

**Greta Chies**

22302781

*Walking the paths of dialect:  
a portfolio of literary translations*

**Trinity College Dublin  
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Supervised by Dr Enrica Maria Ferrara

# Contents

1	<i>Tam Lin</i>	7
2	<i>Soldati e prigionieri italiani nella Grande Guerra</i>	22
3	<i>All Things Bright and Beautiful</i>	35
4	<i>Dansa di Narcis (II)</i>	48
5	<i>Thomas O'Malley Cat</i>	54
6	<i>Filò</i>	60
7	<i>Il Milione. Quaderno veneziano</i>	74
8	<i>The First Verse</i>	97
	Appendix 1	105
	Appendix 2	106
	Appendix 3	109

## Introduction

Readers of this portfolio will encounter widely different texts, both in terms of genre (ranging from old ballad to short story, from song to theatre monologue, from letters to poetry) as well as of themes and content. However, beyond their differences, all the texts share a common aspect which tie them together with a *fil rouge* that constitutes the theme of this project. On varying levels, they all include dialect, dialecticisms, or, more generally, instances of what is often quite simplistically defined as ‘non-standard’ language.

Coming from Italy, a country known for hosting an extremely wide variety of dialects, I am particularly aware of their cultural and historical significance. Like most Italians, I was raised in a context of diglossia, with the Italian language always coexisting side by side with my local dialect (a distinctive variant of Venetian, spoken along the Pre-alps). After learning about linguistics and sociolinguistics during my studies, I have become increasingly aware of the unjust treatment which these local vernaculars have long been subjected to. Both from a linguistic and from a historical

point of view, as researchers and dialectologists have often highlighted, Italian dialects are fully classifiable as *tout-court* languages. However, a long history of stigmatisation, driven by several factor (not least the influence of the fascist regime, striving to eliminate diversity even in language) led to a long-standing narrative of Italian as the only prestigious tongue, as opposed to dialects, deemed as the languages of the poor and the uncultured. This, in turn, has led to an ongoing inexorable process of decline and endangerment of dialects, with parents now increasingly reluctant to pass the local language down to their children. This stigmatisation, leading to endangerment, was found to be common for minority languages and dialects across the world, becoming even more severe when the majority language is imposed by way of external oppression or colonisation. Ireland itself, as has been widely studied, has had a long history of Irish being stigmatised and repressed, before being reclaimed during the Gaelic Revival.

I was particularly glad I could dedicate my portfolio to this topic. This project was a chance for me to combine my love of literary translation and my keen interest in dialects and dialecticisms, looking at both from a new point of view. In a way, choosing dialectal texts to work on was also a way to challenge the long-standing misconception that sees dialects as lesser languages, not suitable for literature or for expressing lyrical, poetic, or complex thoughts. I believe the chosen texts demonstrate that this is not true.

The texts will be presented chronologically according to their temporal setting, creating the conditions for a literary journey both through space and time. The journey will start in Scotland, on the notes of a Scots ballad about a forest populated by fairies. Later, the reader will be transported to the trenches of WW1, described by young Italian soldiers in their letters, and then to the rural Yorkshire of the 1940s, following a vet across windy hills. The journey will continue in the Friulian countryside, with its flowers and rivers depicted in a poem about Narcissus, and then briefly move to Paris, where a famous animated cat will sing a song about travelling the world. Afterwards, the reader will be transported to

the Venetian Pre-alps, where an old dialect still resists, and then to Venice itself, retracing the city's history through words and music. The journey will end in 21<sup>st</sup> century Dublin, bringing the reader back to the place where this portfolio was created; a place which, incidentally, is deeply tied with the theme of minority languages and their fate throughout history.

Over the course of this project, I had the opportunity to put into practice many of the translation theories and techniques encountered during the MPhil. The strategies employed varied, ranging from interlingual to intralingual translation, from DHH subtitling to translations that were intended to be set to music; one of the texts has been relocated to a different setting, another has been shifted to a different genre. Overall, my aim has been to experiment with the rendering of dialects and non-standard languages in translation practice. Most importantly, I wished to demonstrate how different target audiences and contexts deeply influence translation choices, and how they determine different treatments of elements such as dialect.

I hope this portfolio can be a chance for the reader to be introduced to new texts and authors, and, possibly, gain a new

perspective on texts and authors they might already know. Hopefully, it can also be a chance to reflect on the literary and translational potential of dialects and minority languages, ‘killed but never dead, minimal but with linkages and echoes in the most incredible distances, [...] capable of framing [...] the most effulgent opening onto alterities, futures, active dissolvings [...] in the most magnificent, inconceivable forms’.<sup>1</sup>

### **Acknowledgments**

Firstly, I would like to thank my supervisor, Dr Enrica Maria Ferrara, for welcoming the concept of this portfolio and helping me throughout its development with her expertise. I am deeply grateful for her support and encouragement, her insightful suggestions and indications, and her sensitive approach to literature, translation, and the topic in question.

I would also like to thank, for everything, my colleagues, friends, and basement companions of the 2022-2023 MPhil class,

converged here from the four corners of Europe and the world. I am grateful that I got to share this adventure with you.

The same goes for my friends from home, who were always with me, even from afar. A special thanks goes to Federica Varaschin, who lent her wonderful talent to this project, creating the illustrations I used in the translation of *Tam Lin*.

Last, but far from least, I wish to thank my family for their constant, invaluable support. If I chose this theme for my portfolio, it is thanks to you (including those who are no longer with us), who passed down to me the richness of our ‘*vecio parlar*’, an ancient, rustic dialect lacking on frills and softness, and yet, as I learnt from you, full of wisdom, poetry, and beauty.

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<sup>1</sup> Zanzotto, Andrea. 2007. *The Selected Poetry and Prose of Andrea Zanzotto*. Translated by Patrick Barron. Chicago: The University of Chicago Press, p.402-403.

**Note:**

Throughout the portfolio, the following abbreviations will be used:

ST = source text

TT = target text

SL = source language

TL = target language

SC = source context

TC = target context

TA = target audience

l. = line

TN = translator's note

The STs entirely written in dialect (i.e., Pasolini's *Dansa di Narcis* and Zanzotto's *Filò*) will be complemented by Italian translations in the appendix to the portfolio.

<b>Student Number</b>	22302781	<b>Text Number</b>	1
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<b>Source Text</b>		<b>Target Text</b>	
<b>Title</b>	Tam Lin	<b>Title</b>	Tam Lin
<b>Year Published</b>	1839 (1787-1803)		
<b>Author</b>	Robert Burns		
<b>Language</b>	English (Scots)	<b>Language</b>	Italian
<b>Word Count</b>	1088	<b>Word Count</b>	1557
<p><b>Description of Source Text</b></p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• <i>understanding of source text</i></li> <li>• <i>knowledge of genre within source contexts</i></li> <li>• <i>situation of source text familiarity with the formal features of a text (language variation(s), register, dialect)</i></li> </ul> <p><b>(200 words max)</b></p>	<p><i>Tam Lin</i> is a ballad published in Johnson's collection, <i>Scots Musical Museum</i>, and meant to be sung (the collection includes sheet music) (Johnson 1839, vol. 5, 423). It is based on pre-existing versions of the same ballad, which dates back to at least 1549, 'when it was a shepherd's song' (Hixon 2004, 70). It also features among the Child ballads (ibid, 67).</p> <p>In the text <i>Tam Lin</i>, a knight turned into an elf by a fairy queen, is saved and brought back to his human form by a young girl, Janet.</p> <p>Formal features include:</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• 45 four-line stanzas; alternated rhyme scheme (e.g., l.1-4)</li> <li>• Scots dialect (e.g., 'gae' [go], 'maun' [must], ...)</li> <li>• References to existing Scottish locations (e.g., 'Carterhaugh')</li> <li>• Fairy-tale tropes (Hixon 2004, 68): <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• Supernatural elements (e.g., 'fairie folk')</li> <li>• Repetitions of actions and tasks, resulting in a 'cumulative tale' (Thomas 2003, 123) &gt; e.g., l. 11-17 are repeated three times with slight variations, creating a rhythmic refrain; specifically, three is a symbolic</li> </ul> </li> </ul>		

	<p>number in folk-tales (Liabenow 2014, 1)</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>● Adult themes related to <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>● Sex &gt; e.g., references to virginity (l. 9), illegitimate pregnancy (l. 71), abortion (l. 106)</li> <li>● Violence &gt; e.g., violent threats by the fairy queen (l. 226-227)</li> </ul> </li> </ul>
<p><b>Strategy</b></p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>● <i>identification of translation problems</i></li> <li>● <i>knowledge of genre within target context and situation of target text</i></li> <li>● <i>justification of translation production of genre for target context</i></li> </ul> <p><b>(200 words max)</b></p>	<p>The TT will be published by <i>Topipittori</i>, an Italian publishing house specialising in children’s books. The TT will be part of an illustrated fairy-tale collection dedicated to Scottish folklore. The TA will be made up of 9 to 11-year-old children with no prior knowledge of Scottish folklore.</p> <p>The ballad will be turned into a fairy-tale for children by:</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>● Turning the ST into prose</li> <li>● Using an explicatory addition at the beginning (‘nella lontana Scozia’ [in faraway Scotland]) in place of dialect to contextualise the location</li> <li>● Replacing ‘Carterhaugh’, arguably difficult to pronounce for Italian children, with the connotated talking name (a common strategy in children’s literature – Lathey 2016, 45) ‘Frondoscura’ [Dark-frond], designed to convey the implied scariness of the place (ST l. 1-9)</li> <li>● Preserving repetitions &gt; the ST refrain (ST l. 11-17) will remain in rhyming verse in the TT, creating a rhythmic interval in the prose (l. 15-18, 60-63, 93-96).</li> <li>● Attenuating adult themes through plot modification &gt; in the TT, the characters’ relationship will only be romantic, excluding sex. There will also be the addition of a happy ending after the characters’ adventure.</li> <li>● Adding illustrations created specially by an illustrator, portraying moments of the plot.</li> </ul>



<p><b>Critical Reflection</b></p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• <i>textual analysis</i></li> </ul> <p><b>(200 words max)</b></p>	<p>Comparing the TT with the ST, I realised that the addition of illustrations determines consequences for the TA which I had not considered during the translation process.</p> <p>Considering Nikolajeva and Scott's (2000) classification of word/image interactions in picture-books for children, the illustrations added to the TT are symmetrical to the text, since 'words and pictures tell the same story' (ibid, 225).</p> <p>This has two consequences:</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• The TA is provided with visual representations of the two main characters, and therefore does not have to imagine their appearance while reading the story. Readers or listeners of the ST, on the other hand, are not provided with any visual cue; the characters' appearance is left to their imagination.</li> <li>• In the TT, the illustrations are intermixed with the text. Given their colour and visual weight, they are likely to be the first elements noticed by the TA while looking at the TT pages. Since the pictures portray key moments of the story, this means that the readers are likely to find out details of the plot in advance, before reading about them in the text. This is not likely to happen for ST readers or listeners, who are not provided with illustrations.</li> </ul>
<p><b>Works Cited</b></p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• <i>use of sources and reference material</i></li> </ul>	<p>Hixon, Martha P. 2004. "Tam Lin, Fair Janet, and the Sexual Revolution: Traditional Ballads, Fairy Tales, and Twentieth-Century Children's Literature." <i>Marvels &amp; Tales</i> 18 (1): 67-92. <a href="http://www.jstor.com/stable/41388685">http://www.jstor.com/stable/41388685</a></p> <p>Johnson, James, and Robert Burns. 1839. <i>Scots Musical Museum: Volume V</i>. Edinburgh: W. Blackwood &amp; Sons.</p> <p>Lathey, Gillian. 2016. <i>Translating Children's Literature</i>. New York: Routledge.</p>

Liabenow, Alonna. 2014. "The Significance of the Numbers Three, Four, and Seven in Fairy Tales, Folklore, and Mythology". Honors Projects, 418, Grand Valley State University. <https://scholarworks.gvsu.edu/honorsprojects/418>

Nikolajeva, M., and Carole Scott. 2000. "The Dynamics of Picturebook Communication." Children's Literature in Education 31 (4): 225-239. [The Dynamics of Picturebook Communication | Maria Nikolajeva - Academia.edu](#)

## Source Text

*Tam Lin*

O I forbid you, maidens a'  
That wear gowd on your hair,  
To come or gae by Carterhaugh,  
For young Tam Lin is there.

There's nane that gaes by Carterhaugh  
But they leave him a wad;  
Either their rings, or green mantles,  
Or else their maidenhead.

Janet has belted her green kirtle,  
A little aboon her knee,  
And she has broded her yellow hair  
A little aboon her bree;

And she's awa to Carterhaugh  
As fast as she can hie.  
When she came to Carterhaugh  
Tom Lin was at the well,

## Target Text

*Tam Lin*



1 C'era una volta, nella lontana Scozia, una giovane fanciulla di nome Janet, l'unica figlia  
2 di un ricco Lord. Era una ragazza spensierata e intraprendente. Amava molto la natura,  
3 e spesso si allontanava dal castello per passeggiare tra prati verdi e colline ventose.  
4 Aveva il permesso di andare dove voleva, a patto di non oltrepassare i confini delle terre di suo padre.  
5 C'era un solo posto dove le era proibito avventurarsi: la grande foresta di Frondoscura, oltre il fiume.  
6 Giravano strane voci su quel luogo: si diceva che fosse un bosco stregato e pericoloso, e che, nelle sue  
7 profondità, visse un elfo malvagio di nome Tam Lin. "Attento, viandante che passi per Frondoscura;  
8 lì vive l'elfo Tam Lin, che riempie il cuore di paura!" dicevano i pastori che portavano le greggi al  
9 pascolo ai margini della foresta. "Chiunque l'abbia visto è stato subito stregato, e qualcuno, da quel  
10 bosco, non è mai più ritornato!" facevano loro eco le donne che andavano a lavare i panni al fiume  
11 poco lontano.

12 Ma Janet era una ragazza curiosa. Era affascinata da quella foresta misteriosa, e voleva vedere con i  
13 propri occhi il temibile elfo Tam Lin. Così, un giorno, decise di partire di nascosto per Frondoscura.

14  
15 La lunga gonna verde si rimboccò,  
16 i capelli dorati intrecciò,  
17 e corse via, verso Frondoscura  
18 veloce come il vento di primavera.  
19

And there she fand his steed standing  
But away was himself.  
She had na pu'd a double rose  
A rose but only twa,

Till up then started young Tam-Lin,  
Says, Lady, thou's pu' nae mae.  
Why pu's thou the rose, Janet,  
And why breaks thou the wand!

Or why comes thou to Carterhaugh  
Withoutten my command?  
Carterhaugh it is my ain,  
My daddie gave it me;

I'll come and gang by Carterhaugh  
And ask nae leave at thee.  
Janet has kilted her green kirtle,  
A little aboon her knee,

And she has snooded her yellow hair,  
A little aboon her bree,

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*Ha lunga gonna verde sì rimboccò,  
e capelli dorati intrecciò,  
e corse via, verso Frondoscara  
veloce come il vento di primavera.*

Superò prima le colline, poi i pascoli, infine il fiume. Ben presto fu nel fitto della foresta, e si fermò a riposare in una piccola radura verde. Al centro della radura c'era un vecchio pozzo di pietra, e lì vicino pascolava un cavallo bianco senza sella né cavaliere. Accanto al pozzo cresceva un rigoglioso cespuglio di rose selvatiche. Erano bellissime, e Janet, attirata dal loro profumo, allungò la mano e ne staccò una.

All'improvviso, come per magia, apparve davanti a lei un giovane vestito di foglie, con una corona di bacche rosse in testa. Janet sobbalzò per lo spavento: doveva essere l'elfo Tam Lin!

And she is to her father's ha,  
As fast as she can hie.

Four and twenty ladies,  
Were playing at the ba,  
And out then cam the fair Janet,  
Ance the flower amang them a',

Four and twenty ladies fair,  
Were playing at the chess,  
And out then cam the fair Janet,  
As green as onie glass.

Out then spak an auld grey knight,  
Lay o'er the castle wa',  
And says, Alas, fair Janet for thee,  
But we'll be blamed a'.

Haud your tongue, ye auld fac'd knight  
Some ill death may ye die,  
Father my bairn on whom I will,  
I'll father nane on thee.

43 "Chi sei?" chiese lui, fissando Janet. "Che cosa ci fai a Frondoscura senza il mio permesso? E perché  
44 hai spezzato il mio cespuglio di rose?".  
45 Janet non si fece intimidire. "Sono la figlia del Lord" rispose, "e Frondoscura mi appartiene. Non ho  
46 bisogno del tuo permesso per venire qui". Guardò l'elfo dritto negli occhi: non sembrava per niente  
47 spaventoso. Al contrario, aveva un'espressione triste.  
48 "Tu sei Tam Lin, vero?" gli chiese, e lui annuì. Poi disse: "Raccontano cose terribili su di te. Sei davvero  
49 così malvagio?".  
50 Tam Lin scosse la testa. "Non farei del male a una mosca" disse. Poi raccontò a Janet la sua storia. "È  
51 stata la regina delle fate a trasformarmi in elfo. Prima ero un cavaliere, il nipote di un nobile signore.  
52 Un giorno, mentre andavo a caccia nella foresta con mio padre, caddi da cavallo e rimasi indietro. La  
53 regina delle fate mi catturò, mi trasformò in elfo e mi portò con sé nel suo castello sotto le colline. Il  
54 regno delle fate è meraviglioso, ma io per loro sono soltanto un prigioniero. Ora sono costretto a  
55 rimanere qui da solo, nel profondo della foresta, e tutti hanno paura di me. Ho nostalgia della mia  
56 famiglia e del mondo degli uomini là fuori".  
57 Janet lo ascoltò stupita fino alla fine. Poi disse: "Io non ho paura di te, e non ti lascerò solo. Verrò a  
58 trovarti ogni giorno qui nella foresta, te lo prometto!"

59  
60 La lunga gonna verde si rimboccò  
61 I capelli dorati intrecciò  
62 e corse via, via da Frondoscura  
63 veloce come il vento di primavera.  
64  
65

Out then spak her father dear,  
And he spak meek and mild,  
And ever alas, sweet Janet, he says,  
I think thou gaes wi' child.

If that I gae wi' child, father,  
Mysel maun bear the blame;  
There's ne'er a laird about your ha,  
Shall get the bairn's name.

If my love were an earthly knight,  
As he's an elfin grey;  
I wad na gie my ain true-love  
For nae lord that ye hae.

The steed that my true-love rides on  
Is lighter than the wind;  
Wi' silver he is shod before,  
Wi' burning gowd behind.

Janet has kilted her green kirtle  
A little aboon her knee;  
And she has snooded her yellow hair

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uno dei nobili della sua corte. Lei aveva sempre detto di no, ma nessuno l'aveva mai ascoltata. Ora, pensava, era ora di dire la verità alla sua famiglia: lei amava Tam Lin, e non avrebbe sposato nessun altro.

Così una sera, durante la cena nella grande sala del castello, Janet si alzò in piedi e confessò davanti a tutti il suo amore per Tam Lin, l'elfo di Frondoscura. Nella sala scoppiò il frastuono. Tutti i signori e le dame della corte erano increduli. "È impazzita!" gridarono alcuni; "È vittima di un incantesimo!" esclamarono altri; "Sarà la fine per il nostro regno!" si disperarono altri ancora. Janet, però, non li

Janet mantenne la sua promessa. Ogni giorno, in segreto, scappava via dal castello e andava a Frondoscura. Coglieva una rosa dal cespuglio magico, e Tam Lin appariva davanti a lei. Era sempre contento di vederla. I due parlavano e parlavano, senza stancarsi mai. Tam Lin le raccontava dello strano mondo delle fate e degli animali della foresta, e Janet gli parlava della vita al castello e del mondo degli uomini. Giorno dopo giorno, i due si innamorarono. Janet, però, era preoccupata. Suo padre da tempo insisteva per darla in moglie a

A little aboon her bree;  
  
And she's awa to Carterhaugh  
As fast as she can hie.  
When she cam to Carterhaugh,  
Tam-Lin was at the well:  
  
And there she fand his steed standing,  
But away was himsel.  
She had na pu'd a double rose,  
A rose but only twa,  
  
Till up then started young Tam-Lin,  
Says, Lady, thou pu's nae mae.  
Why pu's thou the rose Janet,  
Amang the groves sae green,  
  
And a' to kill the bonie babe  
That we gat us between.  
O tell me, tell me, Tam-Lin, she says,  
For's sake that died on tree,  
  
If e'er ye was in holy chapel,

89 ascoltò, e si rivolse a suo padre: “Padre, amo Tam Lin e lui soltanto, e non sposerò nessun altro.  
90 Nessun nobile, in tutta la tua corte, mi farà cambiare idea.”  
91 Detto questo, corse via.  
92  
93 La lunga gonna verde si rimboccò  
94 I capelli dorati intrecciò  
95 e corse via, verso Frondoscura  
96 veloce come il vento di primavera.  
97  
98 Quando arrivò nella foresta raccontò tutto a Tam Lin, ma l'elfo era diverso dal solito. Sembrava  
99 terribilmente preoccupato.  
100 “Che cosa c'è?” gli chiese Janet.  
101 “Oggi è il giorno di Halloween” disse Tam Lin, “e stanotte le creature fatate usciranno a cavalcare  
102 nella foresta. Una volta ogni sette anni, scelgono qualcuno da sacrificare in onore della regina delle  
103 fate. Ho paura che questa notte toccherà a me morire.”  
104 “Oh no!” esclamò Janet. “Dev'esserci un modo per impedirlo!”  
105 “C'è un solo modo, ma è molto difficile. Solo il mio vero amore potrà salvarmi” disse Tam Lin.  
106 “Ce la farò. Dimmi che cosa devo fare.” disse Janet, senza perdersi d'animo.  
107 “Questa notte dovrai venire qui, nella radura. A mezzanotte in punto, tutte le creature fatate  
108 passeranno di qua a cavallo” spiegò Tam Lin.  
109 “Come ti riconoscerò tra tutti?” chiese Janet.  
110 “Lascia passare il cavallo nero, e poi quello marrone. Io sarò sul destriero bianco latte, il più vicino al  
111 pozzo. Avrò un guanto alla mano destra, e la sinistra sarà nuda. Quando mi avrai trovato, afferrami e



Or Christendom did see.  
Roxbrugh he was my grandfather,  
Took me with him to bide  
  
And ance it fell upon a day  
That wae did me betide.  
And ance it fell upon a day,  
A cauld day and a snell.  
  
When we were frae the hunting come  
That frae my horse I fell.  
The queen o' Fairies she caught me,  
In yon green hill to dwell.  
  
And pleasant is the fairy-land;  
But, an eerie tale to tell!  
Ay at the end of seven years  
We pay a tiend to hell.  
  
I am a sae fair and fu' o' flesh  
I'm fear'd it be mysel.  
But the night is Halloween, lady,  
The morn is Hallowday;

112 tirami giù dal cavallo. Metteranno alla prova il tuo amore per me, ma dovrai avere coraggio e tenermi  
113 stretto qualsiasi cosa accada. Prima mi trasformeranno in una lucertola e in una vipera; ma tu non  
114 lasciarmi andare, sarò sempre io, Tam Lin. Poi mi trasformeranno in un orso e in un leone feroce; ma  
115 tu non temere e stringimi forte, sarò sempre io, il tuo amato. Infine, mi trasformeranno in un pezzo di  
116 ferro e poi di piombo bollente; ma tu non aver paura, e gettami nel pozzo! Da lì riemergerò come il  
117 cavaliere che ero un tempo, e dovrai nascondermi con il tuo mantello verde. Allora finalmente sarò  
118 libero, e staremo per sempre insieme.”  
119  
120 Quella notte, Janet fece come Tam Lin le aveva indicato, e si nascose dietro il cespuglio di rose  
121 selvatiche ad aspettare. La notte era cupa e fredda, e la foresta buia era spaventosa.  
122 A mezzanotte in punto, proprio come Tam Lin aveva previsto, le creature fatate spuntarono dal bosco  
123 e cavalcarono attraverso la radura.  
124 Janet lasciò passare il cavallo nero e quello marrone. Poi vide il destriero bianco latte, il più vicino al  
125 pozzo. Il cavaliere aveva un guanto alla mano destra, e la sinistra era nuda: era Tam Lin! Janet allora  
126 balzò da dietro il cespuglio, lo afferrò per una gamba e lo trascinò giù dal cavallo, facendolo cadere a  
127 terra e stringendolo forte a sé.  
128 Allora Tam Lin prese a trasformarsi tra le sue braccia. Prima si trasformò in una lucertola e in una  
129 vipera; ma lei non lo lasciò andare. Poi si trasformò in un orso e in un leone feroce; ma lei non ebbe  
130 paura, e continuò a stringerlo forte. Infine si trasformò in un pezzo di ferro, e poi di piombo bollente;  
131 subito lei lo gettò nel pozzo. E, meraviglia! Dall'acqua del pozzo riemerse un bellissimo cavaliere,  
132 vestito di bianco. Janet gli corse incontro e lo nascose con il suo mantello verde fino a che tutte le  
133 creature fatate non si furono allontanate nel bosco. Allora Tam Lin disse: “L'incantesimo si è spezzato.  
134 Sono io, sono di nuovo un uomo! Mi hai salvato, Janet!”



Then win me, win me, an ye will,  
For weel I wat ye may.  
Just at the mirk and midnight hour  
The fairy folk will ride;

And they that wad their truelove win,  
At Milescross they maun bide.  
But how shall I thee ken Tam-Lin,  
Or how my true love know.

Amang sae many unco knights,  
The life I never saw.  
O first let pass the black, Lady,  
And syne let pass the brown;

But quickly run to the milk-white steed,  
Put ye his rider down.  
For I'll ride on the mill-white steed,  
And ay nearest the town.

Because I was an earthly knight  
They gie me that renown.

135 Allora i due salirono in groppa al destriero bianco latte e galopparono via attraverso la foresta. Alle  
136 loro spalle sentirono riecheggiare la voce della regina delle fate, che gridava come pazza: "Nooo! È  
137 scappato! È scappato!".  
138 Ma loro non si fermarono, e ben presto furono fuori dalla foresta. Superarono il fiume, poi i pascoli,  
139 poi le colline, e continuarono a cavalcare fino all'alba.

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*... mi trasformeranno in un orso e in un leone feroce;  
ma tu non temere e stringimi forte, sarò sempre io.*



My right hand will be glov'd, lady,  
My left hand will be bare

Cockt up shall my bonnet be,  
And kaim'd down shall my hair,  
And thae's the takens I gie thee,  
Nae doubt I will be there.

They'll turn me in your arms, lady,  
Into an esk and adder,  
But hald me fast and fear me not,  
I am your bairn's father.

They'll turn me to a bear sae grim,  
And then a lion bold,  
But hold me fast and fear me not,  
As ye shall love your child.

Again they'll turn me in your arms  
To a red het gaud of airn.  
But hold me fast and fear me not,  
I'll do to you nae harm.

158 Da quel giorno non si separarono mai più. Quando Janet tornò a casa e raccontò ciò che era successo,  
159 tutti i signori e le dame di corte capirono che si erano sbagliati sul conto di Tam Lin. Il Lord padre di  
160 Janet si scusò con lei, e la lodò per il suo coraggio.

161 Tam Lin e Janet si sposarono in un giorno di primavera, e vissero per sempre felici e contenti. Tanti  
162 anni dopo, quando il Lord morì, Janet prese il suo posto, e governò sempre con giustizia e saggezza.

163  
164 E la regina delle fate? Se si va a passeggiare nella foresta di Frondoscura e si ascolta molto  
165 attentamente, si possono ancora sentire le sue grida di rabbia riecheggiare tra gli alberi!

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*Fine*



And last they'll turn me in your arms,	181
Into the burning lead;	182
Then throw me into well water,	183
O throw me in wi' speed.	184
	185
And then I'll be your ain true love,	186
I'll turn a naked knight.	187
Then cover me wi' your green mantle,	188
And cover me out o' sight.	189
	190
Gloomy, gloomy was the night,	191
And eerie was the way,	192
As fair Jenny in her green mantle	193
To Milescross she did gae.	194
	195
About the middle o' the night,	196
She heard the bridles ring;	197
This lady was as glad as that	198
As any earthly thing.	199
	200
First she let the black pass by,	201
And syne she let the brown;	202
quickly she ran to the milk-white steed,	203

And pu'd the rider down.	204
	205
Sae weel she minded what he did say	206
And young Tam Lin did win;	207
Syne cover'd him wi' her green mantle	208
As blythe's a bird in spring.	209
	210
Out then spak the queen o' fairies,	211
Out of a bush o broom;	212
Them that has gotten young Tam Lin,	213
Has gotten a stately groom.	214
	215
Out then spak the queen o' fairies,	216
And an angry queen was she;	217
Shame betide her ill-far'd face,	218
And an ill death may she die,	219
	220
For she's ta'en the boniest knight	221
In a' ma companie,	222
But had I kend Tam Lin, she says,	223
What now this night I see,	224
	225
I wad hae taen out thy twa grey een,	226

And put in twa een o' tree.

| 227 |

<b>Student Number</b>	22302781	<b>Text Number</b>	2
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<b>Source Text</b>		<b>Target Text</b>	
<b>Title</b>	Soldati e prigionieri italiani nella Grande Guerra. Con una raccolta di lettere inedite	<b>Title</b>	Letters from the Italian Front
<b>Year Published</b>	2000 (1916-1917)		
<b>Author</b>	Giovanna Procacci (editor)		
<b>Language</b>	Italian	<b>Language</b>	English
<b>Word Count</b>	1088	<b>Word Count</b>	157
<p><b>Description of Source Text</b></p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• <i>understanding of source text</i></li> <li>• <i>knowledge of genre within source contexts</i></li> <li>• <i>situation of source text familiarity with the formal features of a text (language variation(s), register, dialect)</i></li> </ul> <p><b>(200 words max)</b></p>	<p>The texts are letters written by Italian soldiers during WW1, retrieved by Procacci from the Supreme Military Court's censorship archives (ibid, 397). They express the soldiers' critical opinions about the war (ibid, 399). Procacci transcribed the texts verbatim, including grammatical mistakes (ibid, 398-399) in letters written by lower-rank soldiers, who, unlike the educated officials, were mostly illiterate or semi-literate (Antonelli 2016, 358).</p> <p>The first letter (l. 1-57) is by an official (l. 49). It displays the author's high writing proficiency through:</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• Complex, hypotactic syntax (the longest sentence, l.5-12, reaches a 63-word length)</li> <li>• High-register vocabulary (e.g., 'soverchiamente' [exorbitantly])</li> <li>• Complex reflections and literary imagery (e.g. about God and religion, l. 33-47)</li> </ul> <p>The other letters (l. 60-128) are by common soldiers, whose semi-literacy is evident through mistakes related to:</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• Spelling (e.g. 'nagque' instead of 'nacque' [was born]), often revealing dialectal interference (e.g., 'penza' instead of 'pensa' [thinks]) (Palermo 2015, 240)</li> </ul>		

	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• Morphosyntax (e.g., ‘se <u>avessi</u> venuto’ instead of ‘se fossi venuto’ [if I had come])</li> <li>• Lexis, often revealing a lack of knowledge of a specific word (Book and Harter 1929, 111) (e.g., ‘mi <u>contanano Alincastro</u>’ instead of ‘mi condannano all’ergastolo’ [they will give me a life sentence]).</li> </ul>
<p><b>Strategy</b></p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• <i>identification of translation problems</i></li> <li>• <i>knowledge of genre within target context and situation of target text</i></li> <li>• <i>justification of translation production of genre for target context</i></li> </ul> <p><b>(200 words max)</b></p>	<p>My TA consists of English students aged 11 to 14, studying WW1 as part of Key Stage 3 national History curriculum (DFE 2013, 4). The TT is a special insert to a history textbook, illustrating soldiers’ experiences in Italy. Given this context, I will add an explanatory preface and word-bank (l. 1-43)</p> <p>The first letter will include elements indicating writing proficiency, such as high-register vocabulary (e.g., ‘alas’). The ST’s 63-word sentence will be divided into three shorter ones (l. 51-58), complying with the suggested average sentence length in English (Garner 2016, 816).</p> <p>The other letters will include mistakes, but not dialect-related ones (given the Italian setting, using arbitrarily chosen English dialecticisms could be confusing). I will use statistics about writing mistakes made by English-speaking children in the early 20<sup>th</sup> century (Book and Harter 1929) and analyses of letters by semi-literate authors (McColl Millar 2012). Out of the mistakes listed, I will consider those described as neutral, not suggestive of any specific English dialect (Book and Harter 1929, 108-115; McColl Millar 2012, 170-174). Among those:</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• Incorrect spelling / conjugation (e.g., ‘mysfortune’, ‘<u>catched</u>’)</li> <li>• Misuse of apostrophes (e.g., ‘I return <u>you’re</u> greetings’)</li> <li>• Multiple negations (e.g., ‘I <u>wont never</u> be back’).</li> </ul>

<p><b>Critical Reflection</b></p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• <i>textual analysis</i></li> </ul> <p><b>(200 words max)</b></p>	<p>In the TT, the dialectal influences which characterise the second and third letter were lost. This was driven by the need to avoid confusion and an overlapping of Italian and English settings. However, the presence of dialect is arguably an important aspect in contextualising the literacy rates in the Italian army during WW1, as well as highlighting the socio-cultural disparity between common soldiers and officials. In fact, during WW1 the vast majority of the Italian population still had their local dialect as their mother tongue (De Renzo 2008, 45), and only the few people who had the privilege to receive proper education could use Italian fluently and correctly (Antonelli 2016, 358).</p> <p>A native Italian speaker could be expected to pick up on dialectal influences in the ST letters easily, even being able to recognise each author’s regional origins based on their writing. On the other hand, the absence of the dialect factor in the TT does not allow the TA to access this information, resulting in TA readers having one fewer textual interpretation tool if compared to ST native Italian readers.</p>
<p><b>Works Cited</b></p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• <i>use of sources and reference material</i></li> </ul>	<p>Antonelli, Quinto. 2016. “Una rivolta morale: Lettere e diari di soldati dai fronti della grande guerra (1915-1918)” [A Moral Rebellion: Soldiers’ Letters and Diaries from the Fronts of the Great War]. <i>Annali d’Italianistica</i> 34: 357–72. <a href="http://www.jstor.org/stable/26570496">http://www.jstor.org/stable/26570496</a>.</p> <p>Book, William F., and Richard S. Harter. “Mistakes Which Pupils Make in Spelling.” <i>The Journal of Educational Research</i> 19, no. 2 (1929): 106–18. <a href="http://www.jstor.org/stable/27523789">http://www.jstor.org/stable/27523789</a>.</p> <p>Department for Education. 2013. History programmes of study: key stage 3 National curriculum in England. <a href="https://www.gov.uk/government/publications/national-curriculum-in-england-history-programmes-of-study">https://www.gov.uk/government/publications/national-curriculum-in-england-history-programmes-of-study</a>. Retrieved</p>



[11-02-2023](#)

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## Source Text

### *Soldati e prigionieri italiani nella Grande guerra. Con una raccolta di lettere inedite*

Da Zona di guerra

A Rosario de Santa Fè (Argentina)

S. Maria La Longa 21.2.16

Carissima Antonietta,

Ancora una volta, per lungo tempo, sono stato costretto a trascurare dal darti mie nuove: sappi che dalla fronte è difficilissimo mandare lettere all'estero per la mancanza dei francobolli e questi, non solo non si trovano – come è logico – nella zona del fuoco, ma difettano anche nei paeselli da noi occupati dove a stento, noi soldati riusciamo a trovare del tabacco.

[...] A furia di leggere sui giornali cose che riguardano la vita del soldato, chi da questa vita vive lontano, si forma la convinzione che la guerra sia una gran palestra ginnastica dove il soldato può sviluppare i suoi muscoli coi più svariati esercizi di acrobatismo! Ma purtroppo, nella guerra moderna ci si muove o eccessivamente, o niente! Quel ch'è vero, è l'umidità, è l'acqua che gonfia le gambe ai soldati e popola gli ospedali!... Quel ch'è più certo ancora, è l'arrivo d'una pallottola, lo scoppiar d'una

## Target Text

### *Letters from the Italian front*

#### Introduction

1 In this section you will read three letters from the Austro-Italian  
2 frontline, written by Italian soldiers between 1916 and 1917. These  
3 letters never reached their destinations: they were held back by  
4 censorship offices, because they expressed the soldiers' negative  
5 opinions about the war, bearing witness about the harsh living  
6 conditions in the trenches and the brutality of war.

7 The first letter was written by a newly appointed cadet. In it, he  
8 describes the brutal reality of the soldiers' living conditions, debunking  
9 the sugar-coated lies reported by newspapers. He also expresses his  
10 views on religion, God, and the absurdity of war.

11 The second letter was written by a common soldier, specifically a porter.  
12 He also reveals the harsh reality of life in the trenches, complaining  
13 about hunger, illness, exhaustion, and mistreatment by high-ranking  
14 officers.

15 The third letter is the saddest: the author is a common soldier who,  
16 exhausted by the brutality of war, had tried to escape, becoming a  
17 deserter. However, he was not successful, and he was soon caught. In  
18 this letter, he says farewell to his family and loved ones: he knows that  
19

granata che tengono il soldato continuamente coi nervi tesi facendogli pensare alla morte mille volte in un giorno! Quando la guerra finirà, la poca gioventù superstite dell'Europa, sarà una gioventù sfiorita, fiacca, nevrastenica!

[...] In tutto questo inferno che è la guerra moderna, non devi immaginarti, cara Antonietta, un Peppino eternamente imprecante alla nequizia umana! Tutt'altro... Il mio buon umore non mi ha mai abbandonato e, pur senza essere stato un eroe, nel senso leggendario della parola, posso dirti di aver fatto tutto il mio dovere di soldato non ricorrendo mai ad alcun strattagemma per salvare la pelle. Ho avuto la forza di ridere anche quando veniva dato l'ordine di saltar la trincea. Infatti, è inutile addolorarsi soverchiamente... le pallottole vengono anche quando si è preda del dolore!

Nella tua ultima, affettuosissima lettera, mi parli troppo di dio! Povero, vecchio e buon dio! Oramai, ad ogni candido pelo della sua fluente barba, sono attaccate chi sa quante anime imploranti la salvezza dei loro cari... Pensa che tutta l'Europa è cristiana, che tutta l'Europa (o meglio i suoi abitanti) crede di aver ragione in questa brutta faccenda che è la guerra! La madre austriaca e la madre italiana pregano, per i rispettivi figli, lo stesso dio di pace, di amore e di altre simili cose... a chi deve dar retta dio?

Lascialo dunque in pace il povero vecchio! Io, eretico, sono ancora vivo...

20 his only two remaining possibilities will be a life sentence in prison, or  
21 execution.

22 While reading, you will notice that the letters are very different from  
23 each other. The first, whose author is a cadet, is well-written and  
24 contains elaborate vocabulary and expressions. On the other hand, the  
25 letters written by common soldiers (especially the third) contain many  
26 spelling and grammatical mistakes. This is because Italy was still, at the  
27 time, quite a poor, mainly agrarian country. Proper education was still a  
28 privilege for the rich; many people only received a few years of basic  
29 schooling before starting to work. Therefore, when the war broke out,  
30 almost half of the troops in the Italian army were illiterate or semi-  
31 literate; only those in higher ranks were properly educated.

32 The situation was very different in the British army, where illiteracy  
33 rates were much lower and even most common soldiers could read and  
34 write fairly easily.

### Word bank

37 **Cadet:** a young person undergoing training to become an armed forces  
38 officer.

39 **Lieutenant:** the lowest officer rank in most armies of the world. The  
40 lieutenant normally commands a small tactical unit such as a platoon.

41 **Leave:** a permission to be away from one's unit for a specified period of

tanti religiosi perirono! Un soldato della mia squadra, di 34 anni, aveva il portafogli letteralmente imbottito di immagini... ebbene, un proiettile... poco cattolico... dopo aver bucato il portafogli, bucò anche i polmoni di quel disgraziato!

Perciò non più preghiere per me e, solo così forse, potrò scampare al macello!

Adesso ti dò una notizia che ti farà piacere: fra pochi giorni andrò in licenza per quindici giorni. Inoltre sono stato nominato allievo ufficiale e, forse fra un paio di mesi sarò sottotenente.

E Ciccio come se la passa? E tu?

Io in salute sto benissimo.

Adesso la smetto ché, altrimenti, di argomento in argomento, rischierai di riempire un altro foglio!

a te, a Ciccio affettuosi baci e pensieri

Bepi

—

Da Zona di guerra

A Teramo

14.3.1916

42 time.

43 **Carabinieri:** one of the national police forces in Italy.

44

45

46

### Letters

47

From the front

48

To Rosario de Santa Fé (Argentina)

49

S. Maria La Longa, 21<sup>st</sup> February, 1916

50

51

Dearest Antonietta,

52

53

Once again, for a long time I have been prevented from giving you my news. Be aware that sending letters abroad from the frontline is extremely difficult due to the shortage of stamps. Not only are they nowhere to be found in the battle zone – which is logical –; they are scarce even in the villages we have occupied. We soldiers can hardly find any tobacco there.

59

[...] By dint of reading about the soldiers' life in the newspapers, those who are quite removed from it become convinced that war is nothing but a big gymnasium where a soldier can entertain himself with the most diverse exercises to train his muscles! But, alas, in modern warfare a man either moves too much, or not at all! Let me tell you what is real:

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62

63

Caro Beppino,

Ho ricevuto oggi la tua lettera in data dieci del presente mese, e son rimasto molto dispiaciuto nel sentire che sei stato poco bene, ma spero che a quest'ora sei perfettamente guarito. In riguardo alla licenza non c'è più speranza. Adesso speriamo ad arrivare sano e salvo in Italia, se è vero che si ha il cambio di corpo d'armata.

Giacché mi hai fatto domanda se sto bene voglio darvi mie condizioni. E se avessi venuto a licenza allor si che avrei potuto raccontare qualche cosa.

Di quando posso dirvi sofferenze puoi immaginare, sotto acqua sotto a vento patito di sonno, coi piedi pieno d'acqua gonfi, bisogna andare avanti non c'è pietà.

lavorare come cani, pericolo di morte c'è sempre, da quando mi trovo al fronte una volta sola mi son dato ammalato andai alla visita medica ed il Capitano mi trovò la febbre 39/3. cosa mi disse? ma... non è niente, non è niente vai vai, mi disse, vai ad adempiere il tuo dovere, ed accarezzandomi mi accompagnò fuori del Ricovero.

Credimi, caro peppino, che per dieci giorni di seguito avevo sembre la febbre e mi ero ridotto come una lucertola.

E da quel giorno non mi ho dato mai più ammalato.

ho!... se sapessi quante barbarie, che modi di aggire, che buone maniere verso i soldati! Come i padri che educano i figli siamo presi a schiaffi e

64 the humidity, the water which makes the soldiers' legs swell and  
65 overcrowds the hospitals!... Even more real are the bullets blasting and  
66 the grenades bursting, which force soldiers to be constantly on edge,  
67 and think about death a thousand times each day! When the war ends,  
68 the surviving youth of Europe will be withered, feeble, neurasthenic!

69 [...] In the midst of this hell that is modern warfare, dear Antonietta, you  
70 must not imagine that your Peppino is constantly cursing human  
71 wickedness! Far from it... My good spirits have never forsaken me, and,  
72 while I have not been a hero in a mythical sense, I can tell you that I  
73 have fulfilled all my duties as a soldier without ever resorting to any  
74 tricks in order to save my neck. I have found the strength to laugh even  
75 when I followed the order to blow up a trench. In fact, it is no use  
76 grieving too much... bullets come anyway, even when one is in the  
77 throes of sorrow!

78 In your recent, deeply affectionate letter, you talk too much about God!  
79 Poor, good old God! By now, who knows how many souls are clinging to  
80 each white hair of his flowing beard, begging for the salvation of their  
81 loved ones... To think that the whole of Europe is Christian, that the  
82 whole of Europe (or rather, its inhabitants) is convinced of being on the  
83 right side of this ugly business of war! Austrian mothers and Italian  
84 mothers, praying for their sons, are praying to the very same God, their  
85 God of peace and love... who should God listen to?

calci, ma se Iddio mi da vita a farmi arrivare in Italia saprò io.  
Avrei da scrivere per un giorno per farvi sapere un p'hò del tutto, ma son stufo e poi mi tocca andare a lavorare mi trovo in seconda linea a fare il facchino sotto il fuoco dell'artiglieria nemica.

Contraccampio i saluti a tutti di casa baci alle ragazze Clara Tonino e Vincenzino. Tanti saluti al Mio maestro Vincenzo e Vittoria. Tanti saluti al mio fratello Costantino ed a voi un abbraccio con un bacio spero una presta guariggione.

Giggi

–

Da Zona di guerra

A Valguarnera Caropepe (Enna)

[...] 27.9.17

Cari Genitore

doveti sapere la mia disgrazia in dove mi porta, iò cara Madre naqqe à questo Monto disgraziato, mà perché mi aveti fatto così infelice;? mà perché mià vete fatto così disgraziato?... ma voi potete dire ché cosa ti à caduto!!! doveti sapere che giorno 23-9-17 là mia Testa mià detto di

86 So leave Him be, the poor old man! I, an atheist, am still alive... many  
87 believers have died! A soldier of 34 from my squadron had a pouch  
88 chock-full of holy pictures... Well, a very... ungodly bullet, after piercing  
89 his pouch, also pierced the poor wretch's lungs!

90 And so, no more prayers for me. Only this way, perhaps, will I be spared  
91 the slaughter!

92 Now I will give you some happier news: in a few days I will obtain leave  
93 for a fortnight. What's more, I have been made a cadet; perhaps in a  
94 couple of months I will be a second lieutenant.

95 How is Ciccio doing? And what about you?

96 I am in very good health.

97 I will stop now. Otherwise, moving from one subject to another, I might  
98 end up filling another sheet of paper!

99 Sending you and Ciccio affectionate kisses and thoughts.

100

101 Bepi

102

103

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107

From the front

Scappare?... per poter Arrivare à Casa; mà il destino non volle; come  
infatti Arrivato in Italia lì mi ànno preso i Reali Carabinieri; e non potete  
immaginare quale dolore tiene il mio Cuore; ché ora non sisa, se mi  
contanano Alincastro ò pure Alla fucilazione è così è finita là mia vita; e  
non posso spirare sé vi vedo più; mà il destino volle così, e non se ni  
parla più, una volta si campa, e una volta si Muore.

quinti se scrivete presto là ricevo, ma se tardate non posso ricevervi;  
quinti lò mantate Addire pure à mio Fratello.

Addio Madre

Addio padre

Addio sorelli

Addio Fratello

Addio Amice, è parenti ché iò à Valguarnera non ritorno più questo è  
ultimo mio carattalo ché ricevete. Cara Madre

date un bacio Voi permé amia sorella Vingenzina amia sorella Ceccina è à  
mia sorella Petrina e vi prego di falli sposare,

Vi bacio a Voi è mio padre, epredentevo la S.B. è sono il vostro  
Disgraziato figlio ché fino al suo momento vi penza.

P. Emanuele

Ciau à tutti

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To Teramo  
14<sup>th</sup> March, 1916

Dear Beppino,

I received your letter today, on the tenth of the current month, and I  
was very sorry to hear that you have been unwell, but I hope by now  
you are all better. About the leave, there is no hope for it anymore. Now

I hope I will arrive safe and sound in Italy, if its true that there's an  
exchange of the army corps.

Since you asked me if I am well I want to tell you about my conditions. If  
I had came home on leave I could really tell you some things.

You can imagine the sufering I can tell you, I am out in the rain and the  
wind always sleepy, with swollen feet full of water, we must go on there  
is no mercy.

working like dogs, always danger of death, since I arrived on the front I  
calld in sick only once I went to the doctor and the Captain found I had a  
temprature of 102. what did he say to me? well... your fine, your fine go,  
go, he told me, go carry out you're duty, and stroking me he led me out  
of the Infirmary.

Believe me, dear Peppino, for ten days after I always had a fever and I  
was hot like a lizard in the sun.

130 Since that day I never calld in sick again.  
131 Oh!... if you knew how much brutality, how they beehave, what maners  
132 they use with the soldiers! They slap us and kick us like fathers punishing  
133 children, but if God gives me life and lets me go back to Italy I'll show  
134 them.  
135 I could wright all day to let you know about every thing, but I'm tired  
136 and then I must work, I am on the second line working as a porter under  
137 the fire of enemy artillery.  
138 I return you're greetings from home, I kiss the girls, Clara Tonino and  
139 Vincenzino. Greetings to My teacher Vincenzo and Vittoria. Greetings to  
140 my brother Costantino and I hug and kiss you, I hope you recover soon.  
141  
142 Giggi  
143  
144 —  
145  
146  
147 From the front  
148 To Valguarnera Caropepe (Sicily)  
149 27<sup>th</sup> September, 1917  
150  
151



152 Dear Parent's  
153  
154 I must tell you of my mysfortune, dear Mother I was borned miserable in  
155 this World, why did you make me so wretchd;? why did you made me so  
156 miserable?... You might ask, what happned to you?!! you must know  
157 that on the day 23-9-17 my Head tolld me to Run!... so I could get Home.  
158 But it wasnot my destiny. in fact as soon as I arrived in Italy the  
159 Carabinieri catched me. and you canot imagine the sorow in my Heart,  
160 beecause now I dont know if they will give me a life sentense or they will  
161 ex Secute me, and so My life is ended; and I cant hope to see you again;  
162 but such was my destynny, tehre is nothing to do, you only live ones and  
163 you only Die ones.  
164 so if you write to me soon I will recieve you're letter, but if your late I  
165 canot recieve it; so tell my Brother too.  
166 Farewell Mother  
167 Farewell father  
168 Farewell sister's  
169 Farewell Brother  
170 Farewell Friend's and realatives, for I wont never be back in  
171 Valguarnera, this is the last leter you get from me. Dear Mother  
172 kiss my sister Vincenzina and my sister Ceccina and my sister Petrina for  
173 me and I wish they will get married,

174 | I kiss You and my father, please give me the Holy Blesing. and I am  
175 | you're Wretchd son who thinks of you untill his last breathe.  
176 |  
177 | P. Emanuele  
178 | Bye everyone

<b>Student Number</b>	22302781	<b>Text Number</b>	3
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<b>Source Text</b>		<b>Target Text</b>	
<b>Title</b>	All Things Bright and Beautiful	<b>Title</b>	Cose belle e luminose
<b>Year Published</b>	1974		
<b>Author</b>	James Herriot		
<b>Language</b>	English	<b>Language</b>	Italian
<b>Word Count</b>	2332	<b>Word Count</b>	2142
<p><b>Description of Source Text</b></p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• <i>understanding of source text</i></li> <li>• <i>knowledge of genre within source contexts</i></li> <li>• <i>situation of source text familiarity with the formal features of a text (language variation(s), register, dialect)</i></li> </ul> <p><b>(200 words max)</b></p>	<p>The book is a collection of humorous short stories based on the Scottish author's autobiographical experiences as a vet in rural Yorkshire in the 1930s and 1940s. Herriot's books are well-known and popular in the SC (Sternlicht 1995, 1), and they have had various TV adaptations (including a popular BBC series which ran from 1978 to 1990) (ibid, 1).</p> <p>The book in question has already been translated into Italian (e.g., Herriot 2007, translated by Gioia Zannino Angiolillo).</p> <p>The ST features culture-specific and time-specific elements, grounding it in its above-mentioned setting. Among these are the following marked elements:</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• Local dialecticisms in lines uttered by the farmers (e.g., 'He's <u>nowt</u> but a bloody nuisance <u>is awd</u> Harold'). This creates a stark contrast with the standard English of the educated narrator's lines (e.g., l. 28-34)</li> <li>• Local landscape descriptions (e.g., 'fell', 'endless flitting pattern of walls')</li> <li>• References to local customs (e.g., going for 'pints')</li> <li>• Lines from popular songs of the time (e.g., l. 67-68) (Molloy 1923, 46-47)</li> </ul>		

<p><b>Strategy</b></p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• <i>identification of translation problems</i></li> <li>• <i>knowledge of genre within target context and situation of target text</i></li> <li>• <i>justification of translation production of genre for target context</i></li> </ul> <p><b>(200 words max)</b></p>	<p>The TT will feature in a booklet produced for a cultural exchange programme between the twin-towns of Cappella Maggiore (in the Venetian Pre-alps) and Earlston (Scotland). The booklet, a gift from the Earlston delegation, will contain Italian translations of works by Scottish authors. As a homage to the twin-town, the ST setting will be relocated to the territory of the Venetian Pre-alps. The TA will be adult Cappella Maggiore inhabitants participating in the exchange programme.</p> <p>To relocate the ST, I will substitute Yorkshire-specific elements with Venetian Pre-alps-specific ones. I will do this by using:</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• Features of Pre-alpine Venetian dialect (as listed in Marcato and Ursini 1998) in farmers' lines &gt; e.g., adverbial gerund (ibid, 390): <u>son drio</u> cercar' instead of the Italian 'sto cercando' [I'm searching]</li> <li>• Local landscape features &gt; e.g., 'vineyards' (Rossetto 2010, 87)</li> <li>• Local customs &gt; e.g., instead of 'pints', the Venetian expression 'ombra di vino' [glass – lit. 'shadow' – of wine] (Marcato 2018, 589)</li> <li>• Lines from songs popular in Italy between WW1 and WW2, e.g., 'Quel mazzolin di fiori' [That flower bouquet] (Serra 2011, 104)</li> <li>• Given names / surnames common in the TC &gt; e.g., 'Piccin' (Paginebianche.it, "Cappella Maggiore", n.p.)</li> </ul>
<p><b>Critical Reflection</b></p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• <i>textual analysis</i></li> </ul> <p><b>(200 words max)</b></p>	<p>After revisiting Zannino Angiolillo's (2007) translation of this text, I noticed an element which the ST and my TT have in common, but which is different in the 2007 translation.</p> <p>In the ST, as mentioned, there is a distinction between the farmers' lines (displaying features of Yorkshire dialect) and</p>

	<p>those uttered by the protagonist-narrator (without any dialecticisms). In Zannino Angiolillo’s translation this distinction is not present: both the protagonist’s and the farmers’ lines are in standard Italian, and neither display any dialecticisms (ibid, 7-16). Since in Zannino Angiolillo’s translation the ST setting does not change, this could arguably be due to the translator’s intention not to use an arbitrarily chosen Italian dialect to substitute Yorkshire dialecticisms. In fact, this could create a jarring contrast for the reader.</p> <p>Instead, in my TT, given the explicit aim of relocating the story to a specific new setting, I could use local dialecticisms in the farmers’ lines, distinguishing them from the protagonist’s lines as is the case in the ST.</p> <p>This aspect could be noticed by members of the TA who are also familiar with Zannino Angiolillo’s translation. Potentially, it could prompt those who speak English to compare the two translations with the ST.</p>
<p><b>Works Cited</b></p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• <i>use of sources and reference material</i></li> </ul>	<p>Herriot, James. 1974. All Things Bright and Beautiful. New York: St. Martin’s Press.</p> <p>Herriot, James. 2007. Beato fra le bestie [Blessed among beasts]. Translated by Gioia Zannino Angiolillo. Milan: BUR.</p> <p>Marcato, Carla. 2018. “La dialettalità in scritture esposte a Venezia” [Dialect in exposed writings in Venice]. Italica 95 (4): 585-599. <a href="https://www.jstor.org/stable/45173047">https://www.jstor.org/stable/45173047</a></p> <p>Marcato, Gianna, and Flavia Ursini. 1998. Dialetti veneti: grammatica e storia [Venetian dialects: grammar and history]. Padua: Unipress.</p> <p>Molloy, James L. 1923. “Love’s Old Sweet Song: English Air-Aire Ingles”. Parlor Salon Sheet Music Collection. University of Maine. Score 1236. <a href="https://www.jstor.org/stable/community.31749522">https://www.jstor.org/stable/community.31749522</a></p>

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## Source Text

### *All Things Bright and Beautiful*

It had started with the aggressive shrilling of the bedside phone at one a.m. And it was Sunday morning, a not unusual time for some farmers after a late Saturday night to have a look round their stock and decide to send for the vet This time it was Harold Ingledew. And it struck me right away that he would have just about had time to get back to his farm after his ten pints at the Four Horse Shoes where they weren't too fussy about closing time. And there was a significant slurr in the thin croak of his voice. "I've a ewe amiss. Will you come?" "Is she very bad?" In my semi-conscious state I always clung to the faint hope that one night somebody would say it would wait till morning. It had never happened yet and it didn't happen now: Mr. Ingledew was not to be denied. "Aye, she's in a bad way. She'll have to have summat done for 'er soon."

Not a minute to lose, I thought bitterly.

[...]

Driving from the town I managed to slip back into my trance and my mind played lazily with the phenomenon of Harold Ingledew. This drinking of his was so out of character. He was a tiny mouse of a man about seventy years old and when he came into the surgery on an occasional market day it was difficult to extract more than a few

## Target Text

### *Cose belle e luminose*

1 Tutto era iniziato con lo squillo aggressivo del telefono all'una del  
2 mattino. Era domenica, e non era insolito che a quell'ora alcuni fattori,  
3 di ritorno dopo aver fatto tardi la sera prima, dessero un'occhiata al loro  
4 bestiame e decidessero di far chiamare il veterinario. Questa volta si  
5 trattava di Ettore Piccin. Capii subito che doveva aver avuto giusto il  
6 tempo di tornare alla fattoria dopo una dozzina di ombre di vino  
7 all'osteria da Bepi, dove non erano molto pignoli sull'orario di chiusura.  
8 La sua sottile voce gracchiante biascicava parecchio. "Ho qua 'na pecora  
9 che la sta poco ben. La podaria vegner a vederla?" "Sta tanto male?" Nel  
10 mio stato di semi-incoscienza mi aggrappavo sempre alla vana speranza  
11 che, una notte, qualcuno avrebbe detto che poteva aspettare fino al  
12 mattino. Non era ancora mai successo, e non successe neanche quella  
13 volta: il signor Fardin non avrebbe accettato un no. "Sì, l'è proprio mal  
14 messa. Bisogna far qualcosa subito."

15 Neanche un minuto da perdere, pensai amaramente.

16 [...]

17 Mentre mi allontanavo dal paese riuscii a scivolare di nuovo nel mio  
18 stato di trance, e la mia mente si trastullò pigramente con il fenomeno  
19 di Ettore Piccin. Quel vizio del bere non gli si confaceva. Era un uomo

muttered words from him. Dressed in his best suit, his scrawny neck protruding from a shirt collar several sizes too big for him, he was the very picture of a meek and solid citizen; the watery blue eyes and fleshless cheeks added to the effect and only the brilliant red colouration of the tip of his nose gave any hint of other possibilities. His fellow smallholders in Therby village were all steady characters and did not indulge beyond a social glass of beer now and then, and his next door neighbour had been somewhat bitter when he spoke to me a few weeks ago. "He's nowt but a bloody nuisance is awd Harold." "How do you mean?" "Well, every Saturday night and every market night he's up roarin' and singin' till four o'clock in the mornin'." "Harold Ingledew? Surely not! He's such a quiet little chap." "Aye, he is for the rest of t'week." "But I can't imagine him singing." "You should live next door to 'im, Mr. Herriot. He makes a 'ell of a racket. There's no sleep for anybody till he settles down." Since then I had heard from another source that this was perfectly true and that Mrs. Ingledew tolerated it because her husband was entirely submissive at all other times.

The road to Therby had a few sharp little switchbacks before it dipped to the village and looking down I could see the long row of silent houses curving away to the base of the fell which by day hung in peaceful green majesty over the huddle of roofs but now bulked black and menacing under the moon. As I stepped from the car and hurried round to the back

20 intorno ai settant'anni, minuto come un topolino, e le rare volte in cui  
21 passava in ambulatorio, nei giorni di mercato, era difficile strappargli più  
22 di qualche balbettio. Nel suo vestito migliore, con il collo mingherlino  
23 che spuntava dal colletto di una camicia di parecchie taglie troppo  
24 grande per lui, era il perfetto ritratto del cittadino affidabile e mansueto;  
25 gli acquosi occhi azzurri e le guance scarne accentuavano l'effetto. Solo  
26 la punta del naso, di colore rosso brillante, suggeriva un'altra possibilità.  
27 Tutti gli altri agricoltori del villaggio di Volpera erano tipi posati, e si  
28 concedevano soltanto qualche bicchiere ogni tanto, in compagnia.  
29 Qualche settimana fa, quando ci avevo parlato, il vicino di Ettore Piccin  
30 mi era parso piuttosto irritato. "L'è proprio 'na gran scocciatura, il vecio  
31 Ettore" "E perché mai?" "Ah, ogni sabato sera e ogni sera de mercato 'l  
32 fa baccano e 'l canta fin alle quatro de mattina". "Ettore Piccin?  
33 Impossibile! È un tipo così tranquillo." "Ah sì, l'è tranquillo tutti gli altri  
34 d'è de la settimana." "Non me lo immagino a cantare." "La dovaria esser  
35 so vicino de casa, dottor Zanette. Un baccano della malora. Nessun riesce  
36 a dormir finché no 'l se calma." In seguito, un'altra fonte me lo aveva  
37 confermato: era tutto vero, e la signora Piccin lo tollerava perché, per il  
38 resto del tempo, il marito era del tutto remissivo.  
39 La strada per Volpera aveva alcuni stretti tornanti prima di scendere  
40 verso il villaggio. Guardando giù, potevo vedere la lunga schiera di case  
41 silenziose che si incurvava attorno ai piedi della montagna, la quale di



of the house the wind caught at me again, jerking me to wakefulness as though somebody had thrown a bucket of water over me. But for a moment I forgot the cold in the feeling of shock as the noise struck me. Singing...loud raucous singing echoing around the old stones of the yard. It was coming from the lighted kitchen window. "JUST A SONG AT TWILIGHT, WHEN THE LIGHTS ARE LOW!" I looked inside and saw little Harold sitting with his stockinged feet extended towards the dying embers of the fire while one hand clutched a bottle of brown ale. "AND THE FLICKERING SHADOWS SOFTLY COME AND GO!" He was really letting it rip, head back, mouth wide. I thumped on the kitchen door. "THOUGH THE HEART BE WEARY, SAD THE DAY AND LONG!" replied Harold's reedy tenor and I banged impatiently at the woodwork again. The noise ceased and I waited an unbelievably long time till I heard the key turning and the bolt rattling back. The little man pushed his nose out and gave me a questioning look.

"I've come to see your sheep," I said. "Oh aye." He nodded curtly with none of his usual diffidence. "Ah'll put me boots on." He banged the door in my face and I heard the bolt shooting home. Taken aback as I was I realised that he wasn't being deliberately rude. Bolting the door was proof that he was doing everything mechanically. But for all that he had left me standing in an uncharitable spot. Vets will tell you that there are corners in farm yards which are colder than any hill top and I was in

42 giorno si stagliava maestosa, verde e pacifica sopra l'ammasso di tetti,  
43 ma al momento incombeva nera e minacciosa sotto la luna. Mentre  
44 scendevo dall'auto e mi affrettavo verso il retro della casa il vento mi  
45 colpì di nuovo, strappandomi violentemente ogni residuo di torpore,  
46 come se qualcuno mi avesse rovesciato addosso un secchio d'acqua. Ma  
47 per un momento, sconcertato, dimenticai il freddo; avevo sentito un  
48 rumore. Qualcuno cantava... un canto forte e rauco che echeggiava tra le  
49 vecchie mura del cortile. Proveniva dalla finestra della cucina, che era  
50 illuminata. "QUEL MAZZOLIN DI FIORI CHE VIEN DALLA MONTAGNA!"  
51 Guardai all'interno e vidi il piccolo Ettore seduto con le gambe distese  
52 verso le braci quasi spente del fuoco, in mano una bottiglia di vino rosso.  
53 "E BADA BEN CHE NON SI BAGNA, CHE LO VOGLIO REGALAR!" Ce la  
54 stava davvero mettendo tutta, la testa piegata all'indietro, la bocca  
55 spalancata. Bussai alla porta della cucina. "LO VOGLIO REGALARE  
56 PERCHÉ L'È UN BEL MAZZETTO!" rispose l'acuta voce tenorile di Ettore;  
57 picchiai di nuovo sulla porta di legno, impaziente. Il rumore cessò, e,  
58 dopo un'attesa incredibilmente lunga, sentii che la chiave veniva girata e  
59 il chiavistello tirato indietro. L'omino mise fuori il naso e mi guardò con  
60 aria interrogativa.

61 "Sono venuto a vedere la sua pecora", dissi. "Ah, sì." Annui  
62 bruscamente, privo della sua solita diffidenza. "Me metto i stivali." Mi  
63 sbatté la porta in faccia, e sentii il chiavistello che si richiudeva. Pur

one now. Just beyond the kitchen door was a stone archway leading to the open fields and through this black opening there whistled a Siberian draught which cut effortlessly through my clothes. I had begun to hop from one foot to the other when the singing started again. "THERE'S AN OLD MILL BY THE STREAM, NELLIE DEAN!" Horrified, I rushed back to the window. Harold was back in his chair, pulling on a vast boot and taking his time about it. As he bellowed he poked owlshly at the lace holes and occasionally refreshed himself from the bottle of brown ale. I tapped on the window. "Please hurry, Mr. Ingledew." "WHERE WE USED TO SIT AND DREAM, NELLIE DEAN!" bawled Harold in response. My teeth had begun to chatter before he got both boots on but at last he reappeared in the doorway. "Come on then," I gasped. "Where is this ewe? Have you got her in one of these boxes?" The old man raised his eyebrows. "Oh, she's not 'ere." "Not here?" "Nay, she's up at t'top buildings." "Right back up the road, you mean?" "Aye, ah stopped off on t'way home and had a look at 'er." I stamped and rubbed my hands. "Well, we'll have to drive back up. But there's no water, is there? You'd better bring a bucket of warm water, some soap and a towel." "Very good." He nodded solemnly and before I knew what was happening the door was slammed shut and bolted and I was alone again in the darkness. I trotted immediately to the window and was not surprised to see Harold seated comfortably again. He leaned forward and lifted the kettle from the

64 essendo spiazzato, capii che quella maleducazione non era intenzionale.  
65 Il fatto di aver tirato il chiavistello significava che stava compiendo ogni  
66 azione in modo meccanico. Certo però che mi aveva lasciato ad  
67 aspettare in un luogo impietoso. I veterinari sanno bene che nei cortili  
68 delle fattorie esistono angoli più freddi di qualsiasi collina spazzata dal  
69 vento, ed ora mi trovavo proprio in uno di quegli angoli. Appena oltre la  
70 porta della cucina c'era un'arcata di pietra che portava ai campi, e  
71 attraverso quell'apertura nera filtrava, fischiando, una corrente d'aria  
72 siberiana che attraversava senza sforzo i miei vestiti. Avevo iniziato a  
73 saltellare da un piede all'altro quando il canto ricominciò. "PER UN  
74 BASIN D'AMORE SUCCEDON TANTI GUAI!" Inorridito, corsi alla finestra.  
75 Ettore era di nuovo seduto sulla sedia; si stava infilando un grosso  
76 stivale, con tutta calma. Mentre cantava a squarciagola fissava con occhi  
77 da gufo gli occhielli per i lacci, e di tanto in tanto si ristorava con la  
78 bottiglia di vino rosso. Bussai alla finestra. "La prego, faccia in fretta,  
79 signor Piccin." "NON LO CREDEVO MAI, DOVERTI ABBANDONAR!" strillò  
80 Ettore in risposta. Avevo iniziato a battere i denti prima che si infilasse  
81 entrambi gli stivali, ma infine riapparve sulla porta. "Andiamo, allora,"  
82 ansimai. "Dov'è questa pecora? È in uno di questi box?" Il vecchio alzò le  
83 sopracciglia. "Ah, no l'è qua." "Non è qua?" "No, l'è su nei fienili in  
84 cima." "Vuol dire in cima alla strada?" "Sì, me son fermà tornando a casa  
85 e ghe ho dato un ocio". Battei i piedi a terra e mi strofinai le mani. "Be',

hearth and for a dreadful moment I thought he was going to start heating the water on the ashes of the fire. But with a gush of relief I saw him take hold of a ladle and reach into the primitive boiler in the old black grate. "AND THE WATERS AS THEY FLOW SEEM TO MURMUR SWEET AND LOW!" he warbled, happy at his work, as he unhurriedly filled a bucket I think he had forgotten I was there when he finally came out because he looked at me blankly as he sang. "YOU'RE MY HEARTS DESIRE, I LOVE YOU, NELLIE DEAN!" he informed me at the top of his voice. "All right, all right," I grunted. "Let's go." I hurried him into the car and we set off on the way I had come. Harold held the bucket at an angle on his lap, and as we went over the switchbacks the water slopped gently on to my knee. The atmosphere in the car soon became so highly charged with beer fumes that I began to feel lightheaded. "In 'ere!" the old man barked suddenly as a gate appeared in the headlights. I pulled on to the grass verge and stood on one leg for a few moments till I had shaken a surplus pint or two of water from my trousers. We went through the gate and I began to hurry towards the dark bulk of the hillside barn, but I noticed that Harold wasn't following me. He was walking aimlessly around the field. "What are you doing, Mr. Ingledew?" "Lookin' for t'ewe." "You mean she's outside?" I repressed an impulse to scream. "Aye, she lambed this afternoon and ah thowt she'd be right enough out 'ere." He produced a torch, a typical farmer's torch—tiny

86   dovremo tornare lassù in auto. Lì non c'è acqua, vero? Farebbe meglio a  
87   portare un secchio d'acqua calda, del sapone e un asciugamano." "Va  
88   ben." Annui solennemente e, prima che mi rendessi conto di cosa stava  
89   succedendo, sbatté di nuovo la porta e mi lasciò un'altra volta solo al  
90   buio. Trottai subito davanti alla finestra, e non fui sorpreso nel vedere  
91   Ettore di nuovo seduto comodamente. Tirai un sospiro di sollievo  
92   quando lo vidi sporgersi in avanti e pescare con un mestolo da un grosso  
93   pentolone appeso con un gancio sopra il focolare ormai quasi spento.  
94   "DOVERTI ABBANDONARE, VOLERTI TANTO BENE!" gorgheggiò  
95   felicamente, versando con tutta calma l'acqua in un secchio. Penso si  
96   fosse dimenticato di me perché, quando infine uscì, mi guardò con aria  
97   assente, continuando a cantare. "È UN GIRO DI CATENE CHE MI  
98   INCATENA IL CUOR!" mi informò, gridando a squarciagola. "Sì, sì,"  
99   borbottai. "Andiamo." Lo feci salire subito in auto e tornammo da dove  
100   ero venuto. Ettore teneva il secchio inclinato in grembo; risalendo i  
101   tornanti, l'acqua tracimava dolcemente sul mio ginocchio. Presto  
102   l'atmosfera nell'auto si fece così densa di fumi alcolici che iniziai a  
103   sentirmi frastornato. "Dentro par de qua!" abbaiò all'improvviso il  
104   vecchio quando i fanali illuminarono un cancello. Accostai sul ciglio  
105   erboso della strada e rimasi in equilibrio su una gamba per qualche  
106   momento, finché non ebbi strizzato circa mezzo litro d'acqua in eccesso  
107   dai miei pantaloni. Attraversammo il cancello; mi diressi in fretta verso

and with a moribund battery—and projected a fitful beam into the darkness. It made not the slightest difference. As I stumbled across the field a sense of hopelessness assailed me. Above, the ragged clouds scurried across the face of the moon but down here I could see nothing. And it was so cold. The recent frosts had turned the ground to iron and the crisp grass covered under the piercing wind. I had just decided that there was no way of finding an animal in this black wasteland when Harold piped up. “She’s over’ere.” And sure enough when I groped my way towards the sound of his voice he was standing by an unhappy looking ewe. I don’t know what instinct had brought him to her but there she was. And she was obviously in trouble; her head hung down miserably and when I put my hand on her fleece she took only a few faltering steps instead of galloping off as a healthy sheep would. Beside her, a tiny lamb huddled close to her flank. I lifted her tail and took her temperature. It was normal. There were no signs of the usual post-lambing ailments; no staggering to indicate a deficiency, no discharge or accelerated respirations. But there was something very far wrong. I looked again at the lamb. He was an unusually early arrival in this high country and it seemed unfair to bring the little creature into the inhospitable world of a Yorkshire March. And he was so small ... yes ... yes ... it was beginning to filter through to me. He was too damn small for a single lamb. “Bring me that bucket, Mr. Ingledew!” I cried. I could

108 la massa scura del fienile in cima alla collina, ma notai che Ettore non mi  
109 stava seguendo. Camminava senza meta per il prato. “Che cosa sta  
110 facendo, signor Piccin?” “Son drìo cercar la pecora.” “Vuol dire che è  
111 all’aperto?” Repressi l’impulso di urlare. “Sì, l’ha partorì oggi pomeriggio  
112 e ho pensà che la saria stata ben qua fora.” Estrasse una torcia, una  
113 tipica torcia da fattore – piccola e con la batteria moribonda – e proiettò  
114 nel buio un fascio di luce intermittente. Non faceva la minima differenza.  
115 Mentre incespicavo attraverso il prato fui assalito dallo sconforto. In alto  
116 le nuvole sfilacciate correvano rapide davanti alla luna, ma lì sulla collina  
117 non riuscivo a vedere niente. E faceva così freddo. Le ultime gelate  
118 avevano trasformato il terreno in pietra, e l’erba coperta di brina si  
119 piegava al vento pungente. Avevo appena deciso che fosse impossibile  
120 trovare un animale in quella buia desolazione quando Ettore parlò. “L’è  
121 qua.” Effettivamente, seguendo a tentoni il suono della sua voce, lo  
122 trovai in piedi vicino a una pecora dall’aria infelice. Non so quale istinto  
123 l’avesse condotto da lei, ma eccola lì. Era chiaro che non la bestia non se  
124 la passasse bene. Teneva la testa chinata tristemente, e quando  
125 appoggiai una mano sul suo mantello fece solo qualche passo incerto  
126 invece di galoppare via come avrebbe fatto qualsiasi pecora sana. Lì  
127 accanto, un piccolo agnellino stava rannicchiato contro il suo fianco.  
128 Sollevai la coda della pecora e le presi la temperatura. Tutto normale.  
129 Non c’era traccia dei comuni disturbi post-parto; niente barcollamenti

hardly wait to see if I was right. But as I balanced the receptacle on the grass the full horror of the situation smote me. I was going to have to strip off. They don't give vets medals for bravery but as I pulled off my overcoat and jacket and stood shivering in my shirt sleeves on that black hillside I felt I deserved one. "Hold her head," I gasped and soaped my arm quickly. By the light of the torch I felt my way into the vagina and I didn't have to go very far before I found what I expected; a woolly little skull. It was bent downwards with the nose under the pelvis and the legs were back "There's another lamb in here," I said. "It's laid wrong or it would have been born with its mate this afternoon."

Even as I spoke my fingers had righted the presentation and I drew the little creature gently out and deposited him on the grass. I hadn't expected him to be alive after his delayed entry but as he made contact with the cold ground his limbs gave a convulsive twitch and almost immediately I felt his ribs heaving under my hand. For a moment I forgot the knife-like wind in the thrill which I always found in new life, the thrill that was always fresh, always warm. The ewe, too, seemed stimulated because in the darkness I felt her nose pushing interestedly at the new arrival. But my pleasant ruminations were cut short by a scuffling from behind me and some muffled words. "Bugger it!" mumbled Harold. "What's the matter?" "Ah've kicked bucket ower."

[...]

130 indice di qualche deficienza, niente perdite né respirazione accelerata.  
131 Eppure c'era qualcosa di molto sbagliato. Osservai di nuovo il cucciolo.  
132 Era insolito che gli agnelli nascessero così presto a quelle altitudini;  
133 sembrava crudele che il piccolo fosse venuto al mondo nell'ambiente  
134 inospitale di un febbraio sulle montagne venete. Ed era così piccolo... sì...  
135 sì... stavo cominciando a capire. Era dannatamente piccolo per essere un  
136 agnello solo. "Mi porti il secchio, signor Piccin!" gridai. Ero impaziente di  
137 scoprire se avessi ragione. Ma, mentre sistemavo il recipiente sull'erba,  
138 compresi appieno l'orrore della situazione. Mi sarei dovuto spogliare.  
139 Non ci sono medaglie al valore per i veterinari ma, mentre mi toglievo il  
140 cappotto e la giacca, restando a tremare in maniche di camicia in cima a  
141 quella collina buia, sentii di meritarne una. "Le tenga ferma la testa"  
142 annaspai, insaponandomi in fretta il braccio. Alla luce della torcia, mi  
143 feci strada all'interno della vagina, e non doveti andare troppo a fondo  
144 prima di trovare ciò che mi aspettavo: una testolina lanosa. Il piccolo era  
145 piegato verso il basso, con il muso sotto il bacino e le zampe all'indietro.  
146 "C'è un altro agnello qui" dissi. "È in una posizione sbagliata, altrimenti  
147 sarebbe nato insieme al fratello questo pomeriggio."  
148 Mentre parlavo, le mie dita avevano già corretto la presentazione;  
149 estrassi dolcemente la creatura e la depositai sull'erba. Non mi  
150 aspettavo che l'agnello fosse vivo dopo quel parto ritardatario, ma non  
151 appena venne a contatto con il terreno freddo le zampe scattarono

My journey back to the village was less hazardous because the bucket on Harold's knee was empty. I dropped him outside his house then I had to drive to the bottom of the village to turn; and as I came past the house again the sound forced its way into the car. "IF YOU WERE THE ONLY GIRL IN THE WORLD AND I WERE THE ONLY BOY!" I stopped, wound the window down and listened in wonder. It was incredible how the noise reverberated around the quiet street and if it went on till four o'clock in the morning as the neighbours said, then they had my sympathy. "NOTHING ELSE WOULD MATTER IN THE WORLD TODAY!" It struck me suddenly that I could soon get tired of Harold's singing. His volume was impressive but for all that he would never be in great demand at Covent Garden; he constantly wavered off key and there was a grating quality in his top notes which set my teeth on edge. "WE WOULD GO ON LOVING IN THE SAME OLD WAY!" Hurriedly I wound the window up and drove off. As the heaterless car picked its way between the endless flitting pattern of walls I crouched in frozen immobility behind the wheel. I had now reached the state of total numbness and I can't remember much about my return to the yard at Skeldale House, nor my automatic actions of putting away the car, swinging shut the creaking doors of what had once been the old coach house, and trailing slowly down the long garden. But a realisation of my blessings began to return when I slid into bed and Helen, instead of shrinking away from me as it would have been

152 convulsamente e, quasi immediatamente, sentii le costole che si  
153 sollevavano sotto la mia mano. Per un momento dimenticai il vento  
154 sferzante nell'ebbrezza che sempre mi provocava una nuova vita,  
155 un'ebbrezza sempre rinnovata, che scaldava ogni volta il cuore. Anche la  
156 pecora sembrò esserne stimolata, perché, nel buio, la sentii premere  
157 con interesse il muso contro il nuovo arrivato. Ma le mie piacevoli  
158 riflessioni furono interrotte da un tramestio alle mie spalle e da una  
159 voce che farfugliava. "Orco can!" borbottò Ettore. "Che succede?" "Ho  
160 rovescià il secio".

161 [...]

162 Il ritorno al villaggio fu meno rischioso, perché il secchio sulle ginocchia  
163 di Ettore era vuoto. Lo feci scendere fuori da casa sua, poi dovetti  
164 continuare fino in fondo al villaggio per poter girare l'auto. Mentre  
165 passavo di nuovo di fronte a casa sua il rumore si fece strada dentro  
166 l'abitacolo. "O CAMPAGNOLA BELLA, TU SEI LA REGINELLA!" Mi fermai,  
167 abbassai il finestrino e ascoltai meravigliato. Era incredibile come il  
168 rumore riverberasse ovunque nella strada silenziosa; se davvero fosse  
169 continuato fino alle quattro del mattino, come dicevano i vicini, allora  
170 questi avevano tutta la mia simpatia. "NEGLI OCCHI TUOI C'È IL SOLE, C'È  
171 IL COLORE DELLE VIOLE!" Mi resi conto all'improvviso che avrei potuto  
172 stancarmi presto delle canzoni di Ettore. Il volume che raggiungeva era  
173 notevole, ma tutto sommato non avrebbe mai potuto fare il pienone alla

natural to do, deliberately draped her feet and legs over the human ice block that was her husband. The bliss was unbelievable. It was worth getting out just to come back to this. I glanced at the luminous dial of the alarm clock. It was three o'clock and as the warmth flowed over me and I drifted away, my mind went back to the ewe and lambs, snug in their scented barn. They would be asleep now, I would soon be asleep, everybody would be asleep. Except, that is, Harold Ingledew's neighbours. They still had an hour to go.

174 Scala; c'erano costanti stonature, e i suoi acuti avevano un tono  
175 stridente che faceva rabbrivire. "C'È IL COLORE DELLE VIOLE, DELLE  
176 VALLI TUTTE IN FIOR!" Richiusi in fretta il finestrino e me ne andai.  
177 Mentre l'auto, priva di riscaldamento, scendeva verso la pianura tra un  
178 infinito susseguirsi di campi e vigneti, mi raggomitolaì dietro il volante,  
179 immobile e congelato. Avevo ormai raggiunto uno stato di totale  
180 intorpidimento, e non ricordo molto del mio ritorno fino al cortile di  
181 casa, né di come mi trascinaì attraverso il giardino. La consapevolezza  
182 delle mie fortune cominciò a ritornare quando mi infilai a letto ed Elena,  
183 invece di allontanarsi da me come sarebbe stato naturale fare, avvolse i  
184 piedi e le gambe intorno al blocco di ghiaccio in forma umana che era  
185 suo marito. La sensazione di beatitudine fu incredibile. Valeva la pena  
186 uscire solo per trovare questo al ritorno. Diedi un'occhiata alla sveglia;  
187 erano le tre. Mentre il calore mi avvolgeva e mi lascio andare al  
188 sonno, la mia mente tornò alla pecora e agli agnelli, che ora erano al  
189 caldo nel fienile profumato. A quest'ora probabilmente erano  
190 addormentati; anch'io presto mi sarei addormentato, tutti sarebbero  
191 stati addormentati. Be', tranne i vicini di Ettore Piccin. Loro ne avevano  
192 ancora per un'ora.

<b>Student Number</b>	22302781	<b>Text Number</b>	4
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<b>Source Text</b>		<b>Target Text</b>	
<b>Title</b>	Dansa di Narcìs (II)	<b>Title</b>	The Dance of Narcissus (II)
<b>Year Published</b>	2009 (1954)		
<b>Author</b>	Pier Paolo Pasolini		
<b>Language</b>	Italian (Friulian)	<b>Language</b>	English
<b>Word Count</b>	137	<b>Word Count</b>	133
<b>Description of Source Text</b> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• <i>understanding of source text</i></li> <li>• <i>knowledge of genre within source contexts</i></li> <li>• <i>situation of source text familiarity with the formal features of a text (language variation(s), register, dialect)</i></li> </ul> <b>(200 words max)</b>	<p>The ST was first published as part of <i>La meglio gioventù</i> [The Best of Youth], a collection of Pasolini's poetry in Friulian. Pasolini was particularly attached to the Friulian dialect, considering it an ancestral mother-language tying him to his origins (Benvegnù 2015, 828). The ST is one of several poems in the collection revolving around Narcissus (Meekins 1999, 229-252). This mythological figure is frequently invoked by the poet to convey his autobiographical sense of troubled identity, linked to his homosexuality (McCrea 2015, 60). The text has already been translated into English (Pasolini 2014).</p> <p>Formal poetic features of the text include:</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• Defined metrical structure (three quartines, four couplets). The couplets are a recurring refrain, recreating the musicality of an oral ballad (Pasolini 2009, 1479).</li> <li>• Alternating rhymes in the quartines (l. 4-7), often imperfect (e.g., 'legri' [joyful] / 'pegri' [lazy]). Perfect rhymes in the couplets ('aunàr' [alder] / 'ciar' [flesh]).</li> </ul>		



	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• Recurring use of antithesis (e.g., ‘il scur e il pàlit’ [the dark and pale]; ‘il frèit e il clìpit’ [the cold and warm])</li> <li>• Recurring assonances and consonances (e.g., ‘l olmì cu’l me vulì legri’ [I look with my joyful eye])</li> </ul>
<p><b>Strategy</b></p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• <i>identification of translation problems</i></li> <li>• <i>knowledge of genre within target context and situation of target text</i></li> <li>• <i>justification of translation production of genre for target context</i></li> </ul> <p><b>(200 words max)</b></p>	<p>The TT will be read aloud at the Dublin Italian Institute of Culture, during a seminar titled “<i>Pasolini 100</i>”: <i>A Transcultural Irish Homage to Pier Paolo Pasolini</i>. The reading will follow a talk on Pasolini’s use of Friulian. The TA will be scholars and university students, attending in presence and remotely.</p> <p>Neither the written ST nor the TT will be visible to the audience. Therefore, I will prioritise replicating the above-mentioned ST formal features, in order to let the TA detect aural similarities between the two versions. I will do so by:</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• Replicating the metrical structure</li> <li>• Using alternating, mostly imperfect rhyme in the quartets (e.g., ‘eye’ / ‘shine’) and perfect rhyme in the couplets (‘tree’ / ‘me’). In order to prioritise rhyme, I will change the subject in the couplets’ second line (‘Jo i soj na viola e un aunàr, / il scur e il pàlit ta la ciar’ [I am a violet and an alder, / the dark and pale in the flesh] will be rendered as ‘I am a violet and an alder tree, / the flesh is black and pink in me’)</li> <li>• Using assonance and consonance (e.g., ‘I gl<u>l</u>ance with my l<u>l</u>ively <u>eye</u>’).</li> </ul>
<p><b>Critical Reflection</b></p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• <i>textual analysis</i></li> </ul> <p><b>(200 words max)</b></p>	<p>The Friulian ST is complemented by a gloss Italian translation by Pasolini himself. It is a literal translation in prose (see appendix 1), and it shows no attempt to replicate the ST’s formal elements (e.g., rhymes, consonances, assonances, metrical structure,...). Consequently, ST readers who have no knowledge of Friulian and must rely on the gloss</p>

	<p>translation do not have full access to the formal features of the poem. This reflects the intentional hermeticism of Pasolini's poetry in dialect (Brevini 1979, 404), creating a distinction between ST readers who understand the dialect and those who do not.</p> <p>The TT, on the other hand, is not in dialect. Therefore, its formal features are equally accessible to all members of the TA; the only requirement is knowledge of English. This allows all English-speaking TA members to have equal access to the formal features and figures of speech of the text. However, it also standardises the reading experience, removing the hermeticism given by Pasolini's choice of using Friulian, only known by a section of his readers. Such standardisation has been found to be a common feature in translations from dialects and minority languages (Cronin 1996, 177).</p>
<p><b>Works Cited</b></p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• <i>use of sources and reference material</i></li> </ul>	<p>Benvegnù, Damiano. 2015. "Images of Narcissus: Figuring Identity in José Lezama Lima and Pier Paolo Pasolini." <i>Comparative Literature Studies</i> 52 (4): 818-842. <a href="https://doi.org/10.5325/complitstudies.52.4.0818">https://doi.org/10.5325/complitstudies.52.4.0818</a></p> <p>Brevini, Franco. 1979. "La lingua che più non si sa: Pasolini e il friulano" [The language we do not know anymore: Pasolini and Friulian]. <i>Belfagor</i> 34 (4): 397-409. <a href="https://www.istor.org/stable/26144488">https://www.istor.org/stable/26144488</a></p> <p>Cronin, Michael. 1996. <i>Translating Ireland: Translation, Languages, Culture</i>. Cork: Cork University Press.</p> <p>McCrea, Barry. 2015. <i>Languages of the Night: Minor Languages and the Literary Imagination in Twentieth-Century Ireland and Europe</i>. New Haven: Yale University Press.</p> <p>Meekins, Angela G. 1999. "Pier Paolo Pasolini: Narcìs Tal Friùl" [Pier Paolo Pasolini: Narcissus in Friuli]. In <i>Pasolini Old and New</i>, edited by Zygmunt G. Baranski, 229-252. Dublin: Four Courts Press.</p>

Pasolini, Pier Paolo. 2009. Tutte le poesie: Tomo 1 [All poetry. Volume 1]. Milan: Mondadori.

Pasolini, Pier Paolo. 2014. The Selected Poetry of Pier Paolo Pasolini. Translated and edited by Stephen Sartarelli. Chicago: University of Chicago Press.

**Source Text**

***Dansa di Narcìs (II)***

Jo i soj na viola e un aunàr,  
il scur e il pàlit ta la ciar.

I olmi cu'l me vuli legri  
l'aunàr dal me stomi amàr  
e dai me ris ch'a lusin pegrìs  
in tal soreli dal seàl.

Jo i soj na viola e un aunàr,  
il neri e il rosa ta la ciar.

E i vuardi la viola ch'a lus  
Greva e dolisiosa tal clar  
da la me siera di vilùt  
sot da l'ombrena di un moràr.

Jo j soj na viola e un aunàr,  
il sec e il mòrbit ta la ciar.

**Target Text**

***The Dance of Narcissus (II)***

1 I am a violet and an alder tree,  
2 The flesh is dark and pale in me.  
3  
4 I glance with my lively eye  
5 at my alder-like bitter trunk  
6 and at my curls which idly shine  
7 in the sun of the riverbank.  
8  
9 I am a violet and an alder tree,  
10 the flesh is black and pink in me.  
11  
12 And I look at the violet  
13 gleaming sweet and laden  
14 in my fair skin of velvet  
15 under a mulberry's shade.  
16  
17 I am a violet and an alder tree,  
18 the flesh is dry and soft in me.  
19

La viola a intorgolèa il so lun  
tinar tai flancs durs da l'aunàr  
e a si spièglin ta l'azùr fun  
da l'aga dal me còur avàr.

Jo i soj na viola e un aunàr,  
il frèit e il clìpit ta la ciar.

20 | Around the hard hips of the alder  
21 | the violet tangles its tender light,  
22 | and both are mirrored in the smoke-blue water  
23 | of my mean heart.  
24 |  
25 | I am a violet and an alder tree,  
26 | the flesh is cold and warm in me.

<b>Student Number</b>	22302781	<b>Text Number</b>	5
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<b>Source Text</b>		<b>Target Text</b>	
<b>Title</b>	Thomas O'Malley Cat	<b>Title</b>	Thomas O'Malley Cat
<b>Year Published</b>	1970		
<b>Author</b>	Terry Gilkyson		
<b>Language</b>	English	<b>Language</b>	English
<b>Word Count</b>	197	<b>Word Count</b>	232
<p><b>Description of Source Text</b></p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• <i>understanding of source text</i></li> <li>• <i>knowledge of genre within source contexts</i></li> <li>• <i>situation of source text familiarity with the formal features of a text (language variation(s), register, dialect)</i></li> </ul> <p><b>(200 words max)</b></p>	<p>The ST is a set of song lyrics from the animated Disney film <i>The Aristocats</i>. The song is performed by the character Thomas O'Malley to introduce himself and his life as an alley cat in Paris. In the film, Thomas is one of many stray cats who are all representative of various ethnicities and nationalities, stereotyping immigrant communities (Murguía 2018, 29-30).</p> <p>Formal features of the song include:</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• Rhyme scheme, alternating AABB (e.g., l. 1-4) and ABAB (e.g., l. 7-10)</li> <li>• Colloquialisms (e.g., '<u>gotta</u> strut <u>them</u> city streets')</li> <li>• 4 instances of French words throughout the text (e.g. 'showing off my <u>éclat</u>')</li> <li>• Elements which contradict the character's supposed Irish origins (ibid, 29) and link him to the United States, specifically to a stereotyped multicultural identity reflecting immigrant communities (ibid, 29). Such elements (both linguistic and culture-specific) include</li> </ul>		

	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>- A ‘strongly American’ accent (ibid, 29)</li> <li>- The character’s full name (‘Abraham DeLacey Giuseppe Casey Thomas O’Malley’), displaying multiculturalism (ibid,29)</li> <li>- Culture-specific references (‘cheech-a-cheech-chee-roni’, referring, through wordplay, to macaroni and cheese, a popular American dish) (Buice 2019, 11)</li> </ul>
<p><b>Strategy</b></p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• <i>identification of translation problems</i></li> <li>• <i>knowledge of genre within target context and situation of target text</i></li> <li>• <i>justification of translation production of genre for target context</i></li> </ul> <p><b>(200 words max)</b></p>	<p>The TT will be produced for a re-voicing of <i>The Aristocats</i> to be screened during the 2023 Nenagh Children’s Film Festival. Each stray cat (including Thomas) will be voiced according to their nationality, in order to represent different accents and cultural specificities authentically. The TA will be children aged 8-12 attending the screening, and the adults accompanying them.</p> <p>The TT will be sung; therefore, it will rhythmically fit the music (see appendix 2).</p> <p>To convey Thomas’s Irish origins (Murguà 2018, 29), I will:</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• Use Hiberno-English. Since the character is an alley cat used to living in the city, I will use features of Dublin English (as listed in Hickey 2005, 115-143): <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>- plural pronoun ‘ye’ (ibid, 115) (e.g., ‘<u>ye</u> all!’)</li> <li>- habitual perfective (ibid, 117) (e.g., ‘I do be walking’)</li> <li>- ‘for to’ infinitive (ibid, 123) (‘<u>for to follow</u> me’)</li> <li>- ‘me’ for ‘my(self)’ (ibid, 175) (e.g., ‘I only have <u>meself</u>’)</li> </ul> </li> <li>• Shorten the character’s name, keeping the typically Irish ‘Thomas O’Malley’ (Bruti 2009, abstract).</li> <li>• Substitute the American food reference with a reference to potatoes, typically associated to Ireland (Griffin et al.</li> </ul>

	<p>2022, 184), retaining rhythm ('mashed pota-ta-tatoes')</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• Insert dubbing directions requiring the voice actor to use a Dublin accent (footnote 1)</li> </ul>
<p><b>Critical Reflection</b></p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• <i>textual analysis</i> <b>(200 words max)</b></li> </ul>	<p>In the ST, there is a contrast between Thomas's supposed Irishness and the above-mentioned American-specific features he displays in the song. In the TT, on the other hand, Thomas's identity is clearly and unequivocally linked to a single country, i.e., Ireland (more specifically, Dublin). Since the TA consists of attendees of a children's film festival in Ireland, this could arguably influence the audience's perception of the character, rendering him and his speech more familiar and easier to understand and relate to.</p> <p>A similar approach to that taken in the TT can be found in other previous translations of the ST. For example, in the 1971 Italian dub of <i>The Aristocats</i>, Thomas O'Malley was rendered as 'Romeo, er mejo der Colosseo' [Romeo, the best in the Colosseum] (Bruti 2009, abstract), and he was made to display a clearly Roman identity through accent, cultural references, and linguistic features (ibid, 3.2). The choice, which rendered the character more familiar to Italians, was appreciated by the audience, who found it to be 'captivating' (ibid, 3.1).</p>
<p><b>Works Cited</b></p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• <i>use of sources and reference material</i></li> </ul>	<p>Bruti, Silvia. 2009. "From the US to Rome passing through Paris: Accents and dialects in <i>The Aristocats</i> and its Italian dubbed version." In <i>TRAlinea Special Issue: The Translation of Dialects in Multimedia</i>: n.p. <a href="https://www.intralinea.org/specials/article/1713">https://www.intralinea.org/specials/article/1713</a></p> <p>Buice, Emily. 2019. "From Foreign to Familiar: Mac and Cheese's Journey to America's Comfort Food." Honors Theses. 453. Southern Illinois University Carbondale. <a href="https://opensiuc.lib.siu.edu/uhp_theses/453">https://opensiuc.lib.siu.edu/uhp_theses/453</a></p>



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## Source Text

### *Thomas O'Malley Cat*

I like the cheech-a-cheech-chee-roni like they make at home  
Or a healthy fish with the big backbone  
I'm Abraham DeLacey  
Giuseppe Casey  
Thomas O'Malley  
O'Malley the alley cat  
I've got that wanderlust  
Gotta walk the scene  
Gotta kick up highway dust  
Feel the grass that's green  
Gotta strut them city streets  
Showin' off my *éclat*, yeah  
Tellin' my friends of the social elite  
Or some cute cat I happen to meet that I'm  
Abraham DeLacey, Giuseppe Casey,  
Thomas O'Malley  
O'Malley the alley cat  
I'm king of the highway

## Target Text

### *Thomas O'Malley Cat<sup>1</sup>*

1 I like the mashed pota-ta-tatoes like they make at home  
2 Or a healthy fish with the big backbone  
3 Even on the *promenade*  
4 I'm still an Irish lad  
5 I'm Thomas O'Malley  
6 O'Malley the alley cat  
7 I've got that wanderlust  
8 I do be walkin' the scene  
9 Kickin' up the highway dust  
10 Feelin' the grass that's green  
11 I do be struttin' them city streets  
12 Showin' off me *éclat*, yeah  
13 Tellin' me friends of the social elite  
14 Or some cute cat I happen to meet that I'm  
15 Still an Irish lad, even on the *promenade*  
16 I'm Thomas O'Malley  
17 O'Malley the alley cat  
18 I'm king of the highway

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<sup>1</sup> The voice actor playing Thomas O'Malley will be required to use a Dublin accent

Prince of the boulevard  
Duke of the *avant-garde*  
The world is my backyard  
So if you're goin' my way  
That's the road you wanna seek  
Calcutta to Rome or home sweet home in Paris  
*Magnifique*, you all!  
I only got myself  
And this big old world  
But I sip that cup of life  
With my fingers curled  
I don't worry what road to take  
I don't have to think of that  
Whatever I take is the road I make  
It's the road of life make no mistake, for me  
Yeah, Abraham DeLacey, Giuseppe Casey,  
Thomas O'Malley  
O'Malley the alley cat  
That's right, and I'm very proud of that, yeah

19 Prince of the *boulevard*  
20 Duke of the *avant-garde*  
21 The world is me backyard  
22 So, for to follow me  
23 That's the road ye'll have to seek  
24 Calcutta to Rome or home sweet home in Paris  
25 *Magnifique*, ye all!  
26 I only have meself  
27 And this big old world  
28 But I sip that cup of life  
29 With me fingers curled  
30 I don't worry what road to take  
31 I don't have to think of that  
32 Whatever I take is the road I make  
33 It's the road of life, make no mistake, for me  
34 Yeah, I'm still an Irish lad, even on the *promenade*,  
35 I'm Thomas O'Malley  
36 O'Malley the alley cat  
37 That's right, and I'm very proud of that, like.

<b>Student Number</b>	22302781	<b>Text Number</b>	6
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<b>Source Text</b>		<b>Target Text</b>	
<b>Title</b>	Filò	<b>Title</b>	Filò
<b>Year Published</b>	2019 (1976)		
<b>Author</b>	Andrea Zanzotto		
<b>Language</b>	Italian (Venetian)	<b>Language</b>	English
<b>Word Count</b>	1400	<b>Word Count</b>	1682
<p><b>Description of Source Text</b></p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• <i>understanding of source text</i></li> <li>• <i>knowledge of genre within source contexts</i></li> <li>• <i>situation of source text</i></li> </ul> <p><i>familiarity with the formal features of a text (language variation(s), register, dialect)</i></p> <p><b>(200 words max)</b></p>	<p><i>Filò</i> is written in the <i>trevigiano-solighese</i> variant of the Venetian dialect (Zanzotto 2019, 96), considered by the author to be an endangered maternal language (ibid, 23). The text is meta-literary (ibid, 23): it is a poem in dialect about dialect itself, its importance, and its slow disappearance. This, together with a reflection on humanity's mistreatment of nature, led critics to classify <i>Filò</i> among Zanzotto's most ethically and socially committed poems (ibid, 23).</p> <p>Formal features include:</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• Free verse</li> <li>• Figures of speech, such as: <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>- Alliteration (e.g., 'fumane e fumeghère' [smoke and mists]); accumulatio (e.g., l. 56);</li> <li>- Wordplay (e.g., 'laguna – lacuna' [lagoon – lacuna]);</li> <li>- Personification (e.g. of the earth, addressed directly in the poem, l. 14)</li> </ul> </li> <li>• Culture-specific elements: <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>- Places (2, e.g., 'Cansiglio');</li> </ul> </li> </ul>		

	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>- Historical events linked to Zanzotto’s native territory (2, e.g., the 1976 earthquake in Friuli, l. 50-56);</li> <li>- Dialect-specific vocabulary &gt; ‘petèl’ [childish speech] (Bordin 2014, 294), ‘filò’ [a peasant evening gathering revolving around storytelling] (Zanzotto 2007, 437), ‘vecio parlar’ [literally ‘old speech’, here used to directly address dialect as a personified being]</li> <li>• Presence of high-register expressions in Latin (2, e.g., l. 92) and Ancient Greek (1, l. 141), and literary references (2, e.g., l. 64)</li> </ul>
<p><b>Strategy</b></p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• <i>identification of translation problems</i></li> <li>• <i>knowledge of genre within target context and situation of target text</i></li> <li>• <i>justification of translation production of genre for target context</i></li> </ul> <p><b>(200 words max)</b></p>	<p>The TT is meant to be published in the New York-based biannual periodical <i>Journal of Italian Translation</i>, as part of a special issue dedicated to Zanzotto’s production in dialect. The TA will be the journal’s subscribers (adult translators and scholars of Italian literature).</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• Figures of speech will be reproduced in the TT. In instances when a specific rhetorical device (e.g., alliteration) cannot be reproduced in the TL, compensation will be introduced via a different device (e.g., assonance) &gt; e.g., the alliteration in ‘fumane e fumeghère’ [smoke and mists] will be substituted with the consonance and internal rhyme of ‘fumes and brumes’.</li> <li>• Culture-specific elements: <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>- References to places and historical events will be complemented by explanatory footnotes (e.g., footnote 6).</li> <li>- Dialect-specific vocabulary (the above-mentioned ‘petèl’, ‘filò’, ‘vecio parlar’) will be retained in dialect in the TT and complemented by explanatory footnotes detailing the words’ meaning (e.g., footnote 11). Given their foreignness in the TC, said words will be in italics (e.g., l. 157).</li> </ul> </li> <li>• High-register expressions (e.g., words and phrases in Latin and Ancient Greek) will be retained as such in the TT. They will be in italics and complemented by explicatory footnotes (e.g., footnote 5).</li> </ul>

<p><b>Critical Reflection</b></p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• <i>textual analysis</i></li> </ul> <p><b>(200 words max)</b></p>	<p>Reviewing the TT, one element which particularly stood out was the significant number of footnotes (12), which were not present in the ST. While I had deemed footnotes to be an appropriate strategy for the TT context (a literary journal analysing the author’s work) and TA (a scholarly audience arguably used to reading explanatory footnotes), I had not realised that they could have an additional effect. While some footnotes were used to explain the meaning of words left in dialect (e.g., ‘filò’), others (e.g., those which complemented the Latin or Ancient Greek expressions) made explicit several elements which, in the ST, were left implicit for the audience. Therefore, during the translation, the balance between the retention of inexplicit elements and the attempt to explain concepts and references to the TA became blurred.</p> <p>This reflects various researchers’ theories about common traits of translated texts. In fact, according to ‘corpus-based work on [...] translation universals’ (Chesterman 2004, 39), explicitation is one of the most common features found in TTs (ibid, 40).</p>
<p><b>Works Cited</b></p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• <i>use of sources and reference material</i></li> </ul>	<p>Bordin, Michele. 2014. “Latte e lingua: Radici dantesche di un motivo zanzottiano.” [Milk and language: Dantean roots of one of Zanzotto’s themes]. <i>Quaderni Veneziani</i> 3 (1-2): 293-305. <a href="http://doi.org/10.14277/1724-188X/QV-3-1/2-14-31">http://doi.org/10.14277/1724-188X/QV-3-1/2-14-31</a></p> <p>Chesterman, Andrew. 2004. “Beyond the Particular.” In <i>Translation Universals: Do they exist?</i>, edited by Anna Mauranen and Pekka Kujamäki, 33-49. Amsterdam: John Benjamins.</p> <p>Zanzotto, Andrea. 2007. <i>The Selected Poetry and Prose of Andrea Zanzotto: A Bilingual Edition</i>. Translated and edited by Patrick Barron. Chicago: The University of Chicago Press.</p>

	<p>Zanzotto, Andrea. 2019. In nessuna lingua in nessun luogo: Le poesie in dialetto. [In no language, in no place: Poetry in dialect]. Macerata: Quodlibet.</p>
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**Source Text*****Filò***

Inte 'sti dì che 'l fret scurta e la pióva  
 sòfega – sepulì setembre  
 e un an, prima del temp –,  
 inte 'ste not che 'l vent ciama e fa fora  
 co sión de acqua e lanpidar,  
 fumane e fumeghère –  
 inverno e istà missiadi cofà cavèi de strighe –,  
 inte 'ste ore che 'l sol par un momento  
 libera, e po 'l le mola  
 a morir inte 'l mój, tra restèi  
 negri drio i crép de le montagne –  
 e tut quel che se vet par trat inte 'na cort  
 anca siben che de ori l'é piena 'sta cort –  
 santa tera, tu trema. Tera coss'atu, tera?  
 Anca altre òlte, inte 'l passà, sentie  
 'sti sbrissar de colpo, ma picinini, cèi,  
 'ste pachete lidière, 'sto buligar scondést.  
 E quel móverte un póch

**Target Text*****Filò<sup>1</sup>***

1 In these days which the cold shortens and the rain  
 2 smothers – September and a year  
 3 buried before their time –,  
 4 in these nights which the wind ravages  
 5 with lightning and rain in buckets,  
 6 fumes and brumes –  
 7 Winter and Summer tangled like a witch's hair –,  
 8 in these hours which the sun for a moment  
 9 frees, before he leaves them  
 10 to die in the wet, among black  
 11 gates beyond the mountains' rifts –  
 12 and all you see seems thrown into a pigsty  
 13 albeit a pigsty full of gold –  
 14 holy earth, you shake<sup>2</sup>. What's wrong with you, earth?  
 15 Other times, in the past, I've felt  
 16 these sudden slips, but they were little, tiny,  
 17 they were light nudges, a hidden bustle.  
 18 You moved slightly

<sup>1</sup> TN: in dialect, the term refers to peasant evening gatherings, revolving on storytelling

<sup>2</sup> TN: the poet refers to the 1976 earthquake in Friuli, which resulted in the death of almost one thousand people and in the destruction of various towns and villages.



cofà bestiola stufa de cavezha  
cofà 'na tata in cuna  
cofà l'ingrespadura de 'na gran sigurezha e pazhe senza fin  
me diséa sol che tu era viva e springa  
e cussì tu me déa debòto un gòder –  
un s'ciantìn spasemà,  
insurì ma zentil  
'fa un most o un vinel nostro e tóo:  
gòder de ti sorela pi che mare,  
de ti caoreta fedeta soreleta  
persa e despèrsa in fior e alberi  
in gobe e bus de montagnole, in penacét de verdo  
e fii de ràin inbarlumidi,  
par trói, par rui, par tache  
qua e là de neve – dai let de pra a le grémene,  
da la bassa a la alta, sote 'l sol.  
E si in passà ogni tant, ma tant, tu te sgorléa  
de pi (levarse-su de not, ciamarse de fameje,  
vache e bò che i muléa, can che bajéa)  
squasi mai no tu 'véa sassinà,  
tu paréa 'ndata in oca, mèda ciòca, senza pecà mortal.  
Ma ancó no l'é cussì. Chi sétu ti? Chi?

19 like a small beast tired of the yoke  
20 like a baby in her crib  
21 like a great safety and an endless peace rippling;  
22 all this told me you were alive and cheerful,  
23 and so suddenly you gave me joy –  
24 a joy with a little fright,  
25 vexed but kind  
26 like your, our grape-must and wine:  
27 joy for you, sister more than mother,  
28 for you, little goat, little lamb, little sister  
29 lost and scattered in flowers and trees  
30 in humps and nooks of hills, in little crests of green  
31 and shimmering cobwebs,  
32 through paths and streams and spots  
33 of snow – from meadow beds to wildlands,  
34 from plains to hills, under the sun.  
35 And in the past, if once in a blue moon you shook  
36 harder (getting up at night, calling each other,  
37 cattle mooing, dogs barking)  
38 you'd hardly ever murdered us,  
39 you seemed only distracted, drunk, free from mortal sin.  
40 But not today. Who are you? Who?

Na fedeltà granda la se à sfantà.

Ades, anca si 'sto canton l'é sparagnà  
e si qua riva i sèst del tó matìo  
senzha far dan – del tó matìo bonbo e turbido  
in sacra frève e ustinazion,  
del tó saltar e pénder inpresonadi –  
no se pól pi cocolarte né pi volerte ben;  
ne vien l'ingóssa al cór par i fradei  
qua darente, cari fradei furlani,  
'pena par là drio 'l vel  
che vien su da la piana, drio 'l giro del Canséjo;  
e se à paura de 'ste montagne blu  
che tant soméja a quele del Furlàn;  
se sa che quel che qua ne sgórla e basta  
póch lontan schinza copa désfa tra-dó;  
se sa che tu sé furia, pèdo che miér e miér de furie,  
salvàrega tremenda irata sphynx  
che no se pól vardar sul muso mostro  
che no se pól pensar: mare-mostro tu torna  
a esser, come senpre, inte 'l momento che

41 A great loyalty has come undone.  
42  
43 Now, even though this corner has been spared  
44 and here your crazy tantrums  
45 don't do harm – your full and turbid tantrums  
46 with sacred fever and stubbornness,  
47 your imprisoned jumps and thrusts –  
48 we can no longer cuddle you and love you;  
49 our hearts are filled with anguish for our brothers  
50 nearby, our dear Friulian brothers,  
51 right there, beyond the veil  
52 rising from the plain, behind the Cansiglio<sup>3</sup>'s edge;  
53 and we're afraid of these blue mountains,  
54 so similar to the Friulian ones;  
55 knowing that what just shakes us here  
56 has crushed killed wrecked torn down nearby;  
57 we know you're a fury, worse than scores of furies,  
58 a wild frightful irate sphynx  
59 whose monstrous muzzle we can't look at  
60 whom we can't think of: mother-monster you are  
61 again, as ever, when the truth breaks

---

<sup>3</sup> TN: a forest surrounding a plateau of the same name in the northern-Italian Prealps, expanding both on Venetian and Friulian territory.

la verità la sfondra, dia che massa  
massa ne passa, o pur  
che – cussita ‘l dis al libro de la Ginestra –  
no tu sa gnént  
né de ti né de noi, e ‘l to star l’è come ‘l to sgorlarte  
e ‘l to ‘ndar par i miér de miér de ani  
l’è come un star. Verda tu sé, par senpre,  
anca co tu sé sas galivo e stèrp,  
tu fioris anca intant che tu copa; inpetrida, tu bój.

Ma fursi l’è che no te són stati drio  
che no te ‘ón volést bastanzha ben  
che no te ‘vón studià vena par vena  
strica de forzha par strica de forzha,  
no te ‘ón scoltà da vizhin, co umiltà,  
co amor, par quel che tu era:  
una – sicuro – che póch la ne bada,  
ma che de pi l’à fat pa’l nostro ben – senza volerlo  
senzha saverlo – che par al nostro mal  
(si se pól mai vardar, stralòci, inte ‘l stralòcio).  
L’à rason quel senpre de la Ginestra:

62 through, a goddess far, far greater  
63 than we are, or maybe  
64 – as an old poet believed <sup>4</sup>–  
65 you know nothing  
66 of yourself and us, and your stillness is like your shaking  
67 and your going through a thousand thousand years  
68 is like a stillness. Green you are, forever,  
69 even when you are smooth stone and thorn,  
70 you bloom even while you kill; petrified, you boil.  
71  
72 But maybe we haven’t cared for you  
73 we haven’t loved you enough  
74 we haven’t studied you vein by vein  
75 line of force by line of force,  
76 we haven’t listened to you closely, humbly,  
77 lovingly, for what you were:  
78 someone – surely – who pays little heed to us,  
79 but who’s done more for us – unwillingly  
80 unknowingly – than against us  
81 (if we, cross-eyed, could ever judge the cross-eyed).  
82 He was right, that old poet:

---

<sup>4</sup> TN: Zanzotto refers to Giacomo Leopardi’s poem *La Ginestra o il fiore del deserto* [Wild Broom, or The Flower of the Desert], 1845

són stati massa qua a sticar tra òmi  
a cavarse i oci un co l'altro  
a darse fógo inte le bubarate  
infami de le guere e de le inquisizion  
a sbudelarse par tre o quatro pèrtéghe  
o concòi de pi o in manco,  
invezhe che catarse, volerse tuti insieme,  
insenbradi a conbater – co amor – contra de ti  
mare da maledir e da adorar  
che non, nisi parendo, vincitur.  
E cossa te 'óne fat, quant te 'óne fat  
de mal – intossegada, scassada, rosegada,  
castrada – nò pa'l ben nostro che dal tóo no pól partirse,  
ma par sganga de póchi, zhus col gòs pien de roba,  
stanfadi, inmatonidi,  
e pur drio senpre a sgramolar,  
par le bave de schèi slacàin marzhi patòchi,  
e par chi che dovendo depararne, depararte da lori,  
ghe tagnéa terzho invece.  
Pensón che i morti del Vajónt i é 'l dopio  
de quei che ti tu à fat ades, ti tera.

83 we've spent too long fighting amongst ourselves  
84 clawing at each other's eyes  
85 burning each other on the vicious  
86 pyres of wars and inquisitions  
87 slaughtering each other for three more rods  
88 of land, three furrows less,  
89 instead of finding each other, wanting each other  
90 to fight together – with love – against you,  
91 cursed and worshipped mother  
92 whom non, nisi parendo, vincitur<sup>5</sup>.  
93 What have we done to you, how much have we  
94 hurt you – intoxicated, shattered, castrated,  
95 gnawed – not for our sake, which cannot stray from yours,  
96 but for the greed of a few fools with a full gullet,  
97 stuffed, numbed,  
98 and yet still ever munching,  
99 for the slime of slug-like putrid rotten money,  
100 for those who should have defended us  
101 played their game instead.  
102 Think the dead of the Vajónt<sup>6</sup> are double  
103 the ones you, the earth, have taken now.

<sup>5</sup> TN: a quote from Francis Bacon (in Latin in the original text), meaning that [nature] can only be conquered by obeying her laws.

<sup>6</sup> TN: reference to the Vajont dam disaster of 1963, which caused more than two thousand victims in and around the small town of Longarone, in the Venetian Prealps.

Quant granda 'lora, póla esser la colpa  
nostra? Si pur la pi gran colpa tóa,  
tera, no l'é de 'verne fat noi, òmi.

Ma no stón dir cussì, proón a darse cór,  
a indegnarse mèjo. E anca se sarà  
una busia de pi, un inbrójo de pi,  
aver pensà de fàrghela  
contro tut quel che ne sta schifoso dentro  
e ne fa zhavariar,  
contro tut quel che ne sta atorno  
nemigo imenso e scur  
che da sote da sora da partut  
ne vien ados, almanco no 'varón  
barà inte 'l nostro dógo, contra noaltri stessi.  
Pensón che quela testa santa  
onipotente e misera –  
boca che (no) parla, réce che (no) sente  
mente che (no) pensa divinamente –  
fursi la à sol bisòin che la jutóne 'n póch  
che se jutóne 'n póch,  
par esser tuta splendor, tuta ajuto.

104 How great can our fault then be?  
105 And yet your greatest fault,  
106 earth, is not having made us, humans.  
107  
108 But let's not say so, let's try to take heart,  
109 to be more ingenious. And even if it is  
110 one more lie, one more deceit,  
111 this thought that we could win  
112 against what's disgusting within us  
113 and makes us delirious,  
114 against all that stands around us,  
115 a dark and immense enemy,  
116 attacking us from above from below  
117 from everywhere, at least we won't have cheated  
118 at our game, against ourselves.  
119 Perhaps that holy head,  
120 wretched and almighty –  
121 mouth (not) speaking, ears (not) hearing,  
122 mind (not) thinking divine thoughts –  
123 just needs us to help her a little  
124 to help us a little,  
125 so that she can be all splendour, all help.

E se i nostri voler insenbradi  
 e par éla e par noi 'ndarà avanti a capirla, a capirse,  
 no la ne falarà,  
 no la ne cascarà via da le man  
 inte i bojón che inciuca-dó e brusa/stusa,  
 la tirarón su tuta dal só mistero,  
 e si no tuta  
 – che no 'l sarà mai cont che torna just –  
 quel che basta parché  
 i só oci de bissa  
 de basilissa  
 un póch i ne par de vera  
 mama, no de marégna, no de bissa:  
 anca si Basilissa, Rèitia, Dia  
 (fursi che spèta un sposo tant eterno  
 cofà éla – e che l'é éla –, Λόγος ἐρχόμενος)  
 l'à da restar: par al nostro no-saver  
 e saver, ma pi de tut pa'l nostro amarla.  
  
 Vecio parlar che tu à inte 'l tó saór

126 And if our wills combined  
 127 for her, for us, can go on understanding her and us,  
 128 she won't slip away,  
 129 she won't fall from our hands  
 130 into the swirls which swallow and burn/blow out,  
 131 we'll pull her up from her mystery;  
 132 and if not all of her  
 133 – for the numbers will never add up –  
 134 then just enough so that  
 135 her eyes like a basilisk's  
 136 like a basilissa<sup>7</sup>'s  
 137 will resemble almost those of a true  
 138 mum, not a stepmother, not a snake:  
 139 and yet for what we know and don't know,  
 140 but most of all for us to love her,  
 141 she must remain Basilissa, Rèitia<sup>8</sup>, Goddess  
 142 (maybe she's waiting for a groom as eternal  
 143 as she is – and who is her –, Λόγος ἐρχόμενος<sup>9</sup>).  
 144  
 145 *Vecio parlar*<sup>10</sup>, you that carry in your taste

<sup>7</sup> TN: a Greek term for “queen” or “empress”.

<sup>8</sup> TN: one of the goddesses of the ancient Venetic pantheon

<sup>9</sup> TN: Logos erkhomenos, literally “coming Logos” (in Greek in the original text).

un s'cip del lat de la Eva,  
 vecio parlar che no so pi,  
 che me se á descuní  
 dì par dì 'inte la boca (e no tu me basta);  
 che tu sé cambià co la me fazha  
 co la me pèl ano par an;  
 parlar porét, da poretì, ma s'cèt  
 ma fis, ma tóch cofà 'na branca  
 de fien 'pena segà dal faldin (parché no bàstetu?) –  
 noni e pupà i é 'ndati, quei che te cognosséa,  
 none e mame le é 'ndate, quele che te inventéa,  
 nóvo petèl par ogni fiól in fasse,  
 intra le strússie, i zhìghi dei part, la fan e i afanézh.  
 Girar me fa fastidi, in médo a 'ste masiére  
 de ti, de mi. Dal dent cagnin del tenp  
 inte 'l piat sivanzhi no ghén resta, e manco  
 de tut i zhimiteri: òe da dirte zhimitero?  
 Élo vero che pi no pól esserghe 'romai  
 gnessun parlar de néne-none-mame? Che fa mal  
 ai fióì 'l petèl e i gran maestri lo sconsilia?  
 Élo vero che scriverte,

146 a drop of Eve's milk,  
 147 *vecio parlar* I no longer know,  
 148 grown weary in my mouth  
 149 day by day (you're not enough for me);  
 150 you that have changed together with my face  
 151 with my skin, year by year;  
 152 a poor tongue for the poor, but frank,  
 153 but thick, but firm like an armful  
 154 of hay just mowed by the scythe (why aren't you enough?) –  
 155 gone are dads and grampas, those who knew you,  
 156 gone are mums and nanas, those who invented you,  
 157 a new *petèl*<sup>11</sup> for every newborn child, among  
 158 hardships, screams of birth, anguish and hunger.  
 159 Walking is upsetting amid these ruins  
 160 of you, of me. The sharp tooth of time  
 161 leaves no scraps on the plate, least of all  
 162 cemeteries: should I call you cemetery?  
 163 Is it true there can no longer be  
 164 any language of nannies-nanas-mums? That *petèl*  
 165 is bad for children, and great scholars advise [against it]?  
 166 Is it true that writing you,

<sup>10</sup> TN: In dialect, “old tongue”, “old language”.

<sup>11</sup> TN: in dialect, “petèl” refers to the childish language typically used by young children or by adults addressing them.

parlar vecio, l'é massa un sforzh, l'é un mal  
anca par mi, cofà ciór par revèrs,  
par straòlt, far 'ndar fora le corde de le man?

Ma intant, qua par atorno, a girar pa'i marcà,  
o mèjo a 'ndar par canp e rive e zhópe  
là onde che'l gal de cristal canta senpre tre òlte,  
da juste boche se te sent. Mi ò pers la trazha,  
lontan massa son 'ndat pur stando qua  
invidà, inbulonà, diventà squasi un zhóch de [pionbo,  
e la poesia non l'é in gnessuna lengua  
in gnessun logo – fursi- o l'é 'l busnar del fógo  
che 'l fa screcolar tute le fonde  
inte la gran laguna, inte la gran lacuna –  
la é 'l pien e 'l vódo dela testa-tera  
che tas, o zhigna e usma un pas pi in là  
de quel che mai se podaràe dirse, far nostro.  
Ma ti, vecio parlar, resisti. E si anca i òmi  
te desmentegarà senzha inacòrderse,  
ghén sarà osèi –  
do tre osèi sói magari

167 *parlar vecio*, is too great a strain, that it's harmful  
168 for me too, like grabbing something backwards,  
169 upside down, tearing out the sinews of my hands?  
170  
171 But meanwhile, around here, in the markets,  
172 or better walking through fields and hills and turfs  
173 where the crystal rooster always crows three times,  
174 from honest mouths I hear you. I've lost the track,  
175 too far I've gone even while staying here  
176 fixed, bolted, turned almost into a chunk of lead,  
177 and poetry is not in any language  
178 in any place – perhaps – or it is the roar of fire  
179 which makes the groundwork creak  
180 within the great lagoon, within the great lacuna –  
181 it's the full and the empty of the earth-head  
182 which hushes, blinks or sniffs one step ahead  
183 of what we could every say, make ours.  
184 But you, *vecio parlar*, resist<sup>12</sup>. And even if people  
185 shall forget you unawarely,  
186 there will be birds –  
187 only two, three birds perhaps

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<sup>12</sup> TN: exhortative; the verb is imperative.



dai sbari e dal mazhelo zoladi via —:  
doman su l'ultima rama là in cao  
in cao de zhiése e pra,  
osèi che te à inparà da tant  
te parlarà inte'l sol, inte l'onbría.

188 | escaped from slaughter and gunshot —:  
189 | tomorrow, perched on the last branch, far-off  
190 | in yonder fields and hedges,  
191 | birds that learnt you long ago  
192 | will speak you in the shadow, in the sun.

<b>Student Number</b>	22302781	<b>Text Number</b>	7
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<b>Source Text</b>		<b>Target Text</b>	
<b>Title</b>	Il Milione – Quaderno veneziano	<b>Title</b>	A Venetian Notebook
<b>Year Published</b>	1998		
<b>Author</b>	Marco Paolini		
<b>Language</b>	Italian (Venetian)	<b>Language</b>	English
<b>Word Count</b>	2486	<b>Word Count</b>	2690

<p><b>Description of Source Text</b></p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• <i>understanding of source text</i></li> <li>• <i>knowledge of genre within source contexts</i></li> <li>• <i>situation of source text familiarity with the formal features of a text (language variation(s), register, dialect)</i></li> </ul> <p><b>(200 words max)</b></p>	<p>The ST is a theatre monologue about the history of Venice; it was performed by Paolini in Venice, in front of a live audience, on 10<sup>th</sup> September, 1998, while also being broadcast live on Italian national television (Rai 2 channel).</p> <p>Formal features of the monologue include:</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• 14 instances in which the actor, changing his tone, alternates his narration with interjections by generic external characters, imagining their reactions to what he is saying &gt; e.g., l. 26-33, timestamps 1:20-1:36</li> <li>• Venetian morphosyntactic and lexical dialecticisms throughout the text &gt; e.g., ‘i solai a Venezia spesso sono un <u>fià imbarcà</u>’ instead of the Italian ‘i solai a Venezia spesso sono un po’ ricurvi’ [often attics in Venice are a little curved]</li> <li>• Culture-specific vocabulary (both Italian and dialectal) related to the following fields: <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>- 9 unique instances of Venetian lagoon geology &gt; e.g., ‘barene’ [salt marshes]</li> <li>- 11 unique instances of specific Venetian topography &gt; e.g., ‘campo’, ‘fondaco’ [<i>campo, fondaco</i>]</li> <li>- 5 unique instances of typical Venetian boats &gt; e.g., ‘marote’, ‘scioponi’ [<i>marote, scioponi</i>]</li> </ul> </li> <li>• Background music complementing the monologue and accompanying changes in the actor’s tone and emphasis (e.g., timestamp 4:43)</li> </ul>
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<p><b>Strategy</b></p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• <i>identification of translation problems</i></li> <li>• <i>knowledge of genre within target context and situation of target text</i></li> <li>• <i>justification of translation production of genre for target context</i></li> </ul> <p><b>(200 words max)</b></p>	<p>The TT (subtitled using Aegisub) will be screened at the 2023 Venice Theatre Biennale, during an event to raise awareness about theatre accessibility for the deaf and hard-of-hearing (DHH). The TA will be adult DHH international Biennale visitors.</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• External characters' interjections &gt; following subtitling guidelines (Ford Williams 2009), I will signal them using hyphens (ibid, 15) and changing font colour (ibid, 18). E.g., timestamps 1:20-1:36, l. 28-35.</li> <li>• Dialecticisms and culture-specific vocabulary &gt; since non-standard language in DHH subtitles impairs readability (Zàrate 2021, 46), I will not use dialecticisms in the TT. The only non-English words will be culture-specific <i>realia</i> (e.g., topographic names), reported in italics (e.g., '<i>fondaco</i>' [<i>fondaco</i>]).</li> <li>• Music and emphasis &gt; Referring to Durastanti 2019, who proposes using creative devices in DHH subtitles (ibid, 122-131), I will use: <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>- Sensory-based music descriptions (ibid, 127) in square brackets positioned in the upper section of the screen (e.g., timestamp 0:53, l. 19)</li> <li>- Font variation (ibid, 127), such as bold writing to convey emphasis and raised voice tone (e.g. timestamp 17:30)</li> <li>- Rhythmic subtitles (ibid, 127) &gt; when the speech is synchronised with the music, I will use the karaoke feature on Aegisub, which highlights the words matching the pace; e.g., timestamp 2:48.</li> </ul> </li> </ul>
<p><b>Critical Reflection</b></p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• <i>textual analysis</i></li> </ul> <p><b>(200 words max)</b></p>	<p>The ST contains instances of phrases and vocabulary which are arguably not politically correct. For example, there are derogatory descriptions of Jewish people (timestamps 11:36-11:46, l. 227-230), and the use of the expression 'sporchi zingari' [dirty gypsies] as a derogatory term used to describe Venetians (timestamp 13:32, l. 270). In the ST, the actor's tone and theatrical delivery of these lines clearly conveys to the audience that these are not his personal opinions; rather, he is voicing prejudices and discriminating statements which were frequent in the historical times he is describing.</p>

	<p>The deaf TA, however, has no access to aural cues, such as tone or inflection, and has to rely on TT subtitles alone to comprehend the text. Therefore, it would arguably take deaf audience members more effort and time to contextualise said lines as being reported discriminatory statements, raising the risk of them being misinterpreted.</p> <p>Moreover, within the DHH TA, the perception of these lines could be different between completely deaf people and hard-of-hearing people. The latter could have access (on varying levels) to aural cues, and therefore benefit from perceiving some elements of tone or inflection which would aid textual interpretation and comprehension.</p>
<p><b>Works Cited</b></p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• <i>use of sources and reference material</i></li> </ul>	<p>Durastanti, Claudia. 2019. <i>La straniera</i> [The stranger]. Milan: La nave di Teseo.</p> <p>Ford Williams, Gareth. 2009. "Online Subtitling Editorial Guidelines V1.1". <a href="https://www.bbc.co.uk/guidelines/futuremedia/accessibility/subtitling_guides/online_sub_editorial_guidelines_vs1_1.pdf">bbc.co.uk</a>. Accessed 14 March, 2023.</p> <p>Paolini, Marco. "Il milione – Quaderno veneziano" [The Travels – A Venetian Notebook]. Streamed live on national Italian television (Rai 2) on 10th September, 1997. YouTube video, <a href="https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=QD_67eFk07Y">https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=QD_67eFk07Y</a></p> <p>Zàrate, Soledad. 2021. <i>Captioning and Subtitling for d/Deaf and Hard of Hearing Audiences</i>. London: UCL Press.</p>

### **Note:**

The TT subtitles include dynamic features that can only be appreciated in audiovisual format (e.g., rhythmic subtitles obtained using the Aegisub karaoke feature, varying subtitle positioning, colour and font variation, subtitle overlap). The subtitled video (to which the timestamps in the brief refer to) is available at the following link: <https://youtu.be/Yb3DZISzzkw> .

Below are the ST and TT scripts, exported in plain text format.

## Source Text

### *Il Milione – Quaderno veneziano*

Dice il geologo: la laguna ha più o meno l'età dell'uomo sulla terra.  
Ma, geologicamente...  
è niente.  
Sette fiumi  
buttava l'acqua qui dentro per ghebbi, canali, tomboli, dune, barene,  
lagune, fino al mare.  
Sei ore cala l'acqua dolce dei fiumi,  
sei ore cresce l'acqua salata del mare  
per tomboli, dune, lagune, barene fino ai fiumi.  
Sei ore cala, sei ore cresce. Sei ore cala, sei ore cresce,  
da sempre, ma mai uguale.  
Cambia la luna, il vento,  
la sassa, l'oscillazione del Mediterraneo, come un catino, *sciàff*.  
Il vento scirocco, vento caldo, monta l'acqua. Tramontana...  
e i riva in secca.  
E quando esce l'acqua  
oltre alle barene erbose, ecco le velme di fango...  
E là, su quelle rughe, le prime case di questa laguna.

## Target Text

### *A Venetian Notebook* <https://youtu.be/Yb3DZISzzkw>

1 Geologists say: the lagoon is as old as human life on Earth.  
2 But, geologically speaking...  
3 that's nothing.  
4 [Stirring wave-like music]  
5 Seven rivers  
6 poured water in here, among dunes, canals, lagoons, salt marshes, down  
7 to the sea.  
8 For six hours it ebbs, the freshwater from the rivers,  
9 for six hours it flows, the saltwater from the sea,  
10 among dunes, canals, lagoons, salt marshes, up to the rivers.  
11 Six hours it ebbs, six hours it flows. Six hours it ebbs, six hours it flows,  
12 as ever, but never stays the same.  
13 The moon and the wind change;  
14 the waves rock the Mediterranean like a basin, *splash...*  
15 The warm Scirocco wind whips the water. Then comes the Tramontane...  
16 and they reach the shore.  
17 And when the water recedes  
18 beyond the grassy marshes, the muddy flats appear.

Case su pali, di legno.  
Case di legno, tetti de paia, lesièr, che sotto è acqua e tera.  
E vicino stalle per bestie lesièr, chiese per preti non grassi.  
Lesièro, un mondo lesièro.  
E sotto, legate ai pali, tartane, marote, scioponi, mascarete, barche a fondo piatto...  
è un bel mondo, vero?  
-Sì, però è umido, impisso il fogo.  
- No! Fermo!  
*Paf!*  
-Un fogo cusì?  
Mai successo.  
Impresionante.  
-E cosa avete fatto?  
-Ghe n'emo fata n'altra.  
E non è normale?  
Voglio dire, acqua, fuoco... quante volte è bruciata una chiesa, un teatro, un palazzo, isole intere?  
E lo devi rifare. Maledetta condanna.  
Lo devi rifare.  
-Uguale, di legno?  
-No, de piera.

19 [Hesitant, tip-toeing music]  
20 And there, on those folds, the first houses of this lagoon.  
21 Wooden houses, built on poles,  
22 with hay roofs; light, 'cause underneath it's just water and soil.  
23 And then barns for lightweight cattle, churches for lean priests.  
24 A light, light world.  
25 Tied to the poles, flat-bottomed boats: *tartane, marote, scioponi,*  
26 *mascarete...*  
27 a beautiful world, right?  
28 - Yes, but it's damp, I'll light a fire.  
29 - No! Don't!  
30 *Poof!*  
31 - A fire like this?  
32 Never happened before.  
33 Impressive.  
34 - And what did you do?  
35 - We built another one.  
36 Isn't it normal?  
37 Water, fire... how many times did a church burn? Or a theatre, a palace,  
38 entire islands?  
39 And you must build it again. It's a damn curse. You must build it again.  
40 - Out of wood, same as before?

-E come fai a costruir de piera che qui sotto è acqua e tera?  
-Coi pai.  
Foreste di pali.  
Milioni di alberi, pianure, colline, giù, interi, capovolti, fino al caranto,  
lo strato fondo di sabbia, d'argilla, dove blocca la testa dei pali,  
bagnati nell'acqua del mare, avvolti nel fango, seccati dal sole,  
mezzi coperti di pece, duri come pietre.  
Sacche imbonite di pali, e dentro sabbia, fango, sassi, e...  
bianca pietra d'Istria per fasciare le isole abitate, perchè è impermeabile.  
Si traversa il mare sulle galere a remi,  
dagli slavi, a convincerli a venderte le pietre.  
-Con cossa paghè, Venezia?  
-Col sale.  
-Ma ne abbiamo più di voi di sale.  
-E santi?  
Santi?  
L'industria dell'acqua edificabile in laguna si fonda...  
sul proficuo commercio delle reliquie dei santi dalla Terra Santa!  
Maton, maton, maton, rema.  
Maton, maton, maton, rema. Maton, maton, maton, rema.  
Ma questi marangoni, costruttori di barche, no se fida dei mattoni.  
In mezzo ai muri delle case mette reme in legno, per scaricare il peso.

41 - No, out of stone.  
42 - How, if down under it's just water and soil?  
43 - With poles.  
44 Forests of poles.  
45 Millions of trees from plains and hills, whole, upside down, in the  
46 *caranto*,  
47 the deep layer of sand and clay in which one end of the poles is stuck,  
48 and the poles get wet from seawater, wrapped in mud, dried by the sun,  
49 half-covered in tar, hard as stone.  
50 And among the poles, sacks filled with sand, mud, gravel, and....  
51 white Istrian stone to shroud the inhabited islands, 'cause it's  
52 waterproof.  
53 They cross the sea on rowing galleys,  
54 to buy stone from the Slavs.  
55 - How are you paying, Venice?  
56 - With salt.  
57 - We have more salt than you do.  
58 - What about the saints?  
59 [Music stops]  
60 Saints?  
61 [Pulsating, lively music]  
62 The industry of water-construction in the lagoon is founded...



Maton, maton, maton, rema.  
-Dame il remo!  
-Ciapa qua.  
Lo mette al muro...  
E per questo Venezia voga con un remo solo.  
Eh, l'altro lo ha lasciato sul muro della casa.  
Maton, maton, maton, rema.  
E i muri maestri delle case, storti, per dentro.  
-Perchè?  
-Ma come perchè, campagne, non capisci?  
Sotto il peso di queste case, questo terreno maledetto, un giorno o l'altro, farà *scranc!*  
Quel giorno, i muri maestri della case farà *stanc*, stringendo più forte le teste ai solai.  
E più sprofonderà il terren, più forte diventerà la gabbia della casa.  
È vero che per questo i solai a Venezia spesso sono un fià imbarcà.  
A volte per andar dalla cucina al bagno tocca far due passi alpini.  
Ma per questo ai veneziani piace la montagna: se la trova sotto i piè da quando nasce!  
Come il fasciame delle barche  
è fatto apposta per resistere all'azione controversa delle onde,  
così la struttura di queste case è una trappola per accogliere lo

63 on the profitable trade of saints' relics from the Holy Laaand!  
64 Brick, brick, brick, row!  
65 Brick, brick, brick, row. Brick, brick, brick, row.  
66 But these carpenters, builders of boats, don't trust bricks.  
67 When building walls, they put wooden oars among the bricks, to offload  
68 the weight.  
69 Brick, brick, brick, row.  
70 - Give me the oar.  
71 - Here you go.  
72 He puts it in the wall...  
73 That's why in Venice they've always rowed with just one oar.  
74 The other one is inside the walls!  
75 Brick, brick, brick, oar!  
76 The main walls of the houses are crooked, leaning in.  
77 - Why?  
78 - What do you mean why, farm boy? Don't you get it?  
79 Sooner or later, under the weight of the houses, this damn ground will  
80 sink!  
81 That day, the main walls of the houses will anchor down, tightening their  
82 grip on the attics even more.  
83 The deeper the ground sinks, the sturdier the frame of the house will  
84 get.

sprofondamento dei terreni!  
Case fondaco, una porta sulla calle e una porta sul canal,  
organizzate per isole, contrade autosufficienti, cresciute intorno a un  
campo.  
Le botteghe, i frittolini e un fià de merda, diciamo un alito orientale  
permanente intorno.  
Il campo... non piazza, è un campo erboso, con la vera del pozzo al  
centro,  
ma tutto il campo fa cisterna.  
Perchè la città dell'acqua edificabile da bere non ne ha,  
e la raccoglie per secoli piovana, come quasi tutte le isole di questo  
Mediterraneo.  
Sì, solo che qua siamo al piano terra.  
E quando un'acqua alta  
corre sulle rive, calli,  
calleselle,  
fondamenta,  
porteghi, sottoporteghi,  
l'acqua alta arriva al campo erboso, filtra l'erba,  
filtra la sabbia, e impesta d'acqua salsa la cisterna.  
Che cosa fai?  
Dissodi il campo, levi la sabbia,

85 It's true, this means attics in Venice are often a little hunched;  
86 sometimes there's an alpine pass between the kitchen and the  
87 bathroom.  
88 But that's why Venetians like the mountains: they have them in their  
89 houses since birth!  
90 As the planking of the boats  
91 [Wave-like, rolling music]  
92 is built to resist the adverse impact of the waves,  
93 so the structure of these houses is a trap to embrace the sinking of the  
94 ground!  
95 Warehouses, with a door on the *calle* and a door on the canal,  
96 organised in islands, self-sufficient districts, grown around a *campo*.  
97 Smells of shops, fried food, and shit, a constant oriental whiff all around.  
98 The *campo*... not *piazza*, is a grassy field with a well in the middle,  
99 but the whole thing is a cistern.  
100 'Cause this city built on water doesn't have enough of it to drink,  
101 and for centuries it collects rainwater, like most Mediterranean islands.  
102 Yes, but here we're on the ground floor.  
103 And when the high water  
104 flows above the shores, the *calli*,  
105 [Tense, throbbing music]  
106 flows above the shores, the *calli*,

cavi fuori l'acqua salsa, rimetti la sabbia, risemini l'erba, e aspetti che piova per bere.

Acqua. Fogo. Quante volte ai padri fondatori sarà venuto il dubbio d'aver fatto una cappella grande?

-E chi ce l'ha fatto fare di far le case in mezzo al niente? Torniamo in terraferma!

-No...

In terraferma era pericoli

e can rabbiosi.

Steppe.

Steppe che si stendeva da Marghera fino in Cina.

Traversar le steppe, dominare l'Asia, era stato il sogno di Alessandro Magno.

Eh, sul muro nord della basilica di San Marco, nei bassorilievi, c'è la storia di Alessandro Magno.

Anche Marco Polo da bambino sognava di diventare Alessandro Magno.

Io guardo il muro e sogno di Marco, di Alessandro, delle steppe

disseminate di are funebri dei cumani e tartari, simpatici nomadi

che gira ogni anno le steppe compiendo un cerchio, lungo la linea dei pozzi.

Ogni tribù aveva le sue mandrie, ma non servono gli uomini a spingere il bestiame,

107 *calleselle,*

108 *fondamenta,*

109 *porteghi, sottoporteghi,*

110 the high water reaches the *campo*, filters through the grass,

111 [Music grows more pressing]

112 filters through the sand, and contaminates the well with salt water.

113 What do you do?

114 You till the *campo*, remove the sand,

115 take out the salt water, put the sand back in, sow the grass again, and

116 wait for the rain to drink.

117 Water. Fire. The founding fathers must have often thought that they'd

118 screwed up big time!

119 - Why did we bother building houses in the middle of nowhere? Let's go

120 back on dry land!

121 [Music stops]

122 - No...

123 On dry land there were dangers,

124 and rabid dogs.

125 [Vibrant, mysterious music]

126 Steppes.

127 Steppes extending from Marghera all the way to China.

128 Crossing the steppes, conquering Asia... that was the dream of

il bestiame cammina da solo e gli uomini lo seguono.  
Io sulle carte attraversavo le steppe in senso rettilineo con le grandi  
carovaniere, e trovavo...  
frequenti macchie di falò, ossa secche di cavallo, di cammello...  
Due movimenti si incrociavano:  
quello circolare delle tribù e quello rettilineo delle carovaniere.  
Ma quando una tribù prendeva il sopravvento sulle altre,  
e le riusciva di radunare le altre mandrie,  
formava l'orda.  
L'orda dei tartari si abbatte sulle steppe come un colpo di falce, a ferro e  
fuoco,  
su tutto ciò che aveva l'aria di stanziale. A ferro e fuoco!  
Come un colpo di falce.  
I nomadi non sopportavano niente che avesse l'aria di stanziale.  
A una a una cadevano le città, i fondaci, i caravanserragli.  
Enorme era il caravanserraglio di Pavia,  
cresciuto all'incrocio delle vie tra Po e Ticino, intorno alla Certosa,  
all'incrocio tra oriente e occidente.  
Grande come le fiere ferraresi,  
grande come Bisanzio.  
Anche Bisanzio a ferro e fuoco, come Ferrara...  
come Pavia...

129 Alexander the Great.  
130 Well, on the north wall of St Mark's Basilica, they embossed the story of  
131 Alexander the Great.  
132 Even Marco Polo, as a child, dreamed of becoming Alexander the Great.  
133 I look at the wall and dream of Marco, of Alexander, of the steppes  
134 scattered with funerary altars built by the Cumans and Tartars, charming  
135 nomads  
136 who cross the steppes every year drawing a circle, along the line of the  
137 wells.  
138 Each tribe had its own herds, but the cattle don't need men leading  
139 them,  
140 the cattle walk on their own, and men follow.  
141 On the maps, I crossed the steppes along the straight caravan routes,  
142 finding...  
143 frequent traces of bonfires, dry bones of horses, of camels...  
144 Two movements intersected:  
145 the tribes', circular, and the caravans', straight.  
146 But when a tribe took over the others,  
147 and managed to gather all the herds together,  
148 it created the Horde.  
149 The Tartar Horde falls on the steppes like the sweep of a scythe, with  
150 fire and sword,

Meglio non andare in terraferma...  
 -Ma cosa c'entra Pavia adesso?  
 E Ferrara?  
 E le steppe?  
 Non doveva parlar de Venezia?  
 -Eh, lo so!  
 -Cosa c'entra i caravanserragli?  
 -Eh non lo so! Se vede che ghe piase...  
 Oppure si vede che...  
 se tutte le strade del mondo portavano a Roma,  
 come recitano i nostri sussidiari,  
 metà delle carovaniere del mondo  
 portavano qui,  
 nel gran caravanserraglio lagunare di barene appena intraviste e subito  
 scelte,  
 e ormai galassia di isole, di case e ponti.  
 Una città di ponti.  
 Ponti!  
 Ponti levatoi in legno, ponti d'abbordaggio, che poi diventa ponti curvi, in  
 piera,  
 ma non sono monumenti.  
 Eh no, prendono il nome dalla bottega più vicina, quella che ha pagà più

151 on anything looking even remotely sedentary. Fire and sword!  
 152 Like the sweep of a scythe.  
 153 The nomads couldn't stand anything sedentary.  
 154 One by one, cities fell, and warehouses, and caravanserais.  
 155 The caravanserais of Pavia was huge;  
 156 it had grown at the crossroads of the Po and Ticino rivers,  
 157 at the crossroads between East and West.  
 158 It was huge like the fairs in Ferrara,  
 159 huge like Byzantium.  
 160 Even Byzantium fell to fire and sword, like Ferrara...  
 161 like Pavia...  
 162 [Music dies out]  
 163 Better not to go on dry land...  
 164 - Why is he talking about Pavia now?  
 165 And Ferrara?  
 166 And the steppes?  
 167 Wasn't this supposed to be about Venice?  
 168 - I know!  
 169 - Why the caravanserais?  
 170 - What do I know! Maybe he likes this stuff...  
 171 Or maybe the thing is that...  
 172 if all the roads in the world led to Rome,

tasse a costruirlo.  
Ponte del barba frutarol co le bande de piera,  
ponte del filacanevo del legno,  
ponte del tintor co le bande, dei mendicanti, delle sciabole, delle tette,  
ponte del partito delle anguille con traghetto alla Giudecca!  
360 e passa ponti,  
e la città rinasce! Sotto i canali - sei ore cala, sei ore cresce.  
Sopra, questa rete pedonale. Le attività vien a mettersi vicin.  
Fa città. La ruga degli orefici, la ruga dei pellicciai, un mercato enorme  
intorno a Rialto.  
Oh, massarie!  
Ma è chiaro, è l'Italia dei comuni!  
È così in mille di queste città.  
Centri storici li chiamiamo, no, adesso?  
Centro de che? Storia de cosa?  
Ma la senti la differenza che c'è ad abitare le strade che si chiamano con  
le date o dei personaggi  
e abitare strade che si chiamano coi nomi delle cose, delle passion, degli  
elementi?  
Calle del Fumo, Calle del Vento, Sottoportego delle Ancore,  
Rio terà dei Pensieri, Corte sconta detta Arcana, Barbaria de le Tole!  
Un altro mondo.

173 as our textbooks say,  
174 half of the caravan routes in the world  
175 led here,  
176 to the great lagoon caravanserai, built on salt marshes chosen at first  
177 sight,  
178 and soon become a galaxy of islands, of houses and bridges.  
179 [Playful, springy music]  
180 A city of bridges.  
181 Bridges!  
182 Wooden drawbridges, boarding bridges, which then become curved  
183 stone bridges,  
184 but they're no monuments.  
185 No, they're named after the closest shop, where they paid more taxes to  
186 build it.  
187 Bridge of the fruit seller, with a stone parapet  
188 bridge of the ropemaker, made of wood;  
189 bridge of the cloth-dyer, with parapet; of the beggars, of the sabers, of  
190 the tits,  
191 bridge of the eel traders, with a ferry to Giudecca!  
192 More than 360 bridges,  
193 and the city is reborn! Beneath are the canals - six hours it ebbs, six  
194 hours it flows.

-Massarie!  
 Non è facile fare un trasloco discreto a Venezia in canale.  
 -Guarda che strasse che g'ha in barca questi.  
 -Parea tanto signori in casa, area la superbia in canal.  
 -Noemi, Regina, donne! Massarie in canal!  
 -Na famegia rovinada, peoci, zente refada...  
 Certe attività le sposta d'ufficio la città.  
 -Fuori i conciapelle e i fabbri alla Giudecca, l'industria pesante, no?  
 E quelli che fa cavallini di Murano, che fa fogo tutta notte, fuori!  
 Un'isola per voi.  
 Come si chiama quella? Murano.  
 Lo dice la parola! I cavallini di Murano li farete a Murano,  
 che se ciapè fogo brusè voialtri e basta!  
 E arriva foresti.  
 Ma scusa, è chiaro!  
 Avete fatto una città bianca, che pare che sbarlussega e galleggia,  
 poi in giro per i porti del Mediterraneo a trafficare, e a tutti quelli che  
 incontri dici: "Vien trovarme!"  
 E quei vien tutti.  
 Ma è normale!  
 In ogni città di questo mare c'era un quartiere per gli ospiti!  
 A Cagliari, a Napoli, a Marsiglia, Costantinopoli, spaccata in due, è un

195 Above, this walkable net. Businesses set up side by side.  
 196 It's a city. The *ruga* of goldsmiths, the *ruga* of furriers, a huge market all  
 197 around Rialto,  
 198 - Ooh, fresh goods!  
 199 Well, of course, this is the Italy of Communes!  
 200 It's the same in every city like this.  
 201 We call them historical centres now, right?  
 202 Centre of what? Which history?  
 203 Can you feel the difference between living in streets named after  
 204 historical figures or dates  
 205 and living in streets named after things, passions, elements?  
 206 *Calle* of smoke, *Calle* of wind, *Sottoportego* of the anchors,  
 207 *Rio terà* of thoughts, Hidden *corte*, *Barberia* of planks!  
 208 A different world.  
 209 - Fresh goods!  
 210 It's not easy to move discreetly in the Venetian canals.  
 211 - Would you look at the rags in their boat.  
 212 They played so fancy... now their arrogance is out in the open.  
 213 - Women, look! People moving in the canal!  
 214 - A family ruined, such tacky people...  
 215 The city forces some businesses to move.  
 216 - Tanners and blacksmiths, all the heavy industry, out, to Giudecca!

arancio,  
ogni spicchio è un'etnia, una religione, un pezzo di una città tutta  
insieme diversa.  
Non ho mica detto che è facile.  
Non voglio far polemiche, dico che è possibile  
ascoltare altre lingue senza prendere paura.  
Nostrani e foresti?  
Ma questa è la città che nella città aveva un quartiere per ognuno!  
Un fondaco, un *fonduk* per i turchi, uno agli alemanni, uno ai boemi,  
uno agli armeni, uno ai genovesi, uno ai livornesi, uno agli ebrei...  
-Eh, speta un attimo.  
Non esageriamo.  
Gli ebrei parla la nostra lingua ma non sta ben sulla tera.  
“Ze dieze ani che sto a Casteo e i me dize ancora zudeo.”  
Gli ebrei saria ben mandarli a stare tutti al getto novo.  
è come un castello, la sera tiri su il ponte levatoio, tutti dentro là.  
Un bel campo profughi per ebrei. E no va ben?  
-Ebrei, tutti al getto!  
-Getto? fa gli ebrei della nazion levantina e ponentina.  
-Ghetto?- fa gli ebrei della nazion tedesca, che co l'accento no ghe ha  
mai intrigà niente.  
E dunque, ghetto.

217 And you, making Murano glass, lighting fires all night, out!  
218 An island just for you.  
219 What's its name? Murano.  
220 There you go! If you're making Murano glass, go make it in Murano,  
221 so if something catches on fire, only you will burn!  
222 And then the foreigners come.  
223 Well, of course!  
224 You've built a white city, sparkling and floating,  
225 then off you go trading across the Mediterranean, and to everyone you  
226 meet you say: Come visit me!  
227 And everyone comes.  
228 That's normal!  
229 Every city across this sea had a district for guests!  
230 Cagliari, Naples, Marseilles... Constantinople, split in half, is an orange,  
231 each segment an ethnicity, a religion, a piece of a city altogether diverse.  
232 I didn't say it's easy.  
233 I don't want to argue, I'm just saying it is possible  
234 to listen to foreign tongues without being afraid.  
235 Locals and foreigners?  
236 Come on! This city, in its history, has had a district for everyone!  
237 A *fondaco*, or *fonduk*, for the Turks, one for the Germans, one for the  
238 Bohemians,



Il nome di un'antica pubblica fonderia di rame battezza il più famoso  
quartier etnico del mondo!  
Ma il ghetto è un campo!  
-No ghe stemo.  
-Ghetto vecio, ghetto novo.  
-No ghe stemo!  
-Ghetto vecio, ghetto novo, ghetto novissimo.  
-No ghe stemo! -Rangeve.  
Dove stava un cristiano se mette tre ebrei,  
se fa un appartamento dentro un appartamento dentro un  
appartamento, come con gli studenti.  
Il primo dentro, senza le finestre, bussa al muro del secondo: -Che tempo  
fa?  
-Aspetta che sento. - Bussa al terzo: -Che tempo fa?  
-Aspetta che guardo. - L'unico con la finestra fa:  
-Piove! Tutti a letto!- tutto un far, desfar, tramezzar,  
aprir soffitte con l'altanella, soffitte col luminal,  
canne fumarie con lo zigo zago, scarichi a merletto.  
Le case più alte d'Europa nel ghetto di Venezia! Un formicaio che lavora,  
che produce,  
senza toccar fondamenta.  
-Eh! Questi zudei non ha il senso del limite!

239 for the Armenians, Genoese, Livornese, Jews...  
240 - Hey, wait, wait.  
241 [Music stops]  
242 Let's not push it now.  
243 The Jews speak our language but don't fit in on this land.  
244 [In a mocking accent] "I've lifed here ten years und they still call me  
245 Jew."  
246 The Jews should all be moved to the new *getto*.  
247 It's like a castle. At night you pull up the drawbridge, and there you go.  
248 A refugee camp for Jews. Isn't it good?  
249 - Jews, all to the *getto*!  
250 - *Getto*? - say the Jews from the West and the East.  
251 - *Ghetto*? - say the Jews from Germany, who couldn't care less about  
252 accents.  
253 And so, the *ghetto*.  
254 An ancient public copper foundry lends its name to the most famous  
255 ethnic district in the world!  
256 [Lively, bustling music]  
257 But the *ghetto* is just a *campo*!  
258 - We don't fit.  
259 - Old *Ghetto*, New *Ghetto*.  
260 - We don't fit!

Sempre intenti con loro scavazioni e altre sotterranee operazioni a...  
A che?  
E cosa sono, castori, gli ebrei?  
Ma quali scavazioni, che sotto a 'sta città c'è una foresta di pali! Chi tocca i pali, more.  
Ma se è l'unica città che io conosco che non ha le cantine sotto!  
Da questo viene la diffidenza di quelli di terraferma.  
-E il vino dove lo tien?  
Dio non può avere concesso l'esistenza a una città senza le cantine.  
Questa è opera del diavolo. Sporchi, zingari, veneziani!  
Eh...  
fa paura.  
Barene appena intraviste e subito scelte, sì, ma ormai...  
è enorme per l'Europa questa città a quel tempo...  
è una capitale dell'Asia navigata fin qua, con le sue basiliche.  
Basiliche,  
palazzi, bordelli, teatri, fabbriche...  
-Voialtri!  
Basta, voialtri conciapelle e tintori alla Giudecca,  
basta usare guano, rabbia, feci e urine per far le tinture.  
Ho capito che state copiando la porpora a Bisanzio, non ho niente contro la chimica,

261 - Old *Ghetto*, New *Ghetto*, Even Newer *Ghetto*!  
262  
263 - We don't fit!  
264 - Deal with it.  
265 In the space where one Christian would fit, they put three Jews.  
266 They build a flat within a flat within a flat, as you do with students.  
267 The first, who has no windows, knocks on the wall:  
268 - What's the weather like?  
269 - Wait, I'll ask - The second knocks: - What's the weather like?  
270 - Wait, I'll look.  
271 The only one who has a window goes:  
272 - It's raining! Off to bed!  
273 All the time making, unmaking, building partitions,  
274 building attics with terraces, with garrets,  
275 zig-zag chimneys, lace-like drains.  
276 The tallest houses in Europe are in the Venice ghetto! It's an anthill,  
277 working and producing,  
278 never touching the groundwork.  
279 - Oh, but these Jews have no sense of limit.  
280 [Music stops abruptly]  
281 They are always busy with their digging and with other underground  
282 operations, doing...

ma questo impesta, ammorba!  
Non siamo più una stalla, siamo città!  
Guarda il molo.  
Molo?  
Beh, tutte le città di mare ha il molo...  
ma cosa chiamano molo in questa città?  
è uno spazio in fondo alla piazzetta.  
Beh, in città c'è una piazza, gli altri sono campi.  
Tutto il contrario di Siena, dove uno è campo e le altre piazze.  
La piazza è quella del campanile più alto di questa terra,  
la piazzetta è lì di fianco, verso il mare, in fianco al Palazzo Ducale.  
In fondo alla piazzetta ci sono due colonne alte, alte, alte...  
Su una colonna c'è Marco, un leone con le ali.  
Legge.  
Tutti i leoni alati legge,  
tutti i leoni sapienti vola.  
Sull'altra colonna c'è Todaro, San Teodoro,  
che schiaccia un cocodrillo, così...  
Eh ben, ha anche ragione, eh?  
Prima che arrivasse il leone era lui il patrono di Venezia.  
-Ma dai, Todaro!  
-No!

283 Doing what?  
284 What are they, beavers?  
285 What digging?! Under this city there's a forest of poles! You touch the  
286 poles, you die.  
287 It's the only city I know which doesn't have cellars underneath it.  
288 That's why people on dry land are suspicious:  
289 - Where do they keep the wine?  
290 God could never have allowed a city not to have cellars.  
291 This is the devil's work. Dirty Venetian gypsies!  
292 [Gentle, caressing music]  
293 Oh well...  
294 it's scary.  
295 Salt marshes chosen at first sight, yes, but at this point...  
296 this city had become huge for Europe then...  
297 Like an Asian capital drifted all the way here with its basilicas.  
298 Basilicas,  
299 palaces, brothels, theatres, factories...  
300 - Hey, you!  
301 You tanners and dyers in Giudecca, stop that,  
302 stop using bird droppings, faeces and urine to make tinctures.  
303 I get it that you're copying Byzantine purpura, I'm not against chemistry,  
304 but this stinks, it stenches!

E schiaccia coccordilli...  
Quel pezzo di masegno in pietra d'Istria fra le due colonne si chiama molo.  
Tutte le città di mare ha il molo; quale ce l'ha così?  
Sono la porta della città.  
È orientata.  
È orientata, è orientata...  
Mi son messo una mattina lì davanti,  
mattina presto, e ho capito cosa significa essere orientato.  
Ma è chiaro, quando ti nasce il sole in faccia in quel modo ti orienti.  
Per la prima volta in vita mia ero orientato.  
È un'isola, questa.  
È difficile capirlo per noi campagne che ci arriviamo dal ponte, direttamente dalla terraferma,  
che questo campanile non è fatto, come gli altri di questa terra, per essere guardato dai campi,  
ma per guardare più lontano!  
A Oriente. Eh...  
Da questa porta, due volte all'anno,  
entravano e uscivano i convogli di navi, merci, uomini, parole.  
La navigazione aveva un ciclo stagionale, come l'agricoltura: due volte

305 We're not a stable anymore, we are a city!  
306 Look at the pier.  
307 [Stirring, wind-like music]  
308 Pier?  
309 Well, all coastal cities have a pier.  
310 But what do they call a pier here?  
311 It's a space at the far end of the *piazzetta*.  
312 Well, in the city there's only one *piazza*, all the others are *campi*.  
313 The opposite of Siena, where there's one *campo* and many *piazze*.  
314 In the *piazza* there's the tallest bell tower of this land.  
315 The *piazzetta* is there beside it, near the sea, next to Palazzo Ducale.  
316 At the end of the *piazzetta* there are two tall, tall columns...  
317 On top of one stands Marco, a winged lion.  
318 He reads.  
319 All winged lions read.  
320 All wise lions fly.  
321 On top of the other stands Todaro, Saint Theodore,  
322 stepping on a crocodile, like this...  
323 Well, he has his reasons, right?  
324 Before the lion came, he was Venice's patron saint.  
325 - Come on, Todaro...  
326 - Leave me alone!

all'anno, in entrata e uscita,  
mude, convogli di navi, merci, uomini, parole...  
Da questa città fino a ogni altra città di questo mare.  
A Zara,  
Spalato,  
o Dubrovnik.  
Ragusa,  
Durazzo,  
Brindisi,  
Rodi, Candia, Cipro,  
Atene,  
Famagosta,  
Costantinopoli, Tana,  
Trebisonda, Tashkent, Samarkand,  
Algeri, Orano, Malaga, Lisbona, Southampton, Bruges, Liegi, Anversa,  
Napoli, Cagliari, Marsiglia,  
perchè Mediterraneo - Palermo - non è soltanto mare!  
È acqua e tera!  
Acqua e tera, acqua e tera, è rete di città che si conosce e si frequenta  
una con l'altra,  
bagnate dalla stessa marea che sei ore cala, sei ore cresce.  
Non è lo scacchiere di qualcuno, è un mare strada.

327 And he's there with his crocodile.  
328 That piece of *masegno* between the columns, made with Istrian stone, is  
329 the pier.  
330 All coastal cities have a pier, but who has it like this?  
331 It's the door to the city,  
332 looking East.  
333 East, East...  
334 I stood right there one morning,  
335 early morning, and I found my sense of direction.  
336 I mean, when the sun rises in front of you like that  
337 you find your way.  
338 For the first time in my life, I'd found my way.  
339 This is an island.  
340 It's hard to get it for us farm boys, coming here from dry land, crossing a  
341 bridge:  
342 this bell tower wasn't built to be looked at from the fields, like all the  
343 others in this land,  
344 but to look farther!  
345 Towards the Orient.  
346 From this door, twice a year,  
347 came and went convoys of ships, goods, people, words.  
348 The sailing had a seasonal cycle, like agriculture. Twice a year, coming

Finisce una navigazione e attacca una carovaniera,  
e le lega una con l'altra con una rete  
che non si interrompe mai qualsiasi cosa accada, come la stessa marea  
che sei ore cala, sei ore cresce, e arriva al molo di ognuna di queste città.  
Ma in questa città, Venezia, non si ferma sul molo, eh no...  
La marea continua, dentro le strade che son canali, fino alla porta di ogni  
singola casa.  
Apri una porta di casa a caso...  
Tutte le spusse del Mediterraneo qua.  
Ma anche i profumi.  
Ti basta una piova...  
da sotto un portone vedi uscire le foglie, dei fiori, e dici: -Ma allora era  
un giardino, un orto, questo!  
Senti che profumo!  
Senti... Dove l'ho sentito questo io?  
In Grecia. No, non era Grecia.  
Marocco? Non era Marocco...  
Era...  
India?  
India fin qua...

349 and going,  
350 *mude*, convoys of ships, goods, people, words...  
351 From this city all the way to every other city across the sea.  
352 To Zara,  
353 [Music grows more rhythmic and intense]  
354 Spalato,  
355 or Dubrovnik.  
356 Ragusa,  
357 Durrës,  
358 Brindisi,  
359 Rhodes, Candia, Cyprus,  
360 Athens,  
361 Famagusta,  
362 Constantinople, Tanais,  
363 Trabzon, Tashkent, Samarkand,  
364 Algiers, Oran, Màlaga, Lisbon, Southampton, Bruges, Antwerp, Naples,  
365 Cagliari, Marseilles,  
366 because the Mediterranean - Palermo! - is not only sea!  
367 [Music soars]  
368 It's land and water!  
369 Land and water, land and water, a net of cities which know and visit  
370 each other,

371 all washed by the same tide which for six hours ebbs, for six hours flows.  
372 This is nobody's chessboard, it's a sea-road.  
373 Where the sailing ends, a caravan route starts,  
374 tying them all together in a net  
375 that never stops, whatever happens, like the tide itself  
376 [Music fades, becomes gentle again]  
377 which for six hours ebbs, for six hours flows, reaching the pier of each of  
378 these cities.  
379 But here, in Venice, the tide doesn't stop at the pier, no...  
380 It goes on, in the streets that are canals, up to the door of each and  
381 every house.  
382 You open a random house door...  
383 All the stench of the Mediterranean, here.  
384 But all the perfumes, too.  
385 It only takes a rainfall...  
386 you see leaves and flowers drifting out of a gate, and you say: - So this  
387 was a garden, an orchard!  
388 Feel this perfume!  
389 Wait... Where have I smelt this before?  
390 In Greece. No, it wasn't Greece.  
391 Morocco? It wasn't Morocco...  
392 It was...

393 | India?

394 | India all the way here...



<b>Student Number</b>	22302781	<b>Text Number</b>	8
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<b>Source Text</b>		<b>Target Text</b>	
<b>Title</b>	The First Verse	<b>Title</b>	Il primo verso
<b>Year Published</b>	2005		
<b>Author</b>	Barry McCrea		
<b>Language</b>	English	<b>Language</b>	Italian
<b>Word Count</b>	496	<b>Word Count</b>	549

<p><b>Description of Source Text</b></p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• <i>understanding of source text</i></li> <li>• <i>knowledge of genre within source contexts</i></li> <li>• <i>situation of source text familiarity with the formal features of a text (language variation(s), register, dialect)</i></li> </ul> <p><b>(200 words max)</b></p>	<p>The text is the author's debut work, a coming-of-age novel set in early 21<sup>st</sup> century Dublin. For the purposes of the plot, the author explores and mentions many areas of Dublin throughout the novel. Reviewers have highlighted the book's setting and the detailed description of Dublin and the characters' lives in it as one of the novel's main features (McKeon 2006, n.p.).</p> <p>Formal features of the chosen excerpt include:</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• Frequent (10 in total, excluding repetitions) culture-specific references to things and locations in Dublin, such as: <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>- Neighbourhoods (3) (e.g., 'Cabra', 'Sandycove', ...), Irish towns (4) (e.g., 'Sligo town', 'Tralee', ...)</li> <li>- Shops and venues (2) (e.g., 'Switzer's')</li> <li>- Means of transport (1) (e.g., 'DART')</li> </ul> </li> <li>• Dialecticisms in direct speech (l. 13-15) &gt; the character in question speaks in what is described as a 'working-class' (l. 9) Dublin accent. This accent is conveyed via eye-dialect, i.e., the use of non-standard spelling to indicate</li> </ul>
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	<p>regional or social dialects (Nuessel 1982, 346); e.g., ‘Would yeh get dow-en! Get down off dat seat before I brain yeh’ as opposed to the standard spelling [Would you get down! Get off that seat before I brain you].</p>
<p><b>Strategy</b></p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• <i>identification of translation problems</i></li> <li>• <i>knowledge of genre within target context and situation of target text</i></li> <li>• <i>justification of translation production of genre for target context</i></li> </ul> <p><b>(200 words max)</b></p>	<p>The TT will be produced for <i>Keller</i>, an Italian press publishing translated works by European authors. The TA will be young-adults (18- to 25-year-olds).</p> <p>Since the TA is assumed not to have any previous knowledge of Dublin topography, I will translate location references as follows:</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• Shops, means of transport &gt; using explicitation, i.e., adding ‘explicative paraphrasing’ (Fernàndez Guerra 2012, 10). E.g., rendering ‘DART’ as ‘DART, il treno che costeggia la baia di Dublino’ [DART, the train which runs along Dublin bay]</li> <li>• Neighbourhoods, towns &gt; prefacing the TT with a visual paratext (a map of Dublin and one of Ireland), adding the text’s locations to them. For graphic consistency, I will use the same font employed in the ST edition for chapter titles (P22 Cezanne Pro).</li> </ul> <p>I will translate working-class dialecticisms using <i>Italiano Popolare Unitario</i> (IPU) [unified popular Italian], a non-standard variant linked to lower-class speakers (Sanga 2011, 99). Of the IPU features listed by Sanga, I will use:</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• incorrect subjunctive (ibid, 100): e.g., ‘Vieni giù [...] prima che ti <u>spacco</u> la testa’ (correct verb form: ‘spacchi’) [Come down before I brain you].</li> <li>• added clitics (ibid, 100): e.g., ‘<u>Ci</u> vuoi scendere’ (correct form: ‘Vuoi scendere’) [Will you get off]</li> </ul>

<p><b>Critical Reflection</b></p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• <i>textual analysis</i></li> </ul> <p><b>(200 words max)</b></p>	<p>The TT was submitted to two sample Italian readers with no previous knowledge of Dublin or Irish culture-specific elements, and both highlighted an aspect which I had not taken into consideration during the translation process. They both noticed the presence of unfamiliar character names (e.g., ‘Pàdraig’, ‘Ciara’). They reported finding them interesting, but being confused as to how they should be read, since they had never encountered Irish language and spelling before. It can be argued that, when confronted with difficulty in reading such names, Italian readers with no knowledge of Irish could react in different ways. Among various possibilities: they could ignore the problem and gloss over the names while reading; interrupt the reading to look up the correct pronunciation; guess the pronunciation.</p> <p>In the latter case, an Italian reader with no knowledge of Irish spelling could be expected to guess the pronunciation based on Italian orthographical conventions. Since Italian has a transparent orthography (i.e., one-to-one letter-phoneme correspondence) (Bassetti and Atkinson 2015, 69), this could result in readers pronouncing the above-mentioned names as /ˈpadraig/ or /ˈtʃara/, which would be incorrect.</p>
<p><b>Works Cited</b></p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• <i>use of sources and reference material</i></li> </ul>	<p>Bassetti, Bene, and Nathan Atkinson. 2015. “Effects of Orthographic Forms of Pronunciation in Experienced Instructed Second Language Learners.” <i>Applied Psycholinguistics</i> 36 (1): 67-91. doi:10.1017/S0142716414000435</p> <p>Fernández Guerra, Ana. 2012. “Translating Culture: Problems, Strategies and Practical Realities.” <i>Art and Subversion</i> 3 (1): 1-27. <a href="https://doi.org/10.15291/sic/1.3.lt.1">https://doi.org/10.15291/sic/1.3.lt.1</a></p> <p>McCrea, Barry. 2005. <i>The First Verse</i>. New York: Carroll &amp; Graf.</p> <p>McKeon, Belinda. 2006. “Out of literary sortes.” <i>The Irish Times</i>, January 21, 2006.</p>

<https://www.irishtimes.com/news/out-of-literary-sortes-1.1004813>

Sanga, Claudio. 2011. "Lettere di una tarantata (1970) di Annabella Rossi" [Letters from a *tarantata* (1970) by Annabella Rossi]. In *Leggere l'unità d'Italia* [Reading the Unification of Italy], edited by Alessandro Casellato and Simon Levis Sullam, 98-102. <http://edizionicafoscari.unive.it/it/edizioni/libri/978-88-97735-00-7>

## Source Text

### *The First Verse*

[...] We went to Bewley's on Westmoreland Street for breakfast, brass rails, dark wood, coffee-heavy air, sugared cherry buns. Here we uncovered the shared memory of being brought here with our mothers and siblings at Christmas time when we were in town to see Santy in Switzer's. I wondered aloud if we had ever been there at the same time, seen each other. I imagined it silently, Ciara and our mother and I sitting in a red-cushioned booth, my mother with her mug of coffee and a currant bun, Ciara and I with Fanta and a custard slice, fascinated and a little afraid of the noisy working-class family beside us, a girl and a younger boy, bossed around by his big sister. The boy standing on the seat, looking over the ledge at the three of us, Ciara and I wide-eyed and slightly thrilled by their dangerous-sounding accents. The mother: "Christopher! Chri-stopher! Would yeh get dow-en! Get down off dat seat before I brain yeh." Sharp slap and bawling. "I told yeh to get down, Christopher." Our mother: "Niall, would you stop gawking at people. Eat your custard slice."

By the time we had finished eating and talking in Bewley's it was dusk, and I wanted only this. The sky could be light or dark, the sun east or west, the streets crowded or empty; the buskers could play anything. I wanted to feel the shape of his difference nearby, dig around in the soft topsoil of the inexhaustible mine of Chris's self and history, his

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## Target Text

### *Il primo verso*

#### Mappe



childhood, opinions, turns of phrase, parents, schooldays, coming-out, eating habits, traumas, forgotten friends. We stood on the street outside Bewley's, unsure what to do: every direction was equal.

[...]

I sat at the kitchen table, blinking in the morning sun, and listened to the morning radio, a ritual I had seen my grandmother perform all her life, back in the days of that lost civilisation when the Irish summers were not so hot, sitting down after her breakfast and Mass to hear the country talk to itself. Abracadabra me granny comes from Cabra. Anne in Sligo town. "I believe you fell afoul of the smoking ban, Anne?" Pàdraig in Drumcondra, Breda in Tralee, Agnes in Dunmore East, Margaret in Mount Merrion, Chris in Montparnasse.

Faced with the long day before the sun would set and I could meet Chris, I phoned home, thinking I would propose a visit out to Sandycove. The phone rang out to my sister's voice:

*Hi, this is the Lenihans. I'm sorry we aren't able come to the phone at the moment but please leave a message and we'll get back to you. Thanks a million.*

I called my mother's mobile. She was on the DART and we had to shout over the noise of the train. I asked her if she was free for lunch.

"Oh, I'm sorry, love, I've arranged to meet Nuala. She wants to get the book club going again. What about tomorrow?"

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## Capitolo 10

[...]

Andammo a fare colazione da Bewley, in Westmoreland Street (ringhiere d'ottone, legno scuro, aria satura di caffè, ciambelle con glassa alla ciliegia. Scoprimmo di avere un ricordo in comune: quello di venire qui con mamme, fratelli e sorelle a dicembre, quando venivamo in città per incontrare Babbo Natale ai grandi magazzini Switzer.

45 Mi chiesi ad alta voce se fossimo mai stati lì nello stesso momento, se ci  
46 fossimo mai visti. Lo immaginai tra me e me: Ciara, nostra madre e io  
47 seduti al tavolo sulle panche rosse imbottite, mia madre con la sua tazza  
48 di caffè e un dolce all'uvetta, io e Ciara con una Fanta e una fetta di torta  
49 alla crema, affascinati e un po' intimoriti dalla rumorosa famiglia del  
50 tavolo accanto (un ragazzino e la sua prepotente sorella maggiore), di  
51 estrazione sociale inferiore alla nostra. Il ragazzino in piedi sulla panca,  
52 che ci guarda da sopra lo schienale, io e Ciara con gli occhi spalancati, un  
53 po' eccitati dal suono poco raccomandabile del loro accento. La madre:  
54 "Christopher! Chri-sto-pher! Ci vuoi scendere o no da lì! Vieni giù da 'sta  
55 panca prima che ti spacco la testa". Schiaffo secco seguito da un pianto  
56 a diretto. "Ti ho detto scendi se non vuoi che te ne arriva un altro."  
57 Nostra madre: "Niall, smettila di fissare le persone. Mangia la tua torta."  
58 Quando finimmo di mangiare e di parlare da Bewley era già l'imbrunire,  
59 e questo era tutto ciò che volevo. Il cielo poteva essere buio o luminoso,  
60 il sole a est o a ovest, le vie deserte o affollate; gli artisti di strada  
61 potevano suonare qualsiasi canzone. Volevo sentire vicino a me la forma  
62 della sua differenza, scavare nel soffice terriccio dell'inesauribile miniera  
63 che erano la storia e l'identità di Chris: la sua infanzia, le sue opinioni, i  
64 suoi modi di dire, i genitori, la scuola, il coming-out, le abitudini  
65 alimentari, i traumi, gli amici dimenticati. Restammo in piedi sulla  
66 strada, fuori da Bewley, indecisi sul da farsi: ogni direzione era buona.  
67 [...]

68 Sedevo al tavolo di cucina, strizzando gli occhi al sole del mattino, e  
69 ascoltavo i programmi radio mattutini. Era un rituale che avevo visto mia  
70 nonna eseguire per tutta la vita, ai vecchi tempi di quella civiltà perduta  
71 quando le estati in Irlanda non erano ancora così calde: dopo la  
72 colazione e la Messa si sedeva e ascoltava il paese che parlava a se  
73 stesso. *Abracadabra mia nonna è di Cabra. Anne era a Sligo. “E così non*  
74 *sei d’accordo con il ‘vietato fumare’, Anne?” Pàdraic a Drumcondra,*  
75 *Breda a Tralee, Agnes a Dunmore East, Margaret a Mount Merrion, Chris*  
76 *a Montparnasse.*

77 Dato che avevo una lunga giornata davanti prima che il sole tramontasse  
78 e potessi incontrare Chris, telefonai a casa con l’idea di proporre una  
79 visita a Sandycove. Dall’altro lato sentii la voce di mia sorella: *Salve, qui è*  
80 *la famiglia Lenihan. Ci dispiace ma al momento non possiamo*  
81 *rispondere; lasciate un messaggio e vi richiameremo. Grazie mille.*

82 Chiamai il cellulare di mia madre. Era a bordo del DART, il treno che  
83 costeggia la baia di Dublino, e dovemmo gridare per sovrastare il rumore  
84 delle rotaie. Le chiesi se fosse libera per pranzo.

85 “Oh, mi dispiace, tesoro, ho un appuntamento con Nuala. Vuole  
86 resuscitare il club di lettura. Che ne dici di domani?”



## Appendix 1

Italian gloss translation of Pier Paolo Pasolini's *Dansa di Narcis* (II), provided by Pasolini himself.<sup>1</sup>

DANZA DI NARCISO.

Io sono una viola e un ontano, lo scuro e il pallido nella carne. Spio col mio occhio allegro l'ontano del mio petto amaro e dei miei ricci che splendono pigri nel sole della riva. Io sono una viola e un ontano, il nero e il rosa nella carne. E guardo la viola che splende greve e tenera nel chiaro della mia cera di velluto sotto l'ombra di un gelso. Io sono una viola e un ontano, il secco e il morbido nella carne. La viola contorce il suo lume [tenero] sui fianchi duri dell'ontano, e si specchiano nell'azzurro fitto dell'acqua del mio cuore avaro. Io sono una viola e un ontano, il freddo e il tiepido nella carne.

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<sup>1</sup> Pasolini, Pier Paolo. 2009. *Tutte le poesie: Tomo 1* [All poetry. Volume 1]. Milan: Mondadori, 67-68.

# Appendix 2

## THOMAS O'MALLEY CAT

Words and Music by  
TERRY GILKYSON

Moderate Swing (♩ = ♪)

N.C.

I like the mashed po - ta - ta - ta - toes like they make at home\_ or a

*mf*

health - y fish with the big back bone. Even on the *pro me na - de*

B<sup>b</sup> Gm Dm N.C. Dm Gm

I'm still an I - rish la - d

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musicnotes

Authorized for use by: *Greta Chies*

2 Cm7 N.C. Cm7 F7 Cm7 F7 B<sup>b</sup> N.C.

Thom-as O'-Mal-ley, O' - Mal-ley, the al - ley cat! I've got that

B<sup>b</sup> F7

wan - der - lust, I do be walkin' the scene  
got me - self and this big old world.

F7#5

kick - in' up the high - way dust, feelin' the grass that's  
When I sip that cup of life with me fin - gers

B<sup>b</sup> B<sup>b</sup>7 E<sup>b</sup>

green, I do be struttin' those cit - y streets, -  
curled, I don't wor - ry what road to take, - I

musicnotes

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Edim7 Bb/F Ab9 G9

show - ing off my e - clat;  
don't have to think of that. What -

C9 N.C. C9 N.C. Cm7

tell - ing my friends of the so - cial e - lite or some cute cat I  
ev - er I take is the road I make, it's the road of life, make

G7 C7 C#dim7

hap - pen to meet that I'm  
no mis - take for me,

Dm7 Gm7 Dm7 Gm7 Cm7 F7

still an I - rish la - d even on the prome - nade, I'm Tho - mas O' - Mal - ley,

4 Cm7 F7 Cm7 F7 Bb

To Coda

O' - Mal - ley, the al - ley cat!

Bb7 Eb7

Bb7

I'm

Eb Bb Bbdim7

King of the high - way, Prince of the boul - e -

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B $\flat$  Cm7 F7 Cm7 F7

vard, Duke of the a - vant - garde; the

B $\flat$  B $\flat$ 7 E $\flat$

world is me back - yard. So for to fol - low

B $\flat$  B $\flat$ dim7 B $\flat$

me that's the road you want to seek. Cal -

C7 N.C. C7 N.C.

cut - ta to Rome or home, sweet home in

6 F7 N.C.

Par - is, mag - ni - fique, ye all! — (even eighths)

freely a tempo

D.S.  $\text{\textcircled{=}}$  al Coda

tr I on - ly

L.H. a tempo (swing eighths)

Coda Cm7 F7 B $\flat$  A $\flat$ 7 G7 Cm7 F7

Mal - ley, the al - ley cat!

B $\flat$  A $\flat$ 7 G7 Cm7 F7 B $\flat$

And I'm ver - y proud of that!

### Appendix 3

Italian gloss translation of *Filò* by Andrea Zanzotto<sup>2</sup>

In questi giorni che il freddo accorcia e la pioggia

Soffoca – seppellito settembre

E un anno, prima del tempo –,

in queste notti che il vento chiama e divora

con grandi scrosci d'acqua e lampeggiare,

vampe e fumigamenti –

inverno e estate mischiati come capelli di streghe –,

in queste ore che il sole per un momento

libera, e poi le lascia andare

a morire nel madido, tra cancelli

neri dietro i greppi delle montagne –

e tutto quello che si vede sembra buttato in un letamaio

anche se di ori è pieno il letamaio –

santa terra, tu tremi. Terra, che hai, terra?

Anche altre volte, per il passato, sentivo

questi scivolii improvvisi, ma piccoli, piccolissimi,

questi colpetti leggeri, questo brulicare nascosto.

E quel muoverti un poco

come vaccherella stanca di cavezza

come bambinetta in culla

come l'incresparsi di una sicurezza e pace senza fine

mi diceva soltanto che eri viva e piena di brio

e così tu mi davi quasi un gaudio

un po' allarmato,

irritato ma gentile

come un mosto o un vinello nostro e tuo:

godere di te sorella più che madre,

di te capretta pecorella sorellina

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<sup>2</sup> Zanzotto, Andrea. In nessuna lingua, in nessun luogo. Le poesie in dialetto [In no language, in no place. Poetry in dialect]. Macerata: Quodlibet, 108-123

persa e dispersa in fiori e alberi  
in dossi e anfratti di colline, pennacchietti di verde  
e ragnateli abbagliati,  
per sentieri, per rivi, per chiazze  
qua e là di neve – dai letti di prato alle grémene,  
dalla piana alle alture, sotto il sole.  
E se nel passato ogni tanto, ma tanto, ti scrollavi  
di più (alzarsi di notte, chiamarsi di famiglie,  
vacche e buoi che mugghiavano, cani che abbaivano)  
quasi mai avevi assassinato,  
sembravi caduta in distrazione, mezza ubriaca, senza peccato mortale.  
Una fedeltà grande si è dissolta.

Adesso, anche se quest'angolo è risparmiato  
e se qui arriva il gesticolare della tua follia  
senza far danno – della tua follia satura e torbida  
in sacra febbre e ostinazione,

del tuo saltare e spingere, imprigionati –  
non ti si può più coccolare né voler bene;  
ci assale uno spasimo per i fratelli  
qui vicini, cari fratelli friulani,  
appena dietro il velo  
che viene su dalla pianura, dietro il giro del Cansiglio;  
e si ha paura di questi monti blu  
che tanto somigliano a quelli del Friuli;  
si sa che ciò che qua ci scuote soltanto  
poco lontano schiaccia ammazza sfa demolisce;  
si sa che tu sei una furia, peggio che migliaia e migliaia di furie,  
selvatica tremenda irata sfinge  
che non si può guardar sul muso mostro,  
che non si può pensare: madre-mostro tu torni  
a essere, come sempre, nel momento che  
la verità sfonda, dea che troppo  
troppo ci sopravanza; oppure

che – così dice il libro della Ginestra –

non sai niente

né di te né di noi, e il tuo stare è come il tuo scrollarti

e il tuo andare per le migliaia di millenni

è come uno stare. Verde sei, per sempre,

anche quando sei sasso liscio e sterile,

fiorisci anche mentre uccidi; coagulata, ribolli.

Ma forse, forse non ti abbiamo corteggiata

non ti abbiamo voluto bene abbastanza

non ti abbiamo studiata vena per vena

linea di forza per linea di forza

non ti abbiamo ascoltato da vicino, umilmente,

con amore, per quello che tu eri:

una – certo – che poco di noi cura

ma che più ha fatto per il nostro bene – senza volerlo

senza saperlo – che per il nostro male,

(se, strabici, possiamo mai guardare nello strabismo).

Ha ragione ancora quello della Ginestra:

ci siamo troppo perduti a litigare tra uomini

a cavarci gli occhi l'un l'altro

a incendiarci nei falò

infami delle guerre e delle inquisizioni

a sbudellarci per tre o quattro pertiche

o solchi in più o in meno,

anziché ritrovarci, volerci tutti insieme,

amalgamati a combattere – con amore – contro di te

madre da maledire e da adorare

che è vinta soltanto (alle sue leggi) obbedendo.

E che cosa ti abbiamo fatto, quanto ti abbiamo fatto

di male – intossicata, sconquassata, rosicchiata

castrata – non per il bene nostro che dal tuo non può separarsi,

ma per l'avidità di pochi, guffi dal gozzo pieno

zeppi fino all'intontimento,

e pur sempre intenti a sgranocchiare,  
per le bave di soldi lumacosi, marci fradici,  
e per colpa di chi dovendo difenderci, e difenderti da loro,  
ne era complice, invece.

Pensiamo che i morti del Vajont sono il doppio  
di quelli che tu hai fatto adesso, terra.

Quanto grande può essere dunque la nostra colpa?

Seppure la più grande tua colpa,  
terra, non è quella di avere fatto noi, uomini.

Ma non diciamo così, proviamo a farci coraggio,  
a meglio ingegnarci. E anche se sarà  
ancora una menzogna, ancora un imbroglio,  
aver pensato di farcela  
contro tutto quello che di schifoso ci sta dentro  
e ci fa delirare,  
contro tutto quello che ci sta attorno

nemico immenso e oscuro

che da sotto da sopra da dovunque

ci viene addosso, almeno non avremo

barato nel nostro gioco, contro noi stessi.

Pensiamo che quella testa santa

onnipotente e misera –

bocca che (non) parla, orecchi che (non) sentono

mente che (non) pensa divinamente –

forse ha solo bisogno che l'aiutiamo un poco,

che ci aiutiamo un poco,

per essere tutta splendore, tutta aiuto.

E se le nostre volontà unite

e per lei e per noi avvanzeranno nel capirla, nel capirci,

non ci sfuggirà,

non ci cadrà via di mano

nei gorghi che inghiottono e bruciano/spengono,

la tireremo su intera dal suo mistero,



e se non tutta  
-mai non sarebbe conto che torna giusto –  
quanto basta perché  
i suoi occhi di biscia  
di sovrana  
ci appaiano un poco di vera  
mamma, non di matrigna, non di biscia:  
anche se Basilissa, Rèitia, Dea  
(forse che aspetta uno sposo eterno  
come lei – e che è lei –, Logos veniente)  
deve restare; per il nostro non-sapere  
e sapere, ma soprattutto per il nostro amarla.

Vecchio dialetto che hai nel tuo sapore  
un gocciolo del latte di Eva,  
vecchio dialetto che non so più,  
che mi ti sei estenuato

giorno per giorno nella bocca (e non mi basti);  
che sei cambiato con la mia faccia  
con la mia pelle anno per anno;  
parlare povero, da poveri, ma schietto  
ma fitto, ma denso come una manciata  
di fieno appena tagliato dalla falce (perché non mi basti?) –  
nonni e babbi sono andati, loro che ti conoscevano,  
nonne e mamme sono andate, loro che ti inventavano,  
nuovo petèl per ogni figlio in fasce  
tra gli stenti, le grida di parto, la fame, le nausee.  
Girare mi dà fastidio, in mezzo a queste macerie  
di te, di me. Dal dente accanito del tempo  
avanzi non restano nel piatto, e meno  
di tutto i cimiteri: devo dirti cimitero?  
È vero che non può esserci ormai  
nessun parlare di néne-nonne-mamme? Che fa male  
ai bambini il petèl e gran maestri lo sconsigliano?

È vero che scriverti,  
vecchio parlare, è troppo faticoso, è un male  
anche per me, come prendere a rovescio,  
per obliquo, far slogare i tendini delle mani?

Ma intanto qui attorno, girando per i mercati,  
o meglio andando per campi e clivi e balze  
là dove il gallo di cristallo canta sempre tre volte,  
da giuste bocche ti si sente. Io ho perduto la traccia,  
sono andato troppo lontano pur rimanendo qui  
avvitato, imbullonato, diventato quasi un ceppo di piombo,  
e la poesia non è in nessuna lingua  
in nessun luogo – forse – o è il ruggiare del fuoco  
che fa scricchiolare tutte le fondamenta  
dentro la grande laguna, dentro la grande lacuna –,  
è il pieno e il vuoto della testa-terra  
che tace, o ammicca e fiuta un passo più oltre

di quel che mai potremmo dirci, far nostro.  
Ma tu, vecchio parlare, persisti. E seppur gli uomini  
ti dimenticheranno senza accorgersene,  
ci saranno uccelli –  
due tre uccelli soltanto magari  
dagli spari e dal macello volati via –:  
domani sull'ultimo ramo là in fondo  
in fondo a siepi e prati,  
uccelli che ti hanno appreso da tanto tempo,  
ti parleranno dentro il sole, nell'ombra.