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A Portfolio of Literary Translations

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I would like to thank the authors of the source texts for their-our-my texts.

I would like to thank both my supervisors for their collaboration and critical eye.

I would like to thank my fellow lit. trans. students for rustling my feathers.

I would like to thank my professors for their insight and expertise.

I would like to thank my family and friends for being.

I would like to thank myself.
The friends that have it I do wrong,
When ever I remake a song,
Should know what issue is at stake;
It is myself that I remake.

— Wilbo Yeats
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Introduction

The texts translated in this portfolio share no one unifying theme. Ditto the strategies used to translate them. What holds both in some sort of common constellation is the will, on my behalf, to experiment with the widest possible variety of authors, artistic styles, literary genres, media types, historical eras, geographical locations, cultural contexts, ideopolitical standpoints, languages, or subcategories and substrata of languages, target audiences, translatorly attitudes, and, of course, translational approaches.

In the pages that follow, the reader will therefore discover, text-wise, everything from verbless novels and idiosyncratic love letters, to ululating folk music and Renaissance rap-battle sonnets, to climate activist speeches and theatrical adaptations of philosophical dialogues. Similarly, with regard to strategy, nothing is off the table: faithful and free, formal and dynamic, domesticating and foreignising, figuratively literal and literally literal, explicitation and implicitation, diplomacy and cannibalism, infiltration and hijacking, pastiche and transformance, third-coding and Thalerian translation, et cetera, et cetera. All have some part to play here.

You there, the reader, hold in your hands a loose baggy monster. And in that sense the experiment has come off. But in other senses it has not. One flagrant betrayal of the principle of diversity which, as I have said, has guided the gestation of this portfolio, and which I feel obliged to address here, is the lack of female voices. Of my ten source texts, only two have been authored by women, the other eight by men. Things look even bleaker from an intersectional point of view. I can only apologise for such disparities, shift the blame partly onto the literary culture in which I have come to readerly maturity, and promise to do better in the future.

I remember when my grandmother and I would go to mass on Sundays and when, on the way home, she would buy me a lucky-dip bag in the newsagents. All of the excitement lay in not knowing what you were going to get while simultaneously sensing that the combinatorial possibilities of the diverse contents were boundless. I can only hope that this lucky-dip bag, with its assortment of texts never before translated, or previously translated texts translated in new and daring ways, will stoke something of the same excitement.

– April 2020

Somewhere in the Irish Wilderness
One: Rendering Riverrun, or Translating Stream of Consciousness

ST: Opening Passage from *Solar Bones* by Mike McCormack

Language Pairing: from English into French

* * *

Mallarmé, translating Poe’s ‘The Bells’ into French, claimed that the most untranslatable lines in that poem were the eponymous ones: ‘Of the bells, bells, bells, / Of the bells, bells, bells, / Bells, bells, bells—’. And so on and so forth. Mike McCormack’s novel begins with a bell, the bell, the Angelus bell, and with a man hearing the bell, listening to the bell, for whom the bell is tolling, has already tolled, is in fact re-tolling, tolling again, reverberating its way across the length and breadth of this grey day, but also the length and breadth of time, drawing and pulling and dragging him through the house, sure enough, but also through a life, his life, his lived life, made life, given life, with all its rhythms and routines, ups and downs, ins and outs, cogs and wheels and other infrastructures about which existence orbits as surely as the earth orbits the sun, holding it in place, holding it all in place, the bones, if you will, of our solar-powered, solar-measured, solar-defined and -determined being, the skeleton of everything, the solar bones.

* * *
<table>
<thead>
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<th><strong>Source Text</strong></th>
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<tr>
<td><strong>Title</strong></td>
<td>Les os solaires</td>
</tr>
<tr>
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</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Author</strong></td>
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**Description of Source Text**

This is the opening passage from a one-sentence novel. Marcus, the protagonist, died some months ago, but has returned to his home in Mayo on All Souls’ Day. Sitting at the kitchen table, half-hypnotised by the Angelus bell, his mind wanders amidst memories and meditations. Internal monologues on the politics, sociology and geography of rural Ireland lend his musings a parochial flavour, while Baudelairean expansions into metaphysics, morality and mortality render their purview cosmic. Because of its interest in the banal, its riverrun narrative style, the novel has been hailed as a ‘resurrection for Irish modernism’ (Boland 2016). I would add that it ‘resurrects’ the Irish literary tradition of casting dead protagonists, too, e.g. Cré na Cille (1949). And it also shares formal features with these predecessors. À la Joyce, or Beckett, the pace and direction of the prose is dictated by narrator consciousness (100-117), while this meandering consciousness is itself reflected in the use of language. The many present participles which lack auxiliary verbs and personal pronouns, for example, create an atmosphere of intemporality and impersonality (3-15). Rhythm, rhyme and repetition, meanwhile, structure the prose not linearly, but laterally, circularly, according to the associative logic of the mind (69-72).

**Strategy**

The source text has been translated into French once before (McCormack 2019). However, in that translation, the translator has primarily focused on rendering its semantic content (e.g. 2019: 1). I will therefore aim to produce a target text that pays more attention to the formal features of the source text. As such, my translation is intended for francophone experimental-literature enthusiasts, who currently have access to the ‘meaning’ of the source text, but not to what makes
it distinctive from a stylistic point of view. The first part of my strategy, since present participles do not perform the same functions in French as in English, will be to replace these with infinitives. Infinitives, in French, evoke intemporality and impersonality in a way functionally equivalent (de Waard & Nida 1986) to present participles in English (Salkoff 1999: 40). To recreate the prosodic qualities of the source text, I will preserve the largely monosyllabic diction (48-55), and reproduce assonance and alliteration (10-12), wherever possible. I will pursue this second part of my strategy even if it means foregoing exact semantic equivalence (Newmark 1981: 39), proper grammar, or standard syntax. I may, for example, omit articles and prepositions, or ignore grammatical gender.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Critical Reflection</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>An unforeseen, and fascinating, effect of my formal-feature-oriented strategy was that it resulted in a target text which is significantly shorter than one might have expected it to be. English-to-French translations tend to be between ten and fifteen percent longer than their source texts (Miller 2000: 469). Yet my target text is only three percent longer than its source text. I believe this is because I concentrated on prosody rather than meaning. For example, in translating ‘builder’s yard’ (51) by the isosyllabic ‘chantier’ [building site] (51), as opposed the more semantically accurate ‘fournisseur de matériaux de construction’, I traded five words for one. Although I had planned to reproduce the open-vowel sounds of the source text, I soon found, as I translated, that assonance in [i] was emerging organically in the target text (e.g. 4-7). I embraced this slight sonic shift and, owing to these closed-vowel sounds, the target text seems to add something of bells chiming to the grey-day drone of the source text (e.g. 10-11). Similarly, alliteration, though contrived in some places (e.g. 72), sprang up serendipitously in others. The triple [p] in lines 109-110, for instance, evokes breathlessness in a way the source text does not.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Name</td>
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<tr>
<td>-----------------------------</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ó Cadhain, Máirtín.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Waard, Jan de and Eugene Nida</td>
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</table>
the bell

the bell as

hearing the bell as

hearing the bell as standing here

the bell being heard standing here

hearing it ring out through the grey light of this

morning, noon or night

god knows

this grey day standing here and

listening to this bell in the middle of the day, the

middle of the day bell, the Angelus bell in the middle of the
day, ringing out through the grey light to

here

standing in the kitchen

hearing the bell

snag my heart and

draw the whole world into

being here

pale and breathless after coming a long way to sta-

nd in this kitchen
confused
no doubt about that
but hearing the bell from the village church a mile away as the crow flies, across the street from the garda station, beneath the giant sycamore trees which tower over it and in which a colony of rooks have made their nests, so many and noisy that sometimes in spring when they are nesting their clamour fills the church and
exhausted now, so quickly
that sprint to the church and the bell
yes, they are the real thing
the real bells
not a transmission or a broadcast because
there’s no mistaking the fuller depth and resonance of the sound carried towards me across the length and breadth of this day and which, even at this distance reverberates in my chest
a systolic thump from the other side of this parish, which lies on the edge of this known world with Sheeffry and Mweelrea to the south and the open expanse of Clew Bay to the north
the Angelus bell
ringing out over its villages and townlands, over the
fields and hills and bogs in between, six chimes of three
across a minute and a half, a summons struck on the lip of
the void which gathers this parish together through all its
primary and secondary roads with
all its schools and football pitches
all its bridges and graveyards
all its shops and pubs
the builder’s yard and health clinic
the community centre
the water treatment plant and
the handball alley
the made world with
all the focal points around which a parish like this
gathers itself as surely as
the world itself did at the beginning of time, through
mountains, rivers and lakes
when it gathered in these parts around the Bun-
 owen River which rises in the Lachta hills and flows north
towards the sea, carving out that floodplain to which all
roads, primary and secondary, following the contours of
the landscape, make their way and in the middle of which
stands

the village of Louisburgh

from which the Angelus bell is ringing, drawing up
the world again

mountains, rivers and lakes

acres, roods and perches

animal, mineral, vegetable

covenant, cross and crown

the given world with

all its history to brace myself while

standing here in the kitchen

of this house

I’ve lived in for nearly twenty-five years and raised
a family, this house outside the village of Louisburgh in the
county of Mayo on the west coast of Ireland, the village in
which I can trace my seed and breed back to a time when it
was nothing more than a ramshackle river crossing of a few
smoky homesteads clustered around a forge and a log bri-
dge, a sod-and-stone hamlet not yet gathered to a proper
plan nor licensed to hold a fair, my line traceable to the
gloomy prehistory in which a tenacious clan of farmers and
fisherman kept their grip on a small patch of land
through hail and gale
hell and high water
men with bellies and short tempers, half of whom
went to their graves with pains in their chests before they
were sixty, good singers many of them, all
adding to the home place down the generations till
it swelled to twenty acres, grazing and tillage, with access
to open commonage on Carramore hill which overlooks the
bay and
this pain, this fucking pain tells me that
to the best of my knowledge
knowledge being the best of me
that
there is something strange about all this, some twi-
"thy energy in the ether which has affected me from the
moment those bells began to toll, something flitting thr-
"ough me, a giddiness drawing me
through the house
door by door
room by room
up and down the hall
like a mad thing
bedrooms, bathroom, sitting room and
back to the kitchen again where
Christ
such a frantic burst
Christ
not so much a frantic burst as a rolling crease in the
light, flowing from room to room only to find
this house is empty
not a soul anywhere
Borges, in a short story titled ‘Tlön, Uqbar, Orbis Tertius’, describes the language of the fictional people of Tlön. Berkeleyan in their subjective idealism, the Tlönians believe no object exists outside of perception, and as such their language contains no nouns. In the Northern Hemisphere of their world, the Tlönians speak in adjectival clusters, while in the Southern Hemisphere, they communicate via impersonal verbs. Thus, ‘the moon rose above the water’ becomes ‘round airy-bright on dark, high, over blue’, for boreal Tlönians, and ‘upward, behind the onstreaming, it mooned’, for their austral counterparts. Chris Clarke, of the OuTransPo, or Ouvroir de Translation Potencial, has invented a translation procedure on the basis of this language. He calls it, unsurprisingly, tlönslation. Also unsurprisingly, tlönslation involves translating a text à la Tlön, which is to say using either only adjectives or only impersonal verbs. Michel Thaler, whose real name, as it turns out, is Michel Dansel, has taken one look at all of this, decided no, not for me, then proceeded to flip off both the Tlönians and Clarke by writing a novel composed of nothing but nouns. Okay, there are adjectives, too, but not one single verb. This may, however, have less to do with the Tlönians and tlönslation than with the fact that Thaler simply hates verbs. As in, really, truly hates them. In the foreword to his verbless novel, the author declares ‘death to all verbs!’; and, not to be outdone, the front cover of my edition features memorial flowers and a sash that reads: ‘in unloving memory of verbs’. And it does not end there. Thaler went so far as to organise an actual funeral, held at the Sorbonne and attended by roughly three-hundred writerly types, in order finally to lay verbs to rest. The ceremony was, sadly, cut short when the police prevented those in attendance from completing a lap of the university while marching solemnly behind a horse-drawn hearse. All of which is somewhat ironic because, if the nounless Tlönian
language, and Clarke’s translation, upset Western notions of being, then verbless Thalerian French upsets Western notions of time, and so nothing can ever really die, not even verbs. Instead, everything exists in a kind of absolute present, moving, definitely moving, but unable to actually get anywhere. As if all were on a train, but a train to nowhere, a train from nowhere, a nowhere train.

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<table>
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<td><strong>Title</strong></td>
<td>The Nowhere Train</td>
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<td><strong>Year Published</strong></td>
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**Description of Source Text**

This is a chapter from a novel written without verbs. It thus belongs to the source literary tradition known as *littérature à contraintes*, or constrained writing, whereby the author produces a text while subject to one or more formal constraints (Morrison 2010: 47). One exception to the constraint, in this case, is that nouns and adjectives formed using verb participles, e.g. ‘clebs politisé’ [politicised pooch] (13), are allowed. Although nominally a novel, the absence of verbs has resulted in features which some, e.g. McLemee (2004), have labelled ‘anti-novelistic’: no plot progression, no character development, non-sequitur vignettes as opposed sequential chapters. Set on a train, narrated in the first person by a professor from the Sorbonne, the text ranges from socio-political commentary (52-56), to bawdy and scatological comedy (28-36), to flurries of absurd action (95-104). The several discursive and sociolinguistic levels corresponding to this range are reinforced by formal features in the source text, in particular, the interweaving of various semantic fields and registers (1-9). Punctuation, meanwhile, takes on the function of verbs. Commas, for instance, signal the progression of events (77-78). Chains of prepositional clauses and post-posed adjectives, on the other hand, are used to comic effect (82-94).

**Strategy**

The source text has not, to the best of my knowledge, been translated into English before. This may be because of the special translation problem it supposedly poses for this target language. Contrastive grammars often state that, where French prefers nominalisation, English prefers verbalisation (Salkoff 1999: 119). In theory, therefore, it appears less ‘natural’ to write without verbs in English than in French. I will aim to produce a target text, intended for academic anglo-
francophone bilinguals, which demonstrates that English is not so verb-dependent as contrastive grammars have maintained. To make the point the more emphatically, I will adopt a more stringent variant of the constraint used by the source author. I will disallow, not only verbs, but nouns and adjectives formed using verb participles. In practice, this means that words like ‘meeting’, or ‘exhausted’, will be forbidden. Aside from tightening the constraint, and to further prove the point, I will also reproduce the various discursive and sociolinguistic levels of the source text. For example, I will pay close attention to register and connotation, and will substitute series of post-posed adjectives in French with pre-posed compound ones in English, thus recreating humour via functional equivalence (de Waard & Nida 1986).

Critical Reflection

It has long been debated whether translators of constrained writing ought to ‘translate the product’, i.e. privilege the source text over the source constraint, or ‘translate the process’, i.e. the reverse (Baillehache 2016). I believe my target text problematises such all-or-nothing attitudes: it respects the semantic and functional elements of the source text (e.g. 10-11) while not only abiding by, but elaborating, the source constraint (e.g. 80-92). Moreover, insofar as even non-academic readers have reacted positively to it, without knowing it to be a translation, the target text suggests that English is indeed less verb-dependent than contrastive grammars have pretended – even in literary contexts. At times, the stricter constraint made it impracticable to reproduce discursively- or sociolinguistically-significant terms word-for-word. Nevertheless, it was generally possible to compensate (Klaudy 2008: 163) for these losses locally (e.g. 51-56). Contrary to what might be expected, the language of the target text did not strike sample readers as contrived, but rather as redolent of ‘old-man-anecdote-ese’ and textspeak (e.g. 39-42). Also unexpectedly, they reported that, instead of miring it, the verbless clauses accelerated the pace of the narrative. Thus, verbless English may well have a literary function, as against being mere ‘linguistic acrobatics’ (Oulipo 1973: 20).

Works Cited

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Kohn, ed. by Patra Szatmári &amp; Dóra Takács (Munich: Lincom), pp. 163-175</th>
</tr>
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Au beau milieu des gémissements et des sanglots canins, une mémère pot-au-feu, frappée d’un bel érythème, à une autre dondon au profil syphilítique, peut-être ancienne mère maquerelle du temps de sa vie active car, au cou, une impressionnante batterie de médailles. Toutes les saintes au grand complet, et au milieu le Christ ! Bref, le rendez-vous de la bondieuserie la plus mièvre, donc de la plus admise, parce que la plus ostentatoire ! Des images taillées, du moins pour les parpaillots, pas très catholiques ! Certainement pas assez pour l’expiation de toutes ses incartades. De ses vies en ménage. De ses vies en manège !

– Plus de participants que pour l’enterrement de mon mari ! Pourtant, mon Ferdinand, lui aussi pas rouge !

– Non Henriette ! Ici, le défunt, un chien ! Un toutou ! Un ouah ouah. Mais pas un clebs politisé ! Un bas-rouge, un peu comme chez nous un auvergnat, un alsacien, un normand ou un breton !

– Quelle culture ma petite Mado ! Et tout ça appris au bordel entre deux passes ! Chapeau ! Quelle chance ! Pendant ce temps-là, moi, comme une conne, cantinière pour des mioches dans une maternelle de banlieue crapotouse. Quarante-cinq ans au milieu des gamelles et des aboiements de moutards ! Et tout ça pour des poignées de cerises ! Ici, au

Amidst the canine howls and yowls, a heavy old hag of the housewife variety, a fine dose of erythema upon her face, next to another two-tonne Tessie with the look of syphilis about her, perhaps once a madam in her professional days, since, around her neck, an impressive array of tokens and medals. All the angels and saints with Christ in the middle!

In short, a pietist assembly of the utmost vapidity, and so of the utmost palatability, because of the utmost ostentation! Not very Christian, these fetishes, at least not from a Proddie point of view! Certainly not enough for the expiation of her many sins: the many sins of her many love lives!

‘More attendees than at my husband’s funeral! And my Ferdinand, not even a commie, him!’

‘No Henrietta! In this case, the loss of life, a dog! A bow-wow! A woof-woof! But not a political pooch! A collie. Rather like those Welsh, Scotch, Shetland or Cumberland breeds back home!’

‘What erudition, my dear Maddie! And all this knowledge the product of time between two tricks in the brothel! Brava! How lucky! As for me, meanwhile, a nursery-school lunch lady in a filthy suburb, like a bloody fool. Forty-five years among lunch trays and the yaps of little brats. And all of it for peanuts! Here, at least, the cries of dogs. How delightful!'
moins, les cris de chiens, quel bonheur ! Quelle récompense !

– Ma pauvre Henriette ! Pourtant avec ta belle petite gueule, un demi-siècle plus tôt, et ton cul moins abondant qu’aujourd’hui, tout un devenir devant toi. Quel ratage ! Quel gâchis ! Malheureusement, trop tard ! Tant pis pour toi !

– Oui, peut-être une vocation contrariée. Mais pas assez audace à l’époque. Et puis, des tripotages de queues à longueur d’année, et les cuisses toujours ouvertes ! À la fin, quelle monotonie !

– Et le torchage des mômes, pas moins nauséabond qu’une giclée de sperme ! Dans mon ancien métier, le pied plusieurs fois par jour ! Et toute en liquide, au propre comme au figuré ! Quant aux mecs : un râtel ! Toujours différents : des ouvriers, des étudiants, des poulets, des hommes politiques, des commerçants, des cons, des grosses têtes et bien d’autres... Du travail d’entomologiste, ma chère Henriette ! À cette école du plaisir et du plumard, en matière de psychologie et de sociologie sur le terrain, largement le niveau des connards d’intellos avec tout dans la tchatche !

Mon esprit, en cette si pénible circonstance, et après une telle plâtée de fadaises associée au charivari funéraire, un peu comme un atlante porteur de son fardeau. Et cet harassant fardeau, rien d’autre que le souvenir, vrillé en moi, de la Dame de cendre.

What a reward!’

‘My poor Henrietta! A half-century ago, with your pretty little mush and tidy little arse, the world at your feet. What a waste! What a shame! Too late now unfortunately! What a pity!’

‘Yes, the wrong career path, perhaps, but not daring enough at the time, me. Then again, handjobs, year in, year out, and legs forever open! How monotonous in the long run!’

‘And the mess in little brats’ nappies: no less nauseous than a cumshot! But, in my old job, raptures several times a day! And customers with liquid assets, literally as well as figuratively! As for the guys: a feast! No two the same: workmen, students, cops, politicians, shopkeepers, arseholes, eggheads and a whole lot besides... The work of an entomologist, my dear Henrietta! A school of pleasure and pillows, with hands-on lessons in psychology and sociology, and for the most part pseudo-intellectual arsehole students, but all with the gift of the gab!’

In such difficult circumstances, and after all the fuss of the whole funeral hullabaloo, my heart, somewhat like Atlas, a burden-bearer. And my wearisome burden, none other than the memory, a brand on my brain, of the Ashen Dame.

Because, for her, nada: less than for a pooch! No one for her funeral. Not even a mangy mongrel! Of no importance to certain people
Car pour elle, nada, moins que pour un clebs ! Personne pour ses obsèques, pas même un cador galeux ! Sans importance pour certaines personnes de croyance religieuse, car pour elles, broutille, une seule vérité : Dieu et les chiens !

Donc à Dieu et adieu à toi superbe bas-rouge de ce train de nulle part au cœur des Sorayades ! Et bon voyage à toi, en haut, en bas ou dans le grand néant ! Mais aussi à plus tard, sur d’autres chemins de vie !

Quelle émouvante cérémonie !
Maintenant, une chorale canine, après la mise en bière du bas-rouge, accompagnée par les aboiements de tous les voyageurs, aux fenêtres des compartiments et sur le quai.

Ici et là des bourgeois de modeste rang et des Dames de la haute à quatre pattes, tenues en laisse par leur baudet ! Entre nous, un comportement excessif et un peu snob... Peut-être aussi, de leur part, dans l’espoir d’un reniflage, et plus à la rigueur, de leur derrière déjà parfumé à la graisse d’oie dans une bien vicieuse perspective !

Et Henriette, radieuse, à son amie de longue date retrouvée sur le quai :

– Pourquoi pas toi également, comme toutes ces Dames, à quatre pattes ?
– Pour moi, terminé et bien terminé, le métier ! Surtout à l’œil with religious beliefs because, for them, one truth and one truth only: god and dog!

Thus, farewell and fare well, magnificent collie, former inhabitant of this nowhere train in the depths of the Sorayades! And a pleasant journey to you, up above, down below, or in the great void! But also, until our next encounter, another place, another time!

What an emotional ceremony!

And now, after the descent of the collie into his coffin, a canine choir, along with the howls of all the passengers, in the windows of their compartments and on the platform.

Here and there, some modestly middle-class women, and some ladies of a superior station, on all fours, on leashes in the hands of their porters! Between you and me, over-the-top and a bit snobbish, such carry-on... Perhaps, on their part, the hopes of a sniff – and maybe more! – in the direction of their derrière, the latter in a shroud of goose-fat perfume and with a rather libidinous aspect!

And Henriette, radiant, to her long-time friend on the platform:

‘Why not you, too, like all the other ladies, on all fours?’
‘Over, well and truly over, my career! And especially freebies! Not like all these little tarts! Besides, top-notch clodhoppers, the lot of them!

Not a whiff of professionalism! Either with their back like a camel’s hump,
comme toutes ces pisseuses ! D’ailleurs, elles, des empotées de première bourre ! Pas des professionnelles pour un rond ! Ou le cul trop serré, ou les genoux comme sur un prie-Dieu, ou les pattes tendues comme celles d’une vielle carne à l’abreuvoir. Du travail amateur, ma petite Henriette !

Alors Henriette, comme particulièrement complexée vis-à-vis de son amie, par un légitime sursaut d’orgueil, trop heureuse de l’offrande d’une immédiate démonstration de ses dons non exploités, à quatre pattes et toute aboyante.

Et son amie, émerveillée :
– Cinquante ans plus tôt, un malheur avec ton cul ! Mais aujourd’hui, malgré tes beaux restes, trop tard ! Bien trop tard…

D’ailleurs, en dépit de sa position suggestive, aucun chien autour d’Henriette, même pour une modeste reniflette ! Pas fous, les clebs ! À fortiori pour le léchage d’un potiron rance, certes, mais non enduit à la graisse d’oie !

Alors, l’infortunée Henriette, à nouveau debout, mouchoir en main, en pleins sanglots !

Et l’officier des chemins de fer de passage devant elle, ému par un chagrin si empreint de sincérité, ces quelques mots à l’inconsolable :
– Peut-être une parente du défunt ?

Alors, la pauvre Henriette, elle d’ordinaire si simplette, avec une 62

or their knees as if in prayer, or their legs too far apart, like a nag at the waterhole. Amateurs, my dear Henrietta!’

63

But Henrietta, harbourer of all kinds of complexes vis-à-vis her fr-

64

friend, and on the crest of a veritable surge of pride, all too happy at the prospect of her hitherto inoperative wares on immediate display, on all fours and full of barks.

65

And her friend in amazement:

66

‘An arse like dynamite fifty years ago! But now, for all your hand-

67

some leftovers, too late! Much too late…’

68

Thus, despite her inviting pose, not one dog near to Henrietta, not even for a modest little sniff! No fools, dogs! No problem with their tongues in rancid pumpkins, granted, but no interest in one with a glaze of goose fat!

69

And so the hapless Henrietta, upright once more, handkerchief in hand, in tears and snivels.

70

And the stationmaster, on his way past, emotional at the sight of such sincere grief, with these few words to the inconsolable woman:

71

‘A relative of the collie perhaps?’

72

At this, poor Henrietta, ordinarily so simple-minded, her little cor-

73

setmaker’s soul so often in astonishment before the supreme banalities of everyday life, she, the possessor of a flaccid kindness in line with her
petite âme de corsetière émerveillée devant les suprêmes banalités de la vie quotidienne, et de plus dotée d’une bonté mollasse à l’image de ses goûts lénifiants en matière artistique avec, en référence, le calendrier des postes suspendu dans l’entrée de son modeste appartement au papier à fleurs, aux couleurs aujourd’hui éteintes, désespérément jaunies et imbibées de quelques relents de cuisine et de médicaments, car posé à l’amiable, depuis quelques décennies, par le mari de sa pipelette, ancien gardien de la paix devenu locataire d’une sépulture à l’eau de rose dans un immense champ de repos de la banlieue la plus monotone de la capitale, donc elle, connue dans son quartier sous le sobriquet de ‘rillettes’, devenue soudainement féroce dans une crise d’aboiements jamais égalée, même par les plus redoutables clebs.

Et l’officier des chemins de fer, déjà mordu au sang à la gorge :

– Au secours ! Au secours ! À moi !

Immédiatement, trois croque-morts pour chiens, de fieffés baraqués, muselés comme tous les membres de leur corporation, accourus et déjà en pleine maîtrise de cette chienne à deux pattes, contaminée par le virus canin.

Alors, la pauvre Henriette, la muselière sur la truffe, tenu solide-ment en laisse et porteuse d’un collier étrangleur, traînée jusqu’au chenil carcéral, pour chiens délinquants, installé à proximité du magasin pour soporific artistic tastes for which, the inspiration, an Old Moore’s Almanac atop the telephone table in the hall of her modest floral-wallpaper apa-artment, its walls, nowadays, dull, desperately yellow and saturate with the stench of food and medication because already some decades old, her choice, wallpaper-wise, but ultimately the handiwork of the land-lady’s husband, formerly an officer of the law but now tenant of a hearts-and-flowers grave in an enormous burial ground in the capital’s dreariest suburb; she, then, her nickname ‘rashe’ in her neighbourhood, suddenly ferocious and in a fit of barks without equal, worse than even the most formidable of pooches.

And the stationmaster, his throat already bloody with bite marks:

‘Help! Help! Over here! Over here!’

Immediately, three doggy undertakers, out-and-out tanks the lot of them, muzzles on, like all members of their profession, on the scene in a flash, already in full control of the two-legged she-dog, infectee of the canine virus.

And so, poor Henrietta, a muzzle over her snout, in the firm restraints of a leash and choke collar, on her way to the correctional kennels for delinquent dogs, next to the canine coffin shop.

What a commotion!

As for me, a loyal cynophile, the collie’s sudden departure from
cercueils canins.

Quelle affaire !

Pour moi, cynophile conséquent, cette inattendue désertion de la planète de ce bas-rouge par la pulsion criminelle d’une pathologiquement réfractaire à la chose sexuelle, quel pincement aux coronaires ! Car la vision d’un chien, innocent de toutes turpitudes de l’âme humaine, assassiné, massacré, lâchement égorgé dans un compartiment, quelle douleur !

Et pour lui, pas de messe canine ! Messe ou autre cérémonie d’ailleurs. Quelle ingratitude ! Quelle grandiose salissure pour ceux de notre espèce, quand même !

Car le chien, entre nous, et pour la redite, quelle belle bête !
Children are prodigiously creative languages users. A single child, by the time she has been drilled to speak properly, i.e. boringly, has probably done more for the expressive capabilities of her mother tongue than all its avant-garde poets combined. Only, no one ever pays her exploits any attention, and avant-garde poets get all the credit. When children contort language so as to speak some previously unspeakable element of their subjective reality, they are babbling; when avant-garde poets do it, they are profound, visionary, emancipatory. I am firmly convinced that avant-garde poets are merely big babies, all of them Peter Pans who never made it beyond the experimental phase of language acquisition, or who did but conduct smash-and-grab raids back into that psychological Neverland every now and then. As far as I can make out, the only difference between what they do and what children do is that, in the first case, we view the act as intentional, whereas in the second we consider it accidental. Alexander Fleming discovered penicillin serendipitously; did we boycott his discovery...? Pierre Élie Ferrier, known affectionately as Pef on home turf, was forty-one when he began writing language-game books for children. What a big baby. His most beloved protagonist, Motordu, is a young French prince who cannot, for the life of him, stop mispronouncing words as their near homophones. Which francophone children themselves tend to do, there being many, many near homophones in that cursed language. Do not even remind me of the time I pronounced the sibilant sound in the verb ‘baisser’, in front of my elderly landlady, no less, as [z] instead of [s]. Pef went on to publish a further fifteen such books. He even compiled a ‘Dictionary of Twisted Words’ (1983). And he’s not bread yet!

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<td>This is an illustrated book intended for children aged three to seven (Gallimard 2010). It tells the story of a prince who has trouble pronouncing words correctly, often with comical results, and of the princess who teaches him to speak properly. He says, for example, that he lives in a ‘chapeau’ [hat] (2) rather than a ‘château’ [castle]. The source text thus fits within the tradition of wordplay in French children’s literature (Chelebourg &amp; Marcoin 2007: 44). It has, moreover, become a staple on school syllabuses, because its language games offer an opportunity for the ludic and pedagogic to intertwine (Léon 2014: 213). These puns also constitute the most striking formal feature of the source text. Generally, they rely on phonetic and orthographic similarities between semantically dissimilar words, like ‘boutons’ [buttons] (9) and ‘moutons’ [sheep]. Otherwise, the language is of an appropriate lexical, grammatical and syntactical difficulty for its readers. It employs basic vocabulary (15-22) and its sentences seldom contain more than two clauses (4-13). Even so, in the name of pedagogy, some challenging phrases do appear (105-107), while the literary passé simple is used to create a fairy-tale tone (35-37) and ‘grown-up jokes’ are included for the parent-reader (45-46).</td>
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<th><strong>Strategy</strong></th>
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<td>Despite interest in wordplay literature for children in the target context (Lathey 2016: 93), the source text has not, as far as I know, been translated into English before. I will therefore aim to produce a target text, for readers aged three to seven in Ireland and the UK, which recreates the language games of the source text. Because English is more phonetic than French (Smith 2019: 227), and so offers less possibilities for wordplay, I will invent sometimes denotatively, but most often</td>
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pragmatically, equivalent puns in the target language (Koller 1995). It will thus be impracticable to keep the source illustrations. The puns, meanwhile, must satisfy two criteria: they must (a) involve absurd juxtapositions, to retain their ludic function, and (b) be lexically suitable for the target reader. Whilst I will ensure the language of the target text, as a whole, also remains suitable (e.g. by limiting the number of syllables in words, and clauses in sentences, to three), I will include more complex vocabulary and structures wherever the source text does, to preserve its pedagogical function. I will, finally, modernise dated elements of the source text. For example, I will render the telegram (127-137) as an email.

Critical Reflection

Having to invent target-language puns which satisfied my three criteria of equivalence, absurd humour and appropriate lexical difficulty reduced my range of translation options considerably. An obvious play on ‘palace’/‘chalice’, for instance, could not be used to render the one on ‘château’/’chapeau’ [castle/hat] (2) since ‘chalice’ was neither lexically suitable for the target reader, nor, therefore, funny enough. As my solution, ‘tower’/’flower’ (2), demonstrates, the demands of these criteria often resulted in plot alterations, some superficial (40-44), others more substantial (51-58). On occasion, I was even obliged to create plot elements (e.g. 86-88). New illustrations, particular to the semantic information of the target text, will thus be necessary. Another effect of all this was that some puns, e.g. ‘adventures’/’mad dentures’ (6-7), or ‘hiccups’/’bishops’ (57), have ended up more complex, and so demand more of their reader, than their source-text counterparts. This, however, is not necessarily a bad thing, since one of its functions is indeed pedagogic – that is, to expand the vocabulary and wordplay faculties of the target reader. It is curious, moreover, that these puns depend mostly on phonetics, rather than orthography. Given that English is more phonetic than French (Smith 2019: 227), one might have expected the opposite.

Works Cited

Chelebourg, Christian and Francis Marcoin. 2007. La littérature de jeunesse (Paris: Armand Colin)


**Notes**

All twenty-eight source text illustrations can be found in Appendix One.
À n’en pas douter, le prince de Motordu menait la belle vie.
Il habitait un chapeau magnifique au-dessus duquel, le dimanche, flottaient des crapauds bleu blanc rouge qu’on pouvait voir de loin.
Le prince de Motordu ne s’ennuyait jamais. Lorsque venait l’hiver, il faisait d’extraordinaires batailles de poules de neige.
Et le soir, il restait bien au chaud à jouer aux tartes avec des coussins dans la grande salle à danger du chapeau.
Le prince vivait à la campagne. Un jour, on le voyait mener paître son troupeau de boutons.
Le lendemain, on pouvait l’admirer filant comme le vent sur son râteau à voiles.
Et, quand le dimanche arrivait, il invitait ses amis à déjeuner. Le menu était copieux :

**Menu du jour :**

* Boulet rôti
* Purée de petit bois
* Pattes fraîches à volonté
* Suisses de grenouilles

---

There was no doubt about it: the Prince of Twistyton lived the life.
He lived in the tallest flower of the royal palace. It was so tall that on Sundays, when the Union Yaks were hoisted, they could be seen from all around.
There was never a dull moment with the Prince of Twistyton. During the day he and his friends would go on all kinds of marvellous mad dentures.
Then, in the evening, they would return to the flower and have epic battles of Bug O’ War in the royal breadrooms.
The Prince of Twistyton lived in the countryside. One day you might see him in the fields grazing his herd of baby boats.
The next you could find him gliding across the water on his sailing goat.
On Sundays he would invite his friends over for dinner. There were always plenty of dishes to choose from:

**Starters:**

* Prawn Foxtail
* Chicken Freezer Salad
Au dessert :

Braise du jardin

Confiture de murs de la maison

Un jour, le père du prince de Motordu, qui habitait le chapeau voi-

sin, dit à son fils :

– Mon fils, il est grand temps de te marier.

– Me marier ? Et pourquoi donc, répondit le prince, je suis bien
tout seul dans mon chapeau.

Sa mère essaya de le convaincre :

– Si tu venais à tomber salade, lui dit-elle, qui donc te repasserait
ton singe ? Sans compter qu’une épouse pourrait te raconter de belles li-

sses poires avant de t’endormir.

Le prince se montra sensible à ces arguments et prit la ferme réso-

lution de se marier bientôt.

Il ferma donc son chapeau à clef, rentra son troupeau de boutons
dans les tables, puis monta dans sa toiture de course pour se mettre en

quête d’une fiancée.

Hélas, en cours de route, un pneu de sa toiture creva.

– Quelle tuile ! ronchonna le prince, heureusement que j’ai pensé
à emporter ma boue de secours.
Au même moment, il aperçut une jeune flamme qui avait l’air de cueillir des braises de bois.

– Bonjour, dit le prince en s’approchant d’elle, je suis le prince de Motordu.

– Et moi, je suis la princesse Dézécolle et je suis institutrice dans une école publique, gratuite et obligatoire, répondit l’autre.

– Fort bien, dit le prince, et que diriez-vous d’une promenade dans ce petit pois qu’on voit là-bas ?

– Un petit pois ? s’étonna la princesse, mais on ne se promène pas dans un petit pois ! C’est un petit bois qu’on voit là-bas.

– Un petit bois ? Pas du tout, répondit le prince, les petits bois, on les mange. J’en suis d’ailleurs friand et il m’arrive d’en manger tant que j’en tombe salade. J’attrape alors de vilains moutons qui me démangent toute la nuit !

– À mon avis, vous souffrez de mots de tête, s’exclama la princesse Dézécolle, et je vais vous soigner dans mon école publique, gratuite et obligatoire.

Il n’y avait pas beaucoup d’élèves dans l’école de la princesse et on n’eut aucun mal à trouver une table libre pour le prince de Motordu, le nouveau de la classe.

Mais, dès qu’il commença à répondre aux questions qu’on lui pos-
Le prince déclencha l'hilarité parmi ses nouveaux camarades. Ils n’avaient jamais entendu quelqu’un parler ainsi !

Quant à son cahier, il était, à chaque ligne, plein de taches et de ratures : on eût dit un véritable torchon.

**Lundi**

*Calcul :*

*Quatre et quatre : huit*

*Quatre et cinq : bœuf*

*Cinq et six : bronze*

*Six et six : bouse*

**Mardi**

*Que fabrique un frigo ?*

*Un frigo fabrique des petits garçons qu’on met dans l’eau pour la rafraîchir.*

**Jeudi**

There were not many pupils in the Princess’ school, and so it did not take long to find a spare desk for the Prince of Twistyton, the new boy in the class.

However, as soon as he began to answer the questions they asked him, his classmates could hardly control their laughter. They had never met anyone who spoke like him before!

As for his exercise book, it was a real mess, full of scribbles and x’s on every line.

**Monday**

*Maths:*

*One + One = Blue*

*One + Two = Flea*

*Two + Three = Hive*

*Three + Five = Gate*

**Tuesday**

*Why do we put water in the freezer?*

*To make little mice cubes to put in our drinks.*
**Histoire :**

Napoléon déclara la guerre aux puces, il envahit la Lucie mais les puces mirent le feu à Moscou et l’empereur fut chassé par les vers très froids qu’il faisait cette année-là, glaglagla...

Je n’ai pas tout compris.
Bonne écriture.
D.

Mais la princesse Dézécolle n’abandonna pas pour autant. Patiemment, chaque jour, elle essaya de lui apprendre à parler comme tout le monde.
– On ne dit pas j’habite un papillon, mais j’habite un pavillon.
Peu à peu, le prince de Motordu, grâce aux efforts constants de son institutrice, commença à faire des progrès.

**Sept et six = treize !**

Au bout de quelques semaines, il parvint à parler normalement, mais ses camarades le trouvaient beaucoup moins drôle depuis qu’il ne

**Thursday**

In 1066 the Norman shoulders of King William the Conker invaded England and defeated the Anglo-Saxophones at the Battle of Tastings.

I did not quite understand everything.

Good handwriting.

S.

Princess Scoolteashire, however, would not give up so easily. Day after day she patiently tried to teach him how to speak like everyone else.

‘We do not say: I live in a sausage. We say: I live in a cottage.’

Little by little, and thanks to the help of his teacher, the Prince of Twistyton began to make progress.

**Five + Five = Ten!**

After a couple of weeks he was able to speak normally. His classmates, however, found him much less funny now that his tongue was no
tordait plus les mots.

À la fin de l’année, cependant, il obtint le prix de camaraderie car, comme il était riche, il achetait chaque jour des kilos de bonbons qu’il distribuait sans compter.

Lorsqu’il revint chez lui, après avoir passé une année en classe, le prince de Motordu avait complètement oublié de se marier.

Mais quelques jours plus tard, il reçut une lettre qui lui rafraîchit la mémoire.

_Mardi 4_

**Cher Motordu,**

A présent que vous ne souffrez plus de mots de têtes j’aime-rais savoir si vous aimeriez bien vous marier avec moi !

_Priscesse Dészécolle._

_P.S. Vous avez oublié de me rendre votre livre de géographie._

_Merci._


104 | 105 | 106 | 107 | 108 | 109 | 110 | 111 | 112 | 113 | 114 | 115 | 116 | 117 | 118 | 119 | 120 | 121 | 122 | 123 | 124
longer twisty. | Nevertheless, at the end of the year, he won the prize for best classmate. This was because, since he was rich, he would buy boxloads of sweets every day and share them all with the rest of the class. | By the time he returned home, after spending a year at the school, the Prince of Twistyton had forgotten all about getting married. | A few days later, however, he received a letter that jogged his memory. | Tuesday 4th

**Dear Prince of Twistyton,**

Now that your tongue is no longer screwed in backwords, I wanted to know if you would like to marry me!

_Princess Scoolteashire._

_P.S. You forgot to return your geography book._

_Thank you._
Il s’empressa d’y répondre, le jour même.

Télégramme

Destinataire : Princesse Dézécolle
Nombre de Mots : 23
Mention de Service : la poste ferme à 5 heures !

J’ai fini de lire le livre, il est très bien et j’accepte de me marier avec vous et avec joie.

Amitiés. Stop.

Signé : Motordu (prince)

Et c’est ainsi que le prince de Motordu épousa la princesse Dézécolle. Le mariage eut lieu à l’école même et tous les élèves furent invités.

Un soir, la princesse dit à son mari :
– Je voudrais des enfants.
– Combien ? demanda le prince qui était en train de passer l’aspirateur.
– Beaucoup, répondit la princesse, plein de petits glaçons et de

Email

To: princess_scoolteashire@headmistress.com

Subject: Re: Letter

Dear Princess Scoolteashire,

I have finished reading the book. It is very good and yes I will gladly marry you.

Kind Regards,

Twistyton (Prince)

And that is how the Prince of Twistyton married Princess Scoolteashire. The ceremony took place in the school itself and all the pupils were invited.

One evening the Princess said to her husband:

‘I would like to have children.’
petites billes.

– Le prince le regarda avec étonnement, puis il éclata de rire.

– Décidément, dit-il, vous êtes vraiment la femme qu’il me fallait, madame de Motordu. Soit, nous aurons des enfants et, en attendant qu’ils soient là, commençons à leur tricoter des bulles et des josettes pour l’hiver...

‘How many?’ said the Prince, who was in the middle of hoovering.

‘Lots!’ replied the Princess. ‘Lots of little nuns and authors!’

The Prince looked at her in amazement. Then he burst out laugh- ing.

‘Without a doubt,’ he said, ‘you really are the right wife for me, Princess of Twistyton. Alright then. We will have children. But while we wait for them to arrive, we ought to start knitting their woolly rats and clocks for the winter...’
Interlingual subtitles are rarely taken seriously enough. Neither by those who make them, nor by those for whom they are made, and especially if English is involved. Interlingual subtitlers sometimes seem to think they exist merely to offer gist translations. Only last night, while watching a docuseries on the Movistar cycling team on Netflix, I came across the following, which was supposed to constitute ecstatic end-of-race commentary: ‘Richard Carapaz is moving forward. Yes, Carapaz is moving. Turn up the heat, Richard! Feed the fire!’ Everything is there, content-wise, but it is difficult to get buzzed about the situation when the commentator is supposedly screaming things like ‘turn up the heat!’ You might hear that phrase from a character in the Pixar film, Cars, but never from any self-respecting endurance sport commentator still alive in this millennium. Yet I do not want to be too harsh on the interlingual subtitler. It is not entirely their fault. It is also the fault of production companies, like Netflix, who allocate too little time and too few resources to interlingual subtitling. And it is our fault, as viewers, too, because we do not seem to care all that much. Films with interlingual subtitles, typically foreign-language films, are more ignored than films without them. At least in the anglophone world. Bong Joon-ho’s Parasite has been a welcome exception to this rule, and yet his appeal for audiences to ‘overcome the one-inch-tall barrier of subtitles’, while well-meaning, plays directly into the hands of interlingual subtitles enemy number one. This is the pretentious aesthete who dismisses subtitles altogether, not as a matter of preference, but as one of principle. They are Disturbing, They Spoil the Cinematography, They Drain All Expression from the Voice… Right. On the evidence of the interlingual subtitles provided by Netflix for the recent crime-drama series, Top Boy, things are not much different in the francophone sphere. All the series’ linguistic heterogeneity, from Jamaican Creole to Turkish-inflected English to the underworld parlance
of the East End, is reduced, in the French subtitles, to the lingo of the Parisian banlieue. I do not believe that viewers at large are uninterested in interlingual subtitles on principle. And I do not believe that interlingual subtitles and aesthetic concerns are mutually exclusive. In the first case, it is simply a matter of providing them with more more engaging, more lively, more real, interlingual subtitles. In the second, of training viewers, via experimental interlingual subtitling practices, to appreciate the ways in which subtitle and image can work in tandem to enrich the viewerly experience. Not to mention our hearing-impaired friends, who are often at the forefront of the debate on intralingual subtitling, but hardly get a look-in when it comes to its interlingual counterpart. Arguably, they have even more to gain from creative, daring, difficult interlingual subtitles than the rest of us do. And, surely, they deserve better than ‘turn up the heat!’, do they not?

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<td>These are five scenes from an acclaimed crime drama. The first three take place in Hackney, East London, while the last two take place in Kingston, Jamaica. The first and third scenes introduce two rival drug gangs, the Fields and Summerhouse, as they face price hikes from their Turkish supplier. The remaining scenes centre on their respective leaders, Jamie and Dushane, as the one parents his orphaned younger brothers, and the other sets about establishing a supply chain in the Caribbean. The source text is thus part of the vogue for ‘cosmopolitan gangland drama’ in the source context (Özer 2019: 202). Because of its cosmopolitanism, and its underworld lens, the source text is replete with linguistic heterogeneity. In the Hackney scenes, for example, natives use slang (72), code words (15-16), elisions (34) and syntacto-grammatical constructions (70) particular to their geographic and socio-economic situation, while Turkish immigrants speak with heavy accents (25) and interference errors (27-29). In the Kingston scenes, meanwhile, one character speaks Patwah (156). Moreover, the dialogue is fast-paced, with characters speaking at an average of 173 words/min, and often talking over one another (129-134). Finally, characters use expletives freely, most often ‘fuck’ or one of its variants (115-119).</td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>Strategy</strong></td>
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<tr>
<td>There are already target-language subtitles available for the source text (Netflix 2019). Yet these subtitles, insofar as they standardise non-standard uses of language and translate all utterances into a uniform banlieue idiom, do not reflect the linguistic heterogeneity of the source text. I will therefore aim to produce subtitles that better capture this heterogeneity, for urban francophones aged sixteen to thirty-four, who currently have no access to this dimension of the source text.</td>
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will use the Aegisub subtitling software and will abide by the Netflix Timed-Text Style Guide in all but two cases. Firstly, I will translate the Patwah of the source text into French, but one infused with the lexicon and orthography of Haitian Creole, with reference to Aristor (2011). Similarly, I will substitute Turkish-inflected English with Turkish-inflected French, with reference to Rahnamayekoooyan and Parivash (2017). Secondly, I will reproduce non-standard uses of language using textspeak orthography (e.g. ‘bcp’ for ‘beaucoup’ [a lot]), elisions (e.g. ‘t’sais’ for ‘tu sais’ [you know]), and minimal punctuation (e.g. not separating clauses with commas). Because my Haitian-Creole-infused French will take the target audience longer to process than ‘French’ French, I will lower the characters-per-second limit from seventeen to fifteen in these scenes.

| Critical Reflection | The most risk-laden part of my strategy was translating Jamaican Creole into Haitian-Creole-infused French. Yet none of my sample viewers noticed the discrepancy, in the fourth and fifth scenes, between the language spoken by the characters in the subtitles and their supposed geographical location. It may therefore be the case that my strategy has done enough to orient the viewer toward the Antilles, or to create a Caribbean atmosphere, without going so far as to relocate the scenes from Jamaica to Haiti (e.g. 156-159). One unforeseen, but felicitous, consequence of my abbreviating strategy, meanwhile, was that it reduced the number of characters needed to translate the ‘essential content’ (Bannon 2010: 28) of an utterance. I was thus able to include elements in my subtitles, whether semantic (16-17) or functional (126-127), which I would otherwise have had to exclude. Some sample viewers reported difficulties in keeping up with the subtitles. This is unsurprising, given that standard-language subtitles are the norm in the target context (Heiss 2014: 19). It may well be the case, not that subtitles reflecting linguistic heterogeneity are impractical per se, but rather that viewers are not yet skilled enough at reading them, for want of practice. |
|---|

**Notes**

a) The ‘Netflix Timed Text Style Guide: General Requirements’ can be found in Appendix Two.

b) The ‘Netflix Timed Style Guide: French Language Requirements’ can be found in Appendix Three.

c) All five scenes, with French subtitles, can be viewed using the Google Drive link provided in Appendix Five.
SCENE 1

– [Jaq] Oh, look, here we go: the zombies are back again.
– [Dris] Told you lot, don’t fuckin come round ere.
– [Sarah] Will you just give us a hit, please?
– [Dris] Where’s your P?
– [Sarah] He’s got it.
– [Dris] That ain’t no fuckin money, man.
– [Lee] It’s got Bluetooth.
– [Sarah] Can we just get two white, please? Just, come on, man. It’s worth two stone, yeah? It’s not that bad, like. You can--
– [Romy] Yooo... 
– [Romy] Dris, the Turks!
– [Jaq] Fuck off!
– [Supplier] My friend, good news for you.
– [Dris] Yeah? That makes a change.
– [Supplier] You going need monies.
– [Dris] Yeah, I always need monies when it’s youse people.
– [Supplier] This time is fifty.
– [Dris] Fifty?!
– [Supplier] Prices high, my friend. You want oranges, you want pineapple, you pay more monies, no? Everybody’s paying more monies for everything. Cars, food, coffee... Is Brexit.
– [Dris] [kisses teeth]
– [Supplier] [speaking in Turkish]
– [Dris] Speak fuckin English, man!
– [Supplier] My friend say you is a man, but I say you is woman, no?
– [Jaq] Why’on’t you ask your wife?
– [Supplier] My wife?
– [Supplier] Look, you don’t want, is no problem. Call you later, huh? Tell you place, time.
– [Jaq] Dunno why you let him treat us like that, you know that?
– [Romy] Dickhead! Lil pussio!

20 00:03:20 00:03:40 - Dégagnez. \N - Dris, les Turcs !
21 00:03:45 00:03:49 Dégagnez putain !
22 00:04:39.20 00:04:50.50 Bonnes nouvelles pour toi mon ami.
23 00:04:45.24 00:04:49.76 Mouais ? Voilà qui change.
24 00:04:49.46 00:04:49.85 Il va falloir des frics.
25 00:05:02.80 00:05:24.48 Il faut toujours des frics avec votre espèce.
26 00:05:24.14 00:05:44.38 Ce coup-ci c’est 50.
27 00:05:40.28 00:05:46.25 Cinquante ?!
28 00:05:46.50 00:05:48.38 Prix élevés mon ami.
29 00:06:00.08 00:06:02.72 Tu veux orange, tu veux ananas, \N ça coûte
plus de frics, non ?
30 00:06:02.72 00:06:03.90 Tout coûte plus de frics maintenant.
31 00:06:06.54 00:06:11.02 Voiture, nourriture, café....
32 00:06:11.02 00:06:12.98 C’est le Brexit.
33 00:06:11.02 00:06:13.00 Parle anglais, mec, putain !
34 00:06:22.14 00:06:24.54 Mon ami dit, tu es homme.
35 00:06:24.54 00:06:25.62 Mais moi je dis, tu es femme, non ?
36 00:06:27.38 00:06:29.76 Demande à ta meuf plutôt.
37 00:06:29.76 00:06:30.88 Ma meuf... ?
38 00:06:30.88 00:06:30.98 Écoute, tu veux pas, pas problème.
39 00:06:30.98 00:06:33.80 Je te rappelle hein ?
– [Kieron] ‘Call you later’. What the fuck does that mean?

SCENE 2

– [Aaron] Wha you sayin? You need help wi that?
– [Aaron] Listen, if it’s not done soon I’m just gonna have to tuck you in tho – you know that, right?
– [Stefan] Wha? Tuck me in?
– [Aaron] Yes.
– [Aaron] [kisses teeth]
– [Stefan] [whistles]
– [Stefan] Shut up! Who you talkin to?!
– [Aaron] I’m talkin, bruv.
– [Jamie] When’s it ready?
– [Stefan] Comin, still.
– [Jamie] Come on! Oi! Ay, don’t burn yourself tho, man.
– [Stefan] Ready! It is ready!
– [Jamie] Smells kinda nice tho, Stef. You done well. I beg you move the books off the table!
– [Jamie] Hurry up tho, Stefan. I got some other things I need to be doi-ng, you know.
– [Aaron] Nah, give me it first, man! Yeah. I been waitin, bruv.
– [Jamie] Psssh!
– [Aaron] Lemme get a big ting. This actually looks too dank. Ay, yo?
– [Stefan] Yeah?
– [Aaron] Thought it was supposed to be jerk?
– [Stefan] Always gettin on to me when it’s my turn.
– [Stefan] You know wha, yeah? Who better at cookin, me or Aaron? It’s me, innit?
– [Jamie] Homeboy, it’s not even a contest.
– [Aaron] Ayyy, yo, don’t even lie to the kid, fam. You know he’s not in my league.
– [Stefan] Shut up, man.
– [Aaron] Look! He’s not even eatin it, bruv. He’s tryna leave.
– [Stefan] Why you not eatin it for?!
– [Jamie] I’ve got stuff to do, innit. I’mma come back an’ eat it later. Just put it in the fridge for me, yeah?
– [Aaron] [laughing]
– [Jamie] Why you laughin for?
– [Aaron] Waste--
– [Jamie] You’re washin up.
– [Stefan] Ha!
– [Aaron] Ay, wha? Ay, chill, man... Bruv!
– [Jamie] I said you’re washin up. Stefan cooked. You’re washin up. An’ I don’t wanna see no dirty pans in the sink when I get back, you understand?
– [Stefan] You’re washin up.
– [Jamie] Stef, make sure you’re in bed by nine, yeah?
– [Jamie] Love.
– [Stefan] You hear that?
– [Aaron] Shut up.
– [Stefan] You’re washin up. You hear that?
– [Aaron] Shut up!
– [Stefan] Ay, Jamie! Wait, wait, wait! Ay, Jamie!

SCENE 3

– [Tyrone] Fam, you are chattin shit. Modie ain’t said nothin like that.
– [Leyton] You didn’t hear him right then, cuz. Mo said, if he gets sent down, Leyton takes over. What the fuck time you call this, cuz?
– [Leyton] The fuck’s that got to do wi me? Fuckin traffic. Don’t keep man waitin, you know? You get me?!
– [Tyrone] Eighteen fuckin’ years, G. That is heavy, bro.
– [Leyton] You ‘eard the news, innit? Modie’s gone down. So I’m runnin the fuckin mandem now.
– [Jamie] So what’re you gonna do about the Turks, big man?
– [Tyrone] Yeah, fam. The Ps they’re askin for is way too high. The mandem can’t make no bread like that.
– [Farah] Preeaaach.
– [Leyton] I’ll chat to the Turks.
– [Jamie] When?
– [Leyton] The fuck ‘when’? When I’m fuckin ready, fam!
– [Jamie] What’re you gonna say?
– [Leyton] I’m gonna tell them... that their prices need to drop, cuz.
– [Jamie] Someone I know, they have food, innit? They’ll sell to us way lo-
wer than what the Turks are.
– [Farah] Fam, sorted!
– [Si] Boom!
– [Si] Fuck the Turks!
– [Leyton] So what’s gonna happen, yeah, if you cut out the Turks an’ go
with someone new? The Turks are gonna find these new people that you
got, yeah, fuckin kill them. After they kill them, they’ll come back, kill you,
kill me, an’ kill the rest of the fuckin Fields mandem.
– [Jamie] So wha I’m hearin here is, instead of takin a fuckin low price, we
continue paying the high price. That shit don’t make no fuckin sense.
– [Leyton] I’m gonna talk to the Turks.
SCENE 4

– [Lester] Ay, pree chargie!
– [Dushane] Wah gwaan?
– [Lester] Yo. Dat chick in there, ready, yuh nuh? Waitin to get plucked, yuh si mi?
– [Lester] A sweet piece ah cookie for yuh. Da post office, up inna hills. Say pon Friday, tomorrow Friday, loan money ah run thru there. All we haffi do ah walk in, tek out da money, an come out.
– [Dushane] Is it actually fuckin real money this time, bro?
– [Lester] Yuh nuh, lick yah finga. Seh lick yah finga. It’s a lick yah finga job, bro. Hear mi a seh. I seh tomorrow, me ah go follow up wit yuh. Just make
sure seh yuh ready. Yo! Yuh nah wannah opportunity ah miss yuh.

SCENE 5

– [Lester] Yo, look undah de seat. Look undah de seat! Wha, yuh prefferin rentin out cars to da tourists dem?

– [Dushane] That’s not even funny, man.

– [Lester] Dis gonna put sum real money innah yah pocket.

– [Dushane] We go in there, we take the money an’ we leave, yeah? No one has to get hurt.

– [Lester] Well, yuh av di theory, an yuh av di practical. So long as the practical meets di theory, nuh body no haffi get hurt.

– [Dushane] Does Sugar know about this?
— [Lester] Sugar... Sugar nuh know, yuh know. Sugar nuh too like when yuh killin dem freelance. Wha yuh really know about Sugar? Sugar a serious wicked man, yuh hear? One time mi si Sugar tek a baby, in front of da madda, an’ cut out di heart. How it’s sah evil? If Sugar seh people fi de-ad, everybody dead.

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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>188</td>
<td>0:00:41.40</td>
<td>0:00:43.03</td>
<td>Si la pratik respecte la teyori</td>
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<tr>
<td>189</td>
<td>0:00:43.07</td>
<td>0:00:44.13</td>
<td>nan bezwen de buté.</td>
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<td>190</td>
<td>0:00:46.77</td>
<td>0:00:48.07</td>
<td>Sugar est au courant ?</td>
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<td>191</td>
<td>0:00:48.68</td>
<td>0:00:49.50</td>
<td>Sugar...</td>
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<td>192</td>
<td>0:00:51.54</td>
<td>0:00:52.90</td>
<td>Sugar sè pas ou wè ?</td>
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<td>193</td>
<td>0:00:53.50</td>
<td>0:00:55.69</td>
<td>Sugar nan aime trop les endependans yo.</td>
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<td>194</td>
<td>0:01:01.07</td>
<td>0:01:02.51</td>
<td>Tu sè quoi sou Sugar toi ?</td>
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<td>195</td>
<td>0:01:04.23</td>
<td>0:01:06.34</td>
<td>Sugar cè un vrai malad ou wè ?</td>
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<tr>
<td>196</td>
<td>0:01:07.27</td>
<td>0:01:11.07</td>
<td>Une fois mwen le vois pran un bébé, devan la manman,</td>
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<td>197</td>
<td></td>
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<td>198</td>
<td>0:01:12.56</td>
<td>0:01:14.23</td>
<td>et kè l'arraché le cœur.</td>
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<tr>
<td>199</td>
<td>0:01:16.42</td>
<td>0:01:17.63</td>
<td>Sa ki le mal.</td>
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<td>200</td>
<td>0:01:20.48</td>
<td>0:01:22.00</td>
<td>Si Sugar di que gens fè mouri</td>
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<td>201</td>
<td>0:01:22.46</td>
<td>0:01:23.60</td>
<td>tout le gens mouri.</td>
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Jean Marais, film star, met Jean Cocteau, poet, when he was twenty-four. Jean Cocteau, mentor, met Jean Marais, muse, when he was forty-seven. That was in 1937. In 1987, twenty-four years after Cocteau’s death, an assortment of his letters to Marais were published.

Is it wrong of me, therefore, to refer to translating these letters as translating private correspondence? There is, after all, not much corresponding going on here. The book is a one-way record of a two-way conversation. Yet I do not think it is wrong. This is because, as I see it, love letters sent by one man to another man are not the only private correspondence involved. There is also the correspondence established between me, the translator, and my two lovers, as I enter their private space, interpret their words of affection, finish their sentences. A somewhat non-consensual ménage-à-trois which is nevertheless private because for us and us only. And it is this ménage-à-trois, this letterly relationship, as much as the letters themselves, that must be translated. Hence: translating private correspondence. But to say a few things, first, about the former kind of private correspondence. Marais, in his foreword to the letters, says the following:

‘Dans ses lettres, Jean Cocteau ne cherche à aucun instant à écrire une belle phrase. Il n’y a aucune littérature. Il écrit l’essentiel, le cœur’. No frills, no hearts and flowers, with Cocteau. Rather: ‘Dors bien’. Yet, even where his language is more polished, it remains utterly idiosyncratic. What, and where, on earth are the senses of my heart? Idioms like these seem to belong to some sort of loverly idiolect, an idiolect spoken and understood only by them two, a loverlect. As a result, the letters ooze intimacy. Hell, the first three were not even handled by the postman; Cocteau hand-delivered them, slipping them under Marais’ door in the middle of the night. How, then, do I, the third lover, fit into all of this? It is difficult to say. But I do fit in. I must fit in. No doubt there will be those who decry such
polyamory in love-letter translation, who will accuse me of translational necrophilia, who will ask how I could possibly hope to be faithful to my beaux when the relationship was never consensual to begin with. To these people I say: how could I could possibly hope to be faithful to them if I were not in the relationship at all? Idiosyncrasies in language, and ambiguities caused by only having access to one can of the lovers’ telephone, require decision-making. In this sense, the translator cannot help but become the third lover. I am simply embracing this truth, this role, more than most. Fortune favours the brave; love favours the brave; translation favours the brave.

* * *

51
These are five love letters written by a poet to his filmstar protégé-cum-lover. While the last two were posted, because Marais had gone off to fight in WWII, the first three were not. Rather, they were penned and slipped under his door while he slept (Marais 1987: 3). Perhaps as a result, the source text is intensely intimate, in terms of both content and form. Far from being well-crafted, for example, the letters career from one subject or emotional outburst to another (77-85), seem to use language instinctively rather than pensively or literarily (58-60), and are replete with non-sequiturs (25-27), ambiguities (40-41), and unusual images and turns of phrase (7-8). These are traits which distinguish the source text from the source literary tradition of belles-lettres love letters (Marais 1987: 2). Formally, the language of the source text often resembles shorthand (9), while its diction and metaphors sometimes appear to belong to some kind of loverly idiolect (86). The register fluctuates between colloquial (8-10), neutral (20-22), and poetic (86-92), which reinforces the impression of spontaneity, and in turn that of intimacy. The letters become progressively longer from first to last, beginning joyfully (6), and ending in loneliness, longing and defiance (97-99).

The source text has not, as far as I know, been translated into English before. This is perhaps unsurprising, given the translation problems discussed above, and the fact that these are exacerbated by the translator only being privy to one end of a two-way correspondence. The letters thus require bold decision-making, and a translator willing to project th-emselves into the source text, i.e. become the third lover (Outranspo 2016: 986). I will therefore aim to produce a target
text, for non-academic personal-correspondence enthusiasts, which not only reproduces the idiosyncrasies of the source text, but reflects my participation as translator and third lover, too. In practice, this strategy will mean calquing (Vinay & Darbelnet 1958: 48) the unusual images, metaphors and phraseologies found in the source text. I will also recreate its fluctuating register by paying careful attention to target-text diction. On the other hand, I will make daring interpretive choices vis-à-vis semantic ambiguities, thereby embracing my ‘translatorhood’ and ‘inhabit[ing] the liminal spaces between words’ (QTC 2017: 3). For example, I will limentranslate (Outranspo 2017) the word ‘caprices’ [whims/tantrums] (40-41) as ‘flings’. To preserve the non-sequitur logic of the source text, however, I will otherwise refrain from explicitat-

<table>
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<th>Critical Reflection</th>
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<tr>
<td>Rendering the changeable register of the source text proved challenging. Often, the direct translation (Vinay &amp; Darbelnet 1958: 48) of a word or phrase had a different sociolinguistic value (Tagliamonte 2012: 190) in the target language-context than that word or phrase did in the source language-context. The phrase ‘du superflu’ (9), for example, might have been directly translated as ‘superfluousness’ or, less directly, ‘superfluous stuff’. Yet the use of the word ‘superfluous’ in English would have meant a shift in register from colloquial to neutral or formal. I thus tautotranslated the phrase as ‘unnecessary junk’ (10). Where it was impracticable to reproduce the register word-for-word, it was generally possible to compensate (Klaudy 2008: 163) locally, by altering some other part of the target-text diction (e.g. 89-90). I also found contractions useful in this respect, employing them to colloquialise the register (39), avoiding them to poeticise it (57-59). At times, my strategies of calquing and limentranslating were at odds, as there were several images in the source text that were both unusual and ambiguous (e.g. 86). In such cases, I tended to calque (e.g. 29), since recreating the source-text ‘loverlect’ in English was merely another way of leaving my translatorly mark.</td>
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The concept of ‘tautotranslation’ is my own invention. It is an abbreviation of the phrase ‘tautologous translation’. As a translation procedure, it involves breaking source lexical units up into an increased number of target lexical units, but without adding any new semantic information. As in the example above, if you were to intralingually tautotranslate the word ‘superfluousness’, you might come up with ‘unnecessary junk’. Thus, tautotranslation produces a target text which ‘says the same thing’ as its source, but with recourse to more words. It should not be confused with other translation procedures whereby tautologous elements are sometimes introduced into the target text because this is the standard way of expressing something in a given language. Tautotranslation is never obligatory. It is always a stylistic choice on the part of the translator. The effects of tautotranslation have yet to be formally studied. Anecdotally, however, it seems to lower the register of the target text, most likely because verbosity and redundancy have often been recognised as characteristic features of colloquial language, at least in English.
Mon Jeannot,

C’est Noël, le plus merveilleux Noël de toute ma vie.

Dans mes souliers il y a ton cœur, ton corps, ton âme, la joie de vivre et de travailler ensemble. Un objet serait « le cadeau utile » que je réprouve. Du superflu. Je ne regarderais que les mains qui le donnent. Mon Jeannot, jamais je ne répéterai assez : merci, merci pour ton génie créateur, merci pour notre amour.

Ton Jean.

* * *

19, place de la Madeleine, 1939

My Jeannot,

It’s Christmas, the most wonderful Christmas of my entire life.

Your heart, your body, your soul, the joy of living and working together, are in my shoes. An object would be ‘the practical gift’ I despise. Unnecessary junk. I’d only have eyes for the hands giving it. Thank you, my Jeannot. I will never be able to say it enough. Thank you for your creative genius, thank you for our love.

Your Jean.

* * *

19 Place de la Madeleine, 1938

19 Place de la Madeleine, 1939
Je t’aime. Toutes réactions prouvent de la noblesse d’âme et de cœur. Je te remercie pour tout le bonheur que tu me donnes et celui dont tu te prives.

Tu es mon ange. Sans toi, je perdrais la tête au milieu de ces histoires de théâtre et de film.

J’aurais tout donné pour que tu sois amoureux de moi mais puisque le ciel ne l’a pas voulu, garde-moi la place secrète dans ton cœur et dans les sens de ton cœur.

Aime-moi.

* * *

19, place de la Madeleine, 1939

Mon Jeannot,

Jeannot, tu vas dire que j’ai la manie des lettres. Mais c’est si bon, la nuit, de t’écrire et de glisser ma tendresse sous ta porte. Mon Jeannot, tu m’as rendu le bonheur. Tu ne saurais jamais ce que j’ai souffert. Et ne t’imagine pas que je te priverai de tes capr-

* * *

19 Place de la Madeleine, 1939

My Jeannot,

I love you. Our reactions reveal the nobility of our hearts and souls. Thank you for all the happiness you give me and the happiness you deprive yourself of.

You are my angel. Without you I’d go mad surrounded by all this film and theatre nonsense.

I’d have given everything for you to be in love with me.

But since the heavens did not wish it so, keep for me the secret place in your heart and in your heart’s senses.

Love me.

* * *

My Jeannot,

Jeannot, you’re going to say I’m obsessed with letters.

Jeannot, you’re going to say I’m obsessed with letters. But it’s so sweet writing to you by night and sliding my tende-
ices. Tu me les raconteras et nous nous retrouverons dans l’amour plus fort que tout.

Redonne-la-moi vite.

Je t’adore.

* * *

19, place de la Madeleine, 1939

Mon Jeannot,

À cette même table où je t’écrivais des poèmes, cette nuit je veux glisser sous ta tente une lettre d’espoir. Nous vivrons, nous revivrons, nous travaillerons, je travaillerai double et triple pour toi et pour ta chance. Soyons braves et sous notre ciel. Attendre une catastrophe confuse n’était pas vivre. Tout ce qui arrivera vaudra mieux que ce doute. Et de toi ne peut venir que du soleil. Mon Jeannot si bon, si brave, je te bénis et je sais que nous vivrons encore des merveilles côté à côté. Dors bien.

My Jeannot, you’ve brought happiness back into my life. You will never know how I’ve suffered. And don’t think I’ll deprive you of your flings. You can tell me about them and we’ll be even more deeply in love than ever.

Write me back quickly.

I adore you.

* * *

19 Place de la Madeleine, 1939

My Jeannot,

Tonight, at this same table where once I wrote you poems, I want to slide a letter of hope into your tent. We will live, we will live again, we will work, and I will work doubly and triply as hard for you and your opportunity. We must be brave and where we ought to be. Waiting around for a vague catastrophe wasn’t living. Whatever comes will be better than such doubt.
Je suis toi.

* * *

19, place de la Madeleine, 1939

Mon Jeannot,

Je sais maintenant le mal dont je souffre et que je traîne : c’est toi. C’est vivre sans toi. Je te cherche partout comme un pauvre chien aveugle et je me couche pour une minute. Je me lève et je te cherche ailleurs. Vivre sans toi est atroce. Un supplice que je ne mesurais pas avant qu’il se prolonge. Si le bon Dieu ne me vient pas en aide, j’en mourrai. Prions notre ciel et notre étoile et confions-nous à Dieu.

Je ne vis plus en pensant à ces avions qui te survolent et à ce qu’ils préparent. Je crois, mon ange, que le vrai drame commence et que nous serons peut-être séparés par le silence. Sache que je t’écris chaque soir et que je dépose ma lettre en bas pour qu’elle parte le matin. Je n’existe que par toi. J’en arrive à me trouver seul et à ne plus savoir avec qui parler ou déjeuner ou dîner.

And nothing but sunshine can come from you. My Jeannot, so good, so brave, bless you. I know we’ll spend many more wonderful moments by each other’s side. Sleep well.

I am you.

* * *

19 Place de la Madeleine, 1939

My Jeannot,

I know now what sickness I have and am suffering from. It’s you. It’s living without you. I go looking everywhere for you, like a poor blind dog, then I lie down for a moment. Then I get up and go looking for you somewhere else. Life without you is dreadful. A torture whose days I hadn’t been counting until they became so many. I’ll die from it if the good Lord doesn’t come to my aid. We must pray to our star, to our destiny, and entrust ourselves to God.

I can no longer live, thinking about those planes circling...
Sans toi je suis seul au monde. Notre avenir ne doit pas être menacé. Car il est inscrit dans la légende et la légende est toujours la plus forte.

Mon ange, j’habite ton clocher. Prions, prions, prions et aimons. Que cette atroce haine déchainée ne nous atteigne dans aucune de nos fibres et ne ressemblons pas à cette foule d’êtres craintifs et sans espoir. Mon ange du clocher c’est toi qui nous surveilles. C’est toi qui nous donnes les rayons du soleil de ton âme. Mon Jeannot, chaque seconde est à toi – est de toi – est à nous.

Je m’acharne à peindre le petit appartement et à te préparer un Éden pour les années dont tu parles et cet avenir que je m’obstinerai à vouloir digne de notre rencontre. Pauvre bébé pâle, parle, parle pendant que je t’écris et même ses plaintes ne me démoralisent pas. Nos ressources sont si profondes, si légères et si étranges qu’elles demeurent invisibles aux personnes qui « savent » et qui, de ce fait, ne savent rien.

Je t’adore.

Jean.
and who, for that reason, don’t know a thing. 

I adore you. 

Jean.
Domestication has a bad name in translation studies. Especially in translation studies après-postcolonialism. It has become synonymous with linguistic imperialism, or practically any other form of imperialism, including political, and with cultural appropriation, with engineering the Other. And rightly so, if the entangled histories of translation and empire are anything to go by. Foreignisation, meanwhile, – the cool, hip, younger brother –, gets all the girls. Again, rightly so; he is by far the more dashing of the two. Recast as characters in a teen film, domestication is the lily-livered, inward-looking, epistemically-violent, ethno-normative dweeb; foreignisation the brave, extroverted, epistemically-cuddly, ethno-deviant jock. Attitudes, then, would seem to have crystallised around a dichotomy of cavemenesque simplicity, à la Venuti: foreignisation, good; domestication, bad. I want to revisit this prejudice. It is assumed, when a translator domesticates, that she has judged the linguistic or cultural or cognitive chasm between two populations, supposedly homogenous in themselves, to be too vast to bridge. Hence, the translator-cum-prophet must ride into the desert alone, grab the goods, stercoranise them, bring them back so her people can eat. Or else, it is thought, she is lazy, and unwilling to engage with alterity. Or worse still: she has in fact engaged with alterity, liked some of what she found there, but is bigoted, and so decided it would look better in familiar robes. It is my belief that domestication can serve other ends. I reckon you can bend domestication so far back on itself that you can snap its spine, folding it over into a kind of foreignisation, not from the point of view of the target context, but the source one. The short stories in Rulfo’s El llano en llamas have always evoked Ireland for me. Or, at least, what I imagine certain parts of Ireland might once have been like at certain points in time. And the current Mexican Ambassador to Ireland, Miguel Malfavón Andrade, would seem to agree. Speaking at the launch of yet another English
translation of the collection earlier this year, his Excellency remarked upon the socio-political, socio-geographical, cultural and literary affinities between Irish and Mexican history, as well as the strong political and cultural ties that the two countries are continuing to develop in the modern age. In this light, a domesticating translation strategy, or relocating a Mexican short story to Ireland, appears less an act of violence than a gesture of diplomacy. This is because, while foreignisation excels at pointing up differences, domestication might be used to investigate similarities. To what extent, then, can a Rulfian short story be reconstituted, via translation, as an Irish one? It seems reasonable to think that, the greater the extent to which it can be, the more the Ambassador is vindicated in his remarks. Charges will be made that I am changing the source text too much. Nonsense. I am not changing the source text at all. It will still be there, in Spanish, for my source and target readers to peruse at their leisure, even after I perform my translation. Because mine is not your average Venutian domesticating strategy. In no way is this translation aimed at readers who would otherwise have no access to the source text, or the linguistic, cultural and socio-political worlds it emerged from, which some appear to believe is the sole raison d’être of domestication. There are already any number of renderings serving this purpose out there. I offer my target text, rather, to anglo-hispanophone bilinguals, at home in both source and target contexts, who wish to experience an experiment in translational diplomacy, and whose task it will be to measure the success of that experiment. Domestication can stage just as much of a trial of the foreign as foreignisation can. Only, while the latter renders the target text alien to itself, via the source text, the former makes the source text a stranger in its own home, via the target text. And whereas the space prised open, in the first case, allows for an examination of differences, in the second it provides for an exploration of affinities. Should we not find many affinities, well then, at least we know there are mostly differences. Jalisco Abú.

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<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Source Text</th>
<th>Target Text</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td><strong>Title</strong></td>
<td><em>La Cuesta de las Comadres</em></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Year Published</strong></td>
<td>1953</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Author</strong></td>
<td>Juan Rulfo</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Language</strong></td>
<td>Spanish (Mexico)</td>
</tr>
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<td><strong>Word Count</strong></td>
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**Description of Source Text**

This is the first half of a short story from the collection *El llano en llamas* (1953). It centres on a mountainside hamlet in Jalisco, west-central Mexico, which, despite land reforms brought about by the Revolution (1910-1920) and Cristero War (1926-1929), has come under the de facto rule of two tyrannical brothers. The source text thus echoes literary forebears, like Azuela’s *Los de abajo* (1916), by creating a ‘fictional painting on a canvas of historical and socio-political realism’ (Gordon 1976: 96). Narrated by a local campesino in the first person, the story explores themes of poverty (47-48), normalised violence (124-125) and fatalism (24-26), and features many elements particular to its setting, e.g. topography (65-67), climate (49-51), flora (58) and fauna (51). Similarly, the language is peppered with regionalisms (20) and Nahuatl-derived vocabulary (27). On the level of form, the source text employs a neutral register, using largely standard diction, grammar and syntax. However, sentences often run on for several lines (9-15), or are tautologous (37), such that the narrator appears to be conversing casually with the reader. The tone set by this formal dynamic is one of unwavering apathy – even where the narrator describes crime or murder (113).

**Strategy**

Scholars have long observed socio-political, socio-geographic, cultural and literary affinities between Irish and Mexican history (e.g. Coogan 2000: 608). I will aim to test such observations, via translation, by linguistically and culturally domesticating (Paloposki 2011) the source text. I adopt domestication, strategy-wise, as per Paloposki and Oittinen’s argument (2000) that it can serve purposes other than those criticised by Venuti (1995). Its purpose here will be to facilitate an
exploration of the prenominate national affinities. Thus, my target reader is academic anglo-hispanophone bilinguals, familiar with both source and target contexts. In practice, my strategy will entail adapting the nomenclature, topology, climate, flora and fauna of the source text to their new historico-geographical setting: early-twentieth-century rural Ireland. The characters, for example, will farm potatoes and wool, not corn and sugarcane. Similarly, I will render Jalisco Spanish into Hiberno-English, with reference to the DCM (1954) and DHE (1999), respectively. I will not, however, adapt the plot, themes or social issues, as these constitute supposed affinities. Because a neutral register in Hiberno-English typically connotes reserve (Kallen 1996: 117), I will lower the register, to preserve the conversational tone of the source text. To the same end, lengthy, tautologous sentences will be also reproduced.

Critical Reflection

One of my sample readers provided the following feedback: ‘[The target text] reads like a Rulfian short story, but one dressed in John-B.-Keanean garb’. As such, it would appear to substantiate the scholarly observations cited above. While the specifically Mexican details of the source text, e.g. toponyms or agricultural produce, have been domesticated (29-32), its bones – i.e. its plot, its themes, the socio-political and -geographic reality it depicts – remain plausible within their new Irish historico-geographical context (49-57). Whereas a foreignising or middle-of-the-road strategy might have highlighted their differences, my domesticating strategy has revealed the similarities between rural Mexico and rural Ireland in the early twentieth century, at least insofar as each is exemplified by its respective literary portrayal. At times, to maintain the tête-à-tête atmosphere of the source text, I lowered the register substantially (e.g. 48). Unfortunately, one of my sample readers perceived this as ‘reinforc[ing] the rustic simpleton stereotype’. However, as my aim was not to deconstruct stereotypes, I was content to make this trade-off for the sake of tone. The target text also differs from the source text in being more verbose (e.g. 129). This, too, is an effect of attempting to preserve the narratorly tone in Hiberno-English.

Works Cited
<table>
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<th>Author</th>
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<tr>
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<td>1916</td>
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<td>Coogan, Tim Pat.</td>
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<td>Diccionario Completo de Mejicanismos</td>
<td>1954</td>
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<td>Gordon, Donald K.</td>
<td>1976</td>
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<td>Rulfo, Juan</td>
<td>1953</td>
<td>El llano en llamas</td>
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<td>1995</td>
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Los difuntos Torricos siempre fueron buenos amigos míos. Tal vez en Zapotlán no los quisieran pero, lo que es de mí, siempre fueron buenos amigos, hasta tantito antes de morirse. Ahora eso de que no los quisieran en Zapotlán no tenía ninguna importancia, porque tampoco a mí me querían allí, y tengo entendido que a nadie de los que vivíamos en la Cuesta de las Comadres nos pudieron ver con buenos ojos los de Zapotlán. Esto era desde viejos tiempos.

Por otra parte, en la Cuesta de las Comadres, los Torricos no la llevaban bien con todo mundo. Seguido había desavenencias. Y si no es mucho decir, ellos eran allí los dueños de la tierra y de las casas que estaban encima de la tierra, con todo y que, cuando el reparto, la mayor parte de la Cuesta de las Comadres nos había tocado por igual a los sesenta que allí vivíamos, y a ellos, a los Torricos, nada más un pedazo de monte, con una mezcalera nada más, pero donde estaban desperdigadas casi todas las casas. A pesar de eso, la Cuesta de las Comadres era de los Torricos. El coamil que yo trabajaba era también de ellos: de Odilón y Remigio Torrico, y la docena y media de lomas verdes que se veían allá abajo eran juntamente de ellos. No había por qué averiguar nada. Todo mundo sabía que así era.

The late Tierneys were always good friends of mine. They weren’t wanted in Ballyclare, fair enough, but if you ask me they were always good friends, up until just before they died. Not that this thing about them not being wanted in Ballyclare said much, anyway, because I wasn’t wanted there either, and as far as I can make out the folks down in Ballyclare had never looked too kindly on those of us who lived up on Slieve Gaoithe.

That’d always been the way.

Then again, the Tierneys didn’t exactly get on with everyone up on Slieve Gaoithe, either. There weren’t many days went by where they weren’t falling out with someone or other. And, if it isn’t too much of a stretch to say so, they owned the land up there, as well as the houses that were on the land, no matter whether, after the land reforms, most of Slieve Gaoithe had been divided up evenly between the sixty of us living there and they, the Tierneys, had got nothing more than a patch of hillside with hardly enough space for a few dozen stooks of barley, the only thing being that nearly all the houses happened to be scattered across this patch. And so Slieve Gaoithe belonged to the Tierneys. The plot I worked also belonged to them, to Oisin and Ruairi Tierney, and the twenty or so green slopes down below, they were theirs as well. No one asked que-
Sin embargo, de aquellos días a esta parte, la Cuesta de las Comadres se había ido deshabitando. De tiempo en tiempo, alguien se iba; atravesaba el guardaganado donde está el palo alto, y desaparecía entre los encinos y no volvía a aparecer ya nunca. Se iban, eso era todo.

Y yo también hubiera ido de buena gana a asomarme a ver qué había tan atrás del monte que no dejaba volver a nadie; pero me gustaba el terrenito de la Cuesta, y además era buen amigo de los Torricos. El coamil donde yo sembraba todos los años un tantito de maíz para tener elotes, y otro tantito de frijol, quedaba por el lado de arriba, allí donde la ladera baja hasta esa barranca que le dicen Cabeza del Toro.

El lugar no era feo; pero la tierra se hacía pegajosa desde que comenzaba a llover, y luego había un desparramadero de piedras duras y filosas como troncones que parecían crecer con el tiempo. Sin embargo, el maíz se pegaba bien y los elotes que allí se daban eran muy dulces. Los Torricos, que para todo lo que se comían necesitaban la sal de tequesquite, para mis elotes no; nunca buscaron ni hablaron de echarle tequesquite a mis elotes, que eran de los que se daban en Cabeza del Toro.

Y con todo y eso, y con todo y que las lomas verdes de allá abajo eran mejores, la gente se fue acabando. No se iban para el lado de Zapotlán, sino por este otro rumbo, por donde llega a cada rato ese viento lleno delolor de los encinos y del ruido del monte. Se iban callados la bo-

Still, from that time on, Slieve Gaoithe grew more and more deserted. Every so often someone would leave. They’d cross over the cattle grid next to the big ash tree, then disappear into the spruces, never to be seen again. Off they’d go and that would be that.

And I wouldn’t’ve minded leaving, either, to go and see for myself what was on the other side of the hill that kept everyone from coming back. But I liked my wee bit of land up on the Slieve. And besides, I was good friends with the Tierneys.

My plot, where every year I sowed a handful of oats for making oatcakes and planted a few hundred pounds of potatoes, was on the upper part of the hill, up near where the hillside drops down into that gully they call Glentairbh.

It wasn’t the worst of places, but once it began to rain there’d be muck and shite everywhere, and then this scatter of hard sharp rocks would appear, big tree-stump-looking things, and all of them seeming to grow over time. Even so, my oats took well and the oatcakes made from them were fairly decent. The Tierneys, who lashed butter onto everything they ate, never put butter on my oatcakes. No, they never talked or even thought about putting butter on my oatcakes, the ones made from the oats grown up near Glentairbh.
ca, sin decir nada ni pelearse con nadie. Es seguro que les sobraban ganas de pelearse con los Torricos para desquitarse de todo el mal que les habían hecho; pero no tuvieron ánimos.

Seguro eso pasó.

La cosa es que todavía después de que murieron los Torricos nadie volvió más por aquí. Yo estuve esperando. Pero nadie regresó. Primero les cuidé sus casas; remendé los techos y les puse ramas a los agujeros de sus paredes; pero viendo que tardaban en regresar, las dejé por la paz. Los únicos que no dejaron nunca de venir fueron los aguaceros de mediados de año, y esos ventarrones que soplan en febrero y que le vuelan a uno la cobija a cada rato. De vez en cuando, también, venían los cuervos volando muy bajito y graznando fuerte como si creyeran estar en algún lugar deshabitado.

Así siguieron las cosas todavía después de que se murieron los Torricos.

Antes, desde aquí, sentado donde ahora estoy, se veía claramente Zapotlán. En cualquier hora del día y de la noche podía verse la manchita blanca de Zapotlán allá lejos. Pero ahora las jarillas han crecido muy tupido y, por más que el aire las mueve de un lado para otro, no dejan ver nada de nada.

Me acuerdo de antes, cuando los Torricos venían a sentarse aquí

Yet, for all that, and for all the better, greener slopes down below, folks just kept on leaving. They didn’t head for Ballyclare, sure enough, but went in the other direction, where that breeze that carries the smell of spruces and the sound of the hills always comes from. They left tight-lipped, keeping their wisht, not scrapping with anyone. No doubt they would’ve loved an auld scrap with the Tierneys, a bit of payback for all the misery the brothers had caused them, but they hadn’t the balls.

They hadn’t the balls at all.

The thing is, though, even after the Tierneys died, no one came back. I was waiting for them and all. But no one came back. At first I looked after their houses for them, mended their thatches and stuffed straw into any holes in the walls, but once I saw there was no sign of them hurrying back, I left their homes to fend for themselves. All that ever did come back were the winter sleet showers and those spring gales that blast the sheets off the bed and you adin in it. Now and then the crows would come, too, flying low to the ground and cawing like mad things, as if they thought they were in some abandoned place.

Things went on that way even after the Tierneys died.

Back in the day, when you’d sit in the spot I’m sitting in here now, you could see Ballyclare no bother. No matter what time of the day or night it was you could always see the wee smoky blot that was Ballyclare
también y se estaban acuclillados horas y horas hasta el oscurecer, mirando para allá sin cansarse, como si el lugar le sacudiera sus pensamientos o el mitote de ir a pasearse a Zapotlán. Sólo después supe que no pensaban en eso. Únicamente se ponían a ver el camino: aquel ancho callejón arenoso que se podía seguir con la mirada desde el comienzo hasta que se perdía entre los ocotes del cerro de la Media Luna.

Yo nunca conocí a nadie que tuviera un alcance de vista como el de Remigio Torrico. Era tuerto. Pero el ojo negro y medio cerrado que le quedaba parecía acercar tanto las cosas, que casi las traía junto a sus manos. Y de allí a saber que bultos se movían por el camino no había ninguna diferencia. Así, cuando su ojo se sentía a gusto teniendo en quién recargar la mirada, los dos se levantaban de su divisadero y desaparecían de la Cuesta de las Comadres por algún tiempo.

Eran los días en que todo se ponía de otro modo aquí entre nosotros. La gente sacaba de las cuevas del monte sus animalitos y los traía a amarrar en sus corrales. Entonces se sabía que había borregos y guajolotes. Y era fácil ver cuántos montones de maíz y de calabazas amarillas amaneceían asoleándose en los patios. El viento que atravesaba los cerros era más frío que otras veces; pero, no se sabía por qué, todos allí decían que hacía muy buen tiempo. Y uno oía en la madrugada que cantaban los gallos como en cualquier lugar tranquilo, y aquello parecía como si siem-
pre hubiera habido paz en la Cuesta de las Comadres.

Luego volvían los Torricos. Avisaban que venían desde antes que llegaran, porque sus perros salían a la carrera y no paraban de ladrar hasta encontrarlos. Y nada más por los ladridos todos calculaban la distancia y el rumbo por donde irían a llegar. Entonces la gente se apuraba a escon-
der otra vez sus cosas.

Siempre fue así el miedo que traían los difuntos Torricos cada vez que regresaban a la Cuesta de las Comadres.

Pero yo nunca llegué a tenerles miedo. Era buen amigo de los dos y a veces hubiera querido ser un poco menos viejo para meterme en los trabajos en que ellos andaban. Sin embargo, ya no servía yo para mucho. Me di cuenta aquella noche en que les ayudé a robar a un arriero. En-
tonces me di cuenta de que me faltaba algo. Como que la vida que yo tenía estaba ya muy desperdiciada y no aguantaba más estirones. De eso me di cuenta.

Fue como a mediados de las aguas cuando los Torricos me co-
nvidaron para que les ayudara a traer unos tercios de azúcar. Yo iba un poco asustado. Primero, porque estaba cayendo una tormenta de esas en que el agua parece escarbarle a uno por debajo de los pies. Después, porque no sabía adónde iba. De cualquier modo, allí vi yo la señal de que no estaba hecho ya para andar en andanzas.

83 there were lambs and chickens about. And it was only then as well that you saw heaps of potatoes and turnips out curing in the earth pits. The wind could be blowing across the hills colder than ever but, for some rea-
son, everyone would just keep saying what grand days we were getting. First thing in the morning you’d hear the cocks crowing, as they would in any quiet place, and you’d nearly have thought things were always this peaceful up on Slieve Gaoithe.

84 Then the Tierneys would come back. You’d know they were com-
ing even before they came because their dogs would race out onto the fire road and wouldn’t stop barking until they’d found them. Just by list-
ening to the barks we could work out how far away they were and what way they were coming from. Then there’d be this mad rush while every-
one hid their things away again.

85 That was the fear they always brought with them, the late Tie-
rneys, whenever they came back up to Slieve Gaoithe.

86 I never ended up afraid of them but. I was good friends with the pair of them and, at times, I wouldn’t even’ve minded being young eno-
ugh to do a few jobs for them, because by that stage I was in no state for that sort of thing. I found that out the night I helped them rob a sheep fa-
mer. That’s when I found out that I was missing something. As if most of the life I once had in me had already been spent and whatever was left
Los Torricos me dijeron que no estaba lejos el lugar adonde íbamos. «En cosa de un cuarto de hora estamos allá», me dijeron. Pero cuando alcanzamos el camino de la Media Luna comenzó a oscurecer y cuando llegamos a donde estaba el arriero era ya alta la noche.

El arriero no se paró a ver quién venía. Seguramente estaba esperando a los Torricos y por eso no le llamó la atención vernos llegar. Eso pensé. Pero todo el rato que trajinamos de aquí para allá con los tercios de azúcar, el arriero se estuvo quieto, agazapado entre el zacatal. Entonces les dije eso a los Torricos. Les dije:

— Ese que está allí tirado parece estar muerto o algo por el estilo.
— No, nada más ha de estar dormido —me dijeron ellos—. Lo dejamos aquí cuidando, pero se ha de haber cansado de esperar y se durmió.

Yo fui y le di una patada en las costillas para que despertara; pero el hombre siguió igual de tirante.

— Está bien muerto —les volví a decir.
— No, no te creas, nomás está tantito atarantado porque Odilón le dio con un leño en la cabeza, pero después se levantará. Ya verás que en cuanto salga el sol y sienta el calorcito, se levantará muy aprisa y se irá en seguida para su casa. ¡Agárate ese tercio de allí y vámonos! — fue todo lo que me dijeron.

Ya por último le di una última patada al muertito y sonó igual que
couldn’t hack any more hassle. I found that out alright.

It was a miserable auld day the day the Tierneys came looking for help lifting some wool bales. I said no bother, but I wasn’t too pushed on the whole thing, first of all because it was lashing outside and it was the sort of rain that takes the clod right out from under your boot, and also then because I hadn’t a clue where I was going. In any case, that was the day I found out I was in no state for that sort of thing.

The Tierneys told me the place we were headed wasn’t too far away.

‘A quarter of an hour or so and we’ll be there,’ they told me.

But, by the time we reached the bog road, it was already starting to get dark, and by the time we reached the sheep farmer, it was already late at night.

The sheep farmer didn’t get up to see who was coming. In fairness, I thought, he was probably expecting the Tierneys, and so why would it be anything strange that here they were coming. So I thought anyway.

But the whole time we were there, lumping the wool bales about the place, the sheep farmer just lay there, half-hidden adin in the heather. And so I said this to the Tierneys. I said to them:

‘Your man lying over there looks fairly dead.’

‘Not at all,’ they told me. ‘Only sleeping, so he is. We left him here
si se la hubiera dado a un tronco seco. Luego me eché la carga al hombro y me vine por delante. Los Torricos me venían siguiendo. Los oí que cantaban durante largo rato, hasta que amaneció. Cuando amaneció dejé de oírlos. Ese aire que sopla tantito antes de la madrugada se llevó los gritos de su canción y ya no pude saber si me seguían, hasta que oí pasar por todos lados los ladridos encarrerados de sus perros.

De ese modo fue como supe qué cosas iban a espiar todas las tardes los Torricos, sentados junto a mi casa de la Cuesta de las Comadres.

to keep an eye on the bales, but he must’ve got fed up waiting and fell asleep.’

I went over and gave him a boot in the ribs to wake him up, but he just kept on lying there, like a sack of spuds.

‘One hundred percent, lads, this chap’s dead,’ I said.

‘Would you get away out of that! Not at all. I’d say he just has a bit of a head on him because Oisin gave him a belt of the hurl earlier on. He’ll come to soon enough. You’ll see, once the sun comes up and he gets a bit of daylight into him, he’ll be up like a shot and away on home. Now grab that bale and let’s get a move-on!’

That was all they said.

I gave your man, the dead fella, one last boot as we were leaving, and you’d think by the sound of it that I was after kicking a rotten tree trunk. Then I threw the bale up onto my shoulders and walked on ahead.

The Tierneys followed behind me. I could hear them singing for a good long while, until the sun began to rise, but once the sun began to rise I couldn’t hear them anymore because that stiff breeze that picks up just before dawn carried their howling away with it. And so I wasn’t sure whether they were still following me or not until I heard their dogs racing toward us and their barks coming from every which way.

That’s how I found out what the Tierneys were spying on as they
sat, every afternoon, hunkered down next to my house up on Slieve Gao-
ithe.
Hannah Gadsby’s experimental stand-up special, *Nanette* (2018), did many things to me and for me. One of the things it did for me was to shine new light on an old text. I wrote my undergraduate dissertation on Denis Diderot, re-interpreting his use of the philosophical dialogue genre, in his literary output, within the context of his dialogic philosophy, as expressed in his extra-literary output. One of the primary texts for this piece of research was *Le Neveu de Rameau*. A sprightly, sprawling philosophical dialogue between a philosopher and a rogue, drawing on Platonic and Early Modern models as much as it upends them, and touching on everything from music to materialism to morality, one of its principle themes is that of genius. Specifically, it asks whether creating sublime works of art is enough to excuse artistic geniuses from being decent human beings, as well as how we should engage with the art of douchebag artists. These are questions which have begun to resurface in the wake of the #MeToo Movement, or #BalanceTonPorc, if you happen to be French. Re-enter Hannah Gadsby. In her show, Gadsby, an art history major, sets about dismantling the genius-mythologies surrounding figures such as Van Gogh and Picasso. Her insights helped bring the abstract musings found in *Le Neveu* down to earth, toward the here, the now. Moreover, she has given me something of an idea as to how such questions might more fruitfully be explored in a performative, as against textual, environment. After seeing Meadbh McHugh and Annabelle Comyn’s theatrical adaptation of Louise O’Neill’s novel, * Asking for It* (2015), in the Abbey in November 2018, I was sold. Theatre was a fine space in which to expose older, more conservative audiences to hot takes on thorny social issues. A transadaptational idea was born.

* * *
Title  
*Le Neveu de Rameau*

Year Published (Orig. Writ.)  
1821 (c. 1760-1775)

Author  
Denis Diderot

Language  
French (France)

Word Count  
1978

Description of Source Text  
This is a philosophical dialogue between two characters, one the rogue nephew of a famous musician, the other a philosopher. It has much in common with other Enlightenment dialogues as well as with their Platonic predecessors. Thus, the characters embody opposing views on issues like the value of creative genius (173-271), or how best to spend money (305-338), and employ the Socratic method to settle their disagreements. Yet the source text also deviates from this tradition. Firstly, by casting a rogue as an interlocutor, rather than another philosopher or a patrician (Blondell 2002: 58). And secondly, by its more lively approach to philosophical enquiry: the characters frequently change tack mid-way through an argument (454-455), freely contradict themselves (107-114), interrupt one another (324), become emotional (294-297) and play-act (459-502). By introducing such dynamism, humour and theatricality into the genre, the source text enriched the *modus operandi* of the philosophical dialogue within the source context (Duflo 2013: 55). Such liveliness, moreover, is also established on the level of form. For example, because the source text fluctuates between prolonged speeches and snappy back-and-forths, its rhythms are fluid and changeable (e.g. 151-265). Nevertheless, the language remains self-consciously literary, as does the register (e.g. 315-423).

Strategy  
In the wake of the #MeToo movement, questions regarding the value of creative genius have begun to resurface, e.g. Aristarkhova (2018). I will therefore aim to explore, via translation, the source-text theme of creative genius, but through this modern lens, and for a modern audience. Because philosophical dialogues are no longer popular (Hösle 2012: xiv), I
will adapt the source text for the theatre in the form of a production script, thereby capitalising on the theatrical traits it already possesses. The production will tour the UK and Ireland, and the target audience is anglophones aged forty-five and over, since this demographic is less likely to have encountered fourth-wave feminist ideas (Rivers 2017: 113) but constitutes the majority of theatre-goers (Heim 2016: 164). Specifically, my strategy will entail adapting the setting, characterisation and cultural references to modern times. For example, vis-à-vis the debate on creative genius, I will substitute the figure of Racine with Picasso. I will break lengthy speeches up into faster-paced exchanges, to cater to modern theatre conventions (Dorney 2009: 31), and will make the language more colloquial, so that characters and their ideas become less abstract. Finally, I will create detailed stage directions, primarily for blocking and gesture.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Critical Reflection</th>
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<tr>
<td>Alain Badiou, in <em>La République de Platon</em> (2012), adapts Plato’s <em>Republic</em> to modern France, elaborates and investigates the implications of its ideas in this new context, and injects it with drama and humour to bring the dialogue to life. He has referred to this work as a ‘hypertranslation’ (Badiou 2010: 189). The target text my strategy has produced follows in this vein. It, too, fleshes out questions raised by its source text, and explores them in greater depth against a different cultural backdrop (e.g. 392-412). This is one of the reasons why, besides the creation of stage directions, the target text has ended up two times longer than the source text. Not that this is a bad thing. In fact, because their viewpoints (e.g. 369-377) and paraverbal behaviours (e.g. 274-278) have become fleshed-out, the characters themselves have also become fleshed out. That is, they are less vessels for ideas, and more people with ideas. The use of a colloquial register (e.g. 32-48) has likewise humanised the interlocutors, as has my related attempt to translate into a ‘performable’ – i.e. conversational – idiom, which even those who argue against its conceptual utility recognise as an important feature of theatrical language (Basnett 1991: 110-111).</td>
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Qu’il fasse beau, qu’il fasse laid, c’est mon habitude d’aller sur les cinq heures du soir me promener au Palais-Royal. C’est moi qu’on voit, toujours seul, rêvant sur le banc d’Argenson.

Je m’entretiens avec moi-même de politique, d’amour, de goût ou de philosophie. [...]
Si le temps est trop froid, ou trop pluvieux, je me réfugie au café de la Régence ; là je m’amuse à voir jouer aux échecs. [...] 

Un après-dîner, j’étais là, regardant beaucoup, parlant peu, et écoutant le moins que je pouvais ; lorsque je fus abordé par un des plus bizarres personnages de ce pays où Dieu n’en a pas laissé manquer. C’est un composé de hauteur et de bassesse, de bon sens et de déraison. [...] Rien ne dissemble plus de lui que lui-même. Quelquefois, il est maigre et hâve, comme un malade au dernier degré de la consomption ; on compterait ses dents à travers ses joues. On dirait qu’il a passé plusieurs jours sans manger, ou qu’il sort de la Trappe. Le mois suivant, il est gras et replet, comme s’il n’avait pas quitté la table d’un financier, ou qu’il eût été...

[He rises from the bench and ambles away.]

THE PROFESSOR: But, if the weather’s too cold, or too rainy, I go to the Regent Bar.

[He enters the bar. He orders a drink and sits in an empty booth.]

THE PROFESSOR: I enjoy coming here to watch the lads playing pool.

[Pause. He watches the lads playing pool. He thinks to himself for a moment.]

THE PROFESSOR: I was here one afternoon, watching the lads playing pool, trying to block out all the working-class tripe they were blathering on about, when I was approached by one of the strangest characters I’ve ever met. He’s equal parts Einstein and Kardashian. As if Mother Teresa had had a baby with Hitler. No one is more unlike him than he himself. One month, he could be thin and gaunt, as if in the final throes of a cancer, and you could count his teeth through his cheeks. He’d look as if he’d gone several days without eating, or had recently been released from a stint in a nursing home. The next month, he’d be paunchy and plump, as
renfermé dans un couvent de Bernardins. Aujourd’hui, en linge sale, en culotte déchirée, couvert de lambeaux, presque sans souliers, il va la tête basse, il se dérobe, on serait tenté de l’appeler, pour lui donner l’aumône. Demain, poudré, chaussé, frisé, bien vêtu, il marche la tête haute, il se montre et vous le prendriez au peu près pour un honnête homme.

Il vit au jour la journée. Triste ou gai, selon les circonstances. Son premier soin, le matin, quand il est levé, est de savoir où il dînera ; après dîner, il pense où il ira souper. La nuit […] il a recours soit à un fiacre de ses amis, soit au cocher d’un grand seigneur qui lui donne un lit sur de la paille, à côté de ses chevaux. Le matin, il a encore une partie de son matelas dans ses cheveux. Si la saison est douce, il arpente toute la nuit, le Cours ou les Champs-Élysées.

THE PROFESSOR: He lives from day to day, in a fair mood or a foul one, depending on the circumstances. When he wakes up in the morning, his first order to business is to figure out where he’ll eat lunch. Once lunch is over, it’s time to start thinking about where he’ll eat dinner. At night, he heads out to the suburbs, where he sometimes sleeps in unlocked cars, and other times sleeps on a bed of straw in some farm shed, among the animals. He’ll often appear the next morning with a souvenir from his mattress still stuck in his hair. In the summertime, when the nights are warmer, he still heads out to the suburbs, but instead of sleeping...
Il reparaît avec le jour, à la ville, habillé de la veille pour le lendemain, et du lendemain quelquefois pour le reste de la semaine.

Je n’estime pas ces originaux-là. D’autres en font leurs connaissances familières, même leurs... [...] Il m’aborde...

about industrial and housing estates until sunrise. He shows up in the city centre the next day, wearing the same clothes today as yesterday, and sometimes the same clothes today as for the rest of the week.

[Pause. He watches the lads playing pool. He thinks to himself for a moment.]

THE PROFESSOR: I don’t have much time for characters like that. Other people, well, they do, and some of them even go so far as to make friends—

[The door swings open. Enter a man, dressed in what must previously have been nice clothes but are now full of rips, patches, stains, and so on. He wears scuffed trainers. He has three days’ worth of stubble on his face. His hair is combed over to one side, but untidily so, and has a singular piece of straw stuck in it, near to the crown. One would place him at about forty. He looks timidly around the bar before spotting the Professor.]

THE PROFESSOR: Ah! Paul! What a pleasant surprise! How are you, my old friend...?
Ah, ah, vous voilà, monsieur le philosophe ; et que faîtes-vous ici parmi ce tas de fainéants ? Est-ce que vous perdez aussi votre temps à pousser le bois ? [...] 

MOI. – Non ; mais quand je n’ai rien de mieux à faire, je m’amuse à regarder un instant, ceux qui le poussent bien.

LUI. – En ce cas, vous vous amusez rarement ; excepté Légal et Philidor, le reste n’y entend rien.

MOI. – Et monsieur de Bissy donc ?

LUI. – Celui-là est en joueur d’échecs, ce que mademoiselle Clairon est en acteur. Ils savent de ces jeux, l’un et l’autre, tout ce qu’on peut apprendre.

[He raises a hand, brings his thumb and index finger very close together,

PAUL: Ah, there you are, Professor! What’re you doing here with all these good-for-nothings? Don’t tell me you waste your time chalking cues, too, do you?

[He sits into the booth without ordering a drink.]

THE PROFESSOR: No. But, when I’ve nothing better to do, I enjoy watching those who chalk them well.

[Paul scoffs.]
MOI. – Vous êtes difficile, et je vois que vous ne faites grâce qu’aux hommes sublimes.

LUI. – Oui, aux échecs, aux dames, en poésie, en éloquence, en musique, en d’autres fadaises comme cela. À quoi bon la médiocrité dans ces genres.

MOI. – À peu de chose, j’en conviens. [...] Mais laissons cela. Il y a une éternité que je ne vous ai vu. Je ne pense guère à vous, quand je ne vous vois pas. Mais vous plaisez toujours à revoir. Qu’avez-vous fait?

LUI. — Ce que vous, moi et tous les autres font ; du bien, du mal et rien. Et puis j’ai eu faim, et j’ai mangé, quand l’occasion s’en est présentée ; après avoir mangé, j’ai eu soif, et j’ai bu quelquefois. Cependant la barbe me venait ; et quand elle a été venue, je l’ai fait raser.
MOI. — Vous avez mal fait. C'est la seule chose qui vous manque, pour être un sage.

LUI. — Oui-da. J'ai le front grand et ridé ; l'œil ardent ; le nez saillant ; les joues larges ; le sourcil noir et fourni ; la bouche bien fendue ; la lèvre rebordée ; et la face carrée.

Si ce vaste menton était couvert d'une longue barbe ; savez-vous que cela figurerait très bien en bronze ou en marbre.

MOI. — À côté d'un César, d'un Marc-Aurèle, d'un Socrate.

LUI. — Non, je serais mieux entre Diogène et Phryné. Je suis effronté comme l'un, et je fréquente volontiers chez les autres.
MOI. — Vous portez-vous toujours bien ?

LUI. — Oui, ordinairement ; mais pas merveilleusement aujourd'hui.

MOI. — Comment ? Vous voilà avec un ventre de Silène ; et un visage...

LUI. — Un visage qu’on prendrait pour son antagoniste. C’est que l’humeur qui fait sécher mon cher oncle engraisse apparemment son cher neveu.

MOI. — À propos de cet oncle, le voyez-vous quelquefois ?

THE PROFESSOR: And are you getting on alright otherwise?

PAUL: Usually, but not today.

THE PROFESSOR: Oh? And how’s that? Here you are with a belly like Silenus and a face...

PAUL: ...a face you’d take for his opposite. Apparently, bad moods suck the warmth out of uncle dearest, but they don’t suck the fat out of his dear nephew...

[He says the second sentence almost to himself. The Professor hears him anyway.]

THE PROFESSOR: Ah, yes! Your uncle. The musician. Do you ever see him?
LUI. – Oui, passer dans la rue.

MOI. – Est-ce qu’il ne vous fait aucun bien ?

LUI. – S’il en fait à quelqu’un, c’est sans s’en douter. C’est un philosophe dans son espèce. Il ne pense qu’à lui ; le reste de l’univers lui est comme d’un clou à soufflet. Sa fille et sa femme n’ont qu’à mourir, quand elles voudront ; pourvu que les cloches de la paroisse, qu’on sonnera pour elles, continuent de résonner la douzième et le dix-septième, tout sera bien. [...] 

Il faut des hommes ; mais pour des hommes de génie ; point.

PAUL: I see him passing in the street sometimes.

THE PROFESSOR: And he doesn’t help you out at all?

[Paul scoffs.]

PAUL: If that man helps anyone out, it’s without him knowing about it. He’s a genius through and through. He only thinks about himself. The rest of us, we’re like a piece of gum on the bottom of his shoe, as far as he’s concerned. His wife and daughter could drop dead tomorrow; so long as the funeral bells ring out a nice melody, he wouldn’t mind.

THE PROFESSOR: But what about his music? His beautiful music? Do you not think—

[Paul raises a flat palm to cut the Professor off.]

PAUL: We need beautiful music. I’m not saying that. Of course we need beautiful music. And we need beautiful musicians too. But not geniuses.

We don’t need geniuses.
Non, ma foi, il n’en faut point. [...] Ils ne sont bons qu’à une seule chose.
Passé cela, rien. Ils ne savent ce que c’est d’être citoyens, pères, mères, frères, parents, amis. [...]

Si je savais l’histoire, je vous montrerais que le mal est toujours venu ici-bas, par quelque homme de génie.

Mais je ne sais pas l’histoire, parce que je ne sais rien.

PAUL: No, no, no, no, no. We don’t need them. We don’t need them!
They’re good for one thing and one thing only. Apart from that, nothing.
They don’t know what it is to be a good citizen, a father, a mother, a brother, a sister, an aunt, an uncle, a friend...

PROFESSOR: But what about all of the—

PAUL: If I knew anything about history I’d prove to you how any evil that’s ever come down to earth has always come down here because of some genius!

PAUL: But I don’t know anything about history, because I don’t know an-
Le diable m’emporte, si j’ai jamais rien appris ; et si pour n’avoir rien appris, je m’en trouve plus mal.

J’étais un jour à la table d’un ministre du roi de France qui a de l’esprit comme quatre [...].

Paul: And may the devil take me if ever I’ve learned something, or if for not having learned anything I’m any the worse off!

[Pause. The Professor visibly relaxes after the moment of tension. Suddenly Paul throws his hands on the table and leans across it once more. He raises a closed fist, shakes it in the air momentarily, then slams it onto the table.]

Paul: And do you not think—

[Paul raises a hand and points at the Professor. He is calmer than before, but still visibly irritated, worked-up, seething.]

THE PROFESSOR: And do you not think—

[Paul raises a hand and points at the Professor. He is calmer than before, but still visibly irritated, worked-up, seething.]

Paul: I was eating at a councillor’s dinner table not so long ago...
Je ne me rappelle pas bien ses preuves ; mais il s’ensuivait évidemment que les gens de génie sont détestables, et que si un enfant apportait en naissant, sur son front, la caractéristique de ce dangereux présent de la nature, il faudrait ou l’étouffer, ou le jeter au cagnard. […]

MOI. – Vous conçûtes donc là, une terrible haine contre le génie.

LUI. – À n’en jamais revenir. [...]


[The Professor glances knowingly in the direction of the audience and taps his nose with his index finger. Then, for fear of being caught, quickly returns his attention to Paul.]

PAUL: ...the smarts of four men, this councillor, and now I don’t remember the evidence for his argument exactly, but the conclusion was clearly that all geniuses are despicable, and that if a baby was born with the sign of this dangerous gift from Mother Nature on its forehead, its parents would do well either to smother it, or drown it, or throw it off a cliff.

THE PROFESSOR: What a terrible hatred of genius…

PAUL: ...and I’ll never recover from it.

[Paul leans back into his seat, smiles, and folds his arms.]

THE PROFESSOR: Well, what about Picasso? Now there’s a genius if ever there was one, no doubt about it, even if he wasn’t exactly what you mi-
LUI. – Ne me pressez pas ; car je suis conséquent.

MOI. – Lequel des deux préféreriez-vous ? ou qu’il eût été un bon homme, [...] faisant régulièrement tous les ans un enfant légitime à sa femme, bon mari ; bon père, bon oncle, bon voisin, honnête commerçant, mais rien de plus ; ou qu’il eût été fourbe, traître, ambitieux, envieux, méchant, ; mais auteur d’Andromaque, de Britannicus, de Phèdre ?

LUI. – Pour lui, ma foi, peut-être que de ces deux hommes, il eût mieux valu qu’il eût été le premier.

PAUL: Don’t press me. I know what I’m saying.

THE PROFESSOR: Well, which would you rather? That he’d been a good man, a faithful husband, a loving father, a kind neighbour, an honest businessman, but nothing more? Or that he’d been misogynist, racist, homophobic, appropriative, narcissistic, adulterous, manipulative, abusive, but painter of The Weeping Woman, of Les Demoiselles d’Avignon, of Guernica?!

[He does not seem to recognise the irony in his long list of negative attributes. He emphasises the ‘but’ at the end of the list. He makes a point of pronouncing the French title hyper-correctly. After he has presented these two alternatives, he raises his eyebrows and hmms, as if he has just presented a self-evidently irrefutable argument.]

PAUL: For his own sake, even, never mind anyone else’s, he’d have been better off as the first man.
MOI. – Cela est même infiniment plus vrai que vous ne le sentez.

LUI. – Oh ! vous voilà, vous autres ! Si nous disons quelque chose de bien, c’est comme des fous, ou des inspirés ; par hasard. Il n’y a que vous autres qui vous entendiez. Oui, monsieur le philosophe. Je m’en-tends ; et je m’entends ainsi que vous vous entendiez.

MOI. – Voyons ; et bien, pourquoi pour lui ?

THE PROFESSOR: Alright then. Let’s see. Why for his sake?

[Paul calms. He rolls his shoulders, fixes his hair and clothing, and coughs,

[The Professor leans back into his seat. His eyes cloud over as he looks into the distance and sighs thoughtfully.]
LUI. – C’est que toutes ces belles choses-là qu’il a faites ne lui ont pas rendu vingt mille francs ; et que s’il eût été un bon marchand en soie de la rue Saint-Denis ou Saint-Honoré, un bon épicier en gros, un apothicaire achalandé, il eût amassé une fortune immense, et qu’en l’amassant, il n’y aurait eu sorte de plaisirs dont il n’eût joui ; […] nous aurions faîts d’excellents repas chez lui, joué gros jeu ; bu d’excellents vins, d’excellents liqueurs, d’excellent cafés, faits des parties de campagne ; et vous voyez que je m’entendais.

PAUL: Well, for starters, all of those beautiful paintings he made, they made him a lot of money, sure, but not one honest dollar, and surely he was left with a guilty—

[The Professor sighs. He raises a hand to his temple, then tilts his head in the direction of this hand, in a gesture equal parts impatient and condescending. Paul scowls and starts over.]

PAUL: If he’d been a respectable silk trader, a decent wholesale grocer, a well-reputed pharmacist, he could’ve amassed roughly the same size fortune, but in honest money, and, this time with a clear conscience, he could’ve enjoyed all of the same pleasures in life. He and everyone else could’ve had the same excellent dinners at his home, gambled the same exorbitant amounts of money, drank the same excellent wines, the same excellent liquors, the same excellent coffee, gone on the same jaunts out into the countryside… And so you see I actually do get what I’m say—

[The Professor snorts.]

MOI. — Sans contredit ; pourvu qu’il n’eût pas employé d’une façon déshonnête l’opulence qu’il aurait acquise par un commerce légitime [...].

LUI. — Et à quoi diable, voulez-vous donc qu’on emploie son argent, si ce n’est à avoir bonne table, bonne compagnie, bons vins, belles femmes, plaisirs de toutes les couleurs, amusements de toutes les espèces. J’aimerais autant être gueux que de posséder une grande fortune, sans aucune de ses jouissances.

PAUL: Alright, laugh then. But let me finish. His family, his friends, his mistresses, and everyone else around him, would’ve been better off, too.

THE PROFESSOR: I don’t doubt it for a second. But let me ask you this: if your honest Picasso had made such an honest fortune, by such an honest business, why have him spend it so dishonestly?

[Paul is incensed. He throws his hands up into the air in frustration.]

PAUL: And what the bloody hell would you have someone spend their fortune on, if not to have a full table, good company, good wine, delights of all kinds and colour, entertainment galore? I’d rather be a beggar than have so much money and not be allowed spend it on any of those things.

[The Professor shrugs.]

THE PROFESSOR: Well, you might put it toward your children’s education, or donate it to charity, or any of the countless other moral ways—

[Paul raises a hand and wags a finger. He then goes on to speak as if
Mais revenons à Racine. Cet homme n’a été bon que pour des inconnus, et que pour le temps où il n’était plus.

MOI. – D’accord. Mais pesez le mal et le bien.

PAUL: It’s not so easy to hear Ms Morality calling, Professor, when your stomach is screaming at you... But back to Picasso. He was only a good man for those who didn’t know him, or for those not in his family, or for those who never loved him, or for those born after he died. He left a trail of destruction behind him wherever he went. He betrayed his friends; he neglected his family; he abused his mistresses; he bled his muses dry and then threw them away like used tissues. Do you know how many suicides he left in his wake? Those paintings, those magnificent paintings, you talk about, they were made with the tears, the blood, the lives, of everyone around him.

[The Professor raises both his hands and makes a calming gesture with them.]

THE PROFESSOR: Okay. Okay. But you have to consider the pros and the cons—
Dans mille ans d’ici, il fera verser des larmes ; il sera l’admiration des hommes. Dans toutes les contrées de la terre il inspirera l’humanité, la compassion, la tendresse ; on demandera qui il était, de quel pays, et on l’enviera à la France.

PAUL: I don’t need to consider any bloody—

THE PROFESSOR: Just listen! In a thousand years from now, his paintings will continue to mark the watershed, not only in painting, but in all art, in life itself, when the tyrannical Western aesthetic of naturalism was disrupted and deconstructed once and for all. All over the world, his paintings will continue to inspire awe, and people will ask who it was that freed us from the slavery of having to reproduce multi-dimensional reality on a two-dimensional surface, and when that person lived, and it’ll be said that it was Picasso, and that he lived at this approximate moment in history. Cubism, Paul, Cubism!

[As he says this last sentence, he raises both his hands to about shoulder height, palms facing inward, and shakes his hands, as if shaking sense into an imaginary head, or as if he were holding the concept of Cubism right there in this invisible box. He beams a proud smile, as if the fate of humanity hung in the balance and Cubism were its saviour. Paul remains visibly unimpressed. There is now a pause of about five seconds.]

PAUL: And the people...?
Il a fait souffrir quelques êtres qui ne sont plus ; auxquels nous ne prenons aucun intérêt ; nous n’avons rien à redouter ni de ses vices ni de ses déf-

[The Professor throws his hands toward the sky in frustration. Then he brings them back down and into a prayer pose, and shakes them, as if pleading with Paul to see sense.]

THE PROFESSOR: You’re making a schoolboy error, Paul! You must learn to separate the art from the artist; the thoughts from the thinker; the philosophy from the—

PAUL: What about his nudes of that Walter girl? Or his portraits of that Dora Maar, the weeping woman, the suffering machine? Difficult to separate art from artist there, I reckon...

[The Professor looks slightly aghast that Paul would broach such a taboo subject. He looks upward, to the heavens, and then around the bar, as if searching for for some sliver of inspiration. It is not forthcoming.]

THE PROFESSOR: The Walter girl was in her prime, Paul! And the Maar portraits had nothing to do with their relationship! He said so himself. He was simply obeying his vision. Look, he was no angel, I’ll admit that, but who is? He hurt a few people who are now dead and who no one would even care about had it not been for him. We ourselves have nothing to
Songeons au bien de notre espèce.

Si nous ne sommes pas assez généreux ; pardonnons au moins à la nature d’avoir été plus sage que nous. Si vous jetez de l’eau froide sur la tête de Greuze, vous éteindrez peut-être son talent avec sa vanité. Si vous rendez de Voltaire moins sensible à la critique, il ne saura plus descendre dans l’âme de Mérope. [...]
MOI. – Mais ne voyez-vous pas qu’avec un tel raisonnement vous renversez l’ordre général, et que si tout ici-bas était excellent, il n’y aurait rien d’excellent. […]

LUI. – Il est vrai.

MOI. – Acceptons donc les choses comme elles sont. Voyons ce qu’elles nous coûtent et ce qu’elles nous rendent ; et laissons là le tout que nous ne connaissons pas assez pour le louer ou le blâmer ; et qui n’est peut-être ni bien ni mal ; s’il est nécessaire […].

LUI. – Je n’entends pas grand-chose à tout ce que vous me débitez là. C’est apparemment de la philosophie ; je vous préviens que je ne m’en mène pas.
Tout ce que je sais, c’est que je voudrais bien être un autre, au hasard d’être un homme de génie, un grand homme.

Oui, il faut que j’en convienne, il y a là quelque chose qui me le dit. […] Le quelque chose qui est là et qui me parle, me dit : Rameau, […] tu aurais une bonne maison, et il en mesurait l’étendue avec ses bras, un bon lit, et il s’y étendait nonchalament,

un bon lit, et il s’y étendait nonchalament,

de bons vins, qu’il goûtaient en faisant claquer sa langue contre son palais,

[Pause. The Professor looks blankly at Paul. Paul thinks to himself for a moment. He sighs.]

Paul: All I know is, I’d love to be someone else, even at the risk of ending up a genius or famous.

[He suddenly seems to find some energy again. He sits upright.]

Paul: Ah, yes, I can’t lie, there is some part of me that would like to be famous. A voice inside my head saying: ‘Just imagine, Paul, you could have a great big house…’

[He stands up. He approximates the span of the house using his arms.]

Paul: ‘…a comfy bed…’

[He hops onto a nearby table and lies on his back. He places both hands behind his head. He crosses one leg over the other at the knee.]

Paul: ‘…the best wines...’
un bon équipage, et il levait le pied pour y montait,

de jolies femmes, à qui il prenait déjà la gorge et qu’il regardait voluptueusement,

PAUL: ‘...a nice car…’

PAUL: ‘...a beautiful wife...’

[He looks toward his imaginary wife in the passenger seat. With his free hand he reaches over and places it around her shoulder. He gazes at her seductively. No regard for the road whatsoever. Suddenly, he darts back over to the booth, and returns to his original seat.]
et c’est ainsi qu’on te dirait le matin que tu es un grand homme ; tu lirais dans l’histoire des Trois Siècles que tu es un grand homme ; tu serais convaincu le soir que tu es un grand homme ; et le grand homme, Rameau le neveu s’endormirait au doux murmure de l’éloge qui retentirait dans son oreille ; il ronflerait, comme un grand homme ; et en parlant ainsi ; il se lassait aller mollement sur une banquette ; il fermait les yeux, et il imitait le sommeil heureux qu’il imaginait. Après avoir goûté quelques instants la douceur de ce repos, il se réveillait, étendait ses bras, bâillait, se frottait les yeux, et cherchait encore autour de lui des adulateurs insipides. [...]

PAUL: ‘...and then every morning you’d have people telling you that you’re famous, every afternoon you’d read in all the media that you’re famous, every evening you’d be convinced that you’re famous, and the famous Paul would fall asleep to the sweet sound of praise in his famous ear, and he’d snore peacefully, like only famous men do…’

[He slowly slides, his eyes closed, a serene smile on his lips, from his seat and onto the floor. He curls up into a position approaching the foetal one. He doesn’t quite snore, but breathes deeply and audibly through his nose. After about ten seconds of this, the Professor, unsure what to do, looks around the bar awkwardly, as if in some waiting room. Then he looks in the direction of the audience. As he does so, he wears an expression – similar to the one Jim from ‘The Office US’ wears when he looks directly into the camera after something awkward has happened – that says: ‘I would rather not be here right now’. The Professor then looks back to Paul. After about five seconds of this, Paul stirs, slowly opens his eyes, stretches, yawns, and rubs his eyes. He props himself up on his elbows and looks around him, quickly turning his head every which way, as if in disbelief that his admirers have vanished. He slowly stands up, dusts himself down, and returns to his seat in the booth. There is now a lengthy pause of at least fifteen seconds. Both the Professor and Paul look around the bar. The only...
MOI. – Mais j’ai peur que vous ne deveniez jamais riche.

LUI. – Moi, j’en ai le soupçon.

THE PROFESSOR: I fear you may never become famous.

[Paul sighs. He seems deflated once more.]

PAUL: I fear you may be right.
Eight: Reshaping Language with Music, or Translating Folk Song

ST: Zamba de los Humildes & Zamba de Balderrama by Mercedes Sosa

Language Pairing: from Spanish into English

* * *

Reggaeton, which has its roots in Puerto Rico but subsequently became infused with Latin rap and hip-hop, is cleaning up in the international pop music charts. A look at the Global Top 50 on Spotify, this first week in April, reveals no fewer than eleven reggaeton tracks. Bad Bunny, Daddy Yankee, Nicky Jam, Maluma, Ozuna... All names relatively unfamiliar to older generations, granted, but even veterans of the industry, like Shakira and J. Lo, have had their hands in this honeypot as of late. When I walked the Camino Primitivo, last summer, I was amazed to hear the similarities between the traditional music of Galicia, in the northwest of Spain, and the traditional Irish music on which I was raised. It got me to thinking: what might happen if styles from more southernly parts of the country, like flamenco, or from Latin America, like salsa, or even reggaeton, were combined with Celtic ones? Others were already way ahead of me. Salsa Celtica, for example, a group of jazz and folk musicians based in Edinburgh, has been experimenting with fiddles, bagpipes, congas and the rhythms of Cuban Salsa for over twenty-five years now. Baile an Salsa is a collective doing much the same thing out of Galway. Zooming out from the British Isles, for a moment, you can find comparable projects the world over. Africando, for instance, where Latin meets Wolof and Yoruba. All is well, then, on the folk music front. Not so, however, on the folk song side of things. Which is to say, amidst the ascendancy of reggaeton, and for all the prenominate confluence of musical genres, the folk song styles of Spain and Latin America appear to have been left behind. Rarely if ever will you find a hispanophone folk song, as against the music accompanying it, translated into another language, or even adapted to one. And I am here to tell you that this is a real shame. Firstly, because the songs themselves are wonderful, expressive, poignant. And secondly, because they differ so markedly from our own, and may thus have something worthwhile to teach us about the potential of folk song in general.

* * *
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Source Text</th>
<th>Target Text</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td><strong>Title</strong></td>
<td><strong>Title</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><em>Zamba de los Humildes &amp; Zamba de Balderrama</em></td>
<td><em>Zamba for the Humble &amp; Zamba Balderrama</em></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Year Released</strong></td>
<td><strong>Title</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1965 &amp; 1972</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Performer</strong></td>
<td><strong>Language</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mercedes Sosa</td>
<td>English (Global)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Language</strong></td>
<td><strong>Word Count</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Spanish (Rioplatense)</td>
<td>319</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Word Count</strong></td>
<td>420</td>
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<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Description of Source Text</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>These are folk songs in the style known as ‘zamba’ in the source context. The first laments the plight of the peasantry, but proffers zamba, and possibly revolution (24-25), as paths to salvation. The second eulogises a bar in Salta, north Argentina, and its nightly singsongs, which give people the strength to go on living (72-73). Both therefore typify zamba, which is traditionally accompanied by the guitar and <em>bombo legüero</em>, paints images of hardship and political unrest, expresses sorrow and defiance, and is performed as much by wailing as by singing (Caicedo 2018: 53). Both songs also epitomise zamba on the level of form. Each consists of thirty-six lines, arranged in quatrains, with the second couplet being repeated after each quatrain (4-10). One variation on this structure, in the first song, is the sestet bridge, which appears half-way through and then again at the end (20-25). Both songs largely follow an ‘XAXA’ rhyme scheme, where ‘A’ is the open-vowel sound [a], to facilitate the expression of grief (27-30). As they are sung according to the 6/8 time signature of the accompanying music, the lines tend not to be isosyllabic, though their syllable count generally ranges between seven and ten (43-48).</td>
</tr>
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<tr>
<th>Strategy</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Neither of these songs has, as far as I know, been translated into English before. This is perhaps due to the general disregard for Latin American folk song in the anglophone world (Garcia 2019: 155). I will therefore aim to introduce zamba, via translation, into anglophone music culture. Targeting folk-song performers and enthusiasts, who have thus far been unable to fully engage with this style because of language and availability barriers, I intend to produce a target text that can be sung to the source music, and which preserves the source-text imagery (24-25), metaphors (56-57), rhythms (14-15) and</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
modulations (70). In practice, this primarily aesthetically-oriented, as opposed ethically-oriented (Venuti 1995), foreignising strategy will mean reproducing source-text syntax, wherever practicable, and not translating onomatopoeic terms (e.g. 63). Because word-final open vowels are less common in English than Spanish (Whitley 2002: 148), and so replicating them would limit my ability to preserve source-text imagery, I will substitute open-vowel end rhyme with open-vowel assonance. Finally, since the target text will depend on foreign, source-language modulations to be performed, I will create an annotated version of it, indicating the timing and nature of these modulations for the performer.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Critical Reflection</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>As my performance of the target text demonstrates, my foreignising strategy has resulted in an English inflected by the rhythms of zamba, and by the Rioplatense Spanish in which zamba is traditionally sung. To perform the target text, one must prolong sounds that are normally clipped (70), stress typically unstressed syllables (27), change key in unusual places (64), and otherwise reshape the target language to meet source-music demands (12-15). I thus believe the target text constitutes a successful debut for zamba on anglophone soil. For not only is zamba now partly accessible to the target reader, but, moreover, zamba has in turn brought with it tools to broaden and enrich the repertoire of anglophone folk song. For example, though the target-text syntax is sometimes disjointed (e.g. 4-5), the cracks provide glimpses of how lyrics could potentially be structured to bring about certain effects (20-25). Finally, although it was challenging to create assonance whilst also preserving semantic content, I am satisfied that my use of transposition (Vinay &amp; Darbelnet 1958: 50) and microtranslation (Outranspo 2017) successfully solved this problem (35-36). It is largely due to these expansionary procedures, however, that my translation ended up thirty-three percent longer than its source text.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Works Cited</th>
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</thead>
</table>
| Notes | a) Sosa’s performance of the source text can be found on YouTube using the following links: https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=cP0XzwzIDHc; https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=8rAYZZMbOMg  
   b) My annotated version of the target text can be found in Appendix Four.  
   c) My performance of the target text can be found using the Google Drive link provided in Appendix Five. |
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Source Text</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
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<td><strong>Zamba for the Humble &amp; Zamba Balderrama</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Zamba de los Humildes</td>
<td>Zamba for the Humble</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Zambita para que canten</td>
<td>A zamba for them to sing</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Los humildes de mis pagos</td>
<td>The humble of my homelands</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Si hay que esperar la esperanza</td>
<td>If we have to wait for hope</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mas vale esperar cantando</td>
<td>Better to wait while singing</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Si hay que esperar la esperanza</td>
<td>If we have to wait for hope</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mas vale esperar cantando</td>
<td>Better to wait while singing</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Nacida de los boliches</td>
<td>Daughter of the boliche bar</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Donde el grito alza su llama</td>
<td>Where fiery cries ignite the air</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Su canción de largas lunas</td>
<td>Their song of the long moon</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sabe la siembra y el agua</td>
<td>It knows the soil and water</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Su canción de largas lunas</td>
<td>Their song of the long moon</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sabe la siembra y el agua</td>
<td>It knows the soil and water</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Spaniard</td>
<td>English</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>---------</td>
<td>---------</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Como un canto de la tierra</td>
<td>Like a song belonging to the earth</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hay que cantar esta zamba</td>
<td>We must sing this zamba</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hermana de los humildes</td>
<td>Anthem of the humble</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sembradores de esperanza</td>
<td>Sowers of the seeds of hope</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Alzada raíz de sangre</td>
<td>Bloodied root that rises up</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Del fondo de la guitarra</td>
<td>From the depths of the guitarra</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mi pueblo la canta siempre</td>
<td>My people are always singing it</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Como si fuera una ausencia</td>
<td>As if it were a kind of need</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>La cara hundida en el pecho</td>
<td>Their faces buried in their chests</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hasta mirarse la pena</td>
<td>So deep they see their own sorrow</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>La cara hundida en el pecho</td>
<td>Their faces buried in their chests</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hasta mirarse la pena</td>
<td>So deep they see their own sorrow</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Un corazón de camino</td>
<td>A lost and a wandering soul</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Desde su canto regresa</td>
<td>Hearing this song returns home</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A despertar el destino</td>
<td>So as to rouse the destiny</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Que el pueblo en su pecho lleva</td>
<td>That the people carry in their hearts</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A despertar el destino</td>
<td>So as to rouse the destiny</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Que el pueblo en su pecho lleva</td>
<td>41</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Como un canto de la tierra</td>
<td>42</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hay que cantar esta zamba</td>
<td>43</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hermana de los humildes</td>
<td>44</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sembradores de esperanza</td>
<td>45</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Alzada raíz de sangre</td>
<td>46</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Del fondo de la guitarra</td>
<td>47</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

** *** **

<p>| Zamba de Balderrama | 52 | Zamba Balderrama |
| A orillitas del canal | 53 | Along the banks of the canal |
| Cuando llega la mañana | 54 | As the morning light draws near |
| Sale cantando la noche | 55 | Night rises and departs singing |
| Desde lo de Balderrama | 56 | Through the doors of the Balderrama |
| Sale cantando la noche | 57 | Night rises and departs singing |
| Desde lo de Balderrama | 58 | Through the doors of the Balderrama |
| | 59 | |
| | 60 | |
| | 61 | |</p>
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Spanish Text</th>
<th>English Translation</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Adentro puro temblor</td>
<td>Inside the walls tremble and shake</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>El bombo con la baguala</td>
<td>Beats of bombos and bagualas</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Y se alborota quemando</td>
<td>And in the air fiery excitement</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dele chispear la guitarra</td>
<td>As sparks fly from the guitarra</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Y se alborota quemando</td>
<td>And in the air fiery excitement</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dele chispear la guitarra</td>
<td>As sparks fly from the guitarra</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lucero solito</td>
<td>Solitary starlight</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Brote del alba</td>
<td>Shining bud of dawn</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Donde iremos a parar</td>
<td>What in the world will become of us</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Si se apaga Balderrama</td>
<td>If they shut the Balderrama</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Donde iremos a parar</td>
<td>What in the world will become of us</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Si se apaga Balderrama</td>
<td>If they shut the Balderrama</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Si uno se pone a cantar</td>
<td>If someone breaks out into song</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Un cochero lo acompaña</td>
<td>A coachman grabs his guitarra</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Y en cada vaso de vino</td>
<td>And in every glassful of red wine</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tiembla el lucero del alba</td>
<td>The morning star is seen twinkling</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Spanish Text</td>
<td>English Translation</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>----------------------------------------------------------------------------</td>
<td>--------------------------------</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Y en cada vaso de vino</td>
<td>And in every glassful of red wine</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tiembla el lucero del alba</td>
<td>The morning star is seen twinkling</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Zamba del amanecer</td>
<td>Zamba of the rising sun</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Arrullo de Balderrama</td>
<td>Soothing song of Balderrama</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Canta por la medianoche</td>
<td>Singing our hearts out at midnight</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Llora por la madrugada</td>
<td>Crying our eyes out at break of day</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Canta por la medianoche</td>
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</table>
Nothing seems more risible to modern sensibilities than dising your enemies through the medium of poetry. Dissing is the domain of rap battles. Dissing is what rap battles were made for. Yet rap battles have only been around, apparently, since Eminem invented them ad hoc on the set of 8 Mile. You know, palms sweaty, mom’s spaghetti. All that. Before then, we had to make do with what we had, which for members of the literati meant composing poetry. Even back in the Renaissance, or the Early Modern Period, though, slagging via sonnet was unusual behaviour. Sonnets were, à la Petrarch, the most perfectly transcendental of poetic forms, fit only for the most perfectly transcendental of themes – life, death, time, love, poetry itself… Not some trashy water bomb to fill full of hate-spittle and toss at foes. Shakespeare, for his part, had the sense to save his best burns for the stage: ‘Villain, I have done thy mother’ (Titus Andronicus, Act IV, Scene 2). That being said, flying, or the stylised exchange of insults in verse, was a thing, and had been a thing since at least the Vikings. Perhaps the East Coast did not pioneer the rap battle after all. Compared to its modern counterpart, however, the disses varied not a lot: everyone was either a coward, an atheist or a sexual pervert. Yet even in flying the sonnet form was never used. God no. What was he playing at, then, this Du Bellay fellow? I do not know, to be honest, and I would be lying if I told you I knew. It might have been an effort to expand the expressive capabilities of the little song. Or it might simply have been irreverence and an utter disregard for its sanctity. All I know is, the tradition of wrenching poetry from its elitist pedestal and using it to wax vulgar is alive and well. The poetry slam, conceived by Marc Smith, was born in Chicago in 1984.
These are two sonnets in which the poet trash-talks an anonymous rival. They thus form part of the poetic tradition known as flyting. This practice, which was popular in Europe from the Early Middle Ages to the Early Modern Period, involved the stylised exchange of insults in verse (Hughes 2006: 173). What makes the source text innovative within the context of flyting, however, is its use of the sonnet. In the late Renaissance, the sonnet was still considered a sacred poetic form, fit only for the noblest of themes and the most sublime use of language (Bates 2011: 105). Yet here the sonnet is deployed as an instrument of war, and is filled with vulgar insults (7), obscene accusations (18) and death threats (38-40). This tension between reverence and irreverence is also present in the formal features of the source text. For example, though both poems largely adhere to the classical French sonnet structure, in that they employ an alexandrine metre and the Petrarchan rhyme scheme ABBA-ABBA-CCD-EED, they also undermine this structure, by ignoring the volta (14) and sometimes beginning a new sentence in the middle of a verse (30). Consequently, the tone is prosaic, as opposed lyrical (14-16).

Marc Smith, founder of the poetry slam, is compiling an anthology of ‘slam poems’ (Glazner 2000). As part of this publication, he intends to showcase historical predecessors to slam poetry, and so has commissioned a translation of the source text into English. Since the anthology aims to get ‘poetry-phobes aged fifteen to thirty-five’ interested in ‘less elitist’ styles of poetry (Smith 2009: 3), I will produce a target text, for this target reader, which privileges the comic function performed by the source text in its modern source context (Borel 1967: 12). Because this function partly relies on the
juxtaposition of base content and quaint language, I will substitute the Middle French of Du Bellay with Elizabethan English, with reference to Nicot’s *Thresor* (1606) and the Crystals’ *Glossary* (2004), respectively. Although I will render the sonnets in free verse, so as to have the lexical freedom to effectively recreate their humour (Lowell 1961), I will reproduce their rhythm and rhyme scheme, since the comic function also relies on the mismatch between their unpoetic subject matter and their poetic form. Finally, I will translate some culturally-specific insults, e.g. ‘mâtin’ [mastiff] (7), using functional equivalents (de Waard & Nida 1986) in Elizabethan English.

### Critical Reflection

While my strategy has produced a target text that is formally similar to the source text, the demands of stanzaic structure, rhythm and rhyme have led me to rearrange the semantic and syntactic composition of several verses (e.g. 18-20). This emphasis on macrolevel formal features has also resulted in some microlevel formal features being lost. Thus, in lines 29-32, maintaining the rhythm and rhyme scheme of the quatrain as a whole was prioritised over reproducing the caesural sentence break in the second verse. Nevertheless, it was often possible to compensate (Klaudy 2008: 163) for such losses, e.g. by creating caesural or even non-caesural sentence breaks elsewhere (20). Alternatively, my form-oriented strategy sometimes caused me, not to discard words, but to add ones. For instance, to preserve the source-text rhythm and rhyme in line 7, I expanded ‘dent envenimée’ [envenomed tooth] to ‘cursed teeth of ill will’. Sample readers, meanwhile, have reacted positively to the comic use of Elizabethan English. However, given the overlapping developmental histories of French and English (Salkoff 1999: xiii), what I find most fascinating about this translation, linguistically, is the dialogue between the languages, as each seeks to convey the same vitriol by differing expressive means.

### Works Cited


| Nicot, Jean. 1606. *Thresor de la Langue Francoyse, tant Ancienne que Moderne* (Paris: David Douceur) |

**Notes**

My performance of the target text can be found using the Google Drive link provided in Appendix Five.
Source Text

Les Regrets: Sonnets LXV & LXIX

LXV

Tu ne crains la fureur de ma plume animée,
Pènchant que je n’ay rien à dire contre toy,
Sinon ce que ta rage a vomy contre moy,
Grinffant comme un maflin la dent envenimée.

Tu crois que je n’en fçay que par la renommée,
Et que quand i’auray dict que tu n’as point de foy,
Que tu es affronteur, que tu es traître au Roy,
Que i’auray contre toy ma force conjonçonée.

Tu penfes que ie n’ay rien de quoy me venger,
Sinon que tu n’es fait que pour boire & manger:
Mais i’ay bien quelque chose encore plus mordante.

Et quoy ? l’amour d’Orphee ? & que tu ne feceus oncq
Que c’èst de croire en Dieu ? non. quel uice est-ce doncq ?
C’èst, pour le faire court, que tu es un pedante.

Target Text

Regrets: Sonnets LXV & LXIX

LXV

Thou fearest not the fury of my fervent quill,
And thinkest I have naught to say against thee,
Save for what thy rage hath spewed upon me,
Grinding like a hog thy cursed teeth of ill will.

Besides rumour thou thinkest I know of thee nil,
That once I am come to style thee these three,
– Unbeliever, dissembler, & traitor to Henri–,
All my force shall be spent and then I remain still.

Thou thinkest I have not wherewith to take wreak,
Save that thy mouth be fit to eat but ne’er to speak:
Yet forsooth have I something fouler for thee now.

What then? That tender & Orphean be thy love?
That God knoweth thee not in his kingdom above?
Nay. Nay. Rather ‘tis this: a true pedant art thou.
Pourquoy me grondes-tu, vieul maſtin affamé,
Comme fi Dubellay n’auoit point de defenſe ?
Pourquoy m’offenſes-tu, qui ne t’ay fait offenſe,
Sinon de t’auoir trop quelquefois eſlimé ?

Qui t’a, chien enuieux, fur moy tant animé,
Sur moy, qui fuis abfent ? crois-tu que me uengeance
Ne puis que d’icy darder iufques en France
Vn trait, plus que le tien, de rage enuenimé ?

Je pardonne à ton nom, pour ne fouiller mon liure
D’un nom, qui par mes uers n’a merité de uivre :
Tu n’auras, malheureux, tant de faueur de moy.

Mais fi plus longuement ta fureur perfeuer,
Je t’enuoyray d’icy un fouet, une Megere,
Vn serpent, un cordeau, pour me uenger de toy.

Why guarclest thou at me, thou old famished swine,
As though Du Bellay had neither arm nor defence?
Why offendest thou me, who did thee no offense,
Save once to have held thee too nearly the divine?

What hath, carping mongrel, given thee the design,
Upon me, who am gone, such abuse to commence?
Believest thou not that my revenge to France hence,
Could propel an arrow more venomous than thine?

I shall except thy name, so as not to soil my tome,
Thy name deserving not by my verse to be known:
Thou shalt not receive, wretch, such favour from me.

Yet shouldst in thy furies thou persist longer still,
I shall send thee hence a lash, Megaera’s ill will,
A serpent, & a noose, to take vengeance on thee.
Nothing beats being there. It goes for the All Ireland Finals, according to the GAA, but it also goes for speeches. When I visited Washington D.C. and stood in the exact spot, in front of the Lincoln Memorial, from which Martin Luther King Jr. delivered his famous speech at the Great March on Washington, boy did I wish I had been there. Another one of those moments was when Greta Thunberg, the then sixteen-year-old climate activist from Sweden, took the stage at the UN Climate Action Summit in September 2019, in front of the whole world, and told the powers that be where they could shove their fairy tales of eternal economic growth. Simultaneously embodied in her gestures, etched across her face and resonant in her voice was the anger, the hurt, the disbelief, but also the zeal, of an entire generation. Videos of the speech duly went viral. Other speeches of hers, delivered, for example, before the World Economic Forum, the European Parliament or US Congress, have recently been collated, transcribed and published by Penguin. No doubt this book will soon be translated into most world languages. But what will the readers of this volume, or these translations, be getting? A paltry substitute, in my opinion, for being there. And fair enough, the only reason the thing was produced was to cater to people, like me, who were not there. Or to the hearing impaired. Or to those who prefer reading to watching videos. Yet are mere textual transcriptions the best way to satisfy these demands? As textualised by Penguin, all the elements which made the speech before the UN, for instance, so rousing – the context, bodily gestures, facial expressions, vocal modulations – are lost. So, no, not the best way. But there are other ways. Because the problem, chez Penguin, and chez the media outlets that have provided either transcripts or translated transcripts of the speech, is not the textualisation of performance in and of itself, but rather the failure
to exploit the full range of textual possibilities vis-à-vis performance. Clive Scott, for example, has shown that textual means can be creatively employed to approximate any number of paraverbal features. Font type, style, size and colour; letter case and spacing; paginal layout – all can be used to recreate tone, strength, pitch, rhythm, silence, etc. Similarly, text can remain text, but be paired with other mediums, like photography, so as to provide the textual event with context and added rhetorical punch. The resulting translation will demand more from its reader, sure, but it will also offer more in return. Besides, if the world is indeed waking up, as Thunberg suggests, then part of that revolution ought to involve our approaches to textualising and translating activist performance.
This is the transcript of a speech delivered at the UN Climate Action Summit in September 2019. Its author first came to prominence in 2018 when, at the age of fifteen, she founded School Strike for Climate. The movement, which called on young people to skip school and protest political inaction on climate change, quickly gathered momentum (D’Amico 20-19). The same week that Thunberg delivered the source text, the movement culminated in the Global Climate Strike, which saw approximately six million people, many of them schoolchildren, participate in worldwide demonstrations (Taylor 2019). In the speech, Thunberg blames political leaders for the worsening climate crisis, berates them for their cowardice, and warns they will no longer get away with token policies and buzzwords. Formal features, like her use of direct address and exclamation, reinforce her accusations of moral negligence and financial greed (203-204). Repetition of the pronouns ‘you’ and ‘we’, moreover, establishes an antithesis between an irresponsible older generation and a climate-conscious younger one (237-238), while repetition of key phrases in ‘plain language’ (Cutts 2013: 118) serves to engage the spectator (142). Finally, various paraverbal elements of the speech delivery, like facial expression, gesticulation and inflection, lend her message rhetorical power.
to produce a target text, in transcript form, which is infused with performative elements from the source-text delivery. The translation is intended for francophones aged sixteen to thirty-four, or those most ready to effect socio-political change (Furlong & Cartmel 2007: 121), who cannot currently access the textual and performative dimensions of the source text simultaneously. In practice, my strategy will entail exploiting typographical features – e.g. mise-en-page, character spacing or font stylisation – to recreate intonation, cadence, silence, etc. Similarly, I will employ collage, whether photographic or textual, to reproduce facial expression and gesticulation, and imbue the target text with context (Scott 2012: 13). Finally, since this is an activist translation (Tymoczko 2010), I will also use typography and collage to amplify the rhetoric of the source text. For example, I will reinforce the ‘you’/‘we’ distinction by stylising the words in opposing colours.

Critical Reflection

Insofar as the target text recreates performative elements from the source-text delivery (e.g. 72-77), while not only preserving its textual integrity, but developing it (e.g. 105), my strategy can be considered successful. Nevertheless, it produced other effects, too. For instance, the extent to which the target text is saturated with media, be they textual or visual, and the concrete-poetry-like nature of some of its passages, encourage the reader to chart their own course through its constituent parts (e.g. 125-134). Similarly, as their meaning is not universal, the typographical features of the target text can be interpreted differently by different readers. Whereas one sample reader, for example, took italics to signal derision, another simply saw them as denoting emphasis (e.g. 198-200). As such, the target text is less linear, less deterministic, than the source text, and so provides more of an opportunity for the reader to have a personal experience with the speech (Scott 2014: 88-120). Thus, if the target text loses Thunberg’s voice, it gains that of the individual target reader. This ‘readerly’ (Barthes 1970: 10) approach, insofar as it allows readers to digest new ideas on their own terms, may prove a fruitful strategy for activist translations more generally.

Works Cited


<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Notes</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>a) Thunberg’s performance of the source text can be found on YouTube using the following link: <a href="https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=TMrtLsQbaok&amp;t=184s">https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=TMrtLsQbaok&amp;t=184s</a></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>b) My performance of the target text can be found using the Google Drive link provided in Appendix Five.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
This is all wrong. I shouldn’t be up here. I should be back in school on the other side of the ocean. Yet you all come to us young people for hope. How dare you!
Le monde se réveille

Ce la n’est pas normal.

Je ne devrais pas être ici.

Je devrais être à l’école de l’autre côté de l’océan.

* ET POURTANT *

VOUS venez tous NOUS demander à NOUS LES JEUNES DE L’ESPOIR

COMMENT OSEZ-VOUS !
You have stolen my dreams and my childhood with your empty words. And yet I’m one of the lucky ones. People are suffering. People are dying. Entire ecosystems are collapsing. We are in the beginning of a mass extinction. And all you can talk about is money and fairy tales of eternal economic growth. How dare you!
VOUS avez volé
mes RÊVES et
mon ENFANCE
avec VOS paroles creuses.

* ET POURTANT *

je fais partie des chanceux.

Des gens *souffrent*. Des gens *meurent*.

Des écosystèmes entiers *s’écroulent*.
Nous sommes au début d’une *extinction de masse*.

Et tout ce que VOUS racontez
c’est de l’argent
et le *conte de fées* d’une

* Un million de Français menacés par la montée des eaux dès 2080 *

* La forêt amazonienne pourrait disparaître en 50 ans à cause de la déforestation *

* Des milliers de fermiers indiens se suicident face à la sécheresse et la hausse des températures *

* Groenland : 600 milliards de tonnes de glace ont fondu en deux mois *

* La Grande Barrière de Corail victime d’un troisième épisode grave de blanchissement *

* Juin 2019 : record national de chaleur pulvérisé de 2.2 °C *

* Wall Street entraîne le NASDAQ et le S&P 500 à des records *

* Wall Street reprend sa course vers les sommets *

* Wall Street finit stable avec neuf hausses d’affiliée pour le Dow *

**COMMENT OSEZ-VOUS !**
For more than thirty years the science has been crystal clear. How dare you continue to look away and come here saying that you’re doing enough when the politics and solutions needed are still nowhere in sight.

You say you hear us and that you understand the urgency. But, no matter how sad and angry I am, I do not want to believe that. Because if you really understood the situation, and still kept on failing to act, then you would be evil. And that I refuse to believe.
Depuis plus de
TRENTE ANS
la science est
PARFAITEMENT CLAIRE

COMMENT OSEZ-VOUS
continuer à regarder ailleurs
et venir NOUS dire que VOUS ‘agissez’ assez
alors que les politiques et les solutions nécessaires
ne sont toujours pas au rendez-vous.

VOUS dites que VOUS NOUS ‘entendez’
et que VOUS ‘comprenez’ l’urgence.

Mais, aussi triste ou en colère que je sois, je ne veux pas VOUS croire.

Car si VOUS compreniez vraiment la situation
tout en continuant de ne pas agir
alors VOUS seriez malveillants.

Et je refuse de le croire.
The popular idea of cutting our emissions in half in ten years only gives us a 50% chance of staying below 1.5°C and the risk of setting off irreversible chain reactions beyond human control.

Fifty percent may be acceptable to you. But those numbers do not include tipping points, most feedback loops, additional warming hidden by toxic air pollution or the aspects of equity and climate justice.
L'idée répandue qui consiste à réduire nos émissions de moitié en dix ans ne nous donne que une chance // sur deux de rester sous 1,5 °C de réchauffement et d'éviter le déclenchement de réactions >>> en >>> chaîne irréversibles et hors du contrôle humain.

Une chance // sur deux est peut-être 'acceptable' pour vous.

Mais ce chiffre ne comprend ni le réchauffement supplémentaire caché par la pollution toxique de l'atmosphère ni les points de basculement écologique et équité ou justice climatique.

Pollution de l'air : 600.000 enfants meurent chaque année dans le monde.
They also rely on my generation sucking hundreds of billions of tons of your CO₂ out of the air with technologies that barely exist.

So a 50% risk is simply not acceptable to us – we who have to live with the consequences.

To have a 67% chance of staying below a 1.5°C global temperature rise – the best odds given by the IPCC – the world had 420 gigatons of CO₂ left to emit back on January 1st, 2018. Today that figure is already down to less than 350 gigatons.
Ce chiffre compte aussi sur ma génération pour extraire des centaines de milliards de tonnes de votre CO₂ de l’atmosphère au moyen de technologies encore balbutiantes.

UNE CHANCE // SUR DEUX
n’est donc pas — tout simplement — ‘acceptable’ pour nous.

Une chance qui devrons vivre avec les conséquences

Pour avoir DEUX CHANCES // SUR TROIS de rester sous 1,5 °C d’augmentation de la température mondiale — les meilleures prévisions du GIEC — il nous restait 420 gigatonnes de CO₂ à émettre le 1er janvier 2018.

Aujourd’hui ce chiffre a déjà diminué à moins de 350 gigatonnes.
How dare you pretend that this can be solved with just ‘business as usual’ and some technical solutions. With today’s emissions levels that remaining CO₂ budget will be entirely gone within less than eight and a half years.

There will not be any solutions or plans presented in line with these figures here today. Because these numbers are too uncomfortable. And you are still not mature enough to tell it like it is.
COMMENT OSEZ-VOUS
faire comme si tout cela pouvait se résoudre
en maintenant le statu quo et en introduisant
quelques solutions techniques
Avec les niveaux d’émissions actuels
le reste de ce budget carbone
aura entièrement disparu
d’ici huit ans et demi

Les émissions de CO₂ ont grimpé de 2,7% entre 2017 et 2018, loin des objectifs climatiques

Vous ne présenterez aujourd’hui aucune solution aucun plan qui répond à ces chiffres.

Car ils vous mettent trop mal à l’aise.
Et vous n’êtes toujours pas assez matures pour dire les choses comme elles sont.
You are failing us. But young people are starting to understand your betrayal. The eyes of all future generations are upon you. And, if you choose to fail us, I say: we will never forgive you.
La France n’en fait pas assez pour lutter contre le réchauffement climatique.

La France baisse ses ambitions de réduction des émissions de gaz à effet de serre.

La France à l’ONU : les écoliers exigent du concret.

La France : nouvel échec d’une initiative pour créer des sanctuaires marins.

Donald Trump sort les États-Unis de l’Accord de Paris sur le climat.

COP25 : les négociations internationales sur le climat s’emballent.

Mais nous commençons à comprendre votre trahison.

Les yeux de toutes les générations futures sont rivés sur vous.

Et si vous choissiez de nous laisser tomber, je vous le dis : nous ne vous pardonnerons jamais.

Antarctique : nouvel échec d’une initiative pour créer des sanctuaires marins.

Le climat : le Parlement rejette la révision de la Constitution.

Grève du climat : un demi-million de manifestants à Montréal.

Grève mondiale pour le climat : 40 000 jeunes manifestants à Paris.

Vos enfants se souviendront de votre courage, ou de votre lâcheté.

Sommet de la Jeunesse sur le climat à l’ONU : les écoliers exigent du concret.

Pourquoi étudier pour un futur qui n’existera plus ?

A quoi ça sert de construire son avenir, si la planète n’en a pas ?

Grève scolaire quatre millions de jeunes manifestent pour la planète.
We will not let you get away with this. Right here, right now, is where we draw the line. The world is waking up. And change is coming – whether you like it or not.
NOUS ne VOUS laisserons pas VOUS en tirer.

C’est ICI et MAINTENANT que NOUS fixons la limite.

Le monde se réveille.

Et le CHANGEMENT arrive.

Que cela VOUS plaise ou non
Appendix One

Source Text Illustrations for *La belle lisse poire du prince de Motordu* by Pierre Élie Ferrier
Le prince vivait à la campagne.
Un jour, on le voyait mener paître son
troupeau de bandits.
Le lendemain, on pouvait l’admirer filant
come le vent sur son râteau à voiles.

Quand le dimanche arrivait, il invitait
ses amis à déjeuner.
Le menu était copieux :

* Boulet rôti
* Plats de petits pois
* Salades fraîches à volonté
* Suisses de gruyères

Au dessert :
* Baisses du jardin
* Confiture de mûres de la maison.

Un jour, le père du prince de Motardu, qui
habitait le chapeau voisin, dit à son fils :
* Mon fils, il est grand temps de te marier.
* Me marier ? Et pourquoi donc, répondit le
prince, je suis très bien tout seul dans mon
chapeau.

Sa mère essaya de le convaincre :
* Si tu venais à tomber salade,
lui dit-elle, qui donc te repasserait ton
singe ?
Sans compter qu’une épouse pourrait te raconter de belles lisses poires avant de t’endormir.

Le prince se montra sensible à ces arguments et prit la ferme résolution de se marier bientôt. Il ferma donc son chapeau à clé, rentra son troupeau de boutons dans les tables, puis monta dans sa toiture de course pour se mettre en quête d’une fiancée.

Hélas, en cours de route, un pneu de sa toiture creva.

--Quelle tuile! ronchonna le prince, croyant que j’ai pensé à emporter une de secours.
--Ne vous inquiétez pas, dit la princesse…

--Quelle tuile! ronchonna le prince, croyant que j’ai pensé à emporter une de secours.

--Un moment, il aperçut une jeune femme qui avait l’air de cueillir des brûis de bois.

--Bonjour, dit le prince en s’approchant d’elle, je suis le prince de Motordu.

--Et moi, je suis la princesse Dézécolle et je suis institutrice dans une école publique, gratuite et obligatoire, répondit l’autre.

--Fort bien, dit le prince, et que diriez-vous d’une promenade dans ce petit pois qu’on voit là-bas?

--Un petit pois? s’étonna la princesse, mais on ne se promène pas dans un petit pois! C’est un petit bois qu’on voit là-bas.
Un petit bois ? Pas du tout, répondit le prince, les petits bois, on les mange. J'en suis d'ailleurs friand et il m'arrive d'en manger tant que j'en tombe salade. J'attrape alors de vilains moutons qui me démangent toute la nuit !

À mon avis, vous souffrez de mots de tête, s'exclama la princesse Dézécolle et je vois vous soigner dans mon école publique, gratuite et obligatoire.

Il n'y avait pas beaucoup d'élèves dans l'école de la princesse et on n'eut aucun mal à trouver une table libre pour le prince de Motordu, le nouveau de la classe. Mais, dès qu'il commença à répondre aux questions qu'on lui posait, le prince déclencha l'hilarité parmi ses nouveaux camarades.

Ils n'avaient jamais entendu quelqu'un parler ainsi !

Dans son cahier, il était, à chaque ligne, plein de taches et de ratures : on eût dit un véritable torchon.

Mais la princesse Dézécolle n'abandonna pas pour autant. Patiemment, chaque jour, elle essaya de lui apprendre à parler comme tout le monde.

**CALCUL**

- ? quatrième et quatrième ; huit
- ? quatrième et cinquième ; douze
- ? cinquième et six ; seize
- ? six et six ; vingt

- ? quatrième et quatrième ; huit
- ? quatrième et quatrième ; huit
- ? quatrième et quatrième ; huit
- ? quatrième et quatrième ; huit

**HISTOIRE**

- Napoléon déclara la guerre aux puces, il envahit la Russie mais les puces venirent le feu à Moscou et l'empereur fut chassé.
- ? par les vers très fripons qu'il faisait des ânes, le général exceptionnellement blond et beau.

- Bonne coutume !
Peu à peu, le prince de Motordu, grâce aux efforts constants de son institutrice, commença à faire des progrès.
Au bout de quelques semaines, il parvint à parler normalement, mais ses camarades le trouvaient beaucoup moins drôle depuis qu'il ne tordait plus les mots.

Lorsqu'il revint chez lui, après avoir passé une année en classe, le prince de Motordu avait complètement oublié de se marier.

Mais quelques jours plus tard, il reçut une lettre qui lui rafraîchit la mémoire.

Il s'empressa d'y répondre, le jour même.
Et c’est ainsi que le prince de Motordu épousa la princesse Dézécolle. Le mariage eut lieu à l’école même, et tous les élèves furent invités.

Un soir, la princesse dit à son mari :
- Je voudrais des enfants.

« Combien ? demanda le prince qui était en train de passer l’aspirateur.
- Beaucoup, répondit la princesse, plein de petits glaçons et de petites billes.

Le prince la regarda avec étonnement, puis il éclata de rire.

- Décidément, dit-il, vous êtes vraiment la femme qu’il me fallait, madame de Motordu. Soit, nous aurons des enfants, et en attendant qu’ils soient là, commençons dès maintenant à leur tricoter des bulles et des jolettes pour l’hiver...
Appendix Two

Netflix Timed Text Style Guide: General Requirements

Any timed text created specifically for Netflix – Originals or non-Originals – should follow the Netflix Timed Text Style Guide, unless otherwise advised.

1. Duration

Minimum duration: 5/6 (five-sixths) of a second per subtitle event (e.g. 20 frames for 24fps).
Maximum duration: 7 seconds per subtitle event.

2. File Format

Subtitle and SDH files for all languages must be delivered in a TTML (.dfxp or .xml) format, except for Japanese, which must be delivered in Videotron Lambda Cap format.

3. Frame Gap

2 frames minimum (regardless of frame rate).

4. Glyph List

Only text/characters included in the NETFLIX Glyph List can be used.

5. Line Treatment

2 lines maximum.

Text should usually be kept to one line, unless it exceeds the character limitation. Follow these basic principles when the text has to be broken into 2 lines:

The line should be broken:
- after punctuation marks;
- before conjunctions;
- before prepositions.

The line break should not separate:
- a noun from an article;
- a noun from an adjective;
- a first name from a last name;
- a verb from a subject pronoun;
- a prepositional verb from its preposition;
- a verb from an auxiliary, reflexive pronoun or negation.
6. Positioning

All subtitles should be centre-justified and placed at either the top or bottom of the screen, except for Japanese, where vertical positioning is allowed (see Japanese Timed Text Style Guide for details).

Please ensure subtitles are positioned accordingly to avoid overlap with onscreen text. In cases where overlap is impossible to avoid (text at the top and bottom of the screen), the subtitle should be placed where easier to read.

7. Timing

Timing to Audio: Subtitles should be timed to the audio or, if necessary, within 3 frames of the audio. If more time is required for better reading speed, the out-time can be extended up to 12 frames past the timecode at which the audio ends.

Timing to Shot Changes: It is good practice to avoid subtitles that cross the shot changes whenever possible, as this is disruptive to the viewing experience.

Dialogue that crosses shot changes: when dialogue crosses the shot change the timecodes should be adjusted to either be at the shot change or at least 12 frames from it.

- If dialogue starts between 8-11 frames (green zone) before the shot change, the in-time should be moved up to 12 frames before the shot change.
- If dialogue starts 7 frames or less (red zone) before the shot change, the in-time should be moved to the shot change.
- If dialogue ends between 8-11 frames (green zone) after the shot change, the out-time should be moved out to 12 frames after the shot change.
- If dialogue ends 7 frames or less (red zone) after the shot change, time code out should be moved to the shot change, respecting the two-frame gap.

If there is one subtitle before and one after the shot change, the second one should start on the shot change, and the first should end two frames before.

8. Consistency

KNPs/formality tables must be created and used for translation to ensure consistency across episodes and seasons. Please discuss with your Netflix contact the most suitable KNP workflow for your project.

9. Netflix Credit Translations

Translations for Netflix Originals title cards must be included in full and forced subtitle streams. Please refer to the Originals Credit Translation document.

The subtitle should be timed to match the exact duration of the on-screen Original credit if possible.
10. **Title Cards/Dedications**

Subtitle all plot pertinent and otherwise relevant on-screen text that is not covered in dialogue and/or redundant in the target language such as: “Based on True Events”, “In Loving Memory of Jane”, etc.

11. **Currency**

Currency should not be converted in the subtitle files. Any mention of money amounts in dialogue should remain in the original currency.

12. **Brand Names Treatment**

Treatment can be handled in one of the following ways:

- Use the English-language brand name if it is widely known and used in that territory.
- Use the name by which that brand is known in that territory.
- Use a generic term for the product.

Do not swap one brand for another company's trademarked item.

13. **Quotations**

It is best practice to originate new translations for any quoted texts, as this allows for a translation free of rights issues. In cases of a compelling artistic or cultural reason to use an existing translation, they may be used only if:

- the translation is in the public domain (if unsure, 100 years is a good rule of thumb);
- or, documented permission has been granted and payment received by the rights-holder.

14. **Translator Credits**

Please include the translator credit as the last event of the subtitle file, using the approved translation provided in the Original Credits Translation Document.

Only one individual translator should be credited per asset; no company credits may be included.

The translator credit should occur after the end of the main program during the copyright disclaimer card.

The translator credit should be entirely in the target language of the timed-text file. The credit should be appropriately timed for reading speed, with duration between 1 and 5 seconds.
For SDH files, include translator credits only if translating from the original language. If transcribing the original or dubbed audio, do not include translator credits.

Forced Narrative files should credit the subtitle translator, as long as there are translations in the file other than Netflix provided translations for episode titles and the approved Netflix Original credits translations.

Translator credits may be omitted only if the translator has submitted a formal waiver of rights to be credited.

The translator credit should not be on-screen at the same time as the Netflix Ident.

When translating from multiple source languages, more than one translator can be mentioned in the same credit, as follows:

- Subtitle translation by: Luke Cage, Jessica Jones

15. Technical Aspects

All TTML files created for subtitles or SDH must adhere to the following technical specifications:

- Only use percentage values. Do not use pixel values.
- Use tts:textAlign and tts:displayAlign for positioning along with static values for tts:extent and tts:origin.
- tts:fontSize shall be defined as 100%. Do not use pixel values.
- Sample TTML snippet for Subtitle and SDH can be found here.
Appendix Three

Netflix Timed Text Style Guide: French Language Requirements

This document covers the language specific requirements for French. Please make sure to also review the General Requirements Section for comprehensive guidelines surrounding Timed Text deliveries to Netflix.

1. Abbreviations

- Monsieur: M. (with period);
- Madame: Mme (no period);
- Mademoiselle: Mlle (no period);
- Maître: Me (no period);
- Professeur: Pr (no period);
- Docteur: Dr (no period);
- minute: min (not mn).

Terms of address and titles should not be abbreviated when used to address somebody directly in dialogue, unless the lack of space imposes it. Neither terms of address nor unabbreviated titles take an initial cap in French:

- Bonjour, monsieur le directeur;
- C’est entendu, madame la maire.

Incorrect: Merci, M. le Gouverneur.
Correct: Merci, monsieur le gouverneur.
Correct if not enough space: Merci, M. le gouverneur.

2. Acronyms

Acronyms should be written without periods between letters: BBC, CIA, USA.

3. Brand Names

[This does not apply to Canadian French]

Only use brand names (e.g., BMW, Facebook) when they are directly relevant to the plot.

In all other cases, replace the brand name with a generic term (e.g., fancy car, social network).

4. Character Limitation

42 characters per line.
5. **Character Names**

Do not translate proper names (e.g., Peter, Suzanne), unless Netflix provides approved translations.

Nicknames should only be translated if they convey a specific meaning.

Use language-specific translations for historical/mythical characters (e.g., Santa Claus).

6. **Continuity**

Do not use ellipses or dashes when an ongoing sentence is split between two or more continuous subtitles.

- Subtitle 1  Je me disais bien
- Subtitle 2  que tu finirais par comprendre !

Use an ellipsis to indicate a pause or an abrupt interruption. In the case of a pause, if the sentence continues in the next subtitle, do not use an ellipsis at the beginning of the second subtitle.

- Subtitle 1  Si j’avais su...
- Subtitle 2  je ne t’aurais pas appelé.
- Subtitle 1  - Mais j’allais te dire...
- Subtitle 2  - Je ne veux pas le savoir !

Use an ellipsis without a space to indicate that a subtitle is starting mid-sentence.

- ...ont signé un accord.

7. **Documentary/Unscripted**

Speaker’s title: only translate the title. Do not include the speaker’s name, company name or character name as these are redundant.

Only translate a speaker’s title once, the first time the speaker appears.

When ongoing dialogue is interrupted by a speaker’s title, use ellipses at the end of the sentence in the subtitle that precedes it and at the beginning of the sentence in the subtitle that follows it.

- Subtitle 1  J’ai travaillé sur ce film...
- Subtitle 2  (FN) RÉALISATEUR
- Subtitle 3  ...pendant six mois.

Dialogue in TV/Movie clips should only be subtitled if plot-pertinent and if the rights have been granted.
News tickers/banners from archive clips do not require subtitles unless plot-pertinent.

Avoid going back and forth between italicized and non-italicized subtitles when the speaker is on and off screen. If the speaker is on-camera for at least part of the scene, do not italicize. Leave italics for off-screen narrators.

8. Dual Speakers

Use a hyphen followed by a space to indicate two speakers in one subtitle, with a maximum of one speaker per line.

- Tu viens?
- J’arrive. Donne-moi une minute.

9. Font Information

Font style: Arial as a generic placeholder for proportionalSansSerif

Font size: relative to video resolution and ability to fit 42 characters across the screen

Font colour: White

10. On-screen Text

Forced narrative titles for on-screen text should only be included if plot-pertinent.

When on-screen text and dialogue overlap, precedence should be given to the most plot-pertinent message. Avoid over truncating or severely reducing reading speed in order to include both dialogue and on-screen text.

The duration of the FN subtitle should as much as possible mimic the duration of the on-screen text, except for cases where reading speed and/or surrounding dialogue takes precedence.

Forced narratives that are redundant (e.g., identical to onscreen text or covered in the dialogue) must be deleted.

Forced narratives for on-screen text should be in ALL CAPS, except for long passages of on screen text (e.g. prologue or epilogue), which should use sentence case to improve readability.

Never combine a forced narrative with dialogue in the same subtitle.

When a forced narrative interrupts dialogue, use an ellipsis at the end of the sentence in the subtitle that precedes it and at the beginning of the sentence in the subtitle that follows it.
11. Foreign Dialogue

Foreign dialogue should only be translated if the viewer was meant to understand it (i.e., if it was subtitled in the original version).

When using foreign words, always verify spelling, accents and punctuation, if applicable.

Foreign words should be italicized, unless they have become part of regular usage (e.g., in English, the following no longer need to be italicized: bon appétit, rendezvous, doppelgänger, zeitgeist, persona non grata) and unless they are proper names (e.g., a company name).

12. Italics

Italicize the following:
- Album, book, film and program titles (use quotes for song titles);
- Foreign words (unless they are part of regular usage);
- Dialogue that is heard through electronic media, such as a phone, TV, or PC;
- Only use italics when the speaker is not in the scene(s), not merely off screen;
- Song lyrics (if rights have been granted);
- Voice-overs;
- Music notes.

Do not use italics to indicate emphasis on specific words.

13. Line Treatment

Maximum two lines.

14. Numbers

From 1 to 10, numbers should be written out: un, deux, trois, etc.

Above 10, numbers should be written numerically: 11, 12, 13, etc.

When a number begins a sentence, it should always be spelled out.

Note that the above rules may be broken due to space limitations or reading speed concerns, as well as for consistency when listing multiple quantities, for example.

Indicate time on a 24-hour basis, using spacing as follows:
• Il est 14 h [space]
• Il est 14h10 [no space]

A four-digit number should have a space, unless it is a year.

• Il y avait 1 900 soldats en 1940.

Measurements should be converted to the metric system, unless the original unit of measurement is plot-relevant.

15. Punctuation

_Parisian French:_
• There should be a space before interrogation and exclamation marks.
• For semicolons and colons, there should be a space before and after the punctuation mark.
• Use a space before % and currency signs: 2 % and 5 $

_Canadian French:_
• There should be no space before interrogation and exclamation marks or semicolons.
• For colons, there should be a space before and after the punctuation mark.
• Use a space before % and currency signs: 2 % and 5 $

16. Quotes

Quotes should be used at the start and end of a line of applicable dialogue and not at the start of every subtitle.

• Subtitle 1      "Je suis hypocondriaque,
• Subtitle 2      j'ai tout le temps peur de mourir ou de ne plus pouvoir m'exprimer.
• Subtitle 3      Je n'arrive pas à me projeter dans le futur."

Use double quotation marks (" ") **without spaces** for regular quotations:

• Il m’a dit: "Reviens demain."

Use single quotation marks (' ') for quotes within quotes:

• "Il a dit: 'Tout va bien.'"

Punctuation should be included within the quotation marks if the quote is an independent clause and outside if it’s not. See the following examples:

• Il dit souvent: "Je m’en occuperai un jour."
• Elle aime lire des "romans à suspense".
• "Le cœur a ses raisons que la raison ignore."

Song titles should be in quotes.

17. Reading Speed

Adult programs: 17 characters per second.

Children's programs: 13 characters per second.

18. Repetitions

Do not translate words or phrases repeated more than once by the same speaker.

If the repeated word or phrase is said twice in a row, time subtitle to the audio but translate only once.

When two characters repeat the same thing simultaneously, time the subtitle to the audio, and just translate the term/phrase once without a hyphen.

19. Songs

Only subtitle plot-pertinent songs if the rights have been granted.

Opening and ending theme songs should only be subtitled if clearly plot-pertinent (e.g. for children’s content when the lyrics tell a story) or if instructed by Netflix. Normally, adult programs should not have the opening songs subtitled, except for SDH.

Italicize lyrics.

Use an uppercase letter at the beginning of each line.

Use ellipses when a song continues in the background but is no longer subtitled to give precedence to dialogue.

Punctuation: only question marks and exclamation marks should be used at the end of a line – no commas or periods. Commas can be used within the lyric line, if necessary.

Album titles should be in italics.

Song titles should be in quotes.

20. Titles

Main titles: do not subtitle the on-screen main title card.
Episode titles: do not subtitle episode titles if they do not appear on screen/are not voiced-over. If on-screen (either as part of the principal photography or burned into video) or voiced-over, please reference the KNP tool for approved translations.

Titles of published works, existing movies and TV shows: use official or well-known translations. If none are available, leave titles in the original language.

21. Special Instructions

Always use accents on capital letters, whether the sentence is in all caps or in mixed case.

Dialogue must never be censored. Expletives should be rendered as faithfully as possible. To give viewers a truly immersive experience, subtitles should render the vernacular and reflect the original creative intent.

Plot-pertinent dialogue always takes precedence over background dialogue.

Deliberate misspellings and mispronunciations should not be reproduced in the translation unless plot-pertinent.

A capital letter is only necessary when designating a person by their nation, e.g. un Français, their continent, e.g. une Européene, or their city, les Parisiens. When using substantives that denote race, e.g. "noir", using lower case is recommended.

22. Subtitles for the Deaf and Hard of Hearing (SDH) Guidelines

Include as much of the original content as possible.

Do not simplify or water down the original dialogue.

Reading speed can be increased to:

- Adult programs: 20 characters per second
- Children’s programs: 17 characters per second

Truncating the original dialogue should be limited to instances where reading speed and synchronicity to the audio are an issue.

For TV/Movie clips, all audible lines should be transcribed, if possible. If the audio interferes with dialogue, please give precedence to most plot-pertinent content.

All same-language audible songs that do not interfere with dialogue should be titled, if the rights have been granted.

Use song title identifiers when applicable - song titles should be in quotes:

["Forever Your Girl" playing]
Song lyrics should be enclosed with a music note (♪) at the beginning and the end of each subtitle.

Use brackets [ ] to enclose speaker IDs or sound effects.

Identifiers/sound effects should be all lowercase, except for proper nouns.

Only use speaker IDs or sound effects when they cannot be visually identified.

When a speaker ID is required for a character who has yet to be identified by name, use [man] or [woman], or [male voice] or [female voice], so as not to provide information that is not yet present in the narrative.

Use a generic ID to indicate and describe ambient music (e.g., rock music playing over a stereo).

Sound effects should be plot-pertinent.

Sound effects that interrupt dialogue should be treated as follows:

- Subtitle 1: However, lately, I've been...
  [coughs, sniffs]
- Subtitle 2: ...seeing a lot more of this.

Never italicize speaker IDs or sound effects, even when the spoken information is italicized, such as in a voice-over:

- [narrator]
  Once upon a time, there was...

In instances of foreign dialogue being spoken:

- If foreign dialogue is translated, use [in language], for example [in Spanish].
- If foreign dialogue is not meant to be understood, use [speaking language], for example [speaking Spanish].
- Always research the language being spoken – [speaking foreign language] should never be used.

23. Reference

For all language-related issues not covered in this document, please refer to:

- "TLFI" (Trésor de la langue française informatisé): http://www.cnrtl.fr/definition/
- Les règles de la nouvelle orthographe: http://www.orthographe-recommandee.info/
Appendix Four

Annotated Versions of Zamba for
the Humble & Zamba de Balderrama

Legend

__ = Elongated Pronunciation

__ = Compressed Pronunciation

≈≈ = Quavering Pronunciation

/ = Staccato Pronunciation

↗ = Step Up in Key

↘ = Step Down in Key

***

Zamba for the Humble

A zamba for them/to/sing

The humble of my homelands

If we have to wait/for/hope
Better/to/wait while singing

If we have to wait/for/hope
Better/to/wait while singing

Daughter of the boliche bar

Where fiery cries ignite the air
Their song of the long/moon
It knows the soil and water
Their song of the long/moon
It knows the soil and water

Like a song belonging to the earth

We must sing this zamba

Anthem of the humble

Sowers of the seeds of hope
Bloodied root that rises up

From the depths of the guitarra

My people are always singing it
As if it were a kind of need

Their faces buried in their chests
So deep they see their own sorrow

Their faces buried in their chests
So deep they see their own sorrow

A lost and a wandering soul
Hearing this song returns home

So as to rouse the destiny
That the people carry in their hearts
So/as/to rouse the destiny
That/the/people/carry in their hearts

Like/a/song belonging to/the/earth

We must sing this zamba

Anthem of the humble

Sowers of the seeds of hope

Bloodied root that rises up

From the depths of the guitarra

***

Zamba Balderrama

Along the banks of the canal

As the morning light draws near

Night rises and departs singing

Through the doors of the Balderrama

Night rises and departs singing

Through the doors of the Balderrama

Inside the walls tremble and shake

Beats of bombos and bongos

And in the air fiery excitement

As sparks fly from the guitarra
And in the air fiery excitement
As sparks fly from the guitarra

Solitary starlight
Shining bud of dawn

What in the world will become of us
If they shut the Balderama

What in the world will become of us
If they shut the Balderama

If someone breaks out into song
A coachman grabs his guitarra
And in every glassful of red wine
The morning star is seen twinkling

And in every glassful of red wine
The morning star is seen twinkling

Zamba of the rising sun
Soothing song of Balderama

Singing our hearts out at midnight
Crying our eyes out at break of day
And in the air fiery excitement
As sparks fly from the guitarra

Solitary starlight
Shining bud of dawn
What in the world will become of us
If they shut the Balderrama

What in the world will become of us
If they shut the Balderrama

If someone breaks out into song
A coachman grabs his guitarra
And in every glassful of red wine
The morning star is seen twinkling

And in every glassful of red wine
The morning star is seen twinkling

Zamba of the rising sun
Soothing song of Balderrama
Singing our hearts out at midnight
Crying our eyes out at break of day
Appendix Five

Google Drive Link to Performances of Translations Four, Eight, Nine, Ten

Google Drive Link

https://drive.google.com/open?id=1nTv6LwNw-DKErneppHVTytZbWM9bHj0

Instructions

In order to view the subtitled scenes from translation four, you must download the video file (.mp4), as well as the subtitle file (.ass), for each individual scene. You must save the video and subtitle files for each scene in the same folder, but each pair of files must be saved in separate folders, such as I have done on the Google Drive. You must not change the names of any of the files. Then, simply open the video file for the scene you wish to view, using VLC Media Player or some other compatible media player, and the subtitles will automatically appear on-screen. (Note: the default media player on Apple operating systems, QuickTime Media Player, does not work for this).

All of the other performances are audio files (.m4a), and so you can either play them directly on the Google Drive, or download them and listen to them offline.