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Literary Translation Portfolio: A Hymn to Nostalgia

Trinity College Dublin
MPhil in Literary Translation
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Supervised by Dr. Peter Sirr
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Source texts have been re-formatted so that they align with target texts.
The concept of nostalgia—understood as a sentimentality for the past—is the common thread that connects the eight pieces of writing I selected for this translation portfolio. While melancholy is often associated with negativity, and in the past, it was even considered to be a malady or a pathology (Hofer 1688, 381), the concept of nostalgia conceals a more positive connotation. Turner (1987, 150) depicts this wistful feeling as a ‘sensitive and sympathetic awareness of the human problem as the alienation of self-conscious individuals in the world’, and states that nostalgia and moral virtues often coincide. Some seventeenth-century poetic discourses that explore melancholic sentiments portray ‘a tradition which gave special emphasis to the moral value of nostalgia as a feature of heightened sensibility’ (ibid.).

Growing up I was often an easy prey for nostalgia, and I quickly began to develop a certain horror of it. I found myself trying to suppress this emotion on several occasions, worrying that the past would always keep lingering in my present preventing me to live in the moment. It was not until quite recently that I made peace with my nostalgic nature, accepting that finding comfort and being fond of past memories does not necessarily affect my present experiences. As soon as I realized that there are moments in anyone’s lives that will be richer and happier and more meaningful than the ones that have gone before, I started to glance at my past memories with some sort of detached affection, which allowed me to be grateful for my past experiences, while also being present in the moment. For this reason, I decided to make my transition portfolio a hymn to nostalgia.

The texts chose for this portfolio cover a wide variety of genres and text types (three novels, two poems, a play, a song and a film script) and relate to nostalgia in a variety of ways. For instance, one of the
looming themes of Emily Brontë’s Wuthering Heights (and of Chapter I of the novel, which is included in this portfolio) is nostalgia, intended as a state of homesickness and inability to find a home (Quinell 2016, 1), whereas the following text—Nostalgia by the Italian poet G. Ungaretti—explores a more positive connotation of this sentimental longing, conjuring a pleasant memory to escape the horrors of the war. Text number four transports the reader to the English Midlands of the 1950s, setting of J. Osborne’s Look Back in Anger, and explores a bitterer kind of nostalgia where Jimmy, the protagonist, longs for an era he has not even lived in. Whereas the last text—Chapter I and II of Libri che mi hanno rovinato la vita e altri amori malinconici—delves into the childhood memories of the author.

Bibliography
Quinnell, J., T., 2016. The A¬icted Imagination: Nostalgia and Homesickness in the Writing of Emily Brontë., Durham theses, Durham University, p. 1
Wuthering Heights

1847

Emily Brontë

English

1926

The ST is the first chapter of Emily Brontë’s *Wuthering Heights*. The novel was published in 1847 and it centres around the character of Heathcliff. Heathcliff was adopted by the Earnshaw family and was later reduced to the status of a servant by his jealous brother Hindley. The novel tells the story of his revenge through the words of Heathcliff’s tenant Lockwood, the unreliable narrator of the novel. Although Brontë borrowed some elements from both the realist and romantic movement and from the Bildungsroman, the novel fits into the Gothic genre (Fusco 2010, 2). The first chapter opens with Mr. Lockwood paying a visit to Mr. Heathcliff, who lives in a remote farmland called ‘Wuthering Heights’. The inhabitants of Wuthering Heights are a strange crowd, including the landlord whose rude manners clash with his gentleman-like appearance. Brontë’s writing style is poetic and direct (see line 48 when Lockwood describes the way the wind blows up on the heights). According to Stevie Davies (1998, 101-102) the novel’s vocabulary, organized around a concise ‘Anglo-Saxon-derived lexis’, is ‘often latinated and polysyllabic’. ‘The most distinctive feature of Lockwood’s language is its literariness. It is stilted, pompous, mannered, bookish and riddled with clichés’ (Varghese 2012, 47).

Cime Tempestose

1934

The audience the TT aims to reach includes educated teenagers and adults interested in classic literature and who can appreciate the complexities of the novel’s themes: love, hate and revenge. The book was published in 1847 but it is set at the turn of the 18th and 19th century, so it also reaches those who are interested to learn more about the depiction of the Georgian era in Victorian literature. When translating the text, I will strive to remain as faithful as possible to the ST, trying
| justification of translation production of genre for target context (200 words max) | to replicate the author’s elaborate and dramatic use of language while also making the TT accessible to today’s readership. I will consider my translation successful if the reader appreciates the fact that the ST is over two hundred years old without finding it too difficult to read. To reach my goal, I will have to replace old fashioned terms that the target readership might not immediately recognize, into more common words; for instance, in line 66, the term ‘penetralium’ will not be translated into ‘penetralio’ but into ‘atrio’ (‘atrium’) instead. An extensive use of modulation will also be needed: e.g., ‘I was over head and ears’ in line 120 will be translated as ‘follemente’.

| Critical Reflection textual analysis (200 words max) | I presented the TT to two high school students (aged respectively 16 and 18 years old) and two grown adults; according to my sample audience the translation reached its goal of transporting the reader back to the 19th century while at the same time being a smooth and easy read. Crucial was the choice of replacing old fashioned words by more common, yet still formal, terms. Preserving Brontë’s syntax was not always possible, but the changes I made benefitted my translation: particularly appreciated was the choice to rearrange the order of some sentences to make them more natural to an Italian readership and the decision to split others that were too intricate and lengthy.

1801—I have just returned from a visit to my landlord—the solitary
neighbour that I shall be troubled with. This is certainly a beautiful
country! In all England, I do not believe that I could have fixed on a
situation so completely removed from the stir of society. A perfect
misanthropist’s Heaven—and Mr. Heathcliff and I are such a suitable pair
to divide the desolation between us. A capital fellow! He little imagined
how my heart warmed towards him when I beheld his black eyes withdraw
so suspiciously under their brows, as I rode up, and when his fingers
sheltered themselves, with a jealous resolution, still further in his
waistcoat, as I announced my name.

“Mr. Heathcliff?” I said.

A nod was the answer.

“Mr. Lockwood, your new tenant, sir. I do myself the honour of calling as
soon as possible after my arrival, to express the hope that I have not
inconvenienced you by my perseverance in soliciting the occupation of
Thrushcross Grange: I heard yesterday you had had some thoughts—”

1801—Ho appena fatto visita al proprietario della mia casa—il solitario
vicino con cui avrò a che fare. Questo sì che è un bel paese! Non credo
avrei potuto trovare un posto così lontano dal trambusto della società in
tutta l’Inghilterra. Il paradiso perfetto per un misantropo. Io e il Sig.
Heathcliff siamo la coppia adatta a spartirsi tale desolazione. Un uomo
eccellente! Non poté immaginare quanto piacere mi fece vedere i suoi
occhi scuri ritrarsi con diffidenza sotto le sopracciglia e le sue dita
rifugiarsi sotto il panciotto, con gelosa risolutezza, al mio avanzare a
cavallo. Fu allora che annunciai il mio nome.

“Il Sig. Heathcliff?” chiesi.

Un cenno del capo fu la risposta.

“Il Sig. Lockwood, il vostro nuovo affittuario, signore. Sono onorato di
presentarmi a voi il prima possibile, subito dopo il mio arrivo. Spero la mia
insistenza nel voler abitare a Thrushcross Grange non vi abbia infastidito.
ieri ho sentito che stavate pensando di—”
“Thrushcross Grange is my own, sir,” he interrupted, wincing. “I should not allow any one to inconvenience me, if I could hinder it—walk in!”

The “walk in” was uttered with closed teeth, and expressed the sentiment, “Go to the Deuce!” even the gate over which he leant manifested no sympathising movement to the words; and I think that circumstance determined me to accept the invitation: I felt interested in a man who seemed more exaggeratedly reserved than myself.

When he saw my horse’s breast fairly pushing the barrier, he did put out his hand to unchain it, and then sullenly preceded me up the causeway, calling, as we entered the court,—“Joseph, take Mr. Lockwood’s horse; and bring up some wine.”

“When we have the whole establishment of domestics, I suppose,” was the reflection suggested by this compound order. “No wonder the grass grows up between the flags, and cattle are the only hedge-cutters.”

Joseph was an elderly, nay, an old man, very old, perhaps, though hale and sinewy. “The Lord help us!” he soliloquised in an undertone of peevish 21

“Thrushcross Grange è di mia proprietà, signore,” mi interruppe severamente. “Non potrei permettere a nessuno di infastidirmi, poiché sta a me impedirlo. Entrate!”

“Entrate” fu pronunciato a denti stretti come se in realtà intendesse “Se ne vada al Diavolo!”. Perfino il cancello a cui si appoggiava, e che non accennava movimento alcuno, cozzava con le sue parole; e credo fu proprio tale circostanza a convincermi ad accettare l’invito: a scatenare il mio interesse fu l’esagerata riservatezza di quell’uomo, che superava perfino la mia.

Solo quando vide il petto del mio cavallo spingere contro il cancello, liberò la mano da sotto il panciotto e slegò la catena, poi di malavoglia mi precedette lungo il vialetto. Attraversando il cortile esclamò “Joseph, prendi il cavallo del Sig. Lockwood, e portaci del vino.”

“Suppongo sia l’intera equipe di servitori” fu la riflessione suggerita da quell’ordine. “Non mi sorprende affatto che l’erba cresca tra i ciottoli e che a tagliare le siepi ci pensi il bestiame”

Joseph era un uomo attempato, no, era un uomo vecchio, forse molto vecchio, ma comunque arzillo e vigoroso. “Che il Signore ci aiuti!”
displeasure, while relieving me of my horse: looking, meantime, in my face so sourly that I charitably conjectured he must have need of divine aid to digest his dinner, and his pious ejaculation had no reference to my unexpected advent.

Wuthering Heights is the name of Mr. Heathcliff’s dwelling. “Wuthering” being a significant provincial adjective, descriptive of the atmospheric tumult to which its station is exposed in stormy weather. Pure, bracing ventilation they must have up there at all times, indeed: one may guess the power of the north wind, blowing over the edge, by the excessive slant of a few stunted firs at the end of the house; and by a range of gaunt thorns all stretching their limbs one way, as if craving alms of the sun. Happily, the architect had foresight to build it strong: the narrow windows are deeply set in the wall, and the corners defended with large jutting stones.

Before passing the threshold, I paused to admire a quantity of grotesque carving lavished over the front, and especially about the principal door; above which, among a wilderness of crumbling griffins and shameless little boys, I detected the date “1500,” and the name “Hareton Earnshaw.” I would have made a few comments, and requested a short history of the place from the surly owner; but his attitude at the door appeared to sussurrò tra sé e sé stizzito mentre prendeva il mio cavallo guardandomi con un viso tanto arcigno da farmi supporre che ci sarebbe voluto un miracolo per fargli digerire la cena e che la sua pia esclamazione non avesse niente a che fare con la mia visita inaspettata.

La residenza del Sig. Heathcliff si chiamava Cime Tempestose. “Tempesto” era un aggettivo perfetto per descrivere quella provincia e le turbolenze atmosferiche alla quale è soggetta durante i temporali. Sicuramente lassù il vento è forte e l’aria è fresca. Ci si può immaginare con che potenza il vento del nord soffia e si incanala tra le pendenze dei pochi abeti spogli confinanti con la residenza, e tra le braccia dei rovi secchi che si allungano tutte nella stessa direzione, quasi a implorare l’elemosina del sole. Fortunatamente, l’architetto costruì una casa solida: le strette finestre erano ben incastrate e difese da grosse pietre sporgenti.

Prima di varcare la soglia, mi fermai ad ammirare l’enorme quantità di sfarzose incisioni sul portone principale e sopra il quale grifoni fatiscenti e putti nudi facevano sfoggio. In mezzo a questo grottesco scialo notai la data “1500” e il nome di “Hareton Earnshaw”. Avrei volentieri fatto alcuni commenti, e chiesto allo scontroso proprietario un breve aneddoto del posto; ma il suo atteggiamento alla porta esigeva un’entrata solerte, o
demand my speedy entrance, or complete departure, and I had no desire
to aggravate his impatience previous to inspecting the penetralium.

One step brought us into the family sitting-room, without any
introductory lobby or passage: they call it here “the house” pre-eminently.
It includes kitchen and parlour, generally; but I believe at Wuthering
Heights the kitchen is forced to retreat altogether into another quarter: at
least I distinguished a chitter of tongues, and a clatter of culinary utensils,
deep within; and I observed no signs of roasting, boiling, or baking, about
the huge fireplace; nor any glitter of copper saucepans and tin cullenders
on the walls. One end, indeed, reflected splendidly both light and heat
from ranks of immense pewter dishes, interspersed with silver jugs and
tankards, towering row after row, on a vast oak dresser, to the very roof.
The latter had never been under-drawn: its entire anatomy lay bare to an
inquiring eye, except where a frame of wood laden with oatcakes and
clusters of legs of beef, mutton, and ham, concealed it. Above the chimney
were sundry villainous old guns, and a couple of horse-pistols: and, by way
of ornament, three gaudily painted canisters disposed along its ledge. The
floor was of smooth, white stone; the chairs, high-backed, primitive
structures, painted green: one or two heavy black ones lurking in the
shade. In an arch under the dresser reposed a huge, liver-coloured bitch

65 una partenza definitiva, e non avevo desiderio alcuno ad alimentare la sua
66 impazienza ancor prima di aver esplorato l’atrio.
67
68 Non essendovi né anticamere né corridoi, bastò un passo per arrivare alle
69 stanze di famiglia, a cui si faceva riferimento con il nome di “la casa”.
70 Generalmente questo tipo di alloggio comprende una cucina e un salotto,
71 ma credo che a Cime Tempestate, la cucina fosse stata relegata altrove:
72 o almeno giunsi a questa conclusione dopo aver udito il lontano
73 chiacchiericcio dei servitori e il rumore metallico degli utensili da cucina.
74 Era inoltre chiaro che sull’enorme camino non vi era mai stato cucinato
75 né un arrosto né un bollito, e sulle pareti non vi era alcuna traccia di
76 cassero di rame o barattoli di latta. Da una delle pareti, in realtà, la
77 luce e il calore rimbalzavano su pile di grossi piatti di peltro a cui si
78 alternavano torreggianti anfore e boccali d’argento poggianti su un’ampia
79 credenza di quercia alta fino al soffitto. Quest’ultima parete non era mai
80 stata terminata: un qualsiasi sguardo inquisitorio avrebbe potuto
81 scorgere l’intera anatomia se non fosse stato per la struttura di legno
82 che sorreggeva focaccie d’avena, prosciutti, e cosciotti di manzo e
83 montone. Da sopra il camino faceva capolino un assortimento di vecchi
84 fucili, un paio di pistole e tre pacchiani barattoli che decoravano la
85 mensola. Il pavimento era di una pietra bianca e levigata; le sedie,
86 dall’alto schienale e la rozza struttura, erano dipinte di verde, con
pointer, surrounded by a swarm of squealing puppies; and other dogs haunted other recesses.

The apartment and furniture would have been nothing extraordinary as belonging to a homely, northern farmer, with a stubborn countenance, and stalwart limbs set out to advantage in knee-breeches and gaiters. Such an individual seated in his arm-chair, his mug of ale frothing on the round table before him, is to be seen in any circuit of five or six miles among these hills, if you go at the right time after dinner. But Mr. Heathcliff forms a singular contrast to his abode and style of living. He is a dark-skinned gipsy in aspect, in dress and manners a gentleman: that is, as much a gentleman as many a country squire: rather slovenly, perhaps, yet not looking amiss with his negligence, because he has an erect and handsome figure; and rather morose. Possibly, some people might suspect him of a degree of under-bred pride; I have a sympathetic chord within that tells me it is nothing of the sort: I know, by instinct, his reserve springs from an aversion to showy displays of feeling—to manifestations of mutual kindliness. He'll love and hate equally under cover, and esteem it a species of impertinence to be loved or hated again. No, I'm running on too fast: I bestow my own attributes over-liberally on him. Mr. Heathcliff may have entirely dissimilar reasons for keeping his hand out of the way
when he meets a would-be acquaintance, to those which actuate me. Let me hope my constitution is almost peculiar: my dear mother used to say I should never have a comfortable home; and only last summer I proved myself perfectly unworthy of one.

While enjoying a month of fine weather at the sea-coast, I was thrown into the company of a most fascinating creature: a real goddess in my eyes, as long as she took no notice of me. I “never told my love” vocally; still, if looks have language, the merest idiot might have guessed I was over head and ears: she understood me at last, and looked a return—the sweetest of all imaginable looks. And what did I do? I confess it with shame—shrank icily into myself, like a snail; at every glance retired colder and farther; till finally the poor innocent was led to doubt her own senses, and, overwhelmed with confusion at her supposed mistake, persuaded her mamma to decamp. By this curious turn of disposition I have gained the reputation of deliberate heartlessness; how undeserved, I alone can appreciate.

I took a seat at the end of the hearthstone opposite that towards which my landlord advanced, and filled up an interval of silence by attempting
to caress the canine mother, who had left her nursery, and was sneaking wolfishly to the back of my legs, her lip curled up, and her white teeth watering for a snatch. My caress provoked a long, guttural gnarl.

“You’d better let the dog alone,” growled Mr. Heathcliff in unison, checking fiercer demonstrations with a punch of his foot. “She’s not accustomed to be spoiled—not kept for a pet.” Then, striding to a side door, he shouted again, “Joseph!”.

Joseph mumbled indistinctly in the depths of the cellar, but gave no intimation of ascending; so his master dived down to him, leaving me vis-à-vis the ruffianly bitch and a pair of grim shaggy sheep-dogs, who shared with her a jealous guardianship over all my movements. Not anxious to come in contact with their fangs, I sat still; but, imagining they would scarcely understand tacit insults, I unfortunately indulged in winking and making faces at the trio, and some turn of my physiognomy so irritated madam, that she suddenly broke into a fury and leapt on my knees. I flung her back, and hastened to interpose the table between us. This proceeding aroused the whole hive: half-a-dozen four-footed fiends, of various sizes and ages, issued from hidden dens to the common centre. I felt my heels and coat-laps peculiar subjects of assault; and parrying off accarezzare la cagna che si era allontanata dai suoi cuccioli e che con fare da lupa si era intrufolata tra le mie gambe con il labbro arricciato e le zanne bianche e schiumose pronte a mordere. La mia cura suscitò un lungo ruggito gutturale.

“Le conviene lasciarla in pace,” ruggì il Sig. Heathcliff mentre con una pedata si assicurò che la situazione non degenerasse. “Non è abituata a farsi coccolare, non è un animale domestico.” Poi, avanzando a grandi passi verso una porta a lato della stanza, gridò ancora, “Joseph!”.

Joseph borbottò indistintamente nelle profondità della cantina senza dare alcun segno di voler salire; così il padrone si precipitò giù lasciandomi faccia a faccia con quella bestiaccia e due feroci cani da pastore dal pelo ispidio che da quel momento monitorarono avidamente ogni mio movimento. Non particolarmente intrigato dall’idea di venire a contatto con le loro zanne, sedetti immobile. Ma immaginando avrebbero compreso a stento un tacito insulto, ebbi l’infelice idea di lanciare occhiatacce e smorfie a quel trio. Una di queste irritò la signora, la cui furia esplose e balzò sulle mie ginocchia. La respinsi a terra affrettandomi a sistemare tra di noi il tavolo così che ci dividesse, ma la concatenazione di questi eventi svegliò il resto del branco: una mezza dozzina di perfidi quadrupedi (di varia taglia e diverse età) emerse dal nulla e si riversò al
the larger combatants as effectually as I could with the poker, I was constrained to demand, aloud, assistance from some of the household in re-establishing peace.

Mr. Heathcliff and his man climbed the cellar steps with vexatious phlegm: I don’t think they moved one second faster than usual, though the hearth was an absolute tempest of worrying and yelping. Happily, an inhabitant of the kitchen made more dispatch; a lusty dame, with tucked-up gown, bare arms, and fire-flushed cheeks, rushed into the midst of us flourishing a frying-pan: and used that weapon, and her tongue, to such purpose, that the storm subsided magically, and she only remained, heaving like a sea after a high wind, when her master entered on the scene.

“What the devil is the matter?” he asked, eyeing me in a manner that I could ill endure after this inhospitable treatment.

“What the devil, indeed!” I muttered. “The herd of possessed swine could have had no worse spirits in them than those animals of yours, sir. You might as well leave a stranger with a brood of tigers!”

center of the stanza. Talloni e lembo della giacca erano il preferito oggetto d’assalto. Tentai di difendermi dai combattenti più feroci come meglio potevo con l’attizzatoio, ma infine fui costretto a domandare aiuto a gran voce ai domestici per ristabilire l’ordine.

Il Sig. Heathcliff e il suo servo salirono i gradini della cantina con una flemma seccante: non credo si siano adoperati per affrettare il passo anche se nella stanza si stava abbattendo una tempesta di ringhi e guaiti. Fortunatamente, dalla cucina, una dama vigorosa accorse in mio aiuto, e con l’abito rialzato, le braccia nude e le guance arrossate dal fuoco, si precipitò in mezzo a noi brandendo una padella. Così, la tempesta si placò quasi per magia grazie all’uso della lingua e di quell’ arma insolita. Lei oscillava come le onde del mare all’imperversare del vento, quando il padrone di casa ci raggiunse.

“Che diavolo sta succedendo?” indagò lanciandomi uno sguardo che non potei più sopportare dopo un tale trattamento.

“Che diavolo lo dico io” brontolai. “Una mandria di porci posseduti non potrebbe competere con gli spiriti maligni dei vostri animali, signore. State lasciando un uomo in mezzo a un branco di tigri!”
“They won’t meddle with persons who touch nothing,” he remarked, putting the bottle before me, and restoring the displaced table. “The dogs do right to be vigilant. Take a glass of wine?”

“No, thank you.”

“No bitten, are you?”

“If I had been, I would have set my signet on the biter.” Heathcliff’s countenance relaxed into a grin.

“Come, come,” he said, “you are flurried, Mr. Lockwood. Here, take a little wine. Guests are so exceedingly rare in this house that I and my dogs, I am willing to own, hardly know how to receive them. Your health, sir?”

I bowed and returned the pledge; beginning to perceive that it would be foolish to sit sulking for the misbehaviour of a pack of curs; besides, I felt loth to yield the fellow further amusement at my expense; since his humour took that turn. He—probably swayed by prudential consideration of the folly of offending a good tenant—relaxed a little in the laconic style of chipping off his pronouns and auxiliary verbs, and introduced what he supposed would be a subject of interest to me,—a discourse on the
advantages and disadvantages of my present place of retirement. I found him very intelligent on the topics we touched; and before I went home, I was encouraged so far as to volunteer another visit to-morrow. He evidently wished no repetition of my intrusion. I shall go, notwithstanding. It is astonishing how sociable I feel myself compared with him.

della mia attuale dimora appartata. Considerai molto intelligente il modo in cui trattava i temi discussi, e, prima di ritornare a casa mi sentii incoraggiato a proporgli un’altra visita l’indomani. Egli non aveva alcuna intenzione che tale intrusione si ripettese, ciononostante ritornerò. Trovo sbalorditivo quanto socievole mi senta a confronto.
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<td>Nostalgia</td>
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<td><strong>Year Published</strong></td>
<td>1916</td>
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<td><strong>Author</strong></td>
<td>G. Ungaretti</td>
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<td>familiarity with the formal features of a text (language variation(s), register, dialect) (200 words max)</td>
<td>The ST is a poem by Giuseppe Ungaretti, one of the most influential Italian hermetic poets. It was written in 1916 in Lokoveč, a settlement that belonged to the Karst front, where the poet fought in the trenches during the First World War. Critics defined the poems belonging to the hermetic movement as difficult to read and interpret because of features like the abolition of punctuation, unconventional rhythmic and verse structures, and existentialist themes (Roppo 2018, 3). The poem describes a pleasant memory that serves as an escape to the horrors of the war. The structure is discursive, and the lexicon features both commonly used words and more formal terms (i.e., ‘s’addensa’, ‘contemplo’). Similes, oxymorons, hyperboles and enjambments are the figures of speech present in the text. The poem is made up of five stanzas. The first and second stanza introduce the setting of the poem: Paris, early morning. The winter is coming to an end but the presence of a thick mist makes the sky look dark and gloomy. Then, the focus shifts to a thin and quiet girl, whose calming and soothing effect clashes with the tense and destructive atmosphere of the war.</td>
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<td>The TT will be published on ‘Delos: an international journal of translations aimed at English-language readers’. The journal is published twice a year by the University of Florida Press. The target audience it aims to reach is attendees of University of Florida who are interested in the craft of translation of international literary works. The Head of the editorial board, Mr. Benjamin Hebblethwaite, commissioned me the translation of the poem instructing me to remain as faithful as possible to the ST. So, in order to satisfy his request, I will maintain the structure, the genre, the register, and the tone of</td>
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<tr>
<td>production of genre for target context (200 words max)</td>
<td>the ST. To reproduce the same poetic ambiance, I will reproduce the syllabic structure of the poem and the figures of speech the author adopted. For instance, the simile and the oxymoron in verses 18 and 19 will be translated as: ‘And as if carried elsewhere/ there we remain’. The same applies for the extensive use of enjambments the author made throughout the entirety of the ST and that will be replicated in the TT.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Critical Reflection</td>
<td>Poetry has been widely considered the thorniest among literary genres to translate because of linguistic, aesthetic and cultural issues (Hariyanto 2003). If on the one hand the text does not present any culture bound elements, on the other it is very particular to the movement it belongs to: the hermetic movement. In hermetic poems, the search for meaning is hindered by aporias, signifying that meaning lies in what remains unsaid. So, the main challenges I faced in the translation of the present poem were mostly related to the understanding of the poem itself. To produce a faithful translation, I had to carry out some research on the hermetic movement and on the author’s life. Failing to do so would have resulted in me having a lack of understanding of some of the references mentioned in the ST. Additionally, one must remember that poems use words to evoke emotions in a dramatic and imaginative way. Which means that often the words poets employ must be interpreted. For instance, when Ungaretti writes ‘le nostre malattie si fondono’, he is not using the term ‘malattie’ in the sense of illnesses, but to convey that the misfortunes of the characters, in that moment, come together.</td>
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<td>Source Text</td>
<td>Target Text</td>
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<td>Quando</td>
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<td>la notte è a svanire</td>
<td>the night’s about to fade</td>
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<td>poco prima di primavera</td>
<td>shortly before spring</td>
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<td>e di rado</td>
<td>and people</td>
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<td>qualcuno passa</td>
<td>seldom pass</td>
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<td>Su Parigi s'addensa</td>
<td>A weeping</td>
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<td>un oscuro colore</td>
<td>dark mist</td>
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<td>di pianto</td>
<td>thickens over Paris</td>
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<td>In un canto</td>
<td>In the corner</td>
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<td>di ponte</td>
<td>of a bridge</td>
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<td>contemplo</td>
<td>I observe</td>
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<td>l’illimitato silenzio</td>
<td>the boundless silence</td>
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<td>di una ragazza</td>
<td>of a frail</td>
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<tr>
<td>tenue</td>
<td>girl</td>
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<tr>
<td>Le nostre malattie</td>
<td>Our misfortunes</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>si fondono</td>
<td>merge</td>
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</table>
E come portati via
si rimane.

21
22 And as if carried elsewhere
23 there we remain.
Title | The Great Gatsby | Il Grande Gatsby
---|---|---
Year Published | 1925 | 1925
Author | F.S. Fitzgerald | F.S. Fitzgerald
Language | English | Italian
Word Count | 976 | 943

**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)

The ST is an extract taken from Chapter V of F.S. Fitzgerald’s *The Great Gatsby*. The novel belongs to a variety of genres including tragedy, realism, and modernist literature (Alberts 2020). In the extract, one of the main themes of the novel, Gatsby’s dream of Daisy, is introduced. Nick, Gatsby and Daisy have moved from Nick’s house to Gatsby’s mansion where he displays his newly acquired wealth to impress Daisy. As the chapter comes to an end, Nick reads into a look on Gatsby’s face and points out that perhaps Daisy will not live up to Gatsby’s expectations of her because he has spent the past five years dreaming and loving an idealized version of her. Nick is the first-person narrator of the novel. Critics’ opinions on his reliability as a narrator divide into two broad groups. Some believe Nick to be an honest narrator, whereas a small number of critics hold his narration as unreliable. (Hanzo 1956). The language is very descriptive, and the novel is replete with imagery (Hasan and Sulieman 2018). Rhetorical devices also contribute to the text’s evocative mood. The tone shifts throughout the book. However, in the present extract, it lingers between disillusionment and sympathy.

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

Because the Great Gatsby provides insight on themes like social class and wealth and encourages its readership to look at the world through a critical lens and to question social norms, it is often taught to high school students (Brown 2013, 8). The target audience the TT aims to reach is Italian students (aged 16-18) who will be reading this excerpt in class and will conduct a close textual analysis. It is in my interest to carry out a faithful translation that reproduces the same meaning, tone and register of the ST. I will also strive to reproduce the rhythm of the popular foxtrot ‘Ain’t We Got Fun’ featured in
| **production of genre for target context**  
| (200 words max) | line 71-73 and 81-84. In line 4, when the author mentions the Sound for the first time, I will translate it as ‘lo stretto di Long Island’ adopting explicitation as a technique to specify where the events take place. In fact, a literal translation would leave my target readership confused, especially if they are reading this passage for the first time and do not know where the novel is set. Finally, I will keep the references pertaining to the culture of the ST and adopt a foreignizing approach for some words like for instance ‘pompadour’ in line 27, since it is one that both languages have borrowed from the French. |
| **Critical Reflection**  
| • textual analysis  
| (200 words max) | I consider the strategy successful in achieving my goal. The final translation product is in fact faithful to the ST and it replicates the author’s tone and register, lending itself well for educational purposes. The translation of the song also turned out to be successful since it reproduced the original rhythm of the song. On the other hand, the most difficult part of the translation was the author’s description of Ewing’s duck trousers: in line 50, ‘a nebulous hue’ was translated as ‘una tonalità indefinita’. Although the translated phrase conveys the same meaning as the ST, it is not as striking as the ST. |
| **Works Cited**  
After the house, we were to see the grounds and the swimming pool, and the hydroplane, and the midsummer flowers—but outside Gatsby’s window it began to rain again, so we stood in a row looking at the corrugated surface of the Sound.

“If it wasn’t for the mist we could see your home across the bay,” said Gatsby. “You always have a green light that burns all night at the end of your dock.”

Daisy put her arm through his abruptly, but he seemed absorbed in what he had just said. Possibly it had occurred to him that the colossal significance of that light had now vanished forever. Compared to the great distance that had separated him from Daisy it had seemed very near to her, almost touching her. It had seemed as close as a star to the moon. Now it was again a green light on a dock. His count of enchanted objects had diminished by one.

I began to walk about the room, examining various indefinite objects in the half darkness. A large photograph of an elderly man in yachting costume attracted me, hung on the wall over his desk.

“Who’s this?”

“That? That’s Mr. Dan Cody, old sport.”
The name sounded faintly familiar.

“He’s dead now. He used to be my best friend years ago.”

There was a small picture of Gatsby, also in yachting costume, on the bureau—Gatsby with his head thrown back defiantly—taken apparently when he was about eighteen.

“I adore it,” exclaimed Daisy. “The pompadour! You never told me you had a pompadour—or a yacht.”

“Look at this,” said Gatsby quickly. “Here’s a lot of clippings—about you.”

They stood side by side examining it. I was going to ask to see the rubies when the phone rang, and Gatsby took up the receiver.

“Yes... Well, I can’t talk now... I can’t talk now, old sport... I said a small town... He must know what a small town is... Well, he’s no use to us if Detroit is his idea of a small town...”

He rang off.

“Come here quick!” cried Daisy at the window.

The rain was still falling, but the darkness had parted in the west, and there was a pink and golden billow of foamy clouds above the sea.

“Look at that,” she whispered, and then after a moment: “I’d like to just get one of those pink clouds and put you in it and push you around.”

“Quello? Quello è il Sig. Dan Cody, vecchio mio.”

Il nome suonò vagamente familiare.

“È morto. Era il mio migliore amico, anni fa.”

Sullo scrittoio, c’era una piccola fotografia di Gatsby, anche lui in tenuta da yacht e con il capo inclinato all’indietro con aria insolente, presumibilmente scattata quando aveva circa diciott’anni.


Stettero l’una a fianco all’altro ad esaminarli. Stavo per chiedere di vedere i rubini quando il telefonò squillò e Gatsby sollevò la cornetta.

“Sì... Beh, non posso parlare adesso... non posso parlare ora, vecchio mio... Ho detto una città piccola... Dovrà pur sapere cos’è una città piccola... Beh, non c’è molto utile se la sua idea di città piccola corrisponde a Detroit...”

“Correte qui!” urlò Daisy alla finestra.

La pioggia continuava a cadere ma ad ovest il cielo si era schiarito e sopra il mare si faceva strada un cumulo di nuvole rosee e dorate.

“Guarda,” sussurrò e poco dopo aggiunse: “Vorrei prendere una di quelle nuvole rosa per poterti infilare dentro e portarti in giro.”
I tried to go then, but they wouldn’t hear of it; perhaps my presence made them feel more satisfactorily alone.

“I know what we’ll do,” said Gatsby, “we’ll have Klipspringer play the piano.”

He went out of the room calling “Ewing!” and returned in a few minutes accompanied by an embarrassed, slightly worn young man, with shell-rimmed glasses and scanty blond hair. He was now decently clothed in a “sport shirt,” open at the neck, sneakers, and duck trousers of a nebulous hue.

“Did we interrupt your exercise?” inquired Daisy politely.

“I was asleep,” cried Mr. Klipspringer, in a spasm of embarrassment. “That is, I’d been asleep. Then I got up…”

“Klipspringer plays the piano,” said Gatsby, cutting him off. “Don’t you, Ewing, old sport?”

“I don’t play well. I don’t—hardly play at all. I’m all out of prac—”

“We’ll go downstairs,” interrupted Gatsby. He flipped a switch. The grey windows disappeared as the house glowed full of light.

In the music-room Gatsby turned on a solitary lamp beside the piano. He lit Daisy’s cigarette from a trembling match, and sat down with her on a couch far across the room, where there was no light save what the gleaming floor bounced in from the hall.

Tentai di andarmene ma non ne vollero sapere; forse la mia presenza li faceva sentire sufficientemente soli

“So che faremo,” disse Gatsby, “diremo a Klipspringer di suonare il piano.”

Uscì dalla stanza chiamando “Ewing!” e ritornò nel giro di pochi minuti accompagnato da un gracile giovanotto imbarazzato con degli occhiali dalla montatura a tartaruga e dei radi capelli biondi. Era vestito decentemente, indossava una polo aperta sul collo, delle scarpe da ginnastica e dei pantaloni di tela dalla tonalità indefinita.

“Abbiamo interrotto i tuoi esercizi?” chiese Daisy educatamente.

“Stavo dormendo,” esclamò il Sig. Klipspringer in uno spasmo di imbarazzo. “O meglio, stavo dormendo. Poi mi sono alzato…”

“Klipspringer sa suonare il piano,” tagliò corto Gatsby. “Non è vero, Ewing, vecchio mio?”

“Non so suonare molto bene. So suonare a malapena a dirla tutta. È tanto che non mi eserci—”

“Andiamo di sotto,” lo interruppe Gatsby. Premette l’interruttore e le finestre grigie sparirono mentre la casa si riempiva di luce. Nella sala della musica, Gatsby illuminò una lampada vicina al piano. Con un fiammifero tremolante accese la sigaretta di Daisy e si sedette con lei su un divano dall’altro lato della stanza dove l’unica luce che giungeva era quella del salone che si rifletteva sul pavimento.
When Klipspringer had played “The Love Nest” he turned around on the bench and searched unhappily for Gatsby in the gloom.

“I’m all out of practice, you see. I told you I couldn’t play. I’m all out of prac—”

“Don’t talk so much, old sport,” commanded Gatsby. “Play!”

In the morning,
In the evening,
Ain’t we got fun—

Outside the wind was loud and there was a faint flow of thunder along the Sound. All the lights were going on in West Egg now; the electric trains, men-carrying, were plunging home through the rain from New York. It was the hour of a profound human change, and excitement was generating on the air.

There’s nothing’s surer
The rich get richer and the poor get— children.
In the meantime,
In between time—

Dopo che Klipspringer ebbe suonato “The Love Nest”, si girò avvilito cercando Gatsby nella penombra.

“Vedi, sono fuori esercizio. Ti ho detto che non so suonare. Sono fuori eserci—”

“Basta con le chiacchiere, vecchio mio,” ordinò Gatsby. “Suona!”

Al mattino,
Alla sera
Come ci divertiamo...

Fuori il vento soffiava forte e lungo lo Stretto si faceva strada il debole rimbombo dei tuoni. Le luci illuminano West Egg; treni elettrici e pendolari si precipitavano da New York verso casa contro la pioggia. Era il momento di un profondo cambiamento umano e nell’aria l’eccitazione cresceva.

Solo una cosa è certa
I ricchi si arricchiscono, i poveri— figliano.

In tanto
Nel frattempo...
As I went over to say goodbye I saw that the expression of bewilderment had come back into Gatsby’s face, as though a faint doubt had occurred to him as to the quality of his present happiness. Almost five years! There must have been moments even that afternoon when Daisy tumbled short of his dreams—not through her own fault, but because of the colossal vitality of his illusion. It had gone beyond her, beyond everything. He had thrown himself into it with a creative passion, adding to it all the time, decking it out with every bright feather that drifted his way. No amount of fire or freshness can challenge what a man can store up in his ghostly heart.

As I watched him he adjusted himself a little, visibly. His hand took hold of hers, and as she said something low in his ear he turned toward her with a rush of emotion. I think that voice held him most, with its fluctuating, feverish warmth, because it couldn’t be over-dreamed—that voice was a deathless song.

They had forgotten me, but Daisy glanced up and held out her hand; Gatsby didn’t know me now at all. I looked once more at them and they looked back at me, remotely, possessed by intense life. Then I went out of the room and down the marble steps into the rain, leaving them there together.

87 Quando mi avvicinai per salutarli, vidi che sul viso di Gatsby era tornata un’espressione perplessa, come se lo avesse investito un lieve dubbio riguardo la sua felicità presente. Quasi cinque anni! Dovevano esserci stati dei momenti perfino in quel pomeriggio in cui Daisy non si era dimostrata all’altezza delle sue aspettative. Non per colpa sua, ma per colpa dell’enorme vitalità dell’illusione di Gatsby. Gli era sfuggita di mano. Ci si era lanciato con una tale passione creativa, continuamente arricchendola, ornandola con ogni piuma vivace che finiva sulla sua strada. Non c’è quantità di fuoco o ghiaccio che possano mettere alla prova un uomo e ciò che può custodire nel suo cuore spettrale.

97 Mentre lo osservavo, si ricompose. La sua mano prese quella di lei e quando Daisy gli sussurrò qualcosa all’orecchio, si girò verso di lei con un impeto di emozione. Credo che ciò che a catturarlo fosse il calore fluttuante e febbrile della sua voce. Migliore di ogni illusione… quella voce era un canto immortale.

102 Si erano dimenticati di me, ma Daisy alzò lo sguardo e mi tese la mano; Gatsby non mi riconobbe affatto. Li guardai ancora e loro ricambiaronolosguardo, distratti, posseduti da un’intensa vitalità. Uscii dalla stanza e scesi la scala in marmo dirigendomi verso la pioggia, lasciandoli lì insieme.
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<th><strong>Source Text</strong></th>
<th><strong>Target Text</strong></th>
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<tr>
<td><strong>Title</strong></td>
<td>Look Back in Anger</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Year Published</strong></td>
<td>1956</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Author</strong></td>
<td>J. Osborne</td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>Language</strong></td>
<td>English</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)

*Look Back in Anger* is a realist play about nostalgia, alienation and identity written by John Osborne and set in the English Midlands in the 1950s. When Osborne wrote it in 1956, young British playwrights were rejecting a theatrical tradition that was out of touch with everyday life (Monla 2014, 1). The play, considered to be the standard bearer of the kitchen-sink drama, focuses on the struggles and experiences of the working class. The protagonist, Jimmy Porter is a disillusioned angry young man who spends his days blaming the world and provoking his stoic wife, Alison, towards whom he fuels resentment because of her upper-class upbringing. The selected excerpt follows the conversation between Jimmy, Alison and Cliff on a Sunday morning in April. The theme of nostalgia is extremely prominent in this extract, on the one hand, Jimmy complains that in the Britain of the 1950s there isn’t anything worth fighting for, no brave causes left. On the other hand, Alison’s father longs for a long-gone era in which things were supposedly simpler. Jimmy’s language is blunt and irreverent and it voices people’s confusion and dissatisfaction with the social injustice of their time (Carter 1969, 144).

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

The author makes use of a few specific linguistic structures that might be challenging from a translation point of view. The use of modulation will be needed throughout the text, for instance, the expression ‘We never seem to get any further’ does not have a translation that fits the source text, so this sentence will be eliminated and compensated otherwise. Again, the same procedure will be adopted first to convey the idiomatic expression ‘You two will drive me round the bend soon’, since a literal translation might leave an Italian reader puzzled and might fail to convey the exact meaning of the
**production of genre for target context**

ST, and then again to tackle the most problematic portion of the ST: ‘He's like Daddy—still casting well-fed glances back to the Edwardian twilight from his comfortable, disenfranchised wilderness’. This sentence will require accurate reasoning as it expresses both Jimmy and Colonel Redfern’s vision of the decline of the British empire as the reason for the disenfranchisement of young men. The play features some culture specific elements as well, although the average Italian reader might not be familiar with the *Radio Times*, the character of *Marchbanks* or the British composer Vaughan Williams, I will opt for a foreignizing approach keeping the original names to preserve the Englishness of the ST. My TA in fact will be students at the University of Venice attending the module ‘Englishness in English Literature’.

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**Critical Reflection**

- **textual analysis**

I submitted the TT to three Italian native speakers and had them assess my translation. They provided the following feedback: overall, the translation read naturally and the strategy of modifying syntax where needed, through the use of modulation, functioned to make the translation coherent to an Italian reader. However, one of my sample readers pointed out that even though my choice to opt for a foreignizing approach served my strategy to preserve the Englishness of the text, also prevented the average reader to grasp some of the references Osborne hints at. Even though a lack of knowledge regarding the character of Marchbanks does not impact the overall understanding of the text, I was suggested to insert a footnote or an endnote, but I ultimately ruled out both options as these kinds of notes usually break the reader’s flow. Settling for the use of explicitation was successful because it specified that Marchbanks is the character of a play without breaking the reader’s flow.

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**Works Cited**

- **use of sources and reference material**

  
JIMMY: God, how I hate Sundays! It's always so depressing, always the same. We never seem to get any further, do we? Always the same ritual. Reading the papers, drinking tea, ironing. A few more hours, and another week gone. Our youth is slipping away. Do you know that?

CLIFF: (throws down paper). What's that?

JIMMY: (casually). Oh, nothing, nothing. Damn you, damn both of you, damn them all.

CLIFF: Let's go to the pictures. (To Alison). What do you say, lovely?

ALISON: I don't think I'll be able to. Perhaps Jimmy would like to go. (To Jimmy.) Would you like to?

JIMMY: And have my enjoyment ruined by the Sunday night yobs in the front row? No, thank you. (Pause.) Did you read Priestley's piece this week? Why on earth I ask, I don't know. I know damned well you haven't. Why do I spend ninepence on that damned paper every week? Nobody reads it except me. Nobody can be bothered. No one can raise themselves out of their delicious sloth. You two will drive me round the bend soon—I know it, as sure as I'm sitting here. I know you're going to drive me mad. Oh heavens, how I long for a little ordinary human enthusiasm. Just enthusiasm—that's all. I want to hear a warm, thrilling voice cry out

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JIMMY: Dio, quanto odio le domeniche! Tutte deprimenti, tutte uguali.
Ogni settimana sempre la stessa storia, non ci muoviamo di mezzo centimetro. Leggiamo i giornali, beviamo il tè, stiriamo. Ancora un paio d'ore e un'altra settimana è andata. La nostra gioventù ci stà scivolando tra le dita. Ve ne rendete conto?

CLIFF: (butta giù il giornale). Che hai detto?

JIMMY: (distrattamente). Oh, niente, niente. Accidenti a te, accidenti a voi due, accidenti a tutti.


JIMMY: Ti andrebbe?

Hallelujah! (He bangs his breast theatrically.) Hallelujah! I'm alive! I've an idea. Why don't we have a little game? Let's pretend that we're human beings, and that we're actually alive. Just for a while. What do you say? Let's pretend we're human. (He looks from one to the other.) Oh, brother, it's such a long time since I was with anyone who got enthusiastic about anything.

CLIFF: What did he say?

JIMMY: (resentful of being dragged away from his pursuit of Alison). What did who say?

CLIFF: Mr. Priestly.

JIMMY: What he always says, I suppose. He's like Daddy—still casting well-fed glances back to the Edwardian twilight from his comfortable, disenfranchised wilderness. What the devil have you done to those trousers?

CLIFF: Done?

JIMMY: Are they the ones you bought last weekend? Look at them. Do you see what he's done to those new trousers?

ALISON: You are naughty, Cliff. They look dreadful.

JIMMY: You spend good money on a new pair of trousers, and then sprawl about in them like a savage. What do you think you're going to do when I'm not around to look after you? Well, what are you going to do? Tell me?

CLIFF: (grinning). I don't know. (To Alison.) What am I going to do, lovely?
ALISON: You'd better take them off.
JIMMY: Yes, go on. Take 'em off. And I'll kick your behind for you.
ALISON: I'll give them a press while I've got the iron on.
CLIFF: O.K. (Starts taking them off.) I'll just empty the pockets. (Takes out keys, matches, handkerchief.)
JIMMY: Give me those matches, will you?
CLIFF: Oh, you're not going to start up that old pipe again, are you? It stinks the place out. (To Alison.) Doesn't it smell awful?

Jimmy grabs the-matches and lights up.

ALISON: I don't mind it. I've got used to it.
JIMMY: She's a great one for getting used to things. If she were to die, and wake up in paradise after the first five minutes, she'd have got used to it.
CLIFF: (hands her the trousers). Thank you, lovely. Give me a cigarette, will you?
JIMMY: Don't give him one.
CLIFF: I can't stand the stink of that old pipe any longer. I must have a cigarette.
JIMMY: I thought the doctor said no cigarettes?
CLIFF: Oh, why doesn't he shut up?
JIMMY: All right. They're your ulcers. Go ahead, and have a bellyache, if that's what you want. I give up. I give up. I'm sick of doing things for people. And all for what? (Alison gives Cliff a cigarette. They both light up,

ALISON: Farai meglio a toglierli.
JIMMY: Si, forza toglili che ti do un calcio sul sedere.
ALISON: Gli do una stirata finché il ferro è caldo.
CLIFF: Va bene, (Comincia a sfilar i pantaloni.) Lasciami svuotare le tasche. (Tira fuori chiavi, fiammiferi, un fazzoletto di stoffa.)
JIMMY: Mi passi quei fiammiferi, per favore?
CLIFF: Oh, non vorrai mica ricominciare con quella vecchia pipa? Impesta tutta la casa. (Ad Alison.) Vero che puzza?

Jimmy prende i fiammiferi e accende la pipa.

ALISON: Non ci faccio caso, mi sono abituata.
JIMMY: Lei è unica quando si tratta di abituarsi alle cose. Se dovesse morire e svegliarsi in paradiso, dopo cinque minuti si sarebbe già abituata.
CLIFF: (Le porge i pantaloni). Grazie, splendore. Mi dai una sigaretta?
JIMMY: Non dargliela.
CLIFF: Non sopporto più il tanfo di quella vecchia pipa. Ho bisogno di fumare una sigaretta.
JIMMY: Pensavo che il dottore ti avesse detto: niente sigarette.
CLIFF: Ma perché non sta zitto un po’?
and she goes on with her ironing). Nobody thinks, nobody cares. No beliefs, no convictions and no enthusiasm. Just another Sunday evening. (Cliff sits down again, in his pullover and shorts). Perhaps there's a concert on. (Picks up Radio Times) Ah. (Nudges Cliff with his foot.) Make some more tea. Cliff grunts. He is reading again. Oh, yes. There's a Vaughan Williams. Well, that's something, anyway. Something strong, something simple, something English. I suppose people like me aren't supposed to be very patriotic. Somebody said—what was it— we get our cooking from Paris (that's a laugh), our politics from Moscow, and our morals from Port Said. Something like that, anyway. Who was it? (Pause.) Well, you wouldn't know anyway. I hate to admit it, but I think I can understand how her Daddy must have felt when he came back from India, after all those years away. The old Edwardian brigade do make their brief little world look pretty tempting. All homemade cakes and croquet, bright ideas, bright uniforms. Always the same picture: high summer, the long days in the sun, slim volumes of verse, crisp linen, the smell of starch. What a romantic picture. Phoney too, of course. It must have rained sometimes. Still, even I regret it somehow, phoney or not. If you've no world of your own, it's rather pleasant to regret the passing of someone else's. I must be getting sentimental. But I must say it's pretty dreary living in the American Age—unless you're an American of course. Perhaps all our convictions, and beliefs, and phoney sentiments, and patriotic enthusiasm. Una domenica pomeriggio come tutte le altre. (Cliff si risiede in pullover e mutandine). Magari c'è un concerto. (Prende il Radio Times) Ah. (Da un colpetto col piede a Cliff.) Fai un altro po' di te. Cliff grugnisce e continua a leggere. Ecco, c'è un concerto di Vaughan Williams. Beh, meglio di niente. Forte, semplice, inglese. Immagino che alla gente come me non si addica il patriottismo. Qualcuno ha detto, aspetta... com'era? La nostra cucina viene da Parigi (questa sì che è buona), la nostra politica da Mosca e i nostri valori da Porto Said. O comunque qualcosa del genere. Chi era? (Pausa.) Beh, tanto voi non lo sapreste in ogni modo. Detesto ammetterlo ma credo di poter capire cosa deve aver provato il suo Papino quando è tornato dall'India dopo tutti quegli anni. La vecchia brigata dell'Edoardo, infatti, fa sembrare piuttosto attraente quel loro piccolo mondo di dolci fatti in casa, partite a croquet, idee brillanti e splendenti uniformi. Sempre lo stesso quadretto: piena estate, lunghe giornate sotto il sole, piccoli libricini di poesie, bucato pulito, e l'odore dell'amido. Una scena tanto romantica quanto fasulla, è ovvio. Ogni tanto avranno pure avuto un po' di pioggia. Eppure, anche io in qualche modo lo rimpingo, che sia stato vero o falso. Chi non ha un mondo tutto suo si dispiace per il tramonto del mondo altrui. Sto diventando proprio sentimentale. Ma devo dire che è piuttosto squallido vivere nell’Era americana... a meno che
children will be Americans. That's a thought, isn't it? (He gives Cliff a kick, and shouts at him). I said that's a thought!

CLIFF: You did?

JIMMY: You sit there like a lump of dough. I thought you were going to make me some tea. Cliff groans. Jimmy turns to Alison. Is your friend Webster coming tonight?

ALISON: He might drop in. You know how he is.

JIMMY: Well, I hope he doesn't. I don't think I could take Webster tonight.

ALISON: I thought you said he was the only person who spoke your language.

JIMMY: So he is. Different dialect but same language I like him. He's got bite, edge, drive

ALISON: Enthusiasm.

JIMMY: You've got it. When he comes here, I begin to feel exhilarated. He doesn't like me, but he gives me something, which is more than I get from most people. Not since

ALISON: Yes, we know. Not since you were living with Madeline. (She folds some of the clothes she has already ironed, crosses to the bed with them).

CLIFF: (behind paper again). Who's Madeline?

non si sia americani, ovviamente. Forse tutti i nostri figli saranno americani. Questo sì che è un pensiero interessante. (Da un calcio a Cliff e gli urla). Ho detto: questo sì che è un pensiero interessante!

CLIFF: Ah si?

JIMMY: Stai là a poltrire come un sacco di patate. Non dovevi mettere su il te? Cliff grugnisce. Jimmy si rivolge ad Alison. Viene il tuo amico Webster stasera?

ALISON: Può darsi che passi. Lo sai com’è.

JIMMY: Spero di no. Non credo di poter tollerare Webster stasera.

ALISON: Pensavo di aver ti sentito dire che è l'unica persona che parla la tua lingua.

JIMMY: Infatti. Stessa lingua, dialetti diversi. Mi piace. Ha carattere, acume, esuberanza

ALISON: Entusiasmo

JIMMY: L'hai detto. Quando viene qui, mi sento vivo. Non gli sto simpatico, ma parlare con lui mi trasmette qualcosa in più rispetto a tutti gli altri. Così almeno da quando

ALISON: Sì, lo sappiamo. Da quando non vivi più con Madeline. (Piega gli indumenti che ha stirato e li appoggia sul letto).

CLIFF: (Ancora da dietro il giornale). Chi è Madeline?
ALISON: Oh, wake up, dear. You've heard about Madeline enough times.
She was his mistress.
Remember? When he was fourteen. Or was it thirteen?
JIMMY: Eighteen.
ALISON: He owes just about everything to Madeline.
CLIFF: I get mixed up with all your women. Was she the one all those years older than you?
JIMMY: Ten years.
CLIFF: Proper little Marchbanks, you are!
JIMMY: What time's that concert on? (Checks paper)
CLIFF: (yawns). Oh, I feel so sleepy. Don't feel like standing behind that blinking sweet-stall again tomorrow. Why don't you do it on your own, and let me sleep in?
JIMMY: I've got to be at the factory first thing, to get some more stock, so you'll have to put it up on your own. *(Alison has returned to her ironing board).* She stands with her arms folded, smoking, staring thoughtfully. She had more animation in her little finger than you two put together.
CLIFF: Who did?
ALISON: Madeline.

110 JIMMY: Diciotto.
111 ALISON: Deve più o meno tutto a Madeline.
112 CLIFF: Faccio sempre una gran confusione con tutte le tue donne! Era quella molto più vecchia di te?
113 JIMMY: Dieci anni in più.
114 CLIFF: Ah! Praticamente come il piccolo Marchbanks in Candida
115 JIMMY: A che ora è il concerto? (Guarda il giornale)
116 CLIFF: (sbadiglia) Che sonno che ho. Proprio non me la sento di tornare dietro a quella maledetta bancarella a vendere dolci. Perché non ci vai da solo e mi lasci dormire domattina?
117 JIMMY: Devo andare prestissimo alla fabbrica a fare rifornimento, dovrai cavartela da solo. *(Alison è tornata all’asse da stiro).* È ferma con le braccia incrociate, fuma e ha uno sguardo pensoso. C'era più vivacità nel suo mignolo che in voi due messi insieme.
118 CLIFF: Nel mignolo di chi?
119 JIMMY: Di Madeline.
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<td><strong>Title</strong></td>
<td>In My Life</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
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<td><strong>Year Published</strong></td>
<td>1965</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Author</strong></td>
<td>John Lennon, Paul McCartney</td>
<td></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)

In My Life is a pop-rock song by the British band the Beatles that was released in 1965 on their album Rubber Soul. Although the lyrics were mostly written by Lennon, the song was credited to Lennon-McCartney. In fact, before they became famous, the song writing duo made an agreement that would credit them equally with songs that either one of them wrote (Womack 2007, 166). The text can be split into two main sections. In the first verse (lines 1-8), Lennon talks about the past and remembers with nostalgia the places he cherished and the people he loved. The second verse (lines 9-21) is about the present. The melancholic and nostalgic tone of the first verse shifts in the second one and becomes more optimistic. Here Lennon addresses the woman he loves and states that nothing can compare to the presence of his new love. It is noteworthy to mention that the author uses the term ‘affection’ when writing about the past and ‘love’ when singing about the present. According to Lennon the song was his ‘first real major piece of work’ because for the first time he had written about himself (Sheff 2010, 178).

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

My strategy will involve a change in both the text genre and the target audience. The TT will, in fact, be published as a template in the textbook Produzione del testo scritto-Livello 2 by the Italian publishing house Erickson with the aim of teaching children in year 6 how to write a diary entry. As brought forward by Sà (2002, 5), diary writing is a relevant tool in metacognition since they ‘help developing the skills to think about described facts’. To reach my target audience and have the TT fit its new genre several changes have to be made:
**production of genre for target context**  
(200 words max)

- Because the TT will serve as a template for children to see how a diary entry is structured, it will not have a title but a date instead, and it will start with the phrase ‘Caro diario’ [Dear diary].
- The verse structure of the ST will be replaced by prose. This change will allow me to expand on Lennon’s feelings and emotions in a discursive and colloquial manner.
- As suggested by Erickson (1986, 119), diary entries should be written in chatty and informal language. To do so, I will introduce rhetorical questions and exclamations, two features that will further shorten the distance between the narrator and the reader. Self-reflection is another key feature of this genre (ibid.) so the TT will have to display the narrator’s thoughts and emotions.

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

In the song, Lennon does not mention his aunt Mimi but being someone that took care of him during his childhood and adolescence acting as a parental guardian I decided to make up an anecdote that involved her. The fictitious story allowed me to address the diary through rhetorical questions (i.e., ‘Ricordi…?’ ['Do you remember...?']) and employ exclamatory sentences (e.g., ‘eccome se ne valse la pena!’ ['it was so worth it!']), all aspects that feature prominently in this text type (https://www.twinkl.ie/resource/t2-or-52-features-of-a-diary-entry-checklist). Overall, the strategies I adopted allowed me to make some drastic changes in the ST not only in terms of wording and structure but in terms of content as well. These changes were crucial to make the TT fit into its new genre and to reach the target audience.

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

- https://www.twinkl.ie/resource/t2-or-52-features-of-a-diary-entry-checklist
There are places I'll remember
All my life though some have changed
Some forever, not for better
Some have gone and some remain
All these places have their moments
With lovers and friends I still can recall
Some are dead and some are living
In my life I've loved them all
But of all these friends and lovers
There is no one compares with you
And these memories lose their meaning
When I think of love as something new
Though I know I'll never lose affection
For people and things that went before
I know I'll often stop and think about them
In my life I love you more

There are places I'll remember
All my life though some have changed
Some forever, not for better
Some have gone and some remain
All these places have their moments
With lovers and friends I still can recall
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For people and things that went before
I know I'll often stop and think about them
In my life I love you more

Caro diario,
Oggi ti scrivo perché mi sento particolarmente malinconico. Sono trascorsi ormai due anni da quando tutto ha avuto inizio; da quando io e i miei amici abbiamo ottenuto il successo che tanto desideravamo, e da quel momento la nostra vita è cambiata per sempre. Mi sembra assurdo che siano già passati due anni. Due anni ricchi di emozioni. Ah... Quante ne abbiamo passate insieme! E chissà quante avventure ancora ci aspettano! Ricordi quanto si arrabbiò la zia Mimi quel giorno che mi diede dei soldi per una giacca nuova e io e Paolo comprammo una chitarra?
Quasi non vidi la luce del sole per un mese intero, se non per andare a scuola. Ma ne valse la pena, eccome se ne valse la pena! Perché la musica è sempre stata la mia passione e mi ha dato la possibilità di visitare centinaia di città e di venire a contatto con migliaia di culture diverse.
Però non ti posso negare che i ricordi di certi luoghi familiari non smettono di farmi sorridere. Sono posti che porto nel cuore e che soprattutto non dimenticherò mai. Alcuni tra questi sono rimasti tali e quali li ricordavo, alcuni sono cambiati per sempre (anche se non necessariamente per il meglio), sono cambiati e basta. Altri invece non hanno retto la prova del tempo e ora non ne resta che la sola memoria.
Oggi mi sono ritagliato del tempo per ripensare ai vecchi amori e le
In my life I love you more

vecchie amicizie che mi sono state vicine nel momento del bisogno e che
mi hanno visto crescere prima che le nostre strade si dividessero... ricordo
con affetto ognuno dei loro volti (perfino quello severo della zia Mimi).
Ma nessuno regge il confronto con l’amore che provo per lei. Tutti questi
ricordi infatti sembrano quasi perdere di significato quando penso a lei. È
una boccata d’aria fresca, il nostro amore è un fiore pronto a sbocciare.
Non mi fraintendere, non perderò mai l’affetto per ciò che è ormai
passato; infatti, spesso mi capiterà di fermarmi a ripensare a tutti coloro
a cui ho voluto bene e che mi hanno voluto bene. Ma allo stesso tempo,
in cuor mio, saprò che nella mia vita lei verrà prima di tutti.
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<tr>
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<td>Amarcord</td>
<td><strong>Title</strong></td>
<td>Amarcord— I remember</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Year Published</strong></td>
<td>1973</td>
<td><strong>Language</strong></td>
<td>English</td>
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<td><strong>Word Count</strong></td>
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**Description of Source Text**
- understanding of source text
- knowledge of genre within source contexts
- situation of source text
- familiarity with the formal features of a text (language variation(s), register, dialect)

**200 words max**

The ST contains two scenes from *Amarcord*, a comedy-drama film released in 1973 by the Italian director Federico Fellini. The film tells the semi-autobiographical story of the director through the character of Titta and his bizarre family (Marcus 1977, 418). The title comes from the Romagnan dialect phrase ‘m’arcôrd’ [I remember] but it also hints at the linguistic fusion of three other words: ‘amo’ [I love], ‘amaro’ [bitter] and ‘cuore’ [heart] (Giannetti 1976, 155). The first scene sees the townspeople going out to sea in their small boats to greet the passage of the Rex, an actual ship built during the fascist regime ‘to instill a sense of pride and reassurance in the Italian citizens’ (Hayes 2005, 25). Before the grand arrival of the Rex, Fellini gives us a taste of the various conversations the characters are having in their boats. In the second one, a thick fog blankets the town. The fog is so dense that the grandfather of the family gets lost right outside his house and struggles to find his front gate. Still surrounded by the heavy mist, in the following sequence, Titta and his friends take a detour on their way to school and begin dancing with imaginary partners in front of the Grand Hotel.

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

Due to Fellini’s great contribution to the world of cinematography, the audience the TT aims to reach are cinephiles. Specifically, non-Italian speaking Junior Sophister Trinity film students who are studying the module ‘An Introduction to Italian cinema’. Because of its educational nature, the TT aims to remain as faithful as possible to the ST reproducing the same contextual meaning. To do so I will replicate the informal register and the various shifts in tone from sequence to sequence. Instances of Romagnan dialect will be translated normally and indicated to the audience, e.g., in line 81: ‘Mo’
**production of genre for target context**
(200 words max)

"ve che roba’ will be translated as ‘[In dialect] Just look at this’. Other aspects to take into consideration when approaching the translation of these two selected scenes are instances of multilingualism: from line 58 to 82, Gradisca interacts with an American man. In order to make the Italian audience understand his origins, the director made the character drop a few English words here and there, e.g., ‘Pensavo twenty-seven, twenty-eight’. However, because the character has a minor role in the film (he only appears in one sequence) and because his geographical background has little to no relevance to the purpose of the translation, I will leave out this detail.

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

When it comes to subtitling, the translator has to deal with certain challenges on top of those encountered in a written text. Such as spatial and temporal constraints (Karakanta, Negri and Turchi 2020, 25). As a matter of fact, the translation of certain lines was slightly problematic because I had to find a way to convey the same meaning and tone of the ST while also paying attention to the duration of the line. One of these was line 48: ‘Sennò sai che solfa che fai se ti raffreddi... Non ti conosco’, which was translated as ‘I know you well enough to know you'll start complaining of the cold’. The adoption of modulation turned out to be successful since both lines are roughly of the same length. I submitted my translation to a native English speaker and Trinity student; they confirmed that my translation read well and they particularly liked the choice to mimic the reduplication of the suffixes for the words ‘boaty-boat’ and ‘whistle-whistle’, in line 23-24, to emphasize the absurdity of the story the character is telling.

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


Millicent. M., 1977 Fellini's “Amarcord”: Film as memory, Quarterly Review of Film Studies p.418
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Source Text</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td><strong>Amarcord</strong></td>
<td><strong>Amarcord—I remember</strong></td>
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<tr>
<td>Avvocato, quanto peserà?</td>
<td>1 Sir, how much will it weigh?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Per me due volte e mezzo il Grand Hotel!</td>
<td>2 Two and a half times the weight of the Grand Hotel</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Due volte e mezzo il Grand Hotel più l’Arco del Buso</td>
<td>3 Two and a half times the Grand Hotel and the Arch of Augustus!</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><em>Sul mare luccica...</em></td>
<td>4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tu passi e il tuo fato io seguio nei flutti...</td>
<td>5 <em>On the sea shines...</em></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>...guardando la scia luccicare...</td>
<td>6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Titino, ettiti più vicino alla mamma</td>
<td>7 Titino, get closer to your mum</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Signora si metta più attaccata a suo figlio</td>
<td>8 Ma' am, move closer to your son please</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ecco</td>
<td>9 There it is</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ostia, ragazzi. Ci sono le correnti gelate</td>
<td>10 Holy shit. The water's freezing</td>
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<tr>
<td>Mi hanno fatto diventare le palle come due fagioli secchi</td>
<td>11 My balls shrank into the size of two dried beans</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ma sei venuto a nuoto dalla riva?</td>
<td>12 Did you swim all the way from the shore?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>E da dove allora?</td>
<td>13 Where else?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Stile libero.</td>
<td>14 Free style swimming</td>
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<tr>
<td><em>Voglio ballare con te...</em></td>
<td>15 <em>I want to dance with you...</em></td>
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…tutta la noche così

Il terzo giorno vado là con la mia barchetta
Faccio il solito fischietto-etto
Risalta fuori il delfino-ino
Mette la testa sulla barca, mi guarda e mi dice: mamma!
Ma vaffanculo!
È vero! I delfini sono intelligentissimi, me l’ha detto anche il mio dentista.

AURELIO: Guarda quante ce ne sono
Milioni di milioni di milioni di stelle
Ostia, ragazzi!
Io mi domando come fa a reggersi tutta ’sta baracca!
Perché per noi, dico così per dire, in fondo è abbastanza facile...
Devo fare un palazzo?
tot mattoni, tot quintali di calce...
ma lassù, viva la madonna
dove le metto le fondamenta?
Non sono mica coriandoli
Miranda
Che fai dormi?
Rispondi

...like this all night long

It's the third day, I go out to sea in my boaty-boat
I do the usual whistle-whistle
the dolphin pops up out of the water,
looks at me and says ‘mamma’!
As if!
Dolphins are intelligent creatures, even my dentist said so

AURELIO: Look how many there are
Millions and millions and millions of stars
Jesus, Mary and Joseph
I wonder how it all stays in place
I'm just saying, for us it's pretty easy
building a house?
you're gonna need so many bricks, so much lime...
...but up there it's a different story!
Where do you lay the foundations?
They're not confetti, you know
Miranda
Are you sleeping?
Answer me
Hai freddo? Vuoi la mia giacca?
MIRANDA: Ma cosa vuoi?
AURELIO: Avanti, prendi la giacca
MIRANDA: No, non la voglio
AURELIO: Dai, mettitela sulle spalle
Sennò sai che solfa che fai se ti raffreddi...
Non ti conosco.
MIRANDA: Dobbiamo stare qui ancora molto? È l'una.
AURELIO: Che ne so.
Avevano detto verso mezzanotte.
Poi anche se tarda un po' sta venendo dall'America, oh!
Andate tutti a prendervela nel culo!
È un amico, eh!
T'ha fatto gli auguri

GRADISCA: ... e ogni volta mi sono illusa,
e invece finiva tutto subito.
E così... Ma lo sai quanti anni c'ho?
-Cinquantadue
GRADISCA: Non mi vergogno mica a dire la verità sai
Anzi, dico sempre qualcosina in più
Trenta

Are you cold? Do you want my jacket?
MIRANDA: What do you want?
AURELIO: Come on. Take my jacket
MIRANDA: No thank you, I don't want it
AURELIO: Put it around your shoulders
I know you well enough to know you'll start complaining of the cold
MIRANDA: Are we gonna be sitting here much longer? It's 1AM
AURELIO: How would I know?
They might be a bit late.
They're coming all the way from America after all
[In dialect] Go fuck yourself, all of you
That's some friend
He wished you well

GRADISCA: I'd get my hopes up every time
But it never came to anything
And now... do you know how old I am?
-Fifty-two.
GRADISCA: I'm not ashamed to tell the truth
On the contrary, I always add on a few years
Thirty
-Sorprendente, my darling.

GRADISCA: Eh, sono ancora qui che aspetto

-Pensavo twenty-seven, twenty-eight

GRADISCA: Vorrei un incontro di quelli lunghi, che durano tutta una vita

Vorrei avere una famiglia io...

...dei bambini...

...un marito...

per scambiare due parole la sera, magari bevendo il caffelatte.

E poi qualche volta fare anche l’amore

perché quando ci vuole, ci vuole!

Ma più che l’amore contano i sentimenti

E io ne ho tanto di sentimento dentro di me

Ma a chi lo do? Chi è che lo vuole?

-Eh, ma che fai? Ti metti a piangere?

Quanto è scema, ha visto? Piange!

-Piange perché la ragazza è delicata, sensibile. Oh, yes

-Ma vieni qui che ti do un bacino. Va là che ci son qui io

-Non piangere cara

Eccolo!

Babbo!

Il Rex!
Viva il Rex, la più grande realizzazione navale del regime!
Rappresento il podestà. Vi auguro buon viaggio.
Viva l'Italia!
Com'è?

Gina!
Mo ve' che roba!
Non si vede proprio niente, oh!
Ah, ma io mi attacco qui al muretto
Soltanto nel '22 c'è stata una nebbia così
Piano! Ferma! Ci sono io!
C'è un uomo qui!
Cut venja un azident

Gina!
Gina!
Ma dov'è che sono?
Mi sembra di non stare in nessun posto
Ma se la morte è così, non è un bel lavoro
Sparito tutto
La gente, gli alberi, il vino
Te cul!
Tino!
Mi son perduto, non trovo più la mia casa. Dov'è che sono?
Ma come, dove siete? Siete davanti a casa vostra!
È lì!
Grazie

Ma dove vai con 'sta nebbia?
Vado a scuola. Ciao nonno!

Io, stato in Norvergia!
Due donne
Belle. Grandi. Norvegesi
Fave, balose, lupini, bruscolini!

È aperto qua! Si passa
Chi arriva ultimo è un busone!
Naso, di qua! Vieni a vedere
Guarda
Bello

Ma tu dove sei, amore mio?
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Source Text</th>
<th>Target Text</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td><strong>Title</strong></td>
<td>High Windows</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Year Published</strong></td>
<td>1974</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Author</strong></td>
<td>Philip Larkin</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Language</strong></td>
<td>English</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Description of Source Text</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>understanding of source text</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>knowledge of genre within source contexts</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>situation of source text</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>familiarity with the formal features of a text (language variation(s), register, dialect) (200 words max)</td>
<td></td>
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</tbody>
</table>

High Windows is the title poem of Philip Larkin’s fourth and final poetry collection. Written in the so-called ‘Summer of Love’, the ST investigates the new liberal society that flowered during the 1960s, a decade in which youngsters rebelled and rejected the values their predecessors had embraced through the exploration of sex, drugs and music. The speaker, Larkin’s middle-aged self, draws a comparison between his own generation and the younger one and their very different attitudes to sex. The scene shifts in the last stanza where the poet considers the meaning of this in more abstract terms. Because the text contains some swear words (e.g., ‘fucking’, ‘bloody’), one may argue that the register is informal, however the tone changes dramatically in the second stanza where he adopts a more academic and sociological tone (e.g., ‘bonds and gestures’). As we read on, the tone changes again and a new typical Larkin-ish voice is introduced but the italicization makes it clear that it is meant to be reported speech. Here the speaker is imagining someone old jealous of the modern generation and their sexual liberation. The tone changes one final time in the last stanza where the symbolic and transcendental image of the high windows is introduced.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Strategy</th>
<th></th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>identification of translation problems</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>knowledge of genre within target context and situation of target text</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

I have been contacted by Mrs. Roberta Cinel to carry out a translation of the poem. Mrs. Cinel started her local poetry club earlier this year and intends to discuss the ST in one of her monthly meetings. The poetry club is made up of five members: all women aged 50-58 and they will constitute my target audience. The commissioner, who was not satisfied with the already existing translations of the poem available online, instructed me to carry out a faithful translation—
- **justification of translation**
  - **production of genre for target context**
    - **(200 words max)**

  Understood as the attempt to ‘reproduce the precise contextual meaning of the original within the constraints of the TL grammatical structures’ (Newmark 1988, 46)—that would also take into account the aesthetic elements of the SL and that reproduced the particularities of the tone. Especially challenging will be the translation of the reported speech (lines 13-19) that will require the use of modulation. To highlight that the speaker of those lines is an old man, I will adopt terms and expressions that are mostly used by elders in Italy (e.g., ‘his lot’ will be translated as ‘la sua combriccola’).

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

  When translating poetry, a translator has to focus on some elements at the expense of others since different languages have different syntactic structures, vocabulary, phonology, prosody and poetics (Eesa 2008, 5). Torn between favouring the rhyming structure or the poem’s rhythm I carried out two translations drafts. Though time consuming, this strategy proved itself to be effective since it made me realize that the former feature of the text is almost casual and not relied upon to provide the poem’s structure and led me to the choice of overlooking the rhyme scheme to focus on the poem’s rhythm instead. Particularly challenging was the translation of the title itself: In my opinion the collocation ‘Alte Finestre’ did not instil any confidence in the target reader. I would have chosen a title that differed completely from the source title, but because the client had instructed me to choose faithfulness over aesthetics, after taking into consideration that the windows Larkin was referring to belonged to a place of worship (i.e., a church)(King 2009, 72), I opted for ‘Alte Finestre’. Choosing the term ‘vetrate’ instead of ‘finestre’ since the former is the most suitable and frequently used synonym when referring to a sacred place.

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

  
  
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Source Text</th>
<th>Target Text</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td><strong>High Windows</strong></td>
<td><strong>Alte Vetrate</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>When I see a couple of kids</td>
<td>Quando vedo una coppia di ragazzini</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>And guess he’s fucking her and she’s</td>
<td>E penso che lui se la scop e che lei</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Taking pills or wearing a diaphragm,</td>
<td>Prende la pillola o porta il diaframma</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I know this is paradise</td>
<td>So che questo è il paradiso</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Everyone old has dreamed of all their lives—</td>
<td>Che ogni vecchio ha sognato per tutta la vita.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bonds and gestures pushed to one side</td>
<td>Legami e cenni messi da parte</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Like an outdated combine harvester,</td>
<td>Come fossero una mietitrebbia arrugginita</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>And everyone young going down the long slide</td>
<td>Mentre ogni giovane scivola giù</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To happiness, endlessly. I wonder if</td>
<td>Senza fine, verso la felicità. Mi domando se</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Anyone looked at me, forty years back,</td>
<td>Qualcuno, quarant’anni fa, guardandomi</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>And thought, <em>That’ll be the life</em>;</td>
<td>Abbia pensato, <em>Quella sì che è vita</em>;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><em>No God any more, or sweating in the dark</em></td>
<td><em>Altro che Dio, altro che i sudori la notte</em></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td><em>Pensando all’inferno e ciò che ne va dietro,</em></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><em>About hell and that, or having to hide</em></td>
<td><em>o il dover nascondere ciò che davvero pensi</em></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><em>What you think of the priest. He</em></td>
<td><em>del prete. Lui e la sua combriccola</em></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><em>And his lot will all go down the long slide</em></td>
<td><em>scivoleranno come maledetti uccelli liberi. E all’improvviso</em></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Rather than words comes the thought of high windows:
The sun-comprehending glass,
And beyond it, the deep blue air, that shows
Nothing, and is nowhere, and is endless.

21  Non più parole, ma il pensiero di alte vetrate:
22  Il sole che penetra attraverso il vetro
23  e, al di là, l’aria azzurra e profonda, che
24  non mostra niente, che non ha luogo, che è infinita.
The ST is an extract from the first two chapters of Daria Bignardi’s latest novel *Libri che mi hanno rovinato la vita e altri amori malinconici* [Books that ruined my life (and other melancholy loves)]. The novel can be described as a memoir since the author uses literature as a tool to unravel the story of her life. To do this, Bignardi reminisces about the books that made her suffer but that also formed her and shaped her as the person she is today. In the extract, the author tells the reader about her passion for literary texts, and dwells on the description of the ‘daily ritual’ she would indulge in as a child. As a matter of fact, her passion for reading started blossoming when she was only a child and used to spend entire afternoons reading. The story is told in first person through an informal register, almost as if the author was having a conversation with a friend or a family member. The adoption of both a colloquial register and simple syntactic structures allows the author to shorten the distance between the audience and the narrator creating a friendly and laidback atmosphere.

The audience the target text aims to reach includes both young adults and adults that are interested in literature. Because of its metatextual nature, which regularly references other novels, the book will also reach those who are looking for reading suggestions. In addition, since the author is a public figure who has been working in the media since the early 1990s, admirers of Bignardi are also likely to read the book to learn more about her life. As a consequence, I will try (when
- **justification of translation**
- **production of genre for target context**
  (200 words max)

Possible) to preserve any culture-related elements present in the text adopting foreignization (Venuti 1995, 20) as a strategy. This will allow the TA ‘to register the cultural differences of the foreign text’ (ibid.) and appreciate the author’s origins. To make the TT more natural for my English-speaking audience and to reproduce the author’s informal style, I will break long and complex sentences into shorter ones, since romance languages usually tend to make larger use of subordinate and coordinate clauses than Germanic languages. Finally, the Italian titles of the novels referenced in the ST will not be translated literally but will be replaced with the English title of the novels available on the market.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Critical Reflection</th>
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</table>

The TT turned out to be significantly longer than the ST because of my choice of favouring parataxis and breaking long sentences into smaller ones, the use of this strategy turned out to be effective as it reproduced the author’s informal style. It was also possible to keep some of the references pertaining to the source culture without compromising the understanding of the text. So, I decided on a foreignizing approach for some words (e.g. ‘e Atala di secondo, come la nonna bolognese e la bicicletta’ [‘And my second one is Atala, after my grandmother from Bologna and after the bicycle’]). In this case the target audience understands that Atala is the name of a bicycle manufacturer because it is mentioned in the text. On the other hand, when the narrator hints at ‘i biscotti Tresor, i Pavesini’, I decided to refer directly to the product itself instead of the brand name, as I did not deem this detail relevant for my TA.

<table>
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</table>

Libri che mi hanno rovinato la vita e altri amori malinconici

GENNAIO

La prima volta avevo cinque anni. Lui era alto, sottile, rigido: parlava di un bambino più piccolo di me che un pomeriggio trovava nel suo giardino un’enorme fragola rossa. Credo che il bambino si chiamasse Celestino. Aveva di sicuro gli occhi azzurri.

Non era un tipo sveglio, ma lo stupore e la gioia nei suoi occhi rotondi e l’allegria del prato selvatico abitato da ranuncoli, margherite, coccinelle e farfalle mi facevano stare bene. Ero innamorata di quel libro. Restò al sicuro in casa di mia madre, a Ferrara, fino a quando lei non morì e la casa fu svuotata. Lo portai a Milano e lo consegnai solennemente nelle mani di mia figlia, che aveva più o meno l’età di Celestino.

Dopo qualche anno, in uno dei suoi risoluti cambi di pelle di lettrice, Emilia lo mise in uno scatolone che finì in cantina, che, come tutte le cantine, si allagò, e fu così che il mio primo amore andò al macero.

Era un libro illustrato qualunque, per bambini piccoli. Ma era una storia luminosa, di felicità semplice, buona, possibile.

Books the ruined my life (and other melancholy loves)

1. JANUARY

2. My first time I was five. He was tall, thin, rigid. And told the story of a boy, a bit younger than I was, who one afternoon found in his garden an enormous red strawberry. I believe the boy was called Cyan. He must have had blue eyes.

3. He wasn’t very sharp, but the marvel of his round eyes and the joy of the wild meadow where buttercups, daisies, ladybirds, and butterflies dwelled gave me serenity. I loved that book. It was kept safe in my mother’s house, in Ferrara, until the day she died, and the house was emptied out. So, I took it with me to Milan where I solemnly delivered it in the hands of my daughter, who at the time was roughly the same age as Cyan.

4. After a few years, when Emilia went through one of her decisive attempts to renew herself as a reader, the book was put in a box. Which ended up in the cellar. And as is often the case, the cellar became flooded. And just like that, my first love rotted away.

5. It was a picture book for children like any other. But it told a genuine story. The story of simple happiness. One that was good and attainable.
Anch’io ho avuto un giardino, da piccola: quello dei nonni, ai piedi delle colline bolognesi dove trascorrevo l’estate. Anche nella mia vita, all’inizio, c’è stato un prato con le farfalle, le margherite e i ranuncoli che mi arrivavano alle ginocchia.

Giocavo coi cugini a chi preparava le torte di terra piú belle e un giorno vinse Lorenzo detto Lulli, decorando la sua – invece che con fiori o sassolini come tutti noi – con piume e uova striate di merda di gallina. Fu quella torta a insegnarmi che l’arte non doveva rassicurare ma turbare. E in quel giardino capii che, se i miei compagni di giochi correvano piú forte, io me la potevo cavare con le chiacchiere.

Avrei preferito saper saltare come Marco, o andare in bicicletta senza mani come Claudia. Sospettavo che la mia parlantina, come la chiamavano i grandi, fosse una cosa da impostori, e mi sentivo in colpa, quasi fosse una truffa per nascondere la mia inferiorità fisica.

Parlavò meglio dei miei cugini perché leggevo tanto. Marco, Claudia e Lulli non ne avevano bisogno: andavano a nuoto, a judo, giocavano in cortile con i compagni. Io avevo la mamma ansiosa che temeva prendessi freddo, mi ammalassi o finissi sotto una macchina, quindi stavo in casa a leggere.

I too, as a child had a garden where butterflies dwelled and where daisies and buttercups grew up to my knees. It was my grandparents’ garden, in the foothills of Bologna, where I used to spend my summers.

My cousins and I used to play a game called ‘whoever makes the best mud cakes wins’ and one day Lorenzo, known as Lulli, won. Instead of garnishing his cake with pebbles and flowers like we all did, he used feathers and shit-stained-eggs. It was that cake that taught me that art must not console but disturb. And in that garden, I understood that my playmates might have run faster, but I had the gift of the gab.

I’d have preferred to jump like Marco or ride a bike with no hands like Claudia. I suspected that my silver tongue – as the grown-ups used to call it – was something to be ashamed of. And I felt guilty. As if I was putting on an act to hide my physical inferiority.

I spoke better than my cousins because I read a lot; Marco, Claudia and Lulli didn’t need to read: they went swimming, they did judo, they played in the garden with their friends, but I had an anxious mother who was afraid I’d catch a cold and get sick, or that I’d end up being run over by a car. So, I spent my time at home and read.
La famiglia dei miei genitori era di Castel San Pietro, un paese tra Emilia e Romagna, ai piedi dell’Appennino. Tutti tranne un nonno marchigiano, il nonno Oliviero, repubblicano, che volle l’edera sulla sua tomba. Mi chiamo Oliviera di terzo nome, come lui, e Atala di secondo, come la nonna bolognese e la bicicletta.

Se non si fossero trasferiti in un posto nebbioso e umido come Ferrara mia madre mi avrebbe mandata a nuoto e avrei letto di meno? In seconda elementare scrissi una poesia d’ispirazione carducciana che iniziava così:

Io non t’amo, Ferrara, patria mia.
Amo un paese, terra dei miei avi,
lungi da qui
lontano da questa via
lontano da pensieri e fatti gravi.

A Ferrara abitavamo in un brutto condominio di periferia, mentre a Castel San Pietro i nonni stavano in una villa ottocentesca di mattoni rossi, con la torre e il parco secolare, dove andavamo in vacanza. Chiunque trascorra un’estate in campagna, con quelle feste di profumi, colori e voli di rondini all’imbrunire, ne avrà nostalgia per sempre. Io non

Everyone in my family came from Castel San Pietro, a town situated between Emilia and Romagna at the foot of the Apennine. Everyone but my grandfather Olivero, who came from the Marche region, was a supporter of the Republic, and wanted his tombstone to be wrapped in ivy. I was even named after him. My third name is in fact Oliviera. And my second one is Atala, after my grandmother from Bologna and after the bicycle. Had my parents not moved somewhere as damp and as foggy as Ferrara, my mother might’ve let me go swimming and I wouldn’t have read as much. In Year 3 I wrote a poem inspired by the poet Giosuè Carducci that went like this:

I do not love you, Ferrara, my homeland
I love one land only:
The ground of my ancestors,
far from here, far from this path
far from heavy thoughts and matters.

In Ferrara, we lived in an ugly apartment block in the suburbs, while in Castel San Pietro, my grandparents lived in a 19th century red brick villa— that even had a tower and a formal garden— where we used to spend our summers. Anyone who spends a summer in the countryside and gets to savour its scents and admire its colours and witness the swallows’
posso dimenticare nemmeno gli inverni nebbiosi e solitari di Ferrara, popolati come furono da piccole donne, pirati, bande di ragazzi, giovani vagabondi, piccoli principi, orfani, incompresi, fiammiferaie, soffitte umide e zii d’America.

Da bambina vivevo come uno sciacallo: d’inverno uscivo solo per andare a scuola e d’estate scorrazzavo tutto il giorno nei boschi. Ma quando verso i dodici anni iniziai a leggere i romanzi degli adulti la mia vita cambiò.

Fino a diciotto anni sono stata una ténche compulsiva. Poi ho cominciato a frequentare il collettivo della scuola, a uscire ogni sera in bicicletta anche se pioveva, a vedere sempre gli stessi amici per un anno, un solo anno glorioso, perché a diciannove anni è arrivata la malattia di mio padre e tutto è cambiato di nuovo.

Se si è lettori bulimici, si legge tutto quello che si trova stampato, come binge eaters che negli attacchi di fame nervosa divorano tutto quel che trovano in casa, compresi i surgelati ancora congelati e la pasta cruda. Io divoravo libri. Dai romanzi russi e francesi di mia madre a quelli italiani e americani di mia sorella – mio padre aveva meno libri e un po’ indigesti persino per me, sul fascismo, le guerre, oppure, più belli, sulle sementi – ai gialli, che compravo usati, a tutto ciò che raccattavo in edicola e in crossing flights at dusk, is doomed to be haunted by nostalgia. Funnily enough I also can’t forget Ferarra’s foggy and lonely winters. There, all sorts of individuals come together. Ranging from small women, pirates, street gangs, young wanderers, little princes and orphans to the misunderstood, match-girls, and aunts and uncles from America.

As a little girl, I lived as a squirrel. Leaving my house just to go to school in the wintertime. Spending the days scampering around in the woods in the summertime. But when I was twelve, I started reading the books adults read, and my life changed.

Up to eighteen years of age I was a voracious reader. Later, after joining the student council of my school, I’d go out every night riding my bicycle even when it rained. I’d hang out with the same friends for a year, a glorious year. Because when I turned nineteen my father’s disease appeared and once again everything changed.

Being a bulimic reader means reading all things in print. Like a binge eater nervously devours everything their kitchen can store (including frozen food and raw pasta), I devoured books. One after the other, starting from my mother’s Russian and French novels and, my sister’s Italian and American ones to secondhand crime novels, whatever I could get from the newsstand, the library and everything in between. My father didn’t
biblioteca. Oltre ai romanzi, che rileggevo più volte, ingurgitavo fumetti, etichette dell’acqua minerale, bugiardini, regole condominiali, cartelloni pubblicitari, il vocabolario Zingarelli, l’enciclopedia Motta, «il Resto del Carlino» di mio padre, la rivista «Stop» di mia nonna: qualunque cosa, purché avesse delle parole scritte sopra.

D’inverno il rito quotidiano iniziava dopo pranzo con la scelta del libro da leggere o da rileggere, si consumava sul divano di velluto giallo del salotto, era interrotto a metà pomeriggio da un té con biscotti Tresor, i Pavesini con la granella di zucchero e le strisce di cioccolato ora sconsideratamente ritirati dal mercato, e terminava alle otto di sera, quando mia madre chiamava per la cena. Allora chiudevo il libro e lo bacivo sulla copertina: tre volte se mi era piaciuto moltissimo, due se mi era piaciuto molto, una se mi era piaciuto abbastanza. Che non meritassero nemmeno un bacio non succedeva mai, o forse li abbandonavo prima, non me lo ricordo. Dopo i baci mi alzavo dal divano stordita da tutte quelle ore di lettura, la mente piena dei personaggi che avevo incontrato.

Cenavo coi miei in silenzio, sentendoli parlare in sottofondo, ancora beatamente assorta nelle storie appena lette. Ho vissuto così per molti own that many books and they weren’t that appetizing anyway. His books were about fascism and war. And then he had a few nicer ones about seeds. Apart from reading novels— and often indulging in a second read— I gulped down comics, water bottle labels, package leaflets, my apartment’s rules and regulations, billboard advertisements, dictionaries, encyclopedias, my father’s newspapers, and my grandma’s weekly magazines. Anything was fair game. As long as it had words.

In the wintertime, the daily ritual would start right after lunch. The book I wanted to read— or to re-read— was consumed on the yellow velvet sofa of my living room. By midafternoon this custom was interrupted by a cup of tea and a few biscuits and those chocolate strips that were cruelly taken off the market. It ended at eight o’clock when my mother would call out that dinner was ready. So, I’d close the book and I’d kiss it on the cover: three times if I loved it, twice if I liked it a lot, just once if I liked it enough. It never happened that a book hadn’t deserved at least one kiss. Or perhaps I left those books behind and never finished them. After the kisses, I’d get up from the sofa. My head dizzy from all the hours spent reading. My mind overflowing with the adventures of the characters I had met.
anni. Mi piaceva un sacco quella vita piena di storie e vite d’altri. Non immaginavo che si potesse vivere in un altro modo.

Un giorno mi innamorai di nuovo, ma il nuovo amore era diverso da Celestino, era un amore sofferto.

FEBBRAIO

Ho inventato un ricordo. Ero convinta che il mio primo amore tormentato fosse stato per un cupo romanzo di Djuna Barnes intitolato La foresta della notte. Ero sicura fino a ieri mattina di averlo letto a tredici anni e che in copertina ci fosse l’immagine di una donna che fumava. Ricordo mentre lo leggevo il fremito di desiderio di diventare, da adulta, identica alla protagonista. Un’intellettuale sofisticata, colta, dissipata e nevrotica – così la vedeva. La sua trasgressiva vita notturna e i salotti letterari della Parigi degli anni Venti sembravano, dalla mia cameretta a Ferrara, il paradiso.

Ricordo anche il momento – che collocavo attorno ai miei trent’anni – in cui ho sentito di essere diventata davvero simile alla donna di quel romanzo: se non raffinata, almeno nevrotica. Ma vista da dentro quella complicatezza era molto meno affascinante di come me l’ero figurata, anzi

I’d sit to have dinner with my parents in silence and, still blissfully immersed in the stories I had just read, I’d hear them talking in the background. I lived like this for many years. I loved that life replete with the stories and the lives of other people. I couldn’t have imagined living life any differently.

One day I fell in love again, but the newfound love was different from the one I had for Cyan. Because this one made me suffer.

FEBRUARY

I made up a memory. I was convinced that my first tormented love was a sombre novel by Djuna Barnes titled Nightwood. Until yesterday morning, I was sure I had read it at thirteen and that on the front cover there was a picture of a woman smoking. I remember reading it and being pervaded by a thrill of desire to grow and become just like the protagonist. A sophisticated intellectual, educated, idle and neurotic – or so I perceived her. From my tiny bedroom in Ferrara, I regarded her thrilling nightlife and the Parisians literary salons of the nineteen-twenties she frequented as paradise.

I even remember the moment – I was thirty by then – when I felt I had become like the woman of that novel: if not sophisticated, then at least neurotic. But when that confusion comes from within, it’s way less fascinating than you anticipate it to be. On the contrary, it is tiring and
era faticosa e miserevole. Quando lo capii maledissi la mia pessima determinazione nel cercare di mettere in pratica i sogni.

“Ora so qual è il guaio di quell’uomo, – disse il dottore. – Aveva un sogno e si è avverato. Ciò che dà bellezza a un ideale è la sua irraggiungibilità. Gli dèi ridono quando gli uomini ottengono quel che vogliono”, scrive il mio William Somerset Maugham, tra i più duraturi amori, in Acque morte.

A tredici anni ho iniziato a fumare. Al cinema, l’unico posto dove potevo andare senza che a mia madre venissero gli attacchi di ansia, accendevo una Gauloises col mozzicone dell’altra. Ho sempre attribuito questo vizio precoce al romanzo di Djuna Barnes, che ero convinta avesse in copertina l’immagine di una donna che fumava. Ieri ho trovato la mia vecchia copia di La foresta della notte, e ho scoperto che è del 1987. In copertina non c’è una donna che fuma, ma il dettaglio di un dipinto di Ary Renan (il pittore disabile figlio di Ernest Renan) del 1883, che raffigura una Saffo a seno nudo. La mia edizione è uscita quando avevo ventisei anni. Che ne avessi letta un’altra?

Esiste un’edizione Adelphi di quattro anni prima che ha un ritratto di Djuna Barnes in copertina, ma non sta fumando. E ci sono dei racconti giovanili, sempre pubblicati da Adelphi, intitolati Fumo, ma li ho letti pochi anni fa. Che la mia memoria abbia mescolato i tre libri? Credo che quella del fumo
sia stata la prima scelta che ho fatto per fuggire dal prato di Celestino, 
diventato ai miei occhi insulso e infantile, e per avvicinarmi al mondo 
conturbante dei personaggi notturni che mi chiamavano dalle pagine di La 
foresta della notte.

Quando a trent’anni smisi di fumare – senza troppa fatica, perché del 
fumo mi piacevano più i gesti che la nicotina – ripensai a quella copertina. 
Una copertina finita come quella di Celestino nel macero, ma della 
memoria. Avrei giurato in tribunale che sulla mia copia del libro di Djuna 
Barnes fosse ritratta una donna elegante, con le guance scavate dai vizi, 
che fumava, e di averlo letto a tredici anni, ma la donna del mio ricordo 
era Djuna Barnes in persona!

Il web oggi è pieno di ritratti in cui appare torbida e affascinante. Dove 
l’avevo vista allora? Che l’avessi sognata? O prefigurata?
La donna che credevo di aver visto, invidiato e desiderato imitare era in 
realtà l’autrice del romanzo che mi aveva tanto impressionato, e io l’avevo 
immaginata prima di vederla.

La foresta della notte uscì a Londra nel 1936. È ambientato “nella foresta 
nera delle notti parigine, berlinesi e americane” e abitato da personaggi 
per me inediti e irresistibili: omosessuali, aspiranti artisti, psicotici, 

combined the three books together? I think that taking up smoking was 
the first conscious choice I made to escape Cyan’s garden (which in my 
eyes had become dull and childish) and to get closer to Nightwood’s 
o nocturnal creatures and their seductive world.

When at thirty I gave it up– and I did it without much effort because I was 
mostly addicted to the act of smoking rather than the nicotine itself– I 
thought back to that book cover. A book cover that, like Cyan’s one, had 
slipped away. I could have sworn in front of a jury that on my copy of 
Djuna Barnes’ novel– that I read at thirteen– there was a sophisticated 
woman, with hollow cheeks, smoking. And that, according to my memory, 
that woman was Djuna Barnes herself!

The web today is filled with portraits where she looks charming and 
mysterious. But the question still lingers. Where had I seen her? Had I 
dreamt of her? Was it some kind of foreshadowing? The woman I thought 
I had seen, the woman I envied and aspired to become was the author of 
the novel. And the way she looked like turned out to be exactly how I had 
imagined her.

Nightwood was published in London in 1936. It’s set between Paris, Berlin 
and America, and the nights the author writes about are inhabited by 
characters that at the time, for me, were obscure and fascinating
idealisti, aristocratici decaduti. Parlava di qualcosa di sconosciuto che mi attirava morbosamente.


Oggi un’altra ricerca più approfondita ha rivelato che fu tradotto in Italia per la prima volta quando avevo cinque anni, e soprattutto che il traduttore, Filippo Donini, ha centodieci anni ed è ancora vivo!

Non solo Filippo Donini è vivo (se non si tratta di un errore che non voglio scoprire), ma oltre a Djuna Barnes ha tradotto Quattro quartetti di Eliot, le Confessioni di un oppiomane di De Quincey, le poesie di Cristina Rossetti e Il Signore delle mosche di Golding, ed è stato direttore dell’Istituto Italiano di Cultura a New York: ho trovato una sua foto meravigliosa in cui nel 1959 premia con il David di Donatello Marilyn Monroe, che ha di fianco Anna Magnani. Sono tutti in abito da sera. Filippo Donini è accanto a Marilyn Monroe, in pizzo nero, che sorride mentre si sistema un orecchino. Anna Magnani, vicino a lei, con lo sguardo serio e un solo guanto calzato, stringe tra le braccia un fascio di rose bianche.

Chi ha detto che la letteratura non è una cosa viva? Lo dico io, quando mi prendono certi momenti lagnosi e vado cianciando che avrei voluto fare il 174 (homosexuals, aspiring artists, psychotics, idealists, fallen aristocrats). It told the tale of something that was unknown and morbily seductive.

175 What kind of magic was that? Was it hormones? Was it chemistry? Was it puberty? Yesterday, I found out that my copy of Nightwood is only thirty-four years old: I was appalled.

176 Today, deeper research has revealed that the Italian translation was published when I was five. And more importantly, that the translator—Filippo Donini— is one hundred and ten and still kicking!

177 Not only is Filippo Donini still alive, but he also translated Eliot’s Four Quartets, De Quincey’s Confessions of an English Opium-Eater, Cristina Rossetti’s poems and Golding’s Lord of the Flies. He was also appointed Director of the Italian Cultural Institute in New York. I just found a wonderful picture of him handing Marilyn Monroe— who’s standing next to the actress Anna Magnani— the David di Donatello Award for Best Film.

178 They’re all dressed up. Filippo Donini is next to Marilyn Monroe who is wearing a black lace dress. She’s smiling and fixing one of her earrings. Beside her, Anna Magnani is hugging a bunch of white roses with a stern look on her face.

179 Literature is a living thing, despite what others might say. I’m others: every time I’m feeling whiny, I start muttering about how I always wanted
medico o almeno saper saltare la corda come Claudia. Ma se un oscuro romanzo del 1936 ha il potere di viaggiare da Parigi a New York, passare attraverso i muri di una cameretta di Ferrara e sconvolgermi – che io l’abbia letto a tredici anni o a ventisei – forse le parole non sono così imbroglione come temevo da bambina, quando le usavo per cavarmela nei giochi.

to become a doctor or skip rope like Claudia. However, if a bleak novel from 1936 gives you the chance to travel from Paris to New York, while sitting in your tiny bedroom, and still manages to shake you up—whether you read it at thirteen or twenty-six. Then perhaps words are not as deceitful as I thought they were when I was a child. When I exploited them to muddle my way through games.