

Possible Futures

A Collection of Translational Liminalities

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I would like to give sincere thanks to my supervisor Hannes Opelz for his invaluable advice and guidance with my translations. Thank you also to James Hadley and to all my professors. And finally, thank you to all my fellow students for your support throughout the year in the liminal worlds of virtual classrooms and whatsapp.

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Source texts have been re-formatted so that they align with target texts.

Introduction

The eight pieces of writing that were selected for this translation portfolio are connected by the thread of liminality, understood as a space and/or time of the in-between, the neither here nor there.

This theme was chosen, in part, to echo Walter Benjamin's mathematical metaphor for the act of translation as that miniscule point of connection between a circle and a tangent from where the tangent 'pursues its path to the infinite' (Benjamin 2012: 82).

Benjamin's metaphor illustrating the infinite possibilities of translation neatly fits into a portfolio that steals its title from the collection of poetry *Possibles Futurs* by Breton poet Guillevic. My adaptation of the poem *La Plaine* from said collection will close my portfolio, leaving the reader with the optimism of a poet who, in his late eighties, considers the final stage of life and finds a field of new possibilities.

As this portfolio emphasises, the concept of a liminal existence is a theme enabling writers to chart a path that can lead from the liminal space of uncertainty into worlds of possibility. Each

translation attempts to mirror but also amplify the liminal in the source texts through its chosen strategy. Whether it be re-gendering the characters in "*Art*", transporting the protagonists in *Across the Rooftops* to a rooftop in Rouen or transposing the experiences of living on the margins in Paris to marginal life in Dublin in *Kiffe kiffe demain*. Focussing on the expression of the liminal in the formal features of Proust's prose, domesticating *Salut Galarneau!* while preserving elements of the foreign to highlight shared experiences of life on the border. Updating the imaginary utopian idyll in *Candide*, making visible the liminal space in the screenplay adaptation of *L'Autre femme* and finally, adapting the liminality of a poet's connection to the world at the end of his life for a young reader in *La plaine*. Indeed nearly every one of my chosen texts is given a liminal setting, like the first clue in a treasure hunt for the essence of what is at stake in the writing. There is a roof ledge at dawn, a riverside, a lakeside, the edge of a plain, the periphery of society, a wall to keep the world out, and the dreamlike Eldorado, physically inaccessible to the rest of the world.

The liminal theme in the play “*Art*” is the odd one out in that it is not indicated by space but rather by the obscure subject matter of the painting around which the drama unfolds. Through this abstract piece of art the liminal (and cynical) nature of human relations is exposed.

In many ways, adolescence is the most liminal phase of our lives and the past year, living in and out of lockdown, has intensified this liminality. Four of my translations have been adapted specifically

for young readers, as their liminal themes seem particularly relevant to this cohort at the present time. The decision made early on to finish with Guillevic’s optimistic poem means that the portfolio finishes with the elder statesman of the group. For simplicity and clarity, the target texts have been put in chronological order in terms of the perceived age of the main protagonists, working back from Guillevic.

Student Number	16309215	Text Number	1
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Source Text		Target Text	
Title	<i>Du côté de chez Swann</i> <i>Combray</i>	Title	<i>The Way by Swann's</i> <i>The Vivonne</i>
Year Published	1913		
Author	Marcel Proust		
Language	French	Language	English
Word Count	931	Word Count	1001
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)	In this extract, the narrator (also protagonist and author) describes the first signs of Spring in the French countryside and childhood memories of the traditional Easter festivities taking place on the banks of the Vivonne river. The past, semi-hidden, shapes the present in Proust's rendering of the landscape (lines 39-54). The writing, rich in synaesthesia, metaphor, personification and symbolism, demonstrates the art of preserving memories and of capturing the liminal concept of time. The register of Proust's magnum opus is formal and this extract contains fine examples of 'Proust's labyrinthine prose with sentences extending to 11, 12 and 16 lines. The main protagonist, The Vivonne river, on whose banks the Christian traditions are celebrated, connects the past with new life. This concept reaches its full expression in the final paragraph where, in an unusual juxtaposition, the liminal aspect of the river is expressed using the language of science. Here the idea of the river as a liquid liminal body containing new life on the verge of 'crystallization' (l.83) takes shape. Proust's accumulation of subordinate clauses in his long sentences appears to mimic the role of the river where the phenomenon of 'supersaturation' (l. 80) leads to the materialisation of a subject.		

Strategy • <i>identification of translation problems</i> • <i>knowledge of genre within target context and situation of target text</i> • <i>justification of translation production of genre for target context</i> (200 words max)	The translation of this extract comprises an assignment to be completed as part of a third year module in Literary Translation in Trinity College. The title of the assignment is: <i>A strategy for translating liminality in Marcel Proust's writing</i>, and the target reader is the module co-ordinator. The liminal themes and motifs in this passage will be drawn out in the target text by adopting one of Proust translator, Lydia Davis' strategies. In the article, <i>A Problem Sentence in Proust</i>, Davis outlines her objective 'to keep the complex syntax of the original [...] to let the images and ideas unfold and reveal themselves in the same sequence.' (2002: 476) Davis highlights the great care that Proust took with the final words of his sentences where there is an extended delay before the subject is revealed (ibid. 477). The target text will prioritise retaining the syntax with its many dependent clauses over producing a text that sounds natural to the English speaker's ear. The objective in adopting said strategy is to draw out the liminal elements embodied in Proust's sentences. Priority will be given to this liminal phase where the revelation of the subject, and therefore the essence of the writing, is delayed while the reader is submerged in poetic imagery (l. 68-83).
Critical Reflection • <i>textual analysis</i> (200 words max)	The target text is seventy words longer than the source text, an unusual outcome when translating from French to English (Miller 2000: 469). This seems to indicate that additions are required when prioritising syntax (for example: l. 6-7, 59-68). In a comparative look at Davis' translation of this extract (Proust/Davis 2003: 167-169) it appeared that Davis is willing to sacrifice the climactic position of the end-words where the syntax is particularly awkward as, for example, in line 7. Although Davis' translation has a more natural flow than the target text, there is an indication of the importance that

	Proust put on finishing with the name of the church in this sentence in that the church will be personified in this extract. Furthermore the following sentence starts with 'Et...' [and] as if the final punctuation after the name of this church is designed to draw attention to its significance. Adopting Davis' translation strategy and taking a closer look at the end-words has in fact led to a greater insight into the essential themes of this passage. For example: the historical names that connect with the past and shape the present (see lines 6, 16, 18, & 42). The target text is perhaps limited to the academic purposes of this assignment, however, as a naturally flowing translation was not prioritised.
Works Cited • <i>use of sources and reference material</i>	Davis, L. 2002. 'A problem sentence in proust's the way by swann's.' <i>Literary Review</i>, 45, 473-478 http://elib.tcd.ie/login?url=https://www.proquest.com/magazines/problem-sentence-prousts-way-swanns/docview/222090255/se-2?accountid=14404 [Accessed May 2021] Proust, Marcel. 2003. <i>The Way by Swann's</i>. Translated by Lydia Davis London: Penguin Miller, George S. 2000. 'French', in <i>Encyclopedia of Literary Translation into English</i>, ed. by Olive Classe, 2 vols London & Chicago: Fitzroy Dearborn

Source Text***Combray***

On passait, rue de l'Oiseau, devant la vieille hôtellerie de l'Oiseau Flesché dans la grande cour de laquelle entrèrent quelquefois au dix-septième siècle les carrosses des duchesses de Montpensier, de Guermantes et de Montmorency quand elles avaient à venir à Combray pour quelque contestation avec leurs fermiers, pour une question d'hommage. On gagnait le mail entre les arbres duquel apparaissait le clocher de Saint-Hilaire. Et j'aurais voulu pouvoir m'asseoir là et rester toute la journée à lire en écoutant les cloches; car il faisait si beau et si tranquille que quand sonnait l'heure, on aurait dit non qu'elle rompait le calme du jour mais qu'elle le débarrassait de ce qu'il contenait et que le clocher avec l'exactitude indolente et soigneuse d'une personne qui n'a rien d'autre à faire, venait seulement – pour exprimer et laisser tomber les quelques gouttes d'or que la chaleur y avait lentement et naturellement amassées – de presser, au moment voulu, la plénitude du silence.

Le plus grand charme du côté de Guermantes, c'est qu'on y avait presque tout le temps à côté de soi le cours de la Vivonne. On la traversait une première fois, dix minutes après avoir quitté la maison, sur une passerelle dite le Pont-Vieux. Dès le lendemain de notre arrivée, le jour de Pâques, après le sermon s'il faisait beau temps, je courais jusque-

Target Text***La Vivonne***

1 In taking rue de l'Oiseau you passed by the old inn, l'Oiseau Flesché,
2 where in the seventeenth century the carriages of the duchesses of
3 Montpensier, of Guermantes and of Montmorency would pull into the
4 large courtyard when they were required to address some contestation
5 with their farmers, a question of paying homage. We would arrive at the
6 mall between whose branches would appear the steeple of Saint-Hilaire.
7 And I would have liked to have been able to sit down and stay there all
8 day reading whilst listening to the bells; because the weather was so
9 fine and so still that the tolling of the hour did not appear to disrupt the
10 tranquillity of the day but rather to relieve it of all that it contained and
11 that the bell tower, with the indolent and careful precision of one who
12 has nothing better to do, came only – to express and let fall the few
13 drops of gold that the heat had slowly and naturally accumulated – to
14 draw out, at the right moment, the blissfulness of the silence.

15 The greatest charm of the Guermantes way was that you had, at
16 nearly all times alongside you the course of the Vivonne. You crossed it
17 first, ten minutes after leaving the house, by means of a footbridge
18 known as the Old Bridge. The very day following our arrival, Easter
19 Sunday, after the sermon if the weather was fine, I ran there, to see in
20 the disorder of a morning of great festivity where the sumptuous

là, voir dans ce désordre d'un matin de grande fête où quelques préparatifs somptueux font paraître plus sordides les ustensiles de ménage qui traînent encore, la rivière qui se promenait déjà en bleu ciel entre les terres encore noires et nues, accompagnée seulement d'une bande de coucous arrivés trop tôt et de primevères en avance cependant que ça et là une violette au bec bleu laissait fléchir sa tige sous le poids de la goutte d'odeur qu'elle tenait dans son cornet. Le Pont-Vieux débouchait dans un sentier de halage qui à cet endroit se tapissait l'été du feuillage bleu d'un noisetier sous lequel un pêcheur en chapeau de paille avait pris racine. À Combray où je savais quelle individualité de maréchal ferrant ou de garçon épicier était dissimulée sous l'uniforme du suisse ou le surplis de l'enfant de chœur, ce pêcheur est la seule personne dont je n'aie jamais découvert l'identité. Il devait connaître mes parents, car il soulevait son chapeau quand nous passions ; je voulais alors demander son nom, mais on me faisait signe de me taire pour ne pas effrayer le poisson. Nous nous engagions dans le sentier de halage qui dominait le courant d'un talus de plusieurs pieds ; de l'autre côté la rive était basse, étendue en vastes prés jusqu'au village et jusqu'à la gare qui en était distante. Ils étaient semés des restes, à demi enfouis dans l'herbe, du château des anciens comtes de Combray qui au Moyen Âge avait de ce côté le cours de la Vivonne comme défense contre les attaques de sires de Guermantes et des abbés de Martinville. Ce

21 preparations make the usual kitchen utensils left lying around look
22 squalid, the river that was flowing already under blue sky and between
23 banks still black and bare, accompanied by no more than a band of
24 cuckoos come too early and some primroses ahead of their time while
25 here and there the stamen of a blue beak violet dipped under the
26 weight of the drop of scent that it held in its cone. The Old Bridge
27 opened onto a towpath that was at this point weaving itself through the
28 summer-blue foliage of a hazelnut tree under which a fisherman in a
29 straw hat had taken root. At Combray where I could effortlessly make
30 out the personality of the blacksmith or the grocery boy that lay
31 concealed behind the Swiss Guard uniform or the choirboy's surplice,
32 this fisherman is the only person of whom I have never discovered the
33 identity. He must have known my parents, because he lifted his hat
34 when we passed by; I wanted then to ask his name but they shushed me
35 so as not to alarm the fish. We set out along the towpath that
36 overlooked the stream from its embankment several feet above while
37 on the other side the riverbank was low, spread out in vast fields
38 stretching to the village and then on to the train station, even further in
39 the distance. They were strewn with the remains, half buried in the
40 grass, of the castle belonging to the old Earls of Combray, which in
41 medieval times had the course of the Vivonne River to defend it against
42 attack from the lords of Guermantes and the abbots of Martinville. They

n'étaient plus que quelques fragments de tours bossuant la prairie, à peine apparents, quelques créneaux d'ou jadis l'arbalétrier lançait des pierres, d'où le guetteur surveillait Noveont, Clairefontaine, Martinville-le Sec, Bailleau-l'Exempt, toutes terres vassales de Guermantes entre lesquelles Combray était enclavé, aujourd'hui au ras de l'herbe, dominés par les enfants de l'école des frères qui venaient là apprendre leurs leçons ou jouer aux récréations - passé presque descendu dans la terre, couché au bord de l'eau comme un promeneur qui prend le frais mais me donnant fort à songer, me faisant ajouter dans le nom de Combray à la petite ville d'aujourd'hui une cité très différente, retenant mes pensées par son visage incompréhensible et d'autrefois qu'il cachait à demi sous les boutons d'or. Ils étaient fort nombreux à cet endroit qu'ils avaient choisi pour leurs jeux sur l'herbe, isolés, par couples, par troupes, jaunes comme un jaune d'œuf, brillants d'autant plus, me semblait-il, que ne pouvant dériver vers aucune velléité de dégustation le plaisir que leur vue me causait, je l'accumulais dans leur surface dorée, jusqu'à ce qu'il devînt assez puissant pour produire de l'inutile beauté ; et cela dès ma plus petite enfance, quand du sentier de halage je tendais les bras vers eux sans pouvoir épeler complètement leur joli nom de Princes de contes de fées français, venus peut-être il y a bien des siècles d'Asie mais apatriés pour toujours au village, contents du modeste horizon, aimant le soleil et le bord de l'eau, fidèles à la petite vue de la

43 were no more, in truth, than a few tower fragments bruising the prairie,
44 barely discernible, a few battlements from where in days of old the
45 crossbows launched their rocks, the lookouts kept watch over Noveont,
46 Clairefontaine, Martinville-le Sec, Bailleau-l'Exempt, all territories of
47 Guermantes encircling Combray, today reduced to ground level, overrun
48 by the children at the Brothers' school who came there to learn their
49 lessons and to play at recreation time – the past almost sunken in the
50 land, lying down on the waterside like a rambler enjoying the fresh air
51 but who gives me pause for thought, moves me to invest the name of
52 the little village of Combray with the lofty past of a very different town,
53 holding my thoughts with its unreadable face from a bygone era that
54 was kept half-hidden under the golden buttercups. They were abundant
55 at this spot picked for their games on the grass, isolated, in couples, in
56 troops, yellow like the yolk of an egg, all the more radiant, it seemed to
57 me, that not being able to indulge any inclination to savour the pleasure
58 that the sight of them caused me, I stored it up in their golden surface,
59 until it became powerful enough to produce some useless beauty; and
60 this since my earliest childhood, when from the tow-path I stretched out
61 my arms towards them without being able to properly spell out their
62 pretty name of French fairy-tale princes, come perhaps many centuries
63 before from Asia but rehomed forever in the village, happy with their
64 modest horizon, loving the sun and the waterside, loyal to the little view

gare, gardant encore pourtant comme certaines de nos vieilles toiles peintes, dans leur simplicité populaire, un poétique éclat d'orient.

Je m'amusais à regarder les carafes que les gamins mettaient dans la Vivonne pour prendre les petites poissons, et qui, remplies par la rivière, où elles sont à leur tour encloses, à la fois « contenant » aux flancs transparents comme une eau durcie, et « contenu » plongé dans un plus grand contenant de cristal liquide et courant, évoquaient l'image de la fraîcheur plus délicieuse et plus irritante qu'elles n'eussent fait sur une table servie, en ne la montrant qu'en fuite dans cette allitération perpétuelle entre l'eau sans consistance où les mains ne pouvaient la capter et le verre sans fluidité où le palais ne pourrait en jouir. Je me promettais de venir là plus tard avec des lignes ; j'obtenais qu'on tirât un peu de pain des provisions du goûter ; j'en jetais dans la Vivonne des boulettes qui semblaient suffire pour y provoquer un phénomène de sursaturation, car l'eau se solidifiait aussitôt autour d'elles en grappes ovoïdes de têtards inanitiés qu'elle tenait sans doute jusque-là en dissolution, invisibles, tout près d'être en voie de cristallisation.

65 of the train station, still harbouring all the same like certain time-worn
66 painted canvasses, in their colloquial simplicity, a poetic glow of the
67 Orient.

68 I amused myself by watching the carafes that the children were
69 putting into the Vivonne to catch the little fish, and which, filled by the
70 river where they were in turn enclosed – at once “containing” within
71 their transparent walls something like solidified water and “contained”
72 by their submersion in the bigger container of liquid flowing crystal –
73 evoked the image of a more delicious and irritating freshness than if
74 displayed on a dining table, in that it was shown only in flight in this
75 perpetual alliteration between the water without consistency so the
76 hands could not grasp it and the fluidless glass that the palate could not
77 savour. I promised myself to come back here later with fishing lines; I
78 negotiated that we might inveigle a bit of bread from the picnic
79 provisions; the little balls of it I threw into the Vivonne seemed enough
80 to trigger a phenomenon of supersaturation, insofar as the water readily
81 solidified around them in ovoid clusters of famished tadpoles, the water
82 no doubt holding them up to that point in dissolution, invisible, all ready
83 and on the brink of crystallisation.

Student Number	16309215	Text Number	2
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Source Text		Target Text	
Title	<i>Kiffe kiffe demain</i>	Title	<i>Same Old Tomorrow?</i>
Year Published	2004		
Author	Faïza Guène		
Language	French (Paris)	Language	English (Dublin)
Word Count	797	Word Count	791
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 is the fourth chapter in Faïza Guène's novel set in Livry-Gargan, a rundown suburb of North Paris populated mainly by ethnic minorities (Costelloe, 2018). Here Doria, the main protagonist describes some of the pressures of the precarious existence she leads with her mother since their abandonment by her father who has returned to Morocco to take a new wife. Doria experiences marginalisation on many levels but Guène never allows the disappointment and frustration felt by her character to tip into embittered invective but rather delivers insightful, witty observations that will ultimately lead to an optimistic conclusion. Principal themes of the novel, such as the clashes between Moroccan and French cultures, between generations and between dreams and reality, that leave Doria in a liminal space struggling to establish her identity, are touched upon in this chapter. The colloquial register of this passage and indeed of the entire novel is rendered with a language peppered with Parisian slang: verlan (e.g. 'meuf') and argot (e.g. 'mythos', and Franco-Arabic expressions (e.g. 'bled'). Guène's colourful language faithfully renders the code that connects the marginalised to some form of community whilst also positioning		

	the teenage protagonist on the outside of mainstream French-Parisian life.
Strategy • <i>identification of translation problems</i> • <i>knowledge of genre within target context and situation of target text</i> • <i>justification of translation production of genre for target context</i> (200 words max)	The objective of the translation is to maximise accessibility for a target readership of adolescents (15 – 19 years) who are experiencing marginalisation in an Irish context due to social exclusion based on ethnicity, poverty or both. Doria's story will be set ten years later than the source text to heighten relevancy for the target readership. Where possible the Franco-Arabic expressions and the Parisian slang of the source text will be translated into a modern Dublin vernacular in order to preserve authenticity. This will lead to the loss of certain Maghrebi expressions due to the absence of Hiberno-English-Arabic expressions to draw on. For example, to compensate for the loss in translating the term 'bled', which has Arabic connotations with the idea of a homeland, I use the term 'home' in inverted commas in order to preserve the irony implied in Guène's text and provide a connotative equivalent (Koller, 1979: 206) . The significant contrast in Irish and French cultural imagery is evident in my choice of an Irish equivalent for the sophisticated French films referred to in the source text, replaced with a Fáilte Ireland ad depicting Ireland as an escapist, rural idyll. The difference between the image of Paris portrayed on the silver screen to the reality of Parisian tower block suburbs, bares comparison to the chasm between the image of rural Ireland in an ad campaign and the reality of Mulhuddart in the nineties.
Critical Reflection • <i>textual analysis</i> (200 words max)	This translation has rendered Doria's story accessible to a broad cross-section of teenagers living in Ireland as the Arabic slang has been replaced with North Dublin slang that would be familiar throughout Ireland due to tv shows such as <i>Love Hate</i>.

	Sarah Adams describes how she was able to draw on Caribbean, and London Bengali youth culture in addition to Arabic culture when translating Guène's text (Rees, 2006). It is perhaps this richness in source cultures available to Adams that led to a translation that is 'extremely colloquial' (Rosenfeld, 2006). The more limited use of slang in the Irish context serves a portrayal of Doria as an isolated young girl without the lingo that would come with inclusion in a peer group. Guène's positioning of Doria on the margins of her own Maghrebi community influenced this translation resulting in a target text that is less colloquial. The universal nature of the difficulties experienced by children coping with disadvantage and the humour of the source text translates well into a Dublin vernacular as in the closing lines of this passage. The use of Dublin slang opens the text up to teenagers growing up in Ireland the way that previous translations into Cockney or American slang may not.
Works Cited • <i>use of sources and reference material</i>	Costelloe, Dr Laura. 2018. "The French banlieues: plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose." <i>RTE</i> https://www.rte.ie/brainstorm/2018/0110/932342-the-french-banlieues-plus-ca-change-plus-cest-la-meme-chose// [Accessed March, 2021] Koller, Werner. 1995. 'The concept of equivalence and the object of translation studies', <i>Target</i> 7.2: 191-222. http://search.ebscohost.com.elib.tcd.ie/login.aspx?direct=true&db=eds_mzh&AN=199609406[Accessed March, 2021] Rees, Jasper. 2006. 'Unrecognised and Unseen'. <i>The Telegraph</i>. https://www.telegraph.co.uk/culture/books/3651987/Unrecognised-and-unseen.html[Accessed March, 2021]

	Rosenfeld, Lucinda. (2006) 'Catcher in the Rue.' Review. <i>The New York Times</i> . https://www.nytimes.com/2006/07/23/books/review/23rosenfeld.html [Accessed March, 2021]
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Source Text
Kiffe kiffe demain

Ma mère, elle s’imaginait que la France, c’était comme dans les films en noir et blanc des années soixante. Ceux avec l’acteur beau gosse qui raconte toujours un tas de trucs mythos à sa meuf, une cigarette au coin du bec. Avec sa cousine Bouchra, elles avaient réussi à capter les chaînes françaises grâce à une antenne expérimentale fabriquée avec une couscoussière en Inox. Alors quand elle est arrivée avec mon père à Livry-Gargan en février 1984, elle a cru qu’ils avaient pris le mauvais bateau et qu’ils s’étaient trompés de pays. Elle m’a dit que la première chose qu’elle avait faite en arrivant dans ce minuscule F2, c’était de vomir. Je me demande si c’étaient les effets du mal de mer ou un présage de son avenir dans ce bled.

La dernière fois que nous sommes retournées au Maroc, j’étais égarée. Je me souviens des vieilles tatouées qui venaient s’asseoir à côté de Maman pendant les mariages, baptêmes ou circoncisions.

— Tu sais, Yasmina, ta fille devient une femme, il faudrait que tu penses à lui trouver un garçon de bonne famille. Tu connais Rachid ? Le jeune homme qui fait de la soudure...

Target Text
Same Old Tomorrow?

1 My mother had imagined Ireland to be like it was in a Fáihte Ireland
2 ad from the seventies. The one that’s all thatched cottages, green
3 fields and friendly culchies. Herself and her cousin Bouchra had
4 managed to get an Irish TV channel thanks to a makeshift aerial
5 made out of a stainless steel couscous maker. So, when she got to
6 Mulhuddart in February 1994 she thought they’d got the ferries
7 mixed up and they’d arrived in the wrong country. She told me
8 that the first thing she did when she walked into this tiny kip was
9 throw up. I wonder if it was the effects of seasickness or a
10 premonition of her future in her new ‘home’.

11
12
13

14 The last time that we went back to Morocco I was freaked
15 out. I remember the oul’ ones with their tattoos who came to sit
16 beside my mam during the weddings, the baptisms and the
17 circumcisions.

18 “You know Yasmina, your daughter is turning into a woman,
19 you’ll have to think about finding her a boy from a good family. Do

Bande de vieilles connes. Moi je le connais celui-là ! Tout le monde l'appelle « Rachid l'âne bête ». Même les petits de six ans le mettent à l'amende et se foutent de sa gueule. En plus, il lui manque quatre dents, il sait même pas lire, il louche et il sent la pisse. Là-bas, il suffit que tu aies deux petites excroissances sur la poitrine en guise de seins, que tu saches te taire quand on te le demande, faire cuire du pain et c'est bon, t'es bonne à marier. Maintenant de toute façon, je crois qu'on retournera plus jamais au Maroc. Déjà, on a plus les moyens et ma mère dit que ce serait une trop grande humiliation pour elle. On la montrerait du doigt. Elle croit que c'est de sa faute ce qui est arrivé. Pour moi, il y a deux responsables dans cette histoire : mon père et le destin.

L'avenir ça nous inquiète mais ça devrait pas, parce que si ça se trouve, on en a même pas. On peut mourir dans dix jours, demain ou tout à l'heure, là, juste après. C'est le genre de trucs qui prévient pas. Y a ni préavis, ni relance. Pas comme pour la facture EDF en retard. C'est comme mon voisin M. Rodriguez, mon voisin du douzième étage, celui qui a fait la guerre en vrai. Il est mort y a pas longtemps. Bon, OK, il était vieux, mais quand même, on s'y

20 you know Rachid? The young man who works as a welder..."

21 Shower of foul cunts. I knew who they meant. Everyone
22 calls him "Rachid the donkey". Even the little six-year olds give him
23 a hard time and slag him off behind his back. He also happens to
24 be missing four teeth, he can't even read, he squints and he smells
25 of piss. Over there, all it takes is for two small growths disguising
26 themselves as breasts to appear on your chest, that you know how
27 to keep quiet when you're told, how to bake bread, and that's that,
28 you're ready for marriage. Anyway, I don't think we're ever going
29 back to Morocco now. For a start we don't have the money and
30 my mam says it would be too humiliating for her, the way she'd be
31 pointed out. She blames herself for everything that happened. As
32 far as I'm concerned there are two guilty parties in this story: my
33 da and fate.

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35 The fact is we worry about our future when we mightn't even
36 have one. We could be struck down dead at any moment;
37 tomorrow, later today, who knows. It's the kind of thing that
38 happens without warning. No forewarning and no going back. Not
39 like the lecky bill that's overdue. Take my neighbour, Mr Macari,
40 from the twelfth floor, he fought in a real war. Died a while back.
41 Sure, he was old, but still, it took us by surprise.

attendait pas.

J'y pense à la mort des fois. Ça m'arrive même d'en rêver. Une nuit, j'assistais à mon enterrement. Y avait presque personne. Juste ma mère, Mme Burlaud, Carla, la Portugaise qui nettoie les ascenseurs de la tour, Leonardo DiCaprio de *Titanic*, et ma copine Sarah qui a déménagé à Trappes quand j'avais douze ans. Mon père, il était pas là. Il devait s'occuper de sa paysanne enceinte de son futur Momo pendant que moi, eh ben j'étais morte. C'est dégueulasse. Son fils, je suis sûre qu'il sera bête, encore plus bête que Rachid le soudeur. J'espère même qu'il va boiter, qu'il aura des problèmes de vue et qu'à la puberté, il aura plein d'acné. En plus, dans leur bled paumé, y aura pas moyen d'avoir du Biactol ou de l'Eau Précieuse pour soigner ses boutons. Sauf peut-être au marché noir s'il se débrouille bien. De toute façon, ce sera un raté, c'est sûr. Dans cette famille, la connerie, ça se transmet de père en fils. À seize ans, il vendra des pommes de terre et des navets sur le marché. Et sur le chemin du retour, sur son âne noir, il se dira : « Je suis un type glamour. »

Plus tard, moi, je voudrais travailler dans un truc glamour, mais je sais pas où exactement... Le problème, c'est qu'en cours, je suis nulle. Je touche la moyenne juste en arts plastiques. C'est déjà ça mais je crois que pour mon avenir, coller des feuilles mortes sur du

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I think about death now and again. Even dream about it sometimes. One night I witnessed my own funeral. There was hardly anyone there. Just my mam, Mrs Burlow, Carla, the cleaner from the drop-in centre, Leonardo DiCaprio from *Titanic*, and my friend Sarah who moved to Santry when I was twelve. My dad... no sign. He must have been busy with his pregnant culchie carrying his mini Muhammad, while I ..., well, I was dead. It's disgusting. I bet his son will be even thicker than Rachid the welder. I hope he's born with a limp, that he'll be half blind, and as soon as he hits puberty he'll be covered in acne. In their stupid hole of a village they won't find any Clearasil or Dermalogica to clear his spots with either. Except maybe on the black market, if he has any smarts. Anyway, one thing's for sure he'll be a loser. In this family, stupidity is passed on from father to son. At sixteen he'll be selling spuds and turnips at the market. And on his way home, astride his black donkey, he'll think to himself: "I'm livin' the glamorous life".

One day I'd like to have a glamorous job, just not sure where exactly...The problem is that I'm useless at school. I just about pass art. At least that's something, but realistically, I don't think I'll have much use for sticking dried leaves on craft paper in the future. Whatever happens I don't fancy ending up behind the

papier Canson, ça va pas trop m'aider. En tout cas, j'ai pas envie de me retrouver derrière la caisse d'un fast-food, obligée de sourire tout le temps en demandant aux clients : « Quelle boisson ? Menu normal ou maxi ? Sur place ou à emporter ? Pour ou contre l'avortement ? » Et de me faire engueuler par mon responsable si je mets trop de frites à un client parce qu'il m'aurait souri... C'est vrai, ça aurait pu être l'homme de ma vie celui-là. Je lui aurais fait une réduction sur son menu, il m'aurait emmenée à Hippopotamus, m'aurait demandée en mariage, et on aurait vécu heureux dans son sublime F5.

64 till in Supermacs with a smile tattooed on my face, asking: "What
65 drink d'yez want? Regular or large meal? To have here or
66 takeaway? For or against abortion?" And getting my head chewed
67 off by my supervisor if I give a fella that smiled at me a few extra
68 chips... Very possible he could've been the man of my dreams that
69 fella. I'd give him a bit off the price, he'd bring me to Milano, ask
70 me to marry him and we'd live happily ever after in his gorgeous
71 penthouse apartment.
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Student Number	16309215	Text Number	3
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Source Text		Target Text	
Title	<i>Across the Rooftops</i>	Title	<i>Depuis les toits</i>
Year Published	2012		
Author	Kevin Barry		
Language	English	Language	Standard French
Word Count	1623	Word Count	1668
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 is a short story set on a roof ledge across from a church steeple in Cork city at sunrise. The liminal setting, on the edge between night and day, reflects the situation of a young couple, teetering between the exhaltation of new love and the disappointment of opportunity lost. The first person narrator gives an in-depth analysis of his inner turmoil as he agonises over how to ‘make the move’ and how, ultimately, he misses that window of opportunity. References to youth culture and a casual register deliver an authentic portrayal of the two young students: “‘Now I don’t want to sound painfully cool here?’ I said. [...] ‘But you may be looking at the man who introduced Detroit techno to the savages of Cork city.’ Meanwhile the figurative language of the descriptive passages evokes the still sleeping city (lines 1-9) and the anguish of the young protagonist as the narrative heads towards the moment of crisis (e.g. l. 80). The inexperience of the young student is humorously thrown into relief by the contrast with their friend’s sexual antics that can be heard coming from inside the flat below: Cecille who ‘had no trouble ever making the moves’. In addition to the setting, across from the church steeple, numerous references are made to religion and the church (alluded to seven times). Barry thus raises the spectre of the role of a dominant church in the young man’s slightly		

	confused attitude to sexuality ('our jawbones worked slowly and devoutly') and lack of confidence.
Strategy • <i>identification of translation problems</i> • <i>knowledge of genre within target context and situation of target text</i> • <i>justification of translation production of genre for target context</i> (200 words max)	The target text will appear in a special issue of <i>Psychologies</i> magazine devoted to adolescent mental health. The translation is therefore aimed at readers aged between seventeen and twentyfour (see The Lancet 2013: 223). An article featuring interviews with young people sharing their experiences of religion and religious education will run alongside the short story. To maximise relevancy for French readers the story will be relocated from Cork city to the Cathedral city of Rouen. Google maps will be consulted to select recognizable place names with the aim of ensuring a level of authenticity. To highlight the shadow of religion conveyed in the source text a measure of explicitation (Vinay & Darbelnet 1995, 342) will be applied in that Rouen streets named after religious figures will be given precedence over geographical accuracy. For example, the street where they are located will be given the name 'Rue de l'Abbé de l'Épée' [The Abbot of the Sword Street] even though in reality this street is not adjacent to the cathedral. The character of Cecille, whose French name adds a hint of exoticism for Irish readers, will be renamed Freda with the hope of an equivalent effect in the target culture. The name Freda will potentially make explicit the humour in the contrast between the experiences of the uptight Romeo on the roof and the sexually liberated woman in the flat below.
Critical Reflection • <i>textual analysis</i> (200 words max)	An interesting outcome of the shift to a French context whilst multiplying the references to religion is the emergence of this liminal setting in the target text where place names identify the city as Rouen but streets and churches are not where they should be and physical descriptions are imaginary (e.g. l. 38) This outcome of the translation strategy mirrors

	the position of the protagonist caught between harsh reality and the fantasy he was trying to make real (line 118-119). Furthermore the decision to translate the title to <i>Depuis les toits</i>, [From the rooftops], has unexpectedly introduced an aspect of vertical liminality to the protagonist's position that is less evident in the source text. From the lofty heights of the rooftop, from where he has the chance of attaining romantic bliss he looks down on the bleak reality of 'the pool of silence that was the city beneath us..' This liminality informs the objective of the target text in exploring the liminal phase of adolescence. As this collection has not been translated before (Worldcat, 2021), the target text has the potential to introduce Kevin Barry's short stories to a wider audience than the target readership outlined, ie. readers of <i>Psychologies</i> Magazine from older age groups.
Works Cited • <i>use of sources and reference material</i>	The Lancet. 2013. 'Child and Adolescent Health.' <i>Viewpoint</i>. Vol. 2, Iss. 3 pp 223 - 228 https://doi.org/10.1016/S2352-4642(18)30022-1 [Accessed March, 2021] Licquet, Théod. 1840. <i>The Project Gutenberg eBook of Rouen, Its History and Monuments: A Guide to Strangers</i>. https://www.gutenberg.org/files/18740/18740-h/18740-h.htm [Accessed May, 2021] Vinay, Jean-Paul and Jean Darbelnet. 1995. <i>Comparative Stylistics of French and English. A methodology for translation</i> Benjamins: Amsterdam/Philadelphia WorldCat.

	https://www.worldcat.org/search?qt=worldcat_org_all&q=Dark+Lies+the+Islandd [Accessed March, 2021]
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Source Text

Across the Rooftops

Early one summer morning, I sat with her among the rooftops of the city and the fat white clouds moved slowly above us - it was so early as to be a city lost in sleep, and she was really very near to me. My want for her was intense and long-standing - three months at least; an eternity - and I was close enough to see the opaque down of her bare arms, each strand curling like a comma at its tip, and the tiny scratched flecks of dark against the hazel of her eyes. She was just a stretch and a clasp away. The city beneath was lost to the peaceful empty moments of 5 a.m. - it might be a perfect Saturday of July. All I had to do was make the move.

Nor was it my imagination that her shoulder inclined just slightly towards me, that there was a dip in the way she held it, the shoulder bare also beneath the strap of her vest top. The shoulder's dip must signal an opening.

'Now I don't want to sound painfully cool here?' I said.

'I believe you,' she said.

'But you may be looking at the man who introduced Detroit techno to the savages of Cork city.'

We talked about the music and the clothes and the pills and the hours we had spent together - the nightclub, and then the party at the flat that was rented by friends, all of whom were panned out inside now,

Target Text

Depuis les toits

1 Aux petites heures d'un matin d'été je m'asseyais avec elle parmi les
2 toits de la ville et les gros nuages blancs avançaient lentement au-dessus
3 de nos têtes - c'était si tôt que la ville était encore plongée dans son
4 sommeil, et elle, elle était vraiment très proche de moi. Mon désir pour
5 elle était intense et ancien ; (une éternité) - et j'étais même
6 suffisamment proche pour voir le duvet de poils opaques qui couvrait
7 ses bras nus, chaque poil s'enroulant comme le point d'une virgule, et
8 les minuscules mouchetures sombres, griffées sur ses yeux noisettes. Il
9 suffirait de tendre ma main pour l'éteindre. La ville en bas était perdue
10 dans ses moments paisibles, vides de cinq heures du matin – un parfait
11 samedi de juillet était à ma portée. Je n'avais qu'à prendre l'initiative.

12 D'ailleurs cela ne relevait aucunement de mon imagination : son
13 épaule était légèrement inclinée dans ma direction, il y avait en effet
14 une inclinaison dans la manière dont elle la tenait, nue sous la bretelle
15 de son débardeur. L'inclinaison devait être un signe.

16 « Bon, je ne veux pas paraître hyper branché.. » dis-je.

17 « Je veux bien te croire, » dit-elle.

18 « Mais il est possible que tu sois en face de l'homme qui a
19 introduit la techno de Detroit aux sauvages de la ville de Rouen. »

20 Nous parlions de musique, de fringues, de pilules, des heures qu'on avait

asleep or halfway there, and we had climbed onto the rooftop to smoke a joint and see the day come through. Every line had the dry inflected drag of irony - feeling was unmentionable. We talked about everything except the space between us.

I sat on my hands.

I thought about maybe kissing her shoulder. How would that be for a move? It would be the work of two seconds - a lean-to, a planting of the lips, a withdrawal. And a shy little glance to follow.

'I should maybe think about going,' she said.

I really need to make the move.

'Don't yet,' I said.

The pool of silence that was the city beneath us was broken but infrequently - a scratch of car noise from a cab rank, the tiny bark of a dog from high in the estates somewhere, very distant, the sound of the traffic lights turning on the corner of Washington Street and Grand Parade. Across the way the church and its steeple, the grey of old devotion, the greened brass of its dome.

I turned towards her and I looked at her directly and her eyes braved me to make the move.

'So any plans for Saturday?' I said.

I read again the disappointment in her - she was urging me on but onwards I could not make ground.

21 passées ensemble - la boîte de nuit, et puis la fête dans l'appartement
22 loué par des amis, tous à présent étalés comme une masse à l'intérieur,
23 et nous avions grimpé sur la toit pour fumer un pétard et regarder le
24 jour se lever. Tout ce que nous disions était modulé par une traînée
25 aride d'ironie – interdit d'exprimer nos sentiments. Nous parlâmes de
26 tout sauf l'espace entre nous.

27 Je m'assis sur mes mains.

28 Je considérai la possibilité de lui embrasser l'épaule. Serait-ce le pas
29 à faire? À peine deux secondes, le temps de l'effleurer, d'y déposer mes
30 lèvres à la façon d'un retrait. Suivi d'un petit coup d'œil timide.

31 « Il est peut-être temps que je parte, » dit-elle.

32 Il faut absolument que je fasse quelque chose.

33 « Pas encore, » dis-je.

34 L'étang de silence qu'était la ville au-dessous n'était brisé qu'ici et
35 là: le grincement d'une voiture à la station de taxis, au loin l'infime
36 aboiement d'un chien quelque part dans les lotissements, le bruit des
37 feux de signalisation en train de changer au coin de rue l'Abbé de l'Épée
38 et Rue Saint Roumain. De l'autre côté, l'église et ses clochers, ce gris de
39 l'ancienne dévotion, ces visages noircis de ses saints sculptés.

40 Je me tournai vers elle et la regardai en face, et ses yeux me
41 défiaient de prendre l'initiative.

42 « Alors, t'as quelque chose de prévu pour samedi? » dis-je.

'Depends,' she said.
 Her shoulder dipped a fraction again. Now was the moment. I sat on my hands and looked out across the rooftops and saw nothing, registered nothing but the hard quickening beat of my heart.
 'So...how's it you know Cecille again?' I said.
 She sighed and explained the connection - it was through the 50. university, they had shared a place on French's Quay as first years.
 'And-how-do-you-know-Cecille?'
 She said it in an exaggeratedly bored tone - an automated drone, the words running into each other; a mockery.
 The flat high on Washington Street was Cecille's - Cecille had in her bedroom loudly been fucking some boy for most of the night; Cecille had no trouble ever making the moves.
 'Cecille's had a good night anyway,' I said.
 'Yeah,' she said.
 Maybe I should just ask, I thought. Can I kiss you? How would that sound?
 A gull descended to the lip of the church's roof. Across the breadth of the street, the mad stare of its eye was vivid and comical and a taunt to me.
 I allowed my left hand to emerge from beneath my buttock and I let it travel the space between us, along the cool stone of the ledge, and

43 Je lus une fois encore sa déception - elle me poussait à me lancer
 44 mais je me sentais incapable de gagner du terrain.
 45 « Ça dépend, » dit-elle.
 46 Elle inclina encore l'épaule légèrement. Ce fut le moment d'agir.
 47 Je m'assis sur mes mains et parcourrai les toits de mon regard, mais rien
 48 n'arrêta mon regard, rien ne m'atteignît que l'accélération foncée du
 49 battement de mon cœur.
 50 « Alors...comment se fait-il déjà que tu connaisses Freda? » dis-je.
 51 Elle soupira et m'expliqua - elles étaient à l'université ensemble,
 52 elles avaient partagé une chambre dans la Rue Saint Nicolas en première
 53 année.
 54 « Et-toi-comment-se-fait-il-que-tu-connaisses-Freda? »
 55 Elle le dit d'un ton exagérément ennuyeux - un murmure
 56 monotone, automatique, les mots soudés ensemble ; bref, une
 57 moquerie.
 58 L'appartement tout en haut de rue Saint-Romain appartenait à
 59 Freda - Freda avait baisé un garçon pratiquement toute la nuit; Freda
 60 n'avait aucun problème quand il s'agissait de prendre l'initiative.
 61 « En tout cas Freda a passé une bonne soirée, » dis-je.
 62 « Ouais, » dit-elle.
 63 Peut-être que je devrais demander tout simplement, pensai-je.
 64 Est-ce que je peux t'embrasser? Quel effet ça ferait?

I placed my fingers lightly on hers.

No response.

I listened for a change in her breathing but nothing. She was still even and steady and I turned to look at her and blithely still she looked out and across the rooftops. She did not incline her head towards me. And she did not speak at all.

I drew back my fingers but only by an inch or two.

I looked to see if she would withdraw her hand to a safer distance but she did not.

She breathed evenly.

Hard rasps of jungle panic ripped at my chest inside.

I thought - what's the worst that can happen here? The worst that can happen is I lurch and she recoils. So much worse not to try.

'So all I have to do now,' I said, 'is make the move.'

'Jesus Christ,' she said.

'What?'

'You're killing this stone dead,' she said.

But she did not get up from the ledge. She did not leave my side. She allowed the silence to swell and fill out again. Now birdsong taunted from the direction of Bishop Lucey Park. What if I left it to her to make the move? Procreation would end and the world would stop spinning.

The birdsong rose up now and strung its notes along the rooftops

65 Une mouette descendit sur le bord du toit de l'église. Depuis
66 l'autre côté de la rue, le regard furieux de son œil était vif et comique,
67 une sorte de provocation à mon rencontre.

68 Je laissai émerger ma main gauche d'en-dessous de ma fesse et
69 l'autorisai à entrer dans l'espace qui nous départageait, le long de la
70 pierre froide du rebord, et je plaçai mes doigts légèrement sur les siens.

71 Pas de réaction.

72 J'écoutai dans l'espoir d'un changement dans sa respiration mais
73 rien. Elle était imperturbable, et je me tournai vers elle pour la regarder
74 et toujours elle promenait son regard sur les toits. Elle ne s'inclina pas la
75 tête vers moi. Et elle ne dit mot.

76 Je retirai mes doigts mais seulement d'une pouce ou deux.

77 Je regardai pour voir si elle allait retirer sa main jusqu'une
78 distance plus sûre mais elle ne le fit pas.

79 Elle respirait régulièrement.

80 Des grincements violents d'une panique sauvage déchiraient
81 l'intérieur de ma poitrine.

82 Je pensai - quel est le pire qui puisse arriver? Le pire qui puisse
83 arriver c'est que j'avance maladroitement et elle recule. Ne rien tenter
84 serait bien pire.

85 « Alors tout-ce qu'il me reste à faire maintenant, » dis-je, « c'est
86 de faire le premier pas. »

and. linked them in a jagged line, the rise and fall of the steeples and chimneys was as though a musical notation. There was dead quiet from the flat inside. The last awake, we had the morning to ourselves.

‘I really like you.’ I said.

‘Okay,’ she said.

‘I mean really really.’

So very hard to put the words out but they were on the air and at their work now. I turned to look at her and she turned but to look away. I saw that a flush had risen to her cheek. The perfect knit of her collarbone as it turned, and flawless brown from a good June the smooth curve of the shoulder. Like rounded stone made smooth by water. It was as if my words had just flown up into the white sky above and softly imploded there, as if an answer was not needed.

‘Okay,’ I said.

This meant everything. All of the summer would be coloured by this. She did not seem to breathe then. I kept my eyes fixed on her, as she looked anywhere but at me, and I counted the seconds away as she did not turn to face me.

In my evil dreams I had seen myself approach her with lascivious intent - with a cold thin cruel sexual mouth just parted slight-ways - and I went deep then to find a way to make this suave magic come real. Still, something in her presence unmanned me; perhaps it was the sense that

87 « Nom de Dieu, » dit-elle.

88 « Quoi? »

89 « Tu casses l’ambiance, jusqu’à ce qu’il soit raide mort » dit-elle.

90 Mais elle ne se leva pas du rebord. Elle ne me quitta pas. Elle

91 laissa le silence enfler, inondant la scène. À présent les chants d’oiseaux

92 venant de l’Abbatiale Saint-Ouen se moquaient de moi. Et si je me

93 remettais à elle de faire les avances? La procréation cesserait et le

94 monde s’arrêterait de tourner.

95 Les chants d’oiseaux s’élevèrent maintenant et échelonnèrent

96 leurs notes le long des toits en les joignant d’une manière dentelée, la

97 montée et la chute des clochers et des cheminées faisait comme une

98 sorte de partition musicale. Un silence de mort régna à l’intérieur de

99 l’appartement. Les derniers debout nous avions le matin à nous seuls.

100 « Je t’aime beaucoup. » Dis-je.

101 « D’accord, » dit-elle.

102 « Je veux dire beaucoup beaucoup. »

103 Si dur de prononcer ces paroles mais les voilà maintenant, dans

104 l’air effectuant leur travail. Je me tournai pour la regarder et elle se

105 tourna mais pour regarder ailleurs. Je vis qu’une rougeur s’était levée

106 sur sa joue. L’entrelacs parfait de sa clavicule alors qu’elle tournait, et le

107 bronzage parfait après le beau temps de la courbure lisse de l’épaule.

108 Comme une pierre arrondie par l’eau. C’était comme si mes paroles

I was aiming too high. She was really quite beautiful.

‘Turn to me,’ I said.

She laughed but it was only a tiny laugh and it had the trace of shock in it - I was forceful now out of nowhere.

And she turned to me.

I leaned in without pause - I did not allow the words to jumble up in my head and forbid me - and I placed my lips on hers.

She responded well enough - the opening of the lips was made, our jawbones worked slowly and devoutly, but...we did not ascend to the heavens; the kiss did not take.

After I don’t know how long - maybe half a minute, maybe a little more - she placed very lightly on my chest the tips of her fingers and the tiny pressure she applied there told me it was over, already, the pressure was of a fuse that fed directly from her heart. Gently so with her fingertips she pushed me back to break the kiss.

She turned quickly to look away and I turned as quickly to look in the opposite direction. My heart opened and took in every black poison the morning could offer.

Mid-summer. Slant of the sun coming through the white-clouded sky then, and the church across the way drew its own shade over half of Washington Street; a fat pigeon flew beneath the eave of the church and only the heavy beat of its wings on the air broke the dark spell that had

109 venaient de s’envoler vers le ciel blanc au-dessus de nous et qu’elles
110 implosèrent en douceur, comme s’il n’y avait pas besoin d’une réponse.

111 « Bon, » dis-je.

112 Cela voulait tout dire. L’été entier en serait coloré. Il sembla alors
113 qu’elle ne respirait pas. Je fixai mon regard sur elle, pendant qu’elle
114 regardait partout sauf vers moi, et je comptais les secondes tandis
115 qu’elle ne se tournait pas pour me faire face.

116 Dans mes rêves maléfiques je m’étais vu l’approcher avec des
117 intentions lascives - avec une bouche froide et serrée, sexuelle et cruelle
118 à demi-ouverte - et je cherchai au fond de moi un moyen de rendre
119 cette magie mielleuse réelle. Pourtant, quelque chose dans sa présence
120 m’émascula; peut être était-ce l’impression que je visais trop haut. Elle
121 était vraiment très belle.

122 « Tourne-toi vers moi, » dis-je.

123 Elle rit mais ce n’était qu’un petit rire qui recelait la trace de choc
124 - tout d’un coup je réagissais avec vigueur.

125 Et elle se tourna vers moi.

126 Je me penchai sans hésiter - je ne permis pas que les paroles se
127 confondent dans ma tête pour me l’interdire - et je plaçai mes lèvres sur
128 les siennes.

129 Sa réponse n’était pas mal - l’ouverture des lèvres fut accomplie,
130 nos mâchoires s’appliquaient lentement et pieusement, mais...nous

formed about us. I turned to look at her, and she responded with a half-smile, half sorrowful. She placed her palms face down on the ledge and pushed herself to a stand. Languid the movement, to let me know what I was missing.

‘I’m going to go,’ she said.

I nodded as coolly as I could. That I could muster even the tiniest measure of cool was credit to my resilience. I was resilient as the small medieval city beneath - throw a siege upon me and I will withstand it.

She crawled through the Velux window to the flat inside, and I heard after a few moments the turn and click on the flat’s door; then her footsteps on the stair. With her steps’ fading, the summer went, even as the sun came higher across the rooftops and warmed the stone ledge and the slates, and I looked out across the still, quiet city, and I sat there for hours and for months and for years. I sat there until all that had been about us had faded again to nothing, until the sound of the crowd died and the music had ended, and we all trailed home along the sleeping streets, with youth packed away, and life about to begin.

131 n’accédâmes pas aux cieux; le baiser ne décolla pas.

132 Après je ne sais combien de temps - peut-être une demi-minute,
133 peut-être un peu plus - elle plaça le bout des doigts légèrement sur ma
134 poitrine et la petite pression qu’elle y appliqua me signala que c’était
135 fini, déjà, la pression étant un fusible branché directement sur son cœur.
136 Doucement alors avec les bouts des doigts elle me repoussa pour briser
137 le baiser.

138 Promptement elle se détourna pour regarder ailleurs et je me
139 détournai avec la même vitesse pour regarder dans l’autre sens. Mon
140 cœur s’ouvrit et avala tout le poison noir dont le matin était capable de
141 m’offrir.

142 En plein été. Puis l’inclinaison de soleil passant à travers le ciel
143 blanc embrumé, et l’église d’en face dessina sa propre ombre
144 obscurcissant plus de la moitié de Rue l’Abée de l’Épée; un gros pigeon
145 vola en-dessous de l’avant-toit de l’église et seul le battement lourd de
146 ses ailes dans l’air rompit le maléfice qui nous encerclait. Je me tournai
147 pour la regarder, et elle répondit avec un demi-sourire, à moitié
148 attristée. Elle plaça la paume des mains sur le rebord et se poussa
149 debout. Mouvement langoureux, pour me rappeler tout-ce que je ratais.

150 ‘Je vais y aller,’ dit-elle.

151 Je fis signe de tête en essayant d’être aussi cool que possible.
152 Que je puisse rassembler même au moindre mesure un apparence de

153 calme témoignait de mon endurance. J'étais aussi résistant que
154 l'ancienne citadelle lointaine - assiège-moi et je résisterai.
155 Elle se glissa par la fenêtre pour rentrer dans l'appartement ; et
156 j'entendis après quelques moments le clic de la porte de l'appartement,
157 suivi de ses pas sur l'escalier. Tandis que ses pas s'affaiblissaient, l'été
158 s'en alla, alors même que le soleil se leva plus haut au-dessus des toits
159 et réchauffa le rebord en pierre et les ardoises, et je me promenais mon
160 regard sur la ville, calme et silencieuse, et je restai là assis pendant des
161 heures et des mois et des années. Je m'assis là jusqu'à ce que tout ce qui
162 nous entourait s'efface, jusqu'à ce que le bruit de la foule cesse et la
163 musique finisse, et nous trainâmes tous le long des rues endormies, avec
164 la jeunesse rangée, et la vie sur le point de commencer.

Student Number	16309215	Text Number	4
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Source Text		Target Text	
Title	<i>Salut Galarneau!</i>	Title	<i>What about ya Galarneau!</i>
Year Published	1967		
Author	Jacques Godbout		
Language	Canadian French	Language	Irish-English (Northern Ireland border counties)
Word Count	929	Word Count	1042
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 extract consists of the last three pages of Godbout's short novel about the journey to self-discovery of the titular hero and narrator, an aspiring writer and hot dog vendor on the Quebec-Ontario border. The peripheral position of the narrator is resolved in these last pages where Galarneau realises that his resolution to build a wall and cut himself off from society is not the answer. He discovers the importance of communication and how, through words, an identity can be created. A realisation summed up with his hybrid neologism: 'vécrire' that combines <i>vivre</i> (to live) with <i>écrire</i> (to write). While the everyday, conversational register serves a phatic function and ensures a connection with the reader, this text can be read as a linguistic experiment of sorts. Québécois colloquialisms (for example 'Je me pacterai' meaning 'I would get drunk'), Québécois swear words rooted in blasphemy ('Stie' short for nostie meaning host but commonly translated as 'Fuck!') (see Dictionnaire Québécois), references to religion ('officier aux vêpres' meaning 'to officiate at Vespers'),		

	and references to American culture (<i>Happy Birthday</i> song), French culture (ironic reference to <i>Bonjour Tristesse</i> in the title <i>Salut Galarneau!</i>) and Quebec culture (Willie Lamothe ¹) combine in the text to illustrate the author's concept of an inclusive society.
Strategy • <i>identification of translation problems</i> • <i>knowledge of genre within target context and situation of target text</i> • <i>justification of translation production of genre for target context</i> (200 words max)	The target text is aimed at readers from Northern Ireland over the age of eighteen. The source text was chosen for this target readership as it is hoped that its themes relating to identity and its recurring motifs of a peripheral existence, of walls and of borders, will resonate given the current focus on the invisible borders defining Northern Ireland. (Edington and Morris, 2021) The objective of the target text is to draw out the liminal aspects of the borderline existence described in the source text, by means of a continuum strategy between foreignization and domestication (Venuti 2008. 15). The source text will be translated into a Northern Ireland English vernacular spoken in the border counties. However, the Québécois profanities will be literal translations. For example 'je m'ennuie en nostie' will be translated as 'I'm bored as the fucking host at mass' whereas a more opaque translation might be 'I'm bored as fuck.' Finally, Quebec cultural references will be preserved in the target text with footnotes added to give context, i.e. the Quebec singer Willie Lamothe and Christin's ginger ale. The flavour of the ginger ale will be changed to their Belfast Ginger Ale variety, however, to strengthen the connection between Northern Ireland and Quebec.
Critical Reflection • <i>textual analysis</i>	The <i>hybrid</i> translation strategy of the blasphemous Québécois swear words, (for example 'Body of fuckin' Christ/fuckin'Eucharistic bread.') reveals the strong influence of religion in the Québécois language thus raising an

¹ Willie Lamothe (1920-1992) was a Quebec Country and Western singer who sang in French.

(200 words max)	aspect of that culture that bears similarities to the social and political history of Northern Ireland. Furthermore, the jarring effect of this translation strategy on the reader has the potential to provoke an interest in Quebec culture and the important message embodied in Godbout's writing. It could be argued that this strategy builds on Godbout's linguistic experiment where the literal translations of profanities bring insight into source cultures. Although the swear terms will be unfamiliar to readers of the target text they appear to have a rhythm about them that compliments the Northern Ireland-English vernacular, or such at least was the view of a reader from Monaghan who tried them out. The target text may not be limited to the specified target readership given the references to building a wall and to self-isolation; concepts that are very relevant to post-Trump, post-lockdown English-speaking readers. The completion of this translation on the 10th of May in Dublin, the day that marks the beginning of the end of lockdown in Ireland, inadvertently proved very timely!
Works Cited <i>use of sources and reference material</i>	Bouteilles Anciennes du Quebec. http://bouteilles-anciennes-du-quebec.weebly.com/bouteilles-et-cabaret-christin.html [Accessed May, 2021] <i>The Canadian Encyclopedia</i>. Willie Lamothe. https://www.thecanadianencyclopedia.ca/en/article/willie-lamothe-emc [Accessed May, 2021] Dictionnaire Québécois https://www.dictionnaire-quebecois.com/definitions-p.html [Accessed May, 2021]

	Edgington, Tom and Chris Morris. 2021. "What is the Northern Ireland Protocol and why are there checks?" <i>BBC News</i>. https://www.bbc.com/news/explainers-53724381 [Accessed May, 2021]
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	Venuti, Lawrence. 2008. <i>The Translator's Invisibility: A History of Translation</i>. London and New York: Routledge
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Source Text	Target Text
<i>Salut Galarneau!</i>	<i>What About Ya Galarneau!</i>
<i>Happy Birthday to you</i>	1 <i>Joyeux anniversaire</i>
<i>Happy Birthday to you</i>	2 <i>Joyeux anniversaire</i>
<i>Happy Birthday dear Galarneau</i>	3 <i>Joyeux anniversaire cher Galarneau</i>
<i>Happy Birthday to you</i>	4 <i>Joyeux anniversaire</i>
Je chante faux bien sûr, je n'ai pas le talent de papa, je n'officie pas aux vêpres, mais ça n'est pas une raison pour sauter à pieds joints par-dessus mon vingt-sixième anniversaire : chaque dis-huit octobre qui passe mérite que la terre un instant cesse de tourner. Cela se passe de cette manière : il faut une table, dessus une nappe blanche, des gobelets de carton, du Nectar mousseux Christin, un gâteau de trois étages recouvert d'un crémage moelleux au sirop d'érable. Cette fois-ci préparer le gâteau, ça n'a pas été un voyage de noce, je veux dire j'avais fait des provisions, mais je n'avais pas pensé à ma fête et j'ai dû me contenter de farine de maïs et d'eau; pourtant, avec de la levure, ça tient maintenant comme un gratte-ciel sur le plateau rose.	5 Of course, I'm singing out of tune, I don't have daddy's talent, I'm not 6 officiating at Vespers after all, but that's no reason to skip my twenty- 7 sixth birthday altogether: it's only fair that every eighteenth of October 8 the world should stop spinning for a minute. It goes like this: first a 9 table covered with a white tablecloth, some paper cups, a bottle of 10 Christin's Belfast Ginger Ale ² , a triple-layer cake smothered in maple 11 syrup flavour buttercream icing. Not a word of a lie, making the cake this 12 time around was no picnic, I mean I'd got the supplies in but I hadn't 13 planned for the party and I had to make do with cornflour and water; 14 although, I have to say, with the yeast, it's standing tall and steady as a 15 skyscraper now on the pink plate so it is.
Je place le gâteau sur la table, j'y enfonce vingt-six bougies, je me retourne vers le soleil et comme Josué je lui demande : « une minute de silence ». J'allume les bougies, je compte jusqu'à trois et la terre qui s'était arrêtée se remet à tourner avec une telle secousse qu'elle éteint	16 I put the cake on the table, I jam in the twenty-six candles, I turn back 17 towards the sun and like Joshua I ask it for "a minute's silence". I light 18 the candles, I count to three and the Earth that had stopped gets back to 19 spinning with such a jolt that it puts them all out with one gust, my

² Christin was a soft drinks company founded in 1855 in Montréal by Joseph Christin. One of the flavours in their range of soft drinks was called Belfast Ginger Ale.

le tout d'un seul souffle, mon vœu le plus cher sera exaucé, *Happy Birthday!*

- Tu m'excuseras Galarneau, mais j'ai cherché dans toute la maison le cadeau à te donner, je n'ai rien trouvé.
- T'as pas cherché bien fort.
- Écoute, sans sortir ... fallait trouver quelque chose sur place...
- Justement.
- Justement quoi?
- Tu viens de le dire, ce qui me ferait plaisir, pour ma vingt-sixième année...
- Je ne vois pas.
- Faire comme le corneilles, escalader le mur, aller danser, tiens comme ça, regarde-moi bien.
- Tu vas casser les chaises.
- Qu'est-ce que ça peut te faire? Tu ne trouves pas que j'ai déjà l'air idiot de chanter tout seul? J'ai envie de crier comme Willie Lamothe dans les plaines du farouest, iiioulou! Et puis, si tu veux que je te dise la vérité, je m'ennuie en nostie, pour un peu je me jouerais les clients, je me commanderais à manger, j'ai besoin de rencontres, de fleurs, d'hommes, mieux vaut être trompé qu'isolé, j'ai envie de parler, d'êtreindre, de serrer des mains, de jouer aux cartes, de mentir à quelqu'un...

20 dearest wish will be granted, *Joyeux Anniversaire!*

21 "You'll have to forgive me Galarneau, but didn't I search all over the
22 house for a present for you and not a thing could I find.

23 "You didn't look hard enough."

"Listen, without going away out of here...I had to make do with what there is...

20 "Exactly."

21 "Exactly what?"

22 "You just said it, what it is that would make me really happy on my
23 twenty-sixth birthday...

24 "I'm not with you."

25 "Copy the crows, away up over the wall, go dancing, yeah like that,
26 watch me closely now."

27 "You're going to break the chairs."

28 "What's it to you? D'you not think I already look like an idiot singing all
29 on my lonesome? I feel like crying like Willie Lamothe in the plains of the
30 Far West, iiioulou! And then, if you want me to tell you the truth, I'm
31 bored as the fucking host at Mass, it won't be long now before I start
32 playing at being the customers, ordering food from myself, I need
33 contact, flowers, men, it's better to be cheated on than to be alone so it
34 is, I want to talk, to hug, to shake hands, to play cards, to lie to

*Je pourrais ne pas faire abattre le mur, je conserverais la maison comme écritoire, je veux dire je parcourrais les rues, j'embrasserais des enfants, je connaîtrais des femmes, je gagnerais des sous, je me pacterais d'un golfe à l'autre, et puis régulièrement, comme un vendeur de calendrier, je reviendrais m'enfermer ici, écrire, décrire, rire de ce que j'aurais mangé, vécu, espéré, *Happy Birthday Galarneau* c'est ça qui te rendrait heureux, tu ne vas pas manger tout ton baptême de gâteau à toi tout seul? Le gâteau à Galarneau trône sur la table comme les bijoux de la couronne. Le gaâteau à Galarneau a été dévoré hier soir par mille personnes affamées. Et il en restait encore.*

J'ai des visions comme ça, des tas de visions, des rêves qui se bousculent dans le grenier. Je sais bien que de deux choses l'une : ou tu vis, ou tu écris. Moi je veux vécrire; L'avantage, quand tu vécris, c'est que c'est toi le patron, tu te mets en chômage quand ça te plaît, tu te réembauches, tu élimines les pensées tristes ou tu t'y complais, tu te laisses mourir de faim ou tu te payes de mots, mais c'est voulu. Les mots, de toute manière, valent plus que toutes les monnaies. Et ils sont là, cordés comme du bois, dans le dictionnaire, tu n'as qu'à ouvrir au hasard :

DOMINER : avoir une puissance absolue. Fig. l'ambition domine dans son cœur. Se trouver plus haut. Le château domine sur la plaine.

24 someone..

25 *Maybe I'll not have the wall dismantled after all, I could keep the*
26 *house as a scriptorium, what I'm saying is I'd be away into the streets,*
27 *I'd kiss the children, I'd meet women, I'd earn money, I'd be steaming*
28 *from one Gulf to the other, and then, like a calendar salesman, I'd come*
29 *home every couple of weeks to lock myself in here, to write, to describe,*
30 *to laugh at what I ate, lived, hoped, *Joyeux Anniversaire Galarneau**
31 *that's what'd make you happy so it is, you're not going to eat the whole*
32 *fuckin' baptism of a cake on your own now are you? Galarneau's cake*
33 *holds court on the table like the jewel in the crown. Galarneau's cake*
34 *was devoured yesterday evening by a thousand starving people. And*
35 *there was still some left.*

36 I have visions like that, so many visions, dreams bumping into each
37 other up in the loft. I know full well there are only two options: in the
38 normal course of events, either you live, or you write. Me I want to
39 wrive. The advantage, when you wrive, is that you're the boss, you make
40 yourself redundant whenever you please, you re-hire yourself, you
41 banish the sad thoughts or you wallow in self-pity, you let yourself die of
42 hunger or you feed yourself with words, but it's you who decides. In any
43 case, words are more valuable than any kind of money. And they are
44 right there, stacked up like wood, in the dictionary, you just have to
45 open it on any page:

Dominer sa colère. S'élever au-dessus de. La citadelle domine la ville; se dominer, se rendre maître de soi...

Tu voyages, tu t'instruis, chaque mot, c'est une histoire qui surgit, comme un enfant masqué, dans ton dos, un soir d'halloween; j'y passe des heures, de surprise en surprise. Quant à moi, Jacques peut bien garder ma femme, la bichonner, la dorloter, lui faire des enfants blonds, les élever, écrire pour la télévision, faire de l'argent, il ne sait pas ce que c'est qu'un cahier dans lequel on s'étale comme en tombant sur la glace, dans lequel on se roule comme sur du gazon frais planté.

Ce midi dix-huit octobre, toutes les feuilles des arbres alentour sont tombées, et celles du salon aussi. *Happy Birthday!* Faut naître un jour ou l'autre.

Le soleil d'automne se lève plus tard maintenant, il se couche plus tôt, mais il monte droit devant la maison, comme une perdrix effarouchée. Il s'assied sur le mur, le soleil, il réchauffe notre carré de sol, il me regarde dans les yeux, il s'inquiétait peut-être de me voir lui préférer l'ombre. On ne s'était pas vus vraiment, depuis le départ de Marise Doucet, je le fuyais, mais plus maintenant, je ne le fuirai plus. Je reviendrai m'asseoir ici, à la table dix chez Henault's, on sera deux à lire, tu peux continuer ton tour de terre, cela va beaucoup mieux, merci (réchauffe Martyr en

46 DOMINATE: to have absolute power. Fig. ambition dominates his
47 heart. To be higher than. The castle dominates the plain. To dominate
48 one's anger. To get on top of. The citadel dominates the town; to
49 dominate oneself, to be in control...

50 You travel, you learn, every word, it's a story emerging, like a wee,
51 masked child behind you on Halloween night; I spend hours, going from
52 one surprise to the next. As far as I'm concerned, Jacques can keep my
53 woman, dress her up, pamper her, make wee blonde babbies with her,
54 raise them, write for TV, make money, he doesn't know what it's like to
55 nosedive onto the page, like slipping on ice, or like rolling on a new
56 lawn.

57 This afternoon, the eighteenth of October, the trees around the house
58 have lost their leaves, including the ones in the sitting room. *Joyeux*
59 *Anniversaire!* One day or another you'll have to be born.

60 The Autumn sun gets up later now, goes to bed earlier, but it rises
61 right in front of the house, like a startled partridge. It sits on the wall,
62 the sun, it heats our square of ground, it looks me directly in the eye, it
63 was worried perhaps when I seemed to prefer the shade. We haven't
64 really seen each other since Marise Doucet left, I was hiding, but not
65 anymore, I won't hide from it any longer so I won't. I'll come back to sit
66 here, at table ten in Henault's, the two of us can read, away you on your
67 travels round the Earth, I'm much better, thank you (you might throw a

passant il doit être transi) je te verrai demain, j'emprunte l'échelle de Dugas, je fais un saut à l'hôtel *Canada*, et je m'en vais porter mon livre en ville pour que Jacques, Arthur, Marise, Aldéric, maman, Louise et tous les Gagnon de la terre le lisent...A demain vieille boule, salut Galarneau! Stie.

68 wee bit of heat Martyr's way, he must be chilled to the bone) I'll see you
69 tomorrow, I'll borrow the ladder off Dugas, I'll pop by the Hotel, and off
70 I'll go into town with my book under my arm so that Jacques, Arthur,
71 Marise, Aldéric, Mammy, Louise and all the Gagnons of the world can
72 read it...See you tomorrow compadre, see ya Galarneau! Body of fuckin'
73 Christ!

Student Number	16309215	Text Number	5
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Source Text		Target Text	
Title	<i>Candide ou l'optimisme</i>	Title	<i>Candid and Miguel in the land of the 'Uncontacted'</i>
Year Published	1759		
Author	Voltaire		
Language	French	Language	Standard English and Dublin Vernaculars
Word Count	3072	Word Count	3190
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)	These chapters make up one of the most renowned passages of Voltaire's picaresque novel (Larnaudie 2012: 6) where the gullible and eternally optimistic titular hero and his servant stumble upon the mythical city of Eldorado. The formal register and picaresque narrative maintain a jaunty rhythm. The writing is laced with irony and satire and Voltaire's generous use of hyperbole depicts a fantastical utopian paradise Aspects of Voltaire's version of Utopia serve as counterpoints to everything that is wrong with European society in the eighteenth century. There are, for example, no priests but the citizens give thanks to God by singing, the people are generous and there are no lawsuits. The utopian idyll is undermined, however, where hyperbole imbues the descriptions with a hallucinatory quality that suggests Voltaire did not believe in the plausibility of an alternative, idealistic world. Furthermore, the survival of this utopian alternative is reliant on maintaining a state of ignorance (l.125). In the words of Elizabeth Crist, 'Eldorado is a dullards dream' (2007, 229). Ultimately Voltaire's heroes are not happy to stay in this land of plenty, suggesting that		

	Utopia is a liminal place whose existence depends on subjective ideals.
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)	This translation is aimed at Irish Leaving Cert students, between 16 and 18 years of age. It will be set in the modern era and the dialogue will be translated into Dublin vernaculars with a view to producing a target text that is accessible and relevant to the target readership. This strategy will also serve to re-direct Voltaire's satire toward a critique of consumerism and the trend of back-packing through Latin America, provoking perhaps a consideration of the ethical impact of travel to remote parts of the world (Butler, 2012). With a re-configuration of Voltaire's liminal Utopia as a likely destination for modern-day travellers (St George 2021), the two picaresque explorers are re-located to the Javari Valley where to this day there remain areas inhabited by Amazonian tribes known as 'The Uncontacted' (Phillips and Calton, 2021, Survival International, 2021). The hero, Candide, will become a Dubliner, (renamed Candid or 'Cando' for short), from a privileged background while his servant, Cacambo will be re-cast as his friend, Miguel, (or 'Meeg') who is from Dublin's Northside and born to Peruvian immigrants. The absurdity of class distinction that Voltaire highlights in these chapters where Candide's servant is more learned and pragmatic than his master (e.g. l.20, 74-5, 125-6,) is represented by the different vernaculars of the two protagonists (ie. Southside and Northside Dublin).
Critical Reflection • <i>textual analysis</i> (200 words max)	While lengthening the text considerably (118 words), the addition of the Dublin vernaculars and the idiomatic language that ensues adds to the comedic qualities of Voltaire's picaresque tale. As a result 'Cando' and 'Meeg' have taken on characteristics of a double act where their Hiberno-English banter contrasts with the narrative voice and the Eldoradoans in such a way that their picaresque adventures seem even more absurd than in the source text. (e.g. l. 4-8,

	210-213, 291-4) Meanwhile the re-location of Eldorado to the homelands of the ‘Uncontacted’ people in the Javari Valley is effective in preserving the liminal aspect of Voltaire’s Utopia in that the definition embodied in the name of these tribes can only exist if the lands remain uncontacted. The target text does also have the potential to undermine its objective in that the re-location of the utopian land to the land of the Uncontacted may arouse an interest in visiting this part of the world that the target readership may not have heard of prior to reading this translation.
Works Cited • <i>use of sources and reference material</i>	Butler, Rhett. ‘Ecotourism.’ 2012. <i>Mongabay Rainforests</i>. https://rainforests.mongabay.com/1004.htm [Accessed 5 May, 2021] Crist, Elizabeth B. "The Best of All Possible Worlds: The Eldorado Episode in Leonard Bernstein's "Candide"." <i>Cambridge Opera Journal</i> 19, no. 3 (2007): 223-48.. http://www.jstor.org/stable/27607162. [Accessed 5 April, 2021] Larnaudie, Mathieu. 2015. “Preface” <i>Candide ou l’Optimisme</i> by Voltaire. pp. 6-8 Paris: Hatier St George, Colt. 2021. ‘The World’s Best Backpacker Destinations.’ <i>Rough Guides</i>. https://www.roughguides.com/article/the-worlds-best-backpacking-destinations/ [Accessed May, 2021] Survival International. 2021. <i>The Uncontacted Frontier</i>.

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Source Text

Candide

Chapître 17

Arrivée de Candide et de son valet au pays d'Eldorado, et ce qu'ils y virent

Target Text

Candid and Miguel

Chapter 17

Arrival of Candid and Miguel in Eldorado, and what they saw

Quand ils furent aux frontières des Oreillons:

« Vous voyez, dit Cacambo à Candide, que cet hémisphère-ci ne vaut pas mieux que l'autre; croyez-moi, retournons en Europe par le plus court. – Comment y retourner, dit Candide, et par où aller? Si je vais dans mon pays, les Bulgares et les Abares y égorgent tout; si je retourne en Portugal, j'y suis brûlé; si nous restons dans ce pays-ci, nous risquons à tout moment d'être mis en broche. Mais comment se résoudre à quitter la partie du monde que mademoiselle Cunégonde habite? – Tournons vers la Cayenne, dit Cacambo, nous y trouverons des Français qui vont par tout le monde; ils pourront nous aider. Dieu aura peut-être pitié de nous. »

Il n'était pas facile d'aller à la Cayenne; ils savaient bien à peu près de quel côté il fallait marcher; mais des montagnes, des fleuves, des précipices, des brigands, des sauvages, étaient partout de terribles obstacles. Leurs chevaux moururent de fatigue ; leurs provisions

- 1 What happened when they reached the Uncontacted frontier:
- 2 “D’ya see now,” Miguel said to Candid, “this hemisphere is no better
- 3 than the other; believe me, we need to get back to Europe, pronto.”
- 4 “What do you mean go back,” said Candid, “and go back how? If I go
- 5 home, the Kinihans and the Hutches are cutting everyone’s throats; my
- 6 rep is going up in smoke and I’m probably cancelled after what
- 7 happened in Portugal and if we stay in this place we are at serious risk of
- 8 getting skewered and shoved in a tamale. Anyway, how can I leave the
- 9 hemisphere that Virginia’s in?”
- 10 “We’ll head for the Javari Valley,” said Miguel, “we’ll find some
- 11 compadres there cos that’s where they’re all headed these days; they’ll
- 12 give us a dig-out. Mother of God, please give us a break!
- 13 Getting to the Javari Valley was not easy; they had a vague idea of
- 14 which way they had to walk: but the mountains, rivers, precipices,
- 15 traffickers, and tribes were all over and were seriously messing up their

furent consumées : ils se nourrirent un mois entier de fruits sauvages, et se trouvèrent enfin auprès d'une petite rivière bordée de cocotiers qui soutinrent leur vie et leurs espérances.

Cacambo qui donnait toujours d'aussi bons conseils que la vieille, dit à Candide : « Nous n'en pouvons plus, nous avons assez marché, j'aperçois un canot vide sur le rivage, emplissons-le de cocos, jetons-nous dans cette petite barque, laissons-nous aller au courant, une rivière mène toujours endroit habité. Si nous ne trouvons pas des choses agréables, nous trouverons du moins des choses nouvelles. – Allons, dit Candide, recommandons – nous à la Providence. »

Ils voguèrent quelques lieues entre des bords tantôt fleuries, tantôt arides, tantôt unis, tantôt escarpés. La rivière s'élargissait toujours; enfin elle se perdait sous une voûte de rochers épouvantables qui s'élevaient jusqu'au ciel. Les deux voyageurs eurent la hardiesse de s'abandonner aux flots sous cette voûte. Le fleuve resserré en cet endroit les porta avec une rapidité et un bruit horribles. Au bout de vingt-quatre heures ils revirent le jour ; mais leur canot se fracassa contre les écueils. Il fallut se traîner de rocher en rocher pendant une lieue entière: enfin ils découvrirent un horizon immense bordé de montagnes inaccessibles. Le pays était cultivé pour le plaisir comme pour le besoin. Partout l'utile était agréable. Les chemins étaient couverts, ou plutôt ornés de voitures d'une forme et d'une matière

16 plans. Their rental broke down; they ate all the supplies: they'd to
17 survive for one whole month just eating wild fruit, and finally found
18 themselves near a little river lined with coconut trees, the fruit of which
19 kept their bodies and their spirits alive.

20 Miguel who always gave just as good advice as the old lady, said to
21 Candid: "Cando, we can't go on, we've walked all we can walk, I spotted
22 an empty canoe up the river, let's fill it with coconuts and jump aboard,
23 then just let the current take us, a river always leads somewhere where
24 there's people. If nothin' good comes of it at least it'll be different.
25 "Right," said Candid, "Lord God protect us."

26 They bobbed along for a few kilometres between riverbanks, as arid in
27 one spot as they were thick with flowers in another and alternating
28 between gently sloping sandy banks and craggy, jagged rock. The river
29 was becoming wider all the time; finally it disappeared into a vault of
30 horribly treacherous rocks reaching up as far as the sky. The two
31 travellers were brazen enough to go with the flow and ride the current
32 bringing them into this monstrous cavern. The river, narrower at this
33 point, carried them along at terrific speed and with a terrifying roar.
34 After twenty-four hours of this they were restored to daylight; but their
35 canoe got smashed to pieces on the rocks. They had to scramble from
36 one rock to the next for another whole kilometre; finally they reached a
37 broad horizon bordered by inaccessible mountains. The land was

brillante, portant des hommes et des femmes d'une beauté singulière, traînés rapidement par de gros moutons rouges qui surpassaient en vitesse les plus beaux chevaux d'Anadalousie, de Tétuan et de Méquinez.

« Voilà pourtant, dit Candide, un pays qui vaut mieux que la Vestphalie. » Il mit pied à terre avec Cacambo auprès du premier village qu'il rencontra. Quelques enfants du village couverts de brocards d'or tout déchirés, jouaient au palet à l'entrée du bourg. Nos deux hommes de l'autre monde s'amuserent à les regarder. Leurs palets étaient d'assez larges pièces rondes, jaunes, rouges, vertes, qui jetaient un éclat singulier. Il prit envie aux voyageurs d'en ramasser quelques-uns ; c'étaient de l'or, c'étaient des émeraudes, des rubis, dont le moindre aurait été le plus grand ornement du trône du Mogol. « Sans doute, dit Cacambo, ces enfants sont les fils du roi du pays, qui jouent au petit palet. » Le magister du village parut dans ce moment pour les faire rentrer à l'école. « Voilà, dit Candide, le précepteur de la famille royale. »

Les petits gueux quittèrent aussitôt le jeu, en laissant à terre leurs palets, et tout ce qui avait servi à leur divertissements. Candide les

38 cultivated as much for pleasure as it was for practical use; that is to say,
39 all over the useful was made beautiful. The roads were covered, or more
40 accurately, decorated with beautifully designed carts made from a
41 sparkling material carrying remarkably handsome looking men and
42 women and pulled swiftly along by large red sheep; they were going at
43 such great speed that they had no trouble outrunning the most beautiful
44 Andalusian, Arabian and Irish horses.

45 "In fairness, Meeg " said Candid, "you'd have to say that this country is
46 like a *lot* better than Ireland." They entered the first village that they
47 came across. Some local children, dressed in golden silks that were all
48 torn, were playing ring toss at the entrance to the town. Our two
49 European tourists paused to watch the game. The large rings they were
50 throwing were brightly coloured, yellow, red, green, and incredibly
51 shiny. The travellers felt the urge to grab some; they were made of gold,
52 of emeralds and rubies, the smallest of which would have been worthy
53 of a Kardashian engagement ring.

54 "No doubt Cando," said Miguel, "these kids playing ring-toss with
55 rubies must belong to the cartels."
56 Their teacher appeared at that moment to call the children back into
57 class.

58 The little gurriers abandoned their game, dropping their hoops on the
59 ground along with everything they'd been playing with. Candid gathered

ramasse, court au précepteur et les lui présente humblement, lui laissant entendre par signes que leurs altesses royales avaient oublié leur or et leurs pierreries. Le magister du village en souriant les jeta par terre, regarda un moment la figure de Candide avec beaucoup de surprise et continua son chemin.

Les voyageurs ne manquèrent pas de ramasser l'or, les rubis et les émeraudes. « Où sommes-nous ? s'écria Candide. Il faut que les enfants des rois de ce pays soient bien élevés, puisqu'on leur apprend à mépriser l'or et les pierreries. » Cacambo était aussi surpris que Candide. Ils approchèrent enfin de la première maison du village. Elle était bâtie comme un palais d'Europe. Une foule de monde s'empressait à la porte, et encore plus dans le logis. Une musique très agréable se faisait entendre, et une odeur délicieuse de cuisine se faisait sentir. Cacambo s'approcha de la porte et entendit qu'on parlait péruvien ; c'était sa langue maternelle ; car tout le monde sait que Cacambo était né au Tucuman, dans un village où l'on ne connaissait que cette langue. « Je vous servirai d'interprète, dit-il à Candide ; entrons, c'est ici un cabaret. »

Aussitôt deux garçons et deux filles de l'hôtellerie, vêtus de drap

60 them up, ran to the teacher and dutifully handed them to him,
61 indicating with elaborate hand gestures that the mini drug barons had
62 forgotten their gold and their precious stones. Smiling, the village
63 schoolmaster threw them on the ground, glancing momentarily at
64 Candid with a look of great surprise, he continued on his way.

65 The travellers did not delay in gathering up the gold, the rubies and
66 the emeralds.

67 "Where are we Meeg?" cried Candid, "The kids in this country must
68 get a proper Jesuit education, seeing as they're taught not to value gold
69 and jewels."

70 Miguel was just as surprised as Candid. They had finally reached the
71 first house in the village. It was built in the style of a Spanish hacienda.
72 A large group of people were crowding into the doorway with more
73 inside. Lovely music could be heard, and the aromas of delicious cooking
74 were wafting towards them. Miguel approached the doorway and heard
75 that the Peruvian language was being spoken: his mother tongue;
76 because everyone knows of course that Miguel was born in San Miguel
77 de Tucuman, in a village where no one spoke anything other than this
78 language.

79 "I'll be your interpreter," he told Candid, "let's go inside, time to
80 partée!"

81 Immediately two waiters and two waitresses, dressed in gold leaf with

d'or, et les cheveux renoués avec des rubans, les invitent à se mettre à la table de l'hôte. On servit quatre potages garnis chacun de deux perroquets, un contour bouilli qui pesait deux cents livres, deux singes rôtis d'un goût excellent, trois cents colibris dans un plat, et six cents oiseaux-mouches dans un autre ; des ragoûts exquis, des pâtisseries délicieuses ; le tout dans des plats d'une espèce de cristal de roche. Les garçons et les filles de l'hôtellerie versaient plusieurs liqueurs faites de canne de sucre.

Les convives étaient pour la plupart des marchands et des voituriers, tous d'une politesse extrême, qui firent quelques questions à Cacambo avec la discrétion la plus circonspecte, et qui répondirent aux siennes d'une manière à le satisfaire.

Quand le repas fut fini, Cacambo crut, ainsi que Candide, bien payer son écot en jetant deux de ces larges pièces d'or qu'il avait ramassées ; l'hôte et l'hôtesse éclatèrent de rire, et se tinrent longtemps les côtés. Enfin ils se remirent. « Messieurs, dit l'hôte, nous voyons bien que vous êtes des étrangers, nous ne sommes pas accoutumés à en voir. Pardonnez-nous si nous nous sommes mis à rire quand vous nous avez offert en paiement les cailloux de nos grands chemins. Vous n'avez pas sans doute la monnaie du pays, mais il n'est pas nécessaire d'en avoir pour dîner ici. Toutes les

82 their hair tied up with ribbons, invited them to sit at the host's table.
83 Four soups were served each garnished with an aguaymanto salsa, a
84 barbecued Chirimoya weighing twenty kilos and of an excellent flavour,
85 three hundred caiguas carved into the shape of Ruby-throated
86 hummingbirds in one dish, and six hundred Choclos in the shape of
87 Black-chinned Hummingbirds in another; exquisite Maca stews, Peruvian
88 potatoes cooked sixteen different ways, delicious banana passion fruit
89 pastries; all served in dishes of a sort of rock crystal. The waiters and
90 waitresses were pouring multiple liqueurs made from cane sugar.

91 Their fellow diners were mostly farmers and carpenters, all extremely
92 polite, asking Miguel some questions in a most discreet fashion and
93 careful to address any questions that he might have.

94 When the meal was finished, Miguel thought, as did Candid, that it
95 would be appropriate to pay their share by throwing two of the large
96 pieces of gold that they had found onto the table; their host and hostess
97 burst into peals of laughter that had them holding their sides for some
98 time. Eventually they pulled themselves together.

99 "Gentlemen," said their host, "we can see that you are foreigners, a
100 sight we're not used to seeing. Forgive us if we laughed when you
101 offered to pay with the stones from our highways. You obviously don't
102 have the local currency, but you don't need it to dine here anyway. All
103 of the hotels that are set up to facilitate commerce are crowd funded.

hôtelleries établies pour la commodité du commerce sont payées par le gouvernement. Vous avez fait mauvaise chère ici, parce que c'est un pauvre village ; mais partout ailleurs vous serez reçus comme vous méritez de l'être. » Cacambo expliquait à Candide tous les discours de l'hôte et Candide les écoutait avec la même admiration et le même égarement que son ami Cacambo les rendait. « Quel est donc ce pays, disaient-ils l'un et l'autre, inconnu à tout le reste de la terre, et où toute la nature est d'une espèce si différente de la nôtre ? C'est probablement le pays où tout va bien ; car il faut absolument qu'il y en ait un de cette espèce. Et, quoi qu'en dît maître Pangloss, je me suis souvent aperçu que tout allait assez mal en Vestphalie. »

Chapitre 18

Ce qu'ils virent dans le pays d'Eldorado

Cacambo témoigna à son hôte toute sa curiosité : l'hôte lui dit : « Je suis fort ignorant, et je m'en trouve bien ; mais nous avons ici un vieillard retiré de la cour, qui est le plus savant homme du royaume, et le plus communicatif. » Aussitôt il mène Cacambo chez le vieillard. Candide ne jouait plus que le second personnage, et accompagnait son valet. Ils entrèrent dans une maison fort simple, car la porte

104 You have not sampled the country's finest food here because it is a poor
105 village; but everywhere else you will be welcomed as you deserve to
106 be."

107 Miguel explained to Candid all that their host had said and Candid
108 listened to it with the same admiration and bewilderment as his friend
109 Miguel expressed in the telling.

110 "So," they asked one another, "what in God's name is this country that
111 is unknown to the rest of the world and where nature is a whole
112 different story to what we know. It's probably the country where
113 everything is pretty good; after all, there has to be somewhere like that.
114 And, no matter what Mr Blatheron says, I have often noticed that
115 everything is a little below par in Ireland."

116

117

118

119

120 Miguel indulged his curiosity and plied his host with questions; the
121 host told him:

122 "I am completely ignorant, and I am fine with that; but we have a wise
123 elder, who is the most knowledgeable man of the Amazon, and the most
124 talkative."

125 And with that he brought Miguel to the elderly man's house. Candid

n'était que d'argent, et les lambris des appartements n'étaient que d'or, mais travaillés avec tant de goût, que les plus riches lambris ne l'effaçaient pas. L'antichambre n'était à la vérité incrustée que de rubis et d'émeraudes, mais l'ordre dans lequel tout était arrangé réparait bien cette extrême simplicité.

Le vieillard reçut les deux étrangers sur un sofa matelassé de plumes de colibri, et leur fit présenter des liqueurs dans des vases de diamant; après quoi il satisfait à leur curiosité en ces termes: « Je suis âgé de cent soixante et douze ans, et j'ai appris de feu mon père, écuyer du roi, les étonnantes révolutions du Pérou dont il avait été témoin. Le royaume où nous sommes est l'ancienne patrie des Incas qui en sortirent très imprudemment pour aller subjuguer une partie du monde, et qui furent enfin détruits par les Espagnols.

« Les princes de leur famille qui restèrent dans leur pays natal furent plus sages; ils ordonnèrent, du consentement de la nation, qu'aucun habitant ne sortirait jamais de notre petit royaume; et c'est ce qui nous a conservé notre innocence et notre félicité. Les Espagnols ont eu une connaissance confuse de ce pays, ils l'ont appelé *El Dorado*, et un Anglais, nommé le chevalier Raleigh, en a même approché il y a environ cent années; mais comme nous sommes entourés de rochers inabordables et de précipices, nous avons toujours été jusqu'à présent à l'abri de la rapacité des nations

126 was now playing second fiddle and followed behind his friend. They
127 entered a very simple house in that the door was just made of silver,
128 and the wall covering was only gold although it was finished with such
129 fine craftsmanship that it would have outshone any other. The hall was
130 in truth adorned with nothing more than rubies and emeralds, but the
131 pattern in which it was all arranged enhanced the extreme simplicity of
132 the materials.

133 The elderly man welcomed the two outsiders on a sofa stuffed with
134 ethically sourced feathers, and presented them with liqueurs in diamond
135 goblets; after which he put them out of their misery and revealed all:

136 "I am one hundred and seventy-two years old, and I learned all about
137 the extraordinary Peruvian revolutions from my father who was in
138 charge of the stallions stables. The land where we find ourselves is the
139 ancient homeland of the Incas who foolishly left it to go and conquer
140 another part of the world, and who were destroyed by the Spanish.

141 "The families who stayed in their native land were cleverer; they
142 ordered, with the backing of the nation, that no inhabitant should ever
143 leave the little Amazonial eco-haven; and this is what has safeguarded
144 our innocence and our happiness. The Spanish have had a confused
145 relationship with this country, they called it *El Dorado*, and nearly four
146 hundred years ago an Englishman, called Lord Raleigh, came quite close
147 to finding us; but as we are surrounded by insurmountable boulders and

de l'Europe, qui ont une fureur inconcevable pour les cailloux et pour la fange de notre terre, et qui pour en avoir nous tueraient tous jusqu'au dernier. »

La conversation fut longue; elle roula sur la forme du gouvernement, sur les mœurs, sur les femmes, sur les spectacles publics, sur les arts. Enfin Candide, qui avait toujours du goût pour la métaphysique, fit demander par Cacambo si dans le pays il y avait une religion.

Le vieillard rougit un peu. « Comment donc, dit-il, en pouvez-vous douter? est-ce que vous nous prenez pour des ingrats ? » Cacambo demanda humblement quelle était la religion d'Eldorado. Le vieillard rougit encore. « Est-ce qu'il peut avoir deux religions? dit-il ; nous avons, je crois, la religion de tout le monde ; nous adorons Dieu du soir jusqu'au matin. —N'adorez-vous qu'un seul Dieu? dit Cacambo, qui servait toujours d'interprète aux doutes de Candide. — Apparemment, dit le vieillard, qu'il n'y en a ni deux, ni trois, ni quatre. Je vous avoue que les gens de votre monde font des questions bien singulières. » Candide ne se lassait pas de faire interroger ce bon vieillard; il voulait comment on priait Dieu dans l'Eldorado. « Nous ne le prions point, dit le bon et respectable sage, nous n'avons rien à lui demander; il nous a donné tout ce qu'il nous

148 precipices, we have up to now, been protected from the greed of
149 European nations, which have an inconceivable lust for our stones and
150 for the soil of our land, and who would happily slaughter us all to get
151 their hands on them.
152 The conversation was long; it revolved around forms of leadership,
153 around morality, around women, around outdoor festivals, around art.
154 Finally Candid, who always did have a love of all things metaphysical, got
155 Miguel to ask if the country had a religion.
156 The elderly man blushed a little,
157 “How” he said “could you doubt it? Do you think we are the sort to
158 take things for granted?”
159 So, tentatively, Miguel asked what *was* the religion of Eldorado? The
160 elderly man blushed again.
161 “*Can* there be more than one religion?” he said; “we have, I believe
162 the religion of all people; we love our God from dusk to dawn.”
163 “You worship just the one God?” said Miguel, who was still acting as
164 the interpreter of Candid’s doubts.
165 “Obviously,” said the elderly man, “it’s not as if there are two, or
166 three, or four. I must say that people from your country ask the most
167 unusual questions.”
168 Candid did not tire of interrogating this fine old man; he wanted to
169 know how one prayed to God in Eldorado.

faut, nous le remercions sans cesse. » Candide eut la curiosité de voir des prêtres; il fit demander où ils étaient. Le bon vieillard sourit. « Mes amis, dit-il, nous sommes tous prêtres; les rois et tous les chefs de famille chantent des cantiques d'actions de grâces solennellement, tous les matins ; et cinq ou six mille musiciens les accompagnent. – Quoi! vous n'avez point de moines qui enseignent, qui disputent, qui gouvernent, qui cabalent, et qui font brûler les gens qui ne sont pas de leur avis ? – Il faudrait que nous fussions fous, dit le vieillard, nous sommes tous ici du même avis, et nous n'entendons pas ce que vous voulez dire avec vos moines. » Candide à tous ces discours demeurait en extase, et disait en lui-même: « Ceci est bien différent de la Vestphalie et du château de monsieur le baron: si notre ami Pangloss avait vu Eldorado, il n'aurait plus dit que le château de Thunder-ten-tronckh était ce qu'il y avait de mieux sur la terre; il est certain qu'il faut voyager. »

Après cette longue conversation, le bon vieillard fit atteler un carrosse à six moutons, et donna douze de ses domestiques aux deux voyageurs pour les conduire à la cour. « Excusez-moi, leur dit-il, si

170 “We never *pray* to him,” said the good, respectable sage, we have
 171 nothing to ask of him; he has given us everything we need, we thank him
 172 constantly.” Candid was curious to see some of their priests; he had his
 173 interpreter enquire as to their whereabouts. The good old man smiled.
 174 “My friend, he said, we are all priests; all leaders and heads of families
 175 solemnly sing songs composed to express our gratitude every morning;
 176 and five or six thousand musicians accompany them.”
 177 “What! You have no clergy teaching, arguing, dictating, concealing,
 178 and abusing?
 179 “We’d have to be mad,” said the old man, “here, we are all of the
 180 same opinion, and we don’t understand what you are referring to with
 181 your ‘clergy’.”
 182 Throughout the whole of this discussion Candid was in a state of
 183 ecstasy, saying to himself:
 184 “This is completely different to Ireland and the Southside: if our old
 185 principal Mr Blatheron had seen Eldorado, he wouldn’t say anymore
 186 that a Catholic education is the best in the world; one thing is certain
 187 and that is: it’s so important to travel and see things for yourself.
 188
 189 Following this long conversation, the fine old man had a carriage
 190 drawn by six sheep brought, and asked twelve of his household to
 191 accompany the travellers to the leader’s home.

mon âge me prive de l'honneur de vous accompagner. Le roi vous recevra d'une manière dont vous ne serez pas mécontents, et vous pardonnerez sans doute aux usages du pays s'il y en a quelques-uns qui vous déplaisent. »

Candide et Cacambo montent en carrosse; les six moutons volaient, et en moins de quatre heures on arriva au palais du roi, situé à un bout du capitale. Le portail était de deux cent vingt pieds de haut, et de cent de large; il est impossible d'exprimer de quelle en était la matière. On voit assez quelle supériorité prodigieuse elle devait avoir sur ces cailloux et sur ce sable que nous nommons or et pierreries.

Vingt belles filles de la garde reçurent Candide et Cacambo à la descente du carrosse, les conduisirent aux bains, les vêtirent de robes d'un tissu de duvet de colibri; après quoi les grands officiers et les grandes officières de la couronne les menèrent à l'appartement de Sa Majesté au milieu de deux files chacune de mille musiciens selon l'usage ordinaire. Quand ils approchèrent de la salle du trône, Cacambo demanda à un grand officier comment il fallait s'y prendre pour saluer Sa Majesté? si on se jetait à genoux ou ventre à terre? si on mettait les mains sur la tête ou sur la derrière ? si on léchait la poussière de la salle » en un mot, quelle était la cérémonie ?

« L'usage, dit le grand officier, est d'embrasser le roi et de le baiser

192 “Forgive me, if my age prevents me from the honour of accompanying
193 you. Our leader will welcome you in a fashion that won't disappoint, and
194 you will excuse us no doubt if some of our customs are not to your
195 liking.”

196 Candid and Miguel climbed into the carriage; the sheep took flight, and
197 in less than four hours they arrived at the heart of this eco-haven. The
198 entrance to the seat of the leadership was sixty-eight metres high, and
199 thirty wide; it is impossible to say what material it was made from. It
200 was quite easy to see that it was vastly superior to these stones and this
201 sand that we call gold and jewels.

201

203 Twenty beautiful female guards welcomed Candid and Miguel as they
204 stepped out of the carriage and promptly brought them to the baths
205 where they were dressed in robes made of goose down; after which the
206 senior court officials serving the crown led them, as was the custom,
207 between lines of two thousand musicians to welcoming suite. As they
208 neared the great room, Miguel asked a senior official how to greet the
209 leader? Should they bend on one knee or prostrate themselves on the
210 ground? Should they put their hands on their heads or on their
211 backsides? Should they all pose for selfies? In a word, what was the
212 routine?

213 “The custom,” said the senior official “is to hug the leader and to kiss

des deux côtés. » Candide et Cacambo sautèrent au cou de Sa Majesté, qui les reçut avec toute la grâce imaginable, et qui les pria poliment à souper.

En attendant on leur fit voir la ville, les édifices publics élevés jusqu'aux nues, les marchés ornés de mille colonnes, les fontaines d'eau pure, les fontaines d'eau rose, celles de liqueurs de canne de sucre qui coulaient continuellement dans de grandes places pavées d'une espèce de pierreries qui répandaient une odeur semblable à celle du gérofle et de la cannelle. Candide demanda à voir la cour de justice, le parlement; on lui dit qu'il n'y en avait point, et qu'on ne plaiderait jamais. Il s'informa s'il y avait des prisons, et on lui dit que non. Ce qui le surprit davantage, et qui lui fit le plus de plaisir, ce fut le palais des sciences, dans lequel il vit une galerie de deux mille pas, toute pleine d'instruments de mathématique et de physique.

Après avoir parcouru toute l'après-dînée à peu près la millième partie de la ville, on les ramena chez le roi. Candide se mit à table entre Sa Majesté, son valet Cacambo et plusieurs dames. Jamais on ne fit meilleur chère, et jamais on n'eut plus d'esprit à souper qu'en eut Sa Majesté. Cacambo expliquait les bons mots du roi à Candide, et quoique traduits ils paraissaient toujours des bons mots. De tout ce qui étonnait Candide, ce n'était pas ce qui l'étonna le moins.

214 both cheeks.”

215 Candid and Miguel threw their arms around the leader, who
216 responded with all of the grace one could imagine, and politely asked
217 them to dinner.

218 In the meantime they were shown the city, the public buildings that
219 reached up to the sky, the steps adorned with a thousand columns, the
220 fountains of pure water, the fountains of rose water, of liqueurs made
221 from cane sugar that gushed continually in the large squares paved in
222 some sort of jewels that gave off a scent similar to cloves and to
223 cinnamon. Candid asked to see the justice courts; he was told that there
224 were none, and that there were never any lawsuits. He asked if there
225 were prisons, and he was told that there were not. What surprised him
226 even more, and what pleased him the most, was the palace of science
227 where they were shown a gallery, one and a half kilometres long, full of
228 instruments relating to mathematics and physics.

229 After having spent just about the entire afternoon exploring this one
230 thousandth part of the city, they were brought to the home of the
231 leader. Candid seated himself between the leader and his friend Miguel
232 and a number of ladies. Never had they eaten so well, and never had
233 anyone had such gusto for eating as they. Miguel interpreted their witty
234 words for Candid that even in translation sounded very witty. Out of
235 everything that came as a surprise to Candid, this was not what

Ils passèrent un mois dans cet hospice. Candide ne cessait de dire à Cacambo: « Il est vrai, mon ami, encore une fois, que le château où je suis né vaut pas le pays où nous sommes; mais enfin, mademoiselle Cunégonde n'y est pas; et vous avez sans doute quelque maîtresse en Europe. Si nous restons ici, nous ne serons que comme les autres; au lieu que si nous retournons dans notre monde, seulement avec douze moutons chargés de cailloux d'Eldorado, nous serons plus riches que tous les rois ensemble, nous n'aurons plus d'inquisiteurs à craindre, et nous pourrions aisément reprendre mademoiselle Cunégonde. »

Ce discours plut à Cacambo; on aime tant à courir, à se faire valoir chez les siens, à faire parade de ce qu'on a vu dans ses voyages, que les deux heureux résolurent de ne plus l'être, et de demander leur congé à Sa Majesté.

« Vous faites une sottise, leur dit le roi; je sais bien que mon pays est peu de chose ; mais quand on est passablement quelque part, il faut y rester ; je n'ai pas assurément le droit de retenir des étrangers ; c'est une tyrannie qui 'est ni dans nos mœurs ni dans nos lois ; tous les hommes sont libres ; partez quand vous voudrez, mais la sortie est bien difficile. Il est impossible de remonter la rivière rapide sur laquelle vous êtes arrivés par miracle, et qui court sous

236 surprised him the least.

237 They spent one month in this sanctuary. Candid never stopped saying
238 to Miguel:

239 "Meeg, me amigo, I have to admit that the mansion where I was born
240 does not bare comparison to the country that we are in; but the thing is,
241 Virg's not here; and you've gotta have some girlfriend back in Europe. If
242 we stay here, we'll be just like everyone else; instead we could go back
243 to our world with only twelve sheep loaded with Eldorado stones, we
244 will be richer than all of the Kardashians put together, we can pay off
245 the gangsters, and we can easily get Virg back."

246 Miguel liked the idea of this; it would seem we just can't wait to race
247 back to brag about all we've seen on our travels to the folks back home.
248 With that our two happy travellers decided to depart the land where
249 they had found contentment and to ask the leader for permission to
250 leave.

251 "You're making a big mistake," the leader told them; I am well aware
252 that my homeland is not up to much, but when you are reasonably
253 content somewhere, you should stay put; I certainly don't have the right
254 to keep foreigners from leaving; it is a tyranny that does not correspond
255 with our moral values or with the laws of the land; all men are free;
256 leave whenever you want. Having said that, getting out of here will not
257 be easy. You cannot go back up the river by which you miraculously got

des voûtes de rochers. Les montagnes qui entourent tout mon royaume ont dix mille pieds de hauteur, et sont droites comme des murailles: elles occupent chacune en largeur un espace de plus de dix lieues ; on ne peut en descendre que par des précipices.

Cependant puisque vous voulez absolument partir, je vais donner ordre aux intendants des machines d'en faire une qui puisse vous transporter commodément. Quand on vous aura conduits au revers des montagnes, personne ne pourra vous accompagner; car mes sujets ont fait vœu de ne jamais sortir de leur enceinte, et ils sont trop sages pour rompre leur vœu. Demandez-moi d 'ailleurs tout ce qu'il vous plaira.

- Nous ne demandons à Votre Majesté, dit Cacambo, que quelques moutons chargés de vivres, de cailloux, et de la boue du pays. » Le roi rit : « Je ne conçois pas, dit-il, quel goût vos gens d'Europe ont pour notre boue jaune : mais emportez-en tant que vous voudrez, et grand bien vous fasse. »

Il donna l'ordre sur-le -champ à ses ingénieurs de faire une machine pour guinder ces deux hommes extraordinaires hors du royaume. Trois mille bons physiciens y travaillèrent; elle fut prête au bout de quinze jours, et ne coûta pas plus de vingt millions de livres sterling, monnaie du pays. On mit sur la machine Candide et Cacambo; il y avait deux grands moutons rouges sellés et bridés pour

258 here and which goes under the treacherous rocks, as the current is too
259 strong. The mountains surrounding my entire country reach up to eight
260 thousand eight hundred metres, and are as steep as cliffs; each one is
261 more than sixteen kilometres wide; you can only get over them by
262 climbing down these cliffs. Seeing as you are absolutely sure about
263 wanting to leave, however, I am going to give the order to the
264 mechanical engineers to construct a machine that can transport you
265 comfortably out of here. Once you have been brought to the back of the
266 mountains, no one can accompany you further; because my people have
267 made a vow never to go beyond these borders, and they are too wise to
268 break their promise. Also, you may ask me for whatever you want to
269 bring with you."

270 "We only ask" said Miguel, "for a few sheep loaded with supplies,
271 some stones, and some soil from your country."

272 The leader laughed,

273 "I cannot conceive of the attraction that our yellow soil has for you
274 Europeans: but take as much as you want, and may it serve you well."

275 He gave the order on the spot to his engineers to make a machine for
276 launching these two unfathomable men out of the kingdom. Three
277 thousand talented physicists worked on it; within fifteen days it was
278 ready and cost no more than twenty billion pounds Sterling, the
279 currency of the country. Candid and Miguel were put on the machine;

leur servir de monture quand ils auraient franchi les montagnes: vingt moutons de bât chargés de vivres, trente qui portaient des présents de ce que le pays a de plus curieux, et cinquante chargés d'or, de pierreries et de diamants. Le roi embrassa tendrement les deux vagabonds.

Ce fut un beau spectacle que leur départ, et la manière ingénieuse dont ils furent hissés eux et leurs moutons au haut des montagnes. Les physiciens prirent congé d'eux après les avoir mis en sûreté, et Candide n'eut plus d'autre désir et d'autre objet que d'aller présenter ses moutons à mademoiselle Cunégonde. « Nous avons, dit-il, de quoi payer le gouverneur de Buenos Aires, si mademoiselle Cunégonde peut être mise à prix. Marchons vers la Cayenne, embarquons-nous, et nous verrons ensuite quel royaume nous pourrions acheter. »

280 there were two big red sheep saddled and harnessed to carry them
281 when they had crossed the mountains: twenty sheep with pack-saddles
282 loaded with supplies, thirty who were carrying gifts of the most
283 interesting things that the country had to offer, and fifty loaded with
284 gold, jewels and diamonds. The leader hugged the two vagabonds
285 tenderly.

286 Their exit, where they, along with their sheep, were ingeniously
287 hoisted over the mountains was quite a sight to behold. The physicists
288 had said their goodbyes after seeing them safely on their way, and
289 Candid could no longer think of anything else besides introducing his
290 sheep to his precious Virginia.

291 “We’ve enough,” he said, “ to get ourselves some high quality product
292 to multiply our moula back in Dublin. Virg has some ingenious ways of
293 getting it through customs. Let’s walk towards Cayenne, catch a flight to
294 Rio and see what else we can buy.”

Student Number	16309215	Text Number	6
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Source Text		Target Text	
Title	<i>L'Autre Femme</i>	Title	<i>The Other Wife</i>
Year Published	1924		
Author	Colette		
Language	French	Language	English
Word Count	1029	Word Count	1472
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)	By 1924 Colette's literary reputation was firmly established. (Ferrier-Cavarivière 2019, 9) This short story marks a departure in that it falls into the genre of <i>nouvelle-instant</i>, a style of short story that was taking hold in the French literary world at this time (Grattan and Lejuez 1994, 10). Here we find a 'muted narrativity' (ibid. 99) where the plot unfolds through dialogue, physical characterisation, and descriptions of the inner workings of the conscious minds of the protagonists delivered by an omniscient narrator. The liminal setting of the restaurant by the water's edge and the ghostly spectre of the 'other wife' at the edge of the dining room are central to the moment of crisis in this short story. The positioning of the couple is dramatically contrasted with this figure depicted in cool monochrome (white dress and dark shiny hair) and in a cloud of cigarette smoke. Meanwhile, the sunlight reflecting off the water, that forms an ethereal glow around the woman in white, makes the couple perspire and appears to play a part in exposing the uncomfortable moment of truth.		

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)	This screenplay adaptation of <i>L'Autre femme</i> has been commissioned by the LA Short Film Festival, 2021. The objective of the festival is to pay homage to the great French short story writers of the twentieth century. Given the low numbers of American cinemagoers attending foreign language films (see Child, 2020), the screenplay adaptation will be in English and set in California. In keeping with the theme of the festival, however, the restaurant will remain French along with Marc's preference in champagne. The period of the source text (1920s) will remain so that the character of the other wife can be smoking in the restaurant, as this is an important aspect of her characterisation. Furthermore the slightly pretentious register of the dialogue (as in l.181) will be matched in the target text in keeping with the period. A lakeside location, to be sourced through a guide to the California wine regions (Denig, 2020), will serve as an effective alternative to the French seaside thus preserving the crucial liminal quality of the setting Some unflattering physical descriptions of Alice will be shifted from a linguistic to a situational level (Hewson and Martin 1991:104). For example the 'bestiale' and 'grasse' epithets (l.132) will be represented by the image of Alice licking her fingers as she eats the buttery shrimp.
Critical Reflection • <i>textual analysis</i> (200 words max)	The liminality of the lakeside setting at the California location and the visual contrast between the two women, as described in the film directions, has the potential to effectively reflect on screen the different forms of marginalisation experienced by each of the three characters (Alice is excluded from the sophisticated world of the woman in white, as

	Marc is from the new life of his ex and she from his) While the familiar setting serves to enhance the enjoyment of Colette’s story for a Californian audience the finished product fulfils the dual function of bringing Colette’s writing to an American cinema audience while depicting their country in a flattering light. Furthermore, the cinematic nature of the source text where the plot unfolds through dialogue and centres on the eternally bewitching theme of ‘the other’ would indicate great potential for the extension of the adaptation to a feature length film. Already the target text is four hundred and forty three words longer than the source text indicating further potential for a feature length adaptation of a text that holds much to be made visually explicit.
Works Cited • <i>use of sources and reference material</i>	Child, Ethan. 2020. “Why Don’t Americans Watch Foreign Films.” <i>On-Stage Blog</i>. https://www.onstageblog.com/onscreenblog/2020/4/19/why-dont-americans-watch-foreign-films [Accessed April, 2021] Denig, Vicki. 2020. ‘A guide to the best varietals throughout California’ <i>Departures</i>. https://www.departures.com/lifestyle/wine-spirits/drink-through-california-wine-regions [Accessed May, 2021] Ferrier-Cavarivière, N. 2019. Preface in <i>La Vagabonde</i> by Colette. Paris: Albin Michel

	Gratton, Johnnie and Brigitte LeJuez. 2011. Introduction and Notes. <i>Modern French short fiction</i>. Manchester University Press: Manchester Hewson, Lance and Jacky Martin. 1991. <i>Redefining Translation: The Variational Approach</i>. London and New York: Routledge The Lodge at Blue Lakes, 5135 West Highway 20, Upper Lake, California 95485 https://thelodgeatblue lakes.com [Accessed May, 2021]
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Source Text		Target Text
<i>L'Autre Femme</i>	1	<i>The Other Wife</i>
	2	
	3	<i>A hotel on Clear Lake, Lake County, California. The busy hotel restaurant</i>
	4	<i>at lunchtime. Large picture windows overlook a shimmering lake. The</i>
	5	<i>sun beating down on the water gives an incandescent allure to the view.</i>
	6	
	7	MAÎTRE D':
- Deux couverts ? Par ici, Monsieur et Madame, il y a encore une	8	Table for two? Follow me Monsieur, Madame, we have one table left
table contre la baie, si Madame et Monsieur veulent profiter de la vue.	9	overlooking the bay, if Madame and Monsieur care to make the most of
Alice suivit le maître d'hôtel.	10	our magnificent view.
	11	
	12	<i>Alice follows the maître d', through the other diners towards the table</i>
	13	<i>with the view.</i>
	14	
	15	ALICE:
- Oh ! oui, viens, Marc, on aura l'air de déjeuner sur la mer dans	16	Oh yes! Marc, we'll feel like we're on a yacht having lunch on the
un bateau...	17	ocean...
	18	
Son mari la retint d'un bras passé sous le sien.	19	<i>Marc takes a firm hold of his wife's arm to prevent her from following</i>
	20	<i>the maître d'. He indicates, with his gaze and a nod of the head, another</i>

- Nous serons mieux là.
- Là ? Au milieu de tout ce monde ? J'aime bien mieux...

- Je t'en prie, Alice.

Il resserra son étreinte d'une manière tellement significative qu'elle se retourna :

- Qu'est ce que tu as ?

Il fit « ch...tt » tout bas, en la regardant fixement, et l'entraîna vers la table du milieu.

21 *table in the middle of the dining room surrounded by other diners.*
 22
 23 MARC:
 Let's sit there instead.
 24
 25 ALICE:
 26 There? In the middle of the restaurant? But I'd much rather
 27 sit ...
 28
 29 MARC, *interrupts with a hint of desperation in his voice:*
 30 Alice please!
 31
 32 *He tightens his grip on Alice to such an extent that she is forced to turn*
 33 *around.*
 34
 35 ALICE, *looking alarmed:*
 36 What is *wrong* with you?
 37
 38 MARC, *looking Alice purposefully in the eye and then quietly but*
 39 *forcefully:*
 40 Sshhhttt!
 41

- Qu'est-ce qu'il y a, Marc ?

- Je vais te dire, chérie. Laisse-moi commander le déjeuner.
Veux-tu des crevettes ? ou des œufs en gelée ?

- Ce que tu voudras, tu sais bien.

Ils se sourirent, gaspillant les précieux moments d'un maître d'hôtel surmené, atteint d'une sorte de danse nerveuse, qui transpirait près d'eux.

- Les crevettes, commanda Marc. Et puis les œufs bacon. Et du

24 *Marc leads Alice to the table in the middle of the room followed by a*
25 *perplexed looking maître d' who hands them menus as they take their*
26 *seats.*

27

28

ALICE:

29

What is the matter Marc?

30

31

MARC:

32

I'm going to tell you darling. Would you like shrimp? Or eggs in aspic?

34

35

ALICE, *somewhat disgruntled but without sarcasm:*

36

Whatever you want, you know that.

37

38

They pause from the task of ordering lunch to smile lovingly at each

39

other. They are wasting the valuable time of an overworked maître d'

40

who, unnoticed by the two lovebirds, appears, not only to be perspiring

41

profusely but also to be performing a little dance of nervous ticks at the

42

side of their table. Finally, Marc authoritatively orders lunch, addressing

43

the maître d' as if they are having a conversation:

44

45

MARC:

46

The shrimp. And then the eggs with bacon. And the cold chicken with a

poulet froid avec une salade de romaine. Fromage à la crème ?
 Spécialité de la maison ? Va pour la spécialité. Deux très bons cafés.
 Qu'on fasse déjeuner mon chauffeur, nous repartons à deux heures. Du
 cidre ? Je me méfie...Du champagne sec.

Il soupira comme s'il avait déménagé une armoire, contempla la
 mer décolorée de midi, le ciel presque blanc, puis sa femme qu'il trouva
 jolie sous un petit chapeau de Mercure à grand voile pendant.

47 Romaine salad. Fromage à la crème? Speciality of the house? Hmmm,
 48 let's go for your special. With two very good coffees to
 49 follow. See to it that my driver's lunch order is taken would you? We'll
 50 get back on the road at two.

51
 52 Maître D:
 53 Would you like to try the Clear Lake Sauvignon Monsieur? From a local
 54 vineyard...

55
 56 MARC:
 57 Local wine? Not sure I'd trust it...a bottle of the French champagne.

58
 59 Maître D:
 60 Very good Monsieur.

61
 62 *As the Maître D leaves the table Marc gives a noisy exhalation of breath*
 63 *as though he has just finished shifting a heavy wardrobe. He looks out*
 64 *towards the colourless midday sea, at the sky that is almost white, then*
 65 *smiles admiringly at his wife who he evidently finds rather pretty in her*
 66 *little felt hat with its hanging veil.*

67
 68

- Tu as bonne mine, chérie. Et tout ce bleu de mer te fait les yeux verts, figure-toi ! Et puis tu engraisse, en voyage... C'est agréable, à un point, mais à un point !...

Elle tendit orgueilleusement sa gorge ronde, en se penchant au-dessus de la table.

- Pourquoi m'as-tu empêchée de prendre cette place contre la baie ?

Marc Séguy ne songea pas à mentir.

- Parce que tu allais t'asseoir à côté de quelqu'un que je connais.

- Et que je ne connais pas ?

- Mon ex-femme.

Elle ne trouva pas un mot à dire et ouvrit plus grands ses yeux bleus.

69

MARC:

70

You are radiant, darling. And, remarkably, the blue of the lake reflected

71

in your eyes has turned them green, imagine that! And then you have

72

filled out a little on holiday...*Teasingly* It is lovely up to a point, just to a

73

point mind!...

74

75

Alice leans over the table displaying to full advantage her generous

76

cleavage.

77

78

ALICE:

79

Why did you stop me from taking the table overlooking the bay?

80

81

MARC, looks Alice in the eye and answers in a straightforward manner:

82

Because you were going to sit beside someone I know.

83

84

ALICE:

85

Someone that I don't know?

86

87

MARC:

88

My ex-wife.

89

90

Alice's eyes open wide and she is momentarily speechless.

- Quoi donc, chérie ? Ça arrivera encore. C'est sans importance.

Alice, retrouvant la parole, lança dans leur ordre logique les questions inévitables :

- Elle t'a vu ? Elle a vu que tu l'avais vue ? Montre-la moi ?

- Ne te retourne pas tout de suite, je t'en prie, elle doit nous surveiller... Une dame brune, tête nue, elle doit habiter cet hôtel... Toute seule, derrière ces enfants en rouge...

- Oui. Je vois.

Abrutée derrière des chapeaux de plage à grandes ailes, Alice put regarder celle qui était, quinze mois auparavant, la femme de son mari.

91

92

93

MARC:

94

And what of it darling? It won't be the last time that this happens. It's of no importance whatsoever.

95

96

97

ALICE, visibly pulls herself together and tries to organise her thoughts in order to articulate in logical order all of the questions popping into her mind:

98

99

100

Did she see you? Did she see that you saw her? Point her out to me.

101

102

MARC, with urgency and in hushed tones:

103

Don't look around just now, please, she's bound to be watching...a woman with chestnut hair, not wearing a hat. She must be staying at this hotel...On her own, behind those kids wearing red...

104

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106

107

ALICE:

108

Yes, I see her.

109

110

Taking advantage of some women wearing wide-brimmed sunhats to screen her from view, Alice steals a glance at the woman who only fifteen months beforehand was still married to her husband.

111

112

« Incompatibilité », lui racontait Marc. « Oh! mais, là...incompatibilité totale! Nous avons divorcé en gens bien élevés, presque en amis, tranquillement, rapidement. Et je me suis mis à t'aimer, et tu as bien voulu être heureuse avec moi. Quelle chance qu'il n'y ait, dans notre bonheur, ni coupables, ni victimes ! »

La femme en blanc, casquée de cheveux plats et lustrés où la lumière de la mer miroitait en plaques d'azur, fumait une cigarette en fermant à demi les yeux. Alice se retourna vers son mari, prit des crevettes et du beurre, mangea posément. Au bout d'un moment de silence :

- Pourquoi ne m'avais-tu jamais dit qu'elle avait aussi les yeux bleus ?

- Mais je n'y ai pas pensé !

Il baisa la main qu'elle étendait vers la corbeille à pain et elle rougit de plaisir. Brune et grasse, on l'eût trouvée un peu bestiale, mais le bleu changeant de ses yeux, et ses cheveux d'or ondulés, la déguisaient en blonde frêle et sentimentale.

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MARC:

Incompatible. Completely incompatible. Still, I am proud of how we remained civilised throughout the divorce, even stayed on friendly terms – no fuss whatsoever, no wasting time... And then I could get on with loving you, and you so wanted to be happy with me. What incredible luck that our happiness is not tainted by feelings of guilt, no spectres of broken hearted victims hovering over us!

Marc's ex-wife is sitting elegantly looking out to sea. She is obviously content with herself, dressed in white, her beautifully coiffed hair is made particularly lustrous by the sunlight reflecting off the lake. A picture of sophistication, she smokes a cigarette with eyes half closed.

ALICE, turns back to face her husband, picks up the fat shrimp and the butter, and calmly and deliberately consumes them, licking her fingers after each one. The couple don't speak for a few moments, then:

Why is it you never told me that she also has blue eyes?

MARC:

It never occurred to me to tell you!

Elle vouait à son mari une gratitude éclatante. Immodeste sans le savoir, elle portait sur toute sa personne les marques trop visibles d'une extrême félicité. Ils mangèrent et burent de bon appétit, et chacun d'eux crut que l'autre oubliait la femme en blanc. Pourtant, Alice riait parfois trop haut, et Marc soignait sa silhouette, élargissant les épaules et redressant la nuque.

Ils attendirent le café assez longtemps, en silence. Une rivière incandescente, reflet étiré du soleil haut et invisible, se déplaçait lentement sur la mer, et brillait d'un feu insoutenable.

135 *Marc kisses Alice's hand as she reaches for the bread- basket, causing*
 136 *her to blush with pleasure. The open sensuality and obvious enjoyment*
 137 *of her food highlight the contrast between Marc's wife and his ex-wife.*
 138 *The focus shifts away from Alice's unsophisticated behaviour with a close*
 139 *up of the changing blue of her eyes and her blond wavy hair*
 140 *that (deceptively) give her the appearance of a fragile soul.*

141
 142 *Alice's gaze reveals feelings of devotion and gratitude to her new*
 143 *husband as well as an inability to suppress the joy of newly-wed bliss. As*
 144 *the camera pulls out to take in the whole dining room, Marc and Alice*
 145 *get back to enjoying lunch together. There are, however, signs that the*
 146 *presence of Marc's ex-wife is having an effect on the pair: Alice's*
 146 *exaggerated, shrill laughter can be heard above the murmur of*
 148 *conversation from other diners. Noticeable also is the way Marc*
 149 *straightens his back to sit tall, broadens his shoulders and lifts his chin.*

150
 151 *They wait for their coffees for an uncomfortably long time, too long to*
 152 *keep up the charade. The couple's discomfort is heightened by a blazing*
 153 *river of sunshine reflected into the dining room from the water's*
 154 *surface.*

155

156 ALICE, suddenly whispering:

- Elle est toujours là, tu sais, chuchota brusquement Alice.

- Elle te gêne ? Tu veux prendre le café ailleurs?

- Mais pas de tout ! C'est plutôt elle qui devrait être gênée !
D'ailleurs, elle n'a pas l'air de s'amuser follement, si tu la voyais...

- Pas besoin. Je lui connais cet air-là.

- Ah ! oui, c'était son genre ?

Il souffla e la fumée par les narines et fronça les sourcils :

- Un genre ... Non. Á te parler franchement, elle n'était pas heureuse avec moi.

- Ça, par exemple!

157 She's still there you know!

158

159 MARC:

160 Is she bothering you? Would you like to have coffee somewhere else?

161

162 ALICE:

163 No not at all! She's the one that should be feeling bothered! Anyway,

164 she doesn't look like she's having a wild time herself, if only you could

165 see her...

166

167 MARC:

168 No need. I know that look.

169

170 ALICE, greedily pouncing on this remark:

171 Oh, is that her style?

172

173 MARK, *sighs as he blows cigarette smoke from his nose, furrows his brow*

174 *and looks thoughtful and a little sad...:*

175 Her style? No. To be honest, she just wasn't happy with me.

176

177 ALICE:

178 Don't be ridiculous!

- Tu es d'une indulgence délicieuse, chérie, une indulgence folle...
 Tu es un amour, toi... Tu m'aimes... Je suis si fier, quand je te vois ces
 yeux... oui, ces yeux-là... Elle... Je n'ai sans doute pas su la rendre
 heureuse. Voilà, je n'ai pas su.

- Elle est difficile !

Alice s'éventait avec irritation, et jetait de brefs regards sur la femme en
 blanc qui fumait, la tête appuyée au dossier de rotin, et fermait les yeux
 avec un air de lassitude satisfaite. Marc haussa les épaules
 modestement :

- C'est le mot, avoua-t-il. Que veux-tu ? Il faut plaindre ceux qui
 ne sont jamais contents. Nous, nous sommes si contents... N'est-ce pas
 chérie ?

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MARC:

You are deliciously kind to me, darling, insanely kind...You really are a
 treasure...You love me...I am so proud, when I look into these eyes...yes
 these beautiful eyes of yours...She...I quite simply didn't know how to
 make her happy. That's all there is to it, I just didn't know how.

ALICE:

She's just difficult!

*Alice has become irritated and fans herself distractedly whilst glancing
 every now and then at the woman in white who is smoking, her head
 resting against the back of the wicker chair, eyes half closed with a
 relaxed, self-satisfied look about her.*

MARC, conceding, shrugs his shoulders modestly, as he speaks the

Camera focuses on the woman in white:

That's the word for it, yes. What can you do? You have to feel sorry for
 those of us who cannot be content with life. Look at us – we are perfectly
 content. Aren't we, darling?

Alice doesn't respond. She furtively appraises her husband's ruddy red

Elle ne répondit pas. Elle donnait une attention furtive au visage de son mari, coloré, régulier, à ses cheveux drus, faufilets ça et là de soie blanche, ses mains courtes et soignées. Dubitative pour la première fois, elle s'interrogea : « Qu'est-ce qu'elle voulait donc de mieux, elle? »

Et jusqu'au départ, pendant que Marc payait l'addition, s'enquérât du chauffeur, de la route, elle ne cessa plus de regarder avec une curiosité envieuse la dame en blanc, cette mécontente, cette difficile, cette supérieure...

201 *cheeks, regular features, his thick hair streaked with white, and his*
202 *small, manicured hands. A hint of doubt clouds her face.*
203
204 *As her husband is seen paying the bill and going over a road map with*
205 *his driver, Alice examines the woman in white, who projects an aura of*
206 *superiority and nonchalance.*

207

208

209

210

211

ALICE:

What is *wrong* with her?

Student Number	16309215	Text Number	7
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Source Text		Target Text	
Title	"Art"	Title	"Art"
Year Published	1994		
Author	Yasmina Reza		
Language	French	Language	English
Word Count	1475	Word Count	
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 centres on three characters representing Parisian upper-middle class, middle-aged men who through argument and revelation explore the concepts of friendship and culture. "Art" has been a highly successful play both in France and around the world, garnering many prestigious awards. (Billington 2014) Despite this success, English translator, Christopher Hampton, describes how Yasmina Reza 'never feels sure that the nuance of her writing is successfully captured in other languages.' (Hampton 2009) The playwright is reported to have been dismayed by the level of hilarity that greeted her philosophical play when produced outside France.(ibid.) The register is casual. The extracts were chosen to include the honest opinions that two of the characters, Marc and Serge give of each other and the climax of the argument that forms the basis of the play culminating in the character assassination of Yvan. Also included are the closing lines where the white painting is interpreted as representing the liminality of existence: 'It represents a man who crosses a space and disappears.'		

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)	As part of its commitment to increase the representation of female theatre practitioners on the Irish stage, (Moynihan 2018) the Abbey Theatre has commissioned a new adaptation of Yasmina Reza's "Art". The three main protagonists will be re-gendered and the roles re-assigned to female actors. The characters should appear natural in order to test the plausibility of the play's premise in a feminine context. The target play is aimed at theatre lovers with an interest in gender equality. Due to limited stage directions in the source text an American production of the play from 2009 will be consulted to inform the characterisation of the female roles. The tone and delivery of the male actors in this production will be noted and added to the target script as directions : <i>'Marie bursts out laughing again – a sort of mocking cackle' or 'Marie, using a sarcastic tone whilst eyeing Sylvie.'</i> The term 'girl' will not be used as extensively as 'garçon' is used in the source text, as in English it has come to be considered an 'infantilising' way of referring to an adult woman (McAuliffe, 2014). Also its use would not sound natural if spoken by the female characters in the present context as for example in Sylvie and Marie's descriptions of each other as successful career women.
Critical Reflection • <i>textual analysis</i> (200 words max)	The criterion of producing a translation that sounds natural coming from the mouths of an Irish female cast appears to have resulted in a greater number of qualifiers, a phenomenon that is also a feature of Hampton's American version. Words like 'just' (l.32) and 'sort of' (140) are added but whether this is primarily a result of adapting it for the Irish stage or for a female cast is difficult to say. Interestingly the re-gendering of the roles effectively dilutes their stereotypical characteristics thus diminishing some of

	the satirical or parodic nuances of the source text. As a result the play may potentially be closer to Reza's less humorous intentions with her script (Hampton, 2009). Furthermore, the extent to which aspects of the regendered play have a jarring effect on the audience (such as the future daughter-in-law being given a position in the family business or the term hysterical being applied to a male character), can serve as an effective indicator of the level of gender stereotyping that persists. Finally the re-gendering strategy echoes the concept of the 'hybrid creature' referred to in the source text: the target characters are consigned to a liminal existence as females embodying male stereotypes. '...a woman who crosses a space and disappears.'
Works Cited • <i>use of sources and reference material</i>	Billington, Michael. 2014. "Blank Canvas: the enduring appeal of Yasmina Reza's Art." <i>The Guardian</i>. https://www.theguardian.com/stage/2014/oct/28/yasmina-reza-art-20-years-enduring-appeal [Accessed April, 2021] Moynihan, Mary. 2018. "How Waking the Feminists set an equality agenda for Irish Theatre." <i>RTE</i> https://www.rte.ie/brainstorm/2018/1122/1012586-how-waking-the-feminists-set-an-equality-agenda-for-irish-theatre/ [Accessed April, 2021] Hampton, Christopher. 2009. Interview in LA Theatre Works Programme. Éditions Albin Michet et Yasmina Reza. https://www-dramaonlinelibrary-com.elib.tcd.ie/audio?docid=do-9781580815840&tocid=do-9781580815840_6154485233001 [Accessed April, 2021] McCauliffe, Naomi. 2014. "Is the word 'girl' offensive?" <i>The Guardian</i>.

	https://www.theguardian.com/commentisfree/2014/may/27/is-the-word-girl-offensive [Accessed April, 2021]
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Source Text**“Art”**

Marc, seul.

Marc. Mon ami Serge a acheté un tableau.

C’est une toile d’environ un mètre soixante sur un mètre vingt, peinte en blanc. Le fond est blanc et si on cligne des yeux, on peut apercevoir de fins liserés blancs transversaux.

Mon ami Serge est un ami depuis longtemps.

C’est un garçon qui a bien réussi, il est médecin dermatologue et il aime l’art.

Serge, comme seul.

Serge. Mon ami Marc, qui est un garçon intelligent, garçon que j’estime depuis longtemps, belle situation, ingénieur dans l’aéronautique, fait partie de ces intellectuels, nouveaux, qui non contents d’être ennemis de la modernité en tirent une vanité incompréhensible.

Il y a depuis peu, chez l’adepte du bon vieux temps, une arrogance vraiment stupéfiante.

Marc, seul.

Target Text**“Art”**

1

2

Marie, alone.

3

Marie: My friend Sylvie bought a painting.

4

It’s a canvas that measures about one sixty by one twenty, and it’s

5

painted white. The background is white and if you squint you can make

6

out some very thin, white lines/stripes running crossways.

7

I’ve been friends with Sylvie for a long time.

8

She’s quite a successful woman, a consultant dermatologist, and she

9

loves “art”.

10

11

Sylvie, as though alone.

12

Sylvie: My friend Marie, who is a very intelligent woman, someone that I

13

have always admired, good career, aeronautical engineer no less, but

14

she’s one of these nouveau-intellectuals, who, not happy with being

15

anti-modern, they have to get up on their high horse about it.

16

For a while now, this champion of the good old days, has become

17

unbearably arrogant.

18

19

20

Marie, alone.

Marc. Que Serge ait acheté ce tableau me dépasse, m'inquiète et provoque en moi une angoisse indéfinie.

[...]

Deux cent mille francs!

Un garçon aisé mais qui ne roule pas sur l'or. Aisé sans plus, aisé bon.

Qui achète un tableau blanc vingt briques. Je dois m'en référer à Yvan qui est notre ami commun, en parler avec Yvan. Quoique Yvan est un garçon tolérant parce qu'il s'en fout.

Si Yvan tolère que Serge ait pu acheter une merde blanche vingt briques, c'est qu'il se fout de Serge. C'est clair.

Chez Marc. (Yvan et Marc)

Yvan. Tu vas être étonné...

Marc. Oui...

Yvan. Je n'ai pas aimé...mais je n'ai pas détesté ce tableau.

Marc. Bien sûr. On ne peut pas détester l'invisible, on ne déteste pas le rien.

Yvan. Non, non, il y a quelque chose...

Marc. Qu'est-ce qu'il y a ?

Yvan. Il y a quelque chose. Ce n'est pas rien.

21 Marie: Sylvie buying this painting is beyond me; I'm not just worried, I
22 feel some sort of indefinable anxiety.

23 [...]

24 Two hundred grand!

25 Sylvie is comfortable but she's by no means rolling in it. Just
26 comfortable, nicely comfortable. Buys a painting for two hundred
27 thousand euro. I have to see our friend Catherine, need to talk to her
28 about the whole thing. Even though Catherine's overly
29 tolerant...tolerant in that she doesn't really give a shit.
30 If Catherine accepts the fact that Sylvie could pay two hundred thousand
31 quid for a white piece of shit, it'll just go to show that she doesn't
32 actually care about Sylvie. No question.

34 *Marie's house. (Marie and Catherine)*

35 Catherine: You're in for a surprise...

36 Marie: Yeah...?

37 Catherine: I didn't love the painting...but I didn't hate it either.

38 Marie: Obviously. You can't hate what is invisible, you don't hate
39 nothing.

40 Catherine: No, no, there is something...

41 Marie: What is there?

42 Catherine: There is something. It's not nothing.

Marc. Tu plaisantes ?

Yvan. Je ne suis pas aussi sévère que toi. C'est une œuvre, il y a une pensée derrière ça.

Marc. Une pensée !

Yvan. Une pensée.

Marc. Et quelle pensée ?

Yvan. C'est l'accomplissement d'un cheminement...

Marc. Ah ! ah ! ah !

Yvan. Ce n'est pas un tableau fait par hasard, c'est une œuvre qui s'inscrit à l'intérieur d'un parcours...

Marc. Ah ! ah ! ah !

Yvan. Ris. Ris.

Marc. Tu répètes toutes les conneries de Serge ! Chez lui, c'est navrant mais chez toi, c'est d'un comique !

Yvan. Tu sais Marc, tu devrais te méfier de ta suffisance. Tu deviens aigri et antipathique.

Marc. Tant mieux. Plus je vais, plus je souhaite déplaire.

Yvan. Bravo.

43 Marie: Are you joking?

44 Catherine: I'm not as inflexible as you. In my opinion it's a serious piece
45 of art, there's a thought behind it.

46 Marie: A thought!

47 Catherine: A thought.

48 Marie: What thought?

49 Catherine: It's the destination of a path taken...

50 *Marie laughs out loud.*

51 Catherine: It hasn't been thrown together without any consideration;
52 it's a piece that identifies itself as part of a journey...

53 *Marie bursts out laughing again – a sort of mocking cackle.*

54 Catherine: Laugh all you want.

55 Marie: You're just repeating all Sylvie's bullshit! It's sad coming from her
56 but from you it's a joke!

57 Catherine: You know Marie, you need to keep an eye on that smug
58 attitude of yours. You're becoming bitter and unpleasant.

59 Marie: Good. The older I get the more offensive I want to be.

60 Catherine: Good for you.

Chez Serge. (Marc, Serge et Yvan)

Marc. Serge m'a dit que tu étais très sensible à son tableau.

Yvan. Oui...Je suis assez sensible à ce tableau, oui...Pas toi, je sais.

Marc. Non

Allons dîner. Serge connaît un Lyonnais succulent.

Serge. Tu trouves ça trop gras.

Marc. Je trouve ça un peu gras mais je veux bien essayer.

Serge. Mais non, si tu trouves ça trop gras, on va ailleurs.

Marc. Non, je veux bien essayer.

Serge. On va dans ce restaurant si ça vous fait plaisir. Sinon on n'y va pas!

(À Yvan.) Tu veux manger lyonnais toi?

Yvan. Moi je fais ce que vous voulez.

Marc. Lui, il fait ce qu'on veut, il fait toujours ce qu'on veut, lui.

Yvan. Mais qu'est-ce que vous avez tous les deux, vous êtes vraiment bizarres!

Serge. Il a raison, tu pourrais un jour avoir une opinion à toi.

Yvan. Écoutez les amis, si vous comptez me prendre comme tête de Turc, moi je me tire! J'ai assez endure aujourd'hui.

Marc. Un peu d'humour, Yvan.

Yvan. Hein?

Sylvie's house. (Marie, Sylvie and Catherine)

61 Marie: So, Sylvie told me that you liked her painting.

62 Catherine: Yes...I do quite like this painting, yeah... You don't, as we
63 already know.

64 Marie: No.

65 Let's get dinner. Sylvie knows a delicious Lyonnaise restaurant.

66 Sylvie: You find Lyonnaise too fatty.

67 Marie: I find it a little bit fatty but I'll give it a try.

68 Sylvie: Ah no, if you think it's fatty, we'll go somewhere else.

69 Marie: No, I'd like to try it.

70 Sylvie. If you're happy to go to this restaurant, we'll go. Otherwise we
71 won't!

72 (To Catherine.) What do you think? Do you want to eat Lyonnaise
73 tonight?

74 Catherine: I'm easy, whatever you want.

75 Marie: She'll do whatever we want; she always does whatever we want.

76 Catherine: What is wrong with the two of you, you're acting really
77 weird!

78 Sylvie: She's right though, just once, you could have an opinion for
79 yourself.

80 Catherine: Listen girls, if you're planning on taking whatever it is that's
81 winding you up out on me, I'm off. I've enough to be dealing with today.

Marc. Un peu d'humour, vieux.

Yvan. Un peu d'humour? Je ne vois pas ce qu'il y a de drôle. Un peu d'humour, tu es marrant.

Marc. Je trouve que tu manques un peu d'humour ces derniers temps.
Méfie-toi, regarde-moi!

Yvan. Qu'est-ce que tu as?

Marc. Tu ne trouves pas que je manqué aussi un peu d'humour ces derniers temps?

Yvan. Ah bon?!

Serge. Bon, ça suffit, prenons une décision. Pour dire la vérité, je n'ai même pas faim.

Yvan. Vous êtes vraiment sinistres ce soir!...

Serge. Tu veux que je te donne mon point de vue sur tes histoires de bonnes femmes?

Yvan. Donne.

Serge. La plus hystérique de toutes, à mes yeux, est Catherine. De loin.

Marc. C'est évident.

Serge. Et si tu te laisses emmerder par elle dès maintenant, tu te prépares un avenir effroyable.

Yvan. Qu'est-ce que je peux faire?

82 Marie: Oh come on Catherine, where's your sense of humour.

83 Catherine: Sorry?

84 Marie: Lighten up chicken.

85 Catherine: Lighten up? I just don't see where you're going with this.

86 Lighten up...you're hilarious!

87 Marie: I feel like you've been missing your sense of humour lately. Be
88 careful or you'll end up like me!

89 Catherine: What's up with you?

90 Marie: Haven't you noticed that I've also been missing my sense of
91 humour lately?

92 Catherine: Really?

93 Sylvie: Right, that's enough, let's make a decision. To tell the truth, I'm
94 not even hungry.

95 Catherine: You are acting so strange this evening!

96 Sylvie: Do you want me to tell you what I think about all the guys that
97 you've been involved with over the years?

98 Catherine: Tell me.

99 Sylvie: The most hysterical of all, in my opinion, is Yvan. By a long shot.

100 Marie: Obviously.

101 Sylvie. And if you let him away with this crap now, you are paving the
102 way for a disastrous future.

103 Catherine: What can I do?

Marc. Annule.

Yvan. Annuler le mariage?!

Serge. Il a raison.

Yvan. Mais je ne peux pas, vous êtes cinglés!

Marc. Pourquoi?

Yvan. Mais parce que je ne peux pas, voyons! Tout est organisé. Je suis dans la papeterie depuis un mois...

Marc. Quel rapport?

Yvan. La papeterie est à son oncle, qui n'avait absolument pas besoin d'engager qui que ce soit, encore moins un type qui n'a travaillé que dans le tissu.

Serge. Tu fais ce que tu veux. Moi je t'ai donné mon avis.

Yvan. Excuse-moi serge, sans vouloir te blesser, tu n'es pas l'homme dont j'écouterai spécifiquement les conseils matrimoniaux. On ne peut pas dire que ta vie soit une grande réussite dans ce domaine...

Serge. Justement.

Yvan. Je ne peux pas résilier ce mariage. Je sais que Catherine est hystérique mais elle a des qualités. Elle a des qualités qui sont prépondérantes quand on épouse un garçon comme moi...*(Désignant l'Antrios.)* Tu vas le mettre où?

Serge. Je ne sais pas encore.

Yvan. Pourquoi te ne le mets pas là?

104 Marie: Cancel

105 Catherine: Cancel the wedding?!

106 Sylvie: She's right.

107 Catherine: But I can't, you have completely lost the plot!

108 Marie: Why?

109 Catherine: Well because I can't, obviously! It's all arranged. I've been
110 working in the stationary shop for a month...

111 Marie: What has that got to do with it?

112 Catherine: The stationary shop belongs to his uncle, who had absolutely
113 no need to take anyone on, let alone someone whose background was
114 in fabrics.

115 Sylvie: Do what you want. At least I've given you my honest opinion.

116 Catherine: Excuse me Sylvie, no offence, but you are the last person that
117 I would go to for marital advice. It's not like this aspect of your life has
118 been a roaring success...

119 Sylvie: Exactly.

120 Catherine: I cannot cancel my wedding. I know that Yvan is hysterical
121 but he has other qualities. He has the qualities that a man needs when
122 marrying a girl like me...*(Pointing to the Antrios.)* Where are you going to
123 put it?

124 Sylvie: I'm not sure yet.

125 Catherine: Why don't you put it there?

Serge. Parce que là, il est écrasé par la lumière du jour.

Yvan. Ah oui.

J'ai pensé à toi aujourd'hui, au magasin on a reproduit cinq cents affiches d'un type qui peint des fleurs blanches, complètement blanches, sur un fond blanc.

Serge. L'Antrios n'est pas blanc.

Yvan. Non, bien sûr. Mais c'est pour dire.

Marc. Tu trouves que ce tableau n'est pas blanc, Yvan?

Yvan. Pas tout à fait, non...

Marc. Ah bon. Et tu vois quoi comme couleur?...

Yvan. Je vois des couleurs...Je vois du jaune, du gris, des lignes un peu ocre...

Marc. Et tu es ému par ces couleurs.

Yvan. Oui...je suis ému par ces couleurs.

Marc. Yvan, tu n'as pas de consistance. Tu es un être hybride et flasque.

Serge. Pourquoi tu es agressif avec Yvan comme ça?

Marc. Parce que c'est un petit courtisan, servile, bluffé par le fric, bluffé par ce qu'il croit être la culture, culture que je vomis définitivement d'ailleurs.

Un petit silence.

Serge. ...Qu'est ce qui te prend?

Marc (*à Yvan*). Comment peux-tu, Yvan? Devant moi. Devant moi, Yvan.

126 Sylvie: Because there it will be obliterated by sunlight.

127 Catherine: Right.

128 I thought of you the other day, in the shop we printed five hundred

129 posters by this guy who paints white flowers, completely white, on a

130 white background.

131 Sylvie: The Antrios is not white.

132 Catherine: No, of course not. But I'm just saying...

134 Marie: Do you think that this painting is not white, Catherine?

135 Catherine: Not entirely, no...

136 Marie: I see. And what colours do you see?...

137 Catherine: I see colours... I see yellow, grey, the lines that are ochre...

138 Marie: You are touched by these colours.

139 Catherine: Yes...I am touched by these colours.

140 Marie: Catherine, you have no consistency. You're a sort of hybrid

141 human... an amoeba.

142 Sylvie: Why are you being aggressive like that with Catherine?

143 Marie: Because she is a little tart, subservient, in awe of wealth, in awe

144 because she confuses it with culture, a culture that I for one puke on by

145 the way.

146 *A moment's silence.*

147 Sylvie...What's got into you?

148 Marie (*to Catherine*): How could you, Catherine? In front of me. Right in

Yvan. Devant toi, quoi?... Devant toi, quoi? ...Ces couleurs me touchent.
Oui. Ne t'en déplaie. Et cesse de vouloir tout régenter.

Marc. Comment peux-tu dire, devant moi, que ces couleurs te touchent?...

Yvan. Parce que c'est la vérité.

Marc. La vérité? Ces couleurs te touchent?

Yvan. Oui. Ces couleurs me touchent.

Marc. Ces couleurs te touchent, Yvan?!

Serge. Ces couleurs le touchent! Il a le droit!

Marc. Non, il n'a pas le droit.

Serge. Comment ça, il n'a pas le droit ?

Marc. Il n'a pas le droit.

Yvan. Je n'ai pas le droit?!...

Marc. Non.

Serge. Pourquoi, il n'a pas le droit? Tu sais que tu n'es pas bien en ce moment, tu devrais consulter.

Marc. Il n'a pas le droit de dire que ces couleurs le touchent, parce que c'est faux.

Yvan. Ces couleurs ne me touchent pas?!

Marc. Il n'y a pas de couleurs. Tu ne les vois pas. Et elles ne te touchent pas.

149 front of me, Catherine.

150 Catherine: What *in front* of you?...What *in front* of you?... These colours

151 move me. Try not to let it upset you. And stop trying to control

152 everything.

153 Marie: How can you say, in front of me, that these colours move you?

154 Catherine: Because it's the truth.

155 Marie: The truth? These colours move you?

156 Catherine: Yes. These colours move me.

157 Marie: These colours move you Catherine?!

158 Sylvie: These colours move her. She is within her rights!

159 Marie: No, she has no right.

160 Sylvie: How is it that she doesn't have the right?

161 Marie: She does not have the right.

162 Catherine: I don't have the right?!...

163 Marie: No.

164 Sylvie: Why doesn't she have the right? You know that you 've lost it

165 right now; you need to see a professional.

166 Marie: She does not have the right to say that the colours mover her,
167 because it's false.

168 Catherine: These colours do not move me?!

169 Marie: There are no colours. You don't see them. And they don't move
170 you.

Yvan. Parle pour toi!

Marc. Quel avilissement, Yvan!...

Serge. Mais qui es-tu, Marc?!

Qui es-tu pour imposer ta loi? Un type qui n'aime rien, qui méprise tout le monde, qui met son point d'honneur à ne pas être un homme de son temps...

Yvan. Ciao. Moi, je m'en vais.

Serge. Où tu vas?

Yvan. Je m'en vais. Je ne vois pas pourquoi je dois supporter vos vapeurs.

Serge. Reste! Tu ne vas pas commencer à te draper...Si tu t'en vas, tu lui donnes raison.

(Yvan se tient, hésitant, à cheval entre deux décisions.)

Un homme de son temps est un homme qui vit dans son temps.

Marc. Quelle connerie. Comment un homme peut vivre dans un autre temps que le sien? Explique-moi.

Serge. Un homme de son temps, c'est quelqu'un dont on pourra dire dans vingt ans, dans cent ans, qu'il est représentatif de son époque.

Marc. Hun, hun.

Et pour quoi faire?

Serge. Comment pour quoi faire?

Marc. À quoi me sert qu'on dise de moi un jour, il a été représentatif de

171 Catherine: Speak for yourself.

172 Marie: How pathetic Catherine!...

173 Sylvie: Sorry, but who are *you* Marie?

174 Who are you to lay down the rules? Someone who doesn't like anything,

175 who looks down on everyone, who makes a point of not being a woman

176 of her time...

177 Catherine: See ya. I'm off.

178 Sylvie: Where are you going?

179 Catherine: I'm going. I don't see why I should sit here while you two

180 vent.

181 Sylvie: Stay! You're not going to start getting on your high horse...If you

182 go now you'll be validating everything she's saying.

183 *(Catherine stays, she looks hesitating, indecisive.)*

184 Marie: What a load of shit. How can a woman not be of her own time?

185 Explain that to me.

186 Sylvie: A woman of her time is someone who will be described, in

187 twenty years, in one hundred years, as a representative of her era.

188 Marie: Right, right.

189 And for what?

190 Sylvie: What do you mean for what?

191 Marie: What use is it to me if one day they say: she was representative

192 of her era?

son époque?

Serge. Mais mon vieux, ce n'est pas de toi dont il s'agit, mon pauvre vieux! Toi, on s'en fout! Un homme de son temps, comme je te le signale, la plupart de ceux que tu apprécies, est un apport pour l'humanité... Un homme de son temps n'arrête pas l'histoire de la peinture à une vue hypo-flamande de Cavaillon...

Marc. Carcassonne.

Serge. Oui, c'est pareil. Un homme de son temps participe à la dynamique intrinsèque de l'évolution...

Marc. Et ça c'est bien, d'après toi.

Serge. Ce n'est ni bien ni mal – pourquoi veux-tu moraliser? -- c'est dans la nature des choses.

Marc. Toi par exemple, tu participes à la dynamique intrinsèque de l'évolution.

Serge. Oui.

Marc. Et Yvan?...

Yvan. Mais non. Un être hybride ne participe à rien.

Serge. Yvan, à sa manière, est un homme de son temps.

Marc. Et tu vois ça à quoi chez lui ? Pas à la croûte qu'il a au-dessus de sa cheminée !

Yvan. Ce n'est pas du tout une croûte !

Serge. Si, c'est une croûte.

193 Sylvie: Listen sweetie, this is not about you, poor old thing! No one cares
194 about you! Women of their time, as I am trying to explain, women that
195 you yourself admire by the way, are a benefit to humanity... A woman of
196 her time does not derail the history of painting with a mock-Flemish
197 vista of Cavaillon...

198 Marie: Carcassonne.

199 Sylvie: Yeah, same thing. A woman of her time is part of the
200 fundamental dynamics of evolution...

201 Marie: And, in your opinion, that's a good thing.

202 Sylvie. It's neither good nor bad – why do you have to bring morality into
203 it? It's the nature of things.

204 Marie: So you, for example, you are part of the fundamental dynamics
205 of evolution.

206 Sylvie: Yes

207 Marie: And Catherine?...

208 Catherine: Oh no. A hybrid creature doesn't take part in anything.

209 Sylvie: Catherine, in her own way, is a woman of her time.

210 Marie: And how do you see that with her? Not because of that piece of
211 shit that she has hanging over the fireplace?

212 Catherine: That is not a piece of shit!

213 Sylvie: Yes, it is a piece of shit.

214 Catherine: No it is not!

Yvan. Mais non !

Serge. Peu importe. Yvan est représentatif d'un certain mode de vie, de pensée qui est tout à fait contemporain. Comme toi d'ailleurs. Tu es typiquement, je suis navré, un homme de ton temps. Et en réalité, plus tu souhaites ne pas l'être, plus tu l'es.

Marc. Alors tout va bien. Où est le problème ?

Serge. Le problème est uniquement pour toi, qui mets ton point d'honneur à vouloir t'exclure du cercle des humains. Et qui ne peux y parvenir. Tu es comme dans les sables mouvants, plus tu cherches à t'extraire, plus tu t'enfonces. Présente tes excuses à Yvan.

Marc. Yvan est un lâche.

Sur ces mots, Yvan prend sa décision : il sort précipitamment. Un léger temps.

Serge. Bravo.

Silence.

Marc. On ferait mieux de ne pas se voir du tout ce soir... non?...Je ferais mieux de partir aussi...

Serge. Possible...

Marc. Bon...

Serge. C'est toi qui es lâche...Tu t'attaques à un garçon qui est incapable de se défendre... Tu le sais très bien.

Marc. Tu as raison... Tu as raison et ce que tu viens de dire ajoute à mon

215 Sylvie: Whatever. Catherine represents a certain way of life, a way of
216 thinking that is completely contemporary. Just like you for that matter.
217 You are a typical, I regret to say, woman of your time. And realistically,
218 the more you try not to be, the more that you are.

219 Marie: So, we're all good. What's the problem?

220 Sylvie: The problem is only with you, you who makes it a matter of
221 principle to try to exclude yourself from human society. And who fails.
222 It's as if you're in quick sand, the more you try to escape the deeper you
223 sink. Apologise to Catherine.

224 Marie: Catherine is a coward.

225 *While this exchange is taking place, Catherine takes the decision to*
226 *leave. A moment elapses.*

227 Sylvie: Well done.

228 *Silence.*

229 Marie: We'd be better off not hanging out together this evening...don't
230 you think?... I'd better take off too...

231 Sylvie: Maybe...

232 Marie: Right...

233 Sylvie: You're the coward...You attack a girl who is incapable of sticking
234 up for herself... And well you know it.

235 Marie: You're right... You're right and what you've just said adds the
236 finishing touch to my implosion... You see, suddenly, I no longer

effondrement...Tu vois, subitement, je ne comprends plus, je ne sais plus ce qui me relie à Yvan... Je ne comprends plus de quoi ma relation est faite avec ce garçon.

Serge. Yvan a toujours été ce qu'il est.

Marc. Non. Il avait une folie, il avait une incongruité.. Il était fragile mais il était désarmant par sa folie...

Serge. Et moi?

Marc. Toi quoi?

Serge. Tu sais ce qui te relie à moi ?...

Marc. ... Une question qui pourrait nous entraîner assez loin...

Serge. Allons-y.

Court silence.

Marc. ... Ça m'ennuie d'avoir fait de la peine à Yvan.

Serge. Ah! Enfin une parole légèrement humaine dans ta bouche. ...

D'autant que la croute qu'il a au-dessus de sa cheminée, je crains que ce ne soit son père qui l'ait peinte.

Marc. Ah bon? Merde.

Marc, seule.

Mon ami Serge, qui est un ami depuis longtemps, a acheté un tableau.

C'est une toile d'environ un mètre soixante sur un mètre vingt.

Elle représente un homme qui traverse un espace et qui disparaît.

237 understand, I have no idea what connects me to Catherine... I no longer
238 understand what my friendship with this person is built on.

239

240 Sylvie: Catherine has always been that person.

241 Marie: No. She had a wild streak, an eccentricity.. She was fragile but
242 her eccentricity could disarm you...

243 Sylvie: And me?

244 Marie: What you?

245 Sylvie: Do you know what ties us together?

246 Marie: ... A question that could bring us down a long and windy road...

247 Sylvie: Let's go.

248 *Short silence.*

249 Marie: ... I feel bad that I hurt Catherine's feelings.

250 Sylvie: Ah! Finally something humane from your lips...

251 You know, that piece of crap that she has over the fireplace, I think it
252 was painted by her mother.

253 Marie: Really? Shit.

254

255 *Marie, alone.*

256 My friend Sylvie, who is an old friend, bought a painting.

257 It is a canvas measuring about one sixty by one twenty.

258 It represents a woman who crosses a space and disappears.

Student Number	16309215	Text Number	8
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Source Text		Target Text	
Title	<i>La plaine</i>	Title	<i>The Meadow</i>
Year Published	1986		
Author	Guillevic		
Language	French	Language	English
Word Count	179	Word Count	230
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)	As the title would indicate, <i>La plaine</i> [the plain] is primarily a nature poem, taken from the collection <i>Possibles futurs</i>, by Breton poet Guillevic, who was awarded the prestigious Prix de Goncourt in 1988. It is written in free verse form where tension is created by alliteration and repetition connecting antithetical concepts. In the opening lines, the poet, who is in his eighties, asks himself if there is anything else that he could say to this plain, whether new poetry can spring from this familiar ground. The personification of the plain where it is addressed and spoken of as a lover (lines 3, 13-15, 25-30, 35) also invests the text with the attributes of a love poem. <i>La plaine</i>, spread out over twelve pages with an average line length of five words falls into the category of a concrete poem in that its shape on the page evokes the megalithic stones of Carnac that inspired much of Guillevic's work. (Piette 2001, 285) Denise Levertov, a translator of Guillevic's poetry, points to the 'simplicity of diction' and 'lack of descriptive		

	qualification’ that characterise his work (Introduction, 1969). There is nothing, in fact, in this poem that is not recognizable. In his preface to this collection, Michael Brophy underlines the inherent invitation in these poems ‘to contemplate the simple act of existing’ (2014, II) (my translation). In contemplating his existence in the immanent world, the plain comes to represent for the poet the liminal space between one stage of life and the next (lines 11-20).
Strategy • <i>identification of translation problems</i> • <i>knowledge of genre within target context and situation of target text</i> • <i>justification of translation production of genre for target context</i> (200 words max)	The translation of this poem will be included in a collection of children’s poetry from around the world that celebrates nature. The collection is to be published to coincide with the World Conference on Climate Change and has been commissioned by the Friends of the Earth organisation. The age of the target readers is 7 – 9 years and the objective of this publication is to nurture an awareness of our connection to the natural world. The older poet’s concern with his ability to write new poetry celebrating the plain will be adapted as a child’s questioning of whether they can still play in the meadow even as they are growing up (lines 1 –4, 11-14). In order to enhance the playfulness and memorability of the poem for young readers eight out of the ten quatrains will have an ABCB rhyme scheme, reverting to the free verse and irregular stanzas of the source poem in the other two. This disruption to the rhyme scheme reflects the image of tumbling and twirling in this verse (l. 36). A radical departure in the translation is necessitated by the reference to getting drunk. This is replaced with a reference to ‘gadgets’ that is more suited to young readers (line 21)
Critical Reflection • <i>textual analysis</i>	In making the ecological message of the children’s version of Guillevic’s poem more explicit and to accommodate the rhyme scheme, the lines in the target text are often longer than in the source text. For example, ‘À lui arracher’ becomes

(200 words max)	‘You just have to dig it out.’ As a result, the <i>concrete</i> aspect of <i>La plaine</i>, whose shape on the page evokes the megalithic stones, alluded to above, is lost. This verticality of the poem could have enhanced the young readers’ visual enjoyment of it, especially if images of the megalithic site at Carnac were incorporated. The rooting of <i>La Plaine</i> in the immanent world, where references are not abstract, facilitates its translation and adaptation for young readers. This adaptation has led to the addition of a fantastical dimension that is not present in the source text as in the alliterative opening line: ‘To this magical meadow’. Even with the addition of this other-worldly dimension, however, the fundamental message of the source poem, i.e. the importance of rejoicing in nature remains intact. The liminal position of the poet subject in the original poem, looking out towards the expanse of the plain as he considers the final stage of his life, is mirrored in the target text with a young child looking out on a favourite childhood place, a sort of natural playground, as they contemplate growing up. The optimistic view of the poet subject who sees a field full of possibilities is very suitable for an uplifting children’s poem.
Works Cited • <i>use of sources and reference material</i>	Piette, Adam. 2001. <i>Translation and Literature</i> 10, no. 2 : 282-89.. http://www.jstor.org/stable/40339879. [Accessed April 28, 2021] Brophy, Michael. 2014. <i>Préface – Guillevic. Possibles Futurs</i>. Gallimard: Paris Leverlov, Denise. 1969. <i>Guillevic Selected Poems</i>. Translated by Denise Leverlov. New Directions: New York

Source Text***La plaine***

À cette plaine devant toi,
Que diras-tu
Qu'elle ne sache déjà
Pour te l'avoir entendu répéter?

Et pourtant tu sens, tu sais
Qu'il y a quelque chose de neuf
À lui arracher
Et tu cherches.

Peut-être est-ce à cause de l'âge,
Maintenant, que se forme entre vous
Un nouveau réseau,

Et peut-être
Qu'il s'agit de lui confier,
Qu'entre vous, l'âge
N'a rien changé,
Que le pacte
Est toujours pareil.

Target Text***The Meadow***

1	To this magical meadow
2	What will you say?
3	Is there something she didn't hear yet
4	When you've played here every day?
5	
6	And still, you sense...you are <i>sure</i>
7	There must be something that is new,
8	You just have to dig it out,
9	To search for it in you.
10	
11	And maybe it is at this big age
12	That between you things can grow,
13	A bigger field for you to plunder
14	From seeds that you have sewn,
15	
16	And maybe you should confide
17	In her, closely, so that she can hear,
18	That even with more years between you
19	Your meadow's always dear.
20	

2

Je n'ai pas à me sentir ivre

Pour être en communion

Avec toi, l'étendue, avec

Ce que tu contiens.

Il me suffit

De toi et de moi,

Il me suffit de nous,

Tels que nous sommes,

Ivres seulement d'exister

Toi et moi

Et de sentir

Entre nous passer

Ce courant qui n'en finit pas,

De le retrouver

Chaque fois que je t'approche --

Et même quand je suis loin.

21

22 I don't need gadgets

23 To feel that I'm in touch

24 With you and within you meadow,

25 There is so very much.

26

27 For me it is enough:

28 Some of you and some of me,

29 The two of us together,

30 It's enough for us to be,

31

32

33

34

35 And to feel with this connection

36 A current running through,

37 Not only when you're near me

38 But even when far from you.

39

40

41

42

4

Je me suis tenu sur toi,

Je me suis étendu sur toi,

Je me suis roulé sur toi,

Et tout cela je peux le faire

Encore et encore

Et je le ferai,

Mais tiens-moi compte

De ce qui fut dans le passé,

De cela dont rien n'est oublié.

43

44 I have hidden in you,

45 I have stretched in you,

46 And I have tumbled and twirled in you too,

47

48 And all of that I am able to do

49 Again and again and again,

50 And I will,

51

52 But you must remind me meadow

53 Of all that was in the past,

54 The things that are not forgotten,

55 So all we are can last

56 and last

57 and last.



