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In/Harmony
A Portfolio of Translations

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Introduction

Translation lives within inharmony. It occurs always in the transference from one to another. For translation to begin, an imbalance is required, brought about by the need for something in one language which must be taken from another. Translation sees this need, this disaccord, and bridges the gap from one to the other, giving two texts – source and target – whose languages and signifiers, though different and discordant in some ways, harmonise with one another. Translation, from inharmony, creates a balanced duality. This portfolio, therefore, offers a selection of texts in translation, In/Harmony.

These texts also speak of another kind of inharmony; that experienced when there is discord or disconnect, whether it be between one's external surroundings and that felt within, between the said and the unsaid, between fact and belief, or between the past and the present. Each of these duos of texts, source and target, in their harmony, present a translated inharmony of one kind or

another. Together, they will lead us across dissonant borders and show us some of the many inharmonies common to the human experience.

We will begin with a child hiding in a bathroom, shutting herself away from the inharmony of her parents' divorce, and seeking refuge within the innocence of her own childhood from the discord of the adults around her. Victor Hugo will regale us with the beauty of the Swiss landscape as he knew it, while the accompanying translation reveals the contrast of the same landscape as it is today. We will then sit awhile by the fire, where Kitty the Hare will tell us a disquieting tale about how what we can see is not always what is truly under the surface. Elsa Dorlin will show us the inharmony between traditional teachings of religion and medicine – and perhaps translation can bridge another gap here, balancing the scales between the disadvantaged women Dorlin writes about, and the elite, educated

readers her language attracts. We share in a gentle but firm lesson from Silvio Rodriguez on the path one seeks as opposed to the path one finds, while Happy Valley's Catherine Caewood will show us the contention between professional duty and compassion. Annie Ernaux will detail the schism between one's internal processes in the aftermath of loss, and the grief-revealed triviality of the world, as well as the hope we find in memory. Finally, the words of Alejandra Pizarnik will close this collection of texts on a note of explicit duality, with a poem on the capacity of absence to make a person wholly present in the here and now.

In each of these texts there is a note of hope. Through inharmony, the strength and humanity of the characters is revealed. Equally, their translation takes this hope and spreads it beyond the limits of each text's source language, allowing for a myriad of new interpretations, and for many more people to find solace in the commonality of the struggle with inharmony. I hope you enjoy the texts, and if you are experiencing disquiet, that you find comfort in them – or at least, that they will make you feel less alone. Come and find yourself In/Harmony with others.

This portfolio would not have been possible without the boundless patience and enthusiasm of Dr. Rachel Hoare and Dr. Yairen Jerez Columbié, to whom I am endlessly grateful. My gratitude also goes out to the lurkers in the basement; together we have managed to find a perfect In/Harmony. An enormous thank you to Ollie, Roisin and Seán, whose kindness made Dublin possible. Thank you, lastly, to anyone who has proofread and/or helped with these texts, but especially to my darling mother, the most fantabulous of wordsmiths.

Throughout this portfolio, the following abbreviations will be used:

ST – Source Text

TT – Target Text

SC – Source Culture

TC – Target Culture

SA – Source Audience

TA – Target Audience

Student Number	22304798	Text Number	1
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Source Text		Target Text	
Title	The Suitcase Kid: B is for Bathroom	Title	La fillette valisère : B comme Baignoire
Year Published	1992		
Author	Jacqueline Wilson		
Language	English	Language	French
Word Count	1216	Word Count	1300
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 extract is taken from Jacqueline Wilson's 1992 children's book <i>The Suitcase Kid</i>, which follows a ten-year-old girl's struggle through her parents' divorce and subsequent new relationships. Wilson's books are generally written for children 8-14 years of age (Waddilove 2012: 75), and this one – like most of her work – aims to render the child's complex emotional situation accessible and relatable to a large audience of children (ibid: 76). It is therefore written in relatively plain language, with the child's thoughts and feelings stated directly. However, this is balanced by Wilson's trademark humour (ibid: 76), with writing rich in alliteration, internal rhyme and childish, slightly rude descriptions of characters and events ('Billy Baboon' (l.20) and 'little ratbag Katie' (l.21) for example). The register used is that of a well-educated, literate English child, who speaks directly to the reader in an informal manner. It is written in standard British English, and some of the vocabulary and sentence structures used reflect the English context of the story – for instance, the expressions 'get cross' (l.7) (Wordreference: 'Cross'), 'can't stick it' (l.40) (Collins: 'Stick) and 'fancy' (l.79) (Collins: 'Fancy).		
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>	The translation of this story is to be published by the Parisian publishing house 'L'école des loisirs,' who wish to extend the book's supportive capacities to French children. As the story is written to both appeal to children and be easily accessible to them, the context must not provide too much of a challenge, and the humour of the source text should be replicated in as much as possible in the target text. I will therefore replace the specifically anglophone names with common French names, and relocate the story to the banlieue of Saint Denis in Paris, as this is the capital's largest commune and has a largely working class population, as well as a high number of residents from immigrant backgrounds		

(200 words max)	(Discover France 2022) – all in all, groups whose children are likely to face social and economic difficulties. Where a direct translation of wordplay and cultural elements will not suffice in French, I will attempt to compensate (Klaudy 2008) to maintain the lightness and accessibility of the text.
Critical Reflection <i>textual analysis</i> (200 words max)	The relocation of the story to Saint Denis is not as obvious as expected; the street name ‘Émile Zola’ (l.1) could be used in any part of France. The reference to the ‘Stade l’Odyssée’ in the TT (l.84) may not be recognisable to those living outside of the area, but the general context of the scene should render it understandable. Many of Wilson’s comic phrases remain in the translation; ‘Bill the Baboon’ translates easily to ‘Basile le Babouin’ (l.15, l.22), and ‘non-tonton’ (l.2) retains the rhyme of ‘un-uncle’ (l.1-2). However, certain informal turns which emphasise the source context and add humour to the story, such as ‘barging about’ (l.18-19) and ‘foul scummy hairs’ (l.51) had to be standardised. This is not necessarily negative, as it means the story will feel familiar to a wider audience; however, the loss of humour might pose an issue where engagement is concerned.
Works Cited <i>use of sources and reference material</i>	Collins. ‘Stick.’ Verb uses: definition 10. https://www.collinsdictionary.com/dictionary/english/stick. Collins. ‘Fancy.’ Definition 1. https://www.collinsdictionary.com/dictionary/english/fancy. Discover France. 2022. “What you should know about the Paris suburb of Saint-Denis.” The Local. https://www.thelocal.fr/20220519/what-you-should-know-about-the-paris-suburb-of-saint-denis/. Klaudy, Kinga. 2008. Compensation in Translation. ResearchGate. https://www.researchgate.net/publication/316490724_Compensation_in_Translation. L’école des loisirs. <i>Qui sommes nous ?</i> https://www.ecoledesloisirs.fr/qui-sommes-nous. Waddilove, Kay. 2012. “‘So good, it’s exhilarating’: The Jacqueline Wilson Phenomenon.” <i>Bookbird: A Journal of International Children's Literature</i> 50 (3): 75-78. Doi:10.1353/bkb.2012.0096. Wilson, Jacqueline. 1991. <i>The Suitcase Kid</i>. London: Doubleday. Wordreference. ‘Cross.’ Definitions 10-11. https://www.wordreference.com/enfr/cross.

Source Text

The Suitcase Kid – Jacqueline Wilson

Chapter: B is for Bathroom

We're all crammed in together when I'm at Albert Road. That's my un-Uncle Bill's house. I'm never going to call him Uncle. I don't even call him just plain Bill. Though he is plain. I don't call him anything at all. I don't even speak to him if I can help it.

I can't stand the way Mum talks to him. She snuggles up to him and hangs on his every word and roars with laughter at his stupid jokes. She doesn't even get cross if he goes out drinking with his mates after work. That's really stupid, because she used to nag my dad like mad if he came home late. Though that was probably when he was seeing that dopey Carrie ... My un-Uncle Bill is a painter and decorator though you'd never think it if you saw his house. (That's how he and my mum met. When he came to paint our hall and stairs at Mulberry Cottage, because it was too high for Mum to reach. Bill the Baboon had a special set of planks. I'd like to make him walk his rotten plank. Right to the edge and over.) His own house in Albert Road is dead scruffy, nowhere near as nice as Mulberry Cottage, so I can't see why my mum makes out she likes it here. She's starting to do the decorating herself, changing it all around. Making it her place.

Target Text

La fillette valisère

Chapitre : B comme Baignoire

1 Dans la maison sur la rue Émile Zola, nous sommes tous entassés comme
2 des sardines. C'est la maison de mon non-tonton Basile. Je ne l'appellerai
3 jamais 'tonton.' Je refuse même d'utiliser son prénom tout banal – même
4 si lui est bien banal. Je ne l'appelle rien. Je ne lui parle pas, si je peux
5 l'éviter.
6 Je ne peux pas supporter la façon dont Maman lui parle. Elle se blottie
7 contre lui, suspendue à ses lèvres, et elle s'éclate de rire chaque fois qu'il
8 fait une blague stupide. Elle ne se met même pas en colère s'il va à boire
9 avec ses potes après le travail. C'est vraiment stupide, elle critiquait tout
10 le temps mon père lorsqu'il rentrait tard. Cependant, c'était sans doute
11 pendant ce temps qu'il sortait avec cette abrutie Cécile...
12 Mon non-tonton Basile est un peintre et décorateur, mais tu dirais autre
13 chose si tu voyais sa maison. (C'est ainsi que se sont rencontrés ma
14 maman et lui. Il est venu pour peindre notre entrée et par-dessus les
15 escaliers, car c'était trop haut pour elle. Basile le Babouin avait un lot
16 spécial de planches. J'aimerais bien lui savonner ses planches, jusqu'à ce
17 qu'il tombe.) Je ne comprends pas pourquoi ma maman fait semblant

There's nowhere that's my place though. The others are always barging about the kitchen and the living-room. My mum shares a bedroom with old Billy Baboon, so I'm certainly never going in there.

He's got three children: Paula, Graham and little ratbag Katie. I don't like any of them, but I suppose Paula's the best. She's fourteen and she doesn't think much of my mum and they keep having rows. I encourage this like mad, because then my mum might get fed up and want to leave. And then all I've got to do is get my dad to leave Carrie and we could all be a family again. We might even be able to buy back Mulberry Cottage and start all over again, living happily ever after.

Paula has her own bedroom and she's got pop posters all round the room and she plays her stereo system so loud that the whole house shakes. She's got special earphones but she deliberately doesn't use them. *We're* the ones that need earphones.

It's funny, Paula's so noisy, yet Graham is the most silent boy you could ever imagine. He's twelve, yet I'm much taller than him. If we had a fight I know I'd win, easy-peasy. But he's not the fighting sort. He's pale and twitchy with glasses and he just likes to shut himself up in his box-room and plug into his computer. I think he'll turn into a robot one day. He moves in this jerky sort of way, and the rare times he does speak his voice is flat like a machine.

18 d'aimer la maison de Basile à la rue Emile Zola. Elle est grave miteuse, pas
19 du tout comme notre Cottage du Mûrier. Elle a commencé à la décorer
20 elle-même, à tout changer, pour se sentir chez elle.

21 Moi, je n'ai pas de lieu à moi. Les autres font toujours du raffut dans la
22 cuisine et le salon. Maman partage la chambre de Basile le Babouin, alors
23 je n'y entre jamais.

24 Lui, il a trois enfants : Paule, Graham et cette petite minable Kitty. Je n'en
25 aime personne d'entre eux, mais je suppose que Paule me dérange le
26 moins. Elle a quatorze ans et elle n'est pas transcendée par ma mère, elles
27 se disputent sans cesse. Ça, je l'encourage autant que je peux, parce que
28 ma maman va peut-être en avoir marre et puis elle voudra partir. Après
29 ça je dois juste convaincre mon père de laisser Cécile et nous pouvons
30 être une famille de nouveau. Peut-être nous pourrions même racheter le
31 Cottage du Mûrier et recommencer de zéro, pour y vivre heureux.

32 Paule a sa propre chambre avec des posters pop sur tous les murs. Elle
33 met sa chaîne hi-fi à un tel volume qu'elle fait vibrer la maison entière.
34 Elle a des écouteurs spéciaux mais elle fait exprès de les laisser de côté.
35 C'est *nous* qui avons besoin d'écouteurs.

36 C'est bizarre, Paule fait énormément de bruit, mais Graham est le garçon
37 le plus silencieux que tu pourrais jamais imaginer. Il a douze ans, pourtant
38 je suis beaucoup plus grande que lui. Je sais que si nous nous battions je

Katie's got the biggest bedroom so she has to share it with me. It's not my fault. I don't want to share with her. I can't stick it. I can't ever dress up or practise pulling silly faces or play a good game with Radish because Katie's always there. I can't even get lost in a good book because Katie turns her television right up or sings some silly song right in my ear to distract me.

So do you know where I go when I need a bit of peace and quiet? I lock myself in the bathroom.

There aren't any really good places to sit. The toilet gets a bit hard after a while. The edge of the bath is too cold. I wouldn't dream of sitting in the bath. I always just wash in the basin. The baboon has a bath every day and he leaves dark wisps of hair all over the place, and little crumbs of plaster and flakes of paint.

I collected some of his foul scummy hairs in a matchbox, together with a nail clipping and a shred of one of his dirty tissues. Then I concocted an evil spell and threw the box out of the window. I waited hopefully all the next day for the news that he'd fallen off his ladder. But he didn't. Magic doesn't work. I should know that by now. I wished enough times that Mum and Dad and I could be together again in Mulberry Cottage and it hasn't happened yet.

Even when I'm locked in the bathroom I can't always concentrate on my book. I used to read heaps and heaps and I got through every single story in the Book Box at school, and I went to the library too and I had my own

39 gagnerais, fastoche. Mais il n'est pas violent. Il est pâle et nerveux et il
40 porte des lunettes, et il aime bien s'enfermer dans sa chambre et se
41 brancher sur son ordinateur. Je pense qu'un jour il deviendra robot. Il
42 bouge d'une façon saccadée, et dans les rares moments où il parle, sa voix
43 a un ton plat comme une machine.

44 La chambre de Kitty est la plus grande de la maison donc elle doit la
45 partager avec moi. Ce n'est pas de ma faute. Je ne veux pas la partager
46 avec elle. C'est insupportable. Je ne peux jamais me déguiser ni pratiquer
47 mes grimaces dans le miroir ni trop jouer avec Radis parce que Kitty est
48 toujours là. Je ne peux même pas me perdre dans un bon livre parce
49 qu'elle met sa télé en haut volume ou elle chante quelque chanson
50 stupide droit dans mon oreille pour me distraire.

51 Alors, tu peux deviner où je vais quand j'ai besoin de calme ? Je
52 m'enferme dans la salle de bains.

53 Il n'y a pas vraiment de bons endroits pour s'asseoir. La toilette est un peu
54 trop dure, elle fait mal après un temps. Le bord de la baignoire est trop
55 froid. Je n'oserais jamais de m'asseoir là-dedans. Je me lave toujours au
56 lavabo. Le Babouin se baigne chaque jour et il laisse des mèches de
57 cheveux noirs partout, ainsi que des miettes de plâtre et des flocons de
58 peinture.

59 J'ai récolté quelques-uns de ses sals cheveux écumeux dans une boîte à
60 allumettes, avec une rognure d'ongle et un lambeau d'un de ses Kleenex

collection of paperbacks, nearly fifty of them, some of them really big hard nearly grown-up books. But now my own books are shoved in a cardboard box somewhere and I can't get at them, and all the books from school and the library suddenly seem boring. I can't get into the stories. I just keep thinking about Mum and Dad and Mulberry Cottage.

So now I choose really babyish books to read, stuff I read years ago, when I was six or seven or eight. I can remember reading the stories the first time round and sometimes I can kid myself I'm little again, and everything's all right.

Sometimes it doesn't work, even in the bathroom by myself. So then I generally play a game with Radish.

She loves the bathroom. It's her favourite best ever place. Don't forget she's only four centimetres tall. The basin and the bath are her very own Leisure Pool. I generally fix up a Superslide by knotting Paula's tights together and hanging them from the door hook to the bath tap. Radish hasn't got a very slippery bottom so I soap her a lot to make her slide satisfactorily. This means Paula's tights get a bit soapy too but that can't be helped.

Radish certainly doesn't fancy a swim in the baboon's hairy lair but she likes a quick dip in the basin, and she's getting very good at dives off the window-sill down into the water. Sometimes she turns somersaults as she

61 sals. Puis j'ai inventé une malédiction et j'ai jeté la boîte par la fenêtre.
62 J'ai espéré toute la journée suivante de savoir qu'il était tombé de son
63 escalier, mais la nouvelle n'est jamais arrivée. Il n'existe pas de magie. Je
64 devrais le savoir maintenant. Ça fait assez de fois que j'ai souhaité que
65 Maman, Papa et moi soient ensemble encore une fois au Cottage du
66 Mûrier et cela n'est encore pas arrivé.

67 Même enfermée dans la salle de bains, je n'arrive toujours pas à me
68 concentrer sur mon livre. Avant, je lisais des tas et des tas de livres. J'ai lu
69 chaque histoire dans la Boîte de Livres à l'école, j'allais à la bibliothèque,
70 et je collectionnais mes propres livres de poche, j'en avais presque
71 cinquante, dont des livres très grands, presque pour les adultes. Mais
72 maintenant mes livres sont fracassés dans une boîte quelque part et je ne
73 peux pas y accéder, et d'un coup tous les livres à l'école et à la
74 bibliothèque m'ennuient. Je ne peux pas me plonger dans les intrigues. Je
75 n'arrête pas de penser à Maman et Papa et au Cottage du Mûrier. Alors
76 maintenant je choisis des livres très puérils, des choses que j'ai lues il y a
77 des années, lorsque j'avais six ou sept ou huit ans. Je me rappelle la
78 première fois que j'ai lu ces histoires et parfois je peux me duper et croire
79 que je suis encore petite, et que tout va bien.

80 Parfois ça ne marche pas, même quand je suis seule dans la salle de bains.
81 D'habitude dans ce cas-ci je joue avec Radis.

goes.

When she starts to get a bit shivery I dry her in the towel, and then she warms up using the sponge as her own Bouncy Castle. When she's tired of this she generally begs me to make her a snowman. I know this will get us into trouble but I don't care. I take the baboon's shaving foam and we make all the snowdrifts and then we start sculpting them into snow people. Last time I got a bit carried away. I made a snow girl and a snow rabbit and then I made a snow cottage. All right, it looked more like a big blob than a cottage, but the snow girl and the snow rabbit liked it a lot. I tried to do a tree too but the shaving foam went phut and I realized I'd used it all up. Nearly a whole can.

The baboon beat his chest and bellowed in the morning, but Radish and I didn't care.

82 Elle adore la salle de bains. C'est son lieu préféré de tous les temps.
83 N'oublie pas qu'elle n'a que quatre centimètres de haut. Le lavabo et la
84 baignoire sont son propre Stadium l'Odyssée. Généralement je fais un
85 Superslide en nouant les collants de Paule. Je le pends de la poignée de la
86 porte et le rattache au robinet de la baignoire. Le derrière de Radis ne
87 glisse pas trop alors j'y mets beaucoup de savon pour qu'elle puisse glisser
88 de manière satisfaisante. Le collant de Paule devient un peu savonneux
89 aussi, mais je ne peux pas l'éviter.
90 Radis n'a pas envie de nager dans la tanière de galère du babouin mais ça
91 lui plait beaucoup de se plonger dans le lavabo, ce qu'elle fait très bien en
92 sautant du rebord de la fenêtre. Parfois elle fait des flips pendant qu'elle
93 tombe.
94 Quand elle commence à trembler je la sèche avec la serviette, et puis elle
95 se réchauffe en utilisant l'éponge comme son propre château gonflable.
96 D'habitude, lorsqu'elle en a marre, elle me supplie de faire un bonhomme
97 de neige pour elle. Je sais que l'on nous grondera mais je m'en fiche. Je
98 prends la mousse à raser du Babouin pour en faire beaucoup de congères,
99 puis nous les sculptons pour faire des personnes de neige. La dernière
100 fois, je m'en suis emballée. J'ai fait une fille de neige et un lapin de neige,
101 et ensuite j'ai fait un cottage de neige. Bon, on aurait plutôt dit une
102 grande goutte qu'un cottage, mais la fille et le lapin de neige l'ont bien

103 aimé. J'ai aussi tenté de faire un arbre, mais la mousse a fait 'pouf' et je
104 me suis rendu compte que je l'avais tout vidé, presque un bidon entier.
105 Le matin, le Babouin s'est battu la poitrine en beuglant, mais Radis et moi,
106 en s'en fichait.

Student Number	22304798	Text Number	2
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Source Text		Target Text	
Title	Dicté en présence du glacier du Rhône	Title	The Rhône Glacier, 1831
Year Published	1831		
Author	Victor Hugo		
Language	French	Language	English
Word Count	432	Word Count	415
Description of Source Text • <i>understanding of source text</i> • <i>knowledge of genre within source contexts</i> • <i>situation of source text familiarity with the formal features of a text (language variation(s), register, dialect)</i> (200 words max)	This poem's title indicates that it was written while Hugo was visiting the Rhône Glacier. It was published as part of the collection <i>Les feuilles d'automne</i> in 1831 (Hugo 1831). Hugo's poetry can be classed as Romantic (Quandt 2017: 365). As such, this poem contains many instances of natural imagery used to emotional effect: he compares the beauty of nature to the feeling of the restless mind being lifted by God like a dewdrop towards the sky (l.2-7), and uses celestial imagery to express his awe at the sight of the glacier and its surrounding nature (l.43-49). Hugo also makes use of personification, conjuring images of the glacier as a woman cutting a fringe for her veil from the gold light of the morning (l.14-15) and throwing lightning into the forest like a warrior (l.16-18). The poem's rhyme scheme follows an AABCCB pattern, and its register is formal.		
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>	The Swiss tourism organisation 'Obergoms Tourismus AG' (Obergoms Tourismus AG) has commissioned an English translation of Hugo's poem for use in an environmental campaign. The poem will be divided into stanzas and shown on boards along a popular tourist route around the glacier, accompanied by information on the glacier and its reduction due to climate change. The poem will highlight the glacier's change in size between Hugo's writing about it and modern-day tourist's visiting of it.		

(200 words max)	In order to emphasise the changes the glacier has undergone since Hugo's time, I will translate the poem into the past tense. The poem will be split into four twelve-line segments, with one final six-line segment. I will maintain the rhyme scheme of the poem, rearranging word order to do so where necessary. I will replicate the vibrant images from the ST, making minimal changes to fit the rhyme scheme. I will alter the title in translation, including the year of the ST's writing to again emphasise the effects of time and climate change on natural phenomena.
Critical Reflection <i>textual analysis</i> (200 words max)	The prioritisation of rhyme in the TT meant that some of the imagery used by Hugo in the ST had to be altered in translation. For example, in l.2, 'mon esprit riche en métamorphoses' [my mind rich in metamorphoses] is translated as 'my mind ever-changing;' this puts the focus on the changes the narrator's mind undergoes when faced with the beauty of nature, rather than on the natural metamorphoses he has witnessed, and which occupy his mind. As the focus of the TT should be the changes to the glacier over time, this is not ideal, but is compensated by the shifting of the poem into the past tense. The insertion of the image of Icarus flying towards the sun (l.53) takes the ST image of the beautiful nude of a painting (l.53) and renders it a warning against the foolish ambitions of human society, which are furthering the heating of the planet and the melting of glaciers. The combination of the TT's dated Romantic style and its syntax which has noticeably been altered to facilitate the rhyme scheme may mark the poem as stilted or melodramatic, making it difficult to take the text and the issues it invokes seriously.
Works Cited <i>use of sources and reference material</i>	Obergoms Tourismus AG. "Goms." Accessed April 04, 2023. https://www.goms.ch/fr. Hugo, Victor. 1831. Les feuilles d'automne. Paris: Hetzel-Quantin, 13-14. Quandt, Karen F. "Embodying Ecopoetry: Victor Hugo, Love, and Landscape." <i>Nineteenth Century Contexts</i> 39 (5): 365-381. https://doi.org/10.1080/08905495.2017.1372190.

Source Text

Dicté en présence du glacier du Rhône

'Causa tangor ab omni' – *Ovide*

Souvent, quand mon esprit riche en métamorphoses

Flotte et roule endormi sur l'océan des choses,

Dieu, foyer du vrai jour qui ne luit point aux yeux,

Mystérieux soleil dont l'âme est embrasée;

Le frappe d'un rayon, et, comme une rosée,

Le ramasse et l'enlève aux cieux.

Alors, nuage errant, ma haute poésie

Vole capricieuse et sans route choisie,

De l'occident au sud, du nord à l'orient;

Et regarde, du haut des radieuses voûtes,

Les cités de la terre, et, les dédaignant toutes,

Leur jette son ombre en fuyant.

Puis, dans l'or du matin luisant comme une étoile,

Tantôt elle y découpe une frange à son voile,

Tantôt, comme un guerrier qui résonne en marchant,

Elle frappe d'éclairs la forêt qui murmure;

Et tantôt en passant rougit sa noire armure

Dans la fournaise du couchant.

Enfin sur un vieux mont, colosse à tête grise,

Target Text

The Rhône Glacier, 1831

1 **Board 1:** 'Causa tangor ab omni' – *Ovide*

2 Often, when my mind ever-changing

3 Went floating on the ocean of all things, sleeping,

4 God, home of the dawn unseen by the eyes,

5 Mysterious sun, threw His smouldering hue

6 Over the soul and, like a drop of dew,

7 Gathered and lifted it to the skies.

8 So, like a cloud, capricious in errantry,

9 Flew, without set route, my high poetry

10 From near to far, from here to there;

11 And looked, from the heights of radiant vaults,

12 Upon cities of Earth, and, scorning their faults,

13 Threw its shadow over them from the air.

14 **Board 2:** Then, of the star-gold gleam of the morning,

15 She sometimes cut for her veil a fine awning,

16 Sometimes, with the sound of a soldier's musket,

17 She struck with her lightning the murmuring foliage;

18 And sometimes her black armour reddened in passage

19 Through the blazing inferno of sunset.

20 At last, on the snowy Alps' grey-flecked head,

Sur des Alpes de neige un vent jaloux la brise.
 Qu'importe! Suspendu sur l'abîme béant
 Le nuage se change en un glacier sublime,
 Et des mille fleurons qui hérissent sa cime,
 Fait une couronne au géant!
 Comme le haut cimier du mont inabordable,
 Alors il dresse au loin sa crête formidable.
 L'arc-en-ciel vacillant joue à son flanc d'acier;
 Et, chaque soir, tandis que l'ombre en bas l'assiège,
 Le soleil, ruisselant en lave sur sa neige,
 Change en cratère le glacier.
 Son front blanc dans la nuit semble une aube éternelle;
 Le chamois effaré, dont le pied vaut une aile,
 L'aigle même le craint, sombre et silencieux;
 La tempête à ses pieds tourbillonne et se traîne;
 L'oeil ose à peine atteindre à sa face sereine,
 Tant il est avant dans les cieux!
 Et seul, à ces hauteurs, sans crainte et sans vertige,
 Mon esprit, de la terre oubliant le prestige,
 Voit le jour étoilé, le ciel qui n'est plus bleu,
 Et contemple de près ces splendeurs sidérales
 Dont la nuit sème au loin ses sombres cathédrales,

21 She was dashed by the jealous wind in her stead.
 22 What matter! Suspended o'er gaping abyss
 23 The cloud was transformed into glacier sublime,
 24 And thousands of flowers which dotted the climb,
 25 Made a crown for the giantess!
 26 **Board 3:** Like the high mountain's insurmountable crest,
 27 So from afar was her great height expressed.
 28 Upon her steel flanks worked empyrean painters;
 29 And each evening, besieged by lowering shadow,
 30 The rustle of the magma sun on the snow
 31 Made of the glacier a fiery crater.
 32 Her white brow in the night like eternal dawn;
 33 The staggered chamois, as on wing'ed feet gone,
 34 The eagle feared her, sombre, unspoken;
 35 The storm at her feet whirled in place;
 36 The eye could but try to reach her fair face,
 37 So high did she tilt it up towards Heaven!
 38 **Board 4:** At such heights, unfazed though in isolation,
 39 My spirit, forgetting the Earth's distinction,
 40 Saw the starried day, the sky of night,
 41 And viewed up close the splendid astrals
 42 From which the night sewed its sombre cathedrals,

Jusqu'à ce qu'un rayon de Dieu
 Le frappe de nouveau, le précipite, et change
 Les prismes du glacier en flots mêlés de fange;
 Alors il croule, alors, éveillant mille échos,
 Il retombe en torrent dans l'océan du monde,
 Chaos aveugle et sourd, mer immense et profonde,
 Où se ressemblent tous les flots!
 Au gré du divin souffle ainsi vont mes pensées,
 Dans un cercle éternel incessamment poussées.
 Du terrestre océan dont les flots sont amers,
 Comme sous un rayon monte une nue épaisse,
 Elles montent toujours vers le ciel, et sans cesse
 Redescendent des cieux aux mers.

43	Until the moment when God's ray of light
44	Hit her again, cast her up to retell
45	Her glacial prisms as a mire-mixed swell;
46	So, harkening a thousand echoes in the crush,
47	She fell to the ocean of Earth in a deluge,
48	Deaf-blind chaos, deep sea, huge,
49	Into which every wave will rush!
50	Board 5: So, on the whim of the divine breath,
51	My thoughts stretched her endless length and breadth.
52	On the Earthly ocean's bitter breeze,
53	Like Icarus ascending towards the sun,
54	They forever rose to the sky, and undone,
55	Fell back again from the skies to the seas.

Student Number	22304798	Text Number	3
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Source Text		Target Text	
Title	Kitty the Hare: The Bog House	Title	Kitty de la Liebre: La Casa Turbera
Year Published	c. 1914; this edition 1981		
Author	Victor O'Donovan Power		
Language	English	Language	Spanish
Word Count	1646	Word Count	1490
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 story is part of a series of episodes which were published in magazines such as <i>Our Boys</i> (O'Donovan Power 1981: Cover) and <i>Ireland's Own</i> (Ireland's Own) from 1914 until 1994. As the narrator is a travelling storyteller, the tone mimics the Irish oral tradition – wherein storytellers would go from house to house and tell stories or provide musical entertainment (Khasawneh 2014: 83) – and uses many Hiberno-English structures and terms which have since fallen out of use (see 'mossa' in l.1, 'imbeersa' l. 21). The register is relatively informal, with the narrator addressing the readers directly as though they were hearing her by the fireside (l.25, l.72, l.75).		
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 Colombian publishing house 'Panamericana' (Panamericana) wishes to publish this translation in an anthology of international short stories. As it will be destined for adult readers, I will not oversimplify the language. I will retain any Irish terms whose pronunciation would not change upon reading with Spanish phonetics (i.e. 'mossa,' IPA: mɔsa), and will also keep 'Clough Lia' [grey stone] (l.82, l.91, l.107, l.111) as a cultural signifier, with an initial gloss translation for comprehension. Long sentences with repeated use of 'and' as a connector will be challenging to translate; the paragraph from l.72 to l.82, for example, is one sentence within which 'and' occurs fifteen times. Given the tendency in Spanish to convey information in a more focus-heavy manner rather than in the sequential manner of English, attempts to retain this oral Hibernian		

	feature may result in a TT which makes grammatical sense, but goes too jarringly against standard discourse (Jiménez-Fernández 2020: 93). Long sentences with many instances of ‘and’ will be broken up by commas, but I will retain their length and structure in as much as possible to try to keep the oral rhythm.
Critical Reflection <i>textual analysis</i> (200 words max)	The use of commas to break up long sentences in the TT was, according to four sample readers, relatively successful in retaining the story’s oral quality, but most of the distinctly Hibernian ‘and’ usages had to be omitted. The paragraph mentioned in the description above, for example, contained two instances of ‘and’ indicating concurrent actions (l.77, l.81). They are translated in the TT using the imperfect past (emitían; l.80) and the gerund form (desmayándose; l.81), in a paragraph broken into three sentences. The translation of religious expressions was difficult, as not all are common in Colombia, which meant that some of their humorous edge and fireside connotations were lost. The more standard expressions in the TT (i.e. ‘santísimo’) give a less specifically Irish text, but this was inevitable, as direct translations would not have made literal sense in Spanish. Overall, the text reads as syntactically unusual in places, especially where English idioms have been translated directly (‘a dead faint’ in l.97 of the ST as ‘un desmayo de muerta’ in l.88 of the TT), but the language and syntax did not pose any major issues to the sample readers where comprehension and fluidity were concerned.
Works Cited <i>use of sources and reference material</i>	Ireland’s Own. https://www.irelandsown.ie/. Jiménez-Fernández. 2020. “Information-Structure Strategies in English/Spanish Translation.” <i>Journal of English Studies</i> 18: 83-107. DOI: 10.18172/jes.4195. Khasawneh, Hana F. 2014. “The Irish Oral Tradition and Print Culture.” <i>Studies: An Irish Quarterly Review</i> 103 (409): 81-91. Access: https://www.jstor.org/stable/24347743. O’Donovan Power, Victor. 1981. ‘The Bog House.’ In <i>Some Strange Experiences of Kitty the Hare: the Famous Travelling Woman of Ireland</i>. Dublin & Cork: Mercier Press. 87-102.

	Panamericana. https://www.panamericana.com.co/ .
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Source Text

Kitty the Hare: The Bog House

A whisper went around, *mossa*, that the house at Lisree was haunted and that footsteps and cries and sobs used to be heard in the dead hour of the night, God bless the mark! And the servant-boy and the servant-girl ran away home for their lives, so they did, and if Luke Magrath was to pay them down fifty pounds a week in wages the divil another night ayther of 'em would spend under the accursed roof of the old farmhouse.

So Luke Magrath was so cut-up over this that the Briens took pity on him and they asked him to sleep for a few weeks at the Bog House, and he could go over to Lisree every day, as usual, to attend to his farm.

And, faith, he took 'em at their word, so he did and he came to sleep at the Bog House every night, and the first time myself laid eyes on him, after that, I thought I never, in all my born days, saw a man so altered in his looks and manner as Luke Magrath!

The very bones in his face and in his hands seemed to be standing out from the skin, and there were black marks under his eyes, and he'd never look you straight in the face now, like he used before, and he was always starting and turning his head, like one that would be listening for something, or in dread of seeing something, God between us and all harm this night!

Target Text

Kitty de la Liebre: La Casa Turbera

1 Un susurro estaba dando vueltas, *mossa*; se decía que la casa en Lisree
2 estaba embrujada y que se oían allá pisadas y gritos y gemidos por la hora
3 profunda de la noche, ¡Dios nos libre! Incluso el criado y la criada huyeron
4 por sus vidas, es la pura verdad, y aunque Luke Magrath les pagara
5 cincuenta libras de salario cada semana, ninguno de los dos pasaría una
6 noche más debajo del techo maldecido de la vieja casa de campo.

7 Así que Luke Magrath estaba tan venido a menos por la situación, que los
8 Brien tuvieron piedad de él y le pidieron que durmiera unas semanas en
9 la Casa Turbera; de este modo él podría irse a Lisree cada día y atender
10 su granja como siempre. Y él supo que lo decían de buena fe, y vino a
11 dormir en la Casa Turbera cada noche, y la primera vez que puse los ojos
12 sobre él después de eso, se me ocurrió que, en todos mis días terrenales,
13 ¡nunca había visto un hombre con tal cambio de aspecto y manera cómo
14 Luke Magrath!

15 Los huesos de su cara y manos parecían sobresalir de su piel, y tenía
16 marcas negras debajo de sus ojos, y ya no miraba directamente a nadie
17 cómo antes; se había vuelto como uno que siempre está escuchando algo,
18 o temiendo de ver algo, constantemente girando la cabeza
19 sobresaltando...ay, ¡que Dios se ponga entre nosotros y el daño esta

And, to make a long story short, why, Julia took pity on Luke, and she was kind and gentle to him always and 'twasn't long, imbeersa, till 'twas plain enough to be seen that he was mad in love with Julia – and, sure, the truth of it was, that from the very first day he laid eyes on her, Luke Magrath loved the girl, no mistake at all, at all, about that!

And, begannies, some of the neighbours were still whispering to one another that Martin Magrath was after deserting Julia and that she was pining away, after him; and, I suppose, this thought was such gall to Julia's spirit that, bejakers, she made up her mind in the end that 'twould be as good for her to marry Luke and to let them all see she wasn't dying around Martin and that she could get just as good a husband as ever Martin would be.

So, what do you think, didn't the news reach my ears, one day, on the road from Skibbereen, and I rambling back to the Bog House, that Luke Magrath and Julia Brien were to be married in the following week, imbeersa; and when I reached Julia's home, that same evening, I found out 'twas a fact truth, awonomsa.

'And, sure, I suppose, 'twill be for the best, Kitty,' says Mrs Brien to me that night. 'Though, faith,' says she, 'I'm in dread sometimes, so I am, that Luke Magrath is in bad health ever since Martin and Bride left Lisree.'

And no wonder she'd say it, imbeersa!

20 noche!

21 Y para acortar la historia: Julia tuvo piedad de Luke, y lo trataba siempre
22 con amabilidad y bondad, y no pasó mucho tiempo, amigos, antes de que
23 se viera con claridad que él se había enamorado de Julia como un loco –
24 y, claro, la verdad es que Luke Magrath se enamoró de esa muchacha
25 desde el primer día en que puso los ojos sobre ella, ¡sin lugar a duda!

26 Y ¡santísimo! Algunos de los vecinos todavía susurraban que Martin
27 Magrath había abandonado a Julia y que ella estaba sufriendo por él; y
28 supongo que ante tal agravio, cielo santo, Julia decidió casarse con Luke,
29 para que todos vieran que ella no se muriera por Martin y que podría
30 tener un esposo igualmente bueno de lo que hubiera sido Martin.

31 Entonces, claro que la noticia llegó a mis orejas. Un día por la carretera de
32 Skibbereen, en mi deambular hacía la Casa Turbera, oí rumores de que
33 Luke Magrath y Julia Brien se iban a casar la semana siguiente, amigos; y
34 cuando llegué a la Casa Turbera, la misma tarde, descubrí que era un
35 verdadero hecho real, bendito sea mi Dios.

36 'Y supongo que fue para bien, Kitty,' me dijo la Señora Brien esa noche. 'A
37 pesar de que, Dios mío,' dijo ella, 'a veces el temor se apodere de mí, al
38 pensar que Luke Magrath ha tenido mala salud desde que Martin y Bríd
39 dejaron Lisree.

40 ¡Y con razón lo dijo ella, amigos!

Luke Magrath came into the kitchen a few minutes after that, and he looked like a man that would be fading away in a decline, God bless the hearers! – or some other sort of a sickness of the kind.

So the days went by, and 'twas the very eve of Julia's marriage, a dark, stormy night, in the month of November, it was – and now 'tis worth your while to listen to my story, and I hope it won't frighten ye to hear it!

Eamonn Brien was fast asleep on the settle in the kitchen, and Mrs Brien and her son Jack were just after going out to the cow-house to have a look at a sick cow that was in it (for the family were all up late that night) and Julia was ironing some things on the table over right the fire; and all of a sudden, why, about the hour of midnight, a rap came to the door of the scullery, just outside the kitchen door, for all the world like as if you knocked at the door with your knuckles.

'Wisha, who can that be, I wonder?' says Julia, and she opened the kitchen door and she looking into the scullery; and 'Come in, whoever you are!' says she.

But there was no answer to Julia's words, only the crying of the wild winds around the house and the sorrowful moaning of the blast in the bare branches of the old beech-tree that was growing close to the scullery door. And Julia stood still for a minute or two and, if she did, 'twasn't long till the rap sounded for the second time on the back door; and, 'Who's there?' says Julia out loud, and her heart and it beginning to thump against her

41 Unos minutos después, Luke Magrath entró en la cocina, y parecía un
42 hombre que desvanecía por una debilidad o cualquier otra enfermedad,
43 ¡que Dios los bendiga a todos!

44 Así pasaron los días, y llegó la víspera de la boda, una noche oscura y
45 tormentosa del mes de noviembre – y ya vale la pena escuchar mi historia,
46 pero ¡espero que no les vaya a dar miedo!

47 Eamonn Brien estaba en el quinto sueño en el sofá en la cocina, y la
48 Señora Brien y su hijo Jack acababan de ir al establo de las vacas para
49 ocuparse de una vaca enferma (ya que toda la familia trasnochaba esa
50 noche) y Julia estaba planchando unas cositas en la mesa al lado de la
51 chimenea. De repente, a eso de la medianoche, hubo un golpeteo en la
52 puerta de la trascocina, un poco afuera de la puerta de la cocina,
53 exactamente cómo si tocaran ustedes la puerta con los nudillos.

54 '¡Santísimo! ¿Quién puede estar?' dijo Julia, abriendo la puerta de la
55 cocina para ver en el cuarto de desahogo; y luego '¡Entre, quienquiera
56 que sea!' dijo ella.

57 Pero no hubo ninguna respuesta a sus palabras; solo continuaban los
58 gritos del viento salvaje alrededor de la casa y los gemidos apenados de
59 la ráfaga en las ramas desnudas de la haya vieja que crecía cerca de la
60 puerta del cuarto.

61 Y Julia se quedó quieta un par de minutos, y no pasó mucho tiempo antes
62 de que se escuchó por segunda vez el golpeteo sobre la puerta; '¿Quién

ribs, God between us and all harm. 'Whoever you are, come in,' says Julia again. 'Sure, the door ain't locked at all!'

But there was no answer this time, no more than the time before, awonomsa; so, taking up her courage in her two hands, on the mortal spot, didn't Julia dart across the scullery and didn't she ketch the door with her hands and she pulled it open wide, and, '*Who's there?*' says she again, and she opening it.

And who did she see, do you think, and he standing on the flagstone just outside of the door?

As plain as I see all of ye this minute, imbeersa, she saw Martin Magrath himself and a queer sort of a long, black cloak thrown on his shoulders, and his face as white as the face of a dead man; and before Julia got back her breath, to say one word to him, didn't the figure fade away before her two eyes and there stood the skeleton of a man, God bless the mark, and every bone and every rib of his body and they shining with a kind of greenish light in the darkness, and the eye-holes and the holes for the nose and the mouth in the skull and they giving out greenish flames, the same as if there was a fire inside of the skeleton; and at that same instant, and Julia and she nearly fainting with the dint of terror, didn't she hear a low, hollow voice, and it plainly said: '*Search the bog near the Clough Lia!*' And 'twas the voice of Martin Magrath so it was – no mistake at all about it – and with that, the skeleton faded away into the darkness, and there

63 es?' dijo Julia en voz alta, con el corazón que empezaba a latir con fuerza
64 contra las costillas, ¡que Dios se ponga entre nosotros y el daño!
65 'Quienquiera que sea, entre,' dijo Julia otra vez. '¡La puerta no está
66 trabada!'

67 Pero no recibió ninguna respuesta, no más que la primera vez, bendita
68 sea; entonces, tomando su valor en sus dos manos, ahí mismo, Julia cruzó
69 el cuarto de desahogo como un dardo para agarrar la puerta y, de nuevo
70 diciendo '¿Quién es?', abrirla.

71 ¿Quién, imaginen ustedes, que vio ella, de pie sobre la baldosa justo
72 afuera de la puerta?

73 Claro como yo veo a todos ustedes ahorita, amigos, vio a Martin
74 Magrath. Tenía un tipo de capa negra rara sobre los hombros, y su cara
75 estaba blanca como la cara de un muerto; y antes de que Julia recobrara
76 el aliento para decirle una sola palabra, la figura se desvaneció enfrente
77 de ella, dejando el esqueleto de un hombre, ¡por Dios! Y cada hueso y
78 cada costilla de su cuerpo brillaba con una luz verdosa en la oscuridad, y
79 las cavidades de los ojos y los huecos de la nariz y la boca en el cráneo
80 emitían llamas verdosas, como si hubiera fuego adentro del esqueleto; y
81 al mismo instante, Julia, casi desmayándose del terror, escuchó una voz
82 baja y sorda decir sencillamente: '*¡Busque en la turbera, cerca de la
83 Clough Lia, la Piedra Gris!*'

84 Y fue la voz de Martin Magrath, por supuesto – sin lugar a duda – y así,

was nothing to be seen only the trunk and the withered branches of the old beech-tree over right the scullery door, why!...

And, begannies, Julia fell down in a dead faint on the flags of the scullery, so she did, and no wonder she would, the craythur, and when she came to again she told her story to her father and to her brother Jack, and if she did, didn't they take the lighted lantern and a shovel and a pitchfork and a rope, and down with them to the Clough Lia, in the black, November night, and as true as I'm telling you my story, *mossa*, they never stopped searching till they found the body of Martin Magrath down in the bog where 'twas after lying ever since the night Julia fell out with Martin, just about a year before that.

And when Eamonn and Jack carried home the body between 'em to the Bog House wasn't Luke Magrath the first to spot 'em and he sitting in the chimney corner of the kitchen hearth and chatting to Julia in the turf light. And, *molaire*, when Luke's two eyes fell on the dead face of his cousin Martin – for the face was like as if 'twas only dead for a day or two, on account of some sort of power that's in the bog-water, *mossa* – didn't Luke let a terrible screech out of him, God bless the hearers, and down on his face and hands he fell on the kitchen floor and made a full confession of his rascality on the mortal spot.

85 el esqueleto se esfumó en la oscuridad, no quedaba nada más que el
86 tronco y las ramas marchitadas de la haya vieja por encima de la puerta
87 del cuarto de desahogo...

88 Y, ¡santísimo! Julia cayó en un desmayo de muerta sobre las baldosas del
89 cuarto – y eso no es extraño, la pobrecita – y cuando volvió en sí, les contó
90 su historia a su padre y su hermano Jack, y éstos tomaron la linterna
91 encendida y una pala y una horqueta y una cuerda, y se fueron hacia la
92 *Clough Lia* en la noche oscura de noviembre, y tan cierto que les estoy
93 contando mi historia, *mossa*, no dejaron de buscar hasta que encontraron
94 el cuerpo de Martin Magrath en la turbera, donde había sido echado
95 desde la noche en cual Julia se discutió con Martin, casi un año antes.

96 Y cuando Eamonn y Jack llevaron el cuerpo entre ellos hacía la Casa
97 Turbera, fue Luke Magrath la primera persona en verlos del rincón al lado
98 de la chimenea, hablando con Julia en la luz turbera. Y, cariños, cuando
99 Luke puso los dos ojos sobre la cara de su primo difunto Martin – ya que
100 parecía una cara que se había muerto hacía un par de días, por algún tipo
101 de poder que tiene el agua turbera, *mossa* – Luke dejó salir un chillido
102 terrible, ¡que dios bendiga a los oyentes! Y bajó hacía la cara y las manos
103 sobre el suelo de la cocina, e hizo una confesión completa de su maldad
104 ahí mismo.

And can you believe it, when I tell you that 'twas Luke himself who was after taking Martin's life and burying his dead body in the bog-hole below the Clough Lia, on the very night that Martin and Julia had the quarrel?

And 'twas all a wicked plan of Bride's and Luke's to let on to Julia that Martin was after being false to Bride all the rest of their cursed, lying story. 'Twas Bride wrote the letter, with her own hand, *mossa* – the letter she showed Julia, that evening by the Clough Lia and the same night of poor Martin's cruel murder didn't Bride hook it away from Liscrea and she went back to the County Tipperary, to live with her friends there, the way that Luke would be saved from punishment for his crime and would have a chance of winning Julia for his wife, after all – and, begannies, he was very near succeeding in his scheme, why!...

So the end of the story was, that Luke Magrath ran away out of the place and he was never again seen there, good nor bad, and a story went round the country, soon after, that Luke had gone to America; and about a year later on, the news came that he was after meeting with his death in a factory in Montreal.

And when this news reached the Bog House Julia was gone away to the Good Shepherd's Convent in Cork, to her aunt Julia, and the poor craythur found peace and happiness in the end and she to answer the call from heaven that was ever and always ringing in her ears, since she was a child.

¿Pueden creerlo si les digo a ustedes que fue Luke quien quitó la vida a Martin y enterró su cuerpo en la turbera debajo de la *Clough Lia*, la noche misma en cual Martin y Julia discutieron?

Fue un plan malvado de Bríd y Luke: fingir que Martin había sido falso con Bríd, y todo el resto de su maldita historia mentirosa. Fue Bríd la que escribió la carta, con su propia mano, *mossa* – la carta que luego mostró a Julia, por la tarde al lado de la *Clough Lia*; y la noche misma del asesinato cruel del pobre Martin, Bríd se echó a patadas de Liscrea y volvió al condado de Tipperary, para vivir allá con sus amigos, y que Luke evitara la condena por su crimen y pudiera casarse con Julia – y ¡santísimo! Él estuvo a punto de lograr su plan...

Entonces, al final de la historia, Luke huyó del lugar y nunca se vio más allá, para bien o para mal, y al ratito una historia dio vueltas por el país, diciendo que Luke se había ido a América; y sobre un año después, vino la noticia de su muerte en una fábrica en Montreal.

Y cuando esta noticia llegó a la Casa Turbera, Julia ya estaba en el Convento del Buen Pastor en Cork, con su tía Julia, y al final la pobrecita encontró a la paz y la alegría al contestar la llamada de Dios que siempre estaba resonando en sus orejas, desde la infancia.

Student Number	22304798	Text Number	4
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Source Text		Target Text	
Title	La matrice de la race : Généalogie sexuelle et coloniale de la Nation française	Title	The Race Matrix: The Sexual and Colonial Genealogy of the French Nation (TTa); The Race Matrix: Sexual and Colonial Beliefs in the French Nation (TTb)
Year Published	2009		
Author	Elsa Dorlin		
Language	French	Language	English; Plain English
Word Count	1108	Word Count	1036 (TTa); 1139 (TTb)
Description of Source Text • <i>understanding of source text</i> • <i>knowledge of genre within source contexts</i> • <i>situation of source text familiarity with the formal features of a text (language variation(s), register, dialect)</i> (200 words max)	This excerpt is from Elsa Dorlin's essay-style book on racism and sexism and their roles in the foundation of French society. Dorlin is a successful academic and currently holds a position in the Université Jean Jaurès in Toulouse (Université Toulouse Jean Jaurès n.d.). The research-heavy content and formal language in <i>La matrice de la race</i> reflect this, with complex, abstract concepts being summarised in few, elevated words. In l.34-37, for example, the overlap of typically male characteristics and the temperament associated with certain 'othered' women is summarised in just 55 words: Elles témoignent d'un type physiognomonique et psychophysiologique particulier, un tempérament chaud, sec et brûlant, un caractère intempérant et entreprenant, comme les complexions corporelles et caractérielles typiquement masculines. La sexualité et la moralité, en particulier des prostituées, constituent les stigmates troublants d'une virilité physiologique — les appétits et les inclinations morales n'étant que les effets du tempérament. [They are representative of a particular type of physiognomy and psychophysiology, a hot, dry and burning temperament, an intemperate and enterprising character, typically masculine physical and character makeups. Sexuality and morality, in particular among prostitutes, constitute the troubling stigmata of a physiological virility – moral appetites and inclinations being nothing but the effects of temperament.]		

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)	A prismatic translation (Reynolds 2019: 24) of this work, with academic language and plain language (Garner 2001: xiv) shown simultaneously, is to be distributed to establishments working with vulnerable women: for example, shelters, direct provision centres, and traveller literacy groups. It aims to increase accessibility to feminist works, open discussion among women about their rights, and raise literacy levels among women with frequent reading difficulties (Gilhooley et al 2019: 1410; Keane et al 2022: 350). I will first produce the translation with a similarly academic register to the ST, then use intralingual translation to produce a plain English text; this should minimise lengthy explicitation when translating the complex elements into vernacular language, as the syntax will already have been translated. I will follow Joseph Kimble’s plain language guidelines (Kimble 2002). Dorlin’s focus on sex-based issues is visible in French grammatical gender alone (i.e., l.36, ‘prostituée’ [female prostitute]). As this is not the case in English, and due to the potential association in English of ‘masculinity’ and ‘femininity’ with gender rather than sex, I will translate the terms ‘masculin’ and ‘féminin’ as ‘male’ and ‘female,’ and I will translate gendered nouns such as ‘prostituée’ with indicators of sex, i.e. ‘prostituted women.’
Critical Reflection • <i>textual analysis</i> (200 words max)	TT(a) is predictably academic. Its longest sentence is 73 words (l.29-35), which could lead to confusion if not followed carefully, or if read by someone with literacy issues. TT(b) contains explanations of certain items, such as ‘humours’ (l.12) and ‘Epicurean’ (l.51), to render it more accessible. Kimble’s guidelines recommend a maximum of 20 words/sentence; TT(b) has an average of 23 words/sentence, whereas TT(a)’s average sentence is 30 words. Although I did not use the suggested bullet points, I broke TT(b) into shorter paragraphs, allowing for focus on smaller portions of information. I sent the TTs to three sample readers: one, a social worker, uses plain language with Traveller literacy groups, and another cited issues with complex texts. All stated that TT(b) assisted in their understanding of TT(a). The social worker remarked that the text would be useful in his job setting, and the reader with reading difficulties appreciated the extra explanations

	in TT(b). Two of the readers also noted that the smaller paragraphs made TT(b) easier to approach, and that it was helpful to be able to look to it when there were unfamiliar words in TT(a), indicating that this format could help with language acquisition and literacy levels.
Works Cited <i>use of sources and reference material</i>	Dorlin, Elsa. 2009. La matrice de la race : Généalogie sexuelle et coloniale de la Nation française [The Race Matrix: Sexual and Colonial Genealogy of the French Nation]. Paris: Éditions La Découverte. Garner, Bryan A. 2001. Legal Writing in Plain English. Chicago: University of Chicago Press. Gilhooley, E., S. Daly, O. Gallagher, M. Glacken and D. McKenna. 2019. "Experience of skin disease and relationships with healthcare providers: a qualitative study of Traveller women in Ireland." British Journal of Dermatology 180: 1405-1411. DOI: 10.1111/bjd.17697. Keane, E., N. Moore, B. Leamy, A. Scally and M.F. McEntee. 2022. "Identifying barriers to Irish traveller women attending breast screening." Radiography 28 (2): 348-352. https://doi.org/10.1016/j.radi.2021.11.010. Kimble, Joseph. 2002. "The Elements of Plain Language." Michigan Bar Journal, October 2002. Available at https://www.plainlanguage.gov/resources/articles/elements-of-plain-language/. Reynolds, Matthew. 2019. "Prismatic Agon, Prismatic Harmony: Translation, Literature, Language." In Prismatic Translation, edited by Matthew Reynolds, 21-48. Université Toulouse Jean Jaurès. "Professeur Elsa Dorlin." Accessed April 24, 2023. https://philosophie.univ-tlse2.fr/elsa-dorlin.

*La matrice de la race : Généalogie sexuelle et coloniale de la Nation française***Des corps mutants — prostituées, Africaines et tribades****Un précédent : les « mules du démon »**

Parce qu'elles ont historiquement eu une fonction de mise en ordre du monde social, la religion et la médecine ont chacune dû composer avec les représentations et les conceptions produites par les discours de l'autre. En matière sexuelle, il y a traditionnellement une certaine incohérence entre les discours théologiques et les discours médicaux, non pas tant sur l'idée de l'infériorité ou de l'imperfection naturelles des femmes que sur les effets moraux et politiques de leurs sexualités. Pour les médecins du XVII^e siècle, les représentations théologiques et les représentations héritières de la médecine et de la philosophie antiques sont contradictoires. La contradiction réside essentiellement dans la sémiologie morale de la théorie des humeurs. Pour toute une tradition misogyne inaugurée par les Pères de l'Église, les femmes, symbolisées par la figure de l'Ève tentatrice, sont responsables du péché originel, parce qu'elles sont des êtres davantage soumis aux tentations de la chair que les hommes. Toutefois, la passivité et la frigidity des femmes dans la génération, sorte de réceptacle amorphe, cadrent mal avec la vision d'un être porté au vice et symbolisant à lui seul l'impudicité et la luxure.

Cette contradiction sera très efficacement discutée et exploitée par les protagonistes de la « Querelle des femmes » : comment concilier en effet la lubricité féminine, telle qu'elle est développée par la théologie, et la frigidity féminine décrite par la philosophie de la nature aristotélicienne ? Comment affirmer d'un côté que la femme « est un animal extrêmement faible et fragile » et en même temps qu'elle « est extrêmement forte, et même plus dangereuse que le Diable » ?

Si les défenseurs des femmes opposent à la figure de l'Ève tentatrice le culte marial et la glorification du vœu de chasteté, afin de réhabiliter les femmes et de répartir sur les deux sexes la responsabilité de la « faute », ils ne manqueront pas d'insister également sur le tempérament chaud et sanguin des hommes. Dans ce contexte, le chevalier L'Escale, auteur d'un ouvrage intitulé *Le Champion des femmes*, soutient que c'est bien le tempérament chaud des hommes qui les détermine à une certaine intempérance morale : ce sont bien les hommes qui sollicitent les femmes, ce sont eux qui mentent, jurent, blasphèment et trahissent pour les convaincre ou les forcer à céder à leurs avances, eux qui se glorifient ensuite de leurs performances, et ce

sont encore eux qui « bâtissent », « fondent » et « meublent » les « bordels ». Ainsi tous ces comportements sont bien le signe d'une nature masculine	21
beaucoup plus intempérante que celle des femmes. Telle est la seule conclusion de ce que tous les hommes reconnaissent volontiers eux-mêmes : les	22
femmes sont d'une complexion plus froide.	23
« La complexion ordinaire de la femme, selon tous les hommes, est d'être froide (à ce que dit Aristote, même leur ennemi) et par conséquent chaste :	24
au lieu que la constitution naturelle de l'homme le rend luxurieux et paillard. Celui-ci va perpétuellement en quête pour contenter sa lubricité et la	25
femme au contraire est toujours sur ses gardes, et en continuelle défense de sa pudicité. Pour prouver cette vérité, proposons-nous que toutes les	26
femmes de France se sont d'un commun accord entre elles renfermées dans quelque grand monastère, et voyons ce qui en arriverait. Il n'y eut jamais	27
place de guerre assiégée avec plus de diligence, emportée avec plus de violence, et abattue avec plus d'effort. Les goujats, laquais et marmitons	28
voudraient avoir part à cette conquête et butin, tant toutes sortes d'hommes sont sujets à ce vilain vice de paillardise ! »	29
Pour les médecins, le groupe des femmes « voluptueuses » constitue un vrai problème au regard de leur dispositif physiopathologique : réputées	30
sanguines, moralement intempérantes et sexuellement entreprenantes, elles dessinent une classe de femmes à part, encombrantes. Leur sexualité	31
publique, débridée, multiple, active ou tout simplement libre induit une disposition morale et physique en contradiction avec l'identité sexuelle assignée	32
communément aux corps féminins. Parce que la prétendue lascivité de ces femmes est perçue comme l'indice d'un « naturel » qui n'est plus tout à fait	33
féminin, tout se passe comme si leur tempérament connaissait une véritable mutation. Elles témoignent d'un type physiognomonique et	34
psychophysiologique particulier, un tempérament chaud, sec et brûlant, un caractère intempérant et entreprenant, comme les complexions corporelles	35
et caractérielles typiquement masculines. La sexualité et la moralité, en particulier des prostituées, constituent les stigmates troublants d'une virilité	36
physiologique — les appétits et les inclinations morales n'étant que les effets du tempérament. D'où l'idée qu'il s'agit bien d'une véritable mutation :	37
un réchauffement du tempérament froid et humide, entraînant logiquement une modification du corps et des caractères sexuels secondaires qui en	38
découlent.	39

La relation entre la chaleur et la concupiscence, telle qu'établie par la théologie, est cependant partie prenante dans les explications médicales de la	40
stérilité. Le tempérament chaud des prostituées est communément évoqué pour expliquer la prétendue stérilité de ces femmes. Selon les Pères de	41
l'Église, les prostituées sont les « mules du démon ». Ces femmes seraient punies de stérilité pour de tels appétits. Selon cette même opinion, les	42
relations adultérines sont condamnées à être infécondes, mais les effets stérilisants du péché d'adultère bénéficient sans conteste aux hommes —	43
considération de circonstance pour préserver la sexualité « non reproductive » des princes et des rois.	44
Sécularisée, cette opinion est reprise par les médecins. Le corps physiologiquement viril des prostituées est donc à la fois impensable, contradictoire,	45
mais en même temps utile et opératoire pour rendre raison d'une division du travail sexuel entre les femmes. Cette moindre fécondité ou cette stérilité	46
des prostituées, topos de la pensée médicale jusqu'au XIX e siècle, fantasmée ou réelle, fonctionne comme la preuve dernière de leur tempérament	47
ardent. Parmi les causes répertoriées de stérilité par les médecins de l'âge classique, on peut citer les positions sexuelles (dont certaines sont réputées	48
infécondes, selon un art des positions largement détaillé dans les traités de médecine arabe), les malformations ou autres causes accidentelles, les	49
antipathies entre partenaires, qu'elles soient sentimentales ou physiologiques (on parle alors d'une « incompatibilité de tempéraments »), et surtout	50
la température naturelle — ou acquise — des femmes. Une chose est sûre, c'est que les femmes sont traditionnellement considérées comme	51
responsables de la plupart des cas de stérilité en raison de leur tempérament froid et humide qui, selon une métaphore agraire, aurait tendance à	52
rendre infertile leur utérus, comme un champ en hiver. Toutefois, la chaleur anormale de leur corps est également une cause certaine d'infécondité.	53
Selon le même raisonnement, un tempérament féminin trop chaud et trop sec brûle la semence masculine.	54

Target Text A (standard translation)

The Race Matrix: The Sexual and Colonial Genealogy of the French Nation

Mutant bodies - Prostituted women, African Women and Tribades

A precedent: the “Devil’s mules”

As, historically, religion and medicine have had roles in the social ordering of the world, each has had to come to a compromise with the representations and conceptions produced by the other’s discourses. In sexual matters, there has traditionally been a certain incoherence between theological and medical discourses - not on the idea of the natural inferiority or imperfection of women, but rather on the moral and political effects of their sexualities. For doctors of the XVII century, religious representations, and representations inherited from ancient medicine and philosophy, were contradictory. This contradiction essentially resides in the moral semiology of the theory of humours. According to the misogynistic tradition inaugurated by the Fathers of the Church, women, symbolised by the temptress Eve, are responsible for the Original Sin, being much more subject to temptations of the flesh than men. Nonetheless, woman’s God-made passivity and frigidity, as a sort of amorphous receptacle, do not sit well in the frame of one overcome by vice, one who symbolises immodesty and luxury.

Target Text B (plain English)

The Race Matrix: Sexual and Colonial Beliefs in the French Nation

Mutant bodies – Prostituted women, African women and Lesbians

Why they were once called the “Devil’s mules”

All through history, religion and medicine have been important as society has developed. Because of this, they have both had to try to find points of agreement about what they believed, and about what they were teaching. One thing that religion and medicine have usually not agreed on is the female sex. They have agreed in the past that women are naturally imperfect, and that they are not as worthy as men, but they have not agreed on what that might mean in terms of politics or morals. According to doctors in the 17th century, what religion said about women, and what ancient medicine and philosophy said about women, did not match. This mismatch comes from the idea of ‘humours.’ People used to believe that the humours, which were blood, phlegm, yellow bile and black bile, had to be balanced in the body, and if they were not balanced, this was what caused health problems and diseases.

The Church holds the misogynistic view that Original Sin is women’s fault, and the figure of Eve as a temptress is used as a symbol of this. The Church claims that women do not resist temptation as well as men. However,

This contradiction is effectually discussed and exploited by the main players in the 'woman question:' how can feminine lust, as told in religion, and the feminine frigidity described in Aristotelian natural philosophy be reconciled? How can one claim that a woman is, on the one hand, "an extremely weak and fragile animal," and yet on the other "extremely strong, and even more dangerous than the Devil"?

If the defenders of women oppose the figure of Eve as a temptress, marriage culture, and the glorification of the vow of chastity, in order to rehabilitate women and to divide the responsibility of "fault" between the two sexes, they should also place equal insistence on the angry, hot-headed temperament of men. In this context, the knight L'Escale, author of a work entitled 'The Champion of Women,' maintains that it is men's hot temperament which drives them to a kind of moral intemperance: indeed, it is men who solicit women, men who lie, swear, blaspheme and betray to convince or force them to cede to their advances, men who then glorify their own performances, and men once again who "found," "build" and "furnish" the "brothels." Thus, all of these behaviours point towards a masculine nature which is much less temperate than that of women. There is only one apparent conclusion that men will voluntarily come to themselves: that women are of a colder disposition.

"A woman's ordinary disposition, according to all men, is a cold one (as their enemy, Aristotle, would agree) and as a result, chaste, whereas the

19 they also claim that God made women to be passive and cold, which goes
20 against the idea that they are immodest and easily tempted.

21 This contradiction is discussed when people talk about the 'woman
22 question:' how can both the lust that the Church tells us caused original
23 sin, and the cold and passive nature of women according to Aristotle's
24 theory of humours, be true at the same time? How can one claim that a
25 woman is, on the one hand, "an extremely weak and fragile animal," and
26 yet on the other "extremely strong, and even more dangerous than the
27 Devil"?

28 If those who defend women argue against the symbol of Eve as a
29 temptress, marriage culture, and the value of chastity, then they should
30 also put their energies towards the anger and hot-headed nature of men.
31 This would help to restore women and divide the 'fault' between the two
32 sexes. In this context, the knight L'Escale, author of a work entitled 'The
33 Champion of Women,' maintains that it is men's hot-headed nature
34 which makes them act in morally ill ways. It is men who solicit women,
35 men who lie, swear, blaspheme and betray, in order to convince women
36 or force them into sexual activity. Men glorify their own performances,
37 and men "found," "build" and "furnish" the "brothels." All of these things
38 point towards men being much less calm and balanced than women, but
39 the only conclusion that men seem able to come to from all this
40 information is that women's nature is cold.

man's natural constitution renders him lustful and debauched. He is on a perpetual quest to satisfy his lust, and the woman, on the contrary, is always on guard, continually defending her purity. To prove this as true, let us propose that all the women of France be, of their own shared accord, closed off together in some large monastery, and we shall see what will come of it. There would never be a place more diligently besieged, more violently taken, more ardently slaughtered. The publicans, servants and waiters would likely want their part in this conquest and plunder, such are so many sorts of men prone to this vile vice of debauchery!"

For doctors, the group of women dubbed "Epicurean" constitutes a real problem as regards their physio-pathological apparatus: reputed as hot-headed, morally excessive and sexually enterprising, they denote a separate, cumbersome class of women. Their sexuality - public, unbridled, multiple, active or simply free - infers a moral and physical disposition contrary to the sexual identity generally assigned to female bodies. As the presumed lasciviousness of these women is perceived as an indication of a "nature" which is not entirely female, their temperament is viewed as though having a veritable mutation. They are testament to a particular physiognomy and psychophysiology: a hot temperament, dry and burning, and an intemperate and enterprising character, both of which bear

"A woman's usual nature, according to all men, is a cold one (as their enemy, Aristotle, would agree) and as a result, chaste, while the man's nature makes him lustful and wicked. He is forever trying to satisfy his lust, while the woman is always on guard, defending her purity. To prove this as true, let us imagine that all the women of France agree to be shut away together in a monastery – what would happen? There would be a siege around it, and a level of violence and murder that has never been seen anywhere else. Publicans, servants and waiters would want to conquer and steal from this place, because all sorts of men have this vile wickedness in them!"

For doctors, the women they call "Epicurean," meaning that they enjoy good food, comfort, and physical pleasure, are a problem. These women are said to be hot-headed and overly sexual, and to seek too much self-enjoyment, and so are thought of as a separate, inconvenient class of women. They are sexual, openly and without shame, which is the opposite kind of sexuality to the one women are supposed to have. As it is thought that the "indecent" nature of these women cannot be entirely female, they are viewed as having a genuine mutation. They show a hot-headed nature, dry and burning, and an extreme and bold character, which are similar to how the male body and character are typically viewed. As desires and impulses are seen as the effects of a person's

comparison to typically male bodily and character constitutions. Sexuality and immorality, in particular among prostituted women, represent the troubling marks of a physiological virility - moral appetites and inclinations being mere effects of one's temperament. From here stems the idea of a true mutation: a heating of the cold and humid temperament, theoretically causing a modification of the body and of the resulting secondary sexual characteristics.

However, the relation between heat and lust, as established by theology, does play a part in medical explanations of sterility. The hot temperament of prostituted women is generally evoked to explain the supposed sterility of these women. According to the Fathers of the Church, prostituted women are the "Devil's mules," and sterility is their punishment for such appetites. Conforming to this same view, adulterous relationships are condemned to infertility, but the sterilising effects of the sin of adultery benefit men unquestionably - a consideration of circumstance to protect the "non-reproductive" sexuality of princes and kings.

In a secular setting, this belief is resumed in medicine. The physiologically virile body of the prostituted woman is at once unthinkable, contradictory, yet useful and operational in making sense of a division of sexual labour among women. This lessened fertility, or yet sterility, of prostituted women, commonplace in medical thought until the XIX century, whether fantasy or reality, functions as the final proof of their raging temperament.

62 nature, sexuality and immorality are troubling signs of a kind of physical
63 manhood, especially among prostituted women. This is where the idea of
64 a physical mutation comes from: in theory, the cold and humid nature of
65 the woman becomes heated, which causes changes to her body,
66 specifically to the female parts of her body.

67 However, the link that religion makes between physical heat and lust also
68 plays a part in how medicine explains sterility. The hot-headed nature of
69 prostituted women is generally used to explain why it is so common for
70 these women to be sterile. According to the Fathers of the Church,
71 prostituted women are the "Devil's mules," and being sterile is their
72 punishment for being overly sexual. In the same way, the Church teaches
73 that if someone has an affair, that relationship will also be infertile, but
74 this myth only protects men. It means that if a woman gets pregnant from
75 an affair, the man cannot be blamed, as the pregnancy could not possibly
76 have come from that kind of relationship. Men benefit, and can have sex
77 for pleasure, not just for the sake of having children.

78 Outside of religion, medicine also teaches these ideas. The masculine
79 body of the prostituted woman is a contradiction, but it is also useful in
80 that it gives a reason for why these specific women are being prostituted
81 and not other women. Whether real or not, the fertility problems, or even
82 sterility, of prostituted women was a common idea in medicine until the
83 19th century, and is the final proof of such women's heated nature. There

In the Classical Age doctor's repertoire of causes of sterility, one may refer to sexual positions (of which some were reputed to lead to infertility, according to an 'art of positions' greatly detailed in Arab medical treaties); deformities or other accidental causes; antipathy between partners, whether sentimental or physiological (in which case one would speak of a "temperamental incompatibility"); and above all, the natural - or acquired - temperament of women. One thing is certain: women are traditionally considered responsible for most cases of sterility due to their cold and humid temperament, which, as one agrarian metaphor notes, tends to make the uterus infertile, like a field in winter. That being said, abnormal levels of heat in the body are also a supposed cause of infertility: within the same reasoning, a female temperament which is too hot and too dry burns male sperm.

are a range of reasons given for sterility in the Classical Age. These include certain sexual positions: Arab medical treaties from the time include an 'art of positions,' which goes into detail about those which could lead to infertility. Other causes of sterility include deformities, other natural physical causes, and a lack of emotional or physical love between sexual partners (which would be called a "temperamental incompatibility," indicating that their natures do not work well together). The main cause given is the natural or developed nature of women. One thing is certain: women are traditionally blamed for most cases of sterility due to their cold and humid nature. This supposedly makes the womb infertile, like a field in winter. That being said, if a woman's nature is unusually hot, that can also be blamed for her sterility, because a female nature that is too hot and too dry is said to burn male sperm.

Student Number	22304798	Text Number	5
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Source Text		Target Text	
Title	Fábula de los tres hermanos	Title	Fable of the Three Brothers
Year Published	1980		
Author	Silvio Rodriguez		
Language	Spanish	Language	English
Word Count	245	Word Count	358
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 song falls into the genre of Nueva Trova [Cuban New Ballad], a Cuban musical style which uses plain language and simple accompaniment to convey a vast array of emotional, political and social ideas, specifically those contesting political and cultural hegemony (Olsen 2021: 116). Its form originally allowed it to reach a much wider audience than radio or newspapers (ibid: 108). Silvio Rodriguez is generally considered a co-founder of this genre (ibid: 116). The lyrics make use of end rhymes without any strict pattern (as in l.2-4, l.7-8, l.17-18). The lines in the refrain, which is repeated three times, change slightly but retain the same end vowel sound (l.9 ‘pie,’ l.19 ‘fue,’ l.29 ‘ve’). The structure of the first four lines of the verse is repeated twice (l.1-4, l.11-14), and the final verse mimics the beginning of this same structure (l.21-22). Rodriguez uses metaphor to highlight the lessons in this song: for example, the middle brother’s over-ambition and impatience hinder him, which is conveyed via the image of him stumbling clumsily as he tries to go too far, too fast (l.15-18). These allegorical lessons are what give the song its fable-like quality (Eliassen 2022: n.p.).		
Strategy <i>identification of translation problems</i> <i>knowledge of genre within target context and situation of target text</i>	The Department of Education (“Department of Education,” n.d.) has requested that this song be translated in fable form for use in the Leaving Certificate Spanish curriculum, with a view to increasing interest in Spanish-speaking cultures. It has requested that students be able to link the song and its translation, but that they not be presented with a direct translation, for the purposes of developing exercises (i.e., ‘translate this line into English’).		

<i>justification of translation production of genre for target context</i> (200 words max)	I will prioritise the translation of imagery and repeated structures over poetic features such as rhyme. I will also imitate the ST's plain language use, both to retain this element of Nueva Trova and to ensure a suitable language level for a secondary school class. This should also allow for classroom exercises such as back translation and vocabulary linking. As this translation will primarily be used for the purposes of language acquisition, I will focus on translating the story alone, rather than adding cultural explanations (i.e., of social circumstances, political movements etc.). However, although the ST does not mention any specific location, I will set the translation explicitly in Cuba, as a nod to its origin and to direct those interested towards extracurricular research.
Critical Reflection <i>textual analysis</i> (200 words max)	The setting of the TT in Cuba detracts slightly from the universality which is integral to the ST, especially as it was written when Nueva Trova and Nueva Canción [Latin American New Song] were linked and popular across Latin America (Olsen 2021: 115; Katz-Rosene 2021: 286). However, this setting not only gives the students context for further research, but also gives teachers a starting point for introducing Cuban musical culture and history. While most imagery was retained in the TT, facilitated by the non-necessity of the ST's rhyme, the line 'Y caminó, vereda adentro, él que más' [And he walked, path inside him, he the most] (l.25) proved challenging due to the vagueness of the referent of 'más' [more; most]. Its TT correspondent is 'Thus he walked, his path held within him' (l.24-25), with the third segment of the ST line omitted. As this concept is so prevalent in the ST, it is unfortunate that fluidity demanded its reduction in the TT, as this renders the dual sense of an interior and exterior path, or way in life, less obvious. However, keeping the image clear seemed the better option for the TA rather than complicating the syntax.
Works Cited <i>use of sources and reference material</i>	"Department of Education." n.d. https://www.gov.ie/en/organisation/departments-of-education/. Eliassen, Meredith, MSLIS. 2022. "Fable." Salem Press Encyclopedia of Literature. https://search-ebscohost-com.elib.tcd.ie/login.aspx?direct=true&db=ers&AN=87322058. Katz-Rosene. 2021. "El discurso en los proyectos culturales de la música latinoamericana: de la nueva canción a la canción social en Colombia" [Discourse in Cultural Projects of Latin American Music: From New Song to Social Song in

	Colombia]. Translated by Daniel Castelblanco. <i>Anthropologica</i> (46): 281-304. https://doi.org/10.18800/anthropologica.202101.010. Olsen, Jonah Durrant. 2021. "'No Hay Revolución Sin Canciones': State, Revolution, and Music in Chile and Cuba." <i>Journal of Latin American Geography</i> 20 (3): 103-125. DOI: https://doi.org/10.1353/lag.2021.0051. Rodriguez, Silvio. "Fábula de los tres hermanos" [Fable of the Three Brothers]. Track 5 on <i>Rabo de Nube</i>. Ojalá, 1980, Spotify. https://open.spotify.com/track/2lmbFU07khooLgd6G0Jrcy?si=3fef33e804eb4b7e.
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Source Text

Fábula de los tres hermanos

De tres hermanos, el más grande se fue
Por la vereda a descubrir y a fundar
Y para nunca equivocarse o errar
Iba despierto y bien atento a cuanto iba a pisar
De tanto en esta posición caminar
Ya nunca el cuello se le enderezó
Y anduvo esclavo ya de la precaución
Y se hizo viejo, queriendo ir lejos, con su corta visión
Ojo que no mira más allá, no ayuda el pie
Óyeme esto y dime, dime lo que piensas tú
De tres hermanos, el del medio se fue
Por la vereda a descubrir y a fundar
Y para nunca equivocarse o errar
Iba despierto y bien atento al horizonte igual
Pero este chico listo no podía ver
La piedra, el hoyo que vencía a su pie
Y revolcado siempre se la pasó
Y se hizo viejo, queriendo ir lejos, a dónde no llegó
Ojo que no mira más acá tampoco fue
Óyeme esto y dime, dime lo que piensas tú

Target Text

Fable of the Three Brothers

1 Once upon a time in Cuba, the eldest brother of three went away, to find
2 and found a new path. He was determined never to stray from this path,
3 and never to make any mistakes, so he kept his eyes wide open and
4 stayed focused on how long his steps were.
5 However, he walked so much in this position that he never straightened
6 his neck. His posture became bent, and he, a slave to precaution. And so,
7 wanting to go far with his shortened vision, he grew old.
8 Hear me out on this, reader: the eye that fails to look ahead will not help
9 the feet to travel.
10 Now tell me, what do you think?
11 Once upon a time in Cuba, the middle brother of three went away, to find
12 and found a new path. He was determined never to stray from this path,
13 and never to make any mistakes, so he kept his eyes wide open and paid
14 a lot of attention to the horizon ahead of him.
15 However, this clever boy failed to see the stone beneath him, as well as
16 the hole which trapped his foot. And so, forever stumbling in his attempts
17 to go far, to where he could never reach, he grew old.
18 Hear me out on this, reader: the eye which does not look closer at what
19 is here, was never here in the first place.
20 Now tell me, what do you think?

De tres hermanos, el pequeño partió
Por la vereda a descubrir y a fundar
Y para nunca equivocarse o errar
Una pupila llevaba arriba y la otra en el andar
Y caminó, vereda adentro, el que más
Ojo en camino y ojo en lo por venir
Y cuando vino el tiempo de resumir
Ya su mirada estaba extraviada entre el estar y el ir
Ojo puesto en todo ya ni sabe lo que ve
Óyeme esto y dime, dime lo que piensas tú

21 Once upon a time in Cuba, the youngest brother of three went away, to
22 find and found a new path. He was determined never to stray from this
23 path, and never to make any mistakes, so he kept one eye ahead of him
24 and one eye on where he was walking. Thus he walked, his path held
25 within him: one eye he kept on the path, the other on the future. And so,
26 when the time came to sum it all up, his focus was torn between where
27 he was and where he was going.
28 Hear me out on this, reader: the eye which looks at everything doesn't
29 know what it sees.
30 Now tell me, what do you think?

Student Number	22304798	Text Number	6
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Source Text		Target Text	
Title	Happy Valley (BBC) Series 2 Episode 6	Title	Le vallon ombreux
Year Published	2015		
Author	Sally Wainwright		
Language	English	Language	French
Word Count	1593	Word Count	2030
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 extract is taken from the acclaimed BBC television series <i>Happy Valley</i> (BBC 2023), whose creator Sally Wainwright has been lauded for her writing of realistic, complex characters and suspense-driven plots (Woods 2019: 347; Gorton 2016: 74). The programme has received record viewing numbers in the UK (Waterson 2023). As this source text is a television green script, it contains only descriptions of items such as gestures, expressions and settings which would be relevant in the context of filming. There is very little emotional description, and almost no indication of characters' thought processes. The dialogue is written in the Yorkshire dialect, with contractions ('y'all right,' l.4; 'y'ave,' l.198) and expressions such as 'scrotes' (l.14) used frequently. The story itself is also rooted strongly in Yorkshire's Calder Valley (Woods 2019: 357).		
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 Swiss publishing house 'Éditions Rosie and Wolfe' (Rosie and Wolfe, n.d.) wish to publish a crime novel adaptation of this series and have requested a sample translation from this episode. The change of form from script to novel will necessitate the addition of material normally found in crime novels but not present in the ST, such as emotional descriptions, visual descriptions, and glimpses into the characters' thoughts and motivations. To remain as true to the series as possible, I will take visual descriptions from the episode itself (Wainwright 2016) to fill out the novel and to add detail to the characters' movements and expressions.		

	I will keep the ST character and place names, as several works in this publisher's catalogue are focused on characters with anglophone names (Dicker 2020; Dicker 2022), and take place in the US or England (Dicker 2022). However, I will translate the dialogue into standard French rather than into another dialect, as I feel this will allow for the easiest and most widespread involvement in the plot, whereas a dialect which might not be widely recognised could distract from the storyline, impact audience involvement, and worry the publisher where sales are concerned.
Critical Reflection <i>textual analysis</i> (200 words max)	The principal shift in the TT is the one from the ST dialogue to indirect speech, which is always recounted from Catherine's perspective – for example, the line 'Catherine entend son appel' [Catherine hears his call] (l.16). That Catherine is the focus of the TT serves to further involve the reader, as they are provided with a protagonist's internal thought process to relate to and empathise with. While the ST dialogue does not betray any specific formality between the characters, the use of 'vous' in the TT between Catherine and Shaf implies professional respect. The switch from Catherine's soft, informal 'And try not to (...) (t)read on anything. Like the floor. Any more than y'ave to' in the ST (l.196-198) to 'Essayez de ne pas trop mettre les pieds sur les choses...comme...le sol, par exemple. Enfin, pas plus qu'il vous le faut' [Try not to put your feet on too many things...like...the floor, for example. At least, no more than you have to] in the TT (l.155-156) is notable in this regard. While formal address may be accurate in a French workplace context, it renders the TT slightly frigid; still, this is in keeping with the darker themes of the story.
Works Cited <i>use of sources and reference material</i>	BBC. 2023. "Happy Valley." BBC One. https://www.bbc.co.uk/programmes/b06zqjpp. Dicker, Joël. 2020. L'Énigme de la chambre 622 [The Enigma of Room 622]. Geneva: Éditions Rosie and Wolfe. Dicker, Joël. 2022. L'Affaire Alaska Sanders [The Alaska Sanders Affair]. Geneva: Éditions Rosie and Wolfe. Gorton, Kristyn. 2016. "Feeling Northern: 'heroic women' in Sally Wainwright's Happy Valley (BBC One, 2014—)." <i>Journal for Cultural Research</i> 20 (1): 73-85. http://dx.doi.org/10.1080/14797585.2015.1134061. Rosie and Wolfe. "Rosie & Wolfe." Accessed April 26, 2023. https://www.rosiewolfe.com/.

	Waterson, Jim. "Happy Valley finale is most-watched TV programme of year," <i>The Guardian</i>, February 6, 2023, https://www.theguardian.com/tv-and-radio/2023/feb/06/happy-valley-finale-is-most-watched-tv-programme-of-year. Wainwright, Sally. 2015. <i>Happy Valley 2</i>. Episode 6. Green Script. London: BBC. Wainwright, Sally, dir. "Episode 6." <i>Happy Valley</i>, season 2, episode 6, BBC, 2016. Woods, Faye. 2019. "Wainwright's West Yorkshire: Affect and Landscape in the Television Drama of Sally Wainwright." <i>Journal of British Cinema and Television</i> 16 (3): 346-366. DOI: 10.3366/jbctv.2019.0481.
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Source Text

Happy Valley – Series 2 Episode 6

The patrol car pulls into the yard. CATHERINE's no longer on the phone.

SHAF

Y'all right?

CATHERINE

Yeah.

SHAF

You sure?

(she gives him a look: yes she's sure)

You do know we're not gonna get a cup o' tea, don't you?

CATHERINE

Yeah, well.

(they nudge their car doors open and step out)

I want Alison to be clear that I am still dealing wi' them scrotes. Despite Daryl's sophisticated, delicate efforts to take the law into his own hands.

SHAF *spots something.*

SHAF

Sarg.

He nods across the yard. CATHERINE turns and looks. We see the

Target Text

Le vallon ombreux

- 1 Quand la voiture de patrouille s'arrête devant Sunderland Farm,
- 2 Catherine a déjà accroché l'appel. La ferme est entourée par un dense
- 3 brouillard qui projette des ombres contre chaque surface. Shaf jette un
- 4 œil vers la sergente.
- 5 « Ça va ? »
- 6 « Ouais. »
- 7 « Vous êtes sûre ? »
- 8 Elle lui lance un regard austère, et au lieu de demander encore une fois,
- 9 il dit « Vous savez que l'on ne nous donnera pas de thé, hein ? »
- 10 Catherine soupire. « Et ben, » elle lui répond en mettant ses gants, « je
- 11 veux juste qu'Alison sache que je m'occupe encore de ces racailles.
- 12 Malgré les efforts sophistiqués et bien délicats qu'a fait Daryl pour faire
- 13 justice lui-même. »
- 14 Elle ouvre la portière et sort de la voiture en direction de la maison. Shaf
- 15 lève les yeux au ciel et se met à la suivre, mais quelque chose l'arrête
- 16 avant qu'il entre dans le porche. Catherine entend son appel, la voix plus
- 17 haute que normal, et se retourne vers lui pour suivre l'indication qu'il fait
- 18 de la tête. Son sang se glace dans les veines ; de l'autre côté du jardin, il y
- 19 a une Peugeot rouge, dont la peinture s'écaille autour d'un renforcement

damaged red Peugeot.

CATHERINE

Was it like that when you arrested him?

SHAF

I dunno. I can't remember. I've an idea it was parked the other way round.

They find the farmhouse door slightly open. CATHERINE knocks.

They loiter.

SHAF (CONT'D)

So...

(at the risk of getting his head bitten off for being nosy)

Who's visiting that bastard in Gravesend? Then?

CATHERINE *considers giving him a proper response. But she knows it'll wind her up if she starts again.*

CATHERINE

That's what I love about you, Mr. Shah. You're a proper, consummate nosy bastard.

SHAF

(he smiles like she just gave him the best compliment ever. Which it kind

20 profond. Pendant un moment, tout reste immobile et silencieux. Un
21 moment où tout change. Soudain, l'air sent le danger.

22 « C'était comme ça quand vous avez arrêté Daryl ? » Catherine demande-
23 t-elle à Shaf. Il lutte visiblement pour se souvenir de la scène au matin de
24 l'arrestation.

25 « Je ne sais pas trop. Je ne me rappelle pas. J'aurais dit qu'on l'avait garée
26 à l'inverse. »

27
28 La porte principale est entrouverte, mais Catherine y frappe quand
29 même. Ils traînent sur le seuil. Shaf prend le risque de se faire manger la
30 tête par la sergente en lui demandant :

31 « Alors qui est-ce qui rend visite à ce fils de pute à Gravesend ? »
32 Catherine considère lui répondre de façon sincère, mais elle sait que si
33 elle reprend le sujet, elle tapera sur ses propres nerfs.

34 « C'est ça que j'aime bien chez vous, Mr. Shah. Vous êtes vraiment
35 consommé, curieux de chez curieux. »

36 « Merci. » Il lui sourit comme si elle lui avait donné le meilleur
37 compliment de tout le temps – et pour un flic, elle pense que cela l'est.
38 La porte étant ouverte, Catherine se hasarde à la pousser un peu plus loin
39 pour fouiller dedans.

40

of is for a copper)

Thank you.

*Given that the door's open, CATHERINE ventures to push it further open
and have a nosy round inside...*

CATHERINE

Hello? Alison? Daryl?

SHAF

(as he follows her in)

I'm only asking cos I care about you.

INT. FAR SUNDERLAND FARM, KITCHEN/DINING ROOM. DAY 16. 12 09.36

*CATHERINE and SHAF don't have to step too far into the room to see that
something catastrophic has gone on in here. CATHERINE takes in the
salient details quickly: DARYL's slumped forward on the table, face down.
It's absolutely clear that he's dead: most of his head's missing. The table
is covered in blood and brains. The splatter is everywhere; up the walls,
across the ceiling, even on the back of the door where CATHERINE and
SHAF have just come in. ALISON is also slumped at the table, and in front
of her a vodka bottle (empty), a whisky bottle (empty), a glass (empty)
and a couple of packs of Diazepam, with all the pills gone from the 30 x
blister packs. The shot gun is abandoned on the sink.*

41 « Âllo ? Alison ? Daryl ? » Il n'y a aucune réponse. Catherine est
42 consciente que Shaf lui parle encore, mais elle ne s'y concentre pas ; il y
43 a quelque chose qui ne va pas du tout ici.

44

45 Ils ne doivent pas aller très loin dans la pièce avant de voir qu'une vraie
46 catastrophe s'y est passée. Rapidement, Catherine saisit les détails
47 proéminents.

48 Daryl est plié en deux dans sa chaise, son visage sur la table. Il est
49 absolument clair qu'il est mort : il lui manque la moitié de la tête. La table
50 est couverte de sang et de morceaux de cerveau. Il y a des éclaboussures
51 partout ; sur les murs, sur le plafond, même sur le côté intérieur de la
52 porte par laquelle Catherine et Shaf viennent d'entrer. Alison aussi est
53 vautrée à la table, avec une bouteille à vodka, une bouteille à whisky et
54 un verre, tous vides, devant elle, ainsi que quelques paquets de
55 Diazepam. Toutes les pilules ont été enlevées des emballages à une
56 trentaine de blisters chacune. Quelqu'un a abandonné le fusil de chasse
57 dans l'évier.

58

59 Subitement, Alison, que Catherine avait jugée morte vu son immobilité,
60 fait une sorte de grognement bizarre, comme si elle allait vomir.
61 Catherine se met instantanément à agir. Elle traverse la pièce jusqu'à
62 Alison pour prendre son pouls à son cou. Elle n'est guère consciente, et

Just then ALISON - who could easily be dead judging by her stillness - makes some kind of odd gurgling noise like she's going to be sick.

CATHERINE *instantly clicks into action. She goes and feels for a pulse in ALISON's neck.*

CATHERINE

Alison? Alison? Can you hear me? Alison, it's Catherine Cawood.

Sergeant Cawood.

(ALISON is barely conscious and seems unaware of the situation she's in.

Her face is streaked with tears, her eyes blood shot)

Alison, listen love, listen to me -

(CATHERINE holds her hand)

- I want you to squeeze my hand if you can hear me.

(nothing. CATHERINE turns to SHAF)

Check upstairs. See if there's anyone else, anyone injured. Be careful!

(SHAF gets his baton out and heads off. We hear him head up the stairs.

CATHERINE *gets on her radio and talks as measuredly as she can -)*

Bravo November four-five. Urgent assistance required. Far Sunderland Farm up Wainstalls, on Cold Edge Road. I need an ambulance, there's a forty-something woman – Alison Garrs – suspected overdose. Diazepam, not sure how many, and it looks like she's washed 'em down with vodka and whisky. Her pulse is weak, she's conscious and breathing. Alison?

63 semble ignorer sa situation actuelle. Elle a le visage imbibé de larmes et
64 les yeux rouges.

65 « Alison ? Alison ? Tu m'entends ? Alison, c'est moi, la Sergente Cawood.
66 Sergente Cawood. » Catherine lui prend la main. « Alison, écoute-moi, ma
67 biche, écoute-moi. Je veux que tu me serres la main si tu m'entends. »

68 Alison ne fait aucun signe de compréhension. Catherine se dirige vers
69 Shaf.

70 « Allez voir en haut s'il y a d'autres personnes, d'autres blessés. Et faites
71 attention ! »

72 Elle regard Shaf sortir sa matraque et s'en aller vers l'escalier. Puis elle
73 prend sa radio et parle de la façon la plus modérée possible.

74 « Bravo novembre quatre-cinq. Assistance urgente requise. Sunderland
75 Farm, la ferme près de Wainstalls, sur le chemin Cold Edge Road. Il me
76 faut une ambulance, il y a une femme d'une quarantaine d'années –

77 Alison Garrs – surdose suspecté. Diazepam, je ne sais pas trop combien,
78 et il semble qu'elle les a faites passer avec de la vodka et du whisky. Elle

79 a le pouls faible, elle est consciente, elle respire. » Elle essaie encore une
80 fois d'atteindre sa protégée. « Alison ? Alison. » Elle ne répond toujours

81 pas. Catherine retourne à la radio. « Il y a un mâle aussi. Je suis assez
82 certaine qu'il soit son fils, Daryl Garrs. Blessure fatale par balle à la nuque.

83 Arme probable à la scène. J'ai besoin des scientifiques là pour le prouver.
84 J'ai besoin de l'inspecteur de service, du directeur général, il me faut...la

Alison.

There's also a male. I'm fairly certain it's her son, Daryl Garrs. Fatal shotgun injury to the back of his head. Possible weapon at the scene. I need F-Sup here to prove. I need the on-call D.I., I need the duty S.I.O., I need a C.S.I., I need any available troops to come and secure the scene.

God knows what's happened, but...

(she's seen all sorts has CATHERINE, but never quite this. Her eyes land on the shot gun again at the sink)

it's carnage.

RADIO

I've got all that for the log, Sarg. Is there anything else I can help you with?

CATHERINE

I'll keep you posted. Alison? Who's done this, Alison? Who's done this to Daryl? Alison? Alison?

ALISON seems to vaguely understand what CATHERINE's trying to do.

Then she sees DARYL and things flood back into her brain –

ALISON

Oh - !

85 police scientifique...il faut que toute brigade disponible vienne sécuriser

86 la scène. Dieu sait ce qui s'est passé là, mais... »

87 Ses yeux tombent encore une fois sur le fusil dans l'évier. Elle a vu toute

88 sorte de scène de crime, mais jamais ainsi.

89 « C'est le carnage. »

90

91 Après un silence, la réponse vient de la radio : « j'ai tout noté pour le

92 journal, Serg. Je peux vous aider avec quelque chose de plus ? »

93 « Je vous tiens au courant. » Catherine se retourne vers Alison, quasi-

94 consciente à la table. « Alison ? Qui a fait tout ça, Alison ? Qui a fait ça à

95 Daryl ? Alison ? Alison ? »

96 Il paraît qu'Alison comprenne quelque chose de ce que Catherine tente

97 de dire. Puis, elle voit Daryl ; Catherine voit tout revenir à l'esprit de la

98 pauvre femme. Alison laisse échapper un cri et, sanglotant

99 inconsciemment, elle tente de se lever. Son corps ne fonctionne plus

100 comme elle veut. Malgré qu'elle ne puisse ni marcher ni parler, il est clair

101 qu'elle veut sortir de la pièce.

102 « Alison, » dit Catherine, « viens, ça va, mets ton bras autour de moi, vas-

103 y. »

104

And she becomes tearful, can't cope with the terrible thoughts inside her head, needs to get out of the room, but her body's not functioning properly.

CATHERINE

Alison?

(it's clear ALISON wants to leave the room, even though she can't articulate it, and can barely walk)

Come on, that's all right, you put your arm round me, come on.

SHAF comes back in from upstairs.

SHAF

Upstairs is clear!

CATHERINE

Let's get her out of this.

SHAF

I thought you weren't supposed to move [people] -

CATHERINE

Just - !

- fucking get on with it.

SHAF

I don't [know] - where shall I get hold of her?

CATHERINE

105 A ce moment-ci, Shaf revient d'en haut pour dire qu'il n'y a personne.
106 Catherine lui dit de l'aider à sortir Alison.
107 « Mais – je pensais que l'on ne pouvait pas bouger les gens – »
108 « Putain, faites-le ! »
109 « Mais je – comment je la prends – ? »
110 Catherine, luttant contre le poids d'Alison, perde sa patience.
111 « Bah, soyez un homme ! Faites preuve d'initiative. »
112
113 Ensemble, Catherine et Shaf réussissent à porter Alison, grognant,
114 sanglotant et impuissante, de la scène. Catherine prend encore une fois
115 sa radio, les contours de sa journée s'effaçant devant elle.
116 « Bravo novembre quatre-cinq. Quelqu'un peut dire au conseiller Clegg
117 qu'il pourra profiter de notre thé et nos biscuits à la réunion
118 communautaire d'Illingworth à dix heures ? »
119 « Bien sûr, quatre-cinq, et pour vous rassurer, une ambulance vient vers
120 vous maintenant de Keighley. Heure probable d'arrivée, seize minutes. »
121 Catherine sent son cœur plonger dans sa poitrine.
122 « Keighley ? » elle cri, frustrée.
123 « Toutes les autres sont occupées à Halifax. »
124
125 Dès qu'ils sont dehors de la maison, Alison s'écroule, mais Catherine la
126 tient toujours pour qu'elle ne puisse pas tomber et se faire blesser.

(struggling)

Man up, Princess. Use your initiative.

(on her radio again)

Bravo November four-five. Could somebody let Councillor Clegg know there'll be two less for tea and biscuits at the community meeting in Illingworth at ten o'clock.

Between them CATHERINE and SHAF manage to get groaning, tearful, helpless ALISON outside...

CUT TO: 13 EXT. FAR SUNDERLAND FARM. DAY 16. 09.37 13

RADIO

Will do, four-five, and to confirm, you've got an ambulance on it's way to you now from Keighley. ETA sixteen minutes.

CATHERINE

Keighley?

RADIO

They're all tied up in Halifax.

ALISON collapses once they're outside, but CATHERINE still has hold of her so she doesn't flop over and injure herself.

127 Ensuite, elle exige que Shaf appelle aux urgences et demande des conseils
128 pour gérer une surdose.
129 « Hallo, c'est l'agent de police Shafiq Shah, numéro de col neuf-deux-
130 quatre-deux, on a une femme ici, elle a pris – »
131 « Diazépam, whisky, vodka, » supplémente Catherine.
132 “Diazépam, whisky, vodka. Il nous faut des conseils, l'ambulance ne vas
133 arriver qu'après seize minutes. »
134 Catherine voit qu'Alison est en train de s'endormir à nouveau. Shaf parle
135 au fond ; il donne des détails de la situation à l'opérateur. Catherine craint
136 que les conseils arrivent trop tard ; si Alison succombe au sommeil,
137 personne ne saura sans doute ce qui s'est passé dans cette maison.
138 « Alison, écoute-moi, qui a fait ça à Daryl ? Qui lui a tiré ? »
139 « Je ne sais pas, » répond Alison, mais elle paraît tellement ailleurs qu'elle
140 ne sait pas non plus de quoi elle parle. « Personne. »
141 Catherine pousse encore. « Qui était là ? Tu as vu ce qui s'est passé ?
142 Alison. Qui était là ? »
143 « Personne. Personne n'était là. »
144 Catherine ne comprend pas, pourtant elle surmise de ses pensées floues
145 et de ses paroles qu'Alison manque tout simplement de la lucidité. Shaf
146 attire l'attention de la Sergente, et commence à répéter ce que lui dit
147 l'opérateur.

CATHERINE
 (to SHAF)
 Get your mobile out, dial 999.
(He does, and we hear - emergency, which service please?)
 Alison!
(she looks like she's losing consciousness)
 I need a paramedic talking to me, I need to know what the latest is with
 an overdose.
 SHAF
 Hello there, it's Constable Shafiq Shah here, collar number 9242, I've got
 a lady here, she's taken -
Realises he doesn't know.
 CATHERINE
 Diazepam, whisky, vodka.
 SHAF
 Diazepam, whisky, vodka. We need advice, ambulance is going to be
 sixteen minutes.
 CATHERINE
 Stay with us, Alison! Come on love, you're not gonna fall asleep on me, I
 need you awake.
 SHAF
 Conscious, yeah, but she's struggling to stay with us.

148 « Okay, elle doit rester immobile. Vous devez la faire vomir...oui, et
 149 après ? Puis – et déboucher ses voies respiratoires – puis vous la mettez
 150 dans la PLS. »
 151 « Okay, merci, Shaf. » Catherine prend un gant médical de sa poche et le
 152 met sur la main, tout en empêchant Alison de défaillir. « Écoutez, Shaf,
 153 allez dans la maison et emmenez un peu d'eau – non, un peu de lait – et
 154 une couverture. Et... » Elle pause ; ce qu'elle veut dire est ridicule, mais
 155 nécessaire. « Essayez de ne pas trop mettre les pieds sur les
 156 choses...comme...le sol, par exemple. Enfin, pas plus qu'il vous le faut. »
 157 Shaf s'en va, et une voix retourne à la radio de Catherine.
 158 « J'ai prévu les inspecteurs, quatre-cinq, ils arrivent. J'ai aussi soumis
 159 votre requête aux scientifiques. Je peux quelque chose de plus pour
 160 vous ? »
 161 « C'est quoi la meilleure façon de faire vomir à quelqu'un ? »
 162 « Mettre les doigts dans sa gorge ? »
 163 « Ah oui, et me perdre la main ? » Catherine sait que cela n'est pas la vraie
 164 raison pour laquelle elle ne veut pas entreprendre une telle action. Après
 165 tout ce qui s'est passé, elle ne veut infliger ni une seule chose désagréable
 166 sur Alison. Elle ne veut pas non plus ajouter du vomi aux autres
 167 substances qui recouvrent déjà ses vêtements. Il lui semble beaucoup
 168 préférable de convaincre Alison de le faire elle-même.
 169 « Okay, Alison. Écoute-moi. Il faut que tu vomisses. »

CATHERINE (CONT'D)

Alison, listen to me, Alison. Who shot Daryl? Who did that to Daryl?
*When ALISON talks it's like she doesn't quite know what she's talking
about, she's so far out of it.*

ALISON

I don't know, nobody.

CATHERINE

Who was here? Did you see what happened? Alison. Who was here?

ALISON

Nobody. Nobody was here.

CATHERINE *doesn't get it, but ALISON's speech and thoughts are so
blurred she simply dismisses it as ALISON not being coherent.*

SHAF

*(repeating info word for word as he's hearing it at the other of the
phone)*

Right, you don't walk her round. You need to induce her to vomit -

(to the phone)

yeah, then what?

(he listens)

Then you - then clear the air waves - and you put her in the recovery
position.

CATHERINE

170 « Non...non, non, non... »

171 « Non, Alison. Écoute. Je sais que c'est pas bon – »

172 « Je vais juste – je vais m'allonger. »

173 « Tu peux t'allonger, mais il faut juste que tu te fasses vomir d'abord. »

174 « Non. »

175 « Tu peux te mettre les doigts dans la gorge ? »

176 « Non. »

177 « Tu ne vas pas t'allonger jusqu'à ce que t'auras vomis, je ne peux pas te

178 laisser dormir avant ça. »

179 « Chut. Ça va, ça va. »

180 Alison tente de s'allonger par terre, mais Catherine lui tire la chemise.

181 « Alison ! Ne t'endors pas. Qui a tué Daryl ? » Catherine voit Alison lutter

182 contre elle-même pour lui répondre. « Alison ? »

183 « J'ai tué Daryl. »

184 « Toi ? Tu as tué... Toi ? »

185 « Mmh. »

186 « Toi, tu as tué Daryl ? Tu as tué ton propre...Pourquoi ? Pourquoi, Alison,

187 pourquoi tu ferais ça ? »

188

189 Très soudainement, Alison se lève pour vomir violemment. Lorsqu'elle

190 tient la femme pour la stabiliser, Catherine aperçoit encore une fois la

191 Peugeot rouge. Et voilà la réponse, voilà pourquoi la mère même de Daryl

Okay...
(she gets a SOCO glove out of her pocket and pulls it on - whilst still keeping ALISON from keeling over)
 Tell you what, you go back inside. Get some water, no - milk - and a blanket! And try not to...
(she knows it's daft, but)
 Tread on anything. Like the floor. Any more than y'ave to.
 SHAF *heads back inside.*

RADIO
 The request's gone in to F-Sup, four-five. CID've been informed and they're on the way. I've also put the request in for a CSI. Is there anything else I can help you with?

CATHERINE
 What's the best way to make someone sick?

RADIO
 Stick your fingers down their throat?
 CATHERINE
 Yeah, and get my hand bitten off?
(that's happening)
 Okay, Alison. Listen to me. I need you to be sick.
 ALISON

192 lui a tiré dessus ; la voiture raconte tout. Un tout petit moment, pourtant
 193 immense. Elle permet à Alison de se redresser, et ensuite de s'allonger et
 194 se plonger dans l'inconscience. Catherine lui tient toujours la main quand
 195 elle rallume sa radio.
 196 « Bravo novembre quatre-cinq. S'il vous plaît, contactez M. Shepherd ou
 197 l'Inspectrice Shackleton à Norland Road et dites-leur qu'il y a une voiture
 198 ici qui pourrait s'impliquer dans l'opération Syracuse. Une Peugeot 205.
 199 Elle est rouge. Et elle est endommagée. »

200
 201
 202
 203
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 205
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 207
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 209
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 211
 212
 213

No no no no.	214
CATHERINE	215
No. Alison. Listen. I know it's not pleasant -	216
ALISON	217
I'm just - I'm going to lie down.	218
CATHERINE	219
You can lie down, but I just need you to be sick first.	220
ALISON	221
No.	222
CATHERINE	223
Can you stick your fingers down your throat for me?	224
ALISON	225
No.	226
CATHERINE	227
You're not lying down 'til you've been sick, I can't let you go to sleep	228
until you've been sick. Alison.	229
ALISON	230
Shhh. It's fine. It's fine.	231
CATHERINE	232
Alison! Stay awake. Alison! Who shot Daryl?	233
(ALISON wants to answer, but she's struggling; she shakes her head)	234
Alison?	235

ALISON	236
I shot Daryl.	237
CATHERINE	238
You...? You shot...? You...?	239
ALISON	240
Mm.	241
CATHERINE	242
You shot Daryl? You [shot]...? You shot your own [son] - ? Why? Alison,	243
why would you do that?	244
	245
<i>Suddenly ALISON honks up spontaneously. As CATHERINE clings onto her</i>	246
<i>to steady her, she happens to look up and notice the red Peugeot again.</i>	247
<i>And there of course CATHERINE has her answer: that's why she shot</i>	248
<i>DARYL, the red Peugeot says it all. It's a huge little moment. She allows</i>	249
<i>ALISON to recover from being sick, but then of course ALISON just wants</i>	250
<i>to keel over and sink into unconsciousness on the ground. CATHERINE lets</i>	251
<i>her, but keeps hold of her hand. She gets back on the radio.</i>	252
CATHERINE (CONT'D)	253
Bravo November four-five. Could you contact Mr. Shepherd or D.I.	254
Shackleton at Norland Road and tell them there's a vehicle here that	255
could be involved in Operation Syracuse. A Peugeot 205. It's red, it's	256
damaged.	257

Student Number	22304798	Text Number	7
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Source Text		Target Text	
Title	Une femme	Title	Woman
Year Published	1988		
Author	Annie Ernaux		
Language	French	Language	English
Word Count	641	Word Count	956
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 autobiographical novel follows Ernaux's grief at her mother's death, and her subsequent attempts to write her mother's story. Ernaux is renowned for her highly emotive works, written in a concise and unassuming style intended to be accessible to a wide array of readers (Hugueny-Léger 2018: 257). She often uses images and descriptions of actions to convey emotional aspects, rather than directly describing feelings: this technique is demonstrated in this text in l.9-10: 'Je suis restée prostrée devant la valise béante' [I remained prostrated before the gaping suitcase]. When Ernaux does focus on internal aspects, it tends to be on internal function and/or thought processes, as is the case in her description of forgetting the order of daily tasks (l.5-7). Ernaux uses neither a formal nor informal register in this novel. She writes as though in conversation with the reader, while maintaining a certain distance by never directly addressing them, as when she states her intentions to keep writing about her mother (l.28-30).		
Strategy • <i>identification of translation problems</i> • <i>knowledge of genre within target context and situation of target text</i> • <i>justification of translation</i>	The Royal Shakespeare Company (Royal Shakespeare Company, n.d.) wish to perform a staged translation of this novel during their 2024 UK touring season. The production of the TT will therefore entail the insertion of extra materials not present in the ST, such as stage directions. I will ensure that the dialogue is punctuated by action and imagery, to assist the lead actress in remembering and delivering what will be a lengthy monologue and to hold the audience's attention.		

<i>production of genre for target context</i> (200 words max)	The principal character, who has lost her mother, will be named Annie, to ensure due credit to the ST author and as an acknowledgement of the text's autobiographical quality. In producing this translation, I will adhere to the following recommendations: - Note extra-narrative elements to be translated as stage directions ahead of the translation process (Muñoz 2017: 195-196) - Speak the TT aloud while translating, to ensure it reads naturally for performance (Wellwarth 1981: 141) - Avoid high numbers of sibilants and consonants within a sentence, as they render quick pronunciation and vocal projection difficult (ibid)
Critical Reflection • <i>textual analysis</i> (200 words max)	The order of images given in the TT differs from that of the ST; this is a direct result of the strategy, wherein extra-narrative elements were extracted and rearranged to best suit a performance context. The images from the ST of Ernaux peeling vegetables (l.6) and finding the suitcase (l.8) are focal points in the TT, around which the monologue is structured (l.3-5, l.10-12, l.19-24). When these images disappear and Annie is left alone (l.38), their sudden absence draws focus to Annie's words. The dialogue is also rearranged slightly in the TT: in l.6-9 of the TT, spoken items are arranged in a temporal progression from Ernaux's dreams of her mother (night) to the sense of her mother that remains when she awakes (morning). This makes the text sound more spontaneous and conversational, as though Annie is speaking her train of thought; this then allows more of a connection between actress and audience. The character Annie addresses the audience directly, saying 'But you know, that kind of state disappears, bit by bit' (l.39). Again, this establishes a connection between the stage and the auditorium, drawing the spectators in and making the story easier to empathise with.
Works Cited • <i>use of sources and reference material</i>	Ernaux, Annie. 1988. Une Femme. Paris: Gallimard.

	Hugueny-Léger, Elise. 2018. "Annie Ernaux." <i>French Studies: A Quarterly Review</i> 72 (2): 256-269. Oxford: Oxford University Press. Muñoz, Cristina Vinuesa. 2017. "La traduction théâtrale: un enjeu collectif, une méthode" [Theatrical translation: a collective issue, a method]. <i>Synergies Espagne</i> 10: 185-202. ISSN: 2260-6513. Royal Shakespeare Company. "Royal Shakespeare Company." RSC. Accessed April 27, 2023. https://www.rsc.org.uk/. Wellwarth, George E. 1981. "Special Considerations in Drama Translation." In <i>Translation Spectrum: Essays in Theory and Practice</i>, edited by Marilyn Gaddis Rose, 140-146. New York: State University of New York Press.
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Source Text

Une femme

Dans la semaine qui a suivi, il m'arrivait de pleurer n'importe où. En me réveillant, je savais que ma mère était morte. Je sortais de rêves lourds dont je ne me rappelais rien, sauf qu'elle y était, et morte. Je ne faisais rien en dehors des tâches nécessaires pour vivre, les courses, les repas, le linge dans la machine à laver. Souvent j'oubliais dans quel ordre il fallait les faire, je m'arrêtais après avoir épluché les légumes, n'enchaînant sur le geste suivant, de les laver, qu'après un effort de réflexion. Lire était impossible. Une fois, je suis descendue à la cave, la valise de ma mère était là, avec son porte-monnaie, un sac d'été, des foulards à l'intérieur. Je suis restée prostrée devant la valise béante. C'est au-dehors, en ville, que j'étais le plus mal. Je roulais, et brutalement : « Elle ne sera plus jamais nulle part dans le monde. » Je ne comprenais plus la façon habituelle de se comporter des gens, leur attention minutieuse à la boucherie pour choisir tel ou tel morceau de viande me causait de l'horreur.

Cet état disparaît peu à peu. Encore de la satisfaction que le temps soit froid et pluvieux, comme au début du mois, lorsque ma mère était vivante. Et des instants de vide chaque fois que je constate « ce n'est plus la peine de » ou « je n'ai plus besoin de » (faire ceci ou cela pour elle). Le trou de cette pensée : le premier printemps qu'elle ne verra pas. (Sentir maintenant la force des phrases ordinaires, des clichés même.)

Target Text

Woman

1 *Revolving stage, bare except for a kitchen island in downstage centre. A*
2 *touch of frigidity in the lighting, otherwise like that from dimmed indoor*
3 *bulbs. A few carrots lie abandoned on the island, their peelings half-off,*
4 *some falling onto the floor. **Annie** sits on the floor facing front, her back*
5 *against the centre of the island. In her hand is a vegetable peeler.*

6 **Annie:** In the week after my mother passed away, I found myself in tears
7 everywhere I went. My dreams were leaden, and the only thing I
8 remembered from them was that my mother was there, and she was
9 dead. And when I woke in the morning, I knew again that she was dead.
10 *A silhouetted **Figure** from **Annie's** memory enters, approaches the island,*
11 *stares down at the carrots, picks up a couple as though having lost the*
12 *understanding of them.*

13 **Annie:** I couldn't do anything aside from the tasks I needed to survive:
14 groceries, meals, throwing the washing in the machine. I kept forgetting
15 the order of things. I'd stop after peeling the vegetables, and the next
16 gesture in the chain – washing them – would only come to be after some
17 reflection. Reading was impossible.

18 *Throughout next piece, **Annie** and **Figure** each take a side of the island*
19 *and rotate it, revealing its hollow underside to the audience. An old*
20 *suitcase is stashed underneath it, the top unzipped, a collection of silk*

Il y aura trois semaines demain que l'inhumation a eu lieu. Avant-hier seulement, j'ai surmonté la terreur d'écrire dans le haut d'une feuille blanche, comme un début de livre, non de lettre à quelqu'un, « ma mère est morte ». J'ai pu aussi regarder des photos d'elle. Sur l'une, au bord de la Seine, elle est assise, les jambes repliées. Une photo en noir et blanc, mais c'est comme si je voyais ses cheveux roux, les reflets de son tailleur en alpaga noir.

Je vais continuer d'écrire sur ma mère. Elle est la seule femme qui ait vraiment compté pour moi et elle était démente depuis deux ans. Peut-être ferais-je mieux d'attendre que sa maladie et sa mort soient fondues dans le cours passé de ma vie, comme le sont d'autres événements, la mort de mon père et la séparation d'avec mon mari, afin d'avoir la distance qui facilite l'analyse des souvenirs. Mais je ne suis pas capable en ce moment de faire autre chose.

C'est une entreprise difficile. Pour moi, ma mère n'a pas d'histoire. Elle a toujours été là. Mon premier mouvement, en parlant d'elle, c'est de la fixer dans des images sans notion de temps : « elle était violente », « c'était une femme qui brûlait tout », et d'évoquer en désordre des scènes, où elle apparaît. Je ne retrouve ainsi que la femme de mon imaginaire, la même que, depuis quelques jours, dans mes rêves, je vois à nouveau vivante, sans âge précis, dans une atmosphère de tension

21 *scarves escaping like a tongue from the mouth of one stunned. **Figure** uses*
22 *a scarf to sweep the carrots and their peelings from the island into the*
23 *suitcase, stuffs the scarves back in, closes the suitcase. The stage rotates*
24 *and **Figure** walks against the rotation, dragging the suitcase behind her.*

25 **Annie:** Once, I went down into the basement, where my mother's
26 suitcase was. Inside were her purse, a beach bag, a few scarves. I found
27 myself trapped, prostrated before the suitcase's gaping mouth.

28 *The stage stops rotating; **Figure** has arrived in the town. A group of*
29 *people, one of whom holds a magnifying glass, are examining the large*
30 *piece of raw beef held out by a butcher. People flow by a bewildered*
31 **Figure**, some stopping to shake her hand.

32 **Annie:** Being outside, in town, was worst of all. I trundled along with the
33 cruel thought: "Never again will she be anywhere in the world." I couldn't
34 understand how people could behave normally anymore. The minute
35 attention they paid when choosing such and such piece of meat at the
36 butcher's horrified me.

37 *The crowd grows stronger, surging past **Figure**, who becomes lost in it.*
38 *When it passes, all except **Annie** are gone.*

39 **Annie:** But you know, that kind of state disappears, bit by bit. I'm still
40 relieved that the weather is as cold and rainy as it was at the start of the
41 month, when my mother was still alive. But I have moments of emptiness
42 every time I think "I don't have to do this for her anymore" or "There's no

semblable à celle des films d'angoisse. Je voudrais saisir aussi la femme qui a existé en dehors de moi, la femme réelle, née dans le quartier rural d'une petite ville de Normandie et morte dans le service de gériatrie d'un hôpital de la région parisienne. Ce que j'espère écrire de plus juste se situe sans doute à la jointure du familial et du social, du mythe et de l'histoire. Mon projet est de nature littéraire, puisqu'il s'agit de chercher une vérité sur ma mère qui ne peut être atteinte que par des mots. (C'est-à-dire que ni les photos, ni mes souvenirs, ni les témoignages de la famille ne peuvent me donner cette vérité.) Mais je souhaite rester, d'une certaine façon, au-dessous de la littérature.

43 need to do that for her anymore." And there is another thought, like a
44 hole: this is the first spring that she won't see. Now I feel the strength of
45 ordinary sentences, of clichés, even.

46 It will be three weeks tomorrow since the burial. Only the day before
47 yesterday, I overcame the terror of writing the words at the top of a white
48 sheet, like the start of a novel, rather than a letter to someone, "My
49 mother is dead." I have also been able to look at photos of her. There's
50 one where she is sitting by the Seine, her legs folded under her. It's in
51 black and white, but I can see her red hair, and the light on her black
52 alpaca wool suit.

53 I am going to keep writing about my mother. She's the only woman who
54 ever really counted for me, and dementia took her over for her final two
55 years. Maybe I'd be better off waiting until her illness and her death have
56 faded into the distant past of my life, like other happenings, the death of
57 my father or my own separation from my husband. That way the distance
58 might allow me to better analyse the memories. But at the moment I'm
59 not capable of doing anything else.

60 It is a difficult undertaking. To me, my mother doesn't have a history. She
61 has always been there. When I speak about her, my first instincts are to
62 capture her in images without any sense of time – "She was violent," "She
63 was a woman who burned everything" – and to haphazardly evoke scenes
64 where she appears. But this only summons the woman of my imaginary,

65 the same one who, for several days now, has been appearing in my
66 dreams, alive again, without any precise age, in an atmosphere of tension
67 comparable to a psychological thriller. I want to capture the woman who
68 existed outside of me too, the real woman who was born in the rural part
69 of a small Normandy town, and who died in the geriatric ward of a
70 hospital in the Paris region. It may be that the fairest thing I could hope
71 to write exists somewhere in the joining of the familial and the social, of
72 myth and history. My project is a literary one, because it consists of
73 searching for a truth about my mother that can only be found through
74 words – that is to say, no photos, none of my memories, no family
75 accounts can give me that truth. Yet in some way, I wish to remain below
76 the literary.

77 *The stage rotates once more, until **Annie** is in her warmly-lit office. On her*
78 *writing desk are her notebooks, pens, coffee, and the scarf that **Figure***
79 *used to clean the kitchen island.*

Student Number	22304798	Text Number	8
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Source Text		Target Text	
Title	Cielo	Title	Sky
Year Published	1955		
Author	Alejandra Pizarnik		
Language	Spanish	Language	Standard Hiberno English
Word Count	169	Word Count	183
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 free-verse poem by Alejandra Pizarnik is part of the collection ‘Un signo en tu sombra’ [A Sign in Your Shadow], which was published in 1955 (Pizarnik 1955: 50). Pizarnik was heavily influenced by the Surrealist movement (Lasarte 1983: 867). As such, this poem contains several features typical of Surrealist poetry (ibid), such as heavy use of imagery within a flexible structure – for example, the comparison in l.11 of her beloved’s face to ‘un trozo de algodón enyodado dentro de tela adhesiva’ [a cotton ball with iodine under surgical tape] – and experimental, seemingly abstract wordplay, such as the progression in l.19: ‘cielo trozo de cosmos cielo murciélago infinito’ [sky piece of cosmos sky infinite bat]. Pizarnik also makes use of sibilance – for example in l.2: ‘es celeste desteñado’ [it is faded sky-blue] – and of assonance in l.11, l.19, l.25-27, l.30, and l.32. It also lacks strict punctuation (e.g. the lack of commas in l.1, l.8, l.19, l.25, l.26; the lack of periods throughout the piece), and is written entirely in lower case letters. Although the poem does not have a set syllabic or rhyme structure, l.5 and l.22 are separated, introducing a change of pace in the action.		

Strategy • <i>identification of translation problems</i> • <i>knowledge of genre within target context and situation of target text</i> • <i>justification of translation production of genre for target context</i> (200 words max)	This poem is to be translated for reading at the Instituto Cervantes Dublin’s 2023 ISLA Festival, which celebrates Irish, Spanish and Latin American literature (Instituto Cervantes, “Isla Literary Festival”). The ST will be read first, followed by a reading of its translation. The poem will be translated into Standard Hiberno English, also known as Supraregional Irish English (Hickey 2007: 13), to highlight the festival’s goals of appreciating the participating countries’ literatures. Along the same vein, I will also use Irish-language words which are commonly used in this dialect. I will maintain the ST structure, including the lack of punctuation and use of lowercase letters, and replicate Pizarnik’s uses of assonance and sibilance. Where the latter entail changing the poem’s structure, I will instead compensate – for example, by using alliteration instead of sibilance. I will also mimic the rhythm of the ST by retaining a similar number of syllables in each corresponding ST and TT line. The aim is to create pleasing euphony and a clear aural comparison between the two texts when read aloud, especially as some audience members may not be speakers of both languages.
Critical Reflection • <i>textual analysis</i> (200 words max)	Although I aimed to maintain the same syllable count per line in the TT as in the ST, the TT sentences are shorter than their ST counterparts; still, the attempt to keep them the same length preserved the overall shape of the poem. Dialect-specific elements, such as the translation of ‘cocktail’ [a mental cocktail] (l.14) as ‘figairies,’ meaning whims or notions (Ó Muirthe 2004: 47), should not pose a problem in the target context, as the aim of the TT was to be pleasing to the ear, on the basis that not every word might be understood by every TA member. Assonance was retained throughout the TT, for example in l.11: ST – ‘trozo de algodón enyodado dentro de tela adhesiva’ [cotton ball with iodine under surgical tape] TT – ‘swathe of soothing cotton adhered by gauze’ This preserves the euphony of the ST line, with ‘soothing’ recalling the care involved in using ‘tela adhesiva’ [surgical tape]. For the TT to read aloud to pleasing effect, some elements of the ST were lost – notably the wordplay around ‘cielo’ [sky] in l.19, where its repetition in the ST was replaced by an emphasis on the sky’s boundlessness via the word ‘ceaseless.’

Works Cited • <i>use of sources and reference material</i>	Hickey, Raymond. 2007. Irish English: History and Present-Day Forms. Cambridge: Cambridge University Press. Instituto Cervantes. "Isla Literary Festival." Accessed March 26, 2023. https://dublin.cervantes.es/en/culture_spanish/isla_festival/isla_festival.htm. Lasarte, Francisco. 1983. "Más allá del surrealismo: la poesía de Alejandra Pizarnik" [Beyond Surrealism: The Poetry of Alejandra Pizarnik]. <i>Revista Iberoamericana</i> 49 (125): 867-877. DOI: 10.5195/reviberoamer.1983.3844. Ó Muirthe. 2004. <i>A Glossary of Irish Slang and Unconventional Language</i>. Dublin: Gill and Macmillan. Pizarnik, Alejandra. 1955. "Un signo en tu sombra" [A Sign in Your Shadow]. In <i>Poesía Completa</i> [Complete Poetry], edited by Anna Becció, 48-55. Buenos Aires: Penguin Random House.
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Source Text	Target Text
<i>Cielo</i>	<i>Sky</i>
mirando el cielo	1 looking at the sky
me digo que es celeste desteñado (témpera	2 i say to myself it is pale sky-blue (an icy
azul puro después de una ducha helada)	3 shower after turning tempera pure azure)
las nubes se mueven	4 the clouds shift
pienso en tu rostro y en ti y en tus manos y	5 i think of your face and of you and of your hands and
en el ruido de tu pluma y en ti	6 of the patter of your pen and of you –
pero tu rostro no aparece en ninguna nube!	7 and your face appearing agin’ no cloud!
yo esperaba verlo adherido a ella como un	8 i hoped to see it adhered to one like a
trozo de algodón enyodado dentro de tela adhesiva	9 swathe of soothing cotton adhered by gauze
sigo caminando	10 i go on walking
un cocktail mental embaldosa mi frente	11 the mind’s figairies wattle my brow
no sé si pensar en el cielo o en ti	12 i don’t know should i think of the sky or of you
y si tirara una moneda? (cara tú seca cielo)	13 or shall i toss a coin? (face of you rainless sky)
no! tu ser no se arriesga y	14 no! you won’t risk yourself and
yo te deseo te de-se-o!	15 táim i ngrá leat táim i – ngrá – leat!
cielo trozo de cosmos cielo murciélago infinito	16 sky snippet of stars ceaseless celestial pipistrelle
inmutable como los ojos de mi amor	17 immutable like the eyes of mo ghrá-sa

pensemos en los dos

los dos tú + cielo = mis galopantes sensaciones

biformes bicoloreadas bitremendas bilejanas

lejanas lejanas

lejos

sí amor estás lejos como el mosquito

sí! ese que persigue a una mosquita junto

al farol amarillosucio que vigila bajo el

cielo negrolimpio esta noche angustiosa

llena de dualismos

18 let's think of both

19 both you + sky = my rushing emotions

20 biform bicoloured bitremendous bi-far-in-a-way

21 faraway faraway

22 far

23 yes a stór you are far as the mosquito

24 yes! the one chasing a bluebottle with

25 the murky yellow lantern standing sentry below the

26 polish black sky on this uncanny night

27 awash with dualities