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Dynamics of Power
Translating Political Issues in Literature

Trinity College Dublin
MPhil in Literary Translation
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### Abbreviations

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<td><strong>Title</strong></td>
<td><em>Quomodo fides a principibus sit servanda, in De Principatibus</em></td>
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<td><strong>Year Published</strong></td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>Author</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 is the XVIII chapter of the treatise *The Prince*, by Niccolò Machiavelli (1513-1514). It was dedicated to ‘His Magnificence Giuliano’ (Machiavelli,1989:929) Medici, the then ruler of Florence, in the hope of finding a job at court (Machiavelli,1989:930). A didactic aim is reflected in both the choice of genre and the content: it is a guide on how the perfect prince should behave in order to flourish and reunite the Italian peninsula.

Instead of being written in Latin, as treatises usually were at that time (Luperini,2013:315), the text is an example of *volgare fiorentino*. Machiavelli’s *fiorentino* is not the standard language at that time, but a unique mixture of that language and the formulas proper of the genre and unique use of the lexicon. Latinate forms are used in order to make the argumentation stronger (e.g. *tu etiam*). Article and pronouns are often used both in the Latin and Italian versions and sometimes do not correspond to the nouns to which they refer. Tense consistency is sometimes non-standard and verb endings do not conform to the norm. The syntax of the ST is long and convoluted and uses argumentation techniques from 15th century Florentine treatises and historiography (Frosini,2021:78 and Felici,2018).

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

This intralingual translation is targeted at 21st century-Italians, who casually engage in politics. The aim is to recreate an easy and entertaining guide for the perfect contemporary politician.

To reach this goal, Machiavelli’s language will be adapted into contemporary Italian. To appeal to the TR, I will simplify sentence structure and introduce rhetorical questions. I will priorities clearness and clarity both in syntax and content, hence the changes aforementioned and the general approach of over explanation will be applied.

Polysemic key terms such as *è necessario, bisogna, fede*, which correspond to different terms in the TL, will be disambiguated with modern words specific to the context of the sentence will be translated in different ways according
| production of genre for target context (200 words max) | to what better suits the specific sentence. Latinisms will be translated into contemporary Italian and idioms will be modernised (e.g. *si vede per esperienza* [It is shown by experience] into *la storia ci insegna* [history is teaching us]).

The political framework of the Princedom will be adapted to the one of the Democratic Republic. The two examples quoted in the ST, belonging to Machiavelli’s historical context, will be changed with closer examples of our times, possibly closer to the TR’s knowledge. |
|---|---|
| Critical Reflection • textual analysis (200 words max) | The TT’s language is extremely flat in its nuances and “lyrical forms” compared to the ST. Despite this, the sentence structure, although simplified at times still too articulated and long.

The political examples (Giulio Andreotti and Barack Obama) are not exactly equivalent to the ones in the ST and this might be confusing to a specialist reader but for the general public might be suitable enough for the theory explained. A solution to this problem could be to add footnotes explaining the choice of the two politicians, however this might defy my aim to make it readable for everyone (cf. Mikva, 1985: 648). |
Mikva, Abner J. *Goodbye to Footnotes*, University of Colorado Law Review 56, no. 4 (Summer 1985): 647-654 |
**Quomodo fides a principibus sit servanda**

**I.**

Quanto sia laudabile in uno principe il mantenere la fede e vivere con integrità e non con astuzia, ciascuno lo intende; nondimano si vede per esperienza ne’ nostri tempi quelli principi avere fatto gran cose, che della fede hanno tenuto poco conto e che hanno saputo con l’astuzia aggirare e’ cervelli delli uomini: e alla fine hanno superato quelli che si sono fondati in su la lealtà.

**II.**

Dovete adunque sapere come e’ sono dua generazioni di combattere: l’uno, con le leggi; l’altro, con la forza. Quel primo è proprio dello uomo; quel secondo, delle bestie. Ma perché el primo molte volte non basta, conviene ricorrere al secondo: pertanto a uno principe è necessario sapere bene usare la bestia e lo uomo. Questa parte è suta insegnata alli principi copertamente da li antichi scrittori, e’ quali scrivono come Achille e molti altri di quelli principi antichi furno dati a nutrire a Chirone centauro, che sotto la sua disciplina li custodissi. Il che non vuole dire alttro, avere per precettore uno mezzo bestia e mezzo uomo, se non che bisogna a uno principe sapere usare l’una e l’altra natura: e l’una sanza l’altra non è durabile.

**Sono i politici tenuti a mantenere la parola data?**

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<tr>
<td>1</td>
<td>I.</td>
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<td>Tutti reputiamo lodabili caratteristiche di un politico la lealtà, il vivere con integrità e non con astuzia o inganni. Tuttavia, la storia ci insegna che i politici che hanno fatto grandi cose, sono coloro che hanno reputato poco importante la fiducia e che hanno saputo raggirare le menti degli uomini con l’astuzia. E infine hanno avuto più successo di coloro che hanno mantenuto la parola data.</td>
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<td>3</td>
<td>II.</td>
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<td>4</td>
<td>Un politico deve dunque sapere che vi sono due tipologie di lotta politica: una attraverso le leggi, l’altra attraverso la forza. La prima è propria dell’uomo, la seconda delle bestie. Ma dato che le leggi spesso non sono sufficienti, è necessario ricorrere alla forza. Il politico deve quindi saper utilizzare con intelligenza sia la bestia, sia l’uomo. Ciò veniva insegnato ai principi tramite i miti dei filosofi e degli scrittori sin dall’antichità. Questi narravano di come Achille e altri principi antichi venivano affidati al centauro Chirone affinché li educasse ed istruisse con la sua disciplina. Cos’altro può simboleggiare avere per mentore qualcuno che è metà uomo e metà bestia se non la necessità di un principe (o un politico) di</td>
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III.
Sendo dunque necessitato uno principe sapere bene usare la bestia, debbe di quelle pigliare la golpe e il lione: perché el lione non si difende da’ lacci, la golpe non si difende da’ lupi; bisogna adunque essere golpe a conoscere e’ lacci, e lione a sbigottire e’ lupi: coloro che stanno semplicemente in sul lione, non se ne intendono. Non può pertanto uno signore prudente, né debbe, osservare la fede quando tale osservanzia gli torni contro e che sono spente le cagioni che la feciono promettere. E se li uomini fussino tutti buoni, questo precetto non sarebbe buono: ma perché e’ sono tristi e non la osserverebbono a te, tu etiam non l’hai a osservare a loro; né mai a uno principe mancorno cagioni legittime di colorire la inosservanzia. Di questo se ne potrebbe dare infiniti esempi moderni e mostrare quante pace, quante promesse sono state fatte irrite e vane per la infidelità de’ princìpi: e quello che ha saputo meglio usare la golpe, è meglio capitato. Ma è necessario questa natura saperla bene colorire ed essere gran simulatore e dissimulatore: e sono tanto semplici gli uomini, e tanto ubbidiscono alle necessità presenti, che colui che inganna troverà sempre chi si lascerà ingannare.

IV.
Io non voglio delli esempi freschi tacerne uno. Alessandro sesto non fece mai altro, non pensò mai ad altro che a ingannare uomini, e sempre trovò subietto da poterlo fare: e non fu mai uomo che avessi maggiore efficacia
in asseverare, e con maggiori iuramenti affermassi una cosa, che la osservassi meno; nondimeno sempre gli succederno gl’inganni ad votum, perché conosceva bene questa parte del mondo. A uno principe adunque non è necessario avere in fatto tutte le soprascritte qualità, ma è bene necessario parere di averle; anzi ardirò di dire questo: che avendole e osservandole sempre sono dannose e, parendo di averle sono utili; come parere piatoso, fedele, umano, intero, religioso, ed essere: ma stare in modo edificato con lo animo che, bisognando non essere, tu possa e sappia diventare il contrario.

E hassi a intendere questo, che uno principe e massime uno principe nuovo non può osservare tutte quelle cose per le quali gli uomini sono chiamati buoni, sendo spesso necessitato, per mantenere lo stato, operare contro alla fede, contro alla carità, contro alla umanità, contro alla religione. E però bisogna che egli abbia uno animo disposto a volgersi secondo che e’ venti della fortuna e la variazione delle cose gli comandano; e, come di sopra dissì, non partirsi dal bene, potendo, ma sapere entrare nel male, necessitato.

V.

Debbé adunque uno principe avere gran cura che non gli esca mai di bocca cosa che non sia piena delle soprascritte cinque qualità; e paia, a udirlo e vederlo, tutto pietà, tutto fede, tutto integrità, tutto umanità, tutto religione: e non è cosa più necessaria a parere di avere, che questa ultima

IV.

Volete un esempio recente? Giulio Andreotti non fece mai altro, non pensò mai ad altro, se non ad ingannare gli uomini, e sempre trovò un soggetto da poter ingannare. E mai vi fu uomo che avesse maggiore efficacia in garantire veridicità, e con grandi giuramenti affermare una cosa, che la osservasse o meno. Ebbero i suoi inganni successo? Sempre: perché conosceva bene quel tipo di mondo. Non è dunque necessario per un politico avere qualità morali, ma è sì necessario simulare di avere. Anzi, oserei dire che metterle sempre in pratica è dannoso. Al contrario è più utile sembrare piatoso, leale, umano, integro, religioso. Infatti, quando necessario, il politico deve essere disposto a non essere tutto ciò, ma anzi, a saper e poter essere il contrario.

Ed è necessario comprendere questo: un politico, soprattutto quello novizio, non può osservare quelle cose per le quali un uomo è moralmente ritenuto buono, essendo spesso necessario, per assicurare il bene della collettività e dello Stato, agire contrariamente ai principi di lealtà, carità, umanità, e fede nella scienza. Perciò, è necessario che egli abbia un animo disposto a muoversi secondo le specifiche situazioni e secondo l’evolversi delle vicende. Come ho detto prima: non deve allontanarsi dal bene se possibile, ma saper entrare nel male se necessario.
Un politico deve dunque porre attenzione a non pronunciare mai una frase che contenga le cinque qualità appena menzionate; deve stare attento che guardandolo e ascoltandolo sembri tutto pietà, lealtà, integrità, umanità e fede nella scienza – e niente è più necessario di quest’ultima qualità. Generalmente gli uomini tendono a giudicare più l’apparenza che la sostanza della realtà: tutti possono vedere ma pochi sanno toccare con mano e comprendere. Chiunque può vedere ciò che appari essere, pochi vedono ciò che realmente sei, e quest’ultimi non osano opporsi all’opinione dei molti che hanno dalla loro parte l’autorità dello Stato che li difende. E nelle azioni di tutti gli uomini, e soprattutto in quelle dei politici, dove non c’è un giudice a cui appellarsi, si giudica guardando il risultato finale.

Dovendo quindi un politico essere eletto e mantenere il consenso, i mezzi saranno sempre giudicati onorevoli e da tutti saranno lodati: poiché il popolino va accalappiato con le apparenze e i successi immediati. Nel mondo la massa è disinteressata e inconsapevole e i pochi che non lo sono non contano nulla, non potendo appoggiarsi al potere dello Stato. Ad esempio, oltreoceano, un politico contemporaneo, che non è conveniente nominare, non fa altro che predicare la pace e la lealtà, e di fatto di entrambe è nemico e se avesse osservato sia l’una sia l’altra, non gli avrebbero forse ritirato il Nobel o addirittura la Presidenza?

qualità. E li uomini in universalì iudicano più allì occhì che alle manì; perché tocca a vedere a ognuno, a sentire a pochì: ognuno vede quello che tu pari, pochì sentonò quello che tu se’; e quelli pochì non ardiscono opporsi alla opinione di moltì che abbino la maestà dello stato che gli difenda; e nelle azioni di tutti li uomini, e massime de’ principì, dove non è iudizio a chi reclamare, si guarda al fine.

Facci dunque uno principe di vincere e mantenere lo stato: e’ mezzi sempre fiéno iudicati onorevolì e da ciascuno saranno laudati; perché el vulgo ne va preso con quello che pare e con lo evento della cosa: e nel mondo non è se non vulgo, e’ pochì non ci hanno luogo quando gli assai hanno dove appoggiarsi. Alcuno principe de’ presentì tempi, il quale non è bene nominare, non predica mai altro che pace e fede, e dell’una e dell’altra è inimicissimo: e l’una e l’altra, quando e’ l’avessi osservata, gli arebbe più volte tolto e la rupazìone e lo stato.
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<tr>
<td>Title</td>
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<tr>
<td>What global trade deals are really about (hint: it’s not trade)</td>
<td>La mano invisibile che muove il commercio mondiale</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Year Published</td>
<td>Language</td>
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<td>2017</td>
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<td>Author</td>
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<td>Haley Edwards</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 is an official transcript of a TEDxMidAtlantic speech from the 2016 Talk: New Rules. TEDxMidAtlantic is an independently organized TED event of a local community, therefore is not directly controlled by TED, but the organizers abide by the TED format and guidelines (TED. “TEDx Program”). These subtitles are a transcript of a spoken talk on global trade whose purpose is didactic/persuasive. The aim is to convince the audience that they can take an active role in shaping the rules that govern global trade.

The ST has a casual register and exhibits the characteristics of spoken US English. In order to keep the audience’s attention, the sentences are full of reiteration (e.g. lines, 26, 27, 28), filler words (e.g. ‘You know’, ‘now’, etc.) and rhetorical questions (e.g. lines 24, 58, 59, 93, etc.). No technical language is used, except for a few acronyms and terms related to economics - e.g.: GDP, DNC, GATT, outsourcing, global efficiency. The ST mention specific historical events (e.g. the Great Depression and World War I).

**Strategy**

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

My TA is an Italian-speaking YouTube user who is familiar with the TED channel. My strategy will consist in applying the official guidelines for translating and subtitling TEDtalks (TED. “Guidelines”, n.p.). These suggest that the translator should prefer:

- informal over formal register, meaning ‘colloquial terms over formal or academic ones’ (ibid.)
- modern phrases and vocabulary over traditional ones
- personal over generic, meaning that I should ‘match the tone and flow of the speaker’s original talk’ (ibid.)
- global forms over regional/dialect ones
**production of genre for target context**

(200 words max)

I should also translate proper nouns with the most common name in the TL. If not possible, ‘transliterate’ (ibid.). I will also follow their subtitle guidelines (TED. “Subtitling Tips”, n.p.). Since the SL has in general shorter words than the TL (eg. ‘trade’ and ‘commercio’; ‘World War II’ and ‘seconda guerra mondiale’ - which has no acronym in Italian), my translation might struggle with the following rules:

- No subtitles longer than 42 characters
- Reading speed at a maximum of 21 characters/sec.
- In such a case, I will compress the text to fit these rules while trying to preserve the essential meaning.

As instructed in the guidelines, I used the official transcript of the video.

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**Critical Reflection**

- **textual analysis**

(200 words max)

Applying TED guidelines required fewer cuts than expected. As explained above, the words in the TL have on average more characters than those in the SL, but I was able to use pauses and silences to lengthen the frame of seconds in which the subtitle was shown. In doing so, I made sure that the subtitle matched the audio and did not overlap with the audio of an adjacent segment. The audience to whom I submitted the subtitled video confirmed that the anticipations or extensions of the writing on the screen were sometimes distracting, especially when the words appeared before the person started speaking. One example is in lines 22-23. An alternative would have involved compressing the subtitle, resulting in a loss of the specific historical references and thus going against the guidelines.

In addition, the informality that resulted from the use of colloquial terms over academic ones, as per the guidelines, could generate some tension with the expectation of the audience. I think Italians are more used to receiving this type of information in a hybrid language, which starts as generic and gradually becomes specialised (Antonioni, 1996:17). This was also confirmed by the TA.

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**Works Cited**

- **use of sources and reference material**


TEDx Talks. “What global trade deals are really about (hint: it's not trade) | Haley Edwards | TEDxMidAtlantic”. YouTube video, 11:06 min. May 17, 2017. [https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=-v3ugD1hWGE&ab_channel=TEDxTalks](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=-v3ugD1hWGE&ab_channel=TEDxTalks)

TED. “TEDx Program”. Accessed February 16, 2022. [https://www.ted.com/about/programs-initiatives/tedx-program](https://www.ted.com/about/programs-initiatives/tedx-program)
Hello, everybody.

I want you all to come away from the next 10 minutes with a single counterintuitive idea, and that is that trade deals aren't really about trade, not in any conventional sense of the word.

They're not about tariffs, they're not about quotas, they're not about GDP growth, they're not even really about jobs.

That's how we tend to talk about it: job loss and job gain, and that's what's in the news, and that's what's at the DNC, but that's not what they're really about.

Not really.

And we'll get to that, but for now, I want to start at the very beginning.

The modern era of free trade, as we think of it today, started in about 1944, when all the great lights of liberal economics got together in a little place called Bretton Woods, New Hampshire.

And at the time, the world was in a pretty dark place.
You know, all the people there remembered World War I, they lived through the Depression, World War II was still raging across the Atlantic, and at the top of everyone's mind at the time was world peace: how do we create an economy that fosters and necessitates world peace?

That was the entire idea.
And they seized on this idea of economic interdependence. The idea was that if nation states were dependent on each other for their supply chains, then they couldn't go to war with each other. If Germany needed France for its coal and France needed Germany for its steel, then they couldn't go to war with each other.

So, that was the idea behind what became, about four years later, the GATT, the General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade. And this little document created the world as we know it today.

It created globalization, it created outsourcing, it created multinational corporation as we think of it. It's hard to imagine a world in which there weren't, you know, McDonald's and global corporations.
and the sort of structure that we have now.

But the General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade is what did it.

We created this.

And it brought on this period of extraordinary disruption
and convulsion and prosperity.

From about 1948, when the GATT was first signed, till late '70s,
the global GDP grew by about seven percent per year - just explosive
growth.

And for a while, people thought that wouldn't end,
that was just it - we had cracked the code.

But then it began to wane.

And in the late '70s and early '80s,
you had the great lights of a new generation of liberal economics
get together for a second time:
a new Bretton Woods.

Only this time, it was the Uruguay Round, and it lasted for eight years.

And the scenario there was a little different.

Instead of world peace and economic interdependence,
they were really motivated by this idea of global efficiency:
so basically, How do we continue to boost the global economy
as it has been boosted over the last 30 years?

What do we do?
And the scenario was different.

So, in the 1940s, there were just really, really high tariffs and quotas and really protectionist policies at all the borders.

And so, lowering those could have this profound influence, but by the '80s, a lot of those quotas were pretty low, a lot of those tariffs were already pretty low.

So, they began to think outside the box, and they seized on this idea of non-tariff barriers.

And now, this leads into the modern era of trade I'm talking about now.

Now, non-tariff barriers are the idea that it doesn't really matter how low a tariff is around a country's border if, once a product gets inside, it has to compete at an uneven playing field.

So, once you have, you know, Jim Beam, for example, it doesn't matter if Japan doesn't have a tariff on liquor if, once it's inside Japan, it has to compete on the same shelf next to a Japanese liquor that's subsidized by the Japanese government.

So, the idea now was, you know, we just strip away all that other stuff and make the world's economy as efficient as possible.

And that is the philosophy that governed trade beginning in the 1990s.
In 1995, we got rid of the GATT, and we replaced it with something you've probably heard of: the World Trade Organization. And around that time, before and after, we had these extraordinarily, enormously powerful trade agreements - the NAFTA, the CAFTA, and literally thousands of bilateral investment treaties - all of which were governed by the same philosophy: non-tariff barriers. How do you get nation states to sign on to this idea that their domestic industrial policies, their domestic laws, their domestic regulations needed to align with this global sense of efficiency? It's the whole idea. And just take a moment, and appreciate that because it's totally different than anything that the granddaddies of trade would have considered trade. In the late 19th century, you know, David Ricardo and Adam Smith and all these people you learn about in textbooks, when they were talking about trade,
they were not talking about someone's domestic policy on environmental law.

They were not talking about, you know, how long a pharmaceutical company's data exclusivity should last.

Should it last for 12 years or 7 years or 5 years and under what circumstances?

All of a sudden, that became what we were talking about when we talked about trade.

And that changed everything.

So, to give you two examples, one of the biggest discussions about trade that we've been having since the late '90s involves - or fights, really - involves the Europeans and the Americans.

And the Americans want to export their genetically modified beef to Europe, and the Europeans, for a variety of cultural and social mores, don't want that, don't want GMO beef.

And so, you have this fight because the Europeans say that they're allowed for local rule and national sovereignty and democratic nations reflecting the preferences of their constituencies,
they should be allowed to have those rules.
And the USA, that's backed by the WTO, says, "No,
your domestic policies are not aligning with the sense of global efficiency."
And that is actually a much more interesting discussion to be having than, Is trade good or is trade bad?
Suddenly, we're discussing national sovereignty,
we're discussing local rule,
we're discussing, What do we mean by environmental regulations,
and are we okay with them being trumped?
Under what circumstances?
So, here's a second example, and this happened this year in the US.
In the US, it used to be or it is
that if you wanted to put your tuna on the shelf
and say "dolphin-free tuna" on it,
you had to use methods that actually excluded dolphins.
And the Mexican government got wind of that and said,
"You know, that's not fair.
That discriminates against Mexican fishermen"
because Mexican fishermen fish in waters that are dolphin heavy,
and they use methods that don't exclude dolphins.
So, by having this law, we're actually discriminating against Mexican fishermen.

And the WTO agreed.

So, we have, you know, these efficiency problems.

How do we think about global efficiency?

How do we promote the free movement of as much goods and as much services across as many borders as possible while at the same time preserving the laws and regulations that prize things that aren't about global efficiency, that are maybe about, you know, racial equality or about protecting the environment or laws that prize public health issues, things like that?

That gets us up to where we are today.

You may have noticed that the conversation that we're having about trade on the national stage right now is very confused.

(Laughter)

We've got both of our presidential candidates, who appear to be in favor of free trade but are contrari al Partenariato Trans-Pacifico,
but are against the Trans-Pacific Partnership,
that's that massive trade deal
that would connect the United States and 11 other Pacific Rim countries.
And then, you have other organization like the AARP and the Sierra Club
and Doctors Without Borders
that are opposed to elements of it.
And people are telling us, "Oh, you're either for free trade,
or you're against it,
or you're for globalization, or you're against it.
What kind of the world do you want to live in?"
Well, we're not talking about trade.
We're talking about rules.
We're talking about global rules, global standards,
and what kind of world we want that to be.
And as soon as you sort of change your mind
and you realize that that's what we're talking about,
it all starts to make a lot more sense.
So, I want to leave you guys with that idea.
We created the world that we live in now.
Our forefathers got together at Bretton Woods,
and they created this global economy that we have now,
and we remade it in the late '80s and the '90s
and we are against the Trans-Pacific Partnership,
that's that massive trade deal
that would connect the United States and 11 other Pacific Rim countries.
And then, you have other organization like the AARP and the Sierra Club
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that are opposed to elements of it.
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that are opposed to elements of it.
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And as soon as you sort of change your mind
and you realize that that's what we're talking about,
it all starts to make a lot more sense.
So, I want to leave you guys with that idea.
We created the world that we live in now.
Our forefathers got together at Bretton Woods,
and they created this global economy that we have now,
and we remade it in the late '80s and the '90s
with the World Trade Organization.
The rules that we pass and that we embrace are the rules of the game that we live in.
So, let's think about that, let's think about trade in that context.
Let's think about what rules we want to embrace, what we want them to serve.
You know, do we want global efficiency to be the paradigm that we think of,
or do we want it to be something else, maybe like global prosperity?
Global prosperity for normal people: for farmers and ranchers and, you know, everyday Americans.
It's because the rules that we pass are the rules of the game, and when we talk about trade, we're talking about rules.
Thank you so much. (Applause)
The ST, by Irish author W. B. Yeats, is a poem first published in 1916 in the collection *Responsibilities and Other Poems*. Two themes intertwine in the poem: Yeats's conflicted passion for Maud Gonne (Pratt, 1983:204) (whose name is never explicitly stated) and his suffering due to her rejection; and her relationship with the Irish people and her activism (Pratt, 1983:198).

Maud Gonne was an Irish patriot, actress, and feminist (Britannica, 2021). In the poem, she is compared to the beautiful Helen of Troy, establishing parallelism between Helen as the cause of the Trojan War and Gonne as a diver of Irish insurrection. Since the poem is dated before the Easter uprising of 1916, the Dubliners described by Yeats are not ready for revolution, thus condemning the poet to be the only victim of his almost divine muse's cruelty.

The poem is a Douzaine (a modified sonnet with twelve verses instead of fourteen), written mostly in Iambic Pentameter. Rhyme scheme: ABAB, CDCD, EFEF. Using metaphors and similes, the poem consists of four rhetorical questions. Register is formal and it emphasises the detachment from the ‘ignorant man’ (line 3) or the ‘little streets’ (line 4), whom he believed had to ‘stay in their place’ (Winter, 1960:5).

The TT will be written for an Italian audience interested in learning more about the context and general perception of the Irish revolution. Because I would like the TT to reproduce the discursive nature of the ST, my strategy will prioritise the imagery, the fluency of the language, and the rhetorical dimension that is generated through the speaker's questions.
| justification of translation | As the rhythmic features of Italian and English are very different, and as preserving rhyme and meter might prove a hindrance to this aim, the TT will take the shape of free verse, meaning that I will not use rhymes and meter for they might prove a hindrance to my strategy. Cultural references to the Irish context will be preserved and, in order to emphasise Yeats’s detachment from the Irish insurrectionist, I will emphasise the role of myth by introducing epithets in Homeric style (v. 6 and v. 8). |
| production of genre for target context | |

| Critical Reflection | Since the purpose of iambic pentameter is to mirror the rhythm of spoken English, using the Italian *endecasillabo* might have helped to recreate both discoursiveness and the formal and “classical” tone. This would also have been particularly appropriate since the *endecasillabo* can be considered the metre from which iambic pentameter was derived (Duffel, 2000: 283-284). Choosing to prioritise the metric would have required cuts in content, due to the length of the corresponding words in Italian. Therefore, maintaining this feature of the text would have conflicted with the need to bring the images used by the author to describe the political situation in Ireland to the TR. In addition, the reference to the ‘little’ and ‘great streets’ may not be immediate to a broader audience and would perhaps need an explicatory footnote. However, the TT is produced for a specific reader that wants to deepen their knowledge about the perception of the historical moment and therefore already has the skills to grasp these references. |
| textual analysis | |

Why should I blame her that she filled my days
With misery, or that she would of late
Have taught to ignorant men most violent ways,
Or hurled the little streets upon the great,
Had they but courage equal to desire?
What could have made her peaceful with a mind
That nobleness made simple as a fire,
With beauty like a tightened bow, a kind
That is not natural in an age like this,
Being high and solitary and most stern?
Why, what could she have done, being what she is?
Was there another Troy for her to burn?

Perché dovrei biasimare colei che ha colmato i miei giorni
di miseria, o che ultimamente avrebbe voluto
insegnare a uomini ignoranti le vie più violente,
o scagliare le piccole strade contro le grandi,
se solo avessero avuto coraggio pari al desiderio?
Cosa avrebbe potuto pacificarla, lei dalla mente
che nobiltà fece semplice come il fuoco,
dalla bellezza di un teso arco, del genere
non naturale in un'età come questa,
essendo alta e solitaria e il più severa?
Perché, cosa avrebbe potuto fare, essendo quella che è?
C'era forse un'altra Troia da incendiare?
**Student Number** | 21334179  
---|---

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th><strong>Source Text</strong></th>
<th><strong>Target Text</strong></th>
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</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td><strong>Title</strong></td>
<td><em>Seed</em>, chapters: <em>Garden and Float</em></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Year Published</strong></td>
<td>2017</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Author</strong></td>
<td>Joanna Walsh</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Language</strong></td>
<td>English</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th><strong>Description of Source Text</strong></th>
<th></th>
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</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td><strong>understanding of source text</strong></td>
<td>The ST is the first two chapters of the second section of <em>Seed</em>, a novel firstly published in 2017 as a narrative app: <a href="https://seed-story.com">https://seed-story.com</a>. The app uses colour-coded strands to distinguish the voices of its polyphonic narrator. Its aim is to ‘re-work conventional notions of “character” and “plot” in fiction’ (Walsh, 2020) by using a polyphonic first-person narrative, where the reader is invited to explore different paths of the same consciousness creating a patchwork narrative. The ST identifies itself as a queer, feminist text influenced by writings on subjectivity (ibid.).</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>knowledge of genre within source contexts</strong></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>situation of source text</strong></td>
<td>Seed is a girl’s coming-of-age set in 1988, when HIV epidemic meant hyper-awareness of bodies and sexuality. The first chapter deals with feminism and sexuality, the second one explores the relationship between individuals, national literature and identity formation. Cultural references specific to the 80s and to England, and their dependencies on the historical context, make up a key part of the narrative.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>familiarity with the formal features of a text (language variation(s), register, dialect)</strong></td>
<td>The formal features include short and simple sentences (SVO without complex subclauses) followed by streams of consciousness. The register is informal, sometimes provocative, riddled with intertextual literary references to Shakespeare’s Ophelia, as well as ‘borrowed voices’ (ibid) from pop culture, including fashion magazines, pop songs and so on.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>(200 words max)</td>
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<tr>
<th><strong>Strategy</strong></th>
<th></th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td><strong>identification of translation problems</strong></td>
<td>The TT is designed to be an eBook targeted at contemporary Italian teenage girls, commissioned by a conventional publisher with little experience or interest in publishing a web app. The historical references will be preserved to maintain their importance to the narrative. To fill any possible knowledge gaps, where relevant (e.g. Bananarama’s song and Millais’ <em>Ophelia</em>) the references will be “explained” with hyperlinks.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
- **knowledge of genre within target context and situation of target text**
- **justification of translation**
- **production of genre for target context**

(200 words max)

Instead of footnotes, the use of hyperlinks will have an interactive effect helping the reader to have an immersive experience in the novel. This format is also going to replace the interactive component of the app.

The branching narrative structure will be unfortunately lost given the nature of the adopted media. The polyphony will be preserved and marked according to the colour system suggested by the app¹. Dividing the ST in different colours will help reproduce the original idea of the app, where vines can select specific voices and the story can be read through the filter of one specific voice.

Where the stream of consciousness is too fragmentary I will adjust it to a more cohesive form, in order to it more approachable for readers who are not used to complex literary texts.

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**Critical Reflection**

- **textual analysis**

(200 words max)

As my strategy predicted, the change in media meant a major change in the reading experience. The static nature of the ebook form does not allow for the creation of one’s own narrative path, unlike the rhizomatic structure of the ST. Although the different narrative voices are marked with different colours (thus allowing the choice of reading only one voice), the distortion and time compression component of the original is missing, being constrained to the limits of a static medium.

The loss of agency in the construction of the story, however, has been replaced by the use of hyperlinks. By doing so TRs can at least enjoy this interactive element. This confers on TT a didactic feature: TRs can come into contact with cultural elements of which they are not necessarily aware and thus broaden their cultural background.

It should also be noted that the use of hyperlinks may be unbalanced: in the first chapter, only one hyperlink is used, while in the second chapter three were used. However, inserting more hyperlinks would require forced references that are not necessary to contextualise the text, resulting in an unnecessary overload of the TT.

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**Works Cited**

- **use of sources and reference material**


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¹ Red = Inside; Blue = Work; Brown = House; Green = Land; Purple = Rosemary
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Source Text</th>
<th>Target Text</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td><strong>GARDEN</strong></td>
<td><strong>GIARDINO</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I am a feminist.</td>
<td>Sono una femminista.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I don’t like any of the women here.</td>
<td>Qui nessuna delle donne mi piace.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Smell is made of molecules.</td>
<td>Gli odori sono fatti di molecole.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>At the cattery, chicken wire fronts the cages.</td>
<td>Le gabbie al gattile sono rivestite di filo spinato.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The molecules of cat shit hang in the air. Some must stick to the inside of my nose. The cats all eat meat. Their shit is sticky. The gravel in the cat trays sticks to it. I switch on my walkman. It is the tape I made from the radio.</td>
<td>Le molecole della merda di gatto restano sospese in aria. Alcune di esse devono essersi appiccicate alle cavità del mio naso. I gatti mangiano carne, tutti. La loro merda è appiccicosa. La merda si appiccia alla ghiaia nelle lettiere. Accendo il mio walkman. È il nastro che ho fatto con la radio.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I have a plastic scoop. I unlock each cage and take a scoop of gravel around the shit. I put this into a sack. I listen to Robert De Niro’s <em>Waiting</em> by Bananarama.</td>
<td>Ho una paletta di plastica. Apro ogni gabbia e prendo una paletta di ghiaia che circonda la merda. La metto in un sacco. Ascolto Robert De Niro’s <em>Waiting</em> dei Bananarama.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I am a feminist.</td>
<td>Sono una femminista.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I am reading a book about sex. It is by a man.</td>
<td>Sto leggendo un libro sul sesso. É scritto da un uomo.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I have finished my exams. I have lots of spare time.</td>
<td>Ho finito i miei esami. Ho molto tempo libero.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I go under the underpass.</td>
<td>Passo sotto il sottopassaggio.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I pass</td>
<td>Supero</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Nobody knows I am reading the book.
I can hear the cars above me.
I have nothing much to do ’til October.

Home: my mother under they sycamore on the sun lounger in the garden ols her body, her skin nylon as her swimming costume. I know its nude lining very well, the loose skin of a soft doll. Her belly is round even when she lies flat, not grotesquely but obscenely. It is not fat this spare flesh: she has it from me. How can she bear to show it? If you get close enough you see a network of fine white lines. I test “mother” on the woman in front of me, against the word I’ve read in books. This is difficult because the mothers in books are so entirely busy with their function.

You can ‘have’ sex but you can’t keep it.
There is nowhere to keep it in your body. 
Sex is what you can’t tell if anyone has. 
They won’t necessarily lie to you. 
They just won’t say anything.

That smell, the earth and squashed grass combined that is like the innermost of sweat like outdoor sweat on the palms rubbed together,
quite fresh and like nature with the dirtiness of bodies, quite different from the dirtiness of the earth that is not really at all dirty because it does not have one body rubbing against itself or against other bodies but is lots of different things each blade different. Only human sweat binds its own smells together reminding us we are not nature oh no not really.

Rosemary’s body smells quite different to her sister’s which is sharp sour a bit masculine. Rosemary is lime playdoh dirt should I notice this? My mother further off like chip oil my father sometimes a bit like cat shit especially in the mornings that round blunt fuzzy smell like shit yes but not quite. No sister brother don’t know what someone else my age... Rosemary’s sister’s sharp crease at her thigh brown and worms of sweat I can see the bulge where she wears the thick pad for her cystitis not meant to notice that either nor does she, like we ignore it when we bleed, not speak, no smell, no stain but I can detect my own rusty tinge its molecules in the air nevertheless.

I think Rosemary has done it.
But I cannot ask her about it.

A tree: an explosion happening very slowly.

Quell’odore, terra e erba calpestata combinati assieme, è come il più intimo dei sudori, come il sudore all’aperto, quando strofini i palmi delle mani uno contro l’altro, è fresco; è come la natura a contatto con la sporcizia dei corpi, è diversa dalla sporcizia della terra che non è affatto sporca dato che non ha un corpo che si strofina contro se stesso o contro altri corpi ma è tante cose diverse ogni filo diverso. Solo il sudore umano amalgama insieme i propri odori ricordandoci che non siamo natura, non per davvero.

Il corpo di Rosemary ha un odore molto diverso da quello di sua sorella che è acida e un po’ maschile. Rosemary è sporca di pongo al lime sulla spalla, dovrei farglielo notare? Mia madre più lontano come l’olio di frittura, mio padre a volte un po’ come la merda di gatto, soprattutto al mattino un pieno e smussato odore di merda sì, beh non del tutto. No sorella fratello non so cosa un’altra persona della mia età... Sulla coscia marrone della sorella di Rosemary una piega nitida e vermicciattoli di sudore, posso vedere il rigonfiamento dove indossa lo spesso cuscinetto per la cistite, anche questo non dovrei notare, nemmeno dovrebbe lei, esattamente come facciamo finta di niente quando sanguiniamo, non diciamo niente, nessun odore, nessuna macchia ma riesco comunque a percepire la mia sfumatura rugginosa e le sue molecole nell’aria.
There is another painting. It is on my teacher’s wall in her school office.

When we are in the stream me and Rosemary we do not swim, we pretend. It is too shallow. We lie in it the cold covering our backs and our sides sometimes letting the water snake its way around our fronts between our legs over our waists where they dip. If we push our hair out behind us it flows to show the stream’s still flowing. We are just like the painting.

She is a teacher of English Literature. On her office wall which is the office wall of the English Department is a girl lying in a stream. It is pasted onto board and varnished, bright. You can see all the small leaves as if you could focus everywhere at once. The girl looks neither happy nor unhappy. She looks incapable of her own distress. She looks up into air. Her mouth is open, catching flies.

We do not think what we look like.

But in the picture is one of the streams that is not ours. It is greener, lusher. There are willows athwart the bank. Athwart. It is in England. Or it is in English Literature. We are not in England. I mean here in the

Credo che Rosemary lo abbia fatto.
Ma non posso chiederglielo.

Un albero: un'esplosione che avviene molto lentamente.

GALLEGGIAMENTO

Ce n’è un altro di quadro. È sul muro della mia insegnante, nel suo ufficio scolastico.

Quando siamo al ruscello io e Rosmary non nuotiamo, facciamo finta. È troppo poco profondo. Ci stendiamo dentro il freddo copre le nostre schiene e i fianchi, a volte lasciando che l’acqua strisci attorno alle nostre fronti, tra le nostre gambe, sopra i nostri fianchi fino a dove non siamo immerse. Se spostiamo i capelli dietro di noi essi scorrono mostrandoci che il ruscello sta ancora scorrendo. Siamo proprio come il dipinto.

È un’insegnante di letteratura inglese. Sulla parete del suo ufficio, che è la parete dell’ufficio del dipartimento di inglese, c’è una ragazza stesa in un ruscello. È incollata su una tavola e verniciata, luminosa. Si riescono a vedere tutte le piccole foglioline come se si potesse mettere a fuoco tutto il dipinto contemporaneamente. La ragazza non sembra
Or we are not in English Literature. In England, or in Literature at least, there are punts water meadows cows meadows a-chewing a-mooing to pass the time away a sleek sinuous full-bodied animal chasing and chuckling gripping things with a gurgle and leaving them with all the birds of oxfordshire and gloucestershire I’d rather reign with Edmund there than be all England’s queen what spires what farms are those? Here in not-England the water’s dark you can’t see beyond the bank if there’s barbed wire wheat stubble a metal bridge crumbled concrete. In the painting there are plants I recognise: dog rose loosestrife that liberal shepherds call a grosser name dock unless I’m seeing them wrong but in the painting they are all discrete and not mixed as they are by the stream where we can’t see what is rooted where.

I cannot swim.

We are reading English Literature to tell us what England is. I have never lived in England. I have lived here all my life.

Rosemary can swim.

né felice né infelice. Incosciente della propria sciagura. Guarda in alto. La bocca è aperta, cattura le mosche.

Noi non pensiamo a come appariamo.

Ma nell’immagine c’è un ruscello che non è il nostro. È più verde, più rigoglioso. Ci sono salici dinanzi la riva. Dinanzi. È in Inghilterra. O meglio nella letteratura inglese. Noi non siamo in Inghilterra. Voglio dire noi della valle. O meglio noi non siamo nella letteratura inglese. In Inghilterra, o per lo meno in letteratura, ci sono punt, terreni acquitrinosi, pascoli di mucche ruminanti muggenti per passare il tempo, un elegante sinuoso e corposo animale rincorre e ridacchia afferrando cose con un gorgoglio per lasciarle con tutti gli uccelli della contea di oxford e la contea di gloucester, preferisco regnare con Edmondo lì che essere la regina di tutta l’Inghilterra che guglie che fattorie sono quelle? Qui nella non-Inghilterra l’acqua è scura non puoi vedere oltre la riva se c’è filo spinato stoppe di grano un ponte di metallo cemento sbriciolato. Ci sono piante che riconosco nel dipinto: rosa canina riparella a cui i nostri pastori ignoranti danno un nome ben più licenzioso lapazio a meno che non veda male ma nel dipinto sono tutte ben distinguibili e non mischiate come lo sono nel ruscello dove non si riesce a vedere cosa è radicato dove.

Non so nuotare.
It might be a shallow stream like ours her back—the girl’s—might be catching against the mud the gravel the long weeds otherwise how would she float like that?

But Rosemary lies on her back and floats under the bridge. And so do I.

Leggiamo la letteratura inglese per dirci cos’è l’Inghilterra. Non ho mai vissuto in Inghilterra. Ho vissuto qui la mia intera vita.

Rosemary sa nuotare.

Potrebbe essere un ruscello poco profondo come il nostro le sue spalle—della ragazza—potrebbero essere appoggiate al fango alla ghiaia alle lunghe alghe altrimenti come potrebbe galleggiare in quel modo?

Ma Rosemary galleggia a pancia in su sotto il ponte. E così faccio io.
### 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)**

Giacomo Noventa is a 20th-century Italian poet who belongs to the tradition of dialect poetry. His poetry is nonconformist, as he is an extremely independent poet in a post WWII climate in which Italian intellectuals were still highly influenced by idealistic philosophy (Bettella 1997, 263).

The ST is a concatenation of two individual poems from one poetry collection (from pages 141 and 107 in Noventa 1956). Written in the 1950s, the two poems’ language is a made-up dialect: partially Venetian, partially Italian (Noventa 1956:107 and Bettella 1997, 261-262). They are to be considered the expression of the author’s poetics.

Language and register are simple and informal, and so is the vocabulary. As Noventa points out in his own writing, the modern Italian language grew out of the Florentine dialect of Dante, Petrarch and Bocaccio, so Noventa follows this tradition by using his own dialect to write poetry(lines 2-4). This juxtaposes modern, conservative Italian with its dialectal roots. The first poem has free metrics and has no rhymes. The second poem follows a consistent rhyme scheme (ABAB CDCD EFEF) and, although there is no fixed metric, the rhythm in the second part reminds the one of a jingle.
<table>
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<tr>
<th>Strategy</th>
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<td>• identification of translation problems</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>• knowledge of genre within target context and situation of target text</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>• justification of translation production of genre for target context</td>
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<td><strong>(200 words max)</strong></td>
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</table>

The translation is produced for a university textbook (for English-speaking universities) intended for advanced students of Italian who want to introduce themselves to twentieth-century Italian dialect poetry. In order to allow the TR to fully appreciate the Noventa language, two different strategies (S1 and S2) will be implemented to reflect this. The final TT will thus be a trilingual text, presenting all three versions side-by-side to illustrate the differences and variations.

S1: ST will be translated into modern Italian, remaining as literal as possible, disregarding the metric or rhyme scheme. This will allow the reader to compare the ST with TT1 and to see what changes occur between the two languages.

S2: ST will be translated into English, trying to maintain the rhyme scheme, the metaphors and rhetorical figures but standardising vocabulary and register. In this way, the TT can support the TR in understanding the content of the poem.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Critical Reflection</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>• textual analysis</td>
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</table>

Comparing the two TTs it is easily noticeable that the one translated in Italian, sounds flat in his lyrical forms and musicality, and unpoetic, despite the TL being similar to the SL. To a dialect-mother-language ear the ST sounds more intimate and true, and this is the reason why Noventa chose his dialect as language of the most intimate type of writing: poetry. Nevertheless, it is exactly for this contrast between dialect and Italian that Noventa’s poetic is emphasised and perhaps a more trained reader might appreciate the text even more.

As long as the TT2 concerns, a synthetic English dialect could have been used instead of a “standard” language. This might have been a suitable dynamic equivalence, but at the cost of becoming the focus of the student analysis. Since my overall strategy aims at a functional use of the two TTs to better understand the ST, I believe my choice is balanced and appropriate.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Works Cited</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>• use of sources and reference material</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

* Parché scrivo in dialetto...?

Parché scrivo in dialetto...
Dante, Petrarca e quel dai Diese Giorni
Gà pur scrito in toscano.
Seguo l’esempio.

* Mi me son fatto...

Mi me son fatto 'na lengua mia
Del venezian, de l’italian;
Gà sti diritti la poesia,
Che vien dai lioghi che regna Pan.

La ghe n'à altri, no' tuti credo,
Se ben par eia se poi morir:
No' tuto quello che penso e vedo
Vol i me versi spiegar e dir...

Ma la parola che pur me resta
Xé sugerirve: çerché più in là:
El Pie-de-càvara, in vogia o in festa
Oltre i so limiti no' 'l xé rivà.

* Perché scrivo in dialetto...?

Perché scrivo in dialetto...
Dante, Petrarca e quello dei Dieci Giorni
Hanno pure scritto in toscano.
Seguo l’esempio.

* Io mi sono fatto...

Io mi sono fatto una lingua mia
Del veneziano e dell’italiano:
ha di queste regole la poesia,
che viene dai luoghi in cui regna Pan.

Lei ne ha altri, noi tutti credo,
Sebbene per lei si possa morire:
Non tutto ciò che penso e vedo
Vogliono i miei versi spiegare e dire...

Ma la parola che pur mi resta
È suggerirvi: cercate più in là.
Il Piede-di-capra, in voglia o in festa
Oltre i suoi limiti non vi è arrivato.

* Why do I write in dialect...?

Why do I write in dialect...
Dante, Petrarch and the one of the Decameron
They all wrote in Tuscan.
I follow the example.

* I made myself...

For myself I made a language of my own
Out of the Venetian and Italian tongue:
These are the rules that poems hone,
Which come, in turn, from where Pan has sung.

Poetry has other mouths, all of us, I believe.
For her, at times a person willingly dies,
But not everything I think and perceive
Are my verses willing to say, nor to her, sacrifice.

Yet but one word have I left
to suggest: search beyond.
The Goatish-cloven-foot, in lust or jest,
With his own limits is still donned.
<table>
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<tr>
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<td>Un’impiccagione</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Year Published</strong></td>
<td><strong>Language</strong></td>
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**Description of Source Text**
- understanding of source text
- knowledge of genre within source contexts
- situation of source text
- familiarity with the formal features of a text (language variation(s), register, dialect)

The ST is a short essay first published in the British literary magazine *The Adelphi* (1931) by George Orwell. The text describes a capital execution of a prisoner, it is set in Burma, where Orwell served in the British Imperial Police. The ST can be read as Orwell’s criticism of British imperialism, which carried out many hangings in Burma during the Anglo-Burmese wars, for this reason, the focus of the text is on the hanging and the reasons why it is occurring are not mentioned. Some critics argue that, although these texts express Orwell’s revulsion against British rule, at the same time they are deeply saturated by Darwinism and colonialism, portraying the natives as ‘resolutely inferior beings: timid, puerile and comical, with a couple of villainous exceptions (Melia, 2015:11) - e.g. the character of Francis that is portrayed as enthusiastic about the hanging and he’s speech is mocked by using the alliteration of the ‘S’ sound (resembling snakes and evil). Apart from Francis’ characterisation, the language is standard English. The first-person narrative (which is intended to have an effect of total involvement, especially in the epiphanic moment of the text) proceeds like a journalistic reportage, but with lyrical moments, similes and pathetic fallacy.

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

The TT should be part of a civic education manual for Italian children aged 11-13. Its aim is to get young people to reflect on and debate the issue of capital punishment.

To do this, it will be necessary to adapt the text to the TR and TC by using:
- simplified metaphors, descriptions and sometimes sentence structure.
| justification of translation | switch the narrator to a Third-person-narrator to reproduce a “tale-like effect” and to emphasise the time gap between the story setting and the present-day  
production of genre for target context  
(200 words max) | addition of a brief introduction to explain the context  
rewriting of too vivid images of the hanging with less disturbing words  
general weakening of references to colonialism to avoid a shift of the attention to that issue. |
|---|---|---|
| Critical Reflection  
(200 words max) | The change of narrator, from first person to third person, created a less pronounced ‘impersonal’ effect than I had originally anticipated, yet it remains more impersonal than the ST. It could be argued that this element also weakens the epiphanic moment. All these elements may be in opposition to the author’s original intent, but they better serve the strategy for my TR. The potentially very impressionable TR will benefit from these adjustments. | |  
Works Cited  
It was in Burma, a sodden morning of the rains. A sickly light, like yellow tinfoil, was slanting over the high walls into the jail yard. We were waiting outside the condemned cells, a row of sheds fronted with double bars, like small animal cages. Each cell measured about ten feet by ten and was quite bare within except for a plank bed and a pot of drinking water. In some of them brown silent men were squatting at the inner bars, with their blankets draped round them. These were the condemned men, due to be hanged within the next week or two.

One prisoner had been brought out of his cell. He was a Hindu, a puny wisp of a man, with a shaven head and vague liquid eyes. He had a thick, sprouting moustache, absurdly too big for his body, rather like the moustache of a comic man on the films. Six tall Indian warders were guarding him and getting him ready for the gallows. Two of them stood by with rifles and fixed bayonets, while the others handcuffed him, passed a chain through his handcuffs and fixed it to their belts, and lashed his arms tight to his sides. They crowded very close about him, with their hands always on him in a careful, caressing grip, as though all the while feeling him to make sure he was there. It was like men handling a fish which is still alive and may jump back into the water. But he stood quite unresisting, yielding his arms limply to the ropes, as though he hardly noticed what was happening.

I fatti che vi sto per narrare sono ambientati in un’ umida mattina della stagione delle piogge in un luogo che un tempo si chiamava Birmania. Oggi quelle terre ospitano la repubblica militare del Myanmar ma all’epoca i suoi abitanti erano sottomessi al dominio dell’ impero britannico.

Quella mattina una luce giallognola penetrava dalle alte mura del cortile della prigione. Alcune persone si trovavano davanti alle celle dei condannati a morte. Le celle sembravano quasi gabbie per animali: misuravano tre metri per tre, contenevano un letto di assi, un pentolone d’acqua, e nient’altro. All’interno vi erano degli uomini dalla carnagione scura accovacciati dietro alle sbarre che aspettavano il loro turno per essere impiccati.

Un prigioniero era stato fatto uscire dalla sua cella. Era un gracile indù dalla testa rasata e occhi smarriti. Aveva dei baffi folti e lunghi, assurdamene troppo grandi per il suo corpo: come quelli dei comici con la bombetta o che si vedono al circo. Sei alte guardie indiane lo sorvegliavano e lo preparavano per la forca. Due stavano in parte, con fucili e baionetta, mentre gli altri lo ammanettavano e gli legavano le braccia lungo i fianchi con una catena. Gli stavano tutti addosso toccandolo con cura e cautela, come se volessero accertarsi che fosse ancora lì; come se temessero che in un momento di
Eight o’clock struck and a bugle call, desolately thin in the wet air, floated from the distant barracks. The superintendent of the jail, who was standing apart from the rest of us, moodily prodding the gravel with his stick, raised his head at the sound. He was an army doctor, with a grey toothbrush moustache and a gruff voice. “For God’s sake hurry up, Francis,” he said irritably. “The man ought to have been dead by this time. Aren’t you ready yet?”

Francis, the head jailer, a fat Dravidian in a white drill suit and gold spectacles, waved his black hand. “Yes sir, yes sir,” he bubbled. “All iss satisfactorily prepared. The hangman iss waiting. We shall proceed.”

“Well, quick march, then. The prisoners can’t get their breakfast till this job’s over.”

We set out for the gallows. Two warders marched on either side of the prisoner, with their rifles at the slope; two others marched close against him, gripping him by arm and shoulder, as though at once pushing and supporting him. The rest of us, magistrates and the like, followed behind. Suddenly, when we had gone ten yards, the procession stopped short without any order or warning. A dreadful thing had happened—a dog, come goodness knows whence, had appeared in the yard. It came bounding among us with a loud volley of barks, and leapt round us wagging its whole body, wild with glee at finding so many human beings together. It was a large woolly dog, half Airedale, half pariah. For a moment it pranced round us, and then, distrazione potesse sparire via, proprio come un pesce che scivola dalle mani del pescatore per schizzare in acqua. Ma il prigioniero si lasciava legare senza opporre resistenza come se non si accorgesse di quello che stava succedendo.

Scoccarono le otto e un flebile squillo di tromba si disperse dalla caserma lontana nell’aria umida. Fermo a pochi passi dalle celle, il sovraintendente del carcere stava picchiando la ghiaia con il suo bastone e al suono alzò la testa. Era un medico militare con ispidi baffi grigi e una voce burbera.

“Per amor di Dio, sbrigati Francis!” disse irritato. “Dovrebbe essere già morto a quest’ora. Non siete ancora pronti?”

Francis, il capocarceriere, un grasso indiano in uniforme bianca e occhiali d’oro, fece un cenno con la mano.


“Su allora, in marcia! I prigionieri non potranno avere la loro colazione finché non abbiamo finito.”

Si misero in marcia verso la forca. Due carcerieri camminavano con il fucile in spalla ai lati del prigioniero. Attaccati dietro di lui, altri due lo afferravano per le spalle come per spingerlo e sostenerlo al tempo stesso. E dietro ancora magistrati e ufficiali chiudevano il corteo.

All’improvviso, appena percorsi dieci metri, il corteo si fermò senza alcun ordine o avvertimento. Una cosa terribile era appena successa: un cane,
before anyone could stop it, it had made a dash for the prisoner, and jumping up tried to lick his face. Everyone stood aghast, too taken aback even to grab at the dog.

“Who let that bloody brute in here?” said the superintendent angrily. “Catch it, someone!”

A warder, detached from the escort, charged clumsily after the dog, but it danced and gambolled just out of his reach, taking everything as part of the game. A young Eurasian jailer picked up a handful of gravel and tried to stone the dog away, but it dodged the stones and came after us again. Its yaps echoed from the jail wails. The prisoner, in the grasp of the two warders, looked on incuriously, as though this was another formality of the hanging. It was several minutes before someone managed to catch the dog. Then we put my handkerchief through its collar and moved off once more, with the dog still straining and whimpering.

It was about forty yards to the gallows. I watched the bare brown back of the prisoner marching in front of me. He walked clumsily with his bound arms, but quite steadily, with that bobbing gait of the Indian who never straightens his knees. At each step his muscles slid neatly into place, the lock of hair on his scalp danced up and down, his feet printed themselves on the wet gravel. And once, in spite of the men who gripped him by each shoulder, he stepped slightly aside to avoid a puddle on the path.

sbucato da chissà dove, era entrato nel cortile. Si era precipitato a grandi balzi verso il gruppo abbaiano festoso, e gli saltellava intorno dimenando tutto il corpo, folle dalla gioia di aver trovato tanti uomini tutti riuniti. Era un grande e lanoso meticcio. Per un momento continuò a balzargli intorno, poi prima che qualcuno riuscisse a fermarlo, corse verso il prigioniero e saltando in alto cercava di leccargli il viso. Tutti sembravano pietrificati dall’orrore, troppo sorpresi persino per fermare il cane.

“Chi ha lasciato entrare quel dannato animale?” chiese arrabbiato il sovraintendente. “Acchiappatelo, presto!”

Un secondino si staccò dalla scorta, lanciandosi goffamente all’inseguimento del cane che si allontanò da lui ballonzolando credendo che tutto facesse parte di un gioco. Allora un giovane carceriere asiatico prese una manciata di ghiaia e cercò con quella di cacciare via il cane. Quest’ultimo però schivò i sassolini e corse di nuovo verso il corteo. I suoi guaiti riecheggiavano dalla prigione. Il prigioniero, sempre nella stretta dei due carcerieri, osservava senza curiosità la scena, come se si trattasse di una fase tra le tante nel rituale dell’impiccagione. Passarono diversi minuti prima che qualcuno riuscisse ad accalappiare il cane. Poi gli infilarono un laccio al collare e ripresero la marcia mentre il cane continuava a guaire e strattonare per liberarsi.

Mancavano circa quaranta metri alla forca. Un ufficiale nel corteo fissava la scura schiena del prigioniero che camminava con le braccia legate, goffo ma
It is curious, but till that moment I had never realized what it means to destroy a healthy, conscious man. When I saw the prisoner step aside to avoid the puddle, I saw the mystery, the unspeakable wrongness, of cutting a life short when it is in full tide. This man was not dying, he was alive just as we were alive. All the organs of his body were working—bowels digesting food, skin renewing itself, nails growing, tissues forming—all toiling away in solemn foolery. His nails would still be growing when he stood on the drop, when he was falling through the air with a tenth of a second to live. His eyes saw the yellow gravel and the grey walls, and his brain still remembered, foresaw, reasoned—reasoned even about puddles. He and we were a party of men walking together, seeing, hearing, feeling, understanding the same world; and in two minutes, with a sudden snap, one of us would be gone—one mind less, one world less.

The gallows stood in a small yard, separate from the main grounds of the prison, and overgrown with tall prickly weeds. It was a brick erection like three sides of a shed, with planking on top, and above that two beams and a crossbar with the rope dangling. The hangman, a grey-haired convict in the white uniform of the prison, was waiting beside his machine. He greeted us with a servile crouch as we entered. At a word from Francis the two warders, gripping the prisoner more closely than ever, half led, half pushed him to the gallows and helped him clumsily up the ladder. Then the hangman limbed up and fixed the rope round the prisoner’s neck.
We stood waiting, five yards away. The warders had formed in a rough circle round the gallows. And then, when the noose was fixed, the prisoner began crying out on his god. It was a high, reiterated cry of “Ram! Ram! Ram! Ram!”', not urgent and fearful like a prayer or a cry for help, but steady, rhythmical, almost like the tolling of a bell. The dog answered the sound with a whine. The hangman, still standing on the gallows, produced a small cotton bag like a flour bag and drew it down over the prisoner’s face. But the sound, muffled by the cloth, still persisted, over and over again: “Ram! Ram! Ram! Ram! Ram! Ram!”

The hangman climbed down and stood ready, holding the lever. Minutes seemed to pass. The steady, muffled crying from the prisoner went on and on, “Ram! Ram! Ram!” never faltering for an instant. The superintendent, his head on his chest, was slowly poking the ground with his stick; perhaps he was counting the cries, allowing the prisoner a fixed number – fifty, perhaps, or a hundred. Everyone had changed colour. The Indians had gone grey like bad coffee, and one or two of the bayonets were wavering. We looked at the lashed, hooded man on the drop, and listened to his cries – each cry another second of life; the same thought was in all our minds: oh, kill him quickly, get it over, stop that abominable noise!

Suddenly the superintendent made up his mind. Throwing up his head he made a swift motion with his stick. “Chalo!” he shouted almost fiercely.

strinsero il prigioniero ancora più forte e lo spinsero alla forca, aiutandolo goffamente a salire la scalaletta. Poi salì anche il boia e mise la corda intorno al collo del prigioniero.

Restarono tutti in attesa a cinque metri di distanza perché le guardie formavano un cerchio intorno alla forca. E poi quando il cappio fu sistemato il prigioniero cominciò a pregare il suo Dio. Era un chiaro e ripetuto richiamo: “Ram! Ram! Ram! Ram!” Non era bisognoso o pauroso come una preghiera o un grido di aiuto ma era costante, ritmico come il rintocco di una campana. Il cane gli rispose con un guaito. Il boia, ancora sulla forca, gli mise un cappuccio di cotone sulla testa. Ma il suono, attutito dal panno, continuava ancora e ancora: “Ram! Ram! Ram! Ram! Ram!”

Il boia scese e si mise in posizione con la mano sulla leva. Il tempo sembrava quasi si fosse fermato. Continuava forte e costante il pianto sofocato del prigioniero: “Ram! Ram! Ram!”

There was a clanking noise, and then dead silence. The prisoner had vanished, and the rope was twisting on itself. I let go of the dog, and it galloped immediately to the back of the gallows; but when it got there it stopped short, barked, and then retreated into a corner of the yard, where it stood among the weeds, looking timorously out at us. We went round the gallows to inspect the prisoner’s body. He was dangling with his toes pointed straight downwards, very slowly revolving, as dead as a stone.

The superintendent reached out with his stick and poked the bare body; it oscillated, slightly. “He’s all right,” said the superintendent. He backed out from under the gallows, and blew out a deep breath. The moody look had gone out of his face quite suddenly. He glanced at his wrist-watch. “Eight minutes past eight. Well, that’s all for this morning, thank God.”

The warders unfixed bayonets and marched away. The dog, sobered and conscious of having misbehaved itself, slipped after them. We walked out of the gallows yard, past the condemned cells with their waiting prisoners, into the big central yard of the prison. The convicts, under the command of warders armed with lathis, were already receiving their breakfast. They squatted in long rows, each man holding a tin pannikin, while two warders with buckets marched round ladling out rice; it seemed quite a homely, jolly scene, after the hanging. An enormous relief had come upon us now that the job was done. One felt an impulse to sing, to break into a run, to snigger. All at once everyone began chattering gaily.

Improvisamente il sovraintendente si decise. Alzando il capo fece un cenno con il bastone.

“Procediamo!” urlò quasi con violenza.

Ci fu un rumore secco e poi il silenzio più totale. Il prigioniero non era più lì, la corda girava lentamente su se stessa. Un ufficiale lasciò libero il cane che corse immediatamente sul retro della forca. Quando vi arrivò si fermò di colpo, abbaì una volta e poi si ritrasse in un angolo del cortile guardando i presenti con occhi terrificati. Il corteo andò alla forca per controllare il cadavere.

Il sovraintendente lo toccò con il bastone.

“Se n’è andato” disse.

Poi si allontanò dalla forca e fece un respiro profondo. All’improvviso lo sguardo irritato se ne andò dal suo volto. Controllò l’orologio al polso.

“Otto e otto. Bene. Per sta mattina è tutto, grazie a Dio”.

I guardiani abbassarono le baionette e se ne andarono, seguiti dal cane che era consapevole di essersi comportato male. Gli altri uscirono dal cortile della forca, passarono davanti alle celle degli altri condannati a morte ed entrarono nel cortile centrale della prigione. Ai detenuti stavano già servendo la colazione, sorvegliati da guardiani muniti di bastoni. Stavano accovacciati con in mano delle padelle di latta mentre due guardiani distribuivano il riso. La scena sembrava quasi allegra dopo l’impiccagione. Ora che il lavoro era stato svolto un immenso senso di sollievo era calato sui
The Eurasian boy walking beside me nodded towards the way we had come, with a knowing smile: “Do you know, sir, our friend (he meant the dead man), when he heard his appeal had been dismissed, he pissed on the floor of his cell. From fright. –Kindly take one of my cigarettes, sir. Do you not admire my new silver case, sir? From the boxwallah, two rupees eight annas. Classy European style.”

Several people laughed – at what, nobody seemed certain.

Francis was walking by the superintendent, talking garrulously. “Well, sir, all hass passed off with the utmost satisfactoriness. It wass all finished – flick! like that. It iss not always so – oah, no! I have known cases where the doctor wass obliged to go beneath the gallows and pull the prisoner’s legs to ensure decease. Most disagreeable!”

“Wriggling about, eh? That’s bad,” said the superintendent.

“Ach, sir, it iss worse when they become refractory! One man, I recall, clung to the bars of hiss cage when we went to take him out. You will scarcely credit, sir, that it took six warders to dislodge him, three pulling at each leg. We reasoned with him. “My dear fellow,” we said, “think of all the pain and trouble you are causing to us!” But no, he would not listen! Ach, he wass very troublesome!”

I found that I was laughing quite loudly. Everyone was laughing. Even the superintendent grinned in a tolerant way. “You’d better all come out and presenti. Avevano quasi voglia di cantare, di mettersi a correre, di mettersi a ridere. Improvvisamente iniziarono tutti a chiacchierare allegri.

Un giovane eurasiatico si rivolse a un ufficiale, accennò alla forca con un sorriso e disse: “Lo sapete, signore, il nostro amico (intendeva il morto), quando ha saputo che il suo appello era stato respinto, si è fatto la pipì addosso. Dallo spavento signore.”

Molte persone risero, nessuno sapeva bene perché.

Francis camminava accanto al sovraintendente.

“Signore, tutto si è svolto in maniera soddisfacente. Tutto è filato liscio. Ma non va sempre così, oh no! Ho visto casi in cui il dottore ha dovuto andare sotto la forca lui stesso per facilitare l’uccisione del condannato. Molto sgradevole!” disse Francis sgarbatamente.

“Si dimenava ancora? È orribile quando succede” osservò il sovraintendente.

“Peggio ancora quando si rifiutano di collaborare. Una volta un uomo si era aggrappato alle sbarre della gabbia quando andammo a prenderlo. Ci sono voluti sei secondini, tre per gamba per tirarlo fuori. Ci crede signore? Mio caro amico, gli abbiamo detto, pensa a tutto il fastidio e i problemi che ci stai causando! Ma lui niente, non voleva ascoltare! Ah.. che fatica che è stata...”
have a drink,” he said quite genially. “I’ve got a bottle of whisky in the car. We could do with it.”

We went through the big double gates of the prison, into the road. “Pulling at his legs!” exclaimed a Burmese magistrate suddenly, and burst into a loud chuckling. We all began laughing again. At that moment Francis’s anecdote seemed extraordinarily funny. We all had a drink together, native and European alike, quite amicably. The dead man was a hundred yards away.

Tutti ridevano allegri, tutti. Anche il sovraintendente rise tollerante: “Meglio se venite a bere qualcosa con me” disse cordialmente “ho una bottiglia di whisky in macchina. Un bicchierino ci farà bene.”

Attraversarono i grandi cancelli della prigione e andarono in strada. “Tirategli le gambe!” esclamò improvvisamente un magistrato birmano, scoppiando in una sonora risata.

Tutti ricominciarono a ridere. In quel momento il racconto di Francis sembrava straordinariamente divertente. Bevvero tutti assieme, indigeni ed europei, abbastanza amichevolmente.

Eppure quell’uomo ucciso era appena a cento metri da loro.
First Writing Since is a prose-like poem by the Arab American woman Suheir Hammad. The author also has read it as a spoken word poem (Hammad, 2012).

It is her first poem written after 9/11. It reflects the ‘struggle against oppressive structures’ (Harb, 2012:14) and powers. The poem is the expression of different micronarratives about 9/11, divided into seven sections, between which the narration changes perspective (e.g. an autobiographical ‘I’, families that lost members, George W. Bush, etc.) and which represent the seven days following the 9/11 terrorist attacks. The poem ‘engages in the attempt to make sense of 9/11 and to reconceptualize “community”’ (Spengler, 2018:230). The aim of the poem is to contrast populist wartime rhetoric giving an alternative for meaning-making from the state of shock and chaos after the events (id., 234).

To emphasize struggle and internal fragmentation, the disintegration of ‘the poetic laws of rhyme and meter and the grammatical ordering mechanism of punctuation’ takes place in the poem (Harb, 2012:22). Moreover, the poem is written without capitalizations, with a free metric and no rhyme scheme. Frequent features are *enjambement* (e.g. lines 12,15,18, etc.) and anaphoric repetitions (e.g. lines 179,180,183), which emphasise a sense of disruption and chaos.

The text was already translated into Italian by Daniela Daniele (Hammad, 2003) one year after its first publication. However, this translation does not respect the form of the poem, translating it into prose, and generally tends to adjust...
| Knowledge of genre within target context and situation of target text | the sentences in a more cohesive form. Since the ST is a spoken word poem, I will try to produce an alternative translation that may be more suitable for this kind of public reading. My strategy aims to maintain the stylistic elements of fragmentation and disintegration of poetic norms. Therefore, I will:
- avoid the use of capital letters
- keep the *enjambments* since they seem to put emphasis on specific words in the poem
- keep unusual punctuation
Cultural references will be translated but not adapted into the TC. |
| Justification of translation | (200 words max) |
| Production of genre for target context | |
| Critical Reflection | Compared to Danieli's translation, which is more accommodating, the TT may not run smoothly at times. It could be argued that Danieli’s translation in prose form is more effective in reproducing the performative style and the nature of the spoken word poem. In spite of this, I think the choice of keeping the verse-form, and therefore the enjambments, is more appropriate as it highlights fundamental moments of post 9/11 feeling. |
| Textual analysis | (200 words max) |
Hammad, Suheir (2012). “Def Poetry: Suheir Hammad- ‘First Writing Since’”. In Poetical Tv: [https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=FDyLNgLHprI&ab_channel=PoeticalTvù](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=FDyLNgLHprI&ab_channel=PoeticalTvù).
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Source Text</th>
<th>Target Text</th>
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<tr>
<td>1. there have been no words.</td>
<td>1. non ci sono state parole.</td>
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<td>i have not written one word.</td>
<td>non ho scritto una sola parola.</td>
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<td>no poetry in the ashes south of canal street.</td>
<td>nessuna poesia nelle ceneri di canal street.</td>
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<tr>
<td>no prose in the refrigerated trucks driving debris and dna.</td>
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<td>not one word.</td>
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<tr>
<td>today is a week, and seven is of heavens, gods, science.</td>
<td>oggi è una settimana, e sette sono i cieli, gli dèi e le scienze.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>evident out my kitchen window is an abstract reality.</td>
<td>fuori dalla finestra della mia cucina nitida è una realtà astratta.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>sky where once was steel.</td>
<td>cielo dove una volta vi era acciaio.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>smoke where once was flesh.</td>
<td>fumo dove una volta vi era carne.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>fire in the city air and i feared for my sister's life in a way never before. and then, and now, i fear for the rest of us.</td>
<td>fuoco nell'aria della città e ho temuto per la vita di mia sorella come mai prima.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>and then please god, let it be a nightmare, wake me now.</td>
<td>e allora, e adesso, temo per il resto di noi.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>first, please god, let it be a mistake, the pilot's heart failed, the plane's engine died.</td>
<td>per prima cosa, dio ti prego, fa che sia un errore, il cuore del pilota ha ceduto, il motore</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>then please god, let it be a nightmare, wake me now.</td>
<td>il motore dell'aereo è morto.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
who looks like my brothers.

i do not know how bad a life has to break in order to kill.
i have never been so hungry that i willed hunger
i have never been so angry as to want to control a gun over a pen.
not really.
even as a woman, as a palestinian, as a broken human being.
ever this broken.

more than ever, i believe there is no difference.
the most privileged nation, most americans do not know the difference
between indians, afghanis, syrians, muslims, sikhs, hindus.
more than ever, there is no difference.

2. thank you korea for kimchi and bibim bob, and corn tea and the
genteel smiles of the wait staff at wonjo the smiles never revealing
the heat of the food or how tired they must be working long midtown
shifts. thank you korea, for the belly craving that brought me into
the city late the night before and diverted my daily train ride into
the world trade center.

there are plenty of thank yous in ny right now. thank you for my

19 e ancora, dio ti prego, fa' che sia un incubo, svegliami ora.
20 dio ti prego, dopo il secondo aereo, ti prego, fa che non sia qualcuno
21 che assomiglia ai miei fratelli.
22 non so quanto debba finire in miseria una vita per portare ad uccidere.
23 non sono mai stata così affamata da desiderare la fame
24 non sono mai stata così arrabbiata da voler avere il controllo di una
25 pistola piuttosto che una penna.
26 mai davvero.
27 anche come donna, come palestinese, come essere umano ferito.
28 mai così distrutta.
29 più che mai, credo non ci sia differenza.
30 la nazione più privilegiata, la maggior parte degli americani non conosce
31 la differenza
32 tra indiani, afghani, siriani, musulmani, sikh, indù.
33 ora più che mai non c'è differenza.
34 2. grazie corea per kimchi e bibim bob, e tè di mais e i
35 sorrisi gentili del personale di servizio a wonjo, i sorrisi che non fanno
36 mai trapelare
37 il calore del cibo o quanto devono essere stanchi per i lunghi turni
38 in centro. grazie corea, per la voglia improvvisa che mi ha portato in
lazy procrastinating late ass. thank you to the germs that had me
call in sick. thank you, my attitude, you had me fired the week
before. thank you for the train that never came, the rude nyer who
stole my cab going downtown. thank you for the sense my mama gave
me
to run. thank you for my legs, my eyes, my life.

3. the dead are called lost and their families hold up shaky
printouts in front of us through screens smoked up.

we are looking for iris, mother of three. please call with any
information. we are searching for priti, last seen on the 103rd
floor. she was talking to her husband on the phone and the line
went. please help us find george, also known as adel. his family is
waiting for him with his favorite meal. i am looking for my son, who
was delivering coffee. i am looking for my sister girl, she started
her job on monday.

i am looking for peace. i am looking for mercy. i am looking for
evidence of compassion. any evidence of life. i am looking for
life.
4. Ricardo on the radio said in his accent thick as yuca, "I will feel so much better when the first bombs drop over there. And my friends feel the same way."

On my block, a woman was crying in a car parked and stranded in hurt. I offered comfort, extended a hand she did not see before she said, "We’re gonna burn them so bad, I swear, so bad." My hand went to my head and my head went to the numbers within it of the dead Iraqi children, the dead in Nicaragua. The dead in Rwanda who had to vie with fake sport wrestling for America's attention.

Yet when people sent emails saying, this was bound to happen, let's not forget U.S. transgressions, for half a second I felt resentful. Hold up with that, cause I live here, these are my friends and fam, and it could have been me in those buildings, and we're not bad people, do not support America's bullying. Can I just have a half second to feel bad?

If I can find through this exhaust people who were left behind to mourn and to resist mass murder, I might be alright.

Thank you to the woman who saw me bringing my cool and blinking back tears. She opened her arms before she asked "Do you want a hug?"
big white woman, and her embrace was the kind only people with the warmth of flesh can offer. i wasn't about to say no to any comfort. "my brother's in the navy," i said. "and we're arabs". "wow, you got double trouble." word.

5. one more person ask me if i knew the hijackers.
one more motherfucker ask me what navy my brother is in.
one more person assume no arabs or muslims were killed.
one more person
assume they know me, or that i represent a people.
or that a people represent an evil. or that evil is as simple as a flag and words on a page.

we did not vilify all white men when mcveigh bombed oklahoma.
america did not give out his family's addresses or where he went to church. or blame the bible or pat robertson.

and when the networks air footage of palestinians dancing in the street, there is no apology that hungry children are bribed with sweets that turn their teeth brown. that correspondents edit images. that archives are there to facilitate lazy and inaccurate journalism.
and when we talk about holy books and hooded men and death, why do we never mention the kkk?

if there are any people on earth who understand how new york is feeling right now, they are in the west bank and the gaza strip.

6. today it is ten days. last night bush waged war on a man once openly funded by the cia. i do not know who is responsible. read too many books, know too many people to believe what i am told. i don't give a fuck about bin laden. his vision of the world does not include me or those i love. and petitions have been going around for years trying to get the u.s. sponsored taliban out of power. shit is complicated, and i don't know what to think.

but i know for sure who will pay.

in the world, it will be women, mostly colored and poor. women will have to bury children, and support themselves through grief. "either you are with us, or with the terrorists" - meaning keep your people
under control and your resistance censored. meaning we got the loot and the nukes.

in america, it will be those amongst us who refuse blanket attacks on the shivering. those of us who work toward social justice, in support of civil liberties, in opposition to hateful foreign policies.

i have never felt less american and more new yorker, particularly brooklyn, than these past days. the stars and stripes on all these cars and apartment windows represent the dead as citizens first, not family members, not lovers.

i feel like my skin is real thin, and that my eyes are only going to get darker. the future holds little light.

my baby brother is a man now, and on alert, and praying five times a day that the orders he will take in a few days time are righteous and will not weigh his soul down from the afterlife he deserves.

both my brothers - my heart stops when i try to pray - not a beat to disturb my fear. one a rock god, the other a sergeant, and both
palestinian, practicing muslim, gentle men. both born in brooklyn and their faces are of the archetypal arab man, all eyelashes and nose and beautiful color and stubborn hair.

what will their lives be like now?

over there is over here.

7. all day, across the river, the smell of burning rubber and limbs floats through. the sirens have stopped now. the advertisers are back on the air. the rescue workers are traumatized. the skyline is brought back to human size. no longer taunting the gods with its height.

i have not cried at all while writing this. i cried when i saw those buildings collapse on themselves like a broken heart. i have never owned pain that needs to spread like that. and i cry daily that my brothers return to our mother safe and whole.

there is no poetry in this. there are causes and effects. there are symbols and ideologies. mad conspiracy here, and information we will never know. there is death here, and there are promises of more.

dovranno
dovranno
seppellire i bambini e sostenere se stesse attraverso il dolore. "o siete con noi, o con i terroristi" - ovvero tenete la vostra gente sotto controllo e la vostra resistenza censurata. ovvero noi abbiamo la grana e l’atomica. in america, saranno quelli tra noi che rifiutano gli attacchi a tappeto su gli inermi. quelli tra noi che lavorano per la giustizia sociale, a sostegno delle libertà civili, in opposizione alle politiche estere dell’odio. non mi sono mai sentita, come in questi ultimi giorni, meno americana e più newyorkese, in particolare brooklyn,. le stelle e le strisce su tutte queste auto e finestre di appartamenti rappresentano i morti come cittadini prima di tutto, non familiari, non persone amate. sento come se la mia pelle si sia fatta sottile e i miei occhi diventeranno solo più scuri.
there is life here. anyone reading this is breathing, maybe hurting, but breathing for sure. and if there is any light to come, it will shine from the eyes of those who look for peace and justice after the rubble and rhetoric are cleared and the phoenix has risen.

affirm life.

we got to carry each other now.

you are either with life, or against it.

affirm life.

il futuro riserva poca luce.

il mio fratellino è un uomo ora, ed è in allerta, e prega cinque volte al giorno che gli ordini che prenderà tra qualche giorno siano giusti e che non non appesantiscono la sua anima dall'aldilà che merita.

entrambi i miei fratelli - il mio cuore si ferma quando cerco di pregare - non un battito per disturbare la mia paura. uno è un dio del rock, l’altro un sergente, ed entrambi palestinesi, musulmani praticanti, uomini gentili. entrambi nati a brooklyn e le loro facce sono l’archetipo dell’uomo arabo, tutte ciglia e naso e bel colore e capelli ostinati.

come saranno le loro vite ora?

ora che laggiù è qui.

7. tutto il giorno, attraverso il fiume, l’odore di gomma e arti brucianti si propaga. le sirene ora si sono fermate. gli inserzionisti sono
tornati in onda. i soccorritori sono trauma-\ntizzati. l’orizzonte è
tornato a misura d’uomo. non più sfida gli dei con la sua altezza.

non ho pianto affatto mentre scrivevo questo. ho pianto quando ho
visto quegli
edifici crollare su se stessi come un cuore spezzato. Non ho mai
mai posseduto un dolore che avesse bisogno di diffondersi così. e piango
giorno che i miei
fratelli tornino da nostra madre sani e salvi.

non c’è poesia in questo. ci sono cause ed effetti. ci sono
simboli e ideologie. c’è una folle cospirazione qui, e informazioni che
non sapremo mai. c’è morte qui, e ci sono promesse di qualcosa di più.
c’è vita qui. chiunque stia leggendo questo sta respirando, forse
soffrendo,
ma respira di sicuro. e se ci dovesse essere una luce che verrà, allora
brillerà
attraverso gli occhi di coloro che cercano pace e giustizia dopo che le
macerie e la retorica sono state rimosse e la fenice è risorta.

afferma la vita.
<p>| | |</p>
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th></th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>217</td>
<td>afferma la vita.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>218</td>
<td>ora dobbiamo sostenerci a vicenda.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>219</td>
<td>o sei con la vita o contro di essa.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>220</td>
<td>afferma la vita.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Source Text</td>
<td>Target Text</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>-------------</td>
<td>-------------</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Title</strong></td>
<td><em>This Hostel Life. Una vita in attesa.</em></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Year Published</strong></td>
<td>2018</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Author</strong></td>
<td>Melatu Uche Okorie</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Language</strong></td>
<td>English</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Word Count</strong></td>
<td>1245</td>
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</table>

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

The ST is the first short story from the homonymous collection *This Hostel Life* (2018) by Melatu Uche Okorie. The events are taking place in a direct provision hostel in Ireland. Direct provision is a controversial approach to refugee care in Ireland (Doras, n.p.), in which Okorie herself lived for eight years after arriving from Nigeria (Okorie 2018, vii-xv). In this piece, she wants to portray the reality of that system from ‘the inside’ (ibid. and Cavanan, 2018:3), finding a publisher with Skein Press, which has the explicit aim of publishing underrepresented voices (Cloke, 2018:14 and Cavanan, 2018:3). The text explores a multicultural community, governed by arbitrary rules and fear and routines of endless waiting.

The narration is in the first person, from the point of view of a Congolese woman. The register is informal and colloquial. It is written in a ‘vibrant creole’ (Delaney, 2019:95). Okorie has created a language for her that is ‘a mixture of Nigerian pidgin English and some American slang words which she speaks in a strong Kinsala accent’ (Okorie, 2018:xiii-xiv).

Features include odd use of the preposition ‘for’, conjugations (e.g. *she was stand*), and pronoun redundancy (e.g. *me I don*).

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Strategy</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>• identification of translation problems</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

ST will be translated for Strade Blu series, which offers more original and innovative authors than the average publication of the Mondadori publishing house (Mondadori, n.p.).
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th><strong>knowledge of genre within target context and situation of target text</strong></th>
<th>To emphasise ST’s innovative creole, it is essential to recreate its effect in the TT. Any Italian language variant in use will not share the same associations, and therefore dynamic effect, as the pidgin in English. Therefore, I will not use any documented variant of Italian, but instead, I will reproduce the linguistic alterations of the ST from standard English by adapting them to the rules of Italian. Repetitions of personal pronouns (e.g. <em>me I don</em>) will be translated with the addition of the pronoun which would be implicit in Italian. In cases of specific phonetic spelling (e.g. <em>dat</em>), either the deletion of a geminate (e.g. <em>tutto&gt;tuto</em>) or the exchange of a grapheme (e.g. <em>ch&gt;k</em>) will be chosen. However, these opportunities are not necessarily present in the same place in ST and TT so I will compensate by intervening elsewhere along the same lines. In cases of the preposition ‘for’ and incorrect verb tenses an incorrect alternative will be chosen. The unusual demonyms (e.g. <em>Nigerias for Nigerians</em>) will be translated as the name of the country but will still refer to nationalities.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td><strong>justification of translation</strong></td>
<td>(200 words max)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Critical Reflection</strong></td>
<td>After applying my strategy, the TL is not transformed into a language of its own, with its own rules. It sounds like a text written by a foreigner with poor command of the language. Nevertheless, the TR might grow familiar with the language choices as they progress through the text making the effort to “standardize” the language in order to understand it. This was confirmed by a couple of readers from the TA. Moreover, the reader might ask himself why sometimes the word <em>che</em> is written <em>ke</em> and other times not. This inconsistency is due to a strategy that focuses on the reproduction of the non-standard language only where deviations are present in the ST, which is in itself inconsistent. My TA readers reacted to this inconsistency as if it was an error; it is interesting to note that these inconsistencies are taken as literary style in the ST, but as an error in the translation. This may indicate how translations and source texts are viewed differently.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>production of genre for target context</strong></td>
<td>(200 words max)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>textual analysis</strong></td>
<td>After applying my strategy, the TL is not transformed into a language of its own, with its own rules. It sounds like a text written by a foreigner with poor command of the language. Nevertheless, the TR might grow familiar with the language choices as they progress through the text making the effort to “standardize” the language in order to understand it. This was confirmed by a couple of readers from the TA. Moreover, the reader might ask himself why sometimes the word <em>che</em> is written <em>ke</em> and other times not. This inconsistency is due to a strategy that focuses on the reproduction of the non-standard language only where deviations are present in the ST, which is in itself inconsistent. My TA readers reacted to this inconsistency as if it was an error; it is interesting to note that these inconsistencies are taken as literary style in the ST, but as an error in the translation. This may indicate how translations and source texts are viewed differently.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
The different contexts of the ST and the TT might also be a problem for the TR when it comes to understanding what direct provisions are; a footnote might be helpful.

### Works Cited

- **use of sources and reference material**
  
  - Mondadori, [https://www.gruppomondadori.it/i-nostri-brand/libri/mondadori](https://www.gruppomondadori.it/i-nostri-brand/libri/mondadori).
In my last hostel, dey give you provision any day, but it’s gonna be one month since you collect last. So if you get toilet paper today, it’s gonna be one month before you get another. Dat is why me I happy when dey give me every week for here, but now, me I don feel happy again. Dis direct provision business is all the same, you see, because even if you collect provision for every week or you collect for every month, it is still somebody dat is give you the provision. Nothing is better than when you decide something for yourself.

But me I still like dis hostel more than my last hostel. Because here, we have one big room, and inside, me I use one corner for make small my own kitchen, and we get bathroom and toilet for inside the room, and my husband and me we have our own bed and my two daughters have their own bed too. Before, all of us use common toilet and bathroom and common room. Dats why me I don like to complain too much for this hostel like some Nigerias.

Just last week, me I see Mummy Dayo outside her house on my way to laundry. She was stand with Franca talking. Me I greet Mummy Dayo, and

Nel mio ultimo ostello loro ti danno proviste ogni giorno, ma sarà un mese da ultimo ritiro. Quindi se oggi ti danno la carta igienica, sarà un mese prima che tu ne hai un'altra. Eco perché io sono felice quando qui loro mi danno per ogni settimana, ma ora io non più felice di nuovo. Questo sistema di direct provision è tutto uguale, vedi, perché anche se ritirate proviste per ogni settimana o per ogni mese, sempre è qualcuno ke dà a voi proviste. Non c’è niente di meglio di quando decidi qualcosa per te stesso.

Ma io mi piace di più questo ostello che il mio ultimo ostello. Perché qui noi abbiamo una grande stanza, e dentro, io uso un angolo per fare mia cucina piccola, e abbiamo bagno e doccia nella stanza, e me e mio marito abbiamo il nostro letto e anche le mie due figlie hanno il loro letto. Prima, tutti noi usiamo bagno e doccia e stanza comune. Eco perché io non mi piace lamentarmi troppo per questo ostello come alcuni nigerias.
say: ‘Mummy Dayo, you no collect provision today?’ Me I don’t like for talk
to Franca too much because she do things to make me to be angry.

‘I no dey bother myself to dey waka about on Mondays, o jare. From
here to there, from there to here, for what!’ She answer me like she angry.

‘Mee too’, Franca quick quick say. She like to agree for everything
everybody say.

‘From laundry to collect provision, from collect provision to check
laundry, from check laundry to see GP, from see GP to collect food, from
collect food to check laundry.’ Mummy Dayo start to count for her finger.
‘Up and down, up and down form morning till evening!’

Mummy Dayo is a small woman like dis, but she talk fight fight all the
time. Me I know her now, but before, if I see her talking to somebody and
shaking her head dat she always tie with scarf, I use to think she’s gonna
fight dem. Even now, she is roll her eyes and look me up and down as she is
talk. ‘I just do the things I can do and leave the rest for God.’

Me I agree Monday morning is crazy crazy for dis hostel because
everybody like to go collect provision and toilet-tings. But you can go for
Tuesday and they tell you, ‘We’ve run out of toiletries!’ – and dat’s the end.

Già settimana scorsa io vedo Mummy Dayo fuori da casa sua mentre
vado a fare bucato. Stava lì con Franca parlando. Io saluto Mummy Dayo e
dico: “Mummy Dayo, oggi no ritiri proviste?” “A io non mi piace di parlare
troppo con Franca perché lei fa cose che mi fanno arrabbiata.

“Io zo loro mi danno fastidio a me per loro waka sul lunedì, o jare.
Da qui a lì, da lì a qui, per cosa!” Lei me risponde come se lei arrabbiata.

“Anche mee”, dice Franca veloce veloce. A lei piacere essere
d’acordo a tutto quello che tutti dicono.

“Dalla lavanderia alle proviste, dalle proviste al controllo lavanderia,
dal controllo lavanderia a vedere il medico di base, da vedere il medico a
raccogliere il cibo, da prendere il cibo al controllo lavanderia”. Mummy
Dayo inizia a contare per le dita. Su e giù, su e giù dalla mattina alla sera!

Mummy Dayo è una piccola donna così, ma parla duro duro ogni
volta. Io la conosco ora, ma prima, se la vedo parlare con qualcuno e
scuotere la testa, ke si lega sempre con la sciarpa, pensavo che li prenderà
a botte. Anche adesso, lei è alzando gli occhi e mi guarda su e giù mentre
parla. “Faccio solo le cose che posso fare e lascio il resto a Dio".
Everybody like to see GP for Monday too. Dey say the GP for Monday is better than the GP for Tuesday because he give better medicine. And sometimes, when you go to see GP, you remember dat you need to see social for something, because dey share the same building and those social people can put up sign anytime changing the time dey for see people. And as you do all of dis, you are washing clothes for the laundry too, because you don want to leave dirty clothes for house from weekend.

Sometimes, I tell myself, it is not good to do everything for Monday because you stay like dis, nothing to do, for all the other days but it is not good to start week lazy too.

‘Who is give number?’ I ask Ngozi. She is my close Nigeria friend and me I like her very much. She talk free free like me and does not care about anybody. People tell me before, when I first come this hostel: ‘Be careful of Nigerias; do not make friends with Nigerias; Nigerias like to make trouble and fight too much; the management don’t like Nigerias.’

It’s not like dat for my last hostel where everybody do everything together. But me I still listen, and I go close to my own people, and make friends with only Congolese people and go only Congolese party. But now, me I know no one is good complete, and no one can do you bad like your own people. So me I start to make friends with Nigerias again. And if dey do

io essere d'accordo il lunedì mattina è crazy crazy per questo ostello perché a tutti piace andare a ritirare proviste e cose di bagno. Ma tu puoi andare a martedì e loro ti dicono: “Abbiamo finito i prodotti da bagno!” - e quella è la fine.

A tutti piace anche vedere il medico a lunedì. Loro dicono ke il medico a lunedì è meglio di quello a martedì perché lui dare medicine migliori. E a volte, quando tu vai dal medico, tu ti ricordi ke hai bisogno di vedere i servizi sociali per qualcosa, perché loro condividono lo stesso edificio e i servizi sociali può mettere in qualsiasi momento cartello ke cambia l’ora per vedere le persone. E mentre tu fai tuto questo, tu lavi anche i vestiti per la lavanderia, perché no vuoi lasciare vestiti sporchi per casa di fine settimana.

A volte mi dico ke non è bene fare tutto per il lunedì perché poi tu stai così, niente da fare per tutti gli altri giorni, ma anche non è bene iniziare pigra la settimana.

“Chi dando i numeri?” Chiedo a Ngozi. Lei è la mia cara amica nigeria e io mi piace molto. Parla libera libera come io e non le importa di nessuno. La
me bad, I show them I don come Europe to take shit from anybody. Now, dey laugh and say, “Beverléé, you’re crazy,” and dey make my hair for free and give me good prize for sew my clothes. Now, all Congolese people come to me and start to say, “Please Beverléé,” for connect dem to my Nigeria friends.

Mercy is one for answer me. She point for some place behind Ngozi and say to me, ‘You better go quickly and get your number. Then come back and I will tell you where I see grey hair for my body this morning.’

Everybody laugh again. I look behind Ngozi and see one man. He is wear the uniform for the hostel security.

‘I never see dat man before,’ me I say.

‘He new, my sister,’ Mummy Dayo tell me for sad voice and shake her head like something disappoint her. ‘I speak to am. He from one of those fake oyinbo country. Me, I don’t really like all those people! They racist pass Irish!’ She look for where the man is stand holing something for his hand and hiss.

Ngozi laugh and push Mummy Dayo shoulder small. ‘This woman,’ she say, ‘you’re too funny.’

gente mi ha detto già, quando io arrivata in questo ostello: “Stai attenta ai nigeria; non fare amicizia con i nigeria; ai nigeria piace creare problemi e litigare troppo; la direzione non ama i nigeria.”


Mercy è quella ke mi risponde. Indica un posto dietro Ngozi e mi dire: “È meglio che vai subito a prendere tuo numero. Poi torna e ti dirò dove vedo capelli grigi per il mio corpo questa mattina”.

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Mercy look Mummy Dayo with no laugh for her face. She has tell me before dat Mummy Dayo is too old to be talking the way she talk.

I look at the man again and he look me and look away. Maybe he can tell we are talk about him. Even though I don like the way Mummy Dayo look the man like fight, I don say anything to her. Me I know Mummy Dayo don like anybody and always say something about everybody:

‘Those Moslems, me I suspect dem too much o. I no follow dem do anything.’

‘Dat Cameroon girl, she can like to do shakara. I no know who she think she be.’

‘Congo? Dey crazy pass Nigeria o! We Nigerias, na only mouth we get, but Congo fit take knife fight you.’

‘Eastern Europeans dem all be fake oyinbo.’

‘Irish people too dey cold. Whisper, whisper, all the time.’

She have warn me about Ngozi many times. She say: ‘Be very careful. Igbo people na real scorpion. If you stop to watch dem for one minute, anything you see, you have to take it like that. I like you, that is why I’m telling you all dis things.’

Tutti ridono di nuovo. Guardo dietro Ngozi e vedo un uomo. Lui sta indossa l’uniforme per la sicurezza dell’ostello.

“Non vedo mai quel uomo prima”, io dico.

“Lui nuovo, sorella mia”, mi dice Mummy Dayo da voce triste e scuote la testa come se qualcosa delude lei. “Ho parlato con lui. Lui da uno di quei falsi paesi oyinbo. Io non mi piace molto tutta quella gente! Loro razzisti più di irlandesi!” Lei guarda a dove l’uomo sta in piedi tenendo qualcosa per la mano e sibila.

Ngozi ride e spinge un piccolo Mummy Dayo sulla spalla. “Questa donna”, lei dice, “sei troppo divertente”.

Mercy guarda Mummy Dayo senza ridere sulla faccia. Lei detto a me ancora prima ke Mummy Dayo è troppo vecchia per parlare come parla.

Guardo di nuovo l’uomo e lui guarda a me e distoglie lo sguardo. Forse capisce che siamo parlando di lui. Anche se no mi piace come Mummy Dayo guarda l’uomo come botte, no dico niente a lei. Io so ke a Mummy Dayo no piacere nessuno e dire sempre qualcosa su tutti:
She even warn me for woman from Franca kind of country Zimbabwe, Kenya, Uganda, South Africa and she tell me, ‘You better watch your husband around those women. Their toto loose like anything.’

But from everybody, me I know she hate Benin more. I know this because she don like Mercy. She say, ‘Benin people na the real best for everything. Dem be best liar, best criminal, best prostitute, best husband-snatcher.’ As she is tell me dis, she is count her finger, ‘all the bad bad things for this world, na dem be best for them. No let anybody you know marry Benin. Me, I be Nigeria, dat is why I know all dis things.’

“Quei musulmano, io mi sospetto tropo di loro o. Io no li seguire in niente che fanno”.

“Quela ragazza Camerun, lei piace di fare shakara. No so io chi pensa che è”.

“Congo? Loro pazzi di Nigeria o! Noi Nigeria ha solo la bocca, ma Congo lui prende coltello contro te.”

“Li europei dell’est loro tutti falsi oyinbo”.

“Irlandesi anche loro fredi. Sussurra, sussurra, tutto il tempo”.

Lei molte volte mi avverte su Ngozi. Dice: “Stai molto attenta. Gli Igbo è veri scorpioni. Se ti fermo a guardare loro per un minuto, qualsiasi cosa tu veda, devi prenderla così. Mi piaci, ecco perché ti sto dicendo tute queste cose.”

Mi avverte anche di donne provenienti da paesi come Franca, Zimbabwe, Kenya, Uganda, Sudafrica e mi dire: “Faresti meglio a controllare tuo marito con quelle donne. Le loro gambe larghe come niente”.

Ma da tutti, io mi so che lei odiare Benin di più. Lo so perché no le piace Mercy. Dice: “Benin è migliori in tutto. Loro è migliori bugiard
migliori criminali, migliori prostitute, migliori ladri di mariti”. Mentre me lo dice, si contava le dita: “tutte le cose brutte brutte per questo mondo, è quelle migliori per loro. No lascia a nessuno che tu conosci di sposare Benin. Me, io essere Nigeria, eco perché so tute queste cose”.