



capital translator

Newsletter of the National Capital Area Chapter of the American Translators Association
Vol. 20, No. 1 February 1998

Successful Holiday Party Marks Change for NCATA

More than 40 linguists and Significant Others crowded into Bethesda's Mongolian Grill for NCATA's Holiday Party on the afternoon of Sunday, December 14. The restaurant's casual, create-your-own-meal approach seemed to be a hit with everyone, and the delicious, guilt-free cuisine and reasonable prices left a number of NCATA members—including at least one Virginian—hoping for another meeting at the Grill in the near future. Conversation was non-stop from before 2:30 until well after the scheduled end of the party at 5:30. The party marked another success for Program Chair Alissa Martin, who is already busy with our ongoing Virtual Résumé Clinic and our first Job Fair in March.

Bylaws Amendments Approved

At the Business Meeting held immediately before the party, outgoing NCATA President Lillian Clementi called for discussion of the proposed amendments to the bylaws in advance of the vote. In the brief exchange that followed, several members had questions about the benefits of corporate membership, both for the chapter

and for potential corporate members, but the proposed amendments did not encounter any real opposition. The new bylaws were approved unanimously by voice vote, and the Business Meeting concluded ahead of schedule. The text of the new bylaws will be made available to all NCATA members in the near future.

Changing of the Guard

Midway through the party, Clementi announced the results of NCATA's hotly contested election.



Photo: Michael Wahlster

NCATA members enjoying themselves at the Mongolian Grill

With only 39 members voting, each of the three candidates received 38 votes. Scott Brennan and Therese Hathaway were elected as President

...continued on page 4

Inside

President's Corner	2
1998 Directory	2
Résumé Clinic	3
Membership Renewal	3
Globalization	3
Inoculate Machine	4
Moscow	5
Web Polyglott	7
Welcome	7
Correction	7
Translators	8
Spam	9
Adventure	9
Calendar	10



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President's Corner

by Scott Brennan



Welcome back from the holidays! NCATA is already back in full swing for 1998, with preparations underway for the upcoming job fair and virtual résumé clinic, international development workshop and more.

On behalf of the members of NCATA, I would like to express our heartfelt thanks to outgoing Board members Lillian Clementi, Barbara Oldroyd, Michael Wahlster and Russ Hultgren for their hard work and dedication to making our chapter the dynamic organization it is. The 1996 regional conference, revamped *Capital Translator* and *Professional Services Directory*, NCATA web site and legal translation workshop are just the most visible part of what they accomplished during their term.

The new and returning Board has an energetic legacy to live up to, and I would like to invite any interested member to contact me to talk about getting involved. As of this writing,

the offices of Secretary and Membership Chair remain open. Michael Wahlster has continued to serve beyond the two terms he has already contributed, handling 1998 membership renewals and the search for a new web site host, but soon he will have to set a cutoff date. The Membership Chair plays an essential role in NCATA's operations, and duties can be shared by a Membership Committee or Co-Chairs. Equally important, the Secretary handles NCATA correspondence, ballots and record keeping.

If the local programs and personal contact NCATA has offered have been valuable to you, please consider volunteering for one of these positions, or even contributing a Saturday to help with one of the upcoming events. Always feel free to contact me or any Board member with your suggestions and ideas.

NCATA is you. NCATA **needs** you! ✍

Get Your 1998 Directory

The 1998 *Professional Services Directory*, listing more than 210 NCATA members and showing for the first time several pages of advertising, was published just in time for the ATA conference in San Francisco. This year, 250 T/I companies in the United States and overseas received a complimentary copy, thus exposing listed members and advertisers to a large number of potential buyers of language services. NCATA members who wish to receive a copy are asked to contribute \$10.00 toward the printing cost. Please send a check for \$10.00 (\$13.00 for overseas addresses), made out to NCATA and marked *Directory*, to NCATA Directory, PO Box 65200, Washington, DC 20035-5200. As always, an up-to-date and fully searchable version of the Directory is available on our web site <http://www.ncata.org>.

Virtual Résumé Clinic

sponsored by NCATA

On March 28 (tentative) the National Capital Area Translators Association will hold its first ever Job Fair, to bring Washington-area translation bureaus and freelance translators together face to face. At the Job Fair freelancers will have the opportunity to present their résumés to bureau representatives and be interviewed.

We urge all freelancers planning to take part in the Job Fair to review Eve R. Lindemuth's series of articles in the *Capital Translator*: "The New Résumé" (February 1997), "The Résumé: Technology vs. Substance" (June 1997), and "Technology in the Résumé" (November 1997). The suggestions given can be used to tune up your résumé in preparation for the Job Fair.

For those members who would like more guidance, NCATA is sponsoring a virtual résumé clinic. Here's how it will work:

You are offered a **one-on-one consultation** with an individual who has actual hiring responsibility in the course of his/her duties. NCATA has put together a panel of experts who have volunteered to critique a few résumés each by mail and/or telephone, at their option.

If you want to participate:

1. Mail (a) your résumé, (b) a self-addressed, stamped envelope, (c) a check for \$10, and (d) if you want a telephone consultation, a cover note stating the hours you are available and the phone number to call, **to arrive before close of business on February 15 to:**

Alissa Martin
5230 Baltimore Ave.
Bethesda, MD 20816

2. By March 15, either the panelist assigned to you will call to discuss your résumé or the résumé will be mailed back to you with appropriate written comments. Note that we will assign résumés to the panelists on a random basis. You cannot choose the person who will review your résumé. Each panelist has agreed to review a limited number of résumés, so any résumés received will be accepted on a first come first served basis. If your résumé cannot be reviewed, it will be returned to you along with your check. ☞

Translators interpret rapid globalization as good for their business

The following article appeared in The Wall Street Journal, issue of September 18, 1997.

The American Translators Association, Alexandria, Va., says its membership has grown 40% to 6500 during the past five years. Medical and legal needs are big factors. So are high-tech assignments: Web pages, software and the like. "We do about 40 jobs a day," says Liz Elting, president of TransPerfect Translations Inc., New York. It has more than doubled its staff of translators to 45 since last year as gross revenue rose 67% to \$10 million.

Robert Sprung, chairman and founder of Harvard Translations, Boston, expects sales to be up at least 60% this year. He credits a "boom" in exports by large and small outfits. And Helen Uete, owner of Japan American Management Ltd., Ann Arbor, Mich., which specializes in technical, auto-related work, says Japanese car makers setting up shop here helped business. Translators say Spanish is most in demand; Japanese translation is most costly.

Geonexus Communications Inc., Palo Alto, Calif., says its revenue quadrupled over two years, thanks to high-tech work. ☞

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Membership Renewal Deadline for 1998

Please remember that the deadline for membership renewal is February 15, 1998. Don't let your membership lapse. Renew on time to ensure your continuing subscription to the *Capital Translator* and listing in our *Professional Services Directory*. If you have not received your renewal form, contact the membership chair or any of the board members **immediately**. Their phone numbers and e-mail addresses can be found on the inside cover of this newsletter. ☞

Party

...continued from page 1

and Treasurer respectively, and NCATA stalwart **Bill Keasbey** was re-elected as Accreditation Chair. Thanks go to long-time volunteer **Yuka Seltzer** for collecting and counting the ballots again this year. Under the new system of staggered two-year terms, the new officers will join current **Vice President Kim Olson** and an acting Secretary yet to be named, who will be appointed to

serve the remainder of resigned NCATA Secretary **Russ Hultgren's** term of office.

Leaving the Board were two NCATA members who have served the Chapter extremely well over the past two years. **Barb Oldroyd**, who has worked generously and tirelessly for NCATA in many capacities over the years, completed her second consecutive term as NCATA Treasurer at the end of 1997 and will be enjoying a well-earned rest from

Chapter activities in 1998. **Michael Wahlster**, NCATA's brilliant Membership Chair, will also step down, although he plans to continue working on the web site he helped to create during his term of office. The Chapter has been incredibly lucky to have these remarkable people in its service. We're keeping their phone numbers handy just in case. ☺

Inoculate Your Machine

by *Cassandra Decker*

Computers get viruses. We all know this. Antivirus software can protect us from lost work and inconvenience. We all know that too. But how many of us have this software? Until a few months ago, I certainly hadn't made that investment in virus protection software.

Well, guess what? I got a CAP virus from a file I downloaded from a client. And I only found out about it because another client's virus detection software found the virus on a job I was uploading to them. The next time I sat down at my computer, I got on the Internet and downloaded a free, trial version of some antivirus software. I cleaned up my machine and sent a note of warning and abject apology to a third client to whom I had sent an infected file.

This episode cost me time and possibly goodwill from that third client. Please avoid these costs and learn from my mistakes!

A package of antivirus software only costs \$40. This is far less than what my virus experience cost me

and it's tax-deductible (as is the mileage for driving to the store to buy it). You can buy this software at any software retailer such as Egghead, Computer City, Office Max, etc. You can download *free* trial versions of this software off the Internet. The trial versions usually last 30 days. Some cheapskates just keep reinstalling it every month. Mind you, I'm not recommending that.

I downloaded and subsequently purchased *Norton AntiVirus* (<http://www.symantec.com/>). McAfee also makes virus protection software (<http://www.mcafee.com/>). These sites include links to these companies' foreign language sites.

Now I can tell you about *Norton AntiVirus*, because that's what I have. I am not endorsing it over any other products. This software performed as advertised. It scanned my machine, found the virus, and killed it for good. And it does even more! Part of it stays running in the background all the time and automatically scans anything I download. It will also automatically dial into the Symantec web site every month and

update itself with any newly discovered virus signatures. I can even set it to scan my hard disk periodically. I can remain completely passive, just like before I got this virus, and the antivirus software does all the work.

Coincidentally, that same week I received my *Scientific American* (November, 1997) featuring an article called "Fighting Computer Viruses," a great introduction to computer viruses and antivirus technology (it followed an article about parasitic wasps and their viruses, yuck!). Run to your library or read the complete article online at the *Scientific American* web site (<http://www.sciam.com>). Learn how both viruses and antivirus technology work and see what the future holds.

Check out these resources and arm yourself against lost time and money. Find a good antivirus package that works for you, it will pay for itself the first time it stops a virus. And please check out that *Scientific American* article, it's well worth a read. ☺



Moscow Madness

by James F. Shipp

I offer the following article for those of my Russian-speaking colleagues who have not visited that country's capital city in some time. To absorb native culture, assimilate new usage, and otherwise enhance one's abilities with a language in the nation whence it sprang is a noble ideal, but don't be caught flat-footed by the new Moscow's maddening combination of Soviet-style bureaucracy and American-style capitalism!

Our story begins at 7:00 a.m., when our plane from Amsterdam sets down at Sheremetyevo Airport.

With our fellow passengers, my wife and I disembark and descend the long flight of bare concrete steps leading to the passport control booths. There, perhaps a hundred harried travelers are already waiting, moving impatiently from one haphazard line to another in a vain attempt to expedite the entry process.

Behind us, other new arrivals dutifully queue up. The dungeon-like chamber housing the inspection kiosks is soon filled with cigarette smoke and the buzz of angry voices.

An hour and a half later, we finally present our passports and visas to an impossibly young, stylishly stubbled inspector. Ignoring our greeting, he consults a computer monitor for several silent moments, then eventually deigns to affix the appropriate stamps to our travel documents.

Proceeding through the ill-lit terminal to the baggage claim area, we find that, as usual, all the supposedly free luggage carts have been commandeered by would-be entrepreneurs, who demand one American dollar for their release. Refusing this extortion, we collect our bags and manhandle them to the customs control counters, where we are confronted by yet another line.

We know from previous experience that Moscow baggage handlers will methodically destroy any device intended to prevent them from rifling the contents of incoming or outgoing luggage. For this reason, we have left our suitcases unlocked. As the customs agent paws through our belongings, we see evidence that the baggage handlers have already been there—the three packs of cigarettes that I left lying on top of my clothing as a potential offering to forestall a more serious theft are now gone.

**...the Muscovites
have learned capitalism...and they are practicing it with a vengeance.**

Past customs, the airport's arrival vestibule is crammed beyond capacity with anxious Muscovites who have come to meet long-lost relatives or visiting businessmen. Most of these individuals hold crude, handmade signs which bear the surnames, often humorously misspelled, of the parties they seek.

Winding our way along the narrow path that has been left open through this shoulder-to-shoulder sea of humanity, we at last spill out onto the grimy sidewalk in front of the terminal, where three things happen simultaneously: we are surprised by Moscow's first real snow of

the year; we are accosted by clamoring gypsy children begging for hand-outs (giving to one means a full-scale assault by unseen hordes); and we are beset by a pack of greedy taxi drivers, each vying desperately for our patronage (most of whom are private citizens attempting to make ends meet through the use of their personal vehicles).

We select a driver at random, only to learn that his *taxi*, rather than awaiting us at curbside, is standing in the very back of the general parking lot. Trudging through the slush, we finally reach the ancient, box-shaped automobile and manage to wedge most of our luggage into its already crowded trunk. One particularly troublesome bag ends up riding shotgun in the front seat.

Recently named the world's most corrupt city in a poll of top Western executives, Moscow immediately lives up to its reputation. Our driver produces an amateurish-looking rate card (probably printed in his basement) which proclaims that the *official* fare between the airport and the city proper is \$68. Despite the fact that the car has no heat, that trade in dollars is strictly prohibited throughout Russia, and that the subject fare has universally been \$40 during all our previous visits, we are too tired to argue and ultimately give in to this piracy.

The 35-minute drive to our hotel is harrowing. Weather conditions notwithstanding, it appears that speed limits and demarcated lanes are purely a matter of hypothesis in Moscow. With lights flashing and horn blaring, our driver zips through the rush hour traffic, seemingly oblivious to imminent vehicular catastrophe. After what seems like an eternity, we finally speed past the



...continued on page 6

Moscow ...continued from page 5

Russian White House, zoom across the Moscow River, and are unceremoniously deposited at the front entrance of the Radisson Hotel, which still retains its old Soviet-era name, the Slavjanskaya.

At \$285 a night, the Radisson constitutes the only real alternative between the even more prohibitively priced Metropol or Savoy and a vast array of greatly inferior Russian hostelries. Dubbed the *American Ghetto* by virtue of the fact that the overwhelming majority of its guests hail from the U.S., the hotel boasts an expensive laundry (socks \$2.50 a pair), an unsmiling casino (a \$25 minimum bet), and an indifferent business center (back in the States, we will later learn that none of the half dozen or so e-mails which we paid this facility to send ever reached its destination). In addition, the hotel provides space for a variety of greatly overpriced shops and eateries, in the latter of which three basic meals per day cost about \$100.

Even though we are carrying what appears to be a valid letter of confirmation, the desk clerk informs us that the Russian travel agency through which we arranged our own accommodations via the Internet has neither booked our reservation nor transferred the funds that we wired them several months earlier. Miraculously, this problem is rectified with a single phone call and we are conducted to a room that would cost perhaps \$70 in any comparable stateside hotel.

Following a light lunch (\$45), we walk to the neighboring train station and hail a cab to Red Square. The driver will not back down from his \$16.50 fare, despite the fact that this is three times the rate we have paid during any of our previous stays in Moscow. Halfway to the central section of the city, a policeman pulls our taxi over and demands a \$15 *speeding fine* on the spot, threatening to put our driver in jail if we do not pay. This has happened

to us before. We succumb to the graft, thinking that perhaps now the driver will at least adjust his fare somewhat. He does not.

In Red Square, we take the obligatory stroll past Lenin's tomb, the Kremlin wall, and the onion-domed St. Basil's Cathedral, then make our way over to the G.U.M. (state-owned department store) on the corner of Nikolskaya Street in search of souvenirs. To our surprise, we find that the numerous craft shops which pre-



Photo: James F. Shipp

St. Basil's Cathedral , Red Square, Moscow

viously occupied a goodly portion of the block-wide, three-story G.U.M. building have been replaced by glitzy facaded Western stores purveying fancy goods at exorbitant prices. Souvenirs, a haughty clerk tells us with some disdain, may be purchased in the Stary Arbat (Old Arbat Street) district of the city.

We decide to have a drink at the Metropol Hotel before setting out on the next leg of our journey. Located opposite the Bolshoi Theater, one block from Red Square, the Metro-

pol's rooms range from \$350 to \$550 a night. In this establishment's Shalyapin Bar, we order one cocktail and one beer. The resultant \$17.50 bar tab causes us to beat a hasty retreat.

The taxi to Stary Arbat is \$12.50, again three times the accustomed rate. The government closed this renowned shopping district to the public in the spring of 1993, ostensibly for renovation; however, the real reason for the unexpected shutdown quickly emerged: *tarakany*, a word which literally means "cockroaches", but is often used as an unflattering euphemism for the Russian Mafia. Now open for business again, the five or six block stretch of Old Arbat Street is jam-packed with stands offering a wide variety of products, including exquisitely hand-painted wooden eggs (a Russian tradition), matrioshkas (the intricate series of hollow wooden dolls that fit inside one another), shkatulkas (lacquered wooden jewelry boxes), amber or enamel jewelry in melchior (silver alloy) settings, colorful woolen shawls, military wristwatches, and T-shirts or caps emblazoned with your favorite American logo and brand name in Cyrillic characters. One relatively recent addition to the Russian souvenir line consists of simple, flat wooden Christmas ornaments depicting Dyed Moroz (Grandfather Frost), the Russian equivalent of Santa Claus.

With our purchases in tow, we take a cab back to our hotel (\$10), where we shower and dress for dinner. A simple meal for two comes to \$110. Afterwards, over drinks in the hotel bar (at prices very similar to those of the Metropol), we discuss our newest impressions of this 850-year-old city.

Moscow, with a population well in excess of 10 million, exudes raw power. Its architecture is, by and large, breathtaking. Even the poorest and most dilapidated of buildings frequently offer glimpses of its for-

...continued on page 7

mer glory, with bold columns, ornate scrollwork, and elaborately painted ceilings dating back to the czarist era.

The city's inhabitants, having emerged from seventy years of Soviet rule to find themselves thrust headlong into the alien world of capitalism, were at first vulnerable and made easy prey for Western businessmen. But the Muscovites are very quick learners.

My wife decides to start packing for our early morning departure while I finish my drink at the bar. In the lobby, she is confronted by two uniformed security officers. Even though she does not speak Russian, the implication is clear. She is strikingly beautiful and unaccompanied.

Still unaccustomed to Western wives traveling with their husbands, the guards have mistaken her for a lady of the evening and are attempting to exact the standard \$10 bribe that such women must pay in order to visit a guest's room. By now, she is familiar with this routine, having been similarly accosted during previous trips to Belarus and the Ukraine. Taking the insult with a grain of salt, she produces her hotel identification card and steps onto the elevator with a smile, leaving the two men dumbfounded in her wake.

At 5:00 a.m. the following morning, we check out of the Radisson. It will be thirty-six hours later, in Rome, that we learn the hotel has debited our credit card for \$1,000

which we did not charge. Despite a flurry of extremely expensive phone calls to our bank in the States and to the Moscow Radisson, this situation will not be resolved until we reach Zurich two days later.

At our request, the front desk has called a taxi for us. Already dreading the two-hour ordeal that lies before all outbound travelers at the Moscow airport, we stow our bags and climb into the cab. The driver immediately produces a rate card which proclaims that the *official* fare between the airport and the city proper is \$72.

Yes, the Muscovites have learned capitalism, I think to myself, closing my eyes, and they are practicing it with a vengeance. ☞

Web Polyglott

by Michael Wahlster

If you think that machine translation is an esoteric subject and you are certain that MT is no threat to the human translator for the near future—think again.

Alta Vista, one of the popular search engines on the Web, now offers instantaneous Web page translations. With the proliferation of non-English content on the World Wide Web, Alta Vista gives you a choice among numerous into-English pairs. However, translation from English is also available.

Take our NCATA web site (<http://www.ncata.org>): It has the title *Professional Services Directory*. For the French web surfer who uses the Alta Vista service, this is rendered as *Répertoire de Services Professionnels*.



Also available are German (*Verzeichnis der Professionellen Services*), Italian (*Indice di Servizi Professionali*), Portuguese (*Directorio dos Serviços Profissionais*), and Spanish (*Directorio de los Servicios Profesionales*).

To get a better handle on your future competition, check out the whole pages. You can find them if you enter [http://www.ncata.org/](http://www.ncata.org) followed by [ncata_fre.htm](#), [ncata_ger.htm](#), [ncata_ita.htm](#), [ncata_por.htm](#), or [ncata_spa.htm](#). Scary? It depends. While a text like the German would not put any translator out of business, it is nonetheless amazing if you consider that the Web as a whole is only about five years old. ☞

Thank You!

We would like to especially thank Yuka Seltzer for receiving and counting the December ballots as well as for her help with the November PSD mailing. ☞

Welcome

A warm welcome to the following new members: Cearia L. Buehler, Lucia Conti, Tiphaine Crenn, Luis Fierro, James M. Homanich, Flori McClung, Steve Vlasta Vitek, Robert Wiese, and Gamal Zeidan. ☞

Correction

Please correct Silvia Fasce's address to: 6060 California Cir Apt 503, Rockville, MD 20852-4819. Home phone: (301) 770-0591. Work phone: (301) 443-2996.

Pellet's *Puntos y Puntas*

Translators, Tried and True!

by Mercedes M. Pellet

We recently received a response from the Immigration and Naturalization Service (INS) in connection with our company's petition for an H-1B Visa, which authorizes a non-immigrant to work in the United States. The petition was filed for a translator from Argentina who had been trained as a translator and had all the required documentation, duly translated and validated by the appropriate U.S. authorities. The purpose of the letter from the INS was to inform us that we had not demonstrated that the position of translator required a Bachelor's Degree or any other specialized knowledge. What this meant was that, in the opinion of the INS, since **anybody** could do the job, there was no need to grant a working visa to a non-immigrant.

As the person who had done the initial evaluation of the translator's credentials, I was the one who was instructed by our attorney to draft a justification of our petition. In effect, I had to explain the profession of translation, the level of knowledge required to be a translator, the state of the industry and the reasons for wanting to hire this particular translator from Argentina. And, most important, I had to do it without sarcasm or inappropriate humor!

While writing our company's response, I realized that the subject would be an ideal one for this column. In spite of the antiquity of our profession, there is still a great deal of uncertainty about what we do, how we do it, and why.

The bumper-sticker approach to translation

One of the most basic requirements of promotional writing is that

the subject must lend itself to be expressed simply and succinctly. Or to put it in words that could have been said by the master of the epigram, Oscar Wilde: "Anything worth saying is worth saying briefly." Generally, the explanation of translation requires at least a full paragraph and, by the time the terms *source*, *target*, and *rendering* are introduced, most people's eyes have acquired a suspicious glaze. I know this first hand from hundreds of networking opportunities, where the advantage always goes to the quick. Here are some of my own patented **bumper stickers**:

- Translation creates a bridge between cultures.
- Translation is language in action.
- Translation takes business to the world.
- Translation is power.
- You know; therefore, I translated.
- If you can read the classics, thank a translator.

These are statements that will remain with the listener, long after your face has become a fuzzy memory.

A suitable response to "What Does A Translator Actually Do?"

I do not know how the rest of you respond to this question, often asked in the manner reserved for expressions such as "What is **that** smell?" As for me, it has taken me almost twenty years to be able to respond in an equable and informative manner: "A translator is a professional in international communications. Becoming a translator requires extensive study of the mechanics of two or more languages, vocabulary, culture, usage, translation science, creative writing,

computer applications, and communications technology. A good translator is the modern equivalent of the Renaissance man—except that many of them are Renaissance **women**."

Nine out of ten times, this very mature explanation leads to a follow-up question: Do translators need a college degree? You may recognize that this is a variant of the key INS question. And, no, it is not a question that is suitably answered with a flippant "No. Why, all you need is a dictionary, two eyes and a finger!"

The best way to respond to this question is by taking the high road: "By definition, a translator is someone who has broad knowledge. Some translators are self-taught but the majority have extensive schooling and many of them have multiple degrees. They generally are voracious readers and tremendous lovers of language; as a result, many are also excellent writers in more than one language. In addition, they need to learn how to do extensive research because they have to fully understand the text they are translating so that they can convert it into another language. However, in today's world of high technology, translators cannot become scholarly residents of an ivory tower. They have to keep abreast of computers, modems, intranets, Internet, e-mail and web browsers. In a very real sense, translators embody the essence of university study and the quest for an ever-expanding future."

Everyone's an expert!

One of the most irritating moments to all translators is the interaction with the *amateur expert*. These are the neighbors, friends, distant relatives of people who listen to our explanation of what it takes to be a translator. They are generally

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introduced into the conversation with a throw-away comment, such as: "Oh, you speak French? My next door neighbor speaks French. Maybe she could work with you?" Or, "German? My uncle can help you review the translation because he is from Germany—he's been here about 30 years."

That is always my cue to develop a glazed look of my own **and** a big smile!

A very happy and prosperous 1998 to all of you! ✎

One Hundred Uses for Spam?



by Cassandra Decker

Maybe you can do a lot of things with canned luncheon meat, but the best thing to do with junk e-mail is to delete!

If you're among the fortunate few who've never received spam, this explanation is for you. Spam is unsolicited e-mail, usually commercial, which can proliferate in your mailbox, slow down your mail server, and waste your time and resources. Spam is not necessarily commercial either, people who are broadcasting a religious message or promoting a political agenda can use e-mail too.

Unlike junk paper mail, spam uses up the recipient's resources, rather

than the sender's. Imagine how long it would take you to download and sort through 100 junk e-mails to find messages from your clients and friends. Remember, you're paying more for it than the sender is.

Some spam messages include a notice that you can remove yourself from the spammer's mailing list, often by replying to the message. Don't do this! All you are doing is letting the spammers know that they've found an active address. The spammers can then send you even more junk e-mail.

Learn more about spam and the fight against it at <http://www.cauce.org>. ✎

There's adventure in translation!

By Gerald Geiger © 1995

Translating offers the thrill of exploring the unknown with a map, a set of keen senses, and the spirit to take a dare. The unknown is the written work to be translated from one language to another. The map is your knowledge of the two languages and the subject field. You are exploring another's thought processes...man's noblest output!

Your mission is to pass ideas back and forth between individuals and nations who want and must get to know each other through words, not guns, nor hot steel fragments. Your work is needed and appreciated. Few pursuits are as refreshingly humanistic and as divinely challenging. Sometimes, the unknown piece of writing is like a verdant meadow, spreading before you, inviting you to partake of its poetic beauty (its idelle Schönheit). Another time, it may be like a parched, wind-swept desert and finding the right linguist-

tic rendition will be like coming upon a pool of cool water in a palm-shaded oasis.

Or it may be like a jagged, cloud-shrouded mountain range with slippery slopes, rumbling rockslides, and hairpin ski runs. Then your dictionary can be like a snowbound chalet with a fire roaring in the fireplace; your glossary is like a big, wet-nosed St. Bernard with a little wooden keg hanging from its neck and a friendly wag of its bushy tail. Aye, there'll be a pitfall or two for you. But that's what makes translating so spicy—and prickly, at times. A bit like cross-country riding, eh, what?

When is a "Bolzen" a pin? A stud? A bolt? When is a "Fass" a cask? A drum? A barrel? When is a "Lamelle" a blade? A sipe? A disk? A lamella? And, oh, yes! You must replace the Germanic noun-focused style with active English verbs. And do look for the last clause and then turn the sentence around!

Challenging, indeed! Frustrating, never! As you search, you learn; as you learn, you grow.

Translating can be like a brisk gallop through the woods, over hills and hedges, splashing across swamps and streams. You can hardly wait for the next bend in the trail, the next clause in the sentence, the next hilltop and the next page. On the way, you mark your course on paper, tape, or disk. And when you're done, you have the chart you plotted to show the track that took you from one language into another, from mind to mind, from heart to heart. So, mount up on your trusty PC, load your modem, and cock your keyboard. Your target is the perfect term! Tally-ho! ✎

Gerald Geiger, a quintilingual ATA-accreditee, earned his spurs in combat as patrol leader/interpreter/interrogator with General Patton's elite Cavalry reconnaissance squadron.

Calendar

Date	Time	Event	Location
February 15		Résumé clinic (deadline for submissions)	Contact Alissa Martin, 301-718-0405
March 28		Job Fair	TBA

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**Membership Renewal Deadline:
February 15!
Renew Today!**