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Literary Translation Portfolio: portrait of a woman

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Introduction

This translation portfolio is not based on an exact theme. However, what all these texts had in common is a feminine touch. Whether as authors or as the fundamental entities on which texts draw their attention, women in these lines and pages are strong, independent, aware of their literary position, ready to thrive in the collective imagination to expand their points of view and to spread their words like wildfire for centuries to come. The texts covered in this portfolio had the ultimate goal of being able to help me develop and unveil several translation theories and strategies learned throughout the year, putting them into practice in different contexts and literary genres. The first six texts are translated from English to Italian. Instead, the last two texts pay homage to my culture and my mother tongue, Italian, and are translated from Italian into English.

My *modus operandi* is not entirely accidental. Throughout times, I realised that the language pair Italian- English and moreover the English-Italian one presents very few texts translated, which most of them are either experimental or highly close to the Source Text. I wanted to experiment and meander in the mysteries and peculiarities of certain texts, of which most of them have never been translated either in English or Italian. Likewise, I also wanted the readers to understand and embrace the grammar choices, the linguistic decisions and the semantic and subtextual positions I took, after diving in those pages and swimming in those words. Therefore, readers will plunge into the lines of a sarcastic (super)heroic novella, told as a bedtime story, where the main protagonist is nothing but a *Femme Fatale*. They will sail the seas of a classic play, nestled in the teeming Irish countryside surrounded by gypsies ready to assert their words and culture through Synge's superb depiction. They will

sneer while reading an ironic essay on how to "win the marriage war" with Maria Edgeworth, in a society where female education was seen as unimaginable. Their travel in the literary genres will continue also through times: they will be teleported amidst the folklore legend of a charming Irish woman, whose beauty was the cause of multiple bloodshed since the age of the first men, to a tender interview in the most recent and tragic times. Where in the Magdalene Laundries, tragedies were taking place, they will try to hold back tears at the harsh words told by strong independent women ready to recount their traumatic experiences and tell what it is unfortunately also part of Irish heritage. Lastly, they will be brought back to this century, where connection between authors from the past and writers from the present cross their paths, unravelling the red thread that synchronise the lives of these women through times. They will be spectators of the creative process of an avant-garde poem shared between two Irish women poets and they will discover the innovative writing of an Italian author in suggesting a captivating alternative to the average Cinderella fairy tale. Made by women for young women, a true princess needs no prince charming to be truly saved but only her ink and parchment to survive.

Finally, they will find themselves fighting between two ages, with two women, two poets, reading a sonnet, fighting the patriarch since Petrarchan age. Those are going to be the words of those women whose echo reverberates with the only desire to be heard and understood, with the same directness only a sister, a friend, a soul mate, an intellectual soul, possesses.

Understandably, there is a lowest common denominator in these texts analysed: Ireland. Ireland and its women, fearless fighters and bearers of identity and amazing characters, who will echo their words through the Italian language, to find a harmony of intent, a brotherhood... sisterhood perhaps. Words spoken by Irish women and perceived by Italian women, felt on their skin. Italian words spoken to Irish women, for Irish women with the hope of weaving an empathic web, made up of events and words, so distant but yet so close.

Student Number	19329660	Text Number	1
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Source Text		Target Text	
Title	Mostly Hero	Title	Quasi Eroe
Year Published	2014, 2019		
Author	Anna Burns		
Language	English	Language	Italian
Word Count	480	Word Count	487
Description of Source Text • <i>understanding of source text</i> • <i>knowledge of genre within source contexts</i> • <i>situation of source text familiarity with the formal features of a text (language variation(s), register, dialect)</i> (200 words max)	The novella tends to be a parodistic version of any superhero narratives. Many plot twists take place, managing to transform the story in a more introspective and meaningful novella than the average superhero tale. <i>Hero</i> is trying to fight the evil menaces coming from a loving <i>doddery</i> old lady called <i>Great Aunt</i>, an undercover super-villain. He however, falls in love with <i>Femme fatale</i> who not only is Great Aunt's niece but also an oblivious villain under a spell which makes her try to kill Hero any time she has a chance. The ST appeared rich in graphic descriptions and complex syntactical structures accompanied by a dynamic rhythm of introspective speeches (L.2-7), rhetorical questions (L. 4-5) and hectic dialogues (L.33-57). Because it deals with also a wide range of topics, from sex to relationship, revenge and the eternal fight between good and evil, with a sarcastic and parodistic turn, the text can be addressed to young-adults and adult readership.		
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 will address this text to a rather young audience aged between 9-11. Translating for this type of audience implies simplifying the sentences' structures, diversifying the register of some words and the tone used by certain characters. In order to do so, I will: • ease the original period's structure, by creating simpler sentences		

<i>production of genre for target context</i> (200 words max)	• change the dialogues' layout, by separating each line from the dense writing, making it more visually pleasing for such TA. • find an equivalent for the characters' names by using Nida's dynamic equivalence to reproduce the hidden meaning but to maintain the sense of the term. • smooth the register used in the hectic dialogues by replacing some swearwords with some common exclamations to the register of the TA (for example '<i>oh frig</i>' (L.33) which is a synonym of "oh damn" or "oh fuck" in more colloquial expressions will be translated as '<i>oh accipicchia</i>' (L.44) [<i>oh dang</i>'] to fit the TA).
Critical Reflection • <i>textual analysis</i> (200 words max)	There are specific features that apply to children's literature such as repeated rhythmical structure of dialogues, prevalence of action and the dichotomy between good and evil where the good always wins (Rudd, 2012, n.p). Keeping those features in mind while translating was very helpful to deliver the TT to this type of audience. As such, deciding to interrupt the dense narrative produced a more discursive and understandable text, although some sentences were presenting inconsistencies in the syntax (L.2-7) that were mitigated by easing the vocabulary. On a lexical level, applying Nida's dynamic equivalence (Nida, Chpt 12 in Venuti 2012) to the names of some characters such as <i>Femme Fatale</i> as <i>Sirena [mermaid]</i> which in Italian recalls a mysterious and charming character who lures men, helped me to convey the metaphor within the name. The swearwords figuring in the ST were indeed creating a certain nuance to the dialogue and to some characters such as the henchmen, improving their evilness. In this regard, this strategy did not deprive the henchmen's characterization, it made them more comical, as seen by children as the typical goofy sidekicks. Understandably, the main challenge was trying to reproduce the witty tone and ironic rhetorical questions while tailoring them to the TA with the possibility of losing those nuances in the process.
Works Cited • <i>use of sources and reference material</i>	Burns, Anna, 2014, <i>Mostly Hero</i>, London: Faber&Faber

	Nida, Eugene, 2012, <i>'Principles of Correspondence'</i> , in <i>The Translation Studies Reader</i>, ed Lawrence Venuti, New York & London: Routledge. Rudd, David, 2012, <i>The Routledge Companion to Children's Literature</i>, Routledge
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Source Text***Mostly Hero***

Hero dismissed this, accusing her instead of envying his unique self-survival gifts. After all, he thought, with her emotional tangents, her lack of certainties, her profound confusion in filtering reality to get one that feels good rather than the actual one that's out there, what early warning system could she ever have? Any varlet could take advantage, but she trusted everybody, was friend with everybody, chatted to everybody, refusing to listen to his words. And now here he was, pacing, one moment indignant, arguing with femme in his head for attacking his beloved box-formation living; next, he was admiring his box-formation living but worrying about his other predicaments, namely, powerful Great Aunt at the top of her game. This was why he was less vigilant when ordinarily he was super-hyper-vigilant. This was why too, Great Aunt's heavies, spying upon him from behind bushes and rocks, were able to grasp their opportunity. As one, they ran forward and pushed him, easy as a pie, over the cliff. *'Goodness, that was easy,'* the men declared. *'Though the was a superpower! What kind of superpower is no superpower? Strange guy. But who cares? Wouldn't you say that destroyin' that fella was the easiest thing ever we did in all the world?'* They agreed with themselves and these were happy, cherry men, in the pink of feeling good, in the highest degree of self- congratulation, which would not have been the case, of course,

Target Text***Quasi Eroe***

1 Eroe ignorò tutto questo e invece l'accusò di essere gelosa del suo unico
2 talento nel sopravvivere. Dopotutto, pensò Eroe, con le distrazioni
3 emotive che Sirena aveva, l'insicurezza, la profonda incapacità di filtrare
4 la realtà per capire quale era la versione giusta e quale quella sbagliata,
5 quali campanelli d'allarme avrebbe mai potuto avere una persona come
6 lei? Qualsiasi briccone poteva fregarla ma lei si fidava di tutto il mondo,
7 era amica di tutti, parlava con tutti, si rifiutava solo di ascoltare Eroe. Ma
8 eccolo qui, ora. Camminava freneticamente e a tratti indignato, mentre
9 litigava nella sua testa con Sirena per aver criticato la sua vita studiata al
10 dettaglio. Al tempo stesso, però, adorava la sua vita così com'era ma si
11 preoccupava delle altre situazioni complicate, soprattutto della super-
12 iper diabolica Prozietta. Per questo motivo era diventato meno attento,
13 quando sarebbe stato normalmente super attentissimo. Era anche per
14 questo motivo che gli scagnozzi della Prozietta, mentre lo spiavano da
15 dietro i cespugli e le rocce, erano riusciti a cogliere quell'occasione.
16 Correndo tutti insieme, l'avevano spinto giù dalla scogliera: facile come
17 bere un bicchier d'acqua.

18
19 - *'Perbacco, è stato proprio facile!'* avevano esclamato.
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had they acquainted themselves beforehand with the latest bulletin of Great Aunt commanding them now not to kill hero but instead to look after him. They themselves were still on the 'kill him if you like, I don't mind' part of the plan. That morning they'd followed hero and his lover, eavesdropping on both as they stood on the courthouse steps, making their lunch arrangements. Hence the cliff. The men had rushed there first in order to intervene. Boss will be pleased, they said. She'll love us. She'll delight in us. We'll be her favourites. Wiping the last of hero off their hands, they headed back to their car. Once in it, they switched on the transmitter to get current with Great Aunt's latest suggestions and communications. This was when they discovered they shouldn't have pushed hero. Panic spread immediately through everyone in the car.

'Oh frig!'

'Oh flip!'

'Oh matrioshkas!'

'Oh postcards!'

'Oh underpants!'

'Oh unfortunate display of instincts!'

'Oh illsuccess!'

'Oh dear!'

'She'll kill us!' screamed one. *'She'll murder us!'* wailed another. *'Worse than that- she'll be furious!'* sobbed a third. They began to accuse each

- *'E pensare che era una superpotenza! Quale supereroe non ha una superpotenza? Che tipo strano. Ma chi se ne frega? Siete d'accordo che accoppiare quel tipo è stata una passeggiata?'*

Erano tutti d'accordo, felici, super allegri e compiaciuti. Tuttavia non lo sarebbero stati ancora per molto, se si fossero informati prima sull'ultimo bollettino inviato dalla Prozietta. Ella infatti aveva comandato loro di *non uccidere* Eroe e invece di prendersene cura. Gli scagnozzi però erano rimasti ancora al piano di 'uccidetelo se volete, non mi importa'.

Quella mattina, infatti, avevano seguito Eroe e la sua amata e avevano origliato i discorsi dei due amanti seduti sugli scalini del tribunale sulla loro pausa-pranzo. Ovvero sulla scogliera. Gli scagnozzi si erano fiondati lì per intervenire.

'La Capa sarà così orgogliosa di noi' si erano detti.

'Ci amerà. Sarà così contenta. Saremo i suoi preferiti.'

Una volta riusciti a sbarazzarsi anche dell'ultimo brandello di Eroe, tornarono nella loro macchina. Una volta dentro, riaccesero la radio trasmittente per conoscere le più recenti comunicazioni e suggerimenti della Prozietta. In quel momento scoprirono che non avrebbero dovuto far cadere Eroe. Il panico si diffuse nella macchina.

other at the thought of Great Aunt's wrath. *'Your fault!'* shouted one.
*'Always it's deeds first with you and messages after, when everybody
knows it should be messages first and deeds after.'* *'Shut up you.'* *'No, shut
you up you.'* *'No, shut you up you.'* *'Shut up everybody!'* cried the chief
henchmen.

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'Oh accipicchia!'

'Oh cavolo!'

'Oh mamma!'

'Oh mannaggia!'

'Oh le mie mutande!'

'Oh che giornata sfortunata!'

'Oh che pasticcio!'

'Oh Dio!'

'Ci ucciderà!' frignò uno di loro.

'Ci ammazzerà tutti!' disse un altro piagnucolando.

'No, peggio di ogni altra cosa: sarà furiosa!' disse un terzo tra i singhiozzi.

Iniziarono a accusarsi a vicenda al solo pensiero dell'ira della Proietta.

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66 *'La colpa è tua' schiamazzò uno di loro.*

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67 *'Con voi si agisce sempre prima di leggere i messaggi. Anche se tutti sanno*
68 *che prima si leggono i messaggi e poi si agisce.'*

69

70 *'Chiudi il becco'*

71 *'*

72 *No, tu chiudi il tuo di becco'*

73

74 *'Non, tu tappati la bocca.'*

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76 *'State tutti zitti!'* tuonò lo scagnozzo-capo.

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Student Number	19329660	Text Number	2
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Source Text		Target Text	
Title	The Tinker's Wedding	Title	Il Matrimonio Zingaro
Year Published	1904		
Author	J.M. Synge		
Language	Irish-English	Language	Current Italian
Word Count	490	Word Count	348
Description of Source Text • <i>understanding of source text</i> • <i>knowledge of genre within source contexts</i> • <i>situation of source text</i> • <i>familiarity with the formal features of a text (language variation(s), register, dialect)</i> (200 words max)	This play was the first work put on scene by Synge and it was considered even by the author as “too immoral” (Synge, 1906). In fact, Ireland at that time was dealing with the substantial clerical's influence in all its life aspects and the presence of tinkers and gypsies due to illiteracy was increasing. In this play, there is a caricatural depiction of that reality, making the tinkers mocking and tricking the priest, despite his important role. A trio of tinkers wanders up and down the Wicklow countryside, earning a dishonest living with their thievery and begging (Greene 1947: 824), where two of them want to get married. The register is colloquial and familiar with repetitive grammatical (L.7; 21-22; 31) and syntactical mistakes. Synge opts for a peculiar choice from the structural point of view: he implements Irish syntax over English lexicon. This implies an inversion of word-order (verb+object+subject) and sentence-order (MacMathúna, 2006, n.p) from a syntactical point of view. Yet, from a linguistic perspective, a more accessible lexicon is employed in order to reach out for his readership in a more understandable way. Hence, the lines said by the tinkers are full of sarcastic and ironic tones that give dynamism to the action.		

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)	Carlo Linati produced a domesticated translation of this text (<i>Le nozze dello zingaro calderaio</i>, 1944), where he recreated the dualism between Irish syntax-English lexicon, by using the combination Sicilian syntax-Italian lexicon (Talbot, 2011: 5). However, as I intend to address my TT to modern Italian youth, I will opt for a foreignized strategy on a lexical point of view, where most of characters and places' names will be left as in the SL (e.g Sarah; Wicklow). I will change the register and the tone of TT into a more colloquial Italian tone, adding occasionally jargon and slang expressions that will imply also swearwords. For example, L.21-22 "to tell lies" will become "contare balle" [talk shit] or L.23 "it's making game of me you'd be" will become "mi stai pigliandomi per il culo tu a me" [you're taking the piss out of me]. Linked to these choices, on a syntactical perspective, I will mirror the grammatical errors made by Synge in the SL to underline the characterisations of the tinkers, such as wrong tenses or incorrect possessive adjectives or misplaced pronouns (L.10;29;56). Lastly, I will also apply the standard use of singular third person into the TL instead of the second plural one when addressing an older/higher-class person (the priest in this case).
Critical Reflection • <i>textual analysis</i> (200 words max)	The wide range of ways to mirror the characters' features thanks to the modern register and tone made the characters more relatable and understandable to a modern audience. The decision not to echo the pairing Irish-English (dialect-language) into an Italian equivalent as Linati did, put the TT into perspective, addressing it better towards the TA. If a sort of dialect-language pairing would have been employed into the TT, I believed the TA would not have understood the TT in whole. This is why I believe that resorting to slangs and common jargon known by all Italian young adults was beneficial for the text. However, in order to underline the characterisation of Sarah Casey, the tinker, and her dislike growing towards the priest, I realised that switching from singular third-person into singular second-person, which is usually used to address people in a colloquial and informal register in Italian, would have depicted the character faithfully, as well it would have better underlined her frustration.
Works Cited • <i>use of sources and reference material</i>	Burke, Mary, 2010, <i>The Well of the Saints and The Tinker's Wedding</i>; Cambridge University Press, Ed P.J. Matthews; pp 41-51.

	Greene, David H., 1947, <i>The Tinker's Wedding, a Revaluation</i>; PMLA , Sep., 1947, Vol. 62, No. 3 (Sep., 1947), pp. 824-827, Modern Language Association, New York. Synge, J.M., 1944, <i>Le nozze dello zingaro calderaio - L' ombra della Vallata</i>, Trans. Carlo Linati, Rosa e Ballo Editori, Milano. Talbot, George. 2011. '<i>Carlo Linati e la ricezione italiana delle opere di JM Synge in Italia</i>'. Journal of Anglo-Italian Studies, 11, 131-147. http://home.um.edu.mt/angloitalian/jai.html
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Source Text

The Tinker's Wedding

MARY -- in a peacemaking voice, putting her hand on the Priest's left arm.
-- She wouldn't do the like of that, your reverence, when she hasn't a decent standing drouth on her at all; and she's setting great store on her marriage the way you'd have a right to be taking her easy, and not minding the can. What differ would an empty can make with a fine, rich, hardy man the like of you?

SARAH -- imploringly. -- Marry us, your reverence, for the ten shillings in gold, and we'll make you a grand can in the evening -- a can would be fit to carry water for the holy man of God. Marry us now and I'll be saying fine prayers for you, morning and night, if it'd be raining itself, and it'd be in two black pools I'd be setting my knees.

PRIEST -- loudly. -- It's a wicked, thieving, lying, scheming lot you are, the pack of you. Let you walk off now and take every stinking rag you have there from the ditch.

MARY -- putting her shawl over her head. Marry her, your reverence, for the love of God, for there'll be queer doings below if you send her off the like of that and she swearing crazy on the road.

SARAH -- angrily. -- It's the truth she's saying; for it's herself, I'm thinking, is after swapping the tin can for a pint, the time she was raging mad with the drouth, and our- selves above walking the hill.

Target Text

Il Matrimonio Zingaro

MARY -- *poggia la sua mano sul braccio sinistro del Prete e esclama conciliante*- Lei non si comporterebbe mai in questo modo, Reverendo, se avrebbe tutta questa smania addosso. A quella importa così tanto di questo matrimonio che fa meglio a ignorarla e lasciarlo perdere il boccale. Che le cambia un boccale vuoto, a un uomo bello, ricco e coraggioso come lei?

SARAH- *implorando*- Sposaci, Reverendo, per quelli dieci scellini d'oro e ti faremo il più bello dei boccali stassera. Così bello da poterci versare acqua per il più santo dei preti. Sposaci ora e dedicherò a te tutte le preghiere, mattina e sera, anche quando piove. Dovrebbi ficcare le mie ginocchi in due pozzanghere putride!

PRETE- *a voce alta*- Che razza di scellerati bugiardi siete! Levatevi di torno, voi e i vostri fetidi stracci.

MARY-*sistemandosi lo scialle sulla testa*- Sposali, Reverendo, per amor di Dio! Non si immagina cosa è capace di fare laggiù se la caccia via così: pazzirebbe per tutta la strada.

SARAH- *arrabbiata*- Lei dice la ragione! Scommetto è stata lei stessa a scambiare il boccale per una pinta. Quando stava pazziando dalla sete e noi, ci stavamo camminando su per la collina.

MARY -- crying out with indignation. -- Have you no shame, Sarah Casey, to tell lies unto a holy man? 21

SARAH -- to Mary, working herself into a rage. -- It's making game of me you'd be, and putting a fool's head on me in the face of the world; but if you were thinking to be mighty cute walking off, or going up to hide in the church, I've got you this time, and you'll not run from me now. [She seizes up one of the bottles]. 22

MARY -- hiding behind the priest. -- Keep her off, your reverence, keep her off for the love of the Almighty God. What at all would the Lord Bishop say if he found me here lying with my head broken across, or the two of yous maybe digging a bloody grave for me at the door of the church? 23

PRIEST -- waving Sarah off. -- Go along, Sarah Casey. Would you be doing murder at my feet? Go along from me now, and wasn't I a big fool to have to do with you when it's nothing but distraction and torment I get from the kindness of my heart? 24

SARAH -- shouting. -- I've bet a power of strong lads east and west through the world, and are you thinking I'd turn back from a priest? Leave the road now, or maybe I would strike yourself. 25

PRIEST. You would not, Sarah Casey. I've no fear for the lot of you; but let you walk off, I'm saying, and not be coming where you've no business, and screeching tumult and murder at the doorway of the church. 26

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MARY- urlando indignata- Ma non ti vergogni, Sarah Casey! Contare balle a un uomo di Chiesa? 21

SARAH- rivolta verso Mary irritata- Mi stai pigliandomi per il culo? Vorresti imbarazzarmi davanti al mondo? Se ti pensavi di passarla liscia e svignartela nascondendoti in chiesa, hai toppato! Non mi scapperai a me! [Afferra una delle bottiglie] 22

MARY- nascondendosi dietro il prete- Tienila lontano, Reverendo, tienimela lontano per l'amor di Dio. Cosa direbbe il Vescovo se mi troverebbe qui con l'osso del collo spezzato o se uno di voi due stesse scavandomi una dannata fossa davanti la chiesa? 23

PRETE-scacciando via Sarah- Vattene via Sarah Casey. Uccideresti mai qualcuno dinanzi ai miei occhi? Sparisci dalla mia vista immediatamente! Sono stato proprio uno stolto a trattare con gentaglia come te. La mia generosità d'animo mi causa solo errori e miserie! 24

SARAH- urlando- L'ho sfangata con omoni molto più forti in ogni parte del mondo e pensi che un prete mi spaventa? Smamma o spera di non finire tra le mie mani. 25

PRETE- Non ti azzardare Sarah Casey. Non ho paura di voi zingari, anzi vi lascerò andare. Lo giuro! Farete bene a non farvi vedere ancora la prossima volta dove non siete graditi a causare discordia e inneggiare all'omicidio ai piedi di una Chiesa. 26

SARAH. I'll not go a step till I have her head broke, or till I'm wed with himself. If you want to get shut of us, let you marry us now, for I'm thinking the ten shillings in gold is a good price for the like of you, and you near burst with the fat.

PRIEST. I wouldn't have you coming in on me and soiling my church; for there's nothing at all, I'm thinking, would keep the like of you from hell. (He throws down the ten shillings on the ground.) Gather up your gold now, and begone from my sight, for if ever I set an eye on you again you'll hear me telling the peelers who it was stole the black ass belonging to Philly O'Cullen, and whose hay it is the grey ass does be eating.

SARAH. You'd do that?

PRIEST. I would, surely.

SARAH. If you do, you'll be getting all the tinkers from Wicklow and Wexford, and the County Meath, to put up block tin in the place of glass to shield your windows where you do be looking out and blinking at the girls. It's hard set you'll be that time, I'm telling you, to fill the depth of your belly the long days of Lent; for we wouldn't leave a laying pullet in your yard at all.

SARAH- Non mi muoverò io di un solo passo se non stacco la testa a quella lì o se non sarò sposata con lui. Se vuoi che ci leviamo dalle scatole, sposaci! Anche perché dieci scellini in oro sono uno buono prezzo per quelli come te, l'affare della giornata.

PRETE- Non ti permetterò di bestemmiare così davanti a me su questo Santo suolo! Non c'è scampo per voi: andrete all'Inferno. (Getta le monete a terra). Raccogliete il vostro oro e levatevi dai piedi! Se dovessi mai intravedervi da queste parti ancora, farò sapere agli sbirri chi ha rubato l'asino nero di Philly O'Cullen e di chi è il fieno che l'asino grigio mangia.

SARA- Lo faresti per davvero?

PRETE- Senza dubbio.

SARAH- Peggio per te! Radunerò tutti gli zingari da Wicklow a Wexford, perfino dalla County di Meath! Metteremmo grate di fero alle tue belle finestre luminose, proprio quelle da cui spii le ragazzine! Ah che brutta Quaresima vivrai, senza tutte quelle pollastrelle a riempirti lo stomaco.

Student Number	19329660	Text Number	3
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Source Text		Target Text	
Title	An essay on the noble science of self-justification	Title	Saggio sulla nobile arte dell'autogiustificazione
Year Published	1795		
Author	Maria Edgeworth		
Language	English	Language	Italian
Word Count	564	Word Count	563
Description of Source Text • <i>understanding of source text</i> • <i>knowledge of genre within source contexts</i> • <i>situation of source text familiarity with the formal features of a text (language variation(s), register, dialect)</i> (200 words max)	This text belonged to a collection of a satirical epistolary exchange called 'Letters for Literary Ladies'. The book was mainly focused on the topic of women's education in the 1790s. Addressing young women about to get married, the text served as an introduction to the feminist satirical commentary and offered them an opportunity to delight in transgression (Bilger, 2002: 90). The author via her didactical and explicative writing wanted to instil her audience with some specific hints and tricks on how to survive marriage or as she describes it 'the marital battle' (Edgeworth, 1795: 65). At that time husbands were more likely to undermine women and mainly relegated to the maxim "That a lady can do no wrong" (Edgeworth 1795: 58). The theme, although rather complex and controversial and already analysed by very few female scholars and writers, is treated in the text with a sarcastic and ironic tone. The structure of the text appears very dense, with particularly long sentences structures (L.38-44) made of colons and semicolons, and the terminology used is verbose and technical, with several references to philosophers of education (e.g Socrates) and legal jargon (L.12; 34) that highlight the paradoxical satirical tone.		
Strategy • <i>identification of translation problems</i>	An Italian translation already existed (<i>Se nasce femmina</i>, 1999), however, I decided to distance myself from its experimental style. My translation is intended for a female readership, not only for those already navigated in the feminist narratives but also for novices of the feminist studies. I will reproduce the same register used in the ST,		

• <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)	approaching it almost with a literal translation. I will also maintain the same philosophical and juridic jargon, so that I could transfer the meaning at the base of the essay to the TA, and recreate the paradoxical and humoristic atmosphere of the ST. The strategy I want to adopt is mainly aimed at easing the structure of verbose sentences by cutting the long phrases (multiple compound sentences and dependent clauses) and creating new ones, especially in the presence of semi-colons. The singular first-person narrative will be mirrored in the TL, to reproduce the same informal and relaxed tone. In this way the TT will appear less prolix compared to the ST, as the repetition of many adjectives and pronouns will be avoided without altering the final meaning of the sentence (L.19).
Critical Reflection • <i>textual analysis</i> (200 words max)	Echoing the ST allowed me to reproduce the humoristic tone which pervaded the text itself. As such, the satire which sees marriage as a courtroom harangue inevitably implied many juridic terms that in the TL required further research because of their technicality. Nonetheless, the complexity of Italian from a syntactical point of view and in terms of technical jargon too (Lubello 2016, n.p.) made the rendering very natural and smooth. Yet, the main challenge consisted in reproducing wordplays from the ST, which worked perfectly with a literal translation from a morphological point of view but not as much in a semantic one. For example, in the sentence starting at line 26 in ST ('distinction between simulation and dissimulation depends but on a trick of a syllable'), the words <i>simulation</i> and <i>dissimulation</i> were necessarily translated literally as <i>simulazione</i> e <i>dissimulazione</i> (L.32-33) to maintain the "trick of a syllable" and the formal register. However, in standard Italian, they are unlikely to be used and instead, synonyms as '<i>finzione</i>' and '<i>mascheramento</i>' would have been employed.
Works Cited • <i>use of sources and reference material</i>	Maria Edgeworth, 1795, <i>Letters for Literary Ladies</i>, Everyman by J.M Dent, 1993, London Maria Edgeworth, 1795, <i>Letters for Literary Ladies</i> [<i>Se nasce Femmina</i>], translation by Chiara Vatteroni, Tranchida, 1999 Audrey Bilger, 2002, <i>Laughing Feminism: Subversive Comedy in Frances Burney, Maria Edgeworth and Jane Austen (Humor in Life & Letters): Subversive Comedy in Frances Burney, Maria Edgeworth, and Jane Austen</i>, Wayne State University Press; New Ed edition (31 Mar. 2002)

Source Text

Essay on the Noble science of self-justification

Extend the rage for vindication to all the objects which the most remotely concern you; take even inanimate objects under your protection. Your dress, your furniture, your property, every thing which is, or has been yours, defend, and this upon the principles of the soundest philosophy; each of these things all compose a part of your personal merit; all that connected the most distantly with your idea gives pleasure or pain to others, becomes an object of blame or praise, and consequently claims your support or vindication.

In the course of the management of your house, children, family, and affairs, probably some few errors of omission or commission may strike your husband's pervading eye; but these errors, admitting them to be errors, you will never, if you please, allow to be charged to any deficiency in memory, judgment, or activity, on your part.

There are surely people enough around you to divide and share the blame; send it from one to another, till at last, by universal rejection, it is proved to belong to nobody. You will say, however, that facts remain unalterable; and that in some unlucky instance, in the changes and chances of human affairs, you may be proved to have been to blame. Some stubborn evidence may appear against you; still you may prove an alibi, or balance the evidence. There is nothing equal to balancing evidence; doubt is, you

Target Text

Saggio sulla Nobile Scienza dell'autogiustificazione

1 Estendete a tutti gli oggetti che vi interessano di meno quella rabbia così
2 legata alla vendetta, prendete sotto la vostra ala protettrice perfino degli
3 oggetti inanimati. Il vostro vestito, mobili, effetti personali, tutto quello
4 che è o è stato di vostra proprietà e difendetelo in virtù del principio della
5 più retta filosofia. Ciascuno di questi oggetti concorreranno alla
6 formazione dei vostri meriti personali. Tutto ciò, legato alla vostra idea di
7 conferire piacere o dolore al prossimo, diventa un oggetto da incolpare o
8 venerare e di conseguenza pretende di essere corroborato o giustificato
9 per mano vostra.

10 In sede di gestione della vostra dimora, dei vostri figli, della vostra famiglia
11 e affari, probabilmente alcuni minimi inadempimenti per dimenticanza o
12 eccesso di zelo, potranno urtare la sensibilità dell'onnipresente occhio di
13 vostro marito. Tuttavia, non permetterete mai, se vorrete, che questi
14 medesimi inadempimenti, riconoscendoli in quanto tali, vengano
15 imputati a qualsivoglia vostra mancanza di memoria, giudizio o reattività.
16 Queste persone sono sicuramente abbastanza vicine a voi da poter
17 dividere e condividere la colpa. La inoltrano vicendevolmente, passandola
18 di mano in mano, fino a quando, per rifiuto universale, si appuri non
19 appartenga a nessuno. Asserirete, tuttavia, che i fatti siano inalterabili e
20 che, in qualche infausta circostanza, nei cambiamenti e nelle eventualità

know, the most philosophic state of the human mind, and it will be kind of you to keep your husband perpetually in this sceptical state.

Indeed the short method of denying absolutely all blameable facts, I should recommend to pupils as the best; and if in the beginning of their career they may startle at this mode, let them depend upon it that in their future practice it must become perfectly familiar. The nice distinction of simulation and dissimulation depends but on the trick of a syllable; palliation and extenuation are universally allowable in self-defence: prevarication inevitably follows, and falsehood "is but in the next degree". Yet I would not destroy this nicety of conscience too soon. It may be of use in your first setting out, because you must establish credit; in proportion to your credit will be the value of your future asseverations. In the mean time, however, argument and debate are allowed to the most rigid moralist. You can never perjure yourself by swearing to a false opinion.

I come now to the art of reasoning: don't be alarmed at the name of reasoning, fair pupils, I will explain to you my meaning.

If, instead of the fiery tempered being I formerly described, you should fortunately be connected with a man, who, having formed a justly high opinion of your sex, should propose to treat you as his equal, and who in any little dispute which might arise between you, should desire no other arbiter than reason; triumph in his mistaken candour, regularly appeal to

21 delle vicende umane, si possa dimostrare che la colpa sia vostra. Alcune
22 tra le più inconfutabili delle prove potrebbero apparire contro di voi,
23 ciononostante riuscireste a procurarvi un alibi o rielaborare le prove in
24 modo equilibrato. Non c'è niente di più equo del ribilanciare le prove. Il
25 dubbio, come sapete, è dopotutto il più alto stadio filosofico della mente
26 umana e parrebbe proprio gentile da parte vostra far crogiolare vostro
27 marito in questo perenne stato di scetticismo.

28 Indubbiamente, care alunne, il metodo più breve ovvero quello di negare
29 assolutamente qualsiasi fatto imputabile, è il migliore. Ordunque, se
30 all'inizio della loro carriera possano essere colti di sorpresa da questo
31 modo di procedere, lasciate che in futuro questo diventi una prassi
32 perfettamente consueta. L'elegante differenza tra simulazione e
33 dissimulazione dipende unicamente dall'inganno di una sillaba;
34 giustificazione e attenuante sono universalmente concesse
35 nell'autodifesa: ne segue inevitabilmente la prevaricazione e la menzogna
36 "non è che il passo successivo".

37 Eppure, non vorrei distruggere questa sottigliezza di consapevolezza
38 troppo presto. Potrebbe esservi d'aiuto, ai vostri esordi, poiché è
39 opportuno infondere credibilità: le vostre future affermazioni verranno
40 valutate in proporzione alla vostra credibilità.
41 Al contempo, tuttavia, litigi e dibattiti sono permessi alle più delle severe

the decision of reason at the beginning of every contest, and deny its jurisdiction at the conclusion. I take it for granted that you will be on the wrong side of every question, and indeed, in general, I advise you to choose the wrong side of an argument to defend; whilst you are young in the science, it will afford the best exercise, and, as you improve, the best display of your talents.

43 moraliste. Non esponete voi stesse a dire il falso mentre giurate su
44 un'opinione falsa.

45 È qui che giungo all'arte del ragionamento: non spaventatevi al suono
46 della parola "ragionamento", giovini alunne, v'esporrò cosa intendo dire.

47 Se, invece di avere un carattere irascibile come ho precedentemente
48 descritto, doveste essere fortunatamente in linea con il pensiero di un
49 uomo, il quale si è fatto un'elevata opinione del vostro sesso, che si
50 prodiga nel considerarvi un suo eguale e che in ogni minimo screzio si
51 possa creare con voi desideri altro arbitro che la ragione, ebbene trionfate
52 sul suo candore erroneo e appellatevi regolarmente alla decisione
53 ragionevole all'inizio di qualsivoglia controversia e negate il suo ruolo fino
54 alla fine. Assodato il fatto che voi siate sempre dalla parte del torto e in
55 generale vi consiglio di scegliere sempre la parte sbagliata di
56 un'argomentazione e difenderla. Malgrado la giovane età, ciò vi
57 rappresenterà un grande esercizio e il miglior espletamento dei vostri
58 talenti.

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Student Number	19329660	Text Number	4
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Source Text		Target Text	
Title	The Fate of the Sons of Usnach	Title	La Leggenda dei Figli di Usnach
Year Published	1902		
Author	Lady Augusta Gregory		
Language	Hiberno-English	Language	Italian
Word Count	3988	Word Count	3279
Description of Source Text <i>understanding of source text</i> <i>knowledge of genre within source contexts</i> <i>situation of source text familiarity with the formal features of a text (language variation(s), register, dialect)</i> (200 words max)	This heroic tale belongs to the Ulster cycle myths, collected among other Gaelic folklore tales, translated and put together by Lady Gregory, called ‘<i>Cuchulain Of Muirthemne</i>’ (1902). The story focuses on the unfortunate events of Deirdre and the Sons of Usnach who saved her from an un-happy marriage (Encyclopedia Britannica, 2011). The peculiarity of this text is the use of Kiltartanese, Lady Gregory’s version of a dialect spoken in Kiltartan. It combines English language lexicon with the Irish language syntax (Welch, 2007: 124-141). This combination implied a reversed sentence structure (verb +subject+ object) and an inverted period structure too, where the main sentence followed the compound one (McCloskey, 2007: 825-857) embedded in the ST. The ST retains an informal register, making it still accessible to different readers. Many structural repetitions can be found, adding a story-telling rhythm to the narrative. There are many references to Irish and Scottish locations (i.e Emain, Beinn Etair or Alban) and several others to Celtic deities and proper names, left in their original spelling (i.e Gaiar, Cathbad, Rinn or Manannan).		
Strategy <i>identification of translation problems</i>	I will address this text to Italian youngsters aged between 15-18 with basic knowledge of Irish geography and Irish traditions and about to grow an interest on Irish folklore. From a lexical point of view, I will translate most of the locations that appeared in Irish in the ST and find them a modern equivalent (i.e Esro will become Ballyshannon). At the same time,		

• <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 also create footnotes to give more context to those geographic places in order to clarify their locations in nowadays Ireland. From a syntactical point of view, I will respect the Italian sentence structure (subject + verb + object) to make it more discursive and understandable to the TA. I will also cut down the very long sentences (made of 2-3 compound sentences) and I will divide them into shorter ones (i.e simple sentence + a subordinate clause), which would also help the reading rhythm. Hence, in order to maintain the atmosphere of the mystical Irish setting, I will render in a literal way some similitudes (e.g. L. 70-74, specifically i.e “a rush on the bog” [un giunco nero nella palude]) with explicit reference to specific Irish landscapes or bucolic features to underline the folklore-writing style’s register (Levin,Schaffer&Snow 1982 :43-54).
Critical Reflection • <i>textual analysis</i> (200 words max)	Resorting to the use of many footnotes was partially beneficial for the TT. It worked especially where some geographical names (L.48 “Navan Fort” in the small county of Armagh in Northern Ireland) could be unknown to TA and therefore needed to be put into context. They also had a positive outcome where it was needed to explicit some deities and their lineage (i.e “Levarcham, daughter of Aedh, L.53). However, there were some footnotes that made the understanding of the TT nebulous for the TA, as their references were implying additional explanations. For example, “Emhain of the Apple Trees” [Emhain, l’Isola dei Meli] carried an additional and detailed description that also converged with the “Land of Promise” [La Terra Promessa], as apparently both have similar meaning in the Gaelic mythology. As in this case, the risk was to confuse the TA, by giving them additional information about unfamiliar locations for them, with specific and idiomatic terms. In addition, opting for a standard Italian structure caused a partial loss of that musicality and rhythm conveyed by the Irish story-telling rhythm, as the syntax changed radically in TT.
Works Cited • <i>use of sources and reference material</i>	Encyclopaedia Britannica. 2011. ‘<i>The Tragic Death of the Sons of Usnach. Irish Gaelic Literature</i>’, Encyclopedia Britannica. https://www.britannica.com/topic/The-Tragic-Death-of-the-Sons-of-Usnech John McCloskey, 2007, <i>The grammar of autonomy in Irish</i>, Natural Language & Linguistic Theory, 25(4), 825-857.

	Levin, Harry, Schaffer, Carole, A, & Snow, Catherine, 1982, <i>The prosodic and paralinguistic features of reading and telling stories</i>, Language and speech, 25(1), 43-54. https://doi.org/10.1177/002383098202500104 Robert Welch, 2007, <i>Lady Gregory: Talking with the Dead</i>. Princeton University Library Chronicle, 68(1-2), 125-141.
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Source Text

The Fate of the Sons of Usnach

Now it was one Fedlimid, son of Doll, was harper to King Conchubar, and he had but one child, and this is the story of her birth.

Cathbad, the Druid, was at Fedlimid's house one day. "Have you got knowledge of the future?" said Fedlimid. "I have a little," said Cathbad. "What is it you are wanting to know?" "I was not asking to know anything," said Fedlimid, "but if you know of anything that may be going to happen to me, it is as well for you to tell me."

Cathbad went out of the house for a while, and when he came back, he said: "Had you ever any children?" "I never had," said Fedlimid, "and the wife I have had none, and we have no hope ever to have any; there is no one with us but only myself and my wife." "That puts wonder on me," said Cathbad, "for I see by Druid signs that it is on account of a daughter belonging to you, that more blood will be shed than ever was shed in Ireland since time and race began. And great heroes and bright candles of the Gad will lose their lives because of her." "Is that the foretelling you have made for me?" said Fedlimid, and there was anger on him, for he thought the Druid was mocking him; "if that is all you can say, you can keep it for yourself; it is little I think of your share of knowledge." "For all that," said Cathbad, "I am certain of its truth, for I can see it all clearly in my own mind."

Target Text

La leggenda dei Figli di Usnach

1 C'era una volta Fedlimid, figlio di Doll, un arpista alla corte del Re
2 Conchubar e questa è la storia della sua unica figlia.

3 Carthbad, il Druido, andò a trovare Fedlimid una mattina. "Che vaticini
4 futuri porti, o Catchbad?" chiese Fedlimid. "Cosa vuoi sapere" rispose
5 Cathbad, "Non pretendo di sapere nulla. È certo che se c'è qualcosa che
6 debba accadere a me, vorrei me lo dicessi".

7
8 Il Druido Cathbad ponderò in attesa fuori dall'abitacolo per un po' e
9 quando rientrò, disse "Hai mai avuto dei figli?" "Mai" rispose Fedlimid
10 "Men che meno mia moglie. Non c'è nemmeno speranza di averne uno.
11 Siamo solo io e lei." "Mi stranisce tutto ciò" esclamò Cathbad "Poiché
12 percepisco dai segnali druidici che a causa di una figlia, nata dal tuo
13 matrimonio, si verserà tanto sangue quanto se ne è mai visto dai tempi
14 dell'origine della nostra razza. Molti valorosi eroi e brillanti ingegni di Gad
15 perderanno le loro vite a causa sua". "È questo il futuro che hai predetto
16 per me?" rispose su tutte le furie, Fedlimid, convinto che il Druido lo
17 stesse canzonando. "Se fosse veramente così tieniti pure per te queste
18 fandonie. Non credo alle tue calunnie". "Porto la verità in seno a me,
19 riesco a vederla chiaramente."

20

The Druid went away, but he was not long gone when Fedlimid's wife was found to be with child. And as her time went on, his vexation went on growing, that he had not asked more questions of Cathbad, at the time he was talking to him, and he was under a smouldering care by day and by night, for it is what he was thinking, that neither his own sense and understanding, or the share of friends he had, would be able to save him, or to make a back against the world, if this misfortune should come upon him, that would bring such great shedding of blood upon the earth; and it is the thought that came, that if this child should be born, what he had to do was to put her far away, where no eye would see her, and no ear hear word of her.

The time of the delivery of Fedlimid's wife came on, and it was a girl-child she gave birth to. Fedlimid did not allow any living person to come to the house or to see his wife, but himself alone.

But just after the child was born, Cathbad, the Druid, came in again, and there was shame on Fedlimid when he saw him, and when he remembered how he would not believe his words. But the Druid looked at the child and he said: "Let Deirdre be her name; harm will come through her. She will be fair, comely, bright-haired; heroes will fight for her, and kings go seeking for her."

And then he took the child in his arms, and it is what he said: "O Deirdre, on whose account many shall weep, on whose account many women shall

21 Cathbad il Druido scomparve e non molto tempo dopo la moglie di
22 Fedlimid scoprì di aspettare un bambino. Con il passare del tempo, la sua
23 ira montava sempre di più, non aveva più chiesto di Cathbad, rifletteva
24 tra sé e sé, covando un certo scetticismo notte e giorno pensando a come
25 non riuscisse a comprendere, né lui né la sua schiera di amici, come poter
26 mai salvarsi da questa predizione. Si domandava, se fosse vero che questa
27 sfortuna si dovesse abbattere sulla sua famiglia, quale sarebbe stata la
28 causa di spargimenti di sangue su tutto il territorio Irlandese. Se questa
29 bambina fosse nata veramente, l'unica soluzione per lui era quella di
30 abbandonarla, distante da occhi e orecchie indiscrete.

31
32 Il tempo dell'attesa per la moglie di Fedlimid era scaduto e nacque così la
33 bambina. Fedlimid non permise a nessun'anima vivente di avvicinarsi a
34 casa sua e a sua moglie, lui e lui soltanto.

35 Ma proprio quando la piccola venne al mondo, Cathbad il Druido si
36 manifestò nuovamente e Fedlimid venne preso da una vergogna
37 dirompente quando si ricordò di non aver creduto alle parole del Druido.
38 Cathbad così guardò la bambina e proferì "Lasciate che si chiami Deirdre:
39 molti moriranno a causa sua. Sarà di una bellezza ineguagliabile,
40 affascinante, bionda di capelli. Molti eroi se la contenderanno e molti re
41 la vorranno in sposa."

be envious, there will be trouble on Ulster for your sake, O fair daughter of Fedlimid. "Many will be jealous of your face, O flame of beauty; for your sake heroes shall go to exile. For your sake deeds of anger shall be done in Emain; there is harm in your face, for it will bring banishment and death on the sons of kings.

"In your fate, O beautiful child, are wounds, and ill-doings, and shedding of blood.

"You will have a little grave apart to yourself; you will be a tale of wonder for ever, Deirdre."

Cathbad went away then, and he sent Levarcham, daughter of Aedh, to the house; and Fedlimid asked her would she take the venture of bringing up the child, far away where no eye would see her, and no ear hear of her. Levarcham said she would do that, and that she would do her best to keep her the way he wished.

So Fedlimid got his men, and brought them away with him to a mountain, wide and waste, and there he bade them to make a little house, by the side of a round green hillock, and to make a garden of apple-trees behind it, with a wall about it. And he bade them put a roof of green sods over

43 Prese così la bambina tra le sue braccia e disse "O Deirdre, per cui molti
44 verseranno lacrime amare, per cui molte donne verranno colte da invidia,
45 portatrice di sventure nella regione di Ulster, O apollinea figlia di Fedlimid.
46 Molti saranno gelosi del tuo viso, O anima dall'ardente bellezza. A causa
47 tua, molti eroi andranno in esilio. A causa tua, gesta nefaste verranno
48 compiute a Navan Fort¹, per il tuo bel viso pagheranno cara la vita e l'esilio
49 gloriosi figli di re. Il tuo destino, O incantevole figlia, conduce solo a ferite,
50 dolori e spargimenti di sangue. Avrai una tomba tutta per te e la tua storia
51 riecheggerà nei secoli, Deirdre."
52 Così dicendo Cathbad sparì e inviò come nutrice presso l'abitacolo
53 Levarcham², figlia di Aedh³. Fedlimid la pregò di allontanarsi con la
54 bambina e riporla al sicuro, nascosta ad occhi e orecchie indiscreti. Ella
55 accettò promettendo di provare a fare tutto quello che era in suo potere
56 per rispettare il volere del padre della bambina.
57 Fedlimid radunò i suoi uomini e diresse su un'altura, ampia e riparata e
58 intimò loro a costruire una casetta, sulle pendici di una collinetta vicina e
59 a imbastire un giardino di meli nel retro circondato da una cinta muraria.
60 Li ordinò di costruire il tetto con verdi zolle di prato così che chiunque
61 passasse di lì non se ne accorgesse.

¹ Navan Fort attualmente è una collina mistica, sacra ancora per i retaggi culturali celtici che si sono tramandati e si trova nella contea di Armagh nel Nord Irlanda.

² Levarcham è incaricata di fare da balia, nutrice e madre surrogata a Deirdre. Successivamente diventerà anche messaggera di Conchubar. Spesso viene raffigurata con le sembianze di una donna anziana e vecchia.

³ Nella mitologia irlandese è una divinità dell'oltretomba e appartiene alla stirpe Túatha Dé Danann, visti come i primi grandi conquistatori d'Irlanda e spesso idealizzati come divinità primordiali.

the house, the way a little company might live in it, without notice being taken of them.

Then he sent Levarcham and the child there, that no eye might see, and no ear hear of Deirdre. He put all in good order before them, and he gave them provisions, and he told Levarcham that food and all she wanted would be sent from year to year as long as she lived.

And so Deirdre and her foster-mother lived in the lonely place among the hills without the knowledge or the notice of any strange person, until Deirdre was fourteen years of age. And Deirdre grew straight and clean like a rush on the bog, and she was comely beyond comparison of all the women of the world, and her movements were like the swan on the wave, or the deer on the hill. She was the young girl of the greatest beauty and of the gentlest nature of all the women of Ireland.

Levarcham, that had charge of her, used to be giving Deirdre every knowledge and skill that she had herself. There was not a blade of grass growing from root, or a bird singing in the wood, or a star shining from heaven, but Deirdre had the name of it. But there was one thing she would not have her know, she would not let her have friendship with any living person of the rest of the world outside their own house.

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Mandò poi Levercham e la neonata lassù dove non c'erano occhi o orecchie che sapessero di Deirdre. Arredò la casa in modo accogliente, fornì loro tutte le provviste necessarie e riferì a Levercham che tutto il cibo e le cose necessarie sarebbe state inviate loro di anno in anno, fintanto che la bambina fosse in vita.

Così, Deirdre e la sua madre adottiva vissero in quel luogo solitario tra le colline verdeggianti senza sapere l'esistenza di altra persona alcuna, fino a quando Deirdre compì quattordici anni. Deirdre crebbe in forma e orgogliosa come un giunco nero in una palude, di una bellezza incomparabile con quella di altre donne al mondo e i suoi movimenti erano delicati come la danza di un cigno o l'incendere mistico di un cervo nella brughiera. Era la giovane più incantevole e gentile di tutte le donne d'Irlanda.

Levarcham, la nutrice, istruì Deirdre per bene. Non esisteva filo di erba che nasceva dal suolo, o uccello canterino nel bosco o stella luminosa nel manto celeste di cui Deirdre non sapesse il nome. Di certo, una sola era la cosa che Levercham non potesse dare a Deirdre e questa era il permesso di coltivare amicizie con un altro essere umano in questo mondo, che non fossero in casa sua.

But one dark night of winter, with black clouds overhead, a hunter came walking the hills, and it is what happened, he missed the track of the hunt, and lost his way and his comrades.

And a heaviness came upon him, and he lay down on the side of the green hillock by Deirdre's house. He was weak with hunger and going, and perished with cold, and a deep sleep came upon him. While he was lying there a dream came to the hunter, and he thought that he was near the warmth of a house of the Sidhe, and the Sidhe inside making music, and he called out in his dream, "If there is any one inside, let them bring me in, in the name of the Sun and the Moon." Deirdre heard the voice, and she said to Levarcham, "Mother, mother, what is that?" But Levarcham said, "It is nothing that matters; it is the birds of the air gone astray, and trying to find one another. But let them go back to the branches of the wood." Another troubled dream came on the hunter, and he cried out a second time. "What is that?" asked Deirdre again. "It is nothing that matters," said Levarcham. "The birds of the air are looking for one another; let them go past to the branches of the wood." Then a third dream came to the hunter, and he cried out a third time, if there was any one in the hill to let him in for the sake of the Elements, for he was perished with cold and overcome with hunger. "Oh! what is that, Levarcham?" said Deirdre. "There is nothing there for you to see, my child,

84 Tuttavia, in una tetra notte d'inverno, con cumuli neri che troneggiavano
85 in cielo, un cacciatore si addentrò nel bosco e perdendosi, non ritrovò più
86 i suoi compagni.

87 Preso dallo smarrimento, si accovacciò sulla collinetta vicino la casa di
88 Deirdre. Svenne, stremato e infreddolito. Disteso sull'erba fredda, il
89 cacciatore pensò di sognare il calore di un focolare, ravvivato dal Piccolo
90 Popolo ⁴ e con la loro musica ipnotizzante in sottofondo, riuscì a
91 sbiasciare sognante "C'è qualcuno che mi può sentire? Fatemi entrare in
92 nome di Lugh e Ceridwen⁵." Deirdre udì quella voce e riferendosi a
93 Levacham disse "Madre, madre, cosa è stato questo rumore?" Levacham
94 rispose semplicemente "Nulla di importante. Sono gli uccelli che
95 volteggiano nella notte, cercandosi a vicenda. Lasciali ritornare ai loro nidi
96 nel bosco". Quando un secondo incubo scosse il cacciatore, egli urlò
97 ancora più forte. "Cosa è stato?" chiese Deirdre ancora. "Nulla di
98 importante. Gli uccelli stanno tornando ai loro nidi nel bosco." Rispose
99 Levacham di nuovo. Al terzo sogno, il cacciatore urlò di nuovo se ci fosse
100 qualcuno sulla collina disposto ad accoglierlo "in nome dei quattro sacri
101 Elementi", infreddolito e affamato com'era.

102 "Oh! Che cos'è questa cosa, Levacham?" chiese Deirdre. "Non c'è nulla
103 da guardare lì, bambina mia, solo uccelli in aria, persi tra i cumuli. Lasciali
104 tornare ai loro nidi nel bosco. Non c'è riparo per loro qui, stanotte" "Oh

⁴ Con questa definizione si intendono i *Sidhe*, ovvero il popolo fatato che vive nei boschi secondo le leggende celtiche.

⁵ Con questi due nomi si identificano i rispettivi dei del Sole e della Luna.

but only the birds of the air, and they lost to one another, but let them go past us to the branches of the wood. There is no place or shelter for them here to-night." "Oh, mother," said Deirdre, "the bird asked to come in for the sake of the Sun and the Moon, and it is what you yourself told me, that anything that is asked like that, it is right for us to give it. If you will not let in the bird that is perished with cold and overcome with hunger, I myself will let it in." So Deirdre rose up and drew the bolt from the leaf of the door, and let in the hunter. She put a seat in the place for sitting, food in the place for eating, and drink in the place for drinking, for the man who had come into the house. "Come now and eat food, for you are in want of it." said Deirdre. "Indeed it is I was in want of food and drink and warmth when I came into this house; but by my word, I have forgotten that since I saw yourself," said the hunter. "How little you are able to curb your tongue," said Levarcham. "It is not a great thing for you to keep your tongue quiet when you get the shelter of a house and the warmth of a hearth on a dark winter night." "That is so," said the hunter, "I may do that much, to keep my mouth shut; but I swear by the oath my people swear by, if some others of the people of the world saw this great beauty that is hidden away here, they would not leave her long with you." "What people are those?" said Deirdre. "I will tell you that," said the hunter; "they are Naoise, son of Usnach, and Ainnle and Ardan, his two brothers." "What is the appearance of these men, if we should ever see them?" said Deirdre.

madre," disse Deirdre "l'uccello ha cercato riparo in nome del Sole e della Luna e se mi hai insegnato qualcosa, quando viene fatta una tale richiesta d'aiuto, non possiamo ignorarla. Se non vorrai accogliere l'uccello infreddolito e affamato, lo farò io stessa". Così Deirdre si destò e scardinò i bulloni dalla foglia sopra la porta e fece entrare in casa il cacciatore. Lo fece accomodare, gli diede da mangiare e da bere. "Eccoti qua, mangia, poiché ne necessiti" disse Deirdre. "Indubbiamente necessitavo di cibo e bevande e un riparo caldo, ma credetemi quando dico che ho dimenticato ognuna di queste sensazioni appena ho visto il vostro viso" disse il cacciatore. "Tieni a freno la lingua," disse Levarcham "è meglio per te tenere a freno la lingua quando approfitti del riparo di una casa calda come il cuore di chi te l'ha offerta in una fredda notte d'inverno" "Sarà fatto" disse il cacciatore "rispetterò il vostro volere. Giuro, però, sullo stesso giuramento dei miei padri, che se qualcun altro al mondo sapesse che questa pura bellezza è tenuta nascosta qui, non resterà a lungo con te". "Di che gente si tratta?" chiese Deirdre "lo parlo di Naoise, figlio di Usnach e Ainnle e Ardan, i suoi due fratelli" disse il cacciatore. "Che aspetto hanno? Se dovessimo mai vederli?" chiese Deirdre "Questi tre valorosi uomini si presentano così: corvino è il colore dei loro capelli, diafani come le piume di un cigno, guance rosse come il manto screziato di un vitello, rapidi e agili come il salmone selvaggio dei torrenti e il cervo solitario delle montagne rocciose, le spalle e la testa di Noise sono le più

"This is the appearance that is on those three men," said the hunter: "the colour of the raven is on their hair, their skin is like the swan on the wave, their cheeks like the blood of the speckled red calf, and their swiftness and their leap are like the salmon of the stream and like the deer of the grey mountain; and the head and shoulders of Naoise are above all the other men of Ireland." "However they may be," said Levarcham, "get you out from here, and take another road; and by my word, little is my thankfulness to yourself, or to her that let you in." "You need not send him out for telling me that," said Deirdre, "for as to those three men, I myself saw them last night in a dream, and they hunting upon a hill."

The hunter went away, but in a little time after he began to think to himself how Conchubar, High King of Ulster, was used to lie down at night and to rise up in the morning by himself, without a wife or any one to speak to; and that if he could see this great beauty it was likely he would bring her home to Emain, and that he himself would get the good-will of the king for telling him there was such a queen to be found on the face of the world.

So he went straight to King Conchubar at Emain Macha, and he sent word into the king that he had news for him, if he would hear it. The king sent for him to come in. "What is the reason of your journey?" he said. "It is what I have to tell you, King," said the hunter, "that I have seen the

127 possenti di tutta l'Irlanda" esclamò il cacciatore "Sia quel che sia"
128 sentenziò Levarcham "sparisci dalla nostra dimora. E parola mia, piccola
129 è la mia riconoscenza per te e per lei che ti ha accolto". "No! Non vorrete
130 cacciarlo via da qui solo per farmi sapere quello che già so" disse Deirdre
131 "vi confido di aver già visti io stessa quei tre uomini cacciare per la collina,
132 ieri in una delle mie visioni".

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138 Il cacciatore fuggì via e subito dopo si soffermò a riflettere come
139 Conchubar, Sua Altezza, Re di Ulster, fosse uso a dormire durante la notte
140 e destarsi al mattino da solo, senza alcuna moglie o qualcuno con cui
141 parlare. Se solo avesse visto quello splendore di bellezza, l'avrebbe
142 portata a Navan Fort con sé e magari lui stesso sarebbe stato premiato
143 per avergli fatto trovare un tale splendore di moglie al mondo.

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145 Così si diresse subito alla corte di Re Conchubar a Navan Fort, richiedendo
146 udienza con sua maestà. "Quale è il motivo del tuo viaggio?" chiese.
147 "Porto novità per sua maestà" disse il cacciatore "Ho assistito alla visione
148 della più meravigliosa delle bellezze di tutta l'Irlanda e sono qui a dirvelo."

greatest beauty that ever was born in Ireland, and I am come to tell you of it."

"Who is this great beauty, and in what place is she to be seen, when she was never seen before you saw her, if you did see her?" "I did see her, indeed," said the hunter, "but no other man can see her, unless he knows from me the place where she is living." "Will you bring me to the place where she is, and you will have a good reward?" said the king. "I will bring you there," said the hunter. Let you stay with my household to-night," said Conchubar, "and I myself and my people will go with you early on the morning of to-morrow." "I will stay," said the hunter, and he stayed that night in the household of King Conchubar.

Then Conchubar sent to Fergus and to the other chief men of Ulster, and he told them of what he was about to do. Though it was early when the songs and the music of the birds began in the woods, it was earlier yet when Conchubar, king of Ulster, rose with his little company of near friends, in the fresh spring morning of the fresh and pleasant month of May, and the dew was heavy on every bush and flower as they went out towards the green hill where Deirdre was living.

But many a young man of them that had a light glad, leaping step when they set out, had but a tired, slow, failing step before the end, because of the length and the roughness of the way. "It is down there below," said

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"Di chi stai parlando e dove l'hai vista, se lei non è mai stata vista da nessuno come hai fatto a vederla?" "L'ho vista, in carne ed ossa" rispose il cacciatore "ma nessun altro uomo può vederla, a meno che non decida di confidargli io stesso dove ella si trova." "Portami da lei e sarai ripagato!" disse il Re. "Rimani a palazzo stanotte" disse Conchubar "e domattina all'alba io stesso e i miei uomini guidati da te, partiremo". Il cacciatore accettò e pernottò nel palazzo del Re Conchubar.

Conchubar radunò Fergus e gli altri capi di Ulster, riferendo loro cosa stessee per fare. Sebbene fosse ancora presto quando il primo canto degli uccelli del mattino venne intonato tra i boschi, Conchubar, Re di Ulster, e la sua compagnia si erano levati ancor prima di quanto immaginato in quella fresca mattina di primavera di quel fiorito mese di maggio, quando la brina era ancora fresca e compatta su ogni cespuglio e sbocciavano fiori lungo il cammino verso la collinetta verde dove Deirdre abitava.

Ma molti di quei giovanotti dal passo veloce, allegro e saltellante, quella mattina avanzavano con passo stanco, lento e cadente ancor prima di arrivare, a causa del cammino lungo e tortuoso. "È laggiù" disse il cacciatore "nella casetta giù per la valle, la donna vive lì, tuttavia io personalmente non mi avvicinerò più di così"

the hunter, "in the house in that valley, the woman is living, but I myself will not go nearer it than this"

Conchubar and his troop went down then to the green hillock, where Deirdre was, and they knocked at the door of the house. Levarcham called out that neither answer nor opening would be given to any one at all, and that she did not want disturbance put on herself or her house. "Open," said Conchubar, "in the name of the High King of Ulster." When Levarcham heard Conchubar's voice, she knew there was no use trying to keep Deirdre out of sight any longer, and she rose up in haste and let in the king, and as many of his people as could follow him.

When the king saw Deirdre before him, he thought in himself that he never saw in the course of the day, or in the dreams of the night, a creature so beautiful and he gave her his full heart's weight of love there and then. It is what he did; he put Deirdre up on the shoulders of his men, and she herself and Levarcham were brought away to Emain Macha. With the love that Conchubar had for Deirdre, he wanted to marry her with no delay, but when her leave was asked, she would not give it, for she was young yet, and she had no knowledge of the duties of a wife, or the ways of a king's house. And when Conchubar was pressing her hard, she asked him to give her a delay of a year and a day. He said he would give her that, though it was hard for him, if she would give him her certain promise to marry him at the year's end. She did that, and Conchubar got a woman

171 Conchubar e le sue truppe scesero giù per la collinetta verdeggiante, dove
172 si trovava Deirdre e bussarono alla porta. Levercham urlò di non
173 rispondere né aprire la porta a nessuno e di non voler essere disturbata.

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175 "Aprite" disse Conchubar "per ordine di Sua Maestà il Re di Ulster."
176 Quando Levarcham udì la voce di Conchubar, sapeva porre resistenza nel
177 tenere Deirdre ancora nascosta e così si precipitò ad aprire e lasciare
178 entrare il re e tutte le persone che lo seguivano.

179 Quando il Re ebbe davanti Deirdre, pensò tra sé e sé di non aver mai visto
180 una creatura così incantevole nel corso dei suoi giorni e nel mezzo dei suoi
181 più reconditi sogni e le consegnò il suo cuore pieno di amore seduta
182 stante. Così facendo, prese Deirdre e la caricò sulle spalle dei suoi uomini
183 e insieme a Levarcham, entrambe furono portate via verso Novan Fort.

184 Con tutto l'amore che Conchubar provava per Deidre, la volle subito
185 sposare senza indugi. Ma quando le fu chiesto il permesso, ella rifiutò,
186 poiché ancora troppo giovane e inesperta in merito ai doveri di una
187 moglie men che meno ai ritmi della dimora di un re. Quando Conchubar
188 insistette, ella decise di chiedergli di posticipare il suo volere di un anno e
189 un giorno. Egli acconsentì, sebbene fosse molto difficile per lui, purché
190 ella promettesse di sposarlo alla fine dell'anno. E così fu. Conchubar le
191 fornì un'insegnante, gentili, cordiali e modeste ancelle che la seguissero
192 dal calar della notte al risveglio del dì e che le facessero compagnia. Così

teacher for her, and nice, fine, pleasant, modest maidens to be with her at her lying down and at her rising up, to be companions to her. And Deirdre grew wise in the works of a young girl, and in the understanding of a woman; and if any one at all looked at her face, whatever colour she was before that, she would blush crimson red. And it is what Conchubar thought, that he never saw with the eyes of his body a creature that pleased him so well.

One day Deirdre and her companions were out on a hill near Emain Macha, looking around them in the pleasant sunshine, and they saw three men walking together. Deirdre was looking at the men and wondering at them, and when they came near, she remembered the talk of the hunter, and the three men she saw in her dream, and she thought to herself that these were the three sons of Usnach, and that this was Naoise, that had his head and shoulders above all the men of Ireland. The three brothers went by without turning their eyes at all upon the young girls on the hillside, and they were singing as they went, and whoever heard the low singing of the sons of Usnach, it was enchantment and music to them, and every cow that was being milked and heard it, gave two-thirds more of milk. And it is what happened, that love for Naoise came into the heart of Deirdre, so that she could not but follow him. She gathered up her skirt and went after the three men that had gone past the foot of the hill, leaving her companions there after her.

Deirdre divenne una fanciulla saggia e una donna perspicace e qualora qualcuno l'avesse mai guardata, il suo viso cambiava radicalmente di colore, facendola arrossire di rosso cremisi. A quella vista, Conchubar riusciva solo a pensare di non aver mai visto nulla di più avvenente di una creatura qual era Deirdre.

Un giorno, Deirdre e le sue ancelle passeggiavano per una collinetta vicino Novan Fort, ammirando il panorama illuminato dal sole e intravidero tre uomini. Deirdre li fissava attentamente e iniziò a chiedere loro chi fossero. Quando questi si avvicinarono, Deirdre si ricordò delle parole del cacciatore e dei tre uomini che aveva visto in sogno e capì che quelli dovevano essere i tre figli di Usnach e quello che era Noise dalle più possenti spalle e dalla intelligenza più arguta tra tutti gli uomini di Irlanda. I tre fratelli camminavano senza degnare le donne sulla collina di uno sguardo, canticchiavano camminando e chiunque sentisse mai una delle melodie dei figli di Usnach, rimaneva incantato e ammaliato dalla loro musica, qualsiasi mucca sentisse quella melodia mentre veniva munta, dava due terzi di latte in più. Accadde infatti che Deirdre si innamorò follemente di Noise a tal punto da non poterlo non seguire. Raccolse la gonna e seguì i tre uomini che avevano ormai superato i piedi della collinetta, lasciando le sue ancelle indietro.

Ainnle e Ardan avevano sentito parlar di una giovane alla corte di Conchubar e pensarono subito che se il fratello Naoise avesse mai visto la

But Ainnle and Ardan had heard talk of the young girl that was at Conchubar's Court, and it is what they thought, that if Naoise their brother would see her, it is for himself he would have her, for she was not yet married to the king. So when they saw Deidre coming after them, they said to one another to hasten their steps, for they had a long road to travel, and the dusk of night coming on. They did so, and Deidre saw it, and she cried out after them, "Naoise, son of Usnach, are you going to leave me?" "What cry was that came to my ears, that it is not well for me to answer, and not easy for me to refuse?" said Naoise. "It was nothing but the cry of Conchubar's wild ducks," said his brothers; "but let us quicken our steps and hasten our feet, for we have a long road to travel, and the dusk of the evening coming on." They did so, and they were widening the distance between themselves and her. Then Deidre cried, "Naoise! Naoise! son of Usnach, are you going to leave me?" "What cry was it that came to my ears and struck my heart, that it is not well for me to answer, or easy for me to refuse?" said Naoise. "Nothing but the cry of Conchubar's wild geese," said his brothers; "but let us quicken our steps and hasten our feet, the darkness of night is coming on." They did so, and were widening the distance between themselves and her. Then Deidre cried the third time, "Naoise! Naoise! Naoise! son of Usnach, are you going to leave me?" "What sharp, clear cry was that, the sweetest that ever came to my ears, and the sharpest that ever struck my heart, of all the

216 ragazza, se fosse stato per lui l'avrebbe sposata, dal momento che lei non
217 era ancora andata in sposa al re. Così quando videro Deidre giù dalla
218 collina, affrettarono il passo, dal momento che avrebbero dovuto
219 camminare ancora per molto tempo e il sole era ormai tramontato sulle
220 loro teste. Così fecero e Deidre se ne accorse e iniziò a urlare "Naoise,
221 figlio di Usnach, perché mi stai abbandonando?" "Cosa odono le mie
222 orecchie? Un grido che non riesco a identificare e a cui non posso dire di
223 no?" disse Naoise "Non è niente, solo il verso delle anatre selvagge di
224 Conchubar" disse uno dei suoi fratelli. "Affrettiamo il passo, il viaggio è
225 ancora molto lungo e il sole sta per tramontare." E così fecero,
226 allontanandosi sempre di più da Deidre. Così ella urlò nuovamente
227 "Naoise! Naoise, figlio di Usnach, perché mi stai abbandonando?" "Cosa
228 rimbomba nelle mie orecchie e fa tremare il mio cuore? Un grido che non
229 riesco a identificare e a cui non posso dire di no?" disse Naoise. "Sono le
230 oche di Conchubar, nient'altro" rispose uno dei fratelli "Affrettiamo il
231 passo, il viaggio è ancora molto lungo e il sole sta per tramontare." Così
232 fecero e si allontanarono sempre di più da Deidre. Ella per tutta risposta
233 urlò ancor di più "Naoise! Naoise! Naoise! Figlio di Usnach, perché mi stai
234 abbandonando?" "Che suono è mai questo? Così così chiaro e tagliente,
235 il più soave che abbia mai udito con le mie orecchie e il più lacerante che
236 abbia mai trafitto il mio cuore?" disse Naoise "È solo il verso dei cigni nei
237 laghi di Conchubar" affermò uno dei fratelli. "È la terza volta che odo un

cries I ever heard," said Naoise. "What is it but the scream of Conchubar's lake swans," said his brothers. "That was the third cry of some person beyond there," said Naoise, "and I swear by my hand of valour," he said, "I will go no further until I see where the cry comes from." So Naoise turned back and met Deirdre, and Deirdre and Naoise kissed one another three times, and she gave a kiss to each of his brothers. And with the confusion that was on her, a blaze of red fire came upon her, and her colour came and went as quickly as the aspen by the stream. And it is what Naoise thought to himself, that he never saw a woman so beautiful in his life; and he gave Deirdre, there and then, the love that he never gave to living thing, to vision, or to creature, but to herself alone.

Then he lifted her high on his shoulder, and he said to his brothers to hasten their steps; and they hastened them.

"Harm will come of this," said the young men. "Although there should harm come," said Naoise, "I am willing to be in disgrace while I live. We will go with her to another province, and there is not in Ireland a king who will not give us a welcome." So they called their people, and that night they set out with three times fifty men, and three times fifty women, and three times fifty grey-hounds, and Deirdre in their midst.

They were a long time after that shifting from one place to another all around Ireland, from Esro in the south, to Beinn Etair in the east again,

238 suono simile nelle vicinanze" disse Naoise "e giuro sulla mia parola
 239 d'onore" continuò Naoise "che non procederò oltre, se non avrò capito
 240 prima da dove provenga." Così voltandosi Naoise incontrò Deirdre,
 241 Deirdre e Naoise si baciaron per tre volte e lei di rimando diede un bacio
 242 a ognuno dei suoi fratelli. Con tutta la confusione in testa, avvampò di
 243 vergogna così velocemente come un pioppo cede alla forza del torrente
 244 di montagna. Naoise pensò di non aver mai visto una donna così
 245 affascinante in tutta la sua vita prima di allora e le diede su due piedi tutto
 246 l'amore che potesse mai avere in cuor suo provato per qualsiasi essere
 247 vivente, visione o creatura.

248 Così la prese in braccio e intimò ai suoi fratelli di affrettare il passo. E così
 249 fecero.

250 "Auspici nefasti, sento." disse uno dei giovani fratelli "Se anche così fosse"
 251 disse Naoise "Sarò disposto a vivere tutta la mia vita in disgrazia. Ci
 252 muoveremo verso altre lande, non ci sarà Re in tutta l'Irlanda che non
 253 vorrà ospitarci." Così radunarono il loro popolo e partirono alla volta della
 254 notte nascosti dalla nebbia con centocinquanta uomini e centocinquanta
 255 donne e centocinquanta levrieri e Deirdre.

256 Passò molto tempo tra una traversata e l'altra per tutta l'Irlanda, dalla
 257 meridionale Ballyshannon⁶ alla prorompente Collina di Howth⁷ ad est,
 258 rischiando la loro vita minacciata dalle guardie di Conchubar. Una volta,

⁶ In passato nota come Esro e oggi più comunemente diffusa come cittadina della contea del Donegal.

⁷ Nota ai tempi di questa storia come Beinn Etair con cui si identificava il promontorio che oggi abbraccia la periferia della Dublin Bay con il villaggio di pescatori di Howth.

and it is often they were in danger of being destroyed by Conchubar's devices. And one time the Druids raised a wood before them, but Naoise and his brothers cut their way through it. But at last they got out of Ulster and sailed to the country of Alban, and settled in a lonely place; and when hunting on the mountains failed them, they fell upon the cattle of the men of Alban, so that these gathered together to make an end of them. But the sons of Usnach called to the king of Scotland, and he took them into his friendship, and they gave him their help when he went out into battles or to war.

But all this time they had never spoken to the king of Deirdre, and they kept her with themselves, not to let any one see her, for they were afraid they might get their death on account of her, she being so beautiful.

But it chanced very early one morning, the king's steward came to visit them, and he found his way into the house where Naoise and Deirdre were, and there he saw them asleep beside one another. He went back then to the king, and he said: "Up to this time there has never been found a woman that would be a fitting wife for you; but there is a woman on the shore of Loch Ness now, is well worthy of you, king of the East. And what you have to do is to make an end of Naoise, for it is of his wife I am speaking." "I will not do that," said the king; "but go to her," he said, "and bid her to come and see me secretly." The steward brought her that message, but Deirdre sent him away, and all that he had said to her, she

259 perfino i Druidi gli furono contro innalzando un'intera barriera di alberi,
260 che Naoise e i suoi fratelli riuscirono a smantellare e oltrepassare.
261 Finalmente riuscirono a lasciare l'Ulster e salpare per la Scozia e stanziarsi
262 in un luogo riparato. E quando la caccia tra le montagne non riusciva a
263 sostentarli, si riversarono sui pascoli scozzesi inimicandosi gli animi del
264 popolo scozzese che voleva farli fuori. I figli di Usnach si rivolsero al re di
265 Scozia e avendoli lui presi in simpatia, aiutò i figli di Usnach e loro lo
266 supportarono in battaglia e in guerra.

267 Non menzionarono mai Deirdre, però. La tennero nascosta, nota solo a
268 loro e nessun' altro, in quanto spaventati dal patire la morte per causa
269 sua, essendo ella incantevole.

270 Tuttavia, una mattina, il maggiordomo del re fece visita al popolo di
271 Usnach e si diresse verso la dimora di Naoise e Deirdre e intravide loro
272 che dormivano uno accanto all'altra. Tornò dal Suo re e gli riferì "Fino ad
273 ora non pensavo esistesse una donna così meravigliosa per sua Maestà.
274 Spero Sua Maestà mi prenda in parola quando gli riferisco che esiste una
275 creatura così bella vicino le rive di Loch Ness in questo momento e che è
276 più che degna di diventare vostra moglie, O Re dell'Est. L'unica cosa è che
277 Sua Maestà deve disfarsi di Naoise, poiché è di sua moglie che parlo."
278 "Non potrei mai fare questo" disse il Re "Però recati presso ella e dille di
279 raggiungermi e incontrarmi in segreto." Il maggiordomo riportò il
280 messaggio ma Deirdre lo scacciò via e confidò a Naoise tutto quelle che

told it to Naoise afterwards. Then when she would not come to him, the king sent the sons of Usnach into every hard fight, hoping they would get their death, but they won every battle, and came back safe again. And after a while they went to Loch Eitche, near the sea, and they were left to themselves there for a while in peace and quietness. And they settled and made a dwelling house for themselves by the side of Loch Ness, and they could kill the salmon of the stream from out their own door, and the deer of the grey hills from out their window. But when Naoise went to the court of the king, his clothes were splendid among the great men of the army of Scotland, a cloak of bright purple, rightly shaped, with a fringe of bright gold; a coat of satin with fifty hooks of silver; a brooch on which were a hundred polished gems; a gold-hilted sword in his hand, two blue-green spears of bright points, a dagger with the colour of yellow gold on it, and a hilt of silver. But the two children they had, Gaiar and Aebgreine, they gave into the care of Manannan, Son of the Sea. And he cared them well in Emhain of the Apple Trees, and he brought Bobaras the poet to give learning to Gaiar. And Aebgreine of the Sunny Face he gave in marriage afterwards to Rinn, son of Eochaidh Juil of the Land of Promise.

281 era accaduto. Al rifiuto di Deirdre, il re sfidò i figli di Usnach in battaglia,
282 con la speranza di vederli morire tutti insieme, tuttavia i fratelli vinsero
283 ogni battaglia e furono di ritorno sani e salvi. Si spostarono così verso Loch
284 Etive⁸, vicino il mare, e riuscirono a passare inosservati per un po' e vivere
285 in pace e tranquillità. Si stanziarono lì e costruirono un villaggio per loro
286 sulle rive di Loch Ness dove potevano cacciare salmoni selvatici dei
287 torrenti direttamente fuori dalla loro casa e i cervi delle montagne dalle
288 loro finestre. Quando Naoise si recò presso la corte del Re del posto, la
289 sua armatura splendeva più di tutte quelle degli altri uomini di tutta la
290 Scozia, il suo mantello di un vivido porpora, perfettamente tagliato con
291 molteplici catene d'oro, un soprabito di seta con cinquanta alamari
292 argentei, una spilla con centinaia di gemme incastonate, la dorata elsa di
293 una spada in mano, due appuntite e affilate lance verdastre, un pugnale
294 dipinto del giallo più dorato con impugnature d'argento. Ebbero due figli,
295 Gaiar e Aebgreine, che vennero affidati alle cure di Manannan, Dio del
296 Mare. Se ne prendeva cura crescendoli a Emhein, l'Isola degli alberi di
297 Mele⁹, portando con sé Bobaras il bardo per impartire lezioni a Gaiar.
298 Aebgrein, dal Volto Luminoso, venne data in sposa a Rinn, figlio di
299 Eochaidh, il Giusto, erede della Terra Promessa¹⁰.

⁸ Un lago situato nella provincia di Argyll e Bute, nella Scozia occidentale.

⁹ Poiché non ci sono prove certe che questa isola sia esistita per convenzione si pensa che sia stata solo enunciata nell'immaginario collettivo. Molti però, a causa della presenza del dio Manannan in questa Isola, pensano si possa riferire all'Isola di Man appartenente alla Scozia o all'Isola di Aran appartenente all'Irlanda.

¹⁰ Per "*Terra Promessa*" secondo vari studiosi si intende un equivalente di Campi Elisi dell'immaginario Cristiano Cattolico.

Student Number	19329660	Text Number	5
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Source Text		Target Text	
Title	Interview with the former Magdalene Women and Girls – Mary Smith	Title	Le ragazze delle Magdalene Laundry- Intervista con Mary Smith
Year Published	2013		
Author	Dr Katherine O'Donnell and Mary Smith		
Language	English	Language	Italian
Word Count	1082	Word Count	1204
Description of Source Text • <i>understanding of source text</i> • <i>knowledge of genre within source contexts</i> • <i>situation of source text familiarity with the formal features of a text (language variation(s), register, dialect)</i> (200 words max)		This excerpt belongs to a collection of interviews carried out by the UCD Women's Studies Centre which gathered all the witnessing to create an anthology to unveil the horrors that occurred in the Magdalene Laundries around Ireland in late twentieth century. Many survivors were called to share their tragic experiences, abuses and treatments inside the walls of several religious institutions run by nuns and priests. Being an interview, direct speech sentences are very frequent as much as reported speech additions. The syntax and sentence structure are very fragmented as the interviewee often stops to re-think her sentence while telling the experience (L. 40,43,46,65). In this regard, the interviewer gives all the floor, reducing the interaction to very few sentences, by just encouraging the interlocutor to speak. The lexicon reflects the informal register with many colloquialisms and sentence structures belonging to the Hiberno-English language (e.g. "me" as a possessive adjective instead as a pronoun (L. 11,34,47,85 in the ST)) (Hickney, 2005: 44-45). The content of this interview boasts strong languages with references to rape, abuses and violence.	

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)	I aim at Italian women, not only victims of abuses or rape but also support groups and authors. In order to reach this TA and given the delicate topics, I will produce a TT as a dramatic theatre monologue to be staged and performed by actors, during specific events held by D.i.Re (<i>Donne in Rete contro la violenza [Women on line against violence]</i>). I will: 1) Render the questions asked (L.1&80 in the ST) as inner and rhetorical questions in the TT to create a more fluid rhythm. 2) Add between square brackets [] the emotions, actions or theatrical devices for the reader to interpret the monologue (Sinfield, 2013 n.p.) both when there's reported and direct speech (e.g. L. 7-9, 72-76 in the ST) and when fragmented sentences occur (L. 15, 24, 77, 84 in ST). 3) Give further explanations regarding some Irish locations (e.g. L. 26, 42, 82 in the ST), for example next to "The Coombe" I will add "ospedale di Dublino" [Hospital in Dublin]. 4) Retain the registry and tone of the ST to convey in a more significant way the feelings and experience 5) Put in capital letters the words I believe need to be underlined during the performance to emphasise her feelings.
Critical Reflection • <i>textual analysis</i> (200 words max)	In terms of translation production, I believe that adopting this strategy did not really give excessive problems as the text run clearly even with the fragmented and broken sentences. If anything, the text benefited from greater homogeneity. Although the ST lent itself to the monologue structure, because of the lack of interruptions by the interviewer and because of the syntactic density of the stream of consciousness, the TT managed to establish a more underlined focus than in its original form. However, the challenges arose in the interpretation of the TT. In fact, the choice of giving general indications on how the actor or reader should interpret, act or read the TT, sounded slightly forced and arbitrary. Likewise, the choice to stress specific words over others represented an arbitrary choice that maybe would not be a responsibility of the translator to make rather the actor or interpreter's and maybe the performability (Bassnett, 1991) of the text into Italian more challenging.

Works Cited • <i>use of sources and reference material</i>	Bassnett, Susan, 1991, <i>Translating for the theatre: the case against performability</i>. TTR: traduction, terminologie, rédaction, 4(1), 99-111. https://doi.org/10.7202/037084ar Hickney, Raymond, 2005, '<i>Dublin English: Evolution and change</i>', Amsterdam: John Benjamins Publishing Sinfield, Alana, 2013, <i>Dramatic Monologue (Routledge Revivals)</i>, Routledge.
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Source Text

Interview with the former Magdalene Women and Girls – Mary Smith

KOD: Uh huh.

MS: ...this is what happened...I went back working there for three months and then I was getting up in the morning to polish his shoes – the usual – clean the house and the bread man came to the door and I was at the door and this was half-eight in the morning, and next thing she says...I could hear her on the phone ringing Keane, ‘I don’t want that woman’ – or she [inaudible] – ‘that young girl talking to men, she’s chatting up men again!’ Just talking to the bread man and she says, ‘I don’t want to be responsible for her if she does get pregnant’. With that Keane came, Keane came, listen now this is the second time I’m going back. At this stage of me life I just couldn’t handle any more of it. And I says, ‘where did all of this, what am I...what was I born for? Just to suffer, suffer, suffer’. Keane came into the room where I was 33 and he was packing up and I knew I was going back to the Magdalene Laundry. I never called it the Magdalene Laundry, I used to call it the Good Shepherds...

KOD: Uh huh.

Target Text

Le ragazze delle Magdalene Laundry- Intervista con Mary Smith

1 **MARY SMITH:** Volete sapere come è andata? Ecco cosa accadde. Ritornai
2 a lavorare in quel posto per tre mesi, a quel tempo verniciavo e pulivo le
3 sue scarpe, tenevo pulita la casa [Pausa]. Il solito, ecco. Un giorno passava
4 di lì un panettiere ambulante e andai ad aprire, saranno state le otto e
5 mezza di mattina. In seguito, quello che accadde fu che la signora per cui
6 lavoravo aveva chiamato Tizio e faceva [voce stridula e imitando la sua
7 datrice di lavoro] “Io questa qui non la voglio più. Questa ragazzina non
8 smette di fare la gatta morta con i passanti”. Stavo solo facendo quattro
9 chiacchiere con il panettiere. [fa la voce stridula di nuovo] “Non voglio
10 averla sulla coscienza se ci rimane fregata”.
11 [ritorna nel suo personaggio] Sentite un po’ cosa mi combinò quel Tizio.
12 Poco dopo Tizio venne... e mi rinchiuse per la seconda volta lì dentro. In
13 quel momento della mia vita, non ne potevo più. Mi chiedevo da quando
14 era iniziato tutto questo, chi ero, che senso aveva la mia vita in quel
15 momento? [Voce tremolante in sottofondo] Una vita fatta solo per
16 soffrire, soffrire e ancora soffrire. Tizio entrò nella mia stanza, la numero
17 33 e iniziò a infilare i miei vestiti dentro le valige. [pausa] Ero sicura mi
18 stava rispedendo alle Laundry. In realtà non le ho mai chiamate
19 Magdalene Laundry, mi ero abituata a chiamarle il Buon Pastore... [pausa
20

MS: ...it was always known to me as the Good Shepherds. And I knew I was going back to the Good Shepherds and with that Keane, when he came, he said, 'well I tell you, she's not going to end up like her mother!' He was always talking about my mother. So anyway...didn't...I got into the black Volkswagen again, at this stage I must have been crying and crying, at this stage now it was the [River] Lee in Cork, I said the Lee, I would have filled the Lee with tears at this stage since I'd been a child. I think I would have been seventeen at this stage, seventeen-and-a-half at this stage, I don't know. But looking back in hindsight I think I was seventeen-and-a-half, but I was going through so much trauma, it was something else! And nowhere to go, no one to turn to, nowhere to live, nothing! So anyway I get into the black Volkswagen and all the way up thinking that the car was going to stop outside this big red building, I'd me hands on me face bawling me eyes crying and all, I kept me hands on me face. And he stopped the car and I looked and then he had something sticking up out of his trousers, because I didn't know the facts of life.

KOD: Uh huh.

MS: But I didn't...wasn't thinking about that, I says...he stopped in the middle of nowhere and I started to run and I jumped out of the car and I said, 'this is my chance to get away from him!' But it wasn't up in Sundays

21 con voce distante come se stesse ricordando] Sì, per me è sempre stato il
22 Buon Pastore.
23 Sapevo perfettamente che stavo tornando al Buon Pastore. Quando Tizio
24 venne mi disse [voce grossa e da uomo] "Parola mia, non farai la fine di
25 tua madre!" Parlava sempre di mia madre. Ad ogni modo, entrai di nuovo
26 nella Volkswagen nera, [pausa e inizia a piangere] Piangevo, Dio mio
27 quanto piangevo. Ho pianto talmente tanto da superare perfino il Lee a
28 Cork [risata amara]. Sì, il Lee, proprio il Lee, il fiume di Cork. Avrei potuto
29 riempire il Lee con tutte le lacrime che ho pianto da quando ero bambina
30 fino a quel maledettissimo momento [si ferma e respira profondamente].
31 Avevo diciassette anni al tempo. Anzi probabilmente diciassette e mezzo.
32 Non so. Col senno di poi, sì penso avevo diciassette anni e mezzo, ma
33 avevo vissuto un Inferno di traumi che sentivo di averne cento di anni!
34 Non avevo dove andare, nessuno a cui rivolgermi, non avevo una casa.
35 Niente! Insomma, eravamo in macchina e per tutto il tragitto ho pensato
36 che la macchina si fermasse davanti a quel famoso edificio rosso. Le mani
37 MIE sulla faccia MIA [pausa] tra un singhiozzo e l'altro [pausa] con gli occhi
38 pieni di lacrime con le mani sulla faccia. Da lì in poi quello che successe
39 mi segnò a vita. Tizio fermò l'auto. Notai che aveva qualcosa fuori da
40 pantaloni, non capivo cosa [sorridente amaramente] nessuno mi aveva detto
41 prima come fosse fatto quel [pausa; mima la sporgenza del pene dai
42 pantaloni] COSO. "Che intenzioni hai?" gli chiesi. Rimase in silenzio

Well he was stopped, it was in...I don't know where it was, but all I see was fields. And next thing I never forget what I was wearing, I was wearing a navy skirt and I had blue tights on me and next thing he tore the tights off me and raped me. And I was screaming me head off and he blocked me face and he's...you know, screaming and with that he got me and pushed me back into the car and the tears were just pouring down me face and I says, 'why do this to me, why?' (Crying) And he started talking about me mother...and he says to me, this words I'll never forget as long as I live, he says, 'your mother never got a chance, I'll give you a chance...but only if there's room in a hostel'. And I kept saying, 'but I'm not doing nothing wrong!' And he says, I says, 'where is my mother? Where is she?' He says, 'she's dead,' I says, 'how do you know?' He says, 'she died in the early sixties, she's gone' and he said, 'I was with her the day she was dead'. He used to go up and abuse her, I heard after.

(Still crying)

MS: And he says, 'there's this hostel called the Santa Maria' and he said, 'if there's no room in that hostel' he said, 'I'll have to put you in a mental hospital or back up to Sundays Well'. And I said, 'what am I doing wrong?' He said, 'there's nowhere to put you'. And you'd think you were talking about an animal, 'there's nowhere to put you' he says. And I remember a hostel...it was around September because the person said that to me that

quando poi arrestò la macchina in mezzo al nulla più totale. Presi le mie cose e iniziai a correre. [aumenta la cadenza delle parole come affaticata] Sgattaiolai fuori dall'auto, ripetendo a me stessa "questo è il mio momento per scappare da lui!". Non eravamo nemmeno vicino a Sunday's Well quei quartieri di Cork dimenticati da Dio. Quando fermò la macchina, eravamo [pausa; prosegue con tono confuso cercando di ricordare], non so bene dove fossimo finiti precisamente, riuscivo a vedere solo tanta tanta TANTISSIMA campagna intorno a me. Non dimenticherò MAI come ero vestita: [sfiora la gonna e le cosce] avevo una gonna di jeans blu e delle calzamaglie intonate. [pausa e guarda dritto negli occhi il pubblico] Quello che accadde dopo fu terribile. Tizio mi prese dalle cosce, mi strappò di dosso i collant e mi violentò. Urlavo con tutto il fiato che avevo nei polmoni, mi tappò la bocca e... iniziò a GODERE e poi mi buttò dentro l'auto di nuovo. [voce tremante] Le lacrime mi inondavano il viso e sussurrai tra i singhiozzi "perché mi fai questo. Perché?" [Piange]. Improvvisamente Tizio iniziò a parlare di mia madre e mi disse...giuro... non dimenticherò MAI queste parole [imita voce maschile] "Tua madre non è stata fortunata. IO invece ti darò una possibilità... ma solo se ci sarà una stanza in ostello". Continuavo a ripetergli [urla] "non sto facendo niente di male!". Gli chiedevo di mia madre [urla] "dove è mia madre? Dov'è?". La sua risposta mi gelò il sangue "è morta" disse. "Come lo sai?". "È morta nei primi anni sessanta.

they were only closing down that week but they had two weeks left and only for that hostel I'd be still up...probably in the Magdalene Laundry or some mental hospital, just because this priest took my mother away from me. The church, the State destroyed me. I didn't choose this life, but when I went into the hostel that was the last I saw of Keane and I was in there for two weeks. And I remember I was sitting in front of a fire, the old lady brought me in and there was two women working there and she brought me in front of the fire and she says to me, first thing she said is, [glasses rattling in background] 'have you got a family?' I said, 'no I have no family'. And then she says, 'have you got a boyfriend?' and I says, 'I have'. She says, she says, 'what's his name?' and I give her his name. And she said, 'do you love him?' And I says, 'I do'. She says, 'where is he?' I says, 'I can't find him'. [Glasses rattling in background] And I remember her giving me dinner and I couldn't even pick up the cup I was shaking, shaking, shaking. And she says to me, you know the place was closing down in two weeks...

KOD: And how do you think it affected you for the rest of your life?

MS: For years I was attending the Coombe and like that I was afraid to have kids because in case. I remember a fella asked me to marry him - I ran, and ran and ran and he couldn't understand it! I said, 'if I get married to him I'll have kids, me kids will be taken off me'. So psychologically it

64 Ero con lei il giorno che morì". In futuro ho scoperto che Tizio di solito
65 vedeva mia madre e la violentava. Mi disse [imita voce profonda
66 androgina] "c'è l'ostello Santa Maria. Se non ci sono camere disponibili
67 sarò costretto a buttarti in un istituto psichiatrico o riportarti alle
68 Laundry". "Ma perché ce l'hai con me?!" gli chiesi e lui mi rispose "Non
69 so dove metterti". Il trattamento della bestialità. Sembrava quasi si
70 riferisse a un animale. "Devo liberarmi di te" diceva. C'era un ostello, nei
71 miei ricordi c'è un ostello. Rammento che era settembre e la persona con
72 cui avevo parlato mi aveva detto che avrebbero chiuso baracca e burattini
73 di lì a poco ma che accettavano ancora gente per le prossime due
74 settimane. Non passa giorno in cui non ringrazi quell'ostello [pausa
75 grave]: è solo grazie a loro che sono ancora qui oggi. In caso contrario,
76 sarei tornata in quelle prigioni delle Laundry o relegata come una matta
77 in qualche istituto psichiatrico, solo perché un prete qualsiasi mi aveva
78 separato da mia madre. La chiesa, lo Stato mi hanno distrutta. Non ho
79 scelto IO questa vita per me. Fortunatamente quando entrai nell'ostello,
80 quella fu l'ultima volta che vidi Tizio e rimasi lì per le successive due
81 settimane. [voce distante] Ricordo che stavo seduta di fronte al camino,
82 [pausa] due donne e un'anziana signora lavoravano là dentro, quella che
83 mi aveva accolto, mi rivolse parole così dolci anche solo chiedendomi "hai
84 una famiglia?" risposi di no. [pausa e tono quasi sconfitto] è vero, non
85 l'avevo. "Hai un fidanzato?" risposi di sì. Mi chiese il suo nome e glielo

affected me in every way after being in the Magdalene Laundries and of course me mother as well.

86 died. “Lo ami?” risposi di sì. “Dov’è adesso?” “Non riesco a trovarlo”
87 risposi. Ricordo che mi diede da mangiare e che [pausa grave] TREMAVO
88 così tanto da non riuscire nemmeno a tenere la tazza del tè in mano. Poi
89 mi ricordò che quel posto avrebbe chiuso da lì a due settimane.
90 [si ricompone, pausa e inspira] Mi chiederete ingenuamente se le
91 Magdalene Laundry abbiano influenzato il resto della mia vita? Come non
92 potevano?! Per ANNI [tono di disprezzo] sono stata ricoverata al The
93 Coombe, ospedale a Dublino. Ero di casa lì ormai: mi facevo controllare
94 tantissime volte. ERO TERRORIZZATA di rimanere incinta. [sorriso amaro]
95 Un ragazzo una volta mi chiese di sposarlo, [pausa] scappai. Il più lontano
96 possibile da lui, non avrebbe capito. Mi dissi [come se parlasse tra sé e sé
97 con la voce severa e agitando l’indice di ripresa] “se mi sposo con lui,
98 avremo dei bambini. Qualcuno mi porterà via i miei bambini”. Sì
99 chiaramente sono stata marchiata a vita psicologicamente dalle Laundry.
100 La mia di vita e quella della mia povera madre.

Student Number	19329660	Text Number	6
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Source Text		Target Text	
Title	THIS IS A FEMALE TEXT	Title	QUESTA È UNA POESIA AL FEMMINILE
Year Published	2020		
Author	Doireann Ní Ghríofa		
Language	English	Language	Italian
Word Count	182	Word Count	170
Description of Source Text <i>understanding of source text</i> <i>knowledge of genre within source contexts</i> <i>situation of source text familiarity with the formal features of a text (language variation(s), register, dialect)</i> (200 words max)	This poem represents the introduction to the lyrical novel by Doireann Ní Ghríofa, “A Ghost in the Throat”. In this work, Ní Ghríofa focus on the life and experiences of another, yet much earlier, Irish poet, Eibhlín Dubh Ní Chonaill, synchronising the lives of the two great female poets who shares different life eras yet literary lives so similar. The text analysed in this portfolio is a poetic text, without the canonical poetic structure. In fact, this poem is not divided in quatrains or stanzas, nor the rhyme scheme follows the orthodox structure (ABAB; AABB etc) (Levin, 1962, n.p.). In fact, the text presents three compound-complex sentences (L. 8-10; 15-18; 24-26) and two simple sentences (L12-13; 21-22), in an alternated layout, one detached by the other. Being defined as a poetic text, it still boasts some imperfect rhymes within the sentence structure (e.g clothes/ close/ chores; desire/rhyme; keen/hymn/Join in), which in the end do not made the register too flamboyant. Poetic devices such as alliterations, anaphors and rhetorical question can be found within the whole text.		
Strategy <i>identification of translation problems</i> <i>knowledge of genre within target context and situation of target text</i>	I will aim at a female audience in Italy, mostly young adults from 17 years old onwards, passionate about experimental poetry. In order to address the TT, from a mere structural point of view, I will closely mirror the ST, in recreating the same rhyme scheme, melody and metrical rhythm. I will echo the anaphors and alliterations (L. 24) and the rhetorical questions (L.21) in the same position of the ST. To make my TT closer to its title and the meaning embodied in the novel it belongs,		

• <i>justification of translation production of genre for target context</i> (200 words max)	I will implement a feminist translation (Castro & Ergun, 2017) as hinted by the title <i>“This is a female text”</i>. Thus, I will apply to all words their feminine equivalents into the TL (e.g. “female text” normally translated “testo femminile”, it will become “poesia al femminile” [lit. poem for female] or at L.12 the verb “born” [nascere-nato/a] will become “figlia” [daughter]). Hence, the Irish word ‘caoineadh’ [lament] pronounced ‘queeny’ will be anticipated by ‘a’ indefinite article which in the TL will be feminine and will instil a double meaning as ‘a queen’ [una regina]. In this way the idea behind the “female text” will be implemented and retained and at the same time there will be more occasion to create more musicality.
Critical Reflection • <i>textual analysis</i> (200 words max)	Staying very close to the poetic structure of the ST helped me to retain the order and metric. However, it was necessary to switch the rhyme position from one word to another in the same sentence. This was because some specific words in the TL would not rhyme with the correspondent one in the ST. For instance, the sentence at line 24-27, carried within some internal rhymes such as “keen/hymn”. In the TL such combination was not possible and therefore, I opted for a less creative trick in the specific sentence. I resorted to further alliterations and word-play, where luckily the ‘caoineadh’ [queeny] word-play in the TT enhanced the poetic setting, by providing those lines with high metaphor within. To maintain the poetic atmosphere within the TT, I employed some alliterations by not mirroring their position from the ST, specifically of the letter ‘F’: ‘folle fantastica filastrocca’ [lit. mad fantastic nursery rhyme] at L.13. Understandably not all words had a feminine equivalent or synonym that could support the entire strategy I used and therefore I left them as masculine, yet balancing out their amount: four masculine words and four feminine words (L. 24-26: ‘nenia, osanna, melodia, supplica – gospel, lament, coro, inno’).
Works Cited • <i>use of sources and reference material</i>	Levin, Samuel, 1962, <i>Linguistic Structures in Poetry</i>, The Hague: S-Gravenhage: Mouton & Co Castro, Olga & Ergun, Emet, 2017, <i>Feminist translation studies: Local and transnational perspectives</i>, ed. Castro and Ergun, New York and London: Routledge

Source Text		Target Text
THIS IS A FEMALE TEXT		QUESTA È UNA POESIA AL FEMMINILE
thug mo shúil aire duit,	1	how my eye took a shine to you,
thug mo chroí taitneamh duit,	2	how my heart took delight in you,
how my eye took a shine to you,	3	come le mie pupille mi sono innamorata di te,
how my heart took delight in you,	4	come il mio cuore gioisce per te,
—Eibhlín Dubh Ní Chonaill	5	—Eibhlín Dubh Ní Chonaill
THIS IS A FEMALE TEXT.	6	QUESTO È UNA POESIA AL FEMMINILE
	7	
This is a female text, composed while folding someone else's clothes. My	8	Questa è una poesia al femminile, scritta tra le pieghe della roba di
mind holds it close, and it grows, tender and slow, while my hands	9	qualcun'altra. La mia mente la conserva cara. Aumenta, delicata e lenta
perform innumerable chores.	10	mentre la mia mano si affaccenda.
	11	
This is a female text borne of guilt and desire, stitched to a soundtrack of	12	Questa è una poesia al femminile, figlia di colpa e speranza, cucita sulle
cartoon nursery rhymes.	13	note di una di una folle fantastica filastrocca.
	14	
This is a female text and it is a tiny miracle that it even exists, as it does in	15	Questa è una poesia al femminile ed è una piccola meraviglia, presente e
this moment, lifted to another consciousness by the ordinary wonder of	16	vivente in questo istante. Innalzata a essenze ultraterrene dall'ordinaria
type. Ordinary, too, the ricochet of thought that swoops, now, from my	17	bellezza giornaliera. Ordinaria è anche la passione con cui queste mie idee
body to yours.	18	stanno piovendo sulla tua sagoma gocciolando dalla mia.
	19	
	20	

This is a female text, written in the twenty-first century. How late it is. How much has changed. How little.

This is a female text, which is also a *caoineadh*: a dirge and a drudge song, an anthem of praise, a chant and a keen, a lament and an echo, a chorus and a hymn. Join in.

21 Questo è una poesia al femminile, scritta nel ventunesimo secolo. Quanto
22 tardi. Quante cosa sono cambiate. Quante? Mica tante.

23

24 Questo è una poesia al femminile, ma è anche una *caoineadh*¹¹ [*queeny*]:
25 una nenia, un gospel, un osanna, una melodia e una supplica, un lamento
26 e un eco, un coro e un inno. Unisciti a noi.

27

¹¹ Canto funebre, diffuso nella cultura irlandese e scozzese.

Student Number	19329660	Text Number	7
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Source Text		Target Text	
Title	La Principessa che scriveva	Title	The princess-writer
Year Published	2016		
Author	Nerina Fiumanò		
Language	Italiano	Language	English
Word Count	718	Word Count	693
Description of Source Text • <i>understanding of source text</i> • <i>knowledge of genre within source contexts</i> • <i>situation of source text familiarity with the formal features of a text (language variation(s), register, dialect)</i> (200 words max)	This fairy tale is part of a collection of Italian books created in 2013 and called "wallpaper books" (see Fig. 1-6), as once disassemble the page can be hung on the wall as posters (Verbavolant Edizioni, 2013). The text under consideration is the tale of a princess who survives to a siege thanks to resilience and her passion for writing, positioning itself as rightful alternative to the classic Cinderella fairy tale. The text is defined by the author as "a fairy tale for adults and children" (Fiumanò, 2016) because from a lexical point of view the choice of register and vocabulary is slightly more sophisticated (e.g. 'sussultorio' [seismic]; 'ardito' [venturesome]; 'antro' [antrum]). Instead, from a syntactical point of view, the sentences are articulated with an elementary structure and easily understandable by a very young audience (simple and short sentences; nursery rhyme scheme; repetitions of phrases such as "c'era una volta" [once upon a time] or "la giovane e bella principessa" [the young and beautiful princess]). There are several enjambments due to the arrangement of the text in the pages of the book, which for aesthetic and visual reasons do not exceed 10-14 words per line, since they should not affect the pictures.		
Strategy • <i>identification of translation problems</i>	I will address the TT to English-speaking children, aged between 5 and 10 years, both who cannot read yet and who have learned and understand fictional genre. For this reason, I will try to make the text more accessible from a lexical point of view. I will replace all those archaic or flamboyant terms present in the ST with more common and accessible ones in the		

• <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)	TL (e.g. 'compendio' [compendium] with 'book'). Syntactically, I will resort to a word-per-word translation. In fact, thanks to the short sentences in the ST, I will be able not to alter the text excessively. However, since the presence of very few complex syntactic structures exists, I will facilitate the reading of those few sentences (L. 65-66 & 81-83 in the ST) by easing and transforming them from subordinate to simple sentences.
Critical Reflection • <i>textual analysis</i> (200 words max)	Applying a strategy so faithful to the ST and lexically less elaborate delivered a more accurate TT to the chosen TA. Opting for a simplified lexicon for the benefit of a better reception by the young audience, however, lowered the register of the tale. The great amount of 'more accessible' words did not fully carry the corresponding meaning from SL to TL (L.9; 22; 25; 30). While many of those synonyms were not overly verbose and complicated, in terms of length they would have altered the layout of the illustrations which had a in important role in the concept of the 'wallpaper books'. Thus, I preferred the visual function and impact that illustration plays on such TA (Ottinen, 2002) to the merely lexical and syntactical one. In this regard, the text would still have been understood, in spite of the elementary redundancy and the loss of not so relevant nuances of meaning.
Works Cited • <i>use of sources and reference material</i>	Oittinen, Ritta. 2000. <i>Translating for children</i>, New York: Routledge. Verbavolant Editore, 2013, http://www.verbavolantedizioni.it/prodotto/la-principessa-che-scriveva



Fig. 1



Fig. 2



Fig. 3



Fig. 4

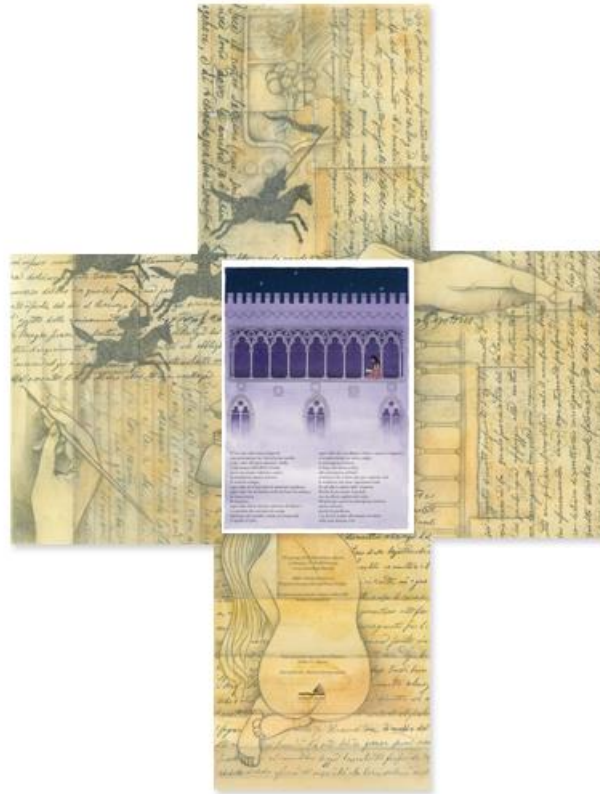


Fig. 5



Fig. 6

Source Text***La principessa che scriveva***

La principessa che scriveva
C'era una volta tanto tempo fa una principessa che viveva in un castello
e che, oltre ad essere giovane e bella
e circondata dall'affetto di tutti,
aveva un amore solitario e unico:
la principessa amava scrivere.
E scriveva sempre,
ogni volta che il suo cuore le sussurrava qualcosa,
ogni volta che un battito d'ali nel bosco la turbava,
la emozionava,
la scuoteva,
ogni volta che le nuvole cadevano di sbieco e
i contadini che aravano nei campi
dicevano che sarebbe venuto un temporale
a ripulire il cielo,
ogni volta che era allegra o triste o stanca o inquieta
o semplicemente ne aveva voglia
la principessa scriveva.
E dopo che aveva scritto,

Target Text***The princess-writer***

1	The princess who wrote
2	Once upon a time, there was a princess who lived in
3	a castle
4	and not only was she young, beautiful
5	and loved by everyone,
6	but she also had a unique yet lonely passion:
7	She loved writing.
8	She would always write,
9	every time her heart inspired her,
10	every time a beat of wings bothered her,
11	it moved her,
12	it shocked her.
13	Every time the clouds gathered on the side and
14	the farmers who were working the fields,
15	said that a storm was on its way
16	to clean the air,
17	every time she was happy or sad or tired or restless
18	or she simply felt like it,
19	She started writing.
20	And once she finished,

alla principessa scrittrice
sembrava che ci fosse più pace intorno a lei,
le sembrava che fosse rispuntato il sole fra gli alberi agitati dalle
tempeste.
Perché il suo sentire il mondo
era un albero agitato dal vento.
Proprio per questo la principessa scrittrice
amava scrivere,
perché la pacificava
e la faceva sentire all'unisono col ritmo delle cose intorno a lei.

La principessa aveva scritto sempre
e continuava a scrivere
e scriveva anche il giorno in cui una terribile invasione colpì il
suo regno.

Una popolazione nemica
era calata da fredde terre lontane
e aveva occupato il regno della giovane e bella principessa
e aveva distrutto tutto,
e aveva incendiato tutto,
e aveva ucciso,
e aveva commesso ogni tipo di nefandezza.

21	she thought
22	everything was going fine,
23	she could see the sun shining through the trees, winded up by the
24	storms.
25	She saw the world
26	as a tree shaken by the wind.
27	That is the reason why the princess-writer
28	loved writing,
29	because it made her feel like she was in peace with the world
30	and as if she were one with the things around her.
31	
32	The princess had always written
33	and she kept on doing so
34	even when, in the saddest days, her kingdom
35	was invaded.
36	An enemy population
37	arrived from cold distant shores,
38	and took over the young and beautiful princess's kingdom,
39	destroying everything
40	burning everything
41	killing everybody
42	and committing every horror possible.

E alla fine i nemici erano arrivati anche al castello della principessa
che scriveva.

Lei stava ancora scrivendo
quando i terribili uomini armati
la presero e la imprigionarono
nelle prigioni più buie e tetre che si possano immaginare,
e la costrinsero in una piccola cella senza nulla di più che se
stessa.

La principessa non riuscì nemmeno a urlare dallo spavento
quando la presero.

Non riuscì ad afferrare nulla di suo,
non un manto,
un abito,
uno scialle...
nulla se non la penna e l'inchiostro con cui scriveva.

Così la giovane e bella principessa che scriveva
si trovò rinchiusa prigioniera
in un antro di roccia
umido e penoso,
sola
con in mano solo la sua penna.

43	The enemies eventually arrived
44	at her castle,
45	She was still writing,
46	when the terrible armed men
47	took her and imprisoned her
48	in the darkest and coldest dungeons ever existed.
49	They forced her to stay in a small cell, with nothing else but
50	herself.
51	She couldn't even scream,
52	when they took her.
53	She couldn't even grab any of her belongings,
54	neither a clock,
55	nor a dress,
56	nor a scarf,
57	Nothing but ink and her pen.
58	
59	And so, the young and beautiful princess
60	spent her days, locked up
61	in a damp and miserable
62	cave,
63	alone
64	with only a pen in her hand.

E nonostante i giorni passavano
 e le notti pure
 e la principessa rimaneva in quella cella,
 rinchiusa,
 senza alcuna compagnia
 né alcuno spiraglio
 da cui sbirciare la fine di quella agonia...
 nonostante questa infelicissima e difficilissima condizione
 sembrava immutabile e inesorabile...
 la principessa scrittrice non smise mai di scrivere.
 Scriveva con quella sua unica penna
 scriveva sulla sua veste,
 sulla sua camicia,
 sui piedi,
 sulle mani
 su ogni angolo di pelle del suo corpo.
 Perché nulla restasse senza parole,
 perché tutto rimanesse su di lei.
 E rimanesse su di lei il segno che il suo animo era ancora vivo.

Passó molto tempo prima che il regno della principessa scrittrice
 venisse liberato.

65 Days were passing by,
 66 As much as nights,
 67 The princess stayed alone in that cell,
 68 imprisoned,
 69 without anybody
 70 and without a single hint
 71 of the end of that agony...
 72 Despite this very unhappy and difficult situation,
 73 she seemed determined and relentless to continue writing...
 74 The princess-writer never stopped writing.
 75 She wrote with only that one pen,
 76 she wrote on her dress,
 77 on her shirt,
 78 on her feet,
 79 on her hands,
 80 on every single part of her body.
 81 In this way, everything was covered with words,
 82 in this way, everything dwelled upon her.
 83 And in this way, her passion remained alive.
 84
 85 It took so long before the kingdom of the princess-writer
 86 was freed.

E quando, infine, giunse il giorno in cui anche la principessa
venne scarcerata dalla sua terribile prigionia,
la gioia di tutti fu grande
perché la principessa era sana e salva e
continuava ad essere
- anche dopo le incredibili privazioni -
ancora giovane e bella.
E quando la trovarono
la principessa aveva il corpo completamente ricoperto
di scritte e pensieri,
e di tutto quello che aveva sofferto.
Ogni frammento di ricordo,
sensazione,
sentimento
era lì sulle linee curve della sua pelle
scritto su di un papiro umano
dove si poteva leggere senza esitazione e senza indugio
il girotondo sussultorio
ma ardito
e perenne
del suo cuore.
Tutti rimasero a bocca aperta e molto colpiti.

87	And when the princess was finally released
88	from her terrible imprisonment,
89	the entire kingdom rejoiced,
90	because the princess was safe and sound and
91	-even after all of those losses-
92	she was still
93	young and beautiful.
94	When they found her,
95	she had her entire body covered with
96	writings, thoughts,
97	and everything she had experienced.
98	Every single memory,
99	feeling,
100	emotion
101	was on the nooks of her skin,
102	inscribed on a piece of human parchment
103	where the swinging yet brave and eternal
104	ring-a- ring o' roses of her heart
105	could be read without hesitation nor trouble.
106	
107	
108	Everybody was speechless and overwhelmed by all of this.

Così la principessa guardò i suoi cittadini
 e il suo regno
 distrutto,
 umiliato,
 depredato,
 si fece accompagnare presso la riva di un fiume non lontano dal
 castello,
 e quando arrivò al fiume
 vi si immerse,
 si bagnò,
 e lavò via fra le acque torbide di guerra
 il manoscritto che ricopriva il suo corpo.
 Ogni singola parola,
 ogni singola emozione,
 ogni singola nota di quell'infinito compendio umano
 scivolò fra le onde del fiume
 e si disperse fra le terre del regno.
 La principessa fece scorrere tutti i suoi pensieri scritti nel fiume
 e sciacquò la sua pelle piena di emozione in quelle acque agitate.
 E nel preciso istante in cui le sue parole portate dalla corrente
 giungevano in qualche luogo,

109	
110	Then, the princess looked at her people,
111	and her kingdom,
112	destroyed,
113	humiliated,
114	marauded.
115	So, she decided to go to the river bank, not far away from the
116	castle.
117	Once there,
118	She dived into it,
119	She bathed in it,
120	washing away the manuscript that covered her body
121	in the murky waters.
122	Every single word,
123	Every single emotion,
124	Every single remark of that endless human book,
125	slipped away in the river stream
126	and got lost in the kingdom's territories.
127	The princess let all her thoughts flow in the stream
128	and washed them away from her skin, covered in emotions in those
129	stirred waters.
130	In the very same moment those words, carried by the stream,

quel luogo rifioriva

e si rianimava

e rinasceva.

E fu così che il regno della principessa scrittrice
tornò al suo antico splendore.

131 arrived to some destroyed place,

132 it flourished again,

133 it came back to life again,

134 it sprouted again.

135 And that's how the kingdom of the princess-writer

136 came back to its former glory.

Student Number	19326996	Text Number	8
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Source Text		Target Text	
Title	Sonetto Disubbidiente	Title	Naughty Sonnet
Year Published	2020		
Author	Antonella Anedda		
Language	Italiano	Language	English
Word Count	232	Word Count	257
Description of Source Text • <i>understanding of source text</i> • <i>knowledge of genre within source contexts</i> • <i>situation of source text familiarity with the formal features of a text (language variation(s), register, dialect)</i> (200 words max)	This sonnet is a paraphrased and contemporary version of a poetic text (<i>lo vorrei pur drizzar queste mie piume</i>) of 1300 composed and addressed to Francesco Petrarch by Ortensia di Guglielmo (Flórez&Bartolotta&Clavijo, 2013). Together with other female authors, she was identified as early feminist who sought not only to affirm women's right to participate in the political life but also to legitimise their literary voices. The sonnet is an ode to feminist transgression. It presents the typical structure of the Petrarchan sonnet (Stageberg, 1948), with the absence of a canonical rhyme scheme. The author paraphrases the original sonnet for the first three quatrains and alters the last stanza by proceeding on her own narrative, as directly inviting the former poet to take a stand. As a matter of fact, during the whole structure of the sonnet, the paraphrase alternates comments put in brackets by the author Antonella Anedda. This structure is mirrored with the juxtaposition of higher and formal register for the paraphrase and informal and colloquial one for the comments. Socio-cultural puns and word-plays can be found ('orto' [vegetable garden]-Ortensia) and references to other female poets that enhance the subtextual meaning of the ST.		

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)	I will aim at an audience of English-speaking high school and college students, knowledgeable enough in literary studies and textual analysis. In this regard, I will adapt the sonnet structure into a Shakespearean one from its original Petrarchan structure. Therefore, I will divide the text into quatrains and use the ABAB/CDCD rhyme scheme. I will also respect the rhyme AA in the ‘volta’ rhyming couplets (Richardson, 2013), before the closing stanza. I will emphasise the importance of the transgressive title, by reflecting that disobedience in the last octave and resorting to a free verse. To emphasise the difference between the paraphrase and the author's comments, I will employ old-styled English for the paraphrased parts and a more informal and current English registry in the comments (e.g. ‘thou’ as you for ‘tu’ and ‘no biggie’ for ‘è normale’ [it’s normal] L.9). To mirror the cultural references, I will leave them unchanged, as the two poets both influenced English-speaking culture (Hortense Flexner and Amelia Rosselli) and can serve as a cue for the TA from a teaching point of view as well. I will still insert two footnotes that will provide the TA with more context about them.
Critical Reflection • <i>textual analysis</i> (200 words max)	If from a semantic perspective the TT delivered an accurate version of the ST, the poetic and rhetorical sphere needed further adjustments. Indeed, it was necessary to find the ideal terms that would reiterate the same meaning in Italian and that could be associated in the rhymes while keeping the sonnet comprehensible. Like the ‘circle/myrtle’ rhyme, where in the original it was [casa] "house" not "circle" [cerchio]. In this regard, the adaptation was detached from the ST in order to rhyme with the word ‘myrtle’. Hence, the word-plays in the ST exhibited challenges when they needed to be rendered in the TT due to linguistic-cultural differences. For instance, retaining the pun through a literal translation would have altered the TT understanding: L. 14 ‘Ortensia’ (which is the name of a plant) in English would have become literally ‘hyndrangea’ and ‘orto’ ‘vegetable garden’. Consequently, to address the pun, the sentence at L. 14- 15 was rendered with an archaic term that fell within the semantic sphere of the vegetable garden (orchard) and the gardening terminology,

	resulting in word-play 'Orchard-Ortensia-Horticulture'. Likewise, the 'stop being Frank' (L.25) adaptation was a way to resolve the translation of the subtextual meaning of the adjective 'virtuosa' [righteous], recalling the shapeshifting process undergoing in the text and providing it with the disobedience towards the condemned patriarchal society.
Works Cited • <i>use of sources and reference material</i>	Flórez, Mercedes, Bartolotta, Salvatore, Clavijo, Milagro. 2013. <i>Ausencias: Escritoras En Los Márgenes De La Cultura</i>. Sevilla: ArCiBel Editors. Stageberg, Norman C. <i>The Aesthetic of the Petrarchan Sonnet</i>, The Journal of Aesthetics and Art Criticism 7, no. 2 (1948): 132-37, https://doi.org/10.2307/425809 Richardson, Rachel. 2013. <i>Learning the Sonnet</i>. Chicago: The Poetry Foundation

Source Text***Sonetto Disubbediente***

Tu vorresti drizzare le tue piume (attenta, che il termine si usa anche per l'oca)

Là dove il desiderio (della gloria?) chiama

e dopo morta rimanere in vita (che ossessione: elimina l'ossimoro, non è meglio l'effimero?)

con la virtù di un lume (togliamo "inclito"?)

Dici che il volgo è inerte, reo e ha smarrito la via (quale?)

ti addita col suo biasimo (è normale, come i maschi nei social seguaci di quell'Onan che non ha meglio da fare)

una che tenta di salire il fiume delle arti e non è Musa (...)

Dicono, (come qualcuno oggi?) che devi stare a casa

anzi nell'orto (ti chiami Ortensia, dunque lì devi stare, a fare giardinaggio)

Che devi coltivare la salvia, il rosmarino – non il lauro o il mirto
e non devi pensare, – questo è il vero peccato –
ma stare con la mente intenta al tuo cucito.

Target Text***Naughty Sonnet***

1 Thou wouldst perk up your feathering (Careful, love! Feathers are
2 closely related to a bird-brained gal)
3 There, where the desire (of glory?) enhances
4 And once dead, alive lingering (obsessed much? get rid of the oxymoron.
5 Isn't the *ephemeral* better?)
6 Strengthened by my senses (why don't we get rid of 'noble', shall we?)
7
8 Thou say that the masses are inert, guilty and lost (where?).
9 Thou say that they blame you with their faults (no biggie! Just like all
10 men on social who follow that guy Onan, messing around)
11 Who seeks to ford the arts' river without being a Muse (I am sorry ...)
12
13 They say, (like someone today?) thou are confined to your circle
14 or better in the Orchard (you're Ortensia: seems logical to focus
15 on(h)Orticulture)
16 -nor the laurel or the myrtle.
17 Only have thou to pick sage, rosemary with in the yard.
18
19 And that thou shall not be thinking, -this is the real sin-
20 But linger on focusing on needles and pin.

Ortensia, non scrivere a Petrarca (se è vero che hai chiesto il suo parere)
 cosa vuoi che risponda – chiedi a un altro poeta (del futuro) scavalca i
 sessi
 lascia che un'H s'illumini davanti alla vocale. Diventa Hortense, smetti
 di essere virtuosa, poi trasformati di nuovo, diventa la libellula di Amelia,
 disperdi il seme, l'umore, smetti di sospirare per la fama
 disubbidisci
 stai fuori dall'elogio e dalla rima, diventa spensierata,
 filosofa dei boschi, deponi la speranza e la paura
 diventa un corvo, una cornacchia, trovati da sola.

21 Ortensia, do not write to Petrarch (if it's true you asked for his advice!)
 22 I mean, what do you expect him to say? Ask another poet (from the
 23 future), beat the genders
 24 Leave a bright H lighting up the vowel at the beginning of your name.
 25 Become Hortense¹², stop being Frank, then again transform yourself into
 26 Amelia¹³'s dragonfly,
 27 Scatter the semen, the humour, stop fishing for fame,
 28 Be naughty
 29 Stay out of the eulogy and the rhyme, be free,
 30 Philosopher of the woods, guardian of hope and fear
 31 Become a crow, a raven. Find yourself all alone.

32
 33
 34
 35
 36
 37
 38
 39
 40
 41

¹² Hortense Flexner was an American poet, playwright and professor. (Wikipedia)

¹³ Amelia Rosselli was an Italian poet. (Wikipedia)

