Translator's Foreword

There are two things that are rarely talked about in childhood: sex and death. And this is why so many teenagers rebel, dye their hair, pierce their nose, become independent travellers, because there's a question they're too afraid to ask and an answer their parents do not know.

I have learned the answer, but it has left me stranded like a whale on the beach, it hasn't given me wings, as I expected, or it has but then it's placed me at the centre of a storm, under the net, and I only glimpse the silhouette of my freedom, like a butterfly on the wall of a roofless church, most of the time it's a burden, a weight I carry around. You see, we only begin to see when we learn that we are blind.

This was my experience translating this book, The Seventh Gesture, by the international Bulgarian author Tsvetanka Elenkova. I use the word 'author' lightly, for we are all translators, nothing begins with us, not even the life we give our children. We are called to translate and in the process to find meaning. Meaning is a tentative thing, open to interpretation. Do spiders fly, or do birds follow an invisible path? Is the experience of death akin to returning to the water from whence we came (a theory espoused by the Book of Genesis as much as by evolutionists, meaning again slippery, clothes turned inside out which no one notices)? This book taught me to find life in death, a dead tree bathed in light. This book taught me to follow the diffraction of light in a bruise, proving that we are indeed children of light (that teenager again before he dons a suit and tie and enters the world of make-believe). Or how about illnesses that come from outside and form a lump in our throat? Only after reading this book did I realise the storm has a face, a body, which tells us it's coming, like a scent.

Coincidence means things that happen together, not chance happenings. This is the only language I know and language, as any parent will tell you, is the ability to envisage the future, a dangerous gift, of course, like fire, but also beneficial.

I interpret coincidence and find meaning. A ladybird lands on the dashboard of our car I have seen before, again like a translation. I give it meaning and so I open my hand. To believe is to receive sight, but there needs to be some kind of catalyst, a revelation.

May this book (in translation—it doesn't matter whether you're reading it in English or Bulgarian) serve as a revelation, a gesture towards a country, Bulgaria, and its culture still unknown.

Jonathan Dunne

The living ideal of God's love precedes our love and holds in itself the secret of its idealisation.

for my mother

VLADIMIR SOLOVYOV, The Meaning of Love

Strong white resembles black.

Lao Tzu, *Tao Te Ching*