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*Lost in the City, Found in the Wilds:
Variations on a theme of longing*

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Introduction

Although ranging a variety of genres and styles, the texts in this portfolio have a few things in common. For one, they all are a pleasure to read, and accordingly, they were all a pleasure to translate. They all look at the world from different perspectives, placing what is often overlooked under their lens and forcing their reader to question things they may take for granted. In them, the setting tends to be a main focus, inviting the reader to get lost in either the city or the wilds, while promising that there is something there to be found. This is a main theme of the portfolio, and what the title *Lost in the City, Found in the Wilds* wishes to convey. All the texts are also very musical, and their aesthetic was one of my main reasons for choosing them. That and their implied nostalgia, for that which goes by unnoticed, for what is behind, for what is yet to come. This is where the subtitle *Variations on a theme of longing* comes from.

The texts can be read in any order, however, they appear here as they do to imply a progression. In the very first text, Prufrock invites readers to immerse themselves into this world of musical variations. Hesitant at times, but also full of life, Prufrock is the perfect guide. Next, readers come upon a dusty street that stretches seemingly forever. At its end there is a door, and behind that door... The extraordinary, the song of the city, produced by all the urban sounds coming gloriously together at night. These three texts form an introduction of sorts, a celebration of the city.

Next come the doubts, the disenchantment. An epiphany reveals that the city can also be oppressive, that it can become tiresome. Wouldn't it be wonderful to leave it, to go to the wilds to get lost? Is the impulse fantasy or reality? Maybe it is just a foreshadowing of things to come. But before all that, satire. Because the city can

also be a pool of decay, and when faced by horror and injustice, sometimes the best defence is some humour, a sharp wit, a piercing eye, and a dark proposal. An alternative is desertion, leaving everything behind to be taken over a... thing? Such is the fate of the school where the sixth text takes place.

Is there no other way? Must everything be dejected? Rusalka doesn't think so. Out in the wilds, the water sprite sings an aria of longing and of love to her friend the moon. She is full of hope, even as the moon hides its face. The enchantment of song is powerful, so is the allure of nature. Fairies know this and, with their ballad, they convince a child, maybe even the reader, to go into the wilds and dance with them. Maybe there we will all meet. Is that a good thing? That is for every reader to decide.

The path is set, the guide already awaits. The only thing that is left to say is this: enter, reader, and allow your mind to wander here. May you find as much enjoyment and fun in experiencing the journey as I did in its making.

Student Number	21348833	Text Number	1
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Source Text		Target Text	
Title	<i>The love song of J. Alfred Prufrock</i>	Title	<i>La canción de amor de J. Alfredo Prufrock</i>
Year Published	1915		
Author	T. S. Eliot		
Language	English	Language	Spanish
Word Count	526	Word Count	675
Description of Source Text <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • <i>understanding of source text</i> • <i>knowledge of genre within source contexts</i> • <i>situation of source text familiarity with the formal features of a text (language variation(s), register, dialect)</i> (200 words max)	<p>My ST is the first 54 lines of T. S. Eliot’s “The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock”. The poem is a dramatic monologue reproducing Prufrock’s inner reflections and self-doubts, thus presenting ‘an inner conflict between the need to be loved and the failure to satisfy that need’ (Waldoff 1969, 182). Although, at first, Prufrock seems a hopeful character, his inner monologue reveals a hesitant personality easily paralyzed by uncertainty. He fears rejection, as it would leave him ‘hopelessly empty and would shatter his self-contained world of limitless possibility’ (McNamara 1986, 371); this is contrasted with the levity represented by the repeating couplet of women ‘talking of Michelangelo’, who represent the ‘banalities of bourgeois culture’ (Capogna 2018, 161).</p> <p>The poem is unmetred, is divided into stanzas of varying line lengths, and has an irregular rhyme scheme: it consists mainly of rhyming couplets, however, this structure is at times interrupted by an unrhymed line (e.g., in the first stanza, lines 3 and 10). The poem uses these interruptions, together with the use of perfect, assonant, and eye rhymes, to create a playful rhythm which, coupled with unconventional imagery (e.g., an evening described as ‘a patient etherized upon a table’) emphasize Prufrock’s awkwardness as a character.</p>		
Strategy <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • <i>identification of translation problems</i> • <i>knowledge of genre within target context and situation of target text</i> • <i>justification of translation production of genre for target context</i> (200 words max)	<p>As the ST already has multiple translations into Spanish aimed at the study of Eliot, (e.g., Bravo, Usigli and Shelley), my TT will offer an alternative targeted at the celebration and enjoyment of T.S. Eliot. Thus, it will be targeted towards a Mexican readership already familiar with Eliot's poetry. It will consist of a playful experiment that juxtaposes my translation with humoristic notes expressing an imaginary reader's inner monologue as they read (and become frustrated) with the poem. Aiming to preserve the dynamic effect of the ST, my translation will feature a few localizing adjustments, including changes to syntax and punctuation, notation (such as using long dashes for dialogues and starting lines with lower-case letters), and the adaptation of cultural references, favouring elements that are more common in Mexico (e.g., line 34, where ‘toast and tea’ become ‘el pan dulce y el café’). I will also imitate the rhythm and playfulness of the poem by using rhyming couplets and interrupting them by unrhymed lines. Meanwhile, the imaginary reader's</p>		

	<p>inner monologue will be rendered in a colloquial Mexican Spanish that will drop in register as the reader's interventions become longer and more frequent, with the aim of expressing an increasing exasperation towards Prufrock's indecisions.</p>
<p>Critical Reflection</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • <i>textual analysis</i> <p>(200 words max)</p>	<p>In the repeating couplet where women are 'talking of Michelangelo', the choice of how to translate 'Michelangelo' generated some tension between two things I wanted to prioritize: preserving effect and following convention. I considered both 'Michelángelo' and 'Miguel Ángel'. The latter is the conventional rendition, and thus a better fit for the localizing adjustments I wanted for my translation; however, I felt that the former, as it sounds foreign and more pretentious in Spanish, being phonetically closer to both the English and Italian versions of the name, better reproduced the haughtiness of the women, which in turn provided a better contrast to Prufrock's insecurity. In the end, I used 'Michelángelo' in the couplet and 'Miguel Ángel' in the imaginary reader's comments, who is closer to Prufrock's perspective. I felt this tension was worth talking about, as the intention of the localizing adjustments was to preserve the dynamic effect of the ST (they served this function elsewhere), yet, in this particular case, not making the adjustment seemed the better option for achieving the desired effect. This might suggest that a strategy is better suited for achieving its goals if it allows for certain flexibility in the way it is carried out.</p>
<p>Works Cited</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • <i>use of sources and reference material</i> 	<p>Capogna, Frank. 2018. "Ekphrasis, Cultural Capital, and the Cultivation of Detachment in T.S. Eliot's Early Poetry." <i>Journal of Modern Literature</i> 41, no. 3: 147–65. https://doi.org/10.2979/jmodelite.41.3.13</p> <p>Eliot, T. S.. 1915. "The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock." <i>Prufrock and Other Observations</i>. London: The Egoist</p> <p>———. 2015. Translations by John Berryman, Hernán Bravo Varela, Rafael Vargas, Rodolfo Usigli, and Alfonso Reyes. <i>La canción de amor de J. Alfred Prufrock</i>. México: Universidad Autónoma de Nuevo León</p> <p>———. 1996. Translated by Jaime Augusto Shelley. <i>La canción de amor de J. Alfred Prufrock ; Los hombres huecos</i>. México: UAM</p> <p>McNamara, Robert. 1986. "'Prufrock' and the Problem of Literary Narcissism." <i>Contemporary Literature</i> 27, no. 3: 356–77. https://doi.org/10.2307/1208350</p> <p>Waldoff, Leon. 1969. "Prufrock's Defenses and Our Response." <i>American Imago</i> 26, no. 2: 182–93. http://www.jstor.org/stable/26302802</p>

Source Text

The love song of J. Alfred Prufrock

Let us go then, you and I,
When the evening is spread out against the sky
Like a patient etherized upon a table;
Let us go, through certain half-deserted streets,
The muttering retreats
Of restless nights in one-night cheap hotels
And sawdust restaurants with oyster-shells:
Streets that follow like a tedious argument
Of insidious intent
To lead you to an overwhelming question ...
Oh, do not ask, "What is it?"
Let us go and make our visit.

In the room the women come and go
Talking of Michelangelo.

The yellow fog that rubs its back upon the window-panes,
The yellow smoke that rubs its muzzle on the window-panes,
Licked its tongue into the corners of the evening,
Lingered upon the pools that stand in drains,

Target Text

La canción de amor de J. Alfredo Prufrock

1	Así que vamos, tú y yo,	¿quiénes son?
2	ya que la tarde, contra el cielo, se extendió	
3	como un paciente eterizado sobre la mesa.	¡vaya imagen!
4	Vamos, a través de estas calles semi-desiertas,	
5	las guaridas murmurantes	
6	para noches sin descanso en moteles de una noche	
7	y de marisquerías con el piso de aserrín;	claro, para el olor
8	calles que prosiguen cual tediosa discusión	
9	de insidiosa intención	
10	para llevarte a una pregunta abrumadora...	¿de qué se trata?
11	Oh, no preguntes ¿de qué se trata?	mmmta
12	Hagamos una visita inmediata.	
13	En la estancia las mujeres van y vienen	
14	y diálogos sobre Miquelángelo sostienen.	¿qué?
15	Neblina amarillenta que frota el dorso contra las ventanas,	
16	humo amarillento que frota el hocico contra las ventanas;	me gusta, me gusta
17	recorrió su lengua por cada esquina de la tarde,	
18	suspendido sobre albercas entre las cloacas,	

Let fall upon its back the soot that falls from chimneys,
Slipped by the terrace, made a sudden leap,
And seeing that it was a soft October night,
Curled once about the house, and fell asleep.

And indeed there will be time
For the yellow smoke that slides along the street,
Rubbing its back upon the window-panes;
There will be time, there will be time
To prepare a face to meet the faces that you meet;
There will be time to murder and create,
And time for all the works and days of hands
That lift and drop a question on your plate;
Time for you and time for me,
And time yet for a hundred indecisions,
And for a hundred visions and revisions,
Before the taking of a toast and tea.

In the room the women come and go
Talking of Michelangelo.

And indeed there will be time
To wonder, "Do I dare?" and, "Do I dare?"

19 dejó caer sobre su dorso el hollín de chimeneas,
20 cruzó sigiloso la terraza, dio un salto repentino,
21 y notando que la noche de octubre era suave,
22 se acurrucó contra la casa y cayó dormido.

23 Y en efecto habrá tiempo
24 para el humo amarillento que se desliza por la calle,
25 frotando su dorso contra las ventanas.
26 Ya habrá tiempo, ya habrá tiempo
27 para preparar un rostro y enfrentar a quién salga a tu encuentro;
28 habrá tiempo para matar y también para crear,
29 y tiempo para todas las labores y jornadas de esas manos
30 que levantan y sueltan preguntas en tu plato;
31 tiempo para ti y tiempo para mí,
32 y tiempo aún para un centenar de indecisiones
33 y para un centenar de visiones y revisiones,
34 antes del pan dulce y el café.

35 En la estancia las mujeres van y vienen
36 y diálogos sobre Miquelángelo sostienen.

37 Y en efecto habrá tiempo
38 para preguntarse —¿me atrevo? —, y —¿me atrevo?

¿ahora es un gato?

miau

el humo-gato

¿te rasco la panza?

¡tanto tiempo!

y por fin, ¿a quién le habla?

bueno, ya estuvo de tanto tiempo, ¿no? ahora tengo hambre

aún no entiendo

¿por qué la duda?

Time to turn back and descend the stair,
 With a bald spot in the middle of my hair —
 (They will say: “How his hair is growing thin!”)
 My morning coat, my collar mounting firmly to the chin,
 My necktie rich and modest, but asserted by a simple pin —
 (They will say: “But how his arms and legs are thin!”)
 Do I dare
 Disturb the universe?
 In a minute there is time
 For decisions and revisions which a minute will reverse.

For I have known them all already, known them all:
 Have known the evenings, mornings, afternoons,
 I have measured out my life with coffee spoons;
 I know the voices dying with a dying fall
 Beneath the music from a farther room.

So how should I presume?

And I have known the eyes already, known them all—
 The eyes that fix you in a formulated phrase,
 And when I am formulated, sprawling on a pin,
 When I am pinned and wriggling on the wall,
 Then how should I begin

39 Tiempo para volver a la escalera y bajar de nuevo,
 40 con un hueco calvo en medio de mi pelo —
 41 (Y dirán — ¡cómo se ha vuelto pelón!)
 42 Mi abrigo para el frío de la mañana, el cuello alto hasta el mentón,
 43 mi corbata ostentosa y modesta, sostenida por un simple alfiler —
 44 (Y dirán —pero ¡cómo adelgazaron sus brazos y sus piernas!)
 45 ¿Me atrevo
 46 a perturbar el universo?
 47 En un minuto alcanza el tiempo
 48 para las decisiones y revisiones que un minuto puede deshacer,

49 Pues ya he conocido a todas, las conozco a todas:
 50 he conocido las veladas, las mañanas, tardes;
 51 he medido mi vida en cucharitas de café.
 52 Conozco las voces moribundas que se desvanecen
 53 bajo la música del otro cuarto.

54 Así entonces, ¿cómo podría yo osar?

55 Y ya he conocido esos ojos, los conozco a todos —
 56 esos ojos que te encasillan en una frase formulada;
 57 y ya entonces formulado, desmadejado sobre un alfiler,
 58 cuando esté prendido y retorciéndome en la pared,
 59 ¿cómo entonces comenzar

**ah, ¡pobre Prufrock!
 ah, ¡gente chismosa!**

**¡qué les importa, bola
 de chismosos!**

**vamos, tampoco es
 para tanto**

**tanta duda, Prufrock.
 ¡Ya júntate con otra
 gente!**

**¡cómo traes la
 autoestima!**

**¡tú hazlo! El universo
 va a estar bien**

**con estos amigos...
 ¿cómo no vas a estar
 con tanta duda?**

**también tú, ¡ya
 mándalos a la fregada!**

To spit out all the butt-ends of my days and ways?

And how should I presume?

And I have known the arms already, known them all—

Arms that are braceleted and white and bare

(But in the lamplight, downed with light brown hair!)

Is it perfume from a dress

That makes me so digress?

Arms that lie along a table, or wrap about a shawl.

And should I then presume?

And how should I begin?

60 a escupir los restos de mis días y comportamientos?

61 ¿Y cómo podría yo osar?

62 Y ya he conocido esos brazos, los conozco todos —

63 brazos adornados con pulseras, blancos y lisos,

64 (pero a la luz de la lámpara ¡cubiertos de vello claro!)

65 ¿Será el perfume de un vestido

66 la causa de mi sinsentido?

67 Brazos que descansan en la mesa, o se envuelven con un chal,

68 ¿Y debería entonces yo osar?

69 ¿Y cómo entonces empezar?

escúpelos, empieza con la autoestima osa, Prufrock. Tú osa

¡ya entendí lo de Miguel Ángel! Bola de faroles... ja, ¡claro que sí!

¡por su pollo!

que sí, carajo. ¡Atrévete! ¡Osa!

Ya estuvo, ¿no? Pobre Prufrock, pero él también que se deja. ¡Carajo! Y qué pinche estrés... Date a querer, hermano. ¡Primero date a querer...!

Student Number	21348833	Text Number	2
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Source Text		Target Text	
Title	<i>La puerta en el muro</i>	Title	<i>The Door on the Wall</i>
Year Published	1946		
Author	Francisco Tario		
Language	Spanish	Language	English
Word Count	787	Word Count	828
Description of Source Text <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • <i>understanding of source text</i> • <i>knowledge of genre within source contexts</i> • <i>situation of source text familiarity with the formal features of a text (language variation(s), register, dialect)</i> (200 words max)	<p>Francisco Tario has long been considered ‘one of the most enigmatic and interesting Hispano-American writers of the XX century’, partly because, ‘he was part of the anti-<i>establishment</i> of Mexican literature’ (Rendón 2011, 107). <i>La puerta en el muro</i> is a collection of 21 fragments that, although can be considered jointly as a short story, ‘don’t necessarily contribute towards an overarching plot’, yet present themselves as a ‘direct antecedent’ to Rulfo’s <i>Pedro Páramo</i>’ (Wolfson 2007, 183).</p> <p>My ST is the opening fragment: set in a hot and dusty street, the narrator leads the reader towards a door at the end of the street, behind which the other fragments can be found. Two key themes are emptiness and a lack of hope for better days, both emphasized by the oppressiveness of the street. At times part of a huge city surrounded by large buildings, at times part of a small provincial town, the street is both foreign and impenetrable, and suggestive of Mexico City. The narration has a formal register, touching on the grandiose, and relies heavily on subordinate clauses; however, as the door draws close, it becomes colloquial, even using marked Mexican expressions. The imagery is rich and descriptive, focusing on the changing colours and textures.</p>		
Strategy <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • <i>identification of translation problems</i> • <i>knowledge of genre within target context and situation of target text</i> • <i>justification of translation production of genre for target context</i> 	<p>My TT will be targeted towards English-speakers who are interested in learning about lesser-known authors from the Mexican literary scene. Because the ST has a strong relation to its context, and in order to emphasize the oppressive and impenetrable nature of the street, my translation will aim to reproduce the ST’s language by creating a TL that, although not completely foreign-sounding, preserves the descriptive and grandiose characteristics of the ST, while reproducing its flow and rhythm.</p> <p>To this aim, I will make minimal alterations to the phrasing and syntax of multi-clause sentences to avoid convolution without shortening them. With the intention of playing with the line between the familiar and the foreign, and because</p>		

<p>(200 words max)</p>	<p>the heavy use of subordinate clauses is less common in English, I will prioritize common diction for the descriptive imagery and use equivalents to the idiomatic expressions of the ST to provide balance.</p>
<p>Critical Reflection</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • <i>textual analysis</i> <p>(200 words max)</p>	<p>In order to emphasize the ambiguous nature of the street, my TT plays with the line between foreignization and domestication. The idea was to generate a partial sense of familiarity with the street that, however, can never become complete. Such an ambiguity, although intentional, could result frustrating to some readers not used to Tario's enigmatic style, as the tension it generates is never resolved. A greater domestication might be less risky, and could be preferable if the intention is to appeal to broader audiences; however, it would come at the cost of what makes Tario such a unique writer. A steeper foreignization could also have been considered, although it in turn would come with the risk of further alienating potential readers. As Tario is already considered an obscure writer, even in Mexico, and as part of my intention is to bring the author to new audiences, I consider best the middle option, with its slightly off-putting ambiguity that strives to preserve the themes and aesthetic flow of the ST.</p>
<p>Works Cited</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • <i>use of sources and reference material</i> 	<p>Rendón, Leda. 2011. "El limbo narrativo de Francisco Tario". Revista de la Universidad de México: https://www.revistadelauniversidad.mx/download/a1e036e5-eb07-4f45-843c-f50815b45f83?filename=el-limbo-narrativo-de-francisco-tario</p> <p>Tario, Francisco. 1946. <i>La puerta en el muro</i>. Mexico City: Colección "Lunes"</p> <p>Wolfson, Gabriel. 2007. "Enrarecer al raro". In <i>Crítica, enero-febrero 2007</i>, pp. 179-184</p>

Source Text

La puerta en el muro

Hay un trecho largo hasta aquella puerta y, quien no conozca bien el camino, corre el riesgo de extraviarse.

Primeramente las calles son anchas, planas, sin árboles, blanqueadas por el sol y el polvo, con altos edificios azules, rosados o grises; no hay jardines por los alrededores y las casas se levantan sobre la misma acera formando una doble muralla de piedra cuyo objeto nadie conoce. Son numerosas las calles, aparentemente iguales y corren hacia un solo punto lejano, como los tallos de un ramo de rosas en un florero. Mas, a merced que se avanza en la infinita y calurosa tarde, las casas se hacen pequeñas, los colores se atenúan y uno experimenta el primer impulso en todo el día de levantar los ojos y mirar al cielo. Ya recorrido un buen trecho, no hallaréis sino una calle.

Larga para el hombre, cuyas piernas son quebradizas, no debe serlo así para el tiempo, cuya voracidad y resistencia son insaciables. Se tiende en línea recta, sin protuberancias, como un eucalipto caído, y alguien diría sin pecar de exaltado o tonto que se bifurca en el horizonte. ¡Tal impresión da! Especialmente a estas horas, caminando de oriente a occidente, pareceme que el sol descansa al final de ella, quieto allí, reclinado, como un pastor a la sombra de los floridos manzanos. Nadie

Target Text

The Door on the Wall

It is a long way to that door, and whoever doesn't know the route well risks getting lost.

At first, the streets are wide, flat, treeless, whitened by the sun and dust, with high, blue or pink or grey buildings. There are no gardens about and the houses stand erect on the same stretch of pavement, forming a double stone rampart whose purpose nobody knows. The streets are numerous, seemingly the same, and they all stretch towards a unique point in the distance, like the stems of a bouquet of flowers in a vase. But, as one moves along in the hot and infinite afternoon, the houses become smaller, the colours more opaque, and one is struck, for the first time that day, by the urge to raise one's eyes and look at the sky. After having walked for a good while, you won't find but one street.

Too long for people, whose legs are brittle, but probably not for time, whose voracity and resilience are insatiable. It extends in a straight line, without any irregularities, like a fallen eucalyptus, and someone could very well say, without coming across as overzealous or foolish, that it branches out in the horizon. Such is my impression! And it seems to me, especially at that hour, while walking from East to West, that the sun rests at its very end; that it lies there, idle, like a shepherd at the shade of some

podría suponer quién habita esas casas silenciosas, sumergidas, de color pizarra, cuyas ventanas están todas cerradas; nadie podría sospechar qué ocurre tras esas ventanas, dentro de esas blancas cortinas, cuya sombra debe ser tan plácida; y mucho menos nadie acertaría a aventurar quién sembró esos árboles, quién cultivó esas flores y a quién se le ocurrió pintar los tejados con unos colores tan vivos que lastiman la vista. En toda la extensión de esta calzada no os sale al paso un perro, un hombre, un pájaro. Conformaos con la luz. Yo he hecho el recorrido algunos cientos de veces y, ni a una hora ni a otra, jamás tropecé con nadie. De noche, las luces están encendidas —es cierto— mas también lo están las estrellas arriba y nuestra incomodidad en la noche no es por eso más benigna. Tampoco sopla viento y debe hacer algunos años que no cae una gota de lluvia. Tal vez, en virtud de esto último, el polvo del camino sea leve, oloroso y blanco como la arena de una playa. Y tal vez, asimismo, a ello se deba el que los tejados se muestren tan duros. Y que los árboles hayan detenido su crecimiento, ensanchándose furiosa e inútilmente en un impulso constante por estallar. Y que nadie apetezca entreabrir las ventanas y asomarse a ellas, porque al hombre le complace la frescura, el rumor de la lluvia, el olor de la hierba joven y la presencia de las ramas tiernas doblándose bajo el peso de los frutos maduros. No, no: allí no madurarán los frutos, no hay más murmullo que el del silencio, y, si algún extraño día lloviera, la calle se poblaría de gente alegre y bien dispuesta

blossoming apple trees. Nobody could guess who inhabits those silent houses, hidden and slate coloured, with all of their windows shut. Nobody could suspect what takes place behind those windows, past those white curtains, whose shade must be so serene. And nobody could even begin to fathom who planted those trees, who cultivated those flowers, and whose idea it was to paint the roofs with colours that are so lively they are painful to watch. Along this road you won't encounter so much as a dog or a man or a bird. You should be content with just the light. I have made my way down it hundreds of times and, no matter the hour, I have never come across anyone. At night, the street lights are on —it is true— but so are the stars above and that does nothing to diminish our uneasiness during night-time. There, no wind blows and it must have been several years since a drop of rain last fell. It is probably because of this that the dust on the road is soft, fragrant and white, like the sand of a beach. And maybe that is also why the roofs appear so unyielding. And why the trees have stopped their growth, instead swelling angrily and uselessly in a continuous impulse to explode. And why nobody is enticed to open their windows and lean out, because people are pleased by what is fresh: the murmur of rain, the fragrance of young grass and the presence of tender twigs bending under the weight of ripe fruit. But no; no fruit will ripen there, there are no murmurs beyond those of silence and, if ever, in some offbeat day, some rain fell, the street would become

que, sacando mecedoras y sillas de sus casas, se pondría a charlar animadamente, lanzando exclamaciones de júbilo, agitando como aspas los brazos, mirando sin cesar al cielo, en tanto que el agua les chorreaba por la frente, por las ropas, por el vientre y a lo largo de las desconsoladas piernas. Si algún día lloviera nadie podría transitar por la calle, pues el polvo se transforma en lodo; mas el hombre se sentiría tan satisfecho que se tumbaría a morir allí sobre ese lodo, y los hijos volverían a sus padres, los hermanos a los hermanos, se reconciliarían al reunirse entre sí como las bestias perdidas en la inmensidad de la montaña.

También alguien diría:

—Puesto que llueve es señal de que podemos reanudar nuestras labores.

Aunque nunca falta un escéptico —el que ha visto llover otras veces— que soslaya:

—¿Qué labores?

Y hay quien, al escuchar esto, recoge su mecedora o su silla, empuja la puerta de su casa y vuelve a sumergirse en la sombra de las cortinas blancas, persuadido de que efectivamente en la solitaria y polvorienta calle nada tendrá remedio.

Esto ocurre esporádicamente, de ordinario durante las grandes fiestas de la primavera, cuando la juventud, el amor y el canto alegre de los pájaros parecen prometerles a los hombres:

crowded with people, full of cheer and good will, and they would take out rocking chairs from their houses and start chatting animatedly, crying out with joy, waving their arms like windmills, looking incessantly at the sky, while the water would gush down their faces, down their clothes and their torso and along their disconsolate legs. If it rained someday, nobody could walk down the road, for the dust would turn into mud. And yet people would feel so fulfilled they would lie down to die upon that mud, and children would come back to their parents, and siblings to their siblings, and upon meeting they would all be reconciled like wild beasts lost in the vastness of a mountain.

And someone would say:

“Since it is raining it is a sign we can resume our work.”

But there is always a sceptic —one who has seen it rain before— who brushes this off:

“What work?”

And there are those who, upon hearing this, pick up their rocking chair, push open the door of their houses and submerge once more into the shade of white curtains, convinced that, undoubtedly, in that lonely and dusty street there is nothing that can be done.

This occurs sporadically, usually during the great spring festivities, when youth and love and the cheerful twitter of birds seem to promise to people:

—Es bello y admirable vivir, ¿quién lo duda? Tomad vuestras pasiones, hasta el último impulso de vuestra sangre, y dejad la razón en casa. Reuníos pronto con nosotros, pues, contra lo que se supone, la vida es fecunda y pródiga, imperecedera la alegría y sumamente razonables y justas las ilusiones del hombre.

Al final de esta calzada hay una puerta. Reflexiono:

—¡Quién quita y hoy sí sea el día!

“Living is beautiful and admirable, who could doubt it? Go forth with passion, until the final surge of your blood, and leave all reason at home. Come quickly with us, for, contrary to popular belief, life is fertile and lavish, joy perennial, and a person’s hopes and dreams are decidedly reasonable and just.”

At the end of this road there is a door. And I ponder:

“Who knows, today might be the day!”

Student Number	21348833	Text Number	3
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Source Text		Target Text	
Title	<i>If Nobody Speaks of Remarkable Things</i>	Title	<i>Si nadie habla de lo extraordinario</i>
Year Published	2002		
Author	Jon McGregor		
Language	English	Language	Spanish
Word Count	1220	Word Count	1327
Description of Source Text <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • <i>understanding of source text</i> • <i>knowledge of genre within source contexts</i> • <i>situation of source text familiarity with the formal features of a text (language variation(s), register, dialect)</i> (200 words max)	<p>The ST is an excerpt from Jon McGregor’s first novel, which was longlisted for the Booker Prize in 2002. The narration centres on the beauty of mundane things which are a fundamental part of the world but which are often overlooked, placing a spotlight specifically on the sounds that fill the city at night, which according to the narrator come together to make ‘the non-stop wonder of the song of the city’ (McGregor 2002, 3). In its description of the city, the narrator describes different sources of sound (such as lorries reversing, cats fighting, metal objects falling, workers shouting, etc.) and, through the use of both metaphor and simile, equates these sources with musical instruments. The prose itself has a formal register and bears the hallmarks of UK English. It prioritises rhythm, compactness and clarity. It also uses alliteration and onomatopoeia to complement its descriptions of the sounds of objects. Another feature of the ST is the rhythm generated by a constant shift between shorter and longer sentences and by its sustained use of the present progressive. The result is a text that both describes the musicality of the city at night and is very musical itself.</p>		
Strategy <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • <i>identification of translation problems</i> • <i>knowledge of genre within target context and situation of target text</i> • <i>justification of translation production of genre for target context</i> (200 words max)	<p>My TT will be targeted towards Mexican literature readers who live in or are familiar with the Mexican urban setting, with the objective of reproducing McGregor’s highly aesthetic prose in a way that reads as localized narrative and not as a translation, prioritizing aesthetics over semantic transfer. Because the city elements that appear in the ST are fairly common in the target culture, no localization of them will be required. However, creating a language that preserves the clarity, vivid imagery and musicality of the SL will pose a bigger challenge, as these stylistic elements are tightly interwoven with the narration. Translating the compactness of the SL into Spanish will also be difficult, and will require prioritizing simple sentence structure. In order to produce an adequate diction, my translation will pay close attention to the sound as well as the meaning of each word to inform my word choices. Although no metric will be employed, I will pay special attention to the syllabic length and stress of each word and how they fit into the sentence as a whole,</p>		

	<p>placing stressed syllables together when describing percussive sounds (and compounding this with alliteration), and spreading them apart to mirror longer sounds (e.g., when describing the sound of an ambulance).</p>
<p>Critical Reflection</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • <i>textual analysis</i> <p>(200 words max)</p>	<p>One challenge I faced was that English and Spanish are phonetically very different, so transferring the musicality from one language to the other requires adaptation. This means that the texts might end up sounding different, but that the translation must find ways to make up for it to evoke similar effects in different ways. An example was the constant risk of musicality turning into cacophony in my TT, as McGregor constantly plays with the line between them without crossing it. In particular, I found that the sustained rhyme generated by the present progressive became more tiresome in Spanish than in English. My theory for this is that vowels in Spanish are clearer and better defined than in English, which leads to less variation among similar sounds, making them sound more repetitive. In order to add an additional layer of phonetic variation and thus reduce this risk, I decided to complement the present progressive that McGregor uses continuously with relative clauses introduced by 'que'. This opened up the opportunity to play with both structures as in musical counterpoint, an element that, although not present in the ST, plays well with the musical intention of the ST.</p>
<p>Works Cited</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • <i>use of sources and reference material</i> 	<p>McGregor, Jon. 2002. <i>If Nobody Speaks of Remarkable Things</i>. London: Bloomsbury</p> <p>The Booker Prizes. 2002. "Longlist of the Man Booker Prize 2002". Checked on 13/02/2022: https://thebookerprizes.com/the-booker-library/prize-years/2002</p>

Source Text

If Nobody Speaks of Remarkable Things

If you listen, you can hear it.

The city, it sings.

If you stand quietly, at the foot of a garden, in the middle of a street, on the roof of a house.

It's clearest at night, when the sound cuts more sharply across the surface of things, when the song reaches out to a place inside you.

It's a wordless song, for the most, but it's a song all the same, and nobody hearing it could doubt what it sings.

And the song sings the loudest when you pick out each note.

The low soothing hum of air-conditioners, fanning out the heat and the smells of the shops and cafes and offices across the city, winding up and winding down, long breaths layered upon each other, a lullaby hum for tired streets.

The rush of traffic still cutting across flyovers, even in the dark hours a constant crush of sound, tyres rolling across tarmac and engines rumbling, loose drains and manhole covers clack-clacking like cast-iron castanets.

Target Text

Si nadie habla de lo extraordinario

Si prestas atención, puedes escucharla.

La ciudad canta.

Si aguardas en silencio al pie de un jardín, a la mitad de la calle, en el techo de una casa.

Es más claro de noche, cuando el sonido hiende más filoso sobre la superficie de las cosas, cuando la canción apela a un lugar en tu interior.

Es una canción sin palabras, en su mayor parte, mas canción en fin, y nadie que la escuche podría dudar qué es lo que canta.

Y el canto es más fuerte cuando distingues cada nota.

El zumbido grave y relajante de los aires acondicionados, que dispersan el calor y los olores de tiendas y cafés y oficinas a través de la ciudad, creciendo y decreciendo, cuales respiraciones largas apiladas una sobre la otra, un zumbido arrullador para las calles cansadas.

El flujo de carros por los pasos a desnivel, aún en estas horas de oscuridad, un crujir constante de sonidos: llantas que ruedan sobre el asfalto y motores que retumban, desagües y tapas de alcantarilla sueltos traqueteando como castañuelas de hierro fundido.

Road menders mending, choosing the hours of least interruption, rupturing the cold night air with drills and jack-hammers and pneumatic pumps, hard-sweating beneath the fizzling hiss of floodlights, shouting to each other like drummers in rock bands calling out rhythms, pasting new skin on the veins of the city.

Restless machines in workshops and factories with endless shifts, turning and pumping and steaming and sparking, pressing and rolling and weaving and printing, the hard crash and ring and clatter lifting out of echo-high buildings and sifting into the night, an unaudited product beside the paper and cloth and steel and bread, the packed and the bound and the made.

Lorries reversing, right round the arc of industrial parks, it seems every lorry in town is reversing, backing through gateways, easing up ramps, shrill-calling their presence while forklift trucks gas and prang around them, heaping and stacking and loading.

And all the alarms, calling for help, each district and quarter, each street and estate, each every way you turn has alarms going off, coming on, going off, coming on, a hammered ring like a lightning drum-roll, like a mesmeric bell-toll, the false and the real as loud as each other, crying their needs to the night like an understaffed orphanage, babies waawaa-ing in darkened wards.

Reparadores de calles que, habiendo escogido las horas de menor interrupción, fracturan el aire frío de la noche con taladros y martillos y bombas neumáticas, sudan laboriosamente bajo el siseo chisporroteante de los reflectores, se gritan unos a otros como bateristas anunciando ritmos al resto de su banda, pegando parches de piel nueva a las venas de la ciudad.

Incansables máquinas en talleres y fábricas con turnos interminables, que giran y bombean y humean y chispean, prensando y arrollando y tejiendo e imprimiendo; los ruidosos choques y timbres y el estruendo que emerge desde la reverberante altitud de los edificios, filtrándose en la noche, productos sin auditar junto al papel y la tela y el acero y el pan, lo empacado y lo amarrado y lo hecho.

Camiones echándose en reversa, en torno al arco de los parques industriales; pareciera que aquí todos los camiones van en reversa: retroceden a través de verjas y ascienden por rampas, anunciando agudamente su presencia mientras que montacargas se impelen y escarban a su alrededor, amontonando y apilando y cargando.

Y todas las alarmas, con su llamado de auxilio; cada distrito y cada barrio, cada calle y cada propiedad, a donde sea que voltees hay alarmas sonando, disparándose, sonando, disparándose: un timbre martillado como un redoble de relámpagos, un repique hipnótico de campanas; las alarmas tanto en falso como en serio sonando con la

Sung sirens, sliding through the streets, streaking blue light from distress to distress, the slow wail weaving urgency through the darkest of the dark hours, a lament lifted high, held above the rooftops and fading away, lifted high, flashing past, fading away.

And all these things sing constant, the machines and the sirens, the cars blurting hey and rumbling all headlong, the hoots and the shouts and the hums and the crackles, all come together and rouse like a choir, sinking and rising with the turn of the wind, the counter and solo, the harmony humming expecting more voices.

So listen.

Listen, and there is more to hear.

The rattle of a dustbin lid knocked to the floor.

The scrawl and scratch of two hackle-raised cats.

The sudden thundercrash of bottles emptied into crates.

The slam-slam of car doors, the changing of gears, the hobbled clip-clop of a slow walk home.

The rippled roll of shutters pulled down on late-night cafes, a crackled voice crying street names for taxis, a loud scream that lingers and cracks into laughter, a bang that might just be an old car backfiring, a callbox calling out for an answer, a treeful of birds tricked into morning, a

misma fuerza, anunciando su urgencia a la noche como un orfanato corto de personal, como bebés chillando buaaa buaaa en pabellones oscuros.

El canto de sirenas, deslizándose por las calles, dejando una estela azul entre accidente y accidente, un gemido lánguido que entreteje urgencia en lo más sombrío de las horas nocturnas, un lamento que se eleva a lo más alto, que se sostiene sobre las azoteas y se desvanece; que se eleva, un destello, se desvanece.

Y todas estas cosas cantan continuamente, las máquinas y las sirenas, los carros que bruscamente anuncian sus presencia y retumbando siguen de bruces, claxonazos y gritos y zumbidos y crujidos; todos se conjuntan y se avivan como un coro, disminuyen e incrementan con los cambios del viento, el contrapunto y el solo, un zumbido armónico que aún aguarda a otras voces.

Así que escucha.

Escucha, pues aún hay más que oír.

El traqueteo de la tapa del basurero que cayó al piso.

Los garabateos y rasguños de dos gatos furiosos.

El estruendo repentino de botellas volcadas en cajas.

whistle and a shout and a broken glass, a blare of soft music and a blam of hard beats, a barking and yelling and singing and crying and it all swells up all the rumbles and crashes and bangings and slams, all the noise and the rush and the non-stop wonder of the song of the city you can hear if you listen the song

and it stops

in some rare and sacred dead time, sandwiched between the late sleepers and the early risers, there is a miracle of silence.

Everything has stopped.

And silence drops down from out of the night, into this city, the briefest of silences, like a falter between heartbeats, like a darkness between blinks. Secretly, there is always this moment, an unexpected pause, a hesitation as one day is left behind and a new one begins.

A catch of breath as gasometer lungs begin slow exhalations.

A ring of tinnitus as thermostats interrupt air-conditioning fans.

These moments are there, always, but they are rarely noticed and they rarely last longer than a flicker of a thought.

El bam al cerrar las puertas de los carros, el rum al cambiar de velocidad, el clap clap tropezado de un lento caminar a casa.

El chirrido estrepitoso al desenrollar las persianas metálicas de un café de cierre tardío, una voz ronca que vocea nombres de calles para los taxis, un grito estridente que se sostiene y de golpe se convierte en carcajada, un pum que bien podría tratarse del petardeo de un carro viejo, una cabina telefónica demandando una respuesta, todos los pájaros de un árbol que confundieron el momento con el alba, un silbido y un grito y un vidrio roto, el clamor de música suave y el pram de un ritmo abrasivo, un ladrido y gritos y cantos y llantos y todo esto intensifica los retumbos y los choques y golpes y azotes, todo el sonido y el ímpetu y el asombro incesante de la canción de la ciudad que puedes oír si prestas atención.

y se detiene.

en un excepcional y sagrado tiempo muerto, suspendido entre los que trasnochan y los que madrugan, ocurre el milagro del silencio.

Todo se ha detenido.

[...]

And this is a pause worth savouring, because the world will soon be complicated again.

It's the briefest of pauses, with not even time enough to even turn full circle and look at all the lights this city throws out to the sky, and it's a pause which is easily broken. A slamming door, a car alarm, a thin drift of music from half a mile away, and already the city is moving on, already tomorrow is here.

The music is coming from a curryhouse near the football ground, careering out of speakers placed outside to attract extra custom. The restaurant is almost empty, a bhindi masala in one corner, a special korma in the other, and the carpark is deserted except for a young couple standing with their arms around each other's waists. They've not been a couple long, a few days perhaps, or a week, and they are both still excited and nervous with desire and possibility. They've come here to dance, drawn sideways from their route home by the music and by bravado, and now they are hesitating, unsure of how to begin, unfamiliar with the steps, embarrassed.

Y el silencio desciende desde la noche, hacia esta ciudad, el más breve de los silencios, como un titubeo entre latidos, como la oscuridad entre pestañeos. Secretamente, siempre ocurre este momento, una pausa inesperada, una vacilación mientras un día queda atrás y uno nuevo inicia.

Es la toma de aire cuando los pulmones de gasómetro inician sus lentas exhalaciones.

Es el timbre de acúfeno cuando los termostatos interrumpen las aspas de los aires acondicionados.

Estos momentos están ahí, siempre, pero rara vez se les presta atención y rara vez duran más que un destello de pensamiento.

[...]

Y vale la pena saborear esta pausa, porque pronto el mundo volverá a ser complicado.

Es la más breve de las pausas, sin tiempo siquiera para volverse y mirar todas las luces que la ciudad arroja al cielo, y es una pausa que se rompe con facilidad. El azotar de una puerta, la alarma de un carro, un delgado rastro de música a la distancia, y la ciudad ya lo deja todo atrás, el siguiente día ya está aquí.

But they do begin, and as the first smudges of light seep into the sky from the east, from the far side of the city and towards these streets, they hold their heads high and their backs straight and step together in time to the slide and wheel of the music. They dance with a style more suited to the ballroom than to the Bollywood movies the music comes from, but they dance all the same, hips swinging, waists touching, eyes fixed on eyes. The waiters have come across to the window, they are laughing, they are calling uncle uncle to the man in the kitchen who is finally beginning to clean up after a long night. They dance, and he steps out of the door to watch, wiping his hands on his apron, licking his weary tips of his fingers, pulling at his long beard. They dance, and he smiles and nods and thinks of his wife sleeping at home, and thinks of when they were young and might still have done something like this.

Elsewhere, across the city, the day is beginning with a rush and a shout, the fast whine of office hoovers, the locked slam of lorry doors, the hurried clocking on of the early shifts.

But here, as the dawn sneaks up on the last day of summer, and as a man with tired hands watches a young couple dance in the carpark of his restaurant, there are only these: sparkling eyes, smudged lipstick, fading starlight, the crunching of feet on gravel, laughter, and a slow walk home.

La música viene de una casa del curry cerca del campo de fútbol, lanzada desde altoparlantes puestos afuera para atraer clientes. El restaurante está casi vacío; de un lado hay masala bhindi, del otro korma especial, y el estacionamiento está desierto salvo por una pareja joven de pie con brazos rodeando la cintura del otro. No llevan mucho tiempo juntos, unos días, quizá, o una semana, y ambos están aún emocionados y nerviosos con el deseo y las posibilidades. Vinieron aquí para bailar, desviados de su camino a casa por la música y el atrevimiento, y ahora vacilan, no muy seguros de cómo empezar, sin saberse los pasos, avergonzados.

Pero al fin empiezan, y mientras las primeras manchas de luz se filtran al cielo desde el este, desde el lado lejano de la ciudad y hacia estas calles, ellos mantienen cabezas en alto y espaldas erguidas y juntos se mueven al tiempo de los deslices y los giros de la música. Bailan con un estilo más afín a los salones de danza que a las películas de Bollywood de donde proviene la música, pero bailan al fin, caderas meciéndose, cinturas tocando, ojos mirando ojos. Los meseros se acercan a la ventana, ríen, le llaman tío tío al hombre en la cocina que por fin empieza a limpiar tras una larga noche. La pareja baila, y él sale por la puerta para mirar, limpiando sus manos en su mandil, lamiendo las

puntas cansadas de sus dedos, tirando de su barba larga. Ellos bailan, y él sonríe y asiente y piensa en su mujer que duerme en casa, y piensa en cuando eran jóvenes y aún habrían hecho algo así.

En otra parte, a través de la ciudad, el día empieza con prisas y gritos, el quejido ágil de las aspiradoras de oficina, el azotar al cerrarse las puertas de los camiones, el apresurado registro al empezar los turnos matutinos.

Pero aquí, mientras que el amanecer infiltra sigilosamente el último día del verano, y mientras un hombre con manos cansadas mira a una joven pareja bailar en el estacionamiento de su restaurante, esto es todo lo que hay: ojos brillosos, labial corrido, la luz de estrellas desvaneciéndose, el crujir de pies sobre grava, risa, y un lento caminar a casa.

Student Number	21348833	Text Number	4
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Source Text		Target Text	
Title	<i>Muerte en el Bosque</i>	Title	<i>Death in the Woods</i>
Year Published	1959		
Author	Amparo Dávila		
Language	Spanish	Language	English
Word Count	1301	Word Count	1409
Description of Source Text <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • <i>understanding of source text</i> • <i>knowledge of genre within source contexts</i> • <i>situation of source text familiarity with the formal features of a text (language variation(s), register, dialect)</i> (200 words max)	<p>Amparo Dávila was an important part of the Mexican literary landscape, ‘one of the most important pens in Hispanic America’ and a ‘mandatory point of reference’ for fantastic literature (Department of Culture, Mexico 2018, n.p.). She is known for touching on ‘the fantastic’ (Gleeson 2018, n.p.), which is ‘the frontier of two genres, the marvellous and the uncanny’ (Todorov 1973, 41) and which is marked by the ‘indecision as to whether the narrative belongs to a natural or supernatural order of things’ (Lem and Abernathy, 1974).</p> <p>The ST is a short story in which language is not particularly marked nor dialectical and the setting is not tied to a particular city. When its protagonist is faced with dissatisfaction for his own life and the realization that moving into a new apartment will not change anything, an epiphany is triggered: the mundane events before him and his daydreaming about the woods blend into an aesthetic narrative, written without paragraph breaks, in which time and place cease to matter, and in which he discovers a desire to escape his life in the city and to become part of the woods. Although the ST alternates between narration and colloquial dialogue and draws a clear contrast between city and woods, these lines are blurred during the epiphany.</p>		
Strategy <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • <i>identification of translation problems</i> • <i>knowledge of genre within target context and situation of target text</i> • <i>justification of translation</i> 	<p>Dávila work has been translated into English (e.g. <i>The Houseguest and other stories</i>, in 2018), but not “Muerte en el bosque”. Thus, the aim of this translation is to allow English speakers to access this story and to promote Dávila’s literature abroad. The TT will target an English-speaking audience from an urban background who is interested in Mexican literature. I will keep the register colloquial and, as the language of the ST is not particularly marked, I will aim for a neutral sounding idiom. A key feature I will focus on is the blurring of boundaries between speech and narration, and between the protagonist’s daydreaming and the mundane events around him. With the goal of keeping these</p>		

<p><i>production of genre for target context</i> (200 words max)</p>	<p>elements distinguishable from each other, but allowing for an eventual blending of them during the epiphany, I will at first use different registers to distinguish them and use conventional notation (quotation marks) to indicate dialogue, both of which I will drop only during the epiphany, the latter since the quotation marks that English conventionally uses to mark dialogue indicate clearly where it starts and ends (unlike the Davila's dashes, which indicate a beginning but not an end to dialogue).</p>
<p>Critical Reflection • <i>textual analysis</i> (200 words max)</p>	<p>One of the tension builders that lead to triggering the epiphany is the protagonist disgust at a woman's propensity to excessively hoard things 'in case they might come in handy one day', and the recognition that he is the same. Although this trope would be familiar to Mexican audiences, it might not be as immediate in English-speaking countries, thus lessening the impact of the tension built from this. The same could be said of the clear opposition between city and woods, which also might not be as marked elsewhere. This does not mean that these tropes would be unrecognizable to English-speaking audiences, but that, if they are further removed from them than the average Mexican reader, their reception could be different. This potential variation in effect could be addressed by complementing these elements with localized ones that would generate a similar effect, but such elements would rely on targeting the TT towards a narrower audience. Since my aim was to create an unmarked TT that would address multiple English-speaking audiences, I consider the sacrifice of such a localization a necessary trade-off. However, future translations with a narrower TA would probably benefit from taking this into consideration.</p>
<p>Works Cited • <i>use of sources and reference material</i></p>	<p>Dávila, Amparo. 1959. "Muerte en el bosque". <i>Tiempo destrozado</i>. Ciudad de México: Fondo de Cultura Económica</p> <p>Department of Culture, Mexico. 2018. "Obra de Amparo Dávila es indispensable para jóvenes cuentistas". Mexico City: https://www.gob.mx/cultura/prensa/obra-de-amparo-davila-es-referencia-indispensable-para-jovenes-cuentistas</p> <p>Gleeson, Mathew. 2018. "The Crying Cat". <i>The Paris Review</i>: https://www.theparisreview.org/blog/2017/02/14/the-crying-cat/</p> <p>Lem, Stanislaw and Abernathy, Robert. 1974. "Todorov's Fantastic Theory of Literature". <i>Science Fictions Studies</i> 1, no. 4: 227-37: http://www.jstor.org/stable/4238877</p> <p>Todorov, Tzvetan. 1973. "The Fantastic – A Structural Approach to a Literary Genre". Translated by Richard Howard. London</p>

Source Text

Muerte en el bosque

El hombre suspiró tristemente y se detuvo, volvió la cabeza y alcanzó aún a ver al anuncio que había quedado varias cuadras atrás. Regresó hasta el edificio. Echó una mirada al tablero de los timbres y tocó el de la portería. Tocó, volvió a tocar. Otra vez más y nadie respondía. De pronto se dio cuenta de que la puerta se encontraba abierta y entró. No había nadie en la planta baja. Subió una oscura escalera y apenas se atrevió a tocar el timbre de un departamento. Casi al instante apareció en la puerta una muchacha muy pintada, pero desaliñada y sucia.

—¿Qué se le ofrece?

—Busco informes del departamento que está desocupado y no contestan en la portería —dijo con timidez.

—Esa vieja nunca atiende nada, no sé cómo no la han corrido. Mire usted, el departamento vacío está en el quinto piso, pero la vieja tiene las llaves. Ella vive en la azotea, allí la puede encontrar.

—Muchas gracias, señorita. Comenzó a subir más lentamente que cuando caminaba por la calle. Una escalera, otra, otra... Se detuvo un poco, respiró hondo. Tiró el cigarrillo que ya estaba terminado y encendió otro. Siguió subiendo... subiendo...

Target Text

Death in the Woods

The man sighed sadly, stopped and turned his head. He could still make out the sign that hung a few blocks behind. He walked back to the building, looked over the row of doorbells by the door and pressed the one for the lobby. He rang it, then rang it again. He pressed it again but no one answered. He soon realized that the door was unlocked and he entered. There was nobody on the ground floor. He climbed the shadowy staircase and hesitantly rang the bell of an apartment. Almost immediately a young woman appeared at the door, her face was covered in makeup yet she seemed dishevelled and dirty.

“What can I do for you?”

“I wanted to inquire about the vacant apartment but there is no one downstairs,” he said timidly.

“That old crone is never around, I have no idea how they haven’t got rid of her. Look, the empty apartment is on the fifth floor, but the old lady has the keys. She lives in the terrace, you’ll find her there.”

“Thanks a million.” He began to climb the stairs, slower than when he was out in the street. One step, another, another... He halted for a second and took a deep breath. He discarded the butt of his cigarette and lit another one. He went up, up...

—¿Quién llamaba a la portería? — gritó una voz de mujer. Él miró hacia arriba, de donde salía la voz, y descubrió a una mujer gorda y chaparra que se asomaba por la escalera.

—Yo llamé —contestó— quiero ver el departamento vacío.

—Voy por las llaves, espéreme allí, ahorita bajo. El hombre esperó pacientemente a que la mujer bajara con las llaves y abriera el departamento. No era una gran cosa, pero la estancia era amplia y tenía suficiente luz, buena orientación. Debía de ser caliente en el invierno; una recámara para los niños y otra para ellos, un baño bastante decoroso...

—¿Cuánto renta? —le preguntó a la portera.

—Yo no sé, señor, pero si a usted le interesa le puedo dar el teléfono del dueño para que se arreglen.

—Sí, el departamento me interesa, ¿cuál es el número?

—No me lo sé de memoria, pero allá arriba en mi cuarto lo tengo apuntado, se lo iré a traer.

—Yo iré con usted. Subió tras ella y llegaron a la azotea.

—Ahora se lo doy —dijo la mujer entrando en el cuarto. Abrió el cajón de una desvencijada mesa y empezó a sacar tapones de vidrio, una vela, cordones de lana para las trenzas, moños arrugados y descoloridos, un pedazo de espejo, cajas vacías, frascos, unos anteojos, corchos, unas tijeras rotas... El hombre se había quedado afuera, recargado en la puerta del cuarto, y desde allí miraba a la mujer que revolvía el cajón sin

“Who was that ringing the caretaker’s bell?” shouted a woman’s voice. He looked up in the direction of the voice and saw a short, plump woman sticking her head out into the staircase.

“I rang,” he answered, “I want to take a look at the empty apartment.”

“Let me get the keys. Wait there, I’ll be down in a sec.” The man waited patiently for the woman to come down with the keys and unlock the apartment. It wasn’t anything special, but the landing was wide, it had enough light and a good orientation. It must have been warm in the winter. That bedroom for the kids and that one for them, and wasn’t that a nice bathroom...

“How much’s the rent?” he asked her.

“I don’t know, sir, but if you are interested I can get you the owner’s number so you two can discuss it.”

“I’m interested. What’s the number?”

“Oh, I don’t know it by heart, I’ve got it up there in my room. I’ll go fetch it.”

“I’ll come with.” He went behind her, up to the terrace.

“Just one moment,” said the woman as she went into her room. She opened the drawer of a rickety table and started pulling out glass lids, a candle, yarns of wool, crumpled and discoloured bows, the shard of a mirror, empty boxes, jars, a pair of spectacles, corks, a pair of

encontrar nada. Y cada vez sacaba más cosas. Donde quiera es lo mismo — pensaba al observarla— almacenar basura, llenarse de cosas inútiles por si algún día sirven, juntar cosas y más cosas con desesperación, hasta que un día se muera asfixiado entre ellas. En su casa tenía siempre la sensación de que un día aquel mundo de objetos se animaría y se echaría sobre él. Sintió un gran malestar y apartó la vista de la mujer que seguía sacando cosas... Miró hacia arriba. Había nubes blancas. Sería bueno agarrar un puñado. Se veían tan cerca...

—Yo no sé qué se me ha hecho ese papelito donde apunté el número, estoy segura de que lo guardé aquí —decía la mujer, mientras sacaba y volvía a meter en el cajón de la mesa cosas y más cosas.

Pasó una bandada de pájaros. Los siguió con la vista y los vio llegar a su destino: el bosque. Regresaban a dormir entre los árboles. Sintió entonces nostalgia de los árboles, deseo de ser árbol... —Ahora lo encuentro, ahora lo encuentro —decía la mujer—... vivir en el bosque, enraizado, siempre en el mismo sitio, sin tener que ir de un lado a otro, sin moverse más; siempre allí mirando las nubes y las estrellas, y las estrellas se apagarían y se volverían a encender y la mujer seguiría buscando, buscando... la noche, el día, otra noche, otro día, y la mujer buscando, buscando, buscando desesperada el número de un teléfono... y él en el bosque sin importarle nada, sin oír ya sonar papeles y cajones y cosas... descansando de aquella fatiga de toda su vida, de los tranvías, de

broken scissors... The man had stayed outside, leaning against the door to the room, and from there he looked at the woman as she dug around in the drawer without finding anything. And she kept taking things out. Wherever you are, it is always the same, he thought as he observed her, people store garbage, they hoard useless things in case they might come in handy one day, desperately gathering more and more things, until one day you just suffocate with them. In his own house he always had the feeling that one day his own world of objects would become animate and hurl itself at him. He was overcome by a deep unrest and looked away from the woman, who was still pulling things out... He looked up to the white clouds. It would be nice to grab a fistful of them. They seemed so close...

“I don’t know what happened to this piece of paper where I jotted down the number, I’m positive I kept it here,” the woman was saying as she took out more and more stuff from the drawer and put it back again.

A flock of birds passed above. He followed them with his eyes and saw them reach their destination: the woods. They were returning to the trees to spend the night. He was then hit by nostalgia for the trees, by the desire to become a tree... “Any moment now, I’ll find it, I’ll find it soon,” the woman kept saying... to live in the woods, rooted, always on the same spot, without having to go from one place to

las calles llenas de gente y de ruido, de la prisa, de los relojes, de su mujer, de la horrible vivienda, de los niños... sin oír las máquinas de escribir ni las prensas del periódico, ni los linotipos, ni los diez teléfonos sonando a un mismo tiempo... tendría silencio y soledad para pensar, tal vez para recordar, para detenerse en algún minuto hondamente vivido, para oír de nuevo una palabra, una sola palabra... —Aquí guardé ese papelito, me acuerdo muy bien, aquí lo guardé—... encontrarse de pronto en el bosque rodeado de árboles silenciosos, sostenido por hondas raíces, mirando las estrellas y las nubes... el viento mecería suavemente sus ramas y los pájaros se hospedarían en su follaje... ¡vida tranquila y leve la de los árboles, llenos de pájaros y de cantos...! —Pero si yo lo guardé aquí, estoy bien segura—... del día a la noche cientos de cantos, miles de cantos en sus oídos, ante sus ojos fijos, fuera y dentro de él un eterno coro, el mismo coro siempre, y él sin poder oír ya ni sus propios pensamientos sino el alegre canto de los pájaros... padeciendo sus picotazos en el cuello, en los brazos extendidos, en los ojos, y él a su merced sin poder mover ni un dedo y ahuyentarlos... tener que sufrir los vientos huracanados que arrancan las ramas y las hojas... quedarse desnudo largos meses... inmóvil bajo la lluvia helada y persistente, sin ver el sol ni las estrellas... morir de angustia al oír las hachas de los leñadores, cada vez más cerca, más, más... sentir el cuerpo mutilado y la sangre escurriendo a chorros... los enamorados grabando corazones e iniciales en su pecho... acabar en una

another, without moving at all; always there, gazing at the clouds and the stars, and the stars would turn off and on again and the woman would still be looking, looking... night, day, another night, another day, and the woman looking, looking, desperately looking for the phone number... and him in the woods without a care in the world, no more hearing the sound of papers and drawers and things... resting from a life full of weariness, from the trains, from streets bustling with people and noise, from the rush, the clocks, his wife, their horrible house, their children... without hearing the typewriters and the newspaper presses, without the linotypes and the ten phone lines ringing all at once... he would have silence and space to think, maybe to ponder, to linger in a deeply lived minute, to listen again to a word, only to one word... I kept that slip of paper here, I'm sure of it, I kept it here... to find himself, all of a sudden, in the woods, surrounded by silent trees, supported by deep roots, gazing up at the clouds and stars... the wind would rock his branches gently and the birds would nest within his foliage... the tranquil and mild life of a tree, full of birds and songs...! I know I kept it here, I'm pretty sure... from morning to night a hundred songs, thousands of songs in his ears, before his fixed eyes, outside and within him an eternal choir, the same choir always, and him no longer able to hear even his own thoughts, only the cheerful singing of birds... suffering their pecking on his neck, on his outstretched arms, on his eyes... him at

chimenea, incinerado... —Ya me estoy acordando dónde guardé el papelito—... ver pasar un día a sus hijos y a su mujer, y él sin poder gritarles: —Soy yo, no se vayan— ellos no se detendrían bajo su sombra, ni lo mirarían siquiera, no les comunicarían nada su emoción ni su alegría. — Empieza a soplar el viento, mira cómo se mueven las hojas de ese árbol—, dirían los niños sin reconocerlo, y él allí, clavado en la tierra, enmudecido para siempre, lleno de pájaros y de... —¡Ya lo tengo, ya lo tengo, aquí está ya el número! —decía a voz en cuello la mujer. Al escuchar los gritos el hombre se estremeció bruscamente, como si hubiese caído, dentro del sueño, en un pozo sin fondo. Miró a la mujer que le alargaba el papel, con extrañeza, como si nunca antes la hubiera visto. De pronto se dio vuelta y comenzó a bajar la escalera apresuradamente. —Aquí está el número, señor, ya lo encontré — gritaba la mujer desconcertada por completo. Pero el hombre no la oía, o ya no le importaba oírla, y seguía bajando las escaleras como si lo fueran persiguiendo... —Señor, señor, espérese, aquí tengo el número — repetía la mujer gorda mientras bajaba tras el hombre. Y tal era la prisa que el hombre llevaba que se le cayó el sombrero. Pero siguió bajando, sin detenerse a recogerlo, hasta ganar la puerta de salida... —Su sombrero, señor, se le cayó el sombrero —gritaba entonces la mujer. Ella lo recogió y salió con él a la calle. Vio al hombre que iba corriendo calle abajo... —Su sombrero señor, seeeñññooor, seeeñññooor, seeeñññoorr... Todavía

their mercy, unable to move even a finger to drive them away... having to endure the hurricane winds that rip out branches and leaves... remaining naked for lengthy months on end... immobile under the icy and persistent rain, unable to see the sun and the stars anymore... to die of anguish at the sound of the woodcutter's axes, closer every time, closer, closer... to feel his own mutilated body and his blood gushing out... lovers carving hearts and their initials on his chest... to end up incinerated in a chimney... I think I remember now where I left that strip of paper... to one day see his children and his wife walking by and not be able to shout at them: it's me, don't go! They wouldn't stop under is shade, they wouldn't even look at him, their excitement and their joy telling him nothing. The wind is starting up, look at how the leaves of that tree are swaying, his children would say, without recognizing him, and him there, stuck into the ground, forever mute and full of birds and full of...

“I've got it! Finally I've got it, here's the number!” the woman cried out. At the sound of her clamour, the man recoiled violently, as if he had fallen inside a dream and into a bottomless well. He looked at the woman with the piece of paper outstretched towards him, he looked bewildered, as if he had never seen her before. All of a sudden, he turned around and hurriedly started down the stairs. “Here is the number, sir, I've got it,” the woman shouted, completely baffled. But the

corrió varias cuadras tratando de entregarle el sombrero. Jadeando y muy fatigada desistió de su empeño y se quedó mirándolo correr calle abajo hasta perderse en el bosque.

man could no longer hear her, or he cared not to hear, and he kept rushing down the stairs as if he were being chased... “Sir, sir, wait, here is the number” the plump woman repeated as she chased after him. And such was his haste that he lost his hat. But he kept on going down the stairs, without stopping to pick it up, until he reached the exit... “Your hat, sir, you dropped your hat,” the woman now shouted. She picked it up and went outside with it. She saw the man running down the street... “Your hat, sir, siiiiiir, sir, siiiiiir, siiiiiirrrrrr...” She ran for a couple of blocks still, trying to return the hat. Panting and exhausted, she gave up and stood there, staring at him as he kept on running down the street until he disappeared into the woods.

Student Number	21348833	Text Number	5
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Source Text		Target Text	
Title	<i>A Modest Proposal</i>	Title	<i>Una propuesta modesta</i>
Year Published	1729		
Author	Jonathan Swift		
Language	English	Language	Spanish
Word Count	3386	Word Count	3622
Description of Source Text <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <i>understanding of source text</i> <i>knowledge of genre within source contexts</i> <i>situation of source text familiarity with the formal features of a text (language variation(s), register, dialect)</i> (200 words max)	<p><i>A Modest Proposal</i> is a satirical essay that suggests, from the perspective of an imaginary proponent, selling the children of impoverished people to the rich as food as a solution to the economic troubles of Ireland at the time. Unlike other satires, the ST does not attempt to lure the reader into a ‘temporary assent of the proposal’, as it is ‘simply too aggressively alienating to be successful as a hoax’ (Phiddian 1996, 605). Swift’s proposal is a criticism aimed at the state of Irish affairs, parodying actual proposals put forth at the time, that were too out of touch to be effective, or that never got carried out. The language mimics governmental communication, its register is formal and it sometimes uses archaic spelling (such as ‘publick’ or ‘encrease’). The proponent is a caricaturized version of a politician, constantly reiterating an unconvincing concern for the wellbeing of the country. A key feature of the ST is its dehumanizing portrayal of the poor, which is also a criticism of how the government and the people of means (mainly landlords) already ‘consume’ them. In this manner, the proponent comments negatively on everyone, from the rich to the poor, from Catholics to Protestants, from nationalists to those who would ‘fight for the Pretender in Spain’ (Swift 1963, 6).</p>		
Strategy <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <i>identification of translation problems</i> <i>knowledge of genre within target context and situation of target text</i> <i>justification of translation</i> 	<p>My TT will be aimed at adult Mexican readers of non-narrative forms of literature with an interest for Irish literature. With the intention of reproducing the satirical effect of the ST, I will localize my translation to create a contemporary equivalent set in Mexico. In order to do this, I will use official-sounding language with formal register, but will drop the archaic spelling of the ST. The cultural and historical references will be adapted, either by replacing them with more relevant ones for the target culture (e.g., changing the mentions of ‘the kingdom’ to ‘la república’, adjusting the demographic information to Mexican contemporary demographics, and converting shillings into their equivalent contemporary value in pesos), or by considering them as distant fact (such as the ideas of Psalmanaazor, transmitted</p>		

<p><i>production of genre for target context</i> (200 words max)</p>	<p>through his writings instead of through conversation). As part of the dehumanization of the satire is the detachment of the proponent from the people they discuss, as well as his diction, I will prioritize word choices that reflect this (such as translating the adjectives ‘male’ and ‘female’ when referring to the children to be sold as ‘macho’ y ‘hembra’, respectively, which are words that one would commonly use to refer to cattle).</p>
<p>Critical Reflection • <i>textual analysis</i> (200 words max)</p>	<p>There is a great distance between XVIII Ireland and present-day Mexico, however, there were ample opportunities to find equivalences for the features of the ST in the target culture. The uneven distribution of wealth, the privilege of the political class, inner divisions between the people, housing issues, the Catholic influence, the image of beggars in the street, and the neighbouring presence of an oppressive power are all familiar tropes to the contemporary Mexican. Other, more-specific references, such as the support for The Pretender (James Francis Edward Stuart), were more challenging to adapt. To circumvent this, my translation could have focused on explicating the source context and the cultural references instead of adapting them into the contemporary Mexican setting, either by expanding the body of the text or by using footnotes. This would present to the reader a more accurate picture of Swift’s Ireland, which might be a better choice if the intention of the TT were mainly academic. However, the explication probably would lessen the satirical effect of the ST by producing distance between the text and the readers, meaning that, for target readers with a more general interest of Irish literature, a localizing strategy such as the one employed here is probably the better choice.</p>
<p>Works Cited • <i>use of sources and reference material</i></p>	<p>Phiddian, Robert. 1996. “Have You Eaten Yet? The Reader in A Modest Proposal.” <i>Studies in English Literature, 1500-1900</i> 36, no. 3: 603–21. https://doi.org/10.2307/450801</p> <p>Swift, Jonathan. 1963 (1729). <i>A Modest Proposal for Preventing the Children of Poor People from being a Burden to their Parents or the Country, and for making them Beneficial to the Publick</i>. Dublin: Weaver Bickerton</p>

Source Text

A Modest Proposal

It is a melancholy object to those, who walk through this great town, or travel in the country, when they see the streets, the roads, and cabbin-doors crowded with beggars of the female sex, followed by three, four, or six children, all in rags, and importuning every passenger for an alms. These mothers, instead of being able to work for their honest livelihood, are forced to employ all their time in stroling to beg sustenance for their helpless infants who, as they grow up, either turn thieves for want of work, or leave their dear native country, to fight for the Pretender in Spain, or sell themselves to the Barbadoes.

I think it is agreed by all parties, that this prodigious number of children in the arms, or on the backs, or at the heels of their mothers, and frequently of their fathers, is in the present deplorable state of the kingdom, a very great additional grievance; and therefore whoever could find out a fair, cheap and easy method of making these children sound and useful members of the commonwealth, would deserve so well of the publick, as to have his statue set up for a preserver of the nation.

Target Text

Una propuesta modesta

- 1 Debe ser una fuente de melancolía, para todo aquél que transita por esta gran ciudad, o que viaja por la provincia, el ver las avenidas, calles y paradas de autobús llenas con mendigos del sexo femenino, acompañadas por tres, cuatro, hasta seis niños, vestidos sólo con harapos, mientras piden a cada pasajero una limosna. Estas madres, en lugar de trabajar para ganarse la vida de forma honesta, se ven obligadas a gastar todo su tiempo en rogarle a extraños un apoyo para el sustento de sus infantes desamparados que, conforme maduran, se convierten en ladrones por falta de oportunidades, o traicionan su querida patria, vendiendo sus votos a candidatos que preferirían ver un retorno a los días del Imperio Español, o se van de mojados a los Estados Unidos.
- 2 Creo que todo el mundo estará de acuerdo con que este número prodigioso de niños en los brazos, o en la espalda, o tras las faldas de sus madres, o, en ocasiones, de sus padres, es, en el presente estado tan deplorable de nuestra república, un gran pesar adicional. En consecuencia, quien pudiera encontrar una forma justa, fácil de implementar, y barata, para convertir a estos niños en miembros sanos y productivos para nuestra realidad capitalista, se ganaría los elogios del

But my intention is very far from being confined to provide only for the children of professed beggars: it is of a much greater extent, and shall take in the whole number of infants at a certain age, who are born of parents in effect as little able to support them, as those who demand our charity in the streets.

As to my own part, having turned my thoughts for many years upon this important subject, and maturely weighed the several schemes of our projectors, I have always found them grossly mistaken in their computation. It is true, a child just dropt from its dam, may be supported by her milk, for a solar year, with little other nourishment: at most not above the value of two shillings, which the mother may certainly get, or the value in scraps, by her lawful occupation of begging; and it is exactly at one year old that I propose to provide for them in such a manner, as, instead of being a charge upon their parents, or the parish, or wanting food and raiment for the rest of their lives, they shall, on the contrary, contribute to the feeding, and partly to the clothing of many thousands.

público, así como el honor de que se levante una estatua en su honor y se le reconozca como héroe de la nación.

3 Sin embargo, mi intención no se limita a proveer únicamente para los niños de mendigos declarados: mi objetivo va mucho más lejos, y considerará también el total de niños de cierta edad, nacidos de padres que, en la práctica, tiene tan pocas posibilidades de proveer para ellos que aquellos padres que nos ruegan caridad en las calles.

4 Por mi parte, tras muchos años de sopesar este tema crucial y tras evaluar las diferentes estrategias de otros proponentes, he concluido que éstas suelen errar principalmente en sus cálculos. Es cierto que un niño recién nacido puede subsistir de leche materna, sin necesidad de mucho más, por un año completo; a lo más su costo no rebasaría los quinientos cincuenta pesos, cantidad que una madre ciertamente puede obtener, o cuando menos su valor en sobras, mediante su legítima ocupación de mendigar: es justamente a esta edad de un año que propongo una manera de encargarse de ellos que, concretamente, los convierta, ya no en un lastre para sus padres o para la iglesia, y ya sin requerir comida y alojamiento para el resto de sus vidas, en contribuyentes para la alimentación y, en parte, la vestimenta, de miles de personas.

There is likewise another great advantage in my scheme, that it will prevent those voluntary abortions, and that horrid practice of women murdering their bastard children, alas! too frequent among us, sacrificing the poor innocent babes, I doubt, more to avoid the expence than the shame, which would move tears and pity in the most savage and inhuman breast.

The number of souls in this kingdom being usually reckoned one million and a half, of these I calculate there may be about two hundred thousand couple, whose wives are breeders; from which number I subtract thirty thousand couple, who are able to maintain their own children, (although I apprehend there cannot be so many under the present distresses of the kingdom) but this being granted, there will remain a hundred and seventy thousand breeders. I again subtract fifty thousand, for those women who miscarry, or whose children die by accident or disease within the year. There only remain a hundred and twenty thousand children of poor parents annually born. The question therefore is, How this number shall be reared and provided for? which, as I have already said, under the present situation of affairs, is utterly impossible by all the methods hitherto proposed. For we can neither employ them in handicraft or agriculture; they neither build houses, (I mean in the country) nor cultivate land: they can very seldom pick up a livelihood by stealing till they arrive

5 Hay también otra gran ventaja con mi esquema: que prevendrá todos esos abortos voluntarios, así como esos terribles hábitos de mujeres asesinando a sus bastardos que, ¡por dios!, tan frecuentes son entre nosotros. Estos sacrificios de pobres e inocentes bebés son, sospecho, más para ahorrarse el gasto, no tanto la vergüenza, la cual podría conmover y apelar a la compasión del pecho más salvaje e inhumano.

6 El número de almas en la nación suele computarse en ciento veinte millones, de los cuales calculo que debe de haber alrededor de dos millones y medio de parejas con capacidad reproductora; a este número le restaría un millón de parejas, que son capaces de sustentar a sus hijos (aunque, dada la situación actual de la república, más bien dictadura perfecta, dudo que sean tantas). Si este cálculo es correcto, quedaría un millón y medio de parejas reproductoras. A su vez, le resto a esto trescientos mil, por aquellas mujeres cuyos embarazos que se malogran, o cuyos hijos fallecen antes del año por un accidente o por enfermedad. Quedarían entonces un millón doscientos mil niños nacidos anualmente de padres en estado de pobreza. La pregunta sería entonces, ¿cómo criar y mantener a tal número? Lo cual, como mencioné antes, es absolutamente imposible dada la situación actual sin importar cuál de las estrategias propuestas hasta ahora se elija. No podemos emplearlos en mano de obra ni en agricultura; ya casi no se construyen casas ni se cultiva

at six years old; except where they are of towardly parts, although I confess they learn the rudiments much earlier; during which time they can however be properly looked upon only as probationers; as I have been informed by a principal gentleman in the county of Cavan, who protested to me, that he never knew above one or two instances under the age of six, even in a part of the kingdom so renowned for the quickest proficiency in that art.

I am assured by our merchants, that a boy or a girl, before twelve years old, is no saleable commodity, and even when they come to this age, they will not yield above three pounds, or three pounds and half a crown at most, on the exchange; which cannot turn to account either to the parents or kingdom, the charge of nutriments and rags having been at least four times that value.

I shall now therefore humbly propose my own thoughts, which I hope will not be liable to the least objection.

I have been assured by a very knowing American of my acquaintance in London, that a young healthy child well nursed, is, at a year old, a most delicious nourishing and wholesome food, whether stewed, roasted,

la tierra (me refiero principalmente a la situación en el campo). Éstos rara vez se podrán mantener mediante el robo hasta que alcancen la edad de seis años, con la excepción de los que se desarrollan precozmente, aunque confieso que éstos aprenden dichos rudimentos desde mucho antes; durante este tiempo se les puede considerar sólo como aprendices, como me lo ha informado un afable caballero de Iztapalapa, quien me insistió que no sabe de más de un par de casos antes de esta edad de seis años, aun en esa delegación tan reconocida por la excelencia en ese arte.

7 Según me han asegurado algunos comerciantes, un niño o niña, menor de doce años, no es una mercancía rentable. E incluso cuando alcanzan esa edad, su venta no excedería los dieciséis mil quinientos pesos, lo cual no alcanza para compensar ni a los padres ni a la nación, ya que el costo del alimento y los harapos habrán representado al menos cuatro veces esa cantidad.

8 Es por esto que ahora, con humildad, describiré mi propuesta, la cual espero que no sea susceptible a objeción alguna.

9 Un republicano muy sabio que conocí en Nueva York me asegura que un niño saludable, al año de edad, es un alimento de lo más nutritivo y

baked, or boiled; and I make no doubt that it will equally serve in a fricasee, or a ragoust.

I do therefore humbly offer it to publick consideration, that of the hundred and twenty thousand children, already computed, twenty thousand may be reserved for breed, whereof only one fourth part to be males; which is more than we allow to sheep, black cattle, or swine, and my reason is, that these children are seldom the fruits of marriage, a circumstance not much regarded by our savages, therefore, one male will be sufficient to serve four females. That the remaining hundred thousand may, at a year old, be offered in sale to the persons of quality and fortune, through the kingdom, always advising the mother to let them suck plentifully in the last month, so as to render them plump, and fat for a good table. A child will make two dishes at an entertainment for friends, and when the family dines alone, the fore or hind quarter will make a reasonable dish, and seasoned with a little pepper or salt, will be very good boiled on the fourth day, especially in winter.

I have reckoned upon a medium, that a child just born will weigh 12 pounds, and in a solar year, if tolerably nursed, encreaseth to 28 pounds.

completo, ya sea preparado en estofado, asado, al horno o hervido. Y yo no tengo ninguna duda de que también iría bien con mole o al pibil.

10 Es por esto que, humildemente, propongo, para la consideración del público, que del millón doscientos mil niños, ya computados, se reserven doscientos mil como reproductores, de los cuales sólo una cuarta parte sean hombres (esto es más de lo que les permitimos a las ovejas, a los cabritos, o a los cerdos); mi razón es que estos niños rara vez son producto de un matrimonio amoroso, una circunstancia muy devaluada entre nuestra población menos civilizada, y, por lo tanto, un macho sería suficiente para cuatro hembras. Bien entonces, el millón restante, a la edad de un año, podría venderse a las personas de clase y fortuna de todas las esquinas de la república. No estaría de más aconsejar a sus madres de darles pecho en abundancia durante el último mes, para engordarlos y dejarlos listos para una buena cena. Un niño, por sí solo, alcanzaría para dos platillos para una cena con las amistades, o, si la familia planea cenar sin otra compañía, el talón o el chamorro servirían para preparar un platillo razonable: al cuarto día, hervido y con algo de sazón, sabría muy sabroso, en particular para las fiestas decembrinas.

11 Calculo que, en promedio, un recién nacido pesaría alrededor de cuatro kilos; y tras un año, si se le alimenta bien, diez kilos.

I grant this food will be somewhat dear, and therefore very proper for landlords, who, as they have already devoured most of the parents, seem to have the best title to the children.

Infant's flesh will be in season throughout the year, but more plentiful in March, and a little before and after; for we are told by a grave author, an eminent French physician, that fish being a prolific dyet, there are more children born in Roman Catholick countries about nine months after Lent, than at any other season; therefore, reckoning a year after Lent, the markets will be more glutted than usual, because the number of Popish infants, is at least three to one in this kingdom, and therefore it will have one other collateral advantage, by lessening the number of Papists among us.

I have already computed the charge of nursing a beggar's child (in which list I reckon all cottagers, labourers, and four-fifths of the farmers) to be about two shillings per annum, rags included; and I believe no gentleman would repine to give ten shillings for the carcass of a good fat child, which, as I have said, will make four dishes of excellent nutritive meat, when he

12 Admito que este alimento sería algopreciado, por tanto, muy apropiado para aquellos políticos y propietarios de inmuebles que, habiendo devorado ya gran parte de los padres, serían los más merecedores de consumir también a sus hijos.

13 La carne de infante estaría en temporada durante todo el año, pero sería más abundante en marzo, y un poco antes y después, dado que, como nos indica un autor serio, que es un destacado médico francés, el pescado es una dieta fecunda, por lo cual, en los países católicos, nacen más niños alrededor de nueve meses después de la Cuaresma que en cualquier otra temporada. Por lo tanto, estimando un año después de la Cuaresma, los mercados estarían, en particular en la zona del Bajío, más saturados que de costumbre, porque el número de infantes de los mochos, en esta región, es de al menos tres a uno. Por ende, esta propuesta tendría otra ventaja adyacente, el reducir el número de papistas entre nosotros.

14 Ya calculé el costo de criar a un niño de mendigos (incluyo en la lista a todos los labradores, obreros, y cuatro quintos de los granjeros) en aproximadamente 550 pesos al año, incluyendo harapos. No tengo duda en aseverar que ningún caballero tendría problema con pagar dos mil setecientos cincuenta pesos por el cadáver de un niño regordete, el cual,

hath only some particular friend, or his own family to dine with him. Thus the squire will learn to be a good landlord, and grow popular among his tenants, the mother will have eight shillings neat profit, and be fit for work till she produces another child.

Those who are more thrifty (as I must confess the times require) may flay the carcass; the skin of which, artificially dressed, will make admirable gloves for ladies, and summer boots for fine gentlemen.

As to our City of Dublin, shambles may be appointed for this purpose, in the most convenient parts of it, and butchers we may be assured will not be wanting; although I rather recommend buying the children alive, and dressing them hot from the knife, as we do roasting pigs.

A very worthy person, a true lover of his country, and whose virtues I highly esteem, was lately pleased in discoursing on this matter, to offer a refinement upon my scheme. He said, that many gentlemen of this kingdom, having of late destroyed their deer, he conceived that the want

como ya mencioné, rendiría para cuatro platillos de una carne excelente y nutritiva, para cenar con una sola amistad o sólo con la familia. De esta forma, el pudiente aprenderá a ser buen arrendador y se hará popular entre sus inquilinos; la madre tendrá cuatro mil cuatrocientos pesos de ganancia neta, y tendrá el tiempo y la energía para trabajar hasta que produzca a otro niño.

15 Aquellos que buscan ser más económicos (confieso que estos tiempos a veces eso requieren) pueden despellejar el cadáver, cuya piel tratada podría servir para crear guantes admirables para las damas, y botas de campo para los caballeros finos.

16 En cuanto a nuestra Ciudad de México, se podrían designar, para este propósito, mataderos en las localidades más convenientes. Estoy seguro de que no faltarán carniceros. Aunque yo recomendaría comprar a los niños aún vivos y condimentarlos recién pasados por el cuchillo, como lo hacemos con los cerdos asados.

17 Recientemente, una persona de gran valor, cuyo amor por esta nación es puro y cuya virtud estimo altamente, me sugirió plácidamente, mientras discursábamos sobre el tema, una enmienda a mi esquema. Me reveló que muchos de los caballeros de la república ya han agotado sus venados

of venison might be well supplied by the bodies of young lads and maidens, not exceeding fourteen years of age, nor under twelve; so great a number of both sexes in every county being now ready to starve for want of work and service: and these to be disposed of by their parents if alive, or otherwise by their nearest relations. But with due deference to so excellent a friend, and so deserving a patriot, I cannot be altogether in his sentiments; for as to the males, my American acquaintance assured me from frequent experience, that their flesh was generally tough and lean, like that of our schoolboys, by continual exercise, and their taste disagreeable, and to fatten them would not answer the charge. Then as to the females, it would, I think, with humble submission, be a loss to the publick, because they soon would become breeders themselves: and besides, it is not improbable that some scrupulous people might be apt to censure such a practice, (although indeed very unjustly) as a little bordering upon cruelty, which, I confess, hath always been with me the strongest objection against any project, how well soever intended.

de importación mediante la caza, por lo que concibió que la falta de carne de venado podría satisfacerse con los cadáveres de jóvenes muchachos y muchachas, no mayores de catorce años de edad, ni menores de doce. Esto dado por el enorme número de jóvenes de ambos sexos que están próximos a morir de hambre por falta de trabajo y de asistencia, y dado que su entierro estaría a cargo de sus padres, si éstos aún viven, o de sus familiares más cercanos. Pero, sin dejar de lado el debido respeto que tengo por tan excelente amigo, y tan digno patriota, no puedo estar de acuerdo. En el caso de los machos, mi amigo republicano me asegura, con base en su extensa experiencia, que su carne suele ser dura y magra, como la de nuestros jóvenes estudiantes, a causa del ejercicio constante, y por tanto su sabor no es agradable, así que ponerlos en engorda no aliviaría sería rentable. Y, en cuanto a las hembras, opino con humildad que sería una pérdida para la nación, puesto a que pronto ellas podrían convertirse en reproductoras. Además, no me sorprendería que algunas personas escrupulosas pudieran ser susceptibles a censurar tales prácticas (aunque en verdad de forma muy injusta) por encontrarlas demasiado próximas a la crueldad. Esto, confieso, es la objeción más frecuente contra la que mi proyecto se ha enfrentado, aun cuando éste es tan bien intencionado.

But in order to justify my friend, he confessed, that this expedient was put into his head by the famous Psalmanaazor, a native of the island Formosa, who came from thence to London, above twenty years ago, and in conversation told my friend, that in his country, when any young person happened to be put to death, the executioner sold the carcass to persons of quality, as a prime dainty; and that, in his time, the body of a plump girl of fifteen, who was crucified for an attempt to poison the Emperor, was sold to his imperial majesty's prime minister of state, and other great mandarins of the court in joints from the gibbet, at four hundred crowns. Neither indeed can I deny, that if the same use were made of several plump young girls in this town, who without one single groat to their fortunes, cannot stir abroad without a chair, and appear at a playhouse and assemblies in foreign fineries which they never will pay for, the kingdom would not be the worse.

Some persons of a desponding spirit are in great concern about that vast number of poor people, who are aged, diseased, or maimed; and I have been desired to employ my thoughts what course may be taken, to ease the nation of so grievous an incumbrance. But I am not in the least pain

18 Pero, para justificar a mi amigo, él me reveló que esta idea se le ocurrió tras leer a Psalmanazar, aquel reconocido nativo de la isla de Taiwán, en sus tiempos conocida como Formosa, que viajó a Londres a principios del siglo XVIII, donde publicó un estudio antropológico que sostenía que, en su país, cuando se ejecutaba a una persona joven, el verdugo vendía su cadáver a las personas de nobleza como un manjar de primera, y que, en sus tiempos, los restos de una muchacha rechoncha de quince — crucificada por un intento de envenenar al emperador— se vendieron directamente desde el patíbulo al primer ministro de Su Majestad Imperial y a otros mandarines de la corte, por cuatrocientas coronas (alrededor de quinientos cincuenta mil pesos en dinero de hoy). Y la verdad es que no puedo negar que, si se les diera el mismo uso a varias de las muchachas rechonchas que hoy en día vagan por esta ciudad, que, aun cuando no tienen ni un peso a su nombre, no salen de casa si no es en berlina y aparecen en teatros y galas en lujosos vestidos de importación por los que nunca pagarán. el país no se encontraría en peor estado.

19 A algunas personas con espíritu abatido les preocupa el enorme número de gente pobre en estado de vejez, o de enfermedad, o con alguna incapacidad, y me han solicitado que enfoque mis ideas en formular una solución para aliviar a la nación de tan terrible lastre. Pero esto no me

upon that matter, because it is very well known, that they are every day dying, and rotting, by cold and famine, and filth, and vermin, as fast as can be reasonably expected. And as to the young labourers, they are now in almost as hopeful a condition. They cannot get work, and consequently pine away from want of nourishment, to a degree, that if at any time they are accidentally hired to common labour, they have not strength to perform it, and thus the country and themselves are happily delivered from the evils to come.

I have too long digressed, and therefore shall return to my subject. I think the advantages by the proposal which I have made are obvious and many, as well as of the highest importance.

For first, as I have already observed, it would greatly lessen the number of Papists, with whom we are yearly overrun, being the principal breeders of the nation, as well as our most dangerous enemies, and who stay at home on purpose with a design to deliver the kingdom to the Pretender, hoping to take their advantage by the absence of so many good Protestants, who have chosen rather to leave their country, than stay at home and pay tithes against their conscience to an episcopal curate.

causa el más mínimo dolor, puesto que, como es bien sabido, éstos mueren a diario, o decaen por el frío, la hambruna, la inmundicia y las alimañas, tan rápido como podría pedírseles de forma razonable. En cuanto a los jóvenes obreros, éstos se encuentran en condiciones casi tan alentadoras, puesto que no pueden obtener trabajo y, consecuentemente, languidecen por falta de nutrición y a tal grado que, si en algún momento se les contratara por accidente para realizar cualquier básica, no tendrían la fuerza para llevarla a cabo. Por lo tanto, la nación, así como ellos mismos, no tienen por qué preocuparse de los males del porvenir.

20 Ya he divagado demasiado y, por tanto, volveré al grano. Creo que las ventajas de mi propuesta son obvias y numerosas, así como de suma importancia.

21 Primero porque, como ya observé, reduciría bastante el número de papistas, con los cuales nos encontramos rebasados cada año, siendo estos los principales reproductores de la nación, así como nuestros enemigos más peligrosos, ya que permanecen entre nosotros a propósito y con la intención de entregar la república a la extrema derecha, aprovechándose de la ausencia de todas esas mentes brillantes que han

Secondly, The poorer tenants will have something valuable of their own, which by law may be made liable to a distress, and help to pay their landlord's rent, their corn and cattle being already seized, and money a thing unknown.

Thirdly, Whereas the maintainance of a hundred thousand children, from two years old, and upwards, cannot be computed at less than ten shillings a piece per annum, the nation's stock will be thereby encreased fifty thousand pounds per annum, besides the profit of a new dish, introduced to the tables of all gentlemen of fortune in the kingdom, who have any refinement in taste. And the money will circulate among our selves, the goods being entirely of our own growth and manufacture.

Fourthly, The constant breeders, besides the gain of eight shillings sterling per annum by the sale of their children, will be rid of the charge of maintaining them after the first year.

preferido dejar el país a quedarse en casa y pagar diezmos a las órdenes episcopales en contra de su voluntad.

22 Segundo, porque los arrendatarios más pobres tendrán algo de valor que sea realmente suyo, que por ley esté protegido de cualquier siniestro, y que pueda servir para pagar la renta de sus arrendadores, dado que el maíz y el ganado ya les fueron despojados, y que el dinero les es algo completamente ajeno.

23 Tercero, dado que el mantenimiento de un millón de niños, de los dos años en adelante, no puede computarse en menos de dos mil setecientos cincuenta pesos al año por cada uno, las arcas de la nación se verán incrementadas, en consecuencia, dos mil setecientos cincuenta millones de pesos al año, así como el surgimiento de un nuevo platillo para la mesa de todos los caballeros de fortuna de la república, cuyo gusto tiene cuando menos cierto nivel de refinamiento. Y el dinero circulará entre nosotros, dado que la mercancía será completamente de nuestra crianza y manufactura.

24 Cuarto, los reproductores constantes, además de ganar cuatro mil cuatrocientos pesos al año por la venta de sus hijos, también se ahorrarán el costo de mantenerlos más allá del primer año.

Fifthly, This food would likewise bring great custom to taverns, where the vintners will certainly be so prudent as to procure the best receipts for dressing it to perfection; and consequently have their houses frequented by all the fine gentlemen, who justly value themselves upon their knowledge in good eating; and a skilful cook, who understands how to oblige his guests, will contrive to make it as expensive as they please.

Sixthly, This would be a great inducement to marriage, which all wise nations have either encouraged by rewards, or enforced by laws and penalties. It would encrease the care and tenderness of mothers towards their children, when they were sure of a settlement for life to the poor babes, provided in some sort by the publick, to their annual profit instead of expence. We should soon see an honest emulation among the married women, which of them could bring the fattest child to the market. Men would become as fond of their wives, during the time of their pregnancy, as they are now of their mares in foal, their cows in calf, or sows when they are ready to farrow; nor offer to beat or kick them (as is too frequent a practice) for fear of a miscarriage.

25 Quinto, este alimento traería gran negocio a los restaurantes y fondas, donde los cocineros serán lo suficientemente prudentes como para procurar las mejores recetas: en consecuencia, sus establecimientos serán frecuentados por todos los caballeros de estatura, que con justicia se valoran a sí mismos por su juicio con respecto al buen comer. Y sin duda un chef habilidoso que sepa bien cómo complacer a sus comensales, encontrará la manera de hacer este alimento tan caro como desee.

26 Sexto, esto incentivaría al matrimonio, el cual se ha fomentado en las naciones más sabias mediante recompensas, e incluso mediante leyes y penalizaciones. También incrementaría el cuidado y la ternura de las madres hacia sus hijos, una vez que éstas tuvieran asegurado un arreglo de por vida para los pobres bebés, proporcionado de alguna forma por el público, para su ganancia anual en lugar de su gasto. Veríamos pronto una sana competencia entre las mujeres casadas por ser la que traiga el niño más regordete al mercado. Los hombres tratarían a sus esposas con el mismo cariño, durante su embarazo, con el que tratan a sus yeguas, vacas y cerdas cuando están listas para parir, y ya no les propinarían ni un golpe ni una patada (lo cual es una práctica demasiado frecuente) por temor a un aborto espontáneo.

Many other advantages might be enumerated. For instance, the addition of some thousand carcasses in our exportation of barrel'd beef: the propagation of swine's flesh, and improvement in the art of making good bacon, so much wanted among us by the great destruction of pigs, too frequent at our tables; which are no way comparable in taste or magnificence to a well grown, fat yearling child, which roasted whole will make a considerable figure at a Lord Mayor's feast, or any other publick entertainment. But this, and many others, I omit, being studious of brevity.

Supposing that one thousand families in this city, would be constant customers for infants flesh, besides others who might have it at merry meetings, particularly at weddings and christenings, I compute that Dublin would take off annually about twenty thousand carcasses; and the rest of the kingdom (where probably they will be sold somewhat cheaper) the remaining eighty thousand.

I can think of no one objection, that will possibly be raised against this proposal, unless it should be urged, that the number of people will be thereby much lessened in the kingdom. This I freely own, and was indeed one principal design in offering it to the world. I desire the reader will observe, that I calculate my remedy for this one individual Kingdom of

27 Se podrían enumerar muchas otras ventajas. Por ejemplo, la adición de varios miles de cabezas de res para nuestra exportación. La propagación de la carne de cerdo y la mejoría en el arte de preparar buen tocino, que tanto ha decaído entre nosotros por la excesiva explotación de los cerdos, demasiado frecuentes en nuestras mesas; éstos no tienen ninguna comparación, ni en sabor ni en magnificencia, con un niño regordete de un año, que rostizado podría ser todo un espectáculo en el festín de algún senador o gobernador, o en cualquier otra celebración pública. Pero esto, entre muchas otras ventajas, omito debido a mi afán de brevedad.

28 Suponiendo que, en esta ciudad, alrededor de diez mil familias serían compradoras frecuentes de carne de infante, además de otros que la consumirían en celebraciones específicas, como bodas y bautizos, calculo que la Ciudad de México reservaría para sí alrededor de doscientos mil cadáveres. Al resto de la nación, donde posiblemente su venta sería más barata, le corresponderían los restantes ochocientos mil.

29 No puedo pensar en ninguna objeción que pudiera presentarse contra esta propuesta, a menos que se insista en que el número de personas disminuiría mucho en la nación. Esto lo reconozco libremente, ya que, de hecho, es una de las razones principales para compartirlo con el mundo. Deseo que el lector observe, este remedio está calculado exclusivamente

Ireland, and for no other that ever was, is, or, I think, ever can be upon Earth. Therefore let no man talk to me of other expedients: Of taxing our absentees at five shillings a pound: Of using neither clothes, nor household furniture, except what is of our own growth and manufacture: Of utterly rejecting the materials and instruments that promote foreign luxury: Of curing the expensiveness of pride, vanity, idleness, and gaming in our women: Of introducing a vein of parsimony, prudence and temperance: Of learning to love our country, wherein we differ even from Laplanders, and the inhabitants of Topinamboo: Of quitting our animosities and factions, nor acting any longer like the Jews, who were murdering one another at the very moment their city was taken: Of being a little cautious not to sell our country and consciences for nothing: Of teaching landlords to have at least one degree of mercy towards their tenants. Lastly, of putting a spirit of honesty, industry, and skill into our shopkeepers, who, if a resolution could now be taken to buy only our native goods, would immediately unite to cheat and exact upon us in the price, the measure, and the goodness, nor could ever yet be brought to make one fair proposal of just dealing, though often and earnestly invited to it.

para esta República de los Estados Unidos Mexicanos, y para ninguna otra que haya existido, exista, o, creo, pueda llegar a existir sobre la Tierra. Por lo tanto, que nadie me hable de otras medidas: de dejar de pagar pensiones millonarias a los expresidentes; de priorizar la formación de los jóvenes; de dejar de usar ropa y muebles que no sean de nuestra propia cosecha y fabricación; de rechazar por completo todo aquello que promuevan los lujos en el extranjero; de recortar los carísimos vicios como el orgullo, la vanidad, la ociosidad, y las apuestas entre nuestra gente; de legalizar la marihuana, de introducir un resto de parsimonia, prudencia y templanza; de aprender a amar a nuestro país; de abandonar nuestras animosidades y facciones que nos distraen mientras mineras extranjeras explotan y contaminan nuestros territorios; de dejar de entregar nuestros recursos al sector privado, en particular a empresas extranjeras; de enseñar a los arrendadores a tener al menos un grado de misericordia de los arrendatarios; y, por último, de infundir un espíritu de honestidad, industria y habilidad en nuestros dueños de pequeños negocios, quienes, si pudiéramos tomar ahora mismo la resolución de comprar sólo nuestros productos nativos, inmediatamente se organizarían para engañarnos con precios, medidas y calidad, a quienes nunca se ha logrado convencer del beneficio común de seguir las prácticas de justa competencia.

Therefore I repeat, let no man talk to me of these and the like expedients, till he hath at least some glympse of hope, that there will ever be some hearty and sincere attempt to put them into practice.

But, as to myself, having been wearied out for many years with offering vain, idle, visionary thoughts, and at length utterly despairing of success, I fortunately fell upon this proposal, which, as it is wholly new, so it hath something solid and real, of no expence and little trouble, full in our own power, and whereby we can incur no danger in disobliging England. For this kind of commodity will not bear exportation, and flesh being of too tender a consistence, to admit a long continuance in salt, although perhaps I could name a country, which would be glad to eat up our whole nation without it.

After all, I am not so violently bent upon my own opinion, as to reject any offer, proposed by wise men, which shall be found equally innocent, cheap, easy, and effectual. But before something of that kind shall be advanced in contradiction to my scheme, and offering a better, I desire the author or authors will be pleased maturely to consider two points.

30 Por lo tanto, repito, que nadie me hable de estas y de otras propuestas similares hasta que pueda ofrecer, cuando menos, un atisbo de esperanza de que habrá, algún día, un esfuerzo cordial y sincero de ponerlas en práctica.

31 Pero, en cuanto a mí, tras la fatiga de tantos años de ofrecer pensamientos vanos, ociosos e idealistas, y al final, completamente desesperado y sin éxito, di con fortuna con esta propuesta que, como es completamente nueva, tiene algo que es sólido y real, representaría un costo ínfimo y pocos problemas, y estaría completamente dentro de nuestro poder: por tanto, también estaría absolutamente a salvo de cometer el error de ir contra los intereses de Estados Unidos. Este tipo de mercancía no soportaría la exportación y, dado que la carne sería de una consistencia demasiado tierna, no duraría mucho tiempo en sal; aunque, siendo sinceros, creo poder nombrar con facilidad un país que estaría feliz de devorar toda nuestra nación sin ella.

32 Al final, no estoy tan violentamente establecido en mi propia opinión como para rechazar cualquier oferta, propuesta por personas sabias, que se considere igual de inocente, barata, fácil y eficaz. Pero antes de que se proponga algo de este corte en contradicción con mi esquema, quizá ofreciendo algo mejor, deseo que los autores se complazcan primero en

First, As things now stand, how they will be able to find food and raiment for a hundred thousand useless mouths and backs. And secondly, There being a round million of creatures in humane figure throughout this kingdom, whose whole subsistence put into a common stock, would leave them in debt two million of pounds sterling, adding those who are beggars by profession, to the bulk of farmers, cottagers and labourers, with their wives and children, who are beggars in effect; I desire those politicians who dislike my overture, and may perhaps be so bold to attempt an answer, that they will first ask the parents of these mortals, whether they would not at this day think it a great happiness to have been sold for food at a year old, in the manner I prescribe, and thereby have avoided such a perpetual scene of misfortunes, as they have since gone through, by the oppression of landlords, the impossibility of paying rent without money or trade, the want of common sustenance, with neither house nor clothes to cover them from the inclemencies of the weather, and the most inevitable prospect of intailing the like, or greater miseries, upon their breed for ever.

I profess in the sincerity of my heart, that I have not the least personal interest in endeavouring to promote this necessary work, having no other

considerar maduramente dos puntos. Primero, dada la situación actual, de dónde obtendrán alimento y alojamiento para un millón de bocas y cuerpos inútiles. Y segundo, dado que hay alrededor de cincuenta millones de criaturas en necesidad de ayuda humanitaria en esta nación, cuya pura subsistencia puesta a cargo de un fondo común lo dejaría endeudado once mil millones de pesos, sumando a los que son mendigos de profesión, el grueso de granjeros, campesinos y obreros, con sus esposas e hijos, que en efecto también son mendigos. Les solicitaría a aquellos políticos que no concuerdan con mi propuesta, y que quizá tendrían el suficiente atrevimiento para aventurar una respuesta, que primero le pregunten a los padres de estos mortales si no creen, al día de hoy, que hubieran preferido ser vendidos como alimento al año de edad, de la manera que sugiero, y así haberse salvado de la situación perpetua de desgracia en la que han vivido desde entonces, por la opresión de los arrendatarios, la imposibilidad de pagar su renta sin dinero ni edificio, la falta de sustento básico, y la ausencia de techo y de ropa para cubrirlos de las inclemencias del clima, así como el prospecto ineludible de condenar a su descendencia a más de lo mismo, o a algo peor, para siempre.

33 Profeso, con toda la sinceridad de mi corazón, que mis esfuerzos por promover este proyecto tan necesario no tienen raíz en ningún interés

motive than the publick good of my country, by advancing our trade, providing for infants, relieving the poor, and giving some pleasure to the rich. I have no children, by which I can propose to get a single penny; the youngest being nine years old, and my wife past child-bearing.

personal, y que no tengo otro motivo que la persecución del bien común para mi país, mediante el desarrollo de nuestro comercio, la provisión de sustento para los infantes, la resta de cargas a los pobres, y el proporcionar algún placer a los ricos. Yo no tengo hijos por los que podría obtener ni un centavo, ya que el más joven tiene nueve años, y mi mujer ya no está en edad de tener hijos.

Student Number	21348833	Text Number	6
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Source Text		Target Text	
Title	<i>La ira del filósofo</i>	Title	<i>The Philosopher's Wrath</i>
Year Published	2013 (2009)		
Author	Eduardo Parra Ramírez		
Language	Spanish	Language	English
Word Count	679	Word Count	629
Description of Source Text <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • <i>understanding of source text</i> • <i>knowledge of genre within source contexts</i> • <i>situation of source text familiarity with the formal features of a text (language variation(s), register, dialect)</i> (200 words max)	<p><i>La ira del filósofo</i> is Eduardo Parra's first novel and was awarded the <i>Juan Rulfo National Prize for a First Novel</i> in 2008. Parra has stated its aim was to plunge 'into the darkest paradigms, into the most secluded basements of consciousness' and to ask 'questions of the self, which cannot be but incisive, sharp and uncomfortable; for every realization, and all rebirth, involves a crisis' (Parra 2021, 15:56-17:27). The novel uses expressive prose that 'delves into themes that range from the finest of humour to the starkest of dramas' (Corona 2011).</p> <p>My ST is the first chapter, which describes the progression of an ephemeral, nameless 'thing' as it expands through an empty school. The 'thing' is the main narrative agent: through its expansion, the narration establishes the setting and atmosphere of the novel. The language is grandiose and, via personification, adds a dramatic dimension to the most mundane things ('tables that have gradually lost their dignity due to the desertion of paint'). The subject of most sentences is omitted, starting instead with a verb conjugated in the third person; in this manner, the progression and actions of the "thing" are described in detail while its identity remains ambiguous.</p>		
Strategy <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • <i>identification of translation problems</i> • <i>knowledge of genre within target context and situation of target text</i> • <i>justification of translation</i> 	<p>The objective of my TT is to reproduce the expressiveness of the prose of the ST by prioritizing the grandiose language and its personification of the school and its contents. To preserve the ephemeral nature of the 'thing', my translation will describe its actions without referring directly to it. I will do this by an increase use of the passive voice, by omitting all pronouns that refer to it and by starting the sentences in which it is the subject directly with a verb conjugated in the third person singular, as this conjugation implies a subject ('Rises from the river. Weightless ascends among shrubs, expanding through the wasteland'). Only the pronouns that refer to the 'thing' will be omitted, with the objective of creating a contrast between it and the other objects that appear in the narration. Via this unconventional use of language, the resulting TT will aim to create a language</p>		

<p><i>production of genre for target context</i> (200 words max)</p>	<p>that creates a clear and engaging setting while at the same time challenging the reader out of a sense of complacency, via both the narration and the language used to express it, which is one of the stated aims of Parra's literature.</p>
<p>Critical Reflection • <i>textual analysis</i> (200 words max)</p>	<p>In discussing the TT with some readers, the consensus was that, although the unconventional use of language added a layer of difficulty to the text, the conjugation of verbs into the third person singular allowed for enough intelligibility to ascertain that the actions were performed by the ephemeral 'thing'. As the text progressed, this layer of difficulty gradually disappeared as the readers became accustomed to the TT's language. This initial difficulty, although intended as a challenge for the reader, does mean that the text is not easily approachable. An alternative strategy could have strayed less from convention by not removing the pronouns related to the 'thing'; allowing for a more straightforward prose. However, this would have required a frequent repetition of 'it', which could have become tiresome. To avoid this, longer sentences rooted in one use of the subject or pronoun could have been employed, but the expressiveness of the prose might then be lost. Additionally, this would have required dropping the marked lack of reference towards the 'thing', which I consider to be one of the main features of the ST.</p>
<p>Works Cited • <i>use of sources and reference material</i></p>	<p>Corona, Valentín. 2011. <i>La ira del filósofo, de Eduardo Parra Ramírez</i>. Lectofilia: http://valentincorona.blogspot.com/2011/06/la-ira-del-filosofo-de-eduardo-parra.html</p> <p>Parra Ramírez, Eduardo. 2013. <i>La ira del filósofo</i>. Ciudad de México: Ediciones B</p> <p>———. 2021. "Charla con el maestro Eduardo Parra Ramírez" (16:56-17:27). Colegio de Escritores de Latinoamerica: https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=dHA65k_AWG4&t=2249s&ab_channel=ColegiodeEscritoresdeLatinoam%C3%A9rica</p>

Source Text

La ira del filósofo

Sube desde el río. Asciende sin peso entre los matojos, se expande por la tierra yerma. Acaricia la curva negra de las llantas abandonadas, proyecta su cuerpo de fantasma contra el tabique gris de algunas casas que dan la espalda a los baldíos. Lamiendo la superficie opaca de las cosas, impulsa su lentitud que no sabe de obstáculos. Siempre arriba, siempre en acenso y ensanchándose. Devasta la salud de los ámbitos que va ocupando sin receso. A su paso, encuentra una barda, la remonta, conquista un patio en el que, si se mira bien, lucen vestigios de trazos regulares que una mano entrenada ha hecho con pintura amarilla. En la discontinuidad de las líneas que la imaginación restaura se puede adivinar el dibujo de una cancha de básquetbol. Más allá, flanqueado por cipreses, se extiende otro patio, en simétrica vecindad con el primero. Este otro no luce márgenes pintados pero dos porterías tubulares lo explican.

Puede decirse que la cosa se desliza colmando cada rincón de un modo imperturbable. Empalma su silencio con el silencio del lugar ocupado, avanza circundando la vacuidad de los objetos, los estrecha y los fecunda porque imparte en ellos diminutas partículas de sí, ínfimas huellas invisibles. También interrumpe en los cubículos de los dos edificios que,

Target Text

The Philosopher's Wrath

Rises from the river. Weightless ascends among shrubs, expanding through the wasteland. Caresses the black curves of abandoned tyres, projecting a ghastly form upon the grey partitions of houses whose backs are turned against the wastes. Licking the opaque surface of things, propels in steady unhindered advance. Always up, always rising and broadening. Devastates the health of those spaces that have been ceaselessly overtaken. Comes across a wall, overcomes, conquers the courtyard where, when considered carefully, the remains of even brushstrokes can be discerned, drawn in yellow paint by a trained hand. In the discontinuity between lines, restored by the imagination, the outline of a basketball court can be discerned. Further, flanked by cypresses, a second courtyard lies in symmetric vicinity. No line marks are flaunted there, but two rounded goalposts suggest an outline.

It could be said that the thing spreads while smothering each nook in an unperturbable way. Silence is forced upon the silence of the captured place. Moves forward, circling the vacuity of objects, grasping and fertilizing them by bestowing diminutive particles, negligible and invisible traces of self. Barges into the cubicles of both buildings that,

dispuestos en escuadra, miran perpetuamente los patios que ya habían sido tomados por la cosa.

Entra por el espacio que hay bajo las puertas. No importa que este espacio sea estrecho en ocasiones y otras veces muy amplio. Y es que las puertas de este edificio fueron colocadas con evidente descuido, sin obedecer un diseño. Lo mismo puede decirse de las paredes cuya sustancia barata ya se quiebra en grietas que se prolongan diariamente bajo el peso de apenas cinco años de construcción. Entra y se posa sobre los pupitres desvencijados, sobre los pizarrones cenicientos, sobre los escritorios que han ido perdiendo su dignidad debido a que la pintura los ha ido abandonando, desmayándose en desnutridas láminas que quedan, como la viruta de un lápiz al que se ha sacado punta, dormidas en un suelo que nadie barre.

También entra en un recinto abovedado, poblado por unas pocas mesas y sus sillas de plástico. Se proyecta hasta el fondo hasta encontrarse con un mostrador recubierto de mosaico; su maculada palidez declara que alguna vez fue blanco. Sorteado el obstáculo, se apodera de un reducto que es a un tiempo cocina y tienda de abarrotes. Así lo dicen los trastes ennegrecidos por el rigor del fuego, el refrigerador con cubierta de vidrio que antes almacenaba refrescos y hoy aloja telarañas, los exhibidores de golosinas cuya desnudez los asemeja a esqueletos empolvados.

arranged in a straight angle, look in perpetuity at the already claimed courtyards.

Oozes through the space beneath doors. Not caring that this space is sometimes narrow and sometimes very wide. And this is because the doors of the building were fitted with evident contempt, without any design. The same could be said of the walls, whose cheap material already has cracks which grow larger every day under the weight despite having been built only five years ago. Enters and rests upon dilapidated desks, upon dusty blackboards, upon tables that gradually have lost their dignity due to the desertion of paint that, now reduced into anaemic sheets, into remains much alike to the wood chips of a sharpened pencil, asleep in a floor nobody sweeps anymore.

Enters also into an abandoned compound, cluttered with a few tables and their corresponding plastic chairs. Continues towards the back until coming across a mosaic-lined counter, its stained paleness suggesting a former whiteness. The obstacle surmounted, takes over a space that once served as both kitchen and grocery store; so suggest the fire-blackened crockery and the glass-paned fridge that formerly stored sodas and now houses only cobwebs, so suggest the cabinet displays for sweets whose current emptiness likens to dusty skeletons.

If we follow the expansive direction of the movement, we shall notice that the thing must travel across a paved parking lot before

Si seguimos el sentido expansivo de su avance, notaremos que la cosa debe recorrer un estacionamiento de terracería antes de llegar a otro edificio, éste más pequeño, y allanarlo. Y ha de descubrir el ojo atento que el espacio alberga mobiliario de oficinas pero que no fue pensado para este fin. Esto, que fue o quiso ser una casa, ahora es apenas un despojo por donde la cosa transita y se dedica a adherirse a todo cuanto encuentra. Penetra sin dificultad los resquicios más angostos. Incluso llega al interior de una oficina bien resguardada aunque en desuso. Se despliega como un mantel sobre su brillante escritorio de madera. Se aplica como un tapiz sobre sus muros. Su invisible persistencia barniza una fotografía enmarcada del hombre que preside la República, y, al menos por ahora, esta oficina. Agrede un último rincón en donde se encuentra una vitrina alta y angosta. Se adelgaza para caber en la estrechez de sus postigos. Se abraza al objeto hospedado en ella. Es una bandera. La envuelve como bruma. Se instala en sus tejidos, se establece. Se hunde en el verde, se aferra al blanco, reposa en el rojo. En su ocupación radiante, encuentra minúsculos rastros de sí. La cosa ya había estado aquí antes. La felicidad del reencuentro de sus átomos sólo podría ser percibida por una nariz adiestrada. Porque la cosa, que ahora reina en la extensión desierta de esta escuela, apesta.

reaching and invading another smaller building. A watchful eye ought to discover that the enclosure houses office furniture, despite not being conceived for such a purpose. This, which was or might have once intended to be a house, is now but a dumping ground roamed by this thing, bent on clinging to all that can be stumbled upon. Pierces without difficulty the narrowest crevices. Even reaches the inside of a secure but disused office. Unfurls like a tablecloth across the gleaming wooden desk. Adheres as wallpaper to every wall. With an invisible persistence, casts a glaze over a framed picture of the man who presides over the Republic and, at least for now, this office. Assaults a last corner upon which a tall and narrow cabinet stands. Slims down to fit through narrow shutters. Clasps the object housed within. A flag. Envelops it like mist. Infuses into its fibres, settles down. Immerses into the green, hangs on to the white, rests upon the red. In such a radiant conquest, finds miniscule traces of a previous self. The thing had been here before. The joy of such reunion of atoms could only be perceived by a trained nose. Because the thing, now reigning over the deserted extension of the school, stinks.

Student Number	21348833	Text Number	7
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Source Text		Target Text	
Title	<i>Měsíčku na nebi hlubokém</i>	Title	<i>Lunita dulce en el cielo vasto</i>
Year Published	1901		
Author	Antonín Dvořak / Jaroslav Kvapil		
Language	Czech	Language	Spanish
Word Count	113	Word Count	130
Description of Source Text <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • <i>understanding of source text</i> • <i>knowledge of genre within source contexts</i> • <i>situation of source text familiarity with the formal features of a text (language variation(s), register, dialect)</i> (200 words max)	<p>“Měsíčku na nebi hlubokém” is an aria from the Czech opera <i>Rusalka</i>, which was composed by Antonín Dvořak in 1990, using Jaroslav Kvapil’s Czech libretto, and premiered in Prague in 1901 (Smaczny 1997, n.p.). The plot is derived ‘mainly from Fouque’s <i>Undine</i> with additions of Anderson’s <i>Little Mermaid</i> and[...] Hauptmann’s <i>Sunken Bell</i>’ (Clapham 1958, 66). This aria has become closely associated with MET soprano Renée Flemming, who has stated it is ‘the aria that put me on the map’ (Flemming 2014).</p> <p>Arias commonly are a ‘florid and melodic type of vocal writing’ generally used ‘for expressions of reflection or heightened emotion’ (Roberts 1983, 200). In this case, the lovesick Rusalka sings to the moon, telling it about the prince with which she has fallen in love, and asking for help. The register of the aria is familiar and its tone is nostalgic. The word <i>měsíčku</i> (little moon), sung in the aria 6 times, is a term of endearment that portrays the rapport between Rusalka and her addressee, the moon: ‘The moon is your friend, you like the moon’ (Flemming, 2020, 12:18-12:19). As the Spanish literal translation (‘lunita’) would express the endearment but not the rapport, the first challenge will be to find a more suitable translation.</p>		
Strategy <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • <i>identification of translation problems</i> 	<p>Operatic translation must ‘be based upon an analysis of the musical score’ and ‘must always accommodate the music’ (Roberts Finlay 1983, 200-201). As my TT’s main goal is to be sung in Spanish, my translation will prioritize the musical arrangement. I will base my strategy on the requirements laid out by Jacobs (1961, 23-24)¹ and Roberts Finlay (1983, 201)², reproducing the metric and avoiding foreignizing syntax and diction, while prioritizing the coincidence of verbal</p>		

¹ According to Jacobs, the translation should use natural sounding language with ‘theatrical credibility’ and ‘appropriateness of language (23) and, where possible, should avoid ‘high sustained notes on the syllable “ee” and ‘fast passages impossibly cluttered with consonants’ (24).

² According to Roberts Finlay, the translation should preserve ‘the meaning’ and ‘the metrical pattern [...] as closely as possible’, ‘verbal stress and musical accent must always coincide’, and it should never force the vocalist ‘to sing with the musical accent on a phonologically unstressed syllable’ (201).

<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • <i>knowledge of genre within target context and situation of target text</i> • <i>justification of translation production of genre for target context</i> <p>(200 words max)</p>	<p>stress and musical accent. Whenever the latter could be compromised, I will allow small alterations to the metric according to the following:</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • ST syllables that encompass several notes can be split into multiple syllables as long as their stresses (if any) coincide with the corresponding musical accents. • Unstressed ST syllables that correspond to only one note can be split into two (of equal pitch and length) if its value is at least a quarter note and it is not accentuated. The resulting TT syllables must form a synalepha. • Multiple ST syllables can be turned into one if they fall on a musical accent and the corresponding TT syllable is stressed. <p>Once the translation is completed, it will be used to make a bilingual musical score for piano and voice for performance purposes. This will be found in the appendix.</p>
<p>Critical Reflection</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • <i>textual analysis</i> <p>(200 words max)</p>	<p>A drawback of my strategy is that, in order to comply with the limitations set by the musical requirements, the semantic meaning in the TT sometimes diverges from the ST's. I sought dynamic equivalents, but the literal meaning of the author is not always preserved. In addition, my strategy did not allow for the preservation of rhyme, which is a musical dimension lost. Preserving this dimension would have necessitated further straying from the semantic meaning, changes to the metric, and/or straying from the rule that verbal stress and musical accent must coincide.</p> <p>Regarding the word <i>měsíčku</i>, I translated it in two different ways: the first three (of six) times it appears were translated as 'lunita dulce', while later it was translated as only 'lunita', as doing otherwise would have produced a text that was too long to fit into the musical phrases and would have broken my rules for minor alterations of the metric. However, I gave the TT to some native Spanish speakers and they commented that, since the rapport is established between Rusalka and the moon in the first uses, this is maintained even when she calls the moon only 'lunita'.</p>
<p>Works Cited</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • <i>use of sources and reference material</i> 	<p>Clapham, John. 1957. "The Operas of Antonín Dvořák." <i>Proceedings of the Royal Musical Association</i> 84: 55–69. http://www.jstor.org/stable/766074</p> <p>Flemming, Renée. 2014. "'Rusalka' remains a favorite vocal touchstone for Renée Fleming." <i>New York Classical Review</i>. The New Yorker: https://newyorkclassicalreview.com/2014/01/rusalka-remains-a-favorite-vocal-touchstone-for-renee-fleming/</p> <p>Flemming, Renée. 2020. "'Song to the Moon' from Dvořák's 'Rusalka'". The Juilliard School: https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=LpBW7D3rIII&ab_channel=TheJuilliardSchool</p> <p>Jacobs, Arthur. 1961. "On Translating Opera." <i>The Musical Times</i> 102, no. 1415: 23–25. https://doi.org/10.2307/948676</p>

- Roberts Finlay**, Carolyn. 1983. "Operatic Translation and Šostakovič: The Nose." *Comparative Literature* 35, no. 3: 195–214. <https://doi.org/10.2307/1770618>
- Smaczny**, J. 1997. "Rusalka". In *The New Grove Dictionary of Opera*. London and New York: Macmillan

Source Text

Měsíčku na nebi hlubokém

Měsíčku na nebi hlubokém,
světlo tvé daleko vidí.

Po světě bloudíš širokém,
díváš se v příbytky lidí.

Po světě bloudíš širokém,
díváš se v příbytky lidí.

Měsíčku, postůj chvíli,
řekni mi,
kde je můj milý.

Měsíčku, postůj chvíli,
řekni mi, řekni
kde je můj milý.

Řekni mu, stříbrný měsíčku,
mé že jej objímá rámě,
aby si alespoň chvíličku
vzpomenul ve snění na mne,

Target Text

Lunita dulce en el cielo vasto

1 Lunita dulce en el cielo vasto,
2 tu fulgor se extiende lejos.

3 Por todo el mundo deambulas,
4 llenas con tu luz los hogares.

5 Por todo el mundo deambulas,
6 llenas con tu luz los hogares.

7 Lunita dulce, pausa tu andar,
8 Dime, lunita,
9 dónde está mi amor.

10 Lunita dulce, pausa tu andar,
11 dímelo, dime
12 dónde está mi amor.

13 Dile, plateada lunita,
14 que son mis brazos los que lo ciñen,
15 para que al menos por un momento
16 piense en mí en sus sueños,

aby si alespoň chvíličku
vzpomenul ve snění na mne.

Zasviť mu do daleka,
zasviť mu,
řekni mu, řekni
kdo tu naň čeká.

Zasviť mu do daleka,
zasviť mu,
řekni mu, řekni
kdo tu naň čeká.

O mně-li, duše lidská sní,
ať se tou vzpomínkou vzbudí!

Měsíčku nezhasni! Nezhasni!
Měsíčku nezhasni!

17 para que al menos por un momento
18 piense en mí en sus sueños.

19 Alumbra hasta allá,
20 alúmbralo,
21 dile, oh dile,
22 quién lo aguarda aquí.

23 Alumbra hasta allá,
24 alúmbralo,
25 dile, oh dile,
26 quién lo aguarda aquí.

27 Si conmigo sueña su alma humana,
28 que despierte con ese recuerdo!

29 Lunita ¡Quédate! ¡Quédate!
30 Lunita ¡Quédate!

Student Number	21348833	Text Number	8
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Source Text

Target Text

Title	<i>The Stolen Child</i>	Title	<i>El niño robado</i>
Year Published	1889 (1886)		
Author	W. B. Yeats		
Language	English	Language	Spanish
Word Count	301	Word Count	325
Description of Source Text <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • <i>understanding of source text</i> • <i>knowledge of genre within source contexts</i> • <i>situation of source text familiarity with the formal features of a text (language variation(s), register, dialect)</i> (200 words max)	<p>“The Stolen Child” is a poem divided into four slightly varying stanzas: each opens with a quatrain (rhyme scheme ABAB) and ends with a refrain (AABB). The middle part varies in number of lines and rhyme scheme. The lines are unmetred, however, most have three-stressed syllables (an exception is the refrain, which has 3 four- and 1 seven-stressed lines). This structure is suggestive of a folk ballad, as defined by Abrams (1999, 18)³.</p> <p>Yeats included the ST in his folktale collection (Sundmark 2006, 106), as it refers to landmarks and the flora and fauna from County Sligo and draws from the Irish folklore trope ‘of faeries stealing away children into the wilderness’ (Bender 2017, 41). As Muldoon points out, Yeats often explored the ‘relationship between “chanting and enchantment”’, using the refrain as a ‘contributing device’ for evoking a hypnotic trance (Muldoon 2016, 172). In the ST, this hypnotic quality mirrors the faeries’ mischief as they lure the child into the wilderness.</p>		
Strategy <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • <i>identification of translation problems</i> • <i>knowledge of genre within target context and situation of target text</i> • <i>justification of translation</i> 	<p>The ST was translated into Spanish, together with other poems by Yeats, and published as a bilingual edition by Caracciolo Trejo in 2013. Although Trejo’s translation kept the Sligo landmarks and the flora and fauna without change, and was very accurate in its semantic transfer, the rhyme and the stress patterns were dropped, causing the ballad-like quality to disappear. The purpose of my TT is to offer an alternative translation for Mexican audiences that preserves the role of Irish culture in the poem, including these musical traits. I will preserve the rhyme scheme, allowing for assonant rhymes. I will also prioritize three-stress lines, however, since Spanish tends to be less compact, I will also allow for four-</p>		

³ Features listed by Abrams include ‘a quatrain in alternate four- and three-stress lines’, in which ‘the second and fourth lines rhyme’, ‘a refrain in each stanza’ and ‘incremental repetition’ which advances the narration.

<p><i>production of genre for target context</i> (200 words max)</p>	<p>stress lines if needed. Only in the quatrain, to emphasize the ballad-like structure, I will purposely use lines that alternate between these two lengths.</p> <p>As the Irish elements are fundamental for the ST, I will avoid domestication. I will not use marked Mexican idioms, the names of Irish landmarks will be rendered the same (with the exception of 'Sleuth Wood' becoming 'el bosque Sleuth') and the flora and fauna will be translated without localization, even if the said wildlife is not part of the Mexican landscape.</p>
<p>Critical Reflection</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <i>textual analysis</i> <p>(200 words max)</p>	<p>In order to carry out my strategy, a few semantic sacrifices had to be made. For example, the 'flapping' that the herons make while waking the 'water rats' (lines 4-5), that Caracciolo included in his word for word rendition ('las garzas aleteando despiertan / a las soñolientas ratas de agua'), disappeared in my TT ('animan las garzas de su letargo / a las ratas de agua amodorradas'). There were also a few additions, notably, the use of a demonstrative pronoun in lines 14 and 29 (both of which belong to one of the quatrains) to add a fourth stressed syllable. Although these changes are small, it could be argued that they diminish the dynamism of the imagery and the semantic equivalence. However, in exchange, the rhythm, rhyme and ballad-like structure are preserved. Since Yeats considered the ST as part of the Irish folkloric tradition, I consider this a worthy trade-off, since these elements are part of what ties the poem to that tradition.</p>
<p>Works Cited</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <i>use of sources and reference material</i> 	<p>Abrams, M. M. 1999. <i>A Glossary of Literary Terms</i> (7th edition). Massachusetts: Heinle & Heinle</p> <p>Bender, Jacob. 2017. "The Waters and the Wild': W.B. Yeats, Julia de Burgos, and Romantic Wilderness." <i>The Journal of the Midwest Modern Language Association</i> 50, no. 2: 31–55. http://www.jstor.org/stable/44862249</p> <p>Yeats, W. B. 1886 (1889) "The Stolen Child". <i>The Wanderings of Oisín and Other Poems</i>. London: Kegan Paul & Co.</p> <p>Yeats, W. B. and Caracciolo Trejo, Enrique (translator). 2013. "El niño robado". <i>Antología bilingüe</i>. Alianza Editorial</p> <p>Muldoon, Paul. 2016. "Moving on Silence: Yeats and the Refrain as Symbol." <i>Yeats Annual</i>, no. 20: 155–77. http://www.jstor.org/stable/90000766</p> <p>Sundmark, Björn. 2006. "Yeats and the Fairy Tale." <i>Nordic Irish Studies</i> 5: 101–8. http://www.jstor.org/stable/30001546</p>

Source Text
The Stolen Child

Where dips the rocky highland
Of Sleuth Wood in the lake,
There lies a leafy island
Where flapping herons wake
The drowsy water rats;
There we've hid our faery vats,
Full of berrys
And of reddest stolen cherries.
Come away, O human child!
To the waters and the wild
With a faery, hand in hand,
For the world's more full of weeping than you can understand.

Where the wave of moonlight glosses
The dim gray sands with light,
Far off by furthest Rosses
We foot it all the night,
Weaving olden dances
Mingling hands and mingling glances

Target Text
El niño robado

1 Donde se hunden las cuevas rocosas
2 del bosque Sleuth, ahí en el lago,
3 se encuentra la isla frondosa
4 donde animan las garzas de su letargo
5 a las ratas de agua amodorradas;
6 escondimos ahí las tinajas de hadas
7 de bayas llenas
8 y de escarlatas cerezas ajenas.
9 Ven aquí, ¡o niño humano!
10 a las aguas y al lugar silvano
11 de la mano de las hadas, al atardecer,
12 que en el mundo hay más llanto del que puedes comprender.

13 Donde el claro de la luna ilumina
14 a aquellas oscuras arenas grises,
15 atrás de la lejana esquina
16 de Rosses, habrá nocturnos deslices,
17 antiguas danzas tejiendo,
18 nuestras manos y miradas uniendo,

Till the moon has taken flight;
To and fro we leap
And chase the frothy bubbles,
While the world is full of troubles
And anxious in its sleep.
Come away, O human child!
To the waters and the wild
With a faery, hand in hand,
For the world's more full of weeping than you can understand.

Where the wandering water gushes
From the hills above Glen-Car,
In pools among the rushes
That scarce could bathe a star,
We seek for slumbering trout
And whispering in their ears
Give them unquiet dreams;
Leaning softly out
From ferns that drop their tears
Over the young streams.
Come away, O human child!
To the waters and the wild

19 hasta que la luna ya no divises;
20 saltemos de un lado al otro,
21 persiguiendo burbujas de espuma,
22 mientras la calma del mundo se esfuma
23 y su sueño se llena de agobio.
24 Ven aquí, ¡o niño humano!
25 a las aguas y al lugar silvano
26 de la mano de las hadas, al atardecer,
27 que en el mundo hay más llanto del que puedes comprender.

28 Donde mana el agua errante
29 ahí en las colinas sobre Glen-Car,
30 entre los juncos en un estanque
31 que casi podría a una estrella bañar,
32 buscamos truchas durmientes
33 y susurrando en sus oídos
34 le traemos inquietud a su sueño;
35 inclinándonos suavemente
36 desde helechos que emiten plañidos,
37 llorando sobre el joven riachuelo.
38 Ven aquí, ¡o niño humano!
39 a las aguas y al lugar silvano

With a faery, hand in hand,
For the world's more full of weeping than you can understand.

Away with us he's going,
The solemn-eyed:
He'll hear no more the lowing
Of the calves on the warm hillside
Or the kettle on the hob
Sing peace into his breast,
Or see the brown mice bob
Round and round the oatmeal chest.
For he comes, the human child,
To the waters and the wild
With a faery, hand in hand,
For the world's more full of weeping than he can understand.

40 de la mano de las hadas, al atardecer,
41 que en el mundo hay más llanto del que puedes comprender.

42 Con nosotros viene seducido
43 aquél de la mirada seria,
44 no oirá más el bramido
45 de becerros en la cálida ladera
46 ni oirá las teteras sobre fogones
47 que le traen paz al corazón,
48 ni verá a los pardos ratones
49 revolcar la avena en el cajón.
50 Pues ya viene, el niño humano,
51 a las aguas y al lugar silvano
52 de la mano de las hadas, al atardecer,
53 que en el mundo hay más llanto del que puede comprender.

Appendix

Měsíčku na nebi hlubokém

Lunita dulce en el cielo vasto

Antonín Dvořák

Translated by Octavio Pérez Sánchez

$\text{♩} = 40$

9 *Larghetto, tempo I*

17 *p*

Mě-sí-čku na ne - bi
Lu-ni-ta dul-ce en el

ritard. *a tempo*

25

hlu-bo-kém svě-tlo tvé da - le - ko vi-dí
cie-lo vas - to tu ful-gor se ex-tien-de le-jos

31

po svě - tě blou - diš ši-ro-kém, di - váš se
por to - do el mun-do deam - bu - las, le - nas con

36

v pří - by-ty lí-di, po svě-tě blou - diš
tu luz los ho - ga-res, por to - do el mun-do deam -

cresc.

41

ší - ro - kém, dí - váš se v při - byt - ky li - dí!
 bu - las, lle - nas con tu luz los ho - ga - res!

rit.

46 *molto espressivo*

Mě - sí - ěku, po - stůj chví - li,
 Lu - ni - ta dul - ce, pau - sa tu an - dar,

49

51 *pp* *mf*

ře - kni mi, kde je můj mi - lý. Mě - sí - ěku,
 di - me, lu - ni - ta, dón - de está mi a - mor. Lu - ni - ta

56 *p*

po - stůj chví - sa - tu an - li, ře - kni mi,
 dul - ce, pau - sa tu an - dar, dí - me - lo,

60

ře - kni kde je můj mi - lý?
 di - me dón - de está mi a - mor?

ritard. 7

dim.

63 *a tempo*

9 9

65

66

Tempo I

Ře - kni mu,
Di - le, pla -

71

stří - br - ný mě - si - čku, mé že jej ob - jí - má rá -
te - a - da lu - ni - ta, que son mis bra - zos los que lo ci -

77

a tempo

mě, a - by si a - les - poň chvi - li - čku vzpo - me - nul
ňen, pa - ra que al me - nos por un mo - men - to pien - se en

83

ve sně - ní na mě, a - by si a - les - poň
mí en sus sue - ños, pa - ra que al me - nos por

88

chvi - li - čku vzpo - me - nul ve sně - ní na mě.
un mo - men - to pie - se en mí en sus sue - ños.

p a tempo *pp*

93 *p*

Za-svit' mu do da-le-ka, za - svit' mu,
 A-lum-bra ha - sta allá, alúm - bra - lo,

98 *f*

ře - kni mu, ře - kni kdo tu naň - da če - ká, za - svit' mu
 di - le, oh di - le, quién lo aguar - da a - qui, a - lum-bra

103

do da-le-ka, za - svit' mu, ře - kni mu,
 ha - sta allá, alúm - bra - lo, di - le, oh

107

ře - kni, kdo tu naň - da če - ká,
 di - le, quién lo aguar - da a - qui.

110 *Pochettino piú mosso*

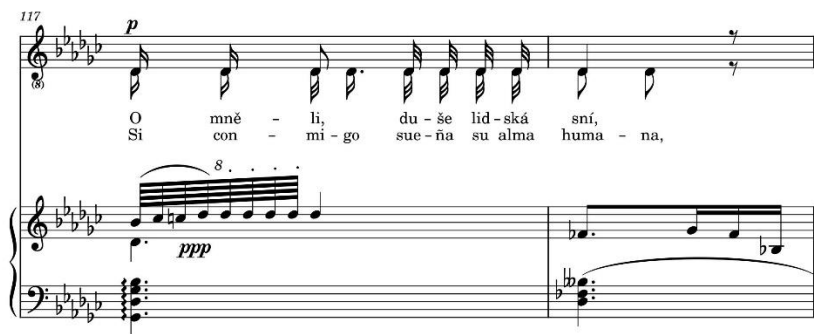
112 *dim...*

113 *Tempo I*

117 *P*

O mně - li, du - še lid - ská sní,
Si con - mi - go sue - ňa su alma huma - na,

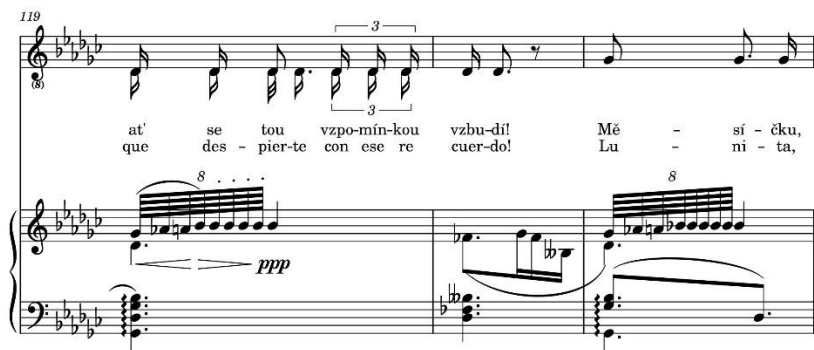
ppp



119

at' se tou vzpo - mín - kou vzbu - dí! Mé - sí - čku,
que des - pier - te con ese re cuer - do! Lu - ni - ta,

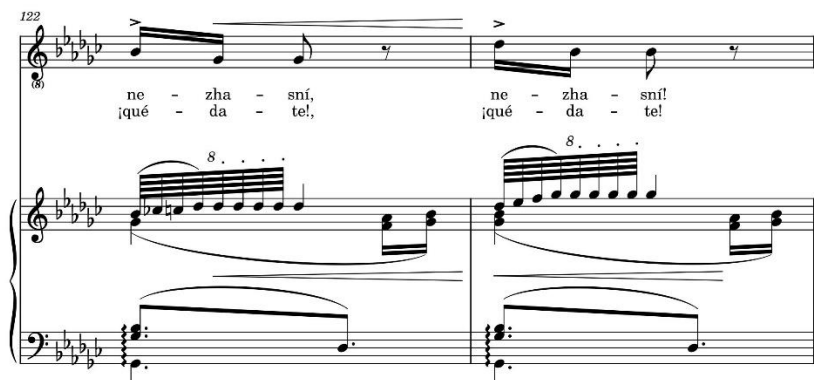
ppp



122

ne - zha - sní, ne - zha - sní!
¡qué - da - tel, ¡qué - da - tel!

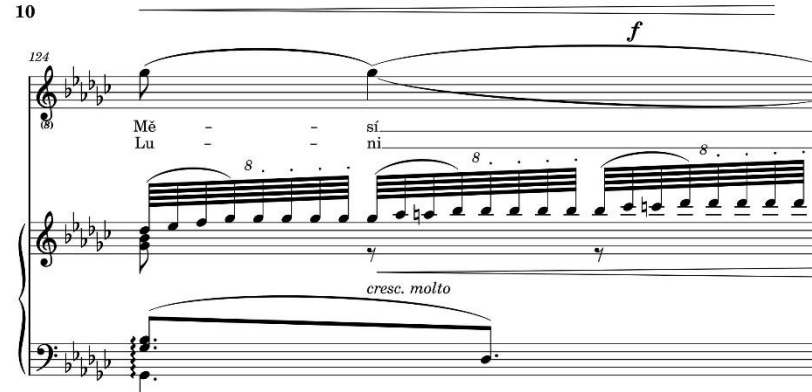
ppp



124 *f*

Mé - sí - ni
Lu - ni

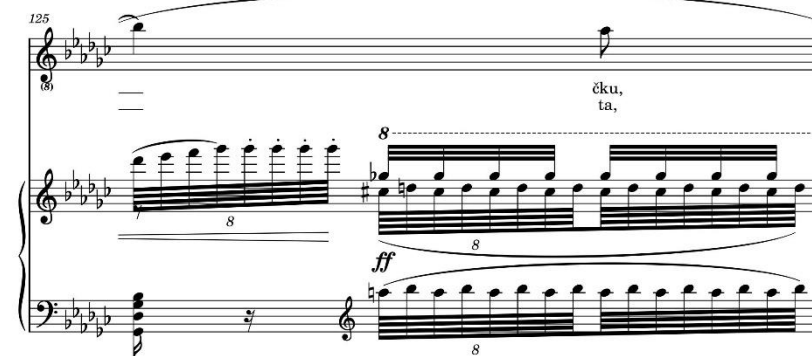
cresc. molto



125

ěku,
ta,

ff



126

ne - zha - sní!
¡qué - da - tel!

dim. pp

