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*Cultural Encounters in Literary Translation:  
The playful, the sinful and the hallowed.*

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MPhil in Literary Translation  
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| Source Text                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              | Target Text |                     |
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| Title                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       | The Love Object                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              | Title       | O Objeto do Querer  |
| Year Published                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              | 2014                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         |             |                     |
| Author                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      | Edna O'Brien                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 |             |                     |
| Language                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    | English (Ireland)                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            | Language    | Portuguese (Brazil) |
| Word Count                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  | 2513                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         | Word Count  | 2386                |
| <b>Description of Source Text</b> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li><i>understanding of source text</i></li> <li><i>knowledge of genre within source contexts</i></li> <li><i>situation of source text familiarity with the formal features of a text (language variation(s), register, dialect)</i></li> </ul> <b>(200 words max)</b> | <p>Known for dealing with female sexuality and women's social representation (Collette &amp; O'Connor, 2006), the author depicts the romance between a divorced woman and a married man in this prosaic account. This short story became the title for the author's first collection of short stories and gives life to Martha, a bold protagonist and first-person narrator who tells the rise and fall of her prohibited romance (Pelan, 2006). This piece of translation contains only the first quarter of Martha's story. However, rich language variation can be found throughout the excerpt. A generally elevated formality can be noticed in her choice of words as she presents recurring descriptions thoroughly enriched with numerous adjectives (Lines 173—174). Additionally, there is a distancing to the prescriptive norms of English when choosing terms such as <i>unnostalgic</i> (Line 80) or using names of brands as <i>Elastoplast</i> (Line 55). These ruptures with the conventional are noticeable in both form and content as the themes she chose to write about were considered taboos when the story was first published and male figures tend to assume secondary amorphous roles (The Guardian, 2014).</p> |             |                     |
| <b>Strategy</b> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li><i>identification of translation problems</i></li> <li><i>knowledge of genre within target context and situation of target text</i></li> <li><i>justification of translation production of genre for target context</i></li> </ul>                                                   | <p>Considering this work is fairly marked by cultural references and linguistic constructions predominantly known in the English-speaking world, recreating these devices can be difficult once they may not be common in Brazilian Portuguese. The envisioned target audience (TA) would be mostly Brazilian females of all adult ages who are familiar with or interested in gender equality or feminist translation (Buikema &amp; Smelik, 1995) and often read feminist writers such as the author of this short story. To overcome the cultural and linguistic barriers, the translation strategy consists in using Derrida's (2012) theory of relevance and deconstruction. The aim is to create a translation that empowers and values the female character</p>                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       |             |                     |

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| <p><b>(200 words max)</b></p>                                                                                                               | <p>to enrich access and consumption of feminist literature in Brazil. The avoidance of vocabularies and constructions that diminish the figure of the female in face of the male figure – due to linguistic bias or culturalisms – is the main goal of this work. Ambiguity in the target text (TT) will be refrained from whenever possible, even if this practice produces longer sentences and entails the use of uncommon constructions. Punctuation and italicised speeches are also going to be used as devices of intensification and clarification whenever judged necessary.</p>                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         |
| <p><b>Critical Reflection</b></p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• <i>textual analysis</i></li> </ul> <p><b>(200 words max)</b></p> | <p>The cultural references did not pose relevant difficulties to this translation, replacing brands (Line 63) and adapting terms (Line 89, 127 and 128) to make the excessive flowing of the formal language a bit unstable was achievable. However, balance between form and content has presented itself as the real challenge in this translation. The themes of the story made it harder to portrait an unambiguous character regardless of the linguistic system being used. Still, the most seemingly effective way of avoiding as much ambiguity as possible was an excessive use of personal pronouns instead of other classes of pronouns. Relative and possessive pronouns referring to all non-human things, for example, are the same for males and females in the target language. Furthermore, the length of the TT is full page longer than ST, even though it has 127 less. This can be an indication that, in order to remain consistently formal in the TL, lengthier words were chosen over shorter terms.</p> |
| <p><b>Works Cited</b></p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• <i>use of sources and reference material</i></li> </ul>                  | <p>Clare Wigfall, <i>'The Love Object Review – Edna O'Brien's powerful short stories'</i> in The Observer, The Guardian, 21 September 2014 &lt;<a href="https://www.theguardian.com/books/2014/sep/21/the-love-object-review-edna-obrien-powerful-short-stories">https://www.theguardian.com/books/2014/sep/21/the-love-object-review-edna-obrien-powerful-short-stories</a>&gt; [accessed 29 April 2020].</p> <p>Edna O'Brien, <i>The Love Object: Selected Stories of Edna O'Brien</i> (London: Faber &amp; Faber, 2014).</p> <p>Jacques Derrida, translated by Lawrence Venuti as <i>'What is a "relevant" translation?'</i> in <i>The Translation Studies Reader, 3rd edition</i>, ed. by Lawrence Venuti (London: Routledge, 2012), pp. 365—388.</p> <p>Lisa Colletta and Maureen O'Connor, <i>Wild Colonial Girl: Essays on Edna O'Brien</i>, ed. by Lisa Colletta and Maureen O'Connor (London: The University of Wisconsin Press, 2006), pp. 3—13.</p>                                                                    |

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|  | <p>Rebecca Pelan, 'Edna O'Brien's "Love Objects"' in <i>Wild Colonial Girl: Essays on Edna O'Brien</i>, ed. by Lisa Colletta and Maureen O'Connor (London: The University of Wisconsin Press, 2006), pp. 58—77.</p> <p>Rosemarie Buikema and Anneke Smelik, <i>Women's Studies and Culture: A Feminist Introduction</i> (London: Zed Books, 1995).</p> |
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## Source Text

### *The Love Object*

He simply said my name. He said “Martha,” and once again I could feel it happening. My legs trembled under the big white cloth and my head became fuzzy, though I was not drunk. It’s how I fall in love. He sat opposite. The love object. Elderly. Blue eyes. Khaki hair. The hair was graying on the outside and he had spread the outer gray ribs across the width of his head as if to disguise the khaki, the way some men disguise a patch of baldness. He had what I call a very religious smile. An inner smile that came on and off, governed as it were by his private joy in what he heard or saw: a remark I made, the waiter removing the cold dinner plates that served as ornament and bringing warmed ones of a different design, the nylon curtain blowing inward and brushing my bare, summer-ripened arm. It was the end of a warm London summer.

“I’m not mad about them, either,” he said. We were engaged in a bit of backbiting. Discussing a famous couple we both knew. He kept his hands joined all the time as if they were being put to prayer. There were no barriers between us. We were strangers. I am a television announcer; we had met to do a job, and out of courtesy he asked me to dinner. He told me about his wife—who was thirty like me—and how he knew he would marry her the very first moment he set eyes on her. (She was his third wife.) I made no inquiries as to what she looked like. I still don’t know. The

## Target Text

### *O Objeto do Querer*

1 Ele, simplesmente, disse meu nome. Ele disse *MARTHA* e, mais uma vez,  
2 eu senti aquilo acontecendo. Minhas pernas tiritavam sob a grande  
3 toalha branca e minha cabeça ficou confusa, ainda que não estivesse  
4 embriagada. É a maneira como me apaixono. Ele se sentara à minha  
5 frente. O objeto do querer. Mais velho. Olhos azuis. Cabelo castanho  
6 claro. O cabelo estava ficando grisalho nas extremidades e ele havia  
7 espalhado as mechas acinzentadas pela parte superior da cabeça como  
8 se quisesse disfarçar o castanho da mesma forma que alguns homens  
9 disfarçam uma falha de calvície. Ele possuía algo que eu chamo de um  
10 sorriso muito religioso. Um sorriso vindo de dentro que surgia e sumia,  
11 como se fosse guiado por seu agrado particular pelo que via ou ouvia: um  
12 comentário feito por mim, o garçom removendo os pratos decorativos  
13 frios e trazendo outros de modelo diferente e aquecido, a cortina de  
14 nylon esvoaçando adentro e acariciando meu braço nu maturado pela  
15 estação. Era o fim de um quente verão londrino.

16 *Eu também não sou grande fã deles*, dissera ele. Falávamos  
17 maledicências. Debatíamos sobre um casal famoso que ambos  
18 conhecíamos. Suas mãos permaneciam juntas o tempo todo como se  
19 tivessem sido assim colocadas para uma oração. Não havia barreiras  
20 entre nós. Éramos estranhos. Sou anunciante televisiva; havíamos nos

only memory I have of her is of her arms sheathed in big, mauve, crocheted sleeves; the image runs away with me and I see his pink, praying hands vanishing into those sleeves and the two of them waltzing in some large, grim room, smiling rapturously at their good fortune in being together. But that came much later.

We had a pleasant supper and figs for afters. The first figs I'd ever tasted. He tested them gently with his fingers, then put three on my side plate. I kept staring down at their purple-black skins, because with the shaking I could not trust myself to peel them. He took my mind off my nervousness by telling me a little story about a girl who was being interviewed on the radio and admitted to owning thirty-seven pairs of shoes and buying a new dress every Saturday, which she later endeavored to sell to friends or family. Somehow I knew that it was a story he had specially selected for me and also that he would not risk telling it to many people. He was in his way a serious man, and famous, though that is hardly of interest when one is telling about a love affair. Or is it? Anyhow, without peeling it, I bit into one of the figs.

How do you describe a taste? They were a new food and he was a new man and that night in my bed he was both stranger and lover, which I used to think was the ideal bed partner.

In the morning he was quite formal but unashamed; he even asked for a clothes brush because there was a smudge of powder on his jacket where

21 encontrado para realizar um trabalho e, como cortesia, ele me convidara  
22 para jantar. Me contou sobre sua esposa – que, como eu, tinha trinta anos  
23 – e como soube que se casariam desde a primeira vez que pairou os olhos  
24 sobre ela (sua terceira esposa). Não fiz questionamentos sobre a  
25 aparência dela, que ainda não sei qual é. A única memória que possuo  
26 dela é de seus braços cobertos por vastas mangas roxas de crochê; a cena  
27 se desfaz junto de mim e vejo as mãos dele, róseas e devotas, desaparecer  
28 dentro daquelas mangas... e juntos valsavam num enorme salão sinistro,  
29 sorrindo extasiados com a sorte de terem um ao outro. Mas isso foi muito  
30 mais tarde.

31 O jantar foi agradável e, depois, comemos figos. O primeiro figo que eu  
32 experimentei na vida. Com os dedos, ele os tateou gentilmente e colocou  
33 três em meu prato. Segui fitando o preto e o roxo das cascas, pois minhas  
34 mãos trêmulas não eram confiáveis para os descascar. Ele abrandou meu  
35 nervosismo com a história de uma garota entrevistada no rádio que  
36 admitira possuir trinta e sete pares de sapatos e, todo sábado, comprar  
37 um vestido novo. Peças que, mais tarde, esforçava-se para vender a  
38 amigos e familiares. De certo modo, sabia que ele havia selecionado  
39 aquela história especialmente para mim e que não arriscaria contá-la para  
40 muitos. Era, à sua maneira, um homem sério – e famoso – ainda que o  
41 segundo seja pouco atrativo quando se trata de romances

we had embraced in the taxi coming home. At the time I had no idea whether or not we would sleep together, but on the whole I felt that we would not. I have never owned a clothes brush. I own books and records and various bottles of scent and beautiful clothes, but I never buy cleaning stuffs or aids for prolonging property. I expect it is improvident, but I just throw things away. Anyhow, he dabbed the powder smear with his handkerchief and it came off quite easily. The other thing he needed was a piece of sticking plaster because a new shoe had cut his heel. I looked but there was none left in the tin. My children had cleared it out during the long summer holidays. In fact, for a moment I saw my two sons throughout those summer days, slouched on chairs, reading comics, riding bicycles, wrestling, incurring cuts which they promptly covered with Elastoplast, and afterward, when the plasters fell, flaunting the brown-rimmed marks as proof of their valor. I missed them badly and longed to hold them in my arms—another reason why I welcomed his company. “There’s no plaster left,” I said, not without shame. I thought how he would think me neglectful. I wondered if I ought to explain why my sons were at boarding school when they were still so young. They were eight and ten. But I didn’t. I had ceased to want to tell people the tale of how my marriage had ended and my husband, unable to care for two young boys, insisted on boarding school in order to give them, as he put it, a

43 extraconjugais. Ou será mesmo? De alguma forma, sem ao menos  
44 descascá-lo, mordi um dos figos.  
45 Como descrever um sabor? Os figos eram uma comida nova, ele era um  
46 homem novo e, naquela noite em minha cama, era tão desconhecido  
47 quanto amante, o que eu costumava achar ser um parceiro de cama ideal.  
48 Pela manhã, ele foi bastante formal, mas desenvolto; chegou a pedir uma  
49 escova para roupas pois havia uma mancha de maquiagem em seu paletó  
50 onde descansei o rosto, no táxi, voltando para casa. Na época, eu não  
51 fazia a menor ideia se dormiríamos juntos ou não, mas, de modo geral,  
52 sentia que não. Eu nunca tive uma escova para roupas. Tenho livros e  
53 discos e vários perfumes e lindas roupas, mas eu nunca compro produtos  
54 de limpeza ou que façam com que meus pertences durem mais. Pode  
55 parecer imprudente, mas eu, simplesmente, joga as coisas fora. De algum  
56 jeito, ele golpeou a mancha com seu lenço e a removeu com muita  
57 facilidade. Outra coisa que ele precisava era um curativo adesivo, pois o  
58 sapato novo havia cortado seu calcanhar. Procurei, mas não havia  
59 sobrado nenhum na caixa. Meus filhos tinham gasto todos durante as  
60 longas férias de verão. Na verdade, por um instante, revi meus dois  
61 meninos no decorrer daquele verão: esparramando-se em cadeiras,  
62 lendo gibis, andando de bicicleta, brincando de luta, conquistando cortes  
63 que, prontamente, cobriam com Band-Aids e, mais tarde, quando o  
64 curativo caía, ostentavam sua marca como prova de seu valor. Eu senti

stabilizing influence. I believed it was done in order to deprive me of the pleasure of their company.

We had breakfast outdoors. The start of another warm day. The dull haze that precedes heat hung from the sky, and in the garden next door the sprinklers were already on. My neighbors are fanatic gardeners. He ate three pieces of toast and some bacon. I ate also, just to put him at his ease, though normally I skip breakfast. "I'll stock up with plaster, clothes brush, and cleaning fluids," I said. My way of saying, "You'll come again?" He saw through it straightaway. Hurrying down the mouthful of toast, he put one of his prayer hands over mine and told me solemnly and nicely that he would not have a mean and squalid little affair with me, but that we would meet in a month or so and he hoped we would become friends. I hadn't thought of us as friends, but it was an interesting possibility. I remembered the earlier part of our evening's conversation and his referring to his earlier wives and his older grown-up children, and I thought how honest and unnostalgic he was. I was really sick of sorrows and people multiplying them even to themselves. Another thing he did that endeared him was to fold back the green silk bedspread, a thing I never do myself.

When he left I felt quite buoyant and in a way relieved. It had been nice and there were no nasty aftereffects. My face was pink from kissing and my hair tossed from our exertions. I looked a little wanton. Feeling tired

65 muito a falta deles e ansiei envolvê-los em meus braços – mais um motivo  
66 para eu receber bem a companhia dele. *Não sobrou nenhum curativo*, eu  
67 disse, com certo constrangimento. Imaginei o quão negligente ele me  
68 imaginaria. Ponderei se explicaria a ele o porquê meus filhos estudavam  
69 em um colégio interno mesmo sendo tão jovens – eles tinham oito e dez  
70 anos –, mas não o fiz. Eu tinha deixado de querer contar às pessoas a  
71 narrativa de como meu casamento havia terminado e meu marido,  
72 incapaz de cuidar de duas crianças, insistiu no internato para dar-lhes,  
73 como ele mesmo diz, uma influência estável. Eu presumi que ele o fizera  
74 para me privar do prazer da companhia dos garotos.

75 Nós tomamos café da manhã ao ar livre. O prelúdio de outro dia cálido. A  
76 névoa opaca que precede o calor suspendia no céu e, no gramado do  
77 vizinho, os aspersores já funcionavam. Meus vizinhos eram jardineiros  
78 fanáticos! Ele comeu três torradas e um pouco de bacon. Eu comi para  
79 deixá-lo à vontade, ainda que eu costume não tomar café da  
80 manhã. *Comprarei curativos, uma escova para roupas e produtos de*  
81 *limpeza*, afirmei. Minha maneira de dizer *Você volta?*, ele percebeu  
82 imediatamente! Devorando uma torrada, ele colocou sua mão devota  
83 sobre a minha e disse, gentil e solenemente, que não teria um casinho vil  
84 e sórdido comigo, mas que nos encontraríamos em cerca de um mês e  
85 desejava que nos tornássemos amigos. Eu não havia pensado em nós  
86 como amigos, mas era uma possibilidade interessante. Me lembrei do

from such a broken night's sleep, I drew the curtains and got back into bed. I had a nightmare. The usual one, where I am being put to death by a man. People tell me that a nightmare is healthy and from that experience I believe it. I wakened calmer than I had been for months and passed the remainder of the day happily.

Two mornings later he rang and asked was there a chance of our meeting that night. I said yes, because I was not doing anything and it seemed appropriate to have supper and seal our secret decently. But we started recharging.

"We did have a very good time," he said. I could feel myself making little petrified moves denoting love, shyness; opening my eyes wide to look at him, exuding trust. This time he peeled the figs for both of us. We positioned our legs so that they touched and withdrew them shortly afterward, confident that our desires were flowing. He brought me home. I noticed when we were in bed that he had put cologne on his shoulder and that he must have set out to dinner with the hope if not the intention of sleeping with me. I liked the taste of his skin better than the foul chemical and I had to tell him so. He just laughed. Never had I been so at ease with a man. For the record, I had slept with four other men, but there always seemed to be a distance between us, conversation-wise. I mused for a moment on their various smells as I inhaled his, which reminded me of some herb. It was not parsley, not thyme, not mint, but some

87 princípio de nossa conversa naquela noite e dele se referindo às suas  
88 esposas anteriores e seus filhos crescidos, pensei como ele era sincero e  
89 dessaudoso. Eu estava farta de lamúrias e pessoas as multiplicando,  
90 inclusive para si. Outro feito que o tornara mais amável foi dobrar o lençol  
91 de seda verde, algo que eu mesma nunca faço.

92 Quando ele se foi, me senti vigorosa em demasia e, de certo modo,  
93 aliviada. Tudo tinha corrido bem e não houve sequelas desagradáveis. Meu  
94 rosto estava corado dos beijos e meu cabelo bagunçado devido ao nosso  
95 engajamento. Eu estava com a aparência um pouco  
96 imprudente. Esgotada após uma noite cansativa e mal dormida, fechei as  
97 cortinas e voltei para a cama. Tive um pesadelo. Aquele de costume, em  
98 que um homem tira minha vida. As pessoas dizem que pesadelos são  
99 saudáveis e, por isso, eu acredito que sejam. Acordei mais calma do que  
100 havia me sentido em meses e passei o restante do dia contente.

101 Duas manhãs mais tarde, ele liga e pergunta da possibilidade de nos  
102 encontrarmos naquela noite. Eu disse sim, pois não tinha planos e me  
103 parecia apropriado jantar e selar nosso segredo decentemente, mas  
104 começamos a nos reaproximar.

105 *Nos divertimos bastante*, ele disse. Eu podia sentir que eu fazia leves  
106 movimentos rijos sugerindo amor e timidez: esbugalhando meus olhos ao  
107 olhar para ele, exalando confiança. Desta vez, ele descascou os figos para  
108 si e para mim. Posicionamos nossas pernas de maneira que se tocassem

nonexistent herb compounded of these three smells. On this second occasion our lovemaking was more relaxed.

“What will you do if you make an avaricious woman out of me?” I asked. “I will pass you on to someone very dear and suitable,” he said. We coiled together, and with my head on his shoulder I thought of pigeons under the railway bridge nearby, who passed their nights nestled together, heads folded into mauve breasts. In his sleep we kissed and murmured. I did not sleep. I never do when I am overhappy, overunhappy, or in bed with a strange man.

Neither of us said, “Well, here we are, having a mean and squalid little affair.” We just started to meet. Regularly. We stopped going to restaurants because of his being famous. He would come to my house for dinner. I’ll never forget the flurry of those preparations—putting flowers in vases, changing the sheets, thumping knots out of pillows, trying to cook, putting on makeup, and keeping a hairbrush nearby in case he arrived early. The agony of it! It was with difficulty that I answered the doorbell when it finally rang.

“You don’t know what an oasis this is,” he would say. And then in the hallway he would put his hands on my shoulders and squeeze them through my thin dress and say, “Let me look at you,” and I would hang my head, both because I was overwhelmed and because I wanted to be. We would kiss, often for a full five minutes. He kissed the inside of my nostrils.

109 e, pouco tempo depois, as recolhemos, confidentes que nossos desejos  
110 fluíam. Ele me trouxe para casa. Já na cama, percebi que ele havia  
111 perfumado seus ombros e que devia ter ido ao jantar com a esperança,  
112 se não a intenção, de dormir comigo. Eu preferia o cheiro de sua pele  
113 àquela fragrância desarmônica e tive que dizer a ele. Ele apenas riu. Eu  
114 nunca estivera tão à vontade com um homem. Só para constar, eu já  
115 havia dormido com outros homens – quatro! Mas sempre parecia existir  
116 uma distância entre nós, em relação às conversas. Por um momento,  
117 ponderei sobre os vários odores daqueles ao inalar o dele, que me  
118 lembrava alguma planta. Não era salsinha, nem tomilho, nem hortelã,  
119 mas uma erva não existente composta pelos cheiros dos três. Nesta  
120 segunda ocasião, nossas atividades amorosas foram mais soltas.

121 *E se você fizer de mim uma mulher gananciosa?* Perguntei.

122 *Eu te encaminharei para alguém muito querido e adequado,*  
123 respondeu. Nos entrelaçamos e, amparando minha cabeça em seu  
124 ombro, pensei nos pombos que passam suas noites aninhados uns aos  
125 outros sob uma ponte ferroviária próxima, com suas cabeças encolhidas  
126 em seus peitos acinzentados. Enquanto ele dormia, nos beijamos e  
127 sussurramos. Eu não dormi. Eu nunca durmo quando estou felizíssima,  
128 tristíssima... ou na cama com um homem desconhecido.

129 Nenhum de nós dois disse: *Bom, aqui estamos, tendo um casinho vil*  
130 *e sórdido.* Apenas começamos a nos encontrar regularmente. Paramos

Then we would move to the sitting room and sit on the chaise longue still speechless. He would touch the bone of my knee and say what beautiful knees I had. He saw and admired parts of me that no other man had ever bothered with. Soon after supper we went to bed.

Once, he came unexpectedly in the late afternoon when I was dressed to go out. I was going to the theater with another man.

“How I wish I were taking you,” he said.

“We’ll go to the theater one night?” He bowed his head. We would. It was the first time his eyes looked sad. We did not make love because I was made up and had my false eyelashes on and it seemed impractical. He said, “Has any man ever told you that to see a woman you desire when you cannot do a thing about it leaves you with an ache?”

The ache conveyed itself to me and stayed all through the theater. I felt angry for not having gone to bed with him, and later I regretted it even more, because from that evening onward our meetings were fewer. His wife, who had been in France with their children, returned. I knew this when he arrived one evening in a motorcar and in the course of conversation mentioned that his small daughter had that day peed over an important document. I can tell you now that he was a lawyer.

From then on it was seldom possible to meet at night. He made afternoon dates and at very short notice. Any night he did stay, he arrived with a travel bag containing toothbrush, clothes brush, and a few things a man

131 de ir à restaurantes pelo fato dele ser famoso. Ele vinha jantar em minha  
132 casa. Nunca esquecerei o agito daquelas preparações: colocar flores em  
133 vasos, trocar a roupa de cama, amaciar os travesseiros, tentar cozinhar,  
134 me maquiar e deixar uma escova de cabelos por perto – caso ele chegasse  
135 mais cedo. A agonia da situação! Atendia a porta com dificuldade quando  
136 a campainha, finalmente, tocava.

137 *Você não imagina o oásis que é isso aqui*, ele dizia. Então, ainda no  
138 corredor, ele colocava suas mãos em meus ombros e, por dentro do meu  
139 franzino vestido, os apertava e dizia: *deixe-me ver você*. Eu abaixava  
140 minha cabeça, tanto por estar entregue quanto por querer estar. Nós nos  
141 beijávamos – muitas vezes por cinco minutos inteiros. Ele beijava até  
142 minhas narinas. Íamos, então, até a sala de estar e nos sentávamos na  
143 espreguiçadeira ainda calados. Ele tocava os meus joelhos e dizia o quão  
144 bonito eram. Ele via e admirava partes de mim que homem nenhum havia  
145 se dado ao trabalho de admirar. Pouco depois da ceia, íamos para a cama.  
146 Certa vez, apareceu de surpresa ao final de uma tarde, quando eu estava  
147 arrumada para sair. Eu estava indo ao teatro com outro homem.

148 *Como eu gostaria que eu estivesse te levando*, ele disse.

149 *Iremos ao teatro algum dia?* Ele inclinou a cabeça. Iríamos! Pela primeira  
150 vez, seus olhos pareciam tristes. Não fizemos amor pois eu estava pronta,  
151 com cílios postiços e não parecia prático. Ele disse: *Algum homem já te*

152

might need for an overnight, loveless stay in a provincial hotel. I expect she packed it. I thought, How ridiculous. I felt no pity for her. In fact, the mention of her name—it was Helen—made me angry. He said it very harmlessly. He said they'd been burgled in the middle of the night and he'd gone down in his pajamas while his wife telephoned the police from the extension upstairs.

"They only burgle the rich," I said hurriedly, to change the conversation. It was reassuring to find that he wore pajamas with her, when he didn't with me. My jealousy of her was extreme, and of course grossly unfair. Still, I would be giving the wrong impression if I said her existence blighted our relationship at that point. Because it didn't. He took great care to speak like a single man, and he allowed time after our lovemaking to stay for an hour or so and depart at his leisure. In fact, it is one of those after-love sessions that I consider the cream of our affair. We were sitting on the bed, naked, eating smoked-salmon sandwiches. I had lighted the gas fire because it was well into autumn and the afternoons got chilly. The fire made a steady, purring noise. It was the only light in the room. It was the first time he noticed the shape of my face, because he said that up to then my coloring had drawn all of his admiration. His face and the mahogany chest and the pictures also looked better. Not rosy, because the gas fire did not have that kind of glow, but resplendent with a whitish light. The goatskin rug underneath the window had a special luxurious softness. I

disse que ver a mulher que desejas quando não podes fazer nada a respeito, te causa uma dor?

A dor se manifestou em mim e permaneceu durante todo o espetáculo. Senti raiva por não ter ido para a cama com ele e, mais tarde, me arrependi ainda mais, já que, daquela noite em diante, o número de nossos encontros foram diminuindo. Sua esposa, que estava na França com seus filhos, retornou. Eu soube certa noite, quando ele chegou de automóvel e, no decorrer da conversa, menciono que sua filha pequena havia, naquele dia, feito xixi em um documento importante. Agora posso te dizer que ele era advogado.

Dali em diante, encontros noturnos eram raramente possíveis. Ele conseguia encontros vespertinos e combinados em cima da hora. Qualquer noite em que de fato permanecesse, chegava com uma bolsa contendo escova de dentes, escova para roupas e outras coisas que um homem necessitasse em um pouso sem amor num hotel provinciano. Suponho que era ela quem preparava a bolsa. Que ridículo, eu pensava. Eu não sentia pena dela. Na verdade, a menção de seu nome – que era Helen – me deixou zangada. Ele o disse inocuamente. Ele contou que havia sido roubado no meio da noite e que ele desceu as escadas de pijama enquanto, lá em cima, sua esposa telefonava para a polícia.

remarked on it. He happened to say that he had a slight trace of masochism, and that often, unable to sleep at night in a bed, he would go to some other room and lie on the floor with a coat over him and fall fast asleep. A thing he'd done as a boy. The image of the little boy sleeping on the floor moved me to enormous compassion, and without a word from him, I led him across to the goatskin and laid him down. It was the only time our roles were reversed. He was not my father. I became his mother. Soft and totally fearless. Even my nipples, about which I am squeamish, did not shrink from his rabid demands. I wanted to do everything and anything for him. As often happens with lovers, my ardor and inventiveness stimulated his. We stopped at nothing. Afterward, remarking on our achievement—a thing he always did—he reckoned it was the most intimate of all our intimate moments. I was inclined to agree. As we stood up to get dressed, he wiped his armpits with the white blouse I had been wearing and asked which of my lovely dresses I would wear to dinner that night. He chose my black one for me. He said it gave him great pleasure to know that although I was to dine with others my mind would ruminate on what he and I had done. A wife, work, the world, might separate us, but in our thoughts we were betrothed.

"I'll think of you," I said.

"And I, of you."

We were not even sad at parting.

*Só casas de ricos são assaltadas*, eu disse, rapidamente, para mudar o assunto. Era confortante descobrir que ele usava pijamas com ela e comigo não. Meu ciúme dela era extremo e, claro, repugnantemente injusto. Ainda assim, estaria dando a impressão errada se dissesse que a existência dela prejudicava nosso relacionamento naquele momento. Não prejudicava. Ele tomava grande cuidado para falar como um homem solteiro, se permitia ficar por uma hora ou mais após fazermos amor e partia quando achava que devia. De fato, considero um desses momentos depois de estar juntos como sendo a cereja do bolo em nosso romance. Estávamos sentados na cama, nus, comendo sanduíches de salmão defumado. A lareira estava acesa pois o outono já durava algum tempo e as tardes ficaram frias. O fogo fazia um barulho, um ronco contínuo. Aquela era a única iluminação no quarto. Foi a primeira vez que ele se atentou ao formato do meu rosto, porque dizia que, até então, minha cor havia roubado toda sua admiração. O rosto dele, a cômoda de mogno e as fotos também estavam mais bonitas. Não rosáceas, pois a lareira a gás não tinha aquele fulgor, mas resplandecentes com uma luz esbranquiçada. O tapete de pele de carneiro sob a janela era de uma maciez luxuosa especial. Eu comentei sobre. Por acaso, ele falou que possuía um pequeno tino masoquista e que, frequentemente, incapaz de dormir na cama pela noite, ia até outro cômodo e se deitava no chão com algo o cobrindo e, rapidamente, pegava no sono. Algo que fazia ainda

197 garoto. A imagem do menininho dormindo no chão me causou enorme  
198 compaixão e, sem que ele dissesse uma palavra sequer, o levei até a pele  
199 de carneiro e o deitei. Foi a única vez em que nossos papéis se  
200 inverteram. Ele não foi meu pai, eu fui sua mãe: gentil e totalmente  
201 destemida. Até meus mamilos, com os quais sou escrupulosa, não se  
202 encolheram com suas agressivas exigências. Queria fazer tudo e qualquer  
203 coisa por ele. Como acontece muito com os amantes, meu entusiasmo e  
204 inventividade estimulavam os dele. Não parávamos por  
205 nada. Posteriormente, comentando nossos feitos – algo que ele sempre  
206 fazia – ele reconheceu que aquele havia sido o momento mais íntimo de  
207 toda nossa intimidade. Eu estava propensa a concordar. Ao passo que  
208 levantamos para nos vestir, ele secou suas axilas com a blusa branca que  
209 eu vestia mais cedo e perguntou qual dos meus lindos vestidos eu vestiria  
210 para jantar naquela noite. Ele escolheu o preto por mim. Dissera que lhe  
211 dava grande prazer saber que, embora eu fosse jantar com outras  
212 pessoas, minha mente estaria naquilo que eu e ele tínhamos feito. Uma  
213 esposa, o trabalho e o mundo poderiam nos separar, mas, em nossos  
214 pensamentos, éramos casados.  
215 *Estarei pensando em você*, eu disse.  
216 *E eu em você*.  
217 Nem sequer ficamos tristes ao partir.

|                       |          |                    |   |
|-----------------------|----------|--------------------|---|
| <b>Student Number</b> | 19317704 | <b>Text Number</b> | 2 |
|-----------------------|----------|--------------------|---|

| <b>Source Text</b>                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            | <b>Target Text</b> |                                                      |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------|------------------------------------------------------|
| <b>Title</b>                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                | O Príncipe Atrasado: Uma paródia teatral de contos de fadas.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               | <b>Title</b>       | The Late Prince: A theatrical parody of fairy tales. |
| <b>Year Published</b>                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       | 2018                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       |                    |                                                      |
| <b>Author</b>                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               | Cássia Leslie & Ricardo Dalai                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              |                    |                                                      |
| <b>Language</b>                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             | Portuguese (Brazil)                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        | <b>Language</b>    | English (Ireland)                                    |
| <b>Word Count</b>                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           | 1203                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       | <b>Word Count</b>  | 1365                                                 |
| <b>Description of Source Text</b> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li><i>understanding of source text</i></li> <li><i>knowledge of genre within source contexts</i></li> <li><i>situation of source text familiarity with the formal features of a text (language variation(s), register, dialect)</i></li> </ul> <b>(200 words max)</b> | Deconstructing the stereotypical figures of princes and princesses in fairy tales (Lima & Stuchi, 2019), this theatre play targets Brazilian children and teenagers and tells the story of a prince who was apparently too late for task he had set out to complete. As he searches for a new life, the protagonist raises historical and philosophical debates. In finding an unexpected love, themes such as the encounter with the differences and how to deal with them are raised (Losnak, 2018). The excerpt translated contains the prologue of the play and the two opening scenes of Act I. As a parody, the humour is evident and constant throughout the work, which is also regarded as assistive material for learning in its introduction (Leslie & Dalai, 2018). The humour is mostly noticed through; figures of speech as irony and personification; the constant use of slang and internet language; references to Brazilian folklore and traditions; hyperbolic inversed stereotypes. The exaggeration and informal tone of register allow readers to consume it as a novel as well, considering the dialogues and stage directions are both fairly clear (Losnak, 2018). The combination of real-life elements and fairy-tale related references also marks this work. |                    |                                                      |
| <b>Strategy</b> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li><i>identification of translation problems</i></li> </ul>                                                                                                                                                                                                                             | As the online dialects and informal register or use of humour as a form of art are not seen very often as a teaching tool in the early school years, this translation will be designed as a didactic resource for literature, art and theatre classes in Irish schools due to its contemporary appeal. Therefore, it is directed to the Irish youth, more specifically, students aged                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      |                    |                                                      |

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|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• <i>knowledge of genre within target context and situation of target text</i></li> <li>• <i>justification of translation production of genre for target context</i></li> </ul> <p><b>(200 words max)</b></p> | <p>between 13—16 who are attending the final years of secondary school in Ireland. However, the nostalgia around classic tales and the excess of remakes may present hardship for the target text, which needs to be compelling and current for the fast-changing taste of its overly entertained audience (Jones, 2019). The hermeneutic model of Venuti (2012) based on poststructuralism and semiotics is the general approach to be taken in the translation process. In other words, it will be an effort; to create something sufficiently significant and easily relatable for the aforementioned audience; and to have it achieve its purpose and become fit for mass consumption in education. This strategy also envisions the insertion of local elements and the use of localization (Dray &amp; Siegel, 2006) for the reconstruction of comic components into a cultural translation.</p>                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     |
| <p><b>Critical Reflection</b></p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• <i>textual analysis</i></li> </ul> <p><b>(200 words max)</b></p>                                                                                                          | <p>The insertion of extra stage directions would be allowed within the strategy chosen and could have enhanced the humour, but it was not the done. I noticed the sole use of slang and localization may have been enough to, at least, cause the feeling of relatability without drastically adapting all of the features of the text. Although the use of slang was denser than it was in the source text, it was inserted sparingly, and the formality of the sentence structure was kept for the most of it. Terms as <i>slag</i> (Lines 52 and 94), <i>gas</i> (Lines 83 and 84) and <i>craic</i> (Line 54) or Irish references as <i>An Post</i> (Line 9), <i>Penneys</i> (Line 55) and <i>DART</i> (Line 95) were additions that not necessarily mirrored the source text, causing a certain distancing between the productions, as predicted in the Venuti’s Hermeneutic model (2012). Also, the exaggerated use of references could suggest both participants of the duologue as comic relieves rather than just funny characters. Overall, the target text seems to have maintained enough of the fairy-tale tone while making Ireland the real-life scenario, offering linguistic resources for didactic productions aiming at thinking about cultural and linguistic variations within local environments.</p> |
| <p><b>Works Cited</b></p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• <i>use of sources and reference material</i></li> </ul>                                                                                                                           | <p>Cassia Leslie and Ricardo Dalai, <i>O Príncipe Atrasado: Uma paródia teatral de contos de fadas</i> (Londrina: Madrepérola, 2018), pp. 6—11.</p> <p>Imram Jones, <i>The Lion King: Disney remakes and the power of nostalgia</i>, Newsbeat, 15 July 2019 &lt;<a href="https://www.bbc.com/news/newsbeat-47696220">https://www.bbc.com/news/newsbeat-47696220</a>&gt; [accessed 30 April 2020].</p>                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      |

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|  | <p>Lawrence Venuti, 'Genealogy of Translation Studies: Jerome' in <i>The Translation Studies Reader</i>, 3rd edition, ed. By Lawrence Venuti (London: Routledge, 2012), pp. 483—502.</p> <p>Marcos Losnak, <i>O Príncipe Atrasado</i>, 13 December 2018 &lt;<a href="https://www.editoramadreperola.com/oprincipeatrasado/">https://www.editoramadreperola.com/oprincipeatrasado/</a>&gt; [accessed 29 April 2020].</p> <p>Marina Stuchi and Ricardo Dalai, 'O Príncipe Atrasado [<i>The Late Prince</i>], by Cassia Leslie and Ricardo Dalai: Deconstruction of the Prince and Princess Figures in Theater for Children and Adolescents', <i>Revista Leia Escola</i>, v. 19, n. 2 (2019), pp. 139—156.</p> <p>Susan M. Dray and David A. Siegel, 'Melding paradigms: Meeting the needs of international customers through localization and user-centered design' in <i>Perspectives on Localization</i>, ed. by Kieran J. Dunne (Amsterdam; Philadelphia: John Benjamins Publishing Company, 2006), pp. 281—307.</p> |
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## Source Text

### *O Príncipe Atrasado: Uma paródia teatral de contos de fadas.*

#### Prólogo

*Voz in off ou um narrador no palco, um recitante.*

Conta-se que, certa vez, um rei e uma rainha ansiavam muito por um filho ou uma filha. Tanto que, quando finalmente a rainha engravidou, eles prometeram uma enorme festa para apresentar a criança para o reino. Todos do reino foram convidados. Todos mesmo! Todas as mulheres e todos os homens. E também as fadas do reino, que viviam nos bosques, próximos dos riachos mais limpos. Entretanto, uma das fadas não foi convidada. *(quebra de tom)* Por algum problema nos correios, não sei. Só sabemos que a bendita fada não foi convidada. E não é que o rei e a rainha tiveram o azar de ser a pior fada? Aquela mais chata, a mais ranzinza... *(em tom de segredo)* Dizem até que estava envolvida com uns negócios estranhos. Falaram também que ela dava aulas numa escola na Inglaterra e tudo mais. Tinha até um aluno preferido. Voldemort, o nome dele. Não lembro. Não deve ser alguém conhecido. *(voltando ao tom normal)* Pois bem, essa fada não foi convidada. E, óbvio, ela viu nas redes sociais, Facebook, acho, uma postagem da moça que fazia o cabelo dela na aldeia, uma foto, hashtag bestfriends, na festa e tal. E lá estavam todas as fadas na foto. Claro que ela ficou de cara e, como não tinha timidez nenhuma, foi tirar satisfação com o rei e a rainha bem no dia da festa. *(volta o tom*

## Target Text

### *The Late Prince: A theatrical parody of fairy tales.*

#### Prologue

*Off-stage voice or In-stage Narrator, a reciter.*

It is told that, at a certain time, a king and a queen much longed for a son or daughter. When the queen finally got pregnant, they promised the kingdom a huge feast to introduce the child to all. Every creature in the realm was invited. Absolutely all of them! All the women and all the men, as well as the kingdom fairies, which lived in the woods, near the purest streams. However, one of the fairies was not invited. *(change in tone)* Some problem with the An Post... I don't know really. All we know is that the so-called fairy was not invited. And guess what? Luckily enough for the king and queen, wasn't it the worst fairy? The peskiest and grumpiest one... *(in tone of secrecy)* Rumour has it she was involved with some weird business... People say she used to teach in British schools and all. She's even had a favourite student: Voldemort was his name. I don't know for sure! Must not be a well-known lad. *(returning to a normal tone)* Well, well... That one fairy was not invited. And, obviously, she saw it on social media. Facebook, I think. Some post from a villager, a girl who use to do the fairy's hair. A picture in the party, hashtag bestfriends, you know yourself. And all the other fairies were in the picture. She was all mad, of course, and, as she was not at all shy, she went to have it out with the

*mais dramático*) Tomada de ira e rancor, a fada má lançou um feitiço, uma maldição sobre a pequena criança: no seu décimo quinto aniversário, ela furará o dedo numa roca e morrerá! (*pausa dramática*) Passaram-se anos e aqui estamos nós. É aqui que esta história começa. É aqui que vamos encontrar nosso herói. Lá vem ele! Ele, nosso príncipe e nosso guerreiro! É ele que subirá no alto da torre e, com um beijo de amor verdadeiro, acordará a princesa adormecida!

## ATO 1 – TORRE, QUARTO DA BELA ADORMECIDA

### CENA 1

*Entra o Príncipe.*

**Príncipe:** (*entrando, muito dramático, no quarto em que a princesa estaria em sono profundo*) Eu cheguei, minha princesa! Eu, o Príncipe, estou aqui: cavalei por mil colinas, naveguei por mil riachos, viajei por mil léguas até esta torre. Então subi, subi, subi, subi, subi muito. Vocês poderiam ter investido num elevador aqui, mas ok. (*aproxima-se da cama*) Subi e estou aqui para, com um beijo de amor verdadeiro, acordar a mais bela princesa adormecida.

*Inclina-se lento para beijar a princesa adormecida. Assusta-se.*

**Príncipe:** (*espantadíssimo*) Mas o quê?!

*Revira a cama. Só encontra almofadas e cobertores.*

king and the queen right on the day of the feast. (*returns to a dramatic tone*) Filled with wrath and grudge, the evil fairy casted a spell, a curse on the little child: in her fifteenth birthday, the kid shall be wounded by a spindle and fall dead! (*dramatic pause*) Years went by and here we are. Here is where this story begins. Here is where we'll find our hero! There he comes! Him, our prince and our warrior! It is him the one who will go up the tower and, with a true love's kiss, is going to wake the asleep princess up!

## ACT 1 – SLEEPING BEAUTY'S TOWER BEDROOM.

### SCENE 1

*Enters the prince.*

**Prince:** (*Very dramatically entering the room in which the princess would be fast asleep*) I have arrived, my princess! Me, the prince! I am here: I rode through a thousand hills, sailed through a thousand streams, travelled a thousand miles to this tower. Then I went up and up, and up, and up, and a lot of ups. You could have totally invested in lift here but whatever. (*approaches the bed*) I came up and I am here, and with a true love's kiss will wake up the prettiest princess who is asleep.

*Slowly leans over to kiss the sleeping princess. Gets surprised.*

**Prince:** (*in deep shock*) WHAAAAT?!

**Príncipe:** (*desesperando-se*) Mas o quê... Mas o quê... Mas o que aconteceu?! Onde está meu amor? Onde está a princesa? (*confabula sozinho em tom mais baixo*) Claro, deve ser obra daquela fada malévola. É claro! Ela deve ter descoberto que eu estava a caminho. Covarde! Levou minha amada sem que eu tivesse a chance de tocar seus lábios com meus lindos lábios.

*Caminha em direção da plateia.*

**Príncipe:** (*exibindo-se*) Vejam. Minha boquinha é linda! (*pausa. Dá um suspiro e volta a se irritar*) Fada uó! Por que algumas pessoas se incomodam tanto com a felicidade dos outros? Um dia vou perguntar isso pra Madame Carochinha. Ela sabe de tudo! Mas... e até lá? Não vou voltar agora pra casa. Vi chuva vindo e não quero molhar minha capa nova. Comprei na 25 de Março só pra vir acordar o meu amor. Um absurdo! Bom... vou dormir por aqui e amanhã volto pra casa. (*deita-se ainda reclamando*) Vou me arrumar aqui e descansar. A viagem foi longa e essa cama abrigou minha amada por todos esses anos. Deve estar pra lá de amaciada. (*em tom meloso e apaixonado*) Que delícia dormir entre o seu cheiro...

*Dorme.*

## CENA 2

43 *Checks and messes the bed. All he finds are pillows and blankets.*

44 **Prince:** (*In despair*) Wait, what's... What's... What's happened?! Where's  
45 my love? Where's the princess? (*talks to himself in a lower tone*) Of  
46 course... this must have something to do with that maleficent fairy. Of  
47 course! She must have learned I was on my way. Coward! Took my lover  
48 before I had the chance to touch her lips with my pretty ones.

49 *Walks towards the audience.*

50 **Prince:** (*Showing off*) Look, my pretty little mouthy mouth is so cute!  
51 (*Pause. breathes heavily and goes back to being annoyed.*) That fairy,  
52 what a slag! Why are there some so bothered by the happiness of others?  
53 I'll ask a Jackeen about that one day... They know it all! But... What's the  
54 craic? I won't just go home now. I think it will lash out of the heavens and  
55 I don't want to get this new cape wet. I got it from Penneys just to come  
56 see my love. Mortified! Well, I'll sleep around here and return home  
57 tomorrow. (*lays down while complaining still*) I'll get cosy here and rest.  
58 It was a long way here and this bed sheltered my beloved through all  
59 these years. Should be more than soft. (*in a mushy tone*) How nice it is to  
60 sleep with the smell of you...

61 *Falls asleep.*

62

## 63 SCENE 2

64

Entra a Camareira cantarolando e dançando enquanto anda. Abre um baú ou dobra alguma roupa. Fica de costas para o público, fazendo algo no fundo do palco. Príncipe ronca. Ela para de cantarolar e espera. Ele ronca de novo. Ela se vira, com medo, mas sem ruído. Espera. Ele ronca uma terceira vez. A mulher não sabe se foge ou se verifica. Nítido medo, mas nada dramático. A personagem é cômica. Ela se aproxima da cama lentamente. Puxa o lençol com violência, grita ao ver o Príncipe, que acorda e grita também.

**Camareira:** (em pânico) Um homem!!!!

**Príncipe:** (se encolhendo na cama, de tão assustado) Socorro! Socorro! Não me machuque! Por favor! Eu pago. Tenho um cavalo novinho lá embaixo, 2.0, Flex! Pode levar. Mas não me machuque!

**Camareira:** (não entendendo) Mas hein? Quem vai machucar quem aqui? Saia já dessa cama!

**Príncipe:** Promete não me machucar?

**Camareira:** Que machucar o quê?! Sai! Quem é você?

**Príncipe:** (levantando-se, esguio com o nariz empinado) Eu sou o Príncipe. Você já deve ter escutado falar de mim. Sempre saio nas revistas mais top destas bandas.

**Camareira:** Hum, e fala “top”? Sei...

Camareira se vira para a plateia e dá uma risadinha cínica.

65 *The Chambermaid enters humming and dancing as she moves. She opens*  
66 *a chest and folds some clothes, stands giving her back to the audience*  
67 *while doing something in the back of the stage. The prince snores. She*  
68 *stops humming and waits. He snores again. She turns around, in fear,*  
69 *without making any noise. The Chambermaid waits. The Prince snores a*  
70 *third time. The woman isn't sure if she should check or run away. The fear*  
71 *is clear but not dramatic. She is a comic character. She slowly approaches*  
72 *the bed. She violently pulls the linen and screams as she sees the prince.*  
73 *He wakes up and screams, too.*

74 **Chambermaid:** (in panic) A man!!!!

75 **Prince:** (shrinking in bed because he is too scared) Help! Help! Don't hurt  
76 me! Please! I can pay. I have a brand-new horse downstairs, it is flex-fuel!  
77 You can take it. But don't hurt me!

78 **Chambermaid:** (confused) Whaaaat? Who is hurting anyone here? Leave  
79 this bed now!

80 **Prince:** Promise not to hurt me?

81 **Chambermaid:** What? Hurt what? Feck off! Who are you?

82 **Prince:** (Standing tall with the chin up) I am the Prince! You must've heard  
83 of me. I am always featured in the real gas magazines around here.

84 **Chambermaid:** He says 'gas', huh? Right...

85 *Chambermaid turns to the audience and lets a subtle sarcastic smile out.*  
86

**Príncipe:** (se achando 'o cara') Enfim, deve ter escutado também as lendas que nossos antigos contavam: que um dia eu subiria na mais alta torre e encontraria a princesa mais bela adormecida por uma maldição de cem anos.

**Príncipe:** (dramático de novo) Eu cheguei, estou aqui! Eu, o Príncipe, cavalei por mil colinas, naveguei por mil riachos, viajei por mil léguas até esta torre.

**Camareira:** Primeiro, que isso parece mentira. Os dados não batem. Segundo: por que não pegou a linha 302, que agora passa aqui do lado do palácio? Terceiro: quando você diz "princesa mais bela adormecida", se refere à rainha?

**Príncipe:** Rainha? Que rainha? Eu subi na mais alta torre para encontrar minha amada no reino dos sonhos e, com um beijo de amor verdadeiro, acordar a mais linda princesa.

**Camareira:** Ixi, moço! Sua vida é pior que novela das nove... Olha. Se você...

**Príncipe:** (com empatia) 'Você' não! Sua Alteza!

**Camareira:** (com desdém) Se Sua Alteza se refere à princesa que uma vez furou o dedo numa roca e dormiu por uns dias, temos um engano aqui.

**Príncipe:** (confuso) Engano? Que engano?! Eu exijo saber onde está minha amada! Foi você quem a levou? É a bruxa disfarçada de arrumadeira?

87 **Prince:** (*bragging and feeling himself*) Anyway, you must have heard the  
88 tales the ancient told as well: that one day I would climb the tallest tower  
89 to find the most beautiful princess asleep, kept dormant by a hundred-  
90 year curse.

91 **Prince:** (*in a dramatic tone*) I have arrived, I am here! Me, the prince. I  
92 rode through a thousand hills, sailed through a thousand streams,  
93 travelled a thousand miles to this tower.

94 **Chambermaid:** Firstly, that sounds like a slag. The data do not seem  
95 accurate. Secondly: why didn't you take the DART, which now stops quite  
96 close to the palace? Thirdly: When you say, '*The most beautiful princess*  
97 *asleep*', are you referring to the queen?

98 **Prince:** Queen? What queen? I climbed the highest tower to find my  
99 beloved one in the kingdom of dreams and, with a true love's kiss, wake  
100 up the most beautiful princess.

101 **Chambermaid:** Thick lad! Your life is worse than an RTÉ soap opera... You  
102 know. If you...

103 **Prince:** (*in arrogant tone*) Don't 'you' me! It is 'Your Highness'!

104 **Chambermaid:** (*with disdain*) If Your Highness refers to the princess who  
105 once pricked her finger on the spindle of a spinning wheel and slept for a  
106 few days, we have a hames here.

107  
108

**Camareira:** Olha aqui, “alteza”, primeiro que não sou arrumadeira. Há dois meses a rainha me promoveu e agora sou CA-MA-REI-RA. Vai falar assim com as arrumadeiras do seu castelo, apesar de ser uma tremenda falta de educação. Segundo, o engano é: você (com desdém até o fim), quer dizer, Sua Alteza está atrasado.

**Príncipe:** Atrasado?

**Camareira:** (voltando a arrumar) Uhum. A Princesa já dormiu, já acordou, já tá tomando café. Tá lá embaixo. Já já ela sobe. Justamente hoje ela pediu pra eu arrumar aqui, porque vai transformar este quarto numa biblioteca. Este é o antigo quarto dela.

**Príncipe:** Antigo? Há quanto tempo ela acordou?

**CAMAREIRA** Foi agora há pouquinho. Teve festa ontem, menino... E que delícia de torta que eu fiz! Ela dançou além da conta e agora tá com dor na cabeça e nas pernas...

**Príncipe:** Não, mulher! Há quanto tempo ela acordou da maldição?

**Camareira:** (nostálgica) Ah, isso faz muitos anos...

**Príncipe:** (boquiaberto, espantadíssimo) Muitos anos?!

**Camareira:** Sim sim... Tá ouvindo? Ela tá subindo e aí conversa com você.

109 **Prince:** (*confused*) Hames? What hames? I demand to know where my  
110 beloved one is! Did you take her? Are you a witch disguised as a  
111 housekeeper?

112 **Chambermaid:** Listen up, 'Your Highness', first of all I am no housekeeper.  
113 It has been two months since the queen gave me a promotion and I am  
114 now CHAM - BER - MAI - D! You go talk like that to the dossers of your  
115 castle... but it is an extreme lack of manners anyway. Second of all, the  
116 hames is: You (*with disdain until the end*), I mean, Your Highness is late.

117 **Prince:** Late?

118 **Chambermaid:** (*back to organising*) Bang on. The princess has already  
119 slept, woken up, and is having breakfast. She is downstairs. She'll be up in  
120 a second. Right on this day, she asked me to do some organising around  
121 here because she'll turn this room into a library. It is her former room.

122 **Prince:** Former? When did she wake up?

123 **Chambermaid:** Just now really. Oh man, there was some savage party  
124 yesterday... And what a nice pie I baked! She danced way too much and  
125 both her head and legs are knackered now...

126 **Prince:** Nah, not that! Woke up from her curse! What's the story?

127 **Chambermaid:** (*nostalgic*) Ah, that was many years ago...

128 **Prince:** (*awestruck, astonished*) Many years?

129 **Chambermaid:** Ye, ye... Can you hear it? She is coming up and you can  
130 chat.

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|----------------|----------|-------------|---|
| Student Number | 19317704 | Text Number | 3 |
|----------------|----------|-------------|---|

| Source Text                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                | Target Text |                     |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------|---------------------|
| Title                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       | The Yukon Song                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 | Title       | Partiu Canadá!      |
| Year Published                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              | 1989                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           |             |                     |
| Author                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      | Bill Watterson                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 |             |                     |
| Language                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    | English (USA)                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  | Language    | Portuguese (Brazil) |
| Word Count                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  | 209                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            | Word Count  | 198                 |
| <b>Description of Source Text</b> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li><i>understanding of source text</i></li> <li><i>knowledge of genre within source contexts</i></li> <li><i>situation of source text familiarity with the formal features of a text (language variation(s), register, dialect)</i></li> </ul> <b>(200 words max)</b> | <p>This excerpt is presented as the introduction to Yukon, Ho!, the 4<sup>th</sup> collection of Calvin and Hobbes comic strips (Watterson, 1989). A simple-versed poem narrating a duo's expression of indignation and desire to move to the extreme northwest of Canada, where they believe anything is possible and they would be happy and free. The boy and his pet tiger were inspired by the author's own snooping personality as a Midwestern American child and his cat Sprite (Watterson, 1995). These popular characters were featured in more than 2.400 different newspapers worldwide throughout the decade the strips were still being produced and became well-known in numerous languages and cultures (Campanelli, 2010). Containing 36 verses divided into 9 even stanzas, the poem presents a consistent alternate rhyme scheme throughout the entire work. The informal tone and the use of spoken register are clear with the presence of contractions as we're (Line 3), we've (Line 6) or we'll (Line 18) and childish terms such as pop (Line 7) or goos (Line 27). Fairly sarcastic and exaggerated, no official version of the pretended song sung by the 6-year-old child was recorded. Its rhythm is solely given by its poetic end rhymes (Watterson, 1995).</p> |             |                     |
| <b>Strategy</b> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li><i>identification of translation problems</i></li> <li><i>knowledge of genre within target context and situation of target text</i></li> </ul>                                                                                                                                       | <p>Translating the text into a poem that can be an equally easy-to-sing song – which maintains all the themes the characters debate – is the ultimate challenge perceived in this rendition. The textual elements are significantly more relevant than they are in the illustration in which Calvin and Hobbes' story is usually depicted, as there is very little visual appeal to the poem. Known as Calvin and Haroldo in Brazil (Melo, 2015), the characters are popular and the poem has already been</p>                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 |             |                     |

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| <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• <i>justification of translation production of genre for target context</i><br/>(200 words max)</li> </ul> | <p>published in Brazil as part of Watterson's fourth book (Watterson, 2011). The idea is to create a more song-like version of it for Brazilian fans who are already familiar with it by changing the rhyme scheme and including a melody to it. The strategy consists in establishing a verse length that can be sung by a duo in which one person voices the odd lines and the other voices the even ones. Ultimately, this work will attempt to balance form and content to keep them close possible to the features of the source text without directly mimicking it; the elements that will be embodied are an AABB rhyme scheme, the sarcastic tone of dissatisfaction, and vocabularies as simple as possible.</p>                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     |
| <p><b>Critical Reflection</b></p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• <i>textual analysis</i><br/>(200 words max)</li> </ul>                  | <p>It seemed unlikely to establish a univocal melody for an exclusively written work and, although the result was satisfactory as to present a new rhyme scheme and other essential elements previously listed, an effective song-like version would probably need to be accompanied by audio resources. The most unsettling decision in regard to the translation of terminology was the name Yukon (Line 46). Canadian regions may be widely known by the audience of the source text, but I was not confident Brazilians would instantly understand what Yukon meant. Then, I opted for Canada (Line 46) instead. The rearrangement of the rhyme made it difficult connecting the second and third lines of each stanza, especially lines 33 and 34. The 'and howl, at the moon' had to be split into 'seeing the moon' and 'howling' as two disjointed actions. Applying the strategy was relatively uncomplicated and the balancing of textual and extratextual elements was doable. The text was coherently rendered in accordance with normative structures of the source language present in poetry and may be considered both a poem and a song.</p> |
| <p><b>Works Cited</b></p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• <i>use of sources and reference material</i></li> </ul>                         | <p>Alexandre de Melo, '<i>Calvin e Haroldo 30 anos; veja as 6 tiras mais emocionantes</i>' in <i>virgula</i>, 18 November 2015 &lt;<a href="http://www.virgula.com.br/diversao/calvin-e-haroldo-completam-30-anos/">http://www.virgula.com.br/diversao/calvin-e-haroldo-completam-30-anos/</a>&gt; [accessed 30 April 2020].</p> <p>Bill Watterson, <i>Yukon, Ho! A Calvin and Hobbes Collection</i> (Kansas City: Andrews McMeel Publishing, 1989), p. 4.</p> <p>Bill Watterson, <i>The Calvin and Hobbes tenth anniversary book</i> (Kansas City: Andrews McMeel Publishing, 1995), pp. 17—25.</p> <p>Bill Watterson, <i>Calvin &amp; Haroldo - Yukon-Ho!</i> (São Paulo: Editora Conrad, 2011), p. 4.</p>                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  |

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|  | John Campanelli, ' <i>Calvin and Hobbes</i> ' fan still pine 15 years after its exit' in The Plain Dealer, 01 February 2010; updated 12 January 2019 < <a href="https://www.cleveland.com/living/2010/02/fans_still_pine_for_calvin_and.html">https://www.cleveland.com/living/2010/02/fans_still_pine_for_calvin_and.html</a> > [accessed 30 April 2020]. |
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| Source Text                            |    | Target Text                             |
|----------------------------------------|----|-----------------------------------------|
| <i>The Yukon Song</i>                  |    | <i>Partiu Canadá!</i>                   |
| My tiger friend has got the sled,      | 1  | Meu amigo tigre o trenó vai trazer,     |
| And I have packed a snack.             | 2  | Quase prontos para a viagem fazer!      |
| We're all set for the trip ahead.      | 3  | Os lanches eu vou preparar,             |
| We're never coming back!               | 4  | E nunca mais vamos voltar!              |
|                                        | 5  |                                         |
| We're abandoning this life we've led!  | 6  | Estamos deixando essa vida que levamos, |
| So long, Mom and Pop!                  | 7  | Estamos cansados de tudo que escutamos. |
| We're sick of doing what you've said,  | 8  | Pai e mãe vamos deixar,                 |
| And now it's going to stop!            | 9  | E tudo isso já vai acabar!              |
|                                        | 10 |                                         |
| We're going where it snows all year,   | 11 | Com neve o ano todo a cair,             |
| Where life can have real meaning.      | 12 | Um lugar onde não vá ouvir:             |
| A place where we won't have to hear,   | 13 | "Você bem que podia limpar seu quarto." |
| "Your room could stand some cleaning." | 14 | Para onde a vida tem sentido, eu parto! |
|                                        | 15 |                                         |
| The Yukon is the place for us!         | 16 | O Canadá é o nosso lugar,               |
| That's where we want to live.          | 17 | Lá se pode gritar e xingar.             |
| Up there we'll get to yell and cuss,   | 18 | É onde ficaremos na ativa,              |
| And act real primitive.                | 19 | Agindo de maneira primitiva.            |
|                                        | 20 |                                         |

We'll never have to go to school,  
Forced into submission,  
By monstrous crabby teachers who'll  
Make us learn addition.

We'll never have to clean a plate  
Of veggie glops and goos.  
Messily we'll masticate  
Using any fork we choose!

The timber wolves will be our friends.  
We'll stay up late and howl,  
At the moon, till nighttime ends,  
Before going on the prowl.

Oh, what a life! We cannot wait,  
To be in that arctic land,  
Where we'll be masters of our fate,  
And lead a life that's grand!

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Não vamos ter que ir à escola,  
Com professores doidos da cachola!

Forçados à submissão,  
Nos forcem a aprender adição.

Não teremos que limpar pratos,  
De verduras e legumes chatos.  
Mastigando feito animais,  
Lá escolheremos garfos legais!

Os lobos serão nossos amigos,  
Vendo a lua de nossos abrigos.  
Acordados até tarde a uivar,  
Antes de sairmos espreitar.

Oh, que vida! Mal posso esperar,  
Para nosso próprio destino traçar.  
E estar naquele lugar tão gelado,  
Ter uma vida incrível ao teu lado!

No more of parental rules!  
We're heading for some snow!  
Good riddance to those grown-up ghouls!  
We're leaving! ***Yukon Ho!***

43  
44  
45  
46

Não há mais regras dos pais!  
Adultos chatos, nunca mais!  
Estamos indo ver a neve de lá!  
Estamos indo para o ***Canadá!***

|                |          |             |   |
|----------------|----------|-------------|---|
| Student Number | 19317704 | Text Number | 4 |
|----------------|----------|-------------|---|

| Source Text                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 | Target Text |                    |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------|--------------------|
| Title                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       | Geni e o Zepelim                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                | Title       | Geni & The Airship |
| Year Published                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              | 1978                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            |             |                    |
| Author                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      | Chico Buarque                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   |             |                    |
| Language                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    | Portuguese (Brazil)                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             | Language    | English (UK)       |
| Word Count                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  | 420                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             | Word Count  | 474                |
| <b>Description of Source Text</b> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li><i>understanding of source text</i></li> <li><i>knowledge of genre within source contexts</i></li> <li><i>situation of source text familiarity with the formal features of a text (language variation(s), register, dialect)</i></li> </ul> <b>(200 words max)</b> | <p>This MPB – Brazilian Pop Music – song, written by one of the most renowned songwriters and musicians of Brazil (All Music), narrates and unusual encounter. Geni, a prostitute, is constantly attacked by the townspeople until an outlander in an airship threatens all lives. The man decides to spare them under one condition: sleeping with Geni. It was produced during the Brazilian military dictatorship and is featured as a soundtrack of both the album <i>Ópera de Malandro</i> and its eponymous musical play produced by Chico Buarque (Buarque, 1978). The glorifying and the shaming of a woman protagonist construct social criticism around the less fortunate figures of society. Studies describe Geni as a voiceless hero in an author-hero relationship with her creator (Kogawa, 2006). The song tells a complete story and the heptasyllabic verses read more easily if grouped as tercets. As most ballads, end rhymes in an AAB rhyme-scheme build most of these lyrics. However, the last tercets of every stanza (Lines 22—24, 47—49, 72—74 and 97—99) occur in an ABA rhyme-scheme. A dramatic account rich in symbolisms, sexual connotations, the tragedy of Geni has a relatively informal register due to rather aggressive terminology (Paula, 2010).</p> |             |                    |
| <b>Strategy</b> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li><i>identification of translation problems</i></li> </ul>                                                                                                                                                                                                                             | <p>The text is attached to culture, history and the artistic features of its genre. More than 13.000 Brazilians live in Ireland (CSO). This translation is directed to adults aged between 20—30 of all nationalities and ages who reside in Ireland and are interested in materials promoting the culture of this share of the population. This is an opportunity to display the</p>                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           |             |                    |

|                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• <i>knowledge of genre within target context and situation of target text</i></li> <li>• <i>justification of translation production of genre for target context</i></li> </ul> <p><b>(200 words max)</b></p> | <p>versatility of Brazilian art outside its borders. Through feminist literature (Buikema &amp; Smelik, 1995), this translation will portray the story from a gender-equal perspective in which the protagonist is not insinuated as deserving of her disgrace. The rhyme scheme will be abandoned. The text will take the form of prose. Techniques of modulation and adaptation (Darbelnet &amp; Vinay, 2004) will be applied to adjust the translation into its new genre and recreate elements of the source text deemed inexistent in the context of target text. Whereas the song brought of hatred, allegedly provoked by Geni, this work will use passive structures and more formal vocabularies to highlight the victim's discomfort instead of satirising it as the direct speech does in the source text. The irony will be abandoned to avoid ambiguity in the short story to be recreated.</p>                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       |
| <p><b>Critical Reflection</b></p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• <i>textual analysis</i></li> </ul> <p><b>(200 words max)</b></p>                                                                                                          | <p>Changing the song into prose allowed for great flexibility with the language. The choice of more respectful terminology and more dramatic language was achievable without having to necessarily make it much lengthier than the ST. The chorus, which was very aggressive and described Geni as 'good to spit at' and 'beat' in the source text (Lines 21—22) were translated into passive construction transferring the responsibility of the aggression to those who caused it (Lines 11—12). In describing the attacks from the aggressor perspective rather than saying it is a trait of the victim, it reads more relatable and moving. The constant attempt to avoid ambiguity may have caused the text to be less fluid than it was desired and, at times, was not obtainable. The suggestion of Zoophilia in the source text was quite unambiguous but the replacement of the verb 'to love' with 'to be' (Lines 35—36) was not enough to be totally in or out of the idea. Finally, the sentences to praise and diminish Geni (Lines 14, 30, 44 and 58) remained sarcastic not leaving the translation entirely dry or humourless.</p> |
| <p><b>Works Cited</b></p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• <i>use of sources and reference material</i></li> </ul>                                                                                                                           | <p>All Music, <i>Chico Buarque: Biography by John Dougan</i> &lt;<a href="https://www.allmusic.com/artist/chico-buarque-mn0000095613/biography">https://www.allmusic.com/artist/chico-buarque-mn0000095613/biography</a>&gt; [accessed in 30 April 2020].</p> <p>Central Statistics Office, <i>Census 2016 – Non-Irish Nationalities Living in Ireland</i> &lt;<a href="https://www.cso.ie/en/releasesandpublications/ep/p-cpnin/cpnin/brazilian/">https://www.cso.ie/en/releasesandpublications/ep/p-cpnin/cpnin/brazilian/</a>&gt; [accessed 30 April 2020]</p>                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  |

|  |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     |
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|  | <p>Francisco B. de Holanda, <i>Ópera do Malandro</i> (Rio de Janeiro: Polygram/Philips, 1978).</p> <p>Jean-Paul Vinay and Jean Darbelnet, 'A methodology for translation' in <i>The Translation Studies Reader, 3rd edition</i>, ed. by Lawrence Venuti (London: Routledge, 2004), pp. 128–137.</p> <p>João M M Kogawa, 'Geni no Entremeio de Uma Arena de Vozes' in <i>Revista Urutágua</i>, v. 10, 03 February 2004, updated 17 August 2006 &lt;<a href="http://www.urutagua.uem.br/010/10kogawa.htm">http://www.urutagua.uem.br/010/10kogawa.htm</a>&gt; [accessed 30 April 2020].</p> <p>Luciane de Paula, 'A Ironia de "Geni e o Zepelim": Sujeitos, Poderes e Mundos no Tempo da Suspensão' in <i>Cadernos do Tempo Presente</i>, n. 1., October 2010.</p> <p>Rosemarie Buikema and Anneke Smelik, <i>Women's Studies and Culture: A Feminist Introduction</i> (London: Zed Books, 1995).</p> |
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**Source Text*****Geni e o Zepelim***

De tudo que é nego torto  
Do mangue e do cais do porto  
Ela já foi namorada  
O seu corpo é dos errantes  
Dos cegos, dos retirantes  
É de quem não tem mais nada  
Dá-se assim desde menina  
Na garagem, na cantina  
Atrás do tanque, no mato  
É a rainha dos detentos  
Das loucas, dos lazarentos  
Dos moleques do internato  
E também vai amiúde  
Co'os velhinhos sem saúde  
E as viúvas sem porvir  
Ela é um poço de bondade  
E é por isso que a cidade  
Vive sempre a repetir  
Joga pedra na Geni  
Joga pedra na Geni

**Target Text*****Geni & The Airship***

1 She is the girlfriend of any crooked man, from the mangrove to the  
2 harbour. Her body belongs to the wanderer, the blind, the migrant, and  
3 that who has nothing else left. She has been doing it since girlhood in the  
4 garage; in the kitchen; in the corners; in the woods. She is the queen of  
5 the imprisoned, the old rags, the leprous and the orphaned young men.  
6 However, she very often helps the sick elderly in need as well as the  
7 hopeless widows. She is filled with kindness and that is the reason why  
8 the population constantly repeats:  
9  
10 – Throw stones at Geni. Throw rocks at Geni.  
11 – It feels right to hit her.  
12 – It feels good to spit on her.  
13 – She fucks anyone.  
14 – Cursed be thy name: Geni!  
15  
16 Once, floating amongst the clouds, an enormous airship appeared  
17 dazzlingly. The thing hovered above the buildings and opened two  
18 thousand orifices with two thousand canons. The terrified population  
19 remained paralysed, ready to meet their maker. Yet, out of the gigantic  
20 aircraft, descended its commander saying *'I've changed my mind'*:

Ela é feita pra apanhar

Ela é boa de cuspir

Ela dá pra qualquer um

Maldita Geni

Um dia surgiu, brilhante

Entre as nuvens, flutuante

Um enorme zepelim

Pairou sobre os edifícios

Abriu dois mil orifícios

Com dois mil canhões assim

A cidade apavorada

Se quedou paralisada

Pronta pra virar geleia

Mas do zepelim gigante

Desceu o seu comandante

Dizendo – Mudei de ideia

– Quando vi nesta cidade

– Tanto horror e iniquidade

– Resolvi tudo explodir

– Mas posso evitar o drama

– Se aquela formosa dama

21

22

– When I saw the amount of horror and unfairness in this town, I decided to blow it all up. But I can refrain from the drama... if that fair lady lays with me tonight.

25

26

– That lady was Geni... but it couldn't have been Geni!

27

– It feels right to hit her.

28

– It feels good to spit on her.

29

– She fucks anyone.

30

– Cursed be thy name: Geni!

31

32

In fact, Geni, the humble underdog herself, was the one who caught the outsider's eyes. The imposing, dreaded, powerful warrior was her prisoner. What happens is that – and it was her secret – the maiden had her whims. The thought of laying with such noble man, smelling of silver and gold, made she prefer to be with beasts. Hearing the absurdity, the town went on a pilgrimage to kiss her hand. The mayor on his knees, the bishop with bloodshot eyes and the banker with tons of money:

39

40

– Please, go with him, Geni. Please, go with him, Geni.

41

– You can save us all.

42

– You will redeem us all.

– Esta noite me servir  
 Essa dama era Geni  
 Mas não pode ser Geni  
 Ela é feita pra apanhar  
 Ela é boa de cuspir  
 Ela dá pra qualquer um  
 Maldita Geni

Mas de fato, logo ela  
 Tão coitada e tão singela  
 Cativara o forasteiro  
 O guerreiro tão vistoso  
 Tão temido e poderoso  
 Era dela, prisioneiro  
 Acontece que a donzela  
 – e isso era segredo dela –  
 Também tinha seus caprichos  
 E a deitar com homem tão nobre  
 Tão cheirando a brilho e a cobre  
 Preferia amar com os bichos  
 Ao ouvir tal heresia  
 A cidade em romaria

43 – You fuck anyone.  
 44 – Blessed be thy name: Geni!  
 45  
 46 So many honest and heartfelt requests were made that she mastered her  
 47 disgust. In a hallucinating night, she gave herself to that lover as a  
 48 condemned gives herself to the executioner. He made such a mess,  
 49 devouring her all night long until he felt satiated. It was barely dusk when,  
 50 in a cold cloud, he departed on his airship. Taking a breather of relief, she  
 51 turned to her side and tried to force a smile. But the population, chanting  
 52 at the break of dawn, did not let her sleep:  
 53  
 54 – Throw stones at Geni. Throw shit at Geni.  
 55 – It feels right to hit her.  
 56 – It feels good to spit on her.  
 57 – She fucks anyone.  
 58 – Cursed be thy name: Geni!  
 59  
 60  
 61  
 62  
 63  
 64

|                             |    |
|-----------------------------|----|
| Foi beijar a sua mão        | 65 |
| O prefeito de joelhos       | 66 |
| O bispo de olhos vermelhos  | 67 |
| E o banqueiro com um milhão | 68 |
| Vai com ele, vai Geni       | 69 |
| Vai com ele, vai Geni       | 70 |
| Você pode nos salvar        | 71 |
| Você vai nos redimir        | 72 |
| Você dá pra qualquer um     | 73 |
| Bendita Geni                | 74 |
|                             | 75 |
| Foram tantos os pedidos     | 76 |
| Tão sinceros, tão sentidos  | 77 |
| Que ela dominou seu asco    | 78 |
| Nessa noite lancinante      | 79 |
| Entregou-se a tal amante    | 80 |
| Como quem dá-se ao carrasco | 81 |
| Ele fez tanta sujeira       | 82 |
| Lambuzou-se a noite inteira | 83 |
| Até ficar saciado           | 84 |
| E nem bem amanhecia         | 85 |
| Partiu numa nuvem fria      | 86 |

|                          |    |
|--------------------------|----|
| Com seu zepelim prateado | 87 |
| Num suspiro aliviado     | 88 |
| Ela se virou de lado     | 89 |
| E tentou até sorrir      | 90 |
| Mas logo raiou o dia     | 91 |
| E a cidade em cantoria   | 92 |
| Não deixou ela dormir    | 93 |
| Joga pedra na Geni       | 94 |
| Joga bosta na Geni       | 95 |
| Ela é feita pra apanhar  | 96 |
| Ela é boa de cuspir      | 97 |
| Ela dá pra qualquer um   | 98 |
| Maldita Geni             | 99 |

|                |          |             |   |
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| Student Number | 19317704 | Text Number | 5 |
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| Source Text                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          | Target Text |                                     |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------|-------------------------------------|
| Title                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             | Macunaíma, O herói sem nenhum caráter.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   | Title       | Macunaíma, The hero with no honour. |
| Year Published                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    | 1978                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     |             |                                     |
| Author                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            | Mário de Andrade                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         |             |                                     |
| Language                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          | Portuguese (Brazil)                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      | Language    | English (UK)                        |
| Word Count                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        | 1466                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     | Word Count  | 1732                                |
| <b>Description of Source Text</b> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• <i>understanding of source text</i></li> <li>• <i>knowledge of genre within source contexts</i></li> <li>• <i>situation of source text familiarity with the formal features of a text (language variation(s), register, dialect)</i></li> </ul> <b>(200 words max)</b> | Essentially based on Brazilian folklore creatures and firstly published in 1928 (Neto, 2019), this novel follows an indigenous shapeshifting hero in a quest into a big city and back home in the jungle. An eponymous movie was released 40 years after the first printed publication (IMDB). Both the book and the film are regarded as part of the national canon in Brazil. This piece contains the first chapter of the novel, in which the odd childhood of the lazy protagonist and the discovery of his superpower are portrayed. The work, considered a verbal rhapsode by its author, is an effort to include his research about Tupi, a Brazilian native language, into literature (Campos, 2018). There is certain fluctuation in register throughout the text as it is filled with terms in Tupi – little familiar to non-indigenous people – in the middle of sentences constructed according to the formal norms of Brazilian Portuguese (Andrade, 2019). The multilingual text contains a subtle puny humour; the hero expresses laziness by saying ‘ <i>Ai, que preguiça</i> ’ (Line 8). In Tupi, <i>Ai</i> means ‘ <i>sloth</i> ’. In Brazilian Portuguese, ‘ <i>preguiça</i> ’ means both ‘ <i>sloth</i> ’ and ‘ <i>laziness</i> ’. So, the hero’s jargon reads ‘sloth, what a sloth’ to indicate he is feeling lazy. |             |                                     |
| <b>Strategy</b> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• <i>identification of translation problems</i></li> <li>• <i>knowledge of genre within target context and situation of target text</i></li> </ul>                                                                                                                                         | The satire is constructed through interlingual puns. These existent connections between Tupi and Brazilian Portuguese cannot be mirrored between English and either one of these source languages, threatening the presence of humour in the translation. The intention is to render a translation situated in the foreignization spectrum of Venuti’s ethics continuum (1998) even though humour may be less evident. Language scholars who are users of English and need relevant                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      |             |                                     |

|                                                                                                                                                              |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• <i>justification of translation production of genre for target context</i></li> </ul> <p><b>(200 words max)</b></p> | <p>multilingual material that brings a South American Indigenous Language mixed into English are the desired audience. To provide them with satisfactorily fluid multilingualism, the target text will undergo explicitation procedures (Vinay &amp; Darbelnet, 1958) as well. The combination between these two approaches allows the translation to maintain the Tupi terminology explained within the target text instead of translated or defined in footnotes. The prose format will mirror the style of the paragraphs and italics are going to be used to mark terms intentionally untranslated and their definitions. Likewise, the register will remain at a fairly formal level and there will be no deliberate attempt to recreate humour. This translation could supplement academic discussions around the effects of colonialism in native languages and their cultural relations.</p>                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 |
| <p><b>Critical Reflection</b></p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• <i>textual analysis</i></li> </ul> <p><b>(200 words max)</b></p>                  | <p>The slightly long explanation needed for some of textual elements of Tupi as ‘Cachiri’ (Line 80), may have interrupted the flow of ideas and made it hard to notice a certain tone of debauchery that would have been more easily noticed in the source text as it should be suggested Macunaíma only asks his mom to take him for a walk because he knows she will not be able to accompany him. Another rupture with the naturality of the text caused by foreignization (Venuti, 1998) is the literal translation of a popular saying (Lines 29—39) instead of choosing a relevant saying already established in English. Because a more formal language was intended, some sexual connotations that were more obvious in the source text may have seemed like a grammar mistake, for example ‘party on Sofará’ (Line 122). The ambiguous tone and the erotic connotation of the verb ‘brincar’ [to play] and the noun ‘festa’ [party], at this early stage of the work, is expected to be confuse. The boy’s shapeshifting could be interpreted as imaginary, and the actual innuendo of the terms could be lost. However, as the carnal encounter is witnessed by another character, explaining them became unnecessary.</p> |
| <p><b>Works Cited</b></p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• <i>use of sources and reference material</i></li> </ul>                                   | <p>IMDB, <i>Macunaíma</i> &lt;<a href="https://www.imdb.com/title/tt0064616/">https://www.imdb.com/title/tt0064616/</a>&gt; [accessed 30 April 2020].</p> <p>Lawrence Venuti, <i>The Scandals of Translation: Towards an Ethics of Difference</i> (London and New York: Routledge, 1998).</p> <p>Leonardo Campos, <i>Crítica: Macunaíma, Mário de Andrade</i>, 5 February 2018 &lt;<a href="https://www.planocritico.com/critica-macunaíma-de-mário-de-andrade/">https://www.planocritico.com/critica-macunaíma-de-mário-de-andrade/</a>&gt; [accessed 01 May 2020].</p>                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             |

|  |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            |
|--|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
|  | <p>Mário de Andrade, '<i>Macunaíma: O herói sem nenhum caráter</i>', in <i>Coleção Literatura Brasileira: identidade em movimento</i>, ed Miguel S. Neto and Silvana Oliveira (Chapecó: Editora UFFS, 2019), pp.22—199.</p> <p>Miguel S. Neto, '<i>Apresentação</i>' in <i>Coleção Literatura Brasileira: identidade em movimento</i>, ed Miguel S. Neto and Silvana Oliveira (Chapecó: Editora UFFS, 2019), pp. 5—18.</p> |
|--|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

## Source Text

### *Macunaíma, O herói sem nenhum caráter.*

No fundo do mato-virgem nasceu Macunaíma, herói da nossa gente. Era preto retinto e filho do medo da noite. Houve um momento em que o silêncio foi tão grande escutando o murmurejo do Uraricoera, que a índia tapanhumas pariu uma criança feia. Essa criança é que chamaram de Macunaíma.

Já na meninice fez coisas de sarapantar. De primeiro passou mais de seis anos não falando. Si o incitavam a falar exclamava:

– Ai! que preguiça!...e não dizia mais nada. Ficava no canto da maloca, trepado no jirau de paxiúba, espiando o trabalho dos outros e principalmente os dois manos que tinha, Maanape já velhinho e Jiguê na força do homem. O divertimento dele era decepar cabeça de saúva. Vivia deitado mas si punha os olhos em dinheiro, Macunaíma dandava pra ganhar vintém. E também espertava quando a família ia tomar banho no rio, todos juntos e nus. Passava o tempo do banho dando mergulho, e as mulheres soltavam gritos gozados por causa dos guaiamuns diz-que habitando a água-doce por lá. No mocambo si alguma cunhatã se aproximava dele pra fazer festinha, Macunaíma punha a mão nas graças dela, cunhatã se afastava. Nos machos guspia na cara. Porém respeitava os velhos e frequentava com aplicação a murua a poracê o torê o bacororô a cucuicogue, todas essas danças religiosas da tribo.

## Target Text

### *Macunaíma, The hero with no honour.*

1 In the depths of the primeval forest, the hero of our people was born:  
2 *Macunaíma*. He was the darkest of the blacks and son of the fear of the  
3 night. Once, listening to the rippling of the *Uraricoera river*, the silence  
4 was so intense that *Tapanhumas, an indigenous woman*, gave birth to an  
5 ugly child. This child was the one called *Macunaíma*.

6 As early as his primary boyhood, he committed staggering deeds.  
7 To start, he spent more than six years without speaking. If prompted to  
8 speak, he would declare:

9 - Ai! Too lazy! ... and said nothing else. He remained in the corner  
10 of the hut, on top of a surface made from the *wood of Paxiúba*, spying on  
11 the work of others and, mainly, two brothers he had: the already old  
12 *Maanape* and *Jiguê*, in the strength of manhood. His amusement was  
13 chopping heads of *Saúva ants* off. He was always lying down but if he saw  
14 money, *Macunaíma* would move to earn a cent. He also sharpened up  
15 when the family went to bathe in the river, all together in the nude. His  
16 bath time was spent diving and the women would make weird noises  
17 because of the *Guaiamuns, a species of crab* said to inhabit the freshwater  
18 there. If some girl approached him to party in the *communal hut known*  
19 *as Mocambo*, *Macunaíma* would put his hand on her graces and she  
20 walked away. He spat in the face of the males. However, he respected the

Quando era pra dormir trepava no macuru pequeninho sempre se esquecendo de mijar. Como a rede da mãe estava por debaixo do berço, o herói mijava quente na velha, espantando os mosquitos bem. Então adormecia sonhando palavras-feias, imoralidades estrambólicas e dava patadas no ar.

Nas conversas das mulheres no pino do dia o assunto era sempre as peraltagens do herói. As mulheres se riam, muito simpatizadas, falando que “espinho que pinica, de pequeno já traz ponta”, e numa pajelança Rei Nagô fez um discurso e avisou que o herói era inteligente.

Nem bem teve seis anos deram água num chocalho pra ele e Macunaíma principiou falando como todos. E pediu pra mãe que largasse da mandioca ralando na cevadeira e levasse ele passear no mato. A mãe não quis porque não podia largar da mandioca não. Macunaíma choramingou dia inteiro. De noite continuou chorando. No outro dia esperou com o olho esquerdo dormindo que a mãe principiasse o trabalho. Então pediu pra ela que largasse de tecer o paneiro de guarumá-membeca e levasse ele no mato passear. A mãe não quis porque não podia largar o paneiro não. E pediu pra nora, companheira de Jiguê, que levasse o menino. A companheira de Jiguê era bem moça e chamava Sofará. Foi se aproximando resabiada porém desta vez Macunaíma ficou muito quieto sem botar a mão na graça de ninguém. A moça carregou o piá nas costas e foi até o pé de aninga na beira do rio. A água parara pra inventar

elderly and, in full commitment, attended the *Murua*, the *Poracê*, the *Torê*, the *Bacororô*, the *Cucuicogue*, all these *religious dances of the tribe*.

When it was time to sleep, he climbed onto the little *Macuru*, a *suspended swing*, and would always forget to pee. As his mother's hammock was under the floating crib, the hero would piss on the old woman, efficiently sending the mosquitoes away. Then he would fall asleep, dreaming of bad words and bizarre immoralities, kicking in the air.

In women's conversations at the end of the day, the subject was always the hero's naughty deeds. The women laughed, very sympathetic, saying a “*thorn that pricks, has always had a sharp edge*” and, in his shaman-hood, *Rei Nagô* made a speech informing the hero was intelligent.

*Macunaíma* was barely six when water in a rattle was given to him and he started speaking like everyone else. And he asked his mother to quit grating manioc root to take him for a walk in the bush. The mother said no because she couldn't leave the manioc. Macunaíma whined all day long. He continued to cry at night. The next day, he waited for his mother to begin her work with his left eye asleep. Then, he asked her to stop weaving the *Guarumá-Membeca basket* and take him for a walk in the woods. The mother said no because she couldn't leave the basket. She asked his daughter-in-law, *Jiguê's* companion, to take the boy. *Jiguê's* companion was very young and her name was *Sofará*. She approached

um ponteio de gozo nas folhas do javari. O longe estava bonito com muitos biguás e biguatingas avoando na entrada do furo. A moça botou Macunaíma na praia porém ele principiou choramingando, que tinha muita formiga!... e pediu pra Sofará que o levasse até o derrame do morro lá dentro do mato. A moça fez. Mas assim que deitou o curumim nas tiriricas, tajás e trapoerabas da serrapilheira, ele botou corpo num átimo e ficou um príncipe lindo. Andaram por lá muito. Quando voltaram pra maloca a moça parecia muito fatigada de tanto carregar piá nas costas. Era que o herói tinha brincado muito com ela... Nem bem ela deitou Macunaíma na rede, Jiguê já chegava de pescar de puçá e a companheira não trabalhara nada. Jiguê enquizilou e depois de catar os carrapatos deu nela muito. Sofará aguentou a sova sem falar um isto.

Jiguê não desconfiou de nada e começou trançando corda com fibra de curauá. Não vê que encontrara rasto fresco de anta e queria pegar o bicho na armadilha. Macunaíma pediu um pedaço de curauá pro mano porém Jiguê falou que aquilo não era brinquedo de criança. Macunaíma principiou chorando outra vez e a noite ficou bem difícil de passar pra todos.

No outro dia Jiguê levantou cedo pra fazer armadilha e enxergando o menino tristinho falou:

– Bom-dia, coraçãozinho dos outros.

Porém Macunaíma fechou-se em copas carrancudo.

him with caution but, this time, *Macunaíma* kept to himself without touching anyone's graces. The girl carried the boy on her back and went to the *Aninga tree* by the riverbank. The water would stop and create a tip of joy in the leaves of the *Javari palm*. The horizon was beautiful and filled with *birds: Biguás and Biguatingas* flying over the entrance to the open. The young woman put *Macunaíma* on the beach, but he whined immediately, saying 'there are too many ants!' ... and asked *Sofará* to take him to the elevation in the hill inside the woods. She did so. As soon as she put the little boy amongst the *flowers of Tiriricas, Tajás* and *Trapoerabas* in the sedimented soil, his body instantly grew older and he became a handsome prince. They wandered around there a lot. When they returned to the hut, the young woman seemed fairly tired from having carried the boy on her back that much. The hero had played a lot with her... that was all... She had barely placed *Macunaíma* in the hammock when *Jiguê* arrived from his fishing with a *dip net, the Puçá*. His companion hadn't worked at all. *Jiguê* got angry and, after removing the ticks from his skin, beat her heavily. *Sofará* coped with the beating without saying a word.

*Jiguê*, unsuspecting of anything, started braiding rope using fibres of *Curauá, a kind of pineapple*. He had certainly found a fresh tapir trail and wanted to catch the animal into the trap. *Macunaíma* asked for a piece of *Curauá* to his brother but *Jiguê* said it was no toy for children.

– Não quer falar comigo, é?

– Estou de mal.

– Por causa?

Então Macunaíma pediu fibra de curauá. Jiguê olhou pra ele com ódio e mandou a companheira arranjar fio pro menino. A moça fez. Macunaíma agradeceu e foi pedir pro pai-de-terreiro que trançasse uma corda pra ele e assoprasse bem nela fumaça de petum.

Quando tudo estava pronto Macunaíma pediu pra mãe que deixasse o cachiri fermentando e levasse ele no mato passear. A velha não podia por causa do trabalho mas a companheira de Jiguê mui sonsa falou pra sogra que “estava às ordens”. E foi no mato com o piá nas costas.

Quando o botou nos carurus e sororocas da serrapilheira, o pequeno foi crescendo foi crescendo e virou príncipe lindo. Falou pra Sofará esperar um bocadinho que já voltava pra brincarem e foi no bebedouro da anta armar um laço. Nem bem voltaram do passeio, tardinha, Jiguê já chegava também de prender a armadilha no rasto da anta. A companheira não trabalhara nada. Jiguê ficou fulo e antes de catar os carrapatos bateu nela muito. Mas Sofará aguentou a coça com paciência.

No outro dia a arraiada inda estava acabando de trepar nas árvores, Macunaíma acordou todos, fazendo Umbué medonho, que

65 *Macunaíma* began to cry again and the night became hard to endure for  
66 all.

67 The following day, *Jiguê* got up early to set the trap and, noticing  
68 the boy saddened, said:

69 - Good morning, sweetheart of people.

70 But *Macunaíma* shut himself with a heavy frown.

71 - Don't wanna talk to me, huh?

72 - I'm pissed off.

73 - Why's that?

74 *Macunaíma* then asked for a fibre of *Curauá*. *Jiguê* looked at him  
75 in a huff and ordered his companion to provide the boy with a strand of  
76 it. She did so. Macunaíma thanked him and went to ask the shaman of  
77 the tribe to braid a rope for him and blow the smoke of *Petum tobacco*  
78 onto it.

79 When everything was ready, he asked the mother to stop  
80 fermenting the *cachiri*, one of the many names given to the manioc, to  
81 take him for a walk in the woods. The old woman said no due to work but  
82 *Jiguê's* companion, so unintentional, said to her mother-in-law she was at  
83 her disposal. And went to the woods with the boy on her back.

84 When she put him amongst the plants of *Cururus* and *Sororocas* in  
85 the sedimented soil, the little one grew and grew to become the  
86 handsome prince. He told *Sofará* to wait a little while – because soon he

fossem! que fossem no bebedouro buscar a bicha que ele caçara!... Porém ninguém não acreditou e todos principiaram o trabalho do dia.

Macunaíma ficou muito contrariado e pediu pra Sofará que desse uma chegadinha no bebedouro só pra ver. A moça fez e voltou falando pra todos que de fato estava no laço uma anta muito grande já morta. Toda a tribo foi buscar a bicha, matutando na inteligência do curumim. Quando Jiguê chegou com a corda de curauá vazia, encontrou todos tratando da caça. Ajudou. E quando foi pra repartir não deu nem um pedaço de carne pra Macunaíma, só tripas. O herói jurou vingança.

No outro dia pediu pra Sofará que levasse ele passear e ficaram no mato até a boca-da-noite. Nem bem o menino tocou no folhiço e virou num príncipe fogoso. Brincaram. Depois de brincarem três feitas, correram mato fora fazendo festinhas um pro outro. Depois das festinhas de cotucar, fizeram a das cócegas, depois se enterraram na areia, depois se queimaram com fogo de palha, isso foram muitas festinhas. Macunaíma pegou num tronco de copaíba e se escondeu por detrás da piranheira. Quando Sofará veio correndo, ele deu com o pau na cabeça dela. Fez uma brecha que a moça caiu torcendo de riso aos pés dele. Puxou-o por uma perna. Macunaíma gemia de gosto se agarrando no tronco gigante. Então a moça abocanhou o dedão do pé dele e engoliu. Macunaíma chorando de alegria tatuou o corpo dela com o sangue do pé. Depois retesou os músculos, se erguendo num trapézio de cipó e aos pulos

87 would return to play – and went to the tapir's water fountain to set a trap.  
88 They had barely come back from their walk at the end of the day, and  
89 *Jiguê* was already arriving from having set his trap in the trail of the tapir.  
90 His companion hadn't worked at all. *Jiguê* was mad and, before even  
91 removing the ticks from his skin, he beat her heavily. But *Sofará* endured  
92 the beating patiently.

93 The next day, the dawn was still tree high when *Macunaíma* woke  
94 all up making a horrible fuss, telling them 'GO'! They had to go to the  
95 water fountain fetch the animal he had hunted! But nobody believed him,  
96 and they all started their day of work.

97 Macunaíma felt very thwarted and asked *Sofará* to check the  
98 water fountain out just to make sure. She did so. And returned telling  
99 everyone that, in fact, there was a very large tapir dead in the rope. The  
100 whole tribe went to fetch the animal, wondering about the boy's  
101 intelligence. When *Jiguê* arrived with nothing on his rope, he encountered  
102 everyone handling the animal. He helped them. When it was time to  
103 share, he gave only guts to *Macunaím* and no meat at all. The hero swore  
104 vengeance.

105 The day after, he asked *Sofará* to take him for a walk and they  
106 stayed in the woods until the very end of the day. The boy barely touched  
107 the vegetation and became a fiery prince. They played. After playing three  
108 games, they ran into the woods, teasing one another. After the poking

atingiu num átimo o galho mais alto da piranheira. Sofará trepava atrás. O ramo fininho vergou oscilando com o peso do príncipe. Quando a moça chegou também no tope eles brincaram outra vez balanceando no céu. Depois de brincarem Macunaíma quis fazer uma festa em Sofará. Dobrou o corpo todo na violência dum puxão mas não pôde continuar, galho quebrou e ambos despencaram aos emboléus até se esborracharem no chão. Quando o herói voltou da sapituca procurou a moça em redor, não estava. Ia se erguendo pra buscá-la porém do galho baixo emriba dele furou o silêncio o miado temível da suçuarana. O herói se estatelou de medo e fechou os olhos pra ser comido sem ver. Então se escutou um risinho e Macunaíma tomou com uma gusparada no peito, era a moça. Macunaíma principiou atirando pedras nela e quando feria, Sofará gritava de excitação tatuando o corpo dele embaixo com o sangue espirrado. Afinal uma pedra lascou o canto da boca da moça e moeu três dentes. Ela pulou do galho e juque! tombou sentada na barriga do herói que a envolveu com o corpo todo, uivando de prazer. E brincaram mais outra vez.

Já a estrela Papaceia brilhava no céu quando a moça voltou parecendo muito fatigada de tanto carregar piá nas costas. Porém Jiguê desconfiando seguira os dois no mato, enxergara a transformação e o resto. Jiguê era muito bobo. Teve raiva. Pegou num rabo-de-tatu e chegou-o com vontade na bunda do herói. O berreiro foi tão imenso que

109 party, there was the tickling one... then they buried themselves in the  
110 sand... then they burned themselves with straws on fire... there were lots  
111 of little parties. *Macunaíma* held the trunk of a plant named *Copaíba* and  
112 hid behind the *Piranheira tree*. When *Sofará* came running, he hit her on  
113 the head with the trunk. The cut was so bad the girl fell, twitching with  
114 laughter, at his feet. She pulled him by the leg. *Macunaíma* groaned  
115 happily, clinging to the giant trunk. Then the girl grabbed his big toe and  
116 swallowed it whole. Macunaíma, crying with joy, tattooed her body with  
117 the blood from his foot. After that, he stiffened his muscles and, lifting  
118 himself up on a trapeze of liana, instantly reached the highest branch of  
119 the *Piranheira tree* with a leap. *Sofará* climbed after him. The thin branch  
120 bent, swaying with the weight of the prince. When the young woman  
121 reached the top, they played again, balancing themselves in the sky. After  
122 playing, *Macunaíma* wanted to have another party on *Sofará*. He bent his  
123 whole body with the violence of a pull, but he could not continue. The  
124 branch broke and both fell crumbling until they crashed onto the ground.  
125 When the hero returned from the dizziness, he searched around for her.  
126 She was not there. He was standing up to go and find her but, in the  
127 branch above him, the meow of the *Suçuarana leopard*, broke the silence.  
128 The hero collapsed in fear and closed his eyes to be eaten without having  
129 to watch it. Then, a giggle was heard before someone spat in the chest of  
130 *Macunaíma*. It was the young woman. *Macunaíma* started throwing

encurtou o tamanho da noite e muitos pássaros caíram de susto no chão e se transformaram em pedra.

Quando Jiguê não pôde mais surrar, Macunaíma correu até a capoeira, mastigou raiz de cardeiro e voltou são. Jiguê levou Sofará pro pai dela e dormiu folgado na rede.

131 stones at her and, whenever it hurt, *Sofará* shouted with excitement,  
132 tattooing his body below her with the splashing blood. At some point, a  
133 rock hit the corner of her mouth and broke three of her teeth. She jumped  
134 off the branch and 'boom!', she fell seated on top of the hero, who  
135 surrounded her with his whole body, howling with pleasure. And they  
136 played once more.

137 The *Papaceia star* was shining in the sky when the girl returned  
138 appearing to be very tired from carrying the boy on her back. However,  
139 suspicious, *Jiguê* had followed them into the woods and witnessed the  
140 transformation with all the rest. *Jiguê* was very silly. He felt anger. He took  
141 the tail of an armadillo and willingly beat the hero's butt. So intense was  
142 the screaming, the length of the night was shortened and many birds,  
143 scared, fell onto the ground and turned to stone.

144 When *Jiguê* could no longer beat him, Macunaíma ran to the  
145 *Capoeira, an open field*, and chewed on *the roots of a cactus, the Cardeiro*,  
146 and came back healthy. *Jiguê* took *Sofará* to her father and slept loose in  
147 the hammock.

|                |          |             |   |
|----------------|----------|-------------|---|
| Student Number | 19317704 | Text Number | 6 |
|----------------|----------|-------------|---|

| Source Text                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    | Target Text |                      |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------|----------------------|
| Title                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       | O Auto da Compadecida                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              | Title       | A Tale of Compassion |
| Year Published                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              | 2018                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               |             |                      |
| Author                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      | Ariano Suassuna                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    |             |                      |
| Language                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    | Portuguese (Brazil)                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                | Language    | English              |
| Word Count                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  | 1284                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               | Word Count  | 1385                 |
| <b>Description of Source Text</b> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li><i>understanding of source text</i></li> <li><i>knowledge of genre within source contexts</i></li> <li><i>situation of source text familiarity with the formal features of a text (language variation(s), register, dialect)</i></li> </ul> <b>(200 words max)</b> | <p>Produced in 1955, this theatre play renders the unusual adventures of João Grilo, a poor uneducated con artist from the northeast of Brazil. He lives to take advantage of others and, when dead, needs to plead his case to divine forces as to escape eternity in hell. The two excerpts here presented contain the beginning and the end of the protagonist's interaction with his intercessor, the Virgin Mary. The famous Brazilian play named after the virgin's defining trait has had and TV adaptations (Rede Globo) and cinematographic sequels (IMDB). The play, divided in 3 acts of 3 scenes, uses elements of popular theatre and the <i>cordel</i> [string] literature – printed booklets containing folk novels, poems and songs – to exult the humble and satirise the religious as well as the powerful with material matters (Santos &amp; Fontes, 2014). There is considerable humour and sarcasm within most characters, but it is more evident in João Grilo's speech (Lappin, 1996). The language register is neutral overall, respecting the normative structures but playing with common peculiarities of the north-eastern dialects of Brazilian Portuguese. The excerpts contain little stage direction and the variety of register is very subtle and limited to a smaller range of characters.</p> |             |                      |
| <b>Strategy</b> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li><i>identification of translation problems</i></li> <li><i>knowledge of genre within target context and situation of target text</i></li> </ul>                                                                                                                                       | <p>The humour, once more, is the leading factor in causing challenges for translation. This work uses frequent literary and non-literary artifices to create a well-established space and time for the play. As to create a challenging version of it, this translation will envision a broader audience: English and Irish adults, readers of satires and comedic work that caricatures extreme religious fanaticism. The purpose here will be to create a timeless version in which place is not relevant either. The</p>                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        |             |                      |

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|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• <i>justification of translation production of genre for target context</i></li> </ul> <p><b>(200 words max)</b></p> | <p>names of the characters will be translated and Nida's dynamic translation (2012) will guide the strategy to create a detached translation supported by this broad method. Importantly, the rhyming verse recited by the protagonist will be translated considering the humour and rhyme before the content itself. Also, the tone will remain neutral within the characters, peculiarities that distinguish them from one another will be avoided. However, given the fact that the protagonist and his people are dead in purgatory waiting for salvation, it may be possible to play with a darker humour. The importance of a work as such is to help create contents that enable discussion of delicate themes such as religion and faith from a more comical perspective.</p>                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    |
| <p><b>Critical Reflection</b></p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• <i>textual analysis</i></li> </ul> <p><b>(200 words max)</b></p>                  | <p>The mischievous verse created by John Cricket has a slant rhyme that is very subtle in the spoken reproduction of the source text, causing a mispronunciation pun. However, the same effect could not be rendered in the same rhyme in the TT (Lines 17—25). The humour here is given by the silly content instead. When praying the Hail Mary (Lines 72—73), the use of capitalisation was an attempt to create a device to call the attention to the subtle sarcasm so the comedy wouldn't get lost. A possible problem created by this dynamic translation was the use of motherless child (Lines 58—59) as it could tend towards offense more than humour in English. Immanuel's closing line (Lines 154—156) may have lost the intensity as it was a criticism to Brazilian social structures in which public servers are often said not to do their work. The kind of humour created in a closing passage like would be welcome to reinforce the satirical aspect of the play. Still, to comply with the strategy established I decided to maintain a translation that does not reference the ST or any other known reality too explicitly.</p> |
| <p><b>Works Cited</b></p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• <i>use of sources and reference material</i></li> </ul>                                   | <p>Anthony J. Lappin, <i>Polemic, 'Parody and Piety in the "Auto da Compadecida"'</i>, MHRA Portuguese Studies, Vol. 12, (1996), pp. 145—157 &lt;<a href="https://www.jstor.org/stable/41105753">https://www.jstor.org/stable/41105753</a>&gt; [accessed 01 May 2020].</p> <p>IMDB, A Dog's Will &lt;<a href="https://www.imdb.com/title/tt00271383/">https://www.imdb.com/title/tt00271383/</a>&gt; [accessed 1 May 2020].</p> <p><i>Minisséries: O Auto da Compadecida</i> &lt;<a href="https://memoriaglobo.globo.com/entretenimento/minisseries/o-auto-da-compadecida/">https://memoriaglobo.globo.com/entretenimento/minisseries/o-auto-da-compadecida/</a>&gt; [accessed 1 May 2020].</p>                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          |

|  |                                                                                                                                                                                                                              |
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|  | Raimunda M dos Santos and Érica F. R. Fontes, ' <i>A Representação Identitária do Sujeito em Auto da Compadecida, de Ariano Suassuna</i> ', Revista FSA, Teresina, v. 11, n. 3, art. 14, July—September (2014), pp. 323–339. |
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## Source Text

### *O Auto da Compadecida*

[...]

**João Grilo:** Tudo precisando de João Grilo! Pois vou dar um jeito.

**Encourado:** É isso que eu quero ver.

**Manuel:** Com quem você vai se pegar, João? Com algum santo?

**João Grilo:** O senhor não repare não, mas de besta eu só tenho a cara.  
Meu trunfo é maior do que qualquer santo.

**Manuel:** Quem é?

**João Grilo** o: A mãe da justiça.

**Encourado** (rindo): Ah, a mãe da justiça! Quem é essa?

**Manuel:** Não ria, porque ela existe.

**Bispo:** E quem é?

**Manuel:** A misericórdia.

**Severino:** Foi coisa que nunca conheci. Onde mora? E como chamá-la?

**João Grilo:** Ah isso é comigo. Vou fazer um chamado especial, em verso.

Garanto que ela vem, querem ver? (recitando)

Valha-me Nossa Senhora,

Mãe de Deus de Nazaré!

A vaca mansa dá leite,

A braba dá quando quer.

A mansa dá sossegada,

## Target Text

### *A tale of Compassion*

1 [...]

2 **John Cricket:** All in need of John Cricket! So I'll find a way.

3 **The Devil:** That's what I want to see.

4 **Immanuel:** Who are you going to latch onto, John? Any saint?

5 **John Cricket:** Never mind me, Sir... I seem like a fool but that is only in  
6 the looks. My asset is greater than any saint.

7 **Immanuel:** Who is it?

8 **John Cricket:** The mother of justice.

9 **The Devil** (laughing): Aw! The mother of justice! Who is she?

10 **Immanuel:** Don't laugh.. She exists.

11 **Bishop:** And who's that?

12 **Immanuel:** Mercy herself.

13 **Severe:** That I never knew. Where does she live? And how de we call  
14 her?

15 **John Cricket:** That's on me. I'll make a special call, a poetical verse.  
16 I'm sure she'll come, Do you want to see? (reciting)

17 Hear me, Our Lady:

18 Mother of the clean and the foul!

19 The mild cows you can milk,

20 The angry ones don't allow.

A braba levanta o pé.

Já fui barco, fui navio,

Mas hoje sou escaler.

Já fui menino, fui homem,

Só me falta ser mulher.

**Encourado:** Vá vendo a falta de respeito, viu?

**João Grilo:** Falta de respeito nada, rapaz! Isso é o versinho de Canário

Pardo que minha mãe cantava para eu dormir. Isso tem nada de falta de respeito!

Já fui barco, fui navio,

Mas hoje sou escaler.

Já fui menino, fui homem,

Só me falta ser mulher.

Valha-me Nossa Senhora,

Mãe de Deus de Nazaré.

*Nossa Senhora, A Compadecida, entra.*

**Encourado** (com raiva surda): Lá vem a compadecida! Mulher em tudo se mete!

**João Grilo:** Falta de respeito foi isso agora, viu? A senhora se zangou com o verso que eu recitei?

**Compadecida:** Não, João, por que eu iria me zangar? Aquele é o versinho que Canário Pardo escreveu para mim e que eu agradeço. Não deixa de

21 The mild ones help you out,

22 The angry ones raise a brow.

23 Once a pigeon, then a dove,

24 Today, I am an owl.

25 Once a boy, then a man,

26 What is left? To be a gal!

27 **The Devil:** You see the lack of respect, don't you?

28 **John Cricket:** No lack of respect at all, man! That's a little verse from a  
29 pretty Canary my mom sang for me to sleep. That has nothing to do with  
30 respect!

31 Once a pigeon, then a a dove,

32 Today, I am an owl.

33 Once a boy, then a man,

34 What is left? To be a gal!

35 Hear me, Our Lady:

36 Mother of the clean and the foul!

37 *Our lady, The compassionate, enters the stage.*

38 **The Devil** (in blind rage): There comes the compassionate! Women in all  
39 meddles!

40 **John Cricket:** Now, that was lack of respect. Do you see? Ma'am, did you  
41 get angry with the verse I recited?

42

ser uma oração, uma invocação. Tem umas graças, mas isso até a torna alegre e foi coisa de que eu sempre gostei. Quem gosta de tristeza é o diabo.

**João Grilo:** É porque esse camarada aí, tudo o que se diz ele enrasca a gente, dizendo que é falta de respeito.

**Compadecida:** É máscara dele, João. Como todo fariseu, o diabo é muito apegado às formas exteriores. É um fariseu consumado.

**Encourado:** Protesto.

**Manuel:** Eu já sei que você protesta, mas não tenho o que fazer, meu velho. Discordar de minha mãe é que não vou.

**Encourado:** Grande coisa esse chamego que ela faz para salvar todo mundo! Termina desmoralizando tudo.

**Severino:** Você só fala assim porque nunca teve mãe.

**João Grilo:** É mesmo, um sujeito ruim desse, só sendo filho de chocadeira!

**Compadecida:** E para que foi que você me chamou, João?

**João Grilo:** É que esse filho de chocadeira quer levar a gente para o inferno. Eu só podia me pegar com a senhora mesmo.

**Encourado:** As acusações são graves. Seu filho mesmo disse que há tempo não via tanta coisa ruim junta.

**Compadecida:** Ouvi as acusações.

**Encourado:** E então?

43 **The Compassionate:** No, John. Why would I get angry? That is the little  
44 verse a Brown Canary wrote for me and I am thankful for that. A prayer  
45 nonetheless, an invocation. There is some jest to it, which even makes it  
46 jubilant and that is something I always appreciate. The one who enjoys  
47 sadness is the Devil.

48 **John Cricket:** You know, It is just that the comrade leaves a man  
49 embroiled in any of his own words, claiming it is lack of respect.

50 **The Compassionate:** That's his mask, John. As every other Pharisee, the  
51 Devil is too fond of external forms. A consummate pharisee.

52 **The Devil:** Objection.

53 **Immanuel:** I already know you object but there is nothing I can do, my  
54 friend. I sure will not disagree with my mother!

55 **The Devil:** Big deal this charms she uses to save everyone! It demoralises  
56 everything.

57 **Severino:** You say that because you have never had a mother.

58 **John Cricket:** That's it, such bad type, must have been born a  
59 motherless child!

60 **The Compassionate:** And why did you call me, John?

61 **John Cricket:** This motherless beast wants to drag us to hell. I could only  
62 call you, Ma'am.

63 **The Devil:** There are serious accusations. Your son himself said it has  
64 been a while since he's seen this amount of bad stuff together.

**João Grilo:** E então? Você ainda pergunta? Maria vai-nos defender.

Padre João, puxe aí uma Ave-Maria!

**Padre** (ajoelhando-se): Ave-Maria, cheia de graça, o Senhor é convosco, bendita sois vós entre as mulheres, bendito é o fruto de vosso ventre, Jesus.

**João Grilo:** Um momento, um momento. Antes de respondermos, lembrem-se de dizer, em vez de “agora e na hora de nossa morte”, “agora na hora de nossa morte”, porque do jeito que nós estamos, está tudo misturado.

**Todos:** Santa Maria, mãe de Deus, rogai por nós pecadores, agora na hora de nossa morte. Amém.

**Compadecida:** Não precisava fazer a modificação, João. Eu entenderia.

**João Grilo:** É, a senhora eu acredito que entendesse, mas aquele sujeito ali, com muito menos do que isso, faz uma confusão.

**Compadecida:** Está bem, vou ver o que posso fazer.

[...]

**Manuel:** O caso é duro. Compreendo as circunstâncias em que João viveu, mas isso também tem um limite. Afinal de contas, o mandamento existe e foi transgredido. Acho que não posso salvá-lo.

**Compadecida:** Dê-lhe então outra oportunidade.

**Manuel:** Como?

65 **The Compassionate:** I've heard the accusations.

66 **The Devil:** So?

67 **John Cricket:** So? Are you really asking that? Mary will defend us. Priest,  
68 start some ‘Hail, Mary’!

69 **Priest** (kneeling): Hail Mary full of Grace, the Lord is with thee. Blessed  
70 art thou among women and blessed is the fruit of thy womb, Jesus.

71 **John Cricket:** Just a moment. Before we respond, remember: instead of  
72 "pray for us sinners now AND at the hour of death", say "pray for us  
73 sinners now: at the hour of death", since everything seems to be mixed  
74 up right now.

75 **All:** Holy Mary, mother of God. Pray for us sinners now at the hour of  
76 death. Amen.

77 **The Compassionate:** No need for adjustments, John. I would've  
78 understood.

79 **John Cricket:** Yeah! I believe you would, Ma’am, but that one over there,  
80 makes a fuss for much less than that.

81 **The Compassionate:** Well, I'll see what I can do.

82

83 [...]

84 **Immanuel:** It is a harsh case. I understand the circumstances in which  
85 John lived but there has to be a limit to it. After all, the commandment  
86 exists and was transgressed. I believe I cannot save him.

**Compadecida:** Deixe João voltar.

**Manuel:** Você se dá por satisfeito?

**João Grilo:** Demais. Para mim é até melhor, porque daqui para lá eu tomo cuidado para a hora de morrer e não passo nem pelo purgatório, para não dar gosto ao cão.

**Compadecida:** Então fica satisfeito?

**João Grilo:** Eu fico. Quem deve estar danado é o filho de chocadeira. *O Encourado, furioso, volta-se para João, mas nesse momento, ou dá um grande grito e corre para o inferno, ou deita-se no chão e rasteja até onde está a Virgem para que ela lhe ponha o pé sobre a nuca (cf. Gênesis, 3, 15), saindo após.*

**João Grilo:** Que foi que ele teve, meu Deus?

**Compadecida:** Na raiva, virou-se para você e me viu.

**João Grilo:** Quer dizer que estou despachado, não é?

**Manuel:** Não. Vou deixar que você volte, porque minha mãe me pediu, mas só deixo com uma condição.

**João Grilo:** Qual é?

**Manuel:** Você me fazer uma pergunta a que eu não possa responder. Pode ser?

**João Grilo:** Está difícil.

**Manuel:** É possível, você que é tão esperto?

87 **The Compassionate:** Give him a second chance.

88 **Immanuel:** How so?

89 **The Compassionate:** Let him return.

90 **Immanuel:** Would that do, John?

91 **John Cricket:** Very much so. Even better for me. So, from now on, I can  
92 take care not to pass by purgatory at the time of my death... Just so I  
93 don't give the devil the pleasure.

94 **The Compassionate:** Are you satisfied then?

95 **John Cricket:** I am! It must be the motherless beast who is not.  
96 *Furious, the Devil turns to John but, at the very same moment, he either*  
97 *screams very loud and runs to hell or crawls towards the Virgin so she*  
98 *can step on his head (referencing the Genesis, 3, 15) and leaves*  
99 *afterwards.*

100 **John Cricket:** What's gotten into him, dear God?

101 **The Compassionate:** Enraged, he's turned towards you but saw me.

102 **John Cricket:** It means I'm released, doesn't it?

103 **Immanuel:** No. I will let you return because my mother has asked me to  
104 do so. But I will only do it under one condition.

105 **John Cricket:** Which is?

106 **Immanuel:** You have to ask me a question I cannot answer. What do you  
107 think?

108 **John Cricket:** It is hard.

**João Grilo:** Mais esperto do que eu é o senhor que me criou. Mas vou tentar sempre.

**Compadecida:** Isto, João. Tenha coragem, não desanime, que eu estou aqui, torcendo por você.

**João Grilo:** Então estou garantido. Eu me lembro de que uma vez, quando Padre João estava me ensinando catecismo, leu um pedaço do Evangelho. Lá se dizia que ninguém sabe o dia e a hora em que o dia do Juízo será, nem homem, nem os anjos que estão no céu, nem o Filho. Somente o Pai é que sabe. Está escrito lá assim mesmo?

**Manuel:** Está. É no Evangelho de São Marcos, capítulo treze, versículo trinta e dois.

**João Grilo:** Isso é que é conhecer a Bíblia! O Senhor é protestante?

**Manuel:** Sou não, João, sou católico.

**João Grilo:** Pois na minha terra, quando a gente vê uma pessoa boa e que entende de Bíblia, vai ver é protestante. Bom, se o senhor não faz objeção, minha pergunta é esta. Em que dia vai acontecer sua segunda ida ao mundo?

**Manuel:** João, isso é um grande mistério. É claro que eu sei, mas ninguém entenderia nada, se eu explicasse. Nem posso explicar nada agora, porque você vai voltar e isso faz parte de minha vida íntima com meu Pai.

109 **Immanuel:** Is it possible, since you are so smart?

110 **John Cricket:** Smarter than me is you who's created me. But I can  
111 always give it a try.

112 **The Compassionate:** Way to go, John. Be brave, do not lose heart, I am  
113 here rooting for you.

114 **John Cricket:** Then I've got this one. I remember once, when the priest  
115 was teaching me catechism, he read part of the gospel. It is written that  
116 no one knows the date and time when the Day of Judgement will be. No  
117 men, the angels in the sky, not even the son of God. Only the Father  
118 knows. Is it written there like that?

119 **Immanuel:** It is. In the Gospel of Saint Mark, chapter thirteen, verse  
120 thirty two.

121 **John Cricket:** That is real bible knowledge! Are you protestant, Sir?

122 **Immanuel:** I am not, John, I am a catholic.

123 **John Cricket:** Right. Where I come from, when you see a nice person  
124 who knows of bibles, they're usually protestants. Well, if you do not  
125 object, Sir, this is my question: What is the exact day of your return to  
126 the Earth?

127 **Immanuel:** John, that is a big mystery. Of course I know it but no one  
128 would understand any of it if I explained. I cannot explain anything right  
129 now since you will return and that is part of my private life with my  
130 father.

**João Grilo:** Então deixe eu ir-me embora. Acredito que o senhor saiba, isso faz parte de sua vida íntima com o senhor seu Pai, mas o que o senhor disse foi que eu podia voltar se lhe fizesse uma pergunta a que o Senhor não pudesse responder.

**Compadecida:** É verdade, meu filho.

**Manuel:** Eu sei, mas para que você não fique cheio de si, vou lhe confessar que já sabia que você ia-se sair bem. Minha mãe já tinha combinado tudo comigo, mas você estava precisado de levar uns apertos. Estava ficando muito saído.

**João Grilo:** Quer dizer que posso voltar?

**Manuel:** Pode, João, vá com Deus.

**João Grilo:** Com Deus e com Nossa Senhora, que foi quem me valeu. (Ajoelhando-se diante de Nossa Senhora e beijando-lhe a mão) Até à vista, grande advogada. Não me deixe de mão não, estou decidido a tomar jeito, mas a senhora sabe que a carne é fraca.

**Compadecida:** Até à vista, João.

**João Grilo** (beijando a mão de Cristo): Muito obrigado senhor. Até à vista.

**Manuel:** Até à vista, João.

*João bota o chapéu de palha velho e esburacado na cabeça e vai saindo.*

**Manuel:** João!

**João Grilo:** Senhor?

131 **John Cricket:** So let me go home. I do believe you know it, Sir. That is  
132 part of your private life with your father but you have just said I'd be  
133 allowed to return if I asked you a question you cannot answer.

134 **The Compassionate:** That, my son, is true.

135 **Immanuel:** I know! But, just so you don't go about feeling yourself too  
136 much, I will make a confession and tell you I already knew you would do  
137 well. My mother and I had already set it all up. It is just that you were in  
138 need of a good lesson. You were getting very naughty.

139 **John Cricket:** Does that mean I can return?

140 **Immanuel:** Yes, you can, John. May God be with you.

141 **John Cricket:** God and the Virgin Mary, who's actually rescued me.

142 (Kneels before the compassionate and kisses her hands) See you around,  
143 lovely attorney. Do not give up on me, I'm determined to walk the line  
144 but you know the flesh is weak.

145 **The Compassionate:** See you around, John.

146 **John Cricket** (Kissing Immanuel's hand): Thank you, Sir. See you around.

147 **Immanuel:** See you around, John.

148 *John puts his old straw hat on his head and leaves.*

149 **Immanuel:** John!

150 **John Cricket:** Sir?

151 **Immanuel:** Mind your behaviour!

152 **John Cricket:** Yes, Sir!

**Manuel:** Veja como se porta.

**João Grilo:** Sim senhor

*Sai de chapéu na mão, sério curvando-se.*

**Manuel:** Se a senhora continuar a interceder desse jeito por todos, o inferno vai terminar como disse Murilo: feito repartição pública, que existe mas não funciona.

153 *John leaves with the hat on his hand, looking serious, bowing.*

154 **Immanuel:** Mother, if you continue making intercession for everyone,

155 the hell will – as someone’s once said – end up like a government office.

156 It exists but does not work.

157

158

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| Source Text                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  | Target Text |                            |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------|----------------------------|
| Title                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       | Paradise Lost – Book IX                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          | Title       | Paraíso Perdido – Livro IX |
| Year Published                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              | 1674                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             |             |                            |
| Author                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      | John Milton                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      |             |                            |
| Language                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    | Old English                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      | Language    | Portuguese (Brazil)        |
| Word Count                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  | 1962                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             | Word Count  | 1960                       |
| <b>Description of Source Text</b> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li><i>understanding of source text</i></li> <li><i>knowledge of genre within source contexts</i></li> <li><i>situation of source text familiarity with the formal features of a text (language variation(s), register, dialect)</i></li> </ul> <b>(200 words max)</b> | <p>This text is part of what is referred to as Milton’s major work (Campbell &amp; Corns, 2008). The epic poem, divided in twelve books, narrates the biblical saga of Adam and Eve being tempted by Satan and expelled from the Garden of Eden. The passage below comprises lines 571 to 781 of the ninth book. In Book IX, the ultimate sin is committed. The conversation between woman and snake up to the point the former eats the forbidden fruit is the content to be translated. The work nearly goes back to oral tradition since it was produced through dictation because the author had gone blind before starting it (Campbell &amp; Corns, 2008).</p> <p>The linguistic features include excessive archaic structures and terminology expressive of old English; widely known but no longer used such as art (Line 2) and thy (Line 3). The traditionally iambic pentameter with no rhymes characterises the blank verse, the most influential style of poetry at the time of the production (Walker, 1998). It is considered more than a simply religious text but, as it is based in a biblical story, the formal tone is unchangeable throughout the poem.</p> |             |                            |
| <b>Strategy</b> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li><i>identification of translation problems</i></li> <li><i>knowledge of genre within target context and situation of target text</i></li> <li><i>justification of translation</i></li> </ul>                                                                                          | <p>The time span between the productions of source and target texts is certainly an issue. Recreating something that has been widely translated and is so representative of a place and time in a distant space-time setting could result in an irrelevant production. The foreseen audience are adult Brazilian males of middle age who are into classic literature and the epic poems and have the any desire to know comprehend the peculiarities of old English slightly better. It could be function as a language learning aid. This version is to be presented next to its ST in a bilingual version of the poem.</p>                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     |             |                            |

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| <p><i>production of genre for target context</i><br/>(200 words max)</p>            | <p>Considered the audience, the strategy to create something appealing is to leave the religious concerns aside and focus on exploring textual nuances well-received in the environment of the target text. The formal tone will be kept but adapted to a current version of the language, regardless of the historical distancing. The focus will be on creating something that agrees with the strict prescriptive linguistic norms but can be interpreted without major difficulties by the selected audience through the theory of Skopos (Vermeer, 2012). Finally, Satan will become a female character when incarnated in the body of the Serpent.</p>                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         |
| <p><b>Critical Reflection</b><br/>• <i>textual analysis</i><br/>(200 words max)</p> | <p>Walker (1998) raised the debate about how Eve, the only female character in Paradise Lost, was villainised. Mixing the genders and referring to Satan as male and the Serpent as female could have increased the detriment of female characters in the TT and, even though, the bilingual display would not be affected, the translation choices become more evident in this type of rendering. The matters of gender seem to hover this production. The characterisation of Eve as the only female and the personification of abstract concepts led to an ambiguous construction (Line 123). In talking about God's message, Eve mentions remarks his only daughter, in order to leave room for interpretation, daughter was translated as creation. Equally, the replacement of the term Men (Line 242) referring to the Human Race by the genderless noun Human was not as efficient since this noun the masculine form of this now is the one used to make generalisations when translated in Brazilian Portuguese. The choice of the Skopos theory (Vermeer, 2012) as a general approach has left too much space for change and could have affected the overall consistency of the work.</p> |
| <p><b>Works Cited</b><br/>• <i>use of sources and reference material</i></p>        | <p>Gordon Campbell and Thomas N. Corns, John Milton: Life, Work, and Thought (New York: Oxford University Press, 2008).<br/>Julia M. Walker, Medusa's Mirrors: Spenser, Shakespeare, Milton, and the Metamorphosis of the Female Self (Delaware: University of Delaware Press, 1998), pp. 19–21; pp. 156—187.<br/>Hans J. Vermeer, translated by Andrew Chesterman as '<i>Skopos and Commission in Translation Theory</i>' in <i>The Translation Studies Reader, 3rd edition</i>, ed. by Lawrence Venuti (London: Routledge, 2012), pp. 191—202.</p>                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 |

### Source Text

#### *Paradise Lost – Book IX*

His fraudulent temptation thus began:—  
“Wonder not, sovran mistress (if perhaps  
Thou canst who art sole wonder), much less arm  
Thy looks, the heaven of mildness, with disdain,  
Displeased that I approach thee thus, and gaze  
Insatiate, I thus single, nor have feared  
Thy awful brow, more awful thus retired.  
Fairest resemblance of thy Maker fair,  
Thee all things living gaze on, all things thine  
By gift, and thy celestial beauty adore,  
With ravishment beheld—there best beheld  
Where universally admired. But here,  
In this enclosure wild, these beasts among,  
Beholders rude, and shallow to discern  
Half what in thee is fair, one man except,  
Who sees thee (and what is one?) who shouldst be seen  
A Goddess among Gods, adored and served  
By Angels numberless, thy daily train?”  
So glozed the Tempter, and his proem tuned.  
Into the heart of Eve his words made way,

### Target Text

#### *Paraíso Perdido – Livro IX*

1 Sua tentação fraudulenta então começou:  
2 “Não te espantes, senhora soberana (se é que  
3 podes tão somente espantar-te), tampouco armes  
4 tua aparência, a brandura divina, com desdém.  
5 Descontenta-te com minha aproximação de ti e insaciável  
6 admiração. Entretanto, não acovardei nem temi  
7 teu terrível franzir, pois mais terrível é tua falta.  
8 Semelhança mais fiel à beleza de teu Criador  
9 A ti olham todas criaturas vivas, todas tuas coisas,  
10 em apreço, e tua beleza celeste adoram  
11 com arrebatador pasmar, contemplam  
12 universalmente admirados. Mas, aqui,  
13 neste recinto selvagem, dentre tantas criaturas,  
14 apenas rudes observadores, tão rasos para discernir  
15 metade do que em ti é belo, exceto um homem.  
16 Quem vê (E o que é um?) aquela que deveria ser vista?  
17 Deusa entre Deuses, adorada e servida  
18 por incontáveis anjos diariamente.”  
19 Tão hipnótico o Bajulador, e seus dizeres recebidos.  
20 Para o coração de Eva, as palavras abriram caminho,

Though at the voice much marvelling; at length,  
Not unamazed, she thus in answer spake:—  
“What may this mean? Language of Man pronounced  
By tongue of brute, and human sense expressed!  
The first at least of these I thought denied  
To beasts, whom God on their creation-day  
Created mute to all articulate sound;  
The latter I demur, for in their looks  
Much reason, and in their actions, oft appears.  
Thee, Serpent, subtlest beast of all the field  
I knew, but not with human voice endued;  
Redouble, then, this miracle, and say,  
How cam’st thou speakable of mute, and how  
To me so friendly grown above the rest  
Of brutal kind that daily are in sight:  
Say, for such wonder claims attention due.”  
To whom the guileful Tempter thus replied:—  
“Empress of this fair World, resplendent Eve!  
Easy to me it is to tell thee all  
What thou command’st, and right thou shouldst be obeyed.  
I was at first as other beasts that graze  
The trodden herb, of abject thoughts and low,

21 Ainda que com voz bastante inebriada, demoradamente,  
22 Não desencantada, assim disse em resposta:  
23 “Que pode isso significar? A linguagem do homem pronunciada  
24 pela língua do bruto, a sensatez humana por ele expresso!  
25 Aquilo que, a princípio, pensei ter sido negado  
26 às bestas, as quais Deus, no dia da criação,  
27 fez mudas para todo som articulado.  
28 E agora o nego, pois há raciocínio  
29 em tuas formas e, em tuas ações, muitas vezes se revela.  
30 Ti, serpente, o mais sorrateiro animal de todo o campo,  
31 eu a conhecia, mas não dotada da voz humana.  
32 Repita, assim, tal milagre e diga:  
33 Como podes tu, muda, falar? E por quê  
34 és comigo tão amigável, mais que aos demais  
35 tipos brutos que estão à vista diariamente?  
36 Diga, pois tal maravilha pede devida atenção.”  
37 A quem o Tentador astuto respondera:  
38 “Imperatriz deste justo Mundo, resplandecente Eva!  
39 É fácil pra mim contar tudo a ti.  
40 O que ordenas, certamente, deve ser obedecido.  
41 Estive, a princípio, assim como as demais bestas que pastam  
42 a grama batida com pensamentos abjetos e simples

As was my food, nor aught but food discerned  
Or sex, and apprehended nothing high:  
Till on a day, roving the field, I chanced  
A goodly tree far distant to behold,  
Loaden with fruit of fairest colours mixed,  
Ruddy and gold. In nearer drew to gaze;  
When from the boughs a savoury odour blown,  
Grateful to appetite, more pleased my sense  
Than smell of sweetest fennel, or the teats  
Of ewe or goat dropping with milk at even,  
Unsucked of lamb or kid, that tend their play.  
To satisfy the sharp desire I had  
Of tasting those fair Apples, I resolved  
Not to defer; hunger and thirst at once,  
Powerful persuaders, quickened at the scent  
Of that alluring fruit, urged me so keen.  
About the mossy trunk I wound me soon;  
For, high from ground, the branches would require  
Thy utmost reach, or Adam's; round the Tree  
All other beasts that saw, with like desire  
Longing and envying stood, but could not reach.  
Amid the tree now got, where plenty hung

43 como meu alimento, nenhum pensamento além daquele,  
44 ou sexo, e nada mais importante...  
45 Até que, um dia, percorrendo o campo, avistei  
46 uma generosa árvore à distância para contemplar,  
47 Carregada com frutos de mistas cores, as mais belas:  
48 Ouro e Rubi. Com visível aparência madura;  
49 quando, dos ramos, um odor saboroso soprou;  
50 Graças ao apetite, meus sentidos se agradaram mais  
51 de que ao cheiro do mais doce funcho, ou tetas  
52 de cabras e ovelhas, úmidas de leite,  
53 ainda não sugadas por cordeiros ou cabritos que brincam.  
54 Para satisfazer o desejo afiado que tinha  
55 de provar aquelas lindas maçãs, decidi  
56 não adiar; fome e sede combinados,  
57 persuasores poderosos, exaltaram-se com o aroma  
58 daquela fruta sedutora, incitaram-me com disposição.  
59 No tronco coberto de musgo logo me enrolei.  
60 Já que, em sua altitude, os galhos exigiriam  
61 teu preciso alcance ou o de Adão. Ao redor da Árvore  
62 todas as demais criaturas que viram, com desejo similar,  
63 permaneciam aspirantes e invejosas, mas não conseguiam alcançar.  
64 Já em meio aos galhos donde pendiam em abundância,

Tempting so nigh, to pluck and eat my fill  
I spared not; for such pleasure till that hour  
At feed or fountain never had I found.  
Sated at length, ere long I might perceive  
Strange alteration in me, to degree  
Of Reason in my inward powers, and Speech  
Wanted not long, though to this shape retained.  
Thenceforth to speculations high or deep  
I turned my thoughts, and with capacious mind  
Considered all things visible in Heaven,  
Or Earth, or Middle, all things fair and good.  
But all that fair and good in thy Divine  
Semblance, and in thy beauty's heavenly ray,  
United I beheld—no fair to thine  
Equivalent or second; which compelled  
Me thus, though importune perhaps, to come  
And gaze, and worship thee of right declared  
Sovran of creatures, universal Dame!"  
So talked the spirited sly Snake; and Eve,  
Yet more amazed, unwary thus replied:—  
"Serpent, thy overpraising leaves in doubt  
The virtue of that Fruit, in thee first proved.

65 de perto tentada a arrancar e comer meu pedaço,  
66 não me poupei! Tal prazer, até então,  
67 em comida ou fonte, nunca havia encontrado.  
68 Mais que saciada, há tempos aqui, percebi  
69 estranhas alterações em mim, até que  
70 a Razão dentro de mim e o Discurso  
71 não desejavam mais existir naquela forma contida.  
72 Doravante, em grandes ou profundas especulações,  
73 refleti em meu pensamento. Com mente capaz,  
74 pensei em relação à todas as coisas visíveis no Céu,  
75 na Terra, ou em Meio a eles, todas belas e boas.  
76 Mas tudo que é justo e bom na Divina  
77 Semelhança, e no raio celestial da tua beleza,  
78 ainda que unidos - não se compara como  
79 teu equivalente ou competidor, forçando-me,  
80 assim, ainda que importuno, a vir  
81 e admirar, e venerar a ti, corretamente declarada  
82 Soberana criatura, Dama universal!"  
83 Disse a serpente astuta e espirituosa. Eva,  
84 ainda mais maravilhada, respondera incauta:  
85 "Serpente, tua supervalorização deixa dúvida  
86 sobre a virtude daquele fruto, primeiro provado por ti.

But say, where grows the Tree? from hence how far?  
For many are the trees of God that grow  
In Paradise, and various, yet unknown  
To us; in such abundance lies our choice  
As leaves a greater store of fruit untouched,  
Still hanging incorruptible, till men  
Grow up to their provision, and more hands  
Help to disburden Nature of her bearth.”  
To whom the wily Adder, blithe and glad;—  
“Empress, the way is ready, and not long—  
Beyond a row of myrtles, on a flat,  
Fast by a fountain, one small thicket past  
Of blowing myrrh and balm. If thou accept  
My conduct, I can bring thee thither soon.”  
“Lead, then,” said Eve. He, leading, swiftly rowled  
In tangles, and made intricate seem straight,  
To mischief swift. Hope elevates, and joy  
Brightens his crest. As when a wandering fire,  
Compact of unctuous vapour, which the night  
Condenses, and the cold invirons round,  
Kindled through agitation to a flame  
(Which oft, they say, some evil Spirit attends),

87 Mas diga, onde cresce a Árvore? E quão distante está?  
88 Pois muitas são as árvores de Deus que crescem  
89 no Paraíso, e várias, permanecem desconhecidas  
90 a nós; em tamanha abundância reside nossa escolha  
91 assim como deixa ainda maior estoque de frutas intocadas.  
92 Ainda penduradas, incorruptíveis, até que o homem  
93 multiplique-se, e mais mãos  
94 ajudem a aliviar a natureza de seu fardo.”  
95 A quem a astuta Víbora satisfaz e contenta:  
96 “Imperatriz, está preparado o caminho, e não é longo.  
97 Além da fileira de murtas, em um campo,  
98 seguro por uma fonte, um pequeno bosque  
99 de mirra e bálsamo dançantes. Se tu aceitares  
100 que te guie, posso te levar até lá rapidamente.”  
101 “Guie, então”, disse Eva. Ele, liderando, mexeu-se ágil  
102 em seu emaranhado, prostrou-se endireitado,  
103 para imediatas travessuras. A esperança se eleva, e o regozijo  
104 ilumina sua crista. Como em um incêndio errante,  
105 compacto em vapor untuoso, que a noite  
106 condensa e o frio abraça.  
107 Aceso em chamas pela agitação  
108 (frequentemente, dito ocupado por algum Espírito maligno),

Hovering and blazing with delusive light,  
Misleads the amazed night-wanderer from his way  
To bogs and mires, and oft through pond or pool,  
There swallowed up and lost, from succour far:  
So glistered the dire Snake, and into fraud  
Led Eve, our credulous mother, to the Tree  
Of Prohibition, root of all our woe;  
Which when she saw, thus to her guide she spake:—  
“Serpent, we might have spared our coming hither,  
Fruitless to me, though fruit be here to excess,  
The credit of whose virtue rest with thee—  
Wondrous, indeed, if cause of such effects!  
But of this tree we may not taste nor touch;  
God so commanded, and left that command  
Sole daughter of his voice: the rest, we live  
Law to ourselves; our Reason is our Law.”  
To whom the Tempter guilefully replied:—  
“Indeed! Hath God then said that of the fruit  
Of all these garden-trees ye shall not eat,  
Yet lords declared of all in Earth or Air?”  
To whom thus Eve, yet sinless:—“Of the fruit  
Of each tree in the garden we may eat;

109 pairando e ardendo com luz ilusória,  
110 Desvia o assustado peregrino noturno do seu caminho  
111 aos pântanos e a lama, por lago ou poça,  
112 Lá envolvido e perdido, distante do socorro:  
113 Tão resplandecida a terrível Serpente, em fraudulência  
114 guiou Eva, nossa mãe crédula, para a Árvore  
115 Da Proibição, raiz de todo o nosso infortúnio.  
116 Eva, ao notar, ao guia então disse:  
117 "Serpente, poderíamos ter poupado nossa vinda até aqui,  
118 É infrutífero para mim, embora possua frutas em excesso,  
119 o mérito de tal virtude habita em ti -  
120 Maravilhoso, de fato, se causa tais efeitos!  
121 Mas desta árvore não podemos provar nem tocar;  
122 Deus assim ordenou, e deixou tal comando  
123 como única cria de sua voz: no demais, vivemos  
124 nossa própria Lei; nossa Razão é nossa Lei.”  
125 A quem o Tentador respondera com astúcia:  
126 “De fato! Dissera Deus então que do fruto  
127 de dadas tantas árvores jardimais não comereis,  
128 no entanto, os declarou senhores de tudo na Terra ou no Ar?  
129 A quem Eva, ainda sem pecado, dissera: - “Do fruto  
130 de cada árvore no jardim, podemos comer,

But of the fruit of this fair Tree, amidst  
The Garden, God hath said, 'Ye shall not eat  
Thereof, nor shall ye touch it, lest ye die.'"  
She scarce had said, though brief, when now more bold  
The Tempter, but, with shew of zeal and love  
To Man, and indignation at his wrong,  
New part puts on, and, as to passion moved,  
Fluctuates disturbed, yet comely, and in act  
Raised, as of some great matter to begin.  
As when of old some orator renowned  
In Athens or free Rome, where eloquence  
Flourished, since mute, to some great cause addressed,  
Stood in himself collected, while each part,  
Motion, each act, won audience ere the tongue  
Sometimes in highth began, as no delay  
Of preface brooking through his zeal of right:  
So standing, moving, or to highth upgrown,  
The Tempter, all impassioned, thus began:—  
"O sacred, wise, and wisdom-giving Plant,  
Mother of science! now I feel thy power  
Within me clear, not only to discern  
Things in their causes, but to trace the ways

131 mas do fruto desta linda árvore, em meio ao  
132 Jardim, Deus disse "Vós não deveis comer  
133 e tampouco a tocareis, para que não morrais.""  
134 Mal terminou Eva e, agora mais ousado,  
135 O Tentadora, com aparência de zelo e amor  
136 pelo Humano e indignação por seu erro,  
137 faz novo teatro. Movido pela paixão,  
138 flutua perturbado, ainda assim gentil, inicia  
139 uma encenação, como se grande importância tivesse.  
140 Como quando antigo orador de renome  
141 em Atenas ou Roma, onde a eloquência  
142 floresceu, vai da mudez até o debate da causa nobre.  
143 Permaneceu contido em si, enquanto cada parte,  
144 movimento, cada ato, recebia atenção antes da palavra.  
145 Modulando o tom de voz iniciou, como se nenhum tardar  
146 em começar pairasse no zelo do direito:  
147 Então, em pé, movendo-se, talvez para aumentar o efeito,  
148 O Tentador, cheio de paixão, então disparou:  
149 "Ó sagrada planta, és sábia e provês sabedoria,  
150 mãe da ciência! Sinto, agora, teu poder  
151 claro em mim, não somente para discernir  
152 coisas em suas causas, mas para entender as formas

Of highest agents, deemed however wise.  
Queen of this Universe! do not believe  
Those rigid threats of death. Ye shall not die.  
How should ye? By the Fruit? it gives you life  
To knowledge. By the Threatener? look on me,  
Me who have touched and tasted, yet both live,  
And life more perfect have attained than Fate  
Meant me, by venturing higher than my lot.  
Shall that be shut to Man which to the Beast  
Is open? or will God incense his ire  
For such a petty trespass, and not praise  
Rather your dauntless virtue, whom the pain  
Of death denounced, whatever thing Death be,  
Deterred not from achieving what might lead  
To happier life, knowledge of Good and Evil?  
Of good, how just! of evil—if what is evil  
Be real, why not known, since easier shunned?  
God, therefore, cannot hurt ye and be just;  
Not just, not God; not feared then, nor obeyed:  
Your fear itself of death removes the fear.  
Why, then, was this forbid? Why but to awe,  
Why but to keep ye low and ignorant,

153 dos mais altos, dos ditos sábios.  
154 Rainha deste Universo! Não creio  
155 nas rígidas ameaças de morte. Vós não morrereis.  
156 Como poderiam? Pelo Fruto? Este dá a vós a vida  
157 do conhecimento. Pelo Ameaçador? Veja em mim...  
158 Eu que toquei e provei, mesmo os tendo feito, vivo,  
159 e obtive vida mais perfeita de que o destino  
160 me reservara, aventurando-me mais alto que os meus.  
161 Será que deve ser negado ao humano o que à Besta  
162 é dado? ou incensará Deus sua ira  
163 por invasão tão trivial, ao invés de elogiar  
164 tua virtude destemida, aquela que a dor  
165 da morte denuncia, o que quer que seja a morte.  
166 Não te impedirias de alcançar o que poderia levar  
167 a uma vida melhor, ao conhecimento do Bem e do Mal?  
168 Do bem, quão justo! Do mal - se o mau  
169 é real, por qual razão não se sabe dele, já que mais fácil seria evitá-lo?  
170 Deus, portanto, não pode vos machucar e ser justo;  
171 Justo é Deus, não temas, nem obedeça:  
172 O medo da morte por si só remove o medo.  
173 Por que, então, fora proibido? Por qual motivo se não o temor,  
174 Por que, se não manter servis e ignorantes

His worshipers? He knows that in the day  
Ye eat thereof your eyes, that seem so clear,  
Yet are but dim, shall perfectly be then  
Opened and cleared, and ye shall be as Gods,  
Knowing both good and evil, as they know.  
That ye should be as Gods, since I as Man,  
Internal Man, is but proportion meet—  
I, of brute, human; ye, of human, Gods.  
So ye shall die perhaps, by putting off  
Human, to put on Gods—death to be wished,  
Though threatened, which no worse than this can bring!  
And what are Gods, that Man may not become  
As they, participating godlike food?  
The Gods are first, and that advantage use  
On our belief, that all from them proceeds.  
I question it; for this fair Earth I see,  
Warmed by the Sun, producing every kind;  
Them nothing. If they all things, who enclosed  
Knowledge of Good and Evil in this Tree,  
That whoso eats thereof forthwith attains  
Wisdom without their leave? and wherein lies  
The offence, that Man should thus attain to know?

175 seus adoradores? Ele sabe que um dia  
176 o devorarão e seus olhos que parecem tão claros,  
177 mas são, no entanto, cegos, devem ser perfeitamente  
178 abertos e limpos, e vocês serão como Deuses,  
179 conhecendo ambos Bem e Mal, como eles conhecem.  
180 Devem tornar-se mais: Deuses; assim como me tornei Humano,  
181 Humano Interno, em sua proporção se encontra.  
182 Eu, bruto, humano; vós, humanos, Deuses.  
183 E talvez morrais, para abandonar  
184 a Humanidade, e vestir a Divindade - morte a ser almejada,  
185 embora ameaçadora, é o pior que te pode trazer!  
186 E o que são Deuses, para que o homem não possa tornar-se  
187 como eles, compartilhando da comida divina?  
188 Os deuses vêm primeiros, e tal vantagem faz  
189 em nossa crença, que todos deles procedam.  
190 Questiono, pois esta bela Terra que vejo,  
191 aquecida pelo Sol, produzindo tudo;  
192 nada para eles. Se todas suas as coisas, quem depositara  
193 o conhecimento do Bem e do Mal nesta Árvore,  
194 que os que comem logo obtém  
195 sabedoria sem a licença deles? E onde está  
196 a ofensa, que o Humano deve então chegar a conhecer?

What can your knowledge hurt him, or this Tree  
Impart against his will, if all be his?  
Or is it envy? and can envy dwell  
In Heavenly breasts? These, these and many more  
Causes import your need of this fair Fruit.  
Goddess humane, reach, then, and freely taste!"  
He ended; and his words, replete with guile,  
Into her heart too easy entrance won.  
Fixed on the Fruit she gazed, which to behold  
Might tempt alone; and in her ears the sound  
Yet rung of his persuasive words, impregn'd  
With reason, to her seeming, and with truth.  
Meanwhile the hour of noon drew on, and waked  
An eager appetite, raised by the smell  
So savoury of that Fruit, which with desire,  
Inclinable now grown to touch or taste,  
Solicited her longing eye; yet first,  
Pausing a while, thus to herself she mused:—  
"Great are thy virtues, doubtless, best of Fruits,  
Though kept from Man, and worthy to be admired,  
Whose taste, too long forborne, at first assay  
Gave elocution to the mute, and taught

197 Que mal pode o conhecimento fazer, ou esta árvore  
198 transmitir contra a vontade dele, se tudo a ele pertence?  
199 Ou seria inveja? E poderia a inveja habitar  
200 nos seios Celestiais? Tais dúvidas e muitas outras mais  
201 fazem importante tua necessidade do belo Fruto.  
202 Deusa humana, alcance, então, e experimente livremente."  
203 Ele terminara; suas palavras, repletas de astúcia,  
204 no coração dela, ganhou entrada facilmente.  
205 Para o Fruto, fixamente ela olhava, em contemplar  
206 já havia tentação suficiente; nos ouvidos dela, o som  
207 das palavras persuasivas ainda soava, impregnadas  
208 com razão e com a verdade, parecia a ela.  
209 Logo, chegou o meio-dia, e despertou  
210 um apetite disposto, aumentado pelo aroma  
211 tão saboroso do Fruto, que pelo desejo,  
212 estava, agora, mais inclinada a tocar ou provar.  
213 Pediram seus olhos saudosos; primeiro,  
214 em pausa, ainda que consigo mesma, pensou:  
215 "Grandes são tuas virtudes, indubitável dos Frutos o melhor,  
216 Embora tirado do homem, e digno de ser admirado,  
217 cujo gosto, muito longo mantido, na primeira tentativa  
218 deu ao mudo eloquência e ensinou

The tongue not made for speech to speak thy praise.  
Thy praise he also who forbids thy use  
Conceals not from us, naming thee the Tree  
Of Knowledge, knowledge both of Good and Evil;  
Forbids us then to taste. But his forbidding  
Commends thee more, while it infers the good  
By thee communicated, and our want;  
For good unknown sure is not bad, or, had  
And yet unknown, is as not had at all.  
In plain, then, what forbids he but to know?  
Forbids us good, forbids us to be wise!  
Such prohibitions bind not. But, if Death  
Bind us with after-bands, what profits then  
Our inward freedom? In the day we eat  
Of this fair Fruit, our doom is we shall die!  
How dies the Serpent? He hath eaten, and lives,  
And knows, and speaks, and reasons, and discerns,  
Irrational till then. For us alone  
Was death invented? or to us denied  
This intellectual food, for beasts reserved?  
For beasts it seems; yet that one beast which first  
Hath tasted envies not, but brings with joy

219 a fala para a língua sem discurso, que te fez elogios.  
220 Te louva também quem proíbe teu uso  
221 não a escondendo de nós, nomeando-a a Árvore  
222 Do Conhecimento, conhecimentos de ambos Bem e Mal;  
223 Nos proíbe de provar. Mas a sua proibição  
224 te recomendas mais, pois infere o bem  
225 por ti comunicado, e nossa vontade;  
226 Pois o bom desconhecido certamente não é mau, ou, se  
227 é ainda desconhecido, é como se não existisse.  
228 Em suma, portanto, o que ele proíbe além do saber?  
229 Nos proíbe o bem, nos proíbe de sermos sábios!  
230 Aquelas proibições não se casam. Mas, se a Morte  
231 nos levar consigo, de que vale  
232 nossa liberdade interior? No dia em que comermos  
233 do belo Fruto, nossa desgraça é que devamos morrer!  
234 Como morre a Serpente? Ela comera, e vive,  
235 e conhece, e fala, e raciocina, e discerne,  
236 até então irracional. Cá entre nós  
237 A morte foi inventada? Ou nos foi negado  
238 este alimento intelectual, reservado para as bestas?  
239 Das bestas parece ser; ainda assim, aquela que primeiro  
240 saboreou o Fruto não se inveja, mas traz com alegria

The good befallen him, author unsuspect,  
Friendly to Man, far from deceit or guile.  
What fear I, then? rather, what know to fear  
Under this ignorance of Good and Evil,  
Of God or Death, of law or penalty?  
Here grows the cure of all, this fruit divine,  
Fair to the eye, inviting to the taste,  
Of virtue to make wise. What hinders, then,  
To reach, and feed at once both body and mind?"  
So saying, her rash hand in evil hour  
Forth-reaching to the Fruit, she plucked, she eat.

|     |                                                             |
|-----|-------------------------------------------------------------|
| 241 | O bem lhe sucedeu, autor desavisado,                        |
| 242 | amigável com o Humano, distante da enganação ou da astúcia. |
| 243 | O que temo eu, assim? Ou melhor, o que sei temer            |
| 244 | sob esta ignorância do Bem e do Mal,                        |
| 245 | De Deus ou Morte, da lei ou da pena?                        |
| 246 | Aqui cresce de tudo a cura, divino fruto,                   |
| 247 | Belo aos olhos, convida a experimentar                      |
| 248 | a virtude de ser sábio. O que impede, então,                |
| 249 | de alcançar, e alimentar, juntamente, corpo e alma?"        |
| 250 | Dizendo isso, com sua mão suja na hora do pecado,           |
| 251 | apanhando o Fruto... Arrancou, comeu.                       |

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|----------------|----------|-------------|---|
| Student Number | 19317704 | Text Number | 8 |
|----------------|----------|-------------|---|

| Source Text                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        | Target Text |                     |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------|---------------------|
| Title                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       | Deer Enclosure                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         | Title       | Monte dos Cervos    |
| Year Published                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              | Not published                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          |             |                     |
| Author                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      | Walison Rodrigues de Andrade                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           |             |                     |
| Language                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    | English (UK)                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           | Language    | Portuguese (Brazil) |
| Word Count                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  | 20                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     | Word Count  | 36                  |
| <b>Description of Source Text</b> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li><i>understanding of source text</i></li> <li><i>knowledge of genre within source contexts</i></li> <li><i>situation of source text familiarity with the formal features of a text (language variation(s), register, dialect)</i></li> </ul> <b>(200 words max)</b> | <p>This is a gloss translation of an ancient Chinese poem. Originally written by Wang Wei during the Tang Dynasty (c. 700—761) as part of a twenty-poem series, the poem named ‘Lu Zhai’ stands among the most famous Chinese quatrains in the world (Paz &amp; Weinberg, 1995, p. 2). The collection is said to be inspired by a diversity of sites in north eastern China, more precisely, around the Wang River (100-Tang-Poems). Its gloss translation was produced using an online research tool (Cambridge Dictionary) and comparing word choices in a series of translations in three languages (Paz &amp; Weinberg, 1995) to select suitable one-word terms in English that satisfactorily represented each individual character of the poem. The way the words were arranged without connectives makes the text seem like non-sense literature, not following any rhyme with rather informal tone. As in the Chinese prosody, concern revolved around the character or word number in each line. Poems like the one which gave life to this gloss translation are mentioned as sample of Chinese poetry and its features: universality, impersonality, absence of time and subject (Paz &amp; Weinberg, 1995, p. 3). These characteristics were also considered and featured in the text.</p> |             |                     |
| <b>Strategy</b> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li><i>identification of translation problems</i></li> </ul>                                                                                                                                                                                                                             | <p>The main challenge is to handle the different standards for poetry creation once the ST derived from a different lexicographical system of complex connective-free structure. Brazilian poetry follows most English and Italian standards for rhyme scheme, meter and sonority (Nóbrega, 1965). Thinking of the young adult Brazilians who consume international</p>                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                |             |                     |

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|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• <i>knowledge of genre within target context and situation of target text</i></li> <li>• <i>justification of translation production of genre for target context</i></li> </ul> <p><b>(200 words max)</b></p> | <p>poetry regularly as the desired target audience, the ultimate purpose of this translation is to create a poem combining features of the poetry genre as it is known in the Chinese and Brazilian cultures. The idea of creating a gloss translation reduces the number of problems as the multitude of meanings associated to each Chinese character is no longer an issue. The strategy is to create an alternate rhyme scheme but also have the same amount of words in each line to bring touches of Eastern and Western poetries together as to reimagine a scenery description that can give Brazilian readers a sense of Chinese landscapes through words. Thus, the notion of cultural identity in translation (Brisset, 2012) will be considered. Rhyme and cultural representativity combined justify the creation of a text to promote culture approximation by experimenting the mixture of form and content from two very distinct literary realities.</p>                                     |
| <p><b>Critical Reflection</b></p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• <i>textual analysis</i></li> </ul> <p><b>(200 words max)</b></p>                                                                                                          | <p>Although each word in the gloss translation was carefully chosen, in an attempt to create a more fluid rhyme scheme without leaving cultural references aside, the final word choice was considerably distant from any literal translation of the individual terms in the source text. The content remained related to the cultural elements depicted but a slant rhyme had to be done to maintain the ABAB rhyme scheme without affecting the content. The aesthetics of the form is not ideal, but it is satisfactory. The length of each line in the poem is quite similar and the visual effect of symmetry resembles the one in the traditional Chinese poems. Likewise, the nine-word lines are also a reference to the five-character line consistently present in these kinds of quartets. However, it feels slightly more distant from Chinese than it is from Brazilian Portuguese as the latter required a higher sum of terms to convey the ideas without having to leave them disjointed.</p> |
| <p><b>Works Cited</b></p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• <i>use of sources and reference material</i></li> </ul>                                                                                                                           | <p><i>100 Tang Poems - Meaning</i>, 6 August 2017 &lt;<a href="https://100tangpoems.wordpress.com/2017/08/06/deer-park/">https://100tangpoems.wordpress.com/2017/08/06/deer-park/</a>&gt; [accessed 1 May 2020].</p> <p>Cambridge English-Chinese Online Dictionary &lt;<a href="https://dictionary.cambridge.org/dictionary/english-chinese-traditional/">https://dictionary.cambridge.org/dictionary/english-chinese-traditional/</a>&gt; [accessed 1 May 2020].</p> <p>Humberto M. Nóbrega, <i>Rima e Poesia</i> (Rio de Janeiro: Ministério da Educação e cultura, 1965).</p>                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             |

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|  | Octavio Paz and Eliot Weinberger, <i>19 Ways of Looking at Wang Wei: How a Chinese Poem is Translated</i> . (New York: Moyer Bell Limited, 1995), pp. 1—33. |
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**Source Text**

***Deer Enclosure***

空山不見人 - [empty] [mountain] [not] [see] [human]

但聞人語響 - [yet] [hear] [human] [voice] [echo]

返景入深林 - [reflect] [sunlight] [trespass] [deep] [forest]

復照青苔上 - [again] [shine] [colour] [moss] [on]

1

2

3

4

**Target Text**

***Monte dos Cervos***

E em vazios montes não se vê humano elemento,

Mas ouve a ressoar – de palavras o eco nobre

Raio de sol que avassala e vai floresta adentro

Volta e reflete no musgo verde que a encobre.