Cultural Encounters in Literary Translation: The playful, the sinful and the hallowed.
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Known for dealing with female sexuality and women’s social representation (Collette & O’Connor, 2006), the author depicts the romance between a divorced woman and a married man in this prosaic account. This short story became the title for the author’s first collection of short stories and gives life to Martha, a bold protagonist and first-person narrator who tells the rise and fall of her prohibited romance (Pelan, 2006). This piece of translation contains only the first quarter of Martha’s story. However, rich language variation can be found throughout the excerpt. A generally elevated formality can be noticed in her choice of words as she presents recurring descriptions thoroughly enriched with numerous adjectives (Lines 173—174). Additionally, there is a distancing to the prescriptive norms of English when choosing terms such as *unnostalgic* (Line 80) or using names of brands as *Elastoplast* (Line 55). These ruptures with the conventional are noticeable in both form and content as the themes she chose to write about were considered taboos when the story was first published and male figures tend to assume secondary amorphous roles (The Guardian, 2014).

Considering this work is fairly marked by cultural references and linguistic constructions predominantly known in the English-speaking world, recreating these devices can be difficult once they may not be common in Brazilian Portuguese. The envisioned target audience (TA) would be mostly Brazilian females of all adult ages who are familiar with or interested in gender equality or feminist translation (Buikema & Smelik, 1995) and often read feminist writers such as the author of this short story. To overcome the cultural and linguistic barriers, the translation strategy consists in using Derrida’s (2012) theory of relevance and deconstruction. The aim is to create a translation that empowers and values the female character
(200 words max) to enrich access and consumption of feminist literature in Brazil. The avoidance of vocabularies and constructions that diminish the figure of the female in face of the male figure – due to linguistic bias or culturalisms – is the main goal of this work. Ambiguity in the target text (TT) will be refrained from whenever possible, even if this practice produces longer sentences and entails the use of uncommon constructions. Punctuation and italicised speeches are also going to be used as devices of intensification and clarification whenever judged necessary.

Critical Reflection
- textual analysis

(200 words max) The cultural references did not pose relevant difficulties to this translation, replacing brands (Line 63) and adapting terms (Line 89, 127 and 128) to make the excessive flowing of the formal language a bit unstable was achievable. However, balance between form and content has presented itself as the real challenge in this translation. The themes of the story made it harder to portrait an unambiguous character regardless of the linguistic system being used. Still, the most seemingly effective way of avoiding as much ambiguity as possible was an excessive use of personal pronouns instead of other classes of pronouns. Relative and possessive pronouns referring to all non-human things, for example, are the same for males and females in the target language. Furthermore, the length of the TT is full page longer than ST, even though it has 127 less. This can be an indication that, in order to remain consistently formal in the TL, lengthier words were chosen over shorter terms.

Works Cited
- use of sources and reference material


|---|
He simply said my name. He said “Martha,” and once again I could feel it happening. My legs trembled under the big white cloth and my head became fuzzy, though I was not drunk. It’s how I fall in love. He sat opposite. The love object. Elderly. Blue eyes. Khaki hair. The hair was graying on the outside and he had spread the outer gray ribs across the width of his head as if to disguise the khaki, the way some men disguise a patch of baldness. He had what I call a very religious smile. An inner smile that came on and off, governed as it were by his private joy in what he heard or saw: a remark I made, the waiter removing the cold dinner plates that served as ornament and bringing warmed ones of a different design, the nylon curtain blowing inward and brushing my bare, summer-ripened arm. It was the end of a warm London summer.

“I’m not mad about them, either,” he said. We were engaged in a bit of backbiting. Discussing a famous couple we both knew. He kept his hands joined all the time as if they were being put to prayer. There were no barriers between us. We were strangers. I am a television announcer; we had met to do a job, and out of courtesy he asked me to dinner. He told me about his wife—who was thirty like me—and how he knew he would marry her the very first moment he set eyes on her. (She was his third wife.) I made no inquiries as to what she looked like. I still don’t know. The

Ele, simplesmente, disse meu nome. Ele disse MARTHA e, mais uma vez, eu senti aquilo acontecendo. Minhas pernas tiritavam sob a grande toalha branca e minha cabeça ficou confusa, ainda que não estivesse embriagada. É a maneira como me apaixono. Ele se sentara à minha frente. O objeto do querer. Mais velho. Olhos azuis. Cabelo castanho claro. O cabelo estava ficando grisalho nas extremidades e ele havia espalhado as mechas acinzentadas pela parte superior da cabeça como se quisesse disfarçar o castanho da mesma forma que alguns homens disfarçam uma falha de calvície. Ele possuía algo que eu chamo de um sorriso muito religioso. Um sorriso vindo de dentro que surgia e sumia, como se fosse guiado por seu agrado particular pelo que via ou ouvia: um comentário feito por mim, o garçom removendo os pratos decorativos frios e trazendo outros de modelo diferente e aquecido, a cortina de nylon esvoaçando adentro e acariciando meu braço nu maturado pela estação. Era o fim de um quente verão londrino.

Eu também não sou grande fã deles, dissera ele. Falávamos maledicências. Debatíamos sobre um casal famoso que ambos conhecíamos. Suas mãos permaneciam juntas o tempo todo como se tivessem sido assim colocadas para uma oração. Não havia barreiras entre nós. Éramos estranhos. Sou anunciante televisiva; havíamos nos
only memory I have of her is of her arms sheathed in big, mauve, crocheted sleeves; the image runs away with me and I see his pink, praying hands vanishing into those sleeves and the two of them waltzing in some large, grim room, smiling rapturously at their good fortune in being together. But that came much later.

We had a pleasant supper and figs for afters. The first figs I’d ever tasted. He tested them gently with his fingers, then put three on my side plate. I kept staring down at their purple-black skins, because with the shaking I could not trust myself to peel them. He took my mind off my nervousness by telling me a little story about a girl who was being interviewed on the radio and admitted to owning thirty-seven pairs of shoes and buying a new dress every Saturday, which she later endeavored to sell to friends or family. Somehow I knew that it was a story he had specially selected for me and also that he would not risk telling it to many people. He was in his way a serious man, and famous, though that is hardly of interest when one is telling about a love affair. Or is it? Anyhow, without peeling it, I bit into one of the figs.

How do you describe a taste? They were a new food and he was a new man and that night in my bed he was both stranger and lover, which I used to think was the ideal bed partner.

In the morning he was quite formal but unashamed; he even asked for a clothes brush because there was a smudge of powder on his jacket where

| 21 | encontrado para realizar um trabalho e, como cortesia, ele me convidara para jantar. Me contou sobre sua esposa – que, como eu, tinha trinta anos – e como soube que se casariam desde a primeira vez que pairou os olhos sobre ela (sua terceira esposa). Não fiz questionamentos sobre a aparência dela, que ainda não sei qual é. A única memória que possuo dela é de seus braços cobertos por vastas mangas roxas de crochê; a cena se desfaz junto de mim e vejo as mãos dele, róseas e devotas, desaparecer dentro daquelas mangas... e juntos valsavam num enorme salão sinistro, sorrindo extasiados com a sorte de terem um ao outro. Mas isso foi muito mais tarde. |
| 22 | O jantar foi agradável e, depois, comemos figos. O primeiro figo que eu experimentei na vida. Com os dedos, ele os tateou gentilmente e colocou três em meu prato. Segui fitando o preto e o roxo das cascas, pois minhas mãos trêmulas não eram confiáveis para os descascar. Ele abrandou meu nervosismo com a história de uma garota entrevistada no rádio que admitira possuir trinta e sente pares de sapatos e, todo sábado, comprar um vestido novo. Peças que, mais tarde, esforçava-se para vender a amigos e familiares. De certo modo, sabia que ele havia selecionado aquela história especialmente para mim e que não arriscaria contá-la para muitos. Era, à sua maneira, um homem sério – e famoso – ainda que o segundo seja pouco atrativo quando se trata de romances |
we had embraced in the taxi coming home. At the time I had no idea whether or not we would sleep together, but on the whole I felt that we would not. I have never owned a clothes brush. I own books and records and various bottles of scent and beautiful clothes, but I never buy cleaning stuffs or aids for prolonging property. I expect it is improvident, but I just throw things away. Anyhow, he dabbed the powder smear with his handkerchief and it came off quite easily. The other thing he needed was a piece of sticking plaster because a new shoe had cut his heel. I looked but there was none left in the tin. My children had cleared it out during the long summer holidays. In fact, for a moment I saw my two sons throughout those summer days, slouched on chairs, reading comics, riding bicycles, wrestling, incurring cuts which they promptly covered with Elastoplast, and afterward, when the plasters fell, flaunting the brown-rimmed marks as proof of their valor. I missed them badly and longed to hold them in my arms—another reason why I welcomed his company.

“There’s no plaster left,” I said, not without shame. I thought how he would think me neglectful. I wondered if I ought to explain why my sons were at boarding school when they were still so young. They were eight and ten. But I didn’t. I had ceased to want to tell people the tale of how my marriage had ended and my husband, unable to care for two young boys, insisted on boarding school in order to give them, as he put it, a

43 extraconjugal. Ou será mesmo? De alguma forma, sem ao menos
descascá-lo, mordi um dos figos.

44 Como descrever um sabor? Os figos eram uma comida nova, ele era um homem novo e, naquela noite em minha cama, era tão desconhecido quanto amante, o que eu costumava achar ser um parceiro de cama ideal.

45 Pela manhã, ele foi bastante formal, mas desenvolto; chegou a pedir uma escova para roupas pois havia uma mancha de maquiagem em seu paletó onde descanssei o rosto, no táxi, voltando para casa. Na época, eu não fazia a menor ideia se dormiríamos juntos ou não, mas, de modo geral, sentia que não. Eu nunca tive uma escova para roupas. Tenho livros e
discos e vários perfumes e lindas roupas, mas eu nunca comprei produtos de limpeza ou que façam com que meus pertences durem mais. Pode parecer imprudente, mas eu, simplesmente, jogo as coisas fora. De algum jeito, ele golpeou a mancha com seu lenço e a removeu com muita facilidade. Outra coisa que ele precisava era um curativo adesivo, pois o sapato novo havia cortado seu calcanhar. Procurei, mas não havia sobrado nenhum na caixa. Meus filhos tinham gasto todos durante as
longas férias de verão. Na verdade, por um instante, revi meus dois
tenistas no decorrer daquele verão: esparramando-se em cadeiras,
leendo gibis, andando de bicicleta, brincando de luta, conquistando cortes que, prontamente, cobriam com Band-Aids e, mais tarde, quando o curativo caía, ostentavam sua marca como prova de seu valor. Eu senti
stabilizing influence. I believed it was done in order to deprive me of the pleasure of their company.

We had breakfast outdoors. The start of another warm day. The dull haze that precedes heat hung from the sky, and in the garden next door the sprinklers were already on. My neighbors are fanatic gardeners. He ate three pieces of toast and some bacon. I ate also, just to put him at his ease, though normally I skip breakfast. “I’ll stock up with plaster, clothes brush, and cleaning fluids,” I said. My way of saying, “You’ll come again?” He saw through it straightaway. Hurrying down the mouthful of toast, he put one of his prayer hands over mine and told me solemnly and nicely that he would not have a mean and squalid little affair with me, but that we would meet in a month or so and he hoped we would become friends. I hadn’t thought of us as friends, but it was an interesting possibility. I remembered the earlier part of our evening’s conversation and his referring to his earlier wives and his older grown-up children, and I thought how honest and unnostalgic he was. I was really sick of sorrows and people multiplying them even to themselves. Another thing he did that endeared him was to fold back the green silk bedspread, a thing I never do myself.

When he left I felt quite buoyant and in a way relieved. It had been nice and there were no nasty aftereffects. My face was pink from kissing and my hair tossed from our exertions. I looked a little wanton. Feeling tired 65 muito a falta deles e ansiei envolvê-los em meus braços – mais um motivo para eu receber bem a companhia dele. Não sobrou nem um curativo, eu disse, com certo constrangimento. Imaginei o quão negligente ele me imaginaria. Ponderei se explicaria a ele o porquê meus filhos estudavam em um colégio interno mesmo sendo tão jovens – eles tinham oito e dez anos –, mas não o fiz. Eu tinha deixado de querer contar às pessoas a narrativa de como meu casamento havia terminado e meu marido, incapaz de cuidar de duas crianças, insistiu no internato para dar-lhes, como ele mesmo diz, uma influência estável. Eu presumi que ele o fizera para me privar do prazer da companhia dos garotos.

Nós tomamos café da manhã ao ar livre. O prelúdio de outro dia cálido. A névoa opaca que precede o calor suspendia no céu e, no gramado do vizinho, os aspersores já funcionavam. Meus vizinhos eram jardineiros fanáticos! Ele comeu três torradas e um pouco de bacon. Eu comi para deixá-lo à vontade, ainda que eu costume não tomar café da manhã. Comprei curativos, uma escova para roupas e produtos de limpeza, afirmei. Minha maneira de dizer Você volta?, ele percebeu imediatamente! Devorando uma torrada, ele colocou sua mão devotamente sobre a minha e disse, gentil e solenemente, que não teria um casinho vil e sódido comigo, mas que nos encontrariamos em cerca de um mês e desejava que nos tornássemos amigos. Eu não havia pensado em nós como amigos, mas era uma possibilidade interessante. Me lembrei do
from such a broken night’s sleep, I drew the curtains and got back into bed. I had a nightmare. The usual one, where I am being put to death by a man. People tell me that a nightmare is healthy and from that experience I believe it. I wakened calmer than I had been for months and passed the remainder of the day happily.

Two mornings later he rang and asked was there a chance of our meeting that night. I said yes, because I was not doing anything and it seemed appropriate to have supper and seal our secret decently. But we started recharging.

“We did have a very good time,” he said. I could feel myself making little petrified moves denoting love, shyness; opening my eyes wide to look at him, exuding trust. This time he peeled the figs for both of us. We positioned our legs so that they touched and withdrew them shortly afterward, confident that our desires were flowing. He brought me home. I noticed when we were in bed that he had put cologne on his shoulder and that he must have set out to dinner with the hope if not the intention of sleeping with me. I liked the taste of his skin better than the foul chemical and I had to tell him so. He just laughed. Never had I been so at ease with a man. For the record, I had slept with four other men, but there always seemed to be a distance between us, conversation-wise. I mused for a moment on their various smells as I inhaled his, which reminded me of some herb. It was not parsley, not thyme, not mint, but some

princípio de nossa conversa naquela noite e dele se referindo às suas esposas anteriores e seus filhos crescidos, pensei como ele era sincero e dessaudoso. Eu estava farta de lamúrias e pessoas as multiplicando, inclusive para si. Outro feito que o tornara mais amável foi dobrar o lençol de seda verde, algo que eu mesma nunca faço.

Quando ele se foi, me senti vigorosa em demasia e, de certo modo, aliviada. Tudo tinha corrido bem e não houve sequela desagradável. Meu rosto estava corado dos beijos e me cabelo bagunçado devido ao nosso engajamento. Eu estava com a aparência um pouco imprudente. Esgotada após uma noite cansativa e mal dormida, fechei as cortinas e voltei para a cama. Tive um pesadelo. Aquele de costume, em que um homem tira minha vida. As pessoas dizem que pesadelos são saudáveis e, por isso, eu acredito que sejam. Acordei mais calma do que havia me sentido em meses e passei o restante do dia contente.

Duas manhãs mais tarde, ele liga e pergunta da possibilidade de nos encontrarmos naquela noite. Eu disse sim, pois não tinha planos e me parecia apropriado jantar e selar nosso segredo decentemente, mas começamos a nos reaproximar.

Nos divertimos bastante, ele disse. Eu podia sentir que eu fazia leves movimentos rijos sugerindo amor e timidez: esbugalhando meus olhos ao olhar para ele, exalando confiança. Desta vez, ele desascou os figos para si e para mim. Posicionamos nossas pernas de maneira que se tocasssem
nonexistent herb compounded of these three smells. On this second occasion our lovemaking was more relaxed.

“What will you do if you make an avaricious woman out of me?” I asked. “I will pass you on to someone very dear and suitable,” he said. We coiled together, and with my head on his shoulder I thought of pigeons under the railway bridge nearby, who passed their nights nestled together, heads folded into mauve breasts. In his sleep we kissed and murmured. I did not sleep. I never do when I am overhappy, overunhappy, or in bed with a strange man.

Neither of us said, “Well, here we are, having a mean and squalid little affair.” We just started to meet. Regularly. We stopped going to restaurants because of his being famous. He would come to my house for dinner. I’ll never forget the flurry of those preparations—putting flowers in vases, changing the sheets, thumping knots out of pillows, trying to cook, putting on makeup, and keeping a hairbrush nearby in case he arrived early. The agony of it! It was with difficulty that I answered the doorbell when it finally rang.

“You don’t know what an oasis this is,” he would say. And then in the hallway he would put his hands on my shoulders and squeeze them through my thin dress and say, “Let me look at you,” and I would hang my head, both because I was overwhelmed and because I wanted to be. We would kiss, often for a full five minutes. He kissed the inside of my nostrils.

e, pouco tempo depois, as recolhemos, confidentes que nossos desejos fluíam. Ele me trouxe para casa. Já na cama, percebi que ele havia perfumado seus ombros e que devia ter ido ao jantar com a esperança,  não a intenção, de dormir comigo. Eu preferia o cheiro de sua pele àquela fragrância desarmônica e tive que dizer a ele. Ele apenas riu. Eu nunca estivera tão à vontade com um homem. Só para constar, eu já havia dormido com outros homens – quatro! Mas sempre parecia existir uma distância entre nós, em relação às conversas. Por um momento, ponderei sobre os vários odores daqueles ao inalar o dele, que me lembrava alguma planta. Não era salsinha, nem tomilho, nem hortelã, mas uma erva não existente composta pelos cheiros dos três. Nesta segunda ocasião, nossas atividades amorosas foram mais soltas.

E se você fizer de mim uma mulher gananciosa? Perguntei.

Eu te encaminharei para alguém muito querido e adequado, respondeu. Nos entrelaçamos e, amparando minha cabeça em seu ombro, pensei nos pombos que passam suas noites aninhados uns aos outros sob uma ponte ferroviária próxima, com suas cabeças encolhidas em seus peitos acinzentados. Enquanto ele dormia, nos beijamos e sussurramos. Eu não durmo. Eu nunca durmo quando estou felizerrima, tristerrima... ou na cama com um homem desconhecido.

Nenhum de nós dois disse: Bom, aqui estamos, tendo um casinho vil e sôrdido. Apenas começamos a nos encontrar regularmente. Paramos
Then we would move to the sitting room and sit on the chaise longue still speechless. He would touch the bone of my knee and say what beautiful knees I had. He saw and admired parts of me that no other man had ever bothered with. Soon after supper we went to bed.

Once, he came unexpectedly in the late afternoon when I was dressed to go out. I was going to the theater with another man.

“How I wish I were taking you,” he said.

“We’ll go to the theater one night?” He bowed his head. We would. It was the first time his eyes looked sad. We did not make love because I was made up and had my false eyelashes on and it seemed impractical. He said, “Has any man ever told you that to see a woman you desire when you cannot do a thing about it leaves you with an ache?”

The ache conveyed itself to me and stayed all through the theater. I felt angry for not having gone to bed with him, and later I regretted it even more, because from that evening onward our meetings were fewer. His wife, who had been in France with their children, returned. I knew this when he arrived one evening in a motorcar and in the course of conversation mentioned that his small daughter had that day peed over an important document. I can tell you now that he was a lawyer.

From then on it was seldom possible to meet at night. He made afternoon dates and at very short notice. Any night he did stay, he arrived with a travel bag containing toothbrush, clothes brush, and a few things a man
de ir à restaurantes pelo fato dele ser famoso. Ele vinha jantar em minha casa. Nunca esquecerei o agito daquelas preparações: colocar flores em vasos, trocar a roupa de cama, amaciar os travesseiros, tentar cozinar, me maquiar e deixar uma escova de cabelos por perto – caso ele chegasse mais cedo. A agonia da situação! Atendia a porta com dificuldade quando a campainha, finalmente, tocava.

Você não imagina o oásis que é isso aqui, ele dizia. Então, ainda no corredor, ele colocava suas mãos em meus ombros e, por dentro do meu franzino vestido, os apertava e dizia: deixe-me ver você. Eu abaixava minha cabeça, tanto por estar entregue quanto por querer estar. Nós nos beijávamos – muitas vezes por cinco minutos inteiros. Ele beijava até minhas narinas. Íamos, então, até a sala de estar e nos sentávamos na espreguiçadeira ainda calados. Ele tocava os meus joelhos e dizia o quão bonito eram. Ele via e admirava partes de mim que homem nenhum havia se dado ao trabalho de admirar. Pouco depois da ceia, íamos para a cama.

Certa vez, apareceu de surpresa ao final de uma tarde, quando eu estava arrumada para sair. Eu estava indo ao teatro com outro homem. Como eu gostaria que eu estivesse te levando, ele disse.

might need for an overnight, loveless stay in a provincial hotel. I expect she packed it. I thought, How ridiculous. I felt no pity for her. In fact, the mention of her name—it was Helen—made me angry. He said it very harmlessly. He said they’d been burgled in the middle of the night and he’d gone down in his pajamas while his wife telephoned the police from the extension upstairs.

“They only burgle the rich,” I said hurriedly, to change the conversation. It was reassuring to find that he wore pajamas with her, when he didn’t with me. My jealousy of her was extreme, and of course grossly unfair. Still, I would be giving the wrong impression if I said her existence blighted our relationship at that point. Because it didn’t. He took great care to speak like a single man, and he allowed time after our lovemaking to stay for an hour or so and depart at his leisure. In fact, it is one of those after-love sessions that I consider the cream of our affair. We were sitting on the bed, naked, eating smoked-salmon sandwiches. I had lighted the gas fire because it was well into autumn and the afternoons got chilly. The fire made a steady, purring noise. It was the only light in the room. It was the first time he noticed the shape of my face, because he said that up to then my coloring had drawn all of his admiration. His face and the mahogany chest and the pictures also looked better. Not rosy, because the gas fire did not have that kind of glow, but resplendent with a whitish light. The goatskin rug underneath the window had a special luxurious softness. I

disse que ver a mulher que desejas quando não podes fazer nada a respeito, te causa uma dor?

A dor se manifestou em mim e permaneceu durante todo o espetáculo. Senti raiva por não ter ido para a cama com ele e, mais tarde, me arrependi ainda mais, já que, daquela noite em diante, o número de nossos encontros foram diminuindo. Sua esposa, que estava na França com seus filhos, retornou. Eu soube certa noite, quando ele chegou de automóvel e, no decorrer da conversa, menciono que sua filha pequena havia, naquele dia, feito xixi em um documento importante. Agora posso te dizer que ele era advogado.

Dali em diante, encontros noturnos eram raramente possíveis. Ele conseguia encontros vespertinos e combinados em cima da hora. Qualquer noite em que de fato permanecesse, chegava com uma bolsa contendo escova de dentes, escova para roupas e outras coisas que um homem necessitasse em um pouso sem amor num hotel provinciano. Suponho que era ela quem preparava a bolsa. Que ridículo, eu pensava. Eu não sentia pena dela. Na verdade, a menção de seu nome – que era Helen – me deixou zangada. Ele o disse inocuamente. Ele contou que havia sido roubado no meio da noite e que ele desceu as escadas de pijama enquanto, lá em cima, sua esposa telefonava para a polícia.
We remarked on it. He happened to say that he had a slight trace of masochism, and that often, unable to sleep at night in a bed, he would go to some other room and lie on the floor with a coat over him and fall fast asleep. A thing he’d done as a boy. The image of the little boy sleeping on the floor moved me to enormous compassion, and without a word from him, I led him across to the goatskin and laid him down. It was the only time our roles were reversed. He was not my father. I became his mother. Soft and totally fearless. Even my nipples, about which I am squeamish, did not shrink from his rabid demands. I wanted to do everything and anything for him. As often happens with lovers, my ardor and inventiveness stimulated his. We stopped at nothing. Afterward, remarking on our achievement—a thing he always did—he reckoned it was the most intimate of all our intimate moments. I was inclined to agree. As we stood up to get dressed, he wiped his armpits with the white blouse I had been wearing and asked which of my lovely dresses I would wear to dinner that night. He chose my black one for me. He said it gave him great pleasure to know that although I was to dine with others my mind would ruminate on what he and I had done. A wife, work, the world, might separate us, but in our thoughts we were betrothed.

“I’ll think of you,” I said.

“And I, of you.”

We were not even sad at parting.

Só casas de ricos são assaltadas, eu disse, rapidamente, para mudar o assunto. Era confortante descobrir que ele usava pijamas com ela e comigo não. Meu ciúme dela era extremo e, claro, repugnantemente injusto. Ainda assim, estaria dando a impressão errada se dissesse que a existência dela prejudicava nosso relacionamento naquele momento. Não prejudicava. Ele tomava grande cuidado para falar como um homem solteiro, se permitia ficar por uma hora ou mais após fazermos amor e partia quando achava que devia. De fato, considero um desses momentos depois de estar juntos como sendo a cereja do bolo em nosso romance. Estávamos sentados na cama, nus, comendo sanduíches de salmão defumado. A lareira estava acesa pois o outono já durava algum tempo e as tardes ficaram frias. O fogo fazia um barulho, um ronco contínuo. Aquela era a única iluminação no quarto. Foi a primeira vez que ele se atentou ao formato do meu rosto, porque dizia que, até então, minha cor havia roubado toda sua admiração. O rosto dele, a cômoda de mogno e as fotos também estavam mais bonitas. Não rosáceas, pois a lareira a gás não tinha aquele fulgor, mas resplandecentes com uma luz esbranquiçada. O tapete de pele de carneiro sob a janela era de uma maciez luxuosa especial. Eu comentei sobre. Por acaso, ele falou que possuía um pequeno tino masoquista e que, frequentemente, incapaz de dormir na cama pela noite, ia até outro cômodo e se deitava no chão com algo o cobrindo e, rapidamente, pegava no sono. Algo que fazia ainda
garoto. A imagem do menininho dormindo no chão me causou enorme compaixão e, sem que ele dissesse uma palavra sequer, o leve até a pele de carneiro e o deitei. Foi a única vez em que nossos papéis se inverteram. Ele não foi meu pai, eu fui sua mãe: gentil e totalmente destemida. Até meus mamilos, com os quais sou escrupulosa, não se encolheram com suas agressivas exigências. Queria fazer tudo e qualquer coisa por ele. Como acontece muito com os amantes, meu entusiasmo e inventividade estimulavam os dele. Não parávamos por nada. Posteriormente, comentando nossos feitos – algo que ele sempre fazia – ele reconheceria que aquele havia sido o momento mais íntimo de toda nossa intimidade. Eu estava propensa a concordar. Ao passo que levantamos para nos vestir, ele secou suas axilas com a blusa branca que eu vestia mais cedo e perguntou qual dos meus lindos vestidos eu vestiria para jantar naquela noite. Ele escolheu o preto por mim. Dissera que lhe dava grande prazer saber que, embora eu fosse jantar com outras pessoas, minha mente estaria naquilo que eu e ele tínhamos feito. Uma esposa, o trabalho e o mundo poderiam nos separar, mas, em nossos pensamentos, éramos casados.

Estarei pensando em você, eu disse.

E eu em você.

Nem sequer ficamos tristes ao partir.
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Source Text</th>
<th>Target Text</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Title</td>
<td>Title</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>O Príncipe Atrasado: Uma paródia teatral de contos de fadas.</td>
<td>The Late Prince: A theatrical parody of fairy tales.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Year Published</td>
<td>Language</td>
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<tr>
<td>2018</td>
<td>English (Ireland)</td>
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<td>Author</td>
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<tr>
<td>Cássia Leslie &amp; Ricardo Dalai</td>
<td>1203</td>
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<td>Portuguese (Brazil)</td>
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Description of Source Text
- understanding of source text
- knowledge of genre within source contexts
- situation of source text familiarity with the formal features of a text (language variation(s), register, dialect) (200 words max)

Deconstructing the stereotypical figures of princes and princesses in fairy tales (Lima & Stuchi, 2019), this theatre play targets Brazilian children and teenagers and tells the story of a prince who was apparently too late for task he had set out to complete. As he searches for a new life, the protagonist raises historical and philosophical debates. In finding an unexpected love, themes such as the encounter with the differences and how to deal with them are raised (Losnak, 2018). The excerpt translated contains the prologue of the play and the two opening scenes of Act I. As a parody, the humour is evident and constant throughout the work, which is also regarded as assistive material for learning in its introduction (Leslie & Dalai, 2018). The humour is mostly noticed through; figures of speech as irony and personification; the constant use of slang and internet language; references to Brazilian folklore and traditions; hyperbolic inversed stereotypes. The exaggeration and informal tone of register allow readers to consume it as a novel as well, considering the dialogues and stage directions are both fairly clear (Losnak, 2018). The combination of real-life elements and fairy-tale related references also marks this work.

Strategy
- identification of translation problems

As the online dialects and informal register or use of humour as a form of art are not seen very often as a teaching tool in the early school years, this translation will be designed as a didactic resource for literature, art and theatre classes in Irish schools due to its contemporary appeal. Therefore, it is directed to the Irish youth, more specifically, students aged
### Works Cited

- **Cassia Leslie and Ricardo Dalai**, *O Príncipe Atrasado: Uma paródia teatral de contos de fadas* (Londrina: Madrepérola, 2018), pp. 6—11.


O Príncipe Atrasado: Uma paródia teatral de contos de fadas.

Prólogo

Voz in off ou um narrador no palco, um recitante.

Conta-se que, certa vez, um rei e uma rainha ansiavam muito por um filho ou uma filha. Tanto que, quando finalmente a rainha engravidou, eles prometeram uma enorme festa para apresentar a criança para o reino. Todos do reino foram convidados. Todos mesmo! Todas as mulheres e todos os homens. E também as fadas do reino, que viviam nos bosques, próximos dos riachos mais limpos. Entretanto, uma das fadas não foi convidada. (quebra de tom) Por algum problema nos correios, não sei. Só sabemos que a bendita fada não foi convidada. E não é que o rei e a rainha tiveram o azar de ser a pior fada? Aquela mais chata, a mais ranzinza... (em tom de segredo) Dizem até que estava envolvida com uns negócios estranhos. Falaram também que ela dava aulas numa escola na Inglaterra e tudo mais. Tinha até um aluno preferido. Voldemort, o nome dele. Não lembro. Não deve ser alguém conhecido. (voltando ao tom normal) Pois bem, essa fada não foi convidada. E, óbvio, ela viu nas redes sociais, Facebook, acho, uma postagem da moça que fazia o cabelo dela na aldeia, uma foto, hashtag bestfriends, na festa e tal. E lá estavam todas as fadas na foto. Claro que ela ficou de cara e, como não tinha timidez nenhuma, foi tirar satisfação com o rei e a rainha bem no dia da festa. (volta o tom

The Late Prince: A theatrical parody of fairy tales.

Prologue

Off-stage voice or In-stage Narrator, a reciter.

It is told that, at a certain time, a king and a queen much longed for a son or daughter. When the queen finally got pregnant, they promised the kingdom a huge feast to introduce the child to all. Every creature in the realm was invited. Absolutely all of them! All the women and all the men, as well as the kingdom fairies, which lived in the woods, near the purest streams. However, one of the fairies was not invited. (change in tone) Some problem with the An Post... I don't know really. All we know is that the so-called fairy was not invited. And guess what? Luckily enough for the king and queen, wasn’t it the worst fairy? The peskiest and grumpiest one... (in tone of secrecy) Rumour has it she was involved with some weird business... People say she used to teach in British schools and all. She’s even had a favourite student: Voldemort was his name. I don’t know for sure! Must not be a well-known lad. (returning to a normal tone) Well, well... That one fairy was not invited. And, obviously, she saw it on social media. Facebook, I think. Some post from a villager, a girl who use to do the fairy's hair. A picture in the party, hashtag bestfriends, you know yourself. And all the other fairies were in the picture. She was all mad, of course, and, as she was not at all shy, she went to have it out with the
mais dramático) Tomada de ira e rancor, a fada má lançou um feitiço, uma maldição sobre a pequena criança: no seu décimo quinto aniversário, ela furará o dedo numa roca e morrerá! (pausa dramática) Passaram-se anos e aqui estamos nós. É aqui que esta história começa. É aqui que vamos encontrar nosso herói. Lá vem ele! Ele, nosso príncipe e nosso guerreiro! É ele que subirá no alto da torre e, com um beijo de amor verdadeiro, acordará a princesa adormecida!

ATO 1 – TÓRRE, QUARTO DA BELA ADORMECIDA

CENA 1

Entra o Príncipe.

Príncipe: (entrando, muito dramático, no quarto em que a princesa estaria em sono profundo) Eu cheguei, minha princesa! Eu, o Príncipe, estou aqui: cavalguei por mil colinas, naveguei por mil rios, viajei por mil léguas até esta torre. Então subi, subi, subi, subi, subi muito. Vocês poderiam ter investido num elevador aqui, mas ok. (aproxima-se da cama) Subi e estou aqui para, com um beijo de amor verdadeiro, acordar a mais bela princesa adormecida.

Inclina-se lento para beijar a princesa adormecida. Assusta-se.

Príncipe: (espantadíssimo) Mas o quê?!

Revira a cama. Só encontra almofadas e cobertores.

king and the queen right on the day of the feast. (returns to a dramatic tone) Filled with wrath and grudge, the evil fairy cast a spell, a curse on the little child: in her fifteenth birthday, the kid shall be wounded by a spindle and fall dead! (dramatic pause) Years went by and here we are. Here is where this story begins. Here is where we'll find our hero! There he comes! Him, our prince and our warrior! It is him the one who will go up the tower and, with a true love's kiss, is going to wake the asleep princess up!

ACT 1 – SLEEPING BEAUTY’S TOWER BEDROOM.

SCENE 1

Prince: (Very dramatically entering the room in which the princess would be fast asleep) I have arrived, my princess! Me, the prince! I am here: I rode through a thousand hills, sailed through a thousand streams, travelled a thousand miles to this tower. Then I went up and up, and up, and up, and a lot of ups. You could have totally invested in lift here but whatever. (approaches the bed) I came up and I am here, and with a true love’s kiss will wake up the prettiest princess who is asleep.

Slowly leans over to kiss the sleeping princess. Gets surprised.

Prince: (in deep shock) WHAAAAAT?!
Príncipe: (desesperando-se) Mas o quê... Mas o quê... Mas o que aconteceu?! Onde está meu amor? Onde está a princesa? (confabula sozinho em tom mais baixo) Claro, deve ser obra daquela fada malévola. É claro! Ela deve ter descoberto que eu estava a caminho. Covarde! Levou minha amada sem que eu tivesse a chance de tocar seus lábios com meus lindos lábios.

Caminha em direção da plateia.

Príncipe: (exibindo-se) Vejam. Minha boquinha é linda! (pausa. Dá um suspiro e volta a se irritar) Fada uó! Por que algumas pessoas se incomodam tanto com a felicidade dos outros? Um dia vou perguntar isso pra Madame Carochinha. Ela sabe de tudo! Mas... e até lá? Não vou voltar agora pra casa. Vi chuva vindo e não quero molhar minha capa nova. Comprei na 25 de Março só pra vir acordar o meu amor. Um absurdo! Bom... vou dormir por aqui e amanhã volto pra casa. (deita-se ainda reclamando) Vou me arrumar aqui e descansar. A viagem foi longa e essa cama abrigou minha amada por todos esses anos. Deve estar pra lá de amaciada. (em tom meloso e apaixonado) Que delícia dormir entre o seu cheiro...

Dorme.

CENA 2

Checks and messes the bed. All he finds are pillows and blankets.

Prince: (In despair) Wait, what’s... What’s... What's happened?! Where's my love? Where's the princess? (talks to himself in a lower tone) Of course... this must have something to do with that maleficient fairy. Of course! She must have learned I was on my way. Coward! Took my lover before I had the chance to touch her lips with my pretty ones.

Walks towards the audience.

Prince: (Showing off) Look, my pretty little mouthy mouth is so cute!

(Pause. breathes heavily and goes back to being annoyed.) That fairy, what a slag! Why are there some so bothered by the happiness of others?

I'll ask a Jackeen about that one day... They know it all! But... What’s the craic? I won't just go home now. I think it will lash out of the heavens and I don’t want to get this new cape wet. I got it from Penneys just to come see my love. Mortified! Well, I'll sleep around here and return home tomorrow. (lays down while complaining still) I'll get cosy here and rest.

It was a long way here and this bed sheltered my beloved through all these years. Should be more than soft. (in a mushy tone) How nice it is to sleep with the smell of you...

Falls asleep.

SCENE 2

Camareira: (em pânico) Um homem!!!!

Príncipe: (se encolhendo na cama, de tão assustado) Socorro! Socorro! Não me machuque! Por favor! Eu pago. Tenho um cavalo novinho lá embaixo, 2.0, Flex! Pode levar. Mas não me machuque!

Camareira: (não entendendo) Mas hein? Quem vai machucar quem aqui?

Saia já dessa cama!

Príncipe: Promete não me machucar?

Camareira: Que machucar o quê?! Sai! Quem é você?

Príncipe: (levantando-se, esguio com o nariz empinado) Eu sou o Príncipe. Você já deve ter escutado falar de mim. Sempre saio nas revistas mais top destas bandas.

Camareira: Hum, e fala “top”? Sai...

Camareira se vira para a plateia e dá uma risadinha cínica.
Príncipe: (se achando ‘o cara’) Enfim, deve ter escutado também as lendas que nossos antigos contavam: que um dia eu subiria na mais alta torre e encontraria a princesa mais bela adormecida por uma maldição de cem anos.

Príncipe: (dramático de novo) Eu cheguei, estou aqui! Eu, o Príncipe, cavalguei por mil colinas, naveguei por mil riachos, viajei por mil léguas até esta torre.

Camareira: Primeiro, que isso parece mentira. Os dados não batem. Segundo: por que não pegou a linha 302, que agora passa aqui do ladinho do palácio? Terceiro: quando você diz “princesa mais bela adormecida”, se refere à rainha?

Príncipe: Rainha? Que rainha? Eu subi na mais alta torre para encontrar minha amada no reino dos sonhos e, com um beijo de amor verdadeiro, acordar a mais linda princesa.

Camareira: Ixi, moço! Sua vida é pior que novela das nove... Olha. Se você...

Príncipe: (com empáfia) ‘Você’ não! Sua Alteza!

Camareira: (com desdém) Se Sua Alteza se refere à princesa que uma vez furou o dedo numa roca e dormiu por uns dias, temos um engano aqui.

Príncipe: (confuso) Engano? Que engano?! Eu exijo saber onde está minha amada! Foi você quem a levou? É a bruxa disfarçada de arrumadeira?

Príncipe: (bragging and feeling himself) Anyway, you must have heard the tales the ancient told as well: that one day I would climb the tallest tower to find the most beautiful princess asleep, kept dormant by a hundred-year curse.

Príncipe: (in a dramatic tone) I have arrived, I am here! Me, the prince. I rode through a thousand hills, sailed through a thousand streams, travelled a thousand miles to this tower.

Chambermaid: Firstly, that sounds like a slag. The data do not seem accurate. Secondly: why didn't you take the DART, which now stops quite close to the palace? Thirdly: When you say, ‘The most beautiful princess asleep’, are you referring to the queen?

Príncipe: Queen? What queen? I climbed the highest tower to find my beloved one in the kingdom of dreams and, with a true love’s kiss, wake up the most beautiful princess.

Chambermaid: Thick lad! Your life is worse than an RTÉ soap opera... You know. If you...

Príncipe: (in arrogant tone) Don't 'you' me! It is 'Your Highness'!

Chambermaid: (with disdain) If Your Highness refers to the princess who once pricked her finger on the spindle of a spinning wheel and slept for a few days, we have a hames here.
Camareira: Olha aqui, “alteza”, primeiro que não sou arrumadeira. Há dois meses a rainha me promoveu e agora sou CA-MA-REI-RA. Vai falar assim com as arrumadeiras do seu castelo, apesar de ser uma tremenda falta de educação. Segundo, o engano é: você (com desdém até o fim), quer dizer, Sua Alteza está atrasado.

Príncipe: Atrasado?


Príncipe: Antigo? Há quanto tempo ela acordou?

CAMAREIRA Foi agora há pouquinho. Teve festa ontem, menino... E que delícia de torta que eu fiz! Ela dançou além da conta e agora tá com dor na cabeça e nas pernas...

Príncipe: Não, mulher! Há quanto tempo ela acordou da maldição?

Camareira: ( nostálgica) Ah, isso faz muitos anos...

Príncipe: (boquiaberto, espantadíssimo) Muitos anos?!

Camareira: Sim sim... Tá ouvindo? Ela tá subindo e aí conversa com você.

Prince: (confused) Hames? What hames? I demand to know where my beloved one is! Did you take her? Are you a witch disguised as a housekeeper?

Chambermaid: Listen up, 'Your Highness', first of all I am no housekeeper. It has been two months since the queen gave me a promotion and I am now CHAM - BER - MAI - D! You go talk like that to the dossers of your castle... but it is an extreme lack of manners anyway. Second of all, the hames is: You (with disdain until the end), I mean, Your Highness is late.

Prince: Late?

Chambermaid: (back to organising) Bang on. The princess has already slept, woken up, and is having breakfast. She is downstairs. She'll be up in a second. Right on this day, she asked me to do some organising around here because she'll turn this room into a library. It is her former room.

Prince: Former? When did she wake up?

Chambermaid: Just now really. Oh man, there was some savage party yesterday... And what a nice pie I baked! She danced way too much and both her head and legs are knackered now...

Prince: Nah, not that! Woke up from her curse! What’s the story?

Chambermaid: (nostalgic) Ah, that was many years ago...

Prince: (awestruck, astonished) Many years?

Chambermaid: Ye, ye... Can you hear it? She is coming up and you can chat.
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Source Text</th>
<th>Target Text</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td><strong>Title</strong></td>
<td>The Yukon Song</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Year Published</strong></td>
<td>1989</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Author</strong></td>
<td>Bill Watterson</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Language</strong></td>
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**Description of Source Text**
- understanding of source text
- knowledge of genre within source contexts
- situation of source text familiarity with the formal features of a text (language variation(s), register, dialect) (200 words max)

This excerpt is presented as the introduction to Yukon, Ho!, the 4th collection of Calvin and Hobbes comic strips (Watterson, 1989). A simple-versed poem narrating a duo’s expression of indignation and desire to move to the extreme northwest of Canada, where they believe anything is possible and they would be happy and free. The boy and his pet tiger were inspired by the author’s own snooping personality as a Midwestern American child and his cat Sprite (Watterson, 1995). These popular characters were featured in more than 2,400 different newspapers worldwide throughout the decade the strips were still being produced and became well-known in numerous languages and cultures (Campanelli, 2010). Containing 36 verses divided into 9 even stanzas, the poem presents a consistent alternate rhyme scheme throughout the entire work. The informal tone and the use of spoken register are clear with the presence of contractions as we’re (Line 3), we’ve (Line 6) or we’ll (Line 18) and childish terms such as pop (Line 7) or goos (Line 27). Fairly sarcastic and exaggerated, no official version of the pretended song sung by the 6-year-old child was recorded. Its rhythm is solely given by its poetic end rhymes (Watterson, 1995).

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

Translating the text into a poem that can be an equally easy-to-sing song – which maintains all the themes the characters debate – is the ultimate challenge perceived in this rendition. The textual elements are significantly more relevant than they are in the illustration in which Calvin and Hobbes’ story is usually depicted, as there is very little visual appeal to the poem. Known as Calvin and Haroldo in Brazil (Melo, 2015), the characters are popular and the poem has already been
<table>
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<th>Critical Reflection</th>
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<tr>
<td>• textual analysis</td>
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It seemed unlikely to establish a univocal melody for an exclusively written work and, although the result was satisfactory as to present a new rhyme scheme and other essential elements previously listed, an effective song-like version would probably need to be accompanied by audio resources. The most unsettling decision in regard to the translation of terminology was the name Yukon (Line 46). Canadian regions may be widely known by the audience of the source text, but I was not confident Brazilians would instantly understand what Yukon meant. Then, I opted for Canada (Line 46) instead. The rearrangement of the rhyme made it difficult connecting the second and third lines of each stanza, especially lines 33 and 34. The ‘and howl, at the moon’ had to be split into ‘seeing the moon’ and ‘howling’ as two disjointed actions. Applying the strategy was relatively uncomplicated and the balancing of textual and extratextual elements was doable. The text was coherently rendered in accordance with normative structures of the source language present in poetry and may be considered both a poem and a song.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Works Cited</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>• use of sources and reference material</td>
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</tbody>
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- *justification of translation production of genre for target context* (200 words max)

published in Brazil as part of Watterson’s fourth book (Watterson, 2011). The idea is to create a more song-like version of it for Brazilian fans who are already familiar with it by changing the rhyme scheme and including a melody to it. The strategy consists in establishing a verse length that can be sung by a duo in which one person voices the odd lines and the other voices the even ones. Ultimately, this work will attempt to balance form and content to keep them close possible to the features of the source text without directly mimicking it; the elements that will be embodied are an AABB rhyme scheme, the sarcastic tone of dissatisfaction, and vocabularies as simple as possible.
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Source Text</th>
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</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td><em>The Yukon Song</em></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>My tiger friend has got the sled,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>And I have packed a snack.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>We're all set for the trip ahead.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>We're never coming back!</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>We're abandoning this life we've led!</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>So long, Mom and Pop!</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>We're sick of doing what you've said,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>And now it's going to stop!</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>We're going where it snows all year,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Where life can have real meaning.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A place where we won't have to hear,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;Your room could stand some cleaning.&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Yukon is the place for us!</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>That's where we want to live.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Up there we'll get to yell and cuss,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>And act real primitive.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Target Text</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><em>Partiu Canadá!</em></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Meu amigo tigre o trenó vai trazer,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Quase prontos para a viagem fazer!</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Os lanches eu vou preparar,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>E nunca mais vamos voltar!</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Estamos deixando essa vida que levamos,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Estamos cansados de tudo que escutamos.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pai e mãe vamos deixar,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>E tudo isso já vai acabar!</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Com neve o ano todo a cair,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Um lugar onde não vá ouvir:</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;Você bem que podia limpar seu quarto.&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Para onde a vida tem sentido, eu parto!</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>O Canadá é o nosso lugar,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lá se pode gritar e xingar.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>É onde ficaremos na ativa,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Agindo de maneira primitiva.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>English</td>
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<tr>
<td>------------------------------------------------------------------------</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>We'll never have to go to school,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Forced into submission,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>By monstrous crabby teachers who'll</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Make us learn addition.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>We'll never have to clean a plate</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Of veggie glops and goos.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Messily we'll masticate</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Using any fork we choose!</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The timber wolves will be our friends.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>We'll stay up late and howl,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>At the moon, till nighttime ends,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Before going on the prowl.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Oh, what a life! We cannot wait,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To be in that arctic land,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Where we'll be masters of our fate,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>And lead a life that's grand!</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>No more of parental rules!</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>---------------------------</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>We're heading for some snow!</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Good riddance to those grown-up ghouls!</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>We're leaving! <strong>Yukon Ho!</strong></td>
</tr>
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<td><strong>Source Text</strong></td>
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<tr>
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**Description of Source Text**
- understanding of source text
- knowledge of genre within source contexts
- situation of source text familiarity with the formal features of a text (language variation(s), register, dialect) (200 words max)

This MPB – Brazilian Pop Music – song, written by one of the most renowned songwriters and musicians of Brazil (All Music), narrates and unusual encounter. Geni, a prostitute, is constantly attacked by the townspeople until an outlander in an airship threatens all lives. The man decides to spare them under one condition: sleeping with Geni. It was produced during the Brazilian military dictatorship and is featured as a soundtrack of both the album Ópera de Malandro and its eponymous musical play produced by Chico Buarque (Buarque, 1978). The glorifying and the shaming of a woman protagonist construct social criticism around the less fortunate figures of society. Studies describe Geni as a voiceless hero in an author-hero relationship with her creator (Kogawa, 2006). The song tells a complete story and the heptasyllabic verses read more easily if grouped as tercets. As most ballads, end rhymes in an AAB rhyme-scheme build most of these lyrics. However, the last tercets of every stanza (Lines 22—24, 47—49, 72—74 and 97—99) occur in an ABA rhyme-scheme. A dramatic account rich in symbolisms, sexual connotations, the tragedy of Geni has a relatively informal register due to rather aggressive terminology (Paula, 2010).

**Strategy**
- identification of translation problems

The text is attached to culture, history and the artistic features of its genre. More than 13,000 Brazilians live in Ireland (CSO). This translation is directed to adults aged between 20—30 of all nationalities and ages who reside in Ireland and are interested in materials promoting the culture of this share of the population. This is an opportunity to display the
- **knowledge of genre within target context and situation of target text**
- **justification of translation production of genre for target context** (200 words max)

| versatility of Brazilian art outside its borders. Through feminist literature (Buikema & Smelik, 1995), this translation will portray the story from a gender-equal perspective in which the protagonist is not insinuated as deserving of her disgrace. The rhyme scheme will be abandoned. The text will take the form of prose. Techniques of modulation and adaptation (Darbelnet & Vinay, 2004) will be applied to adjust the translation into its new genre and recreate elements of the source text deemed inexistent in the context of target text. Whereas the song brought of hatred, allegedly provoked by Geni, this work will use passive structures and more formal vocabularies to highlight the victim’s discomfort instead of satirising it as the direct speech does in the source text. The irony will be abandoned to avoid ambiguity in the short story to be recreated.

| Critical Reflection
| • textual analysis (200 words max)

| Changing the song into prose allowed for great flexibility with the language. The choice of more respectful terminology and more dramatic language was achievable without having to necessarily make it much lengthier than the ST. The chorus, which was very aggressive and described Geni as ‘good to spit at’ and ‘beat’ in the source text (Lines 21—22) were translated into passive construction transferring the responsibility of the aggression to those who caused it (Lines 11—12). In describing the attacks from the aggressor perspective rather than saying it is a trait of the victim, it reads more relatable and moving. The constant attempt to avoid ambiguity may have caused the text to be less fluid than it was desired and, at times, was not obtainable. The suggestion of Zoophilia in the source text was quite unambiguous but the replacement of the verb ‘to love’ with ‘to be’ (Lines 35—36) was not enough to be totally in or out of the idea. Finally, the sentences to praise and diminish Geni (Lines 14, 30, 44 and 58) remained sarcastic not leaving the translation entirely dry or humourless.

| Works Cited
| • use of sources and reference material


| Luciane de Paula, ‘*A Ironia de “Geni e o Zepelim”: Sujeitos, Poderes e Mundos no Tempo da Suspensão*’ in Cadernos do Tempo Presente, n. 1., October 2010. |
De tudo que é nego torto
Do mangue e do cais do porto
Ela já foi namorada
O seu corpo é dos errantes
Dos cegos, dos retirantes
É de quem não tem mais nada
Dá-se assim desde menina
Na garagem, na cantina
Atrás do tanque, no mato
É a rainha dos detentos
Das loucas, dos lazarentos
Dos moleques do internato
E também vai amiúde
Co'os velhinhos sem saúde
E as viúvas sem porvir
Ela é um poço de bondade
E é por isso que a cidade
Vive sempre a repetir
Joga pedra na Geni
Joga pedra na Geni

1 She is the girlfriend of any crooked man, from the mangrove to the harbour. Her body belongs to the wanderer, the blind, the migrant, and that who has nothing else left. She has been doing it since childhood in the garage; in the kitchen; in the corners; in the woods. She is the queen of the imprisoned, the old rags, the leprous and the orphaned young men.

2 However, she very often helps the sick elderly in need as well as the hopeless widows. She is filled with kindness and that is the reason why the population constantly repeats:

3 – Throw stones at Geni. Throw rocks at Geni.
4 – It feels right to hit her.
5 – It feels good to spit on her.
6 – She fucks anyone.
7 – Cursed be thy name: Geni!

8 Once, floating amongst the clouds, an enormous airship appeared dazzlingly. The thing hovered above the buildings and opened two thousand orifices with two thousand canons. The terrified population remained paralysed, ready to meet their maker. Yet, out of the gigantic aircraft, descended its commander saying ‘I've changed my mind’:
Ela é feita pra apanhar
Ela é boa de cuspir
Ela dá pra qualquer um
Maldita Geni

Um dia surgiu, brilhante
Entre as nuvens, flutuante
Um enorme zepelim
Pairou sobre os edifícios
Abriu dois mil orifícios
Com dois mil canhões assim
A cidade apavorada
Se quedou paralisada
Pronta pra virar geleia
Mas do zepelim gigante
Desceu o seu comandante
Dizendo – Mudei de ideia
– Quando vi nesta cidade
– Tanto horror e iniquidade
– Resolvi tudo explodir
– Mas posso evitar o drama
– Se aquela formosa dama

21 – When I saw the amount of horror and unfairness in this town, I decided to blow it all up. But I can refrain from the drama... if that fair lady lays with me tonight.
22
23
24
25
26 – That lady was Geni... but it couldn't have been Geni!
27 – It feels right to hit her.
28 – It feels good to spit on her.
29 – She fucks anyone.
30 – Cursed be thy name: Geni!
31
32 In fact, Geni, the humble underdog herself, was the one who caught the outsider's eyes. The imposing, dreaded, powerful warrior was her prisoner. What happens is that – and it was her secret – the maiden had her whims. The thought of laying with such noble man, smelling of silver and gold, made she prefer to be with beasts. Hearing the absurdity, the town went on a pilgrimage to kiss her hand. The mayor on his knees, the bishop with bloodshot eyes and the banker with tons of money:
33
34
35
36
37
38
39
40 – Please, go with him, Geni. Please, go with him, Geni.
41 – You can save us all.
42 – You will redeem us all.
– Esta noite me servir
Esta noite me servir
Essa dama era Geni
Mas não pode ser Geni
Ela é feita pra apanhar
Ela é boa de cuspir
Ela dá pra qualquer um
Maldita Geni

Mas de fato, logo ela
Tão coitada e tão singela
Cativara o forasteiro
O guerreiro tão vistoso
Tão temido e poderoso
Era dela, prisioneiro
Acontece que a donzela
– e isso era segredo dela –
Também tinha seus caprichos
E a deitar com homem tão nobre
Tão cheirando a brilho e a cobre
Preferia amar com os bichos
Ao ouvir tal heresia
A cidade em romaria

43 – You fuck anyone.
44 – Blessed be thy name: Geni!
45
46 So many honest and heartfelt requests were made that she mastered her
47
disgust. In a hallucinating night, she gave herself to that lover as a
48 condemned gives herself to the executioner. He made such a mess,
49 devouring her all night long until he felt satiated. It was barely dusk when,
50 in a cold cloud, he departed on his airship. Taking a breather of relief, she
51 turned to her side and tried to force a smile. But the population, chanting
52 at the break of dawn, did not let her sleep:

– Throw stones at Geni. Throw shit at Geni.
54
– It feels right to hit her.
55
– It feels good to spit on her.
56
– She fucks anyone.
57
– Cursed be thy name: Geni!
Foi beijar a sua mão
O prefeito de joelhos
O bispo de olhos vermelhos
E o banqueiro com um milhão
Vai com ele, vai Geni
Vai com ele, vai Geni
Vocês pode nos salvar
Vocês vai nos redimir
Vocês dá pra qualquer um
Bendita Geni
Foram tantos os pedidos
Tão sinceros, tão sentidos
Que ela dominou seu asco
Nessa noite lancinante
Entregou-se a tal amante
Como quem dá-se ao carrasco
Ele fez tanta sujeira
Lambuzou-se a noite inteira
Até ficar saciado
E nem bem amanhecia
Partiu numa nuvem fria
Com seu zepelim prateado
Num suspiro aliviado
Ela se virou de lado
E tentou até sorrir
Mas logo raiou o dia
E a cidade em cantoria
Não deixou ela dormir
Joga pedra na Geni
Joga bosta na Geni
Ela é feita pra apanhar
Ela é boa de cuspir
Ela dá pra qualquer um
Maldita Geni
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<tr>
<td><strong>Title</strong></td>
<td>Macunaíma, The hero with no honour.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Year Published</strong></td>
<td>1978</td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>Author</strong></td>
<td>Mário de Andrade</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Language</strong></td>
<td>Portuguese (Brazil)</td>
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### Description of Source Text
- understanding of source text
- knowledge of genre within source contexts
- situation of source text
- familiarity with the formal features of a text (language variation(s), register, dialect) (200 words max)

Essentially based on Brazilian folklore creatures and firstly published in 1928 (Neto, 2019), this novel follows an indigenous shapeshifting hero in a quest into a big city and back home in the jungle. An eponymous movie was released 40 years after the first printed publication (IMDB). Both the book and the film are regarded as part of the national canon in Brazil. This piece contains the first chapter of the novel, in which the odd childhood of the lazy protagonist and the discovery of his superpower are portrayed. The work, considered a verbal rhapsode by its author, is an effort to include his research about Tupi, a Brazilian native language, into literature (Campos, 2018). There is certain fluctuation in register throughout the text as it is filled with terms in Tupi – little familiar to non-indigenous people – in the middle of sentences constructed according to the formal norms of Brazilian Portuguese (Andrade, 2019). The multilingual text contains a subtle puny humour; the hero expresses laziness by saying ‘Ai, que preguiça’ (Line 8). In Tupi, Ai means ‘sloth’. In Brazilian Portuguese, ‘preguiça’ means both ‘sloth’ and ‘laziness’. So, the hero’s jargon reads ‘sloth, what a sloth’ to indicate he is feeling lazy.

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

The satire is constructed through interlingual puns. These existent connections between Tupi and Brazilian Portuguese cannot be mirrored between English and either one of these source languages, threatening the presence of humour in the translation. The intention is to render a translation situated in the foreignization spectrum of Venuti’s ethics continuum (1998) even though humour may be less evident. Language scholars who are users of English and need relevant
multilingual material that brings a South American Indigenous Language mixed into English are the desired audience. To provide them with satisfactorily fluid multilingualism, the target text will undergo explicitation procedures (Vinay & Darbelnet, 1958) as well. The combination between these two approaches allows the translation to maintain the Tupi terminology explained within the target text instead of translated or defined in footnotes. The prose format will mirror the style of the paragraphs and italics are going to be used to mark terms intentionally untranslated and their definitions. Likewise, the register will remain at a fairly formal level and there will be no deliberate attempt to recreate humour. This translation could supplement academic discussions around the effects of colonialism in native languages and their cultural relations.

The slightly long explanation needed for some of textual elements of Tupi as ‘Cachiri’ (Line 80), may have interrupted the flow of ideas and made it hard to notice a certain tone of debauchery that would have been more easily noticed in the source text as it should be suggested Macunaíma only asks his mom to take him for a walk because he knows she will not be able to accompany him. Another rupture with the naturality of the text caused by foreignization (Venuti, 1998) is the literal translation of a popular saying (Lines 29—39) instead of choosing a relevant saying already established in English. Because a more formal language was intended, some sexual connotations that were more obvious in the source text may have seemed like a grammar mistake, for example ‘party on Sofará’ (Line 122). The ambiguous tone and the erotic connotation of the verb ‘brincar’ [to play] and the noun ‘festa’ [party], at this early stage of the work, is expected to be confuse. The boy’s shapeshifting could be interpreted as imaginary, and the actual innuendo of the terms could be lost. However, as the carnal encounter is witnessed by another character, explaining them became unnecessary.

|---|
No fundo do mato-virgem nasceu Macunaima, herói da nossa gente. Era preto retinto e filho do medo da noite. Houve um momento em que o silêncio foi tão grande escutando o murmurejo do Uraricoera, que a índia tapanhumas pariu uma criança feia. Essa criança é que chamaram de Macunaima.

Já na meninice fez coisas de sarapantar. De primeiro passou mais de seis anos não falando. Si o incitavam a falar exclamava:

– Ai! que preguiça!... e não dizia mais nada. Ficava no canto da maloca, trepado no jirau de paxiúba, espiando o trabalho dos outros e principalmente os dois manos que tinha, Maanape já velinho e Jiguê na força do homem. O divertimento dele era decepar cabeça de saúva. Vivia deitado mas si punha os olhos em dinheiro, Macunaima dandava pra ganhar vintém. E também espertava quando a família ia tomar banho no rio, todos juntos e nus. Passava o tempo do banho dando mergulho, e as mulheres soltavam gritos gozados por causa dos guaiamuns diz-que habitando a água-doce por lá. No mocambo si alguma cunhatê se aproximava dele pra fazer festinha, Macunaima punha a mão nas graças dela, cunhatê se afastava. Nos machos guspia na cara. Porém respeitava os velhos e frequentava com aplicação a murua a poracê o torê o bacororô a cucuicogue, todas essas danças religiosas da tribo.

In the depths of the primeval forest, the hero of our people was born: Macunaima. He was the darkest of the blacks and son of the fear of the night. Once, listening to the rippling of the Uraricoera river, the silence was so intense that Tapanhumas, an indigenous woman, gave birth to an ugly child. This child was the one called Macunaima.

As early as his primary boyhood, he committed staggering deeds.

To start, he spent more than six years without speaking. If prompted to speak, he would declare:

- Ai! Too lazy! ... and said nothing else. He remained in the corner of the hut, on top of a surface made from the wood of Paxiúba, spying on the work of others and, mainly, two brothers he had: the already old Maanape and Jiguê, in the strength of manhood. His amusement was chopping heads of Sauva ants off. He was always lying down but if he saw money, Macunaima would move to earn a cent. He also sharpened up when the family went to bathe in the river, all together in the nude. His bath time was spent diving and the women would make weird noises because of the Guaiamuns, a species of crab said to inhabit the freshwater there. If some girl approached him to party in the communal hut known as Mocambo, Macunaima would put his hand on her graces and she walked away. He spat in the face of the males. However, he respected the
Quando era pra dormir trepava no macuru pequeninho sempre se esquecendo de mijar. Como a rede da mãe estava por debaixo do berço, o herói mijava quente na velha, espantando os mosquitos bem. Então adormecia sonhando palavras-feias, imoralidades estrambólicas e dava patadas no ar.

Nas conversas das mulheres no pino do dia o assunto era sempre as peraltagens do herói. As mulheres se riam, muito simpatizadas, falando que “espinho que pinica, de pequeno já traz ponta”, e numa pajelança Rei Nagô fez um discurso e avisou que o herói era inteligente.

Nem bem teve seis anos deram água num chocalho pra ele e Macunaíma principiou falando como todos. E pediu pra mãe que largasse da mandioca ralando na cevadeira e levasse ele passear no mato. A mãe não quis porque não podia largar da mandioca não. Macunaíma choramingou dia inteiro. De noite continuou chorando. No outro dia esperou com o olho esquerdo dormindo que a mãe principiasse o trabalho. Então pediu pra ela que largasse de tecer o paneiro de guarumá-membeca e levasse ele no mato passear. A mãe não quis porque não podia largar o paneiro não. E pediu pra nora, companheira de Jiguê, que levasse o menino. A companheira de Jiguê era bem moça e chamava Sofará. Foi se aproximando ressabiada porém desta vez Macunaíma ficou muito quieto sem botar a mão na graça de ninguém. A moça carregou o piá nas costas e foi até o pé de aninga na beira do rio. A água parara pra inventar

elderly and, in full commitment, attended the Murua, the Poracê, the Torê, the Bacororô, the Cucuicogue, all these religious dances of the tribe.

When it was time to sleep, he climbed onto the little Macuru, a suspended swing, and would always forget to pee. As his mother's hammock was under the floating crib, the hero would piss on the old woman, efficiently sending the mosquitoes away. Then he would fall asleep, dreaming of bad words and bizarre immoralities, kicking in the air.

In women's conversations at the end of the day, the subject was always the hero's naughty deeds. The women laughed, very sympathetic, saying a “thorn that pricks, has always had a sharp edge” and, in his shaman-hood, Rei Nagô made a speech informing the hero was intelligent.

Macunaíma was barely six when water in a rattle was given to him and he started speaking like everyone else. And he asked his mother to quit grating manioc root to take him for a walk in the bush. The mother said no because she couldn't leave the manioc. Macunaíma whined all day long. He continued to cry at night. The next day, he waited for his mother to begin her work with his left eye asleep. Then, he asked her to stop weaving the Guarumá-Membeca basket and take him for a walk in the woods. The mother said no because she couldn't leave the basket. She asked his daughter-in-law, Jiguê's companion, to take the boy. Jiguê's companion was very young and her name was Sofará. She approached
um ponteio de gozo nas folhas do javari. O longe estava bonito com muitos biguás e biguatingas avoando na entrada do furo. A moça botou Macunaíma na praia porém ele principiou choramingando, que tinha muita formiga... e pediu pra Sofará que o levasse até o derrame do morro lá dentro do mato. A moça fez. Mas assim que deitou o curumim nas tiriricas, tajás e trapoerabas da serrapilheira, ele botou corpo num átimo e ficou um príncipe lindo. Andaram por lá muito. Quando voltaram pra maloca a moça parecia muito fatigada de tanto carregar piã no colo.

Era que o herói tinha brincado muito com ella... Nem bem ela deitou Macunaíma na rede, Jiguê já chegava de pescar de puçá e a companheira não trabalhara nada. Jiguê enquizilou e depois de catar os carrapatos deu nela muito. Sofará aguentou a sova sem falar um isto.

Jiguê não desconfiou de nada e começou trançando corda com fibra de curauá. Não vê que encontrara rasto fresco de anta e queria pegar o bicho na armadilha. Macunaíma pediu um pedaço de curauá pro mão porém Jiguê falou que aquilo não era brinquedo de criança. Macunaíma principiou chorando outra vez e a noite ficou bem difícil de passar pra todos.

No outro dia Jiguê levantou cedo pra fazer armadilha e enxergando o menino tristinho falou:

– Bom-dia, coraçãozinho dos outros.

 Porém Macunaíma fechou-se em copas carrancudo.

43 him with caution but, this time, Macunaíma kept to himself without touching anyone’s graces. The girl carried the boy on her back and went to the Aninga tree by the riverbank. The water would stop and create a tip of joy in the leaves of the Javari palm. The horizon was beautiful and filled with birds: Biguás and Biguatingas flying over the entrance to the open. The young woman put Macunaíma on the beach, but he whined immediately, saying ‘there are too many ants!’ ... and asked Sofará to take him to the elevation in the hill inside the woods. She did so. As soon as she put the little boy amongst the flowers of Tiriricas, Tajás and Trapoerabos in the sedimented soil, his body instantly grew older and he became a handsome prince. They wandered around there a lot. When they returned to the hut, the young woman seemed fairly tired from having carried the boy on her back that much. The hero had played a lot with her... that was all... She had barely placed Macunaíma in the hammock when Jiguê arrived from his fishing with a dip net, the Puçá. His companion hadn’t worked at all. Jiguê got angry and, after removing the ticks from his skin, beat her heavily. Sofará coped with the beating without saying a word.

 Jiguê, unsuspicious of anything, started braiding rope using fibres of Curauá, a kind of pineapple. He had certainly found a fresh tapir trail and wanted to catch the animal into the trap. Macunaíma asked for a piece of Curauá to his brother but Jiguê said it was no toy for children.
− Não quer falar comigo, é?
− Estou de mal.
− Por causa?

Então Macunaíma pediu fibra de curauá. Jiguê olhou pra ele com ódio e mandou a companheira arranjar fio pro menino. A moça fez. Macunaíma agradeceu e foi pedir pro pai-de-terreiro que trançasse uma corda pra ele e assoprasse bem nela fumaça de petum.

Quando tudo estava pronto Macunaíma pediu pra mãe que deixasse o cachiri fermentando e levasse ele no mato passear. A velha não podia por causa do trabalho mas a companheira de Jiguê mui sonsa falou pra sogra que “estava às ordens”. E foi no mato com o piá nas costas.

Quando o botou nos carurus e sororocas da serrapilheira, o pequeno foi crescendo foi crescendo e virou príncipe lindo. Falou pra Sofará esperar um bocadinho que já voltava pra brincarem e foi no bebedouro da anta armar um laço. Nem bem voltaram do passeio, tardiña, Jiguê já chegava também de prender a armadilha no rasto da anta. A companheira não trabalhara nada. Jiguê ficou fulo e antes de catar os carrapatos bateu nela muito. Mas Sofará aguentou a coça com paciência.

No outro dia a arraiada inda estava acabando de trepar nas árvores, Macunaíma acordou todos, fazendo Umbué medonho, que

65  Macunaíma began to cry again and the night became hard to endure for all.
66  The following day, Jiguê got up early to set the trap and, noticing
67  the boy saddened, said:
68  - Good morning, sweetheart of people.
69  - Don't wanna talk to me, huh?
70  - I'm pissed off.
71  - Why's that?
72  Macunaíma then asked for a fibre of Curauá. Jiguê looked at him
73  in a huff and ordered his companion to provide the boy with a strand of
74  it. She did so. Macunaíma thanked him and went to ask the shaman of
75  the tribe to braid a rope for him and blow the smoke of Petum tobacco
76  onto it.
77  When everything was ready, he asked the mother to stop
78  fermenting the cachiri, one of the many names given to the manioc, to
79  take him for a walk in the woods. The old woman said no due to work but
80  Jiguê’s companion, so unintentional, said to her mother-in-law she was at
81  her disposal. And went to the woods with the boy on her back.
82  When she put him amongst the plants of Cururus and Sororocas in
83  the sedimented soil, the little one grew and grew to become the
84  handsome prince. He told Sofará to wait a little while – because soon he
Macunaíma ficou muito contrariado e pediu pra Sofará que desse uma chegadinha no bebedouro só pra ver. A moça fez e voltou falando pra todos que de fato estava no laço uma anta muito grande já morta. Toda a tribo foi buscar a bicha, matutando na inteligência do curumim. Quando Jiguê chegou com a corda de curaua vazia, encontrou todos tratando da caça. Aidou. E quando foi pra repartir não deu nem um pedaço de carne pra Macunaíma, só tripas. O herói jurou vingança.

No outro dia pediu pra Sofará que levasse ele passear e ficaram no mato até a boca-da-noite. Nem bem o menino tocou no folhiço e virou num príncipe fogoso. Brincaram. Depois de brincarem três feitas, correram mato fora fazendo festinhas um pro outro. Depois das festinhas de cotucar, fizeram a das cócegas, depois se enterraram na areia, depois se queimaram com fogo de palha, isso foram muitas festinhas. Macunaíma pegou num tronco de copaíba e se escondeu por detrás da piranheira. Quando Sofará veio correndo, ele deu com o pau na cabeça dela. Fez uma brecha que a moça caiu torcendo de riso aos pés dele. Puxou-o por uma perna. Macunaíma gemia de gosto se agarrando no tronco gigante. Então a moça abocanhou o dedão do pé dele e engoliu. Macunaíma chorando de alegria tatou o corpo dela com o sangue do pé. Depois retesou os músculos, se erguendo num trapézio de cipó e aos pulos

would return to play – and went to the tapir’s water fountain to set a trap. They had barely come back from their walk at the end of the day, and Jiguê was already arriving from having set his trap in the trail of the tapir. His companion hadn’t worked at all. Jiguê was mad and, before even removing the ticks from his skin, he beat her heavily. But Sofará endured the beating patiently.

The next day, the dawn was still tree high when Macunaima woke all up making a horrible fuss, telling them ‘GO’! They had to go to the water fountain fetch the animal he had hunted! But nobody believed him, and they all started their day of work.

Macunaíma felt very thwarted and asked Sofará to check the water fountain out just to make sure. She did so. And returned telling everyone that, in fact, there was a very large tapir dead in the rope. The whole tribe went to fetch the animal, wondering about the boy’s intelligence. When Jiguê arrived with nothing on his rope, he encountered everyone handling the animal. He helped them. When it was time to share, he gave only guts to Macunaíma and no meat at all. The hero swore vengeance.

The day after, he asked Sofarà to take him for a walk and they stayed in the woods until the very end of the day. The boy barely touched the vegetation and became a fiery prince. They played. After playing three games, they ran into the woods, teasing one another. After the poking
atingiu num átimo o galho mais alto da piranheira. Sofará trepava atrás. O ramo fininho vergou oscilando com o peso do príncipe. Quando a moça chegou também no tope eles brincaram outra vez balanceando no céu. Depois de brincarem Macunaíma quis fazer uma festa em Sofará. Dobrou o corpo todo na violência dum puxão mas não pôde continuar, galho quebrou e ambos despencaram aos emboléus até se esborracharem no chão. Quando o herói voltou da sapituca procurou a moça em redor, não estava. La se erguendo pra buscá-la porém do galho baixo em riba dele furou o silêncio o miado temível da suçuarana. O herói se estatelou de medo e fechou os olhos pra ser comido sem ver. Então se escutou um risinho e Macunaíma tomou com uma gusparada no peito, era a moça. Macunaíma principiou atirando pedras nela e quando feria, Sofará gritava de excitação tatuando o corpo dele embaixo com o sangue espirrado. Afinal uma pedra lascou o canto da boca da moça e moeu três dentes. Ela pulou do galho e juque! tombou sentada na barriga do herói que a envolveu com o corpo todo, uivando de prazer. E brincaram mais outra vez.

Já a estrela Papeceia brilhava no céu quando a moça voltou parecendo muito fatigada de tanto carregar piá nas costas. Porém Jiguê desconfiando seguiria os dois no mato, enxergara a transformação e o resto. Jiguê era muito bobo. Teve raiva. Pegou num rabo-de-tatu e chegou-o com vontade na bunda do herói. O berreiro foi tão imenso que party, there was the tickling one... then they buried themselves in the sand... then they burned themselves with straws on fire... there were lots of little parties. Macunaíma held the trunk of a plant named Copaíba and hid behind the Piranheira tree. When Sofará came running, he hit her on the head with the trunk. The cut was so bad the girl fell, twitching with laughter, at his feet. She pulled him by the leg. Macunaíma groaned happily, clinging to the giant trunk. Then the girl grabbed his big toe and swallowed it whole. Macunaíma, crying with joy, tattooed her body with the blood from his foot. After that, he stiffened his muscles and, lifting himself up on a trapeze of liana, instantly reached the highest branch of the Piranheira tree with a leap. Sofará climbed after him. The thin branch bent, swaying with the weight of the prince. When the young woman reached the top, they played again, balancing themselves in the sky. After playing, Macunaíma wanted to have another party on Sofará. He bent his whole body with the violence of a pull, but he could not continue. The branch broke and both fell crumbling until they crashed onto the ground. When the hero returned from the dizziness, he searched around for her. She was not there. He was standing up to go and find her but, in the branch above him, the meow of the Suçuarana leopard, broke the silence. The hero collapsed in fear and closed his eyes to be eaten without having to watch it. Then, a giggle was heard before someone spat in the chest of Macunaíma. It was the young woman. Macunaíma started throwing
encurtou o tamanhão da noite e muitos pássaros caíram de susto no chão

Quando Jiguê não pôde mais surrar, Macunaíma correu até a capoeira, mastigou raiz de cardeiro e voltou são. Jiguê levou Sofarâ pro pai dela e dormiu folgado na rede.

stones at her and, whenever it hurt, Sofarâ shouted with excitement, tattooing his body below her with the splashing blood. At some point, a rock hit the corner of her mouth and broke three of her teeth. She jumped off the branch and 'boom!', she fell seated on top of the hero, who surrounded her with his whole body, howling with pleasure. And they played once more.

The Papaceia star was shining in the sky when the girl returned appearing to be very tired from carrying the boy on her back. However, suspicious, Jiguê had followed them into the woods and witnessed the transformation with all the rest. Jiguê was very silly. He felt anger. He took the tail of an armadillo and willingly beat the hero's butt. So intense was the screaming, the length of the night was shortened and many birds, scared, fell onto the ground and turned to stone.

When Jiguê could no longer beat him, Macunaíma ran to the Capoeira, an open field, and chewed on the roots of a cactus, the Cardeiro, and came back healthy. Jiguê took Sofarâ to her father and slept loose in the hammock.
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Source Text</th>
<th>Target Text</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td><strong>Title</strong></td>
<td><strong>Title</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>O Auto da Compadecida</td>
<td>A Tale of Compassion</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Year Published</strong></td>
<td><strong>Language</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2018</td>
<td>Portuguese (Brazil)</td>
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<td><strong>Author</strong></td>
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<td>Ariano Suassuna</td>
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**Description of Source Text**
- *understanding of source text*
- *knowledge of genre within source contexts*
- *situation of source text familiarity with the formal features of a text (language variation(s), register, dialect)*

(200 words max)

Produced in 1955, this theatre play renders the unusual adventures of João Grilo, a poor uneducated con artist from the northeast of Brazil. He lives to take advantage of others and, when dead, needs to plead his case to divine forces as to escape eternity in hell. The two excerpts here presented contain the beginning and the end of the protagonist’s interaction with his intercessor, the Virgin Mary. The famous Brazilian play named after the virgin’s defining trait has had TV adaptations (Rede Globo) and cinematographic sequels (IMDB). The play, divided in 3 acts of 3 scenes, uses elements of popular theatre and the *cordel* [string] literature – printed booklets containing folk novels, poems and songs – to exult the humble and satirise the religious as well as the powerful with material matters (Santos & Fontes, 2014). There is considerable humour and sarcasm within most characters, but it is more evident in João Grilo’s speech (Lappin, 1996). The language register is neutral overall, respecting the normative structures but playing with common peculiarities of the north-eastern dialects of Brazilian Portuguese. The excerpts contain little stage direction and the variety of register is very subtle and limited to a smaller range of characters.

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

The humour, once more, is the leading factor in causing challenges for translation. This work uses frequent literary and non-literary artifices to create a well-established space and time for the play. As to create a challenging version of it, this translation will envision a broader audience: English and Irish adults, readers of satires and comedic work that caricatures extreme religious fanaticism. The purpose here will be to create a timeless version in which place is not relevant either. The
- justification of translation production of genre for target context (200 words max)

Names of the characters will be translated and Nida’s dynamic translation (2012) will guide the strategy to create a detached translation supported by this broad method. Importantly, the rhyming verse recited by the protagonist will be translated considering the humour and rhyme before the content itself. Also, the tone will remain neutral within the characters, peculiarities that distinguish them from one another will be avoided. However, given the fact that the protagonist and his people are dead in purgatory waiting for salvation, it may be possible to play with a darker humour. The importance of a work as such is to help create contents that enable discussion of delicate themes such as religion and faith from a more comical perspective.

- Critical Reflection
  - textual analysis (200 words max)

The mischievous verse created by John Cricket has a slant rhyme that is very subtle in the spoken reproduction of the source text, causing a mispronunciation pun. However, the same effect could not be rendered in the same rhyme in the TT (Lines 17—25). The humour here is is given by the silly content instead. When praying the Hail Mary (Lines 72—73), the use of capitalisation was an attempt to create a device to call the attention to the subtle sarcasm so the comedy wouldn’t get lost. A possible problem created by this dynamic translation was the use of motherless child (Lines 58—59) as it could tend towards offense more than humour in English. Immanuel’s closing line (Lines 154—156) may have lost the intensity as it was a criticism to Brazilian social structures in which public servers are often said not to do their work. The kind of humour created in a closing passage like would be welcome to reinforce the satirical aspect of the play. Still, to comply with the strategy established I decided to maintain a translation that does not reference the ST or any other known reality too explicitly.

- Works Cited
  - use of sources and reference material


Source Text

*OAuto da Compadecida*

[...]

**João Grilo:** Tudo precisando de João Grilo! Pois vou dar um jeito.

**Encourado:** É isso que eu quero ver.

**Manuel:** Com quem você vai se pegar, João? Com algum santo?

**João Grilo:** O senhor não repare não, mas de besta eu só tenho a cara.

**Manuel:** Quem é?

**João Grilo:** A mãe da justiça.

**Encourado** (rindo): Ah, a mãe da justiça! Quem é essa?

**Manuel:** Não ria, porque ela existe.

**Bispo:** E quem é?

**Manuel:** A misericórdia.

**Severino:** Foi coisa que nunca conheci. Onde mora? E como chamá-la?

**João Grilo:** Ah isso é comigo. Vou fazer um chamado especial, em verso.

Garanto que ela vem, querem ver? (recitando)

Valha-me Nossa Senhora,

Mãe de Deus de Nazaré!

A vaca mansa dá leite,

A braba dá quando quer.

A mansa dá sossegada,

[...]

Target Text

*A tale of Compassion*

1  **John Cricket:** All in need of John Cricket! So I'll find a way.

2 **The Devil:** That's what I want to see.

3 **Immanuel:** Who are you going to latch onto, John? Any saint?

4 **John Cricket:** Never mind me, Sir... I seem like a fool but that is only in the looks. My asset is greater than any saint.

5 **Immanuel:** Who is it?

6 **John Cricket:** The mother of justice.

7 **The Devil** (laughing): Aw! The mother of justice! Who is she?

8 **Immanuel:** Don't laugh.. She exists.

9 **Bishop:** And who's that?

10 **Immanuel:** Mercy herself.

11 **Severe:** That I never knew. Where does she live? And how do we call her?

12 **John Cricket:** That's on me. I'll make a special call, a poetical verse.

13 I'm sure she'll come, Do you want to see? (reciting)

14 **Hear me, Our Lady:**

15 **Mother of the clean and the foul!**

16 The mild cows you can milk,

17 The angry ones don't allow.
A braba levanta o pé.
Já fui barco, fui navio,
Mas hoje sou escaler.
Já fui menino, fui homem,
Só me falta ser mulher.

**Encourado:** Vá vendo a falta de respeito, viu?

**João Grilo:** Falta de respeito nada, rapaz! Isso é o versinho de Canário
Pardo que minha mãe cantava para eu dormir. Isso tem nada de falta de respeito!
Já fui barco, fui navio,
Mas hoje sou escaler.
Já fui menino, fui homem,
Só me falta ser mulher.

**Encourado (com raiva surda):** Lá vem a compadecida! Mulher em tudo se mete!

**João Grilo:** Falta de respeito foi isso agora, viu? A senhora se zangou com o verso que eu recitei?

**Compadecida:** Não, João, por que eu iria me zangar? Aquele é o versinho que Canário Pardo escreveu para mim e que eu agradeço. Não deixa de

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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>21</td>
<td>The mild ones help you out,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>22</td>
<td>The angry ones raise a brow.</td>
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<tr>
<td>23</td>
<td>Once a pigeon, then a dove,</td>
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<tr>
<td>24</td>
<td>Today, I am an owl.</td>
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<tr>
<td>25</td>
<td>Once a boy, then a man,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>26</td>
<td>What is left? To be a gal!</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>27</td>
<td><strong>The Devil:</strong> You see the lack of respect, don't you?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>28</td>
<td><strong>John Cricket:</strong> No lack of respect at all, man! That's a little verse from a pretty Canary my mom sang for me to sleep. That has nothing to do with respect!</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>29</td>
<td>Once a pigeon, then a a dove,</td>
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<tr>
<td>30</td>
<td>Today, I am an owl.</td>
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<td>31</td>
<td>Once a boy, then a man,</td>
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<td>What is left? To be a gal!</td>
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<td>33</td>
<td>Hear me, Our Lady:</td>
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<td>34</td>
<td>Mother of the clean and the foul!</td>
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<td>35</td>
<td><strong>Our lady, The compassionate, enters the stage.</strong></td>
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<tr>
<td>36</td>
<td><strong>The Devil</strong> (in blind rage): There comes the compassionate! Women in all meddles!</td>
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<tr>
<td>37</td>
<td><strong>John Cricket:</strong> Now, that was lack of respect. Do you see? Ma’am, did you get angry with the verse I recited?</td>
</tr>
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</table>
ser uma oração, uma invocação. Tem umas graças, mas isso até a torna alegre e foi coisa de que eu sempre gostei. Quem gosta de tristeza é o diabo.

**João Grilo:** É porque esse camarada aí, tudo o que se diz ele enrasca a gente, dizendo que é falta de respeito.

**Compadecida:** É máscara dele, João. Como todo fariseu, o diabo é muito apegado às formas exteriores. É um fariseu consumado.

**Encourado:** Protesto.

**Manuel:** Eu já sei que você protesta, mas não tenho o que fazer, meu velho. Discordar de minha mãe é que não vou.

**Encourado:** Grande coisa esse chamego que ela faz para salvar todo mundo! Termina desmoralizando tudo.

**Severino:** Você só fala assim porque nunca teve mãe.

**João Grilo:** É mesmo, um sujeito ruim desse, só sendo filho de chocadeira!

**Compadecida:** E para que foi que você me chamou, João?

**João Grilo:** É que esse filho de chocadeira quer levar a gente para o inferno. Eu só podia me pegar com a senhora mesmo.

**Encourado:** As acusações são graves. Seu filho mesmo disse que há tempo não via tanta coisa ruim junta.

**Compadecida:** Ouvi as acusações.

**Encourado:** E então?

**The Compassionate:** No, John. Why would I get angry? That is the little verse a Brown Canary wrote for me and I am thankful for that. A prayer nonetheless, an invocation. There is some jest to it, which even makes it jubilant and that is something I always appreciate. The one who enjoys sadness is the Devil.

**John Cricket:** You know, It is just that the comrade leaves a man embroiled in any of his own words, claiming it is lack of respect.

**The Compassionate:** That's his mask, John. As every other Pharisee, the Devil is too fond of external forms. A consummate pharisee.

**The Devil:** Objection.

**Immanuel:** I already know you object but there is nothing I can do, my friend. I sure will not disagree with my mother!

**The Devil:** Big deal this charms she uses to save everyone! It demoralises everything.

**Severino:** You say that because you have never had a mother.

**John Cricket:** That's it, such bad type, must have been born a motherless child!

**The Compassionate:** And why did you call me, John?

**John Cricket:** This motherless beast wants to drag us to hell. I could only call you, Ma’am.

**The Devil:** There are serious accusations. Your son himself said it has been a while since he's seen this amount of bad stuff together.
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>João Grilo</th>
<th>The Compassionate</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Padre João, puxe aí uma Ave-Maria!</td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>Padre</strong> (ajoelhando-se): Ave-Maria, cheia de graça, o Senhor é convosco, bendita sois vós entre as mulheres, bendito é o fruto de vosso ventre, Jesus.</td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>João Grilo</strong>: Um momento, um momento. Antes de respondermos, lembrem-se de dizer, em vez de “agora e na hora de nossa morte”, “agora na hora de nossa morte”, porque do jeito que nós estamos, está tudo misturado.</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>Todos</strong>: Santa Maria, mãe de Deus, rogai por nós pecadores, agora na hora de nossa morte. Amém.</td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>Compadecida</strong>: Não precisava fazer a modificação, João. Eu entenderia.</td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>João Grilo</strong>: É, a senhora eu acredito que entendesse, mas aquele sujeito ali, com muito menos do que isso, faz uma confusão.</td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>Compadecida</strong>: Está bem, vou ver o que posso fazer.</td>
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<th>[...]</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td><strong>Manuel</strong>: O caso é duro. Compreendo as circunstâncias em que João viveu, mas isso também tem um limite. Afinal de contas, o mandamento existe e foi transgredido. Acho que não posso salvá-lo.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Compadecida</strong>: Dê-lhe então outra oportunidade.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Manuel</strong>: Como?</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

| 65 | The Compassionate: I've heard the accusations. |
| 66 | The Devil: So? |
| 67 | **John Cricket**: So? Are you really asking that? Mary will defend us. Priest, start some ‘Hail, Mary’! |
| 68 | **Priest** (kneeling): Hail Mary full of Grace, the Lord is with thee. Blessed art thou among women and blessed is the fruit of thy womb, Jesus. |
| 69 | **John Cricket**: Just a moment. Before we respond, remember: instead of "pray for us sinners now AND at the hour of death", say "pray for us sinners now: at the hour of death", since everything seems to be mixed up right now. |
| 70 | **All**: Holy Mary, mother of God. Pray for us sinners now at the hour of death. Amen. |
| 71 | **The Compassionate**: No need for adjustments, John. I would've understood. |
| 72 | **John Cricket**: Yeah! I believe you would, Ma’am, but that one over there, makes a fuss for much less than that. |
| 73 | **The Compassionate**: Well, I'll see what I can do. |

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<tr>
<td><strong>Immanuel</strong>: It is a harsh case. I understand the circumstances in which John lived but there has to be a limit to it. After all, the commandment exists and was transgressed. I believe I cannot save him.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
**Compadecida**: Deixe João voltar.

**Manuel**: Você se dá por satisfeito?

**João Grilo**: Demais. Para mim é até melhor, porque daqui para lá eu tomou cuidado para a hora de morrer e não passo nem pelo purgatório, para não dar gosto ao cão.

**Compadecida**: Então fica satisfeito?

**João Grilo**: Eu fico. Quem deve estar danado é o filho de chocadeira.

**O Encourado**, furioso, volta-se para João, mas nesse momento, ou dá um grande grito e corre para o inferno, ou deita-se no chão e rasteja até onde está a Virgem para que ela lhe ponha o pé sobre a nuca (cf. Gênesis, 3, 15), saindo após.

**João Grilo**: Que foi que ele teve, meu Deus?

**Compadecida**: Na raiva, virou-se para você e me viu.

**João Grilo**: Quer dizer que estou despachado, não é?

**Manuel**: Não. Você deixar que você volte, porque minha mãe me pediu, mas só deixo com uma condição.

**João Grilo**: Qual é?

**Manuel**: Você me fazer uma pergunta a que eu não possa responder. Pode ser?

**João Grilo**: Está difícil.

**Manuel**: É possível, você que é tão esperto?

---

**The Compassionate**: Give him a second chance.

**Immanuel**: How so?

**The Compassionate**: Let him return.

**Immanuel**: Would that do, John?

**John Cricket**: Very much so. Even better for me. So, from now on, I can take care not to pass by purgatory at the time of my death... Just so I don’t give the devil the pleasure.

**The Compassionate**: Are you satisfied then?

**John Cricket**: I am! It must be the motherless beast who is not.

**Furious, the Devil turns to John but, at the very same moment, he either screams very loud and runs to hell or crawls towards the Virgin so she can step on his head (referencing the Genesis, 3, 15) and leaves afterwards.**

**John Cricket**: What’s gotten into him, dear God?

**The Compassionate**: Enraged, he’s turned towards you but saw me.

**John Cricket**: It means I’m released, doesn’t it?

**Immanuel**: No. I will let you return because my mother has asked me to do so. But I will only do it under one condition.

**John Cricket**: Which is?

**Immanuel**: You have to ask me a question I cannot answer. What do you think?

**John Cricket**: It is hard.
João Grilo: Mais esperto do que eu é o senhor que me criou. Mas vou tentar sempre.

Compadecida: Isto, João. Tenha coragem, não desanime, que eu estou aqui, torcendo por você.

João Grilo: Então estou garantido. Eu me lembro de que uma vez, quando Padre João estava me ensinando catecismo, leu um pedaço do Evangelho. Lá se dizia que ninguém sabe o dia e a hora em que o dia do Juízo será, nem homem, nem os anjos que estão no céu, nem o Filho. Somente o Pai é que sabe. Está escrito lá assim mesmo?

Manuel: Está. É no Evangelho de São Marcos, capítulo treze, versículo trinta e dois.

João Grilo: Isso é que é conhecer a Bíblia! O Senhor é protestante?

Manuel: Sou não, João, sou católico.

João Grilo: Pois na minha terra, quando a gente vê uma pessoa boa e que entende de Bíblia, vai ver é protestante. Bom, se o senhor não faz objeção, minha pergunta é esta. Em que dia vai acontecer a segunda ida ao mundo?

Manuel: João, isso é um grande mistério. É claro que eu sei, mas ninguém entenderia nada, se eu explicasse. Nem posso explicar nada agora, porque você vai voltar e isso faz parte de minha vida íntima com meu Pai.

Immanuel: Is it possible, since you are so smart?

John Cricket: Smarter than me is you who’s created me. But I can always give it a try.

The Compassionate: Way to go, John. Be brave, do not lose heart, I am here rooting for you.

John Cricket: Then I’ve got this one. I remember once, when the priest was teaching me catechism, he read part of the gospel. It is written that no one knows the date and time when the Day of Judgement will be. No men, the angels in the sky, not even the son of God. Only the Father knows. Is it written there like that?

Immanuel: It is. In the Gospel of Saint Mark, chapter thirteen, verse thirty two.

John Cricket: That is real bible knowledge! Are you protestant, Sir?

Immanuel: I am not, John, I am a catholic.

John Cricket: Right. Where I come from, when you see a nice person who knows of bibles, they’re usually protestants. Well, if you do not object, Sir, this is my question: What is the exact day of your return to the Earth?

Immanuel: John, that is a big mystery. Of course I know it but no one would understand any of it if I explained. I cannot explain anything right now since you will return and that is part of my private life with my father.
João Grilo: Então deixe eu ir-me embora. Acredito que o senhor saiba, isso faz parte de sua vida íntima com o senhor seu Pai, mas o que o senhor disse foi que eu podia voltar se lhe fizesse uma pergunta a que o Senhor não pudesse responder.
Compaedica: É verdade, meu filho.
Manuel: Eu sei, mas para que você não fique cheio de si, vou lhe confessar que já sabia que você ia-se sair bem. Minha mãe já tinha combinado tudo comigo, mas você estava precisado de levar uns apertos. Estava ficando muito saído.
João Grilo: Quer dizer que posso voltar?
Manuel: Pode, João, vá com Deus.
João Grilo: Com Deus e com Nossa Senhora, que foi quem me valeu. (Ajoelhando-se diante de Nossa Senhora e beijando-lhe a mão) Até à vista, grande advogada. Não me deixe de mão não, estou decidido a tomar jeito, mas a senhora sabe que a carne é fraca.
Compaedica: Até à vista, João.
Manuel: Até à vista, João.
*João bota o chapéu de palha velho e esburacado na cabeça e vai saindo.*
Manuel: João!
João Grilo: Senhor?

---

John Cricket: So let me go home. I do believe you know it, Sir. That is part of your private life with your father but you have just said I'd be allowed to return if I asked you a question you cannot answer.
The Compassionate: That, my son, is true.
Immanuel: I know! But, just so you don't go about feeling yourself too much, I will make a confession and tell you I already knew you would do well. My mother and I had already set it all up. It is just that you were in need of a good lesson. You were getting very naughty.
John Cricket: Does that mean I can return?
Immanuel: Yes, you can, John. May God be with you.
John Cricket: God and the Virgin Mary, who's actually rescued me. (Kneels before the compassionate and kisses her hands) See you around, lovely attorney. Do not give up on me, I'm determined to walk the line but you know the flesh is weak.
The Compassionate: See you around, John.
John Cricket (Kissing Immanuel's hand): Thank you, Sir. See you around.
Immanuel: See you around, John.
*John puts his old straw hat on his head and leaves.*
Immanuel: John!
John Cricket: Sir?
Immanuel: Mind your behaviour!
John Cricket: Yes, Sir!
Manuel: Veja como se porta.

João Grilo: Sim senhor

Sai de chapéu na mão, sério curvando-se.

Manuel: Se a senhora continuar a interceder desse jeito por todos, o inferno vai terminar como disse Murilo: feito repartição pública, que existe mas não funciona.

John leaves with the hat on his hand, looking serious, bowing.

Immanuel: Mother, if you continue making intercession for everyone, the hell will – as someone’s once said – end up like a government office. It exists but does not work.
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
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<th>19317704</th>
<th>Text Number</th>
<th>7</th>
</tr>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td><strong>Source Text</strong></td>
<td></td>
<td><strong>Target Text</strong></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Title</strong></td>
<td>Paradise Lost – Book IX</td>
<td><strong>Title</strong></td>
<td>Paraiso Perdido – Livro IX</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Year Published</strong></td>
<td>1674</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Author</strong></td>
<td>John Milton</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>Language</strong></td>
<td>Old English</td>
<td><strong>Language</strong></td>
<td>Portuguese (Brazil)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Word Count</strong></td>
<td>1962</td>
<td><strong>Word Count</strong></td>
<td>1960</td>
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**Description of Source Text**  
- understanding of source text  
- knowledge of genre within source contexts  
- situation of source text familiarity with the formal features of a text (language variation(s), register, dialect)  
(200 words max)

This text is part of what is referred to as Milton’s major work (Campbell & Corns, 2008). The epic poem, divided in twelve books, narrates the biblical saga of Adam and Eve being tempted by Satan and expelled from the Garden of Eden. The passage below comprises lines 571 to 781 of the ninth book. In Book IX, the ultimate sin is committed. The conversation between woman and snake up to the point the former eats the forbidden fruit is the content to be translated. The work nearly goes back to oral tradition since it was produced through dictation because the author had gone blind before starting it (Campbell & Corns, 2008).

The linguistic features include excessive archaic structures and terminology expressive of old English; widely known but no longer used such as art (Line 2) and thy (Line 3). The traditionally iambic pentameter with no rhymes characterises the blank verse, the most influential style of poetry at the time of the production (Walker, 1998). It is considered more than a simply religious text but, as it is a based in a biblical story, the formal tone is unchangeable throughout the poem.

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

The time span between the productions of source and target texts is certainly an issue. Recreating something that has been widely translated and is so representative of a place and time in a distant space-time setting could result in an irrelevant production. The foreseen audience are adult Brazilian males of middle age who are into classic literature and the epic poems and have the any desire to know comprehend the peculiarities of old English slightly better. It could be function as a language learning aid. This version is to be presented next to its ST in a bilingual version of the poem.
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>production of genre for target context (200 words max)</th>
<th>Considered the audience, the strategy to create something appealing is to leave the religious concerns aside and focus on exploring textual nuances well-received in the environment of the target text. The formal tone will be kept but adapted to a current version of the language, regardless of the historical distancing. The focus will be on creating something that agrees with the strict prescriptive linguistic norms but can be interpreted without major difficulties by the selected audience through the theory of Skopos (Vermeer, 2012). Finally, Satan will become a female character when incarnated in the body of the Serpent.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Critical Reflection • textual analysis (200 words max)</td>
<td>Walker (1998) raised the debate about how Eve, the only female character in Paradise Lost, was villainised. Mixing the genders and referring to Satan as male and the Serpent as female could have increased the detriment of female characters in the TT and, even though, the bilingual display would not be affected, the translation choices become more evident in this type of rendering. The matters of gender seem to hover this production. The characterisation of Eve as the only female and the personification of abstract concepts led to an ambiguous construction (Line 123). In talking about God’s message, Eve mentions remarks his only daughter, in order to leave room for interpretation, daughter was translated as creation. Equally, the replacement of the term Men (Line 242) referring to the Human Race by the genderless noun Human was not as efficient since this noun the masculine form of this now is the one used to make generalisations when translated in Brazilian Portuguese. The choice of the Skopos theory (Vermeer, 2012) as a general approach has left too much space for change and could have affected the overall consistency of the work.</td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>Paradise Lost – Book IX</strong></td>
<td><strong>Paraíso Perdido – Livro IX</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>His fraudulent temptation thus began:—</td>
<td>Sua tentação fraudulenta então começou:</td>
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<tr>
<td>“Wonder not, sovrain mistress (if perhaps</td>
<td>“Não te espantes, senhora soberana (se é que</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Thou canst who art sole wonder), much less arm</td>
<td>podes tão somente espantar-te), tampouco armes</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Thy looks, the heaven of mildness, with disdain,</td>
<td>tua aparência, a brandura divina, com desdém.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Displeased that I approach thee thus, and gaze</td>
<td>Descontenta-te com minha aproximação de ti e insaciável</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Insatiate, I thus single, nor have feared</td>
<td>admiração. Entretanto, não acovardei nem temi</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Thy awful brow, more awful thus retired.</td>
<td>teu terrível franzir, pois mais terrível é tua falta.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fairest resemblance of thy Maker fair,</td>
<td>Semelhança mais fiel à beleza de teu Criador</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Thee all things living gaze on, all things thine</td>
<td>A ti olham todas criaturas vivas, todas tuas coisas,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>By gift, and thy celestial beauty adore,</td>
<td>em apreço, e tua beleza celeste adoram</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>With ravishment beheld—there best beheld</td>
<td>com arrebatador pasmar, contemplam</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Where universally admired. But here,</td>
<td>universalmente admirados. Mas, aqui,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>In this enclosure wild, these beasts among,</td>
<td>neste recinto selvagem, dentre tantas criaturas,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Beholders rude, and shallow to discern</td>
<td>apenas rudes observadores, tão rasos para discernir</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Half what in thee is fair, one man except,</td>
<td>metade do que em ti é belo, exceto um homem.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Who sees thee (and what is one?) who shouldst be seen</td>
<td>Quem vê (E o que é um?) aquela que deveria ser vista?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A Goddess among Gods, adored and served</td>
<td>Deusa entre Deuses, adorada e servida</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>By Angels numberless, thy daily train?”</td>
<td>por incontáveis anjos diariamente.”</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>So glozed the Tempter, and his proem tuned.</td>
<td>Tão hipnótico o Bajulador, e seus dizeres recebidos.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Into the heart of Eve his words made way,</td>
<td>Para o coração de Eva, as palavras abriram caminho,</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Though at the voice much marvelling; at length,
Not unamazed, she thus in answer spake:—
“What may this mean? Language of Man pronounced
By tongue of brute, and human sense expressed!
The first at least of these I thought denied
To beasts, whom God on their creation-day
Created mute to all articulate sound;
The latter I demur, for in their looks
Much reason, and in their actions, oft appears.
Thee, Serpent, subtlest beast of all the field
I knew, but not with human voice endued;
Redouble, then, this miracle, and say,
How cam’st thou speakable of mute, and how
To me so friendly grown above the rest
Of brutal kind that daily are in sight:
Say, for such wonder claims attention due.”
To whom the guileful Tempter thus replied:—
“Empress of this fair World, resplendent Eve!
Easy to me it is to tell thee all
What thou command’st, and right thou shouldst be obeyed.
I was at first as other beasts that graze
The trodden herb, of abject thoughts and low,
Ainda que com voz bastante inebriada, demoradamente,
Não desencantada, assim disse em resposta:
“Que pode isso significar? A linguagem do homem pronunciada pela língua do bruto, a sensatez humana por ele expresso!
Aquilo que, a princípio, pensei ter sido negado
 às bestas, as quais Deus, no dia da criação,
 fez mudas para todo som articulado.
E agora o nego, pois há raciocínio
em tuas formas e, em tuas ações, muitas vezes se revela.
Ti, serpente, o mais sorrateiro animal de todo o campo,
eu a conhecia, mas não dotada da voz humana.
Repita, assim, tal milagre e diga:
Como podes tu, muda, falar? E por quê
és comigo tão amigável, mais que aos demais
 tipos brutos que estão à vista diariamente?
Diga, pois tal maravilha pede devida atenção.”
A quem o Tentador astuto respondera:
“Imperatriz deste justo Mundo, resplandecente Eva!
É fácil pra mim contar tudo a ti.
O que ordenas, certamente, deve ser obedecido.
Estive, a princípio, assim como as demais bestas que pastam a grama batida com pensamentos abjetos e simples
As was my food, nor aught but food discerned
Or sex, and apprehended nothing high:
Till on a day, roving the field, I chanced
A goodly tree far distant to behold,
Loaden with fruit of fairest colours mixed,
Ruddy and gold. In nearer drew to gaze;
When from the boughs a savoury odour blown,
Grateful to appetite, more pleased my sense
Than smell of sweetest fennel, or the teats
Of ewe or goat dropping with milk at even,
Unsucked of lamb or kid, that tend their play.
To satisfy the sharp desire I had
Of tasting those fair Apples, I resolved
Not to defer; hunger and thirst at once,
Powerful persuaders, quickened at the scent
Of that alluring fruit, urged me so keen.
About the mossy trunk I wound me soon;
For, high from ground, the branches would require
Thy utmost reach, or Adam’s; round the Tree
All other beasts that saw, with like desire
Longing and envying stood, but could not reach.
Amid the tree now got, where plenty hung

como meu alimento, nenhum pensamento além daquele,
or sexo, e nada mais importante...
Até que, um dia, percorrendo o campo, avistei
uma generosa árvore à distância para contemplar,
Carregada com frutos de mistas cores, as mais belas:
Ouro e Rubi. Com visível aparência madura;
quando, dos ramos, um odor saboroso soprou;
Graças ao apetite, meus sentidos se agradaram mais
de que ao cheiro do mais doce funcho, ou tetas
de cabras e ovelhas, úmidas de leite,
ainda não sugadas por cordeiros ou cabritos que brincam.
Para satisfazer o desejo afiado que tinha
de provar aquelas lindas maçãs, decidi
não adiar; fome e sede combinados,
persuasores poderosos, exaltaram-se com o aroma
daquela fruta sedutora, incitaram-me com disposição.
No tronco coberto de musgo logo me enrolei.
Já que, em sua altitude, os galhos exigiriam
teu preciso alcance ou o de Adão. Ao redor da Árvore
todas as demais criaturas que viram, com desejo similar,
permaneciam aspirantes e invejosas, mas não conseguiam alcançar.
Já em meio aos galhos donde pendiam em abundância,
Tempting so nigh, to pluck and eat my fill
I spared not; for such pleasure till that hour
At feed or fountain never had I found.
Sated at length, ere long I might perceive
Strange alteration in me, to degree
Of Reason in my inward powers, and Speech
Wanted not long, though to this shape retained.
Thenceforth to speculations high or deep
I turned my thoughts, and with capacious mind
Considered all things visible in Heaven,
Or Earth, or Middle, all things fair and good.
But all that fair and good in thy Divine
Semblance, and in thy beauty’s heavenly ray,
United I beheld—no fair to thine
Equivalent or second; which compelled
Me thus, though importune perhaps, to come
And gaze, and worship thee of right declared
Sovran of creatures, universal Dame!”
So talked the spirited sly Snake; and Eve,
Yet more amazed, unwary thus replied:—
“Serpent, thy overpraising leaves in doubt
The virtue of that Fruit, in thee first proved.
But say, where grows the Tree? from hence how far?
For many are the trees of God that grow
In Paradise, and various, yet unknown
To us; in such abundance lies our choice
As leaves a greater store of fruit untouched,
Still hanging incorruptible, till men
Grow up to their provision, and more hands
Help to disburden Nature of her bearth."
To whom the wily Adder, blithe and glad;
“Empress, the way is ready, and not long—
Beyond a row of myrtles, on a flat,
Fast by a fountain, one small thicket past
Of blowing myrrh and balm. If thou accept
My conduct, I can bring thee thither soon.”
“Lead, then,” said Eve. He, leading, swiftly rowled
In tangles, and made intricate seem straight,
To mischief swift. Hope elevates, and joy
Brightens his crest. As when a wandering fire,
Compact of unctuous vapour, which the night
Condenses, and the cold invirons round,
Kindled through agitation to a flame
(Which oft, they say, some evil Spirit attends),
Hovering and blazing with delusive light,

Misleads the amazed night-wanderer from his way

To bogs and mires, and oft through pond or pool,

There swallowed up and lost, from succour far:

So glistered the dire Snake, and into fraud

Led Eve, our credulous mother, to the Tree

Of Prohibition, root of all our woe;

Which when she saw, thus to her guide she spake:—

“Serpent, we might have spared our coming hither,

Fruitless to me, though fruit be here to excess,

The credit of whose virtue rest with thee—

Wondrous, indeed, if cause of such effects!

But of this tree we may not taste nor touch;

God so commanded, and left that command

Sole daughter of his voice: the rest, we live

Law to ourselves; our Reason is our Law.”

To whom the Tempter guilefully replied:—

“Indeed! Hath God then said that of the fruit

Of all these garden-trees ye shall not eat,

Yet lords declared of all in Earth or Air?”

To whom thus Eve, yet sinless:—“Of the fruit

Of each tree in the garden we may eat;
But of the fruit of this fair Tree, amidst
The Garden, God hath said, “Ye shall not eat
Thereof, nor shall ye touch it, lest ye die.”
She scarce had said, though brief, when now more bold
The Tempter, but, with shew of zeal and love
To Man, and indignation at his wrong,
New part puts on, and, as to passion moved,
Fluctuates disturbed, yet comely, and in act
Raised, as of some great matter to begin.
As when of old some orator renowned
In Athens or free Rome, where eloquence
Flourished, since mute, to some great cause addressed,
Stood in himself collected, while each part,
Motion, each act, won audience ere the tongue
Sometimes in hight began, as no delay
Of preface brooking through his zeal of right:
So standing, moving, or to hight upgrown,
The Tempter, all impassioned, thus began:—
“O sacred, wise, and wisdom-giving Plant,
Mother of science! now I feel thy power
Within me clear, not only to discern
Things in their causes, but to trace the ways

mas do fruto desta linda ávore, em meio ao
Jardim, Deus disse “Vós não deveis comer
e tampouco a tocareis, para que não morrais.”
Mal terminou Eva e, agora mais ousado,
O Tentadora, com aparência de zelo e amor
peço Humano e indignação por seu erro,
faz novo teatro. Movido pela paixão,
flutua perturbado, ainda assim gentil, inicia
uma encenação, como se grande importância tivesse.
Como quando antigo orador de renome
em Atenas ou Roma, onde a eloquência
floresceu, vai da mudez até o debate da causa nobre.
Permaneceu contido em si, enquanto cada parte,
movimento, cada ato, recebia atenção antes da palavra.
Modulando o tom de voz iniciou, como se nenhum tardar
em começar pairasse no zelo do direito:
Então, em pé, movendo-se, talvez para aumentar o efeito,
O Tentador, cheio de paixão, então disparou:
“Ó sagrada planta, és sábia e provês sabedoria,
mãe da ciência! Sinto, agora, teu poder
claro em mim, não somente para discernir
coisas em suas causas, mas para entender as formas
Of highest agents, deemed however wise.

Queen of this Universe! do not believe

Those rigid threats of death. Ye shall not die.

How should ye? By the Fruit? it gives you life

To knowledge. By the Threatener? look on me,

Me who have touched and tasted, yet both live,

And life more perfect have attained than Fate

Meant me, by venturing higher than my lot.

Shall that be shut to Man which to the Beast

Is open? or will God incense his ire

For such a petty trespass, and not praise

Rather your dauntless virtue, whom the pain

Of death denounced, whatever thing Death be,

Deterred not from achieving what might lead

To happier life, knowledge of Good and Evil?

Of good, how just! of evil—if what is evil

Be real, why not known, since easier shunned?

God, therefore, cannot hurt ye and be just;

Not just, not God; not feared then, nor obeyed:

Your fear itself of death removes the fear.

Why, then, was this forbid? Why but to awe,

Why but to keep ye low and ignorant,
His worshipers? He knows that in the day
Ye eat thereof your eyes, that seem so clear,
Yet are but dim, shall perfectly be then
Opened and cleared, and ye shall be as Gods,
Knowing both good and evil, as they know.
That ye should be as Gods, since I as Man,
Internal Man, is but proportion meet—
I, of brute, human; ye, of human, Gods.
So ye shall die perhaps, by putting off
Human, to put on Gods—death to be wished,
Though threatened, which no worse than this can bring!
And what are Gods, that Man may not become
As they, participating godlike food?
The Gods are first, and that advantage use
On our belief, that all from them proceeds.
I question it; for this fair Earth I see,
Warmed by the Sun, producing every kind;
Them nothing. If they all things, who enclosed
Knowledge of Good and Evil in this Tree,
That whoso eats thereof forthwith attains
Wisdom without their leave? and wherein lies
The offence, that Man should thus attain to know?

seus adoradores? Ele sabe que um dia
o devorarão e seus olhos que parecem tão claros,
mas são, no entanto, cegos, devem ser perfeitamente
abertos e limpos, e vocês serão como Deuses,
conhecendo ambos Bem e Mal, como eles conhecem.
Devem tornar-se mais: Deuses; assim como me tornei Humano,
Humano Interno, em sua proporção se encontra.
Eu, bruto, humano; vós, humanos, Deuses.
E talvez morrais, para abandonar
a Humanidade, e vestir a Divindade - morte a ser almejada,
embora ameaçadora, é o pior que te pode trazer!
E o que são Deuses, para que o homem não possa tornar-se
como eles, compartilhando da comida divina?
Os deuses vêm primeiros, e tal vantagem faz
em nossa crença, que todos deles procedam.
Questiono, pois esta bela Terra que vejo,
aquecida pelo Sol, produzindo tudo;
ninguém para eles. Se todas suas as coisas, quem depositara
o conhecimento do Bem e do Mal nesta Árvore,
que os que comem logo obtém
sabedoria sem a licença deles? E onde está
a ofensa, que o Humano deve então chegar a conhecer?
What can your knowledge hurt him, or this Tree
Impart against his will, if all be his?
Or is it envy? and can envy dwell
In Heavenly breasts? These, these and many more
Causes import your need of this fair Fruit.
Goddess humane, reach, then, and freely taste!”
He ended; and his words, replete with guile,
Into her heart too easy entrance won.
Fixed on the Fruit she gazed, which to behold
Might tempt alone; and in her ears the sound
Yet rung of his persuasive words, impregnated
With reason, to her seeming, and with truth.
Meanwhile the hour of noon drew on, and waked
An eager appetite, raised by the smell
So savoury of that Fruit, which with desire,
Inclined now grown to touch or taste,
Solicited her longing eye; yet first,
Pausing a while, thus to herself she mused:—
“Great are thy virtues, doubtless, best of Fruits,
Though kept from Man, and worthy to be admired,
Whose taste, too long forborne, at first assay
Gave elocution to the mute, and taught

Que mal pode o conhecimento fazer, ou esta árvore
transmitir contra a vontade dele, se tudo a ele pertence?
Ou seria inveja? E poderia a inveja habitar
nos seios Celestiais? Tais dúvidas e muitas outras mais
fazem importante tua necessidade do belo Fruto.
Deusa humana, alcance, então, e experimente livremente."
Ele terminara; suas palavras, repletas de astúcia,
no coração dela, ganhou entrada facilmente.
Para o Fruto, fixamente ela olhava, em contemplar
já havia tentação suficiente; nos ouvidos dela, o som
das palavras persuasivas ainda soava, impregnadas
com razão e com a verdade, parecia a ela.
Logo, chegou o meio-dia, e despertou
um apetite disposto, aumentado pelo aroma
tão saboroso do Fruto, que pelo desejo,
estava, agora, mais inclinada a tocar ou provar.
Pediram seus olhos saudosos; primeiro,
em pausa, ainda que consigo mesma, pensou:
"Grandes são tuas virtudes, indubitável dos Frutos o melhor,
Embora tirado do homem, e digno de ser admirado,
cujo gosto, muito longo mantido, na primeira tentativa
deu ao mudo eloquência e ensinou
The tongue not made for speech to speak thy praise.
Thy praise he also who forbids thy use
Conceals not from us, naming thee the Tree
Of Knowledge, knowledge both of Good and Evil;
Forbids us then to taste. But his forbidding
Commends thee more, while it infers the good
By thee communicated, and our want;
For good unknown sure is not bad, or, had
And yet unknown, is as not had at all.
In plain, then, what forbids he but to know?
Forbids us good, forbids us to be wise!
Such prohibitions bind not. But, if Death
Bind us with after-bands, what profits then
Our inward freedom? In the day we eat
Of this fair Fruit, our doom is we shall die!
How dies the Serpent? He hath eaten, and lives,
And knows, and speaks, and reasons, and discerns,
Irrational till then. For us alone
Was death invented? or to us denied
This intellectual food, for beasts reserved?
For beasts it seems; yet that one beast which first
Hath tasted envies not, but brings with joy
The good befallen him, author unsuspect,
Friendly to Man, far from deceit or guile.
What fear I, then? rather, what know to fear
Under this ignorance of Good and Evil,
Of God or Death, of law or penalty?
Here grows the cure of all, this fruit divine,
Fair to the eye, inviting to the taste,
Of virtue to make wise. What hinders, then,
To reach, and feed at once both body and mind?"
So saying, her rash hand in evil hour
Forth-reaching to the Fruit, she plucked, she eat.
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Source Text</th>
<th>Target Text</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td><strong>Title</strong></td>
<td>Monte dos Cervos</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Year Published</strong></td>
<td>Not published</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Author</strong></td>
<td>Walison Rodrigues de Andrade</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Language</strong></td>
<td>Portuguese (Brazil)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Word Count</strong></td>
<td>36</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

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

This is a gloss translation of an ancient Chinese poem. Originally written by Wang Wei during the Tang Dynasty (c. 700—761) as part of a twenty-poem series, the poem named ‘Lu Zhai’ stands among the most famous Chinese quatrains in the world (Paz & Weinberg, 1995, p. 2). The collection is said to be inspired by a diversity of sites in north eastern China, more precisely, around the Wang River (100-Tang-Poems). Its gloss translation was produced using an online research tool (Cambridge Dictionary) and comparing word choices in a series of translations in three languages (Paz & Weinberg, 1995) to select suitable one-word terms in English that satisfactorily represented each individual character of the poem. The way the words were arranged without connectives makes the text seem like non-sense literature, not following any rhyme with rather informal tone. As in the Chinese prosody, concern revolved around the character or word number in each line. Poems like the one which gave life to this gloss translation are mentioned as sample of Chinese poetry and its features: universality, impersonality, absence of time and subject (Paz & Weinberg, 1995, p. 3). These characteristics were also considered and featured in the text.

**Strategy**
- identification of translation problems

The main challenge is to handle the different standards for poetry creation once the ST derived from a different lexicographical system of complex connective-free structure. Brazilian poetry follows most English and Italian standards for rhyme scheme, meter and sonority (Nóbrega, 1965). Thinking of the young adult Brazilians who consume international
- **knowledge of genre within target context and situation of target text**
- **justification of translation production of genre for target context** (200 words max)

Poetry regularly as the desired target audience, the ultimate purpose of this translation is to create a poem combining features of the poetry genre as it is known in the Chinese and Brazilian cultures. The idea of creating a gloss translation reduces the number of problems as the multitude of meanings associated to each Chinese character is no longer an issue. The strategy is to create an alternate rhyme scheme but also have the same amount of words in each line to bring touches of Eastern and Western poetries together as to reimagine a scenery description that can give Brazilian readers a sense of Chinese landscapes through words. Thus, the notion of cultural identity in translation (Brisset, 2012) will be considered. Rhyme and cultural representativity combined justify the creation of a text to promote culture approximation by experimenting the mixture of form and content from two very distinct literary realities.

### Critical Reflection
- **textual analysis** (200 words max)

Although each word in the gloss translation was carefully chosen, in an attempt to create a more fluid rhyme scheme without leaving cultural references aside, the final word choice was considerably distant from any literal translation of the individual terms in the source text. The content remained related to the cultural elements depicted but a slant rhyme had to be done to maintain the ABAB rhyme scheme without affecting the content. The aesthetics of the form is not ideal, but it is satisfactory. The length of each line in the poem is quite similar and the visual effect of symmetry resembles the one in the traditional Chinese poems. Likewise, the nine-word lines are also a reference to the five-character line consistently present in these kinds of quartets. However, it feels slightly more distant from Chinese than it is from Brazilian Portuguese as the latter required a higher sum of terms to convey the ideas without having to leave them disjointed.

### Works Cited
- **use of sources and reference material**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Source Text</th>
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</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td><strong>Deer Enclosure</strong></td>
<td><strong>Monte dos Cervos</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>空山不見人 - [empty] [mountain] [not] [see] [human]</td>
<td>E em vazios montes não se vê humano elemento,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>但聞人語響 - [yet] [hear] [human] [voice] [echo]</td>
<td>Mas ouve a ressoar – de palavras o eco nobre</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>返景入深林 - [reflect] [sunlight] [trespass] [deep] [forest]</td>
<td>Raio de sol que avassala e vai floresta adentro</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>復照青苔上 - [again] [shine] [colour] [moss] [on]</td>
<td>Volta e reflete no musgo verde que a encobre.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>