

Literary Translation Portfolio
Don Quixote through Time and Space
M.Phil. in Literary Translation
Isabel Puente Lozano
16336811
May 2017

Portfolio Standard Brief (500 words max)

		Student Number	16336811			
Source Text	Title	Primera parte del Ingenioso Hidalgo de la Mancha	Target Text	Title	First part of the Adventurous Gentleman Don Quixote of La Mancha	
	Year	1605		Target Language	English	
	Author	Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra		Number of words	1222	
	Source Language	Spanish		Situation of the target text within target culture (context, readership)	I decided to translate for school children aged 10 to 13 years old living in Ireland in the 21 st century. This is a text that celebrates the 400 th anniversary of the death of Miguel de Cervantes which was celebrated in 2016. Besides, Don Quixote is a well-known book in Irish culture so kids are familiar with it.	
	Number of words	1912				
	Situation of the source text within source culture (context, readership)	This novel represents the highlight of Spanish literature in the Golden Age. Published in two parts, 1605 and 1615, it has become the most influential work in Spain. It was written as a mockery of the chivalry writing. It is addressed to the literate teenagers-adults in the Spanish context of the XVII century.				
Formal features of the source text (including genre, register, tone, dialect, rhyme, rhythm, alliteration, word order and other poetic devices)	The novel is written in Spanish archaic language, which makes it challenging for a modern reader. There are a lot of references of writers, heroic figures, and mythology. It is written in a low middle-class and in a humours tone. Cervantes was the precursor of this type of register, trying to make a parody of the high register in which literature was written at that time.	Formal features of the target text (including genre, register, tone, dialect, rhyme, rhythm, alliteration, word order and other poetic devices)	Since the aim of my translation is different from the aim of the source text, the formal features changed a lot throughout the process. There are smaller sentences and omissions, and the change of references was done constantly in order to adjust the context. As well, I included explicitation in order to explain names such as “Dulcinea del Toboso” to convey the sweetness of “dulce”. Furthermore, modern English was used.			
Justification for this translation (why the text was chosen, are there existing translations, and did you consult them)	Although there are thousands of translations and adaptations of Don Quijote de la Mancha into English, there is not a translation of the whole first chapter for children in an Irish context, and I think it’s relevant since it is the process in which Don Quixote experiences the transformation into a child; his fantasy replaced the reality. For this reason, I consider it appealing for children. I used John Ormsby’s English translation as a guidance and as an aide for some words I doubted, since the archaic Spanish is challenging for a modern reader.					

Portfolio Standard Brief (500 words max)

Critical reflection on translation process, your translation strategy, the main secondary sources/reference materials you used, and why

As mentioned before my main strategy for this translation was making the first chapter of this novel suitable for children from 10 to 13 years old in an Irish context. There are many adaptations and translations with the skopos of children's literature in the market about Don Quijote de la Mancha, but only reflecting the most adventurous and interesting parts of the book such as the windmills adventure. I chose not to look at these translations since I did not want to be influenced by their style. However, I used John Ormsby's English translation as a guidance and as an aide as mentioned before. As well, I used some articles on the translation of Don Quijote throughout time, such as (b)¹. In particular, it was difficult to adapt the references, since Irish children are not acquainted with the Spanish ones mentioned in the original. Other secondary resources that I have used are children's style guides, Irish mythology and old Spanish sayings and vocabulary. Overall, I consider that my translation can be read and enjoyed by children of this age in an Irish context.

¹ Stavans, Ilan and Diana de Armas Wilson. 2016. *Translating Don Quixote: A Conversation*. Taylor & Francis Online Stavans. vol: 94 (1) pp: 1-10. Last access: 21-05-2017.

Primera Parte del Ingenioso Hidalgo Don Quijote de la Mancha

Capítulo 1: Que trata de la condición y ejercicio del famoso hidalgo Don Quijote de la Mancha.

En un lugar de la Mancha, de cuyo nombre no quiero acordarme, no ha mucho tiempo que vivía un hidalgo de los de lanza en astillero, adarga antigua, rocín flaco y galgo corredor. Una olla de algo más vaca que carnero, salpicón las más noches, duelos y quebrantos los sábados, lentejas los viernes, algún palomino de añadidura los domingos, consumían las tres partes de su hacienda. El resto della concluían sayo de velarte, calzas de velludo para las fiestas con sus pantuflos de lo mismo, y los días de entre semana se honraba con su vellori de lo más fino. Tenía en su casa una ama que pasaba de los cuarenta, y una sobrina que no llegaba a los veinte, y un mozo de campo y plaza, que así ensillaba el rocín como tomaba la podadera. Frisaba la edad de nuestro hidalgo con los cincuenta años; era de complexión recia, seco de carnes, enjuto consumido, gran madrugador y amigo de la caza. Quieren decir que tenía el sobrenombre de Quijada o Quesada, que en esto hay alguna diferencia en los autores que deste caso escriben; aunque por conjeturas verosímiles se deja entender que se llama Quijana. Pero esto importa poco a nuestro cuento; basta que en la narración dél no se salga un punto de la verdad.

Es, pues, de saber, que este sobredicho hidalgo, los ratos que estaba ocioso -que eran los más del año-, se daba a leer libros de caballerías con tanta afición y gusto, que olvidó casi de todo punto el ejercicio de la caza, y aun la administración de su hacienda; y llegó a tanto su curiosidad y desatino en esto, que vendió muchas hanegas de tierra de sembradura para comprar libros de caballerías en que leer, y así, llevó a su casa todos cuantos pudo haber dellos; y de todos, ningunos le parecían tan bien como los que compuso el famoso Feliciano de Silva, porque la claridad de su prosa, y aquellas intrincadas razones suyas le parecían de perlas, y más cuando llegaba a leer aquellos requiebros y cartas de desafíos, donde en muchas partes hallaba escrito: *La razón de la sinrazón que a mi razón se hace, de tal manera mi razón enflaquece, que con razón me quejo de la vuestra fermosura.* Y también cuando leía: *... los altos cielos que de vuestra divinidad divinamente con las estrellas se fortifican, y os hacen merecedora del merecimiento que merece la vuestra grandeza.*

First part of the adventurous gentleman Don Quixote of La Mancha

Chapter 1: That deals with the nature and deeds of the famous gentleman Don Quixote of la Mancha.

In a place of la Mancha, and I don't want to remember the exact name, a gentleman lived not so long ago, one of those with a spear above the door, an old shield, a bony horse and a fast greyhound. He spent 3 quarters of his weekly income on a stew with more beef than mutton, meat medley the other nights, scraps on Saturdays, lentils on Fridays and some other pigeon on Sundays. The rest of the money he spent on fancy clothes like velvet shoes for the weekends, and other fine clothing for the weekdays. He shared his house with a housekeeper in her 40s, his niece of almost 20 and a farm boy, who would do everything he was asked. This famous gentleman was around 50; he was lanky and bonny, an early riser and he liked hunting. It is said that his surname was Quijada o Quesada, it is not a clear matter; although my own, very likely, conclusions lead me to believe that they called him Quejana. However, this is not important to our tale; it is enough that this story tell the truth and nothing but the truth.

It is important to know then, that this gentleman read chivalry novels, poetry and other literature during his free time, which was most of the year, with such passion and pleasure that he almost forgot go hunting and to run the finances of his house. His curiosity was such that he sold much of his own land to buy literature read; and so, he brought home all the writings and books he could find. Among all of them, Jon Milton's were his favourites, for no one had a clearer verse than him, and he loved all his metaphors and complicated riddles, like these ones: "Twixt upper, nether, and surrounding fires; Till, as a signal given, the uplifted spear of their great Sultan waving to direct their course".

Con estas razones perdía el pobre caballero el juicio, y desvelábase por entenderlas y desentrañarles el sentido, que no se lo sacara ni las entendiera el mismo Aristóteles, si resucitara para sólo ello. No estaba muy bien con las heridas que don Belianis daba y recibía porque se imaginaba que por grandes maestros que le hubiesen curado, no dejaría de tener el rostro y todo el cuerpo lleno de cicatrices y señales; pero con todo alababa en su autor aquel acabar su libro con la promesa de aquella inacabable aventura, y muchas veces le vino deseo de tomar la pluma, y darle fin al pie de la letra como allí se promete; y sin duda alguna lo hiciera, y aun saliera con ello, si otros mayores y continuos pensamientos no se lo estorbaran. Tuvo muchas veces competencia con el cura de su lugar (que era hombre docto graduado en Sigüenza), sobre cuál había sido mejor caballero, Palmerín de Inglaterra o Amadís de Gaula; mas maese Nicolás, barbero del mismo pueblo, decía que ninguno llegaba al caballero del Febo, y que si alguno se le podía comparar, era don Galaor, hermano de Amadís de Gaula, porque tenía muy acomodada condición para todo; que no era caballero melindroso, ni tan llorón como su hermano, y que en lo de la valentía no le iba en zaga.

En resolución, él se enfrascó tanto en su lectura, que se le pasaban las noches leyendo de claro en claro, y los días de turbio en turbio, y así, del poco dormir y del mucho leer, se le secó el cerebro, de manera que vino a perder el juicio. Llenósele la fantasía de todo aquello que leía en los libros, así de encantamientos, como de pendencias, batallas, desafíos, heridas, requiebros, amores, tormentas y disparates imposibles, y asentósele de tal modo en la imaginación que era verdad toda aquella máquina de aquellas soñadas invenciones que leía, que para él no había otra historia más cierta en el mundo. Decía él, que el Cid Ruy Díaz había sido muy buen caballero; pero que no tenía que ver con el caballero de la ardiente espada, que de sólo un revés había partido por medio dos fieros y descomunales gigantes. Mejor estaba con Bernardo del Carpio, porque en Roncesvalle había muerto a Roldán el encantado, valiéndose de la industria de Hércules, cuando ahogó a Anteo, el hijo de la Tierra, entre los brazos. Decía mucho bien del gigante Morgante, porque con ser de aquella generación gigantesca, que todos son soberbios y descomedidos, él solo era afable y bien criado; pero sobre todos estaba bien con Reinaldos de Montalbán, y más cuando le veía salir de su castillo y robar cuantos topaba, y cuando en Allende robó aquel ídolo de Mahoma, que era todo de oro, según dice su historia. Diera él, por dar una mano de coces al traidor de Galalón, al ama que tenía y aun a su sobrina de añadidura.

These readings made the gentlemen go mad. He spent night after night trying to figure out the meaning of them, although not even the wisest man on earth could make sense of them. He liked these books so much that he was tempted from time to time to write a novel himself, and sometimes he, the priest of the village and Nicholas the barber argued about who had been the best knight of all; however, they couldn't quite agree on this matter, since the three of them praised a different one.

In conclusion, he was so absorbed in his books that he read them from dawn till dusk and from dusk till dawn. And thus, he lost his mind and his brain dried up since he didn't sleep and he only read. His imagination filled with everything which was in the books he read: from spells, battles, and wounds, to lovers, giants, storms and non-sense. And his faith in these things was so strong and deep that his real world became the worlds he read. He used to say that Achilles had been a brave hero, but not comparable to Cú Chulainn, who as a young boy killed with skills a savage hound, whose strength was that of 9 men.

En efecto, rematado ya su juicio, vino a dar en el más extraño pensamiento que jamás dio loco en el mundo, y fue que le pareció conveniente y necesario, así para el aumento de su honra, como para el servicio de su república, hacerse caballero andante, y irse por todo el mundo con sus armas y caballo a buscar las aventuras y a ejercitarse en todo aquello que él había leído que los caballeros andantes se ejercitaban, deshaciendo todo género de agravio, y poniéndose en ocasiones y peligros donde, acabándolos, cobrase eterno nombre y fama. Imaginábase el pobre ya coronado por el valor de su brazo, por lo menos, del imperio de Trapisonda; y así, con estos tan agradables pensamientos, llevado del extraño gusto que en ellos sentía, se dió prisa a poner en efecto lo que deseaba. Y lo primero que hizo fue limpiar unas armas que habían sido de sus bisabuelos, que, tomadas de orín y llenas de moho, luengos siglos había que estaban puestas y olvidadas en un rincón. Limpiólas y aderezólas lo mejor que pudo; pero vió que tenían una gran falta, y era que no tenía celada de encaje, sino morrión simple; mas a esto suplió su industria, porque de cartones hizo un modo de media celada, que, encajada con el morrión, hacían una apariencia de celada entera. Es verdad que para probar si era fuerte y podía estar al riesgo de una cuchillada, sacó su espada y le dio dos golpes, y con el primero y en un punto deshizo lo que había hecho en una semana; y no dejó de parecerle mal la facilidad con que la había hecho pedazos, y, por asegurarse de este peligro, la tornó a hacer de nuevo, poniéndole unas barras de hierro por de dentro, de tal manera, que él quedó satisfecho de su fortaleza, y sin querer hacer nueva experiencia de ella, la diputó y tuvo por celada finísima de encaje.

Fue luego a ver a su rocín, y aunque tenía más cuartos que un real y más tachas que el caballo de Gonela, que *tantum pellis, et ossa fuit*, le pareció que ni el Bucéfalo de Alejandro, ni Babieca el del Cid con él se igualaban. Cuatro días se le pasaron en imaginar qué nombre le pondría; porque - según se decía él a sí mismo- no era razón que caballo de caballero tan famoso, y tan bueno él por sí, estuviese sin nombre conocido; y así procuraba acomodársele, de manera que declarase quien había sido, antes que fuese de caballero andante, y lo que era entonces; pues estaba muy puesto en razón que, mudando su señor estado, mudase él también el nombre, y le cobrase famoso y de estruendo, como convenía a la nueva orden y al nuevo ejercicio que ya profesaba; y así, después de muchos nombres que formó, borró y quitó, añadió, deshizo y tornó a hacer en su memoria e imaginación, al fin le vino a llamar Rocinante, nombre, a su parecer, alto, sonoro y significativo de lo que había sido cuando fue rocín, antes de lo que ahora era, que era antes y primero de todos los rocines del mundo.

In fact, now that his fantasy overtook his reality, he came up with the strangest possible idea. He decided to become a knight errant, to increase his honour and to serve his country, and to travel the world with his weapons and horse, in search of adventures and fame, by doing what knighterrant and heroes did in his books. And all of this he would do for fame and an eternal name. The first thing he did was to clean his great-grandparents' weapons, which were rusty, full of mould and forgotten in a corner of the house. He cleaned them and repaired them as best he could, but he realised that the helmet was so simple that it didn't even cover his face. He spent a whole week trying to fix it with cardboard. However, while testing it with a sword it fell apart. Even so, he did not give up on this deed: he decided to put some iron bars beneath the cardboard on this occasion, and without testing it for a second time, he was sure it was strong enough to put it on.

He then went to see his horse, and even though he was all bones, for him it was the best horse that ever existed, even better and braver than Achilles' horse Balius. He spent four days thinking of a name for him since, as he said to himself, such a horse in the company of such a well-known knighterrant, deserves a well-known name. And thus, after thinking and thinking, after coming up with new names and re-thinking them again, he came up with Rocinante, a very rhythmical and meaningful name, a symbol of his glorious past.

Puesto nombre, y tan a su gusto, a su caballo, quiso ponérsele a sí mismo, y en este pensamiento duró otros ocho días, y al cabo se vino a llamar *don Quijote*; de donde, como queda dicho, tomaron ocasión los autores de esta tan verdadera historia que, sin duda, se debía de llamar Quijada, y no Quesada, como otros quisieron decir. Pero, acordándose que el valeroso Amadís no sólo se había contentado con llamarse Amadís a secas, sino que añadió el nombre de su reino y patria, por hacerla famosa, y se llamó Amadís de Gaula, así quiso, como buen caballero, añadir al suyo el nombre de la suya y llamarse don Quijote de la Mancha, con que, a su parecer, declaraba muy al vivo su linaje y patria, y la honraba con tomar el sobrenombre della.

Limpias, pues, sus armas, hecho del morrión celada, puesto nombre a su rocín y confirmándose a sí mismo, se dió a entender que no le faltaba otra cosa sino buscar una dama de quien enamorarse; porque el caballero andante sin amores era árbol sin hojas y sin fruto y cuerpo sin alma. Decíase él a sí: - Si yo, por malos de mis pecados, o por mi buena suerte, me encuentro por ahí con algún gigante, como de ordinario les acontece a los caballeros andantes, y le derribo de un encuentro, o le parto por mitad del cuerpo, o, finalmente, le venzo y le rindo, ¿no será bien tener a quién enviarle presentado y que entre y se hinque de rodillas ante mi dulce señora, y diga con voz humilde y rendida: “Yo señora, soy el gigante Caraculiambro, señor de la ínsula Malindrania, a quien venció en singular batalla el jamás como se debe alabado caballero don Quijote de la Mancha, el cual me mandó que me presentase ante vuestra merced, para que la vuestra grandeza disponga de mí a su talante”?

¡Oh, cómo se holgó nuestro buen caballero cuando hubo hecho este discurso, y más cuando halló a quien dar nombre de su dama! Y fue, a lo que se cree, que en un lugar cerca del suyo había una moza labradora de muy buen parecer, de quien él un tiempo anduvo enamorado, aunque según se entiende, ella jamás lo supo ni le dio cata de ello. Llamábase Aldonza Lorenzo, y a esta le pareció ser bien darle título de señora de sus pensamientos, y, buscándole nombre que no desdijese mucho del suyo y que tirase y se encaminase al de princesa y gran señora, vino a llamarla *Dulcinea del Toboso*, porque era natural del Toboso; nombre, a su parecer, músico y peregrino y significativo, como todos los demás que a él y a sus cosas había puesto.

Having given his horse a name, and I must say that he was very happy with it, he wanted to name himself. It took him 8 days until he came up with Don Quixote. But remembering that the courageous Amadís was not happy with just Amadís, but rather with Amadís of Gaul, making reference to his homeland, he decided to do the same. Thus, he ended up with the name of Don Quixote of la Mancha, honouring his lineage and motherland.

There was only one thing left to do after he cleaned his weapons and he named his horse and himself and that was finding a lady to fall in love with. As he had read in his books, a knighterrant without a love is like a tree with no leaves, with no body and no soul. Thus, he told himself: - If I, for better or for worse, encounter a giant, as is common practice for knightserrant, and I manage to knock him down at my first palisade, or I cut him into two, or I eventually defeat him and he yields, is it not better to have someone to whom I can present the defeated giant on his knees? And he would say: "I, my lady, giant of the land of Fartfacestiny, in the island of Cubertamy, I am the one defeated by Don Quixote in a remarkable battle. I've never seen such a brave knight errant, and I'm here to kneel down before your beauty"

Oh dear, how he rejoiced once he finished his speech, but even more when he found his lady! It is believed that in a place close to his, there was a beautiful country girl with whom Don Quixote had been in love for a while, but she never knew a thing about it. Her name was Aldonza Lorenzo, and Don Quixote thought it was a good idea that she should become the lady of his thoughts. Looking to name her, he looked for a princess-sounding name and not to different from hers: Dulcinea of Toboso it was, since she was sweet as apple pie and born in a town called Toboso. And for him, this name was rhythmical and meaningful, just like all the names he had come up with till then.

Portfolio Standard Brief (500 words max)

		Student Number	16336811				
Source Text	Title	The Return of Don Quixote	Target Text	Title	El Retorno de Don Quijote		
	Year	1927		Target Language	Spanish		
	Author	G.K Chesterton		Number of words	1705		
	Source Language	English		Situation of the target text within target culture (context, readership)	Situation of the source text within source culture (context, readership)	Situation of the target text within target culture (context, readership)	Situation of the source text within source culture (context, readership)
	Number of words	2667					
	Formal features of the source text (including genre, register, tone, dialect, rhyme, rhythm, alliteration, word order and other poetic devices)			Is a novel that changes register ad tone to suit the different characters that are being introduced. There is narrative part and dialogue. There are no dialects involved. It is a metafictional writing in which they are writing and performing a theatre play, which also links with my decision of translating it into a theatre play. Humour in the dialogues is quite peculiar.	Formal features of the target text (including genre, register, tone, dialect, rhyme, rhythm, alliteration, word order and other poetic devices)		Since I transferred a novel into a theatre play, I had to create theatre conventions by setting the scene and imagining someone playing the characters, to play with their movements along the scene. I had to create the directions according the narrative parts of the novel. Each character has its own register, which I tried to maintain from the original novel. I changed the English names slightly into Spanish since I considered that the unfamiliar sounds would disrupt the Spanish audience. In some parts I included some explanations, I was explicit so that the audience can understand the context.

Portfolio Standard Brief (500 words max)

<p>Justification for this translation (why the text was chosen, are there existing translations, and did you consult them)</p>	<p><i>Don Quixote</i> by Miguel de Cervantes, although being a novel, is also performable in the way that one can imagine the scenes being performed in a stage and these ones being comical, having success among the audience. <i>The return of Don Quixote</i> also carries that performability within the prose, and being such a Cervantine ideal, I wanted to put this feature into practice and put the first chapter into the stage. There are translations of this novel, into novels, but I chose not to look at them so that it would not interfere with my translation into a theatre play.</p>
<p>Critical reflection on translation process, your translation strategy, the main secondary sources/reference materials you used, and why</p>	<p>It was very helpful that the novel has dialogues, which has facilitated the process of transferring a novel into a theatre play. Nonetheless, it is difficult to be sure about how much information you are giving, and if the one you cannot give is key for the development of the play. Besides, it is a theatre play so it has to be performable. The actors and actresses should be taken into account, and they are expected to play their part. Overall, it was a good experience to change genre, which is not far off from the Cervantine ideal. Taking everything into account, I consider that my outcome is performable for a Spanish audience.</p>

The Return of Don Quixote

I

A hole in the castle

The end of the longest room at Seawood Abbey was full of light; for the walls were almost made of windows and it projected up on a terrace part of the garden above the park on an almost cloudless morning. Murrel, called monkey for some reason that everybody had forgotten, and Olive Ashley were taking advantage of the lights to occupy themselves with painting; though she was painting on a very small scale and he on a very large one. She was laying out peculiar pigments very carefully, in imitation of the flat jewellery of medieval illumination, for which she had a great enthusiasm, as part of rather vague notion of a historical past. He, on the other hand, was highly modern, and was occupied with several pails full of very crude colours and with brushes which reached the stature of brooms. With these he was laying about him on large sheet of lath and canvas, which were to act as scenery in some private theatricals then in preparation. They could not paint, either of them; nor did they imagine that they could. But she was in some sense trying to do so; and he was not.

“It’s all very well for you to talk about discords,” he was saying somewhat defensively, for she was a critical lady, “but your style of painting narrows the mind. After all, scene-painting is only illumination seen through a microscope.”

“I hate microscopes,” she observed briefly.

“well, you look as if you wanted one, poring over that stuff,” replied her companion, “in fact I fancy I have seen people screwing a great thing in their eye while they did it. I hope you won’t go as far as that: it wouldn’t suit your style at all.”

Título: El Retorno de Don Quijote

Acto I

Un Agujero en el Castillo

Personajes:

Olivia Ashley

Murrel (Mono)

Sr. Julio Archer

Conde Seawood

Braintree

(Habitación en Seawood Abbey (Linton, Inglaterra). Hay muchas ventanas. La luz del día ilumina la sala y el cielo está azul. Murrel y Olivia están pintando con caballetes a un lado de la habitación. Ella lo hace a escala pequeña con un estilo medieval y él a gran escala, con estilo más moderno y con colores primarios).

Murrel: (Con tono defensivo) Está bien que hables de conflictos, pero tu estilo a la hora de pintar limita la mente. Después de todo, pintar escenas de naturaleza es tan solo una iluminación vista a través de un microscopio.

Olivia: Odio los microscopios.

Murrel: Pues parece que quieres uno, con tanto detalle que pones. De hecho, creo haber visto a gente fastidiarse su ojo mientras lo hacían. Espero que no vayas tan lejos, no iría con tu estilo.

This was true enough, no doubt, for she was a small, slight girl, with dark delicate features of the kind called regular; and her dark green dress, which was aesthetic but the reverse of Bohemian, had something akin to the small severities of her task. There was something a shade old maidish about her gestures, although she was very young. It was noticeable that though the room was strewn with papers and dusters and the flamboyant failures of Mr Murrel's art, her own flat colour-box, with its case and minor accessories, were places about her with protective neatness. She was not one of those for whom is written the paper of warnings sold with paint-boxes; and it had never been necessary to adjure her not put the brush in the mouth.

"What I mean," she said, resuming the subject of microscopes, "is that all your science and modern stuff has only made things ugly, and people ugly as well. I don't want to look down a microscope any more than down a drain. You only see a lot of horrid little things crawling about. I don't want to look down at all. That's why I like all this old Gothic painting and building; in Gothic all the lines go upwards, right up to the very spire that points to heaven."

"it's rude to point," said Murrel, "and I think they might have given us credit for noticing the sky."

"you know perfectly well what I mean," replied the lady, painting placidly, "all the originality of those medieval people as in the way they built their churches. The whole point of them was the pointed arches."

"And the pointed spears," he assented. "when you didn't do what they liked, they just prodded you. Too pointed, I think. Almost amounting to a hint."

"Anyhow the gentlemen then prodded each other with their spears," answered Olive, "they didn't go and sit on plush seats to see an Irishman pummelling a black man. I wouldn't see a modern proze-fight for the world; but I shouldn't mind a bit being a lady at one of the old tournaments."

"You might be a lady, but I shouldn't be a lord," said the scene-painter gloomily. "Not my luck. Even if I were a king, I should only be drowned in a butt of sack and never smile again. But it's more my luck to be born a servant or something. A leper, or some such medieval institutions. Yes, that's how it would be -the minute I'd poked my nose into the thirteenth century I'd be appointed Chief Leper to the king or somebody; and have to squint into church through that little window."

"You don't squint into church through any window at present," observed the lady, "nor has it occurred to you even to do so through the door."

Olivia: Lo que quiero decir es, que toda tu ciencia y tus cosas modernas han hecho que las cosas sean feas, y que la gente actúe de forma fea también. Mis ganas de mirar a través de un microscopio, son las mismas que tengo de mirar en un desagüe. Tan solo ves muchas cosas repugnantes moverse. No quiero mirar para nada. Por eso me gusta esta pintura gótica antigua y este edificio. En el estilo gótico todas las líneas van hacia arriba, directamente a la flecha que apunta al cielo.

Murrel: Es de mala educación apuntar, y ¡oh! seguro que nos han dado crédito por darnos cuenta del cielo.

Olivia: (Sin parar de pintar y de forma plácida) Sabes perfectamente lo que quiero decir, toda la originalidad de aquella gente del medievo se ponía de manifiesto en la forma en la que construían sus iglesias. Los arcos ojivales eran su razón de ser.

Murrel: (Diciendo que sí con la cabeza y sin parar de pintar) Y las lanzas afiladas también. Cuando no hacías lo que querían te pinchaban sin más. Demasiado afiladas para mi gusto.

Olivia: En cualquier caso, en aquella época los caballeros se herían con sus lanzas, no iban y se sentaban en grandes sillones a ver cómo un irlandés daba una paliza a un negro. Ni loca asistiría a una pelea moderna; pero no me importaría ser una dama en un torneo antiguo.

Murrel: (Triste) Sí que te imagino como una dama, pero yo no sería un Señor. No tengo suerte. Incluso si fuera un rey, me hundiría en mi misma miseria y nunca volvería a sonreír. Entra más en mi suerte ser un siervo o algo parecido. Un leproso por ejemplo, o algo dentro de alguna institución medieval. Sí, así es como sería: desde el momento en el que entraría al siglo XIII me nombrarían Comandante de Leprosos del rey o de otra persona, y tendría que entrar escondido a la iglesia a través de una ventana pequeña.

Olivia: Hasta ahora no entras a escondido a la iglesia a través de una ventana pequeña, ni siquiera se te ha ocurrido entrar por la puerta.

“Oh, I leave all that to you,” he said, and proceeded to splash away in silence. He was engaged on a modest interior of “The Throne Room of Richard Coeur de Lion,” which he treated in a scheme of scarlet, crimson and purple which Miss Ashley strove in vain to arrest; though she really had some rights of protest in the matter, having both selected the medieval subject and even written the play, so far as her more sportive collaborators would allow her. It was all about Blondel, the Troubadour, who serenaded Coeur de Lion and many other people; including the daughter of the house; who was addicted to theatricals and kept him at it. The Hon. Douglas Murrel, or Monkey, cheerfully confronted his ill-success in scene-painting, having succeeded equally ill in many other things. He was a man of wide culture, and had failed in all subjects. He had especially failed in politics; having once been called the future leader of his party, whichever it was. But he had failed at the supreme moment to seize the logical connection between the principle of taxing deer-forests and that of retaining an old pattern of rifle for the Indian Army: and the nephew of an Alsatian pawnbroker, to whose clear brain the connection was more apparent, had slipped into his place. Since then he had shown that taste for low company which has kept so many aristocrats out of mischief and their country out of peril, and shown it incongruously (as they sometimes do) by having something vaguely slangy and horsey about his very dress and appearance, as of an objectless other. His hair was very fair and beginning to blanch quite prematurely; for he also was young, though many years older than his companion. His face, which was plain but not commonplace, habitually wore a dolorous expression which was almost comic: especially in connection with the sporting colours of his neckties and waistcoats, which were almost as lively as the colours on his brush.

“I’ve a negro taste,” he explained, laying on a giant streak of sanguine colour, “these mongrel greys of the mystics make me as tired as they are. They talk about a Celtic Renaissance; but I’m for an Ethiopian Renaissance. The banjo to be more truly what’s-its-name than old Dolmetch’s lute. No dances but the deep, heart-weary Break-Down – there’s tears in the very name – no historical characters except Toussaint L’Ouverture and Booker Washington, no fictitious characters except Uncle Remus and Uncle Tom. I bet it wouldn’t take much to make the Smart Set black their faces as they used to whiten their hair. For my part, I begin to feel a meaning in all my misspent life. Something tells me I was intended for a Margate nigger. I *do* think vulgarity is so nice, don’t you?”

Murrel: (Medio riéndose) A tí te dejo lo de ir a misa.

(Silencio. Los dos siguen pintando y mezclando colores.)

Murrel: (Pintando una trazada grande con color rojo sanguíneo) Tengo un gusto de negro, estos grises mestizos de los místicos me aburren como ellos solos. Hablan del Renacimiento Celta sí, pero yo soy del Renacimiento Etíope. Del banjo, para ser más exactos, y qué otro nombre que le pegue más que el de laúd del viejo músico Dolmetch. Ningún baile excepto por el profundo y desanimado Break Down - el mismo nombre es depresivo. Ningún personaje histórico excepto por Toussaint L'Ouverture y Booker Washington, ningún personaje ficticio excepto los negritos del tío Remus y el tío Tom. Me apuesto lo que sea a que no sería complicado hacer que el Smart Set se pusiera negras sus caras como hacían poner blanco su pelo. Por lo que a mí respecta, empiezo a ver sentido en mi vida malgastada. Algo me dice que yo debía haber sido un negro en la ciudad de Margate. De veras pienso que la vulgaridad es agradable, ¿no lo crees?

She did not reply; indeed she seemed a little absent-minded. Her humour had been faintly shrewish; but when her face fell into seriousness it was entirely young. Her fine profile with parted lips suddenly suggested not only a child, but a lost child.

“I remember an old illumination that had a negro in it,” she said at last. “It was one of the Three Kings at Bethlehem, with gold crowns. One of them was quite black; but he had a red dress like flames. So you see, even about a nigger and his bright clothes – there is a way of doing it. But we can’t get the exact red they used now; I know people who have really tried. It’s one of the lost arts, like the stained glass.”

“This red will do very well for our modern purpose”, said Murrel equably.

She still looked out abstractedly at the circle of the woods under the morning sky. “I rather wonder sometimes,” she said, “What are our modern purposes.”

“Painting the town red, I suppose,” he answered.

“The old gold they used has gone too,” she proceeded. “I was looking at an old missal in the library yesterday. You know they always gilt the name of God? I think if they gilt any word now it would be God.”

The industrious silence which ensued was at length broken by a distant voice down the corridors calling out: “Monkey!” in a boisterous and imperative manner. Murrel did not in the least object to being called a monkey, yet he always felt a slight distaste when Julian Archer called him one. It had nothing to do with jealousy, although Archer had the same vague universality of success as Murrel had of failure. It had to do with a fine shade between familiarity and intimacy, which men like Murrel are never ready to disregard, however ready they may be to black their faces. When he was at Oxford he had often carried ragging to something within measurable distance of murder. But he never threw people out of top windows unless they were his personal friends.

Olivia: (Silencio. Olivia parece distraída y está muy seria. Después de un silencio vuelve a hablar) Recuerdo una iluminación en la que había un negro. Era uno de los reyes magos en Bethlehem, con coronas de oro. Uno de ellos era bastante negro, pero tenía un vestido tan rojo como el fuego. Ves, incluso si quieres juntar un negro con ropaje colorido, siempre hay una manera de hacerlo. Pero ahora no podemos conseguir el mismo rojo que utilizaron, conozco a gente que lo ha intentado mucho. Es uno de esos artes perdidos, como las vidrieras.

Murrel: Este rojo vendrá de perlas para nuestro propósito moderno.

Olivia: (Mirando a través de la ventana y todavía con aire distraído) A veces me pregunto cuáles son nuestros propósitos modernos.

Murrel: Ponernos morados, supongo.

Olivia: (Vuelve a pintar) El color dorado que usaban también ha desaparecido (pequeña pausa). Ayer en la biblioteca eché un vistazo a un misal. ¿Sabías que siempre escriben con oro la palabra Dios? Si escribieran con oro alguna palabra en estos tiempos estoy segura de que sería la misma palabra.

(Hay silencio mientras los dos trabajan en sus respectivos cuadros. De repente, se escucha la voz en off de Archer, de manera imperativa y ruidosa)

Archer: ¡Mono!

Julian Archer was one of those men who seem to be in a great many places at once; and to be very important for some reason which is difficult to specify. He was not a fool or a fraud: he acquitted himself with credit and moderation in the various examinations or responsibilities which appeared to be forced upon him. But spectators of the subtler sort could never quite understand why these things always were forced upon him, and not upon the man next door. Some magazine would have a symposium, let us say, on "Shall We Eat Meat?" in which answers would be obtained from Bernard Shaw, Dr Saleeby, Lord Dawson of Penn and Mr Julian Archer. A committee would be formed for a National Theatre or a Shakespeare Memorial: and speeches would be delivered from the platform by Miss Viola Tree, Sir Arthur Pinero, Mr Comyns Carr and Mr Julian Archer. A composite book of essays would be published called "The Hope of a Hereafter," with contributions by Sir Oliver Lodge, Miss Marie Corelli, Mr Joseph McCabe and Mr Julian Archer. He was a Member of Parliament and of many other clubs. He had written a historical novel; he was an admirable amateur actor: so that his claims to take the leading part in the play of "Blondel the Troubadour" could not be disputed. In all this there was nothing objectionable or even eccentric. His historical novel about Agincourt was quite good considered as a modern historical novel; that is, considered as the adventures of a modern public schoolboy at a fancy dress ball. He was in favour of moderate indulgence in meat; and moderate indulgence in personal immortality. But his temperate opinions were loudly and positively uttered, as in the deep and resonant voice which was no booming down the passages. He was one of those who can endure that silence which comes after a platitude. His voice went before him everywhere; as did his reputation and his photograph in the society papers; with its dark curls and bold handsome face. Miss Ashley remarked that he looked like a tenor. Mr Murrel was content to reply that he did not sound like one.

He entered the room in the complete costume of a Troubadour, except for a telegram which he held in his hand. The complete costume of a troubadour compared favourably with that worn by Mr Snodgrass, in being more becoming and equally historical. He had been rehearsing his part and was flushed with triumph and exertion; but the telegram, apparently, had rather put him out.

"I say," he said, "Braintree won't act."

"Well," said Murrel, painting stolidly, "I never thought he would."

"Rather rot, I know, having to ask a fellow like that: but there was simply nobody else. I told Lord Seawood it was rot to have it at this time of the year when all his friends are away. Braintree's only an acquaintance, of course, and I can't imagine how he even came to be that."

Murrel: (Hablando para sí mismo, monólogo. Un poco mosqueado) Con lo poco que me gusta que él me llame así. ¡Ni si quiera es amigo mío! Y siempre está metido en todos los follones. Si una revista conocida hace entrevistas sobre cualquier tema, allí estará él; si se forma un comité para una obra de teatro, allí estará él. Y como no, es el primer trovador de la obra de teatro escrita por Olivia, la que nos espera (vuelve a pintar).

(Archer entra a la habitación con prisas. Está vestido entero de trovador, excepto por un telegrama que sujeta en la mano. Está cansado de haber estado ensayando para la obra de teatro pero se le ve triunfante. Murrel y Olivia dejan de pintar cuando le ven entrar.)

Archer: (Cogiendo aliento y señalando al telegrama) Braintree no va a actuar.

Murrel: (Retomando su pintura de forma indiferente) Bueno, nunca pensé que lo fuera a hacer.

Archer: Fue una tontería la verdad, preguntarle a uno tipo como este si podía actuar. Pero no había ningún otro candidato. Le dije al Conde Seawood que era una tontería hacer la obra de teatro cuando todos sus amigos están fuera de la ciudad. Braintree es tan solo un conocido, por supuesto, y ni siquiera sé cómo llegó a eso.

“It was a mistake, I believe”, said Murrel, “Seawood called on him because he heard he was standing for Parliament as a Unionist. When he found it meant a Trade Unionist he was a bit put off, of course; but he couldn’t make a scene. I fancy it would puzzle him to say what either of the terms mean.”

“Don’t you know what the term Unionist means?” asked Olive.

“Nobody knows that,” replied the scene-painter, “why, I’ve been one myself.”

“Oh, I wouldn’t cut a fellow just because he was a Socialist,” cried the broad-minded Mr Archer, “why there was-.” And he was silent, lost in social reminiscences.

“He isn’t a Socialist,” observed Murrel impassively, “He breaks things if you call him a Socialist. He is a Syndicalist.”

“But that’s worse, isn’t it?” said the young lady, innocently.

“Of course we’re all for social questions and making things better,” said Archer in a general manner, “but nobody can defend a man who sets one class against another as he does; talking about manual labour and all sorts of impossible Utopias. I’ve always said that Capital has its duties as well as its-“

“Well,” interposed Murrel hastily, “I’m prejudiced in the present case. Look at me; you couldn’t have anybody more manual than I am.”

“Well, he won’t act now, anyhow,” repeated Archer, “and we must find somebody. It’s only the Second Troubadour, of course, and anybody can do it. But it must be somebody fairly young; that’s the only reason I thought of Braintree.”

“Yes, he is quite a young man yet,” assented Murrel, “and no end of the young men seem to be with him.”

Murrel: Tengo entendido que fue un error. Seawood quiso conocerle porque escuchó rumores de que quería entrar en el Parlamento como un Unionista. Cuando se enteró de que era como un sindicalista, así que Seawood se desanimó, por supuesto. Pero no podía montar una escena. Me pregunto si este sabría decir la diferencia entre los dos términos.

Olivia: ¿No sabes lo que significa Unionista?

Murrel: (Dejando de pintar para mirar a Olivia) Nadie lo sabe, y ¿por qué lo sé? Porque yo mismo he sido uno.

Archer: (Casi gritando) Pues vaya, yo no dejaría de ser amigo con alguien simplemente porque es socialista. ¿Por qué hay...? (Archer para de hablar, perdiéndose en su memoria).

Murrel: (Después de un pequeño silencio) No es un socialista. Se le suben los humos si le llamas eso. Es un sindicalista.

Olivia: (De forma inocente) Pero eso es peor, ¿verdad?

Archer: Por supuesto todos nos preguntamos temas sociales y queremos que las cosas vayan mejor. Pero nadie puede defender a un hombre que pone a una clase social en contra de otra como solo él lo hace; hablando de mano de obra y de otras utopías imposibles. Siempre he dicho que el Capital tiene tanto sus deberes como sus... (Es interrumpido por Murrel).

Murrel: (Interrumpiendo a Archer) Bueno, en ese caso yo estoy lleno de prejuicios. Mírame, no podrías tener a un trabajador más manual.

Archer: En cualquier caso, Braintree no va a actuar asique tenemos que encontrar a otra persona. Tan solo es el segundo trovador, por supuesto, y cualquiera puede hacerlo. Pero tiene que ser alguien joven; por eso pensé en Braintree.

Murrel: Si, todavía es bastante joven. Y muchos jóvenes están con él.

“I detest him and his young men,” said Olive, with sudden energy. “In the old days people complained of young people breaking out because they were romantic. But these young men break out because they are sordid; just prosaic and low, and wrangling about machinery and money. Materialism. they just want a world of atheists, that would soon be world of apes.”

After a silence, Murrel crossed to the other end of the long room and could be heard calling a number into the telephone. There ensued one of those half conversations that make the hearer feel as if he were literally half-witted: but in this case, the subject matter was fairly clear from the context.

“Is that you, Jack? – Yes, I know you did; but I want to talk to you about it – At Seawood; but I can’t get away, because I’m painting myself red like an Indian. Nonsense, it can’t matter; you’ll only be coming on business – Yes, of course it’s quite understood: what a pragmatical beast you are – there’s no question of principle at all, I tell you. I won’t eat you. I won’t even paint you – all right.”

He rang off and returned to his creative labours, whistling.

“Do you know Mr Braintree?” asked Olive, with some wonder.

“you know I have a taste for low company,” answered Murrel.

“Does it extend to Communists?” asked Archer, with some heat. “Jolly close to thieves.”

“A taste for low company doesn’t make people thieves,” said Murrel, “It’s generally a taste for high company that does that.”

And he proceeded to decorate a vivid violet pillar with very large orange stars, in accordance with the well-known style of the ornamentation of throne-rooms in the reign of Richard the First.

Olivia: (Con energía) Le detesto y a los jóvenes también los detesto. En los viejos tiempos la gente se quejaba de que los jóvenes se descarrilaban por amor. Pero los jóvenes de hoy en día lo hacen porque son míseros, son prosaicos, de bajo rango, y discuten de maquinaria y dinero. ¡Materialismo! Solo quieren un mundo lleno de ateístas. Pronto este será un mundo de simios.

(Se hace silencio, Olivia y Murrel pintan de nuevo. Archer observa el cuadro de Oliviajaju. Después de un corto silencio Murrel se va al lado opuesto del cuarto, coge el teléfono, marca un número y se dispone a hablar. En la conversación solo se escucha a Murrel a hablar)

Murrel: (En una conversación por teléfono. El público solo escucha lo que él dice) Jack, ¿estás Ahí? . Sí, sé que lo hiciste, pero quiero hablar de ello. En Seawood. Pero no puedo irme de aquí, me estoy pintando de un rojo indio. Eso es absurdo, no puede tener relevancia. Solo vendrás para lo que tienes que hacer. Sí, por supuesto que lo entienden, pero que bestia pragmática eres. No es cuestión de principios. No te voy a comer. Ni siquiera te voy pintar. Vale.

(Murrel cuelga el teléfono y vuelve a su cuadro silbando).

Olivia: (Después de un silencio y de que Murrel vuelva a su cuadro. Pregunta con intriga) Así que, ¿conoces a Braintree?

Murrel: Sabes que me gusta pasar tiempo con compañía de baja categoría.

Archer: (Queriendo molestar a Murrel) También te acercas a comunistas?

Murrel: Pasar tiempo con compañía de baja categoría no te hace ladrón. Es generalmente el gusto por la compañía de alta categoría lo que te hace ser uno.

(Los dos continúan pintando. Murrel con colores muy vivos. Archer se interesa de nuevo por el cuadro de Olivia).

Portfolio Standard Brief (500 words max)

		Student Number	16336811		
Source Text	Title	Parábola de Cervantes y de Quijote	Target Text	Title	Ode to Cervantes and Don Quixote
	Year	1939		Target Language	English
	Author	Jorge Luis Borges		Number of words	206
	Source Language	Spanish		Situation of the target text within target culture (context, readership)	The readership of this text is English scholars interested in the publication of an anthology of Borges' work. It is addressed to cultivated speakers from both genders using standard British English.
	Number of words	196			
	Situation of the source text within source culture (context, readership)	This poem from 1939 was written by Borges and it is included in the book <i>El Hacedor</i> , published originally in 1960. It is a verse poem addressed to an audience who is acquainted with Miguel de Cervantes and his novel <i>Don Quixote de la Mancha</i> . Borges recreates the "Cervantine Dream" of mistaking the author with his creation. The readership for this poem was Spanish academics from the beginning of the XX th century.			
Formal features of the source text (including genre, register, tone, dialect, rhyme, rhythm, alliteration, word order and other poetic devices)	This poem is a parable and it has no rhyme. Borges put in communion the writer, Miguel de Cervantes and the dreamed character, Don Quixote, and compares both in a subtle manner as if they were only one. Even though there is no rhyme, there is internal rhythm that makes the reading of the poem pleasant and smooth. The register of the poem is formal. There are some alliterations of sounds, such as the /l/ sound.	Formal features of the target text (including genre, register, tone, dialect, rhyme, rhythm, alliteration, word order and other poetic devices)	My translation is an ode, divided into 5 stanzas with the rhyme pattern of ABBC DEED FFGG HIII JK. It also has internal rhyme. It is shorter than most odes but odes can be freer in their style, as long as they praise an object or person; in this case, Don Quixote and his deeds, and Miguel de Cervantes the creator of Don Quixote. Word order sometimes is altered, as in verse 3.		

Portfolio Standard Brief (500 words max)

Justification for this translation (why the text was chosen, are there existing translations, and did you consult them)	The theme of Borges' poem is both a parable and an ode, since it praises Miguel de Cervantes and his created fictional character, Don Quixote. For this reason, I consider it suitable to translate into this type of English form, the ode. I chose not to consult any translation because I did not want them to interfere with my word choices, although there are translations into English and all of them maintaining the form of the original.
Critical reflection on translation process, your translation strategy, the main secondary sources/reference materials you used, and why	After the difficulties I encountered to fit the poem into an ode, I was happy with the result. The topic seems to fit into the genre, giving the poem a twist in the way it is perceived, less pitiful or moral and more praiseful. In the process of the translation of this poem I had to learn about the background of the poem, as well as other poems included in <i>El Hacedor</i> . The main secondary sources I looked at are <i>General Knowledge of English Literature</i> (a) ¹ , and <i>Moving Words: forms of English poetry</i> (b) ² since they allowed me to gain a deeper insight into English poetic forms and in particular the ode.

¹ Vorsah, Rebecca A. 2012. *General Knowledge of English Literature: aspects of English language, idioms, tips on test and examination and three hundred examination questions and answers for high schools and training colleges: literary terms, figures of speech, forms of poetry, techniques in poetry, topic sentence, techniques for faster reading, mental posture for study, adverbial clauses, and idioms*. Indiana: Xlibris.

² Attridge, Derek. 2015. *Moving Words: forms of English poetry*. Oxford: Oxford University Press.

Parábola de Cervantes y de Quijote

Harto de su tierra de España, un viejo soldado del rey buscó solaz en las vastas geografías de Ariosto, en aquel valle de la luna donde está el tiempo que malgastan los sueños y en el ídolo de oro de Mahoma que robó Montalbán.

En mansa burla de sí mismo, ideó un hombre crédulo que, perturbado por la lectura de maravillas, dio en buscar proezas y encantamientos en lugares prosaicos que se llamaban El Toboso o Montiel.

Vencido por la realidad, por España, Don Quijote murió en su aldea natal hacia 1614. Poco tiempo lo sobrevivió Miguel de Cervantes.

Para los dos, para el soñador y el soñado, toda ésa trama fue la oposición de dos mundos: el mundo irreal de los libros de ca ballerías, el mundo cotidiano y común del siglo XVII.

Ode to Cervantes and Don Quixote

Oh, old kingsguard, sick of your homeland you looked for joy
In the immense geographies of Ariosto, in the valley of the moon
Where leis the time wasted by dreams, in Mahoma's golden idol in June,
Stolen by Montalbán's gleam.

Oh, with your gentle mockery of yourself, you imagined a gullible man,
Who, confused by wonderful readings, headed to adventures and deeds
In mundane places such as El Toboso, with great speed,
And to Montiel as well with a shield in his hand.

And oh, defeated by reality, by Spain, Don Quixote died in 1614.
He died in his home village, and Miguel de Cervantes died not long after him.
For both the dreamer and the imagined, all this plot was
the surreal world of chivalrous books and the ordinary 17th century world and its laws.

No sospecharon que los años acabarían por limar la discordia, no sospecharon que la Mancha y Montiel y la magra figura del caballero serían, para el porvenir, no menos poéticas que las etapas de Simbad o que las vastas geografías de Ariosto.

Porque en el principio de la literatura está el mito, y asimismo en el fin.

They did not suspect that time would refine the confrontation,
They did not suspect that La Mancha and Montiel, and the gentleman's lean figure,
Would in the future, be no less poetic than the time of Simbad and bigger
Or the immense geographies of Ariosto that were in formation.

In the book's beginning was myth,
And myth will be at the end of it.

Portfolio Standard Brief (500 words max)

		Student Number	16336811					
Source Text	Title	Magias Parciales del Quijote			Target Text			
	Year	1949					Title	Quixote's Partial Magic
	Author	Jorge Luis Borges					Target Language	English
	Source Language	Spanish					Number of words	1259
	Number of words	1166					Situation of the target text within target culture (context, readership)	The readership of this essay is educated male and female college students in Ireland/Britain not necessarily fully acquaintance with Spanish writers, who study Don Quixote and Miguel de Cervantes. This text appears as a remembrance of the 400 th anniversary of Cervantes' death, which although it was celebrated in 2016 it still echoes.
	Situation of the source text within source culture (context, readership)	This is an academic essay written by Jorge Luis Borges in 1949 which is included in <i>Otras Inquisiciones</i> , an essay book by Borges published originally in 1952 in Argentina. The book has a total of 35 essays and they all deal with an aspect of literature and/or writers. It is addressed to scholars in the literature field.					Situation of the target text within target culture (context, readership)	The readership of this essay is educated male and female college students in Ireland/Britain not necessarily fully acquaintance with Spanish writers, who study Don Quixote and Miguel de Cervantes. This text appears as a remembrance of the 400 th anniversary of Cervantes' death, which although it was celebrated in 2016 it still echoes.
Formal features of the source text (including genre, register, tone, dialect, rhyme, rhythm, alliteration, word order and other poetic devices)	It is an essay written in an academic and formal style. Sentences are long and convoluted. It includes some metaphors. Besides, there are references to other writers, philosophers and to other novels, so the reader is supposed to be acquaintance with all of those references for a better understanding of the essay. It is written in Standard Spanish.			Formal features of the target text (including genre, register, tone, dialect, rhyme, rhythm, alliteration, word order and other poetic devices)	Since the audience of this text is college students, the tone is less formal but still essay-formal and written in an essay-type. There is explicitation in the cases where metaphors or references would make the text coded. For instance, I clarified the identities of most of the philosophers and writers that appear, writing between brackets their role, country, and century. See line 14 for an example. In other instances, I included the information before the name without the brackets. See line 19 for an example. As well, more common vocabulary was chosen.			

Portfolio Standard Brief (500 words max)

<p>Justification for this translation (why the text was chosen, are there existing translations, and did you consult them)</p>	<p>This is a fascinating essay that poses the question of literature being inside itself, making the reader feel fictional. The fact that it is written in an academic style can discourage students from reading it and enjoying it. For this reason, I consider that with a lower tone and with some explicitation it is within reach of college students. There is an existent translation of this essay; however, it preserves the tone of the original and it does not include explicitation. I chose not to consult it before my first draft in order not to plagiarize it unconsciously. I did check it at the end of the process.</p>
<p>Critical reflection on translation process, your translation strategy, the main secondary sources/reference materials you used, and why</p>	<p>My translation strategy was to adapt this essay and make it reachable and appealing for college students. I had to research the writers, philosopher and novels appearing in the original in order to explain them in my translation. For this reason, my main secondary resources have been those materials in which I have found the details for all of the writers, philosophers and other novels. Overall, I consider that due to my word choice and explicitation, my English translation is approachable for this type of audience and therefore, it fulfils my purpose.</p>

Magias Parciales del Quijote

Es verosímil que estas observaciones hayan sido enunciadas alguna vez y, quizá muchas veces; la discusión de su novedad me interesa menos que la de su posible verdad. Cotejado con otros libros clásicos (la *Iliada*, la *Eneida*, la *Farsalia*, la *Comediadantesca*, las tragedias y comedias de Shakespeare), el *Quijote* es realista; este realismo, sin embargo, difiere esencialmente del que ejerció el siglo XIX. Joseph Conrad pudo escribir que excluía de su obra lo sobrenatural, porque admitirlo parecía negar que lo cotidiano fuera maravilloso: ignoro si Miguel de Cervantes compartió esa intuición, pero sé que la forma del *Quijote* le hizo contraponer a un mundo imaginario poético, un mundo real prosaico. Conrad y Henry James novelaron la realidad porque la juzgaban poética; para Cervantes son antinomias lo real y lo poético. A las vastas y vagas geografías del *Amadís* opone los polvorientos caminos y los sórdidos mesones de Castilla; imaginemos a un novelista de nuestro tiempo que destacara con sentido paródico las estaciones de aprovisionamiento de nafta. Cervantes ha creado para nosotros la poesía de la España del siglo XVII, pero ni aquel siglo ni aquella España eran poéticas para él; hombres como Unamuno o Azorín o Antonio Machado, enternecidos ante la evocación de la Mancha, le hubieran sido incomprensibles. El plan de su obra le vedaba lo maravilloso; éste, sin embargo, tenía que figurar, siquiera de manera indirecta, como los crímenes y el misterio en una parodia de la novela policial. Cervantes no podía recurrir a talismanes o a sortilegios, pero insinuó lo sobrenatural de un modo sutil, y, por ello mismo, más eficaz. Íntimamente, Cervantes amaba lo sobrenatural. Paul Groussac, en 1924, observó: «Con alguna mal fijada tintura de latín e italiano, la cosecha literaria de Cervantes provenía sobre todo de las novelas pastoriles y las novelas de caballerías, fábulas arrulladoras del cautiverio.» El *Quijote* es menos un antídoto de esas ficciones que una secreta despedida nostálgica.

Quixote's Partial Magic

It is possible that these observations have already been stated a few times, and maybe too many. The debate about its innovation does not interest me, but rather the possibility of its truth. Compared to other classics (the *Iliad*, the *Aeneid*, the *Pharsalia*, the *Divine Comedy*, and Shakespeare's comedies and tragedies), *Don Quixote* is realistic. However, this realism is different to the one existing in the 19th century in Spain. The writer Joseph Conrad wrote that he excluded supernatural elements from his works, since including it seemed to negate that everyday life was wonderful. I don't know if Miguel de Cervantes shared that insight, but I know that the form of *Don Quixote* made him oppose an imaginary poetic world against a real prosaic world. Conrad and Henry James wrote about the real world in their novels because they considered it poetic. For Cervantes, the real and the poetic were opposites, they contradicted each other. To the vast and vague geographies of Amadís, he opposes the dusty roads and sordid taverns of Castilla. Imagine a contemporary novelist who writes a parody about petrol stations. Cervantes has created for us the Spanish poetry of the 17th century, but neither that century nor that Spain were poetic for him. Cervantes would have not understood men like Unamuno, Azorín or Antonio Machado, Spanish writers from the 19th and 20th century who were touched by the memory of la Mancha. The program of his work did not allow the wonderful. This, however, had to appear, even if indirectly, just as crimes and mysteries in a parody of the crime novel. Cervantes could not turn to the device of talismans or spells, but he insinuated the supernatural in a subtle manner, and, therefore, more efficiently. Deep down, Cervantes loved the supernatural. The writer and literary critic Paul Groussac observed in 1924: "With a thin veneer of Latin and Italian, Cervantes' literary inclination came from the pastoral novels and the chivalric ones, soothing fables from his time in captivity." *Don Quixote* is less of an antidote of those fictions than a secret and nostalgic goodbye.

En la realidad, cada novela es un plano ideal; Cervantes se complace en confundir lo objetivo y lo subjetivo, el mundo del lector y el mundo del libro. En aquellos capítulos que discuten si la bacía del barbero es un yelmo y la albarda un jaez, el problema se trata de modo explícito; en otros lugares, como ya anoté, lo insinúa. En el sexto capítulo de la primera parte, el cura y el barbero revisan la biblioteca de don Quijote; asombrosamente uno de los libros examinados es la *Galatea* de Cervantes, y resulta que el barbero es amigo suyo y no lo admira demasiado, y dice que es más versado en desdichas que en versos y que el libro tiene algo de buena invención, propone algo y no concluye nada. El barbero, sueño de Cervantes o forma de un sueño de Cervantes, juzga a Cervantes... También es sorprendente saber, en el principio del noveno capítulo, que la novela entera ha sido traducida del árabe y que Cervantes adquirió el manuscrito en el mercado de Toledo, y lo hizo traducir por un morisco, a quien alojó más de mes y medio en su casa, mientras concluía la tarea. Pensamos en Carlyle, que fingió que el *Sartor Resartus* era versión parcial de una obra publicada en Alemania por el doctor Diógenes Teufelsdröckh; pensamos en el rabino castellano Moisés de León, que compuso el *Zohar* o *Libro del Esplendor* y lo divulgó como obra de un rabino palestino del siglo III.

In reality, each novel is a perfect arena. Cervantes is pleased at the confusion between the objective and the subjective, with the world of the reader and the world of the book. The chapters in *Don Quixote* discussing if the barber's vessel is a helmet and the pack saddle a military harness, are dealt in an explicit way. In other instances, as I noted before, he simply insinuates. In the sixth chapter of the first part, the priest and the barber look through Cervantes' library. Surprisingly, one of the examined books is *La Galatea* by Cervantes himself, and it turns out that the barber is his friend and does not really admire the book. He says that Cervantes is more versed in misfortunes than in verses and that the book is somewhat inventive, it suggests some things and does not conclude anything. The barber, who is Cervantes' dream or the shape of Cervantes' dream, judges Cervantes... It is also surprising to learn, at the beginning of the ninth chapter, that the whole novel has been translated from Arabic and that Cervantes acquired the manuscript in the market of Toledo. He asked a Mourisco (a former Muslims who has been converted into Christianity) to translate it, and Cervantes hosted him for more than month and a half while the Mourisco was translating it. If we think about Thomas Carlyle (a Scottish philosopher, essayist and historian born in the 18th century), he pretended that his novel *Sartor Resartus* was a partial version of a work published in Germany by the doctor Diógenes Teufelsdröckh. If we think about the Castilian rabbi Moisés de León, he composed the *Zohar* or *Libro del Esplendor* and popularize it as a work by a Palestinian rabbi from the 3rd century.

Ese juego de extrañas ambigüedades culmina en la segunda parte; los protagonistas han leído la primera, los protagonistas del *Quijote* son, asimismo, lectores del *Quijote*. Aquí es inevitable recordar el caso de Shakespeare, que incluye en el escenario de *Hamlet* otro escenario, donde se representa una tragedia, que es más o menos la de *Hamlet*; la correspondencia imperfecta de la obra principal y la secundaria aminora la eficacia de esa inclusión. Un artificio análogo al de Cervantes, y aún más asombroso, figura en el *Ramayana*, poema de Valmiki, que narra las proezas de Rama y su guerra con los demonios. En el libro final, los hijos de Rama, que no saben quién es su padre, buscan amparo en una selva, donde un asceta les enseña a leer. Ese maestro es, extrañamente, Valmiki; el libro en que estudian, el *Ramayana*. Rama ordena un sacrificio de caballos; a esa fiesta acude Valmiki con sus alumnos. Estos acompañados por el laúd, cantan el *Ramayana*. Rama oye su propia historia, reconoce a sus hijos y luego recompensa al poeta... Algo parecido ha obrado el azar en *Las mil y una noches*. Esta compilación de historias fantásticas duplica y reduplica hasta el vértigo la ramificación de un cuento central en cuentos adventicios, pero no trata de graduar sus realidades, y el efecto (que debió ser profundo) es superficial, como una alfombra persa. Es conocida la historia liminar de la serie: el desolado juramento del rey, que cada noche se desposa con una virgen que hace decapitar en el alba, y la resolución de Shahrazád, que lo distrae con fábulas, hasta que encima de los dos han girado mil y una noches y ella le muestra su hijo. La necesidad de completar mil y una secciones obligó a los copistas de la obra a interpolaciones de todas clases. Ninguna tan perturbadora como la de la noche DCII, mágica entre las noches. En esa noche, el rey oye de boca de la reina su propia historia. Oye el principio de la historia, que abarca a todas las demás, y también -de monstruoso modo-, a sí misma. ¿Intuye claramente el lector la vasta posibilidad de esa interpolación, el curioso peligro? Que la reina persista y el inmóvil rey oirá para siempre la trunca historia de *Las mil y una noches*, ahora infinita y circular... Las invenciones de la filosofía no son menos fantásticas que las del arte: Josiah Royce, en el primer volumen de la obra *The World and the Individual* (1899), ha formulado la siguiente: «Imaginemos que una porción del suelo de Inglaterra ha sido nivelada perfectamente y que en ella traza un cartógrafo un mapa de Inglaterra. La obra es perfecta; no hay detalle del suelo de Inglaterra, por diminuto que sea, que no esté registrado en el mapa; todo tiene ahí su correspondencia. Ese mapa, en tal caso, debe contener un mapa del mapa, que debe contener un mapa del mapa del mapa, y así hasta lo infinito.»

This game of strange ambiguities culminates in the second part of *Don Quixote*. The main characters have read the first part, and they are at the same time readers of *Don Quixote*. We are inevitably reminded of Shakespeare, who includes on the stage of *Hamlet* another stage, where a tragedy is represented, which is more or less that of *Hamlet*. The imperfect correspondence of the main plot and the secondary one mitigates the effect of that inclusion. A similar method to Cervantes' one, and even more astonishing, features in the *Ramayama*, a poem by the Indian poet Valmiki, who narrates the deeds of Rama (the seventh avatar of the Hindu God Vishnu) and his battle with the demons. In the last book, Rama's children, who don't know who their father is, look for shelter in a jungle, where an ascetic teaches them how to read. Curiously, that teacher is Valmiki, and the book they study, the *Ramayana*. Rama organises the offering of a horse, and Valmiki attends the ritual with his students. Accompanied by a lute, they sing the *Ramayana*. Rama listens to his own story, he recognises his own children and rewards the poet... Something similar happens in *The Arabian Nights*. This compilation of fantastic stories doubles and redoubles to denying the branched effect of a central story in secondary ones, but it does not try to grade its realities, and the effect (that must have been intense) is superficial, like a Persian carpet. The frame story is well known. There is a king who every night weds a virgin and beheads her the next morning. But one of them, Shahrazád, comes up with a solution, that distracting him with fables until a thousand nights fly by and she shows him their baby. The need to complete a thousand and one parts forced the copyists of the work to interpret all matters of stories, the most disturbing of them all being the 402 night, magic among the nights. In that night, the king hears from the queen's mouth his own story. He listens the beginning of it, which includes all the rest of them, and monstrously, even itself. Does the reader sense the enormous possibility of this interpolation, the curious danger? That the queen survives and the king listens to the twisted story of *The Arabian Nights*, now infinite and circular... The inventions of philosophy are no less fantastic than those of art. Josiah Royce, (an American philosopher from the 19th century) in the first volume of the work *The World and the Individual* (1899), formulated the following statement: "Imagine that a portion of England's land has been levelled perfectly and that a cartographer draws a map of England. The work is perfect, there is not a single detail missing from the map. Everything is there in its proper measure and form. The map, in that case, should have a map of the map, which should have a map of the map of the map, and so on till the end of time."

¿Por qué nos inquieta que el mapa esté incluido en el mapa y las mil y una noches en el libro de *Las mil y una noches*? ¿Por qué nos inquieta que Don Quijote sea lector del *Quijote*, y Hamlet, espectador de *Hamlet*? Creo haber dado con la causa: tales inversiones sugieren que si los caracteres de una ficción pueden ser lectores o espectadores, nosotros, sus lectores o espectadores, podemos ser ficticios. En 1833, Carlyle observó que la historia universal es un infinito libro sagrado que todos los hombres escriben y leen y tratan de entender, y en el que también los escriben.

Why does it bother us that the map is within the map, and that the one thousand and one nights is within the book of The Arabian Nights? Why does it bother us that Don Quixote is reader of *Don Quixote*, and Hamlet, a spectator of *Hamlet*? I think I have discovered the reason why: these inclusions suggest that if the characters from a novel of fiction can be readers or spectators, we, their readers and spectators, can be fictitious. In 1833, Thomas Carlyle observed that universal history is a sacred infinite book that all men write and read and try to understand, and in which they are also written.

Portfolio Standard Brief (500 words max)

		Student Number	16336811	
Source Text	Title	Camino Real		
	Year	1953		
	Author	Tennessee Williams		
	Source Language	English		
	Number of words	1145		
	Situation of the source text within source culture (context, readership)	Camino Real is a play written by Tennessee Williams in 1953. It originated from Williams's one-act play, <i>Ten Blocks on the Camino Real</i> , which was first staged in a workshop at the Actors Studio in New York in 1949, and which was later turned into a 1953 Broadway production. The theatre play takes place in a plaza in a Spanish's town.		
Target Text	Title	Camino Real		
	Target Language	Spanish		
	Number of words	1195		
	Situation of the target text within target culture (context, readership)	The readership is an educated Spanish audience from Spain going to plays, both teenagers and adults. Even though there is some English in the original, they do not have to be acquainted with the language, since they are not key for the understanding of it; the code-switching is part of the play and therefore they are not supposed to understand the English parts.		
	Formal features of the source text (including genre, register, tone, dialect, rhyme, rhythm, alliteration, word order and other poetic devices)	It is a play, with one stage and setting, and it includes many literary figures, such as Lord Byron and Don Quixote, each of them having a different personality and style when speaking. There are two characters who narrate the story. There is a mixture of Spanish and English, as well as some words in French. The Spanish used is grammatically incorrect most of the time, as if it were an attempt of English speakers to speak Spanish. I translated parts of the Prologue and Block Three since they were key passages for this code-switching and interaction between Spanish and English.		
	Formal features of the target text (including genre, register, tone, dialect, rhyme, rhythm, alliteration, word order and other poetic devices)	For this translation, I wanted to keep the code-switching that already exists in the original. In the cases where Spanish appeared in the original, I changed it into English in my translation. Since most of the Spanish was badly written, I also reflected that in my translation, making the English sound as if it were a foreigner speaking with little English.		

Portfolio Standard Brief (500 words max)

Justification for this translation (why the text was chosen, are there existing translations, and did you consult them)	Even though the play was written more than 50 years ago, I believe that it is still very relevant because of globalization and language barriers to communication. For this reason, I think it was important to represent this language barrier in a Spanish context in a growing multilingual world. I did not find any other translations so I could not compare my strategy with others, although it would have been very interesting to see if they also kept the same features as the original.
Critical reflection on translation process, your translation strategy, the main secondary sources/reference materials you used, and why	I believe that my translation strategy of emulating the features of the original and changing the languages in the code-switching, Spanish into English and vice versa, is a positive one for the outcome of this play, in which it is important to state that some characters do not speak the same language. However, it was not always easy to make the changes and it required creativity. I researched some sources about code-switching and specially the book (a) ¹ , in which Ulises Franco Arcia suggests the term <i>mirror-effect</i> , which gave me ideas about how to solve the issue of code-switching. Overall I believe that the end product is positive, performable, and close to the original in terms of the formal features of code-switching.

¹ Franco Arcia, Ulises. 2012. *Translating Multilingual Texts: The Case of "Strictly Professional" in Killing Me Softly. Morir Amando by Francisco Ibáñez-Carrasco*. Vol. 5, No. 1. pp. 65-85. Brasil: Mutatis Mutandis.

Camino Real

Prologue

Quixote (*ranting above the wind in a voice which is nearly as old*): Blue is the color of distance!

Sancho (*wearily behind him*): Yes, distance is blue.

Quixote: Blue is the color of distance and nobility, and that's why an old knight should always have somewhere about him a bit of blue ribbon...

(He jostles the elbow of an aisle-sitter as he staggers with fatigue; he mumbles an apology.)

Sancho: Yes, a bit of blue ribbon.

Quixote: A bit of faded blue ribbon, tucked away in whatever remains of his armor, or borne on the tip of his lance, his-unconquerable lance! It serves to remind an old knight of distance that he has gone and distance he has yet to go...

(Sancho mutters the Spanish word for excrement as several pieces of rusty armor fall into the aisle. Quixote has now arrived at the foot of the steps onto the forestage. He pauses there as if wandering out of or into a dream. Sancho draws up clanging behind him. Mr. Gutman, a lordly fat man wearing a linen suit and a pith helmet, appears dimly on the balcony of the Siete Mares, a white cockatoo on his wrist. The bird cries out harshly.)

Gutman: Hush, Aurora.

Quixote: It also reminds an old knight of that green country he lived in which was the youth of his heart, before such singing words as *Truth!*

Camino Real

Prólogo

Quijote (*despotricando por encima el viento con una voz que es casi o más antigua que este*): ¡El azul es el color de la distancia!

Sancho (*marchando de forma fatigosa detrás de él*): Sí, la distancia es azul.

Quijote: El azul es el color de la distancia y la nobleza, y es por eso que un viejo caballero debe tener a mano un poco de cinta azul...

(Posa el codo en un asiento del pasillo mientras se tambalea de forma cansada. Murmura una disculpa.)

Sancho: Sí, un poco de cinta azul

Quijote: Un trozo de lazo azul desteñado, escondido en lo poco que quede de su armadura, o en la punta de su lanza sostenido, ¡su lanza invencible! Sirve como recordatorio para el viejo caballero de la distancia que ha recorrido, y de la distancia que le queda por recorrer...

(Sancho murmura la palabra en inglés para excremento mientras que varias partes de la armadura se caen en el pasillo. Quijote se aproxima al principio de las escaleras en el escenario. Se para ahí como si estuviera en trance entrando a un sueño o saliendo de este. Sancho se pone detrás de él agarrándole, haciendo un sonido metálico. El señor Gutman, un hombre arrogante y gordo con un traje de lino y un médula casco aparece de forma tenue en el balcón de los Siete Mares, tiene una cacatúa blanca posada en su muñeca. El pájaro grita de manera ruidosa.)

Gutman: Calla, Aurora.

Quijote: También le recuerda al viejo caballero de aquel país verde en el que vivió y al que perteneció la juventud de su corazón, antes de que palabras tan sonoras como ¡verdad!

Sancho (*panting*): -Truth!

Quixote: Valor!

Sancho: -Valor!

Quixote (*elevating his lance*): Devoir!

Sancho: -Devoir!

Quixote: -turned into the meaningless mumble of some old monk hunched over cold mutton at supper!

(Gutman alerts a pair of Guards in the plaza, who cross with red lanterns to either barrier of the proscenium where they lower black and white striped barrier gates as if the proscenium marked a frontier. One of them, with a hand on his holster, advances towards the pair on the steps.)

Guard: Vien Aquí.

(Sancho hangs back but Quixote stalks up to the barrier gate. The Guard turns a flashlight on his long and exceedingly grave red face, "frisks" him casually for concealed weapons, examines a rusty old knife and tosses it contemptuously away.)

Sus papeles! Sus documentos!

(Quixote fumbling produces some tattered old papers from the lining of his hat.)

Gutman (*Impatiently*): Who is it?

Guard: An old desert rat named Quixote.

Gutman: Oh! -Expected! -Let him in.

Sancho (*jadeando*): - ¡Verdad!

Quijote: ¡Courage!

Sancho: - ¡Courage!

Quijote (*elevando su lanza*): ¡Devoir!

Sancho: - ¡Devoir!

Quijote: - ¡se convirtieran en el insignificante murmullo de un viejo monje encorvado sobre cordero frío a la hora de la comida!

(Gutman alerta a un par de Guardias en la plaza, que cruzan el escenario con linternas rojas y se sitúan a cada lado de las barreras del proscenio. Proceden a bajar las barreras de rayas negras y blancas como si marcaran una frontera. Uno de ellos, con una mano en su pistolera, avanza hacia la pareja que está en las escaleras.)

Guardia: Comes here.

(Sancho se queda atrás pero Quijote se aproxima hacia la barrera. El Guardia enciende una linterna en su cara larga y extremadamente roja, le “registra” de forma casual buscando armas ocultas, examina un cuchillo viejo y oxidado y lo arroja a un lado de forma despectiva.)

¡Your documents! ¡Your documentation!

(Quijote se saca unos papeles viejos y desgastados del forro de su sombrero.)

Gutman (*Impacientemente*): ¿Quién es?

Guardia: Una rata vieja del desierto llamada Quijote.

Gutman: ¡Oh! –¡Se le espera! –Déjele pasar.

(The Guards raise the barrier gate and one sits down to smoke on the terrace. Sancho hangs back still. A dispute takes place on the forestage and steps into the aisle.)

Quixote: Forward!

Sancho: Aw, naw. I know this place. *(He produces a crumpled parchment.)* Here it is on the chart. Look, it says here: “Continue until you come to the square of a walled town which is the end of the *Camino Real* and the beginning of the *Camino Real*. Halt there,” it says, “and turn back, Traveler, for the spring of humanity has gone dry in this place and—”

Quixote *(He snatches the chart from him and reads the rest of the inscription.)*: “—there are no birds in the country except wild birds that are tamed and kept in--” *(He holds the chart close to his nose.)*

--Cages!

Sancho *(urgently)*: Let’s go back to La Mancha!

Block Three

Kilroy *(genially, to all present)*: Ha ha!

(Then he walks up to the Officer by the terrace of the Siete Mares.)

Buenos días, señor.

(He gets no response—barely even a glance.)

Habla Inglesia? Usted

Quijote: ¡Adelante!

Sancho: Ah, no. Conozco este lugar. (*Se saca un pergamino arrugado.*) Aquí está en la lista. Mira, lo dice aquí: “Continúe hasta que llegue a la plaza de la villa amurallada, la cual es el final del *Camino Real* y el principio del *Camino Real*. Deténgase ahí,” dice, “y dé la vuelta, Viajero, ya que la descendencia de la humanidad aquí se ha secado y—”

Quijote (*Le arrebatla la lista y lee el resto de la inscripción.*): “—no hay pájaros en el país excepto los pájaros salvajes que son mansos y a los que se les mantiene en—” (*Sostiene la lista cerca de su nariz.*)

—¡Jaulas!

Sancho (*urgentemente*): ¡Volvamos a La Mancha!

Bloque Tres

Kilroy (*cordialmente, a todos los presentes*): ¡Ja ja!

(Luego se dirige al Oficial por la terraza de los Siete Mares.)

Good morning, sir.

(No obtiene respuesta—ni si quiera una mirada.)

¿Do speaks English? ¿You?

Officer: What is it you want?

Kilroy: Where is Wester Union or Wells-Fargo? I got to send a wire to some friends in the States.

Officer: No hay Wester Union, no hay Wells-Fargo.

Kilroy: That is very peculiar. I never struck town yet that didn't have one or the other. I just got off a boat. Lousiest frigging tub I ever shipped on, one continual hell it was, all the way up from Rio. And me sick, too. I picked up one of those tropical fevers. No sick bay on that tub, no doctor, no medicine or nothing, not even one quinine pill, and I was burning up with Christ knows how much fever. I couldn't make them understand I was sick. I got a bad heart, too. I had to retire from the prize ring because of my heart. I was the light heavyweight champion of the West Coast, won these gloves! —before my ticker went bad. — Feel my chest! Go on, feel it! Feel it. I've got a heart in my chest as big as the head of a baby. Ha ha! They stood me in front of a screen that makes you transparent and that's what they seen inside me, a heart in my chest as big as the head of a baby! With something like that you don't need the gypsy to tell you, "Time is short, Baby—get ready to hitch on wings!" The medics wouldn't okay me for no more fights. They said to give up liquor and smoking and sex! —To give up sex! —I used to believe a man couldn't live without sex—but he can—if he wants to! My real true woman, my wife, she would of stuck with me, but it was all spoiled with her being scared and me, too, that a real hard kiss would kill me! —So one night while she was sleeping I wrote her good-bye...

(He notices a lack of attention in the Officer: he grins.)

No comprendo the lingo?

Officer: what is it you want?

Oficial: ¿Qué quieres?

Kilroy: ¿Dónde está Wester Union o Wells-Fargo? Necesito mandar un mensaje a amigos en America.

Oficial: There is no Wester Union, there is no Wells-Fargo.

Kilroy: Peculiar. Nunca me he encontrado villa que no tenga ninguno de los dos. Acabo de desembarcar de un barco. La más deplorable y mierdosa lancha en el que he navegado, un infierno continuo ha sido, todo el camino desde Rio. Y estoy enfermo, también. Pillé una de esas fiebres tropicales. Ni enfermería en esa lancha, ni un doctor, ni medicinas ni nada, ni siquiera una pastilla de quinina, y yo ardiendo como solo Dios sabe. No les pude hacer entender que estaba enfermo. Además tengo un mal corazón también. Me tuve que retirar del ring por mi corazón. Era el campeón de peso ligero de la Costa Oeste, ¡gané estos guantes! —Antes de que mi patata se echara a perder. —¡Siente mi pecho! Vamos, ¡siéntelo! Siéntelo. Tengo un corazón en el pecho tan grande como la cabeza de un bebé. ¡Ja ja! Me pusieron en frente de una pantalla que te hace transparente y eso es lo que vieron en mí, ¡un corazón en mi pecho tan grande como la cabeza de un bebé! Con algo como esto no necesitas a una gitana que te diga, “El tiempo es corto, corazón—!prepárate a engancharte en las alas!” Los médicos no me dieron permiso para pelear más. Me dijeron que tenía que renunciar al alcohol, al tabaco ¡y al sexo! —¡Renunciar al sexo! —Solía creer que un hombre no podía vivir sin sexo—pero sí que puede—¡sí quiere! Mi única mujer verdadera, mi esposa, habría permanecido conmigo, pero todo se arruinó cuando empezó a tener miedo de que un beso fuerte pudiera matarme, ¡y yo también tenía miedo! — Así que una noche, mientras ella dormía le escribí una carta de despedida...

(Nota una falta de atención por parte del Oficial: hace una mueca.)

¿I not understand the lingo?

Oficial: ¿Qué quieres?

Kilroy: excuse my ignorance, but what place is this? What is this country and what is the name of this town? I know it seems funny of me to ask such a question. Loco! But I was so glad to get off that rotten tub that I didn't ask nothing of no one except my pay –and I got shortchanged on that. I have trouble counting these pesos or whatzit-you-call-'em. (He jerks out his wallet.) All-a-this-here. In the States that pile of lettuce would make you a plutocrat! –but I bet you this stuff don't add up to fifty dollars American coin. Ha ha!

Officer: Ha Ha

Kilroy: Ha ha!

Officer (making it sound like a death rattle): Ha-ha-ha-ha-ha.

(He turns and starts into the cantina) Kilroy grabs his arm.)

Kilroy: Ha ha!

Officer: what is it you want?

Kilroy: What is the name of this country and this town?

(The Officer thrusts his elbow in Kilroy's stomach and twists his arm loose with a Spanish curse. He kicks the swinging doors open and enters the cantina.)

Brass hats are the same everywhere.

(As soon as the Officer goes, the Street People come forward and crowd about Kilroy with their wheedling cries.)

Street people: Dulces, dulces! Lotería! Lotería! Pasteles, café con leche!

Kilroy: No caree, no caree!

Kilroy: Perdóneme mi ignorancia, ¿pero qué lugar es este? ¿En qué país estoy, y cómo se llama la villa? Sé que es gracioso que pregunte estas cuestiones. ¡Crazy! Pero qué alivio al bajarme de esa lancha podrida, tanto que no pregunté por nada excepto por mi paga— y encima me estafaron. Tengo problemas al contar estos pesos o como quiera que se llamen. *(Se saca la cartera.)* Todo-esto-aquí. ¡En América esa pila de lechugas te haría un plutócrata! —Pero te aseguro que esto no llega a cincuenta dólares Americanos. ¡Ja ja!

Oficial: Ja ja

Kilroy: ¡Ja ja!

Oficial *(sonando como un estertor muerto)*: Ja-ja-ja-ja-ja

(Se gira y se va a la cantina. Kilroy coge su brazo.)

Kilroy: ¡Ja ja!

Oficial: ¿Qué quieres?

Kilroy: ¿Cómo se llama este país y esta villa?

El Oficial golpea a Kilroy en el estómago con el codo y este retuerce su brazo hasta escaparse blasfemando en inglés. *(Da una patada a las puertas oscilantes para abrirla y entra en la cantina.)*

Los sombreros de copa alta los mismos en todos los lados.

(Tan pronto como el Oficial se va, la gente de la calle se aproxima y se amontonan alrededor de Kilroy con sus gritos).

Gente de la calle: ¡Candies, candies! ¡Lottery! ¡Lottery! ¡Pastries, coffee!

Kilroy: ¡No won't, no won't!

Portfolio Standard Brief (500 words max)

		Student Number	16336811	
Source Text	Title	City of Glass		
	Year	1994		
	Author	Paul Auster		
	Source Language	English		
	Number of words	300		
	Situation of the source text within source culture (context, readership)	It is a graphic novel based on the novel <i>City of Glass</i> by Paul Auster published in 1985. It is the story of a writer, Daniel Quinn, who pretends to be a detective, since the person that hired him thought he was an actual detective named Paul Auster. Daniel Quinn is characterized and modelled after Don Quixote, so much so that at the end of the story he no longer knows who he really is.		
Target Text	Title	City de Cristal		
	Target Language	Spanglish		
	Number of words	289		
	Situation of the target text within target culture (context, readership)	A bilingual reader, mainly from the U.S.A, South America and/or Spain, who is conscious of the theme of identity, is the target of this translation. Since the translation is in both Spanish and English, intermingled in the same sentences, it is important that the reader master both languages.		
	Formal features of the source text (including genre, register, tone, dialect, rhyme, rhythm, alliteration, word order and other poetic devices)	This graphic novel includes not only text but images that complement the text. The text presented is concise because space is limited. Sentences are not long or dense, nor do they include many descriptive adjectives; rather, they are short and direct. There are dialogues, included in speech balloons. These are also short. However, the meaning is adequately conveyed since the pictures help the reader to follow the main story line. The font of the text is important, since it implies the genre of it.		
	Formal features of the target text (including genre, register, tone, dialect, rhyme, rhythm, alliteration, word order and other poetic devices)	The translation maintains the format of the original, the graphic novel. Furthermore, the text is precise due to the limitation of space. It is in Spanglish, and for this reason I was aware of all the criticism that this may cause. I kept the same font style in the translation, though not the same font type. The one I used is Comic Sans.		

Portfolio Standard Brief (500 words max)

<p>Justification for this translation (why the text was chosen, are there existing translations, and did you consult them)</p>	<p>This graphic novel has not been translated into Spanish, but its translation into Spanglish for a bilingual audience occurs in an era in which identity is a key feature for society. With globalization, English is becoming the language most commonly needed to understand people from the rest of the world. As Spanish is the second most spoken language in the world, I believe that this graphic novel has a very wide audience.</p>
<p>Critical reflection on translation process, your translation strategy, the main secondary sources/reference materials you used, and why</p>	<p>I am aware of the criticisms that a translation into Spanglish may cause, and for this reason I consulted criticism regarding the translation into Spanglish of the first chapter of Don Quixote by Ilán Stavans (a)¹. I guided my translation with some rules and norms that I found in (b)², as well. These allowed me to decide in which instances I should use one language or the other so that the text sounds natural, so that it flows and does not sound forced. According to Ilán Stavans Spanglish has existed for at least 150 years, and although it is not established as an “official” language, it cannot be denied that many people use it as part of their daily life.</p>

¹Stavans, Ilán. 2014. *In Defense of Spanglish: Low-bred languages, the class struggle, and why Amherst College teaches Spanglish*. The Language Issue. The Common Reader. A journal of the Essay.

² Jason Rothman and Amy Beth Rell. 2005. *A linguistic analysis of Spanglish: relating language to identity*. P.520-525. Equinox Publishing.



STILLMAN'S TRAIN WAS NOT DUE UNTIL 6:41, BUT QUINN WANTED TIME TO STUDY THE PLACE.



HE SAW THAT A DETERMINED MAN COULD EASILY DISAPPEAR.



I AM PAUL AUSTER.

QUINN FELT HE HAD BEEN TAKEN OUT OF HIMSELF, UNBURDENED OF HIS OWN CONSCIOUSNESS.



HE WAS NOT REALLY LOST; JUST PRETENDING.



AND THE PURPOSE TO HIS BEING PAUL AUSTER ABSOLVED HIM OF HAVING TO DEFEND HIS LIE.



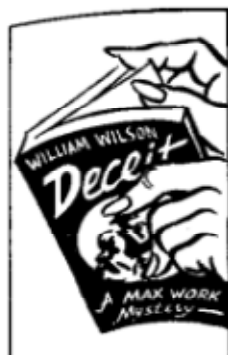
HE WAS REMINDED OF VISITING NANTUCKET WITH HIS WIFE DURING HER FIRST MONTH OF PREGNANCY.



LOOK AT IT THROUGH AUSTER'S EYES.

















Stillman did not look a las cosas around him. Parecían no interesarle.

Parecía to be moving con esfuerzo, un poco arrastrado por la crowd.

Lo que pasó then desafió toda explanation.



Durante un second, Quinn thought que era una ilusion.

Pero no, este otro Stillman moved, respiró, parpadeó his eyes.

No había nothing que Quinn pudiera do ahora y que no fuera un mistake.

Do algo

Cualquier choice he made sería todo chance.

Do algo ahora, you idiot.







Portfolio Standard Brief (500 words max)

		Student Number	16336811		
Source Text	Title	Donkey Xote	Target Text	Title	Donkey Xote
	Year	2007		Target Language	Spanish
	Author	Director: José Pozo		Number of words	715
	Source Language	English		Situation of the target text within target culture (context, readership)	This translation is a back translation, since the original script was written in Spanish and I've translated the English dubbing into Spanish. It is for male and female children, although it is also suitable for adults, living in Spain. It is also for an audience with a little knowledge of English, since the title is a play on words that works in English. The translation develops in a context where Don Quixote is very well known and all kids, and adults, are acquaintance with his adventures.
	Number of words	756			
	Situation of the source text within source culture (context, readership)	Donkey Xote is an animated film produced first in Spanish and then dubbed into English for an English/American/Irish audience. It deals with the further adventures of Don Quixote, where he finally meets his ideal Dulcinea and becomes a famous knight errant. I translated from minutes 10:13 to 16:30, where the Bachelor Carrasco tricks Don Quixote and Sancho to go to a duel in Barcelona. In this scene, Don Quixote and Sancho are reunited again after a long dispute. This film is for children, although it is also suitable for adults. It was sold to fifteen countries and it was well received.			
Formal features of the source text (including genre, register, tone, dialect, rhyme, rhythm, alliteration, word order and other poetic devices)	Since there are many characters in the film each of them has their own register and tone. Don Quixote's speech is in a high register at some instances and Sancho's one is lower. Don Quixote tends to speak with metaphors and in a poetic diction. However, the English is modern-standard, it does not replicate the 17 th century Spanish as in the novel by Miguel de Cervantes. The animals speak between one another.	Formal features of the target text (including genre, register, tone, dialect, rhyme, rhythm, alliteration, word order and other poetic devices)	In my back translation I tried to adapt expressions for a Spanish audience living in Spain. It is meant to be humorous; my purpose was rather to make people laugh than respect the source text, so I changed some expressions. Since it is a film, the timing is very important, so it was a key feature to consider. In some instances, I had to reduce a sentence so that it would fit the time. Sancho has a lower tone, which I tried to reflect in the translation, as well as Quixote's one, which is more formal. Besides, since it is mainly addressed to children, my word choices have been in accordance.		

Portfolio Standard Brief (500 words max)

<p>Justification for this translation (why the text was chosen, are there existing translations, and did you consult them)</p>	<p>I chose not to consult the original in Spanish before my translation since I wanted to see if the original resembled my translation or not. This film was chosen since it fits the unifying topic of "Don Quijote" of my portfolio and because I wanted to explore and indirect, back-translation of audio-visual material. The reason why I choose from minutes 10:13 to 16:30 is because this part has different challenges to be solved as well as humour, which I adapted them for a Spanish audience and culture.</p>
<p>Critical reflection on translation process, your translation strategy, the main secondary sources/reference materials you used, and why</p>	<p>Since this was a back translation, I compared the original version to my translation once it was finished. They resembled to one another although the original is more idiomatic. As well, I found some mistranslations in the English dubbing. Overall, I consider that the original and my translation are very alike, which indicated that in the English dubbing they maintained the original overall meaning and adapted it to an English audience and context.</p>

Donkey Xote

- My dear Sancho, come in. We were waiting for you!
- Where is Quixote?
- Sancho!
- Let's get this over with. I got the donkey double parked.
- Gentlemen! We have known one another since childhood.
- You Don Quixote, you are the most famous and cultivate in the village.
- After you, Bachelor!
- And you Sancho, wealthy and respectable man. You followed him for a dream but it all went sour, didn't it?
- He said I get to be governor of an island if I went with him.
- Yhaa, but we didn't find Dulcinea. You saw her, but I didn't.
- Because you left me alone!
- As you can see there's been quite a few letters concerning that book about you two. You even got a fan club, which isn't bad especially when you considered that I, for example, haven't had a letter in years. And, on top of it all, they flooded the region with these pamphlets. "I, Knight of the Crescent Moon, having learn of the adventures of the knight errant Don Quixote, challenge him to a dual in Barcelona this full moon. If I should win, Quixote will hand over his arms and renounce Dulcinea forever. But, if Quixote be the winner, I promise to reveal the true identity of Dulcinea and will give her all my treasures and possessions.
- So, what's all this got to do with me?
- You, my dear Sancho, do I have to remind you that you were the one who went off with him to resurrect this whole chivalry thing and now, you're Quixote and Sancho, Sancho and Quixote an indivisible symbol of this beautiful village, it's main heritage, the pride of La Mancha. You are everything!

Donkey Xote

- Mi querido Sancho, pasa ¡te estábamos esperando!
- ¿Dónde está Don Quijote?
- ¡Sancho!
- Acabemos esto cuanto antes. Tengo a mi burro en doble fila.
- ¡Caballeros!, nos conocemos desde la infancia. Tú Don Quijote, eres el más famoso y culto de la aldea.
- Después de ti, bachiller.
- Y tú Sancho, eres un hombre rico y respetable, le seguiste por un sueño pero no fue bien ¿verdad?
- Dijo que sería dueño de mi propia isla si iba con él.
- Sí, pero no encontramos a Dulcinea. Tú la viste, pero yo no.
- ¡Porque me dejaste solo!
- Como podéis ver, habéis recibido muchas cartas sobre un tal libro de vosotros dos. ¡Incluso tenéis un club de fans! Que no está mal, especialmente cuando yo, por ejemplo, no he recibido una carta en años. Y además, toda la región está llena de estos panfletos. “Yo, Caballero de la Luna Creciente, sabiendo de las aventuras del caballero errante Don Quijote, le desafío a un duelo en Barcelona esta luna llena. Si gano el duelo, Don Quijote renunciará sus armas y a Dulcinea para siempre. Pero, si Don Quijote gana, prometo revelar la identidad real de Dulcinea y le daré todo mi tesoro y posesiones”.
- ¿Y qué tiene que ver todo esto conmigo?
- Tú, mi querido Sancho, tengo que recordarte que fuiste tú el que fue con él, para revivir su caballería y ahora sois Quijote y Sancho, Sancho y Quijote. Un símbolo indivisible de esta hermosa villa, su legado, el orgullo de La Mancha. ¡Lo sois todo!

- And your point is?
- The truth is, Quixote asked me to interfere. Just shake hands, can you? and go along with him on a new adventure. Help him as I do, for the sake of friendship.
- Well, he can forget about Barcelona for a start.
- I cannot in truth forget about Barcelona if there is where I should find the beautiful Dulcinea, queen of my days and princess of my nights.
- For you, Quixote!
- That old pail of junk?
- Extraordinary!
- Looks like Teresa's belt!
- If I'm not mistaken this magnificent gem is nothing less than Bandiara. The armour of the mystical Plandium.
- You seem to know everything, Quixote!
- Everything is in the books!
- Please, take this as a small sign of Bachelor Carrasco's commitment to our beloved hero.
- What about me? Ha! Nothing, for me nothing!
- Hurry up!
- This is absurd, we can't go on like this!
- Pay me and we are even!
- But of course I will! As soon as we come back from Barcelona.
- Oh, not again please!
- I already said no back there, didn't I? I mean, what do you want? Need to follow one another man escapade, just to get dumb on again?

- ¿Y a mí qué me importa?
- La verdad es, Don Quijote me ha pedido que interceda. Perdónale y vete con él en nuevas aventuras. Ayúdale como yo lo hago, hazlo por la Amistad.
- Para empezar se puede ir olvidando de Barcelona.
- No puedo olvidarme de Barcelona, si es allí donde puedo encontrar a la hermosa Dulcinea, reina de mis días, princesa de mis noches.
- Para ti, Quijote.
- ¿Este pedazo de basura?
- ¡Extraordinario!
- Sí, se parece a la faja de Teresa.
- Si creo estar en lo correcto esta magnífica joya no es nada menos que la Bandiara. La armadura del místico Plandium.
- Parece ser que lo sabes todo, Quijote.
- Todo está en los libros.
- Por favor, toma esto como un pequeño símbolo del compromiso del bachiller Carrasco a nuestro querido héroe.
- ¿Y para mí qué, he? ¡Nada, nada para mí!
- Date prisa.
- Esto es absurdo. No podemos seguir así.
- Págame, y estamos en paz.
- Por supuesto que lo haré. Tan pronto como vengamos de Barcelona.
- Otra vez no, ¡Por favor!
- Ya he dicho que no antes, ¿o no? ¿Pero qué es lo que quieres? ¿Ir a otra escapada de hombres, para que acabe solo de nuevo?

- We will show the world, how to live an exceptional life.
- Forget it!
- So that's a yes then!
- Look at them! They are impatient to be off!
- Get off! Between honour and money, second is first
- I'm with him. Didn't I make myself clear?
- Come on!
- No!
- My friend, a knight errant doesn't do what the world expects, no! He must live as his heart dictates.
- You forget I'm not like you Quixote. I'm not a knight errant. I'm just a simple man.
- Can I suggest something?
- It was good to see you again.
- Good luck and have fun!
- But I need you Sancho. You're the only one who ever saw her.
- Look Quixote! I don't... OK! Give me one good reason why I should go!
- The treasure?

- Enseñaremos al mundo entero, cómo vivir una vida excepcional.
- ¡Olvidalo!
- Eso es un sí entonces.
- Míralos. Inquietos por empezar otra aventura.
- Déjame en paz. Entre el honor y el dinero, lo segundo va primero.
- Estoy con él. ¿Acaso no ves lo que quiero?
- ¡Vamos!
- ¡No!
- Mi amigo, un caballero andante no es el que hace lo que el mundo espera, ¡no! Debe vivir como dicta su corazón.
- Te olvidas de que yo no soy como tú, Don Quijote. No soy un caballero errante. Solo soy un hombre sencillo.
- ¿Puedo sugerir algo?
- Me alegro de haberte visto de nuevo.
- Buena suerte, y diviértete.
- Pero te necesito Sancho. Eres el único que ha visto a Dulcinea.
- Mira Quijote, no... ¡Vale! Dame una buena razón por la que debería ir.
- ¿El tesoro?

- Not bad!
- That treasure, how much we talking about? I mean, does it say anywhere? I need another reason!
- Is that you, sweetie? Just in time to help! Hurry up! There's a lot to do today!
- OK, sweetie!
- But I get the treasure, you keep the girl!
- But, who is going to take care of my chickens?
- Little Sancho, how I should put this? Have you got any spare cash on you?
- Here we go again!
- But what about me? Does my opinion count anything around here?
- Sweetie? Are you there?

- ¿No está mal, eh?
- Este tesoro, ¿de cuánto estamos hablando? ¿Acaso existe? Necesito otra razón.
- ¿Estás ahí corazón? ¡Justo a tiempo para ayudar! ¡Deprisa! ¡Hay que hacer muchas cosas hoy!
- ¡Vale corazón! Yo me quedo con el tesoro, tú te puedes quedar con la chica.
- ¿Quién va a cuidar a mis gallinas?
- Pequeño Sancho, cómo decir esto. ¿Tienes algo de dinero contigo?
- ¡Ya empezamos otra vez!
- ¿Y qué pasa conmigo? Parece ser que mi opinión no cuenta para nada.
- ¿Cariño? ¿Estás ahí?

Portfolio Standard Brief (500 words max)

		Student Number	16336811		
Source Text	Title	Spanish Rain	Target Text	Title	Lluvia Española
	Year	2010		Target Language	Spanish
	Author	Cold Play		Number of words	118
	Source Language	English		Situation of the target text within target culture (context, readership)	My main aim for this translation was to produce a singable translation that could be performable with musical instruments. The target reader for this song is teenagers, adults and children of both genders living in Spain going to a Coldplay concert, given that the band would sing this song in Spanish.
	Number of words	127			
	Situation of the source text within source culture (context, readership)	“Spanish Rain” is a song by Cold Play, a British rock band which started in 1996. This song was introduced by Chris Martin, the lead singer, as a song with Don Quixote as the main theme, and was especially written for their Latin American tour in 2010. Cold play had a great time while touring in Argentina, Mexico and Brazil in 2007, and for this reason, in 2010 while touring there again, they decided to write a song just for them. Thus, it is not included in any of their CD’s.			
Formal features of the source text (including genre, register, tone, dialect, rhyme, rhythm, alliteration, word order and other poetic devices)	This song falls into the pop/rock genre where word order and number of syllables throughout the whole song are very important for its rhythm. It has 5 verses and a chorus, which is repeated twice. The song contains an anaphora in the chorus. It is written in standard British English, with no dialect and in a normal register.	Formal features of the target text (including genre, register, tone, dialect, rhyme, rhythm, alliteration, word order and other poetic devices)	The song is pop/rock style, written in a standard Spanish register. It follows a specific rhythm and word order to suit its performability. The anaphora that is present in the original is eliminated in my translation so that the Spanish syllables can fit the music beats; however, the meaning is not lost.		
Justification for this translation (why the text was chosen, are there existing translations, and did you consult them)	One of the reasons why I did this translation is because although there some translations of it, none can be performed since they are very literal. Thus, my main purpose was to produce a singable Spanish translation that could stand on its own. I looked at these translations first and they seemed to have been translated by an automatic machine or in a very literal way, which in this case is not performable in Spanish.				

Portfolio Standard Brief (500 words max)

Critical reflection on translation process, your translation strategy, the main secondary sources/reference materials you used, and why

In order to make this singable translation possible I needed a guitar and to sing both the original and my translation. My main secondary source was a guide on how to compose music (a)¹ so that this translation sounded as if it was written in Spanish. The main challenge was fitting the syllables into the pattern established by the original, without losing the meaning. Besides, the translation of the sentence “Spanish rain” was challenging since I wanted to convey the message of having a good time in Spain. Overall I can say that this translation can be performed and it can be considered as a Spanish song.

¹ Bosch, Maura. 2008. *Everyone Can Compose Music*. United States: ProQuest Information and Learning Company. P. 67-85

Spanish Rain

So we left La Mancha,
Headed out for higher plains
Me and Sancho Panza

Looking for adventure,
Rosinante at the reigns,
To the windmills answer

You'll never be lonely
You'll never be lonely ever again

You'll never be lonely
You'll never be lonely again.

I heard you never get wet in Spanish Rain

So they sent the doctor
For examining my brain
Said: "He's not too clever"

Lluvia Española

Nos fuimos de la mancha

Dejamos esos llanos

Yo y Sancho Panza

Buscando aventuras

Con rocín a las riendas

Hacia los molinos

No volverás a estar solo

A estar solo nunca más

No volverás a estar solo

Nunca más

Y es que todo va bien bajo la lluvia española

Mandaron al loquero

Para examinar mi mente

Dijo “no es muy listo”

When the world, when the world just seems

A little bit too cruel

Gonna leave it better

Make one better. Hey!

So tell that princess

Tell that princess right down the train

Tell that princess: She'll never be lonely again

I heard you never get wet in Spanish Rain

I heard you never get wet in Spanish Rain...

Cuando el mundo, parece ser

Un poco cruel

Hay que dejarlo mejor

Crea un mundo mejor. Hey

Di a esa princesa

La que se baja del tren

Di a esa princesa: nunca más estará sola

Y es que todo va bien bajo la lluvia española

Y es que todo va bien bajo la lluvia española

