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The Delightful and the Divine

Trinity College Dublin

MPhil in Literary Translation

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Introduction

This portfolio is an exploration of the delightful and the divine. By the divine, I intend the creator, source and also creativity.

There are a number of multimodal texts, in the form of picture books, a spiritual text with images and a Valentine's verse with graphics.

The portfolio offered a fantastic opportunity to experiment creatively and to experience translating different types of texts.

It was fitting to adapt Antoine de Saint-Exupéry's *Le Petit Prince* [The Little Prince] eighty years after it was first published in 1943.

And timely to be able to consult Shakespeare's First Folio of 1623 when translating Dovizi's *La Calandria* (1513) into Early Modern English, Shakespearean English. It recently went on display at Trinity College Dublin, as part of the 'First Folio' global four hundred year celebrations and is available to consult online.



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*I will use the following abbreviations in my translation briefs: ST: source text; TT: target text; TA: target audience; TL: target language; OED: Oxford English Dictionary.

Student Number	21345038	Text Number	1
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Source Text		Target Text	
Title	<i>Radio Magia</i>	Title	<i>Radio Days</i>
Year Published	2023		
Author	Valerio Aiolli		
Language	Italian	Language	English
Word Count	363	Word Count	921
Description of Source Text • <i>understanding of source text</i> • <i>knowledge of genre within source contexts</i> • <i>situation of source text</i> <i>familiarity with the formal features of a text (language variation(s), register, dialect)</i> (200 words max)	The ST is the first three paragraphs of this coming-of-age fictional novel (139 pages) set in Italy in the late 1970s. The story is told in the first person narrative. The TA are 12 – 17 year olds and adult readers with a love of seventies music culture. The sentences vary in length, of nineteen sentences, five were in the (6 – 13) word range, eight in the (18-28) range and four in the (29-37) range, one sentence was forty-three words in length and the longest sentence contained sixty words. The novel is highly descriptive e.g. line 3, “nell’androne stretto e buio, con le cassette per la posta cosparse di adesivi invecchiati e di etichette sovrapposte’ [the narrow, dark hallway, with letterboxes strewn with aged stickers and overlapping labels]. A detailed description is given about the character’s Summer holidays. The ST register is generally informal e.g. “Michele si era rosolato sulle spiagge” [Michele had tanned on the beaches] “rosolato” [browned/roasted] generally used in reference to how food is cooked. Aiolli uses parenthesis as a device to add additional information for the reader to understand the narrator’s thoughts. He references Pink Floyd (rock band) and their song lyrics to create the atmosphere of the illegal radio station, the subject of the novel and to connect us with the time period. Aiolli uses italics to alert the reader to significant events e.g. “<i>notte di Gilles</i>” [Gille’s night].		
Strategy • <i>identification of translation problems</i>	The TT is the first scenes, Act 1, coming-of-age screenplay set in Suburban Boston, 1978. The TA is English speaking teenagers that consume American films. I will:		

• <i>knowledge of genre within target context and situation of target text</i> • <i>justification of translation</i> <i>production of genre for target context</i> (200 words max)	• adherence to screenplay formatting rules e.g. Fade in, shots, action and dialogue etc. with aid of Celtx, screenplay formatting software. • use screenwriting guidance from Rainey (2005:23), • Dialogue (short sentences) • “Show, don’t tell”, give descriptions of what the viewer will see e.g. “Narrator throws himself onto the nearest green corduroy beanbag”. • Take brief descriptions of characters Summers in ST and turn into dialogue in TT. • use informal register to reflect America teenage language, e.g. “ain’t that right”. • retain Narrator voice in TT through use of voice-over. Following Reichman (2004:36), I will: • specify Time and Place – through reference to place-names and music. • I will position the screenplay in Boston area and substitute holiday locations in ST for similar locations in TT e.g. Elba Island -> Martha’s Valley (similar distance from where story based); London -> New York (capitals); Cote d’Azur -> Miami Beach (both seaside resorts of rich and famous). Via della Torre [Tower Street] will be translated literally as there is a Tower Street in Boston. • I will reference Pink Floyd in TT in fade in 3, 7, 8 and 10 to mirror action, capture time period and radio station atmosphere. • introduce all the principal characters and one of the subplots e.g. <i>notte di Gilles</i> [Gille’s night].
Critical Reflection • <i>textual analysis</i> (200 words max)	The descriptive narrative of ST lent itself to adaptation as a screenplay. These descriptions can be seen in the TT Fade Ins. The reference to Pink Floyd music carried well into the TT and would effectively create the atmosphere of the pirate radio station in a movie based on the screenplay. The device of narrator’s voice-over in TT is reminiscent of the 1986 coming-of-age movie, <i>Stand by Me</i> based on <i>The Body</i> by Stephen King and effectively draws the audience into the story.

	However, it is unclear if the TA would be interested in the subject matter. They may find it hard to connect with the concept of a pirate radio station when they rarely listen to radio. Also while the strategy was to adapt the screenplay into American English for this TA, the TT did not achieve the fluency required. While American English phrases are used, the TT language seems slightly forced. The screenplay would benefit from the input of someone familiar with American English of this period (late nineteen seventies). While the TA was American teenagers, the TT may appeal more to an older TA (fifty plus) who grew up in the nineteen-seventies and are looking for a nostalgic movie experience.
Works Cited • <i>use of sources and reference material</i>	Aiolfi, Valerio. 2023. Radio Magia. Rome: Minimum Fax. Rainey, John Winston. 2005. "Writing Style That Sells Show. Don't Tell." <i>Hollywood Scriptwriter</i> 25 (5):23. Reichman, Rick. 2004. "First-Scene Essentials for Your Screenplay." <i>The Writer</i> (Kalmbach Publishing Co.) 117 (1):36. https://stephenking.com/works/movie/stand-by-me.html

Source Text***Radio Magia***

Subito dopo cena avevo preso la bicicletta e in cinque minuti ero arrivato lì, in via della Torre.

Il portone era aperto, non avevo neanche avuto bisogno di usare le chiavi.

Mentre entravo nell'androne stretto e buio, con le cassette per la posta cosparse di adesivi invecchiati e di etichette sovrapposte, mi ero chiesto se avessimo ancora diritto di possederle, quelle chiavi.

Cos'era ormai via della Torre, per noi?

Non più la casa di Caputo.

Target Text***Radio Days***

(V.O. = Voice Over)

FADE IN: LATE AFTERNOON

1 BEIGE FRONT DOOR, AMERICAN SUBURBAN HOUSE -
LATE AFTERNOON

Narrator pulls door of American suburban house, inside the sound of dinner dishes being cleared and male and female talking, TV on "I love Lucy", re-run. Narrator takes purple bicycle and is seen cycling fast through suburban Boston until he reaches Tower Street.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

Non più, salvo quella sera, la sede di una radio. In un certo senso eravamo clandestini. L'importante però, almeno per quell'ultima volta, era esserci.

E giù, in quella sala riunioni che dalla *notte di Gilles* non era stata più la stessa, alla luce della lampadina nuda che penzolava dal soffitto, c'erano già tutti.

Qualcuno abbronzato, qualcuno più pallido che in inverno, ma tutti e sette apparentemente felici e dimentichi di quella notte, oltre che di ciò che era successo dopo e del motivo per cui ci eravamo dati appuntamento lì.

Ridevano, si davano sulla voce, con quell'allegria sopra le righe che sempre sfoderavamo al ritorno dalle vacanze, quando sembrava volessimo dimostrare di essere diventati grandi abbastanza da poter fare finalmente un passo fuori dal pantano dell'adolescenza, da quel liceo che non finiva mai, da quelle famiglie che erano come un manto protettivo e opprimente poggiato sulle nostre spalle.

Li salutai uno per uno con pacche e mezzi abbracci, e mi provai ad adottare lo stesso loro atteggiamento, ascoltando e domandando e sorridendo e ammiccando.

Toppa era salito a Londra da Eleanor (con cui non si era mai capito se aveva o no una storia) per annusare un po' di punk.

2 TOWER STREET - LATE AFTERNOON 2

Narrator throws purple bike against wall hurriedly. Music fades in as he pushes open the door. he enters a narrow dark shabby hallway with letterboxes strewn with aged stickers and overlapping labels.

NARRATOR: (V.O.)

What did Tower Street even mean to us now? It was no longer Caputo's house, no longer...except that night, the home of a radio station. In a certain sense we were illegals ...the important thing however, at least for the last time, was to be there.

3 MUSIC GETS LOUDER - PINK FLOYD, "WISH YOU WERE HERE"

Narrator braces himself in hallway, opens door and enters the basement.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

4 BASEMENT - LIT WITH A SOLITARY BARE LIGHT DANGLING FROM THE CEILING.

Il Gipo nei fine settimana era stato ospite nella casa in Versilia della Maura, costretti a dormire in camere separate col padre insonne che impediva di fatto movimenti notturni.

Caio si era dato alla pesca alla trota sul Santerno, con risultati indimostrabili. Saracco aveva accompagnato suo padre per una settimana in Costa Azzurra, dove avevano dilapidato i risparmi di un paio d'anni, ritrovandosi poi in difficoltà per le spese di ogni giorno.

Del Neri aveva approfondito l'esplorazione delle miniere abbandonate sull'isola d'Elba, raccogliendo un buon bottino di cristalli.

Luca aveva suonato il basso in un'orchestra di liscio sulla riviera adriatica facendo, come dicevano lì, dei «bei soldi».

Michele si era rosolato sulle spiagge sbiancate dal carbonato di calcio della Solvay (ma era pericoloso farci il bagno?) a due passi dalla casa al mare della sorella.

Io avevo attraversato la Spagna post-franchista in camper con i miei, scattando decine di fotografie a contadini che caricavano il grano sui carri con i forconi.

Laughter and animated conversation, with one person speaking louder than the other.

NARRATOR: (V.O.)

It has never been the same in this basement, not since Gille's night. Everyone's already here. Some tanned, some paler than in Winter. But all seven seemingly happy and forgetting of that night. Forgetting as well of what happened afterwards...and why we agreed to meet here.

NARRATOR:

Hey Toppa! How was your Summer?

(Narrator giving Toppa a pat on the back and a half hug)

TOPPA:

Not bad...not bad at all. I went to New York, stayed with Eleanor. You know...(Toppa winks) And we sniffed out some Punk.

(Narrator smiles back at Toppa
wrly)

Improvvisamente sentii che non eravamo lì per fare così.

Non eravamo lì per essere così

5 NARRATOR THROWS HIMSELF ONTO THE NEAREST
GREEN CORDUROY BEANBAG, NEXT TO GIPO.

NARRATOR:

Hey Gipo, seriously does anyone
know what's up with Toppa and
Eleanor, are they together or what?

GIPO:

(shrugs)

Does anyone know? I don't think they
even know.

NARRATOR:

(changing topic)
So how was Concord?

GIPO:

You know, same old same. Maura's
old man patrolling the corridors at
night, feigning insomnia. Fat chance
of any action! You know what I
mean!

NARRATOR:

(laughing)

Poor Gipo, still no luck.

6 IN THE CORNER OF THE ROOM, CAIO AND SARACCO ARE SITTING AROUND A SMALL TABLE. Saracco is showing Caio some Polaroid photos from Miami Beach.

CAIO:
You must be kidding?!
(laughing out-loud)
For real?

SARACCO:
Yep sure, every last cent. My old man blew our savings on a good time in Miami Beach. He can't remember half of it. Neither can I. In the end we could barely scrape together enough for a sandwich. Lucky we had our return tickets booked. I never want to see Florida again, ever. Not like you Caio! Now you've got it sorted! The quiet life, trout fishing on the Connecticut River. Next year I'll take up fishing.

CAIO:
No, you won't Saracco. You're just like your old man. You always will be. Fast cars, casinos, living on the edge. At least you have something to show for your Summer.

Some mad memories. What do I have?
Absolutely nothing. Nothing to show.
I didn't even catch a fish!
(They laugh jovially)

SARACCO:
(shouting)
Yo Luca!

7 LUCA AND DEL NERI, STAND BY A WOODEN CHEST
FULL OF ALBUMS.

Filing through the vinyls. Del Neri looks up,
holding Pink Floyd in his hand. He is leaning
with his back against a formica table with
stickers, song lyrics, band names
and scribbles plastered all over it,
including a heart with an arrow through it
"Toppa loves Eleanor", and underneath that
a question mark.

SARACCO:
(shouting louder this time)
Yo Luca. I hear you're loaded after
the Summer. You made some big bucks.
Playing bass with a ballroom dancing
orchestra, ain't that right?

LUCA:
Not bad, not bad. As they say in
Cape Cod, I made some "nice money".

I got more in my pocket than you
have, that's for sure,
(Luca and Del Neri laugh)
(looking at Saracco, Del Neri
half whispers)

DEL NERI:
Nice one!

SARACCO:
Ouch that hurts!
(Saracco feigns hurt at Luca's
retort,)
(Saracco makes hand gesture of
a knife stabbing his heart)

SARACCO:
So Del Neri any luck at Martha's
Vineyard? I hear Michele hung out at
his sister's beach house. Right
Michele? Lying on the beach, working
up your tan.
(Saracco winking at the group)
What about you Del Neri, any babes?

DEL NERI:
(Del Neri laughs off the
question)

Tell you what I did find was a sack
load of crystals.

8 DEL NERI EMPTIES HIS POCKETS ONTO THE
FORMICA TABLE

He shows Saracco and Luca some of his prize
possessions. For a moment the whole group
stare, transfixed by their sheer beauty.
"Shine on you crazy diamond", Pink Floyd
plays on the radio.

(and the group think back to
something sad that happened not
long before)

FADE OUT.

9 FADE IN: EXTERIOR IMAGE. BRIGHT SUN
LIGHT, SOUTHERN MEXICO, DUSTY ROAD.

Narrator's parents with flask, drinking
coffee, standing beside orange VW camper van.
Narrator holding Kodak Instamatic 133 camera,
taking photographs of peasants loading carts
with pitchforks.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
I thought back to
Summer...travelling
through southern Mexico in a VW with

my parents.

FADE OUT.

10 FADE IN: BASEMENT, RADIO STATION,
SOLITARY LIGHT BULB DANGLING.

Pink Floyd, "Shine on you crazy diamond" is
still playing. Verse four lyrics fill the
room, "Threatened by shadows at night and
exposed in the light".

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Suddenly I was pulled back into the room I
felt we weren't there to do that. We weren't
there to be like that. At least that
evening.

Student Number	21345038	Text Number	2
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Source Text		Target Text	
Title	<i>Anam Cara: Spiritual Wisdom from the Celtic World</i>	Title	Una Benedizione Celtica
Year Published	1997		
Author	John O'Donohue		
Language	English	Language	Italian
Word Count	98	Word Count	104
Description of Source Text • <i>understanding of source text</i> • <i>knowledge of genre within source contexts</i> • <i>situation of source text</i> <i>familiarity with the formal features of a text (language variation(s), register, dialect)</i> (200 words max)	The ST is from <i>Anam Cara</i> [Soul Friend]: <i>Spiritual Wisdom from the Celtic World</i> by John O'Donohue, a poet, theologian and philosopher. A literal translation of the title from Irish is anam [soul], cara, [friend]. However, the meaning is more nuanced than this. It is in the context and culture of the Celtic tradition that the Celtic concept of “anam cara” is understood as expressing how two souls connect and bond (O'Donohue, 1997:38). It describes a friendship and love where “you are understood as you are without mask or pretension” (ibid:36). O'Donohue stresses that landscape is integral to the “celtic imagination” (ibid: Interview). Lines 1-3 come from <i>Heartful work brings beauty</i> (O'Donohue, 1997:198-200). Lines 4-10 come from, <i>A blessing</i> (O'Donohue, 1997:200-201). In the ST prose passages are interspersed with authentic Irish prayers and blessings (ibid: book jacket). The language is formal with a reverent tone, lines 3-6 and 8-10. In lines 4 -10, <i>A blessing</i> there is a repetition of the word “may”, creating		

	a prayerful invocation. The use of the poetic and rhetorical device, anaphora with the repetition of the word “may” at the beginning of each sentence creates rhythm and emphasise on the meaning being conveyed.
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> <i>production of genre for target context</i> (200 words max)	I am responding to a call out for submissions by Italian publisher, Il Mondo Nuovo for a publication, L’Europa Spirituale [Spiritual Europe], a compilation of works from ten European countries portraying the diverse spiritual tradition of Europe. The publisher has specified a maximum of ten lines and ten accompanying photographs per submission. They specialise in aesthetically pleasing multimodal books in the €85 - €125 price range and target a middle aged Italian readership (40 – 55 years of age) with disposable income. I will: - translate Celtic spirituality ST into a multimodal TT; - create a TT with text and my own photographs; - use a maximum of ten lines and ten photographs; - select landscape photographs from my archive as landscape is significant in Celtic spirituality and match each of the ST line extracts with an image that reflects the text. For example, if the ST references light, I will choose a photograph with light, if the ST references evening, I will select an evening image; - I will use “harrington”, an art nouveau style font to complete the aesthetic look of visual image. - I will retain the poetic device anaphora in TT to convey sense of a prayer or blessing.
Critical Reflection • <i>textual analysis</i> (200 words max)	Following Jakobson, I used intersemiotic ‘non-verbal sign systems’ (1959/2012:127) and interlingual translation, with Italian resulting in a TT of text and photographs. While I endeavoured to match the photographs and text, responding to key images in the text, I acknowledge the subjective nature of this task which is evident in Lines 1, 3, 5 and 10. The reference between text and photograph was

	particularly evident in lines 4 and 6 “luce” [light] = radiant light, line 8 “sera” [evening] = sunset, line 9 “notte” [night] = night sky with moon. To a lesser extent, line 2, rainbow image sparked a connection with the word from the text, “meravigliosament” [beautifully]. While it would be possible for another translator to replicate the process, the result would unlikely be the same, even if they had the same bank of photographs. In lines 4-8, I retained the anaphoric device of ST in TT, reflecting the essence of a prayer or blessing translating ST “may” to TT “che possa” and “possa”. After consulting people that fit the TA profile, three of them referred to similar creative productions and suggested getting them published. The images brought the text to life in a new way, adding another layer of meaning.
Works Cited • <i>use of sources and reference material</i>	Jakobson, R. (1959/2012) “On Linguistic aspects of translation”, in L. Venuti (ed.) (2012), pp. 126-31. The Translation Studies Reader. Third Edition. Abingdon: Routledge. O’Donohue, John. 1997. Anam Cara: Spiritual Wisdom from the Celtic World. London: Bantam Press. Tippett, Krista. 2008. John O'Donohue — The Inner Landscape of Beauty. Dakota Land: The On Being Project. https://onbeing.org/programs/john-odonohue-the-inner-landscape-of-beauty/ Accessed 25th January 2023.

Source Text

Anam Cara

Heartful works brings beauty.

Target Text

Una Benedizione Celtica

Il lavoro fatto col cuore porta bellezza.



©Orla Leyden

If you can love what you do,
then you will do it beautifully.

Se riesci ad amare ciò che fai,
allora lo farai meravigliosamente.



©Orla Leyden

The deeper side of your soul
can help you bring the light
of love to what you do.

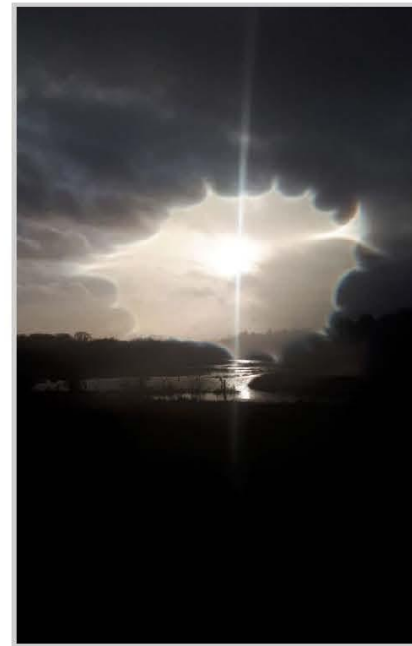
Il lato più profondo della tua anima può aiutarti
a portare la luce dell'amore in ciò che fai.



©Orla Leyden

May the light of your soul
guide you.

Che la luce della tua anima
possa guidarti.



©Orla Leyden

May you see in what you do
the beauty of your own soul.

Che tu possa vedere in quello che fai
la bellezza della tua stessa anima.



©Orla Leyden

May the sacredness of your work
bring healing, light and renewal.

Chè la sacralità del tuo lavoro possa portare
guarigione spirituale, luce e rinnovamento.



©Orla Leyden

May you be present
in what you do.

Che tu possa essere presente
in quello che fai.



©Orla Leyden

May your soul
calm, console and renew you.

Chè tua anima possa
calmarti, consolarti e rinnovarti.



©Orla Leyden

May evening find you
gracious and fulfilled.

Chè la sera possa
trovarti grazioso e soddisfatto.



©Orla Leyden

May you go into the night
blessed, sheltered and protected.

Che tu possa andare nella notte,
benedetto, riparato e protetto.



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Student Number	21345038	Text Number	3
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Source Text		Target Text	
Title	<i>Gone</i>	Title	Disparu / Scomparso
Year Published	2019		
Author	Jane Clarke		
Language	English	Language	French / Italian
Word Count	34	Word Count	37/ 31
Description of Source Text • <i>understanding of source text</i> • <i>knowledge of genre within source contexts</i> • <i>situation of source text</i> <i>familiarity with the formal features of a text (language variation(s), register, dialect)</i> (200 words max)	<i>Gone</i>, is a contemporary poem taken from Irish poet, Jane Clarke's second collection <i>When the Tree Falls</i>. It captures the poet's deep sense of grief after her father's death. This elegiac poem is ten lines and composed of five couplets, described by Rumens (2019) as "spare, scissor-sharp couplets of a small poem". The language is taut, stark and almost cold, reflecting the poet's feelings – a sense of being cold inside. The language is direct and factual, "plain-spoken and restrained" (Rumens, 2019). Traynor (2019) describes Clarke's "simplicity of language...no sentimentality, no ornamentation", stressing that "every word is incredibly honed and carries a really deep emotional weight". The poet is without words, this too conveys the feeling of loss, the void that remains with her father "gone". <i>Gone</i> is written in lower case with no punctuation, perhaps reflecting how small and insignificant the poet feels on the death of her father. The poet expresses her loss through nature metaphors. Her father, a farmer is "gone" and "only a gap" remains "where he'd stand". His life was lived in nature and the poem mourns his passing referencing his pastoral landscape and his deep connection to the natural world.		

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> <i>production of genre for target context</i> (200 words max)	I will produce two target texts, in French and Italian to submit to <i>The Polyglot</i> (with ST), a biannual online magazine publishing multilingual poetry which is currently seeking poetry and translations from European contributors on the theme of loss. The TA according to the editor is “multilingual readers and also curious monolinguals” (Adriana Oniță, e-mail, May 3, 2023). • To keep the rhythm and brevity of the ST which heightens sense of loss, I will translate the TTs using a similar scant number of words with simple and direct language. • I will retain the sentence structure and composition of the ST in the TT with five couplets, using all lower case and no punctuation. • I will use nature metaphors to reference the pastoral landscape of the father. The main translation problem identified relates to the word “gone”, used as the poem title and appearing three times in the text. It is a concept that does not translate into Italian or French in one word. I will translate the text into Italian and then translate the text from English into French and use the Italian translation as a tool to aid this translation (both romance languages). I will consider retaining the word “gone” in English in TT translations.
Critical Reflection • <i>textual analysis</i> (200 words max)	The STs structure and composition, rhythm and brevity was retained. Nature metaphors were kept conveying father’s pastoral landscape. While I expected that Italian would assist with the French translation (due to my greater command of Italian), e.g. “disparu” [euphemistic dead] as closest match for Italian “scomparso” [euphemistic dead] to express “gone” in title, I had not anticipated that French would have such an active role e.g. “vide” [emptiness] in French TT lines 2,4,6 made me rethink Italian TT lines 2,4,6 and lead to “vuoto” [emptiness] (to express feeling of “gone”, when initially I had considered using “scomparso” [euphemistic dead] in these lines as well as in title.

	The use of a different word for “gone” in body and title added a further layer of meaning. While something is lost in TTs, with no one word to express “gone”, something is also gained, a more nuanced understanding of the concept, a new expression of what it means when a loved one is “gone”. I presented TTs at a workshop with the poet and suggested possibility of keeping “gone” in English in TTs. Clarke liked the sound of “gone” translated in TLs and said she wanted the poem to live in other languages, to travel.
Works Cited • <i>use of sources and reference material</i>	Clarke, Jane. 2019. <i>When The Tree Falls</i>. Northumberland: Bloodaxebooks. Clarke, Jane. 2022. <i>Jane Clarke Poetry Workshop</i>, Roscommon Arts Centre. November 2022. Traynor, Jessica. “Poetry books of 2019”. <i>Arena</i>, RTE Radio 1. (2019) Evans, Martina. “Poetry round-up: Balancing life and death on a knife edge.” <i>The Irish Times</i>. (November 16, 2019) https://www.irishtimes.com/culture/books/poetry-round-up-balancing-life-and-death-on-a-knife-edge-1.4074487 Rumens, Carol. “Poem of the week.” <i>The Guardian</i>. (October 7, 2019) https://www.theguardian.com/books/2019/oct/07/poem-of-the-week-when-winter-comes-jane-clarke-when-the-tree-falls-collection Accessed January 2nd 2023. Oniță, Adriana. E-mail, May 3, 2023.

	Source Text (English)	Target Text (French)	Target Text (Italian)
	<i>Gone</i>	<i>Disparu</i>	<i>Scomparso</i>
1	no dawn	pas d'aube	nessun'alba
2	in the day of gone	dans la journée de vide	nel giorno di vuoto
3	no spring	pas de printemps	nessuna primavera
4	in the year of gone	dans l'année de vide	nell'anno di vuoto
5	no gate	pas de porte	nessuno cancello
6	in the wall of gone	dans le mur de vide	nel muro di vuoto
7	only a gap	seulement un trou	solo un buco
8	where he'd stand	où il se tenait	dove lui stava
9	watching the cattle	surveillant le bétail	osservando il bestiame
10	content in long grass	satisfait dans les herbes longues	contento nell'erba alta

Student Number	21345038	Text Number	4
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Source Text		Target Text	
Title	<i>C'ERA UNA FIABA... Le belle fate</i>	Title	ONCE UPON A FAIRYTALE... The beautiful fairies
Year Published	2013		
Author	Gianni Rodari		
Language	Italian	Language	English
Word Count	491	Word Count	553
Description of Source Text <i>understanding of source text</i> <i>knowledge of genre within source contexts</i> <i>situation of source text</i> <i>familiarity with the formal features of a text (language variation(s), register, dialect)</i> (200 words max)	The ST is a picture book with illustrations by Francesca Carabelli. Inside the front cover, it states that it is taken from <i>Filastrocche in cielo e in terra</i> [Nursery Rhymes in heaven and on earth], which was published in 1960. The TA are children and adults. It can be read on two levels as a fairy-tale and as a political manifesto, for a fairer society, free from war and division. - Rhyme is a significant feature of the ST the end word in fifty-six of one-hundred and fifteen lines rhyme e.g. line 6, "luna" [moon], line 7 "fortuna" [luck], with rhyme in the last syllable or last two syllables. - The text engages the reader with questions, eleven question marks, e.g. line 2, "DOVE SARANNO ANDATE?" [Where have they gone?], exclamations to a lesser extent, lines, 9, 29, 37, 68 and ellipsis [...] lines, 27,43, 51, 72 and 89. - The story is told by a third person narrator with the use of inverted commas to show the conversation between the STREGHINA PICCINA PICCIÒ [teeny tiny witch] and the fairies. - The vocabulary combines language found in fairy tales e.g. castles, enchanted forests, fairies and references to other fairy tales, lines 67, 69, 85 e.g. BIANCANEVE [Snow White] and socio-political language e.g. "FAME, FREDDO, MISERIA..." [Hunger, cold, poverty]. - The text is written with capitalised letters and the title is split into capital letters and lower case letters. The use of capital letters is arguably a call to action.		

	Illustrations four, six, seven and eleven have wording in Italian on placards, doors and flags e.g. illustration 4, "TASSE" [Taxes]
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> <i>production of genre for target context</i> (200 words max)	The TA is Irish children (ages 4 to 8) that consume picture books and their parents. One World Publishing Ltd. an Irish publisher, publishes picture books for children that are intended to be read by children and adults. Its mission statement is to stimulate children's imagination, to entertain and to challenge with a vision for a fairer world free from war and poverty. It is argued that all elements of a picture book contribute to the story, the words, illustrations and the "format, design, visual features" (Nodelman: 1988:41). I will make the following choices retaining: - the ST formatting in TT. e.g. title will be split into capital letters and lower case letters. I will capitalise internal text; - The TT will include the same number of question marks, exclamations and ellipsis [...] as ST; - The same illustrations will be used. I will translate placards, signs, flag into TL i.e. illustrations 5, 6, 7 and 11 and superimpose handwritten wording in style of ST on TT. - I will retain the fairy tales and socio-political language of ST in TT to achieve the fairy tale quality and socio-political messaging. - I will retain third person narrator and use of inverted commas for dialogue in TT.
Critical Reflection <i>textual analysis</i> (200 words max)	The TT required the translation of text on the illustrations, however a space constraint i.e. size of flag in illustration, forced a choice of word or image integrity A decision was made which resulted in the loss of the preposition "of" denoting who the Castle belongs to, however consistency in the picture book illustrations was retained i.e. same size of

	writing throughout, “CASTELLO DELLE BELLE FATE” [Castle of the beautiful fairies] was translated as BEAUTIFUL FAIRY CASTLE. The loss of rhyme does change the impact of the story, possibly making it more challenging for young readers, however internal rhyme is retained which helps carry the story forward. While there is no tradition of socio-political picture books in the Irish context, the TA due to the present war are more socio-politically aware of the impact of war, many now sharing classrooms with new Ukrainian friends who are also the TA. Crawford and Roberts argument in an exploration of war through picture books is worthy of careful reflection, “it may be that a study of war is necessary to help young learners cope with the impact that both the threat and reality of war have on their current circumstances” (2015: 370).
Works Cited • <i>use of sources and reference material</i>	Nodelman, Perry. 1988. WORDS ABOUT PICTURES The Narrative Art of Children’s Picture Books. Athens and London: The University of Georgia Press. Rodari, Gianni. 2013. C’ERA UNA FIABA...Le belle fate. Trieste: Edizioni EL. Crawford, Patricia A. and Sherron Killingsworth Roberts, S. K. (2009). “Ain't gonna study war no more?: Explorations of war through picture books.” <i>Childhood Education</i> 85(6): 370-374. DOI: 10.1080/00094056.2009.10521403 Accessed 2nd May 2023.

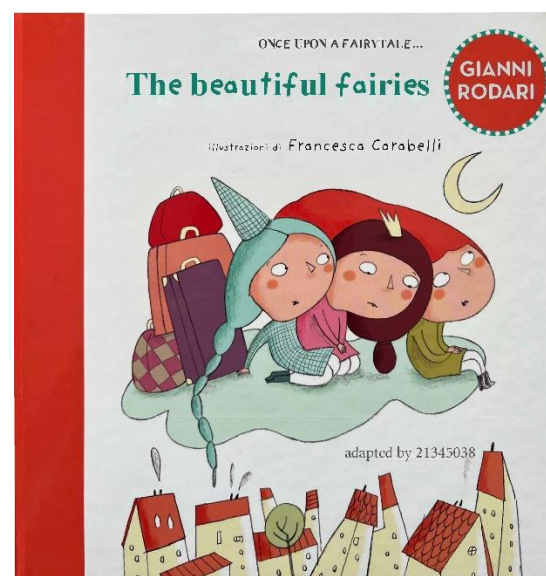
Source Text

C'ERA UNA FIABA... Le belle fate



Target Text

ONCE UPON A FAIRYTALE... The beautiful fairies





LE BELLE FATE

DOVE SARANNO ANDATE?

1

2



THE BEAUTIFUL FAIRIES

WHERE HAVE THEY GONE?

NON SE NE SENTE PIÙ PARLARE.

IO DICO CHE SONO SCAPPATE:

SI NASCONDONO IN FONDO AL MARE,

OPPURE SONO IN VIAGGIO PER LA LUNA

IN CERCA DI FORTUNA.

MA COSA POTEVANO FARE?

ERANO DISOCCUPATE!

NESSUNO LE VOLVA ASCOLTARE.

TUTTO IL GIORNO SE NE STAVANO IMBRONCIATE

NEL CASTELLO DIROCCATO AD ASPETTARE

CHE QUALCUNO LE MANDASSE A CHIAMARE.

3

4

5

6

7

8

9

10

11

12

13

NOBODY TALKS ABOUT THEM ANYMORE

I'D SAY, THEY RAN AWAY:

THEY ARE HIDING AT THE BOTTOM OF THE OCEAN,

OR ARE ON A MISSION TO THE MOON

IN SEARCH OF GOOD FORTUNE.

BUT WHAT ELSE COULD THEY HAVE DONE?

THEY WERE UNEMPLOYED!

NO ONE WANTED TO LISTEN TO THEM.

ALL DAY LONG THEY HUNG AROUND

THE THUMBLEDOWN CASTLE WAITING

FOR SOMEONE TO SEND FOR THEM.



GIRAVA IL MONDO PER LORO
IN CERCA DI LAVORO

14

15



A TEENY TINY LITTLE WITCH
WITH A HOOK SHAPED NOSE,

UNA STREGHINA PICCINA PICCIÒ,
COL NASO A BECCO,
MAGRO COME UNO STECCO,
CHE TREMAVA DI FREDDO PERCHÉ
ERA SENZA PALTÒ.

16

17

18

19

20

AS THIN AS A STICK,
CIRCLED THE WORLD FOR THEM,
IN SEARCH OF WORK.
SHE SHIVERRED WITH THE COLD
WITH NO OVERCOAT.



E APPENA LA VEDEVANO TORNARE
SI FACEVANO TUTTE A DOMANDARE:

21

22



AND AS SOON AS THEY SAW HER RETURN
THEY ALL ASKED:

“EBBENE COM’É ANDATA?	23	“SO HOW DID IT GO?
AVREMO UN IMPIEGO?”	24	HAVE WE GOT A JOB?”
“LASCIATEMI, VI PREGO,	25	“LEAVE ME ALONE, PLEASE
LASCIATEMI RESPIRARE,	26	LET ME BREATHE,
SONO TUTTA AFFANNATA...”	27	I’M ALL WORKED UP...”
“MA COM’É ANDATA?”	28	“BUT HOW DID IT GO?”
“MALE!	29	“BAD!
C’É UNA CRISI GENERALE.	30	THERE IS A GLOBAL CRISIS.
HO SALITO TUTTE LE SCALE,	31	I CLIMBED UP ALL THE STAIRS
BUSSATO A TUTTI I PORTONI,	32	KNOCKED ON ALL THE DOORS,
MENDICATO SUI BASTIONI,	33	BEGGED ON THE BATTLEMENTS.
E DAPPERTUTTO MI HANNO RISPOSTO	34	AND ALL OVER THEY REPLIED
CHE PER VOI NON C’É POSTO.	35	THERE IS NO PLACE FOR YOU.



VI DICO, UNA COSA SERIA,

36



I TELL YOU, IT'S SERIOUS

ALTRO CHE STORIE!	37	FAR FROM STORIES!
FAME, FREDDO, MISERIA...	38	HUNGER, COLD, POVERTY...
LA GENTE HA UN SACCO DI GUAI:	39	PEOPLE HAVE LOTS OF TROUBLES:
I DEBITI, LE TASSE, LA PIGIONE,	40	DEBTS, TAXES, RENT,
LA BOLLENTA DEL GAS,	41	THE GAS BILL,
I NONNI ASPETTANO LA PENSIONE	42	GRANDPARENTS WAITING FOR THE PENSION
CHE NON ARRIVA MAI...	43	THAT NEVER ARRIVES...
CHI VOLETE CHE PENSI A NOI?	44	WHO DO YOU THINK IS GOING TO BOTHER WITH US?

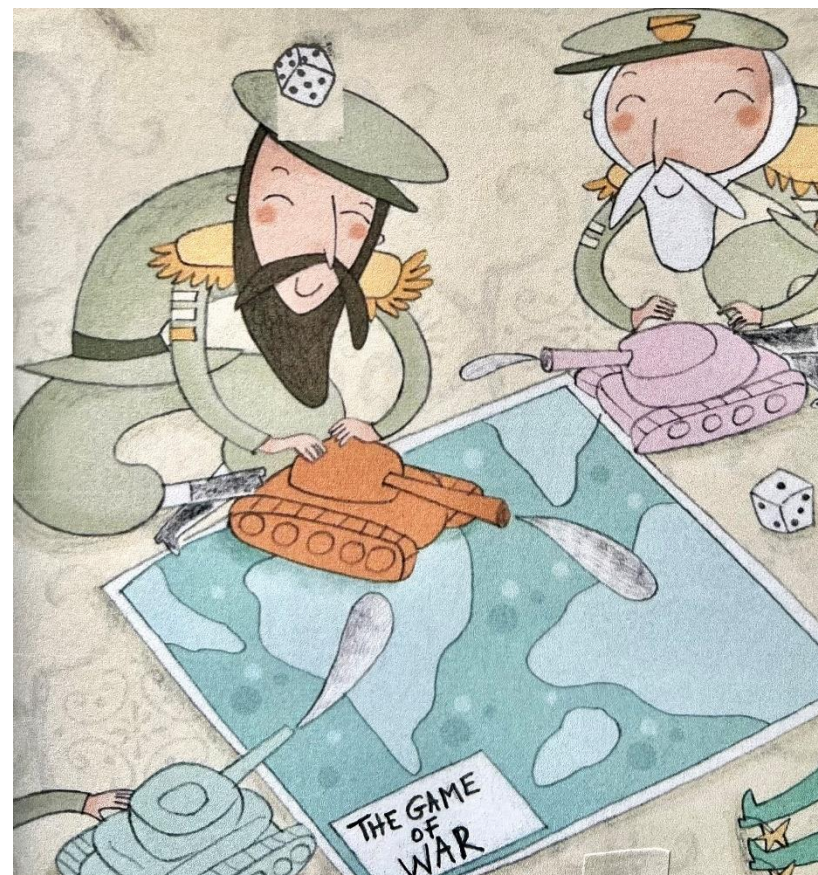


E POI, E POI,

C'É SEMPRE PER ARIA LA GUERRA:

45

46



AND THEN, AND THEN,

THERE'S ALWAYS THE SMELL OF WAR IN THE AIR:

HO VISTO CERTI GENERALONI,	47	I SAW SOME BIG SPURS,
CON CERTI SPERONI,	48	WITH SOME BIG IDEAS,
CON CERTI GALLONI,	49	WITH SOME BIG GALLONS,
CON CERTI CANNONI	50	WITH SOME BIG CANNONS,
DALLA BOCCA SPALANCATA...	51	WITH MOUTHS WIDE OPEN.
FIGURATEVI COME SONO SCAPPATA.	51	YOU CAN IMAGINE HOW I RAN.
PER NOI SU QUESTA TERRA NON C'É POSTO.	53	THERE IS NO PLACE FOR US IN THIS WORLD.
CI VOGLIONO CACCIARE AD OGNI COSTO.	54	THEY WANT TO GET RID OF US AT ANY COST.
VOI SE NON MI CREDETE,	55	IF YOU DON'T BELIEVE ME,
FATE COME VOLETE.	56	DO AS YOU PLEASE.
IO PER ME, FACCIO IL BAGAGLIO	57	ME, FOR ONE, I AM PACKING MY BAG
E ME LA SQUAGLIO."	58	AND GETTING OUT OF HERE,"



E LE POVERE FATE

VE LE IMMAGINATE

59

60



AND THE POOR FAIRIES

CAN YOU IMAGINE THEM

A FARE LE VALIGE?	61	PACKING THEIR BAGS?
PER L'EMOZIONE LE TRECCE	62	WITH ALL THE STRESS
DELLA FATA TURCHINA	63	THE TURQUOISE FAIRY'S PLAITS
SON DIVENTATE GRIGE.	64	TURNED GREY.
IL MAGE NELLA FRETTA	65	WITH ALL THE RUSH THE MAGICIAN
SI SCORDA LA BACCHETTA	66	FORGOT HIS WAND
E CAPPUCETTO PERDE LA BERRETTA.	67	AND RED RIDING HOOD LOST HER HOOD.



CHE SPAVENTO!

BIANCANEVE HA UNO SVENIMENTO.

68

69



WHAT A FRIGHT!

SNOW WHITE HAD A FAINTING SPELL.

IL CASTELLO SI VUOTA IN UN MOMENTO.	70	THE CASTLE WAS CLEARED OUT IN A SECOND.
A BORDO DI UNA NUVOLA	71	ON BOARD A CLOUD
LA COMPAGNIA SE NE VA...	72	THE GROUP LEFT...
DOVE, NESSUNO LO SA.	73	WHERE, NO ONE KNOWS.



FORSE IN QUALCHE PAESE

DOVE SI SENTONO SICURE,

74

75



PERHAPS TO SOME COUNTRY

WHERE THEY FEEL SAFE,

DOVE ANCHE I GENERALI
VOGLIONO BENE ALLE FATE
E LE CIRCONDANO DI PREMURE
PERCHÉ SONO COSÌ DELICATE.
ED ORA IO MI DOMANDO:
TORNERANNO? MA QUANDO?

76

77

78

79

80

81

82

WHERE EVEN THE GENERALS

LOVE FAIRIES

AND THEY SURROUND THEM WITH CARE

BECAUSE THEY ARE SO DELICATE.

AND NOW I ASK MYSELF:

WILL THEY COME BACK?

WHEN WILL THEY COME BACK?



NELLA SELVA INCANTATA

CI CRESCONO LE ORTICHE,

83

84



IN THE ENCHANTED FOREST

NETTLES GROW,

SUL NASO DELLA BELLA ADDORMENTATA
CI PASSEGGIANO LE FORMICHE,
LA PORTA DEL CASTELLO E SEMPRE CHIUSA
E QUANDO I BIMBI CHIEDONO UNA STORIA
I NONNI TROVANO LA SCUSA
CHE HANNO PERSO LA MEMORIA...

85

86

87

88

89

90

ON SLEEPING BEAUTY'S NOSE

ANTS GO FOR A WALK,

THE CASTLE DOOR IS ALWAYS CLOSED

AND WHEN CHILDREN ASK FOR A STORY

GRANDPARENTS USE THE EXCUSE

THAT THEY HAVE LOST THEIR MEMORY...



MA ALLORA TORNERANNO?

IO DICO DI SÌ.

91

92



SO WILL THEY COME BACK?

I SAY THEY WILL.

SAPETE CHE SI FA?	93	DO YOU KNOW WHAT THEY WILL DO?
SI VA DAI GENERALI	94	THEY WILL GO TO THE GENERALS
CON GLI STIVALI	95	WITH THE BOOTS
INCAPRICCIATI DI FARE LA GUERRA	96	YEARNING FOR WAR
E SI DICE COSÌ:	97	AND THEY WILL SAY THIS:
“SIGNORI, PER CORTESIA	98	“GENTLEMEN, KINDLY
ANDATEVENE VIA DA QUESTA TERRA,	99	LEAVE THIS WORLD,
ANDATE SULLA LUNA	100	GO TO THE MOON
O ANCHE PIÙ LONTANO	101	OR EVEN FURTHER STILL
IN UN POSTO FUORI MANO,	102	TO A PLACE OUT OF SIGHT,
DOVE POTRETE SPARARE A TUTTO SPIANO	103	WHERE YOU CAN SHOOT AT EVERYTHING YOU SPY
E NON SI SENTIRÀ IL BACCANO.	104	AND THE RACKET WON'T BE HEARD.

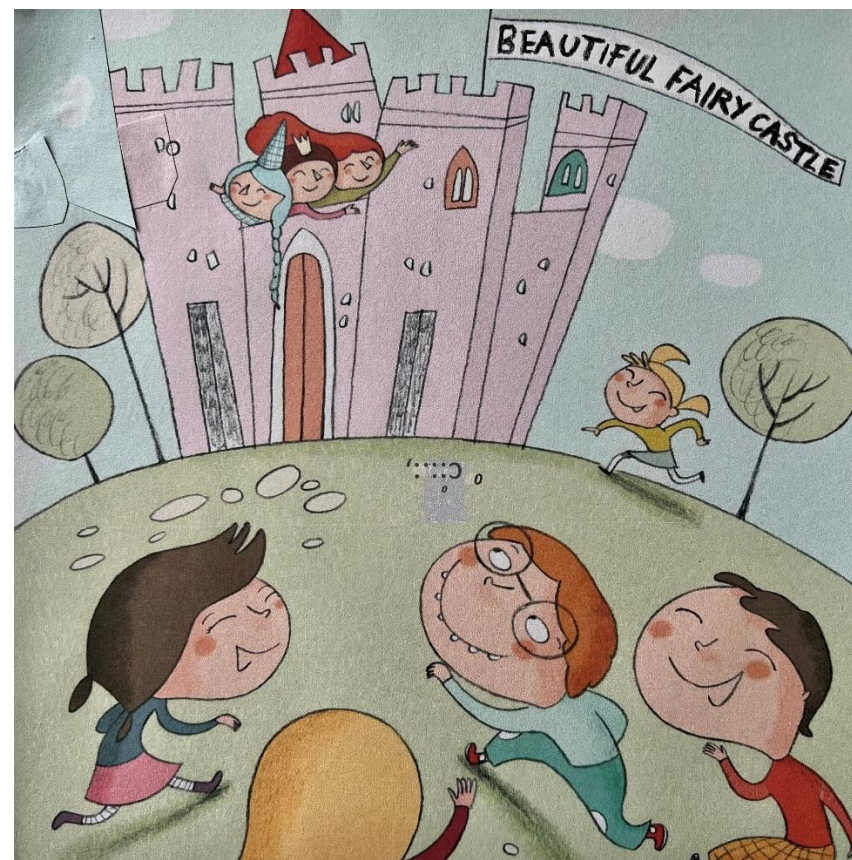


IL MATTINO VI FARETE SVEGLIARE

CON UN BOMBARDAMENTO

105

106



THE MORNING YOU WILL BE WOKEN

WITH A BOMBARDMENT

O UN CANNONEGGIAMENTO,	107	OR A SHELLING,
A VOSTRO PIACIMENTO	108	TO YOUR DELIGHT
E OGNI SERA	109	AND EVERY EVENING
DIRETE LA PREGHIERA	110	YOU WILL SAY YOUR PRAYERS
CON LA MITRAGLATRICE.	111	WITH THE MACHINE GUN.
LA GENTE SARÀ PIÙ FELICE.	112	THE PEOPLE WILL BE HAPPIER.
SI POTRÀ STARE IN PACE	113	THEY WILL BE AT PEACE
TUTTI I GIORNI DI TUTTO L'ANNO,	114	EVERYDAY OF THE YEAR,
E DI CERTO COSÌ	115	AND FOR SURE LIKE THIS
LE FATE TORNERANNO."	116	THE FAIRIES WILL RETURN."

Student Number	21345038	Text Number	5
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Source Text		Target Text	
Title	<i>Sei sempre stata mia</i>	Title	<i>You've always been mine</i>
Year Published	2010		
Author	Gianluca Grignani		
Language	Italian	Language	English
Word Count	232	Word Count	165
Description of Source Text • <i>understanding of source text</i> • <i>knowledge of genre within source contexts</i> • <i>situation of source text</i> <i>familiarity with the formal features of a text (language variation(s), register, dialect)</i> (200 words max)	This single, which runs at 3:40, was included in <i>Romantico Rock Show</i>, Grignani's tenth album. It is soft rock, "a less persistent beat with more emphasis on lyrics and melody than hard rock" (OED 2022). The male protagonist expresses his love for "lei" [her], despite fears of being cheated on or being apart. He concludes that they are meant for each other. Repetition is used to stress the core message with the refrain, (lines 1, 37, 50) "Io sono sempre stato tuo" [I've always been yours] and "Tu sei sempre stata mia" [You've always been mine] lines 4,38,51). The ST concludes with this parting thought. The device of repetition and refrain are used throughout ST to emphasize other sentiments too e.g., "gioia strana" [strange joy] and "storia strana" [strange story]. There is a consistent use of personal pronouns e.g. "Io sono sempre stata tuo" [I've always been yours] which adds to the intimacy of ST.		

	There is rhyme and repetition in the ST (e.g. abba...) e.g. “strana” [strange], “allontana” in lines 9,12 and again in lines 23, 26 & 43, 48 and internal rhythm and repetition e.g. “vicina” [close], “prima” [before] in lines, 13,14 and again in lines 27,28 and 35,36.
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> <i>production of genre for target context</i> (200 words max)	I will translate the song into a downloadable digital valentine verse which will be available to purchase on etsy, an e-commerce company. Pinterest, a social media platform will be used as a marketing tool for this shop. 75% of Pinterest users are female (https://influencermarketinghub.com/pinterest-stats/) MY TA are women aged 18 – 35. I will: - create a poem with four lines in each of the five stanzas; - retain ST feature of repetition; e.g. line 4, 7 and 16, repetition of “strange”; - create some internal rhyme: lines 1, 14 and 20 e.g. line 20: “You’ve always been mine, be my valentine”, as rhyme a feature of Valentine’s verses (Causer, 2003:338). - use personal pronouns “I”, “you”, “us” to stress intimacy of relationship. - create long sentences, with 30 – 35 words and punctuated with commas instead of full stops to emphasise breathless expression of love. - use ellipses after last line of poem (...) to indicate that the love story continues; - use contractions where possible e.g. “I’ve” instead of “I have”, to create informal register and sense of familiarity; - Use dusty pink background colour and floral images, as romantic colours and flowers are associated with Valentine’s day (Brooks, 2023).
Critical Reflection	I tested the TT on five women. One commented that the assonance in line 2, “when I first met you, I instantly knew” was pleasing and that they associated rhyme with Valentine’s verses.

• <i>textual analysis</i> (200 words max)	The intensity of the verse was referred to, one woman said, the phrase “us, immensely us”, repeated, was overpowering and weighed it down. And while the word “strange” was confusing initially, its repetition was comforting. Another reader referred to this repetition saying it worked as a device to show that this love is complicated. They particularly liked the refrain “I’ve always been yours, you’ve always been mine”. All of the women liked the repetition in TT, saying it emphasised the sense that the couple are inseparable. One of the readers who speaks English and Italian recognised the ST from the TT and commented that it conveyed the same romantic sentiment. Another reader who speaks English and Italian commented that their mother loves the singer-songwriter of ST, Grignani and this type of sentiment. While the TA was aimed at women in the 18 – 35 age group, it held greater appeal to women forty-five years of age plus. Any future marketing plan should be directed at this older cohort.
Works Cited • <i>use of sources and reference material</i>	Brooks, Arthur C. 2023. <i>An Old Romantic Custom We Should Bring Back</i>. https://www.theatlantic.com/magazine/ February 14, 2023. https://www.theatlantic.com/family/archive/2023/02/valentines-day-read-poetry-out-loud/673042/ Causer, Frances. 2003. “The Place of Poetry.” <i>Seijo English Monograph</i> (36) (pp.327 – 369). https://genius.com/Gianluca-grignani-sei-sempre-stata-mia-lyrics http://www.gianlucagrignani.it/biografia.html https://influencermarketinghub.com/pinterest-stats/

	Loren, J and Swiderski. 2013. EPinterest for Business: How to Pin Your Company to the Top of the Hottest. Indiana: Que Publishing.
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OED Online. December 2022. Oxford University Press. <https://www-oed-com.elib.tcd.ie/view/Entry/183898?redirectedFrom=soft+rock+> (accessed February 27, 2023).

<https://testicanzoni.rockol.it/testi/gianluca-grignani-sei-sempre-stata-mia-44150839>

Source Text

Sei Sempre Stata Mia

Io sono sempre stato tuo
 Che anche quando non c'eri
 Ti avevo nei pensieri

Tu sei sempre stata mia
 Che quando ti ho incontrata
 Ho subito capito che

Noi, immensamente noi
 Condividiamo tutto, sai
 Anche questa nostra gioia strana
 Che stranamente, a noi
 Ci fa stare insieme
 Come quando il giorno ci allontana
 Ma ti sento vicina
 Dalla notte prima

Io, io che da lei scappavo
 Perché mi puoi tradire
 Ma non mi puoi ingannare mai

Tu quel giorno mi hai incontrato
 Per mano mi hai portato
 Fino a scrivermi dentro che

1
2
3

4
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19
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63

Target Tex

You've always been mine

You've always been mine

I've always been yours, you've always been mine,
 when I first met you, I instantly knew,
 us, immensely us, we share everything,
 even our strange joy, that strangely unites us.

That day we met, you took me by the hand,
 and wrote on my heart that us, immensely us,
 share everything by now, like this our strange joy,
 that strangely unites us.

Like when the day keeps us apart, I still feel you close,
 from the night before, us, only us,
 we'll never leave each other,
 even when a dream keeps us apart.

But I feel you close, like never before,
 I've always been yours, you've always been mine,
 us, immensely us, we share everything by now,
 like this our strange story, that simply unites us.

Oh, us, only us, we'll never leave each other,
 like when a dream keeps us apart, and in the morning,
 we return close together, I've always been yours,
 You've always been mine, be my valentine...



Noi, immensamente noi	21
Condividiamo tutto ormai	22
Come questa nostra gioia strana	23
Che stranamente a noi	24
Ci fa stare bene	25
Come quando il giorno ci allontana	26
Ma ti sento vicina	27
Dalla notte prima	28
Noi, solamente noi	29
Ci comprendiamo bene ormai	30
E sentiamo un'esigenza sana	31
Che due come noi	32
Non si lasceranno mai	34
Anche quando un sogno ci allontana	35
Ma ti sento vicina	36
Come mai prima	37
Io son sempre stato tuo	38
Tu sei sempre stata mia	39
Che amare insieme non è mai una sfida	40
Ma è come cercare in noi una guida	41
Noi, immensamente noi	42
Condividiamo tutto ormai	43
Come questa nostra storia strana	44
Che ingenuamente a noi	45
Ci fa stare insieme	46
Oh noi, solamente noi	47
Non ci lasceremo mai	48
Come quando un sogno ci allontana	49
E torniamo vicino di nuovo al mattino	50
Io sono sempre stato tuo	51
Tu sei sempre stata mia	52
	4

Student Number	21345038	Text Number	6
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Source Text		Target Text	
Title	<i>A Tu Per Tu – Il solotto della Festa del Racconto con Vasco Brondi (Youtube)</i>	Title	<i>Creativity, who am I</i>
Year Published	2022		
Author	Biblioteca Comunale di Carpi, Italy		
Language	Italian	Language	English
Word Count	1789	Word Count	1824
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 13:01 minute transcript of a YouTube interview with seven questions on the subject of creativity titled ‘A Tu Per Tu - Il salotto della Festa del Racconto’ con Vasco Brondi [Face-to-Face - The Storytelling Festival Lounge with Vasco Brondi (VB)] recorded at the public library, Carpi, Italy. ST features: • A similar stream of consciousness style to VB’s song-writing, e.g. first response runs from (0:26 – 3:15), two minutes 49 seconds, he utters 365 words. • Anacoluthon, “changing construction mid-sentence...” (OED, 2023), e.g. “Le immagini per me diciamo che le mie canzoni funzionano molto ed immagini...” [Imagery for me let's say my songs work a lot and images...] • Poetic use of language e.g. “quelle forze che per noi sono senza senso delle maree e del vento della vita della morte” [those forces that are unfathomable to us of tides, wind, life and death]. • Informal language, shortened conversational version of cioè [that is] cè [that is] a spoken not written abbreviation. He starts four of his responses with “ma” [but], in this case the word is used to introduce a new thought. Repetition of personal pronouns, “me” [me], “mi” [me], expression “per me” [for me] - attributes of an i-centred discourse (interview).		

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 TT is a short story for submission to <i>The Stinging Fly</i>, a literary magazine that provides an outlet for short story writers. The TA of <i>The Stinging Fly</i> according to the editor include “emerging and established writers in Ireland...publishers in Ireland and UK and general readers who are interested in new literary writing in the English language or newly in translation” (Lisa McNerney, e-mail, April 6, 2023). • I will create a dialogue between the protagonist and their interior self / internal mind. • I will include a descriptive narrative passages to create a sense of place e.g. “Morning light fills the overgrown garden”; • ST interviewer questions will be integrated at end of each narrative passage. Following Haught-Tromp (2007:11) who tested the “The Green Eggs and Ham hypothesis” referencing Dr. Seuss (1960) whose publisher challenged him to write a children’s story using the same 50 words or fewer, I will apply “constraints to facilitate creativity” (ibid.). i.e. the TT will: • be written in prose, maximum 2000 words, maximum 15 words per sentence; • start sentences with a consonant; • be written in first person and retain i-centred language (e.g. me, I); • cite a Shakespearean Sonnet - reference to learning poems by heart in ST.
Critical Reflection • <i>textual analysis</i> (200 words max)	The constraints imposed resulted in different word choices and freed the TT from a habitual style of writing which resulted in a more creative text than it would have without these constraints. The combination of a reduction in sentence length and the necessity to start each sentence with a consonant conveyed a particular feel to the text. To an extent the constraint tamed the stream of consciousness ST into a more measured, even considered TT. Yet the TT still conveys the stream of consciousness of the protagonist narrator, perhaps in a more digestible format. Writing the TT with i-centred language delivered an introspective short story that gives the reader the feeling that they are reading someone’s mind. Merging the inner self questions with the narrative is more effective than had the inner self question been presented separately.

	The introduction of a narrative into the TT gives a context for the short story however it also changes the TT considerably. Merging the inner self questions with this narrative is more effective than had the inner self question been presented separately. The TA would engage positively or at a minimum with curiosity with the TT, a short story adapted creatively from an interview.
Works Cited • <i>use of sources and reference material</i>	Haught-Tromp, Catrinel. 2017. "The Green Eggs and Ham hypothesis: How constraints facilitate creativity." <i>Psychology of Aesthetics, Creativity, and the Arts</i>, 11(1): 10–17. https://doi.org/10.1037/aca0000061 "anacoluthon, n.". OED Online. March 2023. Oxford University Press. https://www-oed-com.elib.tcd.ie/view/Entry/6925?redirectedFrom=anacoluthon+ (accessed April 10, 2023). McInerney, Lisa. E-mail, April 6, 2023. https://stingingfly.org/ https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=uX4pslbUdto

Source Text

A Tu Per Tu - Il salotto della Festa del Racconto con Vasco Brondi

[Intervistatore = I, Vasco Brondi = VB]

I: Ben trovati a tu per tu il salotto letterario della festa del racconto. Siamo insieme a Vasco Brondi cantautore. Bentrovato.

VB: Grazie mille.

I: Senti non posso non farti questa domanda da principio. La creatività e la meraviglia in che punto si toccano, nella tua opera per te nel tuo sentire anche di essere umano?

VB: Non lo so che relazione abbiano. Diciamo che la creatività secondo me sempre di più mi rendo conto che è una specie di corto circuito che succede molto misterioso è così principalmente ecco mi sembra che la

Target Text

Creativity, who am I?

Morning light fills the overgrown garden. The trees are luminous orange, the wooden bench tangerine. Walking barefoot I feel the soft moss, the earth beneath my feet, I ground in. The distant glimpse of the lake ... creativity and wonder... Where do they meet in my work and in my sense of being human?

How do they relate to each other? Let's say that creativity, is a sort of short circuit that happens very mysteriously. Creativity has more to do with mystery than with wonder because it's not manageable. More like those forces that are unfathomable to us of tides, wind, life and death. These great mechanisms much bigger than us. We are simply immersed in them and their rhythms. What is important is patience and expectation. Not that I have understood them but I respect them. The silence that is needed. Then, at a certain point, it has all to do with mystery. Mystery is the opposite of machines. We are so used to this business of having these machines around all the time. We think we've become one too. We think we can press a button, switch on and then write a song. There is no on and off creativity switch. No taking account if it's Winter or Summer. We have

creatività abbia a che fare soprattutto col mistero più che quella meraviglia perché non è gestibile in nessun modo una forza che assomiglia di più a quelle forze che per noi sono senza senso delle maree e del vento della vita della morte di questi grandi meccanismi molto più grandi di noi di cui noi siamo assolutamente semplicemente immersi dentro e anche questi ritmi quindi anche una cosa importante per me col tempo continuare a non averli minimamente capiti, però averne rispetto e quindi anche avere la pazienza e l'attesa il silenzio che serve perché poi a un certo punto succede per questo ha a che fare con il mistero. Il mistero è l'opposto delle macchine, noi siamo abituati talmente tanto a questa questione di avere questi macchinari sempre attorno che crediamo di esserlo diventati anche noi e quindi pensiamo di poter premere un pulsante e accenderci quindi scrivere una canzone essere creativi ma anche lavorare senza tener conto che sia inverno sia estate dobbiamo essere produttivi uguali che sia giorno sia notte che abbiamo avuto un lutto che abbiamo avuto una importante celebrazione. Ecco la creatività per me è semplicemente qualcosa che ha che fare con il mistero principalmente con il rispetto per questa cosa qua che mi fa toccare quella che in questo senso anche la ricerca ha che fare con questo mistero sono molto contrario alla ricerca che c'è molto nella musica adesso che una ricerca orizzontale che va verso l'espansione del pubblico, l'espansione di aver sempre più gente che ti dice che sei bravo quindi veramente un'espansione numerica invece la ricerca deve essere non orizzontale ma verticale per me la creatività deve essere così verticale che parte da un centro nostro incandescente fino al centro della terra incandescente e va anche verso delle altre dimensioni possiamo

to be equally productive whether it's day or night. Even if we've had a bereavement or an important celebration. Creativity for me is simply something mysterious. In this sense, the search also has to do with this mystery. There is a search in music now that I don't like. This horizontal search is not for me. Moving towards the expansion of the public. With more and more people telling you that you're good. So really a numerical expansion instead. The search must be vertical, not horizontal. Creativity must be so vertical that it starts from our incandescent centre. Moving to the centre of the incandescent earth. Going towards other dimensions. These are the reasons why as human beings we have always chosen creativity. Why we have chosen music and the other arts since the dawn of time.

The cats rush past me as I open the back door. Switching the kettle on with one hand I grab some cat nuts with the other. Yesterday's mocha remnants will do; I stir my coffee. Silence. What breaks it, an idea, a word, a melody, a sound, an experience, an emotion... What breaks it...?

Silence has a really close relationship with music. Crucial, that silence forms part of music, in its pauses. Yet it is much broader. Silence then, I interrupt it when it wants to come out of me. Silence. I also use it a lot as recollection, as a revitalisation. So even now, I'll speak, I'll speak an hour later. Then I don't speak until tomorrow, at least. Silence is above all that. So I break it, there it is. With great pleasure, I break it when it comes to breaking it to share things. That is what it means for me when silence is broken. Yet I realise more and more how crucial it is. How much a luxury it is. We are in a world where luxury is considered everything you can buy. While silence and time are the

dire che sono i motivi per cui come esseri umani da sempre abbiamo scelto la creatività, la musica le altre arti dalla notte dei tempi.

I: E nel tuo caso il silenzio, da cosa viene rotto? Da un'idea, da una parola, da una melodia, da un suono, da un'esperienza, da un'emozione, da che cosa?

VB: Ma il silenzio si ha un rapporto veramente molto stretto con la musica perché ovviamente è indispensabile per contenerlo. È molto più ampio. Nel silenzio poi c'è nel mio caso lo interrompo quando ha voglia poi di uscire da me. Il silenzio l'uso molto anche come raccoglimento come ricarica per me quindi anche adesso parlerò adesso parlerò un'ora dopo e poi non parlo fino a domani almeno e quindi per me. Il silenzio è soprattutto quello quindi lo rompe ecco lo rompe con grande piacere quando si tratta di romperlo per condividere le cose. Ecco questo è il senso che per me ha quando rompe il silenzio e però ecco mi accorgo sempre di più di quanto sia indispensabile di quanto sia tra l'altro un grandissimo lusso siamo in un mondo dove il lusso è considerato tutto quello che ti puoi comprare mentre silenzio, il tempo sono gli altri due grandi beni di lusso cui abbiamo rinunciato, no? Viviamo in questa vita assolutamente comoda e di cui non vogliamo fare a meno nonostante ci sarà puramente un'apocalisse entro qualche decennio per il cambiamento climatico e crediamo di non voler perdere alcune nostre comodità perché ci sono indispensabili mentre nel frattempo non ci

other two great luxuries we have given up. We live in this absolutely comfortable life that we don't want to do without. Despite the fact, there will be an apocalypse within a few decades because of climate change. Still we don't want to lose any of our comforts. Because we cannot do without them. While in the meantime we haven't realised that we have already lost. Lost the chance of living in a decent climate, of drinking the rain, of silence. We have already given up the real comforts of breathing decent air. So we have given up, we are giving up primary goods. For what? For all this crap that we surround ourselves with. We damage each other's lives more than the religious fundamentalisms that we look down on. Fundamentalism - the religion of our time is as Pasolini said, killing oneself with work. Not respecting our relationship with our children, with our loved ones. For what? Work! That is fundamentalism, and we truly are experts.

My coffee sits on a table covered with unopened envelopes. Re-arranging them, I take a sip from the black bitter cup. Dashing past, a brown hare in the farmer's field next door heralds a new season. The mad March hare. When I write, which part of me does the idea spring from... And what is its relationship to poetry? Mariangela Gualtieri ... I remember our collaboration. When was that?

Poetry is an undeserved gift, the most important type of gift. Because it's easy to receive something when we deserve it. The real true gifts are those that come to us when we don't deserve them. Poetry for me is something that comes suddenly. Touching us and making these legendary deep chords of ours vibrate. That is very interesting. Poetry because it's something even beyond rationality is a different

siamo accorti di avere perso già la possibilità di vivere con un clima decente, di bere la pioggia di avere il silenzio, abbiamo già rinunciato a delle vere comodità di respirare un'aria che sia decente. Quindi abbiamo rinunciato, stiamo rinunciando a dei beni primari per tutte queste cazzate di cui ci circondiamo e che ci danniamo tra altro la vita per averle altro che i fondamentalismi religiosi che guardiamo dall'alto verso il basso. Il nostro fondamentalismo che è quello della religione del nostro tempo, no, che diceva Pasolini, che è quello di ammazzarsi di lavoro, non rispettare i rapporti coi figli, con gli amori pur di lavorare quello lì è fondamentalismo e noi siamo veramente degli esperti.

I: Siamo alla festa del racconto cioè della misura breve, della parola nella sua potenza più grande. Quando scrivi un testo da che parte di te scaturisce e poi che rapporto ha in generale con la poesia? Mi viene in mente Mariangela Gualtieri con cui hai anche insomma collaborato.

VB: Ma per me la poesia mi viene sempre da dire che è un dono immeritato che sono i doni più importanti perché facile ricevere qualcosa quando ce lo meritiamo i veri veri doni sono quelli che ci arrivano quando non ce li meritiamo e la poesia per me questo è un qualcosa che arriva all'improvviso e può toccarci, farci vibrare queste famose corde profonde che abbiamo e per me è molto interessante la poesia perché è qualcosa che è anche al di là della razionalità, è un linguaggio diverso, e infatti riesce a volte a decodificare delle cose a spiegarcele meglio anche

language. Indeed, sometimes one manages to decode things to explain them better with poetry. Was it critical that I didn't understand anything about a poem? No. Yet I feel that it moved something in me. So it really means that it communicates at another level. That's perhaps the level at which I'm interested in art.

My eyes fix on a Robin busy defending his territory. Glancing at the kitchen clock, I see it's 7.30, too early to call Jane... She would know what to do. What advice would I give my younger self about my career... Where would I tell him to look...? What would I suggest he still looks at in awe to achieve that kind of dream...?

Not much advice to give ... one just has to be. No need for advice about the path one takes. It has to do with something inevitable. There is no one advice that will work in particular. Wanting to do it is enough, just do it! Close all possible emergency exits. Go in that direction and then society in some way also structures itself. So do it, only if it's useful to others. Wanting to do it because you feel like it makes you look good, no. There's no need to. Calvino gave advice in the nineties, what was it again? Yes, they asked him what a talisman might need be to face the 2000s. Just before the year 2000, what year did he die ...? I can't remember. "Learn poems off by heart", he said. Learn many poems off by heart and then repeat them. This was the advice he gave. Good advice!

The Robin persists. Relentless, fearless ... he defends his sacred space.

se sembra criptica. A volte non ci ho capito niente di una poesia eppure sento che mi ha smosso qualcosa quindi vuol dire proprio che ci comunica un altro livello ed è forse il livello a cui mi interessa l'arte.

I: E se dovessi dare un consiglio a un giovane più giovane di te che vuole intraprendere la tua carriera, dove gli diresti di guardare? Diciamo che cosa li suggeriresti di guardare ancora con meraviglie con stupore per poter arrivare a coronare quel tipo di sogno?

VB: Ma non ho dei gran consigli da dare onestamente perché credo che debba essere una non ha bisogno di consigli il percorso che uno vuole intraprendere se non quello di ... ha a che fare con qualcosa di inevitabile a un certo punto, quindi non c'è consiglio che possa funzionare a un certo punto uno se vuole fare quello che deve fare quello si chiude tutte le vie d'uscita d'emergenza possibile e va in quella direzione e poi la società in qualche modo anche si struttura in modo che tu faccia quello se è utile agli altri se non è utile agli altri li vuoi fare solo per perché ti sembra di farti bello con questa cosa non c'è bisogno di ..., mi viene in mente un consiglio che dava Calvino negli anni novanta mi pare, gli chiedevano quale poteva essere un talismano per affrontare gli anni 2000 appunto prima del 2000, non mi ricordo in che anno è morto, e lui diceva "imparare delle poesie a memoria", imparare molte poesie a

"Like as the waves make towards the pebb'l'd shore,
So do our minutes hasten to their end;"

William Shakespeare's Sonnet 60, learned by heart, remembered. Why this poem? Why not. Carpe Diem. Seize the day or is it pluck the day. Time passes, either way. Time is passing right now ... yes, let's learn poems by heart. Luigi Ghirri's clouds, images in my craft. The image as it enters in addition to music, to words. Where is it created in my mind, in the mind of the listener... Creating it, is it necessary...?

My songs work a lot with images...imagery. Sometimes they could actually be called photo books without photographs. Because I like it when music and songs become a vehicle for transportation. Transporting us as if in a time and space machine. So they transport us somewhere else...in that sense images are important. Seeing ourselves, imagining something. Sometimes in music when I'm listening to music, I just visualise this guy, this girl. They are in front of the computer making that music. That doesn't work for me. It works when there is an image that transports me somewhere else. It broadens the horizon, not narrows it.

Walking over to the dresser, I switch on the radio. Talk radio blasts through the silence. War, inflation, housing crisis – the news headlines. Quickly I turn it off again. The sound of starlings gladly fills the room as I open the double glazed window. The Starlings, whistle and trill, squeak and rattle, an orchestra of bird song in my back garden. What about my birdsong ... these

memoria e poi ripetersele, questo era il consiglio che dava, questo è sempre un buon consiglio.

I: Impariamo le poesie a memoria. Tra poco parlerai sul palco in piazzale Re Astolfo delle nuvole di Luigi Ghirri, cioè parlerai di immagini. Nel tuo mestiere l'immagine come entra oltre alla musica e alle parole secondo te dove si crea nella tua mente nella mente di chi ti ascolta se si crea se necessaria? chiedo.

VB: L'Immagini per me diciamo che le mie canzoni funzionano molto ad immagini effettivamente sono a volte dei da definire dei libri fotografici senza fotografie però perché mi piace quando la musica e le canzoni diventano un mezzo di trasporto, ecco, una macchina del tempo e dello spazio e quindi ci trasportano da un'altra parte. In questo senso le immagini sono importanti vedersi immaginarci qualcosa, a volta nella musica quando ascolto una musica mi visualizzo solo questo ragazzo questa ragazza davanti al computer che fa quella musica quello a me non funziona. Funziona quando c'è un'immagine che mi trasporta da un'altra parte e amplia l'orizzonte, non lo restringe.

years spent more or less on my own...? How has this influenced the creativity in my production?

The production hasn't changed much. Because anyway the life of someone who does this job here is a bit different from others. You go it alone in the morning and you are alone until your work is substantially finished. So maybe it made everyone have this experience here. That you must, you must like being alone if you're an artist. Because one only sees the glam part of the catwalk with lots of people. So the truth is that the vast majority of the time you're alone. A writer even more than a musician. Time in the rehearsal room is one hundredth the time of writing and preparation. So it has not changed much for me during the period of Covid. Based in my studio in Ferrara, I didn't go out in the evening drinking spritz. However, basically I tried to live it as a moment of gathering.

Ten more minutes, I will wait ten more minutes before calling her. Hot buttery toast and honey and another cup of coffee. This time alone with my thoughts, I savour. The time alone during Covid, I liked too. Not rushed, gathering my thoughts, gathering ideas. Did I miss the audience? Unpopular if I say no ... I can't say that ... no, I'm interested in the truth!

No, actually the concerts when I started to do them again had a different strength. That is, it's clearer now... With a secularised society like ours, concerts are now something other than entertainment. Rituals, a kind of ritual, especially after a period like that. When we all lived more alone, and above all we still haven't processed what happened. We still haven't processed it collectively. There are

I: E penso a questi anni che abbiamo passato più o meno in solitaria, nel tuo mestiere questo in che modo ha influito sulla tua creatività nella tua produzione?

VB: Nella mia produzione guarda non è cambiato molto perché comunque la vita di chi fa questi lavori qua è un po' diversa da chi vai da solo la mattina, stai da solo fino a che non hai finito sostanzialmente, quindi forse ha fatto provare a tutti questa esperienza qua che deve piacerti stare da solo se fai l'artista, perché uno vede solo la parte glam della passerella con tanta gente così la verità è che la stragrande maggioranza del tempo stai da solo. Uno scrittore ancora di più di un musicista poi al momento della sala prove ma momento della sala prove è un centesimo del tempo sia di scrittura, di preparazione e quindi non è cambiato praticamente niente per me durante il periodo del Covid, ero nel mio studio a Ferrara e non uscivo la sera a bermi lo spritz però di base l'ho cercato di vivere come un momento di raccoglimento.

I: Ma il pubblico non ti è mancato?

VB: Ma ... è impopolare se dico di no, non posso dirlo...

anthropologists that are very alarmed that there have been all these solitary deaths. Deaths that affected so many of us who lived in a solitary way. This is one thing. There has not yet been what our rational selves might see as a useless celebration yet either. However, anthropologist spoke of a day dedicated to ... a national holiday. National celebration day for the victims of Covid. Still this has not been done. There is much more need for this stuff, much more than it seems rationally. The concerts being in the same place, at the same time beyond the screens. I see that they had more... I feel even more meaning now.

The phone rings. Gathering my thoughts ... pronto, sono io, Jane. Hi, yes Jane, it's me.

I: No, ci interessa la verità.

VB: Stavo per mentire però non ce l'ho fatta. No in realtà i concerti poi quando ho ricominciato a farli hanno avuto, come dire una forza diversa cioè è più chiaro come in una società secolarizzata come la nostra i concerti adesso sono anche qualcos'altro da un intrattenimento, è una specie di rito in particolare dopo un periodo così che tutti abbiamo vissuto più da soli e soprattutto ancora non abbiamo elaborato quello che è successo, non lo abbiamo elaborato collettivamente c'è ancora gli antropologi sono molto allarmati del fatto che ci siano state tutte queste morti solitari che hanno attaccato tantissimi di noi che hanno vissuto in modo solitario questo e non c'è stato ancora anche solo quello che noi con la nostra grande razionalità possiamo vedere come un'inutile celebrazione, però per esempio parlava un antropologo di una giornata dell'anno dedicata ... una festa nazionale, una celebrazione nazionale alle vittime del Covid e ancora questo non si è fatto, di questa roba qua c'è molto più bisogno di quello che sembra, di quello che ci sembra razionalmente. I concerti di trovarsi nello stesso posto dello stesso momento al di là degli schermi, per me ecco vedo che hanno avuto più... Ne sento di più il senso adesso.

I: Grazie allora Vasco Brondi.

VB: Grazie.

Student Number	21345038	Text Number	7
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Source Text		Target Text	
Title	<i>La Calandria</i>	Title	<i>The Follies of Calandro</i>
Year Published	1513		
Author	Cardinal Bernardo Dovizi da Bibbiena.		
Language	Italian	Language	English
Word Count	728	Word Count	802
Description of Source Text • <i>understanding of source text</i> • <i>knowledge of genre within source contexts</i> • <i>situation of source text</i> <i>familiarity with the formal features of a text (language variation(s), register, dialect)</i> (200 words max)	The ST is a dialogue between Fessenio, servant, Lidio, his master and Polinico, tutor, from Act 1, scene II, <i>La Calandria</i>, about the follies of Calandro, an Italian Renaissance five act play, “the earliest regular comedy ... composed in vernacular prose ...” (Yoko Hara, 2017: 586), Performed during Carnival (Treadwell, 2021: 259) in the court of Urbino in 1513 (D’Amico, 1991: 93), the ST audience was the “courtly educated elite” (Andrews, 1993: 21). In <i>La Calandria</i>’s prologue, Castiglione, who first staged the play described its features as written “in prosa, non in versi” [in prose not verse] “vulgare” [in Italian], “non latina” [not Latin], where the audience would hear the play in their own language so that everyone could understand and enjoy it (Treadwell, 2021:259). The register conveys social status. The tutor speaks in a formal manner, often in the third person e.g. “Non puole essere superiore di consigli chi è inferiore di costumi” [Who is inferior of manners cannot be superior of counsel]. The servant		

	speaks in a low register e.g. swearing, “Per lo corpo...” [For the body...] and in a colloquial manner responding to the tutor in defence of his master, e.g. Tristo se’tu [You are the lewd one].
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> <i>production of genre for target context</i> (200 words max)	My TT is part of Act 1, Scene II, a dialogue between Polinico, Lidio and Fessenio, written in prose. The TA is made up of 18 to 40 year olds in 1601, attending the Globe, an Open-air Amphitheatre, London (Gurr, 2004:15) where Shakespeare’s <i>Hamlet</i> was staged in 1600 (Gurr, 2004:4). The TA include “playgoers of varying means” (Gurr, 2004: 24). My goal is to render the TT in Early Modern English. I will follow its orthography characterised by (Scragg, 1974:81): • f for long S, e.g. “deſpight”; • Interchangeable ‘u’ and ‘v’, ‘v’ frequently at the start of a word, e.g. “vp”; • ‘u’ elsewhere, e.g. “loue”. I will: • select words where possible with same origin as ST words to bring the TA closer to the ST, e.g. perniziosi [pernitiousnes]. • retain ST names as TA are familiar with Italian names and settings (Levith, 1989:2) through Shakespeare’s plays. Following Barber’s (1997:7) summary of EME grammar features, I will: • use the third person singular inflection {eth}, e.g. “thinketh”; • use the preposition “of” where “by” would be used in Modern English, e.g. “abide of me”;

	And include some affirmative declarative sentences with auxiliary “do” inserted e.g. “most doe leaueth the man beguiled”.
Critical Reflection <i>textual analysis</i> (200 words max)	The TA is a general audience, with people of ‘varying means’ (Gurr, 2004: 24), while the ST audience is “courtly educated elite” (Andrews, 1993: 21). Perhaps the TT would not have the same appeal to a more general audience and thus could benefit with an adaptation of ST rather than a translation. That said, the ST character Fessenio, a servant does seem relatable to many of the audience goers. He is quick witted and feisty, it could be argued, a character worth cheering on. The differentiation of language with the master and tutor’s formal language and the servant’s informal language aids the audiences understanding of and engagement with the characters. The Early Modern English of TT with its features e.g. third person singular “eth” would be easily understood by the ‘Globe’ audience. However, most of Shakespeare’s dramatic verse is iambic pentameter (Tarlinskaja, 2014:3), not prose and the absence of this metre for the TA accustomed to it may prove disappointing. The ST was performed with an extraordinary stage set of Rome, rendering accurate perspective, described by Yoko Hara as ‘capturing eyes and moving souls’ (2017:586). The TA would require an equally dramatic set to bring the TT to life.
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Source Text*La Calandria***ATTO PRIMO****SCENA SECONDA**

Polinico precettore, Lidio padrone, Fessenio servo.

POLINICO Per certo, non mi saria mia caduto ne l'animo, Lidio, che tu a questo venissi; che, drieto andando a vani innamoramenti, sprezzatore de ogni virtù sei diventato. Ma di tutto do causa a quella bona creatura di Fessenio.

Target Text*The Follies of Calandro***FIRST ACT****SCENA SCENE**

Polinico tuter, Lidio mayster, Fessenio feruant.

POLINICO For certain Lidio, it would never haue croft my mind, that thou would hast come to this; that, goeing after fruitless wanton falling in loue, a contemner of euery vertue thou hast become. But of all I attribute caufe to that good creature Fessenio.

FESSENIO Per lo corpo...

LIDIO Non dir così, Polinico.

POLINICO Eh! Lidio, tutto so meglio che tu e che quel ribaldo del tuo servo.

FESSENIO A dispetto di... che io li...

POLINICO L'omo prudente pensa sempre quello li pò venire in contrario.

FESSENIO Eccoci su per le pedagogarie.

POLINICO Come questo vostro amore fia più noto, oltre che in gran pericolo starai, tu sarai da tutti tenuto una bestia.

FESSENIO Pedagogo poltrone!

POLINICO Perché, chi non dilleggia e non odia li vani e li leggeri? Come diventato sei tu che, forestiero, ti sei posto ad amare. E chi? Una delle più nobil donne di questa città. Fuggi, dico, e' pericoli di questo amore.

LIDIO Polinico, io son giovane; e la giovinezza è tutta sottoposta ad Amore. Le gravi cose si convengano a' più maturi. Io non posso volere se non quello che Amor vuole: e mi sforza ad amare questa nobil donna più che me stesso. Il che, quando mai si risapessi, credo che io ne sarò da molti più reputato; per ciò che come in una donna è grandissimo senno il

FESSENIO For the bodie...

LIDIO Nay fpeake thus, Polinico.

POLINICO Alas! Lidio, I know better than thou and that yond lout of your feruant.

FESSENIO In delpight of... that I there...

POLINICO The prudente man always thinketh yond there may come againft.

FESSENIO Behold vs, vp the pedagogue.

POLINICO As this your loue is more knowne, besides, in great peril you shall abide, you fhall by all held a beaft.

FESSENIO Pedagogue poltron!

POLINICO Wherefore, who does not mocketh and hate the vain and those of little profunditie? In what manner hast thou become that, a ftranger, thou hast fet thy felfe to loue. And whom? One of the most noble women of this citie. fscape, I fay the perills of this loue.

LIDIO Polinico, I am yoong; and youthfulneffe is all fubmitted to Loue. The ferious things doe agreeth to the more mature. I may not defire if not yond that Loue wanteth: And forces me to loue this noble woman more than my felfe. Which, when euer knowne, I will by many be more reputed; For that matter, in a woman it is great wit to guardeth one felf

guardarsi da l'amore di maggior omo che ella non è, così è gran valore nelli omini di amare donne di più alto lignaggio che essi non sono.

FESSENIO Oh bella risposta!

POLINICO Questi son termini insegnatili da quel tristo di Fessenio per metterlo sù.

FESSENIO Tristo se'tu.

POLINICO Mi maravigliavo che tu non volassi a turbar l'opere bone.

FESSENIO Adonque io non turberò le tua.

POLINICO Nulla è peggio che vedere la vita de' savi dependere dal parlare de' matti.

FESSENIO Più saviamente l'ho consigliato io sempre che tu fatto non hai.

POLINICO Non puole essere superiore di consigli chi è inferiore di costumi. Non te ho prima cognosciuto, Fessenio, perché non t'arei tanto laudato a Lidio.

FESSENIO Avevo forse bisogno di tuo favore io, ah?

from loue of a greater man than fhee, so it is great valour for men to loue women of a higher linnage than they.

FESSENIO Oh faire anfwere!

POLINICO Thefe tearmes emblems of yond leaud of Fessenio to putteth it upward.

FESSENIO Leaud art thou.

POLINICO I maruelled that you did not flie in the aire to difturbe good works.

FESSENIO Then I will not difturbe yours.

POLINICO Ought nothing worse than to fee the life of fages dependeth on the talke of madmen.

FESSENIO More wifely I counfelled him euer than thou.

POLINICO Who is inferiour of manners cannot be superiore of counfell. I did not know you before, Fessenio, wherefore I would not have lauded you so much to Lidio.

FESSENIO I had perhaps need of your fauor, aye me?

POLINICO Conosco ora essere ben vero che, in laudare altrui, spesso resta l'omo ingannato; in biasmarlo, non mai.

FESSENIO Tu stesso mostri la vanità tua poi che laudavi chi non conoscevi. So io bene che, in parlare di te, non mi sono ingannato mai.

POLINICO Donque hai tu detto mal di me?

FESSENIO Tu stesso il di'.

POLINICO Pazienza! Non intento quistionar teco, ché saria uno gridare co' tuoni.

FESSENIO El fai perché non hai ragion meco.

POLINICO El fo per non usare altro che parole.

FESSENIO E che potresti tu mai farmi in cent'anni?

POLINICO El vederesti. E così, così...

FESSENIO Non stuzzicar, quando fumma el naso de l'orso.

POLINICO Deh! deh! Orsù! Non voglio con un servo...

LIDIO Orsù! Fessenio, non più.

POLINICO I difcerneth at this howre to be well true that in lauding others most doe leaueth the man beguiled; in reproaching him, not never.

FESSENIO Your felfe fhew your vanity then that lauded those you did not know. I know well that in fpeakeing of you, I not at any time deceiued my felfe.

POLINICO Then hast thou fpoken ill of me?

FESSENIO Your felfe thou say.

POLINICO Patience! I doe not intend to quarrel with thee for that would be fcreeching thunder.

FESSENIO You doe it because you haue nothing to fay to me.

POLINICO I doe it to not ufe other than words.

FESSENIO And what could you euer doe to me in a hundred yeeres?

POLINICO You would see. And so, so...

FESSENIO Do not provoke, when the nose of the bear is fuming.

POLINICO Oh! Oh! Away! I haue no defire with a feruant.

LIDIO Away! Fessenio, no more.

FESSENIO Non minacciare: ché, benché io sia vil servo, anco la mosca ha la sua collora; e non è sì picciol pelo che non abbi l'ombra sua, intendi?

LIDIO Taci, Fessenio.

POLINICO Lassami seguire con Lidio, se ti piace.

FESSENIO E dà del buon per la pace.

POLINICO Ascolta, Lidio. Sappi che Dio ci ha fatto due orecchi per udire assai.

FESSENIO Ed una sol bocca per parlar poco.

POLINICO Non parlo teco. Ogni mal fresco agevolmente si leva; ma poi, invecchiato, non mai. Levati, dico, da questo tuo amore.

LIDIO Perché?

POLINICO Non ve arai mai se non tormenti.

LIDIO Perché?

POLINICO Oimè! Non sai tu che i compagni d'amore sono ira, odii, inimicizie, discordie, ruine, povertà, suspezione, inquietudine, morbi perniziosi nelli animi de' mortali? Fuggi amor; fuggi.

FESSENIO Doe not threaten: wherefore, howbeit I am vile feruant, also the flie hath its own choller; and it is not so matterleffe that it doth not haue its own fhadow, vnderstand?

LIDIO filent, Fessenio.

POLINICO Let me follow with Lidio, if you pleafe.

FESSENIO Moreouer hold thy peace.

POLINICO Liften, Lidio. You know that Almightye God made us two eares to heareth enough.

FESSENIO And one solo mouth to fpeaketh a little quantitie.

POLINICO I do not fpeake with thee. Euery fresh ill easily rises; but then, aged, not euer. Rise up, I say, from this your loue.

LIDIO Why?

POLINICO No behold, if so be, thy will never have no torments.

LIDIO Why?

POLINICO Aye me! Doe you not know that the companions of loue are ire, hate, inimitie, discord, ruine, pouerty, fufpetion, vnrest, morbid pernitioufnes in the mind of mortals? Runne away loue, runne away.

LIDIO Oimè! Polinico, non posso.

POLINICO Perché?

FESSENIO Per mal che Dio ti dia.

LIDIO Alla potenza sua ogni cosa è soggetta. E non è maggior dolcezza che acquistare quel che si desidera in amore, senza il quale non è cosa alcuna perfetta né virtuosa né gentile.

FESSENIO Non si può dir meglio.

POLINICO Non è maggior vizio in un servo che l'adulazione. E tu lui ascolti? Lidio mio, attendi a me.

FESSENIO Sì che gli è delicata robba!

POLINICO Amore è simile al foco che, postovi sopra zolfo o altra trista cosa, ammorba l'omo.

LIDIO E, postovi incenso, aloe ed ambra, fa pure odore da resuscitare morti.

FESSENIO Ah! Ah! Col laccio che fece resta pres Polinico.

LIDIO Aye me! Polinico, I cannot.

POLINICO Why?

FESSENIO For God's sake.

LIDIO To its power every thing is subiected. And there is no greater fweetneff than to acquire that which one defires in loue without which there is no perfect nor vertuous nor gentle thing.

FESSENIO It cannot be said better.

POLINICO No greater vice in a feruant than adulation. And you listen to him. My Lidio, abide of me.

FESSENIO Yes that it is delicate geare!

POLINICO Loue is like fire that placed there over fulpher or other leaudly things doe infecteth man with contagion.

LIDIO And, placed there incenfe, aloes, amber, maketh a fmell to even rife the dead.

FESSENIO Ah! Ah! With the fnare that he hath made, he remaines caught Polinico.

Student Number	21345038	Text Number	8
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Source Text		Target Text	
Title	<i>Le Petit Prince</i>	Title	<i>The Little Prince</i>
Year Published	1943		
Author	Antoine de Saint-Exupéry		
Language	French	Language	English
Word Count	5742	Word Count	421
Description of Source Text • <i>understanding of source text</i> • <i>knowledge of genre within source contexts</i> • <i>situation of source text</i> <i>familiarity with the formal features of a text (language variation(s), register, dialect)</i> (200 words max)	The ST is chapters II, IV (part of), VI, IX and XIX – XXI, XXIII and XXVI from the novella written and illustrated by French writer and aviator Saint-Exupéry. Published in French and English (translated) in New York in 1943, he is the most translated author for the same book in the world with over 500 official translations. It has been adapted into different forms including film, opera, ballet, theatre and animation (https://www.lepetitprince.com/). The target audience of the ST is adults and children with its appeal “transcending age” (De Saint- Exupéry and Cuffe, 2021:2). The ST: • is narrated by an aviator who encounters the little prince; • includes dialogue between characters; • uses figurative language - similes and metaphors and visual imagery; with literary elements of: • allegory (a symbolic story with hidden meaning), the core message is we can only truly see with our hearts;		

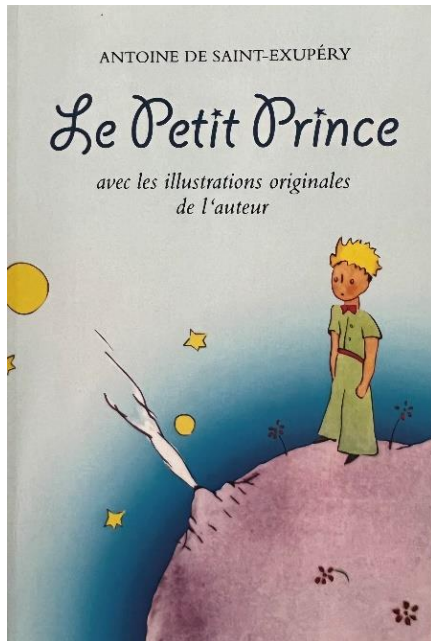
	• fable (short stories using anthropomorphized flora and fauna (animals) to teach a moral lesson) e.g. the fox and rose; • fairy tale (with magic, fantasy or magical creatures) e.g. fox, little prince.
Strategy • <i>identification of translation problems</i> • <i>knowledge of genre within target context and situation of target text</i> • <i>justification of translation</i> <i>production of genre for target context</i> (200 words max)	Little Island, Irish children's publisher is seeking submissions for a picture book adaptation (32 pages, with 8 page paratext, 24 double pages) based on chapters I – VI, IX, XIII and XIX – XXVII of <i>Le Petit Prince</i> [The Little Prince]. This new text will accompany illustrations by Sarah Massini (Little Island acquired these rights) taken from Farshore's 2021 publication by Louise Greig. They are seeking new text as the TT adaptation will take a different focus, i.e. the little prince's experience on earth and his own planet (not on other planets) I will: • use maximum 500 words; (ref. why age group picture book max 500; • use vocabulary that sparks the imagination of TA (4 – 8 years old) including use of repetition, some internal rhyme, descriptive adjectives and adjectives and active verbs; • use simplified, shorter dialogue in TT than ST (italicized) between TT protagonist and characters e.g. aviator, fox, rose to engage TA; • make the fox character a more central character in the TT to appeal to TA. • write picture book adaptation before looking at Massini illustrations in Greig adaptation. - omit any illustrations that include reference to another planet. - where words can be omitted and space given to the illustration to tell the story, I will do this. • I will read TT out loud to test its "readaloudability", an important feature of children's picture books (O'Sullivan, 2005:17).

Critical Reflection <i>textual analysis</i> (200 words max)	I drafted TT before looking at illustrations in Greig adaptation. I then redrafted TT cognisant of multimodal interplay (Multi: 2023) i.e. so that words and images worked together taking out unnecessary words e.g. I zoomed in on illustration 12 to give greater focus to the special bond of prince and fox and took out any superfluous words condensing it to the essential required to convey the emotion of sadness and loss, “One day ... he whispered ... now I must go ... but you will always be my friend.”. Osborne’s 2016 animated film, “The Little Prince” used Katherine Woods (1943) translation in his screenplay, translating “apprivoiser” as to “tame” (Zimmer:2016). Similarly, Greig’s adaptation says, “Tame me, spoke a fox...” and in relation to the rose, “one rose ... Only one has tamed you”. However, the fox in Le Petit Prince explains that “apprivoiser” means to “créer des liens” [create bonds or relationships]. To reflect this, I took a different approach to the adaptations referred to and translated “apprivoiser” in the context of the little prince and fox’s relationship as a “special bond” and with reference to the little prince’s connection to his rose I translated “apprivoiser” as “it has my heart”.
Works Cited <i>use of sources and reference material</i>	Avest, Ina ter and McDougall, Roseanne. 2014. “The Little Prince – an introduction to spirituality: a moving experience in religious education for primary school children in a secularised world, Journal of Beliefs & Values”, 35:2, 214 - 217, DOI: 10.1080/13617672.2014.953358 De Saint- Exupéry, Antoine. 1943. Le Petit Prince. New York: Reynal and Hitchcock. Greig, Louise. 2021. The Little Prince. London: Farshore. O’ Sullivan, Emer. 2005. Comparative Children’s Literature. London/New York: Routledge.

	Zimmer, Ben. 2016. "The Translation Challenges of 'The little Prince'". Wall Street Journal. https://www.wsj.com/articles/the-translation-challenges-of-the-little-prince-1470417189 accessed 15th January 2023. Multimodality in Translation and Interpreting (MULTI) 2023. https://research.tuni.fi/plural-en/multimodality-in-translation-and-interpreting-multi/ accessed 20/02/2023
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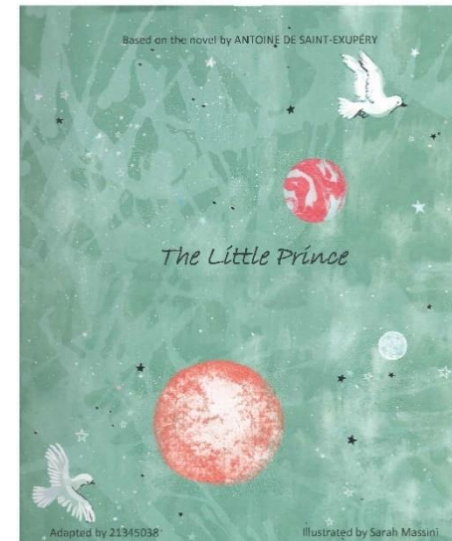
Source Text

Le Petit Prince



Target Text

The Little Prince



II

J'ai ainsi vécu seul, sans personne avec qui parler véritablement, jusqu'à une panne dans le désert du Sahara, il y a six ans. Quelque chose s'était cassé dans mon moteur. Et comme je n'avais avec moi ni mécanicien, ni passagers, je me préparai à essayer de réussir, tout seul, une réparation difficile. C'était pour moi une question de vie ou de mort. J'avais à peine de l'eau à boire pour huit jours.

Le premier soir je me suis donc endormi sur le sable à mille milles de toute terre habitée. J'étais bien plus isolé qu'un naufragé sur un radeau au milieu de l'Océan. Alors vous imaginez ma surprise, au lever du jour, quand une drôle de petite voix m'a réveillé. Elle disait :

- S'il vous plaît... dessine-moi un mouton !
- Hein !
- Dessine-moi un mouton...

J'ai sauté sur mes pieds comme si j'avais été frappé par la foudre. J'ai bien frotté mes yeux. J'ai bien regardé. Et j'ai vu un petit bonhomme tout à fait extraordinaire qui me considérait gravement. Voilà le meilleur portrait que, plus tard, j'ai réussi à faire de lui. Mais mon dessin, bien sûr, est beaucoup moins ravissant que le modèle. Ce n'est pas ma faute. J'avais été découragé dans ma carrière de peintre par les grandes personnes, à l'âge de six ans, et je n'avais rien appris à dessiner, sauf les boas fermés et les boas ouverts.



Je regardai donc cette apparition avec des yeux tout ronds d'étonnement. N'oubliez pas que je me trouvais à mille milles de toute région habitée. Or mon petit bonhomme ne me semblait ni égaré, ni mort de fatigue, ni mort de faim, ni mort de soif, ni mort de peur. Il n'avait en rien l'apparence d'un enfant perdu au milieu du désert, à mille milles de toute région habitée. Quand je réussis enfin à parler, je lui dis :

— Mais... qu'est-ce que tu fais là ?

Et il me répéta alors, tout doucement, comme une chose très sérieuse :

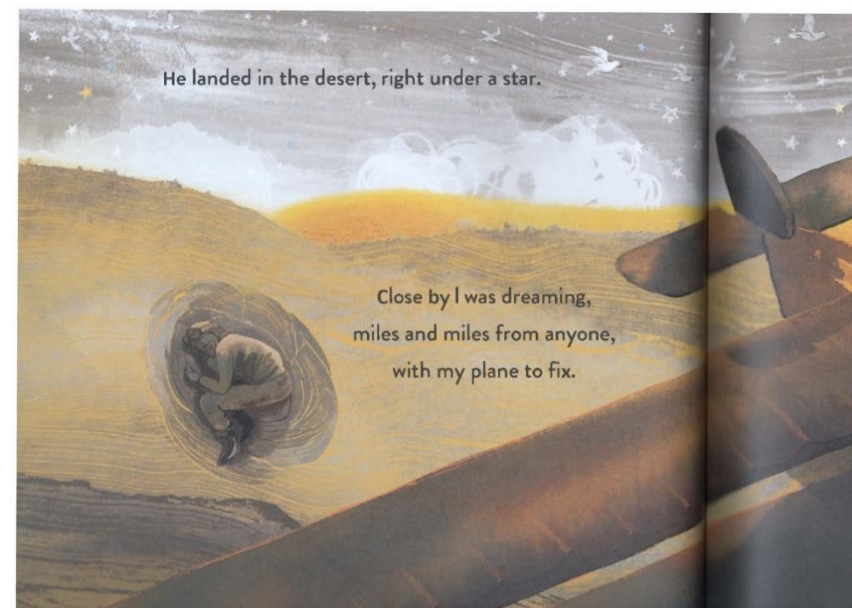
— S'il vous plaît... dessine-moi un mouton...

Quand le mystère est trop impressionnant, on n'ose pas désobéir. Aussi absurde que cela me semblât à mille milles de tous les endroits habités et en danger de mort, je sortis de ma poche une feuille de papier et un stylographe. Mais je me rappelai alors que j'avais surtout étudié la géographie, l'histoire, le calcul et la grammaire et je dis au petit bonhomme (avec un peu de mauvaise humeur) que je ne savais pas dessiner. Il me répondit :

— Ça ne fait rien. Dessine-moi un mouton.

Comme je n'avais jamais dessiné un mouton je refis, pour lui, l'un des deux seuls dessins dont j'étais capable. Celui du boa fermé. Et je fus stupéfait d'entendre le petit bonhomme me répondre :

— Non ! Non ! Je ne veux pas d'un éléphant dans un boa. Un boa c'est très dangereux, et un éléphant c'est très encombrant. Chez moi c'est tout



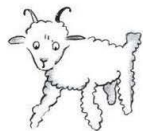
petit. J'ai besoin d'un mouton. Dessine-moi un mouton.
Alors j'ai dessiné.



Il regarda attentivement, puis :

— Non ! Celui-là est déjà très malade. Fais-en un autre.

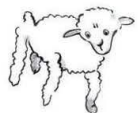
Je dessinai :



Mon ami sourit gentiment, avec indulgence :

— Tu vois bien... ce n'est pas un mouton, c'est un bélier. Il a des cornes...

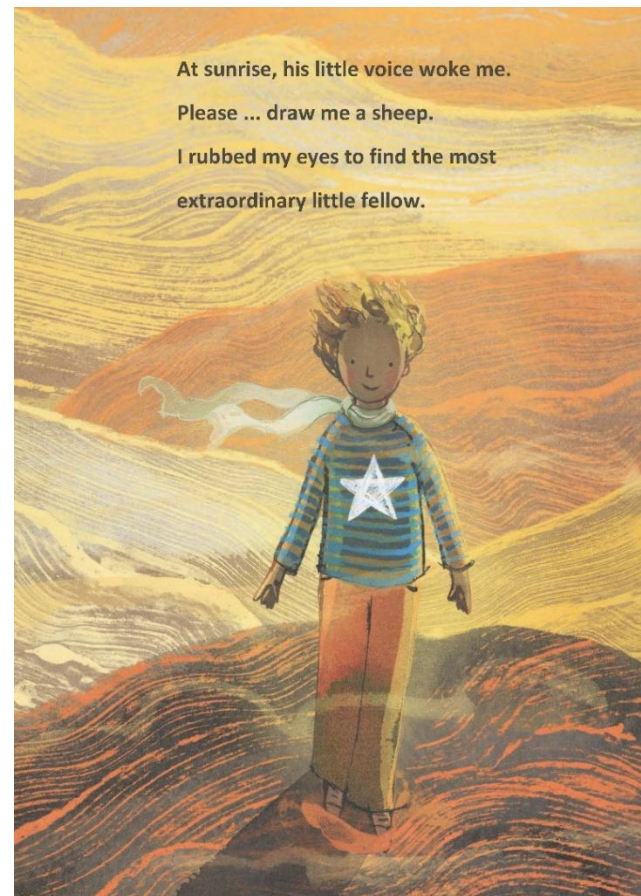
Je refis donc encore mon dessin :



At sunrise, his little voice woke me.

Please ... draw me a sheep.

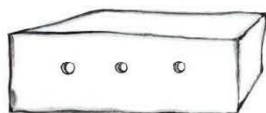
I rubbed my eyes to find the most
extraordinary little fellow.



Mais il fut refusé, comme les précédents :

— Celui-là est trop vieux. Je veux un mouton qui vive long-temps.

Alors, faute de patience, comme j'avais hâte de commencer le démontage de mon moteur, je griffonnai ce dessin-ci.



Et je lançai :

— Ça c'est la caisse. Le mouton que tu veux est dedans.

Mais je fus bien surpris de voir s'illuminer le visage de mon jeune juge :

— C'est tout à fait comme ça que je le voulais ! Crois-tu qu'il faille beaucoup d'herbe à ce mouton ?

— Pourquoi ?

— Parce que chez moi c'est tout petit...

— Ça suffira sûrement. Je t'ai donné un tout petit mouton.

Il pencha la tête vers le dessin :



— Pas si petit que ça... Tiens ! Il s'est endormi...

Et c'est ainsi que je fis la connaissance du petit prince.



Voilà le meilleur portrait que, plus tard, j'ai réussi à faire de lui



IV (Une partie du chapitre IV)

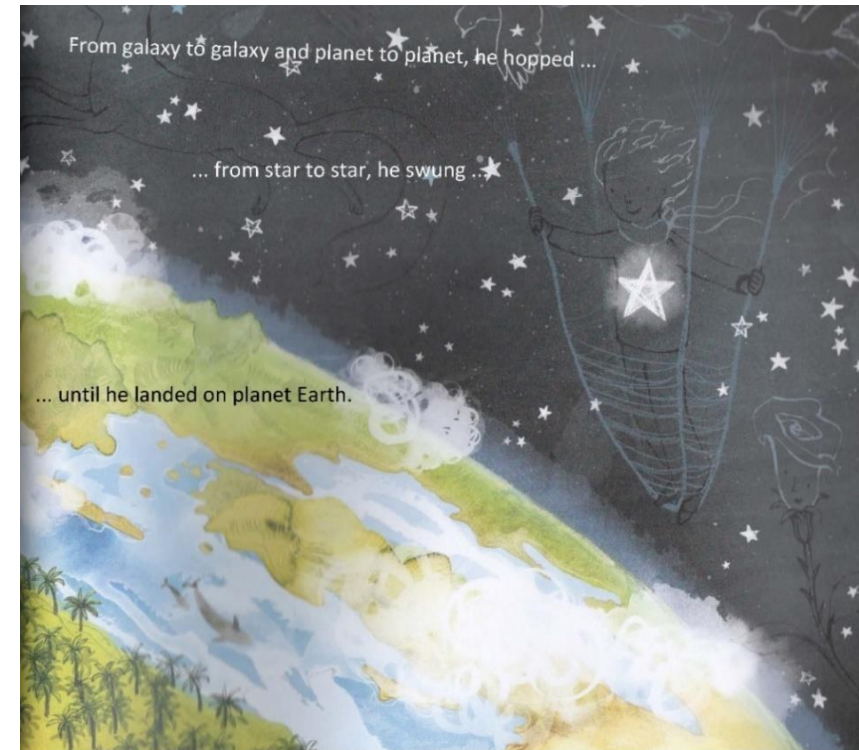
J'avais ainsi appris une seconde chose très importante : C'est que sa planète d'origine était à peine plus grande qu'une maison !

Ça ne pouvait pas m'étonner beaucoup. Je savais bien qu'en dehors des grosses planètes comme la Terre, Jupiter, Mars, Vénus, auxquelles on a donné des noms, il y en a des centaines d'autres qui sont quelquefois si petites qu'on a beaucoup de mal à les apercevoir au télescope. Quand un astronome découvre l'une d'elles, il lui donne pour nom un numéro. Il l'appelle par exemple : « l'astéroïde 3251. »

J'ai de sérieuses raisons de croire que la planète d'où venait le petit prince est l'astéroïde B 612. Cet astéroïde n'a été aperçu qu'une fois au télescope, en 1909, par un astronome turc.



« Il était une fois un petit prince qui habitait une planète à peine plus grande que lui, et qui avait besoin



d'un ami... » Pour ceux qui comprennent la vie, ça aurait eu l'air beaucoup plus vrai.

VI

Ah ! petit prince, j'ai compris, peu à peu, ainsi, ta petite vie mélancolique. Tu n'avais eu longtemps pour distraction que la douceur des couchers de soleil. J'ai appris ce détail nouveau, le quatrième jour au matin, quand tu m'as dit :

- J'aime bien les couchers de soleil. Allons voir un coucher de soleil...
- Mais il faut attendre...
- Attendre quoi ?
- Attendre que le soleil se couche.

Tu as eu l'air très surpris d'abord, et puis tu as ri de toi-même. Et tu m'as dit :

- Je me crois toujours chez moi !

En effet. Quand il est midi aux États-Unis, le soleil, tout le monde le sait, se couche sur la France. Il suffirait de pouvoir aller en France en une minute pour assister au coucher de soleil. Malheureusement la France est bien trop éloignée. Mais, sur ta si petite planète, il te suffisait de tirer ta chaise de quelques pas. Et tu regardais le crépuscule chaque fois que tu le désirais...



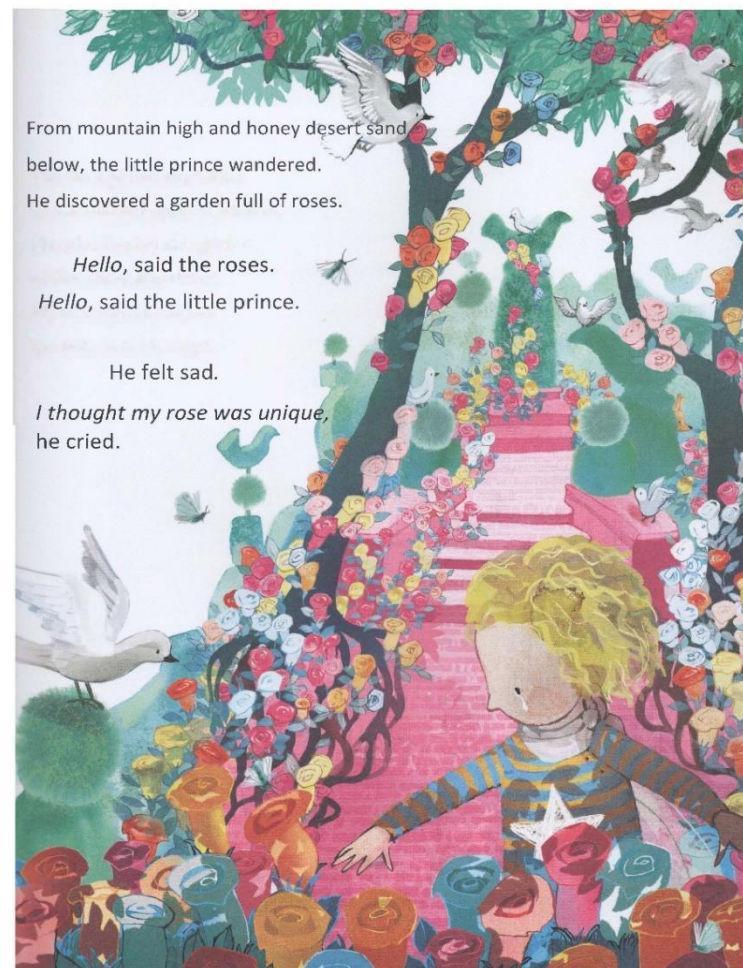
— Un jour, j'ai vu le soleil se coucher quarante-trois fois !

Et un peu plus tard tu ajoutais :

— Tu sais... quand on est tellement triste on aime les cou-chers de soleil...

— Le jour des quarante-trois fois tu étais donc tellement triste ?

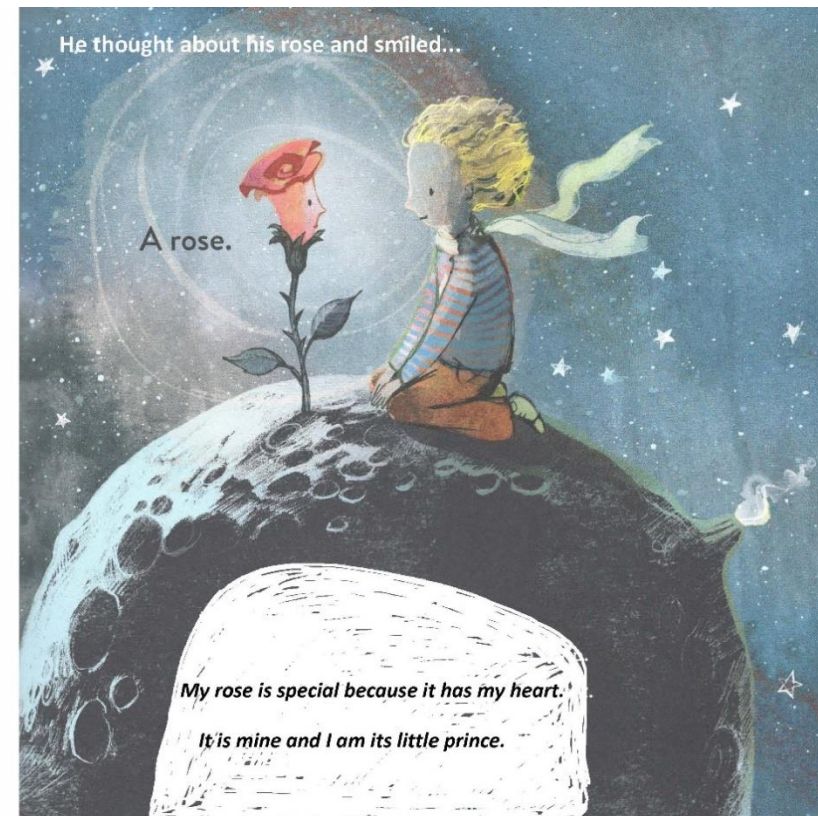
Mais le petit prince ne répondit pas.



IX



Je crois qu'il profita, pour son évasion, d'une migration d'oiseaux sauvages. Au matin du départ il mit sa planète bien en ordre. Il ramona soigneusement ses volcans en activité. Il possédait deux volcans en activité. Et c'était bien commode pour faire chauffer le petit déjeuner du matin. Il possédait aussi un volcan éteint. Mais, comme il disait, « On ne sait jamais ! » Il ramona



donc également le volcan éteint. S'ils sont bien ramonés, les volcans brûlent doucement et régulièrement, sans éruptions. Les éruptions volcaniques sont comme des feux de cheminée. Évidemment sur notre terre nous sommes beaucoup trop petits pour ramoner nos volcans. C'est pourquoi ils nous causent des tas d'ennuis.



Le petit prince arracha aussi, avec un peu de mélancolie, les dernières pousses de baobabs. Il croyait ne jamais devoir revenir. Mais tous ces travaux familiers lui parurent, ce matinlà, extrêmement doux. Et, quand il

The little prince said,

what is important we cannot see ...

... if you love a flower that is on a star,

the night is sweet and all the stars are covered in flowers.

arrosa une dernière fois la fleur, et se prépara à la mettre à l'abri sous son globe, il se découvrit l'envie de pleurer.

– Adieu, dit-il à la fleur.

Mais elle ne lui répondit pas.

– Adieu, répéta-t-il.

La fleur toussa. Mais ce n'était pas à cause de son rhume.

– J'ai été sotte, lui dit-elle enfin. Je te demande pardon. Tâche d'être heureux.

Il fut surpris par l'absence de reproches. Il restait là tout déconcerté, le globe en l'air. Il ne comprenait pas cette douceur calme.

– Mais oui, je t'aime, lui dit la fleur. Tu n'en as rien su, par ma faute. Cela n'a aucune importance. Mais tu as été aussi sot que moi. Tâche d'être heureux... Laisse ce globe tranquille. Je n'en veux plus.

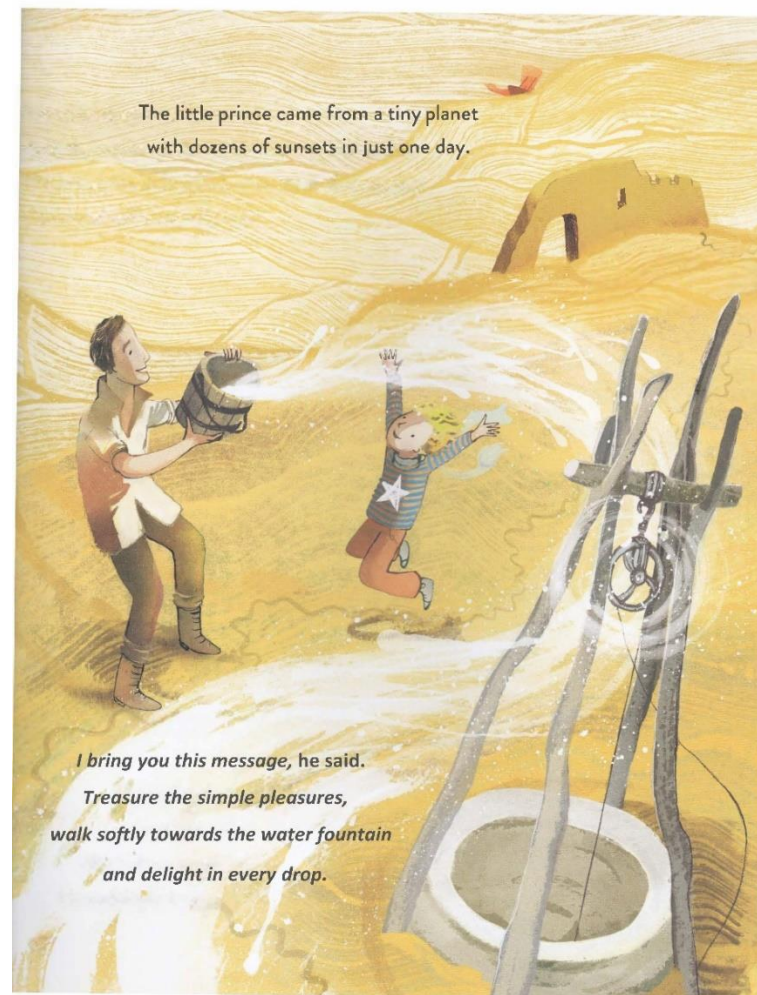
– Mais le vent...

– Je ne suis pas si enrhumée que ça... L'air frais de la nuit me fera du bien. Je suis une fleur.

– Mais les bêtes...

– Il faut bien que je supporte deux ou trois chenilles si je veux connaître les papillons. Il paraît que c'est tellement beau.

Sinon qui me rendra visite ? Tu seras loin, toi. Quant aux grosses bêtes, je ne crains rien. J'ai mes griffes.



Et elle montrait naïvement ses quatre épines. Puis elle ajouta :

— Ne traîne pas comme ça, c'est agaçant. Tu as décidé de partir. Va-t'en.

Car elle ne voulait pas qu'il la vît pleurer. C'était une fleur tellement orgueilleuse...

XIX

Le petit prince fit l'ascension d'une haute montagne. Les seules montagnes qu'il eût jamais connues étaient les trois volcans qui lui arrivaient au genou. Et il se servait du volcan éteint comme d'un tabouret. « D'une montagne haute comme celle-ci, se dit-il donc, j'apercevrai d'un coup toute la planète et tous les hommes... » Mais il n'aperçut rien que des aiguilles de roc bien aiguisées.





- Bonjour, dit-il à tout hasard.
- Bonjour... Bonjour... Bonjour... répondit l'écho.
- Qui êtes-vous ? dit le petit prince.
- Qui êtes-vous... qui êtes-vous... qui êtes-vous... répondit l'écho.
- Soyez mes amis, je suis seul, dit-il.
- Je suis seul... je suis seul... je suis seul... répondit l'écho.

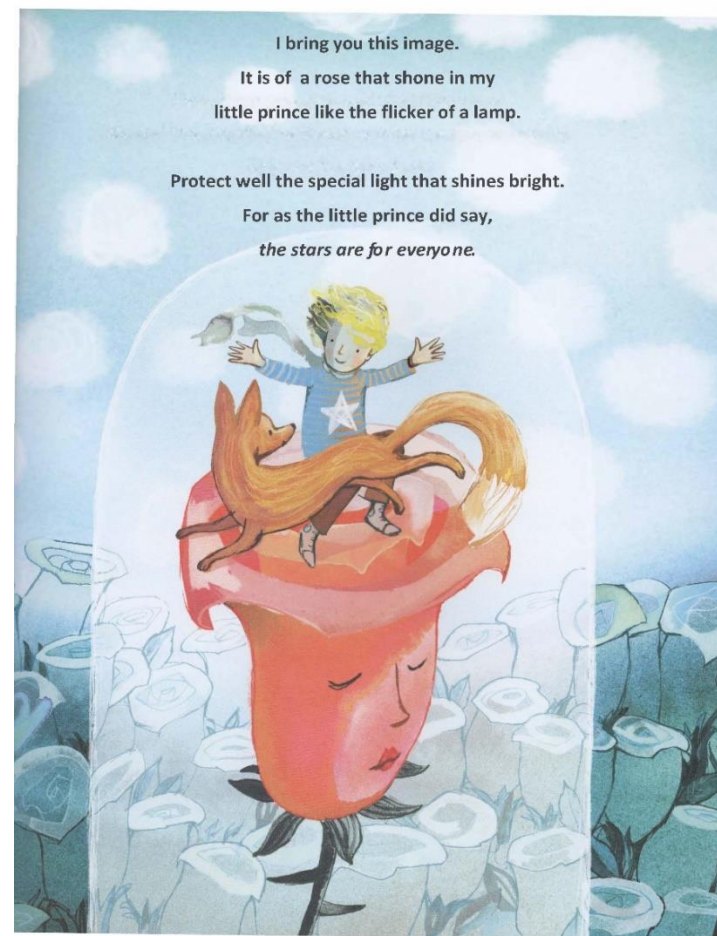
« Quelle drôle de planète ! pensa-t-il alors. Elle est toute sèche, et toute pointue et toute salée. Et les hommes

The little prince said to his fox friend,
when you want to laugh, look at the night sky and think of me ...
... you will hear millions of chiming stars ...



... and I will think of you and dream of millions of sparkling fountains.

manquent d'imagination. Ils répètent ce qu'on leur dit...
 Chez moi j'avais
 une fleur : elle parlait toujours la première... »



XX

Mais il arriva que le petit prince, ayant longtemps marché à travers les sables, les rocs et les neiges, découvrit enfin une route. Et les routes vont toutes chez les hommes.

– Bonjour, dit-il.

C'était un jardin fleuri de roses.

– Bonjour, dirent les roses.



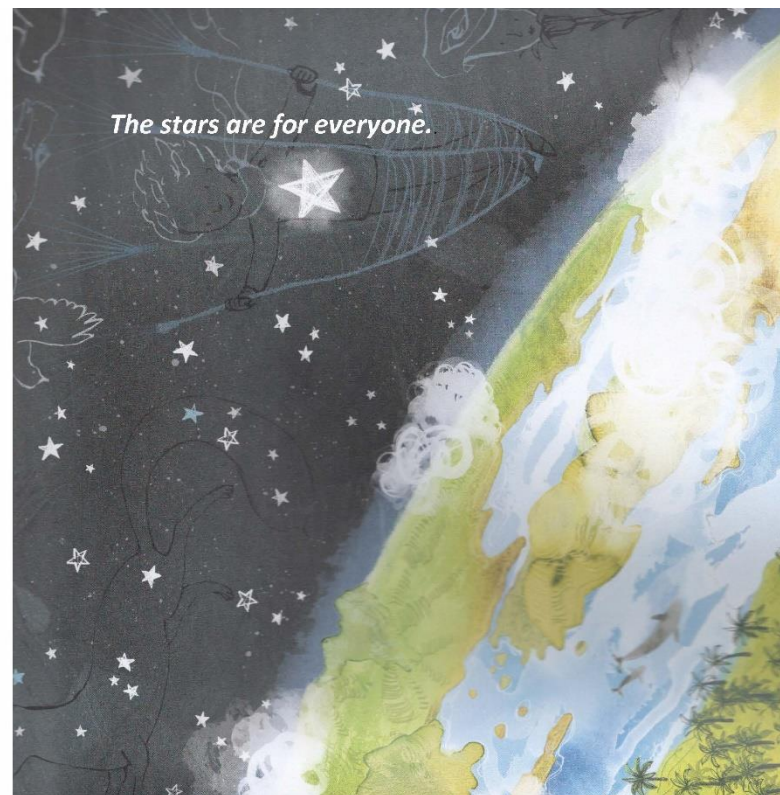
Le petit prince les regarda. Elles ressemblaient toutes à sa fleur.

– Qui êtes-vous ? leur demanda-t-il, stupéfait.

– Nous sommes des roses, dirent les roses.

– Ah ! fit le petit prince...

Et il se sentit très malheureux. Sa fleur lui avait raconté qu'elle était seule de son espèce dans l'univers. Et



voici qu'il en était cinq mille, toutes semblables, dans un seul jardin !



« Elle serait bien vexée, se dit-il, si elle voyait ça... elle tousserait énormément et ferait semblant de mourir pour échapper au ridicule. Et je serais bien obligé de faire semblant de la soigner, car, sinon, pour m'humilier moi aussi, elle se laisserait vraiment mourir... »

Puis il se dit encore : « Je me croyais riche d'une fleur unique, et je ne possède qu'une rose ordinaire. Ça et mes trois volcans qui m'arrivent au genou, et dont l'un, peut-être, est éteint pour toujours, ça ne fait pas de moi un bien grand prince... » Et, couché dans l'herbe, il pleura.

XXI

C'est alors qu'apparut le renard.



- Bonjour, dit le renard.
- Bonjour, répondit poliment le petit prince, qui se retour-na mais ne vit rien.
- Je suis là, dit la voix, sous le pommier.
- Qui es-tu ? dit le petit prince. Tu es bien joli...
- Je suis un renard, dit le renard.
- Viens jouer avec moi, lui proposa le petit prince. Je suis tellement triste...
- Je ne puis pas jouer avec toi, dit le renard. Je ne suis pas apprivoisé.
- Ah ! pardon, fit le petit prince.

Mais, après réflexion, il ajouta :

– Qu'est-ce que signifie « apprivoiser » ?

– Tu n'es pas d'ici, dit le renard, que cherches-tu ?

– Je cherche les hommes, dit le petit prince. Qu'est-ce que signifie « apprivoiser » ?

– Les hommes, dit le renard, ils ont des fusils et ils chas-sent. C'est bien gênant ! Ils élèvent aussi des poules. C'est leur seul intérêt. Tu cherches des poules ?

– Non, dit le petit prince. Je cherche des amis. Qu'est-ce que signifie « apprivoiser » ?

– C'est une chose trop oubliée, dit le renard. Ça signifie « créer des liens... »

– Créer des liens ?

– Bien sûr, dit le renard. Tu n'es encore pour moi qu'un pe-tit garçon tout semblable à cent mille petits garçons. Et je n'ai pas besoin de toi. Et tu n'as pas besoin de moi non plus. Je ne suis pour toi qu'un renard semblable à cent mille renards. Mais, si tu m'apprivoises, nous aurons besoin l'un de l'autre. Tu seras pour moi unique au monde. Je serai pour toi unique au monde...

– Je commence à comprendre, dit le petit prince. Il y a une fleur... je crois qu'elle m'a apprivoisé...

– C'est possible, dit le renard. On voit sur la Terre toutes sortes de choses...

– Oh ! ce n'est pas sur la Terre, dit le petit prince.

Le renard parut très intrigué :

- Sur une autre planète ?
- Oui.
- Il y a des chasseurs, sur cette planète-là ?



- Non.
- Ça, c'est intéressant ! Et des poules ?
- Non.
- Rien n'est parfait, soupira le renard.

Mais le renard revint à son idée :

– Ma vie est monotone. Je chasse les poules, les hommes me chassent. Toutes les poules se ressemblent, et tous les hommes se ressemblent. Je

m'ennuie donc un peu. Mais, si tu m'apprivoises, ma vie sera comme ensoleillée. Je connaîtrai un bruit de pas qui sera différent de tous les autres. Les autres pas me font rentrer sous terre. Le tien m'appellera hors du terrier, comme une musique. Et puis regarde ! Tu vois, là-bas, les champs de blé ? Je ne mange pas de pain. Le blé pour moi est inutile. Les champs de blé ne me rappellent rien. Et ça, c'est triste ! Mais tu as des cheveux couleur d'or. Alors ce sera merveilleux quand tu m'auras apprivoisé ! Le blé, qui est doré, me fera souvenir de toi. Et j'aimerai le bruit du vent dans le blé...

Le renard se tut et regarda longtemps le petit prince :

— S'il te plaît... apprivoise-moi ! dit-il.

— Je veux bien, répondit le petit prince, mais je n'ai pas beaucoup de temps. J'ai des amis à découvrir et beaucoup de choses à connaître.

— On ne connaît que les choses que l'on apprivoise, dit le renard. Les hommes n'ont plus le temps de rien connaître. Ils achètent des choses toutes faites chez les marchands. Mais comme il n'existe point de marchands d'amis, les hommes n'ont plus d'amis. Si tu veux un ami, apprivoise-moi !

— Que faut-il faire ? dit le petit prince.

— Il faut être très patient, répondit le renard. Tu t'assoiras d'abord un peu loin de moi, comme ça, dans l'herbe. Je te regarderai du coin de l'œil et tu ne diras rien. Le langage est source de malentendus.

Mais, chaque jour, tu pourras t'asseoir un peu plus près...

Le lendemain revint le petit prince.

— Il eût mieux valu revenir à la même heure, dit le renard. Si tu viens, par exemple, à quatre heures de l'après-midi, dès trois heures je commencerai d'être heureux. Plus l'heure avancera, plus je me sentirai heureux. À quatre heures, déjà, je m'agiterai et m'inquiéterai ; je découvrirai le prix du bonheur ! Mais si tu viens n'importe quand, je ne saurai jamais à quelle heure m'habiller le cœur... Il faut des rites.



— Qu'est-ce qu'un rite ? dit le petit prince.

— C'est aussi quelque chose de trop oublié, dit le renard. C'est ce qui fait qu'un jour est différent

des autres jours, une heure, des autres heures. Il y a un rite, par exemple, chez mes chasseurs. Ils dansent le jeudi avec les filles du village. Alors le jeudi est jour merveilleux ! Je vais me promener jusqu'à la vigne. Si les chasseurs dansaient n'importe quand, les jours se ressembleraient tous, et je n'aurais point de vacances.

Ainsi le petit prince apprivoisa le renard. Et quand l'heure du départ fut proche :

– Ah ! dit le renard... Je pleurerai.

– C'est ta faute, dit le petit prince, je ne te souhaitais point de mal, mais tu as voulu que je t'apprivoise...

– Bien sûr, dit le renard.

– Mais tu vas pleurer ! dit le petit prince.

– Bien sûr, dit le renard.

– Alors tu n'y gagnes rien !

– J'y gagne, dit le renard, à cause de la couleur du blé.

Puis il ajouta :

– Va revoir les roses. Tu comprendras que la tienne est unique au monde. Tu reviendras me dire adieu, et je te ferai cadeau d'un secret.

Le petit prince s'en fut revoir les roses.

— Vous n'êtes pas du tout semblables à ma rose, vous n'êtes rien encore, leur dit-il. Personne ne vous a apprivoisées et vous n'avez apprivoisé personne. Vous êtes comme était mon renard. Ce n'était qu'un renard semblable à cent mille autres. Mais j'en ai fait mon ami, et il est maintenant unique au monde.

Et les roses étaient bien gênées.

— Vous êtes belles, mais vous êtes vides, leur dit-il encore. On ne peut pas mourir pour vous. Bien sûr, ma rose à moi, un passant ordinaire croirait qu'elle vous ressemble. Mais à elle seule elle est plus importante que vous toutes, puisque c'est elle que j'ai arrosée. Puisque c'est elle que j'ai mise sous globe. Puisque c'est elle que j'ai abritée par le paravent. Puisque c'est elle dont j'ai tué les chenilles (sauf les deux ou trois pour les papillons). Puisque c'est elle que j'ai écoutée se plaindre, ou se vanter, ou même quelquefois se taire. Puisque c'est ma rose.

Et il revint vers le renard :

— Adieu, dit-il...

— Adieu, dit le renard. Voici mon secret. Il est très simple : on ne voit bien qu'avec le cœur. L'essentiel est invisible pour les yeux.

— L'essentiel est invisible pour les yeux, répéta le petit prince, afin de se souvenir.

— C'est le temps que tu as perdu pour ta rose qui fait ta rose si importante.

– C'est le temps que j'ai perdu pour ma rose... fit le petit prince, afin de se souvenir.

– Les hommes ont oublié cette vérité, dit le renard. Mais tu ne dois pas l'oublier. Tu deviens responsable pour toujours de ce que tu as apprivoisé. Tu es responsable de ta rose...

– Je suis responsable de ma rose... répéta le petit prince, afin de se souvenir.

XXIII

– Bonjour, dit le petit prince.

– Bonjour, dit le marchand.

C'était un marchand de pilules perfectionnées qui apaisent la soif. On en avale une par semaine et l'on n'éprouve plus le besoin de boire.

– Pourquoi vends-tu ça ? dit le petit prince.

– C'est une grosse économie de temps, dit le marchand. Les experts ont fait des calculs. On épargne cinquante-trois minutes par semaine.

– Et que fait-on de ces cinquante-trois minutes ?

– On en fait ce que l'on veut...

« Moi, se dit le petit prince, si j'avais cinquante-trois minutes à dépenser, je marcherais tout doucement vers une fontaine... »



XXVI

Il y avait, à côté du puits, une ruine de vieux mur de pierre. Lorsque je revins de mon travail, le lendemain soir, j'aperçus de loin mon petit prince assis là-haut, les jambes pendantes. Et je l'entendis qui parlait :

— Tu ne t'en souviens donc pas ? disait-il. Ce n'est pas tout à fait ici !

Une autre voix lui répondit sans doute, puisqu'il répliqua :

— Si ! Si ! c'est bien le jour, mais ce n'est pas ici l'endroit...

Je poursuivis ma marche vers le mur. Je ne voyais ni n'entendais toujours personne. Pourtant le petit prince répliqua de nouveau :

— ... Bien sûr. Tu verras où commence ma trace dans le sable. Tu n'as qu'à m'y attendre. J'y serai cette nuit.

J'étais à vingt mètres du mur et je ne voyais toujours rien.

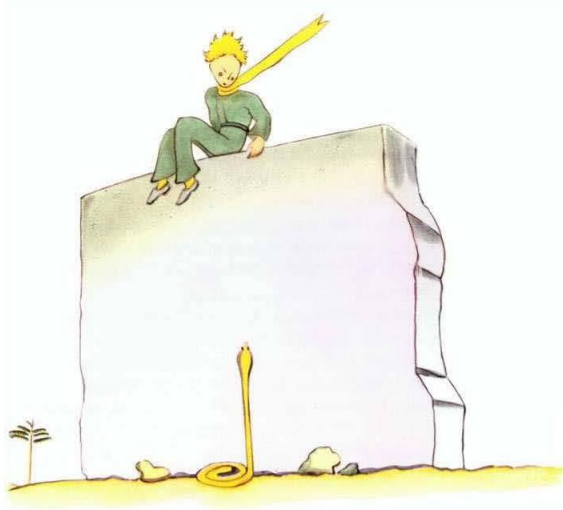
Le petit prince dit encore, après un silence :

— Tu as du bon venin ? Tu es sûr de ne pas me faire souffrir longtemps ?

Je fis halte, le cœur serré, mais je ne comprenais toujours pas.

— Maintenant va-t'en, dit-il... je veux redescendre !

Alors j'abaissai moi-même les yeux vers le pied du mur, et je fis un bond ! Il était là, dressé vers le petit prince, un de ces serpents jaunes qui vous exécutent en trente secondes. Tout en fouillant ma poche pour en tirer mon revolver, je pris le pas de course, mais, au bruit que je fis, le serpent se laissa doucement couler dans le sable, comme un jet d'eau qui meurt, et, sans trop se presser, se faufila entre les pierres avec un léger bruit de métal.



Je parvins au mur juste à temps pour y recevoir dans les bras mon petit bonhomme de prince, pâle comme la neige.

— Quelle est cette histoire-là ! Tu parles maintenant avec les serpents !

J'avais défait son éternel cache-nez d'or. Je lui avais mouillé les tempes et l'avais fait boire. Et maintenant je n'osais plus rien lui demander. Il me regarda gravement et m'entoura le cou de ses bras. Je sentais battre son cœur comme celui d'un oiseau qui meurt, quand on l'a tiré à la carabine. Il me dit :

– Je suis content que tu aies trouvé ce qui manquait à ta machine. Tu vas pouvoir rentrer chez toi...

– Comment sais-tu !

Je venais justement lui annoncer que, contre toute espérance, j'avais réussi mon travail !

Il ne répondit rien à ma question, mais il ajouta :

– Moi aussi, aujourd'hui, je rentre chez moi...

Puis, mélancolique :

– C'est bien plus loin... c'est bien plus difficile...

Je sentais bien qu'il se passait quelque chose d'extraordinaire. Je le serrais dans les bras comme un petit enfant, et cependant il me semblait qu'il coulait verticalement dans un abîme sans que je pusse rien pour le retenir...

Il avait le regard sérieux, perdu très loin :

– J'ai ton mouton. Et j'ai la caisse pour le mouton. Et j'ai la muselière...

Et il sourit avec mélancolie.

J'attendis longtemps. Je sentais qu'il se réchauffait peu à peu :

– Petit bonhomme, tu as eu peur...

Il avait eu peur, bien sûr ! Mais il rit doucement :

– J'aurai bien plus peur ce soir...

De nouveau je me sentis glacé par le sentiment de l'irréparable. Et je compris que je ne supportais pas l'idée de ne plus jamais entendre ce rire. C'était pour moi comme une fontaine dans le désert.

– Petit bonhomme, je veux encore t'entendre rire...

Mais il me dit :

– Cette nuit, ça fera un an. Mon étoile se trouvera juste au-dessus de l'endroit où je suis tombé l'année dernière...

– Petit bonhomme, n'est-ce pas que c'est un mauvais rêve cette histoire de serpent et de rendez-vous et d'étoile...

Mais il ne répondit pas à ma question. Il me dit :

– Ce qui est important, ça ne se voit pas...

– Bien sûr...

– C'est comme pour la fleur. Si tu aimes une fleur qui se trouve dans une étoile, c'est doux, la nuit, de regarder le ciel. Toutes les étoiles sont fleuries.

– Bien sûr...

– C'est comme pour l'eau. Celle que tu m'as donnée à boire était comme une musique, à cause de la poulie et de la corde... tu te rappelles... elle était bonne.

– Bien sûr...

– Tu regarderas, la nuit, les étoiles. C'est trop petit chez moi pour que je te montre où se trouve la mienne. C'est mieux comme ça. Mon étoile, ça sera pour toi une des étoiles. Alors, toutes les étoiles, tu aimeras les regarder... Elles seront toutes tes amies. Et puis je vais te faire un cadeau...

Il rit encore.

– Ah ! petit bonhomme, petit bonhomme j'aime entendre ce rire !

– Justement ce sera mon cadeau... ce sera comme pour l'eau...

– Que veux-tu dire ?

– Les gens ont des étoiles qui ne sont pas les mêmes. Pour les uns, qui voyagent, les étoiles sont des guides. Pour d'autres elles ne sont rien que de petites lumières. Pour d'autres, qui sont savants, elles sont des problèmes. Pour mon businessman elles étaient de l'or. Mais toutes ces étoiles-là se taisent. Toi, tu auras des étoiles comme personne n'en a...

– Que veux-tu dire ?

– Quand tu regarderas le ciel, la nuit, puisque j'habiterai dans l'une d'elles, puisque je rirai dans l'une d'elles, alors ce sera pour toi comme si riaient toutes les étoiles. Tu auras, toi, des étoiles qui savent rire !

Et il rit encore.

– Et quand tu seras consolé (on se console toujours) tu se-ras content de m'avoir connu. Tu seras toujours mon ami. Tu auras envie de rire avec moi. Et tu

ouvriras parfois ta fenêtre, comme ça, pour le plaisir... Et tes amis seront bien étonnés de te voir rire en regardant le ciel. Alors tu leur diras : « Oui, les étoiles, ça me fait toujours rire ! » Et ils te croiront fou. Je t'aurai joué un bien vilain tour...

Et il rit encore.

— Ce sera comme si je t'avais donné, au lieu d'étoiles, des tas de petits grelots qui savent rire...

Et il rit encore. Puis il redevint sérieux :

— Cette nuit... tu sais... ne viens pas.

— Je ne te quitterai pas.

— J'aurai l'air d'avoir mal... j'aurai un peu l'air de mourir.
C'est comme ça. Ne viens pas voir ça, ce n'est pas la peine...

— Je ne te quitterai pas.

Mais il était soucieux.

— Je te dis ça... c'est à cause aussi du serpent. Il ne faut pas qu'il te morde... Les serpents, c'est méchant. Ça peut mordre pour le plaisir...

— Je ne te quitterai pas.

Mais quelque chose le rassura :

— C'est vrai qu'ils n'ont plus de venin pour la seconde mor-sure...

Cette nuit-là je ne le vis pas se mettre en route. Il s'était évadé sans bruit. Quand je réussis à le rejoindre il marchait décidé, d'un pas rapide. Il me dit seulement :

– Ah ! tu es là...

Et il me prit par la main. Mais il se tourmenta encore :

– Tu as eu tort. Tu auras de la peine. J'aurai l'air d'être mort et ce ne sera pas vrai...

Moi je me taisais.



– Tu comprends. C'est trop loin. Je ne peux pas emporter ce corps-là. C'est trop lourd.

Moi je me taisais.

– Mais ce sera comme une vieille écorce abandonnée. Ce n'est pas triste les vieilles écorces...

Moi je me taisais.

Il se découragea un peu. Mais il fit encore un effort :

– Ce sera gentil, tu sais. Moi aussi je regarderai les étoiles. Toutes les étoiles seront des puits avec une poulie rouillée. Toutes les étoiles me verseront à boire...

Moi je me taisais.

– Ce sera tellement amusant ! Tu auras cinq cents millions de grelots, j'aurai cinq cents millions de fontaines...

Et il se tut aussi, parce qu'il pleurait...

– C'est là. Laisse-moi faire un pas tout seul.

Et il s'assit parce qu'il avait peur.



Il dit encore :

— Tu sais... ma fleur... j'en suis responsable ! Et elle est tellement faible ! Et elle est tellement naïve. Elle a quatre épines de rien du tout pour la protéger contre le monde...

Moi je m'assis parce que je ne pouvais plus me tenir debout. Il dit :

— Voilà... C'est tout...

Il hésita encore un peu, puis il se releva. Il fit un pas. Moi je ne pouvais pas bouger.

Il n'y eut rien qu'un éclair jaune près de sa cheville. Il demeura un instant immobile. Il ne cria pas. Il tomba doucement comme tombe un arbre. Ça ne fit même pas de bruit, à cause du sable.

