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Portfolio

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**Description of Source Text**
- understanding of source text
- knowledge of genre within source contexts
- situation of source text
- familiarity with the formal features of a text (language variation(s), register, dialect) (200 words max)

The ST is an opening passage from a short story in the collection “The End of the World is a Cut de Sac” by Louise Kennedy. The story is written in second person (e.g. “you change”, “you pack”). According to the author, this choice gives her “some access to a character’s inner world” (Kuenzler 2021). The text is abundant in direct speech with no quotation marks. The narration is retrospective, however, it is written in the present tense.

The ST has a rhythm as there is a continuous movement in the text which is achieved due to the sequence of actions in present tense (e.g., ST: lines 40-41).

The story contains vocabulary of colloquial register such as “fags” or “Cheerio”. Moreover, examples of Scottish Gaelic (“Slàinte”) and Scottish/Irish English (“wee”) are present in the text. There is also an emphasis on the fact that the main character is Irish, shown with the use of past tense after “whether” (“whether to ate it or drink it”), as based on the phonemic system of Ulster dialects (Bliss 1972, 82) both present and past forms of the verb “eat” can be pronounced in the same way.

**Strategy**
- identification of translation problems

The TA is Russian adults who speak English and have knowledge of Irish history, particularly the period of “the Troubles”. The translation is to be published in Sindbad Publications, specialising in translations of outstanding works of foreign literature in prose (https://sindbadbooks.ru).
| • *knowledge of genre within target context and situation of target text*  
| • *justification of translation production of genre for target context*  
| **(200 words max)** |
| I will apply the strategy of foreignisation (Venuti 1998, 242) in the following steps:  
- The punctuation of the ST will be mimicked and direct speech will not be put in quotation marks or with dashes.  
- The names of cultural items will be left in English (e.g. ST: line 4, TT: line5).  
- Toponyms such as “Halfway Inn” and cultural references (e.g. Slàinte [Cheers]) will be transliterated.  
One of the main translation issues will be preserving the rhythm of the text. As the verbs in SL differ in aspect (Kuzmina 2010, 50), some verbs are longer than others in present tense that may distort the fluidity of the text. To solve this issue, I will combine both present and past tenses in TT, choosing the shorter form of the verb. For example, for “you change”, I will put “ты переоделась” [you changed] in the past tense instead of “ты переодеваясь” [you change] in the present tense. |

| Critical Reflection  
| • *textual analysis*  
| **(200 words max)** |
| The TT reads as a foreignized text because punctuation in the lines with the reported speech is preserved from the ST (e.g. TT: lines 41, 48, 54-57), and the lexical items are left in English (e.g. “Seaside Special” and “Showaddywaddy” in TT: lines 10-11). Moreover, there are cultural references that were transliterated (e.g. “Сланчэ” [Slàinte]) that will be clear to the TA as they have knowledge of the Irish context. Even though the adaption of these elements was possible, it would have resulted in the absence of the cultural elements that are important for the historical context of the story. Comparison of ST and TT shows that some of the characteristics of ST were lost in TT due to the structural differences between SL and TL. For example, it was not possible to preserve the use of past tense after “whether” (“whether to ate it or drink it”) that was translated in the TT as “съесть это или выпить” [eat it or drink]. |

| Works Cited  
| • *use of sources and reference material* |


The hot pants look trampy with the platforms so you change into your yellow parallels. You pack your clutch bag with fags, a pat of powder, a tin of Vaseline. It’s floppy, so you wad it with tissues to fill it out. The bag came free with a bottle of Charlie perfume you bought in the chemist’s shop you’re not allowed to go into because Mr Crawford, the owner, is in the DUP. A last look in the mirror. The broderie anglaise trim on your top doesn’t quite reach the waistband of your trousers. Your stomach is hollow, which you like, and pale, which you don’t. You go down the stairs and put your head into the sitting room. Showaddywaddy are on Seaside Special, wearing the same shade as your trousers. Cheerio, you say. Your mother pulls the edges of her cardigan together by way of an answer. You go down the driveway. The wee ones are at the stream, building a dam or demolishing one, their shrieks blowing across the fields to you. The heat has been building all day. The tarmac is spongy under your feet, sundering into oil and chips of stone, and by the time you get to the Halfway Inn the cork soles on your shoes are greasy-looking and the hair at the back of your neck is wet.

The front door is wedged open with a brick. The girls are already there, at the corner table by the jukebox, nursing jewel-coloured drinks laced with cordial. Gin and orange. Pernod and blackcurrant. Vodka and lime. You tuck your clutch high up your arm and go to the bar.
Buy us a drink, Thady, you say. Your brother acts as if he doesn’t know you’re there, so you have to lean in between him and Ciaran McCann. Your top has ridden up your belly and Ciaran slants himself forward for a better look. In profile he’s nearly gorgeous, but then he twists on his stool and you see the heavy lid of the eye that doesn’t open. You think he’s admiring you, until he sniggers. You’re in no position to be laughing at anyone, Winky, you say, and he bends back over his pint. Come on, Thady, I’ve no money. He does this sometimes, makes you whinge stuff out of him. You’re not even sure he’s listening, because he has turned to look at the doorway. Everyone is looking at the doorway. It’s like watching a Western, the tall silhouette against the yellow light, the face dark, in shadow. The tidy bulk of him crossing the room to the counter.

Thady must be thinking the same thing because he says Howdy, stranger. The man smiles along the length of the bar. He’s wearing a tweed sports jacket, too heavy for a summer night, and there’s a spritz of sweat on his moustache. It’s an evening for a few cold ones, he says, his accent going to the four corners of Ireland.

Thady puts his hand on your arm. Shandy, is it?

You reposition the bag and go across the floor to the girls. You sit at the table and they lean in and you’re all talking at once. You drink fast and they dare you to ask for more. You tuck the clutch under your arm and walk to the bar, slower this time.

Buy us another one, you ask Thady.
You cost me a fortune.
Allow me, the man says.
Work away, says Thady.
When the drink is pushed at you, you hold it up at the man in thanks.
Slàinte, he says, and you wonder if he’s Scottish. He lifts a pint to his mouth. His lips are so full they hardly close.
You take some coins from the stack of change in front of your brother.
You go back to the girls and put your drink on the table. Three plays, you say, and turn to the jukebox. You choose one for a laugh, one for dancing, one for the boys. As the last song finishes, Thady comes over and speaks into your ear. Go home, he says. You start to complain, swinging round to face him, but when you see the look on his face you are quiet. Night night, he says to the girls, and they clatter out ahead of you. Thady goes back to the counter. From the doorway you look at the man one last time. Now you are in silhouette, and you hope the broderie anglaise is gauzy and pure against the sunlight, and that he can see you through it. He lifts his pint at you. He sees you.
To get the free gift she has to buy two products, you explain, one skincare. You recommend the hand cream, because it’s the cheapest. A wary look moves across her face as you speak, but you tone down your accent these days and she isn’t sure. She drifts towards the handbags and you pack ten more of the pink velvet purses with their miniature bounty: a stubby English Rose lipstick (shade 1981), a wand of cream proхладеньких, сказал он. Его акцент как будто из всех четырех углов Ирландии.
Тэди кладет свою руку на твоё предплечье. Шенди, не так ли?
Ты переложила сумму и прошла наискосок к девчонкам. Ты села за столик, они наклонились, и вы все заговорили в один голос. Ты пьешь быстро, и они взяли тебя на “слабо” попросить больше. Ты засунула клатч под руку и прошла к барной стойке, в этот раз медленнее.
Купи нам еще один, ты просишь Тэди.
Ты мне стоишь целое состояние.
Позволь мне, говорит мужчина.
Вперед, говорит Тэди.
Когда напиток пихнут к тебе, ты подняла его в сторону мужчины в знак благодарности. Сланче, сказал он, и ты задаешься вопросом, а не шотландец ли он. Он поднимает пинту ко рту. Его губы настолько пухлы, что едва закрывались.
Ты забираешь несколько монет из стопки сдачи перед твоим братом. Ты прошла обратно к девчонкам и поставила свой напиток на стол. Три проигрывания, сказала ты, и повернулась к музыкальному автомату. Ты выбираешь одно для смеха, одно для танца, одно для парней. Как только последняя песня закончилась, Тэди подходит и шепчет в ухо. Иди домой, говорит он. Ты начинаешь жаловаться, разворачиваясь к нему, но затем ты увидела
blusher, a canister of spray mineral water. You mist wrists with perfume, give a mini-makeover to a girl from Lingerie, clean the glass shelves. At lunchtime you take the back staircase to the staffroom. You left your bag on the windowsill in full sunlight. The smoked cheese in your sandwich in your sandwich has wept amber oil on to the letter from home, pages you won’t open here. Yesterday’s newspaper is on the table and you read it instead. There’s a warship docking in Port Stanley. A pearly king and queen on Leicester Square. A street laid out for a party, bunting threaded between the lamp posts. Puffed sleeves and side fringes are in. A recipe for coronation chicken. A photograph of the silhouette man in a red and gold uniform, thick hair tamped down. A quote from his sister: *It’s unbearable for my parents.* You pull the page from the paper and put it in your bag.

One of the security guards comes in. He’s the man who patrols the store for unattended bags, for accents like yours. He fills a cup with water from the boiler. There are four free seats at the table but he sits in the one opposite you. He taps a sachet of dried soup into the hot water and stirs, takes a paper bag from his pocket. His sandwich is flat and damp and home-made too. He smiles at you and your face twitches with something you hope will pass for civility. You’re Irish, he says. You prepare to answer, breaking up the words in your mouth and reassembling them to remove the moany vowels of the place you come from, but he keeps talking. His name is Sean, *shown* the way he says it. His mum is from

expressions of his face, and he stopped. Calmly, he says the girls, and they are dripping in front of one. This time he walked back to the counter. It was the last time he saw. Yesterday his newspaper was on the table and he read it instead. There was a warship docking in Port Stanley. A pearly king and queen on Leicester Square. A street laid out for a party, ribbons threaded between the lamp posts. Puffed sleeves and side fringes are in. A recipe for coronation chicken. A photograph of the silhouette man in a red and gold uniform, thick hair tamped down. A quote from his sister: *It’s unbearable for my parents.* You pull the page from the paper and put it in your bag.

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Carlow, which makes him eligible to play football for the Republic of Ireland. He laughs to confirm he’s making a joke.

In the afternoon you shift six gift bags and sell a tube of cleavage cream to a woman in a burka with beautiful feet. He is by the swing door when you leave, walkie-talkie and polyester epaulettes swapped for a striped short-sleeved shirt with a buttoned-down collar. He acts surprised to see you, says he’s going your way. He asks if you’ve time for a quick one - a drink, obviously. He does the laugh again. The pub is opposite the Tube station. You sit under a huge window that’s misty with diesel fumes and fly spray. He asks if you’d like a Pimm’s. Oh yes, you say, as though you know what it is. It comes in a dimpled beer glass with chunks of cucumber and apple in it. I don’t know whether to eat it or drink it, you say, and the woman at the next table stares at you and says something into her man’s ear. She is wearing a Lady Di blouse like yours.

He asks you questions as though he’s reading them from a list.
Do you come from a big family?
I’ve an older brother and three wee sisters.
What does your brother do?
He’s waiting for a job to come up.

Thady would smirk at your answer. He’s three deaths away from going on hunger strike.

Sean finishes his pint in one gulp and crosses the yeasty floral carpet to the gents. The woman at the next table is leaning in to her man, pointing
at the floor where you’ve put your white patent-leather handbag. You pick it up, root in it, fingers moving over the greasy letter. Thady’s wing is in lockdown and your mother hasn’t seen him for months. You try to imagine your brother in a blanket, his hair matted with shite, but you can’t picture him. You take out a lipstick and drag it slowly across your mouth, pressing your lips together when you’re done. Then you use it to write four big letters across the side of your bag. Sean appears, hoking at the waistband of his trousers. There’s a light on the wall above his head and his face is grey and shiny. He takes quick, light steps to the payphone and lifts the receiver, presumably to ring the woman who made his sandwich. You turn your handbag so the couple at the next table can read it. You’ve written BOMB in shade 1981, English Rose.
Крыло Тэди протестует, и твоя мать не видела его месяцами. Ты пытаешься представить своего брата в одеяле, его волосы в дерьме, но у тебя не получается. Ты достала помаду и медленно протащила ее по своему рту, сжимая губы в конце. Затем ты взяла ее, чтобы написать пять больших букв на боку твоей сумочки.

Шон появляется, возясь с поясом своих штанов. Над его головой горит свет, и его лицо серое, блестит. Он совершает быстрые, легкие шаги к телефону и поднимает трубку, предположительно звоня женщине, которая сделала его сэндвич. Ты повернула свою сумочку паре за соседним столом так, чтобы они могли прочитать это. В оттенке 1981, Английская Роза ты написала БОМБА.
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**Description of Source Text**
- understanding of source text
- knowledge of genre within source contexts
- situation of source text familiarity with the formal features of a text (language variation(s), register, dialect) (200 words max)

The ST is an excerpt from the first of *Six Memos for the Next Millennium* by Italo Calvino, a lecture on the concept of lightness. The lectures were written to be presented to the students and academics at Harvard University (Bosca-Malin 2014, 119) and could be considered lecture notes (Bosca-Malin 2014, 140) that are supposed to be read aloud. This results in rhetorical and ambiguous style, with some connections being lost (Giunta 2010, 14-15).

The lectures contain references to other literary works and this particular ST cites a passage from Metamorphosis by Ovid where the verses are written in prose form.

The vocabulary of a neutral register is present in ST. Moreover, long syntactic structures can be observed as there are eleven sentences in the range 35-70 words. There are also emphatic structures achieved through repetitions of subjects (e.g. in the line “… è Perseo, che vola coi sandali alati, Perseo che non rivolge il suo sguardo sul volto della Gorgone…” [it is Perseus who flies with winged sandals, Perseus who does not turn his eyes upon the face of the Gorgon] the subject “Perseo” is repeated).

**Strategy**
- identification of translation problems
- knowledge of genre within target context and situation of target text

TA is Irish students of Junior Cycle (12-15 year olds) who will listen to the text as an introduction to Greek myths and philosophical reflection in literature during Classics and Philosophy courses (https://www.curriculumonline.ie/Junior-Cycle/Junior-Cycle-Subjects). To render the text comprehensible for TA, I will implement the following steps:
- **justification of translation production of genre for target context (200 words max)**

  - Simplify the syntax by eliminating a list of coordinative and subordinative clauses and shorten the sentences (e.g. ST: lines 32-37 that contain one sentence of 65 words will be split in 4 sentences in TT: lines 66-71 with the average length of the sentence of 19 words);
  - Advanced vocabulary will be substituted with less complex terminology (e.g. ogni volta che tento una rievocazione storico-autobiografica [every time I attempt historical-autobiographical reenactment] will be translated into “every time I try to talk about history and autobiography”);
  - Explanatory phrases will be introduced to clarify references in the ST (e.g. explanation of who Ovid is);
  - Verses by Ovid will be translated in rhyme scheme AABB;

  Pictures of mythological characters will be included in the TT to be used as illustrations. I will use images from a cartoon “Hercules” to make the references more familiar to TA, and where it is impossible, illustrations by other artists.

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**Critical Reflection**

- **textual analysis (200 words max)**

  I showed my TT to two Irish students, aged 13 and 14 years old to check whether the TT was comprehensible for them. According to their feedback, even though they had not had any previous knowledge of Ovid texts and only some superficial knowledge of the myth about Medusa, the language in TT was not confusing. They also thought that the cartoon references were useful because they were familiar with them. Therefore, it was easier for them to understand the references in the TT, rather than if it was a plain text.

  The ST has been translated into TL before by Patrick Creagh (2009), and it is closer to the ST than my TT. However, that it might not be suitable for my TA as they are younger and have less academical experience than the TA for the ST.

  Although, the aim of making the ST suitable for TA was achieved, I am not entirely satisfied with translation of Ovid. I used the Latin ST of verses by Ovid (Ovid, IV, 740-752) along with Calvino’s version to create rhyming lines. While the final two lines achieved a satisfying rhyme, the initial two could be improved in their rhyming scheme.

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**Works Cited**

- **use of sources and reference material**

| --- |
In certi momenti mi sembrava che il mondo stesse diventando tutto di pietra: una lenta pietrificazione più o meno avanzata a seconda delle persone e dei luoghi, ma che non risparmiava nessun aspetto della vita. Era come se nessuno potesse sfuggire allo sguardo inesorabile della Medusa. L’unico eroe capace di tagliare la testa della Medusa è Perseo, che vola coi sandali alati, Perseo che non rivolge il suo sguardo sul volto della Gorgone ma solo sulla sua immagine riflessa nello scudo di bronzo. Ecco che Perseo mi viene in soccorso anche in questo momento, mentre mi sentivo già catturare dalla morsa di pietra, come mi succede ogni volta che tento una rievocazione storico-autobiografica. Meglio lasciare che il mio discorso si componga con le immagini della mitologia. Per tagliare la testa di Medusa senza lasciarsi pietrificare, Perseo si sostiene su ciò che vi è di più leggero, i venti e le nuvole; e spinge il suo sguardo su ciò che può rivelargli solo in una visione indiretta, in un’immagine catturata da uno specchio. Subito sento la tentazione di trovare in questo mito un’allegoria del rapporto del poeta col mondo, una lezione del metodo da seguire scrivendo. Ma so che ogni interpretazione impoverisce il mito e lo soffoca: coi miti non bisogna aver fretta; è meglio lasciarli depositare

At certain moments, I felt that the world was turning into stone. Even though it was a slow process that varied across the people and places, it still affected every area of life. It was as if no one could run away from the merciless gaze of Medusa. The only hero capable of cutting off the head of Medusa is Perseus. Perseus who flies with winged sandals. Perseus who does not turn his eyes upon the face of the Gorgon, and who only looks at its reflection in the bronze shield. Just at this moment, as I start to feel captured by the grip of stone, Perseus comes to my rescue. It happens to me every time I try to talk about history and autobiography. Better to let my discourse centre on myths. To cut off the head of Medusa without being turned into stone, Perseus relies on the lightest things of all, the winds and clouds. He looks into what can be revealed only indirectly, in the image captured by a mirror. I immediately feel the desire to find in this myth a story of the poet and the world, a lesson on how to write. But I know that when we try to find hidden meaning in myths, we drain and suffocate them. There is no need to rush with myths. It is better to store them in our memory, to stop and study every detail. We should think them over without going outside of their
nel memoria, fermarsi a meditare su ogni dettaglio, ragionarci sopra senza uscire dal loro linguaggio di immagini. La lezione che possiamo trarre da un mito sta nella letteralità del racconto, non in ciò che vi aggiungiamo noi dal di fuori.

Il rapporto traPerseo e la Gorgone è complesso: non finisce con la decapitazione del mostro. Dal sangue della Medusa nasce un cavallo alato, Pegaso; la pesantezza della pietra può essere rovesciata nel suo contrario; con un colpo di zoccolo sul Monte Elicona, Pegaso fa scaturire la fonte da cui bevono le Muse. In alcune versioni del mito, sarà Perseo a cavalcare il meraviglioso Pegaso caro alle Muse, nato dal sangue maledetto di Medusa (anche i sandali alati, d’altronde, provenivano dal mondo dei mostri: Perseo li aveva avuti dalle sorelle di Medusa, le Graie dall’unico occhio). Quanto alla testa mozzata, Perseo non l’abbandona ma la porta con sé, nascosta in un sacco; quando i nemici stanno per sopraffarlo, basta che egli la mostri sollevandola per la chioma di serpenti, e quella spoglia sanguinosa diventa un’arma invincibile nella mano dell’eroe: un’arma che egli usa solo in casi estremi e solo contro chi merita il castigo di diventare la statua di se stesso. Qui certo il mito vuol dirmi qualcosa, qualcosa che è implicito nelle immagini e che non si può spiegare altrimenti. Perseo riesce a padroneggiare quel volto tremendo tenendolo nascosto, come prima l’aveva vinto guardandolo nello specchio. È sempre in un rifiuto della visione diretta che sta la forza di Perseo, ma non in un rifiuto della realtà del mondo di mostri in cui gli
è toccato di vivere, una realtà che egli porta con sé, che assume come proprio fardello.

Sul rapporto tra Perseo e la Medusa possiamo apprendere qualcosa di più leggendo Ovidio nelle Metamorfosi. Perseo ha vinto una nuova battaglia, ha massacrato a colpi di spada un mostro marino, ha liberato Andromeda. E ora si accinge a fare quello che ognuno di noi farebbe dopo un lavoraccio del genere: va a lavarsi le mani. In questi casi il suo problema è dove posare la testa di Medusa. E qui Ovidio ha dei versi (IV, 740-752) che mi paiono straordinari per spiegare quanta delicatezza d’animo sia necessaria per essere un Perseo, vincitore di mostri:

"Perché la ruvida sabbia non sciupi la testa anguicrinita (anguiferumque caput dura ne laedat harena), egli rende soffice il terreno con uno strato di foglie, vi stende sopra dei ramoscelli nati sott’acqua e vi depone la testa di Medusa a faccia in giù”. Mi sembra che la leggerezza di cui Perseo è l’eroe non potrebbe essere meglio rappresentata che da questo gesto di rinfrescante gentilezza verso quell’essere mostruoso e tremendo ma anche in qualche modo deteriorabile, fragile. Ma la cosa più inaspettata è il miracolo che ne segue: i ramoscelli marini in contatto con la Medusa si trasformano in coralli, e le ninfe per adornarsi di coralli accorrono e avvicinano ramoscelli e alghe alla terribile testa. Anche questo incontro d’immagini, in cui la sottile grazia del corallo sfiora`
As for the severed head, Perseus does not leave it behind but takes it with him, hidden in a bag. When enemies are about to overcome him, he just shows the head, raising it by the hair of serpents. And that sanguineous head becomes an invincible weapon in the hand of the hero. This is the weapon that he uses only in extreme cases and only against those who deserve the punishment of becoming a statue. Here, the myth surely wants to tell me something. Something that is hinted at in pictures and that can't be explained otherwise. Perseus tries to master that monstrous face, keeping it hidden. He does it in the same way as before when he won it, only watching its reflection in the mirror. The power of Perseus always lies in the refusal of direct vision. However, it is not a refusal of the monstrous world, in which he is forced to live. This is the reality that he carries with him and that he assumes as his own burden.
We can learn more about the relationship between Perseus and Medusa by reading a Roman poet, Ovid, in one of his most important works, the poem Metamorphoses. Perseus won a new battle, he slaughtered a sea monster by sword and freed Andromeda. And now he is going to do what any of us would after such hard work: he is going to wash his hands. In such cases his problem is where to lay Medusa’s head. And here Ovid uses his extraordinary verses (IV, 740-752) to explain how much grace of spirit is required to be the monster-vanquishing Perseus:

“So the rigid sand doesn’t scratch the head full of snakes,
He softens the ground with a layer of leaves;
Twigs born underwater are extended on top,
Making a cushion for her visage to drop”

It seems to me that it is exactly this gesture of refreshing kindness toward that being, which is monstrous and tremendous but also somehow perishable and fragile, that shows the lightness of which Perseus is the hero. However, the most unexpected thing is the miracle that follows: sea twigs turn into corals in contact with Medusa, and nymphs rush in, bringing twigs and seaweed close to the terrible head in order to adorn themselves with corals. Even how these images meet: the subtle grace of coral brushes against the fierce horror of the Gorgon. This is so charged with charm that I would not want to waste it by trying to add words of my own.
Perseus and Andromeda (by Unknown artist)
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th><strong>Student Number</strong></th>
<th>22327279</th>
<th><strong>Text Number</strong></th>
<th>3</th>
</tr>
</thead>
</table>

**Source Text** | **Target Text**
--- | ---
| **Title** | Tír na nÓg | **Title** | Тир на Нор, остров вечной молодости |
| **Year Published** | 2020 | **Language** | RU |
| **Author** | Kieran Fanning | **Word Count** | 624 |
| **Language** | EN | **Word Count** | 881 |

**Description of Source Text**

- understanding of source text
- knowledge of genre within source contexts
- situation of source text
- familiarity with the formal features of a text (language variation[s], register, dialect)

*(200 words max)*

The ST is the scholastic version of the myth “Tír na nÓg” [Land of the Young], and the TA is children aged 9-10 years old according to the publisher “Scholastic” (https://shop.scholastic.ie/products/130422). It is written in English with the names of the characters in Irish Gaelic (e.g. “Oisín”, “Niamh”, “Fionn Mac Cumhaill”). The Language of the ST is simple and clear.

- There is descriptive language present in the text, e.g. there are epithets such as “magnificent white horse” (ST: line 7) or “light-footed gallop” (ST: line 61).
- There are three expressions in formal register (e.g. “I’m looking for Fionn Mac Cumhaill, Captain of the Fianna?”)
- There are also four examples of archaic English, e.g. the use of “pray tell” in the sentence “Well, look no further,” said the Fionn, “for I am the man you seek. And who, pray tell, might you be? ” (WordSense Dictionary 2023), as well as the phrase “for I am the man you seek”.

**Strategy**

- identification of translation problems
- knowledge of genre within target context and situation of target text

The TT will be the script for a short film produced by “Snegiri Studio” (https://snegiri-studio.ru) which is a film school for scriptwriters. The TT will reflect the format of the scripts published on the website (https://snegiri-studio.ru/scenarij-filma-teksty-scenariev-filmov-i-serialov-skachat). The main TA will be children 9-10 years old.
The following steps will be implemented in the translation of ST:

- Translate the ST’s archaisms as old-fashioned items in the TL (e.g., “pray tell” will be translated as “скажи на милость”)
- Change narration into stage directions by making phrases shorter and omitting the epithets (e.g., ST: lines 59-63 and TT: lines 86-89).
- Put the name of each character in capitals on a separate line before the directed speech (e.g. “Niamh said” will become “НИВ” [Niamh])
- Introduce instructions for the actors on how to recite the dialogue in brackets after the name of the character (e.g., “he begged his son” will become “Финн (умоляя)” [Finn(begging)])
- label each scene as ЭКСТ [exterior] or ИНТ [interior], with a description of the place (e.g. “ЭКСТ. Озера Килларни” [exterior Killarney Lakes]).

The TT resulted in shorter sentences as the average length of the sentence in ST is 14 words, and in TT it is 10 words. The point of this is to dismiss elements that would not be useful for the stage direction and make them more streamlined to the stage director. Moreover, for the reader of the text and not the viewer of the performance, the TT might seem less lively as it has less descriptive language such as epithets. Even though the SA and TA are children, aged 9-10, the TT could also work as a script for a short movie to be watched by other age groups, e.g. parents of the children, or anyone who has an interest in Irish mythology and would like to get an introduction to the myth “Tír na nÓg” [Land of the Young]. On the other hand, an adult audience might find the text too simplified as the main audience are children.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Source</th>
<th>Access Date</th>
<th>URL</th>
</tr>
</thead>
</table>
Fionn Mac Cumhaill and the Fianna were out hunting among the lakes of Killarney. The sun sparkled off the water and warmed the men’s bones. They stopped to watch a rider approach from a distant hill, and as it got close were surprised to see that it was a beautiful woman with long golden hair tied into plaits.

Her blue eyes reflected the sunlight, making them sparkle. She wore a cloak embroidered with yellow stars, and rode a magnificent white horse, baffled and shod in silver.

“I’m looking for Fionn Mac Cumhaill, Captain of the Fianna,” said the woman.

“Well, look no further,” said the Fionn, “for I am the man you seek. And who, pray tell, might you be?”

“I am Niamh of the Golden Hair, daughter of the King of Tír na n-Óg.”

“How may I be of service, Princess Niamh of the Golden Hair?” asked Fionn, brushing his hair back off his forehead.

“Actually, it’s your son, Oisín, I’m looking for.”

“Oh.” Fionn looked a bit disappointed. “How do you know my son?”

“I don’t,” said Niamh. “But I have heard of his bravery, kindness and skills in the arts of music, poetry and storytelling.”
Oisín, who had been listening to the conversation with the rest of the Fianna, couldn’t believe what he was hearing. The most beautiful woman he’d ever seen was asking about him.

Fionn, always protective of his son, asked, “And what might your business be with Oisín?”

“My father, the king, wants me to find a husband.”

“And are there no eligible men in Tír na n-Óg?”

“There are plenty,” said Niamh, “but since I heard the stories of Oisín, I couldn’t stop thinking about him. I had to come and see him for myself.”

Oisín couldn’t hold his tongue any longer. He brought his horse out into the clearing and said, “I am Oisín.”

Niamh blinked her eyes. “You are indeed as handsome as the stories say. What say you? Would you like to become my husband? If you come with me, you will one day rule Tír na n-Óg, a land where nobody grows old and nobody dies. You will have food a plenty, a towering castle, a hundred swords, a hundred cattle, a hundred sheep, a hundred hunting dogs, a hundred loyal servants and a hundred brave warriors.”

Oisín knew he couldn’t refuse such an offer. He was so blinded by Niamh’s beauty that he didn’t stop to consider the price of acceptance—that he would have to leave his family, friends and home behind.

“There is only one thing I want,” he replied, “and she’s sitting on a horse before me.”

He moved towards her, but Fionn put out his hand to stop him “Oisín, 22
my precious son, please do not go. If you do, I fear I will never see you again.”

“Father, I can tell you already, this is the woman I was meant to marry. If I do not go, my heart will crack down the middle,” Oisín said, his eyes bright with love.

Fionn nodded, for he understood true love - he felt the same way about Oisin’s mother. Fionn was also aware that his son was part Sídhe, and a mortal wife could never satisfy him the way this eternal princess could.

“Promise me you’ll return,” he begged his son. “I couldn’t bear the thought of never seeing you again.”

“I promise,” said Oisín, but his mind was on his beautiful bride-to-be, and he took Niamh’s hand and climbed on to the saddle behind her without a backwards glance at his father.

The pair galloped across hills and woodland until they reached the shores of the ocean. Their horse never broke its stride when it reached the sea, but continued its light-footed gallop over the waves, its hooves barely touching the water. With Niamh’s perfumed hair blowing in his face, Oisín watched Ireland shrink into the distance until they were surrounded by the sea.

After a while, land appeared on the horizon, growing larger with every splash of the horse’s hooves. A rich green island appeared before them with sandy beaches overlooked by an ivory castle. Crowds lined the strand, cheering and waving flags at the approaching riders.
The horse slowed and came to a halt on the sand, and Oisín, saddle-sore and weary, dismounted and helped Niamh down from the horse. The people seemed overjoyed to see their princess.

They fell silent when a man, who could only have been Niamh’s father, parted the crowd. He wore a red cloak and a sparkling crown of gold. He hugged his daughter and bowed to Oisín.

“Welcome to Tír na n-Óg, my prince.”

Oísín returned the bow. He’d never been called a prince before.

Only a few days later, Niamh and Oísín were married. The banquet, lasting seven days and seven night, had the finest of food, wine and music. The guests danced so much they fell asleep right there on the dance floor, and when they woke, the party continued.

The people of Tír na n-Óg were all young and healthy. Nobody got old, nobody got sick, nobody died. There was no war, murder or crime of any sort. It was truly a paradise in every way.
Когда они достигают моря, лошадь продолжает свой галоп по волнам, едва касаясь копытами воды. Ветер раздувает волосы Нив на лицо Ошина. Ошин смотрит, как Ирландия уменьшается вдали, пока они полностью не окружены морем.

4. ЭКСТ. Остров
Через некоторое время появляется земля на горизонте, увеличивающаяся с каждым всплеском копыт лошади. Перед ними появляется яркий зеленый остров с песчанными пляжами. Над пляжами возвышается замок из слоновой кости. Вдоль берега выстроились толпы людей, размахивающие флагами и приветствующие приближающихся всадников.

5. ЭКСТ. Пляж на Тир-на-Ног
Лошадь замедляет ход и останавливается на песке. Усталый и измученный Ошин сходит с седла и помогает Нив спуститься с лошади. Люди на пляже, увидев Нив, - вне себя от радости. Они замолкают, когда из толпы выходит человек, одетый в красный плащ и золотую корону. Король обнимает Нив и кланяется Ошину.

КОРОЛЬ
Добро пожаловать на Тир-на-Ног, мой принц.
Ошин кланяется королю.

6. ИНТ. Банкетный зал замка

Нив и Ошин поженились. Пир длился семь дней и семь ночей. Люди едят, пьют вино, слушают музыку и танцуют. Они танцуют так много, что засыпают прям на полу. Потом они просыпаются, и праздник продолжается.

Все жители на Тир-на-Ног молоды и здоровы и живут в мире друг с другом.
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th><strong>Source Text</strong></th>
<th><strong>Target Text</strong></th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td><strong>Title</strong></td>
<td>Кавказская пленница</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Year Published</strong></td>
<td>1966</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Author</strong></td>
<td>Leonid Gaidai (director); Yakov Kostyukovsky, Moris Slobodskoy, Leonid Gaidai (scriptwriters)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Word Count</strong></td>
<td>677</td>
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**Description of Source Text**
- understanding of source text
- knowledge of genre within source contexts
- situation of source text familiarity with the formal features of a text (language variation(s), register, dialect) (200 words max)

The ST is autogenerated subtitles of the 16-minute extract from the comedy “Кавказская пленница, или новые приключения Шурика” [Kidnapping, Caucasian Style or New Adventures of Shurik]. According to kinopoisk.ru, the age rating of the film is 6+ (https://www.kinopoisk.ru/film/44745/?utm_referrer=www.google.com)

The ST has the following linguistic peculiarities:
- Characters use fictional language (e.g. “Бамбарбия. Кергуду.” [untranslatable])
- It contains a song “Песня о медведях” [Song about bears] written in a rhyme scheme AABB
- The comic elements such as wordplays and jokes are present in the ST. For example, there is a wrong combination of the gender in the character’s line. He says: “Чей туфля? Мое, спасибо.” [Whose shoe? Mine, thanks], and here the word “туфля” [shoe] is feminine in SL, “чей” [whose] is in masculine, and in the reply there is “мое”[mine] in neuter gender. As this phrase is about feminine “туфля” [shoe], other words should be in
feminine too. However, the comic illiteracy of the character is shown in the combination of three genders instead of one feminine

- Cultural vocabulary pertinent to Caucasus (e.g. “джигит” [dzhigit], “кунак” [konak]) and USSR (e.g. “обком”, which is an abbreviation of “областной комитет” [regional committee])

The source video has sound effects that are not reflected autogenerated subtitles.

**Strategy**
- identification of translation problems
- knowledge of genre within target context and situation of target text
- justification of translation production of genre for target context

<table>
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<tr>
<th>(200 words max)</th>
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</table>

The TT will be sample subtitles for the film to be uploaded to the Netflix platform under the category of “Comedy”. The age rating for the TA will be the same as that of the ST: 6+. The software to be used will be Aegisub (2014). First, I will edit the autogenerated Youtube subtitles for the video in Russian to correct any mistakes, and then translate them into English. I will follow general Netflix guidelines for the subtitling (Netflix 2022) in the following steps:

- Maintain duration of subtitles according to the guidelines (from 5/6 of a second to 7 seconds)
- Introduce captions describing sound effects (e.g. [upbeat music playing], [Nina humming])
- Netflix guidelines do not indicate whether it is necessary to rhyme the song, and it states in regard to the accuracy of the content “to include as much of the original content as possible” and not to “simplify or water down the original dialogue”. Thus, I will translate the song literally, trying to preserve the rhythm, but not omitting any of the ST.
- Transliterate fictional language (e.g. “Бартабари. Кузал.” becomes “Bartabari. Kuzal.” )
- Cultural terms will be localised (“джигит” [dzhigit] will become a “young rider”)

**Critical Reflection**
- textual analysis

| (200 words max) |

It was possible to achieve the aim to produce the TT in compliance with the Netflix guidelines. However, the comparison of ST and TT shows that in the TT humour was partly lost, e.g. in the joke about the shoe the combination of genders could not be reflected in TL, as English does not differentiate between genders for non-animated projects. There are also sound effects introduced in the TT that were not present in the autogenerated ST...
which would allow the TT to reflect more the events happening on the screen. The comparison also reveals differences in the subtitles are formatted. This is due to the rules prescribed by Netflix guidelines. Moreover, in some lines the TT had longer subtitles, so they had to be split in separate lines due to the high number of CPS highlighted in red by Aegisub.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Works Cited</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td><strong>use of sources and reference material</strong></td>
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<tr>
<td>Kinopoisk. 2023. Кавказская пленница, или новые приключения Шурика [Kidnapping, Caucasian Style or New Adventures of Shurik]. Accessed on May 4th, 2023</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
1 0:23:22.20 → 0:23:29.20
   [upbeat music playing]
2 0:23:29.21 → 0:23:36.20
   [upbeat music continues playing]
3 0:23:36.20 → 23:40.466
   [upbeat music continues playing]
4 0:23:40.467 → 0:23:45.133
   Ну, Саша, Вы делаете поразительнейшие успехи.
   Well, Sasha, you’re making incredible progress.
5 0:23:45.134 → 0:23:47.800
   - А, это ерунда.
   - Ерунда?
   - Oh, that’s nothing.
   - Nothing?
6 0:23:47.801 → 0:23:49.733
   Пустяк, страховка.
   A trifle, I was secured.
7 0:23:49.734 → 0:23:54.866
   Ну что ж, даю задание более сложное.
   Oh well, then I’ll give you a more complicated task.
8 0:23:56.133 → 0:23:58.066
   Так-с, какое?
   Yes, which one?
9 0:23:58.533 → 0:24:00.400
   - Упаковаться в спальный мешок.
   - Есть.
   - Pack into a sleeping bag
   - Done
10 0:24:00.400 → 0:24:02.666
    - И как можно быстрее.
    - Так
    - As fast as possible
    - Yes
11 0:24:02.667 → 0:24:05.533
    - Подождите. Время.
    - Да-да-да-да-да.
    - Wait. We’ll time it.
    - Yes-yes-yes-yes-yes
12 0:24:05.534 → 0:24:09.933
    Приготовились, внимание, начали!
    Ready, steady, go!
13 0:24:14.866 → 0:24:21.866
    [Nina giggling]
14 0:24:21.867 → 0:24:24.266
    [Nina continues giggling]
Готово! Время. Да-да-да-да Осторожно! Держитесь, Шурик. Сейчас я Вас вытяну.

Are you going to sleep on your feet? The clock is ticking. Yes-yes-yes-yes [upbeat music playing] Watch out! [upbeat music playing] Hang on, Shurik. I’ll pull you out now. [Shurik coughing] [Shurik sneezing] [dramatic music playing] [dramatic music continues playing] [dramatic music continues playing] [dramatic music continues playing] [dramatic music continues playing] [dramatic music continues playing] [dramatic music continues playing] [Shurik and Nina shivering] [Shurik and Nina continue shivering] [Shurik and Nina continue shivering] [birds chirping]
[birds continue chirping]

They’re two of them

And this one

With a tail.

The one with a tail doesn’t count.

The second one is extra

A witness

What if... [choking sound]

Just no victims

Yes, we’ll have to wait

Right, let’s wait. Deal

[Nina humming]

[Nina continues humming]

And what is it?

Also folklore?

No, it our student one.

A song about bears

Really?

But it won’t work for you.
- Почему не подойдет?
- Это же студенческий фольклор.
- Давайте, давайте.

- Why not?
- It’s student folklore.
- Come on, come on

Da? Ну, хорошо, слушайте.

Really? Well, OK, listen.

Это же студенческий фольклор.

[The Song about Bears playing]

Где-то на белом свете,
Там, где всегда мороз.

♪ Somewhere in this wide world,
Where it’s always cold ♪

Трутся спиной медведи
О земную ось.

♪ Bears are rubbing their backs
Against the axis of the Earth ♪

Мимо плывут столетья,

♪ Hundreds of years are passing by, ♪

Спят подо льдом моря,
Трутся об ось медведи,
Вертится земля.

♪ The seas are sleeping under the ice ♪
♫ Against the axis bears are rubbing their backs, The earth is spinning around ♫

Ла-ла-ла-ла-ла-ла-ла

♫ La-la-la-la-la-la-la ♫

Вертится быстрой земля.

♪ The earth is spinning around faster ♪

[The Song about Bears playing]

[The Song about Bears continues playing]

Крутят они, стараясь,
Вертят земную ось,

♫ They are rolling hard, Spinning the axis of the Earth ♫

Чтобы влюбленным раньше
Встретиться пришлось.
Чтобы однажды утром
Раньше на год иль два
Кто-то сказал кому-то
Главные слова.

Чтобы однажды втром
A year or two in advance
One person says to another
"I love you".

La-la-la-la-la-la
La-la-la-la-la-la
La-la-la-la-la-la
La-la-la-la-la-la
La-la-la-la-la-la
La-la-la-la-la-la

I love you.

La-la-la-la-la-la
La-la-la-la-la-la
La-la-la-la-la-la
La-la-la-la-la-la
La-la-la-la-la-la
La-la-la-la-la-la

La-la-la-la-la-la
La-la-la-la-la-la
La-la-la-la-la-la
La-la-la-la-la-la
La-la-la-la-la-la
La-la-la-la-la-la

Following the spring shower
The sunrise will come earlier
And for the two happy ones
Many many years.

There will be a blaze of lightning
The springs will be ringing
The fog will be rolling in
Snow-white as a bear

Somewhere in this wide world,
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Time</th>
<th>Text</th>
<th>Translation</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>0:29:20.667</td>
<td>Там, где всегда мороз.</td>
<td>Where it’s always cold ♪</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Трутся спиной медведи</td>
<td>♪ Bears are rubbing their backs</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>0:29:26.266</td>
<td>О земную ось.</td>
<td>Against the axis of the Earth ♪</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>0:29:28.666</td>
<td>Мимо плывут столетья,</td>
<td>♪ Hundreds of years are passing by, ♪</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Спят подо льдом моря,</td>
<td>♪ The seas are sleeping under the ice ♪</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>0:29:30.800</td>
<td>Трутся об ось медведи,</td>
<td>♪ Against the axis bears are rubbing their backs, ♪ The earth is spinning</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Вертится земля.</td>
<td>around ♪</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>0:29:35.666</td>
<td>Ла-ла-ла-ла-ла-ла-ла</td>
<td>♪ La-la-la-la-la-la ♪</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>0:29:40.733</td>
<td>Вертится быстрой земля.</td>
<td>♪ The earth is spinning around faster ♪</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>0:29:45.333</td>
<td>Ла-ла-ла-ла-ла-ла-ла</td>
<td>♪ La-la-la-la-la-la ♪</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>0:29:49.800</td>
<td>Вертится быстрой земля.</td>
<td>♪ The earth is spinning around faster ♪</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>0:29:56.133</td>
<td></td>
<td>[lively music playing]</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>0:30:01.006</td>
<td></td>
<td>[Nina giggling]</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>0:30:04.066</td>
<td></td>
<td>[lively music playing]</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>0:30:12.333</td>
<td></td>
<td>[a bumping sound]</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>0:30:13.300</td>
<td></td>
<td>[lively music playing]</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>0:30:18.133</td>
<td>Ну, до свидания, Шурик.</td>
<td>Well, goodbye, Shurik.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>0:30:19.401</td>
<td>Вам прямо, а мне на базу.</td>
<td>You have to go straight, and I have to go to the base.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>0:30:24.933</td>
<td>Спасибо</td>
<td>Thank you</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
- Ну, Нина, до свидания.
- До свидания

- Well, Nina, goodbye.
- Goodbye

[lively music playing]

[lively music continues playing]

- Nina!

- Wait, Nina!
- What, Shurik?

Anyway, allow me to accompany you

[The Song about Bears playing]

You haven’t lived up to the high trust that was placed in you.

- Необходимо работать.
- Вы даёте нереальные планы.

- It’s impossible to work
- You give us unrealistic plans

What would you call it? Voluntarism!

- В моем доме - не выражаться!

- In my house no talking is allowed!
- But what did I say?

Ah really? Here is your deposit...

We refuse. Take it!

- Ну, берите, берите.

- Well, take it, take it.
- Wait a minute

Listen, everything is okay.

The one who disturbs us

will helps us.
- А, вот это - другое дело. - Well, now we’re talking. - Then we will do that
- На это мы пойдем. - Well, get ready.

- Иди сюда! - Come here!
- Иди, придурок! - Come, Idiot!

- Чей туфля? - Whose shoe is that?
- Мое, спасибо. - Mine, thanks.

- Едем! - Let’s go!
- Идите. Уже поздно. - Go. It’s already late
- Не заблудитесь? - Won’t you get lost?

- Товарищ Шурик? Добрый вечер - Comrade Shurik? Good evening
- Здравствуйте - Hello

- Вам исключительно повезло. - You got extremely lucky.
- В чем? - About what?

- Вы хотели посмотреть древний, красивый обычай. - You wanted to witness an ancient and beautiful custom.
123 0:34:08.600 → 0:34:10.133  Конечно, я мечтаю об этом.  Of course, I’ve been dreaming about it.
124 0:34:10.866 → 0:34:13.333  - Завтра на рассвете.  - Tomorrow at the sunrise.
125 0:34:13.334 → 0:34:15.266  Вы можете не только посмотреть,  You’ll have the opportunity not only to watch,
126 0:34:15.266 → 0:34:16.666  Вы можете сами участвовать.  But also to take part.
127 0:34:17.933 → 0:34:19.333  За это огромное Вам спасибо.  So many thanks to you for that.
128 0:34:20.466 → 0:34:21.466  - А соку не хотите?  - Don’t you want some juice?
129 0:34:22.600 → 0:34:24.866  А как называется этот обряд?  And what’s the name of this custom?
130 0:34:25.400 → 0:34:27.800  - Похищение невесты.  - Bride kidnapping.
131 0:34:28.533 → 0:34:29.533  Нет, Вы не думайте,  No, don’t get the wring idea,
132 0:34:29.534 → 0:34:31.133  невеста сама мечтает, чтобы ее украли.  The bride herself wants to be kidnapped.
133 0:34:32.200 → 0:34:33.200  Родители тоже согласны.  Her parents have also agreed.
134 0:34:34.333 → 0:34:35.466  Можно пойти в ЗАГС,  You can go to the registry office,
135 0:34:35.466 → 0:34:38.733  но до этого, по обычаю,  But before that, according to the custom,
невесту нужно украсть!  the bride has to be kidnapped!
136 0:34:39.400 → 0:34:40.400  Украсть?  Kidnapped?
137 0:34:41.600 → 0:34:44.333  О, черт, красивый обычай.  Oh, damn, it’s such a beautiful custom.
138 0:34:46.733 → 0:34:50.266  Ну, а моя-то какая роль?  But what’s my role in it?
Поймать невесту.  Catch the bride.
139 0:34:51.333 → 0:34:53.600  Сунуть ее в мешок.  Shove her into the bag.
В мешок? Это что,  Into the bag?
тоже по обычаю?

Is it also part of the custom?

- И передать ее кому?
- Влюбленному джигиту?

- And give it to whom?
- To the infatuated young rider?

- Нет.

No

- И передать кунакам влюбленного джигита.
- Ах, кунакам?

- And give it to the friends of the infatuated young rider
- Ah, to his friends?

- Так требует обычаи.
- Понятно.

- That’s what the custom says.
- Got it.

- Кстати, вот и они. Я сейчас познакомлю.
- С удовольствием.

- Here they are, by the way. I’ll introduce you now.
- My pleasure

[146] 0:35:12.334 → 0:35:26.200

[jazz music playing]

- Знакомьтесь.
- Шурик.

- Get acquainted.
- Shurik

Саша

Sasha

Саша

Sasha

Простите. Садитесь.

I’m sorry. Sit down.

Они совершенно не говорят по-русски.

They absolutely don’t speak Russian.

Но все понимают.

But they understand everything.

Бартабари. Кузал.

Bartabari. Kuzal.

- Что он говорит?
- Он говорит: приятного аппетита.

- What is he talking about?
- He says: bon appetit.

- Кушайте, кушайте

- Eat, eat
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Time</th>
<th>Dialogue</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>0:36:39.066</td>
<td>Спасибо Бамбарбия. Кергуду.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>0:36:43.066</td>
<td>- Что он сказал? Он говорит, что если Вы откажетесь, они Вас зарежут.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>0:36:47.133</td>
<td>- Он говорит, что если Вы откажетесь, они Вас зарежут.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>0:36:51.533</td>
<td>Шутка.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>0:36:54.933</td>
<td>- Шутка... Я согласен. Ну и прекрасно.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>0:37:01.666</td>
<td>Нина будет очень рада.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>0:37:04.400</td>
<td>- Значит невесту зовут Нина? Они обожают друг друга.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>0:37:26.400</td>
<td>Я же совсем забыл. Я завтра должен...</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>0:37:32.666</td>
<td>Вы меня извините, я не могу этого сделать. Никак.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>0:37:40.333</td>
<td>Товарищ Шурик, самое главное, Нина просила, чтобы это сделали именно Вы.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>0:37:46.866</td>
<td>чтобы это сделали именно Вы.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>0:37:50.200</td>
<td>- Нина сама просила? Она обожает друг друга.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>0:38:01.466</td>
<td>Ну что ж, передайте Нине, что я согласен. До свидания.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

- Thank you
- What did he say?
- He says that if you refuse,
- They will slaughter you
- Just a joke
- A joke... I agree.
- That’s wonderful.
- Nina will be very happy
- So, the bride’s name is Nina?
- Nina. My niece.
- Does Nina really have a fiancé?
- They adore each other
- Oh, I completely forgot.
- Tomorrow I have to...
- I’m really sorry, but I can’t do that. No way.
- Comrade Shurik, the most important part is that Nina requested
- That it would be done by you.
- Was it Nina herself to ask?
- Her indeed
- Well, then say to Nina that I agree.
- Goodbye.
| 169 | 0:38:11.600 → 0:38:14.666 | Но учтите, обычай требует, чтобы все было натурализовано. | But keep in mind the custom demands that everything has to be natural. |
| 170 | 0:38:14.667 → 0:38:16.266 | Никто ничего не знает. | No one should know anything. |
| 171 | 0:38:16.267 → 0:38:21.200 | Невеста будет сопротивляться, брыкаться, даже кусаться, звать милицию, | The bride will resist, kick, even bite, call for the police, |
|     | 0:38:21.201 → 0:38:23.066 | кричать: "Я буду жаловаться в обком!", | She’ll shout: “I will complain to the regional committee,” |
| 173 | 0:38:23.400 → 0:38:28.000 | но Вы не обращайте внимания. | But pay no attention. |
|     | 0:38:28.000 → 0:38:34.266 | Это старинный красивый обычай. | It’s an ancient and beautiful custom. |
|     | 0:38:34.266 | Я понимаю. Не волнуйтесь. | I understand. Don’t worry. |
|     | 0:38:34.266 | Все будет натурализовано. | Everything will be natural. |
The extract is the beginning of the novel “На солнечной стороне улицы” [On the Sunny Side of the Street]. The ST is about two antagonists, a mother and her daughter Vera, with the mother being a negatively portrayed character. Even though the retrospective narration is in third person, it is seen that the author resonates more with Vera, as she describes her emotions and thoughts but not those of the mother. For example, in the ST: line 34 Vera thinks that her mother is a “фурия” [fury], and then it is shown how she does not approve of what her mother says to her. On the other hand, mother’s point of view is not shown.

The ST has the following linguistic characteristics:
- colloquial expressions (e.g. “с ветерком” [let. “With the breeze”, meaning “very fast”]) (Fyodorov 2008)
- The dialogue between characters is sarcastic (e.g. ST: lines 47-79) and hostile (e.g. ST: lines 45-46)

The TT will be an intralingual translation in prose presenting the ST from mother’s perspective. It is to be published in magazine “Литература” [Literature] (https://literratura.org) for the contest on intralingual translations based on the works of Russian authors of 21st century. The conditions of the contest allow to translate a scene from a book from multiple perspectives, change the register or format of the ST.

The following steps will be implemented:
| **Production of genre for target context**  
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th><strong>(200 words max)</strong></th>
</tr>
</thead>
</table>
| • The narration will be in first person from the mother’s perspective  
• The paragraphs that reflect Vera’s perspective (e.g. ST: lines 5-7) will be omitted  
• Five lines of the dialogue between mother and Vera will be the same as in ST (e.g. ST: line 12 or TT: line 19)  
• The scene about mother’s past will be developed (ST: lines 1-4): the mentioned characters will say in the form of the dialogue the same information that was indicated in the ST in the reported speech (TT: lines 1-12)  
• As mother’s hostile and sarcastic speech will be reflected by using colloquialisms such as чмокнула [pecked] (Efremova 2000) and pejoratives such as мерзавка [scoundrel] |

| **Critical Reflection**  
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th><strong>(200 words max)</strong></th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>I gave both the TT and the ST to two Russian native speakers to receive their feedback on the translation. They commented that it was possible to see that both texts talk about the same story but from different perspectives as, for example, the TT shows the scene about mother’s past in more details and it reads more as memories of the character in the comparison with ST, whereas in the ST the same scene was presented superficially. Moreover, one of the readers said that the character of the mother is a “очень неприятный персонаж” [a very unpleasant person], and it is seen through the way she talks about her daughter (e.g. by calling her “похорошевшая мерзавка” [prettier scoundrel]). In this way, my aim of changing the perspective of the narration based on the ST was achieved.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

| **Works Cited**  
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th><strong>use of sources and reference material</strong></th>
</tr>
</thead>
</table>
https://dic.academic.ru/dic.nsf/efremova/266618/Чмокнуть  
### Source Text

*На солнечной стороне улицы*

Из долгой, с ветерком, гастроли мать нагрянула неожиданно и,
вызвав у соседей про измену отчима, пошла резать его кухонным
ножом. Нанесла три глубокие раны – убивать так убивать! – и села в
тюрьму на пять лет...

Вера в тот день как раз читала «Царя Эдипа». Распластанная книжка
так и осталась валяться на кухонном столе дерматиновым хребтом
вверх, словно силясь подняться с карачек... Так что все оказалось по
теме. Хотя убийства настоящего и не вышло. Дядя Миша, отчим,
dолго валялся по больницам, но окончательно не выправился –
подволакивал ногу, клонился влево, подпирая себя палкой. Кашлял
в кулак...


Сама же отсчитала весь срок до копейки, и, когда вернулась, Вере
уже исполнилось двадцать.

Вот вам конспект событий...

Если же рассказывать толково и подробно... то эту жизнь надо со
всех сторон копать: и с начала, и с конца, и посередке. А если копать
с усердием, такое выкопаешь, что не обрадуешься. Ведь любая
судьба к посторонним людям – чем повернута? Конспектом.

Оглавлением... В иную заглянешь и отшатнешься испуганно: кому

### Target Text

*На солнечной стороне улицы*

1 Тот день, когда все началось, я помню, как вчера.
2 Гастроль вышла с ветерком, — пронеслось у меня в голове, пока я
3 тяжело переставляла ноги по ступням.
4 — Катюха, не уж то уже вернулась? — выросла участвлива рожа
5 соседки Любы.
6 — Ну и? — прищуривалась я, предчувствуя неладное.
7 — Ты только не психуй! Миша... — смакуя вывел Люба.
8 Не любит меня эта тварь совсем.
9 — Ну что этот окаянный еще выдал? — в голове начало стучать.
10 — Помнишь ту проститутку Надю, что ему глазки строила? Вот я и
11 видела хмыря, как он выходил из квартирки-то ее. Довольный был
12 жуть. Наверняка перепало ему как коту на Масленицу... Дело
13 казалось простым: кухонный нож, три глубокие раны, да вот не
14 захотел умирать, зараза. А на галеру пришлось отправиться. На пять
15 лет.
16 Окаянный Миша долго валялся по больницам, но окончательно не
17 выправился — подволакивал ногу, клонился влево, подпирая себя
18 палкой. Кашлял в кулак...
19 “Догнива-а-ает”, — плевала я Вере...
20 ***
21 Вернулась с галеры я тихо. Веру мне видеть не хотелось, но иди
оЩа т- ле… ом го-лым ру-ка-ми в электрическую проводку этой
высоковольтной жизни?

** **

Вернулась она тихо: позвонила в дверь двумя неуверенными
звонками и, когда Вера открыла, прослезилась и обмахнула щеки
docheri такими же неуверенными поцелуями. И то и другое было ей
не свойственно.

«Присмирела, что ли, на казенной баланде?» – подумала Вера.
Мать прошла отчего-то не в комнату, а в кухню; Сократус – холеный
барин, эстет, платиновые бакенбарды – следовал за ней тревожной
trusцой, морщась от ужасного запаха тюремной юдоли.
Мать опустилась на табурет, медленно стянула с головы косьнку
(поседела, фурия, отметила Вера) и мягко, со слезою в голосе,
вздыхнула:
– Ну вот, вернулась к тебе твоя мамочка...

Привалившись острым плечом к дверному косынку, Вера молча
наблюдала за нею. Только после ее слов, вернее, после этого
красивого обнажения поседевшей головы, она поняла, что играется
сцена «Возвращение мамочки», и мысленно усмехнулась. Мать
между тем оглядела кухню уже другим, своим прихватывающим
взглядом, поддала носком стоптанной босоножки обломок
угольного карандаша на полу:
– Все малюешь... Я в твои годы горбила вовсю.

куда-то же надо было. Пора было играть сцену “Возвращение
блудной мамочки, присмиревшей на казенной баланделе”. Терпение,
это должно быть ненадолго.

Я позвонила в дверь двумя нарочито неуверенными звонками и,
когда Вера открыла, поплакала минутку и чмокнула ее в щеки. В
глазах похорошевшей мерзавки читалось удивление. “Видимо,
сработало”, - усмехнулась я про себя.

Я решила играть совсем по-новому и прошла на кухню. Это же место
любящей мамочки. Болван Сократус следовал за мной по пятам.

Совсем покоя не дает.

Плюхнувшись на табурет, я стянула с головы косьнку. Пуская
посмотрит на мою седину. Интересно же за мной она наблюдает,
привалилась острýм плечом к дверному косынку. Вот тебе, со слезой
в голосе:
– Ну вот, вернулась к тебе твоя мамочка...

В ее лице что-то поменялось. Быстро окинув кухню взглядом, все
стало ясно. Еды и в помине не было, зато художественного хлама
впрок. Аж обломок угольного карандаша на полу валяется. Мечты о
великом мерзавке, видимо, не забросила.

– Все малюешь... Я в твои годы горбила вовсю.

– А, здравствуй, мама! – словно узнав меня наконец, воскликнула
Вера. И соизволила с губ вежливую улыбку. – В мои годы ты вовсю
спекулировала.
– А, здравствуй, мама! – словно узнав ее наконец, воскликнула дочь.
И сгнала с губ улыбку. – В мои годы ты вовсю спекулировала.
Та подняла на нее светлые рысьи глаза: видели верзилу? – стоит,
жердь тощая, старая майка краской заляпана, взгляд угрюмый,
насмешливый... Выросла. Самостоятельная!
Они глядели друг на друга и понимали, что жить им теперь, обеим,
бешеным, в этой вот квартире. Нос к носу...
L’Inferno di Topolino [Mickey’s Hell] is a part of Italian comic book series Grandi Parodie [Great Parodies], that form a parallel to the series of short films “Silly Symphonies” produced by Disney in the USA in 1929-1938 (Barattin 2019, 103).

The comic is a parody on the Divine Comedy by Dante Alighieri and its intertextuality can be seen on the lexical level as it uses referential vocabulary from different cantos of Inferno. For example, “lena affannata” [labouring for breath] is taken from Canto I of Inferno (Alighieri 1966-67, 1), and “Guai a voi, anime prave!” [Degenerates! Your fate is sealed! Cry woe!] refers to Canto III (Alighieri 1966-67, 11). Another example of intertextuality is the reference to The Frenzy of Orlando by Ludovico Ariosto (“Le donne, i cavalier, l’armi, gli amori” [Of women, knights, arms, lovers]) (1975).

Moreover, there are examples of 14th-century Italian vocabulary (e.g. Indi [thence], colaggiù [thither]) (Pietrini 2018, 96-97).

The ST also has rhyme within three-line blocks of narrative in the rhyming scheme AbA, as can be seen here:

Allora la mia destra ratta afferra
Un serpe che vedovo penzolare,
È in tondo cerchio poi l’annoda e serra

So my right hand rapidly holds on quite
A serpent that I saw dangling,
And in a circle he knots it tight
| Strategy | The TA is made up of undergraduate students enrolled to the School of Modern Languages and Cultures at the University of Warwick who are going to study Dante in translation within the module “Introducing Dante’s Hell” (University of Warwick, “Introducing Dante’s Hell”). The ST will maintain the source format and be translated as a comic book. The source comic book will be edited in GIMP editor (Spencer and Mattis 1998). The following steps will be implemented in the translation of ST:  
- Use vocabulary from the existing translation of Divine Comedy by Robin Kirkpatrick (2006) as it is mentioned in the description of the targeted module  
- Preserve the rhyme in narratory blocks where possible. In other cases the verses will be translated literally  
- Shorten the phrases if necessary in order to fit them in speech bubbles |
| Critical Reflection | The TT works for TA as a parodic example of Dante’s Inferno in translation in a form of a comic book. However, the references to Dante might not be clear for every student as other translations of Dante, namely by Robert and Jean Hollander (2003) and by Charles Singleton (1991) were mentioned as reading options for the module “Introducing Dante’s Hell” (University of Warwick, “Introducing Dante’s Hell”). In this way, intertextuality and humour might partly be lost because of the translation with which a target reader is acquainted with. It was also not possible to preserve all rhymes in TT that impacted the fluidity and rhythm of the narration. Nevertheless, the TT could also work for a younger audience (students of middle and high school) as “a “soft” introduction to Dante” (Ochse 2018, 194). The TT wasn’t originally meant for young adults, but it could be used as a way of introducing the literary piece that otherwise would be hard for them to understand. |

Barattin, Debora “Io so che l’intenzion fu onesta! L’Inferno in “Topolino”” [I know that the intention was honest! Hell in “Mickey Mouse”] in Parole Rubate [Purloined Letters] No. 20, December 2019, 101 - 119.

Kimball, Spencer, and Peter Mattis. 1998. GIMP: GNU Image Manipulation Program. macOS.


Pietrini, Daniela “Il Sommo Topolino nella selva oscura. Spunti per una lettura linguistica dell’inferno di Topolino” [Mickey Mouse the Great in the Dark Forest. Hints for a Linguistic Reading of Mickey’s Hell] in Dante e l’arte [Dante and Art] 5, 2018, 81-104


https://warwick.ac.uk/fac/arts/modernlanguages/applying/undergraduate/italianmodules/it317ps/.
L’Inferno di Topolino

Mickey’s Hell

As someone labouring for breath
Limping until they feel weary
So we ascend from death...

And we faced the perilous pass
Pressing down on the pedals with great pushes
So the foot that drives me always set the lower

Rough was the sun, and rough was the slope
But we went on intrepidly, and thus
We found ourselves back at the starting point

I began “Post, what is it that I hear?”
I seemed to hear an ominous whistle
And he to me: “It was a nail...
E ora come è la situazione.

La mamma è arrabbiata.

Mamma mia! Cos'è questo rumore?

Sembrerebbe un motore a reazione!

Zuppoar!

Ma neanche perollowero, chiede a Pippo: “Cosa accade?”

Ed egli continuerà: “Non tremare...”

Oh, my God! What's that noise?

Esattamente come quando sentiamo ruggito.

Whereupon I ask Goofy: “What's going on?”

And he continued: “Don't tremble...”

And now what to do?

Leave it to me, I've got an idea!

So my right hand rapidly holds on quite

A serpent that I saw dancing

And in a circle he leaves it tight

Halt, you've arrived just on time.

But is this inferno on a lion cage?

Now, as I pondered the reasons.

That made Goofy faint so suddenly:

Before us a fierce lion appeared.

Si è fermato tutti i vostri soldati?

Chi è costui?

Un vigile della circolazione infernale!

Ah mestre mi chiedeva la ragione

Che Pippo lo sventrava di repente

Innnanzzi a noi piantassì il fiero leone.

Don't be a fool, I'm here to

Pro... pro... tect you.

Halt! Who's on the warpath?

Who is this fellow?

Shoot an infernal traffic cop?

Now, as I pondered the reasons

That made Goofy faint so suddenly.

Before us a fierce lion appeared.

Siete in multa: non avete il

Fanale davanti e la gemma!

Dietro!

Dieci fiorini che ladro?

Laddio a me?! Mi raggio

Rai due fiorini di giuro?

Tag!

La giunta? ma cosa sei, un

Macellando?

!!!

Cheind, i freni e fumid al segnale!

Dieci fiorini mi devrò pagare,

Per infrazioni al cedice stradale!

You have to pay the fine. You don't

Have a lantern in front and a reflector

At the back.

You're calling me a thief? You'll pay me two extra

Extra? But who's the honest?

Ten florins! What a thief?

Oh, thou, who among the lost go

- said that fellow - without a headlamp

And without a reflector...

Put on the brakes and stop at the sign!

Ten florins you owe me.

For traffic offences are fined!
ECCOTI LA GIUNTA!
Dacci sotto, Topolino!

E ti a lui: "Leon, non ci scoccire! Tagli il ciclista per la strada piu’
Per che vuole, e non lo sa militare!

Quinci voleremo le voci rodoli,
E in un ‘baleno’ l’amico colaggiu
Ove s’udion le dolenti note.

PIPPO... NON SAREB
RE ME... MEGLIO TO
TORNARE... NIENTE
PAURA.

Come talor, danzando lo spiri,
Le umane genti guizzan spiritate
Finché le giambe non le reggono più.

COME TALOR, DANZANDO LO SPIRIT.
LE UMANE GENTI GUIZZAN SPIRITATE.
FINCHE LE GAMBETTE NON LE REGGONO PIU.

COME TALOR, DANZANDO LO SPIRIT.
LE UMANE GENTI GUIZZAN SPIRITATE.
FINCHE LE GAMBETTE NON LE REGGONO PIU.

EHI! QUESTA E’ LA BARCA
DEI MORTI! TORNATE
INDIETRO!

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Le pene dell’inferno ormai son pronta!
I am the one who reaped praise and laurels - I replied to him - singing in pure rhyme of women, knights, arms and loves. “

And he to me: “By Jove! This dark valley is a perfect place for poets, thieves, liars and similar filth!”
The ST is a lyric love poem and consists of five quatrains. The poem is written in the first person and its theme is unrequited love. The ST also contains lines of dialogue with the friend of the author. The poetic meter of the ST is an iambic tetrameter with the stress on the second syllable. The ST is in ABAB rhyming scheme (Tomashevsky 1958, 71). For example, in the first quatrain of the ST, the final words in the lines are “пуншевою-сидел-душою-глядел” [punch-sat-soul-watched] where “пуншевою” [punch] rhymes with “душою”[soul] and “сидел” [sat] rhymes with “глядел” [watched]).

The stylistic devices include the following:
- Epithets (e.g. “с мрачною душою” [with gloomy soul])
- Metaphors (e.g. “чтобы отравить бокал” [to poison the glass])
- Personification (e.g. “Сердцу больно” [it is painful for the heart])

The vocabulary of the ST is neutral without examples of swear words or slang.

The translation is to be presented for the Open category of “Stephen Spender Prize” which is “the leading annual prize for poetry in translation” (https://www.stephen-spender.org/stephen-spender-prize/). The contest allows to translate a poem in any form, and the TA for my TT is 18-34 year old men residing in Dublin as it is “the biggest group of drinkers in Dublin pubs”, according to the magazine Drinks Industry Ireland (2017).
**Justification of translation production of genre for target context (200 words max)**

To adapt the ST for my TA, I will use the strategy of domestication (Venuti 1988, 241) and implement the following steps:

- The setting will be in Ireland in modern times (e.g. “Вчера за чашей пуншевого/ с гусаром я сидел” [Yesterday I was sitting with a hussar over a cup of punch] will be changed to “I was sat in the pub/ with me mate on my phone”)
- aBaB rhyming scheme will be used
- Iambic metric scheme will be changed to anapaestic meter
- Curse words and examples of Irish slang will be introduced (e.g. “eejit” (Nicholls 2023), or the use of “me” instead of “my” as in “me mate”)

**Critical Reflection**

- **Textual analysis (200 words max)**

The TT reflects the same theme and the plot as in the ST, however, some things were omitted in the TT to make it more suitable for the TA and the setting. In this way, the lines about the war (ST: lines 7-8) were substituted with the “Things could have been worse/ Are ya mad in the head” (TT: lines 7-8). I managed to keep the same format of five quatrains as in the ST and the rhyming scheme aBaB, even though the last quatrain has other two rhyming lines, so the rhyming scheme is ABAB.

To discover whether my strategy of domestication was successful, I gave the TT to three 30-year old Irish men to receive their feedback, and their comments were that the poem did not feel as a translation because of the language used. They also found it to be “relatable”.

The poem has been translated previously by Roger Clarke (2013) and his translation also domesticated some lexical items such as “пуншевая” [punch] became “stout” and “beer”. However, it remains closer to the ST and reflects more the setting and time period of the ST than my TT.
https://www.drinksindustryireland.ie/todays-pub-goers/

https://www.macmillandictionary.com/dictionary/british/eejit


<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Source Text</th>
<th>Target Text</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Вчера за чашей пуншевого</td>
<td>I was sat in the pub</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>С гусаром я сидел</td>
<td>with me mate on me phone,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>И молча с мрачною душою</td>
<td>Lookin’ into me Guinness,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>На дальний путь глядел.</td>
<td>That beautiful foam.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>«Скажи, что смотришь на дорогу? —</td>
<td>“What the fuck’s up wit’ you pal?”</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Мой храбрый вопросил.—</td>
<td>My dashing friend said,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Еще по ней ты, слава богу,</td>
<td>“Things could be worse</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Друзей не проводил».</td>
<td>Are ya mad in the head?”</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>К груди поникнув головою,</td>
<td>Lookin’ into the pint,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Я скоро прошептал:</td>
<td>I meekly explained</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>«Гусар! уж нет ее со мною!..»</td>
<td>“She’s ghosted me, Man,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Вздохнул — и замолчал.</td>
<td>Should I be ashamed?”</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Слеза повисла на реснице</td>
<td>Sweat rolled down the face</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>И канула в бокал.</td>
<td>And dropped into the pint,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>«Дитя, ты плачешь о девице,</td>
<td>“Ya big sweaty pig,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Стыдись!» — он закричал.</td>
<td>Ride a new bird tonight!”</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>«Оставь, гусар... ох! Сердцу больно.</td>
<td>“You right fucking eejit</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ты, знать, не горевал.</td>
<td>You wouldn’t have a notion.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Увы! одной слезы довольно,</td>
<td>A bead of sweat seals it</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Чтоб отравить бокал!..»</td>
<td>It’s poisoned me potion!..”</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Title</strong></td>
<td>My Oedipus Complex</td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>Year Published</strong></td>
<td>1998 (Original: 1953)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Author</strong></td>
<td>Frank O’Connor</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Language</strong></td>
<td>EN</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
| **Word Count** | 1214 | **Description of Source Text** | The ST is an extract from the short story included in the anthology “My Oedipus complex and Other Stories” and alludes to the Sophocle’s play “Oedipus Rex” (Sophocles 1991). The ST is targeted towards children as it is a retrospective narration from the child’s point of, as well as towards adults, because they can understand the psychological meaning beneath the story. The ST can be described as a patriarchal comedy and it is written in an ironic tone. The irony is conveyed through the use of polite and formal English combined with informal expressions (e.g. informal phrasal verb “to crack up” (Nicholls 2023, “crack up’’)). Hayes points that some comments of the main character are “in a tone of moral superiority” (Hayes 2012, 31), e.g. as in ST: lines 90-91 “I never liked that sort of gush; it always struck me as insincere”.

Other textual features include:

- The words for parents of the main character are emphasised and written with the capital letter (not only “Mummy” and “Daddy” but also “Father” and “Mother”).
- The narrative sentences are long (max. 55 words) and list the events through the list of coordinate clauses (e.g. ST: lines 3-7).
- Three toponyms related to the Cork area (e.g. “Glen”) |
| Strategy | The TT is a short story to be published in “Racconti”, a publishing house that specialises exclusively in short stories (https://www.raccontiedizioni.it/chi-siamo/), including those in translation. It has not published Frank O’Connor yet, however, it has published Irish authors such as James Joyce and Philip Ó Ceallaigh (https://www.raccontiedizioni.it/autori/). The TA will be the same as that of the ST. The following steps will be implemented in the translation:  
  - The combination of the higher register with colloquial lexical items will be maintained in the TT. (“Cracked up to be” will be translated as “chissà cosa” [who knows what])  
  - Translate “Father” as “Papà” [Dad] instead of “Padre” [Father] as the latter used is considered to be obsolete in TL (Petricola 2011)  
  - Leave toponyms in English in TT (e.g. “go out to the Fox and Hounds” will be translated as “andare a Fox and Hounds”)  
  - Translate the name of the foot in Italian, so “Mrs. Right” will become “la signora Destra” |
| Critical Reflection | The TT remains close to the ST and it was possible to preserve the same ironic tone as in the ST through the combination of the higher lexis with colloquial items. However, the TT does not show the same level of formality when referring to the character’s father, as “Father” was translated as “Papà” [Dad]. Another problem concerned the use of toponyms in English in TT, as without a specification they could not be clear to the TA in Italy, if they are not familiar with the Cork area nor speak English. However, there are only three of them (“Glen”, “Fox and Hounds” and “Rathcooney Road”) and they do not distort the narration. |
One morning, I got into the big bed, and there, sure enough, was Father in his usual Santa Claus manner, but later, instead of uniform, he put on his best blue suit, and Mother was as pleased as anything. I saw nothing to be pleased about, because, out of uniform, Father was altogether less interesting, but she only beamed, and explained that our prayers had been answered, and off we went to Mass to thank God for having brought Father safely home.

The irony of it! That very day when he came in to dinner he took off his boots and put on his slippers, donned the dirty old cap he wore about the house to save him from colds, crossed his legs, and began to talk gravely to Mother, who looked anxious. Naturally, I disliked her looking anxious, because it destroyed her good looks, so I interrupted him.

"Just a moment, Larry!" she said gently. This was only what she said when we had boring visitors, so I attached no importance to it and went on talking.

"Do be quiet, Larry!" she said impatiently. "Don't you hear me talking to Daddy?"

This was the first time I had heard those ominous words, "talking to Daddy," and I couldn't help feeling that if this was how God answered prayers, he couldn't listen to them very attentively.
"Why are you talking to Daddy?" I asked with as great a show of indifference as I could muster. "Because Daddy and I have business to discuss. Now, don't interrupt again!"

In the afternoon, at Mother's request, Father took me for a walk. This time we went into town instead of out in the country, and I thought at first, in my usual optimistic way, that it might be an improvement. It was nothing of the sort. Father and I had quite different notions of a walk in town. He had no proper interest in trams, ships, and horses, and the only thing that seemed to divert him was talking to fellows as old as himself. When I wanted to stop he simply went on, dragging me behind him by the hand; when he wanted to stop I had no alternative but to do the same. I noticed that it seemed to be a sign that he wanted to stop for a long time whenever he leaned against a wall. The second time I saw him do it I got wild. He seemed to be settling himself forever. I pulled him by the coat and trousers, but, unlike Mother who, if you were too persistent, got into a wax and said: "Larry, if you don't behave yourself, I'll give you a good slap," Father had an extraordinary capacity for amiable inattention. I sized him up and wondered would I cry, but he seemed to be too remote to be annoyed even by that. Really, it was like going for a walk with a mountain! He either ignored the wrenching and pummelling entirely, or else glanced down with a grin of amusement from his peak. I had never met anyone so absorbed in himself as he seemed.
At teatime, "talking to Daddy" began again, complicated this time by the fact that he had an evening paper, and every few minutes he put it down and told Mother something new out of it. I felt this was foul play. Man for man, I was prepared to compete with him any time for Mother’s attention, but when he had it all made up for him by other people it left me no chance. Several times I tried to change the subject without success.

"You must be quiet while Daddy is reading, Larry," Mother said impatiently.

It was clear that she either genuinely liked talking to Father better than talking to me, or else that he had some terrible hold on her which made her afraid to admit the truth.

"Mummy," I said that night when she was tucking me up, "do you think if I prayed hard God would send Daddy back to the war?"

She seemed to think about that for a moment. "No, dear," she said with a smile. "I don’t think He would."

"Why wouldn’t He, Mummy?"

"Because there isn’t a war any longer, dear."

"But, Mummy, couldn’t God make another war, if He liked?"

"He wouldn’t like to, dear. It’s not God who makes wars, but bad people."

"Oh!" I said. I was disappointed about that. I began to think that God wasn’t quite what He was cracked up to be.
Next morning I woke at my usual hour, feeling like a bottle of champagne. I put out my feet and invented a long conversation in which Mrs. Right talked of the trouble she had with her own father till she put him in the Home. I didn’t quite know what the Home was but it sounded the right place for Father. Then I got my chair and stuck my head out of the attic window. Dawn was just breaking, with a guilty air that made me feel I had caught it in the act. My head bursting with stories and schemes, I stumbled in next door, and in the half-darkness scrambled into the big bed. There was no room at Mother’s side so I had to get between her and Father. For the time being I had forgotten about him, and for several minutes I sat bolt upright, racking my brains to know what I could do with him. He was taking up more than his fair share of the bed, and I couldn’t get comfortable, so I gave him several kicks that made him grunt and stretch. He made room all right, though. Mother waked and felt for me. I settled back comfortably in the warmth of the bed with my thumb in my mouth. "Mummy!" I hummed, loudly and contentedly.

"Sssh! dear," she whispered. "Don’t wake Daddy!"

This was a new development, which threatened to be even more serious than "talking to Daddy." Life without my early-morning conferences was unthinkable.

"Why?" I asked severely.

"Ma, Mamma, Dio non potrebbe fare un’altra guerra se volesse?"

"Non vorrebbe, tesoro. Non è Dio a fare le guerre, ma le persone cative."

"Ah!" dissi. Rimasi deluso dalla risposta. Iniziar a pensare che Dio non fosse poi proprio chissà cosa.

La mattina successiva, mi svegliai al solito orario, sentendomi come una bottiglia di champagne. Misi i piedi fuori e inventai una lunga conversazione in cui la signora Destra parlava dei problemi che aveva avuto con suo padre finché non lo aveva messo nella Casa di Riposo.

Non sapevo esattamente cosa fosse la Casa di Riposo, ma sembrava essere proprio il posto per Papà. Dopo di che, presi la mia sedia e sporsi la testa fuori dalla finestra della mansarda. L'alba stava sorgendo, con un’aria colpevole che mi fece pensare di averla colta sul fatto. In testa mi ribollivano storie e progetti. Incespicai nella stanza accanto e mi infilai nel grande letto nella semioscurità. Non c’era spazio sul lato di Mamma, quindi dovetti mettermi tra lei e Papà. Per un attimo mi ero dimenticato di lui e quindi passai alcuni minuti seduto in posizione eretta, scervellandomi su cosa avrei potuto fare con lui. Occupava più della sua parte di letto e non riuscivo a mettermi comodo, così gli diedi diversi calci che lo fecero grugnire e stiracchiare. Però mi fece spazio. Mamma si svegliò e mi cercò. Mi sistemai comodamente al calduccio col pollice in bocca. "Mamma!" canticchiai a voce alta e soddisfatta.

"Tesoro, shhh!", sussurrò. "Non svegliare Papà!"
"Because poor Daddy is tired."

This seemed to me a quite inadequate reason, and I was sickened by the sentimentality of her "poor Daddy." I never liked that sort of gush; it always struck me as insincere.

"Oh!" I said lightly. Then in my most winning tone: "Do you know where I want to go with you today, Mummy?"

"No, dear," she sighed.

"I want to go down the Glen and fish for thornybacks with my new net, and then I want to go out to the Fox and Hounds, and—"

"Don't-wake-Daddy!" she hissed angrily, clapping her hand across my mouth.

But it was too late. He was awake, or nearly so. He grunted and reached for the matches. Then he stared incredulously at his watch.

"Like a cup of tea, dear?" asked Mother in a meek, hushed voice I had never heard her use before. It sounded almost as though she were afraid.

"Tea?" he exclaimed indignantly. "Do you know what the time is?"

"And after that I want to go up the Rathcooney Road," I said loudly, afraid I'd forget something in all those interruptions.

"Go to sleep at once, Larry!" she said sharply.

"E poi voglio andare su per la Rathcooney Road", disse a voce alta, temendo potessi dimenticare qualcosa con tutte quelle interruzioni.
“Vai subito a dormire, Larry!” disse bruscamente.