

In memoriam Peter Newmark

SERGIO VIAGGIO

You may – I hope – have remembered our first encounter in Trieste, at which John, Clyde, Maurizio and Chris (were you there too, Franco?) saw their hopes to see us locked in mortal combat frustrated. We agreed to keep our Sumo contest to the “Rivista Internazionale di Tecnica della Traduzione” and then had one of those feasts at the Bagutta. I saw you twice more, once in Buenos Aires, and later on at your place, somewhere in the outskirts of London – a library with a kitchen, I thought. Then we parted physical ways, but you were always there, with your occasional stab, à la Socrates, to keep me perky. When the formidable Danica Seleskovitch passed away, someone – if memory serves me right, Fortunato Israel – remarked that “we all thought she was immortal”. Now I have just found out that you were not immortal either, dear cranky old arch-rival. I, who always have used many more words than my thoughts required, am today at an appalling loss: May you live eternally in a Paradise of blissfully semantic translations!