

Luna Ciarma

21346499

Home

Trinity College Dublin
MPhil in Literary Translation
2022

Supervised by Sheila Castilho, Rachel Hoare and Martina Mendola

Contents

1	<i>Sea Prayer (EN-IT)</i>	4
2	<i>O amanhã não está à venda (PR-EN)</i>	28
3	<i>Le vol des cerfs-volants (FR-EN)</i>	35
4	<i>Brooklyn (EN-IT)</i>	44
5	<i>Il diario di Angelica Giannico (IT-EN)</i>	51
6	<i>La migration (FR-EN)</i>	61
7	<i>Imaginary Homelands (EN-IT)</i>	65
8	<i>O homem; As Viagens (PR-EN)</i>	70

Introduction

This portfolio, titled "Home" is only a short glimpse into the many ways authors and artists have described the feeling of home and particularly leaving and being away from it.

What is "home" anyway? Is it a building, is it family members, is it a city, a country, is it friends? And what happens when we leave it?

Whether it is out of choice or forced, whether it is for a short period or forever, whether it actually entails physically leaving a place or staying, but feeling lost.

Migration, immigration, displacement and homesickness are only some of the themes that will be explored in this portfolio, through a variety of mediums such as poetry, prose, art, essays and movies.

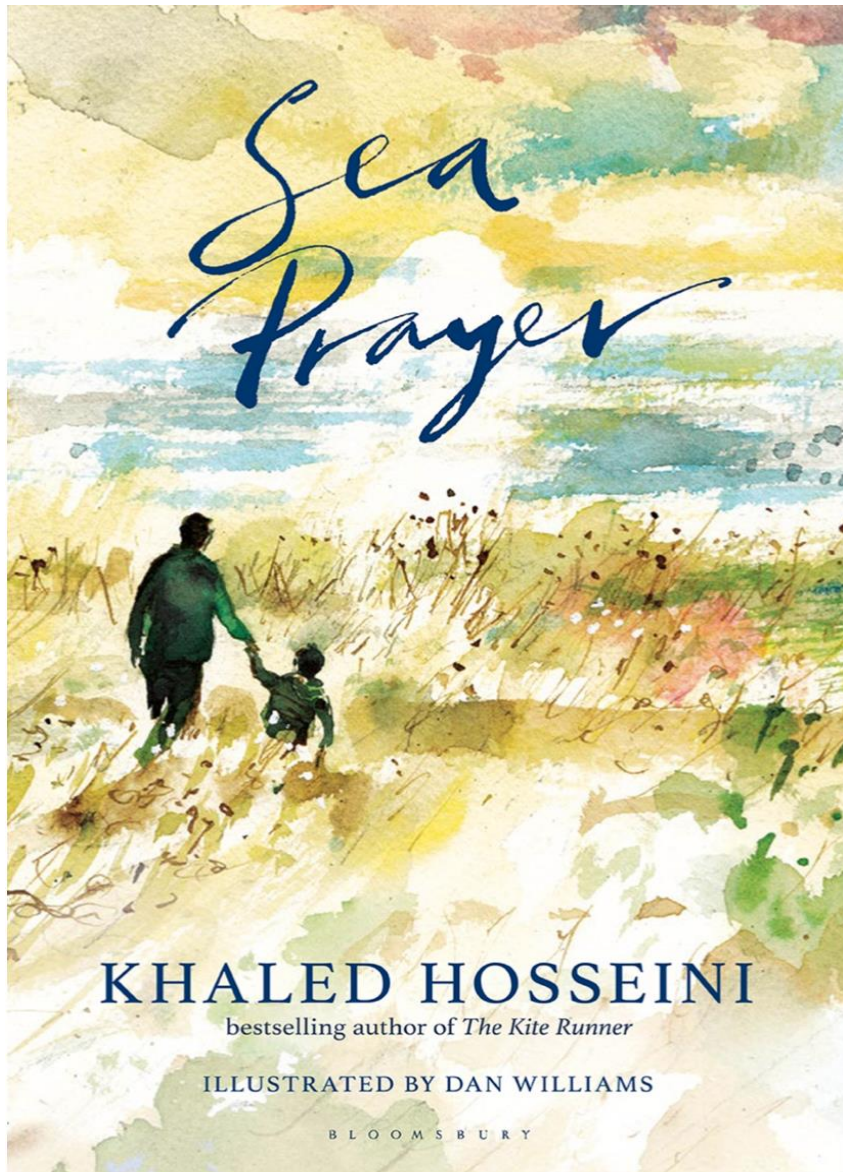
Student Number	21346499	Text Number	1
----------------	----------	-------------	---

Source Text		Target Text	
Title	<i>Sea Prayer</i>	Title	<i>La preghiera del mare</i>
Year Published	Khaled Hosseini		
Author	2018		
Language	English	Language	Italian
Word Count	545	Word Count	574
Description of Source Text <i>understanding of source text</i> <i>knowledge of genre within source contexts</i> <i>situation of source text familiarity with the formal features of a text (language variation(s), register, dialect)</i> (200 words max)	- The ST is an illustrated book written by award-winning author Khaled Hosseini, written as a reaction to the Syrian refugee crisis (khaledhosseini.com). The story is written in the form of a free verse poem, narrated as a letter by a father to his son, on the eve of their dangerous departure across the sea. - The illustrations are a vital part of the book, and they match the tone of the text: in the first few pages, in which the father is reminiscing about the past and his happy memories, the illustrations are made of warm, happy colors such as yellows, deep greens, reds, oranges; throughout the book, as the story gets closer to the present day and the war, the colors become darker until they are mostly grey and black. The very last page, where the only text is “How I pray the sea knows this”, shows traces of yellow again, to symbolize hope. - The language is elegant, nostalgic, and daunting, with a tinge of hope in the back. There are references to middle eastern cultural elements, such as typical foods like kibbeh (page 14) and places like the souk (page 13).		
Strategy <i>identification of translation problems</i>	- The translation is produced for a wide audience of Italian, aged between 11 and 65. This is because the TT is meant for both adults who may already have wide knowledge of the refugee crisis, and middle school children who are		

• <i>knowledge of genre within target context and situation of target text</i> • <i>justification of translation production of genre for target context</i> (200 words max)	just being introduced to the issue. For this reason, the language needs to be suitable for both ends of the age spectrum: not too childish, and not too elevated. - I will add a few words to explain cultural references for elements that may not be known to an Italian audience, particularly the younger half of it. - Graphically, I will reproduce the pages as they appear in the ST: the text will be placed in the same position, with a similar font, and I will keep the same verse system for both a linguistic and an aesthetic purpose.
Critical Reflection • <i>textual analysis</i> (200 words max)	- I gave my translation to two Italian readers aged between 20 and 29, therefore part of my envisioned TA. Their feedback was positive, highlighting that the language was “poetic and harrowing”. - Explaining cultural references did not turn out to be an issue, for example adding the word “mercato” [market] (line 4, page 13) before the word “souk” is enough to give the Italian reader an idea of what it is. - A challenge that I did not foresee was that in my first draft, almost all the verses were much longer than the ST ones, and thus would not fit, graphically, in the allocated text space. I was still able to create a translation in which each line has a similar number of words, but had I thought of this issue before, it would have saved me a lot of time.
Works Cited • <i>use of sources and reference material</i>	- Hosseini, Khaled. 2018. Sea Prayer. London: Bloomsbury Publishing.

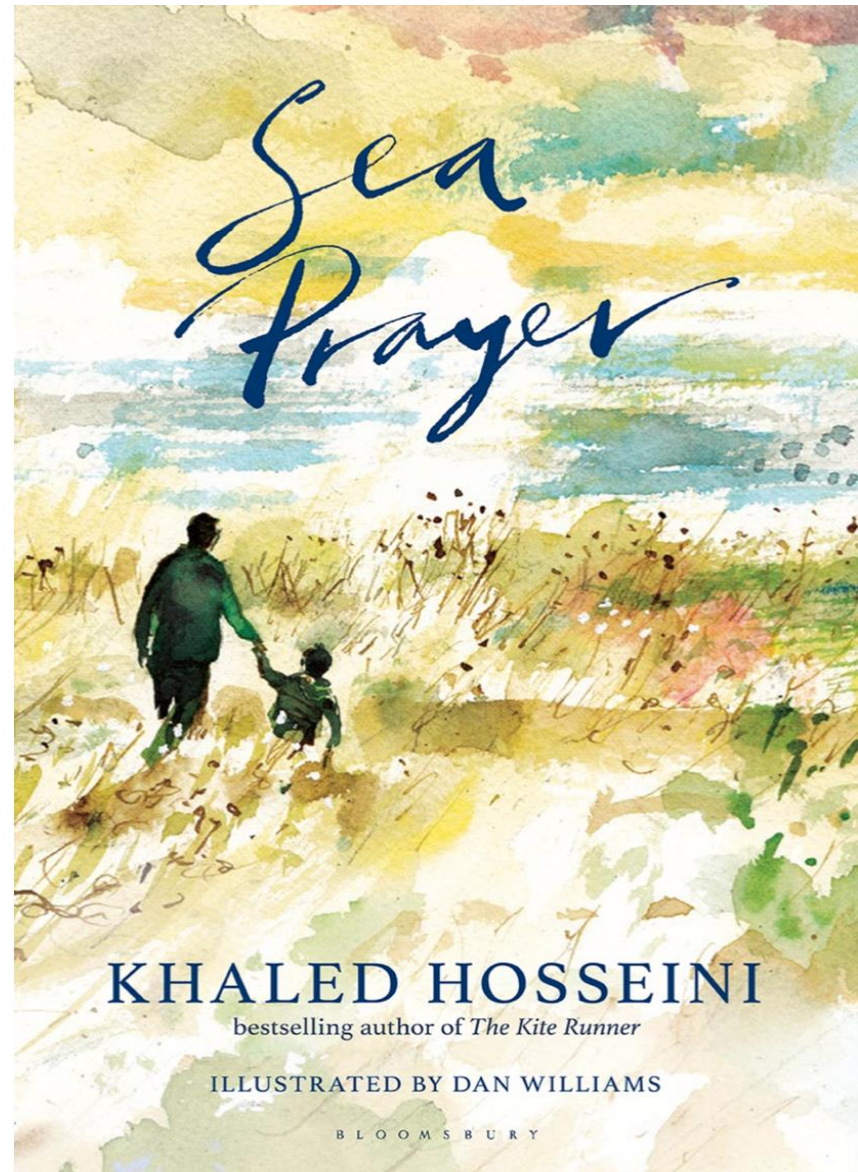
Source Text

Sea Prayer



Target Text

La preghiera del mare





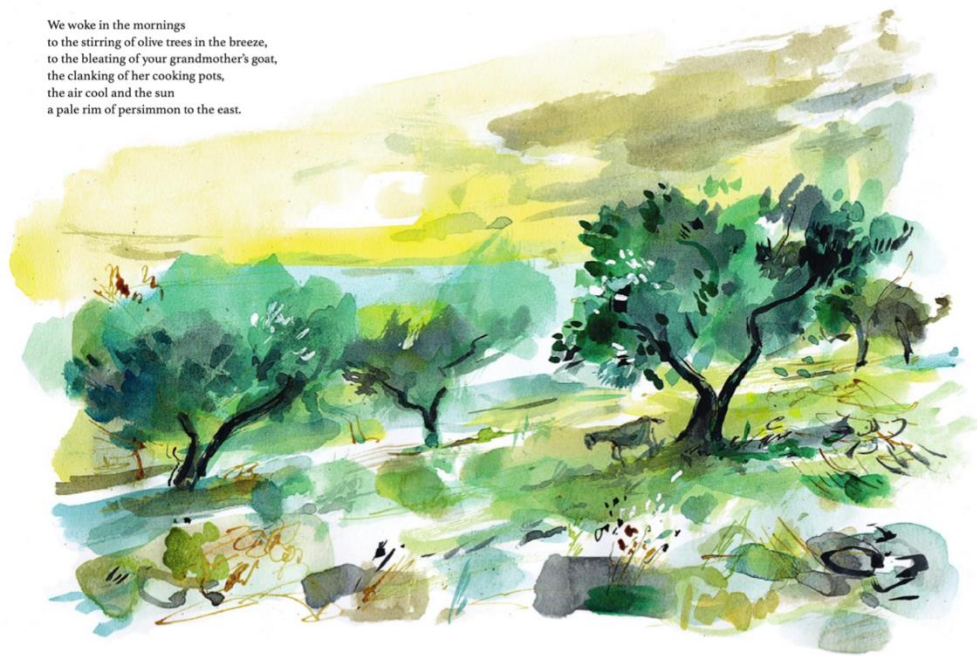
My dear Marwan,
in the long summers of childhood,
when I was a boy the age you are now,
your uncles and I
spread our mattress on the roof
of your grandfather's farmhouse
outside of Homs.



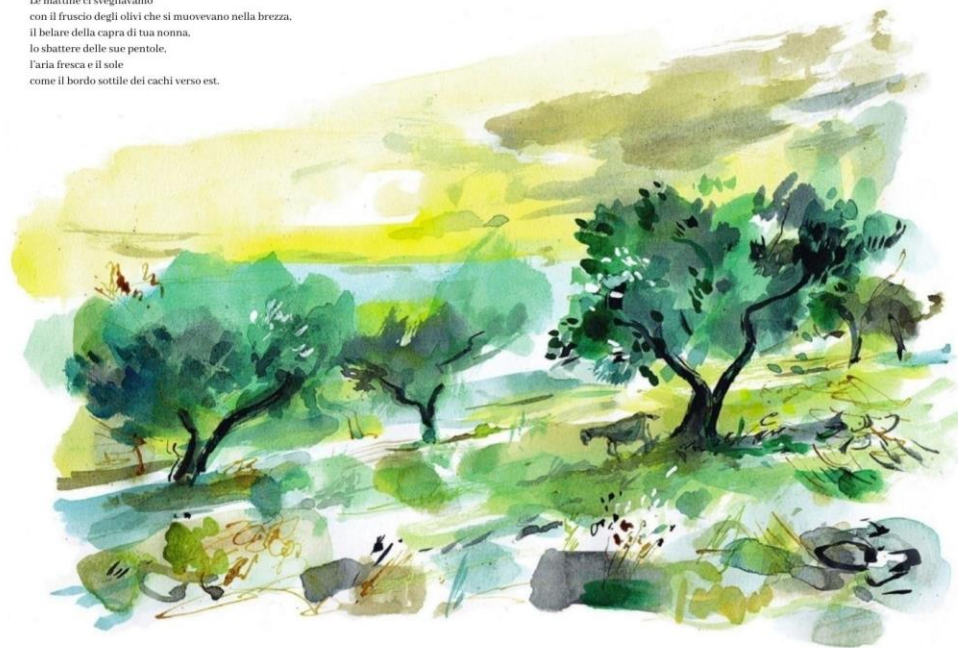
Mio caro Marwan,
nelle lunghe estati della mia infanzia,
quando ero un bambino della tua stessa età,
io e i tuoi zii
stendevamo i nostri materassi sul tetto
della casa in campagna di tuo nonno
vicino ad Homs.



We woke in the mornings
to the stirring of olive trees in the breeze,
to the bleating of your grandmother's goat,
the clanking of her cooking pots,
the air cool and the sun
a pale rim of persimmon to the east.



Le mattine ci svegliavamo
con il fruscio degli olivi che si muovevano nella brezza,
il belare della capra di tua nonna,
lo sbattere delle sue pentole,
l'aria fresca e il sole
come il bordo sottile dei cachi verso est.



We took you there when you were a toddler.



I have a sharply etched memory
of your mother from that trip,
showing you a herd of cows grazing in a field
blown through with wild flowers.

Ti ci abbiamo portato quando eri piccolo.



Ho un ricordo impresso nella memoria
di tua madre di quel viaggio.
ti mostrava una mandria di mucche che
pasciolavano in un campo
mentre il vento soffiava tra i fiori selvatici.

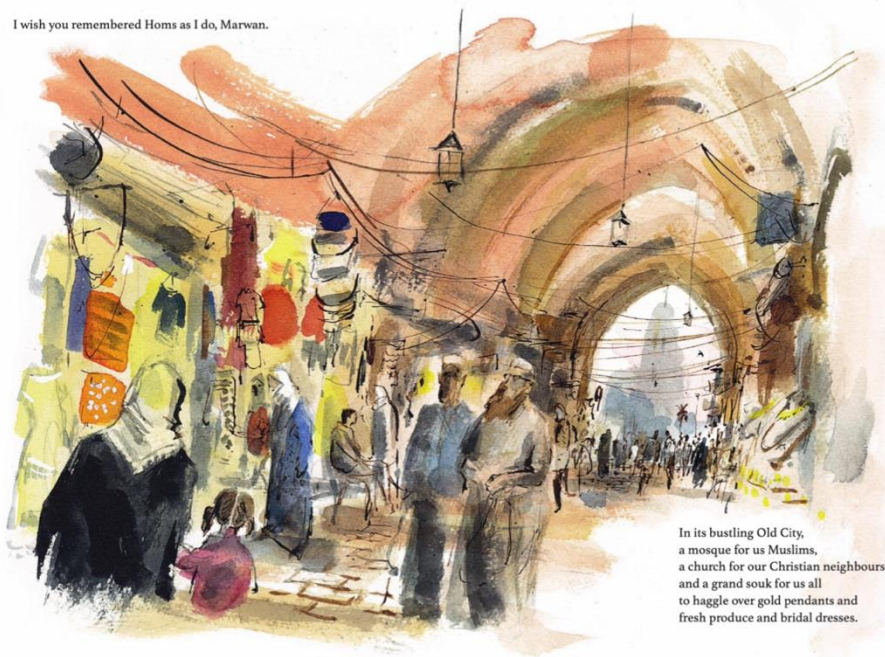
I wish you hadn't been so young.
You wouldn't have forgotten the farmhouse,
the soot of its stone walls,
the creek where your uncles and I built
a thousand boyhood dams.



Vorrei che tu non fossi stato così piccolo.
Non ti saresti dimenticato della casa,
la fuliggine sulle mura in pietra,
il torrente dove io e i tuoi zii abbiamo costruito
un migliaio di dighe da fanciulli.

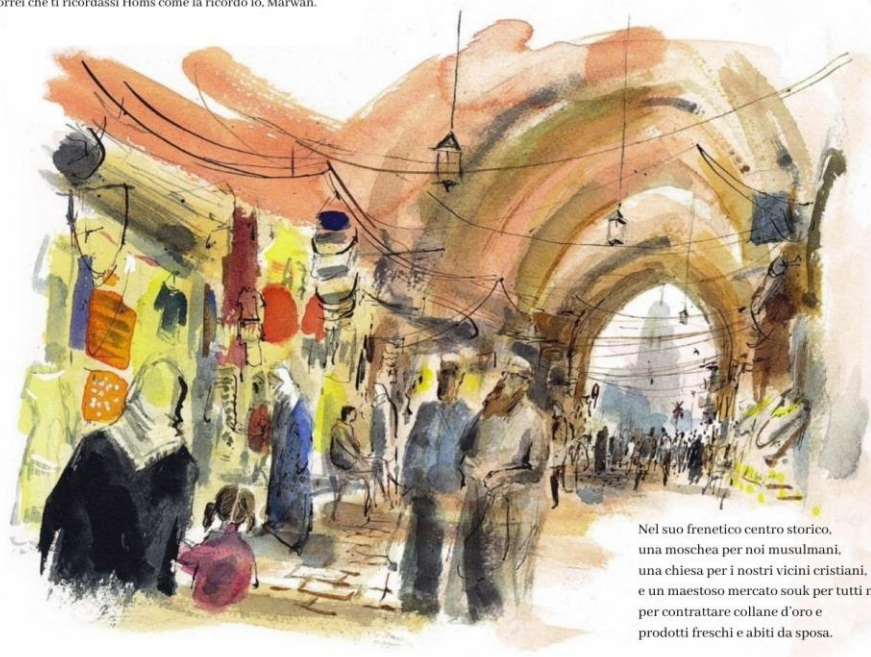


I wish you remembered Homs as I do, Marwan.



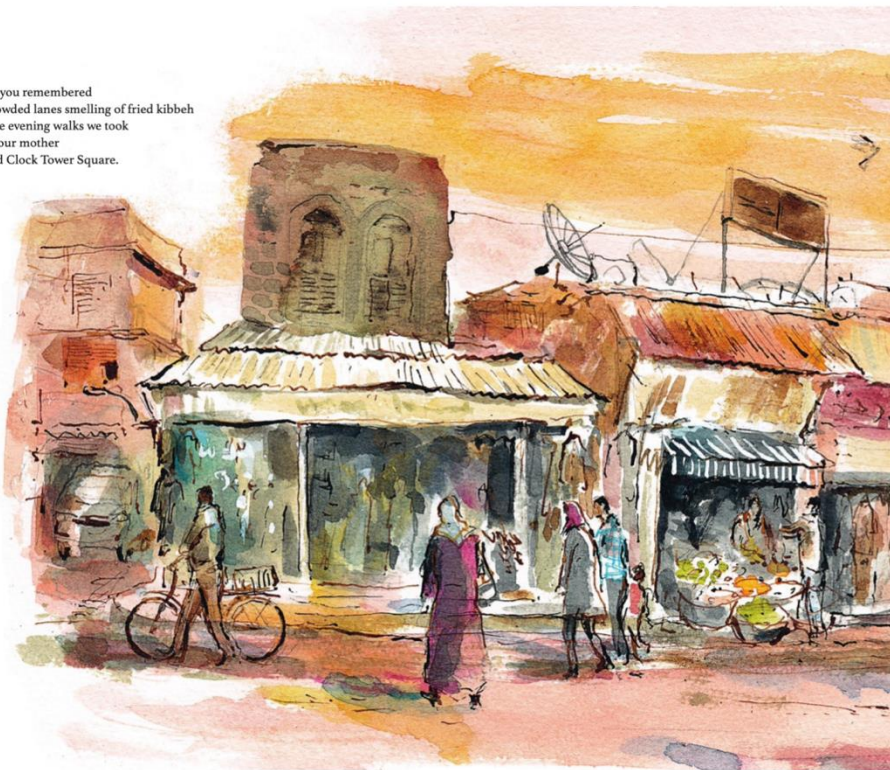
In its bustling Old City,
a mosque for us Muslims,
a church for our Christian neighbours,
and a grand souk for us all
to haggle over gold pendants and
fresh produce and bridal dresses.

Vorrei che ti ricordassi Homs come la ricordo io, Marwan.

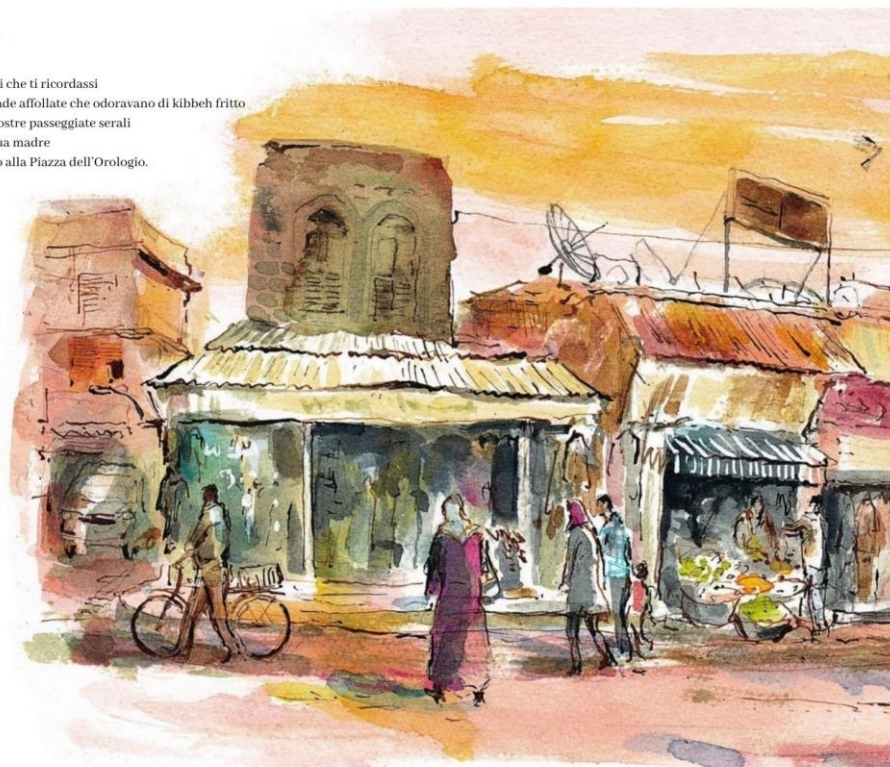


Nel suo frenetico centro storico,
una moschea per noi musulmani,
una chiesa per i nostri vicini cristiani,
e un maestoso mercato souk per tutti noi
per contrattare collane d'oro e
prodotti freschi e abiti da sposa.

I wish you remembered
the crowded lanes smelling of fried kibbeh
and the evening walks we took
with your mother
around Clock Tower Square.

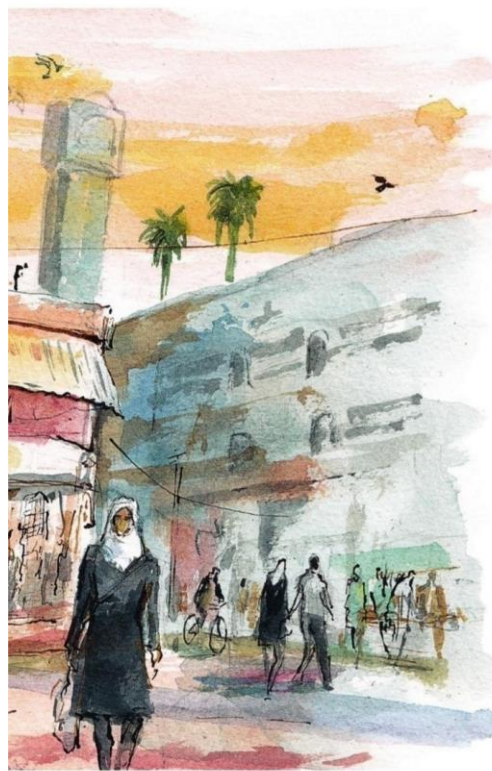


Vorrei che ti ricordassi
le strade affollate che odoravano di kibbeh fritto
e le nostre passeggiate serali
con tua madre
vicino alla Piazza dell'Orologio.





But that life, that time,
seems like a dream now,
even to me,
like some long-dissolved rumour.



Ma quella vita, quel tempo,
ora sembra un sogno,
persino a me,
come se fosse una voce distante.

First came the protests.
Then the siege.

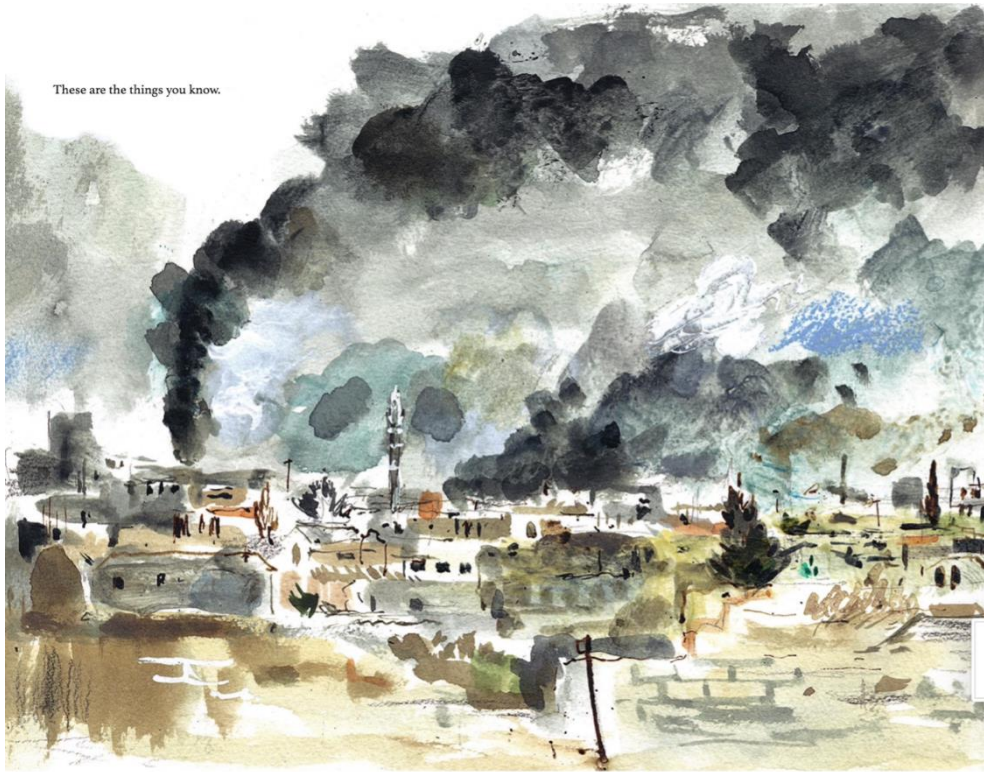


Prima arrivarono le proteste.
Poi l'assedio.

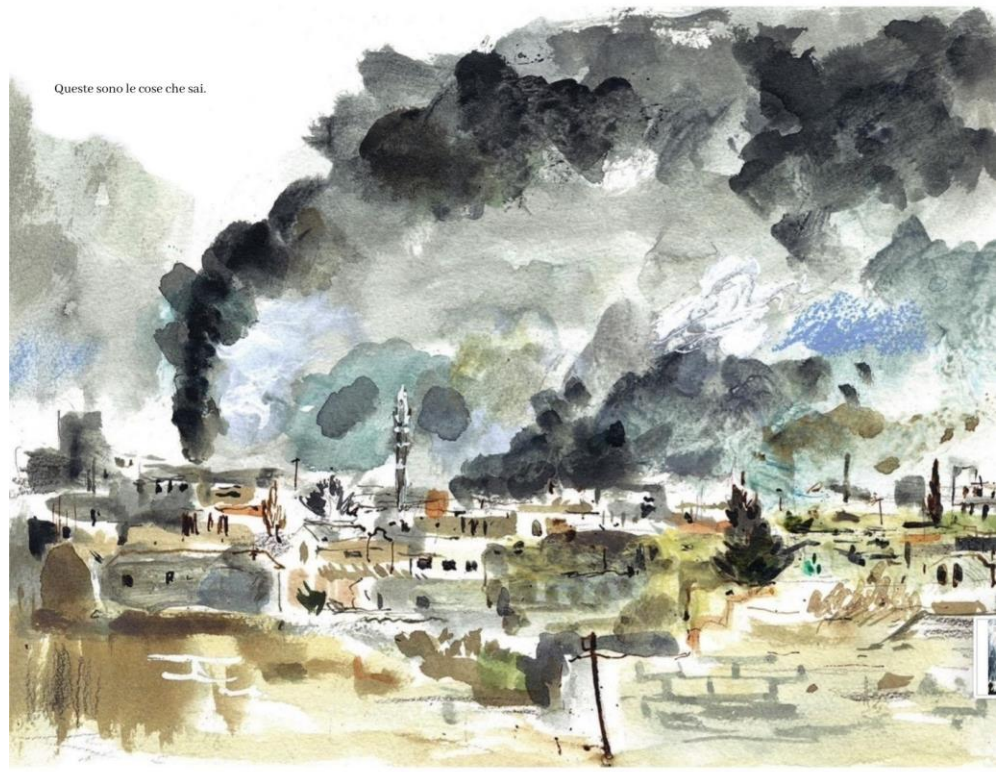




These are the things you know.



Queste sono le cose che sai.





You know a bomb crater
can be made into a swimming hole.
You have learned
dark blood is better news
than bright.

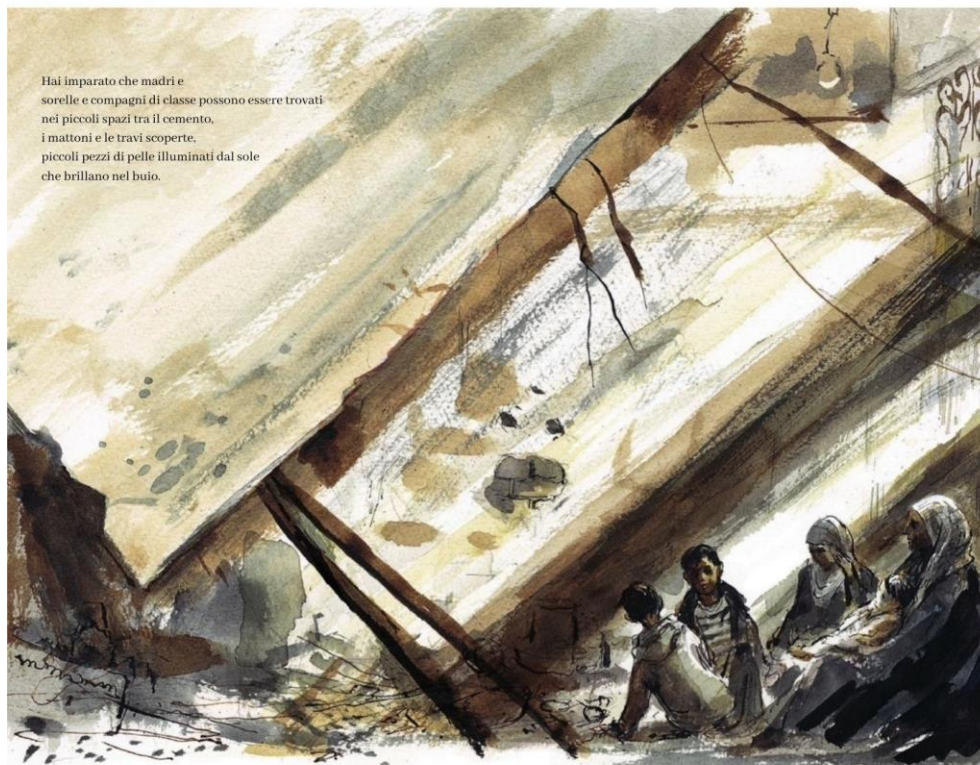


Sai che il cratere di una bomba
può essere trasformato in una piscina.
Hai imparato
che il sangue scuro è meglio
di quello chiaro.

You have learned that mothers and
sisters and classmates can be found
in narrow gaps between concrete,
bricks and exposed beams,
little patches of sunlit skin
shining in the dark.



Hai imparato che madri e
sorelle e compagni di classe possono essere trovati
nei piccoli spazi tra il cemento,
i mattoni e le travi scoperte,
piccoli pezzi di pelle illuminati dal sole
che brillano nel buio.







Your mother is here tonight, Marwan,
with us, on this cold and moonlit beach,
among the crying babies and
the women worrying
in tongues we don't speak.
Afghans and Somalis and Iraqis and
Eritreans and Syrians.
All of us impatient for sunrise,
all of us in dread of it.
All of us in search of home.

I have heard it said we are the unwanted.
We are the unwelcome.
We should take our misfortune elsewhere.



Tua madre è qui stasera, Marwan,
con noi, in questa spiaggia fredda e illuminata dalla luna,
tra i neonati che piangono e
le donne che si preoccupano
in lingue che non parliamo.
Afghani e somali e iracheni e
eritrei e siriani.
Tutti noi impazienti di vedere l'alba,
tutti noi intimoriti.
Tutti noi in cerca di casa.

Ho sentito dire che siamo gli indesiderati.
Siamo gli sgraditi.
Dovremmo portare le nostre disgrazie altrove.

But I hear your mother's voice,
over the tide,
and she whispers in my ear,
'Oh, but if they saw, my darling.
Even half of what you have.
If only they saw.
'They would say kinder things, surely.'



Ma sento la voce di tua madre,
da sopra le onde,
e mi sussurra nell'orecchio,
'Oh, ma se avessero visto, amore mio.
Anche solo la metà di ciò che hai visto tu.
Se solo avessero visto.
Direbbero sicuramente cose più gentili'.



I look at your profile
in the glow of this three-quarter moon,
my boy, your eyelashes like calligraphy,
closed in guileless sleep.

I said to you,
'Hold my hand.
Nothing bad will happen.'



Guardo il tuo profilo
sotto la luce della luna calante,
bambino mio, le tue ciglia simili alla calligrafia,
chiuse in un sonno ingenuo.

Ti ho detto,
'Stringimi la mano.
Non succederà niente'.



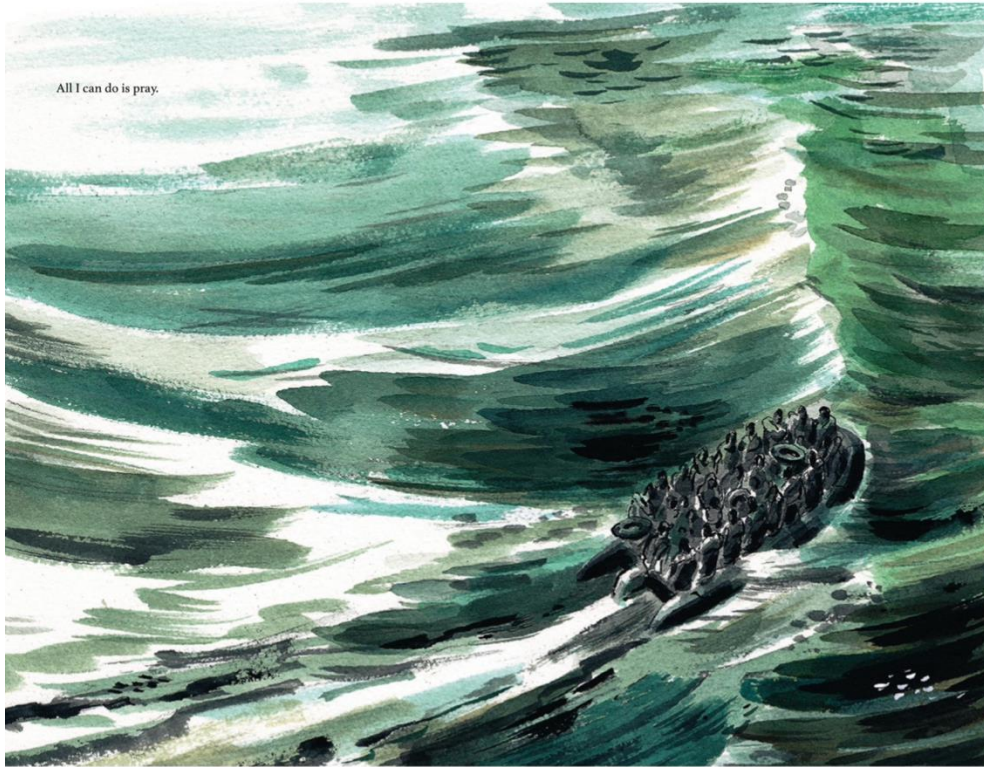
These are only words.
A father's tricks.
It slays your father,
your faith in him.
Because all I can think tonight is
how deep the sea,
and how vast, how indifferent.
How powerless I am to protect you from it.



Sono solo parole.
I trucchi di un padre.
La fede che riponi in tuo padre,
lo uccide.
Perché tutto ciò a cui riesco a pensare stasera è
quanto sia profondo il mare,
e quanto vasto, quanto indifferente.
Quanto io sia impotente nel difenderti dal mare.



All I can do is pray.



Tutto ciò che posso fare è pregare.





Pray God steers the vessel true,
when the shores slip out of eyeshot
and we are a flyspeck
in the heaving waters, pitching and tilting,
easily swallowed.

Because you,
you are precious cargo, Marwan,
the most precious there ever was.

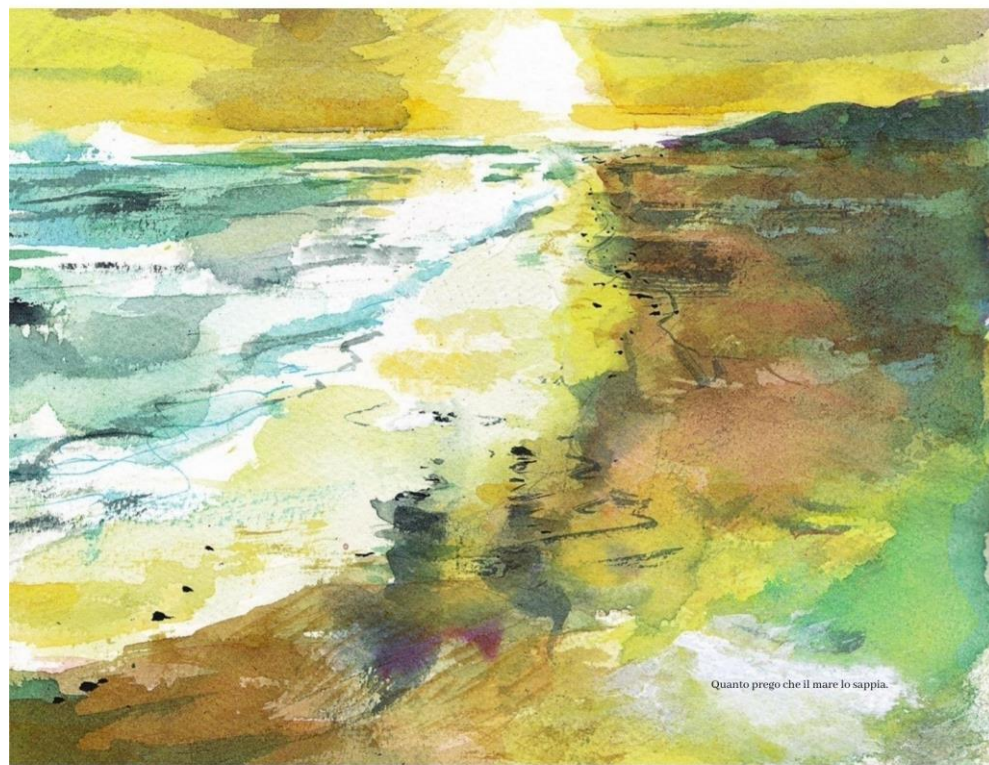
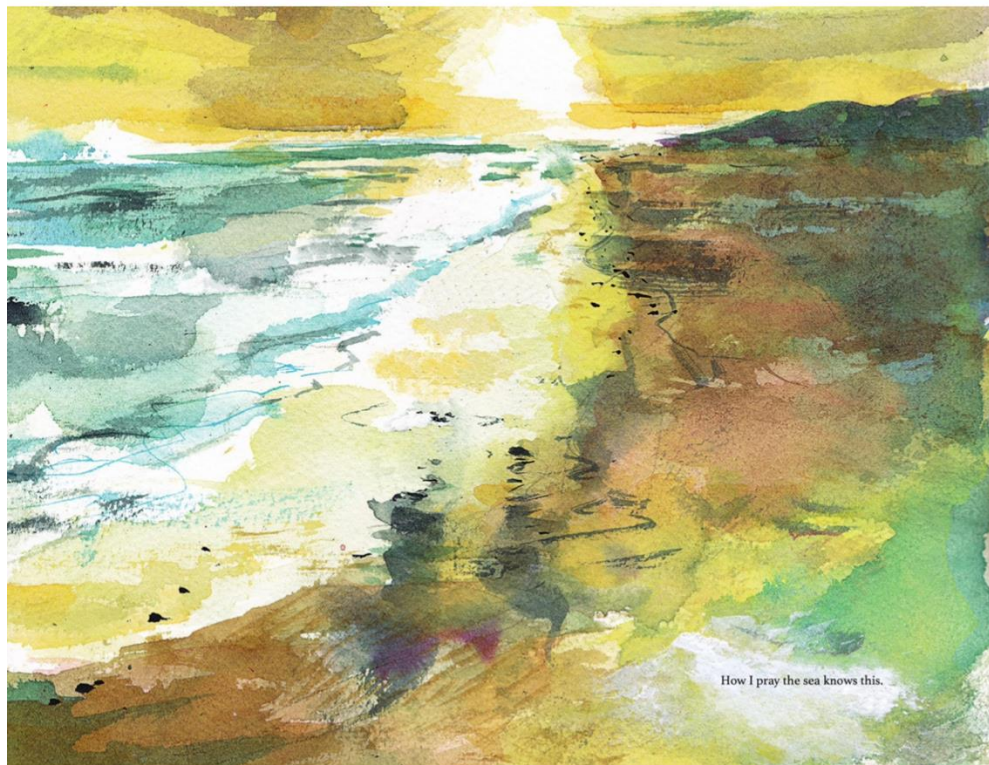
I pray the sea knows this.
Inshallah.



Prego che Dio sterzi la nave,
quando le rive spariranno dalla portata dei nostri occhi
e noi saremo un puntino
nelle acque mosse, dove verremo percossi e ribaltati,
facilmente inghiottiti.

Perché tu, tu sei il carico più prezioso, Marwan,
il più prezioso che sia mai esistito.

Prego che il mare lo sappia.
Inshallah.



Student Number	21346499	Text Number	2
----------------	----------	-------------	---

Source Text		Target Text	
Title	<i>O amanhã não está à venda</i>	Title	<i>Tomorrow is not for sale</i>
Year Published	2020		
Author	Ailton Krenak		
Language	Portuguese	Language	English
Word Count	818	Word Count	935
Description of Source Text • <i>understanding of source text</i> • <i>knowledge of genre within source contexts</i> • <i>situation of source text familiarity with the formal features of a text (language variation(s), register, dialect) (200words max)</i>	- The ST is a book based on three different interviews released at the beginning of the Covid-19 pandemic by Ailton Krenak, an indigenous activist from Brazil, fighting for environmental and indigenous rights. - The text is not only about the outbreak of the pandemic and how it affected the Krenak people, but also about their ongoing battle for rights and their displacement in their own native land. It also touches on environmental issues, how Covid affects humans and nature in different ways, and how life and humanity are perceived in the modern world. - The book is in Brazilian Portuguese; the register is informal, reflective of the original spoken nature of the source. However, the tone of the text is strong due to its political and activist stand, with words such as <i>encurralados</i> [trapped] (line 8) and <i>refugiados</i> [displaced] (line 8), or <i>necropolítica, uma decisão de morte</i> [necro-politics, a decision of death] (line 43) throughout the text. - There are some cultural references that hold implicit historical knowledge, such as the name of the Caiçaras people (line 68) and the Afro-Brazilian <i>Quilombolas</i> community (line 69).		
Strategy • <i>identification of translation problems</i>	- My TA is undergraduate students studying Portuguese and learning about Brazilian culture and history from a Post-Colonial context, learning about how native populations were and are still affected by European colonization.		

• <i>knowledge of genre within target context and situation of target text</i> • <i>justification of translation production of genre for target context</i> (200 words max)	- I will use Leppihalme's "Allusions and their translation" paper as a guideline on how to translate allusions, defined as "translation problems arising from the presence not only of intertextual elements but also of references to other types of source-cultural phenomena" (Leppihalme 1992, 183). ○ Allusions are to be dealt with by using the following strategies, in this specific order: 1) minimum change: when the allusion is familiar to the TA; 2) guidance: adding a couple of words to explain the meaning when the allusion is not recognizable by TA; 3) replacement by a better or commonly known target language name; 4) omission, only as a last resort and only for elements which aren't vital to the understanding of the ST (ibid. 188-189). ○ Proper nouns words of peoples, places, and foods will be kept in Portuguese and will be italicized, to emphasize their foreignness. - I will give the TT a formal register by avoiding contractions, spelling numbers, and opting for active sentences rather than passive ones.
Critical Reflection • <i>textual analysis</i> (200 words max)	- Using Leppihalme's theory as the framework for my translation was very useful, as it gave clear indications on how to deal with specific issues. I only used the guidance strategy for allusions that needed extra words to explain their meaning, for example: ○ In the ST we can read <i>O presidente da República</i> [The president of the Republic] (line 41); I added the name of the President, Jair Bolsonaro, to add context for the TA. ○ <i>caiçaras</i> and <i>aquilombas</i> [lines 68-69] became "<i>caiçaras</i>, the traditional population from southern Brazil; <i>quilombolas</i>, the descendants of Afro-Brazilian slaves, indigenous people, and aboriginals" [lines 68-70]. This allows the TA, who may not be familiar with all Brazilian indigenous populations, to fully understand the TT.

	- I didn't need to use the replacement or omission strategies. This is because I tried to apply the strategies in order, and the second one met the requirements and goals I set in my strategy. - I gave my translation to a sample audience of English speakers with little to no knowledge of Brazilian culture. They confirmed that they were able to understand all cultural references, so I believe that the TA would benefit from them too.
Works Cited • <i>use of sources and reference material</i>	- Krenak, Ailton. 2020. O amanhã não está à venda. São Paulo: Editora Schwarcz. - Leppihalme, Ritva. 1992. "Allusions and their translation". Acquisition of Language – Acquisition of culture. Publications de l'association finlandaise de linguistique appliquée (50): 183-191.

Source Text

O amanhã não está à venda

Parei de andar mundo afora, cancelei compromissos. Estou com a minha família na aldeia Krenak, no médio rio Doce. Há quase um mês, nossa reserva indígena está isolada. Quem estava ausente regressou, e sabemos bem qual é o risco de receber pessoas de fora. Sabemos o perigo de ter contato com pessoas assintomáticas. Estamos todos aqui e até agora não tivemos nenhuma ocorrência.

A verdade é que vivemos encurralados e refugiados no nosso próprio território há muito tempo, numa reserva de 4 mil hectares — que deveria ser muito maior se a justiça fosse feita —, e esse confinamento involuntário nos deu resiliência, nos fez mais resistentes. Como posso explicar a uma pessoa que está fechada há um mês num apartamento numa grande metrópole o que é o meu isolamento? Desculpem dizer isso, mas hoje já plantei milho, já plantei uma árvore...

Faz algum tempo que nós na aldeia Krenak já estávamos de luto pelo nosso rio Doce. Não imaginava que o mundo nos traria esse outro luto. Está todo mundo parado. Quando engenheiros me disseram que iriam usar a tecnologia para recuperar o rio Doce, perguntaram a minha opinião. Eu respondi: “A minha sugestão é muito difícil de colocar em prática. Pois teríamos de parar todas as atividades humanas que incidem sobre o corpo

Target Text

Tomorrow is not for sale

1 I stopped going outside, I cancelled my appointments. I am with my family
2 in the Krenak village, halfway of the Doce river. Our indigenous
3 reservation has been isolated for almost a month now. Those who were
4 absent have come back, and we are aware of the risk of taking in people
5 from the outside. We are aware of the dangers that come with having
6 contact with asymptomatic individuals. We are all here and thus far, we
7 have not had any cases.

8 The truth is that we have been trapped and displaced in our own land for
9 a long time, in a four thousand hectares reserve – which should have been
10 a lot bigger if justice had been done – and this involuntary lockdown has
11 given us resilience and has made us stronger. How could I explain to a
12 person who has been locked in an apartment in a big city for a month
13 what my lockdown is like? Forgive me for saying this, but today I’ve
14 already planted corn, I’ve already planted a tree...

15 Us inhabitants of the Krenak village have been grieving our Doce river for
16 some time. We could not have imagined that the world was going to bring
17 this new mourning. The whole world stopped. When engineers told me
18 that they would use technology to help the Doce river, they asked for my
19 opinion. My answer was: “My suggestion is very difficult to put into
20 practice, because we would have to stop all human activities that affect

do rio, a cem quilômetros nas margens direita e esquerda, até que ele voltasse a ter vida”. Então um deles me disse: “Mas isso é impossível”. O mundo não pode parar. E o mundo parou.

Vivemos hoje esta experiência de isolamento social, como está sendo definido o confinamento, em que todas as pessoas têm de se recolher. Se durante um tempo éramos nós, os povos indígenas, que estávamos ameaçados da ruptura ou da extinção do sentido da nossa vida, hoje estamos todos diante da iminência de a Terra não suportar a nossa demanda. Assistimos a uma tragédia de gente morrendo em diferentes lugares do planeta, a ponto de na Itália os corpos serem transportados para a incineração em caminhões.

Essa dor talvez ajude as pessoas a responder se somos de fato uma humanidade. Nós nos acostumamos com essa ideia, que foi naturalizada, mas ninguém mais presta atenção no verdadeiro sentido do que é ser humano. É como se tivéssemos várias crianças brincando e, por imaginar essa fantasia da infância, continuassem a brincar por tempo indeterminado. Só que viramos adultos, estamos devastando o planeta, cavando um fosso gigantesco de desigualdades entre povos e sociedades. De modo que há uma sub-humanidade que vive numa grande miséria, sem chance de sair dela — e isso também foi naturalizado.

O presidente da República disse outro dia que brasileiros mergulham no esgoto e não acontece nada. O que vemos nesse homem é o exercício da

21 the river, one hundred kilometers from each shore, so that it could come
22 back to life”. One of them told me “But that is impossible”. The world
23 cannot stop. Everyone stopped.

24 Today we are living in what is being called a social isolation experiment,
25 in which everyone must hide. If once it was us Indigenous who were
26 threatened by the rupture or the extinction of the meaning of life, today
27 all of us are facing the imminence of the Earth not supporting our needs.
28 We are watching a tragedy take place, with people dying everywhere in
29 the world, to the extent of bodies being transported to incinerators with
30 trucks in Italy.

31
32 This pain might help people to understand if we are, in fact, part of a
33 humanity. We became accustomed to this idea and normalized it, yet no
34 one pays much attention anymore to what it really means to be a human
35 being. It is as if we had many children playing and, to imagine this
36 childhood fantasy, they kept playing for an undetermined period of time.
37 Only that we have become adults, we are destroying the planet, and we
38 are creating a huge divide of inequalities between peoples and societies,
39 to the extent that there is a sub-humanity that lives in great misery,
40 without the opportunity to leave it – and this has been normalized as well.
41 A few days ago, the President of the Republic, Jair Bolsonaro, said that
42 Brazilians could dive in the sewage, and nothing would happen to them.

necropolítica, uma decisão de morte. É uma mentalidade doente que está dominando o mundo. E temos agora esse vírus, um organismo do planeta, respondendo a esse pensamento doentio dos humanos com um ataque à forma de vida insustentável que adotamos por livre escolha, essa fantástica liberdade que todos adoram reivindicar, mas ninguém se pergunta qual o seu preço.

Esse vírus está discriminando a humanidade. Basta olhar em volta. O melão-de-são-caetano continua a crescer aqui do lado de casa. A natureza segue. O vírus não mata pássaros, ursos, nenhum outro ser, apenas humanos. Quem está em pânico são os povos humanos e seu mundo artificial, seu modo de funcionamento que entrou em crise.

É terrível o que está acontecendo, mas a sociedade precisa entender que não somos o sal da terra. Temos que abandonar o antropocentrismo; há muita vida além da gente, não fazemos falta na biodiversidade. Pelo contrário. Desde pequenos, aprendemos que há listas de espécies em extinção. Enquanto essas listas aumentam, os humanos proliferam, destruindo florestas, rios e animais. Somos piores que a Covid-19. Esse pacote chamado de humanidade vai sendo descolado de maneira absoluta desse organismo que é a Terra, vivendo numa abstração civilizatória que suprime a diversidade, nega a pluralidade das formas de vida, de existência e de hábitos.

43 What we see in this man is the use of necro-politics, a decision of death.
44 It is a sick mentality that is extending to the rest of world. And now we
45 have this virus, an organism of the planet, which is responding to humans'
46 sickness by attacking the unsustainable lifestyle that we freely choose,
47 the fantastic freedom which we all love to claim, but no one asks
48 themselves at what cost we gain it.

49 This virus is discriminating against humanity. One just needs to look
50 around: the *melão-de-são-caetano*, or bitter melon, a plant with great
51 health benefits, keeps growing next to my house. Nature continues
52 happening. The virus does not kill birds, bears, or any other living
53 creature, just humans. Only humans, with their artificial world and their
54 way of living are panicking and in a state of crisis.

55 What is happening is terrible, but society needs to understand that we
56 are not the salt of the earth. We have to leave anthropocentrism behind;
57 there is a lot of life beyond humans, the biodiversity won't miss us, on the
58 contrary. Since we were children, we learn that there are lists of species
59 at risk of extinction. While these lists keep growing, humans keep
60 spreading, destroying forests, rivers, and animals. We are worse than
61 Covid-19. The so-called humanity is becoming completely detached from
62 the organism that is the Earth, living in an abstracted civilization which
63 suppresses diversity, denies the plurality of different life forms,
64 existences and customs.

Os únicos núcleos que ainda consideram que precisam se manter agarrados nessa Terra são aqueles que ficaram meio esquecidos pelas bordas do planeta, nas margens dos rios, nas beiras dos oceanos, na África, na Ásia ou na América Latina. Esta é a sub-humanidade: caiçaras, índios, quilombolas, aborígenes. Existe, então, uma humanidade que integra um clube seletivo que não aceita novos sócios. E uma camada mais rústica e orgânica, uma sub- humanidade, que fica agarrada na Terra. Eu não me sinto parte dessa humanidade. Eu me sinto excluído dela.

Fomos, durante muito tempo, embalados com a história de que somos a humanidade e nos alienamos desse organismo de que somos parte, a Terra, passando a pensar que ele é uma coisa e nós, outra: a Terra e a humanidade. Eu não percebo que exista algo que não seja natureza. Tudo é natureza. O cosmos é natureza. Tudo em que eu consigo pensar é natureza.

65 The only groups that still keeps in mind that they need to hold on to the
66 Earth are those that have been half forgotten on the edges of the planet,
67 along the rivers' banks, the Oceans' shores, in Africa, in Asia or in Latin
68 America. This is the sub-humanity: *caiçaras*, the traditional population
69 from southern Brazil; *quilombolas*, the descendants of Afro-Brazilian
70 slaves, indigenous people, and aboriginals. There is, therefore, a
71 humanity that consists of a selected group and that does not accept new
72 members. And then there is a more rustic and organic layer, a sub-
73 humanity, that is clinging to the Earth. I do not feel part of that humanity.
74 I feel excluded from it.

75 For a long time, we have been told the story that we are humankind, and
76 we alienated ourselves from the Earth, the organism which we are a part
77 of, to the point that we started to think of them as separate things: the
78 Earth and humanity. I do not think that there is something that is not part
79 of nature. Everything is nature. The cosmos is nature. Everything I can
80 think of is nature.

Student Number	21346499	Text Number	3
----------------	----------	-------------	---

Source Text		Target Text	
Title	<i>Le vol des cerfs-volants</i>	Title	<i>Flying Kites</i>
Year Published	2021		
Author	Johanne Gagné, Mathieu De Muizon		
Language	French	Language	English
Word Count	1481	Word Count	1396
Description of Source Text • <i>understanding of source text</i> • <i>knowledge of genre within source contexts</i> • <i>situation of source text familiarity with the formal features of a text (language variation(s), register, dialect)</i> (200 words max)	- The source text is one of four short stories in “<i>Les droigts des migrants: 4 histoires de déracinement</i>” [The rights of migrants: 4 stories of displacement], a children’s book published by À dos d’âne’s, a French publishing house, in their “<i>Un monde pas à pas</i>” [The world step by step] collection. The books in this collection aim to make children reflect and learn about contemporary issues, such as women and children’s rights or environmental issues (À dos d’âne) The target readership for the series is francophone children from 10 years old (ibid). - The book is narrated in the 3rd person and follows the main character, Rafa, and his family on their last day in Afghanistan before they are forced to flee the country due to continuous terrorist attacks. - The style of the ST is informal and colloquial, as can be seen by the frequent use of direct speech. In fact, out of 142 total lines in the ST, 64 are direct speech, making up 45% of the text. - Ellipsis can be found on four different occasions (lines 44, 75, 91, and 126), which contribute to the sense of angst and urgency present throughout the whole text.		
Strategy • <i>identification of translation problems</i> • <i>knowledge of genre within target context and situation of target text</i>	- The target audience for my translation is children aged 10 to 14, in UK secondary schools. The aim of the translation is for it to be read in classrooms, as part of a lesson with the purpose of aiding the integration of refugees.		

• <i>justification of translation production of genre for target context</i> (200 words max)	- My goal is to make the translation feel more personal in comparison to the source text, which will be achieved by making the main character tell his own story as an adult, rather than having an external narrator. This will be done by: ○ transforming the narration of the text from 3rd person to 1st person, which will be achieved by changing personal pronouns and verb declinations ○ changing the tenses from <i>présent</i> [present] in French to past simple in English, to allow Rafa, the main character, now an adult, to talk about his life as a child.
Critical Reflection • <i>textual analysis</i> (200 words max)	- I asked a small sample audience of native English speakers to read and review my translation, initially without telling them about the changes in pronouns, narrator, and tenses. After telling them about my strategy, my audience confirmed that it was successful in creating a closer and more personal connection between the narrator and the reader, by having the main character tell his own story, rather than having an external 3rd person narrator. - Changing the pronouns was straightforward, and according to my sample audience, it was always clear to see who was talking, so I consider the strategy successful.
Works Cited • <i>use of sources and reference material</i>	- À dos d'âne. "Un monde pas à pas. Accessed April 28, 2022. https://www.adosdane.com/catalogue/un-monde-pas-a-pas - De Muizon, Mathieu, and Gagné, Johanne. 2021. Les droigts des migrants: 4 histoires de déracinement. Paris: À dos d'âne.

Source Text

Le vol des cerfs-volants

La cloche installée sur le mur au-dessus du bureau du maître se met à sonner. Une nouvelle journée d'école se termine. Sans attendre, Rafa range ses quelques effets dans son cartable et, comme tous ses autres camarades de classe, il se précipite vers la sortie.

Dehors, le soleil brille. Pas un seul nuage à l'horizon. Juste une douce brise qui se faufile dans les ruelles. Un courant d'air qui remonte le long des murs des maisons et fait danser les vêtements mis à sécher sur les terrasses des toits. En cette fin d'après-midi, les conditions sont idéales pour les duels de cerfs-volants.

Grâce à son grand-père qui lui a tout appris, Rafa est déjà expert dans l'art de sectionner en plein vol la ficelle du cerf-volant de ses adversaires ! Et du haut de ses 9 ans, il n'est pas rare qu'il affronte des jeunes de 14 ans, voire plus. Des joueurs connus dans tout Kaboul pour leur dextérité et leur agilité et qui, le plus souvent, viennent de Dehmazang, un quartier à flanc de colline, fréquemment balayé par des vents tourbillonnants.

Comme chaque jour, Rafa rentre à la maison, accompagné de ses amis, Aslan et Zaki. Habitant tout près les uns des autres, ils ne se quittent jamais. Alors que la discussion va bon train, des coups de feu éclatent au

Target Text

Flying Kites

1 The bell on the wall above the teacher's desk started ringing. Another
2 school day came to an end. Without waiting, I put my belongings in my
3 bag and, like all my classmates, hurried towards the exit.

4 Outside, the sun was shining. There wasn't a single cloud on the horizon,
5 only a light breeze that swept between the little alleyways. A draft of air
6 that travelled along the walls of houses and made clothes hung up to dry
7 dance. That late afternoon, the conditions were ideal for kite flying
8 battles.

9 Thanks to my grandad, who taught me everything, I was already an expert
10 in the art of cutting my adversaries' kites' threads in the air! And at only
11 9 years old, it wasn't rare for me to face 14-year-olds, or even older.
12 Famous players, known in all of Kaboul for their skill and agility and whom,
13 for the most part, came from Dehmazang, a neighborhood on the side of
14 the hill, often swept by heavy winds.

15
16
17 Like every day, I went home with my friends, Aslan and Zaki. We all lived
18 closed by and never left each other. While we were talking, we heard
19 gunshots in the distance. The three of us started running. Pale as ghosts,
20

loin. Les trois jeunes se figent. Livides, ils tendent l'oreille afin d'évaluer la distance qui les sépare du danger.

- Bah ! Encore un petit malin qui s'amuse avec des pétards, tente de les rassurer Aslan, le plus courageux du trio.

Soudain, une explosion retentit. Cette fois-ci, beaucoup plus près. Le vacarme et les vibrations alertent les chiens du quartier qui aussitôt s'affolent et se mettent à aboyer.

Inquiets, les habitants se ruent aux fenêtres, jettent un bref coup d'œil aux alentours puis ferment précipitamment les volets afin de se barricader. Des gestes qui, jour après jour, se répètent inlassablement. Un vent de panique s'empare des trois amis.

- Sauve qui peut ! hurle Zaki en prenant ses jambes à son cou, les deux autres compères dans son sillage.

Après quelques minutes de course, Rafa pousse enfin la porte de sa maison. À bout de souffle, il abandonne son cartable à l'entrée. Immobile, blanc comme une aspirine, le jeune garçon est encore sous le choc.

Dans la pièce principale qui sert à la fois de cuisine, de salle à manger et de séjour, sa mère est occupée à nettoyer les légumes pour le souper. En apercevant la mine apeurée de Rafa, elle accourt au-devant de son fils. Elle le prend dans ses bras et l'embrasse sur le front.

21 we started listening to determine the distance between us and the
22 danger.

23 - Ugh! Another little rascal having fun with fireworks, said Aslan, the
24 bravest of the group, to try to reassure us.

25 Suddenly, an explosion. This time, a lot closer. The commotion and the
26 vibrations alerted the dogs in the neighborhood, who immediately
27 started barking and going crazy.

28

29 Worried, people rushed to the windows, quickly looked around and then
30 hastily closed the shutters to barricade themselves inside. Movements
31 that, day after day, repeated themselves constantly. A state of panic
32 spread between me and my friends.

33 - Save yourselves! cried Zaki while running away, Aslan and I in his
34 footsteps.

35

36 After a few minutes of running, I finally pushed the door to my house
37 open. Out of breath, I left my backpack at the entrance. I was still in shock,
38 motionless and as white as a ghost.

39 In the main room – which we used as a kitchen, a dining room and a living
40 room – my mother was busy cleaning vegetables for dinner. Noticing the
41 scared look on my face, she ran up to me, took me in her arms and kissed
42 me on the forehead.

- Ne t'inquiète pas. Ça va aller, le réconforte-t-elle, dissimulant au mieux sa propre angoisse. Tu es en sécurité à la maison...

Non, personne n'est jamais vraiment armé pour faire face à cette violence.

Un peu plus loin, sa grand-mère est installée à table avec sa petite sœur, Taïba, assise sur ses genoux. Ancienne institutrice, elle apprend à lire à la jeune enfant d'à peine 4 ans. Elle lui enseigne des mots simples issus des deux seuls livres de contes qu'elle a pu sauver des talibans, ces extrémistes religieux qui avaient, dans les années 90, pris le pouvoir et interdit, à cette époque, les livres autres que le Coran.

- Tu sais, Rafa, ça fait longtemps que la folie s'est introduite dans la tête des hommes, et qu'elle a transformé leur cœur en pierre, lui explique sa grand-mère. Viens plutôt t'asseoir avec nous, mon garçon. Viens faire tes devoirs. Ça vaut mieux pour ce soir. Tu feras voler tes cerfs-volants demain, quand les esprits, dehors, se seront apaisés...

Déçu, Rafa regarde l'escalier qui mène à la terrasse du toit, là où il fait voler ses cerfs-volants. Le cœur serré, il se résigne, récupère son cartable et s'installe à table pour travailler. Heureuse de voir son grand frère les rejoindre, Taïba se met à frapper dans ses mains. Cette effusion de joie redonne le sourire au jeune garçon. L'atmosphère dans la pièce s'adoucit. Mais à peine la mère retourne-t-elle à sa corvée de légumes que la porte

43 - Don't worry. It's going to be okay, she comforted me while trying her
44 best to hide her own fear. You're safe at home...

45 No, no one is ever really capable of facing such violence.
46

47 A little further, my grandmother was sat down at the table with my little
48 sister Taïba on her knees. She was an old teacher, and she was teaching
49 her to read at just 4 years old. She taught her simple words from the only
50 two storybooks that she could save from the Taliban, the religious
51 extremists who took power in the 90s and banned all books except for
52 the Quran.

53 - You know, Rafa, it's been a long time since madness got to people's
54 heads, and transformed their hearts into stone, my grandmother
55 explained to me. Come sit with us, my boy. Come do your homework. It's
56 the best thing for today. You can fly your kites tomorrow, when the spirits
57 outside will have calmed down...
58

59 Disappointed, I looked at the stairs that led to the roof terrace, where I
60 used to fly the kites from. With my heart broken, I gave up, grabbed my
61 backpack and sat down at the table to work. Happy to see her big brother
62 join her, Taïba started to play with my hands. That outpouring of joy put
63 a smile back on my face. The atmosphere in the house lightened up. But
64

d'entrée s'ouvre avec fracas. Essoufflés, le grand-père et le père entrent et referment aussitôt derrière eux.

- Dieu soit loué ! Tout le monde va bien ! dit le père, soulagé de découvrir toute sa famille réunie. " y a eu un attentat à la mosquée pendant une cérémonie funèbre. Un kamikaze s'est faufilé parmi la foule venue rendre hommage au défunt. Un vrai carnage !

Dans la pièce, c'est l'effroi.

- Dieu du ciel ! s'exclame la mère, l'air accablé. Quel avenir peut-on espérer pour nos enfants dans ce pays ?

- Justement, annonce son mari, je viens d'avoir le feu vert du passeur. Il a dit que c'est pour ce soir...

En apprenant la nouvelle, la mère laisse échapper par terre la jatte remplie à ras bord des légumes tout juste nettoyés.

- Qu'est-ce que tu as, Maman ? demande Rafa, consterné. Et c'est quoi, cette histoire de passeur ?

- Ta mère et moi avons pris une grande décision. Nous avons vendu tous nos biens, la voiture, les bijoux de ta mère, pour pouvoir payer les services d'un passeur : un homme qui va nous aider à traverser en douce la frontière du pays.

- Pourquoi ? s'indigne Rafa. Et pour aller où ?

65 just when my mother went back to cleaning the vegetables, the door
66 opened with a bang.

67 Out of breath, my grandfather and my father came in and immediately
68 closed the door behind them.

69 - Praise be to God! Everyone is okay! said my dad, relieved to see his
70 whole family reunited. "There was an attack at the mosque during a
71 funeral. A kamikaze snuck into the crowd that went to pay their respects
72 to the deceased. A real massacre!

73 The room was filled with fright.

74 - My God! said my mother, overwhelmed. What future can our children
75 have in this country?

76 - Actually, announced my father, I just received the news from the
77 smuggler. He said it's tonight...

78 Upon hearing the news, my mother let the bowl full of the just prepped
79 vegetables fall.

80 - What is it, mom? I asked, worried. And what's this smuggler story?

81 - Your mother and I took an important decision. We sold all our
82 belongings, the car, your mother's jewelry, to be able to pay for a
83 smuggler: a man who is going to help us to secretly cross the border.

84 - Why? I asked, outraged. And to go where?
85
86

- Dans un pays où il fait bon vivre, continue le père. Un pays où règne la paix, où les journées ne sont pas rythmées par des conflits armés, par des attentats ou des bombardements.

Rafa fait la moue. Incrédule, il objecte : - Mais moi, je ne veux pas quitter mon école, mes amis...

Vu la tournure que prend la conversation, la grand-mère explique à Rafa à quoi ressemblait leur vie à Kaboul avant les guerres qui ont déchiré le pays, avant la prise du pouvoir par les talibans. Du temps où chacun était libre de ses opinions, libre de vivre sans avoir peur de se faire emprisonner.

- Lorsque tes parents avaient l'âge de Taïba, Kaboul était une ville grouillante de vie. La musique résonnait partout dans les rues. On pouvait aller à des concerts, boire un verre dans un bar, aller au cinéma. Les télévisions, les radios, les appareils photo ainsi que tous les livres étaient autorisés. Mais surtout, Rafa, les femmes avaient les mêmes droits que les hommes. Elles pouvaient, en toute sécurité, se promener seules dans les rues, faire des études universitaires et occuper les mêmes postes que les hommes. Puis les talibans ont pris le pouvoir, et tout est devenu interdit. Heureusement, ils ont été chassés à leur tour. Aujourd'hui, le pays reprend doucement vie, mais on n'est pas à l'abri que tout rebascule un jour. Crois-moi, pour toi, pour tes parents, mais encore plus pour ta petite sœur,

87 - In a country where one can have a good life, my dad continued. A
88 country where there is peace, where the days aren't dictated by armed
89 conflicts, attacks or bombings.

90 I started pouting. I couldn't believe it. I tried to protest: - But I don't want
91 to leave my school, my friends...

92

93 Seeing where the conversations was going, my grandmother explained to
94 me what their life in Kabul was like before the wars that destroyed the
95 country, before the Taliban took over. Times when everyone was free to
96 have their opinions, free of living without being scared of imprisonment.

97

98 - When your parents were Taïba's age, Kaboul was a city full of life. Music
99 could be heard in every street. You could go to concerts, have a drink in a
100 bar, go to the cinema. Television, radios, cameras, and all books were
101 allowed. But most importantly, Rafa, women had the same rights as men.
102 They could safely walk by themselves down the street, study at university
103 and have the same jobs as men. Then the Taliban seized power, and
104 everything was forbidden. Thankfully, they were chased out. Today the
105 country is slowly coming back to life, but there is not guarantee that one
106 day everything won't go back to how it was. Believe me, for you, your
107 parents and even more for your little sister, the future is elsewhere. Taïba

108

l'avenir est ailleurs. Taïba mérite d'aller à l'école comme toi et de faire de longues études, de décider de son avenir, d'exister en tant que fille.

- Et vous ? demande Rafa à ses grands-parents. Vous n'êtes pas tristes de quitter la maison, vos amis ? Et ton beau potager, Grand-père.... tu y as pensé?

Le grand-père, jusqu'ici silencieux, cherche les mots justes.

- Tu sais, l'histoire de notre vie est déjà grandement écrite, mon petit. On a donc décidé de rester ici. Puis, ta grand-mère et moi sommes trop vieux, trop fatigués pour entamer un si long voyage.

Submergé par la tristesse, Rafa se lève d'un bond et se jette au cou de son grand-père.

- Je crois que vous devriez vite préparer vos bagages, suggère la grand-mère. Il n'y a pas une minute à perdre.

- Dans ce cas, je vais aller chercher ma collection de cerfs-volants ! dit Rafa, la mort dans l'âme.

- Ce n'est pas possible, soupire sa mère. On ne doit prendre que l'essentiel, juste ce qui peut tenir dans le grand sac à dos de ton père...

Pour Rafa, l'idée d'abandonner ses magnifiques cerfs-volants fabriqués avec son grand-père est inconcevable.

- Hors de question ! tranche le jeune garçon. Je les porterai moi-même !

109 deserves to go to school like you and to receive an education, determine
110 her own future and exist as a girl.

111 - And you? I asked my grandparents. Aren't you sad to leave home, your
112 friends? And your beautiful garden, grandpa... have you thought about it?
113 My grandfather, who was silent until then, was looking for the right words
114 to say.

115 - You know, most of the history of our lives has already been written, my
116 boy. That's why we decided to stay here. And your grandmother and I are
117 far too old and tired to undertake such a long trip.

118

119 Overwhelmed by sadness, I quickly got up and threw myself in my
120 grandfather's arms.

121 - I think you should prepare your bags quickly, suggested my
122 grandmother. There isn't a moment to spare.

123 - In that case, I'm going to look for my kite collection! I said with a heavy
124 heart.

125 - That's not possible, sighed my mother. We can only take the essential,
126 only what can fit in your father's big backpack.

127 For me, the idea of leaving behind the beautiful kites that I built with my
128 grandfather was unconceivable.

129 - That's out of the question! I complained. I will carry them myself!

130

Refusant d'entrer dans une argumentation sans fin, les parents décident de concentrer leur énergie sur les derniers préparatifs. Quitter ceux que l'on aime est toujours une profonde déchirure, un arrachement.

Le moment fatidique du départ arrive. Le grand- père s'agenouille après de Rata. Avec douceur, il le déleste de sa charge encombrante.

- Les cerfs-volants n'ont plus aucun secret pour toi, lui dit le vieil homme. Ce savoir-faire est un trésor que tu emportes avec toi. Peu importe où tu iras, tu pourras en fabriquer de nouveaux. Moi, je te promets de continuer de faire voler ceux-ci. De cette manière, on se retrouvera dans l'immensité du ciel.

Résigné, les yeux noyés de larmes, Rata embrasse son grand-père une dernière fois, avant de rejoindre ses parents sur la route de l'exil.

131 Refusing to get into an impossible argument, my parents decided to focus
132 their energies on the final preparations. Leaving those you love is always
133 deeply painful that tears you apart.

134 The dreaded moment of departure arrived. My grandfather kneeled
135 down in front of me. Gently, he relieved my burden.

136 - Kites don't have any more secrets for you, he said to me. This skill is a
137 treasure that you carry with you. It doesn't matter where you go, you can
138 make new ones. I promise that I will continue flying the ones here. This
139 way, we will find each other in the immensity of the sky.

140 Feeling resigned and with tears in my eyes, I hugged my grandfather for
141 one last time, before joining my parents on the way to exile.
142

Student Number	21346499	Text Number	4
----------------	----------	-------------	---

Source Text		Target Text	
Title	<i>Brooklyn</i>	Title	<i>Brooklyn</i>
Year Published	2015		
Author	Colm Tóibín		
Language	English	Language	Italian
Word Count	142	Word Count	122
Description of Source Text • <i>understanding of source text</i> • <i>knowledge of genre within source contexts</i> • <i>situation of source text familiarity with the formal features of a text (language variation(s), register, dialect)</i> (200 words max)	- The ST is the transcript of a short scene from the 2015 movies <i>Brooklyn</i>, which is based on the namesake novel by Colm Tóibín. The movie was critically acclaimed, and it was ranked 48th on BBC's list "100 Greatest Films of the 21st Century" (BBC). It depicts the story of an Irish young woman leaving home to move to Brooklyn in the 1950s (Forbes). - This scene is a conversation between the main character, Eilish, and Father Flood, an Irish priest who also lives in Brooklyn. Eilis has only been in the USA for a couple of weeks, and is feeling homesick and struggling to fit in. Father Flood is there to comfort her, and give her words of advice. - Although both characters live in the United States, they both speak Irish English. The register of their conversation is informal, and the tone is colloquial.		
Strategy • <i>identification of translation problems</i> • <i>knowledge of genre within target context and situation of target text</i> • <i>justification of translation</i>	- My goal is to produce Italian subtitles for the movie, which will then be presented at the Irish Film Festa in Rome, a yearly event that celebrates Irish cinema in Italy. All movies presented during the festival are always shown in their original language with Italian subtitles (Irish Film Festa). My target audience is, therefore, Italian-speaking festival attendees who are interested in Irish culture. - My strategy consists in following Netflix's Subtitle Template. The technicalities I will have to follow are:		

<i>production of genre for target context</i> (200 words max)	○ Using a hyphen in the event of two speakers in a subtitle ○ Using ellipsis to indicate a pause in speech ○ 42 CPL limit ○ 20 CPS limit - For language related issues, Netflix refers to the Merriam-Webster dictionary and the Chicago Manual of Style. - I will create the subtitles on Subtitle Horse.
Critical Reflection • <i>textual analysis</i> (200 words max)	- Some technical aspects, such as using ellipsis, were easy and straightforward to apply. I had predicted having to use hyphens in conversations, but in the end, the need never occurred. - I didn't take into account that the 20 CPS limit could be hard to follow at times, when the speech utterance is very short. In those occasions, I decided to translate the core message of what was being said. For example "it'll be three nights a week and I paid you tuition for the first semester" (lines 15 and 20) was initially translated as "sarà tre volte a settimana, e ti ho pagato la retta per il primo semestre" [It'll be three nights a week and I paid you tuition for the first semester], which was too long. My final translation, then, became "tre volte a settimana, e ho pagato la retta per il primo semestre [three times a week, and I paid for the first semester]. The content is the same as that of the ST but meets the CPS requirement. -
Works Cited • <i>use of sources and reference material</i>	- BBC. "The 21st Century 100 greatest films". Accessed May 2, 2022. https://www.bbc.com/culture/article/20160819-the-21st-century-100-greatest-films - Cintas, Jorge Díaz and Remael, Aline. 2007. Audiovisual Translation: Subtitling. London and New York: Routledge. - Irish Film Festa. Accessed May 2, 2022.. https://www.irishfilmfesta.org/il-festival/

- | | |
|--|---|
| | <ul style="list-style-type: none">- Mendelson, Scott. Review: 'Brooklyn,' Starring Saoirse Ronan, Is A Masterpiece. Accessed May 2, 2022..
https://www.forbes.com/sites/scottmendelson/2015/11/04/review-brooklyn-starring-saoirse-ronan-is-a-masterpiece/?sh=524b516f2d6b- Netflix. "Timed Text Style Guide: Subtitle Timing Guidelines". Accessed May 2, 2022.
https://partnerhelp.netflixstudios.com/hc/en-us/articles/217350977-English-Timed-Text-Style-Guide |
|--|---|

Source Text		Target Text
<i>Brooklyn</i>		<i>Brooklyn</i>
FATHER FLOOD	1	1
I'd forgotten just how bad it feels to be away from home.	2	00:00:01,000 --> 00:00:03,875
	3	Avevo dimenticato
	4	quanto fosse brutto essere lontani da casa.
	5	
FATHER FLOOD	6	2
I've enrolled you in a night class.	7	00:00:04,709 --> 00:00:07,250
	8	Ti ho iscritta a un corso serale.
	9	
FATHER FLOOD	10	3
Book-keeping. Brooklyn College.	11	00:00:07,834 --> 00:00:09,792
	12	Contabilità. Brooklyn College.
	13	
FATHER FLOOD	14	4
It'll be three nights a week	15	00:00:10,125 --> 00:00:11,167
	16	Tre volte a settimana,
	17	
FATHER FLOOD	18	5
and I paid you tuition for the first semester.	19	00:00:11,334 --> 00:00:13,000
	20	e ho pagato per il primo semestre.

EILIS

Why?

FATHER FLOOD

"Why?" Not "thank you"?

EILIS

I'm sorry. Thank you. But...why?

FATHER FLOOD

I was amazed that someone as clever as you

FATHER FLOOD

couldn't find proper work at home.

21

22 6

23 00:00:14,167 --> 00:00:14,709

24 Perché?

25

26 7

27 00:00:15,459 --> 00:00:17,375

28 "Perché?" Non "grazie"?

29

30 8

31 00:00:18,000 --> 00:00:20,834

32 Perdonami, grazie. Ma... perché?

33

34 9

35 00:00:21,709 --> 00:00:23,667

36 Ero stupito che qualcuno intelligente come te

37

38 10

39 00:00:23,750 --> 00:00:25,292

40 non riuscisse a trovare lavoro a casa.

41

42 11

FATHER FLOOD

I've been here too long.

FATHER FLOOD

I forget what it's like in Ireland.

FATHER FLOOD

So when your sister wrote me about you

FATHER FLOOD

I said the Church would try to help.

FATHER FLOOD

Anyway, we need Irish girls in Brooklyn.

EILIS

43 00:00:26,750 --> 00:00:27,959

44 Sono qui da troppo tempo.

45

46 12

47 00:00:28,709 --> 00:00:30,417

48 Dimentico come vanno le cose in Irlanda.

49

50 13

51 00:00:31,834 --> 00:00:33,584

52 Quindi, quando tua sorella mi ha scritto

53

54 14

55 00:00:34,000 --> 00:00:35,542

56 ho detto che la Chiesa avrebbe aiutato

57

58 15

59 00:00:37,292 --> 00:00:39,834

60 In ogni caso, abbiamo bisogno

61 di ragazze irlandesi a Brooklyn.

62

63 16

64 00:00:40,459 --> 00:00:44,000

I wish I could stop feeling that I want to be an Irish girl in Ireland.

FATHER FLOOD

All I can say is that it will pass.

FATHER FLOOD

Homesickness is like most sicknesses.

FATHER FLOOD

It will make you feel wretched and then it will move on to somebody else.

65 Vorrei smettere di voler essere
66 una ragazza irlandese in Irlanda.

67

68 17

69 00:00:44,292 --> 00:00:46,750

70 Posso solo dire che passerà.

71

72 18

73 00:00:47,917 --> 00:00:50,000

74 La nostalgia è come la maggior parte delle malattie

75

76 19

77 00:00:50,792 --> 00:00:54,500

78 Ti farà sentire triste, e poi passerà a qualcun altro.

Student Number	21346499	Text Number	5
----------------	----------	-------------	---

Source Text		Target Text	
Title	<i>Il diario di Angelica Giannico</i>	Title	<i>Angelica Giannico's Diary</i>
Year Published	n/a		
Author	Angelica Giannico		
Language	Italian	Language	English
Word Count	1175	Word Count	1229
Description of Source Text • <i>understanding of source text</i> • <i>knowledge of genre within source contexts</i> • <i>situation of source text familiarity with the formal features of a text (language variation(s), register, dialect)</i> (200 words max)	- The ST is a collection of the author's diary entries in which she recalls the few days before leaving Italy with her family to emigrate to Argentina, the trip on the ship, and her first impressions upon arriving in the new country and being reunited with family and friends who were already there. - The ST is taken from an online archive called "Italiani all'estero – I diari raccontano" [Italians abroad – Diaries tell] (https://www.idiariiraccontano.org) which collects letters and diary entries from Italians who emigrated, from 1876 until the present day. - The text is a first-person narration, written 60 years after the events took place. The language used is a mixture of Standard Italian with regional dialect influences from Abruzzo, such as the use of the tense <i>passato remoto</i>, which is a tense used to describe "events in the past that have concluded and from which the speaker has acquired temporal distance" (Filippo, 2011), and which is mostly used in the southern regions of Italy (Vizmuller-Zocco, 1999, 474). The register is low, albeit occasionally using Latin expressions such as <i>ante litteram</i> [before the word] (line 124).		

Strategy • <i>identification of translation problems</i> • <i>knowledge of genre within target context and situation of target text</i> • <i>justification of translation production of genre for target context</i> (200 words max)	- My target audience is a group of Immigration Sciences university students attending an event about immigrants' experiences. I aim to transform the diary entries into a spoken monologue performed by the author herself. To emphasize the oral nature of the monologue, I will: ○ merge the four diary entries into one by omitting their individual titles; ○ change from the normal English sentence order SVO (Lauridsen 2020, 1) to SOV, to emphasize orally what in the ST is emphasized through the use of punctuation; ○ change any passages which refer directly to the written nature of the ST; ○ use ellipsis or incomplete sentences, marked by the sign "..." at the end of paragraphs, to represent longer pauses in the speech.
Critical Reflection • <i>textual analysis</i> (200 words max)	- My strategy allowed me to create a monologue which flows well and is natural. It was important that the TA wouldn't pick up on the original written nature of the text, and this was achieved by following the points in my strategy. For example: ○ eliminating the titles of the individual chapters of the story was necessary because in an oral speech, the TA would have been confused upon hearing sudden, random sentences separated from the rest of the talk. ○ changing the sentence "non so se è scritto bene" [I don't know if it's written well] (lines 76-77) to "I don't know if I'm pronouncing it right" (line 64) was necessary to meet my goal - Overall, I believe the TA would find the monologue an informative and adequate testimony of emigration for the setting where it will be presented.
Works Cited • <i>use of sources and reference material</i>	- Filippo, Michael San. "The Italian Passato Remoto." https://www.thoughtco.com/italian-remote-past-tense-2011716 Accessed April 30, 2022.

- | | |
|--|--|
| | <ul style="list-style-type: none">- https://www.idiariaccontano.org- Lauridsen, Freja Bang. 2020. "From SOV to SVO: Old Norse Influence on English Constituent Order". Leviathan: Interdisciplinary Journal in English 6: 22-48. doi: https://doi.org/10.7146/lev.v0i6.118859- Vizmuller-Zocco, Jana. "Il Sostrato Dialettale Nella Deriva Dell'italiano Neo-Standard." Italica 76, no. 4 (1999): 469–79. https://doi.org/10.2307/480252. |
|--|--|

Source Text

Il diario di Angelica Giannico

Al palazzo dell'Emigrazione di Genova

Dopo il suo matrimonio era lei che ci scriveva ripetutamente di trasferirci in Argentina. Mia madre così si convinse di raggiungerla, ma dovette, innanzitutto, convincere mio padre che già ci era stato da ragazzo presso suo zio. Data l'immensità delle sue proprietà aveva bisogno di un valido aiuto. Infatti, non era ancora maggiorenne quando papà andò in Argentina, diventando oltretutto, un grande domatore di cavalli selvaggi. Mio padre ripeteva continuamente che l'aria di quel paese gli faceva molto male.

Infine la partenza fu fissata per i primi di novembre e, dato che le olive maturavano verso la metà di questo mese, anticipammo la raccolta in modo da portare in Argentina il tanto pregiato olio d'oliva che risultò molto forte e aspro.

Dovevamo imbarcarci nel porto di Genova cosicché un nostro conoscente che aveva un camioncino un po' malandato, ci accompagnò con questo mezzo stracarico di tutto ciò che potevamo portare con noi: bauli, valigie

Target Text

Angelica Giannico's diary

1 I spent my childhood and teenage years in a small town in central Italy.
2 When my sister got married, she moved to Argentina. In her letters, she
3 always asked us to move there as well. My mother finally decided to join
4 her, but first she had to convince my father, who had already been there
5 as a young boy to work for his uncle, who needed a hand because his
6 property was immense. In fact, my dad wasn't even of age yet when he
7 went to Argentina, where he became a great wild horses trainer. But my
8 dad always said that the air of that country was bad for him...

9
10 At the end, our departure was set for the beginning of November. Since
11 olives usually ripen during mid-November, we decided to move up the
12 harvest, so that we could bring the precious oil to Argentina, although it
13 had resulted in it tasting very strong and bitter.

14
15 We had to embark from the port in Genoa, so an acquaintance who had
16 an old truck drove us there. It was full of everything we could take with
17 us: trunks, cardboard suitcases, and even two sewing machines, one for
18 me and one for Concetta.

19
20

di cartone e anche due macchine da cucire elettriche, una per me ed una per Concetta.

Con questo camioncino arrivammo al Palazzo Dell'Emigrazione di Genova, dove avremmo sostato per qualche giorno prima di imbarcarci. Io avevo sedici anni e le novità mi piacevano molto. Era certamente molto bello pernottare lì, consumare pasti completi. Vedevo tutto roseo! Forse adesso non vedrei le stesse cose allo stesso modo. C'erano tanti emigranti provenienti da ogni parte d'Italia. C'era tra di loro un bel ragazzo che cantava canzoni tristi, accompagnandosi con la chitarra.

Eravamo tutti in attesa di imbarcarci sulla nave argentina "Salta". Quell'attesa per me era molto piacevole. Come ho detto prima, si consumavano pasti completi, c'era addirittura il secondo, cosa che in casa mia in campagna non succedeva. Solo quando era festa si ammazzava qualche pollo, ma non sempre, i polli si dovevano vendere per ricavare qualche lira.

Credo che siamo rimasti nel Palazzo dell'Emigrazione per due, tre, quattro giorni, non ricordo bene! In tale occasione abbiamo visitato il cimitero monumentale di Staglieno.

21 With this truck we arrived to Genoa's Immigration office, where we
22 stayed for a few days before we left for Argentina. I was 16 years old, and
23 I loved new things. It was definitely nice to stay there and eat full meals.
24 I only saw a bright future ahead! Maybe now I wouldn't see things the
25 same way. There were a lot of immigrants from all over Italy. Among
26 them, there was a handsome boy who sang sad songs with his guitar.

27
28 We were all waiting to board the ship "Salta". I really enjoyed the waiting
29 period. As I just said, we had full meals and even multiple courses, which
30 never happened at my home in the countryside. Only when there were
31 celebrations we would kill some chickens, but not always, because
32 chickens had to be sold to make money.

33
34 I think we stayed in the Immigration office for two, three, four days, I'm
35 not sure. We also visited the Monumental Cemetery of Staglieno.

36
37 The day of departure came and for me, it was a unique and amazing new
38 experience.

39
40 Maybe I didn't realize what we were all going through. Almost all of us
41 were emigrating in hope to find some wealth and luck in some land far
42 away from our beloved Italy. We sailed through the strait of Gibraltar,

Mohamed

Arrivò il giorno dell'imbarco. Per me era un'esperienza unica, una novità magnifica.

Forse non mi rendevo conto del dramma che vivevamo tutti. Quasi tutti emigravano in cerca di un po' di benessere e di fortuna in terre lontane dalla nostra bella Italia. Si attraversava lo stretto di Gibilterra e, dato l'incontro di varie correnti, la nave ballava di brutto e quasi tutti, radunati sul ponte, vomitavano, io no!

Come ho già accennato, mio padre non voleva andare in Argentina perché già ci era stato e ripeteva continuamente che l'aria di quel paese gli faceva molto male.

Ritornando alla nave, superato lo stretto, si diresse verso il Portogallo ed approdò a Lisbona forse per imbarcare altri passeggeri, non so. Poiché la nave avrebbe sostato ivi per varie ore, la mia mamma, nonostante fosse analfabeta e nonostante i pochi soldi che servivano per iniziare una nuova vita in Argentina, ci fece girare per Lisbona in taxi. Ricordo con molto

43 where the different currents made the boat sway a lot and almost
44 everyone, ~~gathered~~ on deck, threw up, but not me!

45
46 [...]

47
48 After passing through the strait, the boat went towards Portugal and
49 stopped in Lisbon, maybe to let other passengers in, I'm not sure. Since
50 the boat was only going to stop there for a few hours, my mother,
51 although she was illiterate and although the little money we had was to
52 start our new lives in Argentina, let us drive around the city in a taxi. I
53 fondly remember this city because it was gorgeous and diverse due to
54 being located on top of a hill, if I remember correctly.

55
56 Once we resumed the journey, the next stop was the island of Madera.
57 The stop was short, and we stayed on board. But what struck me most
58 during this short stay were the many kids swimming around the ship,
59 asking for something. Afterwards, we travelled for many days across the
60 ocean. To pass time, I would sit on the deck and embroider sheets for the
61 *trousseau*, a bride's linen set. I may have been the only girl, and a pretty
62 one too, that put some effort into doing something.

63 I remember that there was an Arab man called Mohamed Musa Id Musa
64 – I don't know if I'm pronouncing it right - who was always around me.

piacere questa città che era bellissima e varia perché, mi pare, fosse situata su una collina.

Ripreso il viaggio, il secondo approdo fu nell'Isola di Madeira. La sosta fu breve e rimanemmo sulla nave. Però la cosa che più mi colpì durante questa breve sosta furono i tanti ragazzi che nuotavano vicino alla nave, chiedendo qualcosa. Dopo tale breve sosta, abbiamo viaggiato per vari giorni in pieno oceano. Io, per passare il tempo, sul ponte ricamavo un lenzuolo per il corredo. Forse ero l'unica ragazza, oltretutto graziosa, che si industriava a fare qualcosa.

Ricordo che c'era un arabo di nome Mohamed Musa Id Musa (non so se è scritto bene) che mi gironzolava intorno e si capiva dal suo comportamento che provava tanta ammirazione per me. Era pure un ragazzo belloccio, alto e snello, ma non mi piaceva.

Guarda che luna, guarda che mare

Intanto la nave si avvicinava all'Equatore ed era usuale festeggiare il suo attraversamento. Qualche giorno prima, ci furono grandi preparativi. Ognuno poteva esibirsi in qualcosa che sapeva fare bene. Io, sollecitata da mia madre, dato che mi piaceva cantare e tutti mi dicevano che avevo una

65 You could understand from his behavior that he really liked me. He was a
66 pretty boy, tall and slender, but I didn't like him.

67

68 In the meantime, the ship travelled closer to the Equator, and it was a
69 tradition to celebrate this. A few days before there was a great deal of
70 preparation. Everyone could perform something they knew to do really
71 well. I liked to sing, and everyone told me I had a nice voice so,
72 encouraged by mother, I said I would sing. I remember that a brother and
73 sister that came from nearby Milan were going to perform a rock and roll
74 dance.

75

76 The big night came, and I sang *Zingaro* by Dalida and *Ciao bambina* by
77 Domenico Modugno. When I was done there was a big round of applause
78 that I wasn't expecting and from that moment on, everyone looked at me
79 admiringly and benevolently. After the performances, people danced,
80 people drank and had fun. But let's not forget about my mother and the
81 Arab man, who both followed me everywhere and wouldn't leave me
82 alone for a single moment.

83

84 There were some boys that I liked and who invited me to dance, but every
85 time, Mohamed would show up and the other guy, disheartened, would
86 leave. Mohamed, maybe a bit drunk, would open his wallet and show all

bella voce, dissi che avrei cantato. Ricordo che due ragazzi dell'hinterland milanese, fratello e sorella si sarebbero esibiti nel ballo del rock and roll.

Arrivò la fatidica sera e cantai Zingaro di Dalida e Ciao bambina di Modugno. Quando finii vi fu uno scroscio di applausi che non mi aspettavo e da quel momento tutti mi guardavano con ammirazione e benevolenza. Dopo le esibizioni si ballò, si bevve e ci fu tanta allegria. Ma non dimentichiamoci dell'arabo e di mia madre che mi seguivano dappertutto e non mi lasciavano un attimo da sola.

C'era qualche ragazzo che mi piaceva e mi invitava a ballare ma, all'istante, si presentava Mohamed e il ragazzo scoraggiato se ne andava. Mohamed, forse anche un po' brillo, senza motivo, apriva il portafoglio e faceva bella mostra di tutti i dollari ivi contenuti. Insomma, per farla breve, questo tizio e mia madre non mi hanno fatto gustare né l'allegria di quella serata né quella delle serate successive. Infatti tutte le sere c'era qualche passatempo, soprattutto il ballo.

Nelle notti di luna piena ricordo con molta nostalgia la voce di Fred Buscaglione che cantava la canzone Guarda che luna guarda che mare e, sempre seguita da mia madre, contemplavo il cielo e il mare.

87 the dollars he had in it with no apparent reason. So, he and my mother
88 didn't let me enjoy that evening, nor the following ones, since every
89 evening there was something to do make time pass, especially dances.

90
91 During full moon nights, I fondly remember listening to Fred Buscaglione's
92 singing *Guarda che luna, guarda che mare* while contemplating the sky
93 and the sea, always followed by my mother.

94
95 The trip went on without any problems and we reached Rio de Janeiro,
96 Montevideo in Uruguay and finally Buenos Aires in Rio de la Plata. The trip
97 lasted around twenty-three or twenty-four days.

98
99 Thinking back, my mother also made us visit Rio from a taxi. From what I
100 can remember, we drove past the huge, large, infinite beach and then we
101 saw the statue of Christ the Redeemer towering over the whole city.

102
103 I was very happy to be able to see all of those wonders, and for that, I
104 have to thank my mother who, regardless of her illiteracy, understood
105 that we couldn't miss the chance to see all those beautiful places.

106
107
108

A casa di zia Isolina

Il viaggio continuò senza problemi e approdammo a Rio de Janeiro, poi a Montevideo in Uruguay ed infine a Buenos Aires a Rio de la Plata. Il viaggio durò circa ventitré o ventiquattro giorni.

Tornando un po' indietro, mia madre ci fece visitare anche Rio in taxi. Per quello che mi ricordo si costeggiò la spiaggia che era enorme, larghissima, infinita e poi vedemmo anche la statua del Cristo Redentore che dominava tutta la città.

Ero tanto felice di vedere quelle bellezze ed anche per questo devo dire grazie a mia madre che, nel suo analfabetismo, aveva compreso che quella era un'occasione da sfruttare e che dovevamo conoscere queste bellezze.

Era una grande donna, una femminista ante litteram, neanche da paragonare alle donne dei nostri tempi. Era lei che ha consentito a me e mio fratello di farci studiare, facendo enormi sacrifici impensabili ai tempi attuali.

A Montevideo la cosa che più mi colpì furono le enormi cataste di sacchi di caffè. Montevideo e Buenos Aires sono città vicinissime tanto che dopo

109 She was an amazing woman, a feminist ahead of her time, incomparable
110 to women from our time. She was the one who let me and my brother get
111 an education by making sacrifices that seem unthinkable today.

112
113 What caught my attention the most in Montevideo were the huge piles
114 of coffee bags. Montevideo and Buenos Aires are very close cities, so
115 much so that after a few hours of sailing we reached Buenos Aires.
116 Everyone was anxiously waiting for us at the port: my sister, our dear aunt
117 Isolina, my cousins and many friends. When we finally reached them, we
118 couldn't stop hugging and crying, overwhelmed by the emotion of seeing
119 each other again after a long time.

120
121 The trip ended at my aunt Isolina's house, who had prepared a delicious
122 lunch. We ate good foods, we laughed, and talked a lot about Italy.

123
124 It's been exactly 60 years. Like with all other human beings, life has given
125 me many different experiences, some good and some bad, but that trip
126 left an everlasting memory in me.

127

128

129

130

qualche ora di navigazione siamo arrivati a Buenos Aires. Al porto ci	131
attendevano con ansia tutti i parenti: mia sorella, la carissima zia Isolina, i	132
miei cugini e tanti amici. Quando ci avvicinammo a loro non finivamo mai	133
di abbracciarci piangendo per l'emozione e per la gioia di rivederci dopo	134
tanto tempo.	135
	136
Il viaggio si concluse a casa di mia zia Isolina la quale aveva preparato un	137
pranzo succulento. Abbiamo mangiato cose buone, abbiamo riso e parlato	138
tantissimo dell'Italia.	139
	140
Sono trascorsi da allora esattamente 60 anni, la vita come a tutti noi	141
comuni mortali, mi ha riservato svariate esperienze, alcune liete altre	142
dolorose ma quel viaggio ha lasciato in me un ricordo indelebile.	143

Student Number	21346499	Text Number	6
----------------	----------	-------------	---

Source Text		Target Text	
Title	<i>La migration</i>	Title	<i>Migration</i>
Year Published	2012		
Author	Natasha Kanapé Fontaine		
Language	French	Language	English
Word Count	150	Word Count	159
Description of Source Text • <i>understanding of source text</i> • <i>knowledge of genre within source contexts</i> • <i>situation of source text familiarity with the formal features of a text (language variation(s), register, dialect)</i> (200 words max)	- The ST is a poem by an Innu poet from Quebec. The poem talks about the displacement of native Americans in Canada and the author's journey back to her roots. - The poem is in free verse, thus not following a particular rhyme pattern; it is made up of six heterometric stanzas, that is, each stanza has a different length, for example, the first stanza is made of 6 lines, the second stanza of 4 lines, and the third stanza of 3 lines. The first line of each stanza begins with a capital letter, while the rest all begin with minuscule letters. - The author uses anaphora, which is a rhetorical device consisting in starting lines with the same words or sentences (lines 9-11; lines 13-14; lines 22-23). - The poem is characterized by the presence of names of Native American tribes and chiefs, such as "Oaxaca" (line 4), "Sitting Bull, Tecumseh, Pontiac" (line 35), and "Wounded Knee" (line 36). There is also a word in Haitian Creole, "gran nég" [important person] (line 27).		
Strategy • <i>identification of translation problems</i>	- As the ST presents itself as a mixture of different cultures and the presence of words in more than one language, the desired TA for this translation is English-speaking undergraduate and postgraduate students of a Comparative Literatures program. The goal is for the TT to be presented as part of a module on French colonial literature.		

• <i>knowledge of genre within target context and situation of target text</i> • <i>justification of translation production of genre for target context</i> (200 words max)	- I will try to keep the style of ST as much as possible in my translation. This comes with certain implications: ○ I will follow the author's choice to not capitalize the beginning of verses, even when that means breaking English grammatical rules, such as not using a capital letter when writing the personal pronoun "I" (lines 9-14) As the TA will already have some knowledge of the context and the different places and people mentioned in the poem, I will not try to explain their meaning any further; I will, however, italicize all of those words to emphasize their foreignness, even when the words are part of the English vocabulary (e.g. Mississippi (line 1)).
Critical Reflection • <i>textual analysis</i> (200 words max)	I had a sample audience of two readers: one from the United States, and one from England. The first one didn't have any problems understanding the text, as they were familiar with most of the names mentioned; the second reader, however, did not know them and as a consequence, could not understand all the hidden meanings and connotations of the poem. For this reason, I believe that the translation, although successful from a linguistic point of view, should have been targeted at academics and researchers in the field of colonial literature, as some references may be hard to know for students, especially undergraduates; it is still, however, a valid and helpful reading that could be provided as extra-curricular reading.
Works Cited • <i>use of sources and reference material</i>	- Fontaine, Natasha Kanapé. 2012. "La migration". Bleuets et abricot. Montréal: Mémoire d'encrier.

Source Text		Target Text
<i>La migration</i>		<i>Migration</i>
Je me nommerai Mississippi	1	I'll call myself <i>Mississippi</i>
Assiniboine	2	<i>Assiniboine</i>
Azueï	3	<i>Azueï</i>
Oaxaca	4	<i>Oaxaca</i>
j'aurai un nom de reine	5	i will have the name of a queen
ma fleur d'origine	6	my flower or origin
	7	
Je suis	8	I am
j'existe	9	i exist
je suis venue apporter la lumière aux nations	10	i came to bring the light to the nations
je suis venue avec la lumière	11	i came with the light
	12	
Je suis revenue pour rester	13	I came back to stay
je suis revenue pour prendre pays	14	i came back to reclaim the land
lui donner son nom de terre.	15	give it its rightful name
	16	
Moi	17	Me
femme d'entre toutes les femmes	18	woman in between all women
nation d'entre toutes les nations	19	nation in between all nations
je reprendrai le nom de mes ancêtres	20	i will retake the name of my ancestors

J'ai enfin retrouvé mon nom
 j'ai enfin retrouvé mon visage
 il voguait sur les eaux des océans
 il pleurait avec les boat people
 mangez mon corps et buvez mon sang
 voici le sacrifice du gran nèg
 qui a construit pays mien avec son front
 la sueur sur ses tempes
 la corne dans ses paumes
 les dents dans la canne

Mon nom mon visage
 pleurer les chevauchées
 Sitting Bull, Tecumseh, Pontiac
 sangloter Wounded Knee
 Alcatraz, Yucatan, Oka
 Elsipuktuk
 je suis revenue avec la lumière

21	
22	I finally found my name again
23	i finally found my face again
24	it sailed across the oceans' waters
25	it cried alongside the boat people
26	eat my flesh and drink my blood
27	here is the sacrifice of the important person
28	who built my country with his forehead
29	the sweat on his temples
30	the beetle on his palms
31	the teeth on the cane
32	
33	My name my face
34	crying over raids
35	<i>Sitting Bull, Tecumseh, Pontiac</i>
36	sobbing for <i>Wounded Knee</i>
37	<i>Alcatraz, Yucatan, Oka</i>
38	<i>Elsipuktuk</i>
39	i came back with the light

Student Number	21346499	Text Number	7
----------------	----------	-------------	---

Source Text		Target Text	
Title	<i>Imaginary Homelands</i>	Title	<i>Patrie immaginarie</i>
Year Published	1992		
Author	Salman Rushdie		
Language	English	Language	Italian
Word Count	520	Word Count	520
Description of Source Text • <i>understanding of source text</i> • <i>knowledge of genre within source contexts</i> • <i>situation of source text familiarity with the formal features of a text (language variation(s), register, dialect)</i> (200 words max)	The ST is an extract from an essay in which the author recalls visiting Bombay, his native city, after being away for 20 years. Upon arriving to his childhood home, he realizes it has changed from how he remembered it and what it looked like in the few pictures he had of it. This makes him feel unsettled and alienated from his own home country. Rushdie uses metaphors to portray the theme of alienation and nostalgia such as the photograph which hangs on the wall in his office (line 1), which represents his past when he still lived in India. Due to the nature of the text being an essay, the register is formal, and the style is academic.		
Strategy • <i>identification of translation problems</i> • <i>knowledge of genre within target context and situation of target text</i> • <i>justification of translation production of genre for target context</i> (200 words max)	The target audience is students of Postcolonial and Immigration studies in Italy. My goal is to create a translation that can be provided as an academic reading. For this reason, I will preserve the academic and formal tone of the source text and aim to keep the author's voice throughout the text. In order to achieve this, I will: - maintain the same structure of the essay (paragraphs, ellipsis, hyphens) - identify all metaphors and translate them by keeping the same elements - keep all geographical references the same, even if they may be unfamiliar to an Italian reader		

	- choose formal register words when present with multiple translation options.
Critical Reflection • <i>textual analysis</i> (200 words max)	There was an issue that surfaced that I had not taken into account in my strategy. In lines 2 and 3, the word “house” is repeated twice, and in line 3, the words “gabled affair” also refer to house. Initially, I translated all three words with “casa” [house], but I felt that in Italian, a repetition of the same word so close to each other did not work as smoothly as it does in English. Therefore, I used a synonym for the second occurrence and translated it with “edificio” [building] (line 3). In hindsight, this repetition problem, although not damaging to the intended goal, did set me back while translating, and a previously laid out strategy would have certainly proved useful. Writing using a formal and academic tone was not problematic, and the same can be said for translating metaphors. Overall, the strategy succeeded in creating a text suitable for university students that follows the author’s message and voice.
Works Cited • <i>use of sources and reference material</i>	Rushdie, Salman. 1992. Imaginary Homelands: Essays and Criticism 1981-1991. London: Penguin Books.

Source Text

Imaginary Homelands

An old photograph in a cheap frame hangs on a wall of the room where I work. It's a picture dating from 1946 of a house into which, at the time of its taking, I had not yet been born. The house is rather peculiar – a three-storeyed gabled affair with tiled roofs and round towers in two corners, each wearing a pointy tiled hat. 'The past is a foreign country, goes the famous opening sentence of L. P. Hartley's novel *The Go-Between*, 'they do things differently there.' But the photograph tells me to invert this idea; it reminds me that it's my present that is foreign, and that the past is home, albeit a lost home in a lost city in the mists of lost time.

A few years ago I revisited Bombay, which is my lost city, after an absence of something like half my life. Shortly after arriving, acting on an impulse, I opened the telephone directory and looked for my father's name. And, amazingly, there it was; his name, our old address, the unchanged telephone number, as if we had never gone away to the unmentionable country across the border. It was an eerie discovery. I felt as if I were being claimed, or informed that the facts of my faraway life were illusions, and that this continuity was the reality. Then I went to visit the house in the photograph and stood outside it, neither daring nor wishing to announce myself to its new owners. (I didn't want to see how they'd ruined the

Target Text

Patrie immaginarie

1 In uno dei muri della stanza dove lavoro, vi è una vecchia foto appesa in
2 una cornice economica. Si tratta di una foto di una casa scattata nel 1946,
3 quando non ero ancora nato. L'edificio è decisamente particolare – una
4 casa a tre piani, un tetto a spioventi con tegole e delle torri rotonde in
5 due angoli, entrambe che indossano un cappello a punta. 'Il passato è un
6 paese estero', narra la famosa frase iniziale del racconto *The Go-Between*
7 di L.P. Hartley, il quale continua 'fanno le cose diversamente, qui.' Ma la
8 foto mi dice di trasmettere questa idea; mi ricorda che è il mio presente a
9 essere straniero, e che il passato è casa, nonostante sia una casa persa, in
10 una città persa, nelle nebbie di un tempo perduto.

11
12 Un paio di anni fa ho rivisitato Bombay, che è la mia città persa, dopo
13 un'assenza di circa metà della mia vita. Poco dopo essere arrivato, ho
14 impulsivamente aperto l'elenco telefonico e ho cercato il nome di mio
15 padre. E incredibilmente, era lì; il suo nome, il nostro vecchio indirizzo, il
16 numero di casa non cambiato, come se non fossimo mai andati
17 nell'innominabile paese dall'altra parte del confine. È stata una scoperta
18 inquietante. Mi sono sentito come rivendicato, o mi fosse stato detto che
19 i fatti della mia vita passata, lontana da lì fossero illusioni, e che questa
20 versione fosse la realtà. Inseguito, sono andato a visitare la casa nella foto

interior.) I was overwhelmed. The photograph had naturally been taken in black and white; and my memory, feeding on such images as this, had begun to see my childhood in the same way, monochromatically. The colours of my history had seeped out of my mind's eye; now my other two eyes were assaulted by colours, by the vividness of the red tiles, the yellow-edged green of cactus-leaves, the brilliance of bougainvillaea creeper. It is probably not too romantic to say that that was when my novel *Midnight's Children* was really born; when I realized how much I wanted to restore the past to myself, not in the faded greys of old family-album snapshots, but whole, in CinemaScope and glorious Technicolor.

Bombay is a city built by foreigners upon reclaimed land; I, who had been away so long that I almost qualified for the title, was gripped by the conviction that I, too, had a city and a history to reclaim.

It may be that writers in my position, exiles or emigrants or expatriates, are haunted by some sense of loss, some urge to reclaim, to look back, even at the risk of being mutated into pillars of salt. But if we do look back, we must also do so in the knowledge – which gives rise to profound uncertainties – that our physical alienation from India almost inevitably means that we will not be capable of reclaiming precisely the thing that

21 e sono rimasto fuori in piedi, senza ne azzardarmi ne volermi presentare
22 ai suoi nuovi proprietari (non volevo vedere come avevano rovinato
23 l'interno). Ero sopraffatto. La foto era, ovviamente, stata scattata in
24 bianco e nero; e la mia memoria, nutrendosi di immagini del genere,
25 aveva in iniziato a vedere la mia infanzia alla stessa maniera,
26 monocromatica. I colori della mia storia erano scivolati via dall'occhio
27 della mia mente; ora, i miei altri due occhi venivano aggrediti dai colori,
28 dalla vividezza delle tegole rosse, dal verde ingiallito delle foglie di cactus,
29 dal brillare della rampicante *bougainvillae*. Probabilmente non è molto
30 romantico affermare che è stato quello il momento in cui è davvero nato
31 il mio romanzo *Midnight's Children*; quando ho realizzato quanto volessi
32 riportare il passato a me stesso, non nel grigiastro dei vecchi album di
33 famiglia, ma nella loro interezza, come con le lenti Cinemascope e
34 Technicolor.

35
36 Bombay è una città costruita da stranieri su una terra reclamata; io, che
37 sono stato via per così tanto tempo che ho quasi ottenuto quel titolo, ero
38 convinto che anche io avevo una città e una storia da recuperare.

39
40 È possibile che gli scrittori nella mia posizione, esiliati o emigranti o
41 espatriati, siano torturati da un senso di perdita, un bisogno di reclamare,
42 di guardarsi indietro, anche con il rischio di venire trasformati in colonne

was lost; that we will, in short, create fictions, not actual cities or villages,
but invisible ones, imaginary homelands, Indias of the mind.

43 di sale. Ma se ci guardiamo indietro, dobbiamo farlo anche nel nostro
44 sapere – il che dà vita a profonde incertezze – che la nostra alienazione
45 fisica dall'India vuol quasi inevitabilmente dire che non saremo capaci di
46 reclamare esattamente ciò che è stato perso; in sostanza, creeremo
47 finzioni, non città o villaggi veri, ma invisibili, patrie immaginarie, India
48 della memoria.

Student Number	21346499	Text Number	8
----------------	----------	-------------	---

Source Text		Target Text	
Title	<i>O Homem; As Viagens</i>	Title	<i>The man and his travels</i>
Year Published	1973		
Author	Carlos Drummond de Andrade		
Language	Portuguese	Language	English
Word Count	247	Word Count	281
	The ST is a poem part of the Modernist literary moviment in Brazil (Rufinoni, 2014). The poem talks about people’s desire to conquer more the world and eventually other planets, in order to not think about the dissatisfaction they feel in their daily lives. The author uses the following rhetorical devices: - anaphora: the same words are repeated at the beginning of different lines (lines 37-39). - epistrophe: the same words are repeated at the end of different lines (lines 5-12). - repetition: same word multiple times (lines 31-33) - enjambement: splitting up a sentence in two different lines (lines 48-49) The poem is made up of seven stanzas of different lengths; it’s a free verse poem with no rhyme scheme. The author created made-up words that, although don’t exist in the Portuguese language, sound real because they follow grammar rules, such as:		

	- “<i>insiderável</i>” (line 46) which is made up of “in” for negation, “siderar” [destroy], and “ável” which is a Portuguese suffix used to create adjectives from verbs (Priberam Dictionary); - “<i>dangerosíssima</i>” (line 57) with the suffix “-íssimo” which gives adjectives a superlative value (Priberam Dictionary). The Latin word “idem” [same] is repeated three times (lines 31-33).
Strategy • <i>identification of translation problems</i> • <i>knowledge of genre within target context and situation of target text</i> • <i>justification of translation production of genre for target context</i> (200 words max)	The translation will be part a new Irish poetry and translation academic journal. In the collection, each poem will be translated into English, and presented with its ST next to it. With this goal in mind, the TA will be literature enthusiasts who all speak English and possibly other foreign languages. I want to produce a translation which is loyal to the ST, and to do this I will: - keep the same rhetorical devices of anaphora, epistrophe, repetition and enjambement; - create English sounding words for the fake Portuguese words; - keep the Latin words in Latin to match the academic audience.
Critical Reflection • <i>textual analysis</i> (200 words max)	This translation successfully meets the goals laid out in the strategy. Firstly, it is loyal to the ST in terms of structure and use of rhetorical devices, for example I kept the enjambement in lines 48-49, nonetheless of changing the word order (PT: falso touro // Espanhol domado [fake bull // Spanish tamed] → EN: fake Spanish // tamed bull). Secondly, I created words that sounded realistic and were understandable, although not being real English nouns. For example, <i>insiderável</i> (line 46) refers to something being hard to destroy, to break. I translated this term with

	“undistractable” (line 46), because it has the negative prefix “un-”, the adjective suffix “-able”, and the fake noun “distract”. A reader from my target audience, with knowledge and interest for foreign languages and translation, would likely understand that there is a structure to the fake words. I believe that overall, the TT fits well in its literary journal setting, and it would meet the expectations of the readers.
Works Cited • <i>use of sources and reference material</i>	- Drummond de Andrade, Carlos. 1973. “O Homem; As Viagens”. As impurezas do branco. São Paulo: Companhia Das Letras. - Ruffinoni, Simone Rossinetti. 2014. “Mário e Drummond: nacionalismo, alteridade, arte”. Estudos avançados 28 (80): 247-264

Source Text		Target Text
<i>O Homem; As Viagens</i>		<i>The Man and His Travels</i>
O homem, bicho da terra tão pequeno	1	The man, a beast of the earth so small
Chateia-se na terra	2	Is bored on the earth
Lugar de muita miséria e pouca diversão,	3	Place of a lot of misery and little fun,
Faz um foguete, uma cápsula, um módulo	4	He makes a rocket, a spacecraft, a pod
Toca para a lua	5	Moves to the moon
Desce cauteloso na lua	6	Cautiously lands on the moon
Pisa na lua	7	Steps on the moon
Planta bandeirola na lua	8	Plants a flag on the moon
Experimenta a lua	9	Experiments the moon
Coloniza a lua	10	Colonizes the moon
Civiliza a lua	11	Civilizes the moon
Humaniza a lua.	12	Humanizes the moon
	13	
Lua humanizada: tão igual à terra.	14	Humanized moon: it's the same as the earth.
O homem chateia-se na lua.	15	The man is bored on the moon.
Vamos para marte - ordena a suas máquinas.	16	Let's go to mars – he orders his machines.
Elas obedecem, o homem desce em marte	17	They obey, the man lands on mars
Pisa em marte	18	Steps on the moon
Experimenta	19	Experiments
Coloniza	20	Colonizes

Civiliza

Humaniza marte com engenho e arte.

Marte humanizado, que lugar quadrado.

Vamos a outra parte?

Claro - diz o engenho

Sofisticado e dócil.

Vamos a vênus.

O homem põe o pé em vênus,

Vê o visto - é isto?

Idem

Idem

Idem.

O homem funde a cuca se não for a júpiter

Proclamar justiça junto com injustiça

Repetir a fossa

Repetir o inquieto

Repetitório.

Outros planetas restam para outras colônias.

O espaço todo vira terra-a-terra.

21 Civilizes

22 Humanizes mars with ingenuity and art.

23

24 Mars humanized, what a square place.

25 Let's go somewhere else?

26 Of course – says ingenuity

27 Sophisticated and docile.

28 Let's go to Venus.

29 The man puts his foot on Venus,

30 See the seen– is it this?

31 Idem

32 Idem

33 Idem.

34

35 The man will get silly if he doesn't go to Jupiter

36 Proclaim justice alongside injustice

37 Repeat being at rock bottom

38 Repeat the restless

39 Repetitive.

40

41 Other planets remain for other colonies.

42 The whole space became as the earth, like the earth.

O homem chega ao sol ou dá uma volta
 Só para tiver?
 Não-vê que ele inventa
 Roupa insiderável de viver no sol.
 Põe o pé e:
 Mas que chato é o sol, falso touro
 Espanhol domado.

Restam outros sistemas fora
 Do solar a col-
 Onizar.
 Ao acabarem todos
 Só resta ao homem
 (estará equipado?)
 A difícilima dangerousíssima viagem
 De si a si mesmo:
 Pôr o pé no chão
 Do seu coração
 Experimentar
 Colonizar
 Civilizar
 Humanizar

43	The man goes to the sun or goes around
44	Just to haver?
45	He sees that he creates
46	Undistractable clothes living in the sun.
47	He puts his foot and:
48	How boring is the sun, false Spanish
49	Tame bull.
50	
51	There are other systems left outside
52	The solar one to co-
53	lonize
54	When they're all gone
55	All that is left for men
56	(will he be equipped?)
57	Is the difficult and dangerous journey
58	From self to self:
59	Put your foot on the ground
60	Of your heart
61	Experiment
62	Colonize
63	Civilize
64	Humanize

O homem

Descobrimo em suas próprias inexploradas entranhas

A perene, insuspeitada alegria

De con-viver.

65 The man

66 Discovering his own, unexplored self

67 The constant, unsuspecting joy

68 Of co-living.