

Beginnings

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Literary Translation Portfolio

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Contents

1	<i>Des noms/On Surnames</i>	6
2	<i>La Cantatrice chauve/The Bald Soprano</i>	18
3	<i>Le Mangeur de livres/The Book-Eater</i>	29
4	<i>Axolotl/Axolotl</i>	37
5	<i>Burocracia/Bureaucracy</i>	46
6	<i>El Día que se perdió la cordura/The Day Sanity was Lost</i>	51
7	<i>Heartstopper/Heartstopper</i>	55
8	<i>Renga/Renga</i>	65
	<i>Appendix</i>	73

Introduction

Although I did not set out to create a body of translation unified under a single theme, by happenstance, it has occurred that each of the texts that I have included in the following translation portfolio are all in some way tied by the notion of beginnings: a happy coincidence, perhaps, given that this collection of translations also represents my own beginnings in the field of literary translation.

There are various types of beginnings to found in the pages to follow: the first works of several authors; the work of the first essayist; and even (to my knowledge) the first collaborative translation of the *Renga*.

This said, it is not the theme of beginnings that drew me to these texts. I think the real unifying theme would make for an overly ambiguous, and equally reductive Portfolio title. What I find

really relates these texts to each other, and to myself, is their display of humanity's spirit and imagination. The first text I chose, *Burocracia*, from Eduardo Galeano's beautifully written *El libro de los abrazos*, is an ironic, yet touching anecdote about human ignorance. Yet, the book begins with a much more hopeful passage, that I think speaks for the diversity and immensity of the human imagination. I think it fitting that I begin this portfolio of beginnings by quoting it:

El mundo

Un hombre del pueblo de Neguá, en la costa de Colombia, pudo subir al alto cielo.

A la vuelta contó. Dijo que había contemplado desde arriba, la vida humana.

Y dijo que somos un mar de fueguitos.

-El mundo es eso -reveló- un montón de gente, un mar de fueguitos.

Cada persona brilla con luz propia entre todas las demás.

No hay dos fuegos iguales. Hay fuegos grandes y fuegos chicos y fuegos de todos los colores. Hay gente de fuego sereno, que ni se entera del viento, y gente de fuego loco que llena el aire de chispas. Algunos fuegos, fuegos bobos, no alumbran ni queman; pero otros arden la vida con tanta pasión que no se puede mirarlos sin parpadear, y quien se acerca se enciende.

[The world

A man from the village of Neguá, on the coast of Colombia, was able to climb to the sky.

On his return he told the story. He said that he had contemplated human life from above.

And he said that we are a sea of little fires.

-The world is just that," he revealed, "a bunch of people, a sea of fireworks.

Each person shines with his own light among all the others.

No two fires are alike. There are big fires and small fires and fires of all colors. There are serene fire people, who don't even notice the wind, and crazy fire people who fill the air with sparks. Some fires, silly fires, do not light or burn; but others burn life with such passion that you cannot look at them without stopping, and whoever comes close to them is set on fire.]

Galeano, El libro de los abrazos, p.6.

Student Number	17328955	Text Number	1
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Source Text		Target Text	
Title	Des noms	Title	Of Names
Year Published	1580		
Author	Michel de Montaigne		
Language	French	Language	English
Word Count	1832	Word Count	2181
Description of Source Text • <i>understanding of source text</i> • <i>knowledge of genre within source contexts</i> • <i>situation of source text</i> <i>familiarity with the formal features of a text (language variation(s), register, dialect)</i> (200 words max)	Des noms [Of Names], is the forty-sixth chapter (or essay) of the first volume of Montaigne's Essais, published in 1580. Montaigne is considered to be the father of the modern essay form (O'Neill, 1985). In his <i>Essais</i> , he writes as a political skeptic and in each essay, takes into consideration a topic in order to demonstrate the lack of reason foregrounding the assumptions that shade our understanding of the world (Schaefer, 1979: p.513). In the essay in question, he undermines the importance that society accords to both surnames and the names of things. These essays are written in Middle French, and as such, lexicon and phonology often differs to that of modern French: in later standardisations of French 'de mesme' becomes 'de même', 'je sçay' becomes 'je sais' (ieg-ego.eu). As is frequent to his style, this essay of Montaigne's often relies on pointed anecdote and analogy, rhetorical questions, and the quotation of classical philosophers in Latin, in order to communicate and support his argument. Due to the topic in question, these anecdotes often mention many surnames.		
Strategy • <i>identification of translation problems</i> • <i>knowledge of genre within target context and situation of target text</i> • <i>justification of translation</i>	The target audience for this translation is the 2022 English-speaking university student who is studying Montaigne—and writings in Middle French— for the first time as part of a Bachelor's degree in French, and is to be included in a parallel translation/study guide. Due to the lexical and phonological differences of Middle French and Modern French, many students often have difficulty reading and understanding Montaigne's Essais. As such, this translation will aim to allow more accessible comprehension of the ST to the TA. To this end, my strategy will involve the following:		

<i>production of genre for target context</i> (200 words max)	• contemporary lexicon should be preferred over archaic lexicon. • etymologically related cognates should be preferred • explication of both historical references and events, where it is necessary for comprehension EXAMPLE ; this will be achieved through in-text additions (where additions explicate content), and footnotes (where additions explicate context). • the order and integrity of clauses should be maintained, making it easier for students to cross-reference between ST and TT using the commas as markers. • The inclusion of translations for the latin quotations, to be taken from the public domain. • Names that refer to specific people or groups, which are spelt differently in French, should be rendered in English form in brackets.
Critical Reflection • <i>textual analysis</i> (200 words max)	As a result of my explicative translation strategy, the TT was 339 words longer than the ST. Since a principal aim of my strategy was the student's comprehension of the ST, there was one instance in which it was necessary to leave the French untranslated, where I used brackets to provide translations (TT22-23). This was necessary because the English translations of these words did not begin with the letter 'M' and hence did not translate the meaning of the ST (that Emperor Geta was serving his meals according to the first letter of the names of the meats). Although additional explication measures (that were not part of my strategy) were possible, such as the translation of all proper names (Notre Dame La Grande [Our Lady the Great], for example), these would likely add no helpful clarification to students of French, and indeed, may have even made the cross-referencing between ST and TT more difficult (by removing the ability to use these names as visual reference points). By choosing to include Latin translations from the public domain, these translations themselves were often in need of explication themselves, and without this explication, may still be problematic to the student-TA.

Works Cited • <i>use of sources and reference material</i>	• http://ieg-ego.eu/en/threads/transnational-movements-and-organisations/internationalism/roland-wenzlhuemer-the-history-of-standardisation-in-europe • O'Neill, John. 1985. "The Essay as a Moral Exercise: Montaigne", <i>Renaissance and Reformation / Renaissance et Réforme</i> 9(3): 209-218. URL: https://www.jstor.org/stable/43444540 • Schaefer, David. 1979. "Montaigne's Political Skepticism:", <i>Polity</i> 11(4): 512-541. URL: https://www.jstor.org/stable/3234335
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Source Text

Des noms

Quelque diversité d'herbes qu'il y ait, tout s'enveloppe sous le nom de salade. De mesme, sous la consideration des noms, je m'en voy faire icy une galimafrée de divers articles. Chaque nation a quelques noms qui se prennent, je ne sçay comment, en mauvaise part: et à nous Jehan, Guillaume, Benoit. Item, il semble y avoir en la genealogie des Princes certains noms fatalement affectez: comme des Ptolomées à ceux A'egypte, de Henris en Angleterre, Charles en France, Baudoins en Flandres, et en nostre ancienne Aquitaine des Guillaumes, d'où l'on dict que le nom de Guienne est venu: par un froid rencontre, s'il n'en y avoit d'aussi cruds dans Platon mesme. Item, c'est une chose legiere, mais toutefois digne de memoire pour son estrangeté et escripte par tesmoing oculaire, que Henry, Duc de Normandie, fils de Henry second, Roy d'Angleterre, faisant un festin en France, l'assemblée de la noblesse y fut si grande que, pour passetemps, s'estant divisée en bandes par la ressemblance des noms: en la premiere troupe, qui fut des Guillaumes, il se trouva cent dix Chevaliers assis à table portans ce nom, sans mettre en conte les simples gentils-hommes et serviteurs. Il est autant plaisant de distribuer les tables par les noms des assistans, comme il estoit à l'Empereur Geta de faire distribuer le service de ses mets par la consideration des premieres lettres du nom des viandes: on servoyt

Target Text

On Names

1 However many types of vegetable there may be, they are all regarded
2 under the single name of salad. In the same way here, while considering
3 the nature of names, I will make a mix-up of different things. Every
4 nation has several names which, I don't know why, are taken to be bad:
5 Jehan, Guillaume, and Benoit, for example. Moreover, there seems to be
6 several names in the genealogy of Princes that have suffered this fate:
7 such as the Ptolomies of Egypt, the Henry's of England, the Charleses of
8 France, the Baudoins (or Baldwins) of Flanders, and in our ancient
9 Aquitaine, the Guillaumes, where the name Guienne is said to come
10 from: and this would be far-fetched were not for Plato, who in his
11 Ctratylus, figured so many similarly unlikely etymologies. Moreover, a
12 small matter but nonetheless worth remembering for its strangeness
13 and because it was noted by an eye-witness, is that of Henry Duke of
14 Normandy, son of Henry II, King of England, who, while holding a feast in
15 France, had so many nobles in attendance that, for fun, divided the
16 crowd up according to the likeness of their names: in the first group
17 were the Guillaumes, of which there were one hundred and ten sat at a
18 table with this name, without counting the ordinary gentlemen and
19 servants. It was just as amusing to seat these guests according to their
20 names, as it was for the Emperor Geta to have the courses of his meals

celles qui se commençoient par M: mouton, marcassin, merlus, marsoin; ainsi des autres. Item, il se dict qu'il faict bon avoir bon nom, c'est à dire credit et reputation; mais encore, à la verité, est-il commode d'avoir un nom beau et qui aisément se puisse prononcer et retenir, car les Roys et les grands nous en connoissent plus aisément et oublient plus mal volontiers; et, de ceux mesme qui nous servent, nous commandons plus ordinairement et employons ceux desquels les noms se presentent le plus facilement à la langue. J'ay veu le Roy Henry second ne pouvoir jamais nommer à droit un gentil-homme de ce quartier de Gascongne; et, à une fille de la Royne, il fut luy mesme d'advis de donner le nom general de la race, parce que celui de la maison paternelle luy sembla trop revers. Et Socrates estime digne du soing paternel de donner un beau nom aux enfans. Item, on dit que la fondation de nostre Dame la grand à Poitiers prit origine de ce que un jeune homme débauché, logé en cet endroit, ayant recouvré une garce et luy ayant d'arrivée demandé son nom, qui estoit Marie, se sentit si vivement espris de religion et de respect, de ce nom Sacrosainct de la Vierge mere de nostre Sauveur, que non seulement il la chassa soudain, mais en amanda tout le reste de sa vie; et qu'en consideration de ce miracle il fut basti, en la place où estoit la maison de ce jeune homme, une chapelle au nom de nostre Dame, et, depuis, l'Eglise que nous y voyons. Cette correction voyelle et auriculaire, devotieuse, tira droit à l'ame; cette autre, de mesme genre, s'insinua par

21 served according to the first letter of the names of meats: meats
22 beginning with M were served together: mutton, marcassin (young wild
23 boar), merle (blackbird), marsouin (porpoise); and the same for the
24 other letters. Moreover, it is said that it is good to have a good name,
25 that is to say, credit and reputation; but it is also helpful to have a nice
26 name that is easy to pronounce and remember, since Kings and great
27 men will recognise us more easily and will not forget us so voluntarily;
28 and even those who serve us, we usually call for and employ those
29 whose names are the easiest for the tongue to pronounce. I noticed that
30 King Henry II could never easily name a gentleman from these parts of
31 Gascongne; and, with one of the Queen's maids, he had to call her by her
32 mother's surname because the family name given to her by father was
33 too difficult for him to pronounce. Even Socrates thinks that it is a
34 father's care to give nice names to his children. Moreover, it is said that
35 the church, Notre Dame la Grande, in Poitiers, got its name from a
36 debauched young man living in that place, who having picked up a girl
37 and having come to ask her her name, which was Mary, felt so vividly the
38 spirit of religion and respect in hearing the Sacred name of the Virgin
39 Mary, Mother of our Saviour, that not only did he suddenly send the girl
40 away, but he also made amends for the rest of his life; and in
41 consideration of this miracle, there was built, at the place where this
42 young man's house was, a chapel in the name of Our Lady, and later, the

les sens corporels: Pythagoras, estant en compagnie de jeunes hommes, lesquels il sentit complotter, eschauffez de la feste, d'aller violer une maison pudique, commanda à la menestriere de changer de ton, et, par une musique poissante, severe et spondaïque, enchantà tout doucement leur ardeur, et l'endormit. Item, dira pas la posterité que nostre reformation [0116] d'aujourd'huy ait esté delicate et exacte, de n'avoir pas seulement combatu les erreurs et les vices, et rempli le monde de devotion, d'humilité, d'obeissance, de paix et de toute espece de vertu, mais d'avoir passé jusque à combattre ces anciens noms de nos baptesmes, Charles, Loys, François, pour peupler le monde de Mathusalem, Ezechiel, Malachie, beaucoup mieux sentans de la foy? Un gentil'homme mien voisin, estimant les commoditez du vieux temps au pris du nostre, n'oublioit pas de mettre en conte la fierté et magnificence des noms de la noblesse de ce temps, Don Grumedan, Quedragan, Agesilan, et qu'à les ouïr seulement sonner, il se sentoît qu'ils avoyent esté bien autres gens que Pierre, Guillot et Michel. Item, je sçay bon gré à Jacques Amiot d'avoir laissé, dans le cours d'un'oraison Française, les noms Latins tous entiers, sans les bigarrer et changer pour leur donner une cadence Française. Cela sembloit un peu rude au commencement, mais des-jà l'usage, par le credit de son Plutarque, nous en a osté toute l'estrangeté. J'ay souhaité souvent que ceux qui escrivent les histoires en Latin, nous laissassent nos noms tous tels qu'ils sont: car, en faisant de

43 church that we now see there. That vocal and audible correction, of
44 devotion, hit straight to the soul, but this next, of the same sort, came
45 through the corporal senses: Pythagorus, being in the company of some
46 young men, heard them plotting, drunk from the feast, to go violate the
47 women of a chaste residence, and told the minstrel-woman to change
48 the tone of the music, and with a solemn, heavy and spondaic tune,
49 enchanted their ardour and put it to sleep. Moreover, will it not be said
50 by posterity that our present Reformation has been delicate and precise,
51 for not only having battled against error and vice, and for filling the
52 world with heavenly devotion, with humility, obedience, peace and with
53 all kinds of virtue, but also for having gone against the names given us at
54 Baptism, Charles, Louis, François, and populated the world with
55 Mathuslems, Exechiels and Malachis, which are much more resonant of
56 our biblical faith. A gentleman-neighbour of mine, in appreciating the
57 good things of times before our own, did not forget to mention the
58 bravery and magnificence of those Noble names of those times, Don
59 Grumedon, Quedragan, Agesilan, and on hearing the sound of these
60 names, he felt that these were very different men to those called Pierre,
61 Guillot and Michel. Moreover, I know great gratitude for Jacques Amiot
62 for having left, over the course of his French writings and translations,
63 the Latin names whole, without colouring or changing them to give them
64 a more French cadence. This seemed a bit harsh on the eyes at first

Vaudemont, Vallemontanus, et les metamorphosant pour les garber à la Grecque ou à la Romaine, nous ne sçavons où nous en sommes et en perdons la connoissance. Pour clorre nostre conte, c'est un vilain usage, et de tres-mauvaise consequence en nostre France, d'appeller chacun par le nom de sa terre et Seigneurie, et la chose du monde qui faict plus mesler et mesconnoistre les races. Un cabdet de bonne maison, ayant eu pour son appanage une terre sous le nom de laquelle il a esté connu et honoré, ne peut honnestement l'abandonner; dix ans apres sa mort, la terre s'en va à un estrangier qui en faict de mesmes: devinez où nous sommes de la connoissance de ces hommes. Il ne faut pas aller querir d'autres exemples que de nostre maison Royale, où autant de partages, autant de surnoms: cependant l'originel de la tige nous est eschappé. Il y a tant de liberté en ces mutations que, de mon temps, je n'ay veu personne, eslevé par la fortune à quelque grandeur extraordinaire, à qui on n'ait attaché incontinent des titres genealogiques nouveaux et ignorez à son pere, et qu'on n'ait anté en quelque illustre tige. Et, de bonne fortune, les plus obscures familles sont plus idoynes à falsification. Combien avons nous de gentils-hommes en France, qui sont de Royale race selon leur comptes? Plus, ce croys-je, que d'autres. Fut-il pas dict de bonne grace par un de mes amys? Ils estoyent plusieurs assemblez pour la querelle d'un Seigneur contre un autre, lequel autre avoit à la verité quelque prerogative de titres et d'alliances, eslevées au-dessus de la

sight, but through usage, by the authority of Plutarch, lost its strangeness .I have often wished that those who write in Latin, leave our names as they are: because, in turning Vaudement into Vallemontanus, and morphing them so as to seem Greek or Latin, we no longer know where we are and lose understanding. To conclude this account of ours, it is a villainous custom, and of very bad consequence for our France, to call each man by the name of his land or Lordship, and is the single thing in this world which makes us mix up and misunderstand our genealogies. The youngest son of a good family, having received his portion of the land by whose name he is known and honoured, cannot honestly abandon and rid himself of it; yet ten years after he is dead the land is passed onto a stranger, who then does the same and refuses to leave the land of his namesake. You can guess how far we get when we try to trace back those men by name. We need no more examples of this than to our own Royal house, where there have been so many partitions of land, sharing many surnames. In the meantime, we have lost the origins of the name. There is so much freedom in these mutations that, in my time, I have seen no-one, of those who by some fortune has risen to extraordinary greatness, that has not been immediately tied down with new genealogical titles that his father had never heard of, and that has not been given some illustrious family name that is not his own. And, by good fortune, the most obscure of families are those most suited to this

commune noblesse. Sur le propos de cette prerogative chacun, cherchant à s'esgaler à luy, alleguoit, qui un'origine, qui un'autre, qui la ressemblance du nom, qui des armes, qui une vieille pancarte domestique: et le moindre se trouvoit arriere fils de quelque Roy d'outre-mer. Comme ce fut à disner, cettuy cy, au lieu de prendre sa place, se recula en profondes reverences, suppliant l'assistance de l'excuser de ce que, par temerité, il avoit jusques lors vescu avec eux en compaignon; mais, qu'ayant esté nouvellement informé de leurs vieilles qualitez, il commençoit à les honnorer selon leurs degrez, et qu'il ne luy appartenoit pas de se soir parmy tant de Princes. Apres sa farce, il leur dict mille injures: Contentez vous, de par Dieu, de ce dequoy nos peres se sont contentez, et de ce que nous sommes; nous sommes assez, si nous le sçavons bien maintenir; ne desadvouons pas la fortune et condition de nos ayeulx, et oston ces sotes imaginations qui ne peuvent faillir à quiconque a l'impudence de les alleguer. Les armoiries n'ont de seurté non plus que les surnoms. Je porte d'azur semé de trefles d'or, à une pate de Lyon de mesme, armée de gueules, mise en face. Quel privilege a cette figure pour demeurer particulièrement en ma maison? Un gendre la transportera en une autre famille: quelque chetif acheteur en fera ses premieres armes: il n'est chose où il se rencontre plus de mutation et de confusion. Mais cette consideration me tire par force à un autre champ. Sondons un peu de pres, et, pour Dieu, regardons à quel fondement nous

87 falsification. How many gentlemen are there in France, that say they are
88 of Royal lineage by their own account? More, I think, than say they are
89 anything else. Was all this not already graciously said by my good friend?
90 Several gentlemen had gathered together for a dispute between one
91 lord and another, the latter of which having in truth some superiority by
92 his titles and allies, which did raise him above the common nobility. By
93 reason of this superiority, all the other gentlemen, looking to put
94 themselves on his level, alleged this origin or that, or some similarity of
95 name or arms or some old family document: even the least among them
96 proved himself to be the great-grandson of some king of the Outremer.
97 When this last was served his meal, instead of taking his seat, withdrew
98 in big bows, begging the assembled company to pardon him for, out of
99 boldness, having until then lived with them as an equal; but having been
100 newly informed of their old lineages, he began to honour them
101 according to their standing, and saying that he was not fit to sit amongst
102 so many Princes. After this spectacle of his, he then offered them a
103 thousand reproaches: Content yourselves, by God, with what our
104 forefathers contented themselves with, and with what we are; we are
105 enough, once we know how to take care of ourselves; let us not disown
106 the fortune and circumstances of our forefathers; let us forget such
107 stupid notions which will never fail to affect those who are impudent
108 enough to claim them. Coats of arms are no more reliable than our

attachons cette gloire et reputation pour laquelle se bouleverse le monde. Où asseons nous cette renommée que nous allons questant avec si grand peine? C'est en somme Pierre ou Guillaume qui la porte, prend en garde, et à qui elle touche. O la courageuse faculté, que l'esperance qui, en un sujet mortel et en un moment, va usurpant l'infinité, l'immensité, l'aeternité: nature nous a là donné un plaisant jouet. Et ce Pierre ou Guillaume, qu'est ce, qu'une voix pour tous potages? ou trois ou quatre traicts de plume, premierement si aisez à varier, que je demanderois volontiers à qui touche l'honneur de tant de victoires, à Guesquin, à Glesquin ou à Gueaquin? Il y auroit bien plus d'apparence icy qu'en Lucien, que S. mit T. en procez, car

non levia aut ludicra petuntur
Praemia;

il y va de bon: il est question laquelle de ces lettres doit estre payée de tant de sieges, batailles, blessures, prisons et services faits à la couronne de France par ce sien fameux connestable. Nicolas Denisot n'a eu soing que des lettres de son nom, et en a changé toute la contexture, pour en bastir le Conte d'Alsinois qu'il a estrené de la gloire de sa poesie et peinture. Et l'Historien Suetone n'a aymé que le sens du sien, et, en ayant

109 surnames. I may wear blue sewn with golden trefoils, the lion of Lyon
110 raised on one foot, also of gold, armed to the teeth, showing its side. But
111 what privilege does this image have so as to belong forever to my
112 family? A son-in-law will bring it to another family: or some undignified
113 buyer will make of it his first coat of arms: nothing else is subject to such
114 mutation and confusion. But this consideration brings me forcefully to
115 another field of thought. Let us explore closely, and by God, look at the
116 basis on which we build the glory and reputation that troubles the world
117 so much. Where do we place the renown that we go to such pains to
118 attain? It is in sum Pierre or Guillaume that carries it, guards it, and is
119 touched by it. Oh the courageous faculty of hope, the hope that, in a
120 mortal subject and in a single moment, can overcome infinity,
121 immensity, eternity: a nice plaything given us by nature. And these
122 names of Pierre and Guillaume, what are they but sounds in the end? Or
123 three or four strokes of a pen, firstly so easy to confuse with others, such
124 that I might ask myself who it was with the honours of all those victories,
125 was it Guesquin, or Glesquin, or was it Gueaquin? There would be more
126 to say on this with the letters S and T than in the name Lucien, because
127 “Non levia aut ludicra petuntur
128 Praemia;”
129 [“They aim at no slight or jocular rewards.”—Aeneid, xii. 764.]¹

¹ All translations from Latin obtained from Project Gutenberg: <https://www.gutenberg.org/files/3600/3600-h/3600-h.htm#link2HCH0046>

privé Lénis, qui estoit le surnom de son pere, a laissé Tranquillus
successeur de la reputation de ses escrits. Qui croiroit que le Capitaine
Bayard n'eut honneur que celui qu'il a emprunté des faits de Pierre
Terrail? et qu'Antoine Escalin se laisse voler à sa vue tant de navigations
et charges par mer et par terre au Capitaine Poulin et au Baron de la
Garde? Secondement, ce sont traicts de plumes communs à
mill'hommes. Combien y a il, en toutes les races, de personnes de
mesme nom et surnom? Et en diverses races, siecles et païs, combien?
L'histoire a cognu trois Socrates, cinq Platons, huict Aristotes, sept
Xenophons, vingt Demetrius, vingt Theodores: et divinez combien elle
n'en a pas cognu. Qui empesche mon palefrenier de s'appeller Pompée le
grand? Mais, apres tout, quels moyens, quels ressorts y a il, qui attachent
à mon palefrenier trespasé, ou à cet autre homme qui eut la teste
tranchée en Aegypte, et qui joignent à eux cette voix glorifiée et ces
traicts de plume ainsin honorez, affin qu'ils s'en adventagent?
Id cinerem et manes credis curare sepultos?
Quel ressentiment ont les deux compagnons en principale valeur entre
les hommes: Epaminondas de ce glorieux vers qui court pour luy en nos
bouches: Consiliis nostris laus est attonsa Laconum? et Africanus de cet
autre: A sole exoriente supra Moeotis paludes Nemo est qui factis me
aequiparare queat? Les survivants se chatouillent de la douceur de ces
voix, et, par icelles solicitiez de jalousie et desir, transmettent

130
131 The question is, which group of letters in those names are to be credited
132 with all those sieges, battles, wounds, imprisonments and duties
133 undertaken on behalf of the Crown of France, by which famous
134 Constable of hers? Nicolas Denisot only cared about the letters in his
135 name, which he strung together in a different order, as the 'Conte
136 d'Alsinois', to which name he gave all the glory of his poetry and painting.
137 And the historian Suetonius only liked the meaning of his, and refused
138 Lenis, his father's name, left himself and his writing to be reputed under
139 the name of Tranquillus. Who would have believed that the honour of
140 Capitaine Bayard is all borrowed from the deeds of a man called Pierre
141 Terrail, or that the name Antoine Escalin should allow itself to be robbed,
142 with its eyes wide open, of all its voyages over land and sea by a Captain
143 Poulin and Baron de la Garde? Secondly, these are pen strokes that are
144 common to the names of thousands of men. How many people are
145 there, in each lineage, who have the same name and surname? And in
146 different families, centuries, and countries? History has noted three
147 Socrates, five Platos, eight Aristotles, seven Xenophons, five
148 Demetriuses, five Theodores: and guess how many it has not noted.
149 What is stopping my stableboy from calling himself Pompeii the Great?
150 But after all, what means, or connotations, links either my stableboy
151 once he is dead, or that other man whose head was cut off in Egypt, to

inconsiderément par fantasie aux trespassez celluy leur propre
ressentiment, et d'une pipeuse esperance se donnent à croire d'en estre
capables à leur tour. Dieu le sçait! Toutesfois,

“Ad haec se
Romanus, Graiusque, et Barbarus Induperator
Erexit, causas discriminis atque laboris
Inde habuit, tanto major famae sitis est quam
Virtutis.”

152 that glorious name or those honoured pen strokes in such a way that
153 they can profit by them?
154
155 “Id cinerem et manes credis curare sepultos?”
156 [“Do you believe the dead regard such things?”—Aeneid, iv. 34.]
157
158 What superhuman sense have the two most esteemed friends of mine:
159 Epaminondas, who says in his glorious verse what we still say constantly
160 today,
161
162 “Consiliis nostris laus est attrita Laconum;”
163 [“The glory of the Spartans is extinguished by my plans.
164 —“Cicero, Tusc. Quaes., v. 17.]
165
166 And Africanus in this other verse:
167
168 “A sole exoriente supra Maeotis Paludes
169 Nemo est qui factis me aequiparare queat.”
170 [“From where the sun rises over the Palus Maeotis, to where it
171 sets, there is no one whose acts can compare with mine”—ibid.]
172
173

174 It is the survivors, the living, who are moved by the sweetness of those
175 sounds of names, that evoke jealousy or desire, and provide a fantasy by
176 which one can wish to surpass those dead men, and in measly hope one
convinces himself to be capable of the same greatness himself. God
knows that is true! Nevertheless:

“Ad haec se

Romanus Graiusque, et Barbaras induperator

Erexit; caucus discriminis atque laboris

Inde habuit: tanto major famae sitis est, quam

Virtutis.”

[“For these the Roman, the Greek, and the Barbarian commander
hath

aroused himself; he has incurred thence causes of danger and toil:

so much greater is the thirst for fame than for virtue.”

—Juvenal, x. 137.]

Student Number	17328955	Text Number	2
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Source Text		Target Text	
Title	La Cantatrice chauve	Title	The Bald Soprano
Year Published	1954		
Author	Eugène Ionesco		
Language	French	Language	English
Word Count	1981	Word Count	1759
Description of Source Text • <i>understanding of source text</i> • <i>knowledge of genre within source contexts</i> • <i>situation of source text</i> • <i>familiarity with the formal features of a text (language variation(s), register, dialect)</i> (200 words max)	<i>La Cantatrice chauve</i> is Ionesco's first work of theatre, and was first staged in 1950. This theatre piece belongs to the Theatre of the Absurd and the philosophical movement of absurdism in general, which having found its roots in existentialist thought, became prevalent in the the 1950s in France following the publication of Camus' <i>Myth of Sisyphus</i> in 1946, and the absurdist theatre of Samuel Beckett (Esslin, 1960 p.3). The ST to be translated is the first scene of <i>La Cantatrice chauve</i> has elements of comedy, and stretches of contradictory dialogue that serves to parody language and the bourgeoisie. The characters speak in very stilted, proper English, yet the conversation always concerns trivial things such that one can say that the play is devoid of plot. The overall aim of these elements are to underscore the futility and meaninglessness of human existence (ibid: p.4).		
Strategy • <i>identification of translation problems</i> • <i>knowledge of genre within target context and situation of target text</i> • <i>justification of translation</i>	This translation is to be used for the production of an English-language adaptation that is to be staged as part of the 2022 Edinburgh Fringe Arts Festival. The director and I have agreed that the Theatre of the Absurd would be of interest to a broad demographic due to the success and fame of Samuel Beckett across the British Isles, and expect many of the attendees to be already somewhat aware of the literary movement. As such, the elements of the play which are important to the representation of absurdism— particularly, the comedy, and contradiction—are the principle things to be conserved. The setting, while remaining 'English', will be modernised so as to appeal to the younger audiences that		

<i>production of genre for target context</i> (200 words max)	may be in attendance. As such, references to things (such as all men and women smoking[ST175-181]) will be adapted to the modern day. I will also make use of contracted forms to this end (cannot to can't, for example).
Critical Reflection ● <i>textual analysis</i> (200 words max)	The TT was more than 200 words shorter than the ST. This is likely a result of the contracted forms of verbs that I used. Despite this more informal language, due to the stage directions, the suburban London setting and the matters of conversation, the characters continue to appear upper-class, and as such the parody of the bourgeoisie is also maintained. Through the substitution of Mr. Smith newspaper with a tablet, and a reference to university fees (rather than implied homeschooling; see TT 144,147) I succeeded in making the setting more familiar to the contemporary target audience. While the rendering of comedy was generally a simple task, one instance necessitated explication. One can use definite articles before a person's name in French, which becomes the means of comic confusion in TT lines 109-116, and in order to maintain this, it was necessary to include the gendered titles, 'Mr' and 'Mrs'.
Works Cited ● <i>use of sources and reference material</i>	Esslin, Martin 1960.. "The Theatre of the Absurd", <i>The Tulane Drama Review</i> 4(4): 3-15. URL: https://www.jstor.org/stable/1124873 Eugène Ionesco, Notes et contre-notes, Gallimard, 1991 (ISBN 2-07-032631-4 et 978-2-07-032631-0, OCLC 415984509, lire en ligne [archive]), p. 242-243

Source Text

La Cantatrice chauve

SCÈNE I

Intérieur bourgeois anglais, avec des fauteuils anglais. Soirée anglaise. M. Smith, Anglais, dans son fauteuil et ses pantoufles anglais, fume sa pipe anglaise et lit un journal anglais, près d'un feu anglais. Il a des lunettes anglaises, une petite moustache grise, anglaise. A côté de lui, dans un autre fauteuil anglais, Mme Smith, Anglaise, raccommode des chaussettes anglaises. Un long moment de silence anglais. La pendule anglaise frappe dix sept coups anglais.

Mme. SMITH Tiens, il est neuf heures. Nous avons mangé de la soupe, du poisson, des pommes de terre au lard, de la salade anglaise. Les enfants ont bu de l'eau anglaise. Nous avons bien mangé, ce soir. C'est parce que nous habitons dans les environs de Londres et que notre nom est Smith. M. SMITH, *continuant sa lecture, fait claquer sa langue.*

Mme. SMITH Les pommes de terre sont très bonnes avec le lard, l'huile de la salade n'était pas rance. L'huile de l'épicier du coin est de bien meilleure qualité que l'huile de l'épicier d'en face, elle est même meilleure que l'huile de l'épicier du bas de la côte. Mais je ne veux pas dire que leur huile à eux soit mauvaise.

M. SMITH, *continuant sa lecture, fait claquer sa langue.*

Target Text

The Bald Soprano

1 SCENE I

2 *English bourgeois interior, with English armchairs. English evening. Mr.*
3 *Smith, an Englishman, in his English armchair and English slippers, is*
4 *smoking his English pipe and reading on an English tablet, by an English*
5 *fire. He has English glasses and a small grey English moustache. Beside*
6 *him, in another English armchair, Mrs Smith, an Englishwoman, is*
7 *mending English socks. A long moment of English silence. The English*
8 *clock strikes five English bells.*

9

10 Mrs. SMITH Well, it's nine o'clock. We've had soup, fish, potatoes with
11 bacon, English salad. The children have been drinking English water.
12 We've eaten well tonight. That's because we live near London and our
13 surname is Smith.

14 Mr. SMITH, *continuing to read, tuts.*

15 Mrs. SMITH The potatoes are very good with bacon, the oil in the salad
16 wasn't rancid. The oil from the grocer's on the corner is much better
17 than the oil from the grocer's across the road, it's even better than the
18 oil from the grocer's down the road. But I don't mean to say that their oil
19 is bad.

20 Mr. SMITH, *continuing to read, tuts.*

Mme. SMITH Pourtant, c'est toujours l'huile de l'épicier du coin qui est la meilleure...

M. SMITH, *continuant sa lecture, fait claquer sa langue.*

Mme. SMITH Mary a bien cuit les pommes de terre, cette fois-ci. La dernière fois elle ne les avait pas bien fait cuire. Je ne les aime que lorsqu'elles sont bien cuites.

M. SMITH, *continuant sa lecture, fait claquer sa langue.*

Mme. SMITH Le poisson était frais. Je m'en suis léché les babines. J'en ai pris deux fois. Non, trois fois. Ça me fait aller aux cabinets. Toi aussi tu en as pris trois fois. Cependant la troisième fois, tu en as pris moins que les deux premières fois, tandis que moi j'en ai pris beaucoup plus. J'ai mieux mangé que toi, ce soir. Comment ça se fait? D'habitude, c'est toi qui manges le plus. Ce n'est pas l'appétit qui te manque.

M. SMITH, *fait claquer sa langue.*

Mme. SMITH Cependant, la soupe était peut-être un peu trop salée. Elle avait plus de sel que toi. Ah, ah, ah. Elle avait aussi trop de poireaux et pas assez d'oignons. Je regrette de ne pas avoir conseillé à Mary d'y ajouter un peu d'anis étoilé. La prochaine fois, je saurai m'y prendre.

M. SMITH, *continuant sa lecture, fait claquer sa langue.*

Mme. SMITH Notre petit garçon aurait bien voulu boire de la bière, il aimera s'en mettre plein la lampe, il te ressemble. Tu as vu à table, comme il visait la bouteille? Mais moi, j'ai versé dans son verre de l'eau

21 Mrs. SMITH But the oil from the grocer's on the corner is always the
22 best...

23 Mr SMITH, *continuing to read, tuts.*

24 Mrs. SMITH Mary has cooked the potatoes well this time. Last time she
25 didn't cook them properly. I only like them when they are well cooked.

26 Mr. SMITH, *continuing to read, tuts.*

27 Mrs. SMITH The fish was fresh. I licked my lips. I had second helpings.

28 No, third helpings. It makes me go to the toilet. You also had three
29 helpings. But the third time you took less than the first two times, while I
30 took much more. I ate better than you tonight. How come? You usually
31 eat the most. You're not wanting in appetite.

32 Mr SMITH, *tuts.*

33 Mrs. SMITH However, the soup may have been a little too salty. It was
34 saltier than you. Ah, ah, ah. It also had too many leeks in it and not
35 enough onions. I regret not telling Mary to add a little star anise. I'll
36 know for next time.

37 Mr. SMITH, *continuing to read, tuts.*

38 Mrs. SMITH Our little boy would've liked to drink beer. He'll want to
39 guzzle it, I'd say, he's like you. Did you see at dinner how he was staring
40 at the bottle? But I poured water from the jug into his glass. He was
41 thirsty and drank it. Hélène is like me: she is a good homemaker, she's
42 thrifty, she always has something good playing on the radio. She never

de la carafe. Il avait soif et il l'a bu. Hélène me ressemble : elle est bonne ménagère, économe, joue du piano. Elle ne demande jamais à boire de la bière anglaise. C'est comme notre petite fille qui ne boit que du lait et ne mange que de la bouillie. Ça se voit qu'elle n'a que deux ans. Elle s'appelle Peggy. La tarte aux coings et aux haricots a été formidable. On aurait bien fait peut-être de prendre, au dessert, un petit verre de vin de Bourgogne australien mais je n'ai pas apporté le vin à table afin de ne pas donner aux enfants une mauvaise preuve de gourmandise. Il faut leur apprendre à être sobre et mesuré dans la vie.

M. SMITH, *continuant sa lecture, fait claquer sa langue.*

Mme. SMITH Mrs Parker connaît un épicier roumain, nommé Popesco Rosenfeld, qui vient d'arriver de Constantinople. C'est un grand spécialiste en yaourt. Il est diplômé de l'école des fabricants de yaourt d'Andrinople. J'irai demain lui acheter une grande marmite de yaourt roumain folklorique. On n'a pas souvent des choses pareilles ici, dans les environs de Londres.

M. SMITH, *continuant sa lecture, fait claquer sa langue.*

Mme. SMITH Le yaourt est excellent pour l'estomac, les reins, l'appendicite et l'apothéose. C'est ce que m'a dit le docteur Mackenzie-King qui soigne les enfants de nos voisins, les Johns. C'est un bon médecin. On peut avoir confiance en lui. Il ne recommande jamais d'autres médicaments que ceux dont il a fait l'expérience sur lui-même.

43 asks to drink English beer. It's like our little girl who only drinks milk and
44 eats porridge. You can tell she's only two. Her name is Peggy. The roast
45 pheasant was great. It would have been nice to have had a small glass of
46 that Australian wine for dessert, but I didn't bring it to the table because
47 I didn't want to give the children a lesson on gluttony. They have to be
48 taught to be sober and measured in life.

49 Mr SMITH, *continuing to read, tuts.*

50 Mrs. SMITH Mrs. Parker knows a Romanian grocer called Popesco
51 Rosenfeld, who has just arrived from Constantinople. He is a top
52 specialist in yogurt. He is a graduate of the School for Yogurt-Makers in
53 Andrinople. I'm going to buy a big pot of traditional Romanian yoghurt
54 from him tomorrow. You don't often get things like that here in these
55 parts of London.

56 Mr. SMITH, *continuing to read, tuts.*

57 Mrs. SMITH Yoghurt is excellent for the stomach, kidneys, appendicitis
58 and apotheosis. That's what Dr. Mackenzie-King told me. He treats the
59 children of our neighbours, the Johns. He is a good doctor. You can trust
60 him. He never recommends any medicine other than the ones he has
61 tried on himself. Before doing Parker's liver operation, he operated on
62 his own liver first, even though he wasn't sick at all.

63

64

Avant de faire opérer Parker, c'est lui d'abord qui s'est fait opérer du foie, sans être aucunement malade.

M. SMITH Mais alors comment se fait-il que le docteur s'en soit tiré et que Parker en soit mort? Mme SMITH Parce que l'opération a réussi chez le docteur et n'a pas réussi chez Parker.

M. SMITH Alors Mackenzie n'est pas un bon docteur. L'opération aurait dû réussir chez tous les deux ou alors tous les deux auraient dû succomber.

Mme. SMITH Pourquoi?

M. SMITH Un médecin consciencieux doit mourir avec le malade s'ils ne peuvent pas guérir ensemble. Le commandant d'un bateau périt avec le bateau, dans les vagues. Il ne lui survit pas.

Mme. SMITH On ne peut comparer un malade à un bateau.

M. SMITH Pourquoi pas? Le bateau a aussi ses maladies; d'ailleurs ton docteur est aussi sain qu'un vaisseau; voilà pourquoi encore il devait périr en même temps que le malade comme le docteur et son bateau.

Mme. SMITH Ah! Je n'y avais pas pensé... C'est peut-être juste... et alors, quelle conclusion en tires-tu?

M. SMITH C'est que tous les docteurs ne sont que des charlatans. Et tous les malades aussi. Seule la marine est honnête en Angleterre.

Mme. SMITH Mais pas les marins.

M. SMITH Naturellement. *Pause.*

65

66

67 MR SMITH But then how come the doctor lived and Parker died?

68 Mrs SMITH Because the operation worked for the doctor and not for
69 Parker.

70 MR SMITH So Mackenzie is not a good doctor. The operation should have
71 worked for both of them or both of them should have died.

72 Mrs. SMITH Why?

73 Mr. SMITH A conscientious doctor must die with the patient if both can't
74 recover. The captain goes down with his ship, and dies with it.

75 Mrs. SMITH You cannot compare a patient to a boat.

76 MR SMITH Why not? The ship has its illnesses too; besides, your doctor
77 is as healthy as a ship; that is why he had to die with the patient like a
78 doctor and his ship.

79 Mrs. SMITH Ah, I had not thought of that... Maybe you're right... and so
80 what conclusion have you reached?

81 MR SMITH It is that all doctors are just charlatans. And so are all the
82 patients. Only the Navy is honest in England.

83 Mrs SMITH But not the sailors.

84 Mr SMITH Obviously. *Pause.*

85

86

M. SMITH, *toujours avec son journal*. Il y a une chose que je ne comprends pas. Pourquoi à la rubrique de l'état civil, dans le journal, donne-t-on toujours l'âge des personnes décédées et jamais celui des nouveau-nés? C'est un non-sens.

Mme. SMITH Je ne me le suis jamais demandé! *Un autre moment de silence. La pendule sonne sept fois. Silence. La pendule sonne trois fois. Silence. La pendule ne sonne aucune fois.*

M. SMITH, *toujours dans son journal*. Tiens, c'est écrit que Bobby Watson est mort.

Mme. SMITH Mon Dieu, le pauvre, quand est-ce qu'il est mort?

M. SMITH Pourquoi prends-tu cet air étonné? Tu le savais bien. Il est mort il y a deux ans. Tu te rappelles, on a été à son enterrement, il y a un an et demi.

Mme. SMITH Bien sûr que je me rappelle. Je me suis rappelé tout de suite, mais je ne comprends pas pourquoi toi-même tu as été si étonné de voir ça sur le journal.

M. SMITH Ça n'y était pas sur le journal. Il y a déjà trois ans qu'on a parlé de son décès. Je m'en suis souvenu par associations d'idées!

Mme. SMITH Dommage! Il était si bien conservé.

M. SMITH C'était le plus joli cadavre de Grande Bretagne! Il ne paraissait pas son âge. Pauvre Bobby, il y avait quatre ans qu'il était mort et il était encore chaud. Un véritable cadavre vivant. Et comme il était gai!

87 Mr. SMITH, *still holding his tablet*. There is one thing I don't understand.
88 Why is it that the statistics office only records the ages of people that die
89 and never the ages of the newborns? It's nonsense.

90 Mrs. SMITH I've never thought of that! *Another moment of silence. The*
91 *clock strikes two bells. Silence. The clock strikes four bells. Silence. The*
92 *clock strikes no bells.*

93 Mr. SMITH, *still looking at his tablet*. Here, it says Bobby Watson is dead.

94 Mrs. SMITH My goodness, when did he die?

95 Mr. SMITH Why do you look so surprised? You already knew. He died two
96 years ago. You remember, we went to his funeral a year and a half ago.

97 Mrs. SMITH Of course I remember. I remembered straight away, but I
98 don't understand why you were so surprised to see it online.

99 Mr SMITH It wasn't online. It's already three years since we talked about
100 his death. I remembered it by association!

101 Mrs. SMITH Too bad! He looked so well, lying in his coffin.

102 Mr. SMITH He was the most handsome corpse in Britain! He didn't look
103 his age. Poor Bobby, he'd been dead for four years and he was still warm.

104 A real live corpse. And how happy he was!

105

106

107

108

Mme. SMITH La pauvre Bobby.

M. SMITH Tu veux dire « le » pauvre Bobby.

Mme. SMITH Non, c'est à sa femme que je pense. Elle s'appelait comme lui, Bobby, Bobby Watson. Comme ils avaient le même nom, on ne pouvait pas les distinguer l'un de l'autre quand on les voyait ensemble. Ce n'est qu'après sa mort à lui, qu'on a pu vraiment savoir qui était l'un et qui était l'autre. Pourtant, aujourd'hui encore, il y a des gens qui la confondent avec le mort et lui présentent des condoléances. Tu la connais?

M. SMITH Je ne l'ai vue qu'une fois, par hasard, à l'enterrement de Bobby.

Mme. SMITH Je ne l'ai jamais vue. Est-ce qu'elle est belle?

M. SMITH Elle a des traits réguliers et pourtant on ne peut pas dire qu'elle est belle. Elle est trop grande et trop forte. Ses traits ne sont pas réguliers et pourtant on peut dire qu'elle est très belle. Elle est un peu trop petite et trop maigre. Elle est professeur de chant. *La pendule sonne cinq fois. Un long temps.*

Mme. SMITH Et quand pensent-ils se marier, tous les deux?

M. SMITH Le printemps prochain, au plus tard.

Mme. SMITH Il faudra sans doute aller à leur mariage.

M. SMITH Il faudra leur faire un cadeau de noces. Je me demande lequel?

109 Mrs. SMITH Poor Mrs. Bobby.

110 Mr. SMITH You mean poor "Mr" Bobby.

111 Mrs. SMITH No, I mean his wife. She had the same name, Bobby, Bobby
112 Watson. They had the same name so you couldn't tell them apart when
113 you saw them together. It was only after his death that we could really
114 know who was who. But even today there are people who confuse her
115 with the dead Bobby Watson and offer their condolences.

116 Do you know her?

117 Mr. SMITH I only saw her once, by chance, at Bobby's funeral.

118 Mrs. SMITH I have never seen her. Is she pretty?

119 Mr. SMITH She has normal facial features and yet you can't say she is
120 beautiful. She is too tall and too strong. Her features are not regular and
121 yet you can say she is very beautiful. She is a bit too short and too thin.
122 She's a singing teacher. *The clock strikes seven times. A long time.*

123 Mrs. SMITH And when do they think they'll get married?

124 Mr. SMITH Next spring at the latest.

125 Mrs. SMITH We'll probably have to go to their wedding.

126 Mr SMITH We'll have to get them a wedding present. I wonder what to
127 get them?

128

129

130

Mme. SMITH Pourquoi ne leur offririons-nous pas un des sept plateaux d'argent dont on nous a fait don à notre mariage à nous et qui ne nous ont jamais servi à rien? *Court silence. La pendule sonne deux fois.*

Mme. SMITH C'est triste pour elle d'être demeurée veuve si jeune.

M. SMITH Heureusement qu'ils n'ont pas eu d'enfants.

Mme. SMITH Il ne leur manquait plus que cela! Des enfants! Pauvre femme, qu'est-ce qu'elle en aurait fait!

M. SMITH Elle est encore jeune. Elle peut très bien se remari-er. Le deuil lui va si bien.

Mme. SMITH Mais qui prendra soin des enfants? Tu sais bien qu'ils ont un garçon et une fille. Comment s'appellent-ils?

M. SMITH Bobby et Bobby comme leurs parents. L'oncle de Bobby Watson, le vieux Bobby Watson est riche et il aime le garçon. Il pourrait très bien se charger de l'éducation de Bobby.

Mme. SMITH Ce serait naturel. Et la tante de Bobby Watson, la vieille Bobby Watson pourrait très bien, à son tour, se charger de l'éducation de Bobby Watson, la fille de Bobby Watson. Comme ça, la maman de Bobby Watson, Bobby, pourrait se remarier. Elle a quelqu'un en vue?

M. SMITH Oui, un cousin de Bobby Watson.

Mme. SMITH Qui? Bobby Watson?

M. SMITH De quel Bobby Watson parles-tu?

131 Mrs. SMITH Why don't we give them one of the seven silver platters we
132 were given at our wedding that we never used? *Short silence. The clock*
133 *strikes twice.*

134 Mrs. SMITH It's sad that she is a widow at such a young age.

135 Mr SMITH It is a good thing they did not have children.

136 Mrs. SMITH That's all they needed! Children! Poor woman, what would
137 she have done with them!

138 MR SMITH She is still young. She'll get over it. Mourning suits her so
139 well.

140 Mrs SMITH But who will take care of the children? You know they have a
141 boy and a girl. What are they called?

142 M.. SMITH Bobby and Bobby, like their parents. Bobby Watson's uncle,
143 old Mr. Bobby Watson is rich and he likes the boy. He could very well
144 take care Bobby's university fees.

145 Mrs. SMITH That would make sense. And Bobby Watson's aunt, old Mrs.
146 Bobby Watson, could very well, in turn, take care of Bobby Watson's
147 daughter's, Bobby Watson's, university fees, That way, Bobby Watson's
148 mother Bobby could get married again. Does she have anyone in mind?

149 M. SMITH Yes, one of Bobby Watson's cousins.

150 Mrs. SMITH Who? Bobby Watson?

151 Mr SMITH Which Bobby Watson are you talking about?

152

Mme. SMITH De Bobby Watson, le fils du vieux Bobby Watson l'autre oncle de Bobby Watson, le mort.

M. SMITH Non, ce n'est pas celui-là, c'est un autre. C'est Bobby Watson, le fils de la vieille Bobby Watson la tante de Bobby Watson, le mort.

Mme. SMITH Tu veux parler de Bobby Watson, le commis-voyageur?

M. SMITH Tous les Bobby Watson sont commis-voyageurs.

Mme. SMITH Quel dur métier! Pourtant, on y fait de bonnes affaires.

M. SMITH Oui, quand il n'y a pas de concurrence.

Mme. SMITH Et quand n'y a-t-il pas de concurrence?

M. SMITH Le mardi, le jeudi et le mardi.

Mme. SMITH Ah! trois jours par semaine? Et que fait Bobby Watson pendant ce temps-là?

M. SMITH Il se repose, il dort.

Mme. SMITH Mais pourquoi ne travaille-t-il pas pendant ces trois jours s'il n'y a pas de concurrence?

M. SMITH Je ne peux pas tout savoir. Je ne peux pas répondre à toutes tes questions idiotes!

Mme smith, *offensée*. Tu dis ça pour m'humilier?

M. SMITH, *tout souriant*. Tu sais bien que non.

153 Mrs. SMITH Bobby Watson, the son of old Bobby Watson, the other
154 uncle of Bobby Watson, the dead one.

155 M. SMITH No, that's not the one, that's another one. That's Bobby
156 Watson, the son of old Bobby Watson the aunt of Bobby Watson, the
157 dead one.

158 Mrs. SMITH You mean Bobby Watson, the travelling salesman?

159 Mr. SMITH All Bobby Watsons are travelling salesmen.

160 Mrs. SMITH It's a tough job. But it's a good business to be in.

161 Mr. SMITH Yes, when there is no competition.

162 Mrs. SMITH And when is there no competition?

163 Mr. SMITH On Tuesdays, Thursdays and Tuesdays.

164 Mrs. SMITH Oh, three days a week? And what does Bobby Watson do
165 during that time?

166 Mr. SMITH He is rests up, sleeps.

167 Mrs. SMITH But why doesn't he work on those three days if there is no
168 competition?

169 MR SMITH I can't know everything. I can't answer all your stupid
170 questions!

171 Mrs Smith, *offended*. Are you saying that to embarrass me?

172 Mr SMITH, *smiling*. You know I'm not.

173

174

Mme. SMITH Les hommes sont tous pareils! Vous restez là, toute la journée, la cigarette à la bouche ou bien vous vous mettez de la poudre et vous fardez vos lèvres, cinquante fois par jour, si vous n'êtes pas en train de boire sans arrêt!

M. SMITH Mais qu'est-ce que tu dirais si tu voyais les hommes faire comme les femmes, fumer toute la journée, se poudrer, se mettre du rouge aux lèvres, boire du whisky?

Mme. SMITH Quant à moi, je m'en fiche! Mais si tu dis ça pour m'embêter, alors... je n'aime pas ce genre de plaisanterie, tu le sais bien! *Elle jette les chaussettes très loin et montre ses dents. Elle se lève.*

M. SMITH, *se lève à son tour et va vers sa femme, tendrement.* Oh! mon petit poulet rôti, pourquoi craches-tu du feu! tu sais bien que je dis ça pour rire! (*Il la prend par la taille et l'embrasse.*) Quel ridicule couple de vieux amoureux nous faisons! Viens, nous allons éteindre et nous allons faire dodo!

175 Mrs. SMITH Men are all the same!

176 You sit there all day on the couch, phone in one hand, remote control in
177 the other, if it's not a drink!

178 MR SMITH But what would you say if you saw men doing what women
179 do, sitting on the couch all day, putting on blush or lipstick, drinking
180 cocktails?

181 Mrs. SMITH As for me, I don't care! But if you're saying that just to annoy
182 me, then... I don't like jokes like that, and you know it! *She throws the*
183 *socks away and bares her teeth. She gets up.*

184 Mr SMITH, *getting up in turn, goes to his wife, tenderly.* Oh, my little
185 roast chicken, why are you spitting fire? (*He takes her by the waist and*
186 *kisses her.*) What a ridiculous old married couple we are! Come on, let's
187 turn off the lights and go to sleep!

188

189

Student Number	17328955	Text Number	3
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Source Text		Target Text	
Title	Le Mangeur de livres	Title	The Book Eater
Year Published	2019		
Author	Stéphane Malendrin		
Language	French	Language	English
Word Count	1240	Word Count	1297
Description of Source Text • <i>understanding of source text</i> • <i>knowledge of genre within source contexts</i> • <i>situation of source text</i> <i>familiarity with the formal features of a text (language variation(s), register, dialect)</i> (200 words max)	<i>Le Mangeur de livres</i> is the first of Malendrin's novels, which achieved moderate success in 2019 after being published by Editions Seuil (Khalifé, 2019: p.224). It could be said to be generic of historical fiction, and so makes many references to real historical events, such as the expulsion of the Jews from Spain. The extract in question includes the novel's introduction, in which the title character and narrator explains his portmanteau, The Book-Eater. This passage contains poetic elements, such as the mirroring of sentence structure and rhythm, simile and repetitions, which together create a melodic tone. Following this is chapter one, which provide the origin story of the novel's protagonists Adar and Faustino, and is set in Spain. These chapters are comparatively less poetic, yet they nonetheless maintain an element of rhythm, which is created by the use of lists (events and conditions are listed in single sentences, separated by a comma). The dialogue in this chapter is entirely informal, yet throughout both chapters, the narrator's use of language is rich and is a reflection of how his existence is defined by words, which is likely also the reason for his use of lists.		
Strategy • <i>identification of translation problems</i> • <i>knowledge of genre within target context and situation of target text</i>	This translation will be targeted towards casual consumers of mass-market historical fiction. As the book will be translated for the mass-market, Seuil and Malendrin have instructed that the translation should be invariance oriented, and conserve The Book-Eater's rich narration. For this reason, the translation will be equivalence oriented. The source author chooses to gallecise some place-names (ST32: 'Séville') and does not gallecise others (ST31: 'Calle Siete		

● <i>justification of translation production of genre for target context</i> (200 words max)	Revueltas’). This choice seems to be based on whether the place-name has an existing translation or not, and as the translation is invariance oriented, I will choose to translate these, or not, in the same way. Due to the fact that third person, singular possessive pronouns (son/sa/ses) and third person, singular indirect object pronouns (lui) do not explicate the referent’s gender, there are instances in the text where the character being referred to is unclear (ST41 ‘qui lui en avait fait le reproche’ and ST46 ‘son âne’). In translation, these referents will need to be clarified by employing gendered pronouns.
Critical Reflection ● <i>textual analysis</i> (200 words max)	As the strategy was centred on invariance and equivalence, the resulting translation is very representative of the ST. There are instances in the TT, however, where this results in slightly strange phrasing. In TT line 6, for example, the phrase ‘I know that in the sky the atmosphere is not homogenous’ implies that the atmosphere is <i>in</i> the sky. The omission of the ‘in the sky’ would make this sound more natural, yet it would lose the reference to the sky in the previous sentence—‘I know that the air is the sky, that time is History’—and thus disrupt the growing metaphor that takes place in this first paragraph. Similarly, this strategy did not take into account that sentences in French are often longer than in English, and as a result, the verbosity of the narrator is augmented in translation, though not in detriment to the author or narrator’s style.
Works Cited ● <i>use of sources and reference material</i>	Khalifé, Khadija. 2019. “‘Le Mangeur de livres’: Review”, <i>The French Review</i> 93(2): 224-5.

Source Text

Le Mangeur de livres

1

Je sais que le temps est à la pensée ce que l'air est à l'oiseau, qu'entre deux battements d'ailes l'oiseau s'appuie sur l'air pour avancer, qu'entre deux pensées l'homme s'appuie sur le temps pour ne pas tomber ; je sais que l'air c'est le ciel, que le temps c'est l'Histoire ; je sais que dans le ciel l'atmosphère n'est pas homogène : quand deux points situés côte à côte subissent une pression différente, il y a du vent ; je sais que ce n'est plus seulement l'oiseau qui se déplace, c'est l'air lui-même qui emporte l'oiseau, tourne autour et le déstabilise ; je sais que dans le temps c'est la même chose : lorsque deux journées situées côte à côte subissent une pression trop forte, ce n'est plus la pensée de l'homme qui avance dans le temps, c'est le temps qui avance, emporte l'homme et le déstabilise.

Je sais tout cela car je suis mangeur de livres ; je les consomme comme du bon pain, j'en fais des tartines et des mouillettes, j'en fais des rondelles de saucisse, des tripailles, des pâtés, je suis passé maître dans l'art d'accommoder les livres, je suis le ventre couronné, le ventre fait roi, le digestif sacré, j'en ai des recettes à gogo, dans mes poches, dans mes valises, dans mes tiroirs, je les mets dans ma bouche, je les mastique, je les avale, je les digère, je les déguste, je les rote, je les défèque, j'en fais

Target Text

The Book Eater

1 1

2

3 I know that time is to thought as air is to a bird, that between two
4 wingbeats a bird keeps itself aloft, that between two thoughts time
5 keeps a man aloft, stops his fall; I know that the air is the sky, that time is
6 History; I know that in the sky the atmosphere is not homogenous : I
7 know that when there is a difference in pressure between two adjacent
8 points in the air, there is wind ; I know that it is no longer just the bird
9 that moves, it is the air itself that carries the bird, flips it over, and
10 destabilises it ; I know that in time it is the same: when two days,
11 shoulder to shoulder, are subjected to too much pressure, it is no longer
12 the thought of man that moves forward in time, it is time that moves
13 forward, carrying the man, and destabilising him.

14 I know all this because I am a book-eater; I eat them like good
15 bread, I make of them toasts and bread-soldiers, I make medallions of
16 sausage, tripe, pâtés, I am a master of the art of book-ery, I am the
17 crowned belly, the belly made king, the sacred digestive, I have recipes
18 galore, in my pockets, in my suitcases, in my drawers, I put them in my
19 mouth, I chew them, I swallow them, I digest them, I savour them, I
20 belch them, I defecate them, I make of them sentences and more books

des phrases et d'autres livres qui sortent de moi comme des geysers, je suis un mangeur de livres et même « le » Mangeur de livres, puisqu'à cette date, je suis le seul vrai Mangeur de livres par vice et réputation – et voici mon histoire.

2

Ma mère avait subi le destin tragique des Juifs convertis d'Espagne qu'on appelait marranos, c'est-à-dire cochons, parce qu'à force de leur en faire bouffer pour prouver leur foi catholique, ils en avaient pris le triste nom.

Elle et son mari José vendaient du bois de fuste calle Siete Revueltas de Séville. Comme d'autres, cherchant la paix et las d'être persécutés, ils avaient embrassé la religion catholique, et, comme d'autres, ils trouvaient que c'était pire que d'être juifs, car ils étaient continuellement surveillés par la population qu'excitaient certains ordres mendiants, convaincus de débusquer l'Antéchrist dans chacun de leurs gestes.

À cette époque, on tuait ceux qui s'abstenaient de lard, mangeaient des œufs crus lors du décès d'un frère, mettaient une nappe propre le vendredi, changeaient le linge le samedi. María en avait eu assez et, à la mort de son frère qu'elle adorait et qui ne s'était pas converti, elle s'était rendue à son enterrement. À son retour, elle avait dit au curé qui lui en avait fait le reproche que son frère serait sauvé « parce qu'il était un bon

21 which come out of me like geysers, I am a book-eater, maybe even the
22 Book-Eater, since at this moment, by vice and reputation I am the only
23 true Book Eater - and this is my story.

24

25

26 2

27

28 My mother had suffered the tragic fate of the converted Jews of Spain,
29 who were called marranos— pigs, because they had been made to eat
30 them to prove their Catholic faith, and had acquired the sad name.

31 She and her husband José sold firewood in Calle Siete Revueltas in
32 Seville. Like the others, seeking peace and weary of persecution, they
33 had embraced the Catholic religion, and like the others, they found it
34 worse than being Jews, because they were continually watched by the
35 population, which was stirred up by several mendicant orders, convinced
36 that they were driving out the Antichrist with every move they made.

37 At that time, those who abstained from pork, ate raw eggs when a
38 brother died, laid down a clean tablecloth on Fridays, or changed their
39 clothes on Saturdays, were killed. María had had enough, and when her
40 brother, whom she adored and who had not converted, died, she went
41 to his funeral. When she returned, she told the priest who had
42 condemned him that her brother would be saved "because he was a

Juif ». La preuve était faite : elle judaïsait et apostasiait la sainte foi catholique en secret.

Un mardi d'avril 1476, les chrétiens brûlèrent sa boutique, bastonnèrent son mari à mort, et l'encordèrent à son âne qu'ils conduisirent Puerta de Goles, enflammèrent sa queue et s'en retournèrent sans même apprécier les sauts de cirque que la bête faisait vers le Guadalquivir.

Brûlée au visage et aux mains, elle se jeta à l'eau, croyant mourir, le voulant sûrement, quand un pêcheur du nom de Fernando Suarez la sauva. L'homme était vieux et pansa ses plaies. Comme elle n'était pas en sûreté, elle supplia les occupants d'un navire de commerce de l'aider. Le navire faisait route vers le Portugal d'où il comptait se rendre à Madère pour y charger deux mille arrobes de sucre.

Sitôt débarquée à Lisbonne, maman rencontra une vendeuse de poisson du nom d'Esther Espinosa, laquelle l'hébergea contre l'écaillage de ses morues, au nord du Rossio, sur une pente de la colline du Paço Real, derrière l'impasse des cloutiers et des vendeurs de fil, dans une ruelle si puante que ses habitants la surnommaient la rue Merderon. C'était un boyau de boue et d'ordures qu'une rigole de sang d'un abattoir voisin irriguait le jour. Le soleil incendiait les odeurs, les effluves de viandes s'écrasaient dans celles qui montaient du Tage, les bêlements des moutons prenaient le goût du poisson.

43 good Jew". This was proof enough that she was practicing Judaism and
44 apostasising the holy Catholic faith in secret.

45 One Tuesday in April of 1476, the Christians burned down her
46 shop, beat her husband to death, and roped him to her donkey which
47 they led to Puerta de Goles, set its tail on fire, and came back without
48 even appreciating the circus jumps the beast made on its way towards
49 the Guadalquivir.

50 Burnt on her face and hands, she threw herself into the water,
51 thinking she was dying, and surely wanting to, when a fisherman named
52 Fernando Suarez saved her. The man was old and bandaged her wounds.
53 With no home to return to, she begged the occupants of a merchant ship
54 to help her.
55 The ship was bound for Portugal and then onto Madeira to load up two
56 thousand sacks of sugar.

57 As soon as she landed in Lisbon, Maman met a fish seller named
58 Esther Espinosa, who gave her shelter in exchange for the scaling of her
59 cod, north of Rossio, on a slope of the Paço Real hill, behind the
60 cul-de-sac of the nail and wire sellers, in an alley so putrid that its
61 dwellers called it Shitter Street. The alley was paved with mud and
62 rubbish that a gutter of blood from an adjacent slaughterhouse irrigated
63 throughout the day. The sun incensed the stench, the smell of meat
64

Rosa da Silva et ses huit marmots vivaient entassés dans une salle basse, faite de bois et de torchis, entre les vendeurs de poulaillies, d'œufs et de venaisons. Ça criait, ça gueulait, ça pleurait, les mules écrasaient les pieds des passants, on finissait contre les murs, et les seaux d'ordures tombaient des fenêtres. Rosa avait quelques amis qui l'aimaient, elle et ses braillards, dont un potier d'étain prénommé Ubaldo, qui avait mauvaise haleine mais savait le latin ; Valerio, un joueur à la rebec, qui tenait des rossignols dans une cage pour les faire chanter l'hiver, et Gustavo, un corneur à la turelurette qui s'était cassé la main et n'avait plus jamais joué. Rosa da Silva avait immédiatement aimé ma mère, María Cardoso.

Les deux femmes se lièrent d'amitié, pleurant ensemble le mari qui les avait abandonnées (car celui de Rosa venait aussi de mourir) et qui les avaient laissées enceintes du même mois. Un matin de janvier 1477, la vieille Esther fut réveillée par les cris « ah, oh, ah ! » qui sortaient de la maison de María. « Mon Dieu, elle accouche », gueula-t-elle en direction de la maison de Rosa tout en mettant son eau à chauffer.

« Elle accouche », répéta-t-elle en entrant chez María, « elle accouche », supplia-t-elle en passant une ceinture de racines de courges autour de son gros ventre, « viens m'aider ». Et, comme l'autre ne venait pas, la vieille tambourina chez Rosa, se fit ouvrir par la cadette, et la découvrit

65 sloshing into the those rising from the Tagus, the bleating of sheep took
66 on the taste of fish.

67 Rosa da Silva and her eight scallywags lived crammed into a squat
68 room made of wood and cob, between the poultry, eggs and venison
69 vendors. There was shouting, screaming and crying, the mules stamped
70 on the feet of passers-by, pushing them up against the walls, and above
71 their heads buckets of wastewater fell from the windows. Rosa had a few
72 friends who loved her and her hollering, including a pewtersmith called
73 Ubaldo, who had bad breath but knew Latin; Valerio, a rebec player, who
74 kept nightingales in a cage so he could hear them sing in winter; and
75 Gustavo, a cornet player who had broken his hand and had never played
76 again. Rosa da Silva immediately fell in love with my mother, María
77 Cardoso.

78 The two women became friends, mourning together the
79 husbands that had abandoned them (Rosa's husband had also died) and
80 that had left them pregnant in the same month. One morning in January
81 of 1477, old Esther was woken by cries of "ah, oh, ah!" coming from
82 María's house. "My God, she's having a baby," she cried towards Rosa's
83 house as she put the water on to heat.
84 "She's having a baby," she repeated as she entered María's house, "she's
85 having a baby," she wailed as she put a belt of squash roots around her
86 huge belly, "come and help me." And when she did not come, the old

assise sur une chaise percée, mains sur le ventre, entourée de ses huit enfants, sueur au front, les eaux répandues sous son séant.

« Mon Dieu, c'est pas vrai, elle aussi ! » cria la pauvre femme en courant d'une maison à l'autre sans plus savoir ce qu'elle faisait : déliant chez l'une tous les nœuds qu'elle trouvait pour déjouer le malin qui s'amuse à étrangler les nouveau-nés ; reniflant chez l'autre son haleine pour conjurer la maladie ; tandis qu'on pouvait entendre les cris des deux femmes qui se répondaient, « ah, oh », d'une fenêtre à l'autre, faisant courir la pauvre Esther qui disait « j'arrive, j'arrive, voilà, voilà » et répétait sans arrêt « mon Dieu, mon Dieu elles accouchent, elles accouchent », tout en plongeant ses mains enduites d'huile de violette et de laurier dans le ventre de l'une, puis de l'autre, afin que les cols se dilatent, mélangeant nos sangs et nos humeurs surabondantes sans imaginer que c'étaient là nos âmes qu'elle fondait dans le même chaudron.

Une heure plus tard, Rosa pleurait de joie en voyant son neuvième enfant aussi rose qu'un porcelet de carnaval, quand ma mère, très affaiblie par le sang qui n'arrêtait plus de couler, se demandait pourquoi le sien était bleu. Après avoir murmuré qu'on appelle son fils Adar et qu'on lui donne le patronyme que s'était choisi mon père au moment de sa conversion et qui venait du terrain de charbons derrière leur boutique, elle s'éteignit sans mot dire au milieu de ses poissons.

87 woman knocked on Rosa's door, answered by her youngest daughter,
88 and discovered her sitting on a close stool, hands on her belly,
89 surrounded by her eight children, sweat on her forehead, her waters
90 running down her legs.

91 "My God, it can't be true, her too!" cried the poor woman,
92 running from one house to the other no longer sure of what she was
93 doing: undoing all the knots she could find inside one of the women to
94 thwart the evil that finds takes pleasure from strangling newborn babies;
95 sniffing her breath of the other to ward off disease; all while the cries of
96 the two women could be heard calling and answering each other, "ah,
97 oh", from one window to the other, causing poor Esther to run back and
98 forth saying "I'm coming, I'm coming, I'm here, I'm here" and constantly
99 repeating "my God, my God, they're giving birth, they're giving birth", all
100 the while burying her hands, smeared with violet and laurel oil, into the
101 belly of one, then the other, so the cervixes would dilate, mixing our
102 blood and our excessive humours, not imagining that it was there that
103 she was melting together our souls in that same cauldron.

104 An hour later, Rosa was crying with joy at seeing her ninth child
105 as pink as a carnival piglet, while my mother, frail from the blood that
106 wouldn't stop flowing, was wondering why hers was blue. After
107 murmuring that her son should be called Adar and that he should be
108 given the name my father had chosen for himself at the time of his

Ainsi naquirent le même jour, à la même heure, et dans la même ruelle, même si pas du même ventre, Adar Cardoso – votre serviteur – et Faustino da Silva, à Lisbonne, au temps du roi de Portugal et des Algarves, de chaque côté de la mer en Afrique et duc de Guinée par la grâce de Dieu.

109 conversion, which came from the coal field behind their shop, she died
110 without a word, surrounded by her little fish.
111 Thus were born on the same day, at the same time, and in the
112 same alley, if not from the same womb, Adar Cardoso — at your service
113 — and Faustino da Silva, in Lisbon, at the time of the King of Portugal
114 and the Algarves, King of the breadth of the African sea, Duke of Guinea,
115 and this by the grace of God."

Student Number	17328955	Text Number	4
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Source Text		Target Text	
Title	Axolotl	Title	Axolotl
Year Published	1967		
Author	Juilo Cortázar		
Language	Spanish	Language	English
Word Count	1283	Word Count	1389
Description of Source Text • <i>understanding of source text</i> • <i>knowledge of genre within source contexts</i> • <i>situation of source text</i> <i>familiarity with the formal features of a text (language variation(s), register, dialect)</i> (200 words max)	<i>Axolotl</i> is a short story from Cortázar first short story collection, <i>Final del juego y otros cuentos</i>. This work can be situated in the Latin American Boom, a literary movement that appeared in the 1960s and which aimed at challenging the conventions of Latin American literature and commenting on the turbulent political climate of the time (Poblete, 2019: p.196). This movement was largely defined by the proliferation of the short story form and, particularly, the appearance of magical realism (Harris, 2009: p.5-6), which can both be seen in <i>Axolotl</i>. As is characteristic for magical realism, the narrator of the story undergoes a bizarre change—he finishes his account having become an axolotl—which is commented on by the narrator in the same conversational tone that he has been using throughout, as if there is nothing out of the ordinary in this turn of events (Simpkins, 1988: p. 142). Sentences majoratively begin with verbs in the first person, which creates a sense of continuous movement throughout the story, and also focuses the reader's attention through the narrator's gaze in order to draw further attention to the bizariness of the story's ending.		
Strategy • <i>identification of translation problems</i>	The target audience for this translation will be non-Spanish speaking readers of canonical literature who are interested in experiencing Cortázar's work through English. For this reason, I aim to replicate as precisely as possible in English the tonal and linguistic features of the source text, while avoiding foreignising translation. This latter aspect of the strategy is		

● <i>knowledge of genre within target context and situation of target text</i> ● <i>justification of translation production of genre for target context</i> (200 words max)	important for the maintenance of banality mentioned above which is so central to the effect of magical realism. Overall, this will entail: ● explication of verbs : some temporal sense is lost by formally translating series of verbs, such as in ST lines 5-8 and 14. ● domestication of anatomical terms : the description of the axolotl contains striking imagery, and in order to avoid distracting the reader from this, I will opt for the most natural anatomical terminology. ● The use of lower-register equivalents : since in the Spanish, there is a sense that Cortazar chooses certain structures in order to enforce banality, that rendered too formally into English would draw on the reader's attention and thus undermine this banality. In such instances, I will use a lower register so as to maintain this banality.
Critical Reflection ● <i>textual analysis</i> (200 words max)	The above strategy worked well in the conservation of the narrator's banal tone and thus conserved the jarring effect of the story's ending. This said, it did create an unapprehended effect on the overall register of the text. While in TT line 3-4—'Now I am an axolotyl'— this use of register had the desired effect of expressing bizariness in casual terms, it stands in stark contrast to the following lines (TT5-6). While this contrast of register and tone is present in the ST, due to the narrower difference between low and high registers in Spanish, the contrast became more apparent in English. In effect, this seems to have only underscored the extent to which the narrator views his becoming an axolotl as normal, such that this does not seem to have had a detrimental result for the translation and for the target audience's reading purpose.
Works Cited ● <i>use of sources and reference material</i>	Harris, Mark. 2009. "Existence, Nothingness, and the Quest for Being: Sartrean Existentialism and Julio Cortázar's Early Short Fiction", <i>Latin American Literary Review</i> 37(74): 5-25. Poblete, Juan. 2019. "The Boom, the Literary and Cultural Critique", <i>Journal of Latin American Studies</i> 28(2): 195-213.

	Simpkins, Scott. 1988. "Magical Strategies: The Supplement of Realsim", <i>Twentieth Century Literature</i> 34(2): 140-154.
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Source Text

Axolotl

Hubo un tiempo en que yo pensaba mucho en los axolotl. Iba a verlos al acuario del Jardin des Plantes y me quedaba horas mirándolos, observando su inmovilidad, sus oscuros movimientos. Ahora soy un axolotl.

El azar me llevó hacia ellos una mañana de primavera en que París abrió su cola de pavorreal después de la lenta invernada. Bajé por el bulevar de Port-Royal, tomé St. Marcel y L'Hospital, vi los verdes entre tanto gris y me acordé de los leones. Era amigo de los leones y las panteras, pero nunca había entrado en el húmedo y oscuro edificio de los acuarios. Dejé mi bicicleta contra las rejas y me fui a ver los tulipanes. Los leones estaban feos y tristes y mi pantera dormía. Opté por los acuarios, soslayé peces vulgares hasta dar inesperadamente con los axolotl. Me quedé una hora mirándolos y salí, incapaz de otra cosa.

En la biblioteca Sainte-Geneviève consulté un diccionario y supe que los axolotl son formas larvales, provistas de branquias, de una especie de batracios del género amblistoma. Que eran mexicanos lo sabía ya por ellos mismos, por sus pequeños rostros rosados aztecas y el cartel en lo alto del acuario. Leí que se han encontrado ejemplares en África capaces de vivir en tierra durante los períodos de sequía, y que continúan su vida en el agua al llegar la estación de lluvias. Encontré su nombre español,

Target Text

Axolotl

1 There was a time when I thought a lot about axolotls. I would go to see
2 them in the aquarium of the Jardin des Plantes and I would spend hours
3 watching them, observing their immobility, their dark movements. Now I
4 am an axolotl.
5 Chance led me to them one spring morning when Paris opened its
6 peacock tail after the slowness of winter. I walked down Port-Royal
7 boulevard, took St. Marcel and L'Hopital, and saw the greens amidst so
8 much grey, and remembered the lions. I was a friend of the lions and
9 panthers, but I had never entered the dank, dark aquarium building. I
10 left my bike against the railings and went to look at the tulips. The lions
11 were ugly and sad and my panther was sleeping. I opted for the
12 aquariums, skirted around vulgar fish until I unexpectedly came across
13 the axolotls. I stayed for an hour looking at them and left, unable to do
14 anything else.
15 In the Sainte-Geneviève library I consulted a dictionary and learned that
16 axolotls are larval forms, equipped with gills, of a species of batrachians
17 of the genus amblistoma. I knew that they were Mexican just looking at
18 them, at their little pink Aztec faces and at the sign above their tank. I
19 read that specimens have been found in Africa capable of living on land
20 during periods of drought, but continue their life in water when the rainy

ajolote, la mención de que son comestibles y que su aceite se usaba (se diría que no se usa más) como el de hígado de bacalao.

No quise consultar obras especializadas, pero volví al día siguiente al Jardin des Plantes. Empecé a ir a todas las mañanas, a veces de mañana y de tarde. El guardián de los acuarios sonreía perplejo al recibir el billete. Me apoyaba en la barra de hierro que bordea los acuarios y me ponía a mirarlos. No hay nada de extraño en esto, porque desde el primer momento comprendí que estábamos vinculados, que algo infinitamente perdido y distante seguía sin embargo uniéndonos. Me había bastado detenerme aquella mañana ante el cristal donde unas burbujas corrían en el agua. Los axolotl se amontonaban en el mezquino y angosto (sólo yo puedo saber cuán angosto y mezquino) piso de piedra y musgo del acuario. Había nueve ejemplares, y la mayoría apoyaba la cabeza sobre el cristal, mirando con sus ojos de oro a los que se acercaban. [...]

Vi un cuerpecito rosado y como translúcido (pensé en las estuatillas chinas de cristal lechoso), semejante a un pequeño lagarto de quince centímetros, terminado en una cola de pez de una delicadeza extraordinaria, la parte más sensible de nuestro cuerpo. Por el lomo le corría una aleta transparente que se fusionaba con la cola, pero lo que más me obsesionó fueron las patas, de una finura sutilísima, acabadas en menudos dedos, en uñas minuciosamente humanas. Y entonces descubrí sus ojos, su cara. Un rostro inexpresivo, sin otro rasgo que los ojos, dos

21 season arrives. I found their Spanish name, ajolote, the mention that
22 they are edible and that their oil was (and is no longer) used like cod
23 liver oil.
24 I didn't want to get into any scientific works, but I did go back to the
25 Jardin des Plantes the next day. I started to go there every morning, and
26 sometimes both in the morning and in the evening. The keeper of the
27 aquariums would give a perplexed smile when taking my ticket. I would
28 lean on the iron bar that runs along the edge of the aquariums and get
29 to looking at them. There is nothing strange in this, because from the
30 very first moment I felt that we were linked, that something infinitely
31 lost and distant went on uniting us. It had been enough for me to stop
32 that morning in front of the glass, seeing the bubbles floating up through
33 the water. The axolotls were huddled on the miserable, narrow (only I
34 can say how narrow and miserable) stone and moss floor of the
35 aquarium. There were nine specimen, and most of them were pressing
36 their faces up against the glass, looking out at those who came up with
37 their golden eyes.
38 I saw a little rosy body, translucent — those milky glass chinese figurines
39 came to mind — like a little 15 centimetre long lizard, ending in a fish tail
40 of the most extraordinary delicacy, the most sensitive part of our body.
41 On its back ran a transparent fin which fused to the tail, but what
42 obsessed me most was its feet, their subtle delicacy, ending in tiny toes

orificios como cabezas de alfiler, enteramente de un oro transparente, carentes de toda vida pero mirando, dejándose penetrar por mi mirada que parecía pasar a través del punto áureo y perderse en un diáfano misterio interior. Un delgadísimo halo negro rodeaba el ojo y lo inscribía en la carne rosa, en la piedra rosa de la cabeza vagamente triangular pero con lados curvos e irregulares, que le daban una total semejanza con una estatuilla corroída por el tiempo. [...] A veces una pata se movía apenas, yo veía los diminutos dedos posándose con suavidad en el musgo. Es que no nos gusta movernos mucho, y el acuario es tan mezquino; apenas avanzamos un poco nos damos con la cola o la cabeza de otro de nosotros; surgen dificultades, peleas, fatiga. El tiempo se siente menos si nos estamos quietos. [...]

Parecía fácil, casi obvio, caer en la mitología. Empecé viendo en los axolotl una metamorfosis que no conseguía anular una misteriosa humanidad. Los imaginé conscientemente, esclavos de su cuerpo, infinitamente condenados a un silencio abisal, a una reflexión desesperada. Su mirada ciega, el diminuto disco de oro inexpresivo y sin embargo terriblemente lúcido, me penetraba como un mensaje: "Sálvanos, sálvanos." Me sorprendía musitando palabras de consuelo, transmitiendo pueriles esperanzas. Ellos seguían mirándome, inmóviles; de pronto las ramillas rosadas de las branquias se enderezaban. En ese instante yo sentía como un dolor sordo; tal vez me veían, captaban mi

with miniature human nails. Then I discovered its eyes, its face. An inexpressive face, featureless except for the eyes, two orifices, like needle heads, wholly of transparent gold, lifeless yet looking still, allowing themselves to be pierced by my own gaze which seemed to pass through their golden disks and get lost in some diaphanous interior mystery. A very slender black halo circled the eye, inscribing itself into its pink skin, in the pink rock of its vaguely triangular head, but with curved and irregular sides which lent it an absolute likeness to a time-eroded statuette.[...] Sometimes a leg would just barely move, and I could see the tiny toes landing softly on the moss. See, we don't like to move much, and the aquarium is so miserable; we only have to move a little before we run into another's tail or head; it causes trouble, fights, fatigue. We feel time less if we stand still. [...]

It seemed easy, almost natural, to fall into their mythology. I started to see in the axolotls a metamorphosis that did not quite manage to annul that mysterious humanity of theirs. I consciously imagined them, slaves to their own bodies, infinitely condemned to an abyssal silence, to desperate reflection. Their blind gaze, the tiny. inexpressive and yet terribly lucid golden discs, penetrated me like a message: "Save us, save us". I would catch myself muttering words of comfort, offering childish hopes. They kept staring at me, motionless; suddenly the pink twigs of their gills went erect. In that moment I felt something like a dull ache;

esfuerzo por penetrar en lo impenetrable de sus vidas. No eran seres humanos, pero en ningún animal había encontrado una relación tan profunda conmigo. Los axolotl eran como testigos de algo, y a veces como horribles jueces. Me sentía innoble frente a ellos; había una pureza tan espantosa en esos ojos transparentes. Eran larvas, pero larva quiere decir también máscara y también fantasmas. Detrás de esas caras aztecas, inexpresivas y sin embargo de una crueldad implacable ¿qué imagen esperaba su hora?

[...] Lejos del acuario no hacía más que pensar en ellos, era como si me influyeran a distancia. Llegué a ir todos los días, y de noche los imaginaba inmóviles en la oscuridad, adelantando lentamente una mano que de pronto encontraba la de otro. Acaso sus ojos veían en plena noche, y el día continuaba para ellos indefinidamente. Los ojos de un axolotl no tienen párpados.

Ahora sé que no hubo nada de extraño, que eso tenía que ocurrir. Cada mañana, al inclinarme sobre el acuario, el reconocimiento era mayor. Sufrían, cada fibra de mi cuerpo alcanzaba ese sufrimiento amordazado, esa tortura rígida en el fondo del agua. Espiaban algo, un remoto señorío aniquilado, un tiempo de libertad en que el mundo había sido de los axolotl. No era posible que una expresión tan terrible, que alcanzaba a vencer la inexpresividad forzada de sus rostros de piedra, no portara un mensaje de dolor, la prueba de que esa condena eterna, de ese infierno

perhaps they saw me, sensed my effort to penetrate the impenetrability of their lives. They were not human beings, yet to no animal I had ever come across was I able to relate myself so profoundly. The axolotls were like witnesses to something, and sometimes like horrible judges. I felt contemptible in front of them; there was such a frightening purity in those transparent eyes. They may have been larvae, but larva also means mask, and spectres. Behind those Aztec faces, inexpressive and yet of implacable cruelty, what image awaited its hour?

[...] Away from the aquarium I did nothing but think of them, it was as if they were influencing me from a distance. I went there every day, and at night I imagined them laying motionless in the dark, slowly moving one hand forward and suddenly finding the hand of another. Maybe their eyes could see in full dark, and the day went on for them, endlessly. The eyes of an axolotl have no lids.

I know now that there was nothing strange about it, that it was bound to happen. Every morning, as I leaned towards the aquarium, the recognition was greater. They suffered, every fibre of my body reached for that mute suffering, that unyielding torment at the bottom of the tank. They lay idly searching for something, a long-gone, annihilated dominion, a time of freedom when the world had belonged to the axolotls. Such a terrible expression, which managed to overcome the forced inexpressiveness of their stone faces, could only convey a

líquido que padecían. Inútilmente quería probarme que mi propia sensibilidad proyectaba en los axolotl una conciencia inexistente. Ellos y yo sabíamos. Por eso no hubo nada de extraño en lo que ocurrió. Mi cara estaba pegada al vidrio del acuario, mis ojos trataban una vez más de penetrar el misterio de esos ojos de oro sin iris y sin pupila. Veía de muy cerca la cara de un axolotl inmóvil junto al vidrio. Sin transición, sin sorpresa, vi mi cara contra el vidrio, la vi fuera del acuario, la vi del otro lado del vidrio. Entonces mi cara se apartó y yo comprendí.

[...] El volvió muchas veces, pero viene menos ahora. Pasa semanas sin asomarse. Ayer lo vi, me miró largo rato y se fue bruscamente. Me pareció que no se interesaba tanto por nosotros, que obedecía a una costumbre. Como lo único que hago es pensar, pude pensar mucho en él. Se me ocurre que al principio continuamos comunicados, que él se sentía más que nunca unido al misterio que lo obsesionaba. Pero los puentes están cortados entre él y yo, porque lo que era su obsesión es ahora un axolotl, ajeno a su vida de hombre. Creo que al principio yo era capaz de volver en cierto modo a él - ah, sólo en cierto modo - y mantener alerta su deseo de conocernos mejor. Ahora soy definitivamente un axolotl, y si pienso como un hombre es sólo porque todo axolotl piensa como un hombre dentro de su imagen de piedra rosa. Me parece que de todo esto alcancé a comunicarle algo en los primeros días, cuando yo era todavía él. Y en esta soledad final, a la que él ya no vuelve, me consuela pensar

message of pain, the proof of that eternal damnation, of that liquid hell they suffered. In vain, I wanted to prove to myself that my own sensibility was projecting onto the axolotls a non-existent consciousness. They and I, we knew. That's why there was nothing strange in what happened. My face was glued to the glass of the tank, my eyes trying once again to penetrate the mystery of those irisless, pupil-less golden eyes. I saw up close the face of an inert axolotl next to the glass. Without transition, without surprise, I saw my face against the glass, I saw it outside the aquarium, I saw it from the other side of the glass. Then my face turned away and I understood.

[...] He came back many times, but he comes less often now. He doesn't show his face for weeks. Yesterday I saw him, he looked at me for a long while and then left abruptly. It seemed to me that he wasn't so interested in us anymore, that it had become a habit. Since all I do is think, I could think about him a lot. I think that at the beginning we continued to communicate, that he felt more than ever attached to the mystery that haunted him. But the bridges have been cut between him and I, because what was his obsession is now an axolotl, alien to his life as a man. I think at the beginning I was able to return to him in a certain way - ah, only in a certain way - and keep his desire to know us better alive. Now I am definitely an axolotl, and if I think like a man it is only because every axolotl thinks like a man inside his pink, stony image. I

que acaso va a escribir sobre nosotros, creyendo imaginar un cuento va a escribir todo esto sobre los axolotl.

think that I managed to communicate something of all this to him in the early days, when I was still him. And in this final solitude, to which he no longer returns, it comforts me to think that maybe he'll write about us, thinking that he is only making up a story, he is going to write all this about the axolotls.

Student Number		Text Number	5
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Source Text		Target Text	
Title	Burocracia	Title	Bureaucracy
Year Published	1989		
Author	Eduardo Galeano		
Language	Spanish	Language	English
Word Count	532	Word Count	579
Description of Source Text • <i>understanding of source text</i> • <i>knowledge of genre within source contexts</i> • <i>situation of source text</i> <i>familiarity with the formal features of a text (language variation(s), register, dialect)</i> (200 words max)	The source text includes three fragments related by the theme of bureaucracy, extracted from Galeano's book, which was published in Uruguay five years after the end of the Uruguayan military dictatorship. Many of the themes addressed by the book serve to critique this dictatorship and the disregard for human life it exercised as it imprisoned, tortured, and murdered thousands of dissenters (Robbin, 2005: p.121). In these three brief, yet distinct narratives, irony is used to parody and thus undermine the nonsensicality of the bureaucracy that went unchallenged during the dictatorship. Galeano's use of language is principally a relaxed, unadorned and objective, which allows the irony to speak for itself. This register is also serves to the horrors of the dictatorship sound trivia This said, military and judicial lexicon often invades the text — '[s]on actas de castigo', for example — which in contrast to the near-orality of language elsewhere, calls attention to itself the language used by the very bureaucracy that the text critiques.		
Strategy • <i>identification of translation problems</i> • <i>knowledge of genre within target context and situation of target text</i>	This text has never been translated into English, and as such, Galeano is practically unheard of in the English-speaking world. This said, his text offers critical insights into the Uruguayan dictatorship that could be of particular interest to a broad demographic, yet perhaps most of all to adult students of history. This will influence my strategy in that implied references to the dictatorship will slightly explicated in cases where assumed knowledge is necessary for comprehension ('En tiempos de la dictadura militar' [in the times of the military dictatorship]). Furthermore, I will attempt to replicate in		

• <i>justification of translation production of genre for target context</i> (200 words max)	the TT Galeano's mixture of military and vernacular registers. Since register in Spanish is much more reliant on lexical choices than in English, where informal syntactic choices are used comparably more (SOURCE), I will opt for syntactic structures in English which better reflect the tone and register of the ST where more formally adherent options do not transfer this tone and register. The military and judicial jargon in the ST will present a particular challenge , as it will be necessary to find formal equivalents which both transfer the original idea while suiting the target context.
Critical Reflection • <i>textual analysis</i> (200 words max)	As expected, the translation of military and judicial terminology was a particular challenge, which I suspect is a result of the fact that differing judicial systems and militaries will also have differing organisational structures, and as such, will necessarily be problematic when being transferred from source context to target context. As a result, many of these translation choices were only approximate. While my strategy for maintaining tone and register seemed to be successful in approximating those of the original, my choice to translate towards more syntactically informal structures actually seemed to increase the tone of irony in English. One example of this is in Burocracia/2, in which I translate each step of Nouched's request for his arm with a sequential 'so'. This sequentiality is not as visible in the ST, and when the final punch of irony arrives at the end, it seems to have been underlined or supported by the use of 'so' throughout the passage.
Works Cited • <i>use of sources and reference material</i>	Robben, Antonius. 2005. "How Traumatized Societies Remember: The Aftermath of Argentina's Dirty War" <i>Cultural Critique</i> 59: pp. 120-164.

Source Text

Burocracia

La burocracia /1

En tiempos de la dictadura militar, a mediados de 1973, un preso político uruguayo, Juan José Noueched, sufrió una sanción de cinco días: cinco días sin visita ni recreo, cinco días sin nada, por violación del reglamento. Desde el punto de vista del capitán que le aplicó la sanción, el reglamento no dejaba lugar a dudas. El reglamento establecía claramente que los presos debían caminar en fila y con ambas manos en la espalda. Noueched había sido castigado por poner una sola mano en la espalda.

Noueched era manco.

Había caído preso en dos etapas. Primero había caído su brazo. Después él. El brazo cayó en Montevideo. Noueched venía escapando a todo correr cuando el policía que lo perseguía alcanzó a pegarle un manotón, le gritó: ¡Dese preso! y se quedó con el brazo en la mano. El resto de Noueched cayó un año y medio después, en Paysandú.

En la cárcel, Noueched quiso recuperar su brazo perdido:

-Haga una solicitud - le dijeron.

Él explicó que no tenía lápiz:

-Haga una solicitud de lápiz -le dijeron.

Entonces tuvo lápiz, pero no tenía papel:

-Haga una solicitud de papel - le dijeron.

Target Text

Bureaucracy

1 Bureaucracy /1

2 In the middle of 1973, during the military dictatorship, a Uruguayan
3 political prisoner, Juan José Noueched, was given a five day sanction—
4 five days with no visits or recreation—five days of nothing for breaking
5 the rules. From the point of view of the warden who applied the
6 sanction, the regulations left no room for doubt. They (the/these rules)
7 clearly established that prisoners were to walk in line with both hands
8 behind their backs. Noueched had been reprimanded for walking with
9 only one hand behind his back.

10 Noueched only had the one arm.

11 He had been taken prisoner in two stages. First with his arm. Then him.

12 They took the arm in Montevideo. Noueched was making a run for it
13 when the cop who was chasing him got a shot in that took off his arm,
14 and shouted at him: “Give yourself up!” They got the rest of Noueched a
15 year and a half later, in Paysandú.

16 In prison, Noueched wanted to get his lost arm back:

17 -Put in a request - he was told.

18 He explained that he had no pencil:

19 -Put in a request for a pencil then- they told him.

20 So he had a pencil, but no paper:

Cuando por fin tuvo lápiz y papel, formuló su solicitud de brazo.

Al tiempo le contestaron. Que no. No se podía: el brazo estaba en otro expediente. A él lo había procesado la justicia militar. Al brazo, la justicia civil.

La burocracia /2

El Tito Sclavo pudo ver y transcribir algunos partes oficiales de la cárcel llamada Libertad, en los años de la dictadura uruguaya. Son actas de castigo: se condena a calabozo solitario a los presos que han cometido el delito de dibujar pájaros, o parejas, o mujeres embarazadas, o que han sido sorprendidos usando una toalla estampada en flores. Un preso, cuya cabeza estaba, como todas, rapada a cero, fue castigado por entrar por entrar despeinado al comedor. Otro, por sacar la cabeza por abajo de la puerta, aunque bajo la puerta había un milímetro de luz. Hubo calabozo solitario para un preso que pretendió familiarizarse con un perro de guerra, y para otro que insultó a un perro integrante de las Fuerzas Armadas. Otro fue sancionado porque ladró como un perro sin razón justificada.

21 -So put in a request for paper- he was told.

22 When he finally had a pencil and paper, he made his request for an arm.

23 After a while he got a reply. No. Nothing could be done about the arm

24 because they didn't have it on file.

25 The arm was filed elsewhere He had been prosecuted by the military

26 justice division. The arm was with civilian justice.

27

28 Bureaucracy /2

29 In the time of the Uruguayan dictatorship, one Tito Sclavo got to see and

30 transcribe some official reports from Libertad Prison. They are

31 punishment records: prisoners who commit the crime of drawing birds,

32 of couples, or of pregnant women, or those who are caught using a

33 towel with flower print, are sentenced to solitary confinement. One

34 prisoner, whose head was, like all of them, shaven bare, was punished

35 for entering the cafeteria unkempt. Another, for sticking his head out

36 from under the door, although there was only a millimetre gap to

37 squeeze through. It was was solitary confinement for a prisoner who

38 tried to befriend a soldier dog, and for another who insulted a dog that

39 worked under the Armed Forces. Another was punished because he

40 barked like a dog for no reason at all.

41

42

La burocracia /3

Sixto Martínez cumplió el servicio militar en un cuartel de Sevilla.

En medio del patio de ese cuartel, había un banquito. Junto al banquito, un soldado hacía guardia. Nadie sabía porqué se hacía la guardia del banquito. La guardia se hacía porque se hacía, noche y día, todas las noches, todos los días, y de generación en generación los oficiales transmitían la orden y los soldados obedecían. Nadie nunca dudó, nadie nunca preguntó. Si así se había hecho, por algo sería.

Y así siguió siendo hasta que alguien, no sé que general o coronel, quiso conocer la orden original. Hubo que revolver a fondo los archivos. Y después de mucho hurgar, se supo. Hacía treinta y un años, dos meses y cuatro días, un oficial había mandado montar guardia junto al banquito, que estaba recién pintado, para que a nadie se le ocurriera sentarse sobre pintura fresca.

Bureaucracy /3

Sixto Martínez did his military service in a barracks in Seville.

In the middle of the courtyard of that barracks, there was a little bench. Next to the bench, a soldier stood guard. Nobody knew why. The guard was kept stationed there because that is how things were done. Night and day, every night, and every day, and from generation to generation the officers passed down the mandate and the soldiers obeyed. No one ever speculated, no one ever questioned. If this was the way things were done, there must have been a reason.

And that is how things continued until someone, some general or colonel, wanted to see the original order. They had to rummage through mountains of records, and after plenty of rummaging, he got his answer. Thirty-one years, two months and four days ago, an officer had ordered a guard to station himself beside the bench, which only had been freshly painted, to make sure that no one would think of sitting on the fresh paint.

Student Number	17328955	Text Number	6
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Source Text		Target Text	
Title	El día que se perdió la cordura	Title	The Day Sanity was Lost
Year Published	2017		
Author	Javier Castillo		
Language	Spanish	Language	English
Word Count	414	Word Count	454
Description of Source Text • <i>understanding of source text</i> • <i>knowledge of genre within source contexts</i> • <i>situation of source text</i> <i>familiarity with the formal features of a text (language variation(s), register, dialect)</i> (200 words max)	This is the introductory chapter to a young adult crime thriller <i>El día que se perdió la cordura</i> by Javier Castillo. The source text was and continues to be very popular, but it has received a lot of criticism: while it is targeted at 12-16 year olds, the subject matter is slightly more mature than this target audience would suggest (with relatively graphic imagery of violence and sex) while being written in a style that could be suitable for a less mature audience (tardesdelibro.com). In other words, the book's subject matter, style, and 'maturity level' are all divorced. In the source text chosen for translation, Castillo's frequent use of cinematographic terminology as descriptors can be seen ('todo parece que va a cámara lenta' [everything seems to be going in slow motion]).		
Strategy • <i>identification of translation problems</i> • <i>knowledge of genre within target context and situation of target text</i> • <i>justification of translation</i> <i>production of genre for target context</i> (200 words max)	For the above reasons, in this translation, I aim to bring these factors together and translate for a mature audience, namely female adults between the ages of 55 and 75 who read mature crime fiction such as Martina Cole (yougov.co.uk). Fidelity to the source text will not be a primary consideration as several shifts will have to be made in order to accommodate the target audience and their expectations of the crime fiction genre. I will do the following: • increase the intensity of graphic imagery • incorporate the use of vulgar language		

	● synthesise clauses where meaning is maintained when shortened (for example, ST line 1's 'son las doce de la mañana' [it is twelve o'clock in the morning] can simply be translated as 'it is noon'). ● ennoblement of description (as defined by Berman: 2012p.247) : for example, the use of alternatives for cinematographic descriptors. ● the redistribution of sentence breaks
Critical Reflection ● <i>textual analysis</i> (200 words max)	My strategy appears to have increased the level of mature content and reduced the juvenile quality of the description, such as in the TT lines 6-9, where I explicated the ST's 'estoy desnudo' [I am naked] to 'I have my cock hanging between my legs'. Similarly, the addition of 'the blood has almost dried a sickly brown on my bare skin' is more graphic than the ST's 'La sangre de mi cuerpo ya está casi seca' [The blood on my body is already almost dry]. The substitution of 'cámara lenta' [slow motion] for 'funeral base' also served towards this effect. This descriptive language would likely be more in line with the TA's expectations of an adult crime fiction. The sentence breaks of the translation add a greater sense of motion to the action of the passage, while also increasing dramatic effect by causing the reader to consider each passing image with more focused attention. In addition, as a result of my strategy, the repetition of 'falta un día para Navidad' [there is one day left until Christmas] in both the opening and closing lines was not precisely mirrored in the final line as it is in the ST.
Works Cited ● <i>use of sources and reference material</i>	https://yougov.co.uk/topics/arts/explore/writer/Martina_Cole https://tardesdelibro.com/2017/05/07/resena-el-dia-que-se-perdio-la-cordura/

	Berman, Antoine. 2012. "Translation and the Trials of the Foreign" Chap. 19 in <i>The Translation Studies Reader</i> , edited by Lawrence Venuti, 3rd ed. London: Routledge.
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Source Text

El día que se perdió la cordura

Son las doce de la mañana del 24 de Diciembre, falta un día para Navidad. Camino por la calle tranquilo, con la mirada perdida y todo parece que va a cámara lenta. Miro hacia arriba y veo cuatro globos de color blanco alzarse alejándose hacia el sol. Mientras ando, escucho gritos de mujeres y noto cómo la gente a lo lejos no para de observarme. A decir verdad, me parece normal que me miren y griten, al fin y acabo, estoy desnudo, cubierto de sangre y llevo una cabeza entre mis manos. La sangre de mi cuerpo ya está casi seca, aunque la cabeza aún sigue goteando lentamente. Una mujer se ha quedado paralizada en mitad de la calle al verme. Casi suelto una carcajada cuando se le ha caído la compra al suelo.

Todavía no me puedo creer lo que hice anoche, aunque en el fondo tengo una sensación de tranquilidad y paz interior que jamás había tenido. Es extraño, pero es la verdad.

Miro de nuevo a la mujer y sigue inmóvil. Le dedico una sonrisa de oreja a oreja y veo cómo empieza a temblar. Dios, qué bueno soy. Recuerdo con nostalgia los cuatro meses que me he pasado ensayando la mirada perdida delante del espejo. Día sí, día también, cuatro horas diarias de ensayo. Me satisface pensar que soy autodidacta, pero supongo que es la semifalsa sensación de autorrealización que sienten

Target Text

The Day Sanity was Lost

1 It is noon on the 24th, one day until Christmas. I am walking down the
2 street, perfectly at ease, my eyes glazed over. Everything around me
3 seems to move at a funeral pace. I look up as four white balloons drift
4 off into the cold winter sun. As I walk, I pass women screaming, and I
5 note how horrified stares follow me on my path. Truth be told, this does
6 not seem at all unusual to me. After all, I have my cock hanging between
7 my legs, I'm dripping with blood, and a decapitated head swings lifeless
8 from my hand. While the head continues to bleed out slowly onto the
9 pavement, the blood has almost dried a sickly brown on my bare skin. A
10 woman, at the sight of me, is halted in her tracks in the middle of the
11 street, dropping her groceries to the tarmac out of shock. I just barely
12 contain a cackle.

13 I still can't believe what I did last night, although deep down I feel
14 a sense of tranquillity and inner peace that I have never felt before. It
15 may be strange, but it's the truth.

16 I look at the woman again and she is still frozen in place. I flash
17 her an ear to ear grin and watch as she starts to tremble. *God, I'm good.*
18 I think back fondly to the four months that I've spent rehearsing this
19 vacant gaze in the mirror. Four hours a day, day in, day out, practicing. I
20 find it satisfying to think of myself as self-taught, but I suppose it's the

todos los que se proclaman autodidactas. Siempre se me ha dado fatal la interpretación y nunca he sabido mentir. No supe hacerlo ni tan siquiera cuando le dije a ella, a mi todo, hace tantos años, el motivo por el que íbamos a aquel sitio en mitad de la noche. Me encantaba su sonrisa, y su mirada era una auténtica perdición. No se le podía mentir a esa mirada. Podría haber estado toda una vida observándola mientras amanecía, mientras los rayos de sol iluminaban su pelo, y mientras abría los ojos y me sonreía al despertar.

En mi silencio interno, empiezo a escuchar de fondo las sirenas de la policía y, poco a poco, percibo todo lo demás: el caos de la gente, bebés llorando, pasos a toda velocidad.

Me detengo donde estoy, suelto la cabeza de J.T. y sonrío a los policías mientras se acercan rodeándome y apuntándome con sus armas. Me arrodillo en el suelo y, antes de caer inconsciente por un golpe en la cabeza, solo tengo tiempo de decir:

—Falta un día para Navidad.

21 half-false sense of self-fulfilment felt by all those who claim to be
22 self-taught. I've always been terrible at acting and I've never known how
23 to lie. I couldn't even lie when I told her, my everything, all those years
24 ago, why we were going to that place in the middle of the night. I loved
25 her smile, and the look in her eyes could be my undoing. You couldn't lie
26 to that look. I could have spent a lifetime watching her in the morning
27 light of the rising sun, as the rays lit up her hair, opening her eyes from
28 sleep and smiling at me.

29 Through my inner silence, I begin to hear police sirens in the distance,
30 and gradually, everything else comes into focus: the chaos of people,
31 crying babies, speeding footsteps.

32 I stop where I am, let go of J.T.'s head and smile at the cops as they close
33 in, surrounding me at gun-point. I kneel on the ground and, before a
34 blow to my head knocks me unconscious, I only have time to say, "It's
35 one day until Christmas".

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Student Number	17328955	Text Number	7
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Source Text		Target Text	
Title	Heartstopper	Title	Heartstopper
Year Published	2019		
Author	Alice Oseman		
Language	English	Language	Spanish
Word Count	235	Word Count	264
Description of Source Text • <i>understanding of source text</i> • <i>knowledge of genre within source contexts</i> • <i>situation of source text</i> <i>familiarity with the formal features of a text (language variation(s), register, dialect)</i> (200 words max)	The source text is an excerpt from the children's graphic novel <i>Heartstopper</i>, which was originally a popular web comic before being published in print in 2019. The Netflix motion adaptation of the book was released in February of 2022, with Spanish dubbing and subtitles available. The novel follows the budding romance of two schoolboys, Charlie and Nick. The two boys are aged 15 and 16 respectively, and their age is reflected in their concise, casual dialogue. As the excerpt in question occurs before they reveal their feeling for one another, the boys' dialogue is also full of uncertainty and insecurity. Several of the illustrations also contain text with onomatopoeic, third person forms of verbs (page 138, for example), which describe the character's actions in these illustrations.		
Strategy • <i>identification of translation problems</i> • <i>knowledge of genre within target context and situation of target text</i> • <i>justification of translation</i>	This translation is intended for Hodder and Stoughton's commercial translation of the <i>Heartstopper</i> series, which following the popularity of the Netflix series, the publishing company expects to be in wide demand amongst teenaged readers and fans of the show. It is important, therefore, that the translation of dialogue maintains its simplicity and the subtextual romance between the boys. Since the dialogue bubbles are often integrated with the illustrations, it will not be possible to adjust the space available for the translated dialogue. As such, the translation will need to accommodate the space provided in the ST. Due to Oseman's consistent use of onomatopoeic words in the illustrations and their		

<i>production of genre for target context</i> (200 words max)	description of the images, it will be important to translate using onomatopoeic equivalents. Similarly, as Oitinnen has noted, illustrations ‘add to the narration by giving extra information, such as cannot be given by words: details about setting in time, place, culture, society as well as characters and their relationships’ (2003: p,131). It will be important that the translation maintains the correspondence between illustration and dialogue, as it is ‘weav[e] something into a whole in which words, pictures, sound, and architecture should all work together’ (Hahn 2019).
Critical Reflection ● <i>textual analysis</i> (200 words max)	As informal Spanish is much more direct and concise than in English, the resulting TT was X words shorter than the ST, and in general, this also meant that there was little difficulty fitting the Spanish translation in the speech bubbles provided. On page 144, however, it was necessary to make a drastic translation choice to meet this requirement. Although the language was to remain informal, it was necessary here to use the abbreviated form of ‘que’, ‘q’ , in order to fit the translation. The translation of text in illustrations was majoratively achieved. In one instance, however, this was not possible. The English phrase ‘to snap a photo’ provides the onomatopoeic word ‘snap’. In Spanish, no such equivalent exists, and for this reason, I was guided by Oitinnen and Hahn to translate with respect to the illustration. As such, I chose ‘foto’, rather than ‘saca’ [take/take out/realise] (from ‘sacar un foto’ [to take/snap a photo]) as this has the most coherence with the illustration.
Works Cited ● <i>use of sources and reference material</i>	Hahn, Daniel. “Five Translators on the Joys and Challenges of Translating Children’s Books.” Interview by Emma Ramadan. Words Without Borders, April 3, 2019. Accessed December 5, 2021. https://www.wordswithoutborders.org/dispatches/article/five-translators-on-the-joys-and-challenges-of-translating-childrens-books. Oittinen, Riitta. 2003. "Where the wild things are: Translating Picture Books." Meta 48 (1-2): 128-141. doi:https://doi.org/10.7202/006962ar.

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Source Text

Heartstopper



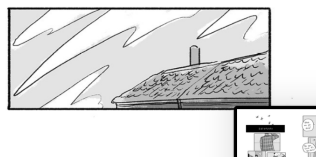
Target Text

Heartstopper





131



131



132



133



DRRRING

134



133



DRRRINN

134



135



136



135



136



137



138



137



138



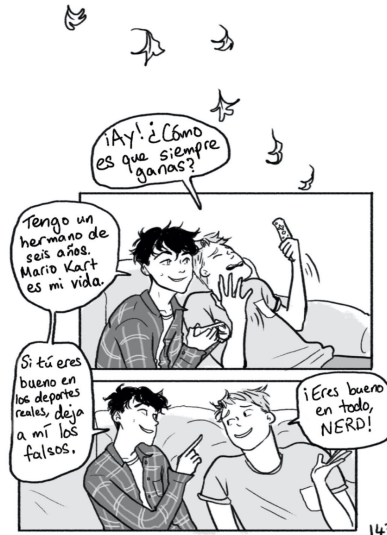




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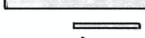
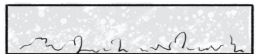
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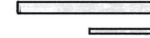
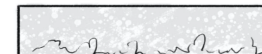


149

I Am.
Freezing.



150



149

¡Estoy
congelándome!



150





Wait there!

151



153



152



Well... Nellie will miss you

154



¡Esperate!

151



153



152



Bueno. Res. No no te echare de menos

154

Student Number		Text Number	8
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Source Text		Target Text	
Title	Renga	Title	Renga
Year Published	1971		
Author	Octavio Paz, Jacques Roubaud, Edoardo Sanguineti, Charles Tomlinson		
Language	French, Spanish, English	Language	French, Spanish, English
Word Count	420	Word Count	N/A
Description of Source Text • <i>understanding of source text</i> • <i>knowledge of genre within source contexts</i> • <i>situation of source text</i> <i>familiarity with the formal features of a text (language variation(s), register, dialect)</i> (200 words max)	<i>Renga</i> is a collaborative, multilingual poem written by four authors using four different languages: English, French, Spanish, and Italian. It is named after the Japanese collective poem of the same name, which was popular in Japan between 794 and 1192 (Roy, 1979: p.9). As had become a strict rule during its initial period of popularity, the four twentieth-century poets decided to each write a few lines of their own at a time, but only viewing and continuing from the previous poet's addition (ibid: p.10). Their aim, in the spirit of the renga, was to 'bring together several in harmony, going from monody to polyphony, or at least [...] to conversation' (ibid: p.12). The resulting body of poetry consisted of sixteen sonnets, each containing a contribution of each of the poets, and in each of their languages. The poets often make use of languages that are not their own, resulting in several multilingual stanzas. For the purposes of this exercise, my colleagues and I have chosen to translate the first four sonnets (I1, II1, III1, and IV1).		
Strategy • <i>identification of translation problems</i>	The target audience of this collaborative translation is principally anyone who is interested in multilingualism, translation, and the relationship between the two. Readers familiar with the source <i>renga</i> would likely also be particularly interested in this translation. The strategy we utilise will be heavily informed by the original collaboration that produced the source text:		

● <i>knowledge of genre within target context and situation of target text</i> ● <i>justification of translation production of genre for target context</i> (200 words max)	Each translator will only have access to the previous translated stanza The translation of each stanza should incorporate elements of the previous stanza, and highlight the places Each translator's contribution will be marked by a different colour (I am translator C, represented by the colour red) The influences from other translators' work will be written in font that combines the translator's own colour with the colour of the translator that influenced them. Each sonnet will become progressively more creative and less loyal to the ST, eventually using it as "inspiration". I have attached in the appendix a key which provides full details of the translators responsible for each contribution.
Critical Reflection ● <i>textual analysis</i> (200 words max)	Due to the creative nature of this translation, the relationship between the ST and TT becomes progressively less clear with each sonnet. While this is clear when comparing the first and final sonnets, the extent to which the translations of the middle two sonnets deviate from the ST is largely arbitrary. The use of colour proved useful for identification purposes, yet the decision to mix colours to signal the influence of another translator is at times difficult to follow. Indeed, the source of creative choices, such as the circular shape used in sonnet II1, is often unclear as we did not choose to include a justification for these decision. This, however, would appear to be in the spirit of the source <i>Renga</i>, and thus, we succeeded in appropriating the source author's creative strategy to our own translation strategy.
Works Cited ● <i>use of sources and reference material</i>	Roy, Claude. 1979. Foreword in 'Renga: A chain of poems by Octavio Paz, Jacques Roubaud, Edoardo Sanguineti, Charles Tomlinson ' (Penguin Books: Middlesex).

Source Text

Renga

l1

El sol marcha sobre huesos ateridos:
en la cámara subterránea: gestaciones:
las bocas del metro son ya hormigueros.
Cesa el sueño: comienzan los lenguajes:

And the gestureless speech of things unfreezes
as the shadow, gathering under the vertical
raised lip of the column's fluting, spreads
its inkstain into the wrinkles of weathered stone:

Car la pierre peut-être est une vigne
la pierre où des fourmis jettent leur acide,
une parole préparée dans cette grotte:

Target Text

Renga

1 l1

2 太陽が凍える骨に押し寄せている (taiyou ga kogoeru hone ni
3 oshiyoseteiru)

4 地下の部屋で・妊娠 (chika no heya de : ninshin)

5 地下鉄の口から蟻があり過ぎ。(chikatetsu no kuchi kara ari ga arisugi.)
6

7 夢の終わり・語の始まり (yume no owari : go no hajimari)

8

9 Et la parole sans geste des choses dégèle

10 alors que l'ombre, qui se forme sous la colonne,

11 se marie aux lèvres en saillies des cannelures, diffuse

12 sa tache d'encre parmi les rides de la pierre érodée :

13

14 Porque la piedra puede ser una viña

15 la piedra donde las hormigas echan su ácido,

16 una palabra preparada en esta cueva:

17

18

19

20 Princes, sepulchre and shrine, raising spectres' spittles:

Principi, tomba e teca, sollevavo salive di spettri:

la mia mandibola mordeva le sue sillabe di sabbia:

ero reliquia e clessidra per i vetri dell'occidente:

21 my jaw chewing its sandy syllables:

22 I was relics and clepsydra for the westerly glazings:

23

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II1

Aime criaient-ils aime gravité

des très hautes branches tout bas pesait la

Terre aime criaient-ils dans le haut

(Cosí, mia sfera, cosí in me, sospesa, sogni: soffiavi, tenera,

un cielo: e in me cerco i tuoi poli, se la

tua lingua è la mia ruota, Terra del Fuoco, Terra di Roubaud)

Naranja, poma, seno, esfera al fin resuelta

en vacuidad de estupa. Tierra disuelta.

Ceres, Persephone, Eve, sphere

Earth, bitter our apple, who at last will hear

that love-cry?

III1

43 II1

44 'Love!' they cried up above

45 From atop the forest's canopy

46 Falls love's fallacy to the Earth

47 By gravity's majesty cries of 'Love!'

48

49 (Así, mi bola, así en mí, gravitando, sueñas: soplabas, suave,

50 Uncielo: ay, en mi buscotus polos, si

51 tus gritos son mis ruedas, Tierra del Fuego, Selva de Sarah)

52

53

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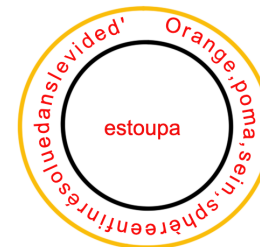
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57

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60



Tierra dissolue.

まるで、エロス
まるで、地下の神さま
まるで、黒いイブの胃袋が丸で
地球で神さま・神サーラが今更、
このりんごを苦しめると
あのロブの叫びが聞こえるきつと、
聞こえるでしょう、
だれかが。

The given is ground. You are bound by it
as the eyes are bound – by a frame of nearnesses
surrounding things half-seen: thick, bare
Calligraphy and confusion of boughs on air:

est donnée la confusion des arbres
d'infiniment petites poussières
mouches sur le grain du papier herbes
bouches blanc dans le sol de la vue

Confusa ritorni, confusione diffusa, insetto incerto,
Scabbia per ogni mia palpebra, spada per l'iride, scena
nuda: il tuo ombelico è l'occhio del mio albero, aperto
Paesaggio di catene, di fruste: siringa per la mia vena:

III1

*La terre fertile donne. Elle nous ouvre les yeux
comme elle nous ouvre le néant et nous mène vers l'infini.
Les trompes de fallope arboricoles, des troncs mêlé-ô-dieux
qu'inscrit notre transgraphie :*

Trumped confusion gives way to desire
Tree's pollen: infinite words: from ink to web
Traipsing on wave-silk, fluttering flies of fire
Transprism: bleurojogiallo白 in the eyes of the earth

帰ったら迷う。木が消えて地下からねが育って虫が歌ってる蟬と
作者の目の中の寄生虫になっちゃった。刀のような筆・涙と波だ。ペー
ジが
無辺で、地下からのねが蓮になって、
無鎖で無むちな神が訳詩で血をこぼしている。
(kaettara mayou. Ki ga kiete, chika kara ne ga sodatte, mushi ga
utatteri semi to
sakusha no me no naka no kiseichuu ni nachatta. Katana no you
na fude: namida to namida. Peji ga
Muhen de, chika kara no ne ga hasu ni natte,
Mukusari de mumushi na kami ha yakushi de chi wo koboshiteiru.)

Suelo, árboles, marañas, ombligo, rayo fijo

(Ares y Eros): la escritura respira: mar nupcial.

La Traduzione respira e frutta e mangia e fiorisce e muore
Seppellita nel freddo crudele abbraccio della Madre Terra.
E la Madre madida dal Mare dà alla luce una sirena
che soffia un frutto neonato dai flutti alla Terra.

IV1

I rouge (nella mia nebbia); dolce; 4 noir(s): (severe!),

Inverno, tempo:

Mia neve, e inferno, inferma: in ferma, in decante, tu,
materia;

Ma (un cavallo sellato si allontana): tu sei numero, niente
(verso destra):

alfabetos, números: nous dirons vos naissances latentes,
cereales de Ceres, granadas de Proserpina,
semillas, pueblos, razas enterradas: ¡tiempos!

And the darkness feeds the days, and that swaying roof
despoiled now of its pitch of leaves, awaits
the glow at the heart of fog that will engender
more than number, and Ceres swell-out the ciphers:

o sweet ciego rojo limp al punto de la rota
quand, plus-de-bleu plus-de-noir toi séquence de céréales
nombre du puits de feuilles ouvre en tremblant (tremor
at pitch of neve) ta l'ueur de l'ouve (aloof!) sémillante

IV1

Through the mist-taire we, **bleurojo**giallo白, salé ∞ spectr(l)

Un arcoíris che se fragmenta, in un cielo di tobi-yukibana

Seeds sewn in sol e you qui croîs cresce and Õ

Caen petali et feuilles de **bleurojo**giallo白

En terre unearthed, letras transracinées: *senzai to stanze*

Rí an qhuill, spirito silvestre; Jupiter striking sturzel

屋の根 root of the room・屋根の種や根

ねえ、ねえ、地下からの闇は門の中の音ño

Puerta abierta al été de neige ;

white light brille y

blinds

E

Tu see—no more

nuit y 目—rhizomatic arazzo

tejido de 心 profundo; vernal vagabonds—

Appendix:

I am translator C.

I1

A: SP-JA

B: EN-FR

C: FR-SP

D: IT-EN

II1

B FR-EN

D IT-SP

C SP-FR

A EN-JA

III1

B & C: EN-FR

A & B: FR-EN

A & DIT-JA

C & D: SP-IT

IV1

A, B, C, & D

Each person's contribution represented by a different colour, as follows:

D– Yellow

B–Blue

A–White

C–Red

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●			

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Source Text
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