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17317724

*Experimentation, adaptation, deformation: exploring the possibilities of  
literary translation*

**Trinity College Dublin**  
**MPhil in Literary Translation**  
**2018**

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## Introduction

This portfolio takes an experimental approach to literary translation, using a broad range of strategies and manipulating as many linguistic combinations as possible. To that end, each text has been translated using a different strategy (such as back translation, intersemiotic translation, autotranslation or Victorian censorship) and the guiding thread of this project could be defined as ‘experimentation for the sake of experimentation’ as my objective was to question the nature of the literary text and the possibilities of translation. For that reason the target audience chosen for each text could not always be clearly defined, as pure experimentation does not necessarily call for the existence of a target audience. It was notably the case with the back translation of Georges Pérec’s *La Disparition* from English into French, an experimental text translated using an experimental strategy.

Additionally, there are six different linguistic combinations in this portfolio, including an intralingual strategy from French into French.

The languages used are French, English and Italian. The diversity of the combinations I used allowed me to further the experimental aspect of this portfolio thoroughly while exploring the specificities of each language pair and adapting my strategies to the chosen combination. The translation of the sexual scene written by Alessandro Baricco from Italian into English appeared for instance as an ideal combination to experiment late-Victorian censorship on a contemporary text. Similarly, the translation of Elizabeth Bishop’s villanelle from English into French allowed me to analyse whether this medieval poetic form could still be used and impactful in contemporary French literature.

The bibliographies of the source texts and the secondary sources can be found at the end of the portfolio.

## Summary

1. **'One Art', Elizabeth Bishop**  
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<b>Source Text</b>		<b>Target Text</b>	
<b>Title</b>	<i>One Art</i>	<b>Title</b>	<i>Un Art</i>
<b>Year Published</b>	1976		
<b>Author</b>	Elizabeth Bishop		
<b>Language</b>	English	<b>Language</b>	French
<b>Word Count</b>	155	<b>Word Count</b>	166
<b>Description of Source Text (200 words max)</b> <i>what is the source text like (genre, register, tone, dialect, rhythm, alliteration, word order, and other poetic devices)?</i>	<p>This poem was composed using the highly structured form of the Villanelle (Preminger, 1993, p.1400). Bishop probably chose this form to rationalize and structure a concept that is everything but acceptable and logical, loss. Structurally speaking, the Villanelle is composed of five tercets, and a quatrain called 'envoi'. This form is also characterized by the recurrence of a refrain ('The art of losing isn't hard to master' v.1, 6, 11, 18) and recurring motifs (loss, master and disaster). The rhythmical pattern is very restricted, with the use of two alternate rhymes throughout the whole poem ("ter" and "ent/eant"). The only rhythmical exception is the quatrain which is ABAA. Bishop uses verses that go from 11 to 12 syllables: the metrical pattern is quite flexible. The poet also uses a lot of enjambments (v.4-5), alliterations (v.3 [s]) and assonances (v.3 [o]), thus giving the impression of a constant flow of thoughts and a sense of fluidity despite the restrictions imposed by the form. Concerning the theme of loss, this poem has a striking evolution. All along Bishop argues that loss is an easy practice, but she ends up not being convinced by her own argumentation: "not too hard to master" (v.18).</p>		
<b>Strategy (200 words max)</b> <i>what have you decided to do in your translation and why?</i>	<p>The poem and its meaning cannot seem to be separated from the chosen poetic form which finds its roots in French literary tradition: one of the greatest examples of villanelle was written by the Renaissance poet Jean Passerat (Preminger, 1993, p.1400). Knowing that this form fell into disuse in French literature, I decided to transpose Bishop's villanelle into the form's mother tongue. My first objective was to respect the villanelle form faithfully while rendering the poem in a fluid, intelligible language. Domesticating the text was part of my strategy, as I chose to focus mainly on the target audience (French seniors) and its potential appreciation of the text. I chose to translate a villanelle into French because the form was successful in English literature (Preminger, 1993, p.1400) and I wanted to see if such a form could still technically be used and appreciated by a French readership. Finally, translating such a strict form is representative of the inevitable loss in poetic</p>		

	<p>translation, as it emphasizes the fact that both the content and the form cannot be preserved and the translator has no choice but to clearly to assess the text's qualities according to importance.</p>
<p><b>Critical Reflection (200 words max)</b>  <i>what could have been done differently to achieve your goal more effectively?</i></p>	<p>Translating a poem with such a strict and singular poetic form inevitably raises the problem of the conflict between the sense and the form (Venuti, 2012, p.483). I chose to render the latter as a priority; however the poem could also be translated emphasizing the sense instead. This is the strategy followed by the collaborating translators Roubaud, Orr and Mouchard in the only published French translation (1991, p.58). Only one of the two alternate rhymes was faithfully rendered. The effect of containment is partially lost, whereas they managed to render the keywords of the poem faithfully, keeping for example the central term 'désastre' [disaster] that I had to replace to imitate the ST's rhythmical pattern. Furthermore it would have been difficult for me to respect the standard metrical pattern of the French villanelle (7 syllables per verse) (Preminger, 1993, p.1400). The English language is usually shorter and more condensed than French, thus using shorter verses would have created an important loss as regards the sense of the poem. I found that even though the villanelle form has its roots in French literature, it seems paradoxically more suitable to the concision of the English language than its mother tongue.</p>
<p><b>References</b></p>	<p>Bishop, Elizabeth, <i>Géographie III</i>, trans. by Alix Cléo Roubaud, Linda Orr and Claude Mouchard (Belval : Circé, 1991) , p. 58-59.  Preminger, Alex, 'Villanelle' in <i>The New Princeton Encyclopedia of Poetry and Poetics</i> (Princeton: Princeton University Press, 1993), p.1400.  Venuti, Lawrence, 'Genealogies in Translation Theory: Jerome', in <i>The Translation Studies Reader</i>, ed. by Lawrence Venuti, 3<sup>rd</sup> edn (New York: Routledge, 2012), pp. 483-502.</p>

### One Art

1 The art of losing isn't hard to master;  
so many things seem filled with the intent  
to be lost that their loss is no disaster.

4 Lose something every day. Accept the fluster  
of lost door keys, the hour badly spent.  
The art of losing isn't hard to master.

7 Then practice losing farther, losing faster:  
places, and names, and where it was you meant  
to travel. None of these will bring disaster.

10 I lost my mother's watch. And look! my last, or  
next-to-last, of three loved houses went.  
The art of losing isn't hard to master.

13 I lost two cities, lovely ones. And, vaster,  
some realms I owned, two rivers, a continent.

### Un Art

L'art de perdre n'est pas dur à maîtriser  
Tant de choses semblent empreintes du désir  
d'être perdues : leur perte n'est pas une calamité.

Perds une chose chaque jour. Accepte d'être troublé  
par la perte de tes clés, l'heure que tu as laissé fuir.  
L'art de perdre n'est pas dur à maîtriser.

Apprends alors à perdre plus, à perdre à la volée  
Les lieux, les noms, où tu souhaitais partir  
Rien de tout cela n'est une calamité.

J'ai perdu la montre de ma mère, et tenez!  
J'ai vu trois de mes maisons adorées s'évanouir.  
L'art de perdre n'est pas dur à maîtriser.

J'ai perdu de charmantes villes. Et, plus démesurés,  
Deux rivières, un continent, des royaumes dont j'ai pu jouir

16

I miss them, but it wasn't a disaster.

—Even losing you (the joking voice, a gesture  
I love) I shan't have lied. It's evident  
the art of losing's not too hard to master  
Though it may look like (Write it!) like disaster.

Ils me manquent, mais ce n'est pas une calamité.

Même te perdre toi (ta voix taquine, un geste aimé)  
Je n'aurai pas menti. Il faut le dire :  
l'art de perdre n'est pas si dur à maîtriser  
même si on dirait (notez-le!) une calamité.

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<b>Source Text</b>		<b>Target Text</b>	
<b>Title</b>	<i>Les Fées</i>	<b>Title</b>	<i>Moralità</i>
<b>Year Published</b>	1697		
<b>Author</b>	Charles Perrault		
<b>Language</b>	French	<b>Language</b>	Italian
<b>Word Count</b>	661	<b>Word Count</b>	297
<b>Description of Source Text (200 words max)</b> <i>what is the source text like (genre, register, tone, dialect, rhythm, alliteration, word order, and other poetic devices)?</i>	<p>'Les Fées' [The Fairies] is a traditional French fairytale written by Charles Perrault in 1697 and published in the collection <i>Contes de ma mère l'Oye</i>. The structure of the text follows the usual morphology of fairytales described by Vladimir Propp in <i>Theory and History of Folklore</i> (1984, p.82). It starts with 'Il était une fois' (l.1) [Once upon a time] and the story offers a Manichean approach through the characters of the two sisters with kindness being rewarded (l.20-25) and evil being punished (l.54-57). There are two possible versed morals at the end of the text summarizing the lesson of the text and I chose to cut the first one. In 'Les Fées' [The Fairies], the moral explains that the desire of wealth greatly influences one's choices whereas kindness is stronger and worth a lot more. This moral is meant to be educational considering that those texts were written to both entertain and educate noble children (Propp, 1984, p.117). The language used is formal and typical of the 17th century. The author uses for example the outdated words 'oui-da' (l.15) [yes] or 'demie-lieue' [a half league] (l.11) no longer used in contemporary French.</p>		
<b>Strategy (200 words max)</b> <i>what have you decided to do in your translation and why?</i>	<p>Perrault's tales have been translated several times since their publication. I therefore chose to translate this text to make it appeal to a new type of audience. The genre is transmuted from a traditional fairytale into a rap song. The goal of this transformation is to make the text attractive for Italian teenagers and young adults. The first thing I had to consider was that a rap song needs to have a particular flow, to play on words and rhymes and has to be structured as a proper song. Thus I decided to use an existing Italian rap song to imitate its pattern and its flow ('Pamplona', Fabri Fibra, 2017). The main aspects of the text (scenario, characters and moral) are therefore preserved while the register and contextual elements are transformed. On the one hand, the register used in the target text is a very informal slang known by most of young Italian speakers. On the other hand, I had to deal with some anachronisms while transposing the context from the 17th to the 21st century. The daughters do not go to the fountain but to the supermarket, and the old woman does not ask for</p>		

	water but alcohol.
<p><b>Critical Reflection (200 words max)</b>  <i>what could have been done differently to achieve your goal more effectively?</i></p>	<p>The strategy seems to have been effective thanks to one of the main characteristics of the fairy tale, its universality (Propp, 1984, p.123). Its geographical and historical context is imprecise or unknown and therefore easily transposable. The core of the story is the moral, and because of that, fairy tales are amongst the most translated and rewritten texts in international literature: they can appeal to all kinds of readerships. Then, the genre shift and the restriction of words imposed by the form of the song seem to have created a loss of content: the TT could almost be considered as a summary of the original tale. However this loss is not significant since the basic outline leading to the morality, the core of the tale, is still manifest. Finally, the Italian slang was reproduced thanks to the dictionary <i>Slangopedia – Dizionario dei gerghi giovanili</i> (2015). The actualization created by the shift of register allows for the linguistically outdated text to be effectively brought closer to the 21th century Italian young adults, facilitating the understanding and reinforcing the morality's impact since the audience can relate to the actions mentioned.</p>
<p><b>References</b></p>	<p>Fabri Fibra feat Thegiornalisti, 'Pamplona', <i>Fenomeno</i> [download track] (Universal, Mace, 2017).  Propp, Vladimir, <i>Theory and History of Folklore</i>, ed. by Anatoly Liberman, trans. by Ariana Y. Martin and Richard P. Martin (Minneapolis: University of Minnesota Press, 1984), p.123.  Simonetti, Maria, <i>Slangopedia – Dizionario dei gerghi giovanili</i> (Rome: Stampa Alternativa, 2015).</p>

## Les Fées

## Moralità

- 1 Il était une fois une veuve qui avait deux filles; l'aînée lui ressemblait  
si fort et d'humeur et de visage, que qui la voyait voyait la mère. Elles  
étaient toutes deux si désagréables et si orgueilleuses qu'on ne  
pouvait vivre avec elles. La cadette, qui était le vrai portrait de son  
5 père pour la douceur et pour l'honnêteté, était avec cela une des plus  
belles filles qu'on eût su voir. Comme on aime naturellement son  
semblable, cette mère était folle de sa fille aînée, et en même temps  
avait une aversion effroyable pour la cadette. Elle la faisait manger à  
la cuisine et travailler sans cesse.
- 10 Il fallait entre autre chose que cette pauvre enfant allât deux fois le  
jour puiser de l'eau à une grande demi-lieue du logis, et qu'elle en  
rapportât plein une grande cruche. Un jour qu'elle était à cette  
fontaine, il vint à elle une pauvre femme qui la pria de lui donner à  
boire.
- 15 – Oui-dà, ma bonne mère, dit cette belle fille.  
Et rinçant aussitôt sa cruche, elle puisa de l'eau au plus bel endroit de  
la fontaine et la lui présenta, soutenant toujours la cruche afin qu'elle  
bût plus aisément.
- Là c'era una volta  
Raga una famiglia bella strana  
La mamma sola in casa  
Con due figlie una figa e una cozza  
  
Alla vecchia piace la racchia  
Perché chi si assomiglia si piglia  
E invece quella gnocca sgobba  
Pulisce tutto nella casa  
  
Un pomeriggio con la Volvo  
Se ne va al supermercato  
Di là una tipa la ferma  
Ma cosa vuole questa vecchia ?  
  
Ei bella avresti una Peroni  
Quella che bevono tutti 'sti barboni  
La sgrilla gliela molla in fretta

La bonne femme, ayant bu, lui dit :

20 – Vous êtes si belle, si bonne, et si honnête, que je ne puis m’empêcher de vous faire un don (car c’était une fée qui avait pris la forme d’une pauvre femme de village, pour voir jusqu’où irait l’honnêteté de cette jeune fille). Je vous donne pour don, poursuivit la fée, qu’à chaque parole que vous direz, il vous sortira de la bouche

25 ou une fleur ou une pierre précieuse.

Lorsque cette belle fille arriva au logis, sa mère la gronda de revenir si tard de la fontaine.

– Je vous demande pardon, ma mère, dit cette pauvre fille, d’avoir tardé si longtemps.

30 Et, en disant ces mots, il lui sortit de la bouche deux roses, deux perles et deux gros diamants.

– Que vois-je là ? dit sa mère toute étonnée ; je crois qu’il lui sort de la bouche des perles et des diamants ! D’où vient cela, ma fille ?

(Ce fut là la première fois qu’elle l’appela sa fille). La pauvre enfant lui

35 raconta naïvement tout ce qui lui était arrivé, non sans jeter une infinité de diamants.

– Vraiment, dit la mère, il faut que j’y envoie ma fille. Tenez, Fanchon, voyez ce qui sort de la bouche de votre sœur quand elle parle ; ne

Che figata questa fredda biretta

Ma tadada

La Fata si è travestita

E con la sua bacchetta

Regala la ricompensa

Fino alla fine della sua vita

Ogni volta che parlerà

Rose e perle lei sboccherà

Siamo governati dalla moralità

Mo-ra-li-tà

Siamo governati dalla moralità

Mo-ra-li-tà

A casa dopo 'sto strano episodio

La mamma impazzisce, O signore Iddio !

L'altra figlia deve fare ancor meglio

Alla Coop vola, vai subito !

40	<p>seriez-vous pas bien aise d'avoir le même don ? Vous n'avez qu'à aller puiser de l'eau à la fontaine, et quand une pauvre femme vous demandera à boire, lui en donner bien honnêtement.</p> <p>– Il me ferait beau voir, répondit la brutale, aller à la fontaine.</p> <p>– Je veux que vous y alliez, reprit la mère, et tout à l'heure.</p>	<p>Un attimo dopo carrello in mano Lei si gira, compra birra poi vino 'Il San Giovese no, è da due euro Per avere le perle faccio tutto'</p>
45	<p>Elle y alla, mais toujours en grondant. Elle prit le plus beau flacon d'argent qui fût dans le logis. Elle ne fut pas plus tôt arrivée à la fontaine qu'elle vit sortir du bois une dame magnifiquement vêtue qui vint lui demander à boire. C'était la même fée qui avait apparu à sa sœur, mais qui avait pris l'air et les habits d'une princesse, pour voir jusqu'ouï irait la malhonnêteté de cette fille.</p>	<p>Paga esce se ne va ad aspettare Ma non vede la vecchia arrivare Ma invece una tipa vestita da Gucci Tutta agghindata mica Fiorucci Dice : 'Ei cara, mi daresti un DomPero Che oggi mi ubriaco sul serio'</p>
50	<p>– Est-ce que je suis ici venue, lui dit cette brutale orgueilleuse, pour vous donner à boire ? Justement j'ai apporté un flacon d'argent tout exprès pour donner à boire à madame ! J'en suis d'avis : buvez à même, si vous voulez.</p> <p>– Vous n'êtes guère honnête, reprit la fée, sans se mettre en colère.</p>	<p>'Senti bella, ma per chi mi hai presa Fattela da sola la tua spesa !'</p> <p>Ma tadada</p>
55	<p>Eh bien ! puisque vous êtes si peu obligeante, je vous donne pour don qu'à chaque parole que vous direz, il vous sortira de la bouche ou un serpent ou un crapaud. [...]</p>	<p>La Fata si è travestita E con la sua bacchetta Applica la penitenza Fin' la fine della sua vita Ogni volta che parlerà</p>

Autre moralité

60

Les diamants et les pistoles,  
Peuvent beaucoup sur les esprits ;  
Cependant les douces paroles  
Ont encor plus de force et sont d'un plus grand prix.

65

Rospi vipere lei sboccherà

Siamo governati dalla moralità

Mo-ra-li-tà

Siamo governati dalla moralità

Mo-ra-li-tà

[Moralità]:

I diamanti i soldi

Possono tanto sullo spirito

Eppur le dolci parole sai...

Hanno un prezzo maggior

Hanno un prezzo maggior

Hanno un prezzo maggior

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<b>Source Text</b>		<b>Target Text</b>	
<b>Title</b>	<i>Oceano Mare</i>	<b>Title</b>	<i>A Sunday at the Sea</i>
<b>Year Published</b>	1993		
<b>Author</b>	Alessandro Baricco		
<b>Language</b>	Italian	<b>Language</b>	English
<b>Word Count</b>	756	<b>Word Count</b>	856
<b>Description of Source Text (200 words max)</b> <i>what is the source text like (genre, register, tone, dialect, rhythm, alliteration, word order, and other poetic devices)?</i>	<p>This chapter extracted from the novel <i>Oceano Mare</i> is shaped as a contemporary Bildungsroman and tells the encounter of a young girl, Elisewin, and a worn-out man called Adams. This scene depicts a reasonably explicit sexual encounter (with occurrences such as ‘uno dentro l’altra’ [the one inside the other] (l.45) or ‘accarezzando le gambe’ [caressing the legs] (l.56) in which the character learn to know one another and themselves through physical contact. This scene could be seen as a sensorial and psychological upheaval, represented metaphorically by the settings composed of the sea and the tempest. The temporal and geographical context of the chapter and the book itself are unclear; but the sea is the guiding thread of the work. The text is characterized by Baricco’s idiosyncratic style, particularly visible through the use of extended sentences, such as the one describing the sexual intercourse which is composed of 436 words (l.42-78). The rhythm is thus flowing and fast, with the use of short juxtaposed propositions, emphasized by the numerous repetitions of individual words. The style is informal with standard vocabulary and recurring nominal sentences (l.16, 19).</p>		
<b>Strategy (200 words max)</b> <i>what have you decided to do in your translation and why?</i>	<p>My strategy with this contemporary text was to imitate Victorian strategies of translation. This period’s translations are mainly characterized by the censorships applied by the publishers and government so as to promote the religious and moral values of this period, developed in the <i>Obscene Publications Act</i> of 1857 (Baker and Saldanha, 2011, p.29). In the TT, I censored the sexual intercourse, with explicit and implicit sexual element being replaced by actions and dialogues that morally acceptable to Victorian readers, such as intense gazes instead of physical contact. The recurring theme of destiny is emphasized in the TT through biblical references. The characters are in the TT defined by typical attributes of Victorian literature, such as the praise of the complexion or the ‘chaste’ physical characteristics. The context itself is morally disturbing: Elisewin could not be on the beach by herself at night. The action is therefore transposed to a Sunday afternoon and a</p>		

	<p>chaperone was introduced in order to make the couple's encounter acceptable. Additionally, foreignization was particularly appreciated by Victorian readers (Berman, p.250), thus I reproduced Baricco's style (the lengths of the sentences, the repetitions and the syntax of most propositions) in order to convey a sense of exoticism.</p>
<p><b>Critical Reflection (200 words max)</b>  <i>what could have been done differently to achieve your goal more effectively?</i></p>	<p>The ST's explicitness was particularly suited for the strategy chosen as most of the text had to be rewritten in order to suit the Victorian's period rules of good behavior. This retrospective translation therefore highlights the cultural and literary discrepancies between the Victorian and contemporary period, particularly concerning the depiction of love and sexual attraction. The censorship applied is reminiscent of the strategies used by the translators of the <i>Thousand and One nights</i> into English in the late-19<sup>th</sup> century who had to cope with similar cultural divergences between the explicit and morally disturbing oriental ST and their target context and audience (Borges, p. 40). By reproducing such a strategy, I felt that, as a translator, I was slowly replacing the ST's author because of the retrospective domestication. However I believe that the feelings depicted by Baricco do not lose their intensity in the TT if one considers reading it as the Victorian target audience would have.</p>
<p><b>References</b></p>	<p>Baker, Mona and Saldanha, Gabriel, 'Censorship in practice' in <i>Routledge Encyclopedia of Translation Studies</i> (London and New York: Routledge, 2011), p.29.  Berman, Antoine, 'Translation and the trials of the foreign' in <i>The Translation Studies Reader</i> (London and New York: Routledge, 2000), ed. by Lawrence Venuti, trans. by Esther Allen, pp. 240-253.  Borges, Jorge Luis, 'The translators of the Thousand and One nights' in <i>The Translation Studies Reader</i> (London and New York: Routledge, 2000), ed. by Lawrence Venuti, trans. by Esther Allen, pp. 34-48.</p>

1	Immobilità, con la lanterna spenta in mano, Elisewin sentiva il proprio nome arrivare da lontano, mescolato al vento e al fragore del mare. Nel buio, davanti a sé, vedeva incrociarsi le piccole luci di tante lanterne, ognuna sperduta in un suo viaggio sull'orlo della burrasca.	Motionless, holding a black-lace parasol in her hand, Elisewin heard her own name coming from afar, muddled up with the wind and the rumbling of the sea. On this sunny Sunday morning, in front of her, she could see several light-coloured parasols, each
5	Non c'erano, nella sua mente, né inquietudine né paura. Un lago tranquillo le era esploso, tutt'a un tratto, nell'anima. Aveva lo stesso suono di una voce che conosceva.	lost in its journey at the edge of the storm. There was neither worry nor fear in her mind. A tranquil lake had exploded, all of a sudden, in her soul. It had the same sound as a voice she knew.
10	Si voltò, e lentamente tornò sui suoi passi. Non c'era più vento, non c'era più notte, non c'era più mare, per lei. Andava, e sapeva dove andare. Questo era tutto. Sensazione meravigliosa. Di quando il destino finalmente si schiudere diventa sentiero distinto, e orma inequivocabile, e direzione certa. Il tempo interminabile dell'avvicinamento. Quell'accostarsi. Si vorrebbe non finisse mai. Il gesto di consegnarsi al destino. Quella è un'emozione. Senza più	She turned round, and slowly retraced her steps. There was no wind anymore, no daylight anymore, and no sea anymore. She was walking, and she knew where to go. This was it. It was wonderful. When the Lord finally half-opens to you and the way becomes distinct, and the truth defined, and there is life. The never-ending moment of approaching. Of getting closer. One would want for it never to end. The gesture of offering oneself to
15	dilemmi, senza più menzogne. Sapere dove. E raggiungerlo. Qualunque sia, il destino.	our Lord and Father's destiny. That is an emotion. No more uncertainties, no more lies. To know where. And go farther. Whatever your destiny may be.
20	Camminava - ed era la cosa più bella che avesse mai fatto. Vide la locanda Almayer avvicinarsi. Le sue luci. Lasciò la spiaggia, arrivò sulla soglia, entrò e chiuse dietro di sé quella porta da cui, insieme	She was walking – and it was the most divine ecstasy she had ever felt. She saw the Almayer inn getting closer. Its colours. She left the beach, arrived at the doorstep, came in and closed the door

agli altri, chissà quanto tempo prima, era uscita di corsa, senza ancora nulla sapere. Silenzio.

Sul pavimento di legno, un passo dopo l'altro. Granelli di sabbia che scricchiolano sotto i piedi. In un angolo, per terra, il mantello caduto a Plasson, nella fretta di corrersene via. Nei cuscini, sulla poltrona, l'orma del corpo di madame Deveria, come se si fosse appena alzata. E al centro della stanza, in piedi, immobile, Adams. Che la guarda.

Un passo dopo l'altro, fino ad arrivargli vicino. E dirgli:

30 — Non mi farai del male, vero?  
Non le farà del male, vero?  
— No.  
No.  
Allora

35 Elisewin  
prese  
tra le mani  
il volto  
di quell'uomo,  
e lo baciò.

behind her, from which, with the others, who knows how long before, she had run out, without knowing anything yet. Silence.

On the wooden floor, step by step. Grains of sand creaking under her feet. In an angle, on the floor, Plasson's coat which fell while they were all running out. Sitting in the armchair, madame Deveria, Elisewin's chaperone, with a cup of tea. And in the middle of the room, standing on his feet, motionless, Adams.

Looking at her.

Step by step, until he got closer. And she said to him:

- You will not misbehave, will you?  
He will not misbehave, will he?  
- No.  
No.  
Therefore  
Elisewin  
Looked  
Intensely  
At his noble face  
And  
Smiled.

40

Nelle terre di Carewall, non smetterebbero mai di raccontare questa storia. Se solo la conoscessero. Non smetterebbero mai. Ognuno a modo suo, ma tutti continuerebbero a raccontare di quei due e di un'intera notte passata a restituirsi la vita, l'un l'altra, con le labbra e con le mani, una ragazzina che non ha visto nulla e un uomo che ha visto troppo, uno dentro l'altra - ogni palmo di pelle è un viaggio, di scoperta, di ritorno - nella bocca di Adams a sentire il sapore del mondo, sul seno di Elisewin a dimenticarlo - nel grembo di quella notte stravolta, nera burrasca, lapilli di schiuma nel buio, onde come cataste franate, rumore, sonore folate, furiose di suono e velocità, lanciate sul pelo del mare, nei nervi del mondo, oceano mare, colosso che gronda, stravolto - sospiri, sospiri nella gola di Elisewin - velluto che vola - sospiri ad ogni passo nuovo in quel mondo che valica monti mai visti e laghi di forme impensabili - sul ventre di Adams il peso bianco di quella ragazzina che dondola musiche mute - chi l'avrebbe mai detto che baciando gli occhi di un uomo si possa vedere così lontano - accarezzando le gambe di una ragazzina si possa correre così veloci e fuggire - fuggire da tutto - vedere lontano - venivano dai due più lontani estremi della vita, questo è

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55

In the land of Carewall, they would never stop telling this story. If only they knew it. They would never stop. Everyone in their own way, but they would keep on telling the story about those two and the whole day they spent discussing their chaste affection for each other, with their heart and their soul, a young lady who has not seen anything and a man who has seen too much, face to face – every gaze is a promise, an oath, of a union – in Adam's pupils foreseeing a marital future, through Elisewin's fine countenance, confirming it – in the heights of this significant day, black storm, foam floating around in the air, waves looking like a mass of fallen rocks, noise, loud blasts, with their furious sound and speed, rushing just above the water surface, across the nerves of the world, ocean sea, a growling colossus, upset – blushing, blushing are Elisewin's cheeks – brilliant complexion – blushing at each step in this world crossing over mountains never seen before and lakes of unimaginable forms – in Adam's mind the white candor of that young girl answering his chaste prayers - who would have said that looking into the eyes of a man you could see that far – witnessing the purity of a young girl you could be on the verge of

60 stupefacente, da pensare che mai si sarebbero sfiorati, se non  
attraversando da capo a piedi l'universo, e invece nemmeno si erano  
dovuti cercare, questo è incredibile, e tutto il difficile era stato solo  
riconoscersi, riconoscersi, una cosa di un attimo, il primo sguardo e  
già lo sapevano, questo è il meraviglioso - questo continuerebbero a  
65 raccontare, per sempre, nelle terre di Carewall, perché nessuno  
possa dimenticare che non si è mai lontani abbastanza per trovarsi,  
mai - lontani abbastanza - per trovarsi - lo erano quei due, lontani,  
più di chiunque altro e adesso - grida la voce di Elisewin, per i fiumi  
di storie che forzano la sua anima, e piange Adams, sentendole  
70 scivolare via, quelle storie, alla fine, finalmente, finite - forse il  
mondo è una ferita e qualcuno la sta ricucendo in quei due corpi che  
si mescolano - e nemmeno è amore, questo è stupefacente, ma è  
mani, e pelle, labbra, stupore, sesso, sapore - tristezza, forse -  
perfino tristezza - desiderio - quando lo racconteranno non diranno  
75 la parola amore - mille parole diranno, taceranno amore - tace tutto,  
intorno, quando d'improvviso Elisewin sente la schiena spezzarsi e la  
mente sbiancare, stringe quell'uomo dentro, gli afferra le mani e  
pensa: morirò. Sente la schiena spezzarsi e la mente sbiancare,  
stringe quell'uomo dentro, gli afferra le mani e, vedi, non morirò.

fainting – faint forever – seeing far away – they were coming from  
the two furthest extremes of life, this is astonishing, to think that  
they would never have come together, if not by crossing the  
universe from the bottom, and they would have had to look for  
each other, it is incredible, and the only complicated part had  
been to recognize one another, their other half, in the twinkling of  
an eye, the first glance and already they knew, this is astounding –  
they would keep telling this story, in the land of Carewall, so that  
no one could forget that people are never too far to find each  
other, never – far enough – to find each other – they were, those  
two, far from each other – more than anyone and now –  
Elisewin's pure outline is illuminated by her smile, because of the  
flow of stories that are enchanting her soul, and Adams feels  
relief, feeling them slipping away, those stories, in the end, finally,  
gone – maybe the world is a divine journey and someone is  
bringing those two Christian souls together – and it is not even  
love yet, this is astonishing, but it is pure reason, and thoughts,  
intelligence, nobility, – faith, maybe- even faith – devotion – when  
they would tell that story they would never utter the word love –  
a thousand words, they would say, but they would conceal love –

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conceal everything, around, when all of a sudden Elisewin feels her gloved hands trembling and her mind fainting, she holds this man's hand in her dreams, she grabs hold of his hands and thinks: this will be my life. She feels her gloved hands trembling and her mind fainting, she holds this man's hand in her dreams, she grabs hold of his hands and, behold, she will be his wife.

<b>Student Number</b>	17317724
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<b>Source Text</b>		<b>Target Text</b>	
<b>Title</b>	<i>Requiem au Chandivert</i>	<b>Title</b>	<i>Requiem al Caffè degli Archi</i>
<b>Year Published</b>	2013		
<b>Author</b>	Sarah Lévèque		
<b>Language</b>	French	<b>Language</b>	Italian (Marchigiano dialect)
<b>Word Count</b>	957 words	<b>Word Count</b>	879 words
<b>Description of Source Text (200 words max)</b> <i>what is the source text like (genre, register, tone, dialect, rhythm, alliteration, word order, and other poetic devices)?</i>	<p>This is a short story I wrote in 2013. The story is based on my region's history (the bombing of Norman cities, notably Caen, by the Allies) and events my family lived. The culture of the region is omnipresent, with references to places (Ouistreham, l.76), gastronomy (the 'brasillé' pastry l.57 or the Norman cider l.19), and music (Charles Trénet, l.66-67). The short story is set in a famous bar of the 20<sup>th</sup> century, the Chandivert, which was completely destroyed one night of 1944. It had been described by Georges Simenon in <i>Les Pitards</i> (2013). The aim of this text was to reproduce through a vivid description this central Norman place. The language used is formal and standard French as at the time, in an important city like Caen, people would not have used dialect. The description of the bar, real protagonist of the text, aims at arousing the senses of the readership through metaphors and descriptive accumulations (l.1-15). Finally, the twist is based on the contrast between the liveliness of the Chandivert and the protagonist's terrible experiences of the war, as well as the unfortunate bombing that caused the death of several customers at the beginning of June 1944.</p>		
<b>Strategy (200 words max)</b> <i>what have you decided to do in your translation and why?</i>	<p>The strategy used is a domesticated autotranslation (Popovič, 1976, p.19). The target audience aimed at is Urbino's students and Erasmus students. Since the short story was a personal enterprise to begin with, I chose to translate the story and transpose it geographically and temporally in another city I have lived in, Urbino in the Marches (Italy). The translation aimed to render the attachment I feel for the city, which is characterized by its beauty and its liveliness, as there is a very active student life. The 'Chandivert' is replaced by the 'Caffè degli Archi', a no less emblematic bar in Urbino. Linguistically speaking, I chose to render the standard and formal French with the dialect of the Marches' region, the 'marchigiano', since dialect in Italy is representative of a region's culture more than any other cultural references. This dialect is characterized by the frequent truncated verbs and words (the Italian articles 'il' and 'un' in the TT become 'l'' and 'n'). Furthermore, the cultural references have been transposed: the 'cider' is replaced by the 'Amaro' and the 'brasillé' is replaced</p>		

	<p>by the ‘crescia sfogliata’ of Urbino (Logitravel, online). The ‘château de Caen’ was easily replaced by the ‘Palazzo ducale’.</p>
<p><b>Critical Reflection (200 words max)</b>  <i>what could have been done differently to achieve your goal more effectively?</i></p>	<p>The short story could have been translated while respecting the initial settings of the text. However, because of the importance of the references to Normandy, the translation would have needed a lot of explicitation and domesticating the text seems to render effectively the atmosphere of the ST.</p> <p>Additionally, I naturally followed Koller’s theory on autotranslation. The latter (1989, p.180) explains that autotranslation differs from the translation of someone’s work by an intermediary, the translator, since faithfulness is not perceived similarly in the two situations. In autotranslation, the authors are indeed more inclined to transform their own text that a translator would (1989, p.181). Thus I chose to bring the text closer to my TT’s culture and by doing so, to my personal experience of the city.</p> <p>The change of register was one of the strongest decisions of the translation. Whereas dialects in France were already disappearing in the urban areas in 1944, dialect is in the Marche integrally part of the context. However, one of the main difficulties is there is no official spelling in Marchigiano: it had to be rendered phonetically. I used the book <i>Dialects of Italy</i> (1997) to be as close to the authentic dialect as possible.</p>
<p><b>References</b></p>	<p>Logitravel, ‘Urbino: il cuore del Rinascimento italiano’, <i>Logitravel</i> [online] <a href="https://www.logitravel.it/guida-turistica/mangiare-urbino-558_2.html">https://www.logitravel.it/guida-turistica/mangiare-urbino-558_2.html</a> [accessed 26 May 2018] (para 2 of 3).</p> <p>Koller, Werner, ‘Equivalence in Translation Theory’ in <i>Reading in Translation Theory</i>, ed. by Andrew Chesterman, trans. by Andrew Chesterman (Helsinki: Finn Lectura, 1989), 176-191.</p> <p>Maiden, Martin and Mair, Parry, <i>The Dialects of Italy</i> (London and New York: Routledge, 1997).</p> <p>Popovič, Anton, <i>Dictionary for the Analysis of Literary Translation</i> (Edmondton: The University of Alberta, 1976).</p> <p>Simenon, Georges, <i>Les Pitards</i> (Paris : Place des éditeurs, 2013).</p>

Chaque soir au crépuscule, la chaleur dégagée par le Chandivert se propageait dans Caen à la manière d'une bombe atomique : sur la terrasse bondée de la brasserie, la bonne humeur ambiante jurait avec les visages maussades que l'on apercevait de l'autre côté du boulevard. Les zygomatiques du jeune serveur étaient éreintés par de faux sourires particulièrement charmants. Les femmes les plus influentes de la ville ne semblaient elles-mêmes pas insensibles à l'air guilleret du jeune homme. Chacune d'elle s'était, du reste, appliquée à dissimuler ses tourments derrière des habits plus cintrés que jamais. Dès lors que l'on s'engageait davantage dans l'enceinte majestueuse, se frayer un chemin se révélait être un épineux parcours du combattant. Tables agitées et danseurs déchaînés se côtoyaient dans l'antre immense. Toute la nuit durant, les acrobaties de l'orchestre électrisaient les filles de bonnes familles aussi bien que les cheminots du comptoir.

Une douleur fulgurante me transperça le flanc gauche. Je portai une main à ma poitrine et constatait l'atmosphère du bar inchangée. Un simple spectateur de cette agitation sans bornes, abruti par la morphine et la douceur du cidre : voilà ce que j'étais. Tout près de mon oreille, un saxophoniste caressait la pièce d'une

Ogni sera all'alba, la calura che se diffondeva su pel Caffè degli Archi se propagava a Urbino come na bomba atomega: attorno ai tavolini all'aperto su pel bar, l'buon umore e l'ambiente contrastava coi i visi rabbidi dall'altra parte della piazza. Le guence de quel monello del cameriere erano stufe a causa dei sorrisi falsi e tuttavia convincenti. Le ragazze più infighettate della città non sembravano miga insensibili all'aria felice de quel monello. Ognuna si era, del resto, impegnada a fà finta de non avè tormenti, nascondendoli dietro a vestidi più stretti che mai. Dal momento in cui se entrava nell'incita maestosa, aprisse un varco appariva esse uno spinoso esame della magistratale. Tavoli agitati e persone scatenate ntel ballo se mescolavano nte sto immenso antro. Durante tutta la notte, le casse del DJ rincojonivano le studentesse uscite a ballà, quanto gli studenti che ce provavane.

Un dolore folgorante me attraversò l'fianco sinistro. Ci portavo la mia mano e constatavo che l'atmosfera del bar n'era cambiada. Uno spettatore semplice de st'agitazione senza limiti, mbruttido da una cannetta e dalla dolcezza dell'Amaro: eccomi. Accanto alla recchia, un chitarrista de un gruppetto

vibrante mélodie. Jamais je n'avais vu une telle exaltation, pas même dans la Marine lors de mes permissions. Non, c'eut été impossible. Lorsque l'on a flirté avec le sang au point d'éprouver constamment l'impureté de ses propres mains, jamais plus la félicité ne vient nous apaiser. Pas même le temps d'un baiser volé.

« Monsieur, souhaiteriez-vous un petit remontant ? » s'enquit un serveur qui passait à proximité. Je déclinai poliment, le regard perdu dans la foule. Depuis mon retour, je n'avais jamais réellement pris le temps de m'apitoyer sur la perte de mon œil droit.

Il m'en restait un, après tout : aucune raison de se désoler. Cette nuit-là, c'était tout autre. Une silhouette lascive, au cœur de la piste de danse, semblait justifier à elle-seule l'existence des deux yeux originellement attribués à l'homme. Comme ensorcelé, je saisis doucement ma béquille et me hissai debout. Le songe fut de courte durée. A l'instant même où je trouvai l'équilibre, la jeune fille disparut au milieu de danseurs emportés par un air de Charles Trenet.

Je jetai un regard furtif à l'horloge doré au fond de la salle : il était à peine vingt-deux heures. Avec un peu de chance, le Chandivert resterait ouvert jusqu'au petit matin. Peut-être n'aurai-je

'carezzava la stanza con na cover manco male. Mai avevo visto n'macello cosi, manco nte i Rave party a Rimini durante l'estate. No. Sarebbe stao mpossibile. Quando hai simpatizzato co le sbornie al punto de prova' costantemente l'dolore de fegado, la felicità non torna più pe tranquillizzate. Manco l'tempo de n'bacio rubado.

"Ciao, c'hai bisogno de qualcò?" chiese l'cameriere che passava accanto. Rifiutai con cortesia, lo sguardo perso nte la folla. Dal mio ritorno, non avevo mai preso veramente l' tempo de fa piagne il mio occhio destro. Me ne rimaneva uno senza congiuntivite dopotutto. Quella notte, tutto era diverso. Una silhouette lasciva, ntel mezzo della pista, me pareva de giustificà da sola l'esistenza de dò occhi originalmente attribuiti all'omo. Stregado, presi la mia birretta e me alzai. Il sogno fu corto. Ntel momento in cui trovai l'equilibrio, quella fiola scomparve, portata via dal pezzo de Jovanotti.

Diedi no sguardo all'orologio dorato ntel fondo della sala: erano appena le dieci. Con n po' de fortuna, l'Caffè degli Archi sarebbe armasto aperto fino all'alba. Magari n'dovrò

pas à guetter vainement le sommeil cette nuit ? Comme c'était ironique. Autrefois, lorsque nous étions autorisés à dormir entassés dans le Casabianca, les autres sous-marinières et moi-même ne parvenions pas à exprimer notre gratitude tant elle était grande. La fatigue nous assommait en permanence, si bien que chaque seconde de répit semblait être un trésor inestimable. Il est vrai que le quotidien sur le sous-marin était éprouvant : chacun d'entre nous occupait scrupuleusement deux postes afin d'assurer la pérennité de l'engin aussi bien émergé qu'en immersion. Mon esprit patriotique d'alors me portait à apprécier le surmenage. Chaque jour nouveau amenait avec lui son lot d'évènements inattendus. Après que ma jambe a été endommagée dans l'échappée du Casabianca, la vie n'a jamais plus été la même. Même ma Normandie semblait désormais bien amère. En réalité, la vieille maison à colombages de mon enfance, dont je rêvais sans cesse sur les mers d'Europe, n'avait pas changé : seule l'innocence disparue en altérait ma perception. Le brasillé de la pâtisserie Saint-Pierre demeurait un délice sucré ; et les jeunes filles que j'admirais dans les jardins du château semblaient n'avoir jamais quitté leur emplacement. Seule la rancœur, cette enclume au cœur de ma poitrine, hurlait et s'enfonçait au point de

aspettà a vodo l'sonno stanotte? Che ironia. N'sessione, quando eravamo autorizzati a dormì sul divano a casa de n'amigo, gli altri Erasmus ed io non riuscivamo neanche ad esprimere la nostra gratitudine talmente era grande. La stanchezza ce sfiniva costantemente, a tal punto che ogni secondo de riposo sembrava n'tesoro inestimabile. L'quotidiano ntel appartamento era davvero na rottura de cojoni: ognuno occupava scrupolosamente l'posto al bagno pè assicurasse de fa la doccia per primo, sia in sessione che nei giorni normali. Il mio spirito da secchione me portava allora ad apprezzà il surmenage. Ogni giorno portava sa lù n'lotto de avvenimenti inaspettati. Dopo la fine dell' Erasmus, durante la magistrale, la mia vita non è mai veramente stada la stessa. Anche le mie Marche sembravano ormai amare. In realtà, l' vecchio Palazzo Ducale, de cui sognavo senza tregua dalle citta' d'Europa, non era cambiado: solo la mia innocenza persa ne alterava la percezione. La crescita urbinata della Cresceria in piazza era ancora bona mbel po'; e le ragazze che ammiravo su pel corso Garibaldi sembravano non essese mosse dalla mia partenza. C'era solo la nostalgia, quest'incudine, nel mio petto,

ne laisser s'immiscer aucun soupçon de joie.

C'en était trop. J'étouffais. Je cherchai des yeux la sortie menant aux jardins de la brasserie et m'y dirigeai d'un pas claudiquant. L'air délicat du mois de Juillet m'apaisa instantanément tandis que les vers du chanteur déjà trop alcoolisé parvenait jusqu'à mes oreilles : « Quoi que l'on dise, quoi que l'on fasse, le temps s'enfuit et tout s'efface ». Je m'en doutais, je n'aurais pas dû venir ce soir. Le Chandivert rayonnait plus que jamais dans la lueur crépusculaire: il ne s'y passerait rien aujourd'hui. Quel dommage. Je tirai habilement la boîte à cigares de ma poche et commençai à allumer ce qui serait, sans aucun doute, la seule délectation de cette journée sordide.

Près de la fontaine, un jeune couple s'enlaçait. On voyait à leur étreinte que les nouvelles journalières leur importaient peu. La France serait libérée ; Caen retrouverait sa quiétude d'antan. L'été, les plages de Ouistreham connaîtraient l'euphorie d'une jeunesse recouverte.

Interrompant la tranquillité nocturne, de longs bruits

che urlava e s' affondava in me finché manco n' tantin de gioia riusciva ad immischiarsi.

Basta, era troppo. Soffocavo. Cercai l'uscita passando pe gli archi e me ce dirigevo barcollando. L'aria delicata de luglio me alleviò istantaneamente mentre i versi del cantante già mbriago me arrivavano fino alle recchie: "Il più grande spettacolo dopo il Big Bang siamo noi, io e te". L'sapevo. Non sarei dovuto venì stasera. L'Caffè degli Archi irradiava più che mai alla luce del crepuscolo: non sarebbe successo niente oggi. Che peccado. Presi abilmente la mia scatola de sigarette e cominciai ad accende quello che sarebbe stado, senza dubbio, l'unico diletto de questa sordida giornata.

Accanto alla fontana, du monelli se abbracciavane. Vedevamo dal loro abbraccio che le notizie sul nuovo governo glie fregavano pogo. Sarebbero comunque andati a balla' al Festival Artbiotico. Ce ritroveremo la quiete de na' volta. D'estate, le spiagge de Pesaro avrebbero conosciuto l'euforia de na' giovinezza artrovada.

Interrompendo la tranquillità notturna, rumori lunghi

80 retentirent tout autour du jardin immense. Des géants ailés  
traversaient le ciel caennais. Dans un vacarme assourdissant, les  
engins larguaient dans le ciel des objets semblables à des fusées que  
j'aurais pu reconnaître à des kilomètres de distance. Autour de moi,  
la foule se dirigeait vers le boulevard dans un affolement  
85 indescriptible. Le ciel était constellé d'avions et de bombes. Sa  
lumière reflétait désormais sur les bâtiments de la ville une  
inquiétante lueur. Par réflexe, je me levai et tentai de me fondre une  
place dans la cohue. Bousculé de toutes parts, je fis volte-face. Un  
spectacle étourdissant s'offrait à moi : l'édifice n'était plus qu'un  
90 éblouissant brasier. Il me semblait encore distinguer le grésillement  
du jukebox rouge à côté de la porte d'entrée. Puis, plus rien. Pas une  
mélodie, pas un gloussement. Le phœnix normand se consumait et  
jamais plus ne renaîtrait de ses cendres.

Malgré moi, j'esquissai un sourire et m'engageai  
95 maladroitement dans le bâtiment enflammé. Chandivert, toute ma  
jeunesse, je t'ai suivi du regard : jamais tu n'avais autant brillé.

risuonarono attorno al giardino immenso. Dei droni aladi  
attraversarono l'cielo Urbinate. Facendo n'grosso macello, le  
macchine scattavano foto e video con dei flash che avria  
potudo arconosce da lontano. Attorno a me, la folla se dirigeva  
nte la piazza, nte n'euforia indescrivibile. Il cielo era trapunto  
de telecamere della RAI per il servizio regionale con Vittorio  
Sgarbi. I flash se riflettevane ormai sugli edifici della città con  
n'chiarore inquietante. Istintivamente, me alzai e tentai de  
fondeme nte quel bordello. No spettacolo assordante se offriva  
a me: l'edificio non era piu' che n'abbagliante set  
cinematografico. Me sembrava ancora de distingue lo sfrigolio  
del DJ accanto alla porta de entrada. Poi, niente. Niente  
melodia, niente risatina. La pavonessa Urbinate se consumava  
de scatti e mai più sarebbe stada cusci' tanto fotografada.

A mio malgrado accennai n'sorriso e me buttai  
maldestramente nte quei flash per un minuto de fama. Caffè  
degli Archi, da quando ero fiolo, t'ho seguito con lo sguardo:  
mai avevi brillato cusci' tanto.

<b>Student Number</b>	17317724
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<b>Source Text</b>		<b>Target Text</b>	
<b>Title</b>	<i>Introduction of A Void (La Disparition)</i>	<b>Title</b>	<i>La Disparition bis</i>
<b>Year Published</b>	1994 (ST: 1969)		
<b>Author</b>	Georges Pérec, translated by Gilbert Adair		
<b>Language</b>	English	<b>Language</b>	French
<b>Word Count</b>	1393	<b>Word Count</b>	1175
<b>Description of Source Text (200 words max)</b> <i>what is the source text like (genre, register, tone, dialect, rhythm, alliteration, word order, and other poetic devices)?</i>	<p>A <i>Void</i> is Gilbert Adair's English translation of Georges Pérec's experimental novel <i>La Disparition</i>. It is considered as the reference version out of the four existing translations (Rivière, 2000, p.127). Pérec's ST is an Oulipian lipogrammatic novel (Rivière, 2000, p.127). The stylistic constraint respected by Pérec concerns the disappearance of the 'e', which is the most common letter in French (Rivière, 2000, p.127), and this choice is dedicated to the death of the author's mother, killed in the Nazis' camps (Guss, 2007, p. 64). The plot deals with political and societal insurrections reminiscent of the events of 1968 in France ('Pompidou' l.89). The text and its translations have a particular place in French literature since the book is not known for its plot but for its constraint. Therefore in his translation Adair seems to have privileged the constraint's realization rather than faithfulness to the plot. He managed to respect it but he used Arabic number to avoid the presence of the 'e' such as '25' (l.35) and the number has to be read using the 'e' (twenty-five). Finally, he chose not to use domestication which allowed him not to seek equivalents of places without 'e' into English.</p>		
<b>Strategy (200 words max)</b> <i>what have you decided to do in your translation and why?</i>	<p>The strategy used in this text is an indirect translation, 'term used to denote the procedure whereby a text is not translated directly from an original ST, but via an intermediate translation in another language' (Shuttleworth, 1997, p.76). The ST is not Pérec's source text but Gilbert Adair's English translation. I did not read Pérec ST before completing the translation. The main objective was to respect the lipogrammatic constraint enforced both in the ST and its English translation while trying to reproduce its content as faithfully as possible. I wanted to experience constrained translation and study the loss provoked by the constraint after two consecutive translations. This translation is made for academics professors and students studying the effect of constraints in indirect translations.</p>		

<p><b>Critical Reflection (200 words max)</b>  <i>what could have been done differently to achieve your goal more effectively?</i></p>	<p>Translating a constrained text appeared to be similar to the translation of strict poetical forms. The form is the absolute priority and the content becomes secondary. I managed to respect the lipogrammatic constraint in the TT.</p> <p>Thus the indirect translation has provoked a significant loss of meaning. The whole text had to be transposed to the past because 90% of the French infinitive verbs have –er endings and thus end with an ‘e’ (Booth, 2005, xii). The singular past tenses’ endings (imperfect and past simple) are mostly composed of ‘ai’ and ‘a’. Additionally the plural occurrences had to be translated as singular in the TT as the French past tenses mostly end with an ‘e’ with plural pronouns (‘vous vouliez’ [they wanted]). Another challenge was the impossible use of French pronouns (‘je’ [I]) and articles (‘le/les’ [the], ‘mes’ [my], ‘ses/ces’ [his/her-these]). To overcome these difficulties, most of the nouns were transposed to the feminine (‘la’ instead of ‘le’). I managed to respect the constraint thanks to a dictionary of synonyms (CRISCO, online, 2018) which helped me to contemplate a wider ambitus of possibilities to render the ST content as much as possible. I sometimes had to create neologisms (‘l’ballonna’ l.98).</p>
<p><b>References</b></p>	<p>Booth, Trudie Maria, <i>French Verbs and Idioms</i> (Oxford: University Press of America, 2005).</p> <p>Guss, Nathan, ‘Melancholia and Pérec's La disparition’, <i>Dalhousie French Studies</i>, 78 (2007), pp.63-73.</p> <p>Rivière, Mireille, ‘La Disparition et sa traduction par Gilbert Adair : deux textes, une même œuvre ?’, <i>Palimpsestes</i>, 12 (2000), pp.127-136.</p> <p>Shuttleworth, Mark, ‘Indirect translation’ in <i>Dictionary of Translation studies</i>, ed. by Mark Shuttleworth (London and New York: Routledge, 1997), pp.76-77.</p> <p>Université de Caen Basse-Normandie, ‘Dictionnaire Electronique des Synonymes (DES)’, <i>CRISCO</i> [online] <a href="http://www.crisco.unicaen.fr/des/">http://www.crisco.unicaen.fr/des/</a> [accessed 5 February 2018].</p>

1

## INTRODUCTION

In which, as you will soon find out, Damnation has its origin

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Today, by radio, and also on giant hoardings, a rabbi, an admiral notorious for his links to masonry, a trio of cardinals, A trio, too, of insignificant politicians (bought and paid for by a rich and corrupt Anglo-Canadian banking corporation), inform us all of how our country now risks dying of rumor or possibly a hoax. Propaganda, I murmur anxiously – as though, just by saying so, I might allay my doubts – typical politicians’ propaganda. But public opinion gradually absorbs it as a fact. Individuals start strutting around with stout clubs. ‘food, glorious food!’ is a common cry, with ordinary hard-working folk harassing officials, both local and national, and cursing capitalists and captains of industry. Cops shrink from going out on night shift. In 15 Macon a mob storms a municipal building. In Rocadamour ruffians rob a hangar full of foodstuffs, pillaging tons of tuna fish, milk and cocoa, as also a vast quantity of corn – all of it, alas, totally unfit for human consumption. [Without fuss or ado, and naturally without any sort of trial, an indignant crowd hangs 26 solicitors on a hastily built 20 scaffold in front of Nancy’s law courts and ransacks a local journal, a

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## INTRODUCTION

Où la damnation naquit, ainsi qu’il apparaîtra dans un instant

Aujourd’hui, à la radio, sur nos publications aussi, un rabbin, un amiral connu pour son rapport aux francs-maçons, trois cardinaux, un trio, aussi, d’insignifiants politicards (corrompus par l’organisation british), nous dit à tous ‘La nation va mourir à coup sûr d’un ragot ou d’un canular’. Manipulation, soupçonnet-il craintif, pour ainsi, par la voix, amoindrir sa suspicion, manipulation standard du politicard. Mais l’opinion l’avalait tout cru. La population hanta l’bourg s’y pavanant munis d’spoons. « La ration, hurra la ration ! » fut un cri commun, un tas d’prolos suants poursuivant nos commis, locaux ou nationaux, nababs ou PDG. Nos flics ? Transis par l’trac. À Macon un gang attaqua un local municipal. À Rocamadour dix voyous ont soustrait dans un hangar moult plats, volant thon, lait, noix, ou du maïs abondant – tout ça, las, pas bon pour la consommation par l’humain. Sans tohu-bohu ou chichi, pour sûr sans cogitation auparavant, un ramassis d’mutins strangula vingt-six avocats sur un pilori hâtif ayant pour vis-à-vis un tribunal, « Tribunal Nancy », puis ont fait

disgusting right wing rag that is sliding against it. Up and down this land of ours looting has brought docks, shops and farms to a virtual standstill.]

Arabs, blacks and, as you might say, non-goyim fall victim to racist attacks, with pogroms forming in such outlying Parisian suburbs as Drancy, Livry-Gargan, Saint-Paul, Villacoublay and Clignancourt. And stray acts of brutality abound: an anonymous tramp has his brains blown out just for a bit of moronic fun, and a sacristan is callously spat upon – in public, too – whilst giving absolution to a CRS man cut in half by a blow from a yataghan (a Hungarian slicing tool, if you must know).

You'd kill your own kith and kin for a chunk of salami, your cousin for a crust, your crony for a crouton and just about anybody at all for a crumb.

On 6 April, from Saturday night until Sunday morning, 25 Molotov cocktails go off around town. Pilots bomb Orly airport. Paris's most familiar landmarks burn down, and its inhabitants look on in horror at a still blazing Alhambra, an Institut that is nothing but a sad smoking ruin, a Saint-Louis Hospital with all its windows alight and gaily flaming away. From Montsouris to Nation not a wall is intact.

la razzia dans un journal local, un chiffon puant, plutôt à tribord. Ici, là-bas, mon pays, ou plutôt son pognon, provoqua dans nos ports, magasins, stabulations un hiatus.

Sarrasins, Noirs ou Juifs sont pris d'assaut dans pas mal d'affronts fachos, moult pogroms dans nos faubourgs à Paris : Drancy, Livry-Gargan, Saint-Paul, Villacoublay ou Clignancourt. Un brutal pic d'actions surgit: un clochard inconnu fut occis par plaisir, puis un sacristain prit un crachat dans l'portrait – vu par tous - alors qu'il voulait offrir l'absolution à un CRS qu'un gars tailla au yataghan (un canif hongrois, si nous voulons savoir).

Tu aurais occis ton prochain pour du salami, ton cousin pour un quignon, ton ami pour un crouton ou un passant au hasard pour un bout d'pain.

Un 6 avril, du lundi jusqu'au mardi matin, on balança vingt-cinq cocktails Molotov autour du bourg. L'aviation bombardra Orly. Tous nos palais principaux à Paris, foutus, nos habitants lorgnant l'Alhambra toujours brûlant, un Institut amoindri (un tas fumant d'gravats), l'hôpital Saint-Louis aux soupirails flamboyants, brûlant au loin. À Montsouris ou Nation, pas un mur intact.

Opposition MPs add insult to injury by baiting a now almost suicidal party, which, though obviously hurt by such an affront to its dignity, has a fair stab at smoothing things out. But whilst assassins start liquidating a handful of junior Quai d'Orsay officials (23, or so it's  
45 said), a Dutch diplomat caught filching an anchovy from a tub of fish is soon put paid by an impromptu stoning. And whilst an odiously smug and arrogant viscount in shocking pink spats (sic) is laid into by Wagram's hoi polloi until his skin is of a similarly shocking colour (his only fault, it turns out, was to qualify starvation, to a dying man who  
50 had put his hand out for a coin, as just too, too boring for words), in Raspail a tall, blond Scandinavian, of actual Viking stock, riding a palomino with blood pouring down its shanks and brandishing aloft a long bow, starts firing arrows off at any local not to his liking.

55 A poor, starving, half-mad corporal purloins a bazooka and mows down his battalion, commandant and all; and, on his instant promotion to admiral by public acclaim, is just as instantly slain by an adjutant with aspirations to match his own.

60 In Paris a young man, a bit of a wag, no doubt nostalgic for his country's military incursion into Indo-China, sprays napalm up and

L'opposition aggrava la situation, formant un parti qui, pour s'êr affaibli par l'affront fait à son rang, voulut adoucir la situation au maximum. Mais alors, un tas d'assassins liquida nos naïfs politicards du Quai d'Orsay (vingt-trois, nous dit-on), un politicard danois surpris chourant un poisson d'un rafiote fut occis par lapidation. Alors un Lord aussi suffisant qu'arrogant aux collants saumons choquants fut mis au sol à Wagram par son populo jusqu'à l'instant où sa chair fut d'un coloris voisin du coloris du collant (on l'incolpa d'UN faux pas, on dirait, d'avoir dit à un gars mourant qui voulait un franc, « La faim ? trop, trop chiant. ») à Raspail un grand blond du Nord, un vrai Viking, conduisait un palomino, du sang coulant sur son flanc, brandissant d'un air triomphal un arc, quand il daigna agir, tirant sur la population du coin qui lui plaisait pas.

Un caporal sans sou, amaigri, mi-fou, vola un bazooka, abattit son bataillon, commandants, tout ça; puis, lorsqu'il fut promu par un amiral sous maints hourrah, fut occis illico par un adjudant qui avait moult ambitions lui aussi.

À Paris, un garçon, plutôt actif, à coup sûr un briscard d'Indo, lança du napalm partout au faubourg Saint-Martin. À Lyon, plus

down Faubourg Saint-Martin. In Lyon, upwards of a million lost souls pass away, mostly martyrs to scurvy and typhus.

Acting without instructions, wholly on his own volition, an idiot of a city official puts all pubs and clubs, poolrooms and ballrooms, out of bounds – which prompts such a global craving for alcohol (in fact, for oral gratification of any sort), such a profound thirst for whisky and gin, vodka or rum, that it's just as painful as going hungry. To cap it all, this particular May is proving a scorchingly hot and sunny month: in Passy an omnibus combusts without warning; and practically 60% of the population go down with sunburn.

An Olympic oarsman climbs on a rooftop and for an instant attracts a mob of volcanically frothing fanatics, a mob that abruptly crowns him king. Naturally, it asks him to adopt an alias fully worthy of his rank and vocation. His own wish is – wait for it – “Attila III”; what, by contrast, his champions insist on calling him, is “Fantômas XVIII”. As this isn't all to his fancy, his downfall is as dramatic as was his coronation. As for Fantomas XXIII (who follows him – don't ask why), think of a pompous ass sporting a top hat, a gaudy crimson sash, a walking-stick with a solid gold tip and a palanquin to transport him to Palais-Royal. With a crowd awaiting his arrival in triumph though, our

d'un million d'habitants mourut, surtout du scorbut ou du typhus.

Agissant sans instruction, pour son bon vouloir, un politicard idiot prohiba pubs, clubs, billards ou dancings – nous priva tant d'alcool (whisky, gin, vodka, rhum, tout plaisir oral) qu'on croyait souffrir d'inanition. Aussi, mai fut un mois à part : chaud, gai. À Passy, un omnibus brûla soudain; la population à quasi 60% mourut d'insolation.

Un sportif grimpa jusqu'à un toit puis attira durant un instant un tas vif, bouillonnant d'mordus, qui lui donna l'attribut du roi. Pour sûr il dut choisir un alias chic pour sa vocation. Son souhait fut – oh oh - « Attila III », mais son tas d'champions optait pour « Fantômas XVIII ». Puis si ça suffisait pas, il fut dans son abandon du pouvoir aussi caricatural qu'à sa titularisation. Fantômas XXIII, qu'on lui substitua, on aurait cru un connard ronflant, portant un galurin bouchon voyant, cramoisi, un bout d'or dur sur son stick, son palanquin transportant M. jusqu'au Palais Royal. Quand son populo s'amassait pour son apparition, un

poor monarch-for-a-day has his throat slit by an assassin, a villain with a cold, malignant grin shouting, "Down with tyrants! Forward with Ravailleac!" You'll find his tomb (King Fantomas's, that is) in Paris catacombs, which a commando of impious vandals soon took to profaning – without actually analyzing why – and did so for six scandalous days and nights.

Following his burial our nation has had, in turn, a Frankish king, a hospodar, a maharajah, 3 Romuli, 8 Alarics, 6 Atatürks, 8 Mata-Haris, a Caius Gracchus, a Fabius Maximus Rullianus, a Danton, a Saint-Just, a Pompidou, a Johnson (Lyndon B.), a lot of Adolfs, a trio of Mussolinis, 5 Caroli Magni, a Washington, an Othon in opposition to a Hapsburg and a Timur Ling, who, for his own part, got rid of 18 Pasionarias, 20 Maos and 29 Marxists (1 Chicist, 3 Karlists, 6 Grouchists and 18 Harpists).

Although, on sanitary grounds, a soi-disant Marat bans all bath-taking, this sanctimonious fraud hoards a zinc tub for his own scrotal ablutions ; but, I'm happy to say, a back-stabbing (or ball-stabbing, a word has it) from a Hitchcockian psychopath in drag soon puts paid to his hypocrisy.

Following this assassination, a mammoth tank lobs mortars at a tall

assassin coupa son coup au roi d'un jour, un vilain au rictus froid, malin criant « À bas nos tyrans ! Tous pour Ravailleac ! ». Son inhumation fut (du roi Fantômas) dans un parc à macabs à Paris, qu'un commando d'incroyants voyous profana illico – sans savoir pourquoi- durant six jours, six nuits choquants.

Suivant l'inhumation la nation a connu, tour à tour, un roi Franc, un hospodar, un Maharajah, 3 Romuli, 8 Alarics, 6 Atatürks, 8 Mata-Haris, un Caius Gracchus, un Fabius Maximus Rullianus, un Danton, un Saint-Just, un Pompidou, un Johnson (Lyndon B.), un tas d'Adolfs, trois Mussolinis, 5 Caroli Magni, un Washington, un Othon par opposition à un Habsbourg ou un Timur Ling, qui, à son tour, chassa 18 Pasionarias, 20 Maos, 29 pro-Marx (1 Chico, 3 Karl, 6 Groucho, 18 Harpos).

Alors qu'un soi-disant Marat prohiba tout bain par soin, un charlatan moralisant garda son bain pour son ablution du scrotum ; un fou à la Hitchcock l'poignarda dans son dos (ou l'ballonna, plutôt), finissant ainsi sa dissimulation.

Suivant son assassinat, un grand tank bombardarda au canon un

municipal building into which Paris's administration has withdrawn as though for a last, forlorn starts waving a flag of pacification proclaiming to all and sundry that total and unconditional abdication is at hand and assuring his public of his own solidarity in any totalitarian call for martial law. Alas, this opportunistic U-turn is in vain : not caring to put any trust in his hollow vows, any faith in his word of honour, without bargaining with him or proposing any kind of ultimatum, his assailants forthwith launch an all-out assault, razing to its foundations this surviving bastion of authority.

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God, what a world is it ! Strung up for saying a word out turn ! Slain for a sigh ! Go on, attack anything you want ! A bus, a train, a taxi-cab, a postal van, a victoria ! A baby in a pram, if such is your fancy ! A body in a coffin, if such is your fantasy ! Nobody will stop you. Nobody will know. You can go barging through a hospital ward, lashing out at this man with chronic arthritis and no right arm. You can crucify as many phony Christs as you wish. And nobody will mind if you drown an alcoholic in acohol, a pharmacist in formol, a motorcyclist in lubricating oil.

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Boil infants in cauldrons, burn politicians to a crisp, throw solicitors to lions, spill Christian blood to its last drop, gas all shorthand typists,

building municipal. L'administration à Paris s'y camoufla, montrant un fanion pour la paix, proclamant à tous l'abdication sans condition puis assurant à son public son concours total, absolu pour l'application par domination d'la loi du plus fort. Las, un tournant faux-cul apparaîtrait vain : sans ouïr la foi dans son cri vain, la foi dans son propos, sans tractation ou proposition d'un ultimatum, l'amas d'assaillants lança donc un assaut total, rasant au sol tout bastion du pouvoir.

Bon sang, un vrai bazar ! On strangula pour un mot dit trop fort ! On assassina pour un soupir ! Allons-y, attaquons tout ! Un bus, un train, un taxi, un camion postal, un briska ! Un bambin dans un landau, pourquoi pas ? Un corps mort, si ainsi sont vos souhaits ! Aucun individu dira stop. Aucun individu saura. Allons dans un hôpital, fouaillons un stropiat aux os saillants. Crucifions maints faux Christs. Aucun individu compatira si nous noyons un alcolo dans l'alcool, un potard dans son formol, un motard dans son gras lubrifiant.

Faisons bouillir nos marmots dans un chaudron, brûlons nos politicards jusqu'à l'os, balançons nos avocats aux lions, vidons

chop all pastrycooks into tiny bits, and circus clowns, call girls, choirboys, sailors, actors, aristocrats, farmhands, football hooligans and Boy Scouts.

You can loot shops or ravish shopgirls, maim or kill. Worst of all, nothing can stop you now from fabricating and propagating all sorts of vicious rumours. But stay on your guard, don't trust anybody – and watch out for your back.

tout l'sang catho jusqu'au caillot final, gazons tous nos dactylos aux bras courts, coupons nos cuistots jusqu'à avoir un amas d'fins croûtons, clowns, call girls, braillards, aristos, paysans, hooligans ou scouts.

Pillons nos magasins, kidnappons nos marchands, mutilons ou tuons. Pis, aucun individu n'dira stop si nous fabriquons ou diffusons nos ragots impurs. Mais soyons vigilants, soupçonnons chacun – soyons à l'affût.

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<b>Student Number</b>	17317724
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<b>Source Text</b>		<b>Target Text</b>	
<b>Title</b>	<i>Mort à Crédit</i>	<b>Title</b>	<i>Du côté de chez Céline</i>
<b>Year Published</b>	1936		
<b>Author</b>	Louis-Ferdinand Céline		
<b>Language</b>	French (Célinian style)	<b>Language</b>	French (Proustian style)
<b>Word Count</b>	774	<b>Word Count</b>	1036
<b>Description of Source Text (200 words max)</b> <i>what is the source text like (genre, register, tone, dialect, rhythm, alliteration, word order, and other poetic devices)?</i>	<p>In this extract of <i>Mort à Crédit</i>, the first-person narrator describes a medical consultation in a low social class family. Through the depiction of the family's social problems, he presents an extremely pessimistic vision of the 20th century French society, notably with the evocation of alcoholism (l.6-7, 40) and domestic violence (l.48-52). The present tense gives an impression of total immersion. His depiction of the family is tragicomic, with an opposition between the difficult themes dealt with in the text and the style used by Céline, his 'petite musique' [little music] (Godard, 1998, p.13). The register is completely informal, with the regular use of the argot ('gonzesse' l.5 [woman] and 'gniarde' l.46 [child]) and swear words ('salope' [bitch] l.99 and 'trou du cul' l.97 [asshole]). Additionally, most parts of the text are not grammatically correct as the author omits the 'ne' marking the negation ('Je suis pas de force à lutter' [I am not able to fight] l.22) and uses punctuation in his own way, with for instance several occurrences of '!...' (l.14). This text is therefore representative of one of Celine's stylistic innovation in French literature, the introduction of the spoken language (Godard, 1998, p.13).</p>		
<b>Strategy (200 words max)</b> <i>what have you decided to do in your translation and why?</i>	<p>My strategy is an intralingual translation (Shuttleworth, 1997, p.87) aiming at faithfully reproducing the content of Celine's text through a pastiche of Proust's style. Whereas Celine's register is informal and close to spoken language (Godard, 1998, p.13), Proust's style is known to be formal and sophisticated and characterized by detailed and elaborated sentences containing several subordinate clauses (Kilmartin, 1981, p.140). In order to translate from one style to another, I had to merge several sentences of the ST into one in the TT by transforming main clauses into subordinate: the 9 principals from l.32-36 become one sentence in the TT. Furthermore some details had to be added or explicitated in order to render Proust's precision. Then the register had to be drastically transformed with all forms of 'argot' and swear words toned down: 'trente emmerdeurs' (l.17) [thirty damn pain] becomes 'trente patients' (l.18) [thirty patients] and 'je m'en tartine' (l.20) [I don't give a fuck] becomes 'j'y aurais été tout à fait indifférent' (l.22) [I would have been completely</p>		

	indifferent]. Finally, instead of using the present tense, I used the tenses of the narrative, the imperfect and the past simple used by Proust in <i>La Recherche du temps perdu</i> (1954).
<p><b>Critical Reflection (200 words max)</b>  <i>what could have been done differently to achieve your goal more effectively?</i></p>	<p>The strategy was partly inconclusive. Linguistically speaking, one's idiosyncratic style can only be imitated up to a certain point. Though I attempted to imitate the recurring syntax and vocabulary of <i>Du côté de chez Swann</i> (1954) and employed a vocabulary typically used by Proust thanks to the help of the dictionary CNRTL (online) with 'mithridatisé' [affected] (l.12) or references such as 'Sodome et Gomorrhé' [Sodom and Gomorrah] (l.105), imitating Proust's style is a complex task. Additionally, his style cannot be simply defined by linguistic devices but also by the themes and register he uses in his works. Those differ radically from Céline's: Proust rarely indulges in social criticism and mostly does not use language as a tool of denunciation. Even though my strategy aimed at faithfully reproducing the content, I soon realized that the adaptation of the text from one style to another inevitably affected the content. The satirical tone, the bitterness and the social criticism of the ST rarely filters through in the TT because Céline's 'petite musique' [little music] (Godard, 1998, p.13) seems to carry the satire even more than the narrative weave itself.</p>
<p><b>References</b></p>	<p>Godard, Henri, <i>Céline Scandale</i> (Paris : Gallimard, 1998).  Shuttleworth, Mark, 'Indirect translation' in <i>Dictionary of Translation studies</i>, ed. by Mark Shuttleworth (London and New York: 1997, Routledge), pp.87-88.  Kilmartin, Terence, 'Translating Proust', <i>Grand Street</i>, 1.1 (1981), pp.134-146.  Proust, <i>Du Côté de chez Swann</i> (Paris : Gallimard, 1954).  CNRTL, 'Lexicographie', <i>Centre National de Ressources Textuelles et Lexicales</i> [online] <a href="http://www.cnrtl.fr/portail/">http://www.cnrtl.fr/portail/</a> [accessed 20 April 2018]</p>

1 Enfin avant-hier j'étais décidé d'aller le voir, le Gustin, chez lui. Son  
bled c'est à vingt minutes de chez moi une fois qu'on a passé la  
Seine. Il faisait pas joli comme temps. Tout de même je m'élançais. Je  
me dis je vais prendre l'autobus. Je cours finir ma séance. Je me  
5 défile par le couloir des pansements. Une gonzesse me repère et  
m'accroche. Elle a un accent qui traînaille, comme le mien.  
C'est la fatigue. En plus ça racle, ça c'est l'alcool. Maintenant elle  
pleurniche, elle veut m'entraîner.

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« Venez Docteur, je vous supplie !... ma petite fille, mon  
Alice !...C'est rue Rancienne !... c'est à deux pas !... » Je ne suis pas  
15 forcé d'y aller. En principe moi je l'ai finie, ma consultation !... Elle  
s'obstine... Nous sommes dehors... J'en ai bien marre des  
égrotants... En voici trente emmerdeurs que je rafistole depuis  
tantôt... J'en peux plus... Qu'ils toussent ! Qu'ils crachent ! Qu'ils se  
désossent ! Qu'ils s'empêdèrent ! Qu'ils s'envolent avec trente mille  
20 gaz dans le croupion !... Je m'en tartine !... Mais la pleureuse elle

Aussi, avant-hier, alors que le temps n'était pas beau, et qu'un  
petit vent se faisait par ailleurs sentir, je décidai d'aller voir,  
puisqu'il habitait dans un village à quelques vingt minutes de chez  
moi, de l'autre côté de la Seine, mon ami Gustin. Je m'apprêtai,  
dans un élan qui, au fur et à mesure, semblait croître, à faire une  
balade en autobus, et m'empressai de m'esquiver par le couloir  
de la clinique. Une femme, dont l'accent, lent et prononcé,  
ressemblait à s'y méprendre au mien, m'aperçut et m'interpella.  
Et c'était probablement la fatigue qui lui rendait la voix si rauque,  
alors que l'abus d'alcool provoquait chez elle des toux  
incessantes. Finalement elle entreprit de larmoyer afin de  
m'entraîner avec elle, tout mithridatisé que j'étais.

Puis elle me dit : « Je vous supplie, cher docteur, d'avoir la  
bienveillance de vous rendre à son chevet : ma chère petite fille,  
mon Alice ! Nous habitons Rue Rancienne, non loin d'ici. ». Je  
n'étais point obligé de m'y rendre, ayant terminé mes horaires de  
consultation, cependant son insistance inéducable m'invita à la  
suivre dehors. Je m'étais déjà entretenu avec près de trente  
patients dans l'après-midi, je n'en pouvais plus de les laisser me  
fatiguer ainsi : ah, si je les eusse laissé tousser par quintes,

25 m'agrafe, elle se pend vachement à mon cou, elle me souffle son désespoir. Il est plein de « rouquin »... Je suis pas de force à lutter. Elle me quittera plus. Quand on sera dans la rue des Casses qui est longue et sans lampe aucune, peut-être que je vais lui refiler un grand coup de pompe dans les miches...

30 Je suis lâche encore... Je me dégonfle... Et ça recommence, la chansonnette. « Ma petite fille !... Je vous en supplie, Docteur !... Ma petite Alice !... Vous la connaissez ?... »

35 La rue Rancienne c'est pas si près... Ça me détourne... Je la connais. C'est après les Usines aux câbles... Je l'écoute à travers ma berlué ... « On n'a que 82 francs par semaine... avec deux enfants !... Et puis mon mari qui est terrible avec moi !... C'est une honte, mon cher Docteur !... »

40 Tout ça c'est du mou, je le sais bien. Ça pue le grain pourri, l'haleine des pituites ...

expectorer, se désagrèger, les laisser s'envoler et retomber dans le lointain ; j'y aurais été tout à fait indifférent. Mais voyant l'insistance avec laquelle elle me faisait sentir son grand désespoir, d'un souffle parfumé par l'odeur du vin rouge, j'eusse été incapable d'échapper à ses supplications. ! Certes, j'aurais pu, dans la rue des Casses, qui est interminable et plongée dans la nuit, l'égarer à peine la rue entamée...

Mais je ne pouvais m'y résoudre, je me laissai prendre comme sigisbée alors qu'elle continuait, accablée, me présentant mille détails de son air supplicateur, à m'inciter à procurer à sa petite fille les soins espérés.

Je connaissais bien la rue Rancienne, qui se trouvait dans un quartier lointain, près d'une manufacture spécialisée dans la fabrication de cordons métalliques tressés, et dont l'accès entraînerait pour moi un détour conséquent de mon trajet habituel. Je l'écoutais, pris d'un sentiment d'irréalité, totalement hermétique à ses récriminations à propos de ses lourdes charges de famille, de ses maigres revenus et de son époux, qui, apparemment, la traitait de manière inqualifiable. D'ailleurs je ne crus pas un mot de ses allégations, clairement inspirées par l'abus

On est arrivé devant la tête... Je monte. Je m'assiege enfin... La petite même porte des lunettes. Je me pose à côté de son lit. Elle joue quand même un peu encore avec la poupée. Je vais l'amuser à mon  
45 tour. Je suis marrant, moi, quand je m'y donne... Elle est pas perdue la gniarde ... Elle respire pas très librement... C'est congestif c'est entendu... Je la fais rigoler. Elle s'étouffe. Je rassure la mère.

Elle en profite, la vache, alors que je suis paumé dans sa crèche pour me consulter à son tour. C'est à cause des marques des torgnioles,  
50 qu'elle a plein les cuisses. Elle retrousse ses jupes, des énormes marbrures et même des brûlures profondes. Ça c'est le tisonnier. Voilà comme il est son chômeur. Je donne un conseil... J'organise avec une ficelle un petit va-et-vient très drôle pour la moche poupée... Ça monte, ça descend jusqu'à la poignée de la porte...  
55 c'est mieux que de causer.

d'alcool et une santé défaillante.

Nous arrivâmes enfin devant la mesure et accédâmes à l'appartement dans les étages. Je pus enfin m'asseoir et observer la jeune enfant, dont le visage était masqué par le port de lunettes et qui trouvait encore la force de se distraire en jouant avec une pauvre poupée. Conscient de mes capacités humoristiques, j'entrepris alors de l'amuser tout en pratiquant une consultation qui me permit rapidement de constater qu'elle n'était en rien à l'article de la mort. Elle fut certes prise d'une quinte de toux alors qu'elle riait à gorge déployée, mais je pus rassurer la mère, ayant constaté que l'enfant souffrait seulement d'une congestion des plus ordinaires.

J'espérais être quitte de cette pénible visite, mais fus alors contraint, alors que la maison semblait se refermer sur moi comme un piège, de consulter également la mère qui, après avoir retroussé ses jupes jumelles, laissa apparaître des cuisses recouvertes de blessures et de brûlures provoquées par un tisonnier dont s'était probablement armé son mari sans emploi, dont les actes révélaient clairement la nature violente. Je la conseillai alors, tout en confectionnant un mécanisme pour la

65 J'ausculte, y a des râles en abondance. Mais enfin c'est pas si fatal...  
Je rassure encore. Je répète deux fois les mêmes mots. C'est ça qui  
vous pompe... La môme elle se marre à présent. Elle se remet à  
suffoquer. Je suis forcé d'interrompre. Elle se cyanose... Y a peut-  
être un peu de diphtérie ? Faudrait voir... Prélever ?... Demain !... Le  
70 papa rentre. Avec ses 82 francs, on se tape rien que du cidre chez  
lui, plus de vin du tout. « Je bois au bol. Ça fait pisser ! » qu'il  
m'annonce tout de suite. Il boit au goulot. Il me montre... on se  
congratule qu'elle est pas si mal la mignonne. Moi, c'est la poupée  
qui me passionne... Je suis trop fatigué pour m'occuper des adultes  
75 et des pronostics. C'est la vraie caille les adultes ! J'en ferai plus un  
seul avant demain.

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poupée qui se mit à danser le long d'une ficelle jusqu'à la poignée  
de la porte, dans le double dessein de distraire l'attention de  
l'enfant du spectacle horrible des stigmates de sa mère et d'ainsi  
éviter des palabres interminables.

Pendant tout le temps que je l'auscultais, je l'entendais gémir et  
tentais de la rassurer, mais il fut encore nécessaire de réitérer  
chacun de mes propos, comme je l'y étais contraint depuis le  
matin, ce qui ne lassait pas de m'épuiser à la longue, puisque ses  
plaies ne semblaient point d'une gravité excessive. L'enfant rit,  
puis toussa à nouveau, et je dus interrompre ma seconde  
consultation : ne souffrait-elle pas un peu de diphtérie, puisque  
son visage avait revêtu une couleur d'un bleuâtre inquiétant ? Sa  
mère me promit de l'emmener afin de pratiquer un prélèvement  
dès le lendemain. Le père de la jeune fille rentra à ce moment : Il  
m'offrit alors un bol de cidre, seule boisson qui fut admise à leur  
table en raison de ses maigres émoluments. Il lui aurait été  
impossible de se fournir en vin, et préférait consommer sa  
boisson à base de pommes au bol, pratique dont il me fit sur-le-  
champ la démonstration, afin d'uriner plus facilement.

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Je m'en fous qu'on me trouve pas sérieux. Je bois à la santé encore.  
90 Mon intervention est gratuite, absolument supplémentaire. La mère me ramène à ses cuisses. Je donne un suprême avis. Et puis, je descends l'escalier. Sur le trottoir voilà un petit chien qui boite. Il me suit d'autorité. Tout m'accroche ce soir. C'est un petit fox ce chien-là, un noir et blanc. Il est perdu ça me paraît. C'est ingrat les  
95 chômeurs d'en haut. Ils ne me raccompagnent même pas. Je suis sûr qu'ils recommencent à se battre. Je les entends qui gueulent. Qu'il lui fonce donc son tison tout entier dans le trou du cul ! Ça la redressera la salope !  
Ça l'apprendra à me déranger !

100

Puis nous convînmes que l'enfant montrait finalement une santé plutôt rassurante mais je préfèrai alors me concentrer sur sa poupée, afin de ne plus me mêler des adultes, dont la présence était un supplice : je pris alors la ferme décision de ne plus pratiquer aucune consultation ce jour-là.

Comme ma réputation m'indiffère et que je ne crains pas d'être estimé négligent, j'absorbai encore une gorgée de cidre à la santé des femmes de la famille. En somme je pratique la médecine bénévolement, par pure bonté d'âme, aussi quand la mère me demanda un ultime avis sur l'état de ses cuisses, je le lui fournis de bonne grâce, puis descendis l'escalier. Et bientôt je me trouvai dans la rue, et y croisai un petit chien de race fox terrier, noir et blanc, chancelant, qui me suivit puisqu'il semblait perdu et une fois de plus, j'éprouvai la difficulté de me libérer de l'emprise des êtres, humains ou animaux, qui semblaient tous obstinés à s'accrocher à ma personne comme à une bouée de salut.  
Je remarquai cependant que personne ne m'avait accompagné

jusqu'à la sortie, les membres de cette famille souffreteuse sans doute trop occupés à se battre, puisque je parvenais à les entendre vociférer sur le trottoir, jusque dans la rue. Et je pensai, lassé, qu'ils pouvaient bien poursuivre leur échauffourée et imaginai même des scènes dignes de Sodome et Gomorrhe, lors desquelles la femme, molestée, se repentirait d'avoir ainsi abusé de mon temps.

<b>Student Number</b>	17317724
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<b>Source Text</b>		<b>Target Text</b>	
<b>Title</b>	<i>Moi pierre Riviere, ayant egorgé ma mère, ma soeur et mon frère,...</i>	<b>Title</b>	<i>The case of Pierre Rivière: introducing psychiatry in French criminal justice</i>
<b>Year Published</b>	1835		
<b>Author</b>	Pierre Rivière		
<b>Language</b>	French	<b>Language</b>	English
<b>Word Count</b>	2014	<b>Word Count</b>	2574
<b>Description of Source Text (200 words max)</b> <i>what is the source text like (genre, register, tone, dialect, rhythm, alliteration, word order, and other poetic devices)?</i>	<p>This memoir, written by the Norman countryman Pierre Rivière in 1835, is a fundamental text in the study of the link between psychiatry and criminal justice in France (Foucault, 1982, ix). In this narrative, Rivière explains how he meticulously premeditated the murders of his mother, sister and brother on 3 June 1835, how he killed them and what his reasons were. In the last part of the memoir, he presents his subsequent reflections on guiltiness and madness. The text is stylistically problematic as Rivière was a Norman peasant who benefited from a scarce education (Foucault, vii). Therefore there are several grammatical and orthographical mistakes. The author also uses regionalisms ('niarges' l.82 [faults]) and writes phonetically ('cella' l.108 for 'celles-là' [those]). Yet his style is surprisingly elaborated, even 'beautiful' and 'astonishing' (Foucault, x) for a person with his social background, with many references to historical and biblical events and characters (l.120-132). This text is problematic precisely because of its ambivalence between horror and beauty, style and culture as opposed to its author supposed illiteracy: if the crime Rivière committed was not unique at the time (Foucault, viii), his memoir holds a unique place in the history of French legislation and literature.</p>		
<b>Strategy (200 words max)</b> <i>what have you decided to do in your translation and why?</i>	<p>This translation is intended for Anglophone undergraduate law students taking a module on 'French Legal Tradition' in order to introduce the theme of psychiatry in criminal justice. Therefore, I cut the memoir to have a focus on the psychiatric disorders of its author and explicitated with footnotes that could facilitate the understanding of Rivière's discourse by explaining the references made to French historical or geographical specificities. I also added a map situating Rivière's journey in Normandy. Since I chose to reproduce the ambivalence of the text mentioned in the description, I aimed at imitating Rivière's mistakes and the redundancy of his style into English to reach of form of formal equivalence (Nida, 1964, p.159). I assessed the gravity of these errors to find accurate equivalents into English. For instance, since</p>		

	<p>the capital letters are almost systematically forgotten by the author (l.1 with his own name), I systematically translated the personal pronoun 'I' omitting the capital letter. The irregularity of his sentences, too long and unusually punctuated, is also replicated in the TT. These mistakes are representative of the author's background whereas the organization of his speech contributes to the analysis of his mindset: both issues are central in Rivière's case.</p>
<p><b>Critical Reflection (200 words max)</b>  <i>what could have been done differently to achieve your goal more effectively?</i></p>	<p>It seems that the target text does not fulfil entirely the objectives of formal equivalence, focusing 'attention on the message itself, in both form and content' (Nida, 1964, p.159). Franck Jelinek, in the introduction of the only English translation, indeed wondered 'whether we should leave the text within the province of its own special status by accurately preserving its spontaneity or whether it [...] should be entitled to be given a correct form' (Foucault, 1982, p.54). He corrected Rivière's mistakes to help comprehension. His solution seems more accurate as I did not succeed in finding accurate equivalences for conjugation, spelling and grammar mistakes into English. With minor mistakes such as a forgotten or incorrect accent in the ST ('après' [after] l.8), since there are no accents in English, I doubled or deleted a consonant but it seems to make the understanding of the TT tougher than the ST. Furthermore, bigger mistakes, such as Rivière's systematic inversion of the conjugation of the 1<sup>st</sup> person and the 2<sup>nd</sup> person singular in French ('je concut' l.19 [I made up]) were impossible to imitate in English in a text using the past tense with only one form for each pronoun (I/You/He went).</p>
<p><b>References</b></p>	<p>Foucault, Michel, I, <i>Pierre Rivière, having slaughtered my mother, my sister and my brother...: A Case of Parricide in the 19th Century</i>, ed. by Michel Foucault, trans. by Frank Jelinek (Lincoln and London: University of Nebraska Press, 1982).  Nida, Eugene, <i>Toward a Science of Translating</i> (Leyde : Brill Archive, 1964).</p>

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Moi pierre Riviere, ayant egorgé ma mère, ma soeur et mon frère, et voulant faire connaître quel sont les motifs qui m'ont porté à cette action, j'ai écrit toute la vie que mon père et ma mère ont menée ensemble pendant leur mariage. j'ai été témoin de la plus grande partie des faits, et qui sont écrits sur la fin de cette histoire, pour ce qui est du commencement, j'ai l'ait entendu raconter à mon père lorsque qu'il en parlait avec ses amis, ainsi qu'avec sa

## Introduction

Pierre Rivière (1815-1840) was a young Norman peasant infamously known for having killed his mother, his sister and his brother on 3rd June 1835. He was planning to kill himself after the murder but instead wandered in the forest for a month before being arrested and incarcerated in Falaise (Calvados). His memoir explaining his intentions, written in July 1835, is a unique text in the history of French crime and psychiatry. He was at first condemned to death. However his penalty was changed into a life imprisonment in 1836 thanks to the doctors' diagnosis on his case: he showed important signs of mental alienation. He killed himself in the prison of Beaulieu in Caen in October 1940.

I pierre Riviere, having sleet my moter, my sister and my broter's throats, and willing to make known what the reason that brought me to this action are, i wrieded all the life my father and my mother has lived together during their marriage. i have witnessed most of the facts, and that are written at the end of this story, concerning the beginning, i am heard it being told to my fater wen he was talking about it with his friends, and with his moter, with me and

mère, avec moi et avec ceux qui en avaient connaissance. après cela je dirai comment je me suis résolu a commettre ce crime, ce que pensais alors et quelle était mon intention, je dirai aussi quelle était la vie que je menais parmi le monde, je dirai ce qui se passa dans mon esprit après avoir fait cette action, la vie que je ménéé et les endroits par ou je été depuis ce crime jusques à mon arrestation et quelles furent les resolutions que je pris. tout cette ouvrage sera stilé très grossièrement, car je ne sais que lire et écrire ; mais pourvu qu'on entende ce que je veux dire, ce c'est que je demande, et j'ai toute rédigé du mieux que je puis. [...]

30 je concut l'affreux projet que j'ai exécuté, je pensai a cela a peu-  
prés un mois auparavant. j'oubliai tout-a-fait les principes qui  
devaient me faire respecter ma mère et ma soeur et mon frère, je  
regardé mon père comme étant entre les mains de chiens enragés  
ou de barbares, contre lesquels je devais employer les armes, la  
35 religion defendait de telles choses mais j'en oubliai les regles, il me  
sembla même que dieu m'avait destiné pour cela, et que  
j'exercerais sa justice, je connaissais les lois humaines les lois de la  
police, mais je prétendit être plus sages qu'elles, je les regardait

with those who were aware of it. affter this i will explain how i resolved myself to commit this crime, what thought then and what my intention was, i will also tell what was the life i led among the world, i will tell what happened in my mind affter having done this action, the life i leaded and the place around where i been since this crime untill my arrest and what the reesolutions i took were. these whole book will be wrytten very rougly, because i know only to read and to write ; but as long as one hears what i want to say, the that is what i ask for, and I have written everyting the best i could. [...]

i conceive the ghastly project that i executed, i thought about it about a-month before. i forgot complitely the principles that were supposed to make me respect my moter and my sister and my broter, i considere my fater as in the hands of rabid dogs or barbarians, against whom i needed to use weapons, the religion deffended such things but i forgot its rooles, it even seemed to me that god had destined me to this, and that i will exerted his justice, i knew the human laws the police laws, but i pretende to be wiser than them, i looke at them as disgraceful and shameful. i had read

40 comme ignobles et honteuses. j'avais lu dans l'histoire romaine, et  
j'avais vu que les lois des romains donnaient au mari, droit de la vie  
et de mort sur sa femme et sur ses enfans. je voulut braver les lois,  
il me sembla que ce serait une gloire pour moi, que je  
m'immortaliserais en mourant pour mon père, je me representai  
les guerriers qui mouraient pour leur patrie et pour leur roi, la  
45 valeur des eleves de l'ecole polithecnique lors de la prise de paris  
en 1814 je me disais : ces gens la mouraient pour soutenir le parti  
d'un homme qu'ils ne connaissaient pas et qui ne les connaissait  
pas non plus, qui n'avait jamais pensé a eux ; et moi je mourrai  
pour delivrer un homme qui m'aime et qui me cherit. l'exemple de  
50 chatillon qui soutint seul jusqu'à la mort, un passage d'une rue par  
ou les ennemis abondaient pour prendre son roi ; le courage  
d'eleazar frere machabées qui tua un elephant ou il pensait que le  
roi ennemi etait ; quoique qu'il sut qu'il allait être étouffé sous le  
poids de cet animal, l'exemple d'un général romain dont je ne me

in the roman history, and i had seen that the laws of the romans  
gave to the husband, right of life and death on his wife and on his  
childrn.<sup>1</sup> i chosen to defy the laws, it seemed to me that it would  
be a glory for me, that i would immortalize myself while dying for  
my fater, i imagined the warriors who died for their fatherland and  
for their king, the value of the ecole politechnique students during  
the storming of paris in 1814 i thought to myself: <sup>2</sup>this people died  
to sustain the party of a man they did not know and who did not  
know them either, who had never thought about them ; and i died  
to frey a man who loves me and cherishes me. the example of  
chatillon who sustained by himself until death<sup>3</sup>, a passage of a  
street from where the enemies penetrated to take his king ; the  
bravery of eleazar stiff brothers who killed an elefant were he  
thought the enemy king was ; though he knew that he was about  
to be suffocated by the weight of this animal<sup>4</sup>, the example of a  
roman general of whom I don't remember the name, who during

<sup>1</sup> It is a reference to the Roman law patria potestas, which stipulates the absolute authority of a man on his wife and children, notably considering the right of life and death, women being considered as property of their husbands and the impossibility for a woman to possess anything.

<sup>2</sup> Here, Pierre Rivière misspells the name of the prestigious French Ecole Polytechnique created after the French Revolution. In 1814, its students tried to defend the country alongside Napoléon against the foreign invaders.

<sup>3</sup> Many knights were called Châtillon among the centuries and it is therefore hard to know who Rivière is referring to.

<sup>4</sup> Biblical figure of the Old Testament. He is the brother of Judas and the son of Mattathias. He died while trying to kill an elephant that the enemy king, King Antiochus V, was presumably riding.

55 rappelle pas le nom, qui dans la guerre contre les latins se devoua a  
la mort pour soutenir son parti. toutes ces choses me passaient par  
l'esprit et m'invitaient à faire mon action. l'exemple de henri de la  
roquejacquelain que je lut dans les derniers temps me sembla avoir  
un grand rapport avec ce qui me regardait. c'était un des chefs des  
60 vendeens, il mourut a la vingt-unieme année de son age pour  
soutenir le parti du roi. je considerai sa harangue a ses soldats au  
moment d'un combat : si j'avance, dit-il, suivez-moi, si je recule  
tuez-moi, si je meurs vengez-moi. le dernier ouvrage que j'ai lu etait  
une histoire des naufrages, que m'avait prêté lerot. j'y vit que  
65 lorsque que les marins manquaient de vivres. ils faisaient un  
sacrifice de quelqu'un d'entreux, qu'ils le mangeaient pour sauver  
le reste de l'equipage, je me pensais : je me sacrifierai aussi pour  
mon père ; tout semblait m'inviter a cette action. même jusqu'au  
mistere de la redemption, je pensais même que c'était plus facile a  
70 comprendre, je disais : notre seigneur jesus-chrit est mort sur la  
croix pour sauver les hommes, pour les racheter de l'esclavage du  
demon, du peché, et de la damnation eternelle, il était dieu, c'était

the war against the latins dedicatd himself to death to support his  
party. all those things went through my mind and invited me to do  
my action. the example of henri de la roquejacquelain that i  
readed in the last period seemed to have a great link with what  
concerned me.<sup>5</sup> he wos one of the vandean leaders, he died on  
the twenty-first year of his age to support the king's party. i  
considered his harangue too his soldiers at the moment of a  
combat; if I go further, he said, follow me, if i step back kill me, if i  
die avenge me. the last book i read was a history of shipwrecks,  
that lerot had lent me. i seen that when sailors lacked of  
provisions. they made a sacrifice of someone ofthem, that they  
ate him to save the rest of the crew, i thought myself: i will  
sacrifice myself too for my father ; everything seemed to invite me  
at this action. even until the mistery of redemption, i even thought  
that it was easier to understand, i said: our lord jesus-chrit died on  
the cross to save men, to redeem them from the devyl's slavery,  
from sinn, and from eternol damnation, he was god, he was the  
one who had to punish the men who had offended him ; he could

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<sup>5</sup> Henri de la Rocquejacquelein (1772-1794) was one of the generals of the Vandéan insurrection during the French Revolution who died during a battle against the Republicans at only 21 years old.

lui qui devait punir les hommes qui l'avaient offensé ; il pouvait donc leur pardonner sans souffrir ces choses ; mais moi je ne peux délivrer mon père qu'en mourant pour lui. lorsque j'entendis dire que près de cinquante personnes avaient pleuré lorsque mon père avait chanté l'eau bénite, je dit en moi-même : si des étrangers qui n'y sont pour rien pleurent, que ne dois-je pas faire moi qui suis son fils. je pris donc cette affreuse resolution, je me déterminai à les tuer tous trois ; les deux premières parce qu'ils s'accordaient pour faire souffrir mon père, pour le petit j'avais deux raisons, l'une parce qu'il aimait ma mère et ma soeur l'autre parce que je craignais qu'en ne tuant que les deux autres, que mon père quoique en ayant une grande horreur ne me regrettât encore lorsqu'il saurait que je mourut pour lui, je savais qu'il aimait cet enfant qui avait de l'intelligence, je me pensai il aura une telle horreur de moi qu'il se rejouira de ma mort, et par là exempt de regrets il vivra plus heureux. ayant donc pris ces funestes resolutions je resolut de les mettre en execution. j'eut d'abord l'intention d'écrire toute la vie de mon père et de ma mère a peu près telle quelle est écrite ici de mettre au commencement un annonce du fait, et à la fin mes raisons de le commettre, et les

therefore forgive without suffering those things ; but i can free my father only dying for him. when i heard that around fifty people had cried when my father had sung the holy water, i said in myself : if strangers who have nothing to do with it cry, what should i not do i his son. i therefore took this ghastly resolution, i took the decision of killing the three of them ; the first too because they agreed to make my father suffer, for the youngest i had two reasons, on the one hand because he loved my mother and sister on the other hand because i feared that by killing only the two others, that my father even though he would find me detestable could still regret me when he would know that i died for him, i knew he loved this child who had intelligence, i thought myself he would find me some detestable that he would be delighted about my death, and thus exempt from regrets he would live more happily. having therefore taken these lugubrious resolutions, i reconciled myself to implement them. at first i had the intention to write all of my father's life and my mother's roughly as it is written here to put at the beginning an announcement of the fact, and in the end my reasons of committing it, and the wrong that i had the intention of causing to the justice, that i was defying it, that i was

95	niarges que j'avais intention de faire à la justice, que je la bravais, que je m'immortalisais, et tout cela ; ensuite de commettre mon action, d'aller porter mon écrit à la poste, et puis prendre un fusil que j'aurais caché d'avance et de me tuer ; je m'étais levé quelques nuits pour lire le catéchisme de Montpellier ; sous prétexte de faire la même chose je me levai et je commençai à écrire l'annonce du commencement, mais dès le lendemain ma sœur s'en aperçut, je	immortalizing myself, and everything ; then to commit my action, to bring my written work to the post office, and then to take a rifle that i would have hidden previously and to kill myself ; i had waken up some nights to read Montpellier's catechism <sup>6</sup> ; on the pretext to do the same thing i woke up and I started to write the announcement of the beginning, but as soon as the day after my sister realized it, i told her then that i was writing my father and my mother's lives to present it to the judges or even to a lawyer that my father would consult to show how the manner in which he was treated with my mother or even that we content ourselves by reading it in front of the people we know. my sister and it was loved wanted to see what was already written, i was very careful not to show her, because it was the announcement of the beginning. she came back a bit after with my father and Quevillon, i hid it, she said : is it really impossible for us to see that ? i said that she needed to wait until more of it was written. but afraid that someone would read it i burnt it and i thought that i would write the life without hiding from anyone and that i would secretly put the reasons of
100	lui dit alors que j'écrivais la vie de mon père et de ma mère pour la présenter aux juges ou bien à un avocat que mon père irait consulter pour faire voir la manière dont il était traité avec ma mère ou bien même qu'on se contenterait de lire cela devant ceux de notre connaissance. ma sœur et c'était aimée voulut voir ce	my father would consult to show how the manner in which he was treated with my mother or even that we content ourselves by reading it in front of the people we know. my sister and it was loved wanted to see what was already written, i was very careful not to show her, because it was the announcement of the beginning. she came back a bit after with my father and Quevillon, i hid it, she said : is it really impossible for us to see that ? i said that she needed to wait until more of it was written. but afraid that someone would read it i burnt it and i thought that i would write the life without hiding from anyone and that i would secretly put the reasons of
105	qu'il y en avait déjà écrit, je me gardais bien de lui montrer, car c'était l'annonce du commencement. elle revint un peu après avec mon père et Quevillon, je le cachai, elle dit : il est donc impossible que l'on voie cela ? je dit qu'il fallait attendre qu'il y en eût plus écrit. mais craignant qu'on ne lût cette annonce je la brûlais et je	my father would consult to show how the manner in which he was treated with my mother or even that we content ourselves by reading it in front of the people we know. my sister and it was loved wanted to see what was already written, i was very careful not to show her, because it was the announcement of the beginning. she came back a bit after with my father and Quevillon, i hid it, she said : is it really impossible for us to see that ? i said that she needed to wait until more of it was written. but afraid that someone would read it i burnt it and i thought that i would write the life without hiding from anyone and that i would secretly put the reasons of
110	pensai que j'écrirais la vie sans me cacher de personne et que je	my father would consult to show how the manner in which he was treated with my mother or even that we content ourselves by reading it in front of the people we know. my sister and it was loved wanted to see what was already written, i was very careful not to show her, because it was the announcement of the beginning. she came back a bit after with my father and Quevillon, i hid it, she said : is it really impossible for us to see that ? i said that she needed to wait until more of it was written. but afraid that someone would read it i burnt it and i thought that i would write the life without hiding from anyone and that i would secretly put the reasons of

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<sup>6</sup> The 'Catéchisme de Montpellier' [Catechism of Montpellier] is a book by Charles-Joachim Colbert first published in 1702 and reedited several times in the 18th century. It is supposed to reveal the mysteries of faith.

115	mettrais secretement les raisons de la fin et du commencement après que cette vie serait ecrite. je me levai donc une nuit ou deux pour ecire mais je dormit presque toujours et je ne put ecire que peu de chose. alors je prit une autre résolution, je renoncai a ecire,	the beginning and the end after having writing this life. i therefore woke up a night or two to write but i slept almost always and i only managd to write a few thing. therefore i taken another reesolution, i renounced to writ, and i thought that after the murder i would come to vire, that i would let myself get caught by
120	et je pensai qu'après le meurtre je viendrais a vire, que je me ferais prendre par le procureur du roi ou par le commissaire de police ; ensuite que je ferais mes declarations que je mourrais pour mon père, qu'on avait beau soutenir les femmes, que cella ne triompherait pas, que mon père serait desormais tranquille et heureux ; je pensais que je dirais aussi : autrefois on vit des jael contre des sisara, des judith contre des holophernes, des charlotte corday contre des marat ; maintenant il faudra que ce soient les hommes qui emploient cette manie, ce sont les femmes qui commandent à present, ce beau siecle qui se dit siecle de lumière,	the king's prosecutor or by the police commissioner ; then i would do my dyclarations that i would die for my father, that we may support women, thos would not triumph, that my father would henseforth be peaceful and happy ; i thought that I would also say : once upon a time we saw jaels against sisaras <sup>7</sup> , judiths against holopherns <sup>8</sup> , charlotte cordays against marats <sup>9</sup> ; from now on it is men who need to employ this mania, women are the ones ruling naw, this beautiful sentury which says it is the enlightenmnt, this nation which seems to have a likin for freedom
125	ce nation qui semble avoir tant de gout pour la liberté et pour la gloire, obéit aux femmes, les romains étaient bien mieux civilisés,	and for glory, obeys to women, the romans were much more civilized, the hurons and the hottentots, the algonquins <sup>10</sup> , these

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<sup>7</sup> It is a reference to the biblical episode contained in *The Book of Judges* in which Sisera, after having lost his battle against Barac, takes shelter in Yaël's house, the wife of one of his ex-allies. She betrays him and kills him in his sleep.

<sup>8</sup> Rivière make a reference to the biblical story of the *Old Testament*, in which Judith seduces Holofernes, one of Nebuchadnezzar's generals, and kills him in his tent to avoid the destruction of her nation.

<sup>9</sup> Charlotte Corday is a figure of the French Revolution. She was a young Norman girl who left Normandy to go to Paris and kill the Jacobin leader Marat. She killed him in his bath on 13 July 1793.

<sup>10</sup> The Hurons and the Algonquins were Indians living in North America. The Hottentots are a people of Southern Africa.

130	<p>les hurons et les hottentots, les alquongins, ces peuples qu'on dit idiots, le sont même beaucoup mieux, jamais ils n'ont avili la force, ce sont toujours été les plus forts de corps qui ont toujours fait la loi chez eux. je pensais que ce serait une grande gloire pour moi d'avoir des pensées opposées à tous mes juges, de disputer contre le monde entier, je me représentais bonaparte en 1815. je me disais aussi : cet homme a fait périr des milliers de personnes pour satisfaire de vains caprices, il n'est donc pas juste que je laisse vivre</p>	<p>peoples that we call idiots, are even better, never have they depreciated strength, the stronger bodies have always ruled round their places. i thought it would be a great glory for me to have thoughts that were opposed to all my judges, to argue against the whole world, i represented myself as bonaparte in 1815.<sup>11</sup> i also thought : this man slayed thousands of people to satisfy vain tantrums, it is therefore unfair for me to let a woman who is troubling my fater's peace and happiness live. i thought the time had come for me to raise, that my name would make noise in the world, that through my death I would cover myself with glory, and that in the coming times, my ideas would be adopted and my apology would be made. therefore i took this tragic reesolution.</p>
135	<p>une femme qui trouble la tranquillité et le bonheur de mon père. je pensai de l'occasion était venue de m'élever, que mon nom allait faire du bruit dans le monde, que par ma mort je me couvrirais de gloire, et que dans les temps à venir, mes idées seraient adoptées et qu'on ferait l'apologie de moi. ainsi je pris donc cette funeste</p>	<p>[...] noon came and she left to milk the cows with my beloved sister. my broter jule was back from school. taking the opportunity i graspd the billhook, i came into my mother's house and committed this terrible crime, startin with my moter, then my</p>
140	<p>resolution. [...] le midi vint et elle s'en alla traire les vaches avec ma soeur aimée. mon frère jule était revenu de l'école. profitant de cette occasion je saisis la serpe, j'entrai dans la maison de ma mère et je commis ce crime affreux, en commençant par ma mère, ensuite ma soeur et mon petit frère, après cela je redoublai mes</p>	<p>sister and my younger broter, strove doubly hard, marie, Nativel's sister-in-law came in, ah what are you doing, she told me, step</p>

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<sup>11</sup> The author is probably referring to Napoleon's surprising return in 1815 after his defeat in Russia. He recreated an army in March and decided to invade the Allies and was thus 'against the whole world'. The sacrifice mentioned by Rivière might be the thousands of deaths provoked by Napoleon both in Russia and during the Battle of Waterloo.

145	coups, marie, belle-mère de Nativel entra, ah que fais-tu, me dit-elle, otez vous de là, lui dis-je, ou je vous en fais tout autant. ensuite je sortit dans la cour et m'adressant a Nativel je lui dit :	aside, i told her, or i will do the same to you. Then i whent out in the yard and talking to Natival i told her: miché pay attention to the fact that my g-m does not hurt herself, she can be happy now, i die to give her peace and calmness back, i told to aimmé lerot
150	tranquillité, je m'adressai aussi a aimée lerot, et a pôtel domestique chez lerot, prenez garde, leurs dis-je, que mon père et ma g-m ne se fasse du mal, je meure pour leur rendre la paix et la tranquillité. ensuite je me mis en route pour venir à vire, comme je voulais avoir la gloire d'y annoncer le premier cette nouvelle je ne voulut pas	too, and to pôtel maid at lerot's, pay attention to the fact that my father and my g-m do not hurt themselves, i die to give them peace and calmness back. then I set off to come to vire, as i wanted to have the glory to break the news first i did not want to come through aunay's ton, as i feared to be arrested. i decided to go through aunay's woods, through a path where i had come
155	aller par le boug d'aunay, craignant d'y être arrêté. je resolut d'aller par les bois d'aunay, par un chemin ou j'avais été plusieurs fois qui passe prés d'un endroit appelé les vergées, et pour me rendre sur le chemin de vire au dessus du village des pieds du bois d'aunay, je pris donc ce chemin là et je jettai ma serpe dans un blé prés la	several times which is clos to a place caled les vergées, and to go to vire's path above the village at the bottom of aunay's woods, i therefore took tis path and i throwed my billhook in a wheat near la fauctrie and leaved. while I was leaving i felt this bravery fading and this idea of glory that animated me, and when i get farther, i
160	fauctrie et m'en allait. en m'en allant je sentis s'affaiblir ce courage et cette idée de gloire qui m'animait, et quand je fut plus loin, j'arrivais dans les bois je reprit tout-a-fait ma raison, ah, est-il possible, me dis-je, monstre que je suis ! infortunées victimes ! est-il possible que j'aye fait cela, non ce n'est qu'un rêve ! ah ce n'est	arrived in the woods i found my reason compleetely back, ah, can i possibly have done that, i said to myself, what a monster am i! unfortunate victims! can i possibly have done that, no it is only a dream ! ah it is too true ! depths half-open under my feet, let earth swallow me up ; i cried, rolled on the floor, lay out, observed

165	que trop vrai ! abîmes entrouverez-vous sous mes pieds, terre engloutissez-moi ; je pleurai, je me roulai par terre, je me couchai, je considèrai les lieux les bois, j'y étais venu d'autre fois. hélas, me dis-je, pensai-je que je m'y trouverais un jour dans cet état : pauvre mère, pauvre soeur, coupables, si on le veut en quelque sorte, mais	the place the woods, i came here before. alas, i thought, could i have imagined coming here in this in such a mood : poor moter, poor sister, guilty, maybe in some ways, but did they ever have such disgraceful ideas as mine, poor unfortunate child, who used to come with me to the plough, who led the horse, who already
170	ont-ils jamais eu des idées aussi indignes que les miennes, pauvre malheureux enfant, qui venait avec moi à la charrue, qui menait le cheval, qui hersait déjà bien tout seul, ils sont anéantis pour toujours ces malheureux ! jamais ils ne reparaîtront ! ah ciel, pourquoi m'avez vous donné l'existence, pourquoi me la conservez-	knew to harrow by himself , they are annihilated forever, those unfortunate people ! never will they come back! ah heavens, why did you gave me life, why do leave it to me any long-er. i did not stay long in this place , i could not remain there at the same place, my regrets rather faded as i walked. [...]
175	vous encore plus long-temps. j'ai ne restai pas long-temps dans cette endroit, je ne pouvais rester posé à la même place, mes regrets se dissipèrent plutôt en marchant. [...]	
	Le présent manuscrit commencé le 10 juillet 1835 dans la maison d'arrêt de Vire, et fini au même lieu le 21 du même mois.	The present manuscript started on 10th July 1835 in the detention house of Vire, and finished at the same place on the 21 of the same month.
180	Pre RIVIÈRE.	Pre Rivière.

## Map of Pierre Rivière's journey in Lower Normandy



### Legend

- House of Pierre Rivière's mother. Place of the crime (3<sup>rd</sup> June 1835).
- City in which Rivière fully confessed his crime and wrote his memoir (10<sup>th</sup> to 21<sup>st</sup> July 1835).
- City of Rivière's trial. Sentenced to death on 12<sup>th</sup> November 1836 by the Calvados Assize Court. Imprisoned (1836-1840) and committed suicide in the Prison of Beaulieu (October 1840).
- Pierre Rivière's wandering (3<sup>rd</sup> June – beginning of July 1835).

<b>Student Number</b>	17317724
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Source Text		Target Text	
<b>Title</b>	<i>Il Barone Rampante</i>	<b>Title</b>	<i>La Chanson du Baron</i>
<b>Year Published</b>	1957		
<b>Author</b>	Italo Calvino		
<b>Language</b>	Italian	<b>Language</b>	French
<b>Word Count</b>	1354	<b>Word Count</b>	848
<b>Description of Source Text (200 words max)</b> <i>what is the source text like (genre, register, tone, dialect, rhythm, alliteration, word order, and other poetic devices)?</i>	<p>This extract is taken from the philosophical tale <i>Il barone rampante</i> set in the 1790s. It narrates the story of Cosimo, a twelve-year old boy, who decided to live top of a tree after his parents unsuccessfully tried to make him eat fried snails for dinner. Cosimo grows up in the trees. He is the homodiegetic narrator of the text. The 27th chapter introduces Cosimo's encounter with the French troops and the lieutenant Agrippa Papillon characterized by his military incompetence (l.34, 132) and his sentimentality in his tirades (l.108-115). Cosimo tries to help the French army in its fight against their enemies: he advises for them to create a camouflage so as not to be seen in the forest. But the men start being invaded by Nature, and Cosimo has to have recourse to louses to save them from this invasion. The text is written in standard Italian, with few occurrences of French (l.15) and unformal Italian (l.90 'v'ho'). Irony is omnipresent in the text. Cosimo, who is supposed to be antisystem, actually knows more about the military system than the lieutenant. He controls everything, and this is shown spatially: he lives in the trees, sees everything and comments everything.</p>		
<b>Strategy (200 words max)</b> <i>what have you decided to do in your translation and why?</i>	<p>The themes of the extract made it ideal for a translation as a mock-heroic poem defined as 'a form of satire that adapts the elevated heroic style of the classical epic poem to a trivial subject' (Encyclopaedia Britannica, online). The trivial subject is the incompetence of the French army and their lieutenant depending on the anti-system protagonist, Cosimo. The expected target audience would be teenagers aged 12 to 16. Using this genre into French can additionally be seen as a reference to the history of Italian literature, Italy being one of the mock-epic birth countries (Robertson, 2009, p.6). Concerning the poetical form used, I merged the narrative into decasyllables, typically used in mock-heroic poems into French, as in Voltaire's <i>La Pucelle d'Orléans</i> (D'Hulst, 1990, p.196). I translated the poem using rhyming couplets ('jadis' and 'Adonis' v.1) and added 8 introductive verses in order to introduce the context and the protagonist as one would usually find in epic poems with 'familiar epic devices of set speeches [...] as</p>		

	<p>well as infinitely detailed descriptions of the protagonist's activities' (Encyclopaedia Britannica, online).</p>
<p><b>Critical Reflection (200 words max)</b>  <i>what could have been done differently to achieve your goal more effectively?</i></p>	<p>The strategy seems to have emphasized effectively the key aspects of the ST through the genre shift. I emphasized the opposition between the intelligence of Cosimo and the incompetence of the French army in order to reinforce the mock-heroic poem's characteristics in the TT (as v.44-45). The comical and satirical aspects of the text are particularly enhanced by the poetic form, as seen on v.11-12. Papillon's tirades have been translated as literally as possible as they already fit the genre: he proclaims ridiculous sentences (v.109-110) using a very formal speech. The TT also seems adapted to the target audience (teenagers) as the poetic form somehow makes the ST's content more accessible. The rhymes and decasyllables create a rhythm which helps following and focusing on the subtleties of the plot. Furthermore the poetic form compelled me to explicitate some of the implicit elements in order to be more straightforward. I used the dictionary of synonyms <i>CRISCO</i> (online) and the <i>Dictionnaire des rimes</i> [Dictionary of rhymes] in order to translate in rhyming couplets.</p>
<p><b>References</b></p>	<p>D'Hulst, Lieven, <i>Cent ans de théorie française de la traduction: De Batteux à Littré (1748-1847)</i> (Villeneuve-d'Ascq : Presses Universitaires de Lille, 1990).  Encyclopaedia Britannica [online], 'Mock-epic', <a href="https://www.britannica.com/art/mock-epic">https://www.britannica.com/art/mock-epic</a>, [accessed 20 May 2018].  Robertson, Ritchie, <i>Mock-Epic Poetry from Pope to Heine</i> (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 2009).  Université de Caen Basse-Normandie, 'Dictionnaire Electronique des Synonymes (DES)', <i>CRISCO</i> [online] <a href="http://www.crisco.unicaen.fr/des/">http://www.crisco.unicaen.fr/des/</a> [accessed 12 May 2018].  Dictionnaire des rimes, 'Rimes', <i>Dictionnaire des rimes</i> [online] <a href="https://www.dicodesrimes.com/">https://www.dicodesrimes.com/</a> [accessed 12 May 2018]</p>

1	Comandava l'avamposto il tenente Agrippa Papillon, da Rouen, poeta, volontario nell'Armata repubblicana. Persuaso della generale bontà della natura, il tenente Papillon non voleva che i suoi soldati si scrollassero gli aghi di pino, i ricci di castagna, i rametti, le foglie, le lumache che s'attaccavano loro addosso	Tous les héros que nous chantâmes jadis Brillaient par leurs victoires, tel Adonis ; Celui que dans ces vers vanterons Jamais n'a resplendi par ses actions.
5	nell'attraversare il bosco. E la pattuglia stava già tanto fondendosi con la natura circostante che ci voleva proprio il mio occhio esercitato per scorgerla.	Citoyen de la forêt, Ô jamais Descendre de son arbre il n'a daigné. Agissant dans l'ombre, maître de lui-même, Il soumit le monde à ses stratagèmes
10	Tra i suoi soldati bivaccanti, l'ufficiale-poeta, coi lunghi capelli inanellati che gli incorniciavano il magro viso sotto il cappello a lucerna, declamava ai boschi: - O foresta! O notte! Eccomi in vostra balia! Un tenero ramo di capelvenere, avvinghiato alla caviglia di questi prodi soldati, potrà dunque fermare il destino della Francia? O Valmy! Quanto sei lontana!	Un jour, de son bosquet, il aperçut L'Armée Républicaine, peu convaincue. À sa tête, le poète de ces bois, Agrippa Papillon. Quel nom adéquat ! Volontaire, de Rouen, il était venu Avec ses hommes explorer l'inconnu.
15	Mi feci avanti: - Pardon, citoyen. - Che? Chi è là? - Un patriota di questi boschi, cittadino ufficiale. - Ah! Qui? Dov'è? - Dritto sul vostro naso, cittadino ufficiale. - Vedo! Che è là? Un uomo-uccello, un figlio delle Arpie! Siete forse	Lorsque Mère Nature les attaquait, Il disait : Interdit de riposter ! Les aiguilles, bogues et branchages Sans cesse leur obstruaient le passage. À la Nature ils s'étaient tant mêlés Que seul un Lynx eût pu les discerner.
20	una creatura mitologica?	

- Sono il cittadino Rondò, figlio d'esseri umani, v'assicuro, sia da parte di padre che di madre, cittadino ufficiale. Anzi, ebbi per madre un valoroso soldato, ai tempi delle guerre di Successione.

25 - Capisco. O tempi, o gloria. Vi credo, cittadino, e sono ansioso d'ascoltare le notizie che sembrate venute ad annunziarmi.

- Una pattuglia austriaca sta penetrando nelle vostre linee!

- Che dite? È la battaglia! È l'ora! O ruscello, mite ruscello, ecco, tra poco sarai tinto di sangue! Suvvia! All'armi!

Ai comandi del tenente-poeta, gli usseri andavano radunando armi e robe, ma si muovevano in modo così sventato e fiacco, stirandosi, 30 scattarrando, imprecando, che cominciai a esser preoccupato della loro efficienza militare.

- Cittadino ufficiale, avete un piano?

- Un piano? Marciare sul nemico!

35 - Sì, ma come?

- Come? A ranghi serrati!

- Ebbene, se permettete un consiglio, io terrei i soldati fermi, in ordine sparso, lasciando che la pattuglia nemica s'intrappoli da sé.

Il tenente Papillon era uomo accomodante e non fece obiezioni al 40 mio piano. Gli usseri, sparsi nel bosco, mal si distinguevano da

Cosimo perché dans son arbre épiait  
Agrippa Papillon lorsqu'il clamait :  
« Ô forêt, nuit, toutes puissances :  
Se pourrait-il qu'une douce branche  
Immobilise seule ainsi la France ? »  
Cosimo, sensible à leurs souffrances,  
Immédiatement l'interpella :  
« Citoyen officiel, me voici là, officier ?  
Sempiternel patriote des bois. »  
Papillon, face à cette présentation,  
Chercha ses mots, se posa mille questions :  
« Etes-vous une présence féerique,  
Venue droit d'un récit mythologique ?  
Je suis un citoyen tout comme vous,  
Mais perché sur mon arbre, je vois tout :  
L'armée autrichienne est à vos trousses,  
De vos lignes, je viens à la rescousse !  
Ô doux ruisseau, voilà donc la bataille :  
Demain tu seras rouge des représailles  
Aux armes, citoyens et au combat ! »

cespi di verzura, e il tenente austriaco certo era il meno adatto ad afferrare questa differenza. La pattuglia imperiale marciava seguendo l'itinerario tracciato sulla carta, con ogni tanto un brusco «per fila destr!» o «per fila sinistr!» » Così passarono sotto il naso degli usseri francesi senza accorgersene. Gli usseri, silenziosi, propagando intorno solo rumori naturali come stormir di fronde e frulli d'ali, si disposero in manovra aggirante. Dall'alto degli alberi io segnalavo loro con il fischio della coturnice o il grido della civetta gli spostamenti delle truppe nemiche e le scorciatoie che dovevano prendere. Gli austriaci, all'oscuro di tutto, erano in trappola.

- Alto là! In nome della libertà, fraternità e uguaglianza, vi dichiaro tutti prigionieri! - sentirono gridare tutt'a un tratto, da un albero, ed apparve tra i rami un'ombra umana che brandiva un fucilaccio dalla lunga canna.

- Urràh! Vive la Nation! - e tutti i cespugli intorno si rivelarono usseri francesi, con alla testa il tenente Papillon.

Risuonarono cupe imprecazioni austrosarde, ma prima che avessero potuto reagire erano già stati disarmati. Il tenente austriaco, pallido ma a fronte alta, consegnò la spada al collega

Hélas, l'efficacité des soldats  
Mettait Cosimo bien dans l'embarras :  
Ils ne faisaient que s'étirer, jurer,  
Cracher. Et Papillon, inexercé,  
D'un grand stratège n'avait que la figure  
« Nous marcherons sur l'ennemi, pour sûr  
En rangs serrés, nous le repousserons ! »  
Cosimo doutait de son opinion :  
« Laissez-les dispersés dans la forêt,  
L'ennemi aveuglé sera piégé ! »  
Le lieutenant ne fit point d'objection.  
Le plan de Cosimo mis en action,  
Les hussards se mêlèrent aux buissons,  
Et les Autrichiens eurent l'illusion  
D'un bois abandonné et silencieux,  
D'autant qu'ils ne connaissaient pas les lieux :  
Bruissements de feuilles, battements d'ailes,  
Cosimo était un professionnel.  
Perché sur son arbre, il communiquait  
Les déplacements de l'autre armée.

nemico.

Diventai un prezioso collaboratore dell'Armata repubblicana, ma preferivo far le mie cacce da solo, valendomi dell'aiuto degli animali della foresta, come la volta in cui misi in fuga una colonna austriaca scaraventando loro addosso un nido di vespe.

La mia fama s'era sparsa nel campo austrosardo, amplificata al punto che si diceva che il bosco pullulasse di giacobini armati nascosti in cima agli alberi. Andando, le truppe reali ed imperiali tendevano l'orecchio: al più lieve tonfo di castagna sgranata dal riccio o al più sottile squittio di scoiattolo, già si vedevano circondati dai giacobini, e cambiavano strada. A questo modo, provocando rumori e frusci! appena percettibili, facevo deviare le colonne piemontesi e austriache e riuscivo a condurle dove volevo.

Un giorno ne portai una in una fitta macchia spinosa, e ve la feci perdere. Nella macchia era nascosta una famiglia di cinghiali; stanati dai monti dove tuonava il cannone, i cinghiali scendevano a branchi a rifugiarsi nei boschi più bassi. Gli austriaci smarriti marciavano senza vedere a un palmo dal naso, e tutt'a un tratto un branco di cinghiali irsuti si levò sotto i loro piedi, emettendo grugniti lancinanti. Proiettati a grifo avanti i bestioni si cacciavano

Rapidement l'ennemi fut piégé :

« Halte-là, au nom de la liberté, l'Egalité,  
La fraternité, vous êtes prisonniers ! »

Son pauvre fusil, las, sur le côté,

Papillon enfin les avait vaincus.

Les soldats français chantèrent émus :

« Hourrah, vive la Nation française ! »

Et les Autrichiens, peu à leur aise,

Pestèrent avant d'être désarmés,

Leur lieutenant, interdit, en dernier.

Cosimo, bien qu'éternel solitaire,

Ne cessa d'aider ces militaires,

Agissant seul ou avec les bêtes

Qui habitaient cette forêt secrète.

Sa réputation en fit la terreur

Des bois alentours ou même d'ailleurs.

On y disait que le bois pullulait

De Jacobins très bien dissimulés ;

Au moindre craquement inattendu,

L'ennemi déguerpissait, éperdu

<p>tra le ginocchia d'ogni soldato sbalzandolo inaria, e calpestavano i caduti con una valanga d'appuntiti zoccoli, e infilavano zannate nelle pance. L'intero battaglione fu travolto. Appostato sugli alberi insieme ai miei compagni, li inseguivamo a colpi di fucile. Quelli che 85 tornarono al campo, raccontarono chi d'un terremoto che aveva d'improvviso squassato sotto i loro piedi il terreno spinoso, chi d'una battaglia contro una banda di giacobini scaturiti da sotterra, perché questi giacobini altro non erano che diavoli, mezzo uomo e mezzo bestia, che vivevano o sugli alberi o nel fondo dei cespugli.</p> <p>90 V'ho detto che preferivo compiere i miei colpi da solo, o con quei pochi compagni d'Ombrosa rifugiatisi con me nei boschi dopo la vendemmia. Con l'Armata francese cercavo d'aver a che fare meno che potevo, perché gli eserciti si sa come sono, ogni volta che si muovono combinano disastri. Però m'ero affezionato</p> <p>95 all'avamposto del tenente Papillon, ed ero non poco preoccupato per la sua sorte. Infatti, al plotone comandato dal poeta, l'immobilità del fronte minacciava d'essere fatale. Muschi e licheni crescevano sulle divise dei soldati, e talvolta anche eriche e felci; in cima ai colbacchi facevano il nido gli scriccioli, o spuntavano e 100 fiorivano piante di mughetto; gli stivali si saldavano col terriccio in</p>	<p>Cosimo contrôlait son habitat Sans que jamais on ne le repérât. Un jour une compagnie autrichienne Fut piégée pour sa plus grande peine Dans des broussailles emplies de sangliers Et un à un ils furent piétinés Par les sabots tranchants des bêtes sauvages, En plus des coups de fusil au passage Que Cosimo et tous ses compagnons Leur tiraient du sommet, leur nouveau front On entendit par la suite, mensonges Déformations et histoires à rallonge : Ils avaient été soudain attaqués Par des Jacobins forts singuliers. Cosimo, bien que pacifique dans l'âme, S'inquiétait pour les hommes d'arme L'immobilité s'était installée Sur les uniformes, le lichen poussait Sur les toques, nids d'oiseaux et muguet Fleurissaient sur les hommes désœuvrés</p>
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<p>uno zoccolo compatto: tutto il plotone stava per mettere radici. L'arrendevolezza verso la natura del tenente Agrippa Papillon faceva sprofondare quel manipolo di valorosi in un amalgama animale e vegetale.</p> <p>105 Bisognava svegliarli. Ma come? Ebbi un'idea e mi presentai al tenente Papillon per proporgliela. Il poeta stava declamando alla luna.</p> <p>- O luna! Tonda come una bocca da fuoco, come una palla di cannone che, esausta ormai la spinta delle polveri, continua la sua</p> <p>110 lenta traiettoria rotolando silenziosa per i cieli! Quando deflagherai, luna, sollevando un'alta nube di polvere e faville, sommergendo gli eserciti nemici, e i troni, e aprendo a me una breccia di gloria nel muro compatto della scarsa considerazione in cui mi tengono i miei concittadini! O Rouen! O luna! O sorte! O</p> <p>115 Convenzione! O rane! O fanciulle! O vita mia!</p> <p>E io: - Citoyen...</p> <p>Papillon, seccato d'essere sempre interrotto, disse secco: - Ebbene?</p> <p>- Volevo dire, cittadino ufficiale, che ci sarebbe il sistema di</p> <p>120 svegliare i vostri uomini da un letargo ormai pericoloso.</p>	<p>Et le peloton peu à peu sombrait</p> <p>Quand on entendit le poète clamer :</p> <p>« Ô Lune, ronde comme une bouche à feu</p> <p>Tel un boulet de canon dans les cieux</p> <p>Lorsque soudain, ah, tu exploseras,</p> <p>Les trônes ennemis tu submergeras,</p> <p>Etincelles et nuages de poussières</p> <p>Forgeront ma gloire en un éclair.</p> <p>Ô Rouen ! Ô lune ! Ô sort ! Ô convention !</p> <p>Ô jeunes filles ! Ô les passions ! »</p> <p>Cosimo embêté l'interrompit</p> <p>« Ils doivent sortir de cette léthargie</p> <p>Ou leur perte sera inévitable</p> <p>Oh, j'y suis on ne peut plus favorable :</p> <p>Je me languis de l'action, à l'attaque !</p> <p>Comment se sortir de ce cul-de-sac ?</p> <p>Pour cela, une seule solution :</p> <p>Les poux, pour un peu de provocation !</p> <p>Citoyen, tous les poux sont morts de faim :</p> <p>Ou alors en avez-vous sous la main ?</p>
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- Lo volesse il Cielo, cittadino. Io, come vedete, mi struggo per l'azione. E quale sarebbe questo sistema?

- Le pulci, cittadino ufficiale.

- Mi dispiace disilludervi, cittadino. L'esercito repubblicano non ha pulci. Sono tutte morte d'inedia per le conseguenze del blocco e il carovita.

- lo posso fornirvele, cittadino ufficiale.

- Non so se parlate da senno o per celia. Comunque, farò un esposto ai Comandi superiori, e si vedrà. Cittadino, io vi ringrazio per quello che voi fate per la causa repubblicana! O gloria! O Rouen! O pulci! O luna! - e s'allontanò farneticando.

Compresi che dovevo agire di mia iniziativa. Mi provvidi d'una gran quantità di pulci, e dagli alberi, appena vedevo un ussero francese, con la cerbottana glie ne tiravo una addosso, cercando con la mia precisa mira di fargliela entrare nel colletto. Poi cominciai a cospargerne tutto il reparto, a manciate. Erano missioni pericolose, perché se fossi stato colto sul fatto, a nulla mi sarebbe valsa la fama di patriota: m'avrebbero preso prigioniero, portato in Francia e ghigliottinato come un emissario di Pitt.

Invece, il mio intervento fu provvidenziale: il prurito delle pulci

Je ne sais si vous blaguez, mon ami,  
Mais notre République vous remercie  
Ô Rouen ! Ô lune ! Ô amis poux ! »

Aussi Cosimo lança là-dessous  
Les poux de sa sarbacane brandie,  
Visant de ses coups rapides et précis.  
Les troupes furent touchées par poignées.  
Si par grand malheur il eût échoué,  
On l'aurait guillotiné sans procès  
Mais son action, malgré les soupçons  
Se révéla la meilleure solution.  
Les soldats, pris par les démangeaisons,  
S'épouillèrent ensemble à l'unisson.  
Leurs sac-à-dos couverts de champignons,  
Abandonnés, tout comme les araignées,  
Ils se lavaient, se rasaient, se peignaient,  
Enfin, regagnaient leur civilité.

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riaccese acuto negli usseri l'umano e civile bisogno di grattarsi, di frugarsi, di spidocchiarsi; buttavano all'aria gli indumenti muschiosi, gli zaini ed i fardelli ricoperti di funghi e ragnatele, si lavavano, si radevano, si pettinavano, insomma riprendevano coscienza della loro umanità individuale, e li riguadagnava il senso della civiltà, dell'affrancamento dalla natura bruta.

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