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*Voices from Afar: exploring foreignness, language and identity through
literary translation*

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Introduction

When I first started to think about my portfolio, I knew I wanted to connect it to my roots, somehow. The question of foreignness, its implications and complexities, intrigue me to this day. I guess it reminds me of my family experience. However, I saw an opportunity in this portfolio - the perfect occasion to explore the question of language, identity, home.

So, what you can expect in this portfolio is a choice of texts that shape my personal view of foreignness. The way I see it, as corny as it sounds, might be described as a puzzle. Each little piece contributes towards the bigger picture, and each piece is fundamental. On their own, they might not be directly connected to foreignness, but they do altogether. Each text of this portfolio is a piece that builds my overall interpretation of foreignness. For me, it means not understanding a language, not being understood, not

knowing how to integrate. It means dreaming of being recognized and part of something. It means having such an 'exotic' name that you will have to lose it, if you wish to be part of society. It means forgetting who you once were. But it also means reminiscing about your home, your language and your roots.

These are the main gists of each text and I will briefly explain the common thread.

The authors of "L'Analphabète", "Lost in Translation" and "La Leçon" are all foreigners. Kristoff was a Hungarian woman writing in French; Hoffman is a Polish woman writing in English; Ionesco was a Romanian man writing in French. Their texts carry the awareness of feeling out of place. In the same way, "Frankenstein" can be interpreted as the experience, to a certain degree, of a foreign man

excluded by society. Brontë portrays the frustration of not being able to understand, or to be understood, in a new country. Brian Friel, an Irishman, writes about languages in English, and Cesare Pavese talks about his cousin, whose dialect, after travelling for twenty years and returning home as a stranger, was intact. Not even a little scratched. Lastly, Cognetti writes about feeling at home and connected to a place. To me, this felt like the most tender way to close the circle of a broad interpretation of foreignness.

The translation strategies are all stand-alone. You will find experimental ones - such as “Frankenstein”, “*La Leçon*”, “*Villette*” - and some less experimental ones, if you will - like “Lost in Translation”. But I must admit, I like the idea of not anticipating too much what is to be found in the work, so the reader will not be biased by my view. So, I will say nothing more. Except for one last thing. I ask you, the reader, to keep in mind that these strategies have been planned with the goal of producing translations that will spark new questions and thoughts. Who knows, maybe you will realise something new about foreignness. Maybe you will be enticed to reflect on the question a bit more than usual.

At least, this is what I love to think.

ABBREVIATIONS USED THROUGHOUT THE PORTFOLIO:

ST: Source Text

TT: Target Text

TA: Target Audience

SA: Source Audience

Student Number	22311663	Text Number	1
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Source Text		Target Text	
Title	<i>L'Analphabète</i>	Title	<i>The Illiterate</i>
Year Published	2004		
Author	Ágota Kristóf		
Language	French	Language	English
Word Count	1055	Word Count	1547
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 several extracts of chapters 5 and 10 of Kristóf's autobiographical novel, where she recalls her escape from Hungary to Switzerland because of the Russian invasion in 1956 (Roguska 2017, 71). The writer recollects her struggles in communicating with her four-month-old daughter Suzanne whose first language is French (ST. I. 68-71) (Gianotti 2009, 128). The only narrator of these extracts is Ágota, who uses the first person singular to tell her story. The extracts follow the same order: they start from particular episodes of her life (e.g. ST I. 62-67) and end with general considerations which she develops from those initial episodes (e.g. ST I. 112) (Chrupała & Adamowicz-Pośpiech 2018, 127). The language style is made up of sentences of, on average, 20 words (l. 2-3, 5-6, 17-19 etc.), with only few exceptions (e.g. l. 11-15, a 56-word sentence). There are figures of speech like repetitions (e.g. ST I. 93) and antitheses (e.g. ST I. 73) (Chrupała & Adamowicz-Pośpiech 2018, 126). The vocabulary is emotionally charged, e.g. the use of the adjective 'ennemie' [enemy] next to the noun 'langue' [language] (ST I. 19) indicates her resentful feelings towards the imposition of a language she does not want.		
Strategy • <i>identification of translation problems</i>	The TT will be a conversation between Ágota Kristóf and Suzanne Beri, her daughter. It will be reenacted by two actors and included in a short film which collects testimonials about the Hungarian invasion. It will be broadcasted in the		

• <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)	Department of History during a Russian History Seminar, at Georgetown University, U.S. The TA will be the postgraduate students of the MA in History, aged 21-28. In my TT, Suzanne asks her mother questions about their past. I will: - add Suzanne's voice. Using the first person singular, her questions will be modelled after Ágota's narration (e.g. 'Mom, what was it like for you back then?'); - formulate Ágota's answers by converting her narration into direct speech; - make up potential questions and assumptions that Suzanne would have (e.g. 'I'm sure you mentioned it'); - adopt contractions (e.g. '<i>je ne pouvais pas</i>' [I could not]→ 'I couldn't'); - remove repetitions (e.g. ST I. 93); - split longer sentences (e.g. ST I. 11-15) into shorter sentences (24 words maximum) and connecting them through ellipses (e.g. ST I. 2-4); - create fluency through the inclusion of interjections, adverbs and discourse markers before questions and answers (e.g. ST. 10).
Critical Reflection • <i>textual analysis</i> (200 words max)	The presence of discourse markers, ellipses, interjections and contractions (e.g. TT I. 1, 7, 47, 49) makes the TT informal. While they allow fluency in the performance, the text sounds like a casual conversation between Ágota and Suzanne. This might contrast the formality of the historical documentary, which recounts the events of the Russian invasion. The tone of the TT is nostalgic and reflective. Not only does the conversation revolve around Ágota's reminiscences of the invasion, but it also suggests that the woman might be considering the impact the events had on her. This is evident in TT I. 131-137, which reveal what she has gained from the experience and how she became stronger than before. This contributes to making the tone highly reflective and introspective, as she acknowledges that her learning experience is never-ending.

	The two points of view in the TT, Suzanne's and Ágota's, broaden the perspective on the story. Unlike the ST, the presence of Suzanne's voice makes the text dynamic and inclusive of her interpretation because it is not bound to one person's narration - Ágota's. However, while Suzanne's voice is included, the TT remains mainly focused on the perspective of the mother.
Works Cited • <i>use of sources and reference material</i>	- Chrupała, Aleksandra, Adamowicz-Pośpiech, Agnieszka (2018) "À la recherche des émotions dans 'L'Analphabète' d'Ágota Kristof", <i>Romanistica Comeniana</i> 1: 116-131; - Gianotti, Silvia Audo (2009) "Ágota Kristof. L'écriture ou l'émergence de l'indicible". <i>Algérie</i> 6: 125-133; - Hites, Sándor (2012) "Variations on Mother Tongue. Language and Identity in Twentieth-Century Hungarian Literary Exile", <i>The Hungarian Historical Review</i> 1 (3/4): 454-474; - Roguska, Magdalena (2017) "The Hungarian-French Language Shift in Ágota Kristoff's <i>The Illiterate</i>" in <i>Moving Texts, Migrating People and Minority Languages</i> edited by Borodo Michał, House Juliane and Wachowski Wojciech, 69-78, Singapore: Springer.

Source Text

L'Analphabète

Chapitre 5

Au début, il n'y avait qu'une seule langue. Les objets, les choses, les sentiments, les couleurs, les rêves, les lettres, les livres, les journaux, étaient cette langue.

Je ne pouvais pas imaginer qu'une autre langue puisse exister, qu'un être humain puisse prononcer un mot que je ne comprendrais pas.

Dans la cuisine de ma mère, dans l'école de mon père, dans l'église de l'oncle Guéza, dans les rues, dans les maisons du village et aussi dans la ville de mes grands-parents, tout le monde parlait la même langue, et il n'était jamais question d'une autre.

On disait que les Tziganes, installés aux confins du village, parlaient une autre langue, mais je pensais que ce n'était pas une vraie langue, que c'était une langue inventée qu'ils parlaient entre eux seulement, juste comme mon frère Yano et moi, quand nous parlions de façon que notre petit frère Tila ne puisse pas nous comprendre.

[...]

Quand j'avais neuf ans, nous avons déménagé. Nous sommes allés habiter une ville frontalière où au moins le quart de la population parlait la langue allemande. Pour nous, les Hongrois, c'était une langue ennemie,

Target Text

The Illiterate

1 **Suzanne:** So, mom... what was it like for you back then, was there just
2 Hungarian?

3 **Ágota:** Well, dear, yes... back then there was just one language. And
4 objects, things, emotions, colours, dreams, letters, books, newspapers,
5 made this language. I couldn't imagine that another language could
6 exist, that someone could pronounce a word that I did not understand.

7 **Suzanne:** Really? So everyone spoke just that one language?

8 **Ágota:** Yes. In my kitchen, in your grandfather's school, in Guéza's
9 church, your great-uncle... but you can't remember him. Anyway, in my
10 village and your great-grandparent's town, well basically everywhere
11 everyone spoke the same language, and never another one.

12 **Suzanne:** But wait, didn't you mention something about the Tziganes'
13 language? I'm sure you have mentioned it at some point...

14 **Ágota:** Oh yes, that's right. People say that the Tziganes, who lived on
15 the outskirts of the village, spoke another language. But I didn't think it
16 was a real language, rather one they had invented and that they used to
17 speak among themselves. Just like my brother Yano and I did...

18 **Suzanne:** Wait, what? You and uncle Yano created your own language?

19 **Ágota:** Well, kind of! We spoke in such a way that Tila, your other uncle,
20 couldn't understand us.

car elle rappelait la domination autrichienne, et c'était aussi la langue des militaires étrangers qui occupaient notre pays à cette époque.

Un an plus tard, c'étaient d'autres militaires étrangers qui occupaient notre pays. La langue russe est devenue obligatoire dans les écoles, les autres langues étrangères interdites. Personne ne connaît la langue russe. Les professeurs qui enseignaient des langues étrangères : l'allemand, le français, l'anglais, suivent des cours accélérés de russe pendant quelques mois, mais ils ne connaissent pas vraiment cette langue, et ils n'ont aucune envie de l'enseigner. Et de toute façon, les élèves n'ont aucune envie de l'apprendre.

On assiste là à un sabotage intellectuel national, à une résistance passive naturelle, non concertée, allant de soi.

C'est avec le même manque d'enthousiasme que sont enseignées et apprises la géographie, l'histoire et la littérature de l'Union soviétique.

Une génération d'ignorants sort des écoles.

C'est ainsi que, à l'âge de vingt et un an, à mon arrivée en Suisse, et tout à fait par hasard dans une ville où l'on parle le français, j'affronte une langue pour moi totalement inconnue. C'est ici que commence ma lutte pour conquérir cette langue, une lutte longue et acharnée qui durera toute ma vie.

21 **Suzanne:** When did things start to change for you?

22 **Ágota:** Well, things started to change when I was nine. We moved to a
23 town on the border, where one-quarter of the population spoke
24 German. For us Hungarians, German was the language of the enemy as it
25 reminded us of Austrian domination. It was also the language of foreign
26 soldiers occupying our country, at that time.

27 **Suzanne:** Okay so, you were nine... this means it was 1944, right?

28 **Ágota:** Yes, and one year later, other soldiers occupied our country... the
29 Russians. In fact, Russian became mandatory in schools and all the other
30 languages were forbidden. Nobody knew Russian.

31 **Suzanne:** How could you learn Russian if there was no one to teach
32 you?"

33 **Ágota:** Teachers who taught foreign languages like German, French or
34 English, took intensive Russian classes for a few months. But they didn't
35 really know the language. And no one wanted to teach it and students
36 didn't want to learn it.

37 **Suzanne:** I can only imagine how strongly you refused to learn it... I
38 mean, it was basically imposed on you, is that right?

39 **Ágota:** Yes, I saw it as a case of national intellectual sabotage, a natural
40 passive resistance, uncoordinated and self-evident.

41 **Suzanne:** Did you only have to learn the Russian language? Or other
42 disciplines, too?

Je parle le français depuis plus de trente ans, je l'écris depuis vingt ans, mais je ne le connais toujours pas. Je ne le parle pas sans fautes, et je ne peux l'écrire qu'avec l'aide de dictionnaires fréquemment consultés.

C'est pour cette raison que j'appelle la langue française une langue ennemie, elle aussi. Il y a encore une autre raison, et c'est la plus grave : cette langue est en train de tuer ma langue maternelle.

Chapitre 10

Un jour, ma voisine et amie me dit :

— J'ai vu une émission à la télévision sur des femmes ouvrières étrangères. Elles travaillent toute la journée en usine, et elles s'occupent de leur ménage, de leurs enfants, le soir.

Je dis : — C'est ce que j'ai fait en arrivant en Suisse.

Elle dit : — En plus, elles ne savent même pas le français.

— Je ne le savais pas, moi non plus.

Mon amie est ennuyée. Elle ne peut pas me raconter l'histoire impressionnante des femmes étrangères vues à la télévision. Elle a si bien oublié mon passé qu'elle ne peut imaginer que j'aie appartenu à cette race de femmes qui ne savent pas la langue du pays, qui travaillent en usine et qui s'occupent de leur famille le soir.

Moi, je m'en souviens. L'usine, les courses, l'enfant, les repas. Et la langue inconnue. À l'usine, il est difficile de se parler. Les machines font trop de bruit. On ne peut parler qu'aux toilettes, en fumant une cigarette en

43 **Ágota:** We also had to study the Soviet Union's geography, history and
44 literature. Can't tell you the lack of enthusiasm!

45 **Suzanne:** Did you actually learn something about those subjects?

46 **Ágota:** Not at all. You can say that an entire generation of ignorants
47 finished school... we didn't learn anything

48 **Suzanne:** So mom, tell me a bit about your, well... our arrival in
49 Switzerland...

50 **Ágota:** Well Suzanne, I was 21 one, you were 4 months-old... We arrived
51 in a completely random city where French was spoken and I was faced
52 with a language that was utterly foreign to me. You know, this is where
53 my journey of conquering this language begins. A long and relentless
54 journey, one that would last a lifetime. I mean, it's true that I have
55 spoken French for thirty years, been writing it for twenty, but I still do
56 not know it. I can't speak without making mistakes, and I can only write
57 with the help of a dictionary, very frequently consulted. I can't speak it
58 the way you do, dear...

59 **Suzanne:** I can understand. But you know French now, this must be some
60 kind of reward for your sacrifice. Isn't it?

61 **Ágota:** Actually, I call the French language an enemy language too!
62 Honestly, there is another reason for this, which is far worse: it's killing
63 my mother tongue. I am not speaking Hungarian with the same
64 frequency as before, you know.

vitesse. Mes amies ouvrières m'apprennent l'essentiel. Elles disent : « Il fait beau », en me montrant le paysage du Val-de-Ruz. Elles me touchent pour m'apprendre d'autres mots : cheveux, bras, mains, bouche, nez.

Le soir, je rentre avec l'enfant. Ma petite fille me regarde avec des yeux écarquillés quand je lui parle en hongrois.

Une fois, elle s'est mise à pleurer parce que je ne comprends pas, une autre fois, parce qu'elle ne me comprend pas.

Cinq ans après être arrivée en Suisse, je parle le français, mais je ne le lis pas. Je suis redevenue une analphabète. Moi, qui savais lire à l'âge de quatre ans.

Je connais les mots. Quand je les lis, je ne les reconnais pas. Les lettres ne correspondent à rien. Le hongrois est une langue phonétique, le français, c'est tout le contraire.

[...]

Mon enfant va bientôt avoir six ans, elle va commencer l'école.

Moi aussi, je commence, je recommence l'école. À l'âge de vingt-six ans, je m'inscris aux cours d'été de l'Université de Neuchâtel, pour apprendre à lire. Ce sont des cours de français à l'intention d'étudiants étrangers. Il y a là des Anglais, des Américains, des Allemands, des Japonais, des Suisses alémaniques. L'examen d'entrée est un examen écrit. Je suis nulle, je me retrouve avec des débutants.

Après quelques leçons, le professeur me dit :

65 **Suzanne:** This is hard for me to understand. But I'll try. Mom, did you
66 have any friends in Switzerland?

67 **Ágota:** Sure, I did. I remember one particular episode with one of them.
68 She was also my neighbour, and she told me that she had seen a TV
69 programme about foreign women workers. They work all day in the
70 factory, and in the evening they take care of the house and their
71 children.

72 **Suzanne:** Isn't this what you were doing, too?

73 **Ágota:** Exactly. I told her that this is what I was doing when I arrived in
74 Switzerland. She said that they did not even know French, but I replied
75 that I didn't know it, either. I guess I annoyed her a little with this.

76 **Suzanne:** It sounds to me like she was disappointed by this.

77 **Ágota:** I agree with you. Because from that moment on, she couldn't tell
78 me about the impressive stories of foreign women workers she saw on
79 TV. The truth is that she had forgotten my past so thoroughly she
80 couldn't imagine that I once belonged to those women. Those women
81 who did not know the language of the country, who worked in the
82 factory and took care of the family in the evening.

83 **Suzanne:** Well, she never experienced it in the first place, I guess that's
84 why... Do you remember everything about that time, mom?

85 **Ágota:** Yes. I do remember it. The factory, the shopping, taking care of
86 you, the meals. And the foreign language. In the factory, it is difficult to

— Vous parlez très bien le français. Pourquoi êtes-vous dans un cours de débutants ?

Je lui dis : — Je ne sais ni lire ni écrire. Je suis une analphabète.

Il rit : — On verra tout cela.

Deux ans après, j’obtiens mon Certificat d’Études françaises avec mention honorable.

Je sais lire, je sais de nouveau lire. Je peux lire Victor Hugo, Rousseau, Voltaire, Sartre, Camus, Michaux, Francis Ponge, Sade, tout ce que je veux lire en français, et aussi les auteurs non français, mais traduits, Faulkner, Steinbeck, Hemingway. C’est plein de livres, de livres compréhensibles, enfin, pour moi aussi.

J’aurai encore deux enfants. Avec eux, j’exercerai la lecture, l’orthographe, les conjugaisons.

Quand ils me demanderont la signification d’un mot, ou son orthographe, je ne dirai jamais : — Je ne sais pas.

Je dirai : — Je vais voir.

Et je vais voir dans le dictionnaire, inlassablement, je vais voir. Je deviens une passionnée du dictionnaire.

Je sais que je n’écrirai jamais le français comme l’écrivent les écrivains français de naissance, mais je l’écrirai comme je le peux, du mieux que je le peux.

87 talk to each other. The machines make too much noise. One can only talk
88 in the restrooms, while smoking a cigarette in a rush.

89 **Suzanne:** Did your co-workers ever teach you any French?

90 **Ágota:** Sort of, yes. My factory worker friends teach me the essentials.
91 They say, “it’s beautiful outside”, while pointing to the landscape of
92 Val-de-Ruz. They touch me to teach me other words: hair, arms, hands,
93 mouth, nose.

94 **Suzanne:** Mom, how did you and I talk?

95 **Ágota:** Well, dear, we didn’t really. When I would go back home with
96 you, you would look at me with your eyes wide open when I talked to
97 you in Hungarian. Once, you started crying because I couldn’t
98 understand you, and another time you cried because you couldn’t
99 understand me.

100 **Suzanne:** Oh. That must have been painful.

101 **Ágota:** It was. It was painful just as much as the feeling of being illiterate,
102 all over again. After five years in Switzerland, I could speak French, but I
103 couldn’t read it. I, who could read at the age of four.

104 The thing is that I knew the words. When I read them, I didn’t recognize
105 them. The letters didn’t correspond to anything. Hungarian is a phonetic
106 language, while French is the opposite.

107 **Suzanne:** What happened when I grew a bit older?

108

Cette langue, je ne l'ai pas choisie. Elle m'a été imposée par le sort, par le hasard, par les circonstances.

Écrire en français, j'y suis obligée. C'est un défi. Le défi d'une analphabète.

109 **Ágota:** Well, you were about to turn six and start school. That was
110 curious, because I also started going to school, once again. At the age of
111 twenty-six, I enrolled in a summer course at the Université de Neuchâtel,
112 to learn how to read. It's a French class for foreigners. There are English
113 people, Americans, Germans, Japanese, Swiss Germans. The problem
114 was that the entry exam was written, I felt useless, with the beginners,
115 and I wasn't one.

116 **Suzanne:** Did your Professor ever notice that you could actually speak
117 French?

118 **Ágota:** Oh yes, he did. After a few classes, the professor told me that my
119 French was really good. He asked why I was in a beginners' class. At that
120 point I told him that I was illiterate because I didn't know how to read or
121 write. But he laughed, saying that we'll get to see about that.

122 **Suzanne:** I mean, mom, I can see his point.. How long did that class last?

123 **Ágota:** About two years. After that I got my Certificate of French studies,
124 with honours. I was so happy that I could finally read, once again. I could
125 read Victor Hugo, Rousseau, Voltaire, Sartre, Camus, Michaux, Francis
126 Ponge, Sade. Whatever I wanted to read in French, and also authors
127 translated into French, like Faulkner, Steinbeck, Hemingway.

128 **Suzanne:** It must have felt liberating.

129 **Ágota:** Yes, it was. Finally, for me too there were plenty of
130 comprehensible books.

131 **Suzanne:** Mom, what about my brothers? Did this experience change
132 anything about the way you raised them?

133 **Ágota:** It surely did. With them I practised my reading skills, my spelling,
134 my conjugations. When they asked me the meaning of a word, or its
135 spelling, I never said that I didn't know. Instead, I said that I will look it
136 up. And I have looked it up in the dictionary, tirelessly, I looked it up. I
137 was becoming passionate about dictionaries.

138 **Suzanne:** Mom, I'm so proud of you. I'm proud of your strength, and of
139 being your daughter.

140 **Ágota:** Me too, dear. Although I know that I will never write in French
141 like native French writers, but I will write in it as best I can.

142 **Suzanne:** Are you resentful? Or do you still feel this towards the French?

143 **Ágota:** It is not gone. I think it's because I did not choose this language. It
144 was imposed on me by fate, by chance, by circumstances. I am obliged to
145 write in French. It's a challenge. The challenge of an illiterate.

Student Number	22311663	Text Number	2
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Source Text		Target Text	
Title	<i>Translations</i>	Title	<i>Traduzioni</i>
Year Published	1980		
Author	Brian Friel		
Language	English	Language	Italian
Word Count	677	Word Count	905
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 second scene, act two of the play, whose setting is rural Ireland in 1833 (Pilkington 1990, 285). Language is at the centre of the text (Murray 1999, 86), which advocates for a politically charged play, dealing with “Anglo-Irish conflict and the decline of the Irish language under the impact of colonialism [...]” (Pilkington 1990, 282). In fact, the play demonstrates “how fundamental language is to so many of the things that determine the contours of human existence, such as our sense of place, our sense of history, and our notions of personal and national identity” (Saunders 2012, 133). Although the text is in English, the characters in this passage, Máire and Yolland, are not speaking the same language. Máire speaks Irish and Yolland English, which leads them to misunderstand each other (Holstein 2004, 6). Their incomprehension is perceivable because of the following elements, which contribute to a meaningless conversation while creating confusion: - disjointed sentences that lack coherence as they do not follow a logical discussion (e.g. ST I. 42-50); - repetitions of the same words (e.g. ST I. 35, 60, 67); - stuttering, indicating the difficulty of the characters to express themselves (e.g. ST I. 42).		

Strategy • <i>identification of translation problems</i> • <i>knowledge of genre within target context and situation of target text</i> • <i>justification of translation production of genre for target context</i> (200 words max)	The TT will be a speech performed during the artistic exhibition “<i>Cantiere Internazionale d’Arte di Montepulciano</i>” [international art worksite of Montepulciano], in Italy. The speech will be performed in the Auditorium “Falcone” on the occasion of the event “Language and Politics”. The TA will be writers and academics, aged 45-60, who come from artistic backgrounds and regularly attend the Cantiere’s events. They have no prior knowledge of Friel’s play and, because of this, the TT will be a speech performed by an external narrator who will describe what happens in the play. I will: - transform the play into a narration by transforming the dialogue into prose; - insert a third point of view which will be the only narrating voice recounting the action of the play; - insert an initial paragraph introducing the text to explain that the characters speak different languages; - keep the stage directions (e.g. ST I. 1-11) because they contextualise the plot; - omit the repetitions (e.g. ST I. 28, 41), stuttering (e.g. ST I. 41) and disconnected sentences (e.g. ST I. 60) because the narrator will describe them; - explain why Máire is confused (e.g. ST I. 54-75).
Critical Reflection • <i>textual analysis</i> (200 words max)	Deleting the dialogue and inserting an external narrator represents the fusion of Máire and Yolland’s viewpoints as the single narrator. The singular voice results in a generally detached tone and reduces the nuances and complexities of the characterisation. For example, while reading TT I. 96-100, the TA might not acknowledge the level of excitement that Yolland feels when Máire pronounces the English words. The addition of the initial paragraph and explanations of Máire’s confusion (e.g. TT I. 83-90) might give the TA a clear idea of the storyline, but, at the same time, could leave little space for interpretation. In fact, on the one hand, the TA may have more opportunity to foresee the reason behind Máire and Yolland’s attempt to communicate and to know what to expect from the story, than the SA. On the other hand, the TA loses the opportunity that the SA had, which is the

	interpretation of the conversation between the two characters. While the SA could give different meanings to the confusing conversation between Máire and Yolland, the TA already knows why the conversation is absurd, having had the premise of the narrator.
Works Cited • <i>use of sources and reference material</i>	- Holstein, Suzy Clarkson (2004), "Carrying across into Silence: Brian Friel's Translations", <i>The Journal of the Midwest Modern Language Association</i> 37 (2): 1-10; - Murray, Christopher (1999), "Two languages as one in Brian Friel's 'Translations' ", <i>Hungarian Journal of English and American Studies</i> 5 (1): 85-95; - Pilkington, Lionel (1990), "Language and Politics in Brian Friel's 'Translations' ", <i>Irish University Review</i> 20 (2): 282-298; - Saunders, Timothy (2012), "Classical Antiquity in Brian Friel's 'Translations' ", <i>Nordic Irish Studies</i> 11 (1): 133-151.

Source Text

Translations

Act 2, Scene 2

The following night.

This scene may be played in the schoolroom, but it would be preferable to lose - by lighting - as much of the schoolroom as possible, and to play the scene down front in a vaguely 'outside' area.

The music rises to a crescendo. Then in the distance we hear MÁIRE and YOLLAND approach - laughing and running. They run on, hand-in-hand. They have just left the dance.

Fade the music to distant background. Then after a time it is lost and replaced by guitar music.

MÁIRE and YOLLAND are now down front, still holding hands and excited by their sudden and impetuous escape from the dance.

MÁIRE: O my God, that leap across the ditch nearly killed me.

YOLLAND: I could scarcely keep up with you.

MÁIRE: Wait till I get my breath back.

YOLLAND: We must have looked as if we were being chased.

(They now realise they are alone and holding hands - the beginnings of embarrassment. The hands disengage. They begin to drift apart. Pause.)

Target Text

Traduzioni

1 Buonasera, signori e signore.

2 Questa sera vi porterò sul palco il secondo atto, scena due, del pezzo
3 teatrale di Brian Friel, "Translations". Scritto nel 1990, quest'opera ha
4 come tema portante l'incomprensione linguistica. Infatti, è
5 fondamentale sapere che la performance si svolge in lingua inglese.

6 Tuttavia, i due personaggi, Máire e Yolland, non parlano la stessa lingua.
7 Máire parla irlandese, mentre Yolland inglese. I due personaggi non si
8 capiscono, e questo spiega ciò che state per sentire. La conversazione tra
9 i due è un continuo tentativo di comprensione che fallisce sempre, fatto
10 di reiterazioni, parole e frasi sconnesse che non creano una
11 conversazione di senso compiuto.

12 Dunque, la vicenda si svolge in un'aula di scuola poco illuminata, dove la
13 maggior parte degli elementi non è visibile, così da sembrare di essere in
14 un luogo vagamente esteriore.

15 La musica aumenta. In lontananza, si sentono Máire e Yolland che si
16 avvicinano, ridendo e correndo. Corrono, mano nella mano. Hanno
17 appena lasciato la festa.

18 La musica si affievolisce. Poco dopo, viene rimpiazzata da un suono di
19 chitarra.

20

MÁIRE: Manus'll wonder where I've got to.

YOLLAND: I wonder did anyone notice us leave.

(Pause. Slightly further apart.)

MÁIRE: The grass must be wet. My feet are soaking.

YOLLAND: Your feet must be wet. The grass is soaking.

(Another pause. Another few paces apart. They are now a long distance from one another.)

YOLLAND: *(Indicating himself.)* George.

(MÁIRE nods: Yes-yes. Then: -)

MÁIRE: Lieutenant George.

YOLLAND: Don't call me that. I never think of myself as Lieutenant.

MÁIRE: What-what?

YOLLAND: Sorry - sorry? *(He points to himself again.)* George.

(MÁIRE nods: Yes-yes. Then points to herself.)

MÁIRE: Máire.

YOLLAND: Yes, I know you're Máire. Of course I know you're Máire. I mean I've been watching you night and day for the past ...

MÁIRE: *(eagerly)* What-what?

21 I due sono in primo piano, sempre mano nella mano ed entusiasti della
22 loro fuga improvvisa dalla festa. I due personaggi parlano tra sé e sé,
23 rivolgendosi la schiena. Máire è sorpresa perchè è riuscita a non farsi
24 male, saltando il fosso. Adesso, ha bisogno di riprendere fiato. Yolland
25 dice di non riuscire proprio a starle al passo, è sicuro di aver dato
26 l'impressione di essere due fuggitivi.

27 Si rendono conto di essere da soli e mano nella mano, e l'imbarazzo
28 comincia. Le mani si lasciano e i due iniziano ad allontanarsi.

29 Máire esprime la sua preoccupazione circa Manus, si domanda se lui si
30 fosse chiesto dove fosse andata. Anche Yolland, tra sé e sé, si domanda
31 la stessa cosa.

32 I due si allontanano un poco.

33 La ragazza si accorge che i suoi piedi sono fradici, quindi dice che l'erba
34 dev'essere bagnata. Yolland dice la cosa opposta: l'erba è fradicia, quindi
35 i piedi di Máire devono essere bagnati.

36 Dopo un momento di silenzio si allontanano ancora un poco.

37 Adesso, i due cercano di comunicare. Yolland indica sé stesso e
38 pronuncia il nome George. Máire annuisce, e poi lo appella come
39 luogotenente George. Yolland dice di non chiamarlo così, lui non si sente
40 un luogotenente. Máire, però, non capisce. Yolland nemmeno, quindi
41 ripete da capo il gesto: si indica, e pronuncia nuovamente George.

42 Per identificarsi, Máire annuisce, poi indica sé stessa e dice il suo nome.

YOLLAND: (*points*) Máire. (*Points.*) George. (*Points both.*) Máire and George.

(MÁIRE *nods: Yes-yes-yes.*)

I-I-I -

MÁIRE: Say anything at all. I love the sound of your speech.

YOLLAND: (*eagerly*) Sorry-sorry?

(*In acute frustration he looks around, hoping for some inspiration that will provide him with communicative means. Now he has a thought: he tries raising his voice and articulating in a staccato style and with equal and absurd emphasis on each word.*)

Every-morning-I-see-you-feeding-brown-hens-and-giving-meal-to-black-calf- (*The futility of it*) - O my God.

(MÁIRE *smiles. She moves towards him. She will try to communicate in Latin.*)

MÁIRE: *Tu es centurio in-in-in exercitu Britannico* -

YOLLAND: Yes-yes? Go on - go on - say anything at all - I love the sound of your speech.

MÁIRE: - *et es in castris quae - quae - quae sunt in agro* - (*The futility of it*) - O my God.

(YOLLAND *smiles. He moves towards her. Now for her English words.*)

43 Yolland afferma di sapere chi fosse lei, aggiungendo che l'abbia guardata
44 giorno e notte. La sua frase non era terminata, stava per aggiungere
45 qualcosa quando Máire lo interrompe, perché non comprende. Quindi
46 Yolland ripete ciò che ha detto prima, questa volta tentando un
47 approccio diverso. Indica Máire ripetendo il suo nome, poi fa lo stesso
48 indicando sé stesso e dicendo George. Poi lo fa con entrambi, ripetendo i
49 nomi insieme.

50 Máire annuisce, sembrando di capire. Yolland balbetta, cerca di dire
51 qualcosa. Máire lo incita a parlare, lei adora sentirlo parlare nella sua
52 lingua. Yolland non ha capito, quindi si guarda attorno estremamente
53 frustrato, in cerca di una sorta di ispirazione che possa procurargli i mezzi
54 di comunicazione. All'improvviso, ha un'idea: prova ad alzare la voce e
55 articolare ogni parola staccandola e con estrema enfasi. Dice le seguenti
56 parole sconnesse tra loro: Ogni - mattina - ti - vedo - nutrire - i - polli -
57 marroni - e - dare - il - pasto - al - vitello - nero. Si rende conto
58 dell'inutilità di ciò che stava facendo.

59 Máire sorride e si avvicina verso di lui. Prova a parlare in latino e
60 pronuncia le parole "Tu es centurio in-in-in exercitu Britannico". Ma pure
61 questo è un tentativo destinato a fallire, perché Yolland le chiede di
62 andare avanti, di continuare a pronunciare ciò che stava dicendo perché
63 anche lui è ammalato da come Máire parla. Tuttavia, non sa il significato
64 di quelle parole. Máire continua con le seguenti parole: "et es in castris

George - water.

YOLLAND: 'Water'? Water! Oh yes - water - water - very good - water - good - good.

MÁIRE: Fire.

YOLLAND: Fire - indeed - wonderful - fire, fire, fire - splendid - splendid!

MÁIRE: Ah ... ah ...

YOLLAND: Yes? Go on.

MÁIRE: Earth.

YOLLAND: 'Earth'?

MÁIRE: Earth. Earth.

(YOLLAND *still does not understand. MÁIRE stoops down and picks up a handful of clay. Holding it out*)
Earth.

YOLLAND: Earth! Of course - earth! Earth. Earth. Good Lord, Máire, your English is perfect!

MÁIRE: George -

YOLLAND: That's beautiful - oh, that's really beautiful.

65 quae - quae - quae sunt in agro". Questo tentativo fallisce, e Yolland
66 sorride. Si avvicina verso di lei. Non essendoci più speranza, lei prova a
67 parlare in inglese.

68 Pronuncia qualche casuale parola, come George, o acqua. Yolland
69 capisce, e si emoziona perché riconosce le parole nella sua lingua. Máire
70 continua con termini come fuoco, terra. Yolland è estasiato a tal punto
71 da dire che l'inglese di Máire e' perfetto. Vuole che Máire ripeta il nome
72 George, ancora e ancora.

73 Dato l'entusiasmo di Yolland, Máire alza la mano in segno di silenzio
74 perché sta cercando di ricordarsi l'unica frase in inglese che sa dire. Se la
75 ricorda e la pronuncia come se fosse la sua madrelingua, con facilità,
76 fluidità e naturalezza.

77 Dice, in inglese, che a Norfolk si divertivano attorno all'albero di maggio.
78 Yolland è colpito. Per un attimo sembra dimenticarsi che Máire non
79 capisce l'inglese e che la frase che ha detto, in realtà, non ha alcun
80 significato per lei.

81 Yolland inizia a parlare di sua madre e della città di Norfolk, di Norwich e
82 poi del paesino in cui hanno l'albero del primo maggio. Poco dopo, però,
83 si ferma bruscamente, rendendosi conto dell'equivoco. La guarda. Lei
84 fraintende il suo entusiasmo, non riesce a decifrare perché Yolland si sia
85 emozionato tanto, dato che non conosce il significato delle parole inglesi
86

MÁIRE: George -

YOLLAND: Say it again - say it again -

MÁIRE: Shhh. *(She holds her hand up for silence - she is trying to remember her one line of English. Now she remembers it and she delivers the line as if English were her language - easily, fluidly, conversationally.)*

'In Norfolk we besport ourselves around the maypole.'

YOLLAND: Good God, do you? That's where my mother comes from - Norfolk. Norwich actually. Not exactly Norwich town but a small village called Little Walsingham close beside it. But in our own village of Winfarthing we have a maypole too and every year on the first of May - *(He stops abruptly, only now realising. He stares at her. She in turn misunderstands his excitement.)*

MÁIRE:*(To herself)* Mother of God, my Aunt Mary wouldn't have taught me something dirty, would she?

(Pause. YOLLAND extends his hand to MÁIRE. She turns away front him and moves slowly across the stage.)

87 che ha pronunciato, insegnatole da sua zia Mary. Infatti, si domanda se la
88 zia non le abbia insegnato qualcosa di osceno.

89 Dopo una breve pausa, Yolland porge la mano a Máire. Lei si allontana e
90 lentamente attraversa il palco.

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Student Number	22311663	Text Number	3
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Source Text		Target Text	
Title	<i>Villette</i>	Title	<i>Lucie en Brostland</i>
Year Published	1853		
Author	Charlotte Brontë		
Language	English	Language	French
Word Count	333	Word Count	365
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 an extract of the novel. The protagonist is Lucy Snowe, an English woman who moves to Villette, in the great kingdom of Labasseccour. The country is a fictionalisation of Belgium (Cohen 2017, 177), and the city represents Brussels (Longmuir 2009, 177). In this extract, Lucy and Madame Beck do not speak the same language. Their conversation is translated by a third character, a <i>maîtresse</i> who knows some English.		
	The passage has references in French: e.g. ‘<i>Madame</i>’ [Mistress], ‘<i>maîtresse</i>’ [house maid], ‘<i>Labasseccourienne</i>’ [characteristic of Labasseccour], ‘<i>Il n’y a que les Anglaises pour ces sortes d’entreprises</i>’ [There’s no one like English women for these sorts of adventures] etc. (ST. l. 2, 11, 15, 30-31). These features make the multiplicity of languages arise. (Cohen 2017, 179). Brontë also imitates the spoken language: ‘You ayre Engliss’ (ST l. 8) reproducing how Madame Beck would say ‘You are English’.		
	Brontë uses notes to provide her translation of the French sentences (e.g. l. 31-32). The register of the ST is formal, and there are archaic expressions, e.g. ‘ere long’ (ST l.14) (Oxford Learner’s Dictionary, 2023) and ‘Albion’ (ST. l.20) (Cambridge Online Dictionary, 2023).		

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)	In 2013, Archipoche published the French translation of the book. Referring to the extract presented, the edition keeps the French sentences in French, disregarding multilingualism. (Brontë 2013, 102-103). My TT will be an extract of my translation of Villette, which I will send to the publishing house Archipoche. The translation will appear in the category “Young adult”, dedicated to feminism, identity and immigration in literature. It is regularly consulted by readers aged 18-28 who do not know English. I will create a translation where multilingualism is central to the narration. To achieve this, I will: - Swap the setting of the story, which will take place in a fictionalised version of England, called Brostland; - Present Lucy as a Belgian woman going to Brostland; - Present Madame Beck as Mrs Beck; - Translate ‘maîtresse’ as ‘housemaid’; - Translate ‘Labassecourienne’ as ‘Brostish’; - Translate ST. I. 31-32 in English, because Mrs Beck does not speak French; - Recreate spoken French to translate ST I. 5 by employing the utterance: ‘Vooz ett beljay’, which reproduces a British accent; - Employ footnotes to translate the English sentences; - Avoid the archaic terms of the ST (I. 14, 20).
Critical Reflection • <i>textual analysis</i> (200 words max)	The alternation between English and French makes the TT dynamic and differentiated and it advocates for linguistic inclusivity. However, it might also disrupt the flow of the reading process, as the TA does not speak English. Although the footnotes provide a French translation of the English passages, the TA would not know how to pronounce the English sentences. Therefore, multilingualism may have a double effect: enriching the text, but also causing interruptions in the reading. The latter arises from another element too, which is the recreation of spoken French (TT. I. 8). The sentence appears decontextualized in the text because there were no premises, or footnotes, explaining what it represents and

	how it should be read. Therefore, the sentence is arbitrary and might contribute to the difficult reading process because of its spelling oddity. The reiteration of the adjective 'Brostish' (e.g. TT l. 22) might not evoke in the reader the 'Englishness' that the fictionalised country would represent. This is because the link between the country of Brostland and England is obscure and not suggested in the TT. Therefore, it might be misunderstood by the reader, unless there was a premise or explanation.
Works Cited ● <i>use of sources and reference material</i>	- Brontë, Charlotte (2013), <i>Villette</i>, Archipoche, eBook version, ISBN 13: 978-2352874850; - Cambridge Dictionary, "Albion", Accessed February 18, 2023, https://dictionary.cambridge.org/dictionary/english/albion; - Cohen, William A. (2017), "Why is there so much French in <i>Villette</i>?", <i>ELH</i> 84 (1): 171-194; - Longmuir, Anne (2009), " 'Reader, perhaps you were never in Belgium?': Negotiating British Identity in Charlotte Brontë's <i>The Professor</i> and <i>Villette</i>", <i>Nineteenth-Century Literature</i> 64 (2): 163-188; - Oxford Learner's Dictionary, "Ere", Accessed February 18, 2023, https://www.oxfordlearnersdictionaries.com/definition/american_english/ere#:~:text=conjunction%2Cpreposition-,conjunction%2C%20preposition,long%20(%3D%20soon)%20they%20returned.

Source Text

Villette

I said I was English, and immediately, without further prelude, we fell to a most remarkable conversation. Madame Beck (for Madame Beck it was - she had entered by a little door behind me, and, being shod with the shoes of silence, I had heard neither her entrance nor approach) - Madame Beck had exhausted her command of insular speech when she said, "You ayre Engliss," and she now proceeded to work away volubly in her own tongue. I answered in mine. She partly understood me, but as I did not at all understand her - though we made together an awful clamour (anything like madame's gift of utterance I had not hitherto heard or imagined) - we achieved little progress. She rang, ere long, for aid; which arrived in the shape of a 'maîtresse' who had been partly educated in an Irish convent, and was esteemed a perfect adept in the English language. A bluff little personage this maîtresse was - Labassecourienne from top to toe: and how she did slaughter the speech

Target Text

Lucie en Brostland

1 Je lui avais dit que j'étais belge et, immédiatement, sans autre prélude,
2 nous avons engagé une conversation des plus remarquables. Mrs Beck
3 (car il s'agissait de Mrs Beck - elle était entrée à travers une petite porte
4 derrière moi, et, chaussée avec les chaussures du silence, je n'avais
5 entendu ni son entrée ni son approche) - Mrs Beck avait épuisé sa
6 maîtrise de la langue française lorsqu'elle avait dit «Vooz ett beljay» et
7 déjà elle s'était mise à converser avec volubilité dans sa propre langue.
8 Moi, je répondais dans la mienne. Elle me comprenait partiellement,
9 mais comme je ne la comprenais pas du tout - même si ensemble nous
10 faisons une clameur terrible (je n'avais jamais, jusqu'ici, avant Mrs Beck,
11 entendu ou imaginé un tel don d'énonciation) - nous avons peu
12 progressé. Peu après, elle avait appelé à l'aide, qui était arrivé dans la
13 forme d'une «housemaid» qui avait été partiellement formée dans un
14 couvent français, et qui était considérée comme une adepte parfaite de

of Albion¹! However, I told her a plain tale, which she translated. I told her how I had left my own country, intent on extending my knowledge, and gaining my bread; how I was ready to turn my hand to any useful thing, provided it was not wrong or degrading; how I would be a child's-nurse, or a lady's-maid, and would not refuse even housework adapted to my strength. Madame heard this; and, questioning her countenance, I almost thought the tale won her ear:

‘Il n'y a que les Anglaises pour ces sortes d'entreprises,’ said she: "sont-elles donc intrépides ces femmes là!".²

She asked my name, my age; she sat and looked at me - not pityingly, not with interest: never a gleam of sympathy, or a shade of compassion, crossed her countenance during the interview. I felt she was not one to be led an inch by her feelings: grave and considerate, she gazed, consulting her judgement and studying my narrative. A bell rang.

20 la langue française. Cette housemaid était un petit personnage bourru -
21 Brostish de la tête aux pieds: et comme elle avait massacré la langue
22 française! Cependant, je m'en tiens à des phrases qu'elle avait traduites.
23 Je lui racontai que j'avais abandonné mon propre pays, déterminée à
24 élargir mes connaissances et gagner mon pain; que j'étais prête à me
25 consacrer à toute chose utile, à condition qu'elle ne soit pas mauvaise ou
26 dégradante; que je serais une bonne d'enfant, ou femme de chambre
27 que je serais même prête à faire le ménage pour qu'il soit adapté à mes
28 forces. Mrs Beck entendit cela; et, interrogeant son visage, j'avais
29 presque l'impression que le récit avait gagné son oreille:
30

31 «Only English women can do this kind of work», dit-elle, et puis «How
32 intrepid these women are!». ³

33 Elle m'avait demandé mon prénom, mon âge; elle était assise et me
34 regardait - non avec pitié, ni avec intérêt: pas une seule lueur de
35 sympathie, pas une seule ombre de compassion, ne traversaient son
36
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38
39

¹England

² There's no one like English women for these sorts of adventures; how fearless they are!

³ Il n'y a que les Anglaises pour ces sortes d'entreprises; sont-elles donc intrépides ces femmes là!

40 visage pendant l'entretien. J'avais senti qu'elle n'était pas du genre à être
41 guidée par ses émotions: sérieuse et prévenante, elle me fixait des yeux,
42 tout en consultant son jugement et en étudiant mon récit. Une cloche
43 sonna.
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Student Number	22311663	Text Number	4
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Source Text		Target Text	
Title	<i>I mari del Sud</i>	Title	<i>The return of my cousin</i>
Year Published	1930		
Author	Cesare Pavese		
Language	Italian	Language	English
Word Count	537	Word Count	633
Description of Source Text • understanding of source text • knowledge of genre within source contexts • situation of source text <i>familiarity with the formal features of a text (language variation(s), register, dialect)</i> (200 words max)	The ST is extracts of Pavese's first poem from the collection <i>Lavorare Stanca</i> (King 1972, 60). The action takes place in the countryside of Turin, Pavese's native homeland. The narrator is the poet as a child witnessing the return of his cousin from the war (Foster 1965, 381). The poem does not follow a chronological order. Pavese uses the present tense for the narration of the homeland (e.g. l. 10-13), but he uses the past simple to describe his cousin's travels (e.g. l. 26-30), despite both narrations happening in the past. The poem is in free verse and has a total of 107 lines. There are references to the poet's homeland, such as "colle" [hill] (l. 1), "paese" [hometown] (l. 16), "Langhe" (l. 18), his region. These are evocative and suggestive images that hold a place of primary importance in the poem's setting (Foster 1965, 380-382). The poem alternates monologue and dialogue (e.g. l. 13, "Tu, che abiti a Torino..." [You, living in Turin...]), between the poet and his cousin (Ducati 1966, 523). The register is informal (e.g. l. 45 "[i soldi] se li è mangiati tutti [...]" [he squandered all his money]).		
Strategy • identification of translation problems	My TT will be a translation exercise, part of the admission test for a Master's in Translation Studies at the University of Warwick, UK. My TA will be the admission committee comprising lecturers and academics of the MA programme (aged 35-60). The purpose of the exercise is to create a translation which involves the overturn of the literary genre. Applicants can choose a piece of literature. But the translation has to be produced in another genre.		

• <i>knowledge of genre within target context and situation of target text</i> • <i>justification of translation production of genre for target context</i> (200 words max)	I will translate the poem as a page of a diary in prose. In order to achieve this, I will: - keep the point of view of the interlocutor (1st singular person); - keep the poet's point of view central to the narration; - keep the non-chronological order of the narration; - lose the verse; - add the hypothetical date, time, and place of the writing session: Turin, 04/05/1930, 19:3. The author would have been twenty-two years old; - produce an informal register by adopting contractions for ST l. 7 (<i>lui è</i> [he is] → he's), l. 17, 23, 60; - add references such as "Dear diary".
Critical Reflection • <i>textual analysis</i> (200 words max)	The strategy of keeping the non-chronological order posed an issue in my translation. The TT jumps from present to past tense arbitrarily, making the text lack consistency. The paragraphs' tenses are: 1) l. 3-18: present; 2) l. 19-30: past; 3) l. 31-41: past; 4) l. 42-47: present; 5) l. 48-66: past; 6) 68-72: present. This feature of the text might disorient the TA, and it does not provide clear transitions from one tense to the other. If I were to do this translation again, I would not follow the order of the narration of the ST. Instead, I would organise the text in chronological sections. First, I would translate the sections of the poem that use the present tense, and then the sections that employ the past simple. This would create a more solid structure than an irregular order.

	A second feature of the TT is the lack of the author's point of view, which contrasts the genre. While the tone is nostalgic and reflective, the author's feelings and thoughts are mostly left unexpressed. This might contrast the genre of the TT, as writing in a personal diary promotes the expression of personal emotions (Shelton-Strong&Mynard 2021, 458), which is not reflected in the text.
Works Cited ● <i>use of sources and reference material</i>	- Arrowsmith, William (1976), "South Seas", Ronnow Poetry Website, Accessed 8 February 2023, https://www.ronnowpoetry.com/contents/pavese/SouthSeas.html; - Ducati, Franca (1966). "Lettura di 'Lavorare stanca' ", <i>Aevum</i> 40 (5/6): 519-541; - Fiedler, Leslie A. (1954), "Introducing Cesare Pavese", <i>The Kenyon Review</i> 16 (4): 536–553; - Foster, David William (1965), "The Poetic Vision of 'Le colline' an Introduction to Pavese's <i>Lavorare stanca</i>", <i>Italica</i> 42 (4): 380-390; - King, Martha (1972), "Silence, an Element of Style in Pavese", <i>MLN</i> 87 (1): 60-77; - Shelton-Strong Scott J., Mynard Jo (2021), "Promoting positive feelings and motivation for language learning: the role of a confidence-building diary", <i>Innovation in Language, Learning and Teaching</i>, 15 (5): 458-472.

Source Text

I mari del Sud

Camminiamo una sera sul fianco di un colle,
in silenzio. Nell'ombra del tardo crepuscolo
mio cugino è un gigante vestito di bianco,
che si muove pacato, abbronzato nel volto,
taciturno. Tacere è la nostra virtù.
Qualche nostro antenato dev'essere stato ben solo
– un grand'uomo tra idioti o un povero folle –
per insegnare ai suoi tanto silenzio.
Mio cugino ha parlato stasera.
Mi ha chiesto
se salivo con lui: dalla vetta si scorge
nelle notti serene il riflesso del faro
lontano, di Torino. “Tu che abiti a Torino...”
mi ha detto “...ma hai ragione.
La vita va vissuta
lontano dal paese: si profitta e si gode
e poi, quando si torna, come me a quarant’anni,
si trova tutto nuovo. Le Langhe non si perdono”.
Tutto questo mi ha detto e non parla italiano,
ma adopera lento il dialetto, che, come le pietre

Target Text

The return of my cousin

1 Turin, 04/05/1930, 19:35
2
3 Dear diary,
4
5 My cousin is finally back. This evening we walked on the side of a hill, in
6 silence. In the shadow of late twilight, he's a giant dressed in white who
7 moves calmly, tanned in the face, silent. Being silent is our virtue. One of
8 our ancestors must have been truly alone - a great man among idiots, or
9 a poor mad - to impart his kinship so much silence. My cousin spoke
10 tonight. He asked me if I would climb with him: from the top, during
11 clear nights, you can spot the reflection of the lighthouse of Turin.
12 “You, living in Turin...” he said to me, “...but you're right. Life must be
13 lived away from home: you take advantage and you enjoy it and then,
14 when you come back, like me at forty, everything is new. You cannot lose
15 the Langhe”. He said all of this and he doesn't speak Italian. Instead, he
16 uses the dialect that, like the stones of his hill, is so rough that not even
17 twenty years of different languages and oceans scratched it. And he
18 walks the steep path with such an intense look that I have only seen, as a
19 child, in the faces of tired peasants.
20

di questo stesso colle, è scabro tanto
che vent'anni di idiomi e di oceani diversi
non gliel'hanno scalfito. E cammina per l'erta
con lo sguardo raccolto che ho visto, bambino,
usare ai contadini un poco stanchi.
Vent'anni è stato in giro per il mondo.
Se n'andò ch'io ero ancora un bambino portato da donne
e lo dissero morto. Sentii poi parlarne
da donne, come in favola, talvolta;
ma gli uomini, giù gravi, lo scordarono.
Un inverno a mio padre già morto arrivò un cartoncino
con un gran francobollo verdastro di navi in un porto
e auguri di buona vendemmia. Fu un grande stupore,
ma il bambino cresciuto spiegò avidamente
che il biglietto veniva da un'isola detta Tasmania
circondata da un mare più azzurro, feroce di squali,
nel Pacifico, a sud dell'Australia. E aggiunse che certo
il cugino pescava le perle. E staccò il francobollo.
Tutti diedero un loro parere, ma tutti conclusero
che, se non era morto, morirebbe.
Poi scordarono tutti e passò molto tempo.
[...]

21 He travelled around the world for twenty years. When he left, I was a
22 child carried by women and they said he was dead. Sometimes, I would
23 hear the women talking about him, like in a fairytale; but the men, who
24 were more serious, forgot about him.
25 One winter, a postcard came addressed to my father, who was already
26 dead, with a great greenish stamp, ships in the harbour were depicted
27 and it wished for a good harvest. This caused great amazement, but the
28 grown-up kid explained eagerly that the card came from an island called
29 Tasmania, surrounded by bluer waters, inhabited by fierce sharks, south
30 of Australia. And he added that surely the cousin fished for pearls. And
31 he removed the stamp. Everyone gave their opinion, but everyone
32 agreed that if he wasn't dead, he would die. Then everyone forgot and a
33 lot of time passed.
34 The war is over, and my cousin is one of the few who came back and he
35 was gigantic. And he had money. The relatives said, quietly: "In one year
36 at most, he will have splurged all of it and will go back wandering
37 around. This is how desperate people die".
38 My cousin has a set face. He bought a ground-floor space in the village
39 and he transformed it into a cement garage. In the front, there was a
40 brightly painted petrol pump, and a noticeable advertising sign was
41 located by the curve on the bridge. Then, he hired a mechanic to deal
42 with the money and he wandered around the Langhe, smoking. In the

Mio cugino è tornato, finita la guerra,
gigantesco, tra i pochi. E aveva denaro.
I parenti dicevano piano: "Fra un anno, a dir molto,
se li è mangiati tutti e torna in giro.
I disperati muoiono così".
Mio cugino ha una faccia recisa.
Comprò un pianterreno
nel paese e ci fece riuscire un garage di cemento
con dinanzi fiammante la pila per dar la benzina
e sul ponte ben grossa alla curva una targa-réclame.
Poi ci mise un meccanico dentro a ricevere i soldi
e lui girò tutte le Langhe fumando.
S'era intanto sposato, in paese. Pigliò una ragazza
esile e bionda come le straniere
che aveva certo un giorno incontrato nel mondo.
Ma uscì ancora da solo. Vestito di bianco,
con le mani alla schiena e il volto abbronzato,
al mattino batteva le fiere e con aria sorniona
contrattava i cavalli. Spiegò poi a me,
quando fallí il disegno, che il suo piano
era stato di togliere tutte le bestie alla valle
e obbligare la gente a comprargli i motori.

42 meanwhile, he got married in town. He chose for himself a slender
43 blonde girl, like the foreign women he must've met around the world.
44 But he still went out alone. Dressed in white, with his hands behind his
45 back and a tanned face, he engaged in the fairs and, with a sly attitude,
46 he haggled over horses. Then, his project failed and he explained to me
47 that his plan was to take away the animals from the valley and make
48 people buy his motors. "But the dumb animal" he said "was me, thinking
49 that this could happen. I should've known that here, people and oxen
50 are of the same race".
51 But when I tell him that he is one of the luckiest people to have seen the
52 dawn from the most beautiful islands, he smiles at this memory, and
53 answers that when the sun rose, for them, the day was already late.
54
55 Anyway, dear diary, I'm tired now. I'm going to bed.
56
57
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“Ma la bestia” diceva "più grossa di tutte,
sono stato io a pensarlo. Dovevo sapere
che qui buoi e persone son tutta una razza".
[...]
Ma quando gli dico
ch’egli è tra i fortunati che han visto l’aurora
sulle isole più belle della terra,
al ricordo sorride e risponde che il sole
si levava che il giorno era vecchio per loro.

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Student Number	22311663	Text Number	5
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Source Text		Target Text	
Title	<i>La Leçon</i>	Title	<i>The Appointment</i>
Year Published	1951		
Author	Eugène Ionesco		
Language	French	Language	English
Word Count	1075	Word Count	1075
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 an extract of Ionesco's play. It belongs to "New French Theatre", an <i>avant-gardiste</i> wave which deconstructs the dramatic genre (Aghdash 2019, 143). The extract reproduces the dialogue between the Professor and Pupil during a lesson, discussing linguistics and languages. They engage in a conversation which is absurd (Aghdash 2019, 160), full of ambiguities and contradictions (Murbe 1967, 1), evident in these instances: a. the differences between languages are non-existent (ST l. 82-88) and the translation of ST l. 122 (e.g. into Spanish) is the French sentence itself (ST l. 158-175); b. the Pupil asks for the translation of French words into French (ST l. 129); c. in the passage ST l. 6-13 the letter F is replaced by the letter itself (e.g. 'fontaine' → 'fontaine' [fountain]); d. the Pupil reiterates fifteen times that she has a toothache without being contextualised (e.g. ST l. 30, 57) and the Professor appears indifferent; e. they discuss that the root of words has a cubic/square shape (ST l. 38); f. there are references of a neo-Spanish language (ST l. 82, 158); g. l. 123 is racially charged;		

	The devaluation of the role of language (Blanariu 2015, 7) makes the tone of the ST comedic and unsettling.
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 TT will be submitted to the Drama League of Ireland organisation for their new theatrical season which accepts adaptations and translations of plays. The TA will be Postgraduate students of Drama at TCD and UCD (aged 21-27) and members of DLI (30-45). As this season encourages innovative translations of international plays, the TT will have a different interpretation of the ST. I will exploit the reiteration of the Pupil's toothache to change the setting of the play. Instead of a lesson, it will be a conversation between a dentist obsessed with language and his neglected patient. I will: - change the setting into a dentist's surgery; - present the Professor as a dentist and the Pupil as the patient; - push the connection between dentistry and language to contextualise the dentist's obsession with the latter, by inserting words that can be associated to both domains: • l. 34: 'incision' • l. 45: 'extract' • l. 75 and 89: 'implant' • l. 106: 'articulate' • l. 99: 'root canal' • 224: 'tool' • add a patient's line after ST l. 26: "Wait, are you talking about words or teeth?" The racially-charged instance will not be omitted, as the focus of the strategy should be on the connection between language-dentistry.

Critical Reflection ● <i>textual analysis</i> (200 words max)	Reviewing the TT, one of the features that arise is ambiguity. When the dentist mentions incisions, extractions, root canal etc. (TT l. 33, 51), it is not clear whether he is talking about the dental interventions he is performing on the patient's teeth, or language. The applicability of these words in both contexts contributes to the nonsensicality of the text from a different perspective. In the TT, a great amount of absurdity no longer arises from the patient's reiteration of her toothache, which might be justified since she is at the dentist's. Instead, it originates in the dentist's extensive lecture on language and linguistics which is odd within the context. A second feature is the tone of the TT. While it does not shift from its unsettledness, the TT also appears alienating. Because there is a reason for the patient's pain, as mentioned, the dentist's neglect takes on a different connotation. He is deliberately ignoring her and dwells at length on linguistic matters instead. He appears detached from the situation and the reader might have the impression that he is a mad dentist who does not know where he is, or what he is doing.
Works Cited ● <i>use of sources and reference material</i>	- Aghdash, Mohammad Mohamadi (2019), "Esthétique du Contradictoire dans <i>La Cantatrice chauve</i> et <i>La Leçon</i> La d'E. Ionesco", <i>Recherches en Langue et Littérature Françaises</i> 13 (23): 143-164: - Blanariu, Nicoleta Popa (2015), "L(anti)poétique théâtrale de Mircea Eliade et Eugène Ionesco: imagerie des 'archétypes oubliés' et poétique du 'nonfiguratif' ", <i>Southern Semiotic Review</i> 5 (1); - Murbe, Hans J. (1967), "Ionesco's Parable of Modern Life", <i>CEA Critic</i> 29 (5): 1, 5, 7; - Takvorian, Richard, and Spingler, Michael (1983), "Sounding Ionesco: Problems in Translating: 'La Leçon' and 'Jacques ou La Soumission' ", <i>Comparative Drama</i> 17 (1): 40-54;

Source Text

La Leçon

LE PROFESSEUR.

[...] (*Légère détente, le Professeur se laisse un instant aller à ses souvenirs; sa figure s'attendrit; il se reprendra vite.*)

J'étais tout jeune, encore presque un enfant. Je faisais mon service militaire. J'avais, au régiment, un camarade, vicomte, qui avait un défaut de prononciation assez grave : il ne pouvait pas prononcer la lettre f. Au lieu de f, il disait f. Ainsi, au lieu de : fontaine, je ne boirai pas de ton eau, il disait : fontaine, je ne boirai pas de ton eau. Il prononçait fille au lieu de fille, Firmin au lieu de Firmin, fayot au lieu de fayot, fichez-moi la paix au lieu de fichez-moi la paix, fatras au lieu de fatras, fifi, fon, fafa au lieu de fifi, fon, fafa ; Philippe, au lieu de Philippe ; fictoire au lieu de fictoire ; février au lieu de février ; mars-avril au lieu de mars-avril ; Gérard de Nerval et non pas, comme cela est correct, Gérard de Nerval ; Mirabeau au lieu de Mirabeau etc., au lieu de etc., et ainsi de suite etc. au lieu de etc., et ainsi de suite, etc. Seulement, il avait la chance de pouvoir si bien cacher son défaut, grâce à des chapeaux, que l'on ne s'en apercevait pas.

L'ÉLÈVE.

Oui. J'ai mal aux dents.

Target Text

The Appointment

1 THE DENTIST.

2 [...] (*With slight relaxation, the dentist lets himself go to memories, for a*
3 *moment; his face becomes tender; he will soon recover.*)

4 I was quite young, almost a child. I was doing my military service. In the
5 regiment I had a comrade, a viscount, who had a fairly serious
6 pronunciation deficiency: he could not pronounce the letter F. Instead of
7 F, he said F. So, instead of: fountain, I will not drink your water, he said:
8 fountain, I will not drink your water. He pronounced field instead of field,
9 Finley instead of Finley, fiasco instead of fiasco, freaking out instead of
10 freaking out, flimflammy instead of flimflammy, fifi, fon, fafa instead
11 of fifi, fon, fafa; Phillip instead of Phillip; fictory instead of fictory;
12 February instead of February; March-April instead of March-April,
13 Gerard of Nerval and not, as is correct, Gerard of Nerval; Mirabel instead
14 of Mirabel etc., instead of etc., and so on etc. Only he was lucky enough
15 to be able to hide his deficiency, and no one noticed him thanks to his
16 hats.

17

18 THE PATIENT:

19 Right. But I have a toothache.

20

LE PROFESSEUR, *changeant brusquement de ton, d'une voix dure.*

Continuons. Précisons d'abord les ressemblances pour mieux saisir, par la suite, ce qui distingue toutes ces langues entre elles. Les différences ne sont guère saisissables aux personnes non averties. Ainsi, tous les mots de toutes ces langues...

L'ÉLÈVE.

Ah oui ? ... J'ai mal aux dents.

LE PROFESSEUR.

Continuons... sont toujours les mêmes, ainsi que toutes les désinences, tous les préfixes, tous les suffixes, toutes les racines...

L'ÉLÈVE.

Les racines des mots sont-elles carrées ?

LE PROFESSEUR.

Carrées ou cubiques. C'est selon.

L'ÉLÈVE.

J'ai mal aux dents.

21 THE DENTIST, *abruptly changing voice tone, in a harsh voice:*

22 Moving on. First of all, let's specify the similarities in order to better
23 understand, at another moment, what distinguishes these languages
24 from each other. The differences are not detectable by uninformed
25 people. So, all the words of these languages...

26

27 THE PATIENT:

28 Oh really? ... My teeth hurt.

29

30 THE DENTIST:

31 Let's proceed. So, they are all the same, all the desinences, all the
32 prefixes, all the suffixes, all the roots are the same... There are no
33 incisions to be made.

34

35 THE PATIENT:

36 Wait, are you talking about words or teeth?

37

38 THE DENTIST:

39 About words.

40

41 THE PATIENT:

42 Are the roots of the words square?

LE PROFESSEUR.

Continuons. Ainsi, pour vous donner un exemple qui n'est guère qu'une illustration, prenez le mot front...

L'ÉLÈVE.

Avec quoi le prendre ?

LE PROFESSEUR.

Avec ce que vous voudrez, pourvu que vous le preniez, mais surtout n'interrompez pas.

L'ÉLÈVE.

J'ai mal aux dents.

LE PROFESSEUR.

Continuons... J'ai dit : « Continuons. » Prenez donc le mot français front. L'avez-vous pris ?

L'ÉLÈVE.

Oui, Oui, ça y est. Mes dents, mes dents...

43 THE DENTIST:

44 Square or cubic, it depends.

45

46 THE PATIENT, *pointing at her teeth*:

47 Toothache.

48

49 THE DENTIST:

50 Moving on. So, to give you an example that is hardly an illustration, let's

51 extract... the word front...

52

53 THE PATIENT, *now alarmed*:

54 Extract?!

55

56 THE DENTIST:

57 No, I mean let's extract the word front...

58

59 THE PATIENT:

60 What should we take it with?

61

62 THE DENTIST:

63 With whatever you like as long as you take it, but don't interrupt me.

64

LE PROFESSEUR.

Le mot front est racine dans frontispice. Il l'est aussi dans effronté. « ispice » est suffixe, et « ef » préfixe. On les appelle ainsi parce qu'ils ne changent pas. Ils ne veulent pas.

L'ÉLÈVE.

J'ai mal aux dents.

LE PROFESSEUR.

Continuons. Vite. Ces préfixes sont d'origine espagnole, j'espère que vous vous en êtes aperçue, n'est-ce pas ?

L'ÉLÈVE.

Ah ! Ce que j'ai mal aux dents.

LE PROFESSEUR.

Continuons. Vous avez également pu remarquer qu'ils n'avaient pas changé en français. Eh bien, Mademoiselle, rien non plus ne réussit à les faire changer, ni en latin, ni en italien, ni en portugais, ni en sardanapale ou en sardanapali, ni en roumain, ni en néo-espagnol, ni en espagnol, ni même en oriental : front, frontispice, effronté, toujours le même mot,

65 THE PATIENT, *pointing again at her teeth*:

66 Toothache.

67

68 THE DENTIST:

69 Moving on... I said "moving on". Have you noted the word front?

70

71 THE PATIENT:

72 Yes, yes. My teeth, ah my teeth...

73

74 THE DENTIST:

75 The word front is the root of frontispice, and of the word affront.

76 "ispice" is the suffix, and "af" is the prefix. We call them that because

77 they do not change. As if they didn't want to.

78

79 THE PATIENT:

80 It hurts!

81

82 THE DENTIST:

83 Let's move on more rapidly. These prefixes, or implants, have Spanish

84 origins, were you familiar with this?

85

86

invariablement avec même racine, même suffixe, même préfixe, dans toutes les langues énumérées. Et c'est toujours pareil pour tous les mots.

L'ÉLÈVE.

Dans toutes les langues, ces mots veulent dire la même chose ? J'ai mal aux dents.

LE PROFESSEUR.

Absolument. Comment en serait-il autrement ? De toute façon, vous avez toujours la même signification, la même composition, la même structure sonore non seulement pour ce mot, mais pour tous les mots concevables, dans toutes les langues. Car une même notion s'exprime par un seul et même mot, et ses synonymes, dans tous les pays. Laissez donc vos dents.

L'ÉLÈVE.

J'ai mal aux dents. Oui, oui et oui.

LE PROFESSEUR.

Bien, continuons. Je vous dis continuons... Comment dites-vous, par exemple, en français : les roses de ma grand-mère sont aussi jaunes que mon grand-père qui était Asiatique ?

87 THE PATIENT:

88 Ah! My teeth hurt.

89

90 THE DENTIST:

91 Let's move on. You could have equally noticed that they do not change in
92 English. Well, they are the same in Latin, Italian, Portuguese, Sardinian,
93 Romanian, Spanish, in French, neo-Spanish: front, frontispice, affront,
94 they always change with different roots, different prefixes, different
95 suffixes. And this is the case for all the words, whether you have
96 implants or not.

97

98 THE PATIENT:

99 In all these languages, do these words mean the same thing? I cannot
100 stop thinking about my toothache.

101

102 THE DENTIST:

103 Absolutely. How could it be otherwise? In any case, the meaning is the
104 same, so is the composition and sound structure not only for this word,
105 but all conceivable words in every language. Because the same notion
106 can only be expressed by one single word and its synonyms, in every
107 country. Ah, root canal! Yes, it's the same duct for all the articulations...
108 of the words...Don't think about your teeth.

L'ÉLÈVE.	109 THE PATIENT, <i>confused</i> :
J'ai mal, mal, mal aux dents.	110 But they hurt. Yes, yes and yes.
	111
LE PROFESSEUR.	112 THE DENTIST:
Continuons, continuons, dites quand même !	113 I would say we move on... How do you articulate, for example, in
	114 English: the roses of my grandmother are as yellow as my Asian
L'ÉLÈVE.	115 grandfather?
En français ?	116
	117 THE PATIENT:
LE PROFESSEUR.	118 My teeth hurt, hurt, hurt.
En français.	119
	120 THE DENTIST:
L'ÉLÈVE.	121 Keep going, say it anyway!
Euh... que je dise en français : les roses de ma grand-mère sont... ?	122
	123 THE PATIENT:
LE PROFESSEUR.	124 In English?
Aussi jaunes que mon grand-père qui était Asiatique...	125
	126 THE DENTIST:
L'ÉLÈVE.	127 In English.
Eh bien, on dira, en français, je crois : les roses... de ma... comment	128
dit-on grand-mère, en français ?	129 THE PATIENT:
	130 Um... I have to say in English: the roses of my grandmother are...?

LE PROFESSEUR.

En français ? Grand-mère.

L'ÉLÈVE.

Les roses de ma grand-mère sont aussi... jaunes, en français, ça se dit « jaunes » ?

LE PROFESSEUR.

Oui, évidemment !

L'ÉLÈVE.

sont aussi jaunes que mon grand-père quand il se mettait en colère.

LE PROFESSEUR.

Non... qui était A...

L'ÉLÈVE.

...siatique... J'ai mal aux dents.

LE PROFESSEUR.

C'est cela.

131 THE DENTIST:

132 as yellow as my Asian grandfather...

133

134 THE PATIENT:

135 Well so, it must be, in English: the roses... of my... how do you say

136 grandmother, in English?

137

138 THE DENTIST:

139 In English? Grandmother.

140

141 THE PATIENT:

142 The roses of my grandmother are as... is yellow in English "yellow" ?

143

144 THE DENTIST:

145 Yes, obviously!

146

147 THE PATIENT:

148 are as yellow as my grandmother when he got angry.

149

150 THE DENTIST:

151 No... who was A...

152

L'ÉLÈVE.	153	THE PATIENT:
J'ai mal...	154	...sian... My teeth hurt.
	155	
LE PROFESSEUR.	156	THE DENTIST:
Aux dents... tant pis... Continuons ! À présent, traduisez la même phrase	157	That's it.
en espagnol, puis en néo-espagnol...	158	
	159	THE PATIENT:
L'ÉLÈVE.	160	I have...
En espagnol... ce sera : les roses de ma grand-mère sont aussi jaunes que	161	
mon grand-père qui était Asiatique.	162	THE DENTIST:
	163	A toothache... Too bad... Moving on! Now let's translate the same
LE PROFESSEUR.	164	sentence in Spanish.
Non. C'est faux.	165	
	166	THE PATIENT:
L'ÉLÈVE.	167	In Spanish... that will be: the roses of my grandmother are as yellow as
Et en néo-espagnol : les roses de ma grand-mère sont aussi jaunes que	168	my Asian grandfather.
mon grand-père qui était Asiatique.	170	
	171	THE DENTIST:
LE PROFESSEUR.	172	No. That's wrong.
C'est faux. C'est faux. C'est faux. Vous avez fait l'inverse, vous avez pris	173	
l'espagnol pour du néo-espagnol, et le néo-espagnol pour de	174	THE PATIENT:
l'espagnol... Ah... non.. c'est le contraire...	175	

L'ÉLÈVE.

J'ai mal aux dents. Vous vous embrouillez.

LE PROFESSEUR.

C'est vous qui m'embrouillez. Soyez attentive et prenez note. Je vous dirai la phrase en espagnol, puis en néo-espagnol et, enfin, en latin. Vous répéterez après moi. Attention, car les ressemblances sont grandes. Ce sont des ressemblances identiques. Écoutez, suivez bien...

L'ÉLÈVE.

J'ai mal...

LE PROFESSEUR.

... aux dents.

L'ÉLÈVE.

Continuons... Ah !...

LE PROFESSEUR.

... en espagnol : les roses de ma grand-mère sont aussi jaunes que mon grand-père qui était Asiatique ; en latin : les roses de ma grand-mère sont

176 And in neo-Spanish: the roses of my grandmother are as yellow as my
177 Asian grandfather.

178

179 THE DENTIST:

180 That's wrong. That's wrong. That's wrong. You did the opposite, you have
181 mistaken Spanish for neo-Spanish, and neo-Spanish for Spanish... Oh...
182 no... it's the opposite...

183

184 THE PATIENT:

185 Toothache. You're getting confused.

186

187 THE DENTIST:

188 It's you who confuses me. Be attentive and take notes. I will tell you the
189 sentence in Spanish, then in neo-Spanish and then in Latin. You will
190 repeat after me. Pay attention because there are some strong
191 resemblances. Listen and follow...

192

193 THE PATIENT:

194 I have...

195

196 THE DENTIST:

197 ...a toothache.

aussi jaunes que mon grand-père qui était Asiatique. Saisissez-vous les différences ? Traduisez cela en... roumain.

L'ÉLÈVE.

Les... comment dit-on roses, en roumain ?

LE PROFESSEUR.

Mais « roses », voyons.

L'ÉLÈVE.

Ce n'est pas « roses » ? Ah, que j'ai mal aux dents...

LE PROFESSEUR.

Mais non, mais non, puisque « roses » est la traduction en oriental du mot français « roses », en espagnol « roses », vous saisissez ? En sardanapali « roses »...

L'ÉLÈVE.

Excusez-moi, Monsieur, mais... Oh, ce que j'ai mal aux dents... je ne saisis pas la différence.

198 THE PATIENT:

199 Yes, but let's move on.

200

201 THE DENTIST:

202 In Spanish: the roses of my grandmother are as yellow as my Asian

203 grandfather; in Latin: the roses of my grandmother are as yellow as my

204 Asian grandfather. Can you tell the difference? Now try translating in...

205 Romanian.

206

207 THE PATIENT:

208 The.. how do we say rose in Romanian?

209

210 THE DENTIST:

211 Rose, obviously.

212

213 THE PATIENT:

214 It is not 'roses'? Ah, this toothache does not leave me alone...

215

216 THE DENTIST:

217 But no, but no, since "roses" is the oriental translation of the French

218 word "roses", in Spanish "roses", you know? In Sardanapali "roses"...

219

LE PROFESSEUR.

C'est pourtant bien simple ! Bien simple ! À condition d'avoir une certaine expérience, une expérience technique et une pratique de ces langues diverses, si diverses malgré qu'elles ne présentent que des caractères tout à fait identiques. Je vais tâcher de vous donner une clé...

L'ÉLÈVE.

Mal aux dents...

220 THE PATIENT:

221 I am sorry, Sir, but... Oh, my toothache... I cannot tell the difference.

222

223 THE DENTIST:

224 Well, it is quite easy! Quite easy! Provided you have a certain experience,

225 technical and practical experiences of these languages. In spite of their

226 different characteristics, they share some traits. I will try to give you a

227 tool...

228

229 THE PATIENT:

230 Toothache...

Student Number	22311663	Text Number	6
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Source Text		Target Text	
Title	<i>Frankenstein</i>	Title	<i>Bibo e il suo sogno</i>
Year Published	1818		
Author	Mary Shelley		
Language	English	Language	Italian
Word Count	1058	Word Count	788
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 monologue from a Gothic novel (Kilgour 1995, 3), from the point of view of the Monster. He speaks with logic and eloquence (Brooks 1978, 592). The extract revolves around his discovery of language by overhearing some cottagers in the woods; he learns it, hoping to be accepted (Brooks 1978, 595) (ST I. 1-6). Features of his language are: - persuasiveness and empathy: he shows that he is “[...] a being with thoughts, feelings and dreams.” (Alvarado 2017, 77), able to create pathos and feel empathy towards the cottagers (ST I. 20-21); - formal terms, e.g. ‘midst’, ‘bestowed’ (Cambridge Dictionary, 2023) - sentences of 23 words on average (I. 3-6) with few exceptions, e.g.: → ST I. 10-14 = 47 words → ST I. 42-46 = 47 words → ST I. 56-64 = 86 words The tone of the text is hopeful yet sad. The Monster shows strong excitement about learning language (ST I. 18) and is utterly enthusiastic when he manages to pronounce words (ST I. 20-21). However, there is a sad connotation because language represents his only route to integration and recognition (Alvarado 2017, 78).		

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 will be a fable targeting children aged 7-12, who attend an after-school book club in Siena, Italy. The TT will be read aloud during the special event '<i>Sogni e desideri</i>' [dreams and desires] organised by the club, sharing short stories about ambitions and dreams, and fables with moral lessons. Instead of a hideous monster, my TT will have a little sparrow as its protagonist, ignored by humans because he belongs to another species. Once he discovers language, he realises that this is the key to being accepted. To achieve this, I will: - add the initial phrase '<i>c'era una volta</i>' [once upon a time] introducing the sparrow named Bibo; - add the premise introducing Bibo and his dream; - keep the setting in the woods; - change the narrative voice to the third person singular; - use colloquial synonyms for 'bestowed' → '<i>dare</i>' [give] and 'in the midst' → '<i>tra</i>' [among] (Cambridge Dictionary, 2023); - exclude footnotes, as it will be read aloud; - split the sentences ST l. 10-14, 42-46, 56-64 into sentences of no more than 22 words; - use the final sentence '<i>Bibo non si arrese mai</i>' [Bibo never gave up] to give the moral lesson 'you don't know until you try'.
Critical Reflection • <i>textual analysis</i> (200 words max)	The tone of the TT appears to take on a comparatively upbeat tone. Despite the premise of Bibo being ignored by humans and his dreams of being integrated, the tone is confident and optimistic, because of Bibo's determination to achieve this dream. Unlike the ST, the fact that learning a language represents Bibo's only opportunity to achieve his wish seems to be taken positively. Throughout the text, there are no allusions to negative outcomes related to Bibo's plan. Although the text does not make explicit that Bibo will learn the language and will be accepted by humans, this is implied in the last sentence ('<i>non si arrese mai</i>' [he never gave up]). The use of the <i>passato remoto</i> [remote past] tense

	indicates an action that happened in the past that is concluded (Treccani Encyclopedia, 2012). Thus, Bibi is left in the situation of not having given up, which could imply that Bibi ultimately achieves his dream.
Works Cited • use of sources and reference material	- Alvarado, Diandra (2017), "The Monstrosity of Language: Frankenstein and The Descent Into Cultural Misrepresentation", <i>The Oswald Review: An International Journal of Undergraduate Research and Criticism in the Discipline of English</i>, 19 (8): 76-86; - Brooks, Peter (1978), "Godlike Science/Unhallowed Arts: Language and Monstrosity in Frankenstein", <i>New Literary History</i>, 9 (3): 591-605; - Cambridge Dictionary (2023), "Bestow", Accessed 6 March 2023, https://dictionary.cambridge.org/dictionary/english/bestow; - Cambridge Dictionary (2023), "Midst", Accessed 6 March 2023, https://dictionary.cambridge.org/dictionary/english/midst; - Kilgour, Maggie (1995), <i>The Rise of the Gothic Novel</i>, London: Routledge; - Treccani Encyclopedia (2012), "Passato remoto, indicativo", <i>La Grammatica Italiana</i>, Accessed 6 March 2023, https://www.treccani.it/enciclopedia/indicativo-passato-remoto_%28La-grammatica-italiana%29/.

Source Text

Frankenstein

“By degrees I made a discovery of still greater moment. I found that these people possessed a method of communicating their experience and feelings to one another by articulate sounds. I perceived that the words they spoke sometimes produced pleasure or pain, smiles or sadness, in the minds and countenances of the hearers. This was indeed a godlike science, and I ardently desired to become acquainted with it. But I was baffled in every attempt I made for this purpose. Their pronunciation was quick; and the words they uttered, not having any apparent connection with visible objects, I was unable to discover any clue by which I could unravel the mystery of their reference. By great application, however, and after having remained during the space of several revolutions of the moon in my hovel, I discovered the names that were given to some of the most familiar objects of discourse: I learned and applied the words fire, milk, bread, and wood. I learned also the names of the cottagers themselves. The youth and his companion had each of them several names, but the old man had only one, which was father. The girl was called sister, or Agatha; and the youth Felix, brother, or son. I cannot describe the delight I felt when I learned the ideas appropriated to each of these sounds, and was able to pronounce them. I

Target Text

Bibo e il suo sogno

1 C’era una volta un passerotto di nome Bibò.
2 Bibò aveva grandissimo desiderio a cui non smetteva mai di pensare.
3 Voleva essere accettato dagli umani, ma loro lo ignoravano perché era di
4 un’altra specie. Era solo un passerotto, e non sapeva come fare per
5 venire considerato.
6 Un giorno, però, Bibò fece una scoperta meravigliosa. Mentre stava
7 volando verso il suo nido nel bosco, sentì delle voci che provenivano da
8 una casetta in lontananza. Incuriosito da questi suoni, si avvicinò. Scoprì
9 che a fare i suoni erano delle persone e che, proprio attraverso quei
10 suoni articolati, stavano esprimendo esperienze ed emozioni.
11 Osservandoli, Bibò si accorse che quelle parole potevano produrre gioia
12 o dolore, sorrisi o tristezza, in chi li ascoltava. Bibò rimase estasiato da
13 questa meraviglia che sembrava una scienza divina, e decise che
14 l’avrebbe imparata.
15 Tuttavia, ad ogni tentativo che faceva, Bibò si confondeva. Quelle
16 persone pronunciavano le parole velocemente, e ciò che dicevano non
17 corrispondeva a nessun oggetto effettivo. Per questo, Bibò non riusciva a
18 scoprire a cosa si riferissero. Quindi, decise di rimanere in ascolto per
19 diverso tempo e, sforzandosi molto, scoprì i nomi che venivano dati agli
20 oggetti più comuni. Imparò ad usare le parole fuoco, latte, pane, legno.

distinguished several other words, without being able as yet to understand or apply them; such as good, dearest, unhappy⁴.

"I spent the winter in this manner. The gentle manners and beauty of the cottagers greatly endeared them to me: when they were unhappy, I felt depressed; when they rejoiced, I sympathized in their joys. I saw few human beings beside them; and if any other happened to enter the cottage, their harsh manners and rude gait only enhanced to me the superior accomplishments of my friends. The old man, I could perceive, often endeavoured to encourage his children, as sometimes I found that he called them, to cast off their melancholy. He would talk in a cheerful accent, with an expression of goodness that bestowed pleasure even upon me. Agatha listened with respect, her eyes sometimes filled with tears, which she endeavoured to wipe away unperceived; but I generally found that her countenance and tone were more cheerful after having listened to the exhortations of her father. It was not thus with Felix. He was always the saddest of the group; and, even to my unpractised senses, he appeared to have suffered more deeply than his friends. But if his countenance was more sorrowful, his voice was more cheerful than that of his sister, especially when he addressed the old man.

21 Scopri anche i nomi dei contadini. Il giovane ragazzo e la sorella avevano
22 diversi nomi, ma il vecchio uomo ne aveva soltanto uno, quello di
23 'padre'. La ragazza veniva chiamata 'sorella', o 'Agatha', e il giovane
24 invece 'Felix', 'fratello', o 'figlio'. Bibò provò un sollievo indescrivibile
25 quando scoprì che questi concetti corrispondevano ai singoli suoni, e che
26 poteva pronunciarli. Riuscì a distinguere tante altre parole, anche se non
27 era ancora in grado di capirle o di applicarle, come 'bene', 'caro', 'triste'.
28 Bibò passò il suo inverno così. Si affezionò ai contadini per i loro modi
29 gentili e per la loro bellezza, così tanto da sentirsi triste quando loro
30 erano tristi, e felice quando loro erano felici.
31 Si accorse che poche altre persone erano al loro fianco. E, se qualcuno
32 andava a trovarli nella loro casetta, i loro modi duri e la loro andatura
33 sgarbata non facevano che accrescere, agli occhi di Bibò, la superiorità
34 dei suoi amici.
35 Il passerotto si accorse che il vecchio spesso si impegnava per
36 incoraggiare i suoi figli, come spesso li chiamava, a scacciare via la
37 malinconia. Parlava con un tono allegro e con un'espressione di
38 benessere tale da rendere felice pure Bibò. Agatha ascoltava con
39 rispetto, e a volte i suoi occhi si riempivano di lacrime che asciugava

⁴ The creature is a good if simple empiricist, understanding words for concrete objects but having more difficulty with words that represent abstract concepts. Perhaps at this stage in his development, he—much like Victor—can master objects but not feelings, causes but not concepts. (David H. Guston)

“I could mention innumerable instances, which, although slight, marked the dispositions of these amiable cottagers. In the midst of poverty and want, Felix carried with pleasure to his sister the first little white flower that peeped out from beneath the snowy ground. Early in the morning before she had risen, he cleared away the snow that obstructed her path to the milk-house, drew water from the well, and brought the wood from the outhouse, where, to his perpetual astonishment, he found his store always replenished by an invisible hand. In the day, I believe, he worked sometimes for a neighbouring farmer, because he often went forth, and did not return until dinner, yet brought no wood with him. At other times he worked in the garden; but, as there was little to do in the frosty season, he read to the old man and Agatha.

“This reading had puzzled me extremely at first; but, by degrees, I discovered that he uttered many of the same sounds when he read as when he talked. I conjectured, therefore, that he found on the paper signs for speech which he understood, and I ardently longed to comprehend these also; but how was that possible, when I did not even understand the sounds for which they stood as signs? I improved, however, sensibly in this science, but not sufficiently to follow up any kind of conversation, although I applied my whole mind to the endeavour: for I easily perceived that, although I eagerly longed to discover myself to the cottagers, I ought not to make the attempt until I

senza farsi vedere. Generalmente, il suo aspetto e tono sembravano essere più gioiosi dopo aver ascoltato le esortazioni del padre. Per Felix, però, non era così. Era sempre il più triste del gruppo. A Bibò, anche se non ne capiva nulla di queste cose, sembrava che lui avesse sofferto più intensamente dei suoi amici. Ma anche se il suo aspetto era più dolorante, la sua voce era comunque più allegra di quella della sorella, soprattutto quando parlava al vecchio.

Bibò avrebbe potuto citare tantissimi casi che, sebbene modesti, rendevano uniche le attitudini di quegli umani tanto gentili. Tra la povertà e il bisogno, Felix portò con piacere a sua sorella il primo fiorellino bianco che sbucava dalla neve. La mattina presto, prima che lei si svegliasse, puliva via la neve che ostacolava la strada verso il mungitoio, attingeva l'acqua dal pozzo e portava la legna dalla casetta sul retro. Con sua sorpresa la casetta era sempre rifornita, come se ci fosse una mano invisibile a riempirla sempre.

Bibò era sicuro che a volte, durante il giorno, il ragazzo lavorasse per un agricoltore dei dintorni. Spesso, infatti, se ne andava e ritornava solo dopo cena, senza nemmeno riportare legna. Altre volte, invece, lavorava nel suo giardino. Quando gelava, però, c'era poco da fare, quindi si metteva a leggere al vecchio e ad Agatha.

Quella lettura aveva lasciato Bibò estremamente confuso, all'inizio. Piano piano, però, scoprì che Felix pronunciava molti degli stessi suoni di

had first become master of their language; which knowledge might enable me to make them overlook the deformity of my figure; for with this also the contrast perpetually presented to my eyes had made me acquainted⁵.

62 quando parlava. Si rese conto che sulla carta si trovavano dei simboli che
63 servivano per poter parlare, e Felix li comprendeva. Anche Bibò voleva
64 comprenderli, lo voleva tantissimo. Ma come si poteva fare, dato che
65 non capiva nemmeno i suoni indicati da quei simboli?
66 Ad ogni modo, migliorò notevolmente in questa materia. Si era
67 impegnato tantissimo, ma non abbastanza da poter seguire una
68 conversazione di qualsiasi tipo. Capì facilmente che, nonostante
69 desiderasse davvero rivelarsi agli umani, non poteva farlo, almeno non
70 prima di aver imparato la loro lingua. Questa conoscenza avrebbe
71 permesso loro di ignorare il fatto che Bibò fosse di un'altra specie,
72 contrasto che non lo lasciava mai in pace.
73 La speranza che gli umani potessero finalmente considerarlo era l'unica
74 cosa che lo faceva andare avanti. Bibò non si arrese mai.

⁵ The creature here perceives the human tendency to distinguish between members of the in-group and members of the out-group and to fear and despise the latter: "othering," as it is sometimes known. He also suggests, plausibly, that othering occurs where the target is not simply different from the audience but also not understood, and he hopes to overcome this gap in understanding through communication with the cottagers. As his monologue continues, parallels are drawn between his situation and that of various outsiders and outcasts in history who have also been othered: immigrants (Safie and her father), the poor, the lowborn, and the orphaned. Mary Shelley herself is not immune from this tendency: see, for instance, her rather broad generalizations about women in Islam and her apparent approval of European colonization. We must recognize that other people, especially those different from us, are not just sources of exclusion and anguish. The creature's monologue is also a story of human development— from securing the most basic means of survival to engaging with language and literature— and it emphasizes, too, the essential role of communing with others unlike us in achieving selfconsciousness and fulfillment. Thus, it reveals the creature's deep desire to interact with humans, a different species, and then with a created romantic partner of a different sex. For another view on how being perceived by others is both essential to achieving selfconsciousness and a potential source of deep despair, given our dependency on them for our sense of worth, one might compare Sartre's theory in *Being and Nothingness* ([1943] 2012). (Adam Hosein)

Student Number	22311663	Text Number	7
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Source Text		Target Text	
Title	<i>Lost in Translation</i>	Title	<i>Perdu dans la traduction</i>
Year Published	1998		
Author	Eva Hoffman		
Language	English	Language	French
Word Count	739	Word Count	822
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 two extracts from the autobiographical novel, whose central theme is immigration (Casteel 2001, 288). Hoffman narrates the story of her family as Polish migrants to Canada in the 1960s, focusing on self-reflection, language and identity (Lutz 2011, 348). The narrator uses the first person singular and, although she narrates past events, she uses the present tense (e.g. ST l. 4-7). This can contribute to making the ST immersive and engaging. The language of the text is descriptive. The adjectives 'rinky-dink', 'disembodied', 'unknown' (ST l. 5, 27, 29) enrich the setting of the action, appearing desolate and sombre. Hoffman describes her traumatic experience and hostile feelings through metaphors, such as '[a] seismic mental shift' (ST l. 20). The tone of the ST is resentful and reflective, evident as Hoffman reflects upon her identity and being given a different name (ST l. 19). The punctuation of the ST, inclusive of em dashes, semicolons and commas (e.g. ST l. 11, 12, 17), creates breaks in the flow of the text, which can potentially represent the narrator's thought process. Moreover, the em dashes make three proper names stand out (ST l. 11, 12, 17), reinforcing the concept of identity in the text.		

Strategy • <i>identification of translation problems</i> • <i>knowledge of genre within target context and situation of target text</i> • <i>justification of translation production of genre for target context</i> (200 words max)	The TT will be a speech given at the event ‘<i>Portraits de réfugié.e.s</i>’ [refugee portraits], in Saint-Denis, Paris. The event is organised in this town because, in 2021, 31.6% of Saint-Denis’ population was immigrants (Statista, 2022). The aim of the event is to bring the community of Saint-Denis together and promote inclusivity between immigrants and non-immigrants. The TA will be first and second-generation immigrants (people born in the 1960s and their children) who have lived in France for at least ten years and have a C1 level of French, as well as non-immigrants raised in Saint-Denis. I will make the TA resonate with the TT by: - Highlighting the metaphors (ST l. 20) by introducing them with an em dash, to give emphasis; - Using accessible language: ‘hobgoblin’ and ‘rinky-dink’ will be translated as ‘<i>lutin</i>’ [elf] and ‘<i>rudimentaire</i>’ [rudimentary]; - Accentuating the tone by: a. Adding punctuation in strategic passages, to give emphasis: semicolons to ST l. 20, 40, em dashes to ST l. 27, 62; b. Adding words, such as ‘<i>triste</i>’ [sad] to ST l. 7 and ‘<i>inévitabile</i>’ [inevitable] to l. 21, to suggest helplessness; c. Adding the final sentence ‘<i>pour moi, c’est cela la solitude</i>’ [for me, this is loneliness].
Critical Reflection • <i>textual analysis</i> (200 words max)	The tone of the TT appears more accentuated and emphasised than the ST’s. Although it does not shift from resentfulness and reflectiveness, it makes the text significantly more dramatic and emotional. The use of punctuation creates breaks in the text (e.g. TT l. 49, 73) and focuses on significant expressions, such as TT l. 32-33 ‘<i>[les nouveaux prénoms] sont des signes désincarnés</i>’ [the new names are disembodied signs]. In this way, the TA may linger on these concepts that have a particular focus and be moved by them. In the same way, the sentence TT l. 74 is broken in two by a semicolon, which highlights the second part of the phrase ‘<i>[...] leur effet osmotique</i>’ [their osmotic effect]. This happens

	because the semicolon allows the reader to make a short pause before uttering the next words, and therefore, can create a sort of suspense. The TT might be evocative, especially for first-generation immigrants. They can relate to the feelings of arriving in a new country, and the consequent adjustment, unlike second-generation immigrants who did not migrate (Schneider 2016, 2-3) and did not live it directly. This means that, even to different degrees, the TT might be relatable to its TA.
Works Cited ● <i>use of sources and reference material</i>	- Besemeres, Mary (1998), "Language and Self in Cross-Cultural Autobiography: Eva Hoffman's <i>Lost in Translation</i>", <i>Canadian Slavonic Papers</i>, 40 (3-4): 327-344; - Casteel Phillips, Sarah (2001), "Eva Hoffman's double emigration: Canada as the site of exile in 'Lost in Translation', <i>Autobiography and changing identities</i>, 24 (1): 288-301; - Lutz, Helma (2011), "Lost in translation? The role of language in migrants' biographies: What can micro-sociologists learn from Eva Hoffman?", <i>European Journal of Women's Studies</i>, 18 (4): 347-360; - Schneider, Jens (2016), "First/Second Generation Immigrants", <i>NESET II ad hoc question</i>, 4: 1-15; - Statista (2022), "Proportion of immigrants in France in 2021, by department", accessed April 5, 2023, https://www.statista.com/statistics/961610/share-immigrants-by-region-france/#:~:text=This%20graph%20shows%20the%20distribution,was%20composed%20of%20immigrated%20residents

Source Text

Lost in Translation

We've been brought to this school by Mr. Rosenberg, who, two days after our arrival, tells us he'll take us to classes that are provided by the government to teach English to newcomers. This morning, in the rinky-dink wooden barracks where the classes are held, we've acquired new names. All it takes is a brief conference between Mr. Rosenberg and the teacher, a kindly looking woman who tries to give us reassuring glances, but who has seen too many people come and go to get sentimental about a name. Mine – "Ewa" – is easy to change into its near equivalent in English, "Eva." My sister's name – "Alina" – poses more of a problem, but after a moment's thought, Mr. Rosenberg and the teacher decide that "Elaine" is close enough. My sister and I hang our heads wordlessly under this careless baptism. The teacher then introduces us to the class, mispronouncing our last name – "Wydra" – in a way we've never heard before. We make our way to a bench at the back of the room; nothing much has happened, except a small, seismic mental shift.

Target Text

Perdu dans la traduction

1 On nous a amenées dans cette école par Monsieur Rosenberg, qui, deux
2 jours après notre arrivée, nous dit qu'il nous amènerait aux cours fournis
3 par le gouvernement, afin d'enseigner l'anglais aux nouveaux arrivants.
4 Ce matin, dans les baraques rudimentaires en bois où les cours se
5 tiennent, on nous a données des nouveaux prénoms. Tout ce qu'il faut,
6 c'est une brève et triste consultation entre Monsieur Rosenberg et la
7 enseignante, une femme à l'apparence bienveillante qui essaye de nous
8 jeter des regards rassurants, mais qui a vu trop de gens aller et venir
9 pour devenir sentimental à propos d'un prénom. Le mien – Ewa – est
10 facile à changer en son équivalent anglais, Eva. Le prénom de ma sœur –
11 Alina – pose un problème plus conséquent mais, après y avoir réfléchi un
12 moment, Monsieur Rosenberg et l'enseignante décident que Elaine fera
13 l'affaire. Ma sœur et moi baissons la tête sans dire un mot, nous
14 résignons à ce baptême négligent. Ensuite, l'enseignante nous a
15 présenté à la classe, prononçant mal notre nom – Wydra – une façon que

The twist in our names takes them a tiny distance from us – but it’s a gap into which the infinite hobgoblin of abstraction enters. Our Polish names didn’t refer to us; they were as surely us as our eyes or hands. These new appellations, which we ourselves can’t yet pronounce, are not us. They are identification tags, disembodied signs pointing to objects that happen to be my sister and myself. We walk to our seats, into a roomful of unknown faces, with names that make us strangers to ourselves.

[...]

My mother says I’m becoming “English.” This hurts me, because I know she means I’m becoming cold. I’m no colder than I’ve ever been, but I’m learning to be less demonstrative. I learn this from a teacher who, after contemplating the gesticulations with which I help myself describe the digestive system of a frog, tells me to “sit on my hands and then try talking.” I learn my new reserve from people who take a step back when we talk, because I’m standing too close, crowding them. Cultural distances are different, I later learn in a sociology class, but I know it already. I learn restraint from Penny, who looks offended when I shake

21 nous ne l’avons jamais entendu. Nous cheminons vers le banc au fond de
22 la classe. Il ne s’est pas passé grand chose – à l’exception d’un
23 changement mental, pour ne pas dire cataclysmique. L’altération dans
24 nos prénoms insère entre nous et nos prénoms à une petite et inévitable
25 distance. Mais c’est une brèche dans laquelle entre le lutin – infini de
26 l’abstraction. Nos prénoms polonais ne nous désignaient pas, mais ils
27 nous appartenaient autant que nos yeux et mains nous appartenaient.
28 Ces nouvelles appellations, que nous ne savons pas encore prononcer,
29 ne sont pas nous. Ce sont des étiquettes d’identification; signes
30 désincarnés indiquant des objets qui se trouvent être ma sœur et moi.
31 Nous nous dirigeons vers nos sièges, dans une chambre pleine de visages
32 inconnus, avec des prénoms qui nous rendent étrangères à nous-mêmes.
33 [...]

34 Ma mère dit que je suis en train de devenir “anglaise”. Ça me fait mal
35 parce que je sais qu’elle veut dire que je deviens froide. Je ne suis pas
36 plus froide qu’auparavant, mais je suis en train d’apprendre à être moins
37 démonstrative. J’ai appris cela auprès d’un professeur qui, après avoir

her by the arm in excitement, as if my gesture had been one of aggression instead of friendliness. I learn it from a girl who pulls away when I hook my arm through hers as we walk down the street – this movement of friendly intimacy is an embarrassment to her. I learn also that certain kinds of truth are impolite. One shouldn't criticize the person one is with, at least not directly. You shouldn't say, "You are wrong about that" – though you may say, "On the other hand, there is that to consider." You shouldn't say, "This doesn't look good on you," though you may say, "I like you better in that other outfit." I learn to tone down my sharpness, to do a more careful conversational minuet. Perhaps my mother is right, after all; perhaps I'm becoming colder. After a while, emotion follows action, response grows warmer or cooler according to gesture. I'm more careful about what I say, how loud I laugh, whether I give vent to grief. The storminess of emotion prevailing in our family is in excess of the normal here, and the unwritten rules for the normal have their osmotic effect. Because I'm not heard, I feel I'm not seen. My words often seem to baffle others. They are inappropriate, or forced, or just

43 contemplé les gesticulations avec lesquelles je m'aide à décrire le
44 système digestif d'une grenouille, me dit de "m'asseoir sur mes mains et
45 d'essayer de parler". J'apprends mes nouvelles réserves auprès de
46 personnes qui reculent lorsque nous parlons parce que je me tiens trop
47 près d'eux – que je les encombre. Plus tard, en cours de sociologie,
48 j'apprends que les différences culturelles sont différentes, mais cela je le
49 savais déjà. J'apprends la retenue auprès de Penny, qui semble offensée
50 quand je lui serre le bras toute enthousiaste, comme si mon geste était
51 agressif au lieu d'être amical. Je l'ai appris auprès d'une fille qui se retire
52 brusquement lorsque je passe mon bras dans le sien alors que nous
53 marchons dans la rue. Ce mouvement d'intimité amicale est une gêne
54 pour elle. J'apprends aussi que certains vérités sont impolies. Il ne faut
55 pas critiquer la personne que l'on fréquente, du moins pas directement.
56 Il ne faut pas dire: "tu te trompes sur ça", mais on peut dire: "en
57 revanche, on doit tenir compte de ceci". Il ne faut pas dire: "cela ne te va
58 pas du tout" mais on peut dire: "je te préfère dans cette autre tenue".
59 J'apprends à atténuer ma netteté, à composer un menuet

plain incomprehensible. People look at me with puzzlement; they mumble something in response – something that doesn't hit home. Anyway, the back and forth of conversation is different here. People often don't answer each other. But the mask look in their eyes as they listen to me cancels my face, flattens my features. The mobility of my face comes from the mobility of the words coming to the surface and the feelings that drive them. Its vividness is sparked by the locking of an answering gaze, by the quickness of understanding. But now I can't feel how my face lights up from inside; I don't receive from others the reflected movement of its expressions, its living speech. People look past me as we speak. What do I look like, here? Imperceptible, I think; impalpable, neutral, faceless.

65 conversationnel plus prudent. Peut-être que ma mère a raison, après
66 tout. Peut-être que je suis en train de devenir plus froide. Au bout d'un
67 certain temps, les émotions suivent les actions, la réponse se réchauffe
68 ou se refroidit en fonction des gestes. Je suis plus prudente quant à ce
69 que je dis, quant au volume de mon rire lorsque je laisse libre cours à
70 mes griefs. La tempête des émotions qui règne dans notre famille
71 dépasse la normale; ici, les règles non écrites de la normale ont leur effet
72 osmotique. Parce que je ne suis pas entendu, j'ai l'impression de ne pas
73 être vue. Mes mots semblent souvent déconcentrer ceux qui
74 m'entourent; ils sont inappropriés, ou forcés, ou simplement
75 incompréhensibles. Les gens me regardent avec perplexité. Ils
76 marmonnent quelque chose en réponse, quelque chose qui m'échappe.
80 En tout cas, le va-et-vient de la conversation est différent ici. Souvent, les
81 gens ne se répondent pas. Mais le regard terne dans leurs yeux quand ils
82 m'écoutent annule mon visage, aplatit mes traits. Le mouvement de
83 mon visage vient du mouvement des mots qui remontent à la surface et
84 des émotions qui les portent. La vivacité est déclenchée par le
85

86 verrouillage d'un regard qui répond, par la rapidité de la compréhension.
87 Désormais, je ne sens plus comment mon visage s'illumine de l'intérieur.
88
89 Je ne reçois pas, des autres, les mouvements réfléchis de son expression,
90 sa parole vivante. Les gens me regardent sans me voir, quand nous
91 parlons.
92
93 À quoi je ressemble, ici ? Imperceptible, je crois. Impalpable, neutre –
94 sans visage.
95 Pour moi, c'est cela la solitude.

Student Number	22311663	Text Number	8
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Source Text		Target Text	
Title	<i>Le otto montagne</i>	Title	<i>The Eight Mountains</i>
Year Published	2016		
Author	Paolo Cognetti		
Language	Italian	Language	English
Word Count	824	Word Count	813
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 winning novel of the Strega Prize of 2017 (Premio Strega Website, 2023). The themes of the ST are the mountain, nature and the father-son relationship. These are recounted from the point of view of the protagonist, Pietro, in the first person singular. It is a coming-of-age novel, which covers more than twenty years of the protagonist's life (Levy 2018, 70). The <i>imperfetto</i> [imperfect] tense (e.g. ST l. 1-10) confers a sense of habit and continuity to the text, without mentioning the beginning and end of the narrated events (Treccani Encyclopedia, 2010). This tense focuses the SA's attention on the vagueness and indeterminacy of the action, making the theme of memory arise (Invernizzi 2018, 381). The tense makes the text's tone nostalgic, as the narrator reminisces about a past and, possibly significant, experience. The text is rich in details and description of the natural world (e.g. ST l. 23-28), creating a vivid image of the setting. There is one metaphorical expression, <i>il sentiero si ammorbidiva</i> [the path softened] (l. 26), indicating that the path had become more pleasant to walk on, not that it literally softened. This enriches the tone, making it poetic and figurative, too.		

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 TT will be a candidate for the "Nature and Place" contest organised by Frontier Poetry online magazine. The magazine will consider poems representing "geography and landscape of home [...], poems rich and robust in language, and form that pays attention to the natural world". (Frontier Poetry Website, 2023). As the magazine accepts experimental submissions (ibid.), mine will be a translation of the ST. The TA is composed of aspiring and established poets and writing students (aged 18-32). I will turn the novel into a free poem by: - not predetermining a number of words in each line; - creating octaves by assembling eight lines at a time, with the last two will standing alone; - splitting sentences, for the readability of the poem, by adding full stops to ST l. 2, 9, 15, 21, 29; - creating emphasis by: a. repeating the word 'rules' twice l. 9); b. turning ST l. 35 into a question; c. reversing the word order SVO of l. 32, into OVS; d. adding the adjective 'great' to l.30; e. adding 'it was just when' to l. 23; f. compose lines of three words (l. 4, 8, 21); g. removing the verb to l. 9-10, 12, also to give the sentence an ambiguous sense.
Critical Reflection • <i>textual analysis</i> (200 words max)	Reviewing the TT, one thing that is particularly evident is the effect that three-word lines give (e.g. TT l. 15, 62, 93). Because their presence is dispersed throughout the text and the length of the lines does not follow a pattern, three-word lines affect the tone and the rhythm of the poem. It may appear contemplative and slow-paced for short lines, and energetic and fast-paced for longer lines of 10-14 words (e.g. TT l. 6, 35, 58). The rhythm is also affected by the

	alternation of short and long lines which, as anticipated, does not follow a pattern. Although this may be seen as an inconsistency, the text may nonetheless appear dynamic and unpredictable, as the TA does not know what the next line's rhythm and tone will be. Another evident aspect is given by the lines where the verb was omitted (e.g. TT. 24). Apart from emphasis, which was planned, omitting the verb may potentially shift the reader's attention to another element of the line, expanding the interpretation. Because the action remains implicit, the reader can interpret the meaning of the line, as well as focus on what is most relevant for him/herself.
Works Cited ● <i>use of sources and reference material</i>	- Frontier Poetry Online Magazine, "February 2023 deadlines: 10 contests and magazines with deadlines this month", Accessed 20 March 2023, https://www.frontierpoetry.com/2023/01/24/february-deadlines-2023/; - Invernizzi, Simone (2018), "Paolo Cognetti, Le otto montagne", <i>Altre Modernità</i> 19: 378-381; - Levy, Michele (2018), "The Eight Mountains", <i>World Literature Today</i> 92 (2): 69-70; - Premio Strega Online Website, "Libri premiati", Accessed 20 March 2023, https://premiostrega.it/PS/elenco-dei-vincitori/.

Source Text

Le otto montagne

Mio padre beveva un caffè nel primo bar aperto, poi si caricava lo zaino in spalla con la solennità di un alpino: il sentiero partiva da dietro una chiesa, o dopo un ponticello di legno, entrava nel bosco e subito s'inerpicava. Prima di imboccarlo alzavo un'ultima volta gli occhi al cielo. Sopra le nostre teste splendevano i ghiacciai già illuminati dal sole; il freddo del mattino sulle gambe nude mi dava la pelle d'oca. Sul sentiero mio padre mi lasciava camminare in testa. Mi stava dietro a un passo, così che potessi sentire una sua parola quando serviva e il suo respiro alle mie spalle. Avevo poche e chiare regole da seguire: uno, prendere un ritmo e tenerlo senza fermarsi; due, non parlare; tre, davanti a un bivio, scegliere sempre la strada che sale. Lui ansimava e sbuffava molto più di me, tra il fumo e la vita da ufficio che faceva, ma per almeno un'ora non tollerava soste né per prendere fiato, né per bere, né per osservare alcunché. Il bosco non aveva fascino ai suoi occhi. Era mia madre, nei nostri giri intorno a Grana, a indicarmi le piante e gli alberi e insegnarmi i loro nomi, come se fossero persone ognuna con il suo carattere, mentre per mio padre il bosco era solo l'accesso all'alta montagna: lo risalivamo a testa bassa, concentrati sul ritmo delle gambe, dei polmoni, del cuore, in un rapporto privato e muto con la fatica. Calpestavamo sassi levigati dal passaggio secolare di animali e uomini. A volte superavamo una croce di

Target Text

The Eight Mountains

1 My father drank coffee in the first bar that was open
2 Then, loaded the backpack with the solemnity of a mountaineer.
3 The trail would begin behind a church, or after a wooden bridge,
4 And when he entered the forest
5 He started climbing.
6 I would lift my eyes up to the sky,
7 One last time
8 Before climbing too.
9
10 Above our heads, the glaciers glowed in the sunlight,
11 The morning coldness on my legs gave me goosebumps.
12 My father would let me lead, on the trail.
13 He was right behind me, just one step away,
14 So I could hear him utter a word,
15 Or his breath.
16 I had few rules to follow,
17 Clear rules.
18
19 Number one, pick up the pace and keep it, never stop.
20 Number two, don't talk.

legno, o una targa di bronzo con un nome, o un'edicola con una madonnina e qualche fiore, che davano a quegli angoli di bosco un'aria grave di cimitero. Allora il silenzio tra noi assumeva un altro significato, sembrava l'unico modo rispettoso di passare. Alzavamo lo sguardo soltanto alla fine degli alberi. Sulla spalla glaciale il sentiero si ammorbidiva, e uscendo al sole incontravamo gli ultimi villaggi alti. Erano posti abbandonati o quasi, anche peggio di Grana, se non per una stalla in disparte, una fontana che ancora funzionava, una cappella ben tenuta. Sopra e sotto le case il terreno era stato spianato e le pietre raccolte in cumuli, e poi scavati canaletti per irrigare e concimare, e terrazzate le rive per farne campi e orti: mio padre mi mostrava queste opere e mi parlava con ammirazione degli antichi montanari. Quelli arrivati dal nord delle Alpi nel Medioevo erano capaci di coltivare la terra a quote a cui nessuno si spingeva. Possedevano tecniche speciali e una speciale resistenza al freddo e alle privazioni. Ormai nessuno, mi disse, sarebbe piú riuscito a vivere lassú d'inverno, in un'autonomia assoluta di cibo e di mezzi, come per secoli avevano fatto loro.

Io osservavo le case diroccate e mi sforzavo di immaginarne gli abitanti. Non riuscivo a capire come mai qualcuno avesse scelto una vita tanto dura. Quando lo chiesi a mio padre lui mi rispose nel suo modo enigmatico: sembrava sempre che non potesse darmi la soluzione ma

21 Number three, at a fork in the path, always choose the uphill way.
22 He would pant and puff much more than me,
23 because of his smoking and his sedentary job.
24 But, for a whole hour, no breaks:
25 No catching breath, no drinking, no looking around.
26 The forest did not fascinate him.
27
28 It was my mother, in our walks around Grana,
29 That would indicate plants and trees, teaching me their names.
30 As if they were people,
31 Each with their own personality.
32 For my father, the forest was just the access to the mountain:
33 We would climb it, heads down,
34 Concentrated on the rhythm of legs, lungs, heart
35 In a private and silent relationship with that effort.
36
37 We would step on stones
38 Made smooth by the centennial crossing of men and animals.
39 Sometimes we would pass a wooden cross,
40 Or a bronze plaque with a name, or a shrine to the Virgin Mary
41 With some flowers.
42 The serious air, like a cemetery, of those corners in the wood.

appena qualche indizio, e che alla verità io dovessi per forza arrivarci da solo.

Disse: – Non l’hanno mica scelto. Se uno va a stare in alto, è perché in basso non lo lasciano in pace.

– E chi c’è, in basso?

– Padroni. Eserciti. Preti. Capi reparto. Dipende.

Non era del tutto serio, il tono della sua risposta. Ora si bagnava la nuca alla fontana ed era già più allegro rispetto al primo mattino. Si scrollava la testa dall’acqua, si strizzava la barba e guardava in su. Nei valloni che ci aspettavano non c’erano ostacoli alla vista, così prima o poi notava qualcuno più avanti di noi sul sentiero. Aveva un occhio acuto, da cacciatore, per scovare quelle macchioline rosse o gialle, il colore di uno zaino o di una giacca a vento. Più lontane erano, più spavalda suonava la voce con cui, indicandole, mi chiedeva: – Che ne dici, Pietro, li prendiamo?

– Certo, – rispondevo io, ovunque fossero.

Allora la nostra salita si trasformava in un inseguimento. Avevamo i muscoli ben caldi e ancora tutte le energie da spendere. Risalivamo i pascoli di agosto passando per alpeggi isolati, mandrie di mucche indifferenti, cani che ci ringhiavano alle caviglie, distese di ortiche che mi pizzicavano le gambe nude.

43 That silence meant something else, the only respectful way
44 Of crossing.

45

46 It was just when the trees ended

47 That we would look up.

48 On the bump of the glacier the path would soften

49 And in the sunlight, we would encounter the last villages.

50 They were almost abandoned, even worse than Grana

51 If it wasn’t for a barn in the distance

52 A fountain functioning still

53 Or a well-maintained chapel.

54

55 Above and under the houses, the land was levelled

56 The stones gathered in heaps

57 Gutters were dug to irrigate and fertilise,

58 The banks were terraced to make fields and gardens.

59 My dad showed me these works

60 And talked about ancient mountain dwellers

61 With great admiration

62 In his voice.

63

64 Those arrived from the North of Alpes, in Medieval times,

– Taglia, – diceva mio padre, dove il sentiero tracciava linee troppo dolci per i suoi gusti. –

Dritto. Vai su di qua.

Infine la pendenza aumentava di nuovo, ed era lí, su quelle spietate rampe terminali, che raggiungevamo le nostre prede. Erano due o tre uomini di solito, dell'età di mio padre e vestiti come lui. In me confermavano l'idea che questa cosa dell'andare in montagna fosse una moda d'altri tempi, e obbedisse a codici antiquati. Anche il modo in cui cedevano il passo aveva un che di cerimonioso: si spostavano di lato, accanto al sentiero, si fermavano e si lasciavano superare. Di certo ci avevano visti dall'alto, avevano provato a resistere e non erano contenti di essere stati presi.

65 Could cultivate the land at that high-altitude
66 And no one else could.
67 Special techniques they had
68 And special resistance to cold and deprivation.
69 No one, now, could live up there in the winter
70 They relied just on themselves for food and means
71 Like they did, for centuries.
72
73 I observed the ruined houses
74 And strived to imagine their inhabitants.
75 I couldn't understand
76 Why choose such a hard life?
77 I asked my dad
78 His answer was enigmatic
79 He gave me clues instead of full answers
80 I had to get to the truth alone.
81
82 They didn't choose it, he said
83 If one goes to live up here
84 It's because he gets no rest, down there.
85 But who's down there?
86 Landlords. Armies. Priests. Bosses. It depends.

87 He wasn't fully serious, his tone gave it away.
88 He wet his nape at the fountain
89 He was happier than he was in the early morning.
90
91 He shook his head from the water
92 Squeezed his beard
93 And looked up.
94 In the valleys there seemed to be no obstacles
95 And sooner or later
96 He noticed someone ahead of us, in the trail.
97 He had a sharp eye
98 Like a hunter.
99
100 He could detect those red and yellow spots
101 The colours of a backpack, or a windbreaker.
102 The further away they were
103 The more defiant his voice got, indicating them
104 And he asked
105 What do you say, Pietro? Should we reach them?
106 Sure. Wherever they were.
107 So our climb turned into a chase.
108

109 Our muscles were warmed up
110 And we had all our energies to be spent.
111 We climbed the August pastures
112 Crossed isolated alpine meadows,
113 Herds of indifferent cows,
114 Dogs growling at our ankles,
115 Fields of nettles, stinging my legs.
116 My dad said, let's cut up here.
117
118 The trail was too easy for him.
119 Straight ahead. Up here.
120 The slope increased again
121 And it was there
122 On those last pitiless slopes
123 That we reached our prey.
124 They were usually two or three men,
125 The same age as my dad
126
127 Dressed in the same way.
128 They confirmed the idea that I had.
129 Going to the mountain was an outdated fashion
130 And there were outdated rules.

131 How they gave way was somewhat ceremonious.
132 They moved to the side, near the trail
133 They stopped
134 And let us overtake them.
135
136 They surely saw us, from above, and tried to resist
137 And they weren't happy about being reached.

