Possible Futures

A Collection of Translational Liminalities

By Suzanne McMahon - Student No: 16309215

Trinity College Dublin

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Supervised by Dr Hannes Opelz
I would like to give sincere thanks to my supervisor Hannes Opelz for his invaluable advice and guidance with my translations. Thank you also to James Hadley and to all my professors. And finally, thank you to all my fellow students for your support throughout the year in the liminal worlds of virtual classrooms and whatsapp.
The Vivonne

Same Old Tomorrow?

Depuis les toits

Candid and Miguel in the Land of the Uncontacted

What About Ya Galarneau!

The Other Wife

“Art”

The Meadow

Appendix

A painting by Joan Boryta to accompany The Meadow

Source texts have been re-formatted so that they align with target texts.
The eight pieces of writing that were selected for this translation portfolio are connected by the thread of liminality, understood as a space and/or time of the in-between, the neither here nor there. This theme was chosen, in part, to echo Walter Benjamin’s mathematical metaphor for the act of translation as that miniscule point of connection between a circle and a tangent from where the tangent ‘pursues its path to the infinite’ (Benjamin 2012: 82). Benjamin’s metaphor illustrating the infinite possibilities of translation neatly fits into a portfolio that steals its title from the collection of poetry Possibles Futurs by Breton poet Guillevic. My adaptation of the poem La Plaine from said collection will close my portfolio, leaving the reader with the optimism of a poet who, in his late eighties, considers the final stage of life and finds a field of new possibilities.

As this portfolio emphasises, the concept of a liminal existence is a theme enabling writers to chart a path that can lead from the liminal space of uncertainty into worlds of possibility. Each translation attempts to mirror but also amplify the liminal in the source texts through its chosen strategy. Whether it be re-gendering the characters in “Art”, transporting the protagonists in Across the Rooftops to a rooftop in Rouen or transposing the experiences of living on the margins in Paris to marginal life in Dublin in Kiffe kiffe demain. Focussing on the expression of the liminal in the formal features of Proust’s prose, domesticating Salut Galarneau while preserving elements of the foreign to highlight shared experiences of life on the border. Updating the imaginary utopian idyll in Candide, making visible the liminal space in the screenplay adaptation of L’Autre femme and finally, adapting the liminality of a poet’s connection to the world at the end of his life for a young reader in La plaine. Indeed nearly every one of my chosen texts is given a liminal setting, like the first clue in a treasure hunt for the essence of what is at stake in the writing. There is a roof ledge at dawn, a riverside, a lakeside, the edge of a plain, the periphery of society, a wall to keep the world out, and the dreamlike Eldorado, physically inaccessible to the rest of the world.
The liminal theme in the play “Art” is the odd one out in that it is not indicated by space but rather by the obscure subject matter of the painting around which the drama unfolds. Through this abstract piece of art the liminal (and cynical) nature of human relations is exposed.

In many ways, adolescence is the most liminal phase of our lives and the past year, living in and out of lockdown, has intensified this liminality. Four of my translations have been adapted specifically for young readers, as their liminal themes seem particularly relevant to this cohort at the present time. The decision made early on to finish with Guillevic’s optimistic poem means that the portfolio finishes with the elder statesman of the group. For simplicity and clarity, the target texts have been put in chronological order in terms of the perceived age of the main protagonists, working back from Guillevic.
In this extract, the narrator (also protagonist and author) describes the first signs of Spring in the French countryside and childhood memories of the traditional Easter festivities taking place on the banks of the Vivonne river.

The past, semi-hidden, shapes the present in Proust’s rendering of the landscape (lines 39-54). The writing, rich in synaesthesia, metaphor, personification and symbolism, demonstrates the art of preserving memories and of capturing the liminal concept of time.

The register of Proust’s magnum opus is formal and this extract contains fine examples of ‘Proust’s labyrinthine prose with sentences extending to 11, 12 and 16 lines. The main protagonist, The Vivonne river, on whose banks the Christian traditions are celebrated, connects the past with new life. This concept reaches its full expression in the final paragraph where, in an unusual juxtaposition, the liminal aspect of the river is expressed using the language of science. Here the idea of the river as a liquid liminal body containing new life on the verge of ‘crystallization’ (l.83) takes shape. Proust’s accumulation of subordinate clauses in his long sentences appears to mimic the role of the river where the phenomenon of ‘supersaturation’ (l. 80) leads to the materialisation of a subject.
### Strategy

- **Identification of translation problems**
- **Knowledge of genre within target context and situation of target text**
- **Justification of translation production of genre for target context**

(200 words max)

The translation of this extract comprises an assignment to be completed as part of a third year module in Literary Translation in Trinity College. The title of the assignment is: *A strategy for translating liminality in Marcel Proust’s writing*, and the target reader is the module co-ordinator.

The liminal themes and motifs in this passage will be drawn out in the target text by adopting one of Proust translator, Lydia Davis’ strategies. In the article, *A Problem Sentence in Proust*, Davis outlines her objective ‘to keep the complex syntax of the original [...] to let the images and ideas unfold and reveal themselves in the same sequence.’ (2002: 476)

Davis highlights the great care that Proust took with the final words of his sentences where there is an extended delay before the subject is revealed (ibid. 477). The target text will prioritise retaining the syntax with its many dependent clauses over producing a text that sounds natural to the English speaker’s ear.

The objective in adopting said strategy is to draw out the liminal elements embodied in Proust’s sentences. Priority will be given to this liminal phase where the revelation of the subject, and therefore the essence of the writing, is delayed while the reader is submerged in poetic imagery (l. 68-83).

### Critical Reflection

- **Textual analysis**

(200 words max)

The target text is seventy words longer than the source text, an unusual outcome when translating from French to English (Miller 2000: 469). This seems to indicate that additions are required when prioritising syntax (for example: l. 6-7, 59-68).

In a comparative look at Davis’ translation of this extract (Proust/Davis 2003: 167-169) it appeared that Davis is willing to sacrifice the climactic position of the end-words where the syntax is particularly awkward as, for example, in line 7.

Although Davis’ translation has a more natural flow than the target text, there is an indication of the importance that
Proust put on finishing with the name of the church in this sentence in that the church will be personified in this extract. Furthermore the following sentence starts with ‘Et...’ [and] as if the final punctuation after the name of this church is designed to draw attention to its significance.

Adopting Davis’ translation strategy and taking a closer look at the end-words has in fact led to a greater insight into the essential themes of this passage. For example: the historical names that connect with the past and shape the present (see lines 6, 16, 18, & 42). The target text is perhaps limited to the academic purposes of this assignment, however, as a naturally flowing translation was not prioritised.

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<th>Works Cited</th>
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<td>• use of sources and reference material</td>
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<tr>
<td>Proust, Marcel. 2003. The Way by Swann’s. Translated by Lydia Davis</td>
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<td>London: Penguin</td>
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<td>into English, ed. by Olive Classe, 2 vols London &amp;</td>
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<td>Chicago: Fitzroy Dearborn</td>
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On passait, rue de l’Oiseau, devant la vieille hôtellerie de l’Oiseau Flesché dans la grande cour de laquelle entrèrent quelquefois au dix-septième siècle les carrosses des duchesses de Montpensier, de Guermantes et de Montmorency quand elles avaient à venir à Combray pour quelque contestation avec leurs fermiers, pour une question d’hommage. On gagnait le mail entre les arbres duquel apparaissait le clocher de Saint-Hilaire. Et j’aurais voulu pouvoir m’asseoir là et rester toute la journée à lire en écoutant les cloches; car il faisait si beau et si tranquille que quand sonnait l’heure, on aurait dit non qu’elle rompait le calme du jour mais qu’elle le débarrassait de ce qu’il contenait et que le clocher avec l’exactitude indolente et soigneuse d’une personne qui n’a rien d’autre à faire, venait seulement – pour exprimer et laisser tomber les quelques gouttes d’or que la chaleur y avait lentement et naturellement amassées – de presser, au moment voulu, la plénitude du silence.

Le plus grand charmé du côté de Guermantes, c’est qu’on y avait presque tout le temps à côté de soi le cours de la Vivonne. On la traversait une première fois, dix minutes après avoir quitté la maison, sur une passerelle dite le Pont-Vieux. Dès le lendemain de notre arrivée, le jour de Pâques, après le sermon s’il faisait beau temps, je courais jusque-

In taking rue de l’Oiseau you passed by the old inn, l’Oiseau Flesché, where in the seventeenth century the carriages of the duchesses of Montpensier, of Guermantes and of Montmorency would pull into the large courtyard when they were required to address some contestation with their farmers, a question of paying homage. We would arrive at the mall between whose branches would appear the steeple of Saint-Hilaire. And I would have liked to have been able to sit down and stay there all day reading whilst listening to the bells; because the weather was so fine and so still that the tolling of the hour did not appear to disrupt the tranquillity of the day but rather to relieve it of all that it contained and that the bell tower, with the indolent and careful precision of one who has nothing better to do, came only – to express and let fall the few drops of gold that the heat had slowly and naturally accumulated – to draw out, at the right moment, the blissfulness of the silence.

The greatest charm of the Guermantes way was that you had, at nearly all times alongside you the course of the Vivonne. You crossed it first, ten minutes after leaving the house, by means of a footbridge known as the Old Bridge. The very day following our arrival, Easter Sunday, after the sermon if the weather was fine, I ran there, to see in the disorder of a morning of great festivity where the sumptuous
là, voir dans ce désordre d’un matin de grande fête où quelques préparatifs somptueux font paraître plus sordides les ustensiles de ménage qui traînent encore, la rivière qui se promenait déjà en bleu ciel entre les terres encore noires et nues, accompagnée seulement d’une bande de coucous arrivés trop tôt et de primevères en avance cependant que ça et là une violette au bec bleu laissait fléchir sa tige sous le poids de la goutte d’odeur qu’elle tenait dans son cornet. Le Pont-Vieux débouchait dans un sentier de halage qui à cet endroit se tapissez l’été du feuillage bleu d’un noisetier sous lequel un pêcheur en chapeau de paille avait pris racine. À Combray où je savais quelle individualité de maréchal ferrant ou de garçon épicier étaient dissimulées sous l’uniforme du suisse ou le surplis de l’enfant de chœur, ce pêcheur est la seule personne dont je n’aie jamais découvert l’identité. Il devait connaître me parents, car il soulevait son chapeau quand nous passions ; je voulais alors demander son nom, mais on me faisait signe de me taire pour ne pas effrayer le poisson. Nous nous engagions dans le sentier de halage qui dominait le courant d’un talus de plusieurs pieds ; de l’autre côté la rive était basse, étendue en vastes prés jusqu’au village et jusqu’à la gare qui en était distante. Ils étaient semés des restes, à demi enfouis dans l’herbe, du château des anciens comtes de Combray qui au Moyen Âge avait de ce côté le cours de la Vivonne comme défense contre les attaques de sires de Guermantes et des abbés de Martinville. Ce

preparations make the usual kitchen utensils left lying around look squalid, the river that was flowing already under blue sky and between banks still black and bare, accompanied by no more than a band of cuckoos come too early and some primroses ahead of their time while here and there the stamen of a blue beak violet dipped under the weight of the drop of scent that it held in its cone. The Old Bridge opened onto a towpath that was at this point weaving itself through the summer-blue foliage of a hazelnut tree under which a fisherman in a straw hat had taken root. At Combray where I could effortlessly make out the personality of the blacksmith or the grocery boy that lay concealed behind the Swiss Guard uniform or the choirboy’s surplice, this fisherman is the only person of whom I have never discovered the identity. He must have known my parents, because he lifted his hat when we passed by; I wanted then to ask his name but they shushed me so as not to alarm the fish. We set out along the towpath that overlooked the stream from its embankment several feet above while on the other side the riverbank was low, spread out in vast fields stretching to the village and then on to the train station, even further in the distance. They were strewn with the remains, half buried in the grass, of the castle belonging to the old Earls of Combray, which in medieval times had the course of the Vivonne River to defend it against attack from the lords of Guermantes and the abbots of Martinville. They
n’étaient plus que quelques fragments de tours bossuant la prairie, à peine apparents, quelques créneaux d’ou jadis l’arbalétrier lançait des pierres, d’où le guetteur surveillait Noveont, Clairefontaine, Martinville-le Sec, Bailleau-l’Exempt, toutes terres vassales de Guermantes entre lesquelles Combray était enclavé, aujourd’hui au ras de l’herbe, dominés par les enfants de l’école des frères qui venaient là apprendre leurs leçons ou jouer aux récréations - passé presque descendu dans la terre, couché au bord de l’eau comme un promeneur qui prend le frais mais me donnant fort à songer, me faisant ajouter dans le nom de Combray à la petite ville d’aujourd’hui une cité très différente, retenant mes pensées par son visage incompréhensible et d’autrefois qu’il cachait à demi sous les boutons d’or. Ils étaient fort nombreux à cet endroit qu’ils avaient choisi pour leurs jeux sur l’herbe, isolés, par couples, par troupes, jaunes comme un jaune d’œuf, brillants d’autant plus, me semblait-il, que ne pouvant dériver vers aucune velléité de dégustation le plaisir que leur vue me causait, je l’accumulais dans leur surface dorée, jusqu’à ce qu’il devînt assez puissant pour produire de l’inutile beauté; et cela dès ma plus petite enfance, quand du sentier de halage je tendais les bras vers eux sans pouvoir épeler complètement leur joli nom de Princes de contes de fées français, venus peut-être il y a bien des siècles d’Asie mais apatriés pour toujours au village, contents du modeste horizon, aimant le soleil et le bord de l’eau, fidèles à la petite vue de la
dissolution, ovoïdes
sursaturation, boulettes
de la famille, promettais
captor la fraîcheur
générale, transparents
aux alentours de la Vivonne pour prendre les petites poissons, et qui, remplies par la rivière, où elles sont à leur tour encloses, à la fois « contenant » aux flancs transpercent de manière quelque peu durcie, et « contenu » plongé dans un plus grand contenant de cristal liquide et courant, évoquaient l’image de la fraîcheur plus délicieuse et plus irritante qu’elles n’eussent fait sur une table servie, en ne la montrant qu’en fuite dans cette allitération perpétuelle entre l’eau sans consistance où les mains ne pouvaient la capter et le verre sans fluidité où le palais ne pourrait en jouir. Je me promettais de venir là plus tard avec des lignes ; j’obtenais qu’on tirât un peu de pain des provisions du goûter ; j’en jetais dans la Vivonne des boulettes qui semblaient suffire pour y provoquer un phénomène de sursaturation, car l’eau se solidifiait aussitôt autour d’elles en grappes ovoïdes de têtards infinies qu’elle tenait sans doute jusqu’à en dissolution, invisibles, tout près d’être en voie de cristallisation.

of the train station, still harbouring all the same like certain time-worn painted canvasses, in their colloquial simplicity, a poetic glow of the Orient.

I amused myself by watching the carafes that the children were putting into the Vivonne to catch the little fish, and which, filled by the river where they were in turn enclosed – at once “containing” within their transparent walls something like solidified water and “contained” by their submersion in the bigger container of liquid flowing crystal – evoked the image of a more delicious and irritating freshness than if displayed on a dining table, in that it was shown only in flight in this perpetual alliteration between the water without consistency so the hands could not grasp it and the fluidless glass that the palate could not savour. I promised myself to come back here later with fishing lines; I negotiated that we might inveigle a bit of bread from the picnic provisions; the little balls of it I threw into the Vivonne seemed enough to trigger a phenomenon of supersaturation, insofar as the water readily solidified around them in ovoid clusters of famished tadpoles, the water no doubt holding them up to that point in dissolution, invisible, all ready and on the brink of crystallisation.
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<tr>
<td>Kiffe kiffe demain</td>
<td>Same Old Tomorrow?</td>
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<tr>
<td>Year Published</td>
<td>Language</td>
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<td>2004</td>
<td>English (Dublin)</td>
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<td>Author</td>
<td>Word Count</td>
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<td>Faïza Guène</td>
<td>791</td>
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<tr>
<td>Language</td>
<td>Word Count</td>
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<td>French (Paris)</td>
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### Description of Source Text

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

**200 words max**

This is the fourth chapter in Faïza Guène’s novel set in Livry-Gargan, a rundown suburb of North Paris populated mainly by ethnic minorities (Costelloe, 2018). Here Doria, the main protagonist describes some of the pressures of the precarious existence she leads with her mother since their abandonment by her father who has returned to Morocco to take a new wife.

Doria experiences marginalisation on many levels but Guène never allows the disappointment and frustration felt by her character to tip into embittered invective but rather delivers insightful, witty observations that will ultimately lead to an optimistic conclusion. Principal themes of the novel, such as the clashes between Moroccan and French cultures, between generations and between dreams and reality, that leave Doria in a liminal space struggling to establish her identity, are touched upon in this chapter.

The colloquial register of this passage and indeed of the entire novel is rendered with a language peppered with Parisian slang: verlan (e.g. ‘meuf’) and argot (e.g. ‘mythos’, and Franco-Arabic expressions (e.g. ‘bled’). Guène’s colourful language faithfully renders the code that connects the marginalised to some form of community whilst also positioning
the teenage protagonist on the outside of mainstream French-Parisian life.

| Strategy | The objective of the translation is to maximise accessibility for a target readership of adolescents (15 – 19 years) who are experiencing marginalisation in an Irish context due to social exclusion based on ethnicity, poverty or both. Doria’s story will be set ten years later than the source text to heighten relevancy for the target readership. Where possible the Franco-Arabic expressions and the Parisian slang of the source text will be translated into a modern Dublin vernacular in order to preserve authenticity. This will lead to the loss of certain Maghrebi expressions due to the absence of Hiberno-English-Arabic expressions to draw on. For example, to compensate for the loss in translating the term ‘bled’, which has Arabic connotations with the idea of a homeland, I use the term ‘home’ in inverted commas in order to preserve the irony implied in Guène’s text and provide a connotative equivalent (Koller, 1979: 206).

- *identification of translation problems*
- *knowledge of genre within target context and situation of target text*
- *justification of translation production of genre for target context* (200 words max)

The significant contrast in Irish and French cultural imagery is evident in my choice of an Irish equivalent for the sophisticated French films referred to in the source text, replaced with a Fáilte Ireland ad depicting Ireland as an escapist, rural idyll. The difference between the image of Paris portrayed on the silver screen to the reality of Parisian tower block suburbs, bares comparison to the chasm between the image of rural Ireland in an ad campaign and the reality of Mulhuddart in the nineties.

| Critical Reflection | This translation has rendered Doria’s story accessible to a broad cross-section of teenagers living in Ireland as the Arabic slang has been replaced with North Dublin slang that would be familiar throughout Ireland due to tv shows such as *Love Hate*. |

| 200 words max | 200 words max |
Sarah Adams describes how she was able to draw on Carribean, and London Bengali youth culture in addition to Arabic culture when translating Guène’s text (Rees, 2006). It is perhaps this richness in source cultures available to Adams that led to a translation that is ‘extremely colloquial’ (Rosenfeld, 2006). The more limited use of slang in the Irish context serves a portrayal of Doria as an isolated young girl without the lingo that would come with inclusion in a peer group. Guène’s positioning of Doria on the margins of her own Maghrebi community influenced this translation resulting in a target text that is less colloquial.

The universal nature of the difficulties experienced by children coping with disadvantage and the humour of the source text translates well into a Dublin vernacular as in the closing lines of this passage. The use of Dublin slang opens the text up to teenagers growing up in Ireland the way that previous translations into Cockney or American slang may not.

**Works Cited**

- **use of sources and reference material**
  


Ma mère, elle s’imaginait que la France, c’était comme dans les films en noir et blanc des années soixante. Ceux avec l’acteur beau gosse qui raconte toujours un tas de trucs mythos à sa meuf, une cigarette au coin du bec. Avec sa cousine Bouchra, elles avaient réussi à capter les chaînes françaises grâce à une antenne expérimentale fabriquée avec une couscousière en Inox. Alors quand elle est arrivée avec mon père à Livry-Gargan en février 1984, elle a cru qu’ils avaient pris le mauvais bateau et qu’ils s’étaient trompés de pays. Elle m’a dit que la première chose qu’elle avait faite en arrivant dans ce minuscule F2, c’était de vomir. Je me demande si c’étaient les effets du mal de mer ou un présage de son avenir dans ce bled.

La dernière fois que nous sommes retournées au Maroc, j’étais égarée. Je me souviens des vieilles tatouées qui venaient s’asseoir à côté de Maman pendant les mariages, baptêmes ou circoncisions.

— Tu sais, Yasmina, ta fille devient une femme, il faudrait que tu penses à lui trouver un garçon de bonne famille. Tu connais Rachid ? Le jeune homme qui fait de la soudure...

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My mother had imagined Ireland to be like it was in a Fáilte Ireland ad from the seventies. The one that’s all thatched cottages, green fields and friendly culchies. Herself and her cousin Bouchra had managed to get an Irish TV channel thanks to a makeshift aerial made out of a stainless steel couscous maker. So, when she got to Mulhuddart in February 1994 she thought they’d got the ferries mixed up and they’d arrived in the wrong country. She told me that the first thing she did when she walked into this tiny kip was throw up. I wonder if it was the effects of seasickness or a premonition of her future in her new ‘home’.

The last time that we went back to Morocco I was freaked out. I remember the oul’ ones with their tattoos who came to sit beside my mam during the weddings, the baptisms and the circumcisions.

“You know Yasmina, your daughter is turning into a woman, you’ll have to think about finding her a boy from a good family. Do
Bande de vieilles connes. Moi je le connais celui-là ! Tout le monde l’appelle « Rachid l’âne bâté ». Même les petits de six ans le mettent à l’amende et se foutent de sa gueule. En plus, il lui manque quatre dents, il sait même pas lire, il louche et il sent la pisse. Là-bas, il suffit que tu aies deux petites excroissances sur la poitrine en guise de seins, que tu saches te taire quand on te le demande, faire cuire du pain et c’est bon, t’es bonne à marier. Maintenant de toute façon, je crois qu’on retournera plus jamais au Maroc. Déjà, on a plus les moyens et ma mère dit que ce serait une trop grande humiliation pour elle. On la montrerait du doigt. Elle croit que c’est de sa faute ce qui est arrivé. Pour moi, il y a deux responsables dans cette histoire : mon père et le destin.

L’avenir ça nous inquiète mais ça devrait pas, parce que si ça se trouve, on en a même pas. On peut mourir dans dix jours, demain ou tout à l’heure, là, juste après. C’est le genre de trucs qui prévient pas. Y a ni préavis, ni relance. Pas comme pour la facture EDF en retard. C’est comme mon voisin M. Rodriguez, mon voisin du douzième étage, celui qui a fait la guerre en vrai. Il est mort y a pas longtemps. Bon, OK, il était vieux, mais quand même, on s’y

20 you know Rachid? The young man who works as a welder…”

21 Shower of ou’ cunts. I knew who they meant. Everyone calls him “Rachid the donkey”. Even the little six-year olds give him a hard time and slag him off behind his back. He also happens to be missing four teeth, he can’t even read, he squints and he smells of piss. Over there, all it takes is for two small growths disguising themselves as breasts to appear on your chest, that you know how to keep quiet when you’re told, how to bake bread, and that’s that, you’re ready for marriage. Anyway, I don’t think we’re ever going back to Morocco now. For a start we don’t have the money and my mam says it would be too humiliating for her, the way she’d be pointed out. She blames herself for everything that happened. As far as I’m concerned there are two guilty parties in this story: my da and fate.

34 The fact is we worry about our future when we mightn’t even have one. We could be struck down dead at any moment; tomorrow, later today, who knows. It’s the kind of thing that happens without warning. No forewarning and no going back. Not like the lecky bill that’s overdue. Take my neighbour, Mr Macari, from the twelfth floor, he fought in a real war. Died a while back.

41 Sure, he was old, but still, it took us by surprise.
attendait pas.

J’y pense à la mort des fois. Ça m’arrive même d’en rêver. Une nuit, j’assistais à mon enterrement. Y avait presque personne. Juste ma mère, Mme Burlaud, Carla, la Portugaise qui nettoie les ascenseurs de la tour, Leonardo DiCaprio de Titanic, et ma copine Sarah qui a déménagé à Trappes quand j’avais douze ans. Mon père, il était pas là. Il devait s’occuper de sa paysanne enceinte de son futur Momo pendant que moi, eh ben j’étais morte. C’est dégueulasse. Son fils, je suis sûre qu’il sera bête, encore plus bête que Rachid le soudeur. J’espère même qu’il va boiter, qu’il aura des problèmes de vue et qu’à la puberté, il aura plein d’acné. En plus, dans leur bled paumé, y aura pas moyen d’avoir du Biactol ou de l’Eau Précieuse pour soigner ses boutons. Sauf peut-être au marché noir s’il se débrouille bien. De toute façon, ce sera un raté, c’est sûr. Dans cette famille, la connerie, ça se transmet de père en fils. À seize ans, il vendra des pommes de terre et des navets sur le marché. Et sur le chemin du retour, sur son âne noir, il se dira : « Je suis un type glamour.»

Plus tard, moi, je voudrais travailler dans un truc glamour, mais je sais pas où exactement… Le problème, c’est qu’en cours, je suis nulle. Je touche la moyenne juste en arts plastiques. C’est déjà ça mais je crois que pour mon avenir, coller des feuilles mortes sur du

42 I think about death now and again. Even dream about it
43 sometimes. One night I witnessed my own funeral. There was
44 hardly anyone there. Just my mam, Mrs Burlow, Carla, the cleaner
45 from the drop-in centre, Leonardo DiCaprio from Titanic, and my
46 friend Sarah who moved to Santry when I was twelve. My dad… no
47 sign. He must have been busy with his pregnant culchie carrying
48 his mini Muhammad, while I …, well, I was dead. It’s disgusting. I
49 bet his son will be even thicker than Rachid the welder. I hope he’s
50 born with a limp, that he’ll be half blind, and as soon as he hits
51 puberty he’ll be covered in acne. In their stupid hole of a village
52 they won’t find any Clearasil or Dermalogica to clear his spots with
53 either. Except maybe on the black market, if he has any smarts.
54 Anyway, one thing’s for sure he’ll be a loser. In this family,
55 stupidity is passed on from father to son. At sixteen he’ll be selling
56 spuds and turnips at the market. And on his way home, astride his
57 black donkey, he’ll think to himself: “I’m livin’ the glamorous life”.
58
59 One day I’d like to have a glamorous job, just not sure
60 where exactly…The problem is that I’m useless at school. I just
61 about pass art. At least that’s something, but realistically, I don’t
62 think I’ll have much use for sticking dried leaves on craft paper in
63 the future. Whatever happens I don’t fancy ending up behind the
papier Canson, ça va pas trop m’aider. En tout cas, j’ai pas envie de me retrouver derrière la caisse d’un fast-food, obligée de sourire tout le temps en demandant aux clients : « Quelle boisson ? Menu normal ou maxi ? Sur place ou à emporter ? Pour ou contre l’avortement ? » Et de me faire engueuler par mon responsable si je mets trop de frites à un client parce qu’il m’aurait souri… C’est vrai, ça aurait pu être l’homme de ma vie celui-là. Je lui aurais fait une réduction sur son menu, il m’aurait emmenée à Hippopotamus, m’aurait demandée en mariage, et on aurait vécu heureux dans son sublime F5.

till in Supermacs with a smile tattooed on my face, asking: “What drink d’yez want? Regular or large meal? To have here or takeaway? For or against abortion?” And getting my head chewed off by my supervisor if I give a fella that smiled at me a few extra chips… Very possible he could’ve been the man of my dreams that fella. I’d give him a bit off the price, he’d bring me to Milano, ask me to marry him and we’d live happily ever after in his gorgeous penthouse apartment.
This is a short story set on a roof ledge across from a church steeple in Cork city at sunrise. The liminal setting, on the edge between night and day, reflects the situation of a young couple, teetering between the exhaltation of new love and the disappointment of opportunity lost. The first person narrator gives an in-depth analysis of his inner turmoil as he agonises over how to ‘make the move’ and how, ultimately, he misses that window of opportunity.

References to youth culture and a casual register deliver an authentic portrayal of the two young students: “‘Now I don't want to sound painfully cool here?’ I said. [...] ‘But you may be looking at the man who introduced Detroit techno to the savages of Cork city.’ Meanwhile the figurative language of the descriptive passages evokes the still sleeping city (lines 1-9) and the anguish of the young protagonist as the narrative heads towards the moment of crisis (e.g. l. 80). The inexperience of the young student is humorously thrown into relief by the contrast with their friend’s sexual antics that can be heard coming from inside the flat below: Cecille who ‘had no trouble ever making the moves’.

In addition to the setting, across from the church steeple, numerous references are made to religion and the church (alluded to seven times). Barry thus raises the spectre of the role of a dominant church in the young man’s slightly
confused attitude to sexuality (‘our jawbones worked slowly and devoutly’) and lack of confidence.

The target text will appear in a special issue of *Psychologies* magazine devoted to adolescent mental health. The translation is therefore aimed at readers aged between seventeen and twentyfour (see The Lancet 2013: 223). An article featuring interviews with young people sharing their experiences of religion and religious education will run alongside the short story.

To maximise relevancy for French readers the story will be relocated from Cork city to the Cathedral city of Rouen. Google maps will be consulted to select recognizable place names with the aim of ensuring a level of authenticity.

To highlight the shadow of religion conveyed in the source text a measure of explicitation (Vinay & Darbelnet 1995, 342) will be applied in that Rouen streets named after religious figures will be given precedence over geographical accuracy. For example, the street where they are located will be given the name ‘Rue de l’Abbé de l’Épée’ [The Abbot of the Sword Street] even though in reality this street is not adjacent to the cathedral.

The character of Cecille, whose French name adds a hint of exoticism for Irish readers, will be renamed Freda with the hope of an equivalent effect in the target culture. The name Freda will potentially make explicit the humour in the contrast between the experiences of the uptight Romeo on the roof and the sexually liberated woman in the flat below.

An interesting outcome of the shift to a French context whilst multiplying the references to religion is the emergence of this liminal setting in the target text where place names identify the city as Rouen but streets and churches are not where they should be and physical descriptions are imaginary (e.g. l. 38) This outcome of the translation strategy mirrors
the position of the protagonist caught between harsh reality and the fantasy he was trying to make real (line 118-119).

Furthermore the decision to translate the title to *Depuis les toits*, [From the rooftops], has unexpectedly introduced an aspect of vertical liminality to the protagonist’s position that is less evident in the source text. From the lofty heights of the rooftop, from where he has the chance of attaining romantic bliss he looks down on the bleak reality of ‘the pool of silence that was the city beneath us..’ This liminality informs the objective of the target text in exploring the liminal phase of adolescence.

As this collection has not been translated before (Worldcat, 2021), the target text has the potential to introduce Kevin Barry’s short stories to a wider audience than the target readership outlined, ie. readers of *Psychologies* Magazine from older age groups.

**Works Cited**

- use of sources and reference material

  [https://doi.org/10.1016/S2352-4642(18)30022-1](https://doi.org/10.1016/S2352-4642(18)30022-1) [Accessed March, 2021]

  [https://www.gutenberg.org/files/18740/18740-h/18740-h.htm](https://www.gutenberg.org/files/18740/18740-h/18740-h.htm) [Accessed May, 2021]


WorldCat.
Early one summer morning, I sat with her among the rooftops of the city and the fat white clouds moved slowly above us – it was so early as to be a city lost in sleep, and she was really very near to me. My want for her was intense and long-standing - three months at least; an eternity - and I was close enough to see the opaque down of her bare arms, each strand curling like a comma at its tip, and the tiny scratched flecks of dark against the hazel of her eyes. She was just a stretch and a clasp away. The city beneath was lost to the peaceful empty moments of 5 a.m. - it might be a perfect Saturday of July. All I had to do was make the move.

Nor was it my imagination that her shoulder inclined just slightly towards me, that there was a dip in the way she held it, the shoulder bare also beneath the strap of her vest top. The shoulder’s dip must signal an opening.

‘Now I don’t want to sound painfully cool here?’ I said.

‘I believe you,’ she said.

‘But you may be looking at the man who introduced Detroit techno to the savages of Cork city.’

We talked about the music and the clothes and the pills and the hours we had spent together - the nightclub, and then the party at the flat that was rented by friends, all of whom were panned out inside now,
asleep or halfway there, and we had climbed onto the rooftop to smoke
a joint and see the day come through. Every line had the dry inflected
drag of irony - feeling was unmentionable. We talked about everything
except the space between us.

I sat on my hands.

I thought about maybe kissing her shoulder. How would that be
for a move? It would be the work of two seconds - a lean-to, a planting
of the lips, a withdrawal. And a shy little glance to follow.

‘I should maybe think about going,’ she said.

I really need to make the move.

‘Don’t yet,’ I said.

The pool of silence that was the city beneath us was broken but
infrequently - a scratch of car noise from a cab rank, the tiny bark of a
dog from high in the estates somewhere, very distant, the sound of the
traffic lights turning on the corner of Washington Street and Grand
Parade. Across the way the church and its steeple, the grey of old
devotion, the greened brass of its dome.

I turned towards her and I looked at her directly and her eyes
braved me to make the move.

‘So any plans for Saturday?’ I said.

I read again the disappointment in her - she was urging me on but
onwards I could not make ground.
‘Depends,’ she said.

Her shoulder dipped a fraction again. Now was the moment. I sat on my hands and looked out across the rooftops and saw nothing, registered nothing but the hard quickening beat of my heart.

‘So... how’s it you know Cecille again?’ I said.

She sighed and explained the connection - it was through the 50 university, they had shared a place on French’s Quay as first years.

‘And-how-do-you-know-Cecille?’

She said it in an exaggeratedly bored tone - an automated drone, the words running into each other; a mockery.

The flat high on Washington Street was Cecille’s - Cecille had in her bedroom loudly been fucking some boy for most of the night; Cecille had no trouble ever making the moves.

‘Cecille’s had a good night anyway,’ I said.

‘Yeah,’ she said.

Maybe I should just ask, I thought. Can I kiss you? How would that sound?

A gull descended to the lip of the church’s roof. Across the breadth of the street, the mad stare of its eye was vivid and comical and a taunt to me.

I allowed my left hand to emerge from beneath my buttock and I let it travel the space between us, along the cool stone of the ledge, and

43 Je lus une fois encore sa déception - elle me poussait à me lancer mais je me sentais incapable de gagner du terrain.

44 « Ça dépend, » dit-elle.

45 Elle inclina encore l’épaule légèrement. Ce fut le moment d’agir.

46 Je m’assis sur mes mains et parcourrai les toits de mon regard, mais rien n’arrêta mon regard, rien ne m’atteignît que l’accélération foncée du battement de mon cœur.

47 « Alors... comment se fait-il déjà que tu connaisse Freda? » dis-je.

48 Elle soupira et m’expliqua - elles étaient à l’université ensemble, elles avaient partagé une chambre dans la Rue Saint Nicolas en première année.

49 « Et-toi-comment-se-fait-il-que-tu-connaisses-Freda? »

50 Elle le dit d’un ton exagérément ennuyeux - un murmure monotone, automatique, les mots soudés ensemble ; bref, une moquerie.

51 L’appartement tout en haut de rue Saint-Romain appartenait à Freda - Freda avait baisé un garçon pratiquement toute la nuit; Freda n’avait aucun problème quand il s’agissait de prendre l’initiative.

52 « En tout cas Freda a passé une bonne soirée, » dis-je.

53 « Ouais, » dit-elle.

54 Peut-être que je devrais demander tout simplement, pensai-je.

55 Est-ce que je peux t’embrasser? Quel effet ça ferait?

56

27
I placed my fingers lightly on hers.

No response.

I listened for a change in her breathing but nothing. She was still even and steady and I turned to look at her and blithely still she looked out and across the rooftops. She did not incline her head towards me. And she did not speak at all.

I drew back my fingers but only by an inch or two.

I looked to see if she would withdraw her hand to a safer distance but she did not.

She breathed evenly.

Hard rasps of jungle panic ripped at my chest inside.

I thought - what’s the worst that can happen here? The worst that can happen is I lurch and she recoils. So much worse not to try.

‘So all I have to do now,’ I said, ‘is make the move.’

‘Jesus Christ,’ she said.

‘What?’

‘You’re killing this stone dead,’ she said.

But she did not get up from the ledge. She did not leave my side.

She allowed the silence to swell and fill out again. Now birdsong taunted from the direction of Bishop Lucey Park. What if I left it to her to make the move? Procreation would end and the world would stop spinning.

The birdsong rose up now and strung its notes along the rooftops...
and. linked them in a jagged line, the rise and fall of the steeples and chimneys was as though a musical notation. There was dead quiet from the flat inside. The last awake, we had the morning to ourselves.

‘I really like you.’ I said.

‘Okay,’ she said.

‘I mean really really.’

So very hard to put the words out but they were on the air and at their work now. I turned to look at her and she turned but to look away. I saw that a flush had risen to her cheek. The perfect knit of her collarbone as it turned, and flawless brown from a good June the smooth curve of the shoulder. Like rounded stone made smooth by water. It was as if my words had just flown up into the white sky above and softly imploded there, as if an answer was not needed.

‘Okay,’ I said.

This meant everything. All of the summer would be coloured by this. She did not seem to breathe then. I kept my eyes fixed on her, as she looked anywhere but at me, and I counted the seconds away as she did not turn to face me.

In my evil dreams I had seen myself approach her with lascivious intent - with a cold thin cruel sexual mouth just parted slight-ways - and I went deep then to find a way to make this suave magic come real. Still, something in her presence unmanned me; perhaps it was the sense that
I was aiming too high. She was really quite beautiful.

‘Turn to me,’ I said.

She laughed but it was only a tiny laugh and it had the trace of shock in it - I was forceful now out of nowhere.

And she turned to me.

I leaned in without pause - I did not allow the words to jumble up in my head and forbid me - and I placed my lips on hers.

She responded well enough - the opening of the lips was made, our jawbones worked slowly and devoutly, but...we did not ascend to the heavens; the kiss did not take.

After I don’t know how long - maybe half a minute, maybe a little more - she placed very lightly on my chest the tips of her fingers and the tiny pressure she applied there told me it was over, already, the pressure was of a fuse that fed directly from her heart. Gently so with her fingertips she pushed me back to break the kiss.

She turned quickly to look away and I turned as quickly to look in the opposite direction. My heart opened and took in every black poison the morning could offer.

Mid-summer. Slant of the sun coming through the white-clouded sky then, and the church across the way drew its own shade over half of Washington Street; a fat pigeon flew beneath the eave of the church and only the heavy beat of its wings on the air broke the dark spell that had 109

venaient de s’envoler vers le ciel blanc au-dessus de nous et qu’elles

imposèrent en douceur, comme s’il n’y avait pas besoin d’une réponse.

« Bon, » dis-je.

Cela voulait tout dire. L’été entier en serait coloré. Il sembla alors qu’elle ne respirait pas. Je fixai mon regard sur elle, pendant qu’elle regardait partout sauf vers moi, et je comptais les secondes tandis qu’elle ne se tournaît pas pour me faire face.

Dans mes rêves maléfiques je m’étais vu l’approcher avec des intentions lascives - avec une bouche froide et serrée, sexuelle et cruelle à demi-ouverte - et je cherchais au fond de moi un moyen de rendre cette magie mille fois plus belle. Pourtant, quelque chose dans sa présence m’émaçula; peut-être était-ce l’impression que je visais trop haut. Elle était vraiment très belle.

« Tourne-toi vers moi, » dis-je.

Elle rit mais ce n’était qu’un petit rire qui recelait la trace de choc - tout d’un coup je réagissais avec vigueur.

Et elle se tourna vers moi.

Je me penchai sans hésiter - je ne permis pas que les paroles se confondent dans ma tête pour me l’interdire - et je plaçai mes lèvres sur les siennes.

Sa réponse n’était pas mal - l’ouverture des lèvres fut accomplie, nos mâchoires s’appliquaient lentement et pieusement, mais...nous
formed about us. I turned to look at her, and she responded with a half-smile, half sorrowful. She placed her palms face down on the ledge and pushed herself to a stand. Languid the movement, to let me know what I was missing.

‘I’m going to go,’ she said.

I nodded as coolly as I could. That I could muster even the tiniest measure of cool was credit to my resilience. I was resilient as the small medieval city beneath - throw a siege upon me and I will withstand it.

She crawled through the Velux window to the flat inside, and I heard after a few moments the turn and click on the flat’s door; then her footsteps on the stair. With her steps’ fading, the summer went, even as the sun came higher across the rooftops and warmed the stone ledge and the slates, and I looked out across the still, quiet city, and I sat there for hours and for months and for years. I sat there until all that had been about us had faded again to nothing, until the sound of the crowd died and the music had ended, and we all trailed home along the sleeping streets, with youth packed away, and life about to begin.
calme témoignait de mon endurance. J’étais aussi résistant que l’ancienne citadelle lointaine - assiège-moi et je résisterai.

Elle se glissa par la fenêtre pour rentrer dans l’appartement ; et j’entendis après quelques moments le clic de la porte de l’appartement, suivi de ses pas sur l’escalier. Tandis que ses pas s’affaiblissaient, l’été s’en alla, alors même que le soleil se leva plus haut au-dessus des toits et réchauffa le rebord en pierre et les ardoises, et je me promenais mon regard sur la ville, calme et silencieuse, et je restai là assis pendant des heures et des mois et des années. Je m’assis là jusqu’à ce que tout ce qui nous entourait s’efface, jusqu’à ce que le bruit de la foule cesse et la musique finisse, et nous trainâmes tous le long des rues endormies, avec la jeunesse rangée, et la vie sur le point de commencer.
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Source Text</th>
<th>Target Text</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td><strong>Title</strong></td>
<td><strong>Title</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><em>Salut Galarneau!</em></td>
<td><em>What about ya Galarneau!</em></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Year Published</strong></td>
<td><strong>Title</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1967</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Author</strong></td>
<td><strong>Language</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jacques Godbout</td>
<td>Irish-English (Northern Ireland border counties)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Language</strong></td>
<td><strong>Word Count</strong></td>
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<tr>
<td>Canadian French</td>
<td>1042</td>
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<td><strong>Word Count</strong></td>
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<td>929</td>
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**Description of Source Text**
- understanding of source text
- knowledge of genre within source contexts
- situation of source text
- familiarity with the formal features of a text (language variation(s), register, dialect) (200 words max)

This extract consists of the last three pages of Godbout’s short novel about the journey to self-discovery of the titular hero and narrator, an aspiring writer and hot dog vendor on the Quebec-Ontario border. The peripheral position of the narrator is resolved in these last pages where Galarneau realises that his resolution to build a wall and cut himself off from society is not the answer. He discovers the importance of communication and how, through words, an identity can be created. A realisation summed up with his hybrid neologism: ‘vécrire’ that combines vivre (to live) with écrire (to write).

While the everyday, conversational register serves a phatic function and ensures a connection with the reader, this text can be read as a linguistic experiment of sorts. Québécois colloquialisms (for example ‘Je me pacterai’ meaning ‘I would get drunk’), Québécois swear words rooted in blasphemy (‘Stie’ short for nostie meaning host but commonly translated as ‘Fuck!’) (see Dictionnaire Québécois), references to religion (‘officier aux vêpres’ meaning ‘to officiate at Vespers’),
and references to American culture (*Happy Birthday* song), French culture (ironic reference to *Bonjour Tristesse* in the title *Salut Galarneau*) and Quebec culture (Willie Lamothe¹) combine in the text to illustrate the author’s concept of an inclusive society.

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<th>Strategy</th>
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| • *identification of translation problems*
| • *knowledge of genre within target context and situation of target text*
| • *justification of translation production of genre for target context* (200 words max) |

The target text is aimed at readers from Northern Ireland over the age of eighteen. The source text was chosen for this target readership as it is hoped that its themes relating to identity and its recurring motifs of a peripheral existence, of walls and of borders, will resonate given the current focus on the invisible borders defining Northern Ireland. (Edington and Morris, 2021)

The objective of the target text is to draw out the liminal aspects of the borderline existence described in the source text, by means of a continuum strategy between foreignization and domestication (Venuti 2008. 15). The source text will be translated into a Northern Ireland English vernacular spoken in the border counties. However, the Québécois profanities will be literal translations. For example ‘je m’ennuiie en nostie’ will be translated as ‘I’m bored as the fucking host at mass’ whereas a more opaque translation might be ‘I’m bored as fuck.’

Finally, Quebec cultural references will be preserved in the target text with footnotes added to give context, i.e. the Quebec singer Willie Lamothe and Christin’s ginger ale. The flavour of the ginger ale will be changed to their Belfast Ginger Ale variety, however, to strengthen the connection between Northern Ireland and Quebec.

<table>
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<tr>
<th>Critical Reflection</th>
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<td>• <em>textual analysis</em></td>
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The *hybrid* translation strategy of the blasphemous Québécois swear words, (for example ‘Body of fuckin’ Christ/fuckin’Eucharistic bread.’) reveals the strong influence of religion in the Québécois language thus raising an

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¹ Willie Lamothe (1920-1992) was a Quebec Country and Western singer who sang in French.
aspect of that culture that bears similarities to the social and political history of Northern Ireland. Furthermore, the jarring effect of this translation strategy on the reader has the potential to provoke an interest in Quebec culture and the important message embodied in Godbout’s writing. It could be argued that this strategy builds on Godbout’s linguistic experiment where the literal translations of profanities bring insight into source cultures.

Although the swear terms will be unfamiliar to readers of the target text they appear to have a rhythm about them that compliments the Northern Ireland-English vernacular, or such at least was the view of a reader from Monaghan who tried them out.

The target text may not be limited to the specified target readership given the references to building a wall and to self-isolation; concepts that are very relevant to post-Trump, post-lockdown English-speaking readers. The completion of this translation on the 10th of May in Dublin, the day that marks the beginning of the end of lockdown in Ireland, inadvertently proved very timely!

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Works Cited</th>
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<tr>
<td>• use of sources and reference material</td>
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Bouteilles Anciennes du Quebec.


Dictionnaire Québécois

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Source Text</th>
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<tr>
<td><strong>Salut Galarneau!</strong></td>
<td><strong>What About Ya Galarneau!</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><em>Happy Birthday to you</em></td>
<td><em>Joyeux anniversaire</em></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><em>Happy Birthday to you</em></td>
<td><em>Joyeux anniversaire</em></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><em>Happy Birthday dear Galarneau</em></td>
<td><em>Joyeux anniversaire cher Galarneau</em></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><em>Happy Birthday to you</em></td>
<td><em>Joyeux anniversaire</em></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Je chante faux bien sûr, je n’ai pas le talent de papa, je n’officie pas aux vêpres, mais ça n’est pas une raison por sauter à pieds joints par-dessus mon vingt-sixième anniversaire : chaque dis-huit octobre qui passe mérite que la terre un instant cesse de tourner. Cela se passe de cette manière : il faut une table, dessus une nappe blanche, des gobelets de carton, du Nectar mousseux Christin, un gâteau de trois étages recouvert d’un crémage moelleux au sirop d’érable. Cette fois-ci préparer le gâteau, ça n’a pas été un voyage de noce, je veux dire j’avais fait des provisions, mais je n’avais pas pensé à ma fête et j’ai dû me contenter de farine de maïs et d’eau; pourtant, avec de la levure, ça tient maintenant comme un gratte-ciel sur le plateau rose. Je place le gâteau sur la table, j’y enfonce vingt-six bougies, je me retourne vers le soleil et comme Josué je lui demande : « une minute de silence ». J’allume les bougies, je compte jusqu’à trois et la terre qui s’était arrêtée se remet à tourner avec une telle secousse qu’elle éteint...</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td><em>Of course, I’m singing out of tune, I don’t have daddy’s talent, I’m not officiating at Vespers after all, but that’s no reason to skip my twenty-sixth birthday altogether: it’s only fair that every eighteenth of October the world should stop spinning for a minute. It goes like this: first a table covered with a white tablecloth, some paper cups, a bottle of Christin’s Belfast Ginger Ale, a triple-layer cake smothered in maple syrup flavour buttercream icing. Not a word of a lie, making the cake this time around was no picnic, I mean I’d got the supplies in but I hadn’t planned for the party and I had to make do with cornflour and water; although, I have to say, with the yeast, it’s standing tall and steady as a skyscraper now on the pink plate so it is.</em></td>
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<tr>
<td><em>I put the cake on the table, I jam in the twenty-six candles, I turn back towards the sun and like Joshua I ask it for “a minute’s silence”. I light the candles, I count to three and the Earth that had stopped gets back to spinning with such a jolt that it puts them all out with one gust, my...</em></td>
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2 Christin was a soft drinks company founded in 1855 in Montréal by Joseph Christin. One of the flavours in their range of soft drinks was called Belfast Ginger Ale.
le tout d’un seul souffle, mon vœu le plus cher sera exaucé, Happy Birthday!

- Tu m’excuseras Galarneau, mais j’ai cherché dans toute la maison le cadeau à te donner, je n’ai rien trouvé.
- T’as pas cherché bien fort.
- Écoute, sans sortir … fallait trouver quelque chose sur place...
- Justement.
- Justement quoi?
- Tu viens de le dire, ce qui me ferait plaisir, pour ma vingtième année...
- Je ne vois pas.
- Faire comme le corneilles, escalader le mur, aller danser, tiens comme ça, regarde-moi bien.
- Tu vas casser les chaises.
- Qu’est-ce que ça peut faire? Tu ne trouves pas que j’ai déjà l’air idiot de chanter tout seul? J’ai envie de crier comme Willie Lamothe dans les plaines du farouest, iiioulou! Et puis, si tu veux que je te dise la vérité, je m’ennuie en nostie, pour un peu je me jouerai les clients, je me commanderais à manger, j’ai besoin de rencontres, de fleurs, d’hommes, mieux vaut être trompé qu’isolé, j’ai envie de parler, d’étreindre, de serrer des mains, de jouer aux cartes, de mentir à quelqu’un...

20 dearest wish will be granted, Joyeux Anniversaire!
21 “You’ll have to forgive me Galarneau, but didn’t I search all over the house for a present for you and not a thing could I find.
22 “You didn’t look hard enough.”
23 “Listen, without going away out of here…I had to make do with what there is…
24 “Exactly.”
25 “Exactly what?”
26 “You just said it, what it is that would make me really happy on my twenty-sixth birthday…
27 “I’m not with you.”
28 “Copy the crows, away up over the wall, go dancing, yeah like that, watch me closely now.”
29 “You’re going to break the chairs.”
30 “What’s it to you? D’you not think I already look like an idiot singing all on my lonesome? I feel like crying like Willie Lamothe in the plains of the Far West, iiioulou! And then, if you want me to tell you the truth, I’m bored as the fucking host at Mass, it won’t be long now before I start playing at being the customers, ordering food from myself, I need contact, flowers, men, it’s better to be cheated on than to be alone so it is, I want to talk, to hug, to shake hands, to play cards, to lie to
Je pourrais ne pas faire abattre le mur, je conserverais la maison comme écritoire, je veux dire je parcourrais les rues, j’embrasserais des enfants, je connaîtrais des femmes, je gagnerais des sous, je me pactorais d’un golfé à l’autre, et puis régulièrement, comme un vendeur de calendrier, je reviendrais m’enfermer ici, écrire, décrire, rire de ce que j’aurais mangé, vécu, espéré, Happy Birthday Galarneau c’est ça qui te rendrait heureux, tu ne vas pas manger tout ton baptême de gâteau à toi tout seul? Le gâteau à Galarneau trône sur la table comme les bijoux de la couronne. Le gaâteau à Galarneau a été dévoré hier soir par mille personnes affamées. Et il en restait encore.

J’ai des visions comme ça, des tas de visions, des rêves qui se bousculent dans le grenier. Je sais bien que de deux choses l’une : ou tu vis, ou tu écris. Moi je veux vécire; L’avantage, quand tu vécris, c’est que c’est toi le patron, tu te mets en chômage quand ça te plaît, tu te réembauches, tu élimines les pensées tristes ou tu t’y complais, tu te laissez mourir de faim ou tu te payes de mots, mais c’est voulu. Les mots, de toute manière, valent plus que toutes les monnaies. Et ils sont là, cordés comme du bois, dans le dictionnaire, tu n’as qu’à ouvrir au hasard :

DOMINER : avoir une puissance absolue. Fig. l’ambition domine dans son cœur. Se trouver plus haut. Le château domine sur la plaine.

Maybe I’ll not have the wall dismantled after all, I could keep the house as a scriptorium, what I’m saying is I’d be away into the streets, I’d kiss the children, I’d meet women, I’d earn money, I’d be steaming from one Gulf to the other, and then, like a calendar salesman, I’d come home every couple of weeks to lock myself in here, to write, to describe, to laugh at what I ate, lived, hoped, Joyeux Anniversaire Galarneau that’s what’d make you happy so it is, you’re not going to eat the whole fuckin’ baptism of a cake on your own now are you? Galarneau’s cake holds court on the table like the jewel in the crown. Galarneau’s cake was devoured yesterday evening by a thousand starving people. And there was still some left.

I have visions like that, so many visions, dreams bumping into each other up in the loft. I know full well there are only two options: in the normal course of events, either you live, or you write. Me I want to wrive. The advantage, when you wrive, is that you’re the boss, you make yourself redundant whenever you please, you re-hire yourself, you banish the sad thoughts or you wallow in self-pity, you let yourself die of hunger or you feed yourself with words, but it’s you who decides. In any case, words are more valuable than any kind of money. And they are right there, stacked up like wood, in the dictionary, you just have to open it on any page:
Dominer sa colère. S’élever au-dessus de. La citadelle domine la ville; se
dominer, se rendre maître de soi...

Tu voyages, tu t’instruis, chaque mot, c’est une histoire qui surgit,
comme un enfant masqué, dans ton dos, un soir d’halloween; j’y passe
des heures, de surprise en surprise. Quant à moi, Jacques peut bien
garder ma femme, la bichonner, la dorloter, lui faire des enfants blonds,
les élever, écrire pour la télévision, faire de l’argent, il ne sait pas ce que
c’est qu’un cahier dans lequel on s’étale comme en tombant sur la glace,
dans lequel on se roule comme sur du gazon frais planté.

Ce midi dix-huit octobre, toutes les feuilles des arbres alentour sont
 tombées, et celles du salon aussi. Happy Birthday! Faut naître un jour ou
l’autre.

Le soleil d’automne se lève plus tard maintenant, il se couche plus tôt,
mais il monte droit devant la maison, comme une perdrix effarouchée. Il
s’assied sur le mur, le soleil, il réchauffe notre carré de sol, il me regarde
dans les yeux, il s’inquiétait peut-être de me voir lui préférer l’ombre.
On ne s’était pas vu vraiment, depuis le départ de Marise Doucet, je le
fuyais, mais plus maintenant, je ne le fuirai plus. Je reviendrai m’asseoir
ici, à la table dix chez Henault’s, on sera deux à lire, tu peux continuer
ton tour de terre, cela va beaucoup mieux, merci (réchauffe Martyr en

DOMINATE: to have absolute power. Fig. ambition dominates his
heart. To be higher than. The castle dominates the plain. To dominate
one’s anger. To get on top of. The citadel dominates the town; to
dominate oneself, to be in control...

You travel, you learn, every word, it’s a story emerging, like a wee,
masked child behind you on Halloween night; I spend hours, going from
one surprise to the next. As far as I’m concerned, Jacques can keep my
woman, dress her up, pamper her, make wee blonde babbies with her,
raise them, write for TV, make money, he doesn’t know what it’s like to
nosedive onto the page, like slipping on ice, or like rolling on a new
lawn.

This afternoon, the eighteenth of October, the trees around the house
have lost their leaves, including the ones in the sitting room. Joyeux
Anniversaire! One day or another you’ll have to be born.

The Autumn sun gets up later now, goes to bed earlier, but it rises
right in front of the house, like a startled partridge. It sits on the wall,
the sun, it heats our square of ground, it looks me directly in the eye, it
was worried perhaps when I seemed to prefer the shade. We haven’t
really seen each other since Marise Doucet left, I was hiding, but not
anymore, I won’t hide from it any longer so I won’t. I’ll come back to sit
here, at table ten in Henauilt’s, the two of us can read, away you on your
travels round the Earth, I’m much better, thank you (you might throw a
passant il doit être transi) je te verrai demain, j'emprunte l'échelle de
Dugas, je fais un saut à l'hôtel Canada, et je m'en vais porter mon livre
en ville pour que Jacques, Arthur, Marise, Aldéric, maman, Louise et tous
les Gagnon de la terre le lisent...A demain vieille boule, salut Galarneau!
Stie.

68  wee bit of heat Martyr’s way, he must be chilled to the bone) I’ll see you
tomorrow, I’ll borrow the ladder off Dugas, I’ll pop by the Hotel, and off
69  I’ll go into town with my book under my arm so that Jacques, Arthur,
70  Marise, Aldéric, Mammy, Louise and all the Gagnons of the world can
71  read it...See you tomorrow compadre, see ya Galarneau! Body of fuckin’
72  Christ!
These chapters make up one of the most renowned passages of Voltaire’s picaresque novel (Larnaudie 2012: 6) where the gullible and eternally optimistic titular hero and his servant stumble upon the mythical city of Eldorado. The formal register and picaresque narrative maintain a jaunty rhythm. The writing is laced with irony and satire and Voltaire’s generous use of hyperbole depicts a fantastical utopian paradise.

Aspects of Voltaire’s version of Utopia serve as counterpoints to everything that is wrong with European society in the eighteenth century. There are, for example, no priests but the citizens give thanks to God by singing, the people are generous and there are no lawsuits.

The utopian idyll is undermined, however, where hyperbole embues the descriptions with a hallucinatory quality that suggests Voltaire did not believe in the plausibility of an alternative, idealistic world. Furthermore, the survival of this utopian alternative is reliant on maintaining a state of ignorance (l.125). In the words of Elizabeth Crist, ‘Eldorado is a dullards dream’ (2007, 229). Ultimately Voltaire’s heroes are not happy to stay in this land of plenty, suggesting that
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Utopia is a liminal place whose existence depends on subjective ideals.</th>
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| **Strategy**  
- *identification of translation problems*  
- *knowledge of genre within target context and situation of target text*  
- *justification of translation production of genre for target context*  
(200 words max) |
| This translation is aimed at Irish Leaving Cert students, between 16 and 18 years of age. It will be set in the modern era and the dialogue will be translated into Dublin vernaculars with a view to producing a target text that is accessible and relevant to the target readership. This strategy will also serve to re-direct Voltaire’s satire toward a critique of consumerism and the trend of back-packing through Latin America, provoking perhaps a consideration of the ethical impact of travel to remote parts of the world (Butler, 2012).  
With a re-configuration of Voltaire’s liminal Utopia as a likely destination for modern-day travellers (St George 2021), the two picaresque explorers are re-located to the Javari Valley where to this day there remain areas inhabited by Amazonial tribes known as ‘The Uncontacted’ (Phillips and Calton, 2021, Survival International, 2021).  
The hero, Candide, will become a Dubliner, (renamed Candid or ‘Cando’ for short), from a privileged background while his servant, Cacambo will be re-cast as his friend, Miguel, (or ‘Meeg’) who is from Dublin’s Northside and born to Peruvian immigrants. The absurdity of class distinction that Voltaire highlights in these chapters where Candide’s servant is more learned and pragmatic than his master (e.g. l.20, 74-5, 125-6,) is represented by the different vernaculars of the two protagonists (ie. Southside and Northside Dublin). |
| **Critical Reflection**  
- *textual analysis*  
(200 words max) |
| While lengthening the text considerably (118 words), the addition of the Dublin vernaculars and the idiomatic language that ensues adds to the comedic qualities of Voltaire’s picaresque tale. As a result ‘Cando’ and ‘Meeg’ have taken on characteristics of a double act where their Hiberno-English banter contrasts with the narrative voice and the Eldoradoans in such a way that their picaresque adventures seem even more absurd than in the source text. (e.g. l. 4-8, |
Meanwhile the re-location of Eldorado to the homelands of the ‘Uncontacted’ people in the Javari Valley is effective in preserving the liminal aspect of Voltaire’s Utopia in that the definition embodied in the name of these tribes can only exist if the lands remain uncontacted.

The target text does also have the potential to undermine its objective in that the re-location of the utopian land to the land of the Uncontacted may arouse an interest in visiting this part of the world that the target readership may not have heard of prior to reading this translation.

Works Cited


- **St George, Colt.** 2021. ‘The World’s Best Backpacker Destinations.’ *Rough Guides.*  

Quand ils furent aux frontières des Oreillons:

« Vous voyez, dit Cacambo à Candide, que cet hémisphère-ci ne vaut pas mieux que l’autre; croyez-moi, retournons en Europe par le plus court. – Comment y retourner, dit Candide, et par où aller? Si je vais dans mon pays, les Bulgares et les Abares y égorgent tout; si je retourne en Portugal, j’y suis brûlé; si nous restons dans ce pays-ci, nous risquons à tout moment d’être mis en broche. Mais comment se résoudre à quitter la partie du monde que mademoiselle Cunégonde habite? – Tournons vers la Cayenne, dit Cacambo, nous y trouverons des Français qui vont par tout le monde; ils pourront nous aider. Dieu aura peut-être pitié de nous. »

Il n’était pas facile d’aller à la Cayenne; ils savaient bien à peu près de quel côté il fallait marcher; mais des montages, des fleuves, des précipices, des brigands, des sauvages, étaient partout de terribles obstacles. Leurs chevaux moururent de fatigue; leurs provisions

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Source Text</th>
<th>Target Text</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td><strong>Candide</strong></td>
<td><strong>Candid and Miguel</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Chapître 17</strong></td>
<td><strong>Chapter 17</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><em>Arrivée de Candide et de son valet au pays d’Eldorado, et ce qu’ils y virent</em></td>
<td><em>Arrival of Candid and Miguel in Eldorado, and what they saw</em></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

1. What happened when they reached the Uncontacted frontier:
2. “D’ya see now,” Miguel said to Candid, “this hemisphere is no better than the other; believe me, we need to get back to Europe, pronto.”
3. “What do you mean go back,” said Candid, “and go back how? If I go home, the Kinihans and the Hutches are cutting everyone’s throats; my rep is going up in smoke and I’m probably cancelled after what happened in Portugal and if we stay in this place we are at serious risk of getting skewered and shoved in a tamale. Anyway, how can I leave the hemisphere that Virginia’s in?”
4. “We’ll head for the Javari Valley,” said Miguel, “we’ll find some compadres there cos that’s where they’re all headed these days; they’ll give us a dig-out. Mother of God, please give us a break!”
5. Getting to the Javari Valley was not easy; they had a vague idea of which way they had to walk: but the mountains, rivers, precipices, traffickers, and tribes were all over and were seriously messing up their
furent consumées : ils se nourrirent un mois entier de fruits sauvages, et se trouvèrent enfin auprès d’une petite rivière bordée de cocotiers qui soutinrent leur vie et leurs espérances.

Cacambo qui donnait toujours d’aussi bons conseils que la vieille, dit à Candide : « Nous n’en pouvons plus, nous avons assez marché, j’aperçois un canot vide sur le rivage, emplissions-le de cocos, jetons-nous dans cette petite barque, laissons-nous aller au courant, une rivière mène toujours endroit habité. Si nous ne trouvons pas des choses agréables, nous trouverons du moins des choses nouvelles. — Allons, dit Candide, recommandons –nous à la Providence. »

Ils voguèrent quelques lieues entre des bords tantôt fleuries, tantôt arides, tantôt unis, tantôt escarpés. La rivière s’élargissait toujours; enfin elle se perdait sous une voûte de rochers épouvantables qui s’élevaient jusqu’au ciel. Les deux voyageurs eurent la hardiesse de s’abandonner aux flots sous cette voûte. Le fleuve resserré en cet endroit les porta avec une rapidité et un bruit horribles. Au bout de vingt-quatre heures ils revirent le jour ; mais leur canot se fracassa contre les écueils. Il fallut se trainer de rocher en rocher pendant une lieue entière: enfin ils découvrirent un horizon immense bordé de montagnes inaccessibles. Le pays était cultivé pour le plaisir comme pour le besoin. Partout l’utile était agréable. Les chemins étaient couverts, ou plutôt ornés de voitures d’une forme et d’une matière

plans. Their rental broke down; they ate all the supplies: they’d to survive for one whole month just eating wild fruit, and finally found themselves near a little river lined with coconut trees, the fruit of which kept their bodies and their spirits alive.

Miguel who always gave just as good advice as the old lady, said to Candid: “Cando, we can’t go on, we’ve walked all we can walk, I spotted an empty canoe up the river, let’s fill it with coconuts and jump aboard, then just let the current take us, a river always leads somewhere where there’s people. If nothin’ good comes of it at least it’ll be different.

“Right,” said Candid, “Lord God protect us.”

They bobbed along for a few kilometres between riverbanks, as arid in one spot as they were thick with flowers in another and alternating between gently sloping sandy banks and craggy, jagged rock. The river was becoming wider all the time; finally it disappeared into a vault of horribly treacherous rocks reaching up as far as the sky. The two travellers were brazen enough to go with the flow and ride the current bringing them into this monstrous cavern. The river, narrower at this point, carried them along at terrific speed and with a terrifying roar.

After twenty-four hours of this they were restored to daylight; but their canoe got smashed to pieces on the rocks. They had to scramble from one rock to the next for another whole kilometre; finally they reached a broad horizon bordered by inaccessible mountains. The land was
brillante, portant des hommes et des femmes d’une beauté
inguillère, trainés rapidement par de gros moutons rouges qui
surpassaient en vitesse les plus beaux chevaux d’Anadalousie, de
Tétuan et de Méquinez.

« Voilà pourtant, dit Candide, un pays qui vaut mieux que la
Vestphalie. » Il mit pied à terre avec Cacambo auprès du premier
village qu’il rencontra. Quelques enfants du village couverts de
brocarts d’or tout déchirés, jouaient au palet à l’entrée du bourg.
Nos deux hommes de l’autre monde s’amusèrent à les regarder.
Leurs palets étaient d’assez larges pièces rondes, jaunes, rouges,
vertes, quijetaient un éclat singulier. Il prit envie aux voyageurs d’en
ramasser quelques-uns ; c’étaient de l’or, c’étaient des émeraudes,
des rubis, dont le moindre aurait été le plus grand ornement du
trône du Mogol. « Sans doute, dit Cacambo, ces enfants sont les fils
du roi du pays, qui jouent au petit palet. » Le magister du village
parut dans ce moment pour les faire rentrer à l’école. « Voilà, dit
Candide, le précepteur de la famille royale. »
Les petits gueux quittèrent aussitôt le jeu, en laissant à terre leurs
palets, et tout ce qui avait servi à leur divertissements. Candide les

38 | cultivated as much for pleasure as it was for practical use; that is to say,
39 | all over the useful was made beautiful. The roads were covered, or more
40 | accurately, decorated with beautifully designed carts made from a
41 | sparkling material carrying remarkably handsome looking men and
42 | women and pulled swiftly along by large red sheep; they were going at
43 | such great speed that they had no trouble outrunning the most beautiful
44 | Andalusian, Arabian and Irish horses.
45 | “In fairness, Meeg ” said Candid, “you’d have to say that this country is
46 | like a lot better than Ireland.” They entered the first village that they
47 | came across. Some local children, dressed in golden silks that were all
48 | torn, were playing ring toss at the entrance to the town. Our two
49 | European tourists paused to watch the game. The large rings they were
50 | throwing were brightly coloured, yellow, red, green, and incredibly
51 | shiny. The travellers felt the urge to grab some; they were made of gold,
52 | of emeralds and rubies, the smallest of which would have been worthy
53 | of a Kardashian engagement ring.
54 | “No doubt Cando,” said Miguel, “these kids playing ring-toss with
55 | rubies must belong to the cartels.”
56 | Their teacher appeared at that moment to call the children back into
57 | class.
58 | The little gurriers abandoned their game, dropping their hoops on the
59 | ground along with everything they’d been playing with. Candid gathered
Aussitôt dit l'on monde qu'o cuisine village. surpris apprend enfants emerauds. par terre, regarda un moment la figure de Candide avec beaucoup de surprise et continua son chemin.

Les voyageurs ne manquèrent pas de ramasser l'or, les rubis et les emeraudes. « Où sommes-nous ? s'écria Candide. Il faut que les enfants des rois de ce pays soient bien élevés, puisqu'on leur apprend à mépriser l'or et les pierreries. » Cacambo était aussi surpris que Candide. Ils approchèrent enfin de la première maison du village. Elle était bâtie comme un palais d'Europe. Une foule de monde s'empressait à la porte, et encore plus dans le logis. Une musique très agréable se faisait entendre, et une odeur délicieuse de cuisine se faisait sentir. Cacambo s'approcha de la porte et entendit qu'on parlait péruvien ; c'était sa langue maternelle ; car tout le monde sais que Cacambo était né au Tucuman, dans un village où l'on ne connaissait que cette langue. « Je vous servirai d'interprète, dit-il à Candide ; entrons, c'est ici un cabaret. »

| 56  | Aussitôt deux garçons et deux filles de l'hôtellerie, vêtus de drap | 60  | them up, ran to the teacher and dutifully handed them to him, |
| 57  |                             | 61  | indicating with elaborate hand gestures that the mini drug barons had |
| 58  |                             | 62  | forgotten their gold and their precious stones. Smiling, the village |
| 59  |                             | 63  | schoolmaster threw them on the ground, glancing momentarily at |
| 60  |                             | 64  | Candid with a look of great surprise, he continued on his way. |
| 61  |                             | 65  | The travellers did not delay in gathering up the gold, the rubies and |
| 62  |                             | 66  | the emeralds. |
| 63  |                             | 67  | “Where are we Meeg?” cried Candid, “The kids in this country must |
| 64  |                             | 68  | get a proper Jesuit education, seeing as they’re taught not to value gold |
| 65  |                             | 69  | and jewels.” |
| 66  |                             | 70  | Miguel was just as surprised as Candid. They had finally reached the |
| 67  |                             | 71  | first house in the village. It was built in the style of a Spanish hacienda. |
| 68  |                             | 72  | A large group of people were crowding into the doorway with more |
| 69  |                             | 73  | inside. Lovely music could be heard, and the aromas of delicious cooking |
| 70  |                             | 74  | were wafting towards them. Miguel approached the doorway and heard |
| 71  |                             | 75  | that the Peruvian language was being spoken: his mother tongue; |
| 72  |                             | 76  | because everyone knows of course that Miguel was born in San Miguel |
| 73  |                             | 77  | de Tucuman, in a village where no one spoke anything other than this |
| 74  |                             | 78  | language. |
| 75  |                             | 79  | “I’ll be your interpreter,” he told Candid, “let’s go inside, time to |
| 76  |                             | 80  | partée!” |
| 77  |                             | 81  | Immediately two waiters and two waitresses, dressed in gold leaf with |
d’or, et les cheveux renoués avec des rubans, les invitent à se mettre à la table de l’hôte. On servit quatre potages garnis chacun de deux perroquets, un contour bouilli qui pesait deux cents livres, deux singes rôtis d’un goût excellent, trois cents colibris dans un plat, et six cents oiseaux-mouches dans un autre ; des ragoûts exquis, des pâtisseries délicieuses ; le tout dans des plats d’une espèce de cristal de roche. Les garçons et les filles de l’hôtellerie versaient plusieurs liqueurs faites de canne de sucre.

Les convives étaient pour la plupart des marchands et des voituriers, tous d’une politesse extrême, qui firent quelques questions à Cacambo avec la discrétion la plus circonspecte, et qui répondirent aux siennes d’une manière à le satisfaire.

Quand le repas fut fini, Cacambo crut, ainsi que Candide, bien payer son écot en jetant deux de ces larges pièces d’or qu’il avait ramassées ; l’hôte et l’hôtesse éclatèrent de rire, et se tinrent longtemps les côtés. Enfin ils se remirent. « Messieurs, dit l’hôte, nous voyons bien que vous êtes des étrangers, nous ne sommes pas accoutumés à en voir. Pardonnez-nous si nous nous sommes mis à rire quand vous nous avez offert en payement les cailloux de nos grands chemins. Vous n’avez pas sans doute la monnaie du pays, mais il n’est pas nécessaire d’en avoir pour dîner ici. Toutes les

their hair tied up with ribbons, invited them to sit at the host’s table. Four soups were served each garnished with an aguaymanto salsa, a barbecued Chirimoya weighing twenty kilos and of an excellent flavour, three hundred caigus carved into the shape of Ruby-throated hummingbirds in one dish, and six hundred Choclos in the shape of Black-chinned Hummingbirds in another; exquisite Maca stews, Peruvian potatoes cooked sixteen different ways, delicious banana passion fruit pastries; all served in dishes of a sort of rock crystal. The waiters and waitresses were pouring multiple liqueurs made from cane sugar. Their fellow diners were mostly farmers and carpenters, all extremely polite, asking Miguel some questions in a most discreet fashion and careful to address any questions that he might have. When the meal was finished, Miguel thought, as did Candide, that it would be appropriate to pay their share by throwing two of the large pieces of gold that they had found onto the table; their host and hostess burst into peals of laughter that had them holding their sides for some time. Eventually they pulled themselves together. “Gentlemen,” said their host, “we can see that you are foreigners, a sight we’re not used to seeing. Forgive us if we laughed when you offered to pay with the stones from our highways. You obviously don’t have the local currency, but you don’t need it to dine here anyway. All of the hotels that are set up to facilitate commerce are crowd funded.
hôteleries établies pour la commodité du commerce sont payées par le gouvernement. Vous avez fait mauvaise chère ici, parce que c’est un pauvre village ; mais partout ailleurs vous serez reçus comme vous méritez de l’être. » Cacambo expliquait à Candide tous les discours de l’hôte et Candide les écoutait avec la même admiration et le même égarement que son ami Cacambo les rendait. « Quel est donc ce pays, disaient-ils l’un et l’autre, inconnu à tout le reste de la terre, et où toute la nature est d’une espèce si différente de la nôtre ? C’est probablement le pays où tout va bien ; car il faut absolument qu’il y en ait un de cette espèce. Et, quoi qu’en dit maître Pangloss, je me suis souvent aperçu que tout allait assez mal en Vestphalie. »

Chapitre 18
Ce qu’ils virent dans le pays d’Eldorado

Cacambo témoigna à son hôte toute sa curiosité : l’hôte lui dit :
« Je suis fort ignorant, et je m’en trouve bien ; mais nous avons ici un vieillard retiré de la cour, qui est le plus savant homme du royaume, et le plus communicatif. » Aussitôt il mène Cacambo chez le vieillard. Candide ne jouait plus que le second personnage, et accompagnait son valet. Ils entrèrent dans une maison fort simple, car la porte

104 You have not sampled the country’s finest food here because it is a poor village; but everywhere else you will be welcomed as you deserve to be.”
105 Miguel explained to Candid all that their host had said and Candid
106 listened to it with the same admiration and bewilderment as his friend
107 Miguel expressed in the telling.
108 “So,” they asked one another, “what in God’s name is this country that is unknown to the rest of the world and where nature is a whole different story to what we know. It’s probably the country where everything is pretty good; after all, there has to be somewhere like that.
109 And, no matter what Mr Blatheron says, I have often noticed that everything is a little below par in Ireland.”
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112
113
114
115
116
117
118
119
120 Miguel indulged his curiosity and plied his host with questions; the host told him:
121 “I am completely ignorant, and I am fine with that; but we have a wise elder, who is the most knowledgeable man of the Amazon, and the most talkative.”
122
123
124
125 And with that he brought Miguel to the elderly man’s house. Candid
n'était que d’argent, et les lambris des appartements n'étaient que d'or, mais travaillés avec tant de goût, que les plus riches lambris ne l'effaçaient pas. L'antichambre n'était à la vérité incrustée que de rubis et d'émeraudes, mais l'ordre dans lequel tout était arrangé réparait bien cette extrême simplicité.

Le vieillard reçut les deux étrangers sur un sofa matelassé de plumes de colibris, et leur fit présenter des liqueurs dans des vases de diamant; après quoi il satisfit à leur curiosité en ces termes: « Je suis âgé de cent soixante et douze ans, et j'ai appris de feu mon père, écuyer du roi, les étonnantes révolutions du Pérou dont il avait été témoin. Le royaume où nous sommes est l'ancienne patrie des Incas qui en sortirent très imprudemment pour aller subjuguer une partie du monde, et qui furent enfin détruits par les Espagnols.

« Les princes de leur famille qui restèrent dans leur pays natal furent plus sages; ils ordonnèrent, du consentement de la nation, qu’aucun habitant ne sortirait jamais de notre petit royaume; et c’est ce qui nous a conservé notre innocence et notre félicité. Les Espagnols ont eu une connaissance confuse de ce pays, ils l’ont appelé *El Dorado*, et un Anglais, nommé le chevalier Raleigh, en a même approché il y a environ cent années; mais comme nous sommes entourés de rochers inabordables et de précipices, nous avons toujours été jusqu'à présent à l’abri de la rapacité des nations

---

126 was now playing second fiddle and followed behind his friend. They
127 entered a very simple house in that the door was just made of silver,
128 and the wall covering was only gold although it was finished with such
129 fine craftsmanship that it would have outshone any other. The hall was
130 in truth adorned with nothing more than rubies and emeralds, but the
131 pattern in which it was all arranged enhanced the extreme simplicity of
132 the materials.

133 The elderly man welcomed the two outsiders on a sofa stuffed with
134 ethically sourced feathers, and presented them with liqueurs in diamond
135 goblets; after which he put them out of their misery and revealed all:
136 “I am one hundred and seventy-two years old, and I learned all about
137 the extraordinary Peruvian revolutions from my father who was in
138 charge of the stallions stables. The land where we find ourselves is the
139 ancient homeland of the Incas who foolishly left it to go and conquer
140 another part of the world, and who were destroyed by the Spanish.

141 “The families who stayed in their native land were cleverer; they
142 ordered, with the backing of the nation, that no inhabitant should ever
143 leave the little Amazonian eco-haven; and this is what has safeguarded
144 our innocence and our happiness. The Spanish have had a confused
145 relationship with this country, they called it El Dorado, and nearly four
146 hundred years ago an Englishman, called Lord Raleigh, came quite close
147 to finding us; but as we are surrounded by insurmountable boulders and
de l’Europe, qui ont une fureur inconcevable pour les cailloux et pour la fange de notre terre, et qui pour en avoir nous tueraient tous jusqu’au dernier. »

La conversation fut longue; elle roula sur la forme du gouvernement, sur les mœurs, sur les femmes, sur les spectacles publics, sur les arts. Enfin Candide, qui avait toujours du goût pour la métaphysique, fit demander par Cacambo si dans le pays il y avait une religion.

Le vieillard rougit un peu. « Comment donc, dit-il, en pouvez-vous douter? est-ce que vous nous prenez pour des ingrats? » Cacambo demanda humblement quelle était la religion d’Eldorado. Le vieillard rougit encore. « Est-ce qu’il peut avoir deux religions? dit-il ; nous avons, je crois, la religion de tout le monde ; nous adorons Dieu du soir jusqu’au matin. –N’adorez-vous qu’un seul Dieu? dit Cacambo, qui servait toujours d’interprète aux doutes de Candide. – Apparemment, dit le vieillard, qu’il n’y en a ni deux, ni trois, ni quatre. Je vous avoue que les gens de votre monde font des questions bien singulières. » Candide ne se lassait pas de faire interroger ce bon vieillard; il voulait comment on priait Dieu dans l’Eldorado. « Nous ne le prions point, dit le bon et respectable sage, nous n’avons rien à lui demander; il nous a donné tout ce qu’il nous 148 précipices, we have up to now, been protected from the greed of European nations, which have an inconceivable lust for our stones and for the soil of our land, and who would happily slaughter us all to get their hands on them. 149 The conversation was long; it revolved around forms of leadership, around morality, around women, around outdoor festivals, around art. 150 Finally Candid, who always did have a love of all things metaphysical, got Miguel to ask if the country had a religion. 151 The elderly man blushed a little, 152 “How” he said “could you doubt it? Do you think we are the sort to take things for granted?” 153 So, tentatively, Miguel asked what was the religion of Eldorado? The elderly man blushed again. 154 “Can there be more than one religion?” he said; “we have, I believe the religion of all people; we love our God from dusk to dawn.” 155 “You worship just the one God?” said Miguel, who was still acting as the interpreter of Candid’s doubts. 156 “Obviously,” said the elderly man, “it’s not as if there are two, or three, or four. I must say that people from your country ask the most unusual questions.” 157 Candid did not tire of interrogating this fine old man; he wanted to know how one prayed to God in Eldorado.
faud, nous le remercions sans cesse. » Candide eut la curiosité de voir des prêtres; il fit demander où ils étaient. Le bon vieillard sourit.

« Mes amis, dit-il, nous sommes tous prêtres; les rois et tous les chefs de famille chantent des cantiques d’actions de grâces solennellement, tous les matins; et cinq ou six mille musiciens les accompagnent. – Quoi! vous n’avez point de moines qui enseignent, qui disputent, qui gouvernent, qui cabalent, et qui font brûler les gens qui ne sont pas de leur avis? – Il faudrait que nous fussions fous, dit le vieillard, nous sommes tous ici du même avis, et nous n’entendons pas ce que vous voulez dire avec vos moines. » Candide à tous ces discours demeurait en extase, et disait en lui-même: « Ceci est bien différent de la Vestphalie et du château de monsieur le baron: si notre ami Pangloss avait vu Eldorado, il n’aurait plus dit que le château de Thunder-ten-tronckh était ce qu’il y avait de mieux sur la terre; il est certain qu’il faut voyager. »

Après cette longue conversation, le bon vieillard fit atteler un carrosse à six moutons, et donna douze de ses domestiques aux deux voyageurs pour les conduire à la cour. « Excusez-moi, leur dit-il, si

170 “We never pray to him,” said the good, respectable sage, we have
171 nothing to ask of him; he has given us everything we need, we thank him constantly.” Candid was curious to see some of their priests; he had his
172 interpreter enquire as to their whereabout. The good old man smiled.
173 “My friend, he said, we are all priests; all leaders and heads of families
174 solemnly sing songs composed to express our gratitude every morning;
175 and five or six thousand musicians accompany them.”
176 “What! You have no clergy teaching, arguing, dictating, concealing,
177 and abusing?
178 “We’d have to be mad,” said the old man, “here, we are all of the
179 same opinion, and we don’t understand what you are referring to with
180 your ‘clergy’.”
181 Throughout the whole of this discussion Candide was in a state of
182 ecstasy, saying to himself:
183 “This is completely different to Ireland and the Southside: if our old
184 principal Mr Blatheron had seen Eldorado, he wouldn’t say anymore
185 that a Catholic education is the best in the world; one thing is certain
186 and that is: it’s so important to travel and see things for yourself.
187
188 Following this long conversation, the fine old man had a carriage
drawn by six sheep brought, and asked twelve of his household to
189 accompany the travellers to the leader’s home.
mon âge me prive de l’honneur de vous accompagner. Le roi vous recevra d’une manière dont vous ne serez pas mécontents, et vous pardonnerez sans doute aux usages du pays s’il y en a quelques-uns qui vous déplaisent. »

Candide et Camambo montent en carrosse; les six moutons volaient, et en moins de quatre heures on arriva au palais du roi, situé à un bout du capitale. Le portail était de deux cent vingt pieds de haut, et de cent de large; il est impossible d’exprimer de quelle en était la matière. On voit assez quelle supériorité prodigieuse elle devait avoir sur ces cailloux et sur ce sable que nous nommons or et pierreries.

Vingt belles filles de la garde reçurent Candide et Camambo à la descente du carrosse, les conduisirent aux bains, les vêtirent de robes d’un tissu de duvet de colibri; après quoi les grands officiers et les grandes officières de la couronne les menèrent à l’appartement de Sa Majesté au milieu de deux files chacune de mille musiciens selon l’usage ordinaire. Quand ils approchèrent de la salle du trône, Camambo demanda à un grand officier comment il fallait s’y prendre pour saluer Sa Majesté? si on se jetait à genoux ou ventre à terre? si on mettait les mains sur la tête ou sur la derrière? si on léchait la poussière de la salle » en un mot, quelle était la cérémonie ?

“L’usage, dit le grand officier, est d’embrasser le roi et de le baiser

192 “Forgive me, if my age prevents me from the honour of accompanying you. Our leader will welcome you in a fashion that won’t disappoint, and you will excuse us no doubt if some of our customs are not to your liking.”
193 Candid and Miguel climbed into the carriage; the sheep took flight, and in less than four hours they arrived at the heart of this eco-haven. The entrance to the seat of the leadership was sixty-eight metres high, and thirty wide; it is impossible to say what material it was made from. It was quite easy to see that it was vastly superior to these stones and this sand that we call gold and jewels.
194 Twenty beautiful female guards welcomed Candid and Miguel as they stepped out of the carriage and promptly brought them to the baths where they were dressed in robes made of goose down; after which the senior court officials serving the crown led them, as was the custom, between lines of two thousand musicians to welcoming suite. As they neared the great room, Miguel asked a senior official how to greet the leader? Should they bend on one knee or prostrate themselves on the ground? Should they put their hands on their heads or on their backsides? Should they all pose for selfies? In a word, what was the routine?
195 “The custom,” said the senior official “is to hug the leader and to kiss...
des deux côtés. » Candide et Cacambo sautèrent au cou de Sa Majesté, qui les reçut avec toute la grâce imaginable, et qui les pria poliment à souper.

En attendant on leur fit voir la ville, les édifices publics élevés jusqu’aux nus, les marchés ornés de mille colonnes, les fontaines d’eau pure, les fontaines d’eau rose, celles de liqueurs de canne de sucre qui coulaient continuellement dans de grandes places pavées d’une espèce de pierreries qui répandaient une odeur semblable à celle du gérolfe et de la cannelle. Candide demanda à voir la cour de justice, le parlement; on lui dit qu’il n’y en avait point, et qu’on ne plaidait jamais. Il s’informa s’il y avait des prisons, et on lui dit que non. Ce qui le surprit davantage, et qui lui fit le plus de plaisir, ce fut le palais des sciences, dans lequel il vit une galerie de deux mille pas, toute pleine d’instruments de mathématique et de physique.

Après avoir parcouru toute l’après-dînée à peu près la millième partie de la ville, on les ramena chez le roi. Candide se mit à table entre Sa Majesté, son valet Cacambo et plusieurs dames. Jamais on ne fit meilleur chère, et jamais on n’eut plus d’esprit à souper qu’en eut Sa Majesté. Cacambo expliquait les bons mots du roi à Candide, et quoique traduits ils paraissaient toujours des bons mots. De tout-ce qui étonnait Candide, ce n’était pas ce qui l’étonna le moins.

214 both cheeks.”
215 Candide and Miguel threw their arms around the leader, who
216 responded with all of the grace one could imagine, and politely asked
217 them to dinner.
218 In the meantime they were shown the city, the public buildings that
219 reached up to the sky, the steps adorned with a thousand columns, the
220 fountains of pure water, the fountains of rose water, of liqueurs made
221 from cane sugar that gushed continually in the large squares paved in
222 some sort of jewels that gave off a scent similar to cloves and to
223 cinnamon. Candide asked to see the justice courts; he was told that there
224 were none, and that there were never any lawsuits. He asked if there
225 were prisons, and he was told that there were not. What surprised him
226 even more, and what pleased him the most, was the palace of science
227 where they were shown a gallery, one and a half kilometres long, full of
228 instruments relating to mathematics and physics.
229 After having spent just about the entire afternoon exploring this one
230 thousandth part of the city, they were brought to the home of the
231 leader. Candid seated himself between the leader and his friend Miguel
232 and a number of ladies. Never had they eaten so well, and never had
233 anyone had such gusto for eating as the. Miguel interpreted their witty
234 words for Candid that even in translation sounded very witty. Out of
235 everything that came as a surprise to Candid, this was not what
Ils passèrent un mois dans cet hospice. Candide ne cessait de dire à Cacambo: « Il est vrai, mon ami, encore une fois, que le château où je suis né vaut pas le pays où nous sommes; mais enfin, mademoiselle Cunégonde n’y est pas; et vous avez sans doute quelque maîtresse en Europe. Si nous restons ici, nous ne serons que comme les autres; au lieu que si nous retournons dans notre monde, seulement avec douze moutons chargés de cailloux d’Eldorado, nous serons plus riches que tous les rois ensemble, nous n’aurons plus d’inquisiteurs à craindre, et nous pourrons aisément reprendre mademoiselle Cunégonde. »

Ce discours plut à Cacambo; on aime tant à courir, à se faire valoir chez les siens, à faire parade de ce qu’on a vu dans ses voyages, que les deux heureux résolurent de ne plus l’être, et de demander leur congé à Sa Majesté.

« Vous faites une sottise, leur dit le roi; je sais bien que mon pays est peu de chose; mais quand on est passablement quelque part, il faut y rester; je n’ai pas assurément le droit de retenir des étrangers; c’est une tyrannie qui ‘est ni dans nos mœurs ni dans nos lois; tous les hommes sont libres; partez quand vous voudrez, mais la sortie est bien difficile. Il est impossible de remonter la rivière rapide sur laquelle vous êtes arrivés par miracle, et qui court sous

| 236 | surprised him the least. |
| 237 | They spent one month in this sanctuary. Candid never stopped saying |
| 238 | to Miguel: |
| 239 | “Meeg, me amigo, I have to admit that the mansion where I was born |
| 240 | does not bare comparison to the country that we are in; but the thing is, |
| 241 | Virg’s not here; and you’ve gotta have some girlfriend back in Europe. If |
| 242 | we stay here, we’ll be just like everyone else; instead we could go back |
| 243 | to our world with only twelve sheep loaded with Eldorado stones, we |
| 244 | will be richer than all of the Kardashians put together, we can pay off |
| 245 | the gangsters, and we can easily get Virg back.” |
| 246 | Miguel liked the idea of this; it would seem we just can’t wait to race |
| 247 | back to brag about all we’ve seen on our travels to the folks back home. |
| 248 | With that our two happy travellers decided to depart the land where |
| 249 | they had found contentment and to ask the leader for permission to |
| 250 | leave. |
| 251 | “You’re making a big mistake,” the leader told them; I am well aware |
| 252 | that my homeland is not up to much, but when you are reasonably |
| 253 | content somewhere, you should stay put; I certainly don’t have the right |
| 254 | to keep foreigners from leaving; it is a tyranny that does not correspond |
| 255 | with our moral values or with the laws of the land; all men are free; |
| 256 | leave whenever you want. Having said that, getting out of here will not |
| 257 | be easy. You cannot go back up the river by which you miraculously got |
des voûtes de rochers. Les montagnes qui entourent tout mon royaume ont dix mille pieds de hauteur, et sont droites comme des murailles: elles occupent chacune en largeur un espace de plus de dix lieues ; on ne peut en descendre que par des précipices.

Cependant puisque vous voulez absolument partir, je vais donner ordre aux intendants des machines d'en faire une qui puisse vous transporter commodément. Quand on vous aura conduits au revers des montagnes, personne ne pourra vous accompagner; car mes sujets ont fait vœu de ne jamais sortir de leur enceinte, et ils sont trop sages pour rompre leur vœu. Demandez-moi d'ailleurs tout ce qu'il vous plaira.

- Nous ne demandons à Votre Majesté, dit Cacambo, que quelques moutons chargés de vivres, de cailloux, et de la boue du pays. » Le roi rit: « Je ne conçois pas, dit-il, quel goût vos gens d'Europe ont pour notre boue jaune : mais emportez-en tant que vous voudrez, et grand bien vous fasse. »

Il donna l'ordre sur-le-champ à ses ingénieurs de faire une machine pour guinder ces deux hommes extraordinaires hors du royaume. Trois mille bons physiciens y travaillèrent; elle fut prête au bout de quinze jours, et ne coûta pas plus de vingt millions de livres sterling, monnaie du pays. On mit sur la machine Candide et Cacambo; il y avait deux grands moutons rouges sellés et bridés pour

here and which goes under the treacherous rocks, as the current is too strong. The mountains surrounding my entire country reach up to eight thousand eight hundred metres, and are as steep as cliffs; each one is more than sixteen kilometres wide; you can only get over them by climbing down these cliffs. Seeing as you are absolutely sure about wanting to leave, however, I am going to give the order to the mechanical engineers to construct a machine that can transport you comfortably out of here. Once you have been brought to the back of the mountains, no one can accompany you further; because my people have made a vow never to go beyond these borders, and they are too wise to break their promise. Also, you may ask me for whatever you want to bring with you.”

“We only ask” said Miguel, “for a few sheep loaded with supplies, some stones, and some soil from your country.”

The leader laughed, “I cannot conceive of the attraction that our yellow soil has for you Europeans: but take as much as you want, and may it serve you well.”

He gave the order on the spot to his engineers to make a machine for launching these two unfathomable men out of the kingdom. Three thousand talented physicists worked on it; within fifteen days it was ready and cost no more than twenty billion pounds Sterling, the currency of the country. Candid and Miguel were put on the machine;
leurs servir de monture quand ils auraient franchi les montagnes:
vingt moutons de bât chargés de vivres, trente qui portaient des présents de ce que le pays a de plus curieux, et cinquante chargés d’or, de pierres précieuses et de diamants. Le roi embrassa tendrement les deux vagabonds.

Ce fut un beau spectacle que leur départ, et la manière ingénieuse dont ils furent hissés eux et leurs moutons au haut des montagnes. Les physiciens prirent congé d’eux après les avoir mis en sûreté, et Candide n’eut plus d’autre désir et d’autre objet que d’aller présenter ses moutons à mademoiselle Cunégonde. « Nous avons, dit-il, de quoi payer le gouverneur de Buenos Aires, si mademoiselle Cunégonde peut être mise à prix. Marchons vers la Cayenne, embarquons-nous, et nous verrons ensuite quel royaume nous pourrons acheter. »

there were two big red sheep saddled and harnessed to carry them when they had crossed the mountains: twenty sheep with pack-saddles loaded with supplies, thirty who were carrying gifts of the most interesting things that the country had to offer, and fifty loaded with gold, jewels and diamonds. The leader hugged the two vagabonds tenderly.

Their exit, where they, along with their sheep, were ingeniously hoisted over the mountains was quite a sight to behold. The physicists had said their goodbyes after seeing them safely on their way, and Candid could no longer think of anything else besides introducing his sheep to his precious Virginia.

“We’ve enough,” he said, “to get ourselves some high quality product to multiply our moula back in Dublin. Virg has some ingenious ways of getting it through customs. Let’s walk towards Cayenne, catch a flight to Rio and see what else we can buy.”
By 1924 Colette’s literary reputation was firmly established. (Ferrier-Cavarivière 2019, 9) This short story marks a departure in that it falls into the genre of *nouvelle-instant*, a style of short story that was taking hold in the French literary world at this time (Grattan and Lejuez 1994, 10). Here we find a ‘muted narrativity’ (ibid. 99) where the plot unfolds through dialogue, physical characterisation, and descriptions of the inner workings of the conscious minds of the protagonists delivered by an omniscient narrator.

The liminal setting of the restaurant by the water’s edge and the ghostly spectre of the ‘other wife’ at the edge of the dining room are central to the moment of crisis in this short story. The positioning of the couple is dramatically contrasted with this figure depicted in cool monochrome (white dress and dark shiny hair) and in a cloud of cigarette smoke. Meanwhile, the sunlight reflecting off the water, that forms an ethereal glow around the woman in white, makes the couple perspire and appears to play a part in exposing the uncomfortable moment of truth.
This screenplay adaptation of *L’Autre femme* has been commissioned by the LA Short Film Festival, 2021. The objective of the festival is to pay homage to the great French short story writers of the twentieth century.

Given the low numbers of American cinemagoers attending foreign language films (see Child, 2020), the screenplay adaptation will be in English and set in California. In keeping with the theme of the festival, however, the restaurant will remain French along with Marc’s preference in champagne.

The period of the source text (1920s) will remain so that the character of the other wife can be smoking in the restaurant, as this is an important aspect of her characterisation. Furthermore the slightly pretentious register of the dialogue (as in l.181) will be matched in the target text in keeping with the period.

A lakeside location, to be sourced through a guide to the California wine regions (Denig, 2020), will serve as an effective alternative to the French seaside thus preserving the crucial liminal quality of the setting.

Some unflattering physical descriptions of Alice will be shifted from a linguistic to a situational level (Hewson and Martin 1991:104). For example the ‘bestiale’ and ‘grasse’ epithets (l.132) will be represented by the image of Alice licking her fingers as she eats the buttery shrimp.

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<td>• knowledge of genre within target context and situation of target text</td>
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<td>• justification of translation production of genre for target context (200 words max)</td>
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<tr>
<td>Critical Reflection</td>
<td>The liminality of the lakeside setting at the California location and the visual contrast between the two women, as described in the film directions, has the potential to effectively reflect on screen the different forms of marginalisation experienced by each of the three characters (Alice is excluded from the sophisticated world of the woman in white, as</td>
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<td>• textual analysis (200 words max)</td>
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Marc is from the new life of his ex and she from his)

While the familiar setting serves to enhance the enjoyment of Colette’s story for a Californian audience the finished product fulfils the dual function of bringing Colette’s writing to an American cinema audience while depicting their country in a flattering light.

Furthermore, the cinematic nature of the source text where the plot unfolds through dialogue and centres on the eternally bewitching theme of ‘the other’ would indicate great potential for the extension of the adaptation to a feature length film. Already the target text is four hundred and forty three words longer than the source text indicating further potential for a feature length adaptation of a text that holds much to be made visually explicit.

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The Lodge at Blue Lakes, 5135 West Highway 20, Upper Lake, California 95485

[Accessed May, 2021]

[https://thelodgeatbluelakes.com](https://thelodgeatbluelakes.com)
L’Autre Femme

- Deux couverts ? Par ici, Monsieur et Madame, il y a encore une table contre la baie, si Madame et Monsieur veulent profiter de la vue. 

Alice suit le maître d’hôtel.

- Oh ! oui, viens, Marc, on aura l’air de déjeuner sur la mer dans un bateau…

Son mari la retint d’un bras passé sous le sien.

The Other Wife

A hotel on Clear Lake, Lake County, California. The busy hotel restaurant at lunchtime. Large picture windows overlook a shimmering lake. The sun beating down on the water gives an incandescent allure to the view.

MAÎTRE D’:

Table for two? Follow me Monsieur, Madame, we have one table left overlooking the bay, if Madame and Monsieur care to make the most of our magnificent view.

Alice follows the maître d’, through the other diners towards the table with the view.

ALICE:

Oh yes! Marc, we’ll feel like we’re on a yacht having lunch on the ocean…

Marc takes a firm hold of his wife’s arm to prevent her from following the maître d’. He indicates, with his gaze and a nod of the head, another
- Nous serons mieux là.
- Là ? Au milieu de tout ce monde ? J’aime bien mieux...

- Je t’en prie, Alice.

Il resserra son étreinte d’une manière tellement significative qu’elle se retourna :

- Qu’est ce que tu as ?

Il fit « ch...tt » tout bas, en la regardant fixement, et l’entraîna vers la table du milieu.

---

21 | *table in the middle of the dining room surrounded by other diners.*
22 | MARC:
23 | Let’s sit there instead.
24 | ALICE:
25 | There? In the middle of the restaurant? But I’d much rather
26 | sit ...  
27 | MARC, *interrupts with a hint of desperation in his voice*:
28 | Alice please!
29 | *He tightens his grip on Alice to such an extent that she is forced to turn around.*
30 | ALICE, *looking alarmed*:
31 | What is *wrong* with you?
32 | MARC, *looking Alice purposefully in the eye and then quietly but forcefuly*:
33 | Sshhhttt!
Marc leads Alice to the table in the middle of the room followed by a perplexed looking maître d’ who hands them menus as they take their seats.

ALICE:
What is the matter Marc?

MARC:
I’m going to tell you darling. Would you like shrimp? Or eggs in aspic?

ALICE, somewhat disgruntled but without sarcasm:
Whatever you want, you know that.

They pause from the task of ordering lunch to smile lovingly at each other. They are wasting the valuable time of an overworked maître d’ who, unnoticed by the two lovebirds, appears, not only to be perspiring profusely but also to be performing a little dance of nervous ticks at the side of their table. Finally, Marc authoritatively orders lunch, addressing the maître d’ as if they are having a conversation:

MARC:
The shrimp. And then the eggs with bacon. And the cold chicken with a
poulet froid avec une salade de romaine. Fromage à la crème ?
Spécialité de la maison ? Va pour la spécialité. Deux très bons cafés.
Qu’on fasse déjeuner mon chauffeur, nous repartons à deux heures. Du cidre ? Je me méfie...Du champagne sec.

Il soupira comme s’il avait déménagé une armoire, contempla la mer décolorée de midi, le ciel presque blanc, puis sa femme qu’il trouva jolie sous un petit chapeau de Mercure à grand voile pendant.

Romaine salad. Fromage à la crème? Speciality of the house? Hmmm, let’s go for your special. With two very good coffees to follow. See to it that my driver’s lunch order is taken would you? We’ll get back on the road at two.

Maître D:
Would you like to try the Clear Lake Sauvignon Monsieur? From a local vineyard...

MARC:
Local wine? Not sure I’d trust it...a bottle of the French champagne.

Maître D:
Very good Monsieur.

As the Maître D leaves the table Marc gives a noisy exhalation of breath as though he has just finished shifting a heavy wardrobe. He looks out towards the colourless midday sea, at the sky that is almost white, then smiles admiringly at his wife who he evidently finds rather pretty in her little felt hat with its hanging veil.
- Tu as bonne mine, chérie. Et tout ce bleu de mer te fait les yeux verts, figure-toi ! Et puis tu engraisses, en voyage... C’est agréable, à un point, mais à un point !...

Elle tendit orgueilleusement sa gorge ronde, en se penchant au-dessus de la table.

- Pourquoi m’as-tu empêchée de prendre cette place contre la baie ?

Marc Séguy ne songea pas à mentir.

- Parce que tu allais t’asseoir à côté de quelqu’un que je connais.

- Et que je ne connais pas ?

- Mon ex-femme.

Elle ne trouva pas un mot à dire et ouvrit plus grands ses yeux bleus.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>68</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>- Tu as bonne mine, chérie. Et tout ce bleu de mer te fait les yeux verts, figure-toi ! Et puis tu engraisses, en voyage... C’est agréable, à un point, mais à un point !... Elle tendit orgueilleusement sa gorge ronde, en se penchant au-dessus de la table.</td>
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<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>69</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Alice leans over the table displaying to full advantage her generous cleavage.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

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<thead>
<tr>
<th>70</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>MARC: You are radiant, darling. And, remarkably, the blue of the lake reflected in your eyes has turned them green, imagine that! And then you have filled out a little on holiday...Teasingly It is lovely up to a point, just to a point mind!...</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

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<tr>
<th>71</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Alice’s eyes open wide and she is momentarily speechless.</td>
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<tr>
<th>72</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>ALICE: Why did you stop me from taking the table overlooking the bay?</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

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<thead>
<tr>
<th>73</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>MARC, looks Alice in the eye and answers in a straightforward manner: Because you were going to sit beside someone I know.</td>
</tr>
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<tr>
<th>74</th>
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</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>ALICE: Someone that I don’t know?</td>
</tr>
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<tr>
<th>75</th>
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</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>MARC: My ex-wife.</td>
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<th>76</th>
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</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Alice’s eyes open wide and she is momentarily speechless.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
- Quoi donc, chérie ? Ça arrivera encore. C’est sans importance.

Alice, retrouvant la parole, lança dans leur ordre logique les questions inévitables :
- Elle t’a vu ? Elle a vu que tu l’avais vue ? Montre-la moi ?
- Ne te retourne pas tout de suite, je t’en prie, elle doit nous surveiller... Une dame brune, tête nue, elle doit habiter cet hôtel... Toute seule, derrière ces enfants en rouge...
- Oui. Je vois.

Abritée derrière des chapeaux de plage à grandes ailes, Alice put regarder celle qui était, quinze mois auparavant, la femme de son mari.

MARC:
And what of it darling? It won’t be the last time that this happens. It’s of no importance whatsoever.

ALICE, visibly pulls herself together and tries to organise her thoughts in order to articulate in logical order all of the questions popping into her mind:
Did she see you? Did she see that you saw her? Point her out to me.

MARC, with urgency and in hushed tones:
Don’t look around just now, please, she’s bound to be watching...a woman with chestnut hair, not wearing a hat. She must be staying at this hotel...On her own, behind those kids wearing red...

ALICE:
Yes, I see her.

Taking advantage of some women wearing wide-brimmed sunhats to screen her from view, Alice steals a glance at the woman who only fifteen months beforehand was still married to her husband.
« Incompatibilité », lui racontait Marc. « Oh! mais, là… incompatibilité totale! Nous avons divorcé en gens bien élevés, presque en amis, tranquillement, rapidement. Et je me suis mis à t’aimer, et tu as bien voulu être heureuse avec moi. Quelle chance qu’il n’y ait, dans notre bonheur, ni coupables, ni victimes! »

La femme en blanc, casquée de cheveux plats et lustrés où la lumière de la mer miroitait en plaques d’azur, fumait une cigarette en fermant à demi les yeux. Alice se retourna vers son mari, prit des crevettes et du beurre, mangea posément. Au bout d’un moment de silence :

- Pourquoi ne m’avais-tu jamais dit qu’elle avait aussi les yeux bleus?
- Mais je n’y ai pas pensé!

Il baisa la main qu’elle étendait vers la corbeille à pain et elle rougit de plaisir. Brune et grasse, on l’eût trouvée un peu bestiale, mais le bleu changeant de ses yeux, et ses cheveux d’or ondé, la déguisaient en blonde frêle et sentimentale.

MARC:

Incompatible. Completely incompatible. Still, I am proud of how we remained civilised throughout the divorce, even stayed on friendly terms – no fuss whatsoever, no wasting time… And then I could get on with loving you, and you so wanted to be happy with me. What incredible luck that our happiness is not tainted by feelings of guilt, no spectres of broken hearted victims hovering over us!

Marc’s ex-wife is sitting elegantly looking out to sea. She is obviously content with herself, dressed in white, her beautifully coiffed hair is made particularly lustrous by the sunlight reflecting off the lake. A picture of sophistication, she smokes a cigarette with eyes half closed.

ALICE, turns back to face her husband, picks up the fat shrimp and the butter, and calmly and deliberately consumes them, licking her fingers after each one. The couple don’t speak for a few moments, then:

Why is it you never told me that she also has blue eyes?

MARC:

It never occurred to me to tell you!
Elle vouait à son mari une gratitude éclatante. Immodeste sans le savoir, elle portait sur toute sa personne les marques trop visibles d’une extrême félicité. Ils mangèrent et burent de bon appétit, et chacun d’eux crut que l’autre oubliait la femme en blanc. Pourtant, Alice riait parfois trop haut, et Marc soignait sa silhouette, élargissant les épaules et redressant la nuque.

Ils attendirent le café assez longtemps, en silence. Une rivière incandescente, reflet étiré du soleil haut et invisible, se déplaçait lentement sur la mer, et brillait d’un feu insoutenable.

Marc kisses Alice’s hand as she reaches for the bread-basket, causing her to blush with pleasure. The open sensuality and obvious enjoyment of her food highlight the contrast between Marc’s wife and his ex-wife. The focus shifts away from Alice’s unsophisticated behaviour with a close up of the changing blue of her eyes and her blond wavy hair that (deceptively) give her the appearance of a fragile soul. Alice’s gaze reveals feelings of devotion and gratitude to her new husband as well as an inability to suppress the joy of newly-wed bliss. As the camera pulls out to take in the whole dining room, Marc and Alice get back to enjoying lunch together. There are, however, signs that the presence of Marc’s ex-wife is having an effect on the pair: Alice’s exaggerated, shrill laughter can be heard above the murmur of conversation from other diners. Noticeable also is the way Marc straightens his back to sit tall, broadens his shoulders and lifts his chin. They wait for their coffees for an uncomfortably long time, too long to keep up the charade. The couple’s discomfort is heightened by a blazing river of sunshine reflected into the dining room from the water’s surface.

ALICE, suddenly whispering:
- Elle est toujours là, tu sais, chuchota brusquement Alice.

- Elle te gêne ? Tu veux prendre le café ailleurs?

- Mais pas de tout ! C’est plutôt elle qui devrait être gênée ! D’ailleurs, elle n’a pas l’air de s’amuser follement, si tu la voyais...

- Pas besoin. Je lui connais cet air-là.

- Ah ! oui, c’était son genre ?

Il soufla e la fumée par les narines et fronça les sourcils :

- Un genre ... Non. À te parler franchement, elle n’était pas heureuse avec moi.

- Ça, par exemple!

- Is she bothering you? Would you like to have coffee somewhere else?

- No not at all! She’s the one that should be feeling bothered! Anyway, she doesn’t look like she’s having a wild time herself, if only you could see her...

- No need. I know that look.

ALICE, greedily pouncing on this remark:

- Oh, is that her style?

MARK, *sighs as he blows cigarette smoke from his nose, furrows his brow and looks thoughtful and a little sad...*:

- Her style? No. To be honest, she just wasn’t happy with me.

ALICE:

- Don’t be ridiculous!
Tu es d’une indulgence délicieuse, chérie, une indulgence folle…
Tu es un amour, toi… Tu m’aimes… Je suis si fier, quand je te vois ces yeux… oui, ces yeux-là… Elle… Je n’ai sans doute pas su la rendre heureuse. Voilà, je n’ai pas su.

- Elle est difficile !

Alice s’éventait avec irritation, et jetait de brefs regards sur la femme en blanc qui fumait, la tête appuyée au dossier de rotin, et fermait les yeux avec un air de lassitude satisfaite. Marc haussa les épaules modestement :

- C ’est le mot, avoua-t-il. Que veux-tu ? Il faut plaindre ceux qui ne sont jamais contents. Nous, nous sommes si contents… N’est-ce pas chérie ?

MARC:
You are deliciously kind to me, darling, insanely kind…You really are a treasure…You love me…I am so proud, when I look into these eyes…yes these beautiful eyes of yours…She…I quite simply didn’t know how to make her happy. That’s all there is to it, I just didn’t know how.

ALICE:
She’s just difficult!

Alice has become irritated and fans herself distractedly whilst glancing every now and then at the woman in white who is smoking, her head resting against the back of the wicker chair, eyes half closed with a relaxed, self-satisfied look about her.

MARC, conceding, shrugs his shoulders modestly, as he speaks the Camera focuses on the woman in white:
That’s the word for it, yes. What can you do? You have to feel sorry for those of us who cannot be content with life. Look at us – we ar perfectly content. Aren’t we, darling?

Alice doesn’t respond. She furtively appraises her husband’s ruddy red
Elle ne répondit pas. Elle donnait une attention furtive au visage de son mari, coloré, régulier, à ses cheveux drus, faufilés ça et là de soie blanche, ses mains courtes et soignées. Dubitative pour la première fois, elle s’interrogea : « Qu’est-ce qu’elle voulait donc de mieux, elle? »

Et jusqu’au départ, pendant que Marc payait l’addition, s’enquérant du chauffeur, de la route, elle ne cessa plus de regarder avec une curiosité envieuse la dame en blanc, cette mécontente, cette difficile, cette supérieure...

cheeks, regular features, his thick hair streaked with white, and his small, manicured hands. A hint of doubt clouds her face.

As her husband is seen paying the bill and going over a road map with his driver, Alice examines the woman in white, who projects an aura of superiority and nonchalance.

ALICE:

What is wrong with her?
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Source Text</th>
<th>Target Text</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td><strong>Title</strong></td>
<td>“Art”</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Year Published</strong></td>
<td>1994</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Author</strong></td>
<td>Yasmina Reza</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Language</strong></td>
<td>French</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Word Count</strong></td>
<td>1475</td>
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</tbody>
</table>

**Description of Source Text**

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

(200 words max)

This play centres on three characters representing Parisian upper-middle class, middle-aged men who through argument and revelation explore the concepts of friendship and culture. “Art” has been a highly successful play both in France and around the world, garnering many prestigious awards. (Billington 2014)

Despite this success, English translator, Christopher Hampton, describes how Yasmina Reza ‘never feels sure that the nuance of her writing is successfully captured in other languages.’ (Hampton 2009) The playwright is reported to have been dismayed by the level of hilarity that greeted her philosophical play when produced outside France. (ibid.) The register is casual.

The extracts were chosen to include the honest opinions that two of the characters, Marc and Serge give of each other and the climax of the argument that forms the basis of the play culminating in the character assassination of Yvan. Also included are the closing lines where the white painting is interpreted as representing the liminality of existence: ‘It represents a man who crosses a space and disappears.’
| **Strategy** | As part of its commitment to increase the representation of female theatre practitioners on the Irish stage, (Moynihan 2018) the Abbey Theatre has commissioned a new adaptation of Yasmina Reza’s “Art”. The three main protagonists will be re-gendered and the roles re-assigned to female actors. The characters should appear natural in order to test the plausibility of the play’s premise in a feminine context. The target play is aimed at theatre lovers with an interest in gender equality.

Due to limited stage directions in the source text an American production of the play from 2009 will be consulted to inform the characterisation of the female roles. The tone and delivery of the male actors in this production will be noted and added to the target script as directions: ‘Marie bursts out laughing again – a sort of mocking cackle’ or ‘Marie, using a sarcastic tone whilst eyeing Sylvie.’

The term ‘girl’ will not be used as extensively as ‘garçon’ is used in the source text, as in English it has come to be considered an ‘infantilising’ way of referring to an adult woman (McAuliffe, 2014). Also its use would not sound natural if spoken by the female characters in the present context as for example in Sylvie and Marie’s descriptions of each other as successful career women. |
| **Critical Reflection** | The criterion of producing a translation that sounds natural coming from the mouths of an Irish female cast appears to have resulted in a greater number of qualifiers, a phenomenon that is also a feature of Hampton’s American version. Words like ‘just’ (l.32) and ‘sort of’ (140) are added but whether this is primarily a result of adapting it for the Irish stage or for a female cast is difficult to say.

Interestingly the re-gendering of the roles effectively dilutes their stereotypical characteristics thus diminishing some of... |
the satirical or parodic nuances of the source text. As a result the play may potentially be closer to Reza’s less humorous intentions with her script (Hampton, 2009). Furthermore, the extent to which aspects of the regendered play have a jarring effect on the audience (such as the future daughter-in-law being given a position in the family business or the term hysterical being applied to a male character), can serve as an effective indicator of the level of gender stereotyping that persists.

Finally the re-gendering strategy echoes the concept of the ‘hybrid creature’ referred to in the source text: the target characters are consigned to a liminal existence as females embodying male stereotypes. ‘...a woman who crosses a space and disappears.’

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**Works Cited**

- **use of sources and reference material**


<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>URL</th>
<th><a href="https://www.theguardian.com/commentisfree/2014/may/27/is-the-word-girl-offensive">https://www.theguardian.com/commentisfree/2014/may/27/is-the-word-girl-offensive</a> [Accessed April, 2021]</th>
</tr>
</thead>
</table>


Marc, seul.

Marc. Mon ami Serge a acheté un tableau.

C’est une toile d’environ un mètre soixante sur un mètre vingt, peinte en blanc. Le fond est blanc et si on cligne des yeux, on peut apercevoir de fins liserés blancs transversaux.

Mon ami Serge est un ami depuis longtemps.

C’est un garçon qui a bien réussi, il est médecin dermatologue et il aime l’art.

***

Serge, comme seul.

Serge. Mon ami Marc, qui est un garçon intelligent, garçon que j’estime depuis longtemps, belle situation, ingénieur dans l’aéronautique, fait partie de ces intellectuels, nouveaux, qui non contents d’être ennemis de la modernité en tirent une vanité incompréhensible.

Il y a depuis peu, chez l’adepte du bon vieux temps, une arrogance vraiment stupéfiante.

***

Marc, seul.

Marie, alone.

Marie: My friend Sylvie bought a painting. It’s a canvas that measures about one sixty by one twenty, and it’s painted white. The background is white and if you squint you can make out some very thin, white lines/stripes running crossways.

I’ve been friends with Sylvie for a long time.

She’s quite a successful woman, a consultant dermatologist, and she loves “art”.

***

Sylvie, as though alone.

Sylvie: My friend Marie, who is a very intelligent woman, someone that I have always admired, good career, aeronautical engineer no less, but she’s one of these nouveau-intellectuals, who, not happy with being anti-modern, they have to get up on their high horse about it.

For a while now, this champion of the good old days, has become unbearably arrogant.

***

Marie, alone.
Marc. Que Serge ait acheté ce tableau me dépasse, m’inquiète et provoque en moi une angoisse indéfinie.

[...]

Deux cent mille francs!

Un garçon aisé mais qui ne roule pas sur l’or. Aisé sans plus, aisé bon. Qui achète un tableau blanc vingt briques. Je dois m’en référer à Yvan qui est notre ami commun, en parler avec Yvan. Quoique Yvan est un garçon tolérant parce qu’il s’en fout.

Si Yvan tolère que Serge ait pu acheter une merde blanche vingt briques, c’est qu’il se fout de Serge. C’est clair.

***

Chez Marc. (Yvan et Marc)

Yvan. Tu vas être étonné...

Marc. Oui...

Yvan. Je n’ai pas aimé...mais je n’ai pas détesté ce tableau.

Marc. Bien sûr. On ne peut pas détester l’invisible, on ne déteste pas le rien.

Yvan. Non, non, il y a quelque chose...

Marc. Qu’est-ce qu’il y a ?

Yvan. Il y a quelque chose. Ce n’est pas rien.

[...]

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Yvan. Non, non, il y a quelque chose...

Marc. Qu’est-ce qu’il y a ?

Yvan. Il y a quelque chose. Ce n’est pas rien.
Marc. Tu plaisantes ?
Yvan. Je ne suis pas aussi sévère que toi. C’est une œuvre, il y a une pensée derrière ça.
Marc. Une pensée !
Yvan. Une pensée.
Marc. Et quelle pensée ?
Yvan. C’est l’accomplissement d’un cheminement...
Marc. Ah ! ah ! ah !
Yvan. Ce n’est pas un tableau fait par hasard, c’est une œuvre qui s’inscrit à l’intérieur d’un parcours...
Marc. Ah ! ah ! ah !
Yvan. Ris. Ris.
Marc. Tu répètes toutes les conneries de Serge ! Chez lui, c’est navrant mais chez toi, c’est d’un comique !
Yvan. Tu sais Marc, tu devrais te méfier de ta suffisance. Tu deviens aigri et antipathique.
Marc. Tant mieux. Plus je vais, plus je souhaite déplaire.
Yvan. Bravo.

Marie: Are you joking?
Catherine: I’m not as inflexible as you. In my opinion it’s a serious piece of art, there’s a thought behind it.
Marie: A thought!
Catherine: A thought.
Marie: What thought?
Catherine: It’s the destination of a path taken...

Marie laughs out loud.
Catherine: It hasn’t been thrown together without any consideration; it’s a piece that identifies itself as part of a journey...
Marie bursts out laughing again – a sort of mocking cackle.
Catherine: Laugh all you want.
Marie: You’re just repeating all Sylvie’s bullshit! It’s sad coming from her but from you it’s a joke!
Catherine: You know Marie, you need to keep an eye on that smug attitude of yours. You’re becoming bitter and unpleasant.
Marie: Good. The older I get the more offensive I want to be.
Catherine: Good for you.

***
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Chez Serge. (Marc, Serge et Yvan)</th>
<th>Syvie’s house. (Marie, Sylvie and Catherine)</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Marc. Serge m’a dit que tu étais très sensible à son tableau.</td>
<td>Marie: So, Sylvie told me that you liked her painting.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Yvan. Oui...Je suis assez sensible à ce tableau, oui...Pas toi, je sais.</td>
<td>Catherine: Yes...I do quite like this painting, yeah... You don’t, as we already know.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Marc. Non</td>
<td>Marie: No.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Allons diner. Serge connaît un Lyonnais succulent.</td>
<td>Let’s get dinner. Sylvie knows a delicious Lyonnaise restaurant.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Serge. Tu trouves ça trop gras.</td>
<td>Sylvie: You find Lyonnaise too fatty.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Marc. Je trouve ça un peu gras mais je veux bien essayer.</td>
<td>Marie: I find it a little bit fatty but I’ll give it a try.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Serge. Mais non, si tu trouves ça trop gras, on va ailleurs.</td>
<td>Sylvie: Ah no, if you think it’s fatty, we’ll go somewhere else.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Marc. Non, je veux bien essayer.</td>
<td>Marie: No, I’d like to try it.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Serge. On va dans ce restaurant si ça vous fait plaisir. Sinon on n’y va pas!</td>
<td>Sylvie. If you’re happy to go to this restaurant, we’ll go. Otherwise we won’t!</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>(À Yvan.) Tu veux manger lyonnais toi?</td>
<td>(To Catherine.) What do you think? Do you want to eat Lyonnaise tonight?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Yvan. Moi je fais ce que vous voulez.</td>
<td>Catherine: I’m easy, whatever you want.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Marc. Lui, il fait ce qu’on veut, il fait toujours ce qu’on veut, lui.</td>
<td>Marie: She’ll do whatever we want; she always does whatever we want.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Yvan. Mais qu’est-ce que vous avez tous les deux, vous êtes vraiment bizarres!</td>
<td>Catherine: What is wrong with the two of you, you’re acting really weird!</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Serge. Il a raison, tu pourrais un jour avoir une opinion à toi.</td>
<td>Sylvie: She’s right though, just once, you could have an opinion for yourself.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Yvan. Écoutez les amis, si vous comptez me prendre comme tête de Turc, moi je me tire! J’ai assez endure aujourd’hui.</td>
<td>Catherine: Listen girls, if you’re planning on taking whatever it is that’s winding you up out on me, I’m off. I’ve enough to be dealing with today.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Marc. Un peu d’humour, Yvan.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Marc. Un peu d’humour, vieux.


Marc. Je trouve que tu manques un peu d’humour ces derniers temps.

Méfie-toi, regarde-moi!

Yvan. Qu’est-ce que tu as?

Marc. Tu ne trouves pas que je manqué aussi un peu d’humour ces derniers temps?

Yvan. Ah bon?!

Serge. Bon, ça suffit, prenons une décision. Pour dire la vérité, je n’ai même pas faim.

Yvan. Vous êtes vraiment sinistres ce soir!...

Serge. Tu veux que je te donne mon point de vue sur tes histoires de bonnes femmes?

Yvan. Donne.

Serge. La plus hystérique de toutes, à mes yeux, est Catherine. De loin.

Marc. C’est évident.

Serge. Et si tu te laisses emmerner par elle dès maintenant, tu te prépares un avenir effroyable.

Yvan. Qu’est-ce que je peux faire?

Marie: Oh come on Catherine, where’s your sense of humour.

Catherine: Sorry?

Marie: Lighten up chicken.

Catherine: Lighten up? I just don’t see where you’re going with this.

Lighten up...you’re hilarious!

Marie: I feel like you’ve been missing your sense of humour lately. Be careful or you’ll end up like me!

Catherine: What’s up with you?

Marie: Haven’t you noticed that I’ve also been missing my sense of humour lately?

Catherine: Really?

Sylvie: Right, that’s enough, let’s make a decision. To tell the truth, I’m not even hungry.

Catherine: You are acting so strange this evening!

Sylvie: Do you want me to tell you what I think about all the guys that you’ve been involved with over the years?

Catherine: Tell me.

Sylvie: The most hysterical of all, in my opinion, is Yvan. By a long shot.

Marie: Obviously.

Sylvie. And if you let him away with this crap now, you are paving the way for a disastrous future.

Catherine: What can I do?
Marc. Annule.

Yvan. Annuler le mariage?!

Serge. Il a raison.

Yvan. Mais je ne peux pas, vous êtes cinglés!

Marc. Pourquoi?

Yvan. Mais parce que je ne peux pas, voyons! Tout est organisé. Je suis dans la papeterie depuis un mois...

Marc. Quel rapport?

Yvan. La papeterie est à son oncle, qui n’avait absolument pas besoin d’engager qui que ce soit, encore moins un type qui n’a travaillé que dans le tissu.

Serge. Tu fais ce que tu veux. Moi je t’ai donné mon avis.

Yvan. Excuse-moi serge, sans vouloir te blesser, tu n’es pas l’homme dont j’écouterais spécifiquement les conseils matrimoniaux. On ne peut pas dire que ta vie soit une grande réussite dans ce domaine...

Serge. Justement.

Yvan. Je ne peux pas résilier ce mariage. Je sais que Catherine est hystérique mais elle a des qualités. Elle a des qualités qui sont prépondérantes quand on épouse un garçon comme moi...(Désignant l’Antrios.) Tu vas le mètre où?

Serge. Je ne sais pas encore.

Yvan. Pourquoi te ne le mets pas là?

---

104 Marie: Cancel
105 Catherine: Cancel the wedding?!
106 Sylvie: She’s right.
107 Catherine: But I can’t, you have completely lost the plot!
108 Marie: Why?
109 Catherine: Well because I can’t, obviously! It’s all arranged. I’ve been working in the stationary shop for a month...
110 Marie: What has that got to do with it?
111 Catherine: The stationary shop belongs to his uncle, who had absolutely no need to take anyone on, let alone someone whose background was in fabrics.
112 Sylvie: Do what you want. At least I’ve given you my honest opinion.
113 Catherine: Excuse me Sylvie, no offence, but you are the last person that I would go to for marital advice. It’s not like this aspect of your life has been a roaring success...
114 Sylvie: Exactly.
115 Catherine: I cannot cancel my wedding. I know that Yvan is hysterical but he has other qualities. He has the qualities that a man needs when marrying a girl like me...(Pointing to the Antrios.) Where are you going to put it?
116 Sylvie: I’m not sure yet.
117 Catherine: Why don’t you put it there?
Serge. Parce que là, il est écrasé par la lumière du jour.

Yvan. Ah oui.

J’ai pensé à toi aujourd’hui, au magasin on a reproduit cinq cents affiches d’un type qui peint des fleurs blanches, complètement blanches, sur un fond blanc.

Serge. L’Antrios n’est pas blanc.

Yvan. Non, bien sûr. Mais c’est pour dire.

Marc. Tu trouves que ce tableau n’est pas blanc, Yvan?

Yvan. Pas tout à fait, non...

Marc. Ah bon. Et tu vois quoi comme couleur?...

Yvan. Je vois des couleurs... Je vois du jaune, du gris, des lignes un peu ocre...

Marc. Et tu es ému par ces couleurs.

Yvan. Oui... je suis ému par ces couleurs.

Marc. Yvan, tu n’as pas de consistance. Tu es un être hybride et flasque.

Serge. Pourquoi tu es agressif avec Yvan comme ça?

Marc. Parce que c’est un petit courtisan, servile, bluffé par le fric, bluffé par ce qu’il croit être la culture, culture que je vomis définitivement d’ailleurs.

Un petit silence.

Serge. ... Qu’est ce qui te prend?


---

126 Sylvie: Because there it will be obliterated by sunlight.
127 Catherine: Right.
128 I thought of you the other day, in the shop we printed five hundred posters by this guy who paints white flowers, completely white, on a white background.
129 Sylvie: The Antrios is not white.
130 Catherine: No, of course not. But I’m just saying...
131 Marie: Do you think that this painting is not white, Catherine?
132 Catherine: Not entirely, no...
133 Marie: I see. And what colours do you see?...
134 Catherine: I see colours... I see yellow, grey, the lines that are ochre...
135 Catherine: You are touched by these colours.
136 Marie: Yes... I am touched by these colours.
137 Catherine: You have no consistency. You’re a sort of hybrid human... an amoeba.
138 Sylvie: Why are you being aggressive like that with Catherine?
139 Marie: Because she is a little tart, subservient, in awe of wealth, in awe because she confuses it with culture, a culture that I for one puke on by the way.
140 Marie (to Catherine): How could you, Catherine? In front of me. Right in
Yvan. Devant toi, quoi?... Devant toi, quoi?... Ces couleurs me touchent.

Oui. Ne t’en déplaie. Et cesse de vouloir tout régenter.

Marc. Comment peux-tu dire, devant moi, que ces couleurs te touchent?

Yvan. Parce que c’est la vérité.

Marc. La vérité? Ces couleurs te touchent?

Yvan. Oui. Ces couleurs me touchent.

Marc. Ces couleurs te touchent, Yvan?!

Serge. Ces couleurs le touchent! Il a le droit!

Marc. Non, il n’a pas le droit.

Serge. Comment ça, il n’a pas le droit?

Marc. Il n’a pas le droit.

Yvan. Je n’ai pas le droit?!

Marc. Non.

Serge. Pourquoi, il n’a pas le droit? Tu sais que tu n’es pas bien en ce moment, tu devrais consulter.

Marc. Il n’a pas le droit de dire que ces couleurs le touchent, parce que c’est faux.

Yvan. Ces couleurs ne me touchent pas?!

Marc. Il n’y a pas de couleurs. Tu ne les vois pas. Et elles ne te touchent pas.
Yvan. Parle pour toi!
Marc. Quel avilissement, Yvan!...
Serge. Mais qui es-tu, Marc?!
Qui es-tu pour imposer ta loi? Un type qui n’aime rien, qui méprise tout le monde, qui met son point d’honneur à ne pas être un homme de son temps...
Yvan. Ciao. Moi, je m’en vais.
Serge. Où tu vas?
Yvan. Je m’en vais. Je ne vois pas pourquoi je dois supporter vos vapeurs.
Serge. Reste! Tu ne vas pas commencer à te draper…Si tu t’en vas, tu lui donnes raison.

(Yvan se tient, hésitant, à cheval entre deux décisions.)
Un home de son temps est un home qui vit dans son temps.
Marc. Quelle connerie. Comment un homme peut vivre dans un autre temps que le sien? Explique-moi.
Serge. Un homme de son temps, c’est quelqu’un dont on pourra dire dans vingt ans, dans cent ans, qu’il est représentatif de son époque.
Marc. Hun, hun.
Et pour quoi faire?
Serge. Comment pour quoi faire?
Marc. À quoi me sert qu’on dise de moi un jour, il a été représentatif de...
son époque?
Serge. Mais mon vieux, ce n’est pas de toi dont il s’agit, mon pauvre vieux! Toi, on s’en fout! Un homme de son temps, comme je te le signale, la plupart de ceux que tu apprécies, est un apport pour l’humanité… Un homme de son temps n’arrête pas l’histoire de la peinture à une vue hypo-flamande de Cavaillon…
Marc. Carcassonne.
Serge. Oui, c’est pareil. Un homme de son temps participe à la dynamique intrinsèque de l’évolution…
Marc. Et ça c’est bien, d’après toi.
Serge. Ce n’est ni bien ni mal – pourquoi veux-tu moraliser?
-- c’est dans la nature des choses.
Marc. Toi par exemple, tu participes à la dynamique intrinsèque de l’évolution.
Serge. Oui.
Marc. Et Yvan?...
Yvan. Mais non. Un être hybride ne participe à rien.
Serge. Yvan, à sa manière, est un homme de son temps.
Marc. Et tu vois ça à quoi chez lui ? Pas à la croûte qu’il a au-dessus de sa cheminée !
Yvan. Ce n’est pas du tout une croûte !
Serge. Si, c’est une croûte.

193 Sylvie: Listen sweetie, this is not about you, poor old thing! No one cares about you! Women of their time, as I am trying to explain, women that you yourself admire by the way, are a benefit to humanity… A woman of her time does not derail the history of painting with a mock-Flemish vista of Cavaillon…
194 Marie: Carcassonne.
195 Sylvie: Yeah, same thing. A woman of her time is part of the fundamental dynamics of evolution…
196 Marie: And, in your opinion, that’s a good thing.
197 Sylvie. It’s neither good nor bad – why do you have to bring morality into it? It’s the nature of things.
198 Marie: So you, for example, you are part of the fundamental dynamics of evolution.
199 Sylvie: Yes
200 Marie: And Catherine?…
201 Catherine: Oh no. A hybrid creature doesn’t take part in anything.
202 Sylvie: Catherine, in her own way, is a woman of her time.
203 Marie: And how do you see that with her? Not because of that piece of shit that she has hanging over the fireplace?
204 Catherine: That is not a piece of shit!
205 Sylvie: Yes, it is a piece of shit.
206 Marie: No it is not!
Yvan. Mais non !
Marc. Alors tout va bien. Où est le problème ?
Serge. Le problème est uniquement pour toi, qui mets ton point d’honneur à vouloir t’exclure du cercle des humains. Et qui ne peux y parvenir. Tu es comme dans les sables mouvants, plus tu cherches à t’extraire, plus tu t’enfonces. Présente tes excuses à Yvan.
Marc. Yvan est un lâche.

*Sur ces mots, Yvan prend sa décision : il sort précipitamment. Un léger temps.*

Serge. Bravo.

*Silence.*

Marc. On ferait mieux de ne pas se voir du tout ce soir… non?… Je ferais mieux de partir aussi…

Serge. Possible…

Marc. Bon…

Serge. C’est toi qui es lâche… Tu t’attaques à un garçon qui est incapable de se défendre… Tu le sais très bien.

Marc. Tu as raison… Tu as raison et ce que tu viens de dire ajoute à mon

Sylvie: Whatever. Catherine represents a certain way of life, a way of thinking that is completely contemporary. Just like you for that matter.

Serge. You are a typical, I regret to say, woman of your time. And realistically, the more you try not to be, the more that you are.

Marie: So, we’re all good. What’s the problem?

Sylvie: The problem is only with you, you who makes it a matter of principle to try to exclude yourself from human society. And who fails.

Sylvie: It’s as if you’re in quick sand, the more you try to escape the deeper you sink. Apologise to Catherine.

Marie: Catherine is a coward.

While this exchange is taking place, Catherine takes the decision to leave. A moment elapses.

Sylvie: Well done.

Silence.

Marie: We’d be better off not hanging out together this evening… don’t you think?… I’d better take off too…

Sylvie: Maybe…

Marie: Right…

Sylvie: You’re the coward… You attack a girl who is incapable of sticking up for herself… And well you know it.

Marie: You’re right… You’re right and what you’ve just said adds the finishing touch to my implosion… You see, suddenly, I no longer
effondrement... Tu vois, subitement, je ne comprends plus, je ne sais plus ce qui me relie à Yvan... Je ne comprends plus de quoi ma relation est faite avec ce garçon.

Serge. Yvan a toujours été ce qu’il est.

Marc. Non. Il avait une folie, il avait une incongruité.. Il était fragile mais il était désarmant par sa folie...

Serge. Et moi?

Marc. Toi quoi?

Serge. Tu sais ce qui te relie à moi ?...

Marc. ... Une question qui pourrait nous entraîner assez loin...

Serge. Allons-y.

Court silence.

Marc. ... Ça m’ennuie d’avoir fait de la peine à Yvan.

Serge. Ah! Enfin une parole légèrement humaine dans ta bouche. ...

D’autant que la croute qu’il a au-dessus de sa cheminée, je crains que ce ne soit son père qui l’ait peinte.

Marc. Ah bon? Merde.

Marc, seule.

Mon ami Serge, qui est un ami depuis longtemps, a acheté un tableau. C’est une toile d’environ un mètre soixante sur un mètre vingt.

Elle représente un homme qui traverse un espace et qui disparaît.
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Source Text</th>
<th>Target Text</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td><strong>Title</strong></td>
<td><strong>The Meadow</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Year Published</strong></td>
<td>1986</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Author</strong></td>
<td>Guillevic</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Language</strong></td>
<td>French</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Word Count</strong></td>
<td>179</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**Description of Source Text**

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

(200 words max)

As the title would indicate, *La plaine* [the plain] is primarily a nature poem, taken from the collection *Possibles futurs*, by Breton poet Guillevic, who was awarded the prestigious Prix de Goncourt in 1988. It is written in free verse form where tension is created by alliteration and repetition connecting antithetical concepts.

In the opening lines, the poet, who is in his eighties, asks himself if there is anything else that he could say to this plain, whether new poetry can spring from this familiar ground. The personification of the plain where it is addressed and spoken of as a lover (lines 3, 13-15, 25-30, 35) also invests the text with the attributes of a love poem.

*La plaine*, spread out over twelve pages with an average line length of five words falls into the category of a concrete poem in that its shape on the page evokes the megalithic stones of Carnac that inspired much of Guillevic’s work. (Piette 2001, 285)

Denise Levertov, a translator of Guillevic’s poetry, points to the ‘simplicity of diction’ and ‘lack of descriptive
qualification’ that characterise his work (Introduction, 1969). There is nothing, in fact, in this poem that is not recognizable. In his preface to this collection, Michael Brophy underlines the inherent invitation in these poems ‘to contemplate the simple act of existing’ (2014, ll) (my translation). In contemplating his existence in the immanent world, the plain comes to represent for the poet the liminal space between one stage of life and the next (lines 11–20).

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Strategy</th>
<th>The translation of this poem will be included in a collection of children’s poetry from around the world that celebrates nature. The collection is to be published to coincide with the World Conference on Climate Change and has been commissioned by the Friends of the Earth organisation. The age of the target readers is 7 – 9 years and the objective of this publication is to nurture an awareness of our connection to the natural world.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>• identification of translation problems</td>
<td>The older poet’s concern with his ability to write new poetry celebrating the plain will be adapted as a child’s questioning of whether they can still play in the meadow even as they are growing up (lines 1 – 4, 11-14).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>• knowledge of genre within target context and situation of target text</td>
<td>In order to enhance the playfulness and memorability of the poem for young readers eight out of the ten quatrains will have an ABCB rhyme scheme, reverting to the free verse and irregular stanzas of the source poem in the other two. This disruption to the rhyme scheme reflects the image of tumbling and twirling in this verse (l. 36).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>• justification of translation production of genre for target context (200 words max)</td>
<td>A radical departure in the translation is necessitated by the reference to getting drunk. This is replaced with a reference to ‘gadgets’ that is more suited to young readers (line 21).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Critical Reflection</td>
<td>In making the ecological message of the children’s version of Guillevic’s poem more explicit and to accommodate the rhyme scheme, the lines in the target text are often longer than in the source text. For example, ‘À lui arracher’ becomes</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
‘You just have to dig it out.’ As a result, the concrete aspect of La plaine, whose shape on the page evokes the megalithic stones, alluded to above, is lost. This verticality of the poem could have enhanced the young readers’ visual enjoyment of it, especially if images of the megalithic site at Carnac were incorporated.

The rooting of La Plaine in the immanent world, where references are not abstract, facilitates its translation and adaptation for young readers. This adaptation has led to the addition of a fantastical dimension that is not present in the source text as in the alliterative opening line: ‘To this magical meadow’. Even with the addition of this other-worldly dimension, however, the fundamental message of the source poem, i.e. the importance of rejoicing in nature remains intact.

The liminal position of the poet subject in the original poem, looking out towards the expanse of the plain as he considers the final stage of his life, is mirrored in the target text with a young child looking out on a favourite childhood place, a sort of natural playground, as they contemplate growing up. The optimistic view of the poet subject who sees a field full of possibilities is very suitable for an uplifting children’s poem.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Works Cited</th>
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</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>• use of sources and reference material</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
À cette plaine devant toi,
Que diras-tu
Qu’elle ne sache déjà
Pour te l’avoir entendu répéter?
Et pourtant tu sens, tu sais
Qu’il y a quelque chose de neuf
À lui arracher
Et tu cherches.
Peut-être est-ce à cause de l’âge,
Maintenant, que se forme entre vous
Un nouveau réseau,
Et peut-être
Qu’il s’agit de lui confier,
Qu’entre vous, l’âge
N’a rien changé,
Que le pacte
Est toujours pareil.

1 To this magical meadow  
2 What will you say?  
3 Is there something she didn’t hear yet  
4 When you’ve played here every day?
5
6 And still, you sense...you are sure  
7 There must be something that is new,
8 You just have to dig it out,
9 To search for it in you.
10
11 And maybe it is at this big age  
12 That between you things can grow,
13 A bigger field for you to plunder
14 From seeds that you have sewn,
15
16 And maybe you should confide
17 In her, closely, so that she can hear,
18 That even with more years between you
19 Your meadow’s always dear.
20
Je n’ai pas à me sentir ivre
Pour être en communion
Avec toi, l’étendue, avec
Ce que tu contiens.

Il me suffit
De toi et de moi,
Il me suffit de nous,

Tels que nous sommes,
Ivres seulement d’exister
Toi et moi

Et de sentir
Entre nous passer
Ce courant qui n’en finit pas,
De le retrouver
Chaque fois que je t’approche --
Et même quand je suis loin.

I don’t need gadgets
To feel that I’m in touch
With you and within you meadow,
There is so very much.

For me it is enough:
Some of you and some of me,
The two of us together,
It’s enough for us to be,

And to feel with this connection
A current running through,
Not only when you’re near me
But even when far from you.
Je me suis tenu sur toi,
Je me suis étendu sur toi,
Je me suis roulé sur toi,
Et tout cela je peux le faire
Encore et encore
Et je le ferrai,
Mais tiens-moi compte
De ce qui fut dans le passé,
De cela dont rien n’est oublié.

I have hidden in you,
I have stretched in you,
And I have tumbled and twirled in you too,
And all of that I am able to do
Again and again and again,
And I will,
But you must remind me meadow
Of all that was in the past,
The things that are not forgotten,
So all we are can last
and last
and last.