with new meanings to the degree of antonymy, and rearranges the map which every reader, and most so the translating one, has created for her/his movement along the lines of the book. But the

very – linguistic – nature of this example points to my more specific problem, namely:

A General Observation

I venture to state that the real problems of translating (in a strict sense) Deleuze and Guattari are the ones that emerge in the attempt to construct the rhizomatic networks of their text in a, so to say, non-Latin-based language, less bluntly, a language that has a low level of admittance of Latin-based calques.

The specifics of the Bulgarian language (and also, I think, of Slavic languages in general) often makes it difficult to fulfill the requirement that is of first priority in every translating of a text in the humanities and fatally crucial in the non-hierarchical, non-genealogical deployment of Deleuzoguattarian plateaus: to preserve those *webs of meanings* which keep the text together and make possible its vibrations into diverse directions and dimensions but in concert, as a mobile but undisintegrating ‘pack’ of lines. And this preservation is done by retaining the correspondent *webs of terms* which, almost in all cases, are *etymologically and formally affiliated*, and where taking any one line constantly reminds of, leads to the other lines – yes, this is the unity/coherency/similarity of terms (and thus of meanings), irrespectively of how inappropriate these words may sound in such a context as that of Deleuze and Guattari. What I want to stress is the problem of trying to retain these webs in the cases when the original text/language unfolds multidirectionally a particular etymological web while the target language (Bulgarian, in this case) makes the transfer of these lines impossible because it is not based on Latin or has a relatively low tolerance toward Latin-based calques. A simple but powerful example is the rhizomatic web around such terms/concepts as “majeur/mineur”, with all fields into which it expands (linguistics, music, sociology, political science, literary studies, etc.). This network is ‘natural’ and easy to retain in the French language

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22 I would like to remind what Foucault says about the first part of *Capitalisme et schizophrénie*, which in my view is valid even more for the second: “It could be even said that Deleuze and Guattari [...] have tried to neutralize the effects of power linked to their own discourse. Hence the games and snares scattered throughout the book, rendering its translation a feat of real prowess [...]. The traps [...] [are] so many invitations to let oneself be put out, to take one’s leave of the text and slam the door shut.” (quoted according to the publication of Continuum, 2004, translation of R. Hurley, M. Seem and H. Lane; French version in volume III of *Dits et Écrits*, p. 136 of the first edition).
original as much as it is elegantly transmittable into languages that have no problem with their tolerance for Latin-based calques (for instance, English) or are simply Latin-based themselves (like Italian or Romanian). In the passage to Bulgarian, however, to retain the web is an ordeal where it is highly improbable not to fail. Difficult translator’s choices impose themselves, as the most typical hesitation is: either to choose terms from the target language which are most appropriate for the respective fields, and therefore to choose an etymologically disparate set of terms, and hence to disintegrate that network of the original language/text which is very highly visible and hence a powerful generator of lines of meaning; or to choose terms from the target language that are inappropriate for the respective fields (most often, calques) but are etymologically similar, and hence to retain the network of the original language/text which remains still highly visible but this no longer makes it a powerful generator of lines of meaning, just the opposite. You either choose a uniform translation and formally keep the network but in fact obstruct understanding; or choose a translation that alternates terms in a many-for-one correlation which facilitates the understanding of each separate line in the network but makes breaches in the network as a whole in which some layers of meaning begin to vanish.

It is in these constantly generated places of choice, in my view, where the heaviest duty of the translator lies, as well as her/his decisive power over the text, especially in the case of Deleuze and Guattari. The translator’s choice unintentionally puts an emphasis on some lines and obliterates others, it is possible to invent third ones or initiate the construction of fourth ones. Even with a maximum of scrupulosity and competence of the translator, translating is indeed to a high degree performative and creates a different book each time, similarly to printing a different cover each time with your own hands – it is apparently the same but always different, a series but one made of events (singularities). Things become vertiginous when one comes down to the details, and here are some of these:

A) The problem about terms whose Latin-based calquing is seemingly allowed by the Bulgarian language but in their transition into Bulgarian the calque retains only one of their (at least two) original meanings. Then one is forced to make the translation alternate contextually between the Latin-based calque and a Bulgarian variant meant to catch the other meaning (examples: “variation” [the calque „вариация”, but also „промяна“, „променливост“, and hence - a losing of the ways toward “variable” for instance], “population” [the calque „популация“, but also „население“], “ligne” [the calque „линия“, but also „ред“, etc.], “formation” [the calque „формация“, but also „образувание“, and hence – a losing of the ways toward “forme“, “formel“], etc.). A related subproblem: the contextual alternation, in the translation, of two, three or more terms/non-calques for the same term of the original text. This is where the danger (or the breakthrough) of translator violence is greatest (examples: interwoven lines around “unité” and “puissance”, in which cases no salvation by calques is possible).

B) The problem of short series of terms with common roots for which Bulgarian language does not allow a Latin-based calque for only one term of the series but allows one for the others (examples: “induction-transduction-translation”, rendered as „индукация“[calque]-“трансдукция“[calque]- „превод“[not calque, ergo a losing of the line]; “animal-anomal”, rendered as „животно“[not calque]-„аномално“[calque]; “extension-comprehension-intension”, rendered as „екстензия“[calque]-“разбиране“ [not calque]- „интензия“[calque], etc.).

C) The subproblem of the difficulty to find analogues for Latin-based constructions like “dividuel” (rendered as „делим“ what is in fact the almost only possibility to translate it while being aware that in this way the meaningful line between “individuel”, rendered by the usual calque „индивидудъл“, and “dividuel” almost completely fades away, including the lines toward “indivis”, rendered as „неразделен“); “hecceité” (rendered as „това-ст“, a neologism that substantiates a demonstrative pronoun, and blurs – while being conceptually absolutely correct – the understanding, and definitely needs a translator’s note), etc – the Bulgarian language does not allow calques which in the original and in a number of other
languages create some intuitions on these constructions; here everything stays between the hands of the translator and her/his inventiveness.

I don’t need to further enlarge the ‘empiricism’ with examples from the text to make it clear that being linguistically located in a Latin-based tradition of speaking/thinking makes unnecessary those hard choices and painful compromises on which translating embarks, that additional risk for the translated (be it thing, text, author) to suffer. Or, rather, it is precisely here that an additional chance for invention may arise, or – to wink again at Deleuze and Guattari – an additional chance for the map over the calque.

**A de jure betrayal which is a de facto faithfulness**

The second place, that is linguistically important to me, are some principal choices of linguistic forms different from those explicitly present in the original (even in cases where one finds an implicit insistence on the form), again with the purpose of best retaining the intuitions of Deleuze and Guattari but also in being aware that retaining one thing is missing another. One of the important decisions for me was to translate the French verb-in-the-infinitive by a verbal noun (in many places but primarily in the all-important “devenir” [to become] – translated by a Bulgarian equivalent to ‘becoming’ [„ставане” instead of „да стана”]23). I made this choice despite the insistence of the authors that the form is precisely a verb, and one in the infinitive. Here are some of the simplest motives: in Bulgarian, the infinitive (1) always has an indication of person and number, i.e. a categorical reference to a subject, and most often this is the first person singular which is overloaded with subjectness, and hence this is totally inappropriate in the context of Deleuze and Guattari; (2) the infinitive is always categorically in the present tense, again inadmissible here; and (3) the attempt to avoid the indication of person and number by using an impersonal form (third person singular – an analog in meaning, but not in form, of the French ‘on’ and the English ‘one’) brings us into a trap because in Bulgarian this form contains a particle of reflexivity, which enhances to an even higher level the subjectivity that is inadmissible here, in Deleuzoguattarian texts. Thus an important linguistic directive of Deleuze and Guattari regarding the infinitives cannot be de jure faithfully transmitted into Bulgarian in its multiple instances but this is precisely the way to keep a de facto faithfulness to it.

There are also other examples of necessary intervention into the language form used, thus, for instance, what is only a substantive in the original must, in translating into Bulgarian, be alternatively rendered as a substantive and as a verbal noun in order to grasp both aspects, that of result and that of action. In the opposite case, one stays at the meaning of stiffened result and, respectively, de facto commits a betrayal with regard to the original that is de jure preserved (for instance, “[re/de]deteritorialisation”, “individuation”, etc.). Obviously, in this case there is even no need to formulate any ‘instructive’ conclusion.

**A molecule of frivolity**

In the 6th plateau of the book, the word “joi” appears; the fastest conjecture would be that this is a typographic mistake, an incorrect spelling of the French word “joie” (joy); the next dose of attention impelled by the fact that the gender of the word is not feminine (‘la”, as it must be in French) but masculine
"le"), pushes into supposing that most probably Deleuze and Guattari use here an ancient and very rare form of the word "joy" (attested in a few texts from 12th century). With all that in mind, and despite of it, some other arguments, even seemingly minor (the very fact for instance that such a linguistic form had been used at those ages only in order to reinforce a negation while there is no negation in this case, etc.) could make you think in another direction – or feel under another "sun" – be it only playfully. Suppose even for a moment that there is no mistake, and no allusion to the Old-French word, and what happens then is a delightful illusion: it is possible that the peculiar spelling of this word may allude to the merger of "joie" and "moi" (I, me), which falls completely within the course of the local context, and within the con/text in principle; and in Bulgarian, with the merged spelling of these words, one unexpectedly gets an intensive alliteration with "extase" ["radostaz" – "радостаз"] – the ecstasy that is maybe nothing else but the indistinguishability of "joy" and "me". I allowed myself a very short footnote in the translation to state such a possible conjecture and this, in some sense, may be the only ‘frivolity’ articulated to the body of the thousand pages of text in its Bulgarian version. This idea returned time and again, intensively and unavoidably, during the tens of times I read the passage in question; thus I decided after all to let the footnote be, even if the probability for it to be justified could be a micro-probability – a note that stands just a few centimeters away from a text that says: "everything is allowed, as long as it is not external to desire". Is a minimal moment allowed at which translation is taken as a game, as making fun and laughing – as all thinking must be according to what Deleuze and Guattari say in the Plateaux?

Actually, in none of my translations of Deleuze and Guattari have I included the rather standard introductory or final "Translator’s Note". The reason is my wish that the one who gets the book should forget that this is something already done by an intermediary, and should not feel the ascesis (in the sense of asceticism but also of exercise of thinking) of someone else but should take the book as something that is easy coming into her/his language, in a free flow, with the invitation to a conversation-polylogue and invention-construction, shortly – an invitation to translating. To be ‘a map and not a tracing’, to ‘foster connections between fields’ – that is what the translating could be. Which sounds like a mechanics of translating while being in fact its ethos. While its logos is in a kind of "a-parallel evolution", in the case of which Deleuze offers indeed a splendid chance.

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25 Or in any other translations that equal them in the degree of ordeal they cause (for instance, Histoire de la folie à l’âge classique by Foucault [1997]).

26 Says the 1st of the Plateaux.