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18326555

Translating freedom and constraint: a portfolio of literary translations

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Introduction

The most transformative liberation for me on this course, after many years of school and after an undergraduate degree, was the freedom to choose the source texts of this portfolio according to any whim or interest, and not to be constrained by anything. The source texts refer to a range of time periods (from 1848 to 2016), cultural contexts (from the partition of Berlin to contemporary rural Ireland) and genres (from songs to novel extracts). While the target texts are also multiply diverse, there is a common theme that explicitly and implicitly unites them: namely freedom and the lack thereof. This theme is always present discursively and is often present also within the form and genre of the texts. The matter of freedom and of constraint arises, in addition, in the strategies employed in the translations.

Thematically, the texts in this portfolio represent various manifestations of freedom and constraint (physical, mental, political,

linguistic, metaphorical, etc.). These include the freedom to grow up and away from one's childhood, parents, family, hometown and community; freedom from commitment to relationships; inner freedom from social norms and pressures; freedom from the bland monotony of everyday life; freedom of interpretation of texts; freedom of expression; freedom from the constraints of one language (particularly pertinent for a portfolio of translations); and bio-political freedom of movement (across species).

The freedom to choose the texts comprising this portfolio aside, the process of actually crafting the translations has been a liberating experience. Since the texts can be read in any order, I hope that the reader's experience will be productive and stimulating: *libre à vous* !

Throughout the portfolio I will use the following abbreviations:

ST – source text

SA – source audience

TT – target text

TA – target audience

Student Number	18326555	Text Number	1
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Source Text		Target Text	
Title	Totentanz	Title	Dance of the Dead
Year Published	1994		
Author	Gülbahar Kültür		
Language	German	Language	English
Word Count	87	Word Count	95
Description of Source Text • <i>understanding of source text</i> • <i>knowledge of genre within source contexts</i> • <i>situation of source text familiarity with the formal features of a text (language variation(s), register, dialect)</i> (200 words max)	The ST is a poem about the Berlin wall, written by the Turkish-German poet Gülbahar Kültür. It was published five years after the fall of the wall in her collection of poetry <i>Laufend durchs Leben</i> [walking through life] (Kültür 1994). The ST contains five stanzas of different lengths, all with very short line lengths (with an average length of 2.36 words), and the poet makes use of various poetic techniques. These include features such as: - five repetitions of ‘Das Reden’ [talking] (l.1, 19, 22, 27, 30). The article and noun form the subject at the beginning of five different sentences. In four out of five cases this subject is given a line to itself and is isolated from the rest of the sentence. - visual isolation of words: as well as the above example, this can be found in the final line of the poem (l. 40), where a compound noun (‘Maueröffnung’ [wall opening]) appears indented and placed inside quotation marks, creating an abrupt visual ending. - alliteration, present in the poem’s title: ‘Totentanz’ [dance macabre]. - sibilance: ‘Sprechenden [...] Schweigenden’ [people who speak [...] people who are silent] (l.24-25).		
Strategy • <i>identification of translation problems</i>	The TT will appear in a future literary exhibition at the Mauermuseum [wall museum] in Berlin, alongside the ST and translations into the six other languages that audio guides are offered in (Mauermuseum, n.d.). The TA will be English		

• <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)	speakers aged 20-29 (the largest percentage of tourists in Berlin [Visit Berlin, n.d.]), after having acquired basic knowledge of German post-war history from the museum. Due to the limited space available on the walls of the Mauermuseum's exhibition room, the TT will be rendered in prose in order to save space. However, as formal features are important to the reading of any poem (Bonney 1979, 375), I will recreate their effects in the TT. I will do this by: - condensing the five ST stanzas into one paragraph. - using alternative ways to display the form of the ST: <table border="1" data-bbox="721 507 1966 810"> <thead> <tr> <th>ST</th><th>TT</th></tr> </thead> <tbody> <tr> <td>Line breaks</td><td>Slashes</td></tr> <tr> <td>Stanza breaks</td><td>Double slashes</td></tr> <tr> <td>Isolation of words (e.g., 'das Reden' [talking])</td><td>Inverted commas</td></tr> <tr> <td>Abrupt visual ending</td><td>Identical formatting</td></tr> </tbody> </table> - recreating the pragmatic effect of the sibilance and alliteration allowing for slightly different sounds in the TL: <table border="1" data-bbox="963 869 1724 1050"> <thead> <tr> <th>ST</th><th>TT</th></tr> </thead> <tbody> <tr> <td>l.23-24: /j/</td><td>l.6: /s/</td></tr> <tr> <td>Title: /t/</td><td>Title: /d/</td></tr> </tbody> </table>	ST	TT	Line breaks	Slashes	Stanza breaks	Double slashes	Isolation of words (e.g., 'das Reden' [talking])	Inverted commas	Abrupt visual ending	Identical formatting	ST	TT	l.23-24: /j/	l.6: /s/	Title: /t/	Title: /d/
ST	TT																
Line breaks	Slashes																
Stanza breaks	Double slashes																
Isolation of words (e.g., 'das Reden' [talking])	Inverted commas																
Abrupt visual ending	Identical formatting																
ST	TT																
l.23-24: /j/	l.6: /s/																
Title: /t/	Title: /d/																
Critical Reflection • <i>textual analysis</i> (200 words max)	- The line breaks and stanza breaks of the ST are somewhat recreated through the use of slashes and double slashes, but a bilingual reader might notice that due to different syntaxes, the line breaks and punctuation of the ST and TT don't quite match up (e.g., in TT l.7, the addition of a comma was necessary to keep the words of the next line ('dient heute' [serves today]) together on the same line). However, this difference is partly obscured by the form, as the different lines are not as visible in the single paragraph of prose as in poetry.																

	- The context of the TT (part of an exhibition on the wall in a museum) has changed from that of the ST (part of a printed collection of poetry), which could alter the pragmatic effect of the text: reading the enlarged text on a wall surrounded by history, must be a different experience to reading the text in a book. - The use of quotation marks in the TT, used to recreate the visual isolation present in the ST, results in a potential implication of scepticism (Duffy 2006, 152) and therefore in the TA being swayed towards a potentially sceptical interpretation of this part of the text.
Works Cited • <i>use of sources and reference material</i>	- Bonnefoy, Yves. 1979. "On the Translation of Form in Poetry." <i>World Literature Today</i> 53, no. 3: 374–79. https://doi.org/10.2307/40132173. - Duffy, John-Charles. 2006. "Just How 'Scandalous' Is the Golden Plates Story? Academic Discourse on the Origin of the Book of Mormon." <i>The John Whitmer Historical Association Journal</i> 26 (January): 142–65. - Kültür, Gülbahar. 1994. <i>Laufend durchs Leben</i>. Bremen: Edition CON Verlag. - Mauermuseum, n.d. "Guided Tours." Accessed February 20, 2023. https://www.mauermuseum.de/en/visit/tickets-and-guided-tours/. - Visit Berlin, n.d. "Wissen über Berlins Gäste – der Qualitätsmonitor." Accessed February 22, 2023. https://about.visitberlin.de/en/node/2156.

Source Text**Totentanz**

Das Reden
hält
die Sprechenden am Leben.

Nachts
laufen die Toten
zwischen Ost und West
und am Tag
wird
von der Wiedervereinigung geredet.

Sie laufen
in der Asche
und im Dreck
der Vergangenheit.

Unruhige Knochenstücke
drehen sich
im Kreise
des Schweigens.

Das Reden wird
zum Verbrechenselement.

Target Text**Dance of the Dead**

1 'Talking' / keeps / those who speak alive. // At night / the dead move /
2 between East and West / and during the day / there is / talk about
3 reunification. / They dance / in the ashes / and dirt / of the past. /
4 Restless bits of bone / turn round and round / in the circle / of silence. /
5 Talking turns / into crime. // 'Talking' / is a struggle / between the
6 speakers / and the silent. // 'Talking', / today, serves / those who remain
7 alive. / 'Talking', / today, serves / those who tend to be / subservient in
8 history. // And if the traffic lights / at the crossroad / stop working? /
9 Society / collapses. //

10 "Fall of the wall"

11

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Das Reden
ist ein Kampf
zwischen Sprechenden
und Schweigenden.

Das Reden
dient heute
den am Leben Gebliebenen.

Das Reden
dient heute
den in der Geschichte
zum Untertan Neigenden.

Ob die Verkehrsampel
an der Kreuzung
ausgefallen ist?

Die Öffentlichkeit
bricht zusammen.

„Maueröffnung“

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Student Number	18326555	Text Number	2
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Source Text		Target Text	
Title	Everything I Never Told You	Title	Tout ce que j'ai tu
Year Published	2014		
Author	Celeste Ng		
Language	English	Language	French
Word Count	1140	Word Count	1359
Description of Source Text • <i>understanding of source text</i> • <i>knowledge of genre within source contexts</i> • <i>situation of source text familiarity with the formal features of a text (language variation(s), register, dialect)</i> (200 words max)	The ST is an extract from a young adult novel set in America in 1977, describing the lives of a family with an immigrant background after one of their daughters appears to have committed suicide. The novel also contains various flashbacks to the family's life and tensions, all before this tragic event. One of these is the ST, which focuses on Lydia's older brother, Nathan, who wants to leave home for university. The ST: - is a typically YA fiction novel, according to Stephens, due to its being written about teenagers tackling adult issues all while uncovering their identities (Stephens 2007, 41). - is written in the third person, in the past simple. - contains dialogue, with twenty-four instances of direct speech. - contains many American cultural references, for example to the space race between the USA and Russia (l. 6), the American school system (e.g., l. 2, 9-10) and American universities (e.g., l. 11, 13), as well as a reference to an American perfume (l. 23).		
Strategy • <i>identification of translation problems</i> • <i>knowledge of genre within target context and situation of target text</i>	The TT is aimed at French teenagers, aged 14-18, in the late 1970s to early 1980s. Although a French translation has already been published (Ng 2018), it borrows the aforementioned American cultural references (e.g., 'MIT... Carnegie Mellon [...] Caltech' [ibid, 158]). Because the text deals with the emotionally difficult theme of suicide, a domesticating translation (involving an 'ethnocentric reduction of the foreign text to target-language cultural values' [Venuti 1995. 20])		

<i>justification of translation production of genre for target context</i> (200 words max)	would make the text more accessible to teenagers by creating ‘safe confines’ (Berger 1986. 14) in which to broach the subject. I will create this familiar environment by: - replacing specific American cultural references by researching similar French ones (e.g., the ST perfume ‘BabySoft’ [l.23], in the TT is a French perfume, ‘Anaïs Anaïs’ [l.27] also made for teenagers around the late 1970s; the space race reference (ST l.6) in the TT (l.7) becomes similar in temporal context and meaning, as the first French man went to space in 1982 [Jérôme 2022]). - domesticating the names of the characters, using Insee (n.d.) to find the most popular, similar-sounding, French names from 1950-2010, e.g., <table border="1" data-bbox="1077 491 1480 675"> <tr> <th>ST</th><th>TT</th></tr> <tr> <td>Jack</td><td>Jacques</td></tr> <tr> <td>Marilyn</td><td>Marina</td></tr> </table> - using French punctuation norms (i.e.: guillemets instead of quotation marks; spaces before punctuation [Haralambous 2000, 18]).	ST	TT	Jack	Jacques	Marilyn	Marina
ST	TT						
Jack	Jacques						
Marilyn	Marina						
Critical Reflection <i>textual analysis</i> (200 words max)	I gave the TT to a sample readership of two French teenagers (a girl aged 10 and a boy aged 17) to read. - The 10-year-old girl noted that the TT title (‘Tout ce que j’ai tu’ [Everything I kept quiet]) made for an interesting word play between the French words ‘tu’ (past participle of the verb ‘taire’ [to keep quiet]) and ‘tue’ (first person present form of the verb ‘tuer’ [to kill]), considering the theme of suicide in the novel. This adds a layer to the title that could alert the TA to the contents of the book before they begin to read it, which could be a positive thing, considering the emotionally difficult nature of the themes and issues raised. - Both of my sample readers made me aware that ‘Nath’ is generally used in France as a diminutive for the girl’s name Nathalie and is not very common as a nickname for a boy. This could cause some confusion for the TA, who may not be certain whether the protagonist of the TT is male or female, due to the conflicting pronouns and name.						

Works Cited

- *use of sources and reference material*

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Source Text

Everything I never told you

Downstairs, Nath rifled through the pile of mail: a grocery circular, an electric bill. No letter. That fall, when the guidance counsellor had asked Nath about his career plans, he had whispered, as if telling her a dirty secret. “Space,” he’d said. “Outer space.” Mrs Hendrich had clicked her pen twice, in-out, and he thought she was going to laugh. It had been nearly five years since the last trip to the moon, and the nation, having bested the Soviets, had turned its attention elsewhere. Instead Mrs. Hendrich told him there were two routes: become a pilot or become a scientist. She flipped a folder open to his printed-out transcript. B-minus in phys ed; A-plus in trigonometry, calculus, biology, physics. Though Nath dreamed of MIT, or Carnegie Mellon, or Caltech – he’d even written for pamphlets – he knew there was only one place his father would approve: Harvard. To James, anything else was a failing. Once he got to college, Nath told himself, he would take advanced physics, material science, aerodynamics. College would be a jumping-off point for a million places he had never been, a stop-off at the moon before shooting into space. He would leave everything and everyone behind – and though he wouldn’t admit it to himself, *everyone* meant Lydia, too.

Lydia was fifteen now, taller, and at school, when she tied her hair up and put on lipstick, she looked grown up. At home, she looked like the

Target Text

Tout ce que j’ai tu

1 En bas, Nath fouilla dans le courrier : de la pub, une facture d’électricité.
2 Pas de lettre. Cet automne, quand la conseillère d’orientation l’avait
3 interrogé à propos de ses projets de carrière, il avait chuchoté, comme
4 s’il partageait avec elle un secret obscène. « L’espace » avait-il dit.
5 « Aller dans l’espace ». Mme Henri avait appuyé sur le bouton de son
6 stylo, une fois, deux fois, et il pensait qu’elle allait rire. Les Français ne
7 s’étaient pas encore aventurés dans l’espace, et de toute façon il y avait
8 sans doute une longue liste d’astronautes qui auraient priorité sur lui.
9 Au lieu de cela, Mme Henri lui dit qu’il y avait deux scenarios possibles :
10 soit devenir pilote, soit devenir scientifique. Elle ouvrit un classeur et
11 trouva la liste de ses notes. 15 sur 20 en sport ; 20 sur 20 en maths,
12 histoire-géo, physique-chimie et SVT. Bien qu’il rêvât d’étudier à l’ENS
13 ou à l’École Centrale, – il leur avait même écrit pour demander des
14 brochures – Nath savait qu’il n’y avait qu’une école qui aurait
15 l’approbation de son père : l’École Polytechnique. Pour Jean, toute autre
16 chose serait un échec. Après une classe prépa, se disait Nath, il prendrait
17 des cours de physique, de science des matériaux, d’aérodynamique. L’X
18 serait un tremplin pour des milliers d’endroits où il n’était jamais allé, un
19 arrêt à la station Lune avant de partir comme une flèche dans l’espace. Il
20 quitterait tout et tous – et même s’il ne voulait pas se l’admettre, *tous*

same startled five-year-old who had clung to his hand as they crawled back ashore. When she stood near, the little-girl scent of her perfume – even its name childish, BabySoft – wafted from her skin. Ever since that summer, he had felt something still binding their ankles and tugging him off balance, fettering her weight to his. For ten years, that something had not loosened, and now it had begun to chafe. All those years, as the only other person who understood their parents, he had absorbed her miseries, offering silent sympathy or a squeeze on the shoulder or a wry smile. He would say, *Mom’s always bragging about you to Dr. Wolff. When I got that A-plus in chem, she didn’t even notice. Or, Remember when I didn’t go to the ninth grade formal? Dad said, “Well, I guess if you can’t get a date...”* He had buoyed her up with how too much love was better than too little. All that time, Nath let himself think only: *When I get to college* – He never completed the sentence, but in his imagined future, he floated away, untethered.

It was almost Christmas now, and still no letter from Harvard. Nath went into the living room without turning on the lamp, letting the colored lights on the tree guide his way. Each blackened windowpane reflected back a tiny Christmas tree. He would have to type new essays and wait for a second or third or fourth choice, or maybe he’d have to stay home forever. His father’s voice carried from the kitchen: “I think she’ll really like it. As soon as I saw it, I thought of her.” No need for an antecedent –

21 voulait dire Lydia, aussi.
22 Lydia avait quinze ans maintenant et elle avait grandi ; au lycée, quand
23 elle attachait ses cheveux et mettait du rouge à lèvres, elle avait l’air
24 adulte. À la maison, elle avait toujours l’air d’une petite de cinq ans,
25 toute traumatisée, comme lorsqu’elle s’était agrippée à sa main en
26 revenant sur le rivage. Quand elle se tenait près de lui, son parfum de
27 petite fille – même le nom lui paraissait enfantin, Anaïs Anaïs – se
28 dégageait de sa peau. Depuis cet été-là, il sentait qu’ils avaient toujours
29 leurs chevilles entravées, et que ça lui faisait perdre l’équilibre, ajoutant
30 son poids au sien. Pendant dix ans, cette sensation ne l’avait pas lâché,
31 et maintenant ça commençait à le gêner. Pendant toutes ces années,
32 étant la seule autre personne qui comprenait leurs parents, il avait
33 amorti la souffrance de Lydia en offrant sa solidarité silencieuse, son
34 sourire désabusé ou en serrant son épaule. Il disait : « avec Mme Wolff
35 maman se vante constamment de toi. Moi, quand j’ai eu 20 sur 20 à un
36 contrôle de chimie, elle n’a même pas remarqué. » Ou, encore : « tu te
37 rappelles quand je ne suis pas allé au bal en troisième ? Papa a dit, « Eh
38 bah, si tu ne trouves personne avec qui aller... » Il avait rassuré Lydia en
39 disant que trop d’amour valait mieux que pas assez. Tout ce temps-là,
40 Nath ne cessait de penser : *quand j’en aurai fini avec la prépa* – il ne
41 complétait jamais la phrase, mais dans le futur qu’il s’imaginait, il partait
42 à la dérive, libre.

in their family, *she* was always Lydia. As the Christmas lights blinked on and off, the living room appeared, dimly, then disappeared again. Nath closed his eyes when the lights came on, opened them as they went off, so that he saw only uninterrupted darkness. Then the doorbell rang. It was Jack – not yet suspicious in Nath’s eyes, only long distrusted and disliked. Though it was below freezing, he wore just a hooded sweatshirt, half-zipped over a T-shirt Nath couldn’t quite read. The hems of his jeans were frayed and damp from the snow. He pulled his hand from his sweatshirt pocket and held it out. For a moment, Nath wondered if he was expected to shake it. Then he saw the envelope pinched between Jack’s fingers.

“This came to our house,” Jack said. “Just got home and saw it.” He jabbed his thumb at the red crest in the corner. “I guess you’ll be going to Harvard, then.”

The envelope was thick and heavy, as if puffed with good news. “We’ll see,” Nath said. “It might be a rejection, right?”

Jack didn’t smile. “Sure,” he said with a shrug. “Whatever.” Without saying good-bye, he turned home, crushing a trail of footprints across the Lees’ snowy yard.

Nath shut the door and flipped on the living room light, weighing the envelope in both hands. All of a sudden the room felt unbearably hot.

43 Il était presque Noël, et toujours pas de lettre de l’École Polytechnique.
44 Nath rentra dans le salon sans allumer, laissant les guirlandes colorées
45 du sapin lui éclairer le chemin. Chaque vitre noire reflétait un petit sapin
46 de Noël. Il allait devoir poser de nouvelles candidatures et attendre une
47 réponse d’un deuxième, troisième ou quatrième choix, ou peut-être
48 même rester à la maison à tout jamais. Nath pouvait entendre la voix de
49 son père dans la cuisine : « Je pense qu’elle va beaucoup aimer. Dès que
50 je l’ai vu, ça m’a fait penser à elle. » Pas besoin de contexte – dans leur
51 famille, *elle* voulait toujours dire Lydia. En clignotant, les guirlandes de
52 Noël faisaient apparaître, faiblement éclairé, et puis disparaître, le salon.
53 Nath ferma les yeux quand les guirlandes s’allumèrent, et les ouvrit
54 quand elles s’éteignirent pour ne voir qu’une obscurité ininterrompue.
55 Puis quelqu’un sonna.
56 C’était Jacques – pas encore devenu suspect aux yeux de Nath, mais il ne
57 lui faisait pas confiance, et il le détestait depuis longtemps. Bien qu’il
58 gelât dehors, il ne portait qu’un sweat à capuche, à moitié refermé au-
59 dessus d’un t-shirt que Nath ne pouvait pas tout à fait lire. Les ourlets de
60 son jean étaient bien usés et humides à cause de la neige. Jacques sortit
61 sa main de la poche de son sweat et la lui tendit. Pendant un moment
62 Nath se demanda s’il était censé la serrer. Puis il vit l’enveloppe agrippée
63 dans sa main. « C’est arrivé à notre maison » dit Jacques. « Je viens de

The flap came up in a ragged tear and he yanked out the letter, crumpling its edge. *Dear Mr. Lee: Let us once again congratulate you on your early admission to the Class of 1981.* His joints went loose with relief.

“Who was it?” Hannah, who had been listening from the hallway, peeked around the doorframe.

“A letter” – Nath swallowed – “from Harvard.” Even the name tingled on his tongue. He tried to read the rest, but the text wouldn’t focus.

Congratulate. Once again. The mailman must have lost the first one, he thought, but it didn’t matter. *Your admission.* He gave up and grinned at Hannah, who tiptoed in and leaned against the couch. “I got in.”

“To Harvard?” James said, coming in from the kitchen.

Nath nodded.

“The letter got delivered to the Wolffs,” he said, holding it out. But James barely glanced at it. He was looking at Nath, and for once he was not frowning, and Nath realized he had grown as tall as his father, that they could look at each other eye to eye.

“Not bad,” James said. He smiled, as if half-embarrassed, and put his hand on Nath’s shoulder, and Nath felt it – heavy and warm – through his shirt. “Marilyn. Guess what?”

His mother’s heels clattered in from the kitchen. “Nath,” she said, kissing

64 rentrer et je l’ai vue ». Il appuya du doigt sur le symbole rouge dans le
65 coin. « Je suppose donc que tu vas aller à l’X. »

66 L’enveloppe était épaisse et lourde, comme si elle était bourrée de
67 bonnes nouvelles. « On verra » dit Nath. « Ça pourrait être un refus,
68 hein ? ».

69 Jacques ne sourit pas. « Ouais » dit-il en haussant les épaules. « Comme
70 tu dis ». Sans dire au revoir, il se retourna pour rentrer chez lui, et laissa
71 des pas dans la neige chez les Lee.

72 Nath ferma la porte et alluma dans le salon, en faisant passer
73 l’enveloppe d’une main à l’autre. Tout d’un coup, il faisait une chaleur
74 insupportable dans le salon. Le rabat se déchira en s’ouvrant, et il tira
75 d’un coup sec sur la lettre, chiffonnant le papier. *Cher M. Lee, nous*
76 *avons le plaisir de vous annoncer une fois de plus que votre candidature*
77 *à l’École Polytechnique a été accepté.* Soulagé, il s’est immédiatement
78 détendu.

79 « C’était qui ? » demanda Anna, qui avait écouté depuis le couloir, en se
80 penchant à la porte.

81 « Une lettre », dit Nath, « qui vient de l’École Polytechnique. » Même le
82 nom lui donna des frissons. Il essaya de la lire, mais les mots restaient
83 flous. *Plaisir. Une fois de plus.* Le facteur avait dû perdre la première
84 lettre, il pensa, mais ça n’avait plus d’importance. *Votre candidature.* Il

him hard, on the cheek. “Nath, really?” She plucked the letter from his grip. “My God, Class of 1981,” she said, “doesn’t that make you feel old, James?” Nath wasn’t listening. He thought: *It’s happening. I did it, I made it, I’m going.*

At the top of the stairs, Lydia watched her father’s hand tighten on Nath’s shoulder. She could not remember the last time he had smiled at Nath like that. Her mother held the letter to the light, as if it were a precious document. Hannah, elbows hooked over the arm of the sofa, swung her feet in glee. Her brother himself stood silent, awed and grateful, 1981 glistening in his eyes like a beautiful far-off star, and something wobbled inside Lydia and tumbled into her chest with a clang. As if they heard it, everyone looked up towards her, and just as Nath opened his mouth to shout out the good news, Lydia called, “Mom, I’m failing physics. I’m supposed to let you know.”

85 abandonna et sourit à Anna, qui rentra sur la pointe des pieds et
86 s’appuya sur le canapé. « J’ai réussi au concours ».
87 « À l’École Polytechnique ? » demanda Jean, en entrant dans le salon.
88 Nath hocha la tête.
89 « La lettre a été livrée au Wolffs, » dit-il, en la leur tendant. Mais Jean y
90 jeta à peine un coup d’œil. Il regardait Nath, et pour une fois il ne
91 fronçait pas les sourcils. Nath se rendit compte qu’il avait grandi et qu’il
92 était de la même taille que son père – ils pouvaient se regarder droit
93 dans les yeux.
94 « Pas mal, » dit Jean. Il sourit, l’air presque gêné, et mit sa main sur
95 l’épaule de Nath, et Nath la sentit – lourde et chaude – à travers son t-
96 shirt. « Marina. Tu ne devineras jamais ! »
97 Sa mère entra de la cuisine bruyamment, dressé de ses talons hauts.
98 « Nath » dit-elle en l’embrassant fort sur la joue. « Nath, vraiment ? ».
99 Elle lui piqua la lettre. « Mon Dieu. Promotion de 1981 » dit-elle, « ça ne
100 te fait pas sentir vieux, Jean ? ». Nath n’écoutait pas. Il pensait : « *Ça y*
101 *est. J’ai réussi, j’y suis arrivé, je vais y aller.* »
102 D’en haut de l’escalier Lydia regarda la main de son père serrer l’épaule
103 de Nath. Elle ne pouvait pas se rappeler de la dernière fois qu’il avait
104 souri à Nath de cette façon. Sa mère tenait la lettre près de la lumière,
105 comme si c’était un document précieux. Anna, les coudes posés sur
106 l’accoudoir du canapé, balançait ses pieds avec joie. Son frère, lui, se

107 tenait silencieux, surpris et reconnaissant ; 1981 scintillait dans ses yeux
108 comme une belle étoile lointaine, et quelque chose trembla en Lydia et
109 cogna dans sa poitrine. Tout le monde leva les yeux pour la regarder,
110 comme s'ils avaient tous entendu un bruit, et quand Nath ouvrit la
111 bouche pour lui annoncer la bonne nouvelle, Lydia cria, « Maman, j'ai
112 raté les derniers contrôles de physique. Je suis censée te le dire. »

Student Number	18326555	Text Number	3
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Source Text		Target Text	
Title	Ohrfeige	Title	Explanation
Year Published	2016		
Author	Abbas Khider		
Language	German	Language	English
Word Count	1513	Word Count	1477
Description of Source Text • <i>understanding of source text</i> • <i>knowledge of genre within source contexts</i> • <i>situation of source text familiarity with the formal features of a text (language variation(s), register, dialect)</i> (200 words max)	The ST is an extract from the opening of the first chapter of Abbas Khider's fourth novel (2016, 7) that discusses the bureaucratic and integration issues faced by refugees in Germany (May-Chu 2020, 363). The ST consists in two parts: a first-person narration by the protagonist (Karim Mensy, an Iraqi refugee in Germany), followed by a monologue by Karim. The entire ST is written in German, but while the direct addresses in the narration are in German, the monologue, invoking a suspension of disbelief, is in Arabic, the protagonist's mother tongue. The first-person narration consists mostly in a descriptive passage, with just three instances of direct speech where Karim addresses the other character present, Frau [Mrs] Schulz, in the polite form. It: - opens with a violent passage: Frau Schulz has been slapped in the face ('Ohrfeige' [slap on the face]) and is then tied to a chair. - has ten grammatical errors in the direct addresses (e.g., wrong mood and incorrect syntax in l.3, 'Sie ruhig sind' [you quiet are]; missing pronoun in l.26 construction). The monologue: - has shorter sentences than the narration: 7%, as opposed to 20%, of sentences have more than twenty words. - contains twenty-three questions. - addresses Frau Schulz in the polite form.		

Strategy • <i>identification of translation problems</i> • <i>knowledge of genre within target context and situation of target text</i> • <i>justification of translation production of genre for target context</i> (200 words max)	The TT will take the form of the opening scene of a play to be performed and watched by a TA of British young adults aged 12-20 in the National Youth Theatre of Great Britain. The aim is to familiarise them with the issues faced by immigrants and refugees in European countries to mark World Refugee Day on 20th June 2023. I will: - turn the ST into a play by replacing the narration at the beginning of the chapter with stage directions. I will read two other plays put on by the NYT, by Sergel (1988) and Euripides (2015) and follow the formatting of these plays (stage directions in square brackets; character names in capital letters with a colon before they speak). - make the violence implicit due to the age group by darkening the stage while sound effects are played (e.g., duct tape; a slap) and changing the title to a summary of the monologue ('Explanation'). - accentuate the grammatical errors present in the direct speech in order to make them more obvious (invert every second subject verb construction and incorrectly conjugate every other verb). - explicitate German cultural specificities for the British audience (e.g., 'ICE', which stands for Intercity Express, will become 'high-speed train' in the TT).
Critical Reflection • <i>textual analysis</i> (200 words max)	- As the TT is a play rather than a novel, the first-person narration at the beginning of the chapter becomes stage directions for the opening scene. This gives the audience a more objective perspective on the opening scene by preventing the in-depth insight into the Karim's motives and emotions present in the ST. This could have the effect of creating a less personal and colder image of the protagonist. - In order to avoid explicit violence, the ST title (referring to a violent action that happens just before the book begins) becomes, in the TT, a simple overview of what takes place within the novel (Karim's 'explanation' of his past and his current situation). In contrast to the aforementioned effect of the lack of first-person narration, this could arguably influence the audience's view of the protagonist in the opposite way, in a more generous direction, as the fact that he hit someone is overwritten by his story. It also removes the image that forms in the

	reader's mind of Karim's monologue itself as an slap in the face and a reality check for Mrs Schulz and the reader, who may have had their own assumptions about Karim's situation.
Works Cited • <i>use of sources and reference material</i>	- May-Chu, Karolina. 2020. "Reading Germany, Europe, and the World in Abbas Khider's Novel <i>Ohrfeige</i>." <i>Colloquia Germanica</i> 51 (3/4): 363–82. https://www.jstor.org/stable/26976003. - Chandler, Daniel, and Rod Munday. 2011. "suspension of disbelief." In <i>A Dictionary of Media and Communication</i>. Oxford: Oxford University Press. https://www.oxfordreference.com/view/10.1093/acref/9780199568758.001.0001/acref-9780199568758-e-2678. - Khider, Abbas. 2016. <i>Ohrfeige</i>. Munich: Carl Hanser Verlag. - Sergel, Christopher. 1988. <i>The Play of Harper Lee's To Kill a Mockingbird</i>. London: Heinemann Educational Books. - Euripides. 2015. <i>Bakkhai</i>. Translated and edited by Anne Carson. London: Oberon Books.

Source Text

Ohrfeige

Stumm und starr vor Angst hockt sie in ihrem Drehstuhl, als hätte die Ohrfeige sie betäubt.

„Sie ruhig sind und bleiben still!“

Ich greife nach dem Packband in meiner Jackentasche, fessle ihre Hände an die Armlehnen und die Fußgelenke an die Stuhlbeine. Mit mehreren Streifen klebe ich ihren rot geschminkten Mund zu.

„Nix will ich hören!“

So langsam beginne ich mich zu entspannen. Ich setze mich ihr gegenüber auf den Besucherstuhl, nehme mir ein Blatt Papier von ihrem Schreibtisch, mische etwas Hasch in meinen Tabak und drehe mir eine Zigarette. Ich zünde sie an und atme tief ein. Ganz genüsslich.

Das Papier schmeckt verbrannt, und im ersten Moment will ich würgen, aber ich zwingen mich dazu diese besondere Zigarette zu genießen. Ich ziehe daran, als wolle ich sie aussagen, inhaliere den Rauch bis tief in meine Lungen und freue mich über den leicht brennenden Schmerz in meiner Brust. Ich fühle mich so lebendig wie schon lange nicht mehr.

Ich stehe auf, beuge mich zu ihr, gehe ganz dicht an sie heran und puste ihr den Rauch mehrmals mitten ins Gesicht. Da ihr Mund zugeklebt ist, muss sie den Qualm durch die Nase einatmen. Sie versucht den Kopf

Target Text

Explanation

1 [The stage is totally dark. The sound of a slap, a sharp intake of breath,
2 then duct tape being used. Lights come on. MRS SCHULZ is sitting in a
3 black leather desk chair; her ankles and wrists are tied together with
4 duct tape. Her mouth is taped shut. Her eyes are wide open, and she
5 moves her head back and forth as KARIM moves away from her.]
6

7 KARIM:

8 You quiet are and stays still! Nothing wants I to hear!
9

10 [KARIM takes a stool from the corner of the room and sits down in front
11 of MRS SCHULZ. He takes a piece of paper from her desk, mixes some
12 weed with some tobacco and rolls a cigarette. He lights it, takes a drag
13 and smacks his lips. He takes another deep drag, stands up, walks over
14 to her and blows smoke out into her face. She moves her head around.]
15

16 KARIM:

17 Mrs Schulz, talks we together. Wanted I always to, and has you no time
18 or want for me, when sat I in front of your room. Now finally is I inside!
19 If wants you or not, will we talks. But hard is German for me and wants I

wegzudrehen und muss so sehr röcheln, dass sich das Klebeband ab und auf wölbt. In einer Behörde zu kiffen, das fühlt sich irrsinnig gut an.

„Frau Schulz, wir reden zusammen. Ich wollte immer, und Sie haben keine Zeit oder Wille für mich, wenn ich vor Ihrem Zimmer warten. Jetzt endlich ist so weit! Ob Sie wollen oder nicht, wir reden. Aber Deutsch ist schwer für mich und ich will viele Sachen erzählen. Ich muss Arabisch mit Ihnen reden, so kann ich frei reden. Leider!“

Ich will mich nicht länger durch die deutsche Sprache quälen, durch diesen Dschungel aus Fällen und Artikeln, die man sich nie merken kann. Es ist natürlich Quatsch, jetzt mit ihr Arabisch zu sprechen, aber was soll's. Auch wenn Arabisch ihre Muttersprache wäre, würde sie mich nicht verstehen. Sie stammt aus einer ganz anderen Welt als ich. Ein Erdling spricht gerade mit einem Marsianer. Oder umgekehrt.

Das hier ist für mich eher wie die christliche Beichte, die ich mir einmal habe erklären lassen. Dabei sitzt man auch auf einem Stuhl in einem viel zu kleinen Raum. Auf jeden Fall kann ich mir jetzt meine Sorgen von der Seele reden.

Also, meine erste Frage: Wie lautet Ihr Vorname? Sind Sie eine Sabine oder eine Anne-Marie? Sitzt dort vielleicht eine Astrid vor mir? Oder soll ich Sie Inge nennen? Ach, ich habe fast vergessen, dass Sie mir gar nicht

20 to tell a lot of things. Musts I to talk Arabic with you, to talk freely.

21 Sorry!”

22

23 [KARIM sits back down.]

24

25 KARIM:

26 So, my first question is: what's your name? Are you a Sabine or an Anne-
27 Marie? Is an Astrid sitting in front of me? Or should I call you Inge? Oh, I
28 almost forgot that you're not able to answer me. But you're able to nod,
29 aren't you? So then nod when I'm right. Anita, Katharina, Ursula?

30 Surnames create such a distance between people. It's interesting to
31 suddenly give someone like you a name. It's as though I was giving God a
32 name. If Allah had a name, he'd also be less intimidating. Amir Allah or
33 Wilma Allah sounds a lot more personal; don't you think? You, Mrs
34 Schulz, you belong to those who decide here in what way I am allowed
35 to or supposed to exist.

36 Imagine that the roles were reversed, that you were in my position.

37 Wouldn't you want to know what that god-like figure's name was? Or
38 indeed, any person who can shape your life, as they see fit, to be
39 heavenly or hellish?

40 If only you could see yourself now!

antworten können. Aber nicken geht doch, oder? Also nicken Sie, wenn ich recht habe. Anita, Katharina, Ursula?

Nachnamen schaffen so eine Distanz zwischen den Menschen. Es ist interessant, wenn man jemandem wie Ihnen plötzlich einen Rufnamen gibt. Es ist, als würde ich Gott einen Vornamen geben. Wenn Allah einen Vornamen hätte, wäre er auch weniger einschüchternd. Amir Allah oder Wilma Allah klingt schon wesentlich sympathischer, finden Sie nicht? Sie, Frau Schulz, gehören zu jenen, die hier darüber entscheiden, auf welche Weise ich existieren darf oder soll. Stellen Sie sich umgekehrt mal vor, in meiner Position zu sein. Würden Sie nicht gern wissen, wie diese gottesgleiche Figur mit Vornamen heißt? Jene Person, die ihr Leben nach eigenem Gutdünken paradiesisch oder höllisch gestalten kann?

Wenn Sie sich jetzt sehen könnten!

Noch vor wenigen Minuten saßen Sie brav dort hinter Ihrem Schreibtisch verschanzt. Den Flachbildschirm wie einen Schild vor Ihrem Gesicht und den Oberkörper geschützt durch Aktenberge. Immer wieder fuchtelten Sie mit Ihrem spitzen Füller in der Luft herum, als würden Sie Fliegen erstechen. Und mit dem Gewicht Ihres übertrieben großen Stempels erdrückten Sie Hoffnungen. Wie der Hammer eines Richters krachte er auf Ihren Tisch.

Und jetzt?

Da sind Sie. Hilflo. Verschnürt wie ein Paket. In Ihrem teuren schwarzen

41 Just a few minutes ago you were sitting at your desk, nicely barricaded
42 off. The computer screen was like a shield in front of your face, your
43 upper body protected by mountains of files. You were constantly waving
44 the tip of your fountain pen around in the air, as though you were trying
45 to stab flies. And with the weight of your excessively big stamp, you
46 crushed peoples' hopes. It crashed down on your desk like a judge's
47 gavel.

48 And now?

49 There you are. Helpless. Tied up like a package. On your expensive,
50 black, leather chair. You were like a goddess. A force of nature that has
51 power over other people. I was handed over to you. But like a mythical
52 hero I rose up and conquered Olympus. And I'll soon leave you behind in
53 your small little office. Then you'll sit here, alone, like a creator who is
54 forgotten by his creatures. A god that nobody believes in doesn't really
55 exist. That also goes for goddesses. I'll leave you behind and go to a
56 faraway country. You know exactly who I am. I'm one of the many
57 people whose files you read, only to discard them.

58 My name is Karim Mensy. Hello.

59

60 Just another one of those foreign names, that are hard to remember. To
61 you I was probably Asylum Seeker 3873 or something like that. Worth
62 nothing more than the waiting room tickets that I had to pull so that I

Lederstuhl. Sie waren eine Göttin. Eine Naturgewalt, die Macht über andere Menschen hat. Ich war Ihnen ausgeliefert. Aber wie ein mythischer Held habe ich mich erhoben und den Olymp erstürmt. Und ich werde Sie bald zurücklassen in Ihrem kleinen Beamtenstübchen. Dann sitzen Sie hier, einsam wie ein Schöpfer, dessen Kreaturen ihn vergaßen. Ein Gott, an den keiner glaubt, existiert nicht. Das gilt auch für Göttinnen. Ich werde Sie zurücklassen und in ein fernes Land gehen. Sie wissen ganz genau wer ich bin. Ich bin einer der vielen, deren Akten Sie gelesen haben, um sie wieder abzulegen.

Karim Mensy heiße ich. Hallo.

Wieder einer dieser ausländischen Namen, die man sich schwer merken kann. Für Sie war ich wohl Asylant 3873 oder so. Nicht mehr wert als die Nummern, die ich ziehen musste, um zu warten. Es war ein sinnloses Warten, das ich nur auf mich genommen habe, weil ich die Hoffnung hatte, Verständnis zu erfahren und eine Chance zu bekommen. Stattdessen wurde ich immer wieder fortgeschickt. Auswendig kenne ich Ihre Sprüche, doch bitte noch irgendeinen neuen Nachweis zu erbringen. Und immer musste ich warten, selbst in meinen nächtlichen Träumen. Sogar auf Wartenummern habe ich da schon erwartet. Hier, sehen Sie mal! In meiner Hosentasche habe ich noch eine.

Ich habe Ihnen angesehen, dass Sie sich nicht an mich erinnert haben, als

63 could stand in line. It was useless, that waiting that I took on just
64 because I hoped that I would find sympathy and be given a chance.
65 Instead of that I was constantly sent away. I know your motto off by
66 heart:
67 [using two fingers on each hand to imply quotation marks]
68 please bring us some other proof.
69 Again and again, I had to wait, even in my nocturnal dreams. In my
70 dreams I've even waited for a waiting room ticket. Here, look at this!
71 [Reaching into his pocket and waving around a waiting room ticket.]
72 I still have one in my trouser pocket.
73 I could see that you didn't recognise me when I just walked in now. But
74 seen as I've changed so much in the last few years, that's hardly
75 surprising. Before, I was chubby and didn't shave. As you can see, I don't
76 have a beard anymore. Ever since 9/11 it would be unwise to go around
77 with a beard like Osama Bin Laden's. Since then, Arab men all go around
78 with clean-shaven faces, soft as babies' bottoms. And look how loose my
79 clothes have become. Hard work on building sites is the best way to lose
80 weight.
81 I came to you today with the intention of talking to you, face to face, in
82 peace and quiet. What about? Even I'm not quite sure. I actually wanted
83 to come and visit you three weeks ago. I wanted to travel along the
84 Danube from Munich to Niederhofen one last time before I have to

ich eben hereinmarschiert bin. Aber das ist auch kein Wunder, denn im Laufe der letzten Jahre, habe ich mich stark verändert. Früher war ich mollig und hatte ein unrasiertes Kinn. Wie Sie sehen, trage ich jetzt keinen Bart mehr. Seit dem 11. September wäre es töricht, so bärtig wie Osama Bin Laden herumzulaufen. Seither laufen alle arabischen Männer mit glatt rasierten Gesichtern herum, sie sehen aus wie Babypopos. Und schauen Sie mal, wie weit meine Kleider geworden sind. Die harte Arbeit auf der Baustelle ist die beste Methode, abzunehmen.

Heute bin ich mit der Absicht zu Ihnen gekommen, mich einfach mal mit Ihnen von Mensch zu Mensch in aller Ruhe zu unterhalten. Worüber? So genau weiß ich das selbst nicht. Eigentlich wollte ich schon vor drei Wochen bei Ihnen vorbeikommen. Ich wollte noch ein letztes Mal von München nach Niederhofen an der Donau fahren, bevor ich Deutschland für immer verlassen muss. Um mich von meinen Freunden zu verabschieden – und von Ihnen, Frau Schulz.

[...]

Frau Schulz, ich wollte Sie viel früher besuchen, aber leider kam mir immer etwas dazwischen. Rückblickend betrachtet ist es auch besser so. Wäre es mir gelungen, in den Zug einzusteigen, dann hätte ich mein Ziel möglicherweise nie erreicht. Diese Regionalzüge halten unterwegs in fast jedem Kaff. Oft steigen Polizisten dazu, und jedes verdammte Mal, wenn sie einen solchen Zug kontrollieren, fragen sie keinen der schönen

85 leave Germany forever. I wanted to say goodbye to my friends – and to
86 you, Mrs Schulz. I wanted to visit you much sooner, Mrs Schulz, but
87 unfortunately something always came up. In hindsight it's just as well. If
88 I had managed to get onto a train, then I probably never would have
89 reached my destination. Those regional trains stop in almost every
90 dump along the way. Police officers often get on, and every single
91 bloody time that they inspect one of those trains, they don't ask any of
92 the nice blond passengers to show their ID. They immediately make a
93 beeline for me – or towards the other black-haired or somehow foreign-
94 looking passengers. On principle, foreigners should avoid German trains.
95 First class compartments on high- speed trains are the only safe option.
96 The police rarely turn up there. Unfortunately, seats in there are
97 unbelievably expensive. Just like using a suitable shirt from Hugo Boss as
98 camouflage.
99 In the regional trains people are constantly getting on and off. At the
100 beginning I wanted to get to know locals and was pleased whenever
101 someone sat down beside me. I myself often sat beside a blond person
102 in buses and trains and tried to have a conversation with them. I
103 considered it a cultural exchange and learned the language that way.
104 Recently, though, I've been avoiding this kind of contact more and more,
105 and prefer to keep to myself. I'm sick and tired of talking about things
106 that have nothing to do with my life as it is now. The constant questions

blonden Fahrgäste nach ihrem Personalausweis. Geradewegs kommen sie immer zu mir – respektive zu den schwarzhaarigen oder auf andere Weise fremdländisch aussehenden Reisenden. Prinzipiell sollten Ausländer die Züge der Deutschen Bahn meiden. Nur die erste Klasse im ICE ist eine sichere Lösung. Dort lassen sich die Polizei selten blicken. Leider sind diese Plätze unendlich teuer. Genauso wie ein passendes Hemd von Hugo Boss als Verkleidung.

In den Regionalzügen herrscht ständiges Ein- und Aussteigen. Anfangs wollte ich gern die Einheimischen kennenlernen, und freute mich darüber, wenn sich jemand zu mir gesellte. Oft setzte ich mich selbst in Bussen oder Zügen neben einen Blondschof und versuchte mit ihm ins Gespräch zu kommen. Ich betrachte es als kulturellen Austausch und lernte so die Sprache anzuwenden. In letzter Zeit vermeide ich den Kontakt jedoch zunehmend und will lieber für mich alleine bleiben. Ich bin es leid, über Dinge zu reden, die mit meinen jetzigen Leben nichts mehr zu tun haben. Die permanenten Fragen zur Vergangenheit erledigen mich. Seit Monaten bemühe ich mich, den Nachrichten aus der Heimat auszuweichen, höre oder lese sie höchstens ein Mal wöchentlich, und das so oberflächlich wie möglich. Allenfalls die Schlagzeilen, damit der Trübsinn mich nicht übermannt. Die deutschen Fahrgäste wollen sich mit mir jedoch über nichts anderes unterhalten. Die Fragen sind immer dieselben:

107 about the past wear me out. For months I've been trying to avoid the
108 news from back home, I read or listen to it once a week, maximum, and
109 even then, as superficially as possible.
110 At most the headlines, so that the melancholy doesn't overwhelm me.
111 But the German passengers never want to talk about anything else. The
112 questions are always the same:
113 Where do you come from?
114 When are you going back to your home country?
115 Do you also think that 9/11 was terrible?
116 Can Arabs think democratically about anything?
117 Are you Muslim?
118 What do you think about what the Americans have done in your
119 country? Do you see it as liberation or occupation?
120 Is life better now, not living in a dictatorship?
121 What do you think – would things function over there, under a
122 democracy?
123 Nobody ever thinks of asking about my current life. About the difficulties
124 of getting a residence permit and the torture of dealing with the
125 immigration authorities, about the harassment in the Federal Criminal
126 Police Office, the embarrassment that is the Federal Intelligence Service
127 or the uselessness of the Federal Office for the Protection of the
128 Constitution. And why does nobody notice that police racism is a reality?

Woher kommen Sie?	129	What will it mean for me, if I'm not allowed to live back home or
Wann kehren Sie in Ihr Heimatland zurück?	130	abroad? Mrs Schulz?
Der 11. September war abscheulich, sehen Sie das auch so?	131	I didn't use to be so bitter. The experiences from the past years have
Können die Araber überhaupt demokratisch denken?	132	changed me, however. The police in particular put me in a bad mood.
Sind Sie Muslim?	133	Stupid bobbies! Just a few more hours, and then hopefully those filthy
Wie denken Sie über das, was die Amerikaner in Ihrem Land angestellt	134	sods will never see my face again.
haben? Sehen Sie es als Befreiung oder Besatzung?	135	I need to get out of this country!
Ist das Leben jetzt besser ohne Diktatur?	136	I've already found a trucker to bring me to Finland. As far as I know, the
Was glauben Sie – wird es mit der Demokratie dort funktionieren?	137	Finns don't have any kind of clear agreement with other European
Nie macht sich einer mal Gedanken über mein gegenwärtiges Leben.	138	countries. That means they don't exchange photos or fingerprints with
Über die Schwierigkeiten mit der Aufenthaltserlaubnis, die Folter in der	139	Germany. I can make another application for asylum there and start a
Ausländerbehörde, die Schikanen des Bundeskriminalamtes, über die	140	new life.
Peinlichkeiten des Bundesnachrichtendienstes oder die Banalitäten des	141	
Verfassungsschutzes. Und warum fällt niemandem die Tatsache des	142	
Polizeirassismus auf? Was bedeutet es für mich, wenn ich weder in der	143	
Heimat noch in der Fremde leben darf? Frau Schulz?	144	
Derart verbittert war ich früher nicht. Die Erfahrungen der letzten Jahre	145	
haben mich jedoch verändert. Insbesondere die Polizei verdirbt mir die	146	
Laune. Scheißbullen! Nur noch wenige Stunden, dann wird dieses	147	
Dreckspack mein Gesicht hoffentlich nie wieder sehen. Raus aus diesem	148	
Staat!	149	
Einen Schlepper habe ich bereits gefunden, der wird mich nach Finnland	150	

bringen. Soweit ich weiß, haben die Finnen keine klaren Abkommen mit	151
anderen europäischen Ländern. Das heißt dass sie weder Fotos noch	152
Fingerabdrücke mit Deutschland austauschen. Dort kann ich wieder	153
einen Asylantrag stellen und ein neues Leben beginnen.	154

Student Number	18326555	Text Number	4
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Source Text		Target Text	
Title	Le paysage d'automne est accompli	Title	The autumn landscape is accomplished
Year Published	2003		
Author	Philippe Delerm		
Language	French	Language	English
Word Count	360	Word Count	348
Description of Source Text • <i>understanding of source text</i> • <i>knowledge of genre within source contexts</i> • <i>situation of source text</i> • <i>familiarity with the formal features of a text (language variation(s), register, dialect)</i> (200 words max)	The ST is one of the 'revelations about existence and perception' (Kline 2006, 1388) in Philippe Delerm's <i>Enregistrements Pirates</i> [pirated recordings] (2003, 123). This 'post-modern prose poem' (Kline 2006, 1388) revolves around a phrase, translated literally from Swedish to French, and is essentially an introspective description of what that phrase evokes for the writer. The ST: - consists of two neatly justified paragraphs, one of the 'hallmarks' of prose poetry (Hetherington and Atherton 2020, 15). - sentences are not very long (fifteen words on average), but they contain very descriptive language, with a total of thirty-six adjectives. - is written in the first-person plural: the author uses the pronoun 'nous' [us/we] five times, referring to France and the French. - contains the titular phrase in quotation marks in the ST l.3, and the final word of it is quoted twice more (l.11, 15). It appears once more, this time outside of quotation marks, as the ST's last sentence.		

	- contains nine instances of alliteration (e.g., l.11, '<u>p</u>arfait. <u>P</u>lus que <u>p</u>arfait' [perfect. More than perfect]; l.25, '<u>y</u>raiment <u>y</u>oulu' [really wanted]).						
Strategy • <i>identification of translation problems</i> • <i>knowledge of genre within target context and situation of target text</i> • <i>justification of translation production of genre for target context</i> (200 words max)	I will translate the ST as a submission for a future issue of Trinity College Dublin's Journal of Literary Translation on the theme of multilingualism. The TA will be the editorial team, a group of students attending Trinity College Dublin (JoLT, n.d.). I will: - keep quotations of the titular phrase in French, recreating the pragmatic effect of a phrase 'qui saute aux yeux' (l.3) [that jumps out to the eye]. However, as the final reference to this phrase is no longer in inverted commas, I will translate this literally into English. - recreate the formatting of the ST. - accentuate the poetic features of the ST: increase alliteration as well as adjective count by creating a draft translation and reworking it with a thesaurus, finding alternatives in order to increase descriptiveness. - retain explicit references to France and the French language but create some distance between them and the reader by changing first person plural pronouns and conjugations to third person plural. For example: <table border="1"> <tr> <th>ST</th><th>TT</th></tr> <tr> <td>'chez nous' [with us], l.4</td><td>in France</td></tr> <tr> <td>'nous appartient' [belongs to us], l.25</td><td>belongs to the French</td></tr> </table>	ST	TT	'chez nous' [with us], l.4	in France	'nous appartient' [belongs to us], l.25	belongs to the French
ST	TT						
'chez nous' [with us], l.4	in France						
'nous appartient' [belongs to us], l.25	belongs to the French						
Critical Reflection • <i>textual analysis</i> (200 words max)	- The adjective count increased in translation (ST: thirty-six adjectives; TT: forty-five adjectives), the number of adverbs and adverbial phrases dropped (ST: twenty-three; TT: fourteen). While this may initially cause concern for the descriptiveness of the text, it should not affect its overall descriptiveness: an adjective 'qualifies a noun to describe it more fully' (OED 2023, 'adjective, n.'), while an adverb 'modifies the meaning' (OED 2023, 'adverb, n.').						

	- The final sentence of the TT is, in essence, an indirect translation of a sentence from Swedish to English through French. This takes the Swedish student's letter one step further on a linguistic journey, but as the Swedish sentence does not appear in the ST, the TT reader is left guessing what the starting point was. However, as written by Delerm, perhaps the Swedish phrase of the ST 'ne compte pas' [doesn't matter]. - If JoLT's editorial team agreed to publish it in their journal, the TT would take on a new audience: the readers of the journal. This new audience, to whom French may not be accessible, could find the French quotations (l.4/5, l.9, l.13) in the TT to be problematic.
Works Cited • <i>use of sources and reference material</i>	- "adjective, n.". OED Online. 2023. Oxford University Press. Accessed April 28, 2023. https://www.oed.com/view/Entry/2426?rskey=8hYI75&result=1&isAdvanced=false (accessed April 28, 2023). - "adverb, n.". OED Online. 2023. Oxford University Press. Accessed April 28, 2023. https://www.oed.com/view/Entry/2944?redirectedFrom=adverb (accessed April 28, 2023). - Delerm, Philippe. 2003. <i>Enregistrements Pirates</i>. Monaco: Éditions du Rocher. - Kline, Michael. 2006. "Enregistrements Pirates Philippe Delerm." <i>The French Review</i> 79, no. 6: 1388. http://www.jstor.org/stable/25480547. - JoLT. 2021. "Meet the JoLT Editorial Team." <i>JoLT Newsletter</i> 2021/2022, 01. https://us17.campaign-archive.com/?u=8e84cada175604686b0493c97&id=4765f89af8 - Hetherington, Paul and Cassandra Atherton. 2020. <i>Prose Poetry: An Introduction</i>. Princeton: Princeton University Press.

Source Text

Le paysage d'automne est accompli

C'est une lettre venue de l'étranger, rédigée par une jeune étudiante suédoise. La langue française y est dans l'ensemble très bien maîtrisée, avec quelques petites fautes de syntaxe ici et là. Mais soudain saute aux yeux une phrase qui ne se dit pas chez nous : « Devant ma fenêtre, le paysage d'automne est accompli. » C'est tout à coup comme une musique différente, profondément émouvante, comme toutes les mélodies qui conduisent juste à côté de l'endroit où on pensait qu'elles allaient nous mener. Bien sûr, il s'agit de la traduction d'un mot suédois, qu'un autre mot français aurait peut-être approché davantage. Mais lequel ? On n'a pas envie de chercher, parce que dans son étrangeté « accompli » est parfait ici. Plus que parfait. Il porte en lui un regard neuf. Il y a sans doute l'idée de plénitude. Un moment fragile : la perfection du paysage d'automne, de la lumière molle et des fruits doux, un peu de bleu, beaucoup de roux. Sans doute. Mais peut-être « accompli » veut-il recouvrir aussi une autre fragilité, la sensation que tout est bien fini, que l'hiver peut arriver. En Suède le soir doit tomber si tôt – la lettre est datée de la mi-novembre. La jeune étudiante a-t-elle eu recours à un dictionnaire des synonymes ? Y a-t-il en suédois un mot qui exprime à la fois le début d'une petite mort et la sérénité triomphale d'un accomplissement ? Peu importe. La phrase est en français, à l'encre bleu

Target Text

The autumn landscape is accomplished

1 It is a letter from abroad, written by a young Swedish student. In it,
2 overall, there is a very good command of the French language, with a few
3 little syntactical errors here and there. But then suddenly, a sentence that
4 isn't used in France jumps out at me: "devant ma fenêtre, le paysage
5 d'automne est accompli." All of a sudden, it's like a different, deeply
6 moving kind of music, like every melody that takes unexpected twists and
7 turns. Of course, this is a translation of a Swedish word that a different
8 French word might have been closer to. But which one? There is no sense
9 in searching, because in its foreignness "accompli" is perfect. Better than
10 perfect. It carries within it a new point of view. There is perhaps also the
11 idea of abundance. A delicate moment in time: the perfection of the
12 autumnal landscape, of soft light and sweet fruit, a hint of blue, heaps of
13 red. Undoubtedly. But perhaps "accompli" is also trying to put into
14 perspective a different kind of fragility; the feeling that things are well and
15 truly over, that winter is right round the corner. In Sweden, night must
16 fall so early – the letter is dated from mid-November. Did the young
17 student have access to a thesaurus? Is there a word in Swedish that
18 expresses both the beginning of a climax and the triumphant serenity of
19 fulfilment? No matter. The sentence is in French, written on thin paper,
20 in navy-blue ink and large, leaned-into letters. The words say what they

marine, avec une écriture assez large et ferme sur le papier mince. Les mots disent ce qu'ils veulent dire puisqu'ils sont là. Ils ont ce pouvoir mêlé de bonheur et de résignation, de satisfaction sereine et de défaite consentie.

Ce que l'autre a vraiment voulu dire ne compte pas. Ce qu'il a dit nous appartient, bien loin de la Suède, et tant mieux si l'on s'invente une autre histoire, une atmosphère décalée. C'est bien, si l'idée vient du froid. Mais si elle vient de nous, d'une approximation que nous menons à notre guise, c'est encore mieux. Les mots juste à côté refont le monde. Devant ma fenêtre, le paysage d'automne est accompli.

21 want to say because they're there. They have this powerful medley of
22 happiness and resignation, of peaceful satisfaction and accepted defeat.

23 What the student really wanted to say doesn't matter. What they said
24 belongs to the French, far, far away from Sweden, and it's all the better
25 to invent a different story with a different atmosphere. Well and good, if
26 the idea comes from the cold. But it's all the better if it comes from within,
27 from a subjective approximation. Off-target words reshape the world.
28 Outside my window, the autumn landscape is accomplished.

Student Number	18326555	Text Number	5
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Source Text		Target Text											
Title	Spill Simmer Falter Wither	Title	Fruchten Sammeln Herbst Welken										
Year Published	2015												
Author	Sara Baume												
Language	English	Language	German										
Word Count	795	Word Count	762										
Description of Source Text • understanding of source text • knowledge of genre within source contexts • situation of source text • familiarity with the formal features of a text (language variation(s), register, dialect) (200 words max)	The ST is an extract from Sara Baume’s debut novel, ‘Spill Simmer Falter Wither’. The extract falls at the beginning of the third section of the book, ‘Falter’, in which the protagonist, Ray, aged 57, leaves behind life as he knows it to go on the road with his new dog (One-Eye). The ST:												
	- is written in the present tense, in the first person singular, and reads as an internal monologue, or one-sided dialogue addressed to One-Eye: <table><tr><td>Pronoun/possessive adjective</td><td>We</td><td>You</td><td>Our</td><td>Your</td></tr><tr><td>Frequency</td><td>6</td><td>9</td><td>7</td><td>4</td></tr></table>			Pronoun/possessive adjective	We	You	Our	Your	Frequency	6	9	7	4
	Pronoun/possessive adjective	We	You	Our	Your								
	Frequency	6	9	7	4								
	- has a coexistence of a speech-like fluidity (e.g., 13% of sentences have over twenty-five words, the longest one having forty-two words [l.29-32]; two cases of vulgar language [‘piss’ l.28 and ‘shit’ l.29]; five colloquialisms [e.g., ‘shoddy’ l.19]) and a halting, unusual arrangement of language (e.g., 45% of sentences have under ten words, the shortest one having four words [l.55]; adjective and noun pairings that inspire a double take [e.g., ‘premature tinsel’ l.63]).												
- contains the fivefold repetition of a phrase, within which the word ‘driving’ is repeated three times (e.g., l.1).													
- title has some poetic wordplay as each of the four verbs is reminiscent of a season.													

Strategy • <i>identification of translation problems</i> • <i>knowledge of genre within target context and situation of target text</i> • <i>justification of translation production of genre for target context</i> (200 words max)	I will translate the ST as a descriptive essay for the German charity HelpAge, intended for a TA of the oldest classes of Gymnasium [theory-focused secondary school] in North Rhine-Westphalia. The TT will be distributed in a workshop, without the rest of the novel, and aims to inspire sympathy, and an understanding of the importance of connections, for marginalised older people. I will: - use the simple present everywhere but the repeated phrase, for which I will use the ‘am’ progressive, to appeal to the ‘rheinische’ dialect speakers of the TA (Andersson 1989, 104), and to emphasise the continuous semantic, grammatical and formal nature of the sentence. - recreate the first-person narration to maintain the intimacy between the reader and narrator. - translate the strange adjective + noun pairings literally for a memorable foreignizing effect (Venuti 1995, 20), due to the link between the ‘unusual’ and ‘high emotional intensity’ (Angeloni 2023, 73). - find a word play to echo that of the ST title and to grip the TA, by: - finding German verbs beginning with same letters as each of the four seasons - ensuring the verbs share at least one other sound with the season (consonant or vowel) - combing through the Duden online dictionary (2023) entries for these letters to find suitable verbs								
Critical Reflection • <i>textual analysis</i> (200 words max)	- As well as the explicit progression that arises from one word following another, the word play of the TT title implies a progression of nature from the first to the fourth word. This new layer adds the image of the progression of nature as the seasons turn, from something full and full of life to something very old or dead. This evocation of death could be useful, given the emotive context of the TT. <table border="1" data-bbox="1025 1158 1771 1415"> <thead> <tr> <th>German season</th><th>TT</th></tr> </thead> <tbody> <tr> <td>Frühling [spring]</td><td>Fruchten [to bear fruit]</td></tr> <tr> <td>Sommer [summer]</td><td>Sammeln [to gather]</td></tr> <tr> <td>Herbst [autumn]</td><td>Herbsten [to harvest]</td></tr> </tbody> </table>	German season	TT	Frühling [spring]	Fruchten [to bear fruit]	Sommer [summer]	Sammeln [to gather]	Herbst [autumn]	Herbsten [to harvest]
German season	TT								
Frühling [spring]	Fruchten [to bear fruit]								
Sommer [summer]	Sammeln [to gather]								
Herbst [autumn]	Herbsten [to harvest]								

	Winter [winter] Welken [to wither]
	- Considering the importance of the effect of the TT on the TA, as well as the general success of films at soliciting emotional responses from their audiences (Zutan and Babbage 2017, 200) and the ‘closer relation between <i>hearing</i> and emotional arousal than there is between <i>seeing</i> and emotional arousal’ (Storr 1992, 26), a film or an audio file could arguably be a better medium for producing the target emotion in the TA.
Works Cited • <i>use of sources and reference material</i>	- Andersson, Sven-Gunnar. 1989. “On the Generalization of Progressive Constructions: ‘Ich Bin (Das Buch) Am Lesen’-Status and Usage in Three Varieties of German.” In <i>Proceedings of the Second Scandinavian Symposium on Aspectology</i>, edited by Lars-Gunnar Larsson, 95–106. Uppsala: Almqvist & Wiksell International. - Angeloni, Silvia. 2023. “A Conceptual Framework for Co-Creating Memorable Experiences: The Metaphor of the Journey.” <i>Journal of Consumer Marketing</i> 40 (1): 67–86. doi:10.1108/JCM-03-2022-5230. - Baume, Sara. 2015. <i>Spill Simmer Falter Wither</i>. London: Windmill Books. - Duden Online Wörterbuch. 2023. https://www.duden.de/woerterbuch. Accessed March 20, 2023. - Phillips, David. 1987. “Lessons from Germany? - The Case of German Secondary Schools.” <i>British Journal of Educational Studies</i> 35 (3): 211–32. doi:10.2307/3121255. - Storr, Anthony. 1992. <i>Music and the Mind</i>. London: Harper Collins. - Zupan, Barbra, and Duncan R. Babbage. 2017. “Film Clips and Narrative Text as Subjective Emotion Elicitation Techniques.” <i>Journal of Social Psychology</i> 157 (2): 194–210. doi:10.1080/00224545.2016.1208138.

Source Text

Spill Simmer Falter Wither

We are driving, driving, driving.

Over hillslopes and humpback bridges, through loose chippings and potholes wide as children's paddling pools and deep as old people's graves. Past lavender hedges, betting shops, sports grounds. Past countless closed doors behind which are countless uncaring strangers, their lives going on and on and on, relentlessly. We are heading inland, keeping to the back roads as much as possible. You are looking out of the rear window where the view is best, or perching on the passenger seat with your maggot pressed to the air vents. What do you smell? Fox spray and honeysuckle, pine martens and stinkhorns, seven different kinds of sap? Riding in the car is like watching a neverending reel at a wraparound cinema, complete with the surround-sound of engine putter, the piped scent of petrol fumes and passing countryside.

We are driving, driving, driving.

And the wraparound car screen is reeling off monkey puzzle trees and peeling eucalyptus, parish halls and handball alleys. Here's a pair of running shoes tied by the laces and slung over a phone wire above the road. Here's a steel grain silo at the edge of a farmyard, nose pointed to the moon like a shoddy rocket. Now here's a crucifix set in concrete with a vase full of shrivelled stalks in front, a roadside memorial shrine. The

Target Text

Fruchten Sammeln Herbsten Welken

- 1 Wir sind am Fahren, Fahren, Fahren.
- 2 Über kleine Hügel und gewölbte Brücken, durch Schotter und
- 3 Schlaglöcher so breit wie Planschbecken und so tief wie Gräber von
- 4 alten Menschen. An Lavendelhecken, Wettannahmen und Sportplätzen
- 5 vorbei. An unzählbaren geschlossenen Türen vorbei, hinter denen es
- 6 unzählbare gleichgültige Fremde gibt, deren Leben unerbittlich immer
- 7 weiter geht. Wir fahren landeinwärts, möglichst oft auf kleinen
- 8 Nebenstraßen. Du siehst zur Heckscheibe hinaus, wo es die schönste
- 9 Aussicht gibt, oder setzt dich auf dem Beifahrersitz mit deiner madigen
- 10 Schnauze gegen die Heizung. Was riechst du? Fuchsurin und Geißblatt,
- 11 Baumrinden und Stinkmorcheln und sieben verschiedene Arten von
- 12 Baumsäften? Im Auto zu fahren ist wie sich ein Film ohne Ende im
- 13 Panoramakino anzusehen, auch mit dem Brummen des Motors und den
- 14 Gerüchen der Benzindämpfe und des vorbeigehenden Lands.
- 15 Wir sind am Fahren, Fahren, Fahren.
- 16 Und das Panoramafenster des Autos zeigt uns Araukarien und sich
- 17 schälende Eukalyptusrinde, Gemeindezentren und Handballfelder. Hier
- 18 gibt's ein Paar an den Schnürsenkel gebundenen Turnschuhe, die über
- 19 einer Telefonleitung geschleudert worden sind. Hier gibt's ein
- 20 Getreidesilo aus Stahl an der Grenze eines Bauernhofes, mit einer zum

plaque's too small to read but what it means is that some stranger died here, on this most seemingly non-treacherous of corners with a cow field either side. What it means is that even the tattered verges are depositories of celebration and devastation in unequal measure. We are driving, driving, driving.

And every time the engine stops, you expect we've reached the end. But each stop is never an arrival, just another pause along the way. A snack, a walk, a smoke, a sleep, and off again. Now we piss in the hedgerows, side by side. Shit in the dykes under the cover of dark, side by side. I understand you're confused, that you had settled into a routine and now it's hard to fathom the new nook where your food bowl lives, the altered angle of your safe space and the way the view is ever rushing, changing. It's hard for me too. I hurt to the core of my bones from trying to sleep in the rolled-back driver's seat. I still haven't found an efficient way to fold my limbs, nor decided which is the more comfortable side to lean on. My body snaps and creaks louder than the radio and I tend to nod off on dual carriageways. The car wavers onto the white lines and the cat's eyes bonk beneath our wheels. BONKbonk, BONKbonk, BONKbonk, and I wake to the red twigs of the dogwood shrubs clawing our paintwork. But it's not only sleeping that's hard, it's everything. It's hard to learn anew how to make it through from dawn to dark without all of the props and pointers inside my father's house. Without plant-watering, yard-

21 Mond gerichtete Nase, wie eine schäbige Rakete. Und hier gibt's ein in
22 Beton verwurzelten Kruzifix, und davor steht eine Vase voller verwelkter
23 Stiele, ein Wegkreuz. Die Gedenktafel ist zu klein zu lesen aber es
24 bedeutet, dass irgendjemand hier gestorben ist, an dieser Ecke, die
25 scheinbar so ungefährlich ist, mit Weideland auf beiden Seiten. Es
26 bedeutet, dass sogar die zerfledderten Ränder Verwahrungsorte sowohl
27 fürs Jubeln als auch für die Verheerung in ungleichem Maße sind.
28 Wir sind am Fahren, Fahren, Fahren.
29 Und jedes Mal, wenn das Auto stoppt, glaubst du, wir seien am Ziel.
30 Aber Stoppen ist nie Ankunft, sondern nur noch eine weitere Pause auf
31 dem Weg. Was zum Essen, ein Spaziergang, eine Zigarette, ein
32 Schläfchen, und dann wieder nochmal unterwegs. Jetzt pissen wir in den
33 Hecken, nebeneinander. Scheißen in den Gräben, im Schutz der
34 Dunkelheit, nebeneinander. Ich weiß, du bist verwirrt, du hattest dich
35 endlich an eine Routine gewöhnt, und jetzt ist es schwierig das neue
36 Heimatchen deines Napfes zu begreifen, den veränderten Blickwinkel
37 deines vertrauten Raumes, und die ständig vorbeieilende, sich ändernde
38 Landschaft. Auch für mich ist es schwer. Mir tut es vom wiederholten
39 Versuch im zurückschiebenden Fahrersitz zu schlafen bis ins
40 Knochenmark weh. Ich habe noch keine leistungsfähige Weise gefunden,
41 meine Glieder zu falten, und habe noch keine Entscheidung getroffen,
42 über welche Seite die bequemste ist darauf zu lehnen. Mein Körper

pottering, chair-rocking, and channel-zapping. I expected it would be exciting; I expected that the freedom from routine was somehow greater than the freedom to determine your own routine. I wanted to get up in the morning and not know exactly what I was going to do that day. But now that I don't, it's terrifying. Now nothing can be assumed, now everything's ill-considered, and if I spend too long thinking it makes my eyes smart and molars throb. I tense myself into a stone and forget how to breathe. I pull the car to the side of the road and put my flashers on. I list aloud all the things that are good and all the reasons I must go on. Glass pebbles are good, games of football on deserted strands, oil refineries by night, jumble shop windows, gingerbreads, broken buoys, nicotine, fields of flowering rape. And I must go on because of you. Now it's okay; I can breathe again. And on we go. I put distance in front of my face and my body has no choice but to follow, unthinkingly, and your body too. Is this how people cope, I wonder. Is this how everybody copes?

We are driving, driving, driving.

And the wraparound car screen is reeling off fields and fields and fields, of wheat and oats and barley which have all died now, and in death, turned to gold. Torn filaments of their gold blows to the ditches, sticks in the prickles, dangles and glitters like premature tinsel.

We are driving, driving, driving.

43 knackt und schnappt lauter als das Radio und ich neige dazu, auf der
44 Schnellstraße einzunicken. Das Auto schwankt auf den weißen Streifen
45 und holpert auf den reflektierenden Straßenbolzen. KLUNKklunk.
46 KLUNKklunk. KLUNKklunk, und ich wache zu den roten Zweigen der
47 Hartriegel auf, die sich an unseren Lack krallen. Aber nicht nur das
48 Schlafen ist schwer, sondern alles. Es ist schwer neu zu lernen wie man
49 von morgens bis abends überleben kann ohne all die Stützen und
50 Hinweise im Haus meines Vaters. Ohne Pflanzenbewässerung, im Hof
51 herumwerkeln, Schaukelstuhlwiegen, und Zappen. Ich dachte, es wäre
52 aufregend; ich dachte, dass die Flucht vor der Routine irgendwie
53 großartiger wäre als die Freiheit einer eigenen Routine zu bestimmen.
54 Ich wollte morgens aufstehen und nicht genau wissen, was ich an
55 diesem Tag machen würde. Aber jetzt weiß ich das nicht mehr und es
56 erschreckt mich zu Tode. Jetzt kann nichts angenommen werden, jetzt
57 ist alles unüberlegt, und wenn ich zu lange im Denken verbringe,
58 brennen meine Augen und meine Backenzähne pochen. Ich spanne mich
59 wie ein Stein und vergesse, wie man atmet. Ich fahre das Auto zum
60 Straßenrand und mache den Warnblinkern an. Ich zähle alle Gründe laut
61 auf, warum ich weitergehen muss. Glaskiesel sind gut, Fußballspiele auf
62 verlassenem Stränden, Ö Raffinerien bei Nacht, Secondhandläden,
63 Ingwerplätzchen, kaputte Bojen, Nikotin, blühende Rapsfelder. Und ich
64 muss wegen dir weitergehen. Jetzt geht es mir besser; ich kann wieder

And the car is our house now, home. The boot is our attic. The loose chippings are our floorboards. The sun roof is our balcony. The back roads and hinterlands are our ceaselessly surging view.

65 atmen. Und wir gehen weiter. Ich halte Abstand vor meinem Gesicht
66 und mein Körper hat keine Wahl, er muss folgen, ohne zu denken, und
67 dein Körper auch. Kommen Menschen so zurecht, wundere ich mich.
68 Kommt jeder so zurecht?
69 Wir sind am Fahren, Fahren, Fahren.
70 Und das Panoramafenster des Autos zeigt uns Felder und Felder und
71 Felder, Weizenfelder und Haferfelder und Gerstenfelder, die alle jetzt
72 gestorben sind, und sich im Tod Gold gefärbt haben. Zerrissene Fäden
73 ihres Goldes verweht in die Gräben worden ist, klebt in den Dornen,
74 baumelt und glitzert wie vorzeitige Girlanden.
75 Wir sind am Fahren, Fahren, Fahren.
76 Und jetzt ist das Auto unser Haus, unser Zuhause. Der Kofferraum ist
77 unser Dachboden. Der Schotter ist unser Fußboden. Das Schiebedach ist
78 unser Balkon. Die Nebenstraßen und das Hinterland sind unsere immer
79 wogende Aussicht.

Student Number	18326555	Text Number	6
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Source Text		Target Text	
Title	La Liberté de la Presse	Title	Freedom of the Press
Year Published	1848		
Author	Victor Hugo		
Language	French	Language	English
Word Count	905	Word Count	916
Description of Source Text • <i>understanding of source text</i> • <i>knowledge of genre within source contexts</i> • <i>situation of source text familiarity with the formal features of a text (language variation(s), register, dialect)</i> (200 words max)	The ST is a speech given by French writer Victor Hugo on 11th September 1848 to the National Assembly in Paris, the lower French house of parliament to which he was elected in February 1848 (Valiunas 2007, 36) at the beginning of a succession of governments in the unstable Second French Republic of 1848 (Heywood and Heywood 1994, 394). The ST has two key elements: Hugo's transcribed speech (given against a decree that was to pass the power to suspend newspapers from the government to the court) and responses from the crowd, given in italics inside brackets. The transcribed speech contains: - a range of sentence lengths (twenty-four words on average), the longest being sixty-six words long (l.69-74), and the shortest being six (l.4). - time and culture specific references (e.g., reference to General Cavaignac, l.26). - language associated with literature and formal speech (e.g., the use of the past historic as in l.49), as well as informal and oral language (e.g., use of lexical fillers like 'eh bien' [well], l.7). The crowd's reactions: - occur eighteen times. - contain references to political structures (e.g., left-wing parties sitting on the left-hand side of the room, l.24) - are, on average, two words long.		

Strategy • <i>identification of translation problems</i> • <i>knowledge of genre within target context and situation of target text</i> • <i>justification of translation production of genre for target context</i> (200 words max)	I will translate the ST into contemporary English for a TA of third-level British students studying the history and politics of France, for a module specifically on the governments of the Second French Republic. I will: - use transcriptions of debates held in the Commons Chamber of British parliament in 1848 (Hansard, n.d.) as a point of reference for a style of English contemporary to the context of the ST. - use Hansard debates to find common reactions from the crowd (e.g., ‘Hear, hear!’). I will select those with comparable sentiment (e.g., ST I.7, ‘mouvement’ [movement] implies disruption that could be followed by a cry of ‘order!’, TT I.7) to those in the ST and will format them accordingly (italics and square brackets). - recreate the tension between the informal and formal qualities of this speech by using long sentences with many clauses, filler expressions (e.g., I.7 ‘well’) and, as previously mentioned, language consistent with the mid-nineteenth century (e.g., no contracted forms of verbs). - translate the aforementioned allusions to French history or political structures literally with no explicitation or footnotes. As the TA should have some knowledge of the context, explicitation on the level of semantics (Vinay and Darbelnet 1995, 343) will not be necessary.												
Critical Reflection • <i>textual analysis</i> (200 words max)	- Although there is just a slight difference in the average number of words per sentence between the ST and the TT, the shortest sentence of the TT is shorter and in a different place: <table><tr><td></td><td>ST</td><td>TT</td></tr><tr><td>Average words per sentence</td><td>Twenty-four</td><td>Twenty-three</td></tr><tr><td>Shortest sentence</td><td>Six words, I.4</td><td>One word; I.39</td></tr><tr><td>Issue highlighted</td><td>how to achieve freedom</td><td>the unpredictable future of laws passed</td></tr></table> This may alter the parts of the speech that stand out to the reader, due to the different issues highlighted in the shortest TT and ST sentences.		ST	TT	Average words per sentence	Twenty-four	Twenty-three	Shortest sentence	Six words, I.4	One word; I.39	Issue highlighted	how to achieve freedom	the unpredictable future of laws passed
	ST	TT											
Average words per sentence	Twenty-four	Twenty-three											
Shortest sentence	Six words, I.4	One word; I.39											
Issue highlighted	how to achieve freedom	the unpredictable future of laws passed											

	- The French terms and names in the TT (e.g., l.8, l.26) are somewhat foreignizing, ‘sending the reader abroad’ (Venuti 1995, 20), and reminding him of the context of the ST. This reminder of the ST context is perhaps a redundant feature for this particular TA, who would be discussing the text in-depth in an academic context. - The TT treads a narrow line between the slightly informal natural sound of speech and more formal context of parliament, as in the ST. However, due to the lack of verb forms used in the written form in English (like the past historic in French), the TT drifts slightly further towards an informal text.
Works Cited • <i>use of sources and reference material</i>	- Hugo, Victor. 1848. “La Liberté de la Presse.” Accessed February 2, 2023. https://www2.assemblee-nationale.fr/decouvrir-l-assemblee/histoire/grands-discours-parlementaires/victor-hugo-11-septembre-1848 (Accessed 12 January 2023). - Hansard. n.d. “Commons Chamber Debates 1848.” Accessed April 23, 2023. https://hansard.parliament.uk/search/Debates?endDate=1848-12-31&house=Commons&startDate=1848-01-01&page=13. - Heywood, O. E., and C. M. Heywood. 1994. “Rethinking the 1848 Revolution in France: The Provisional Government and Its Enemies.” <i>History</i> 79 (257): 394–411. https://search-ebscohost-com.elib.tcd.ie/login.aspx?direct=true&db=edsjsr&AN=edsjsr.24422386. - Valiunas, Algis. 2007. “The Sacred Heart of Victor Hugo.” <i>First Things</i> 175 (August): 34–40. https://search-ebscohost-com.elib.tcd.ie/login.aspx?direct=true&db=rft&AN=ATLA0001634020. - Venuti, Lawrence. 1995. <i>The Translator’s Invisibility</i>. New York: Routledge. - Vinay, J. P. & Darbelnet, J. 1995. <i>Comparative Stylistics of French and English: A Methodology for Translation</i>. Translated by J. C. Sager and M. J. Hamel. Amsterdam: John Benjamins.

Source Text

La Liberté de la Presse

Eh bien, messieurs, permettez-moi de le dire, il est bon de poser les principes ; car les principes posés dessinent les situations. Les véritables amis de l'ordre ont toujours été les plus sérieux amis de la liberté. (*Très bien !*). Combattre l'anarchie sous toutes ses formes. (*Très bien !*). Les bons citoyens résistent également à ceux qui voudraient imposer leur volonté par les coups de fusils, et à ceux qui voudraient imposer leur volonté par les coups d'État. (*Mouvement*). Eh bien, ce mot coups d'État, je les prononce à dessein, c'est le véritable mot de la situation.

Suspendre les journaux, les suspendre par l'autorité directe, arbitraire, violente, du pouvoir exécutif, cela s'appelait coups d'État sous la monarchie, cela ne peut pas avoir changé de nom sous la République. (*Sensation*).

Ceux qui défendent, ceux qui soutiennent cette opinion, sont donc les amis de l'ordre en même temps que les amis de la liberté. La suspension des journaux crée un état de choses inqualifiable auquel il importe de mettre un terme, et quant à moi, je préfère à cette situation tout, même le décret qu'on vous propose. (*Nouveau mouvement*).

Je ne rentrerai pas dans la discussion de ce décret ; on vous en a savamment montré tous les vices. Je déplore profondément, je l'avoue, que le pouvoir exécutif ne se soit pas cru suffisamment armé par les lois

Target Text

Freedom of the Press

1 Well, gentlemen, if I may, it is good practice to set down some
2 principles, because principles are what sets the scene in these
3 situations. True friends of law and order have always been the most
4 steadfast friends of freedom. [*Cheers*]. This involves fighting anarchy in
5 all shapes and sizes. [*Cheers*]. Good citizens also resist those who would
6 like to impose their will through military force, and those who would like
7 to impose their will through a seizure of power. [*Order!*]. Well, I am
8 using the term seizure of power deliberately, because it is absolutely the
9 word for the present situation in which we find ourselves.
10 The suspension of printing, its suspension by the direct, arbitrary and
11 violent authority of the government, was called a 'seizure of power'
12 under the monarchy, and this name cannot have changed in the
13 republic. [*Order!*].
14 Those who defend, those who maintain this position, are therefore
15 friends of law and order as well as friends of freedom. The suspension of
16 printing creates an indescribable situation to which it is important to put
17 an end, and I myself would prefer anything to this situation, even the
18 decree that we are suggesting to you. [*Order! Order!*].
19 I will not enter into a discussion of this decree; we have skilfully shown
20 you all its weaknesses. I do admit that I deeply lament the fact that the

sévères que nous lui avons données. Cette législation, il la croyait efficace lorsqu'il nous l'a demandée ; vous la croyiez efficace quand vous la lui avez accordée. Je regrette qu'il ait jugé à propos de la mettre pour ainsi dire au rebut avant de l'avoir mise à l'essai. (*À gauche. Très bien !*).

Je regrette que, dans cette circonstance, l'honorable général Cavaignac ne vienne pas à cette tribune, avec la loyauté que je m'empresse de lui reconnaître, se dessaisir du surcroît de pouvoir que le décret tendrait à lui attribuer. Je ne pense pas, quant à moi, que le droit de suspension des journaux, même retiré au pouvoir exécutif et donné aux tribunaux, je ne crois pas, dis-je, que ce soit une bonne chose.

Le droit de suspension des journaux ! Mais, messieurs réfléchissez-y, ce droit participe de la censure par l'intimidation, et de la confiscation par l'atteinte à la propriété. (*C'est vrai !*). La censure et la confiscation sont deux abus monstrueux que votre droit public a rejetés ! et je ne doute pas que le droit de suspension des journaux qui, je le répète, se compose de ces deux éléments abolis et détestables, confiscation et censure, ne soit jugé et prochainement condamné par la conscience publique. Nous l'admettons (ceux du moins qui l'admettent) temporairement, provisoirement. Provisoirement ! messieurs, je me défie du provisoire ! (*Mouvement*). Nous avons le droit de le dire depuis février, beaucoup de mal durable est souvent fait par les choses provisoires. (*Nouveau mouvement*). Quant à moi, je verrais avec douleur

21 government did not think itself sufficiently protected by the strict laws
22 that we had given it. They believed this legislation to be effective when
23 it was asked of us; you believed it to be effective when you granted it.
24 I am sorry that the government decided to abandon it, so to speak,
25 before having put it to the test. [*From the left: hear! Hear!*].
26 I am sorry that, on this occasion, the honourable General Cavaignac,
27 with all the loyalty that I owe him, has not come to this forum to
28 relinquish the additional power that this decree would potentially arm
29 him with. I myself do not think that the right to suspend the printing of
30 newspapers, even if were taken from the government and given to the
31 courts, I do not think it to be a good idea.
32 The right to suspend printing! Now gentlemen, think about it, this right
33 partakes of censure by intimidation, and of infringement of property
34 rights by confiscation. [*Cheers*]. Censure and confiscation are two
35 monstrous abuses that your public law rejected! And I do not doubt
36 that the right to the suspension of printing which, I repeat, consists in
37 these two illegal and appalling things, confiscation and censure, will be
38 judged and soon condemned by public opinion. We will allow it pass
39 (some of us will, anyway) provisionally, temporarily. Temporarily!
40 Gentlemen, I do not trust the temporary! [*Order!*]. Since what happened
41 in February, we all may say that much harm is often done by temporary
42 things. [*Order! Order!*]. It would pain me personally to see this right

ce droit fatal entrer dans nos lois ; je m'inclinerais devant la nécessité, mais j'espère que s'il y entrait aujourd'hui, ce serait pour en sortir demain ; j'espère que les circonstances mauvaises qui l'ont apporté l'emporteront. (*Sensation*).

Je ne puis m'empêcher de vous rappeler à cette occasion un grand souvenir. (*Écoutez ! écoutez !*). Lorsque le droit de suspension des journaux voulut s'introduire dans notre législation sous la restauration, M. de Chateaubriand le stigmatisa au passage par des paroles mémorables. Eh bien, les écrivains d'aujourd'hui ne manqueront pas, à l'exemple que leur a donné le grand écrivain d'alors. (*Sensation*). Si nous ne pouvons empêcher de reparaître ce droit odieux de suspension, nous le laisserons entrer, mais en le flétrissant. (*A gauche. Très bien !*).

Permettez-moi, messieurs, en terminant ce peu de paroles, de vous dire, de déposer dans vos consciences une pensée qui, je le déclare, devrait, selon moi, dominer cette discussion : c'est que le principe de la liberté de la presse n'est pas moins essentiel, n'est pas moins sacré que le principe du suffrage universel. Ce sont les deux côtés du même fait. (*Oui ! Oui !*). Ces deux principes s'appellent et se complètent réciproquement. La liberté de la presse à côté du suffrage universel, c'est la pensée de tous éclairant le gouvernement de tous. Attenter à l'une c'est attenter à l'autre. (*Vive approbation à gauche*).

43 enter our law; I would bow to necessity, but I hope that if it came into
44 our law today, that it would be to leave it again tomorrow; I hope that
45 the bad circumstances that brought it in will bring it away. [*Order!*].
46 I cannot help but call to mind at this moment an important event. [*Hear!*
47 *hear!*]. When it was to be introduced into our legislation during the
48 Bourbon Restoration, Mr de Chateaubriand condemned the right to
49 suspend printing in passing, but using memorable words. Well, the
50 writers of today will not hold back, considering the example given to
51 them by the great writer of that time. [*Order!*]. If we cannot prevent this
52 odious right of suspension from reappearing, we will allow it in, but only
53 after weakening it. [*From the left: hear! hear!*].
54 Allow me, gentlemen, while finishing off these few brief words, to tell
55 you, to call to your minds, a thought that, I declare, should, according to
56 me, take centre stage in this discussion: it is that the principle of
57 freedom of the press is no less essential, no less sacred than the
58 principle of universal suffrage. They are two sides of the same coin.
59 [*Here, here!*]. These two principles are bound up one with the other. The
60 freedom of the press alongside universal suffrage means the
61 government of the people by the people. To attack one is to attack the
62 other [*Cheers from the left*].
63 Well, every time that this important principle is threatened, there will

Eh bien, toutes les fois que ce grand principe sera menacé, il ne manquera pas, sur tous ces bancs, d'orateurs de tous les partis pour se lever et pour protester comme je le fais aujourd'hui.

La liberté de la presse, c'est la raison de tous cherchant à guider le pouvoir dans les voies de la justice et de la vérité. (*Sensations diverses*). Favorisez, messieurs, favorisez cette grande liberté, ne lui faites pas obstacle ; songez que le jour où, après trente années de développement intellectuel et d'initiative par la pensée, on verrait ce principe sacré, ce principe lumineux, la liberté de la presse, s'amoindrir au milieu de nous, ce serait en France, ce serait en Europe, ce serait dans la civilisation tout entière l'effet d'un flambeau qui s'éteint ! (*Sensation*).

Messieurs, vous avez le plus beau de tous les titres pour être les amis de la liberté de la presse, c'est que vous êtes les élus du suffrage universel ! (*Très bien ! très bien !*).

Je voterai, tout en rendant justice aux excellentes intentions du comité de législation, je voterai pour tous les amendements, pour toutes les dispositions qui tendraient à modérer le décret.

64 not be, here on these benches, a lack of speakers from every party to
65 stand up and protest like I'm doing today.
66 The freedom of the press is the reason for all those looking to guide
67 power on the path of justice and of truth. [*Order!*]. Gentlemen, support
68 this great freedom, do not obstruct it; think that, after thirty years of
69 intellectual development and of independent thinking, that the day
70 when we would see this sacred principle, this brilliant principle, the
71 freedom of the press, being diminished among us, think then that it
72 would be in France, it would be in Europe, it would be throughout all of
73 civilisation that the result of an extinguished flame would be felt!
74 [*Order!*].
75 Gentlemen, you are best placed to be friends of freedom of the press,
76 for it is you who have been elected by universal suffrage! [*Cheers*].
77 I will vote, all the while doing justice to the best intentions of the
78 legislation committee, for any amendments, for any and all
79 arrangements that would tend to weaken the decree.
80

Student Number	18326555	Text Number	7
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Source Text		Target Text	
Title	Der Panther	Title	The Panther
Year Published	1903		
Author	Rainer Maria Rilke		
Language	German	Language	English
Word Count	91	Word Count	103
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 ST is a poem describing a panther's monotonous life in a zoo in Paris. It is considered to be a reflection of Rilke's view on captivity and imperialism, and an allegory for the mental condition of artists (Unglaub, 2005. 36-37). The ST contains three stanzas of four lines each, and various poetic devices: - alternating rhyme scheme (ABAB, CDCD, EFEF). - alternating number of syllables per line (11/10/11/10...). - repetition (e.g., l.5/6 'tausend Stäbe' [thousand bars]; l.14/15 'geht' [goes]). These contribute to the monotony and claustrophobia portrayed by the poet, and this formal monotony is juxtaposed with the final line, where there is a sudden drop to eight syllables. - seven instances of alliteration, sibilance and consonance (e.g., l.15 'geht durch der Glieder' [goes through the limbs]), with softer sounds (e.g., /h/, /j/, /f/) mirroring the despondence of the animal, and harsher sounds (e.g., /g/, /d/, /k/) echoing the potential power of the numbed wish for freedom. - five instances of assonance (e.g., l.9 'allerkle<u>in</u>sten Kre<u>is</u>e' [smallest circle]). - personification (e.g., describing the panther's thoughts, l.5), contrasting with the context of the poem as one of Rilke's 'Dinggedichte' [thing poems] (van den Broek 2013, 225). - vivid imagery (e.g., 'ein Tanz von Kraft' [a dance of power], l.10).		

Strategy • <i>identification of translation problems</i> • <i>knowledge of genre within target context and situation of target text</i> • <i>justification of translation production of genre for target context</i> (200 words max)	The TT is intended for a TA of German expats in the UK, aged 20-40 with near-native English. It will appear in a collection of translated German poetry published by the Goethe Institute. The aim is to recreate a sense of home abroad for recent emigrants by gathering famous works of German literature in translation. Although there already exist many English translations of this poem, these tend to focus on translating the content rather than the form of the ST (Schulte 1988, 2). I will focus on the recreation and accentuation of the formal features of the ST, and will do this by: - recreating the ST’s rhyme scheme. I will first create a literal translation of the ST and then use a thesaurus to find rhyming synonyms to create the base of the alternating rhymes. - recreating the alternating number of syllables per line. I will achieve this by using a thesaurus to find synonyms with more or fewer syllables. I will accentuate the sudden drop of syllables in the last line by reducing the number from eight to six. - use an equal number of alliterations (though not necessarily with the same consonants) by using a thesaurus, prioritising quantity over location.																
Critical Reflection • <i>textual analysis</i> (200 words max)	- Some images present in the ST took on new layers and emphases in the TT. This was partly the result of the constraints of recreating the metre and is particularly the case for images of captivity and entrapment. Although the TA should be familiar with the ST, these new associations could influence their interpretation of the text by accentuating thematic elements of the ST. <table><tr><th>Line</th><th>ST</th><th>TT</th><th>New layers</th></tr><tr><td>6</td><td>‘keine Welt’ [no world]</td><td>‘no foreign shore’</td><td>- the foreignness of the panther in his current environment</td></tr><tr><td>11</td><td>‘großer Wille’ [big will]</td><td>‘will of iron’</td><td>- the substance (iron) of the bars caging the panther in</td></tr><tr><td>14</td><td>‘geht ein Bild hinein’ [an image goes in]</td><td>‘an image floods’</td><td>- the violence of the situation</td></tr></table>	Line	ST	TT	New layers	6	‘keine Welt’ [no world]	‘no foreign shore’	- the foreignness of the panther in his current environment	11	‘großer Wille’ [big will]	‘will of iron’	- the substance (iron) of the bars caging the panther in	14	‘geht ein Bild hinein’ [an image goes in]	‘an image floods’	- the violence of the situation
Line	ST	TT	New layers														
6	‘keine Welt’ [no world]	‘no foreign shore’	- the foreignness of the panther in his current environment														
11	‘großer Wille’ [big will]	‘will of iron’	- the substance (iron) of the bars caging the panther in														
14	‘geht ein Bild hinein’ [an image goes in]	‘an image floods’	- the violence of the situation														

	- Although alliteration occurs five times in both the ST and TT, this consists of a doubly strong presence of sibilance in the TT (four instances: l.9/10, l.13/14 and twice in l.8) than in the ST (two instances: l.8, l.15). This emphasis on soft sounds (/j/ and /s/) results in the contradiction of form and content, as the sibilance is used in the TT to portray captivity and the accompanying death of creativity.
Works Cited • <i>use of sources and reference material</i>	- van den Broek, Claire Y. 2013. "How the Panther Stole the Poem: The Search for Alterity in Rilke's 'Dinggedichte.'" <i>Monatshefte</i> 105 (2): 225–46. https://search-ebscohost-com.elib.tcd.ie/login.aspx?direct=true&db=edsjsr&AN=edsjsr.24549563. - Cranston, Mechthild. 1994. "From 'Blick' to 'Augenblick': Rilke's Panther on the Move." <i>Neophilologus</i> 78 (2): 283–88. doi:10.1007/BF00999659. - Rilke, Rainer Maria. 1907. <i>Neue Gedichte</i>. Leipzig: Insel Verlag. - Schulte, Rainer. 1988. "Multiple Translations: An Interpretive Perspective." in <i>Translation Review</i> 28: 1–2. doi:10.1080/07374836.1988.10523428. - Unglaub, Erich. 2005. <i>Panther und Aschanti. Rilke-Gedichte in kulturwissenschaftlicher Sicht</i>. Frankfurt am Main: P Lang.

Source Text

Der Panther

Im Jardin des Plantes, Paris

Sein Blick ist von Vorübergehen der Stäbe
so müd geworden, dass er nichts mehr hält.

Ihm ist, als ob es tausend Stäbe gäbe
und hinter tausend Stäben keine Welt.

Der weiche Gang geschmeidig starker Schritte,
der sich im allerkleinsten Kreise dreht,
ist wie ein Tanz von Kraft um eine Mitte,
in der betäubt ein großer Wille steht.

Nur manchmal schiebt der Vorhang der Pupille
sich lautlos auf -. Dann geht ein Bild hinein,
geht durch der Glieder angespannte Stille –
und hört im Herzen auf zu sein.

Target Text

The Panther

In the Jardin des Plantes, Paris

From staring at the bars, his once-busy mind
has grown so weary he can take no more.

In his eyes are a thousand bars, and behind
those thousand dreary bars no foreign shore.

The silky smoothness of a soft but strong stride
takes him pacing in a tiny circle,
where, surrounded by power on the outside,
a numbed will of iron rests eternal.

Only sometimes does the veil of his eyes slip
up softly -. Then an image floods his eyes,
through the tense stillness of his limbs does it skip –
and in his heart it dies.

Student Number	18326555	Text Number	8
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Source Text		Target Text	
Title	Ma Liberté	Title	My Liberty
Year Published	1966		
Author	Georges Moustaki		
Language	French	Language	English
Word Count	186	Word Count	238
Description of Source Text • <i>understanding of source text</i> • <i>knowledge of genre within source contexts</i> • <i>situation of source text familiarity with the formal features of a text (language variation(s), register, dialect)</i> (200 words max)	The ST is a song written by singer-songwriter Georges Moustaki for Serge Reggiani (Delás 2013, 39), who recorded it for his second album, <i>Album N.2 – Bobino</i> (Reggiani 1966). It has since been interpreted by various artists, including Moustaki himself and the French-Canadian singer Isabelle Boulay, whose album <i>Merci Serge Reggiani</i> (2014) made the list of Canada's ten best-selling singles and albums in June 2014 (CANADA 2014, 90). - There are some discrepancies in the lyrics of the different recordings made by Moustaki, Reggiani and Boulay. I will be using Isabelle Boulay's version as the ST. - It is comprised of four verses of twelve lines, each of which follows an identical rhyme scheme (AABAABCCDEED) and an identical rhythm (466466666666). - The ST is written in iambic pentameter. The first six lines of each verse begin on an unstressed syllable, while the next six lines begin on a stressed syllable. There are some occasions where this form is overridden by Boulay's pronunciation and emphasis (e.g., l. 3 where the last syllable is pronounced as an extra syllable and is stressed). - The song is about the value the singer places on freedom and how it has been compromised for love.		
Strategy • <i>identification of translation problems</i>	The TT will be sung directly after the ST for the English-speaking audience of Boulay's Canadian tour in 2014. Kopiez et al. (2021, 3) state that those interested in songs are on average 8.59 years older than the song itself, and an additional		

• <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)	margin makes my TA 45-65 years old. I will transcribe the melody and lyrics of the ST, create a literal translation and will then rewrite it by focusing on recreating the formal parameters of the song (rhyme scheme, rhythm and metre). I will do this by: - using the first occurrence of each rhyme scheme sound in the literal translation to find the TT rhyme and then translating and rewriting the subsequent lines in order to create a rhyme. - using sounds that rhyme when sung by someone with a Canadian accent. - looking for synonyms for words in the literal translation in order to reach the desired syllable count. <table><tr><th>ST (l.1)</th><th>Literal translation</th><th>TT (l.1)</th></tr><tr><td>'ma liberté'</td><td>my freedom</td><td>my liberty</td></tr></table> - using elision (where lines have both too many syllables and words that are commonly elided) in order to retain the ST's number of syllables per line (e.g., l.5, 't'was' instead of 'it was').	ST (l.1)	Literal translation	TT (l.1)	'ma liberté'	my freedom	my liberty
ST (l.1)	Literal translation	TT (l.1)					
'ma liberté'	my freedom	my liberty					
Critical Reflection • <i>textual analysis</i> (200 words max)	- Some prolonged images present in the ST take on differences in the TT as a result of the need to preserve the rhyme scheme. The image of the sea with pearls (l.3) and anchors (l.6), particularly present in the first stanza of the ST, moves from the ocean to the sky, with the TT presenting images of hot-air balloons and clouds. The image of love as a prison (l.50) is rendered in the TT through a more subtle reference to enclosure, which perhaps creates a less extreme depiction of love: the classic American-dream ideal of a 'white picket fence' (l.50, 53) (Hutchinson 2014, 622). - Although the last words of ST l.3, 16, 29 and 42 have one syllable when read aloud, in Boulay's recorded track (2014) they are divided into two syllables (e.g., l.3 'rare'→ 'ra/re'). The final syllable of each of these TT lines (except for l.42) would have to be held for the melody to match the ST (see Appendix 1, bars 4, 20 and 36). According to Kania (2006, 403), a studio recording is always different from the live performance of a song, so this slight difference should not be an issue for the TA at the concert.						

Works Cited

- use of sources and reference material

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Source Text***Ma Liberté***

Ma liberté
Longtemps je t'ai gardée
Comme une perle rare.
Ma liberté
C'est toi qui m'as aidé
À larguer les amarres
On allait n'importe où
On allait jusqu'au bout
Des chemins de fortune
On cueillait en rêvant
Une rose des vents
Sur un rayon de lune.

Ma liberté
Devant tes volontés
Ma vie était soumise
Ma liberté
Je t'avais tout prêté
Ma dernière chemise
Et combien j'ai souffert

Target Text***My Liberty***

1	My liberty
2	Back then you used to be
3	My biggest, brightest prize
4	My liberty
5	T'was you who helped me see
6	That I could cut my ties
7	We would go anywhere
8	All throughout thoroughfares
9	In our hot air balloon
10	And we dreamed we could fly
11	On the clouds in the sky
12	Or a beam of the moon
13	
14	My liberty
15	You filled me up with glee
16	Before you my heart bowed
17	My liberty
18	I gave you all of me
19	Abandoned all my doubts
20	I met all your demands

Pour pouvoir satisfaire
Toutes tes exigences
J'ai changé de pays
J'ai perdu mes amis
Pour gagner ta confiance

Ma liberté
Tu as su désarmer
Mes moindres habitudes
Ma liberté
Toi qui m'as fait aimer
Même la solitude
Toi qui m'as fait sourire
Quand je voyais finir
Une belle aventure
Toi qui m'as protégé
Quand j'allais me cacher
Pour soigner mes blessures

Ma liberté
Pourtant je t'ai quittée
Une nuit de décembre

21	Moved to faraway lands
22	I lost all of my friends
23	And how much I did bleed
24	Just to placate your needs
25	And your trust to defend
26	
27	My liberty
28	You always held the key
29	To all my closed-off doors
30	My liberty
31	A solitude so free
32	You taught me to adore
33	You who helped me to steer
34	With a smile and good cheer
35	As adventures moved on
36	You who kept me unharmed
37	When I felt so alarmed
38	In the hour before dawn
39	
40	My liberty
41	From you I had to flee
42	One night in deep December

J'ai déserté
Les chemins écartés
Que nous suivions ensemble
Lorsque sans me méfier
Les pieds et poings liés
Je me suis laissé faire
Et je t'ai trahie pour
Une prison d'amour
Et sa belle geôlière
Et je t'ai trahie pour
Une prison d'amour
Et sa belle geôlière

43	I left them be
44	Those roads just you and me
45	That we followed together
46	Love crept in through a crack
47	My hands behind my back
48	I was caught unaware
49	And I betrayed you hence
50	For a white picket fence
51	And a keeper so fair
52	And I betrayed you hence
53	For a white picket fence
54	And a keeper so fair

Appendix 1

Ma Liberté My Liberty

Georges Moustaki/Isabelle Boulay
Translated by Marianne Faust

Ma li-ber-té long - temps je t'ai gar-dée, comme un - e per - le
My li-ber-ty back then you used to be my bigg - est bright - est

ra - re _____ Ma li-ber-té c'est toi qui ma ai - dé à lar-guer les a -
prize _____ My li-ber-ty t'was you who helped me see that I could cut my

marres. On a - llait n'im - porte où on a - llait jus-qu'au
ties. We would go a - ny - where all through - out thou-rough -

bout des che-mins de for-tune On ceui - llait en rê - vant un - e ro-se des
fares in our hot air ba-loon And we dreamed we could fly on a cloud in the

vents sur un ray-on de lune. Ma li-ber té de - vant tes vo-lon - tés
sky or a beam of the moon. My li-ber-ty you filled me up with glee

ma vie é-tait sou - mis - e _____ Ma li-ber-té je t'a-vais tout prê-té
be-fore you my heart bowed _____ My li-ber-ty I gave you all of me

ma der-nièr - e che - mise Et com-bien j'ai souf - fert pour pou-voir sa-tis -
a-ban-doned all my doubts I met all your de - mands moved to far - a-way

faire tou-tes tes e - xi - gences J'ai chan - gé de pa - ys j'ai per-du mes a -
lands I lost all of my friends And how much did I bleed just to pla-cate your

2

31 mis pour ga-gner ta con-fiance Ma li-ber-té tu as su dé-sar - mer
needs and your trust to de - fend My li-ber-ty you al-ways held the key

35 mes moin - dres ha - bi - tu - des _____ Ma li-ber-té toi qui m'as fait ai-mé
to all my closed-off doors _____ My li-ber-ty a so - li - tude so free

39 mê - me la so - li - tude Toi qui m'as fait sou - rir quand je voy - er fi -
you taught me to a - dore. You who helped me to steer with a smile and good

43 nir un - e belle av - en - ture Toi qui m'as pro-té - gé quand j'al-lais me ca -
cheer as ad-ven-tures moved on You who kept me un-harmed when I felt so a -

47 - cher gner mes bless - ures Ma li-ber té pour-tant je t'ai quit - tée
- larmed hour be-fore dawn My li-ber-ty from you I had to flee

51 une - e nuit de dé-cem - bre _____ J'ai dé-ser-té, les che-mins é-car-tés
one night in deep de-cem - ber _____ I left them be those roads just you and me

55 que nous sui-vions en - sem - bles Lor-sque sans me mé - fier les pieds et poings li -
that we fo-lowed to - ge - ther Love crept in through a crack my hands be-hind my

59 és je me suis lais-sé faire Et je t'ai tra - hi pour un - e pri-son d'a -
back I was caught un - a - ware And I be-trayed you hence for a white pi-cket

63

mour_ et sa be-lle géo-lière Et je t'ai tra-hi pour_ un-e pri-son d'a-
 fence_ and a kee-per so fair And I be-trayed you hence for a white pi-cket

67

mour et sa bel - le géo - lière
 fence and a kee - per so fair