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*To Travel through Translation:
A Literary Translation Portfolio*

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MPhil in Literary Translation
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Introduction

When, at beginning of the academic year, I was asked to think about a theme for my translation portfolio, a *fil rouge* that would hold together all the text I was going to translate, my mind immediately drifted to the idea of doing something travel-related. After all, is also because of my passion for travels, that I pursued an academic life in the translation field, and that this year I find myself studying in Dublin.

That is why I created a sort of “itinerary” for my portfolio, that would guide the reader through the texts that I chose. Each text, in fact, not only narrates a different story, set in a different place, and part of a different literary genre; it also represents a very specific way to think about travels.

Our journey will begin in the adventurous world of children literature, in a Chinese story specifically created for children that

want to learn about traditional tales, but want to do it while having fun.

We will then move to a different setting, a farm in rural Ireland in the 1980s. The second story will show us what it means to travel to meet a different life.

In the imaginative world of the Chinese science fiction, then, we will try to understand how it would feel to travel from one planet to the other, in ways that we could have never even imagined.

Then it is the time of an Italian song, that will accompany us in an exciting journey made of hitchhiking and coach surfing.

With the fifth text, we will learn how to move between the Chinese traditional characters, going back to the places we once visited.

And here comes the road trip, a hilarious journey through vineyards and wine tasting in the wine region in California.

Then a quick trip to Vietnam, where a Chinese father is trying to bring back home the body of his son, but finds himself surrounded by nothing but ghosts.

Eventually, our last stop will be in the Italian Alps, where traveling up and down the snowy hills is nothing but a coping mechanism, a way to deal with grief.

I would like to thank, from the bottom of my heart, Lijing Peng and Cormac Ócuilleanáin, for immediately accepting my theme and the texts I proposed, and for helping me dig inside the core of said texts, to produce the best TTs possible.

And now I would like to thank the readers of my portfolio: I hope you will enjoy my translations, and, while you are at it, enjoy the journey!

Student Number	21330486	Text Number	1
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Source Text		Target Text	
Title	小狐狸勇闯《山海经》(Xiǎo húlí yǒng chuǎng "Shānhǎi Jīng")	Title	The Little Fox's Adventures into The Classic of Mountains and Seas
Year Published	2019		
Author	The Fox Family		
Language	Chinese	Language	English
Word Count	1254	Word Count	836
Description of Source Text <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • <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)	<p>The ST is an illustrated children book for children aged 3-8 (CITIC Press Group, 2019), created by the collaborative imprint Fox Family (狐狸家).</p> <p>It is an adaptation of the classic Chinese stories of <i>The classic of Mountains and Seas</i>, but does not simply narrate the tales included in it: it also adds a frame narrative, which is a different story that contains the main story (Hinckley 1934, 69), with the little fox Huhu, his sister and his friends as main characters. With a magnifying glass, they travel inside the <i>Map of the Classic of Mountains and Seas</i>, and find themselves into the places where the various stories are set.</p> <p>The book presents the following features:</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> - simple phrasing, full of repetitions and recurring sentences; - a tight link to the images, since in this kind of books the verbal and the visual are strongly connected (Trumpener 2009, 55). Therefore, in some cases the words, in order to be fully understood, have to be looked at next to the pictures (e.g. l. 45-46 in the ST); - pronunciation of some of the Chinese characters (3 in total) put in brackets next to the characters. 		
Strategy <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • <i>identification of translation problems</i> 	<p>My main TA will be made up of English-speaking children aged 6-9, originally from China but living in Dublin, that wants to learn about Chinese traditional stories.</p> <p>In order to achieve this goal, I will translate the TT by:</p>		

<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • <i>knowledge of genre within target context and situation of target text</i> • <i>justification of translation production of genre for target context</i> <p>(200 words max)</p>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> - maintaining the layout and the position of the words as they appear in the ST, in order to keep the link between the text and the images; - keeping the Chinese name of the characters (except for ‘狐狸爷爷’ [grandpa fox]) even if they may not sound familiar in English (e.g. Taotie, Rushou, Tubo, Shennong, etc...), writing them in pinyin, the primary romanization system for Mandarin Chinese (Masini and Zhang 2010, 3-5), but without using the Chinese tones (ibidem); - translating the Chinese ‘在很久很久以前’ [a long, long time ago] with ‘Once upon a time’, the English conventional stock phrase that introduces fairy tales and folk tales (Madrid 2018); - keeping the simple phrasing and the repetition of similar sentences (e.g. l. 80 and l. 87); - delete the pronunciation of the words in brackets, since, after translating them in English, the readers would already know the pronunciation.
<p>Critical Reflection</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • <i>textual analysis</i> <p>(200 words max)</p>	<p>Since the ST was already intended for children, it was easy enough to adapt my translation to a young audience. I submitted it to a group of Chinese English-speaking college students, to have feedbacks on my translation. Although they did not match the TA of my text, they found the TT fairly enjoyable. And, after discussing it with them, I realized that the text, although my translation was originally intended for a very specific age group, could also be enjoyed by a wider audience. In fact, we have many examples, one of which is the global literary case of <i>The Little Prince</i> (De Saint-Exupère, 1995), literature written for children, could often attract a mixed, much broader, audiences (Gubar 2011, 209). In this particular case, it can be argued that, along with the young readers for whom the translation was intended, the text could also be enjoyed by a readership consisting of adult readers, especially English-speaking people who want to find out more about Chinese classic literature.</p>
<p>Works Cited</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • <i>use of sources and reference material</i> 	<p>CITIC Press Group. 2019. “Rights Catalogue 2019”. Accessed April 5, 2023. http://pol-ir.ir/wp-content/uploads/2020/08/CITIC-KIDS-CATALOGUE-2019-1.pdf.</p>

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Source Text

小狐狸勇闯《山海经》

“爷爷，天和地是怎么来的呀？”自从小狐狸呼呼去过《山海经》的世界以后，他的小脑袋瓜里，就不停地冒出新问题。

“天地就是掰开的两块鸡蛋壳呀。”狐狸爷爷整了整沙发坐垫，又抱起呼呼的小妹妹哩哩，不急不缓地讲起来，“在很久很久以前，宇宙就像一颗鸡蛋，里面什么都没有。后来，鸡蛋里长出一个叫盘古的巨人，这个巨人出现时就一直在睡觉，他睡呀，睡呀，一直睡了一万八千年！”



Target Text

The Little Fox's Adventures into The Classic of Mountains and Seas

1 “Grandpa, how did the sky and the earth come about?”
2 Ever since the little fox Huhu went into the world of
3 *The Classic of Mountains and Seas*, a lot of new questions
4 kept popping up in his little head.

5 “The sky and the earth are like two halves of an
6 eggshell cracked in the middle.”

7 Grandpa Fox made himself comfortable on the
8 cushions of the armchair, took Huhu's little sister Lili in
9 his arms and calmly began to tell: “Once upon a time, the
10 universe was like one big empty egg. One day, inside this
11 egg, a giant named Pangu was born, and he did nothing
12 but sleep for eighteen thousand years!”







“终于有一天，盘古醒了。他轻轻伸了个懒腰，竟把‘蛋壳’撑破了。‘蛋壳’渐渐分成了两半，轻而清的部分飘起来变成了天，重而浊的部分沉下去变成了地。盘古不愿让两半‘蛋壳’重新合在一起，便用手撑着天，用脚踩住地，把天越撑越高，把地越踩越低。他一直撑了很久，才把天地变得像现在一样广阔。”

“那后来呢？”呼呼追问道。

“盘古累坏了，他躺在地上想休息一下，可是睡着了就再也没有醒来。他的身体变成了大山，双眼变成了太阳和月亮，汗水变成了雨滴和露珠，毛发变成了花草。”

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"One day, eventually, Pangu woke up. But, when he stretched his legs and arms, he broke the 'egg' in two. The 'shell' slowly split into two precise halves, and the clear and light half floated up and became the sky, while the dark and muddy one sank down and became the earth.

Pangu didn't want to let the two halves of the 'eggshell' rejoin, so he held the sky with his hands, pushing it higher, and stamped on the earth with his feet, pushing it lower. It took him a long time, but eventually he made the world as vast as it is now."

"And then what happened?" Huhu asked.

"Pangu was exhausted. He laid on the ground to rest, but he fell asleep and never woke up again. His body turned into a mountain, his eyes turned into the sun and the moon, his sweat turned into drops of rain and dew, and his hair turned into flowers and plants."

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“后来呀，”爷爷接着说，“山川大地上慢慢有了人，人们到处游历，探索世界，还把自己见到的、听到的记下来。这些内容被收集到书里，取名为《山海经》。《山海经》还有一张地图……”

“是这个吗？”呼呼举着《山海图》问道。



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“Later,” Grandpa continued, “little by little, the mountains and the rivers became populated by people, who traveled everywhere and explored the world, writing down everything they saw and heard. All these stories were collected in a book called *The Classic of Mountains and Seas*. Inside this book there is also a map...”

“Is it this one?” Huhu asked, showing him the *Map of Mountains and Seas*.





爷爷打了个大大的哈欠：“就是这个。这里面藏着可多故事了。传说呀，那个时候，白天很短很短，黑夜却很长，人们生活在饥饿和寒冷中……”

妹妹睡着了，爷爷也越说越慢……渐渐地，客厅里只剩下细细的鼾声。

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Grandpa yawned: "Yes, this is it. There are so many stories hidden in it. Legend has it that, back then, the days were short and the nights were very long, and that people lived in hunger and cold..."

While Grandpa spoke more and more softly, Lili fell asleep. Little by little, the only noise in the living room was the soft snoring of the two of them.



爷爷睡着了。

可是呼呼太想知道那个没讲完的故事了，于是他拿出《山海图》和放大镜，只眨眼的工夫，就进入了里面的世界。



In fact, Grandpa Fox had fallen asleep too.

But Huhu really wanted to know the rest of the story, so he took out the Map and, with a magnifying glass, he was catapulted into that secret world in a flash of time.





“嘿，你怎么也来啦？”

呼呼定睛一看，原来是他的老朋友饕饕（tāo tiè），两个好朋友激动地紧紧拥抱。

这里是幽都，就像故事里讲的那样，到处是黑漆漆的山脉、河流和森林。人们站在冰冷的山野间，盼望着黎明日出的时刻。



“Hey, you're here too! What are you doing here?”

Huhu took a closer look at who was talking and saw his old friend Taotie. For the excitement of seeing each other again, the two hugged tightly.

They were in the capital of that kingdom which, just like in the story, was full of dark mountains, rivers and forests. There were people, simply standing on mountain tops or in cold fields, anxiously waiting for one of the suns to rise.



可是大家等啊，等啊，太阳又像往常一样迟迟不见踪影。一分钟、两分钟，一小时、两小时……甚至一整天都要过去了，他才懒洋洋地打着哈欠，晃晃悠悠地从山后走了出来。



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They waited and waited, but as usual the suns were late. First by a minute, then by two, then by an hour, then by two.. A full day passed before, yawning, a sun lazily wobbled out from behind the mountain.



出太阳啦！阳光洒满山坡，人们激动得又跳又唱。
可才过几分钟，这偷懒的太阳就揉着眼睛往下沉，嘴里还不住地嘟囔：“真无聊，还不如回去睡大觉呢！”



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One of the ten suns was finally out! And, as it shone and illuminated the whole valley, people began to dance and sing with enthusiasm. But after only a few minutes, lazy as he was, he rubbed his eyes and sank again, muttering: "This is all so boring, I might as well go back to sleep!"



太阳落下，天地一片昏暗，人间都是叹气声和啜泣声。

饕餮气不过，大声嚷嚷着：“太过分了，这十个太阳又懒又任性，很久没有好好工作了，我们去太阳妈妈羲（xī）和那里告状吧！”

“去过啦，没用！”人们无奈地摇头，“这个妈妈把十个宝宝宠坏了。”



大家回忆说，几位神人都先后去找过羲和。

神农去告过状：“太阳再不上班，地上的庄稼就要枯萎了，人们都要挨饿啦！”可羲和只翻了翻白眼回答：

“知道了，知道了，我的宝宝们洗完澡就去上班。”



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So, as one the suns went down, the sky and the earth were dark again, and people started to sigh and weep.

Taotie then shouted furiously: "This is unacceptable! These ten suns are lazy and capricious. They have worked improperly for too long, we have to go to their mother, Xihe, and complain!"

But the rest of the people shook their heads, looking disconsolate. "It's all useless. It is the mother that spoils them."



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In fact, everyone recalled that several other deities have already gone to talk to her.

The first that went there to complain was Shennong: "If one the suns does not rise soon, the crops on earth will perish and people will starve!"

But Xihe just rolled her eyes and replied: "I know, I know. My babies will go to work after bath time."



土伯去告过状：“快让太阳上班去吧，这大地上又黑暗又冰冷，人们都染上瘟疫生病了。”可羲和不耐烦地拖延说：“听到了，听到了，等我的宝宝们休息一会儿就去！”

蓐(rù)收也去告过状：“太阳好几天不上班，西方的禺(yú)谷都没有落日霞光了！天帝知道会发怒的！”可是，羲和还是没给他好脸色看，鼻子里哼哼说：“行了，行了，没那么严重吧！”



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Then went Tubo: "Let the suns go to work, the earth is dark and cold and the people are getting sick."

But Xihe kept procrastinating impatiently: "I heard, I heard. I will let my babies go after their nap!"

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Then Rushou went to complain as well: "The suns have not been at work for days, in the valley west of Yugu people can't see the twilight anymore! If the Lord of the Sky finds out, he will be furious!"

But Xihe, without even looking at him, simply said with a grunt: "It's okay, it's okay. It's not that serious!"



Student Number	21330486	Text Number	2
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Source Text		Target Text	
Title	<i>Foster</i>	Title	<i>Crescere un'estate</i>
Year Published	2010		
Author	Claire Keegan		
Language	English	Language	Italian
Word Count	1030	Word Count	1114
Description of Source Text <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • <i>understanding of source text</i> • <i>knowledge of genre within source contexts</i> • <i>situation of source text</i> <p><i>familiarity with the formal features of a text (language variation(s), register, dialect)</i></p> <p>(200 words max)</p>	<p>The ST is an excerpt from the very beginning of Claire Keegan's novella <i>Foster</i> (2022, 3-8), that was firstly published in 2010 but became globally famous when the movie made from it, <i>The Quiet Girl</i>, was nominated at the 2023 Oscars.</p> <p>The novella, set in the early 1980s, narrates the story of a young girl, whose name we do not know, that comes from a numerous family and is sent to spend the summer with relatives on a farm in rural Ireland. The narration is in the present tense and in the first person, from the point of view of the girl.</p> <p>Formal features of the text include:</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> - references (6 in total) to specific Irish locations, towns and Counties (e.g. Clonegal, Wexford, Shillelagh, etc...); - 1 word in Irish, pronounced by one of the characters: 'a leanbh' (l. 74), which means 'child' (Ó Dónaill 1992, 509); - repeated use of 'the woman' and 'the man', rather than their names, to refer to the characters; - indications of the socio-economic status of the characters, mostly farmers, expressed through the issues they discuss amongst each other (e.g. l. 53-54, 'butter mountains, 'the cost of sheep-dip', 'the price of cattle'). 		
Strategy <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • <i>identification of translation problems</i> • <i>knowledge of genre within target context and situation of target text</i> 	<p>My TA will consist of the judges (10 Italian writers aged 30-45) of the literary translation contest "Racconti dal Sud" [tales from the South], for texts set in Sicily.</p> <p>In order to move the story from an Irish landscape to a Sicilian one, I will:</p>		

<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • <i>justification of translation production of genre for target context</i> <p>(200 words max)</p>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> - change the geographical references (e.g. Clonegal -> Alcamo; Wexford County -> provincia di Agrigento; Shillelagh -> Salemi, etc...), and the names of the characters (e.g. Kinsella -> Costanza; John -> Giovanni, etc...); - have the characters speak a mild Sicilian dialect, mimicking Andrea Camilleri's linguistic variations (Magazzù 2018, 114-115) and adjusting the Italian grammar structures to the Sicilian dialect: e.g. for 'the pram's broken', instead of 'la carrozzina si è rotta', I will use 'la carrozzina rotta è'; - translate 'a leanbh' with the dialectal word, typical of the province of Agrigento (ibid, 115), 'picciridda' [little girl]; - use Sicilian culture-specific elements (e.g. 'red lemonade' -> 'granita' [shaved ice]); - switch the narration to the prospective of an all-knowing, unbiased third person narrator, that will tell the story in the past tense, the most common tense used in Italian (Imperi 2011); <p>The narrator will refer to the girl with 'la bambina' [the little girl].</p>
<p>Critical Reflection</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • <i>textual analysis</i> <p>(200 words max)</p>	<p>Something that did not occur to me while translating is the fact that the translated text does not read as a translation. I submitted the TT to five Italian sample readers without telling them it was a translation and, although it was clear to me that it was a translation, they all agreed on the fact that, while reading it, they were sure it was originally written in Italian. They also agreed on the fact that they did not feel like it was originally set in rural Ireland, rather than in Sicily. Arguably, the use of the Sicilian dialect, of the Sicilian town and provinces, of the typical Italian names, and of the culture-specific elements, was enough to give the impression that the text was always meant to be set in Sicily.</p> <p>Should I do the translation of the same text again, this time not for such a specific context, I would keep the geographical references and the names of the characters as found in the ST, in the attempt to make it evident to an hypothetical reader that the text they're reading is a translation.</p>
<p>Works Cited</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • <i>use of sources and reference material</i> 	<p>Imperi, Daniele. 2011. "L'uso dei tempi verbali in una storia" [the use of the tenses when writing a story], <i>Penna Blu</i>. Accessed March 20, 2023. https://pennablu.it/scrivere-passato-presente/.</p>

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Source Text

Foster

Early on a Sunday, after first Mass in Clonegal, my father, instead of taking me home, drives deep into Wexford towards the coast where my mother's people came from. It is a hot day, bright, with patches of shade and greenish, sudden light along the road. We pass through the village of Shillelagh where my father lost our red Shorthorn in a game of forty-five, and on past the mart in Carnew where the man who won the heifer sold her shortly afterwards.

My father throws his hat on the passenger seat, winds down the window, and smokes. I shake the plaits out of my hair and lie flat on the back seat, looking up through the rear window.

In places there's a bare, blue sky. In places the blue is chalked over with clouds, but mostly it is a heady mixture of sky and trees scratched over by ESB wires across which, every now and then, small, brownish flocks of vanishing birds race.

I wonder what it will be like, this place belonging to the Kinsellas. I see a tall woman standing over me, making me drink milk still hot from the cow. I see another, less likely version of her in an apron, pouring pancake batter onto a frying pan, asking would I like another, the way my mother sometimes does when she is in good humour. The man will be no taller

Target Text

Crescere un'estate

1 Una domenica mattina presto, dopo la prima messa ad Alcamo, il padre
2 della bambina, invece di portarla a casa, si addentrò nella provincia di
3 Agrigento, diretto verso la costa, dalla zona originaria di sua moglie. Era
4 una giornata calda, luminosa, con pozze d'ombra e improvvise esplosioni
5 di luce verdastra che si susseguivano lungo la strada. Superarono il paese
6 di Salemi, dove l'uomo aveva perso la loro vacca Modicana in una partita
7 a Scala Quaranta, e oltrepassarono il mercato di Gibellina, dove il tipo che
8 aveva vinto la giovenca l'aveva rivenduta quasi subito.

9 Il padre della bambina gettò il cappello sul sedile del passeggero, abbassò
10 il finestrino e si accese una sigaretta. La bambina si sciolse le trecce e si
11 sdraiò sul sedile posteriore, guardando in alto attraverso il lunotto
12 posteriore.

13 In alcuni punti il cielo era azzurro e spoglio, mentre in altri era ricoperto
14 di nuvole. Più che altro, però, era un esaltante miscuglio di cielo e alberi
15 e cavi sui quali, di tanto in tanto, sfrecciavano piccoli stormi brunastri di
16 uccelli.

17 La bambina si stava chiedendo come sarebbe stato, andare a stare dai
18 Costanza. Ricordava una donna alta che, in piedi sopra di lei, le faceva
19 bere latte di mucca ancora caldo. Poi la ricordò in un'altra situazione,

than her. He will take me to town on the tractor and buy me red lemonade and crisps. Or he'll make me clean out sheds and pick stones and pull ragweed and docks out of the fields. I see him taking what I hope will be a fifty pence piece from his pocket but it turns out to be a handkerchief. I wonder if they live in an old farmhouse or a new bungalow, whether they will have an outhouse or an indoor bathroom with a toilet and running water. I picture myself lying in a dark bedroom with other girls, saying things we won't repeat when morning comes.

An age, it seems, passes before the car slows and turns into a tarred, narrow lane, then a thrill as the wheels slam over the metal bars of a cattle grid. On either side, thick hedges are trimmed square. At the end of the lane there's a long, white house with trees whose limbs are trailing the ground.

'Da,' I say. 'The trees.'

'What about 'em?'

'They're sick,' I say.

'They're weeping willows,' he says, and clears his throat.

In the yard, tall, shiny panes reflect our coming. I see myself looking out from the back seat wild as a gypsy child with my hair all loose but my father, at the wheel, looks just like my father.

A big, loose hound whose coat is littered with the shadows of the trees lets out a few rough, half-hearted barks, then sits on the step and looks

20 forse meno probabile, in cui con il grembiule addosso versava l'impasto
21 delle frittelle dolci in una padella, chiedendole se ne voleva ancora,
22 proprio come faceva sua madre di tanto in tanto, quando era di buon
23 umore. L'uomo non era più alto della donna. Forse l'avrebbe portata in
24 città con il trattore e le avrebbe comprato granita e patatine. Oppure
25 l'avrebbe costretta a ripulire capannoni, raccogliere pietre e strappare
26 erbacce dai campi. Già se lo vedeva, mentre tirava fuori qualcosa dalla
27 tasca, qualcosa che lei sperava fosse una banconota da mille lire, e che
28 invece era solo un fazzoletto. Chissà se vivevano in una vecchia fattoria o
29 in una villetta più recente, se avevano una latrina o un bagno interno con
30 wc e acqua corrente. La bambina si immaginò sdraiata in una camera buia,
31 insieme ad altre bambine, mentre si raccontavano cose che non
32 avrebbero mai ripetuto il mattino successivo.

33 Passò quasi un'eternità prima che l'auto rallentasse e svoltasse in una
34 stradina asfaltata, vibrando tutta quando le ruote sbatterono contro le
35 sbarre di metallo di una grata per il bestiame. Su entrambi i lati del viale,
36 c'erano fitte siepi ben potate, e alla fine c'era una lunga casa bianca
37 circondata da alberi i cui rami sfioravano il terreno.

38 «Pa',» disse la bambina. «L'àrbuli.»

39 «Chiè?»

40 «Sunnu malati?»

41 «Sunnu salici piangenti,» rispose l'uomo, schiarendosi la gola.

back at the doorway where the man has come out to stand. He has a square body like the men my sisters sometimes draw, but his eyebrows are white, to match his hair. He looks nothing like my mother's people, who are all tall with long arms, and I wonder if we have not come to the wrong house.

'Dan,' the man says, and tightens himself. 'What way are you?'

'John,' Da says.

They stand, looking out over the yard for a moment and then they are talking rain: how little rain there is, how the fields need rain, how the priest in Kilmuckridge prayed for rain that very morning, how a summer like it has never before been known. There is a pause during which my father spits and then their conversation turns to the price of cattle, the EEC, butter mountains, the cost of lime and sheep-dip.

It is something I am used to, this way men have of not talking: they like to kick a divot out of the grass with a boot heel, to slap the roof of a car before it takes off, to spit, to sit with their legs wide apart, as though they do not care.

When Mrs Kinsella comes out, she pays no heed to the men. She is even taller than my mother with the same black hair but hers is cut tight like a helmet. She's wearing a printed blouse and brown, flared trousers. The car door is opened and I am taken out, and kissed. My face, being kissed, turns hot against hers.

42 Nel cortile, una vetrata alte e lucida rifletteva l'arrivo della macchina. La
43 bambina si vide mentre guardava fuori dal finestrino del sedile posteriore,
44 con i capelli sciolti e un'aria selvaggia, da nomade. Il padre, invece, al
45 volante sembrava proprio se stesso.

46 Un grosso segugio sciolto, con il pelo chiazzato di scuro nei punti in cui
47 era coperto delle ombre degli alberi, abbaiò svogliatamente, poi si
48 sistemò sul gradino davanti all'ingresso della casa, guardando la porta da
49 cui era appena uscita una persona. L'uomo aveva un fisico squadrato,
50 quasi come gli uomini che a volte disegnavano le sorelle della bambina,
51 ma aveva le sopracciglia bianche, in tinta con i suoi capelli. Non
52 assomigliava per niente ai parenti della madre della bambina, che erano
53 tutti alti e con le braccia lunghe, tanto che, per un istante, lei si chiese se
54 non avessero sbagliato casa.

55 «Mimmo,» disse l'uomo, irrigidendosi. «Come state?»

56 «Giovanni,» disse il padre della bambina.

57 I due uomini rimasero in piedi per qualche istante, guardano il cortile, poi
58 iniziarono a parlare della pioggia: di quanto poco avesse piovuto, di
59 quanto i campi avessero bisogno della pioggia, di come il prete di
60 Calamonaci avesse pregato per la pioggia proprio quella mattina, di come
61 un'estate così calda non si fosse mai vista prima. Ci fu una pausa, durante
62 la quale il padre della bambina sputò per terra, poi ripresero a parlare,
63 spostando la conversazione sul prezzo del bestiame, sulla Comunità

'The last time I saw you, you were in the pram,' she says, and stands back, expecting an answer.

'The pram's broken.'

'What happened at all?'

'My brother used it for a wheelbarrow and the wheel fell off.'

She laughs and licks her thumb and wipes something off my face. I can feel her thumb, softer than my mother's, wiping whatever it is away.

When she looks at my clothes, I see my thin, cotton dress, my dusty sandals through her eyes. There's a moment when neither one of us knows what to say. A queer, ripe breeze is crossing the yard.

'Come on in, a leanbh.'

She leads me into the house. There's a moment of darkness in the hallway; when I hesitate, she hesitates with me. We walk through into the heat of the kitchen where I am told to sit down, to make myself at home. Under the smell of baking there's some disinfectant, some bleach. She lifts a rhubarb tart out of the oven and puts it on the bench to cool: syrup on the point of bubbling over, thin leaves of pastry baked into the crust. A cool draught from the door blows in, but here it is hot and still and clean. Tall ox-eyed daisies are still as the tall glass of water they are standing in.

There is no sign, anywhere, of a child.

'So how is your mammy keeping?'

64 Europea e le sue montagne di burro, sul costo della calce e dei bagni
65 antiparassitari per le pecore.

66 La bambina era abituata a questo modo che avevano gli uomini di non
67 parlare: loro preferivano prendere a calci le zolle d'erba con il tacco dello
68 stivale, sbattere la mano sul tettuccio di un'auto prima che questa
69 partisse, sputare a terra e sedersi con le gambe divaricate, come se non
70 gli importasse niente di niente.

71 Quando la signora Costanza uscì dalla casa, non prestò alcuna attenzione
72 ai due uomini. Era alta, addirittura più alta della madre della bambina, e
73 aveva gli stessi capelli scuri, ma li portava tagliati corti, a caschetto.
74 Indossava una camicetta stampata e un paio di ampi pantaloni marroni.
75 Aprì la portiera dell'auto, fece uscire la bambina e le diede un bacio,
76 facendola arrossire.

77 «L'ultima volta che t'ho vista, nella carrozzina eri,» disse facendo un passo
78 indietro, in attesa di una risposta.

79 «La carrozzina rotta è.»

80 «E che successe?»

81 «Mio fratello la usò come un carretto e fece cadere una ruota.»

82 La donna scoppiò a ridere, poi si mise il pollice in bocca e usò la saliva per
83 pulire qualcosa dalla faccia della bambina. Lei sentì che quel pollice, che
84 la stava pulendo da chissà che cosa, era più morbido di quello della
85 madre. Poi la donna osservò i vestiti della bambina, e lei si vide attraverso

'She won a tenner on the prize bonds.'

'She did not.'

'She did,' I say. 'We all had jelly and ice cream and she bought a new tube and a mending kit for the bicycle.'

'Well, wasn't that a treat.'

86 i suoi occhi, con il suo sottile vestito di cotone e i sandali impolverati.
87 Passarono alcuni istanti, in cui nessuna delle due seppe cosa dire, e una
88 strana brezza di stagione riempì il cortile.
89 «Vieni dentro, picciridda.»
90 La donna condusse la bambina in casa. L'ingresso era buio e, quando la
91 bambina esitò, la donna esitò con lei. Poi raggiunsero il calore della
92 cucina, dove alla bambina venne detto di sedersi e fare come se fosse a
93 casa sua. Oltre al profumo di cucinato, la bambina sentì anche l'odore del
94 disinfettante e della candeggina. La donna tirò fuori dal forno una crostata
95 al rabarbaro e la posò sul davanzale per farla raffreddare. La torta era così
96 ripiena da far quasi traboccare la composta di rabarbaro, mentre sottili
97 strati di pasta frolla formavano la crosta. Dalla porta entrava uno spiffero
98 quasi freddo, ma lì dentro faceva caldo, e tutto era tranquillo e pulito. Un
99 mazzolino di margherite alte se ne stava immobile nell'altrettanto alto
100 bicchiere d'acqua in cui si trovava.
101 Non c'era traccia, da nessuna parte, di altri bambini.
102 «Allora, come sta mamma tua?»
103 «Vinse diecimila lire alla lotteria.»
104 «Ma va'?»
105 «Vero è,» disse la bambina. «Ci comprò il gelato a tutti e una camera
106 d'aria nuova e un kit per aggiustare la bicicletta.»
107 «Fece proprio una bella cosa.»

Student Number	21330486	Text Number	3
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Source Text		Target Text	
Title	<i>流浪玛厄斯 (Chuán jiào Mǎèsī)</i>	Title	<i>My name is Marth, and I'm a space ship!</i>
Year Published	2011		
Author	Hao Jingfang		
Language	Chinese	Language	English
Word Count	1438	Word Count	984
Description of Source Text <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • <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)	<p>The ST is an excerpt from Hao Jingfang science fiction/coming-of-age novel <i>流浪玛厄斯</i> [a spaceship called Maearth] (2011, 9-11).</p> <p>The story is set 100 years from now, and the human kind is divided in two, between Mars and the Earth. The novel narrates the story of a group of young people, born on Mars, that return there after spending several years on Earth.</p> <p>Hao Jingfang has a deep knowledge of astrophysics (Song 2013a, 19), but the text is not a hardcore science text: science is used to explain her thoughts about contemporary Chinese society (Song 2013b, 88).</p> <p>The ST presents the following features:</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> - extensive use of metaphors (e.g. ‘船就像一滴银色的水’ [the ship is like a drop of silvery water]; ‘船就像金属制成的大象’ [the ships were like elephants made of metal]); - frequent use (27 occurrences) of the word ‘船’ [ship]; - science-related elements (e.g. ‘人靠离心力行走，金属立柱是向心的辐辏’ [people walk thanks to centrifugal force, and metal columns are centripetal spokes]). 		

<p>Strategy</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • <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> <p>(200 words max)</p>	<p>The TT will be published by an American publishing house that only publishes children literature. My TA will consist of middle grade/early young adult readers, aged 12-13. For my translation, I will focus on the coming-of-age aspects of the text, rather than on the scientific/philosophical/social ones.</p> <p>In order to make it enjoyable for such a young audience, I will make the spaceship the main character of the whole story.</p> <p>I will accomplish this goal by:</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> - shifting the narration from the third person to the first person, from the point of view of the spaceship itself, to balance out the scientific and social references; - preserving the metaphors; - translating occurrences like ‘船不知道’ [the ship does not know] with sentences like ‘I couldn’t remember, but I know because I heard’; - translating, for the same reason, occurrences like ‘提起的’ [nobody talks about] with ‘very few talk about’; - translating the name of the ship with ‘Marth’, reproducing the Chinese: the original 玛厄斯 (Maesi) is a combination of the Chinese phonetic version of the words Mars and Earth, because the ship is the only link between the two planets.
<p>Critical Reflection</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • <i>textual analysis</i> <p>(200 words max)</p>	<p>I read my translation a few weeks after finishing it, and realized that, although the use of the first person, from the point of view of the spaceship was intended to balance the science-related and social elements of the ST, the final effect might actually be alienating, for a young audience. In fact, it can be argued that both the philosophical embedding and the writing style of the TT suggest that the text is intended for an older audience (17-18), while the narration made in the first person, from the point of view of the spaceship, looks like it is intended for a very young readership (8-10).</p> <p>I submitted the TT to a group of four English-speaking teenagers, aged 13-15, and they were all able to go through the text while enjoying the presence of the spaceship as a character itself.</p> <p>Perhaps an older audience would find the translation more compelling.</p>
<p>Works Cited</p>	<p>Hao, Jingfang. 2011. <i>流浪玛厄斯</i> [a spaceship called Maearth]. Beijing: New Star Press.</p>

- *use of sources and reference material*

Song, Han. 2013a. "Chinese Science Fiction: A Response to Modernization". *Science Fiction Studies* 40 (1): 15-21.

Song, Mingwei. 2013b. "Variations on Utopia in Contemporary Chinese Science Fiction". *Science Fiction Studies* 40 (1): 86-102.

Source Text

流浪玛厄斯

船在深空中摆荡，如黑暗中的一滴水，缓缓流入弧形的枢纽。船很旧了，散发黯淡的银光，仿佛一枚被时间陪伴的徽章，留着纹理，模糊了峥嵘。船在黑暗中显得微小，在真空中显得孤单。船和太阳、火星连成一条线，太阳在远端，火星在近前，船走在中间，航路笔直，就像一柄剑，剑刃消隐。黑暗在四面八方包围着，船就像一滴银色的水，微弱地发光。

船很孤独。它在寂静中一点点靠岸，孤独地靠岸。

船叫玛厄斯，是火星与地球之间唯一的联络。

在船诞生之前，这条航线曾经来往喧嚣。船没有见过，那是它前生的记忆。它并不知道，在它出生前一百年，它所在的位置曾被运输船占据，往来穿梭，如河水奔涌，在尘沙里降落。那是二十一世纪后期，人们终于突破了重力、大气层和心理的三重防线，怀着从忐忑不安到得意昂扬的兴奋，马不停蹄地将各种物资运向遥远的梦想星球。竞争从近地太空延伸至火星表面，来自不同国度的士官穿着不同颜色的制服，说着不同语言，在不同的开发计划中完成不同的国家任务。那时的运输船很笨重，灰绿色的铁皮包裹，就像金属制成的大象，步伐缓慢而步调坚忍，一艘接一艘到达，在腾起的赤黄色沙尘中敞开舱门，倾倒入机械、卸载食物、送出满舱激情的头脑。

Target Text

My Name is Marth, and I'm a space ship!

1 I am swinging in deep space, like a drop of water in the dark, slowly
2 flowing into the arc-shaped hub. I'm an old space ship, that glows with a
3 dim silver light, like a badge made of a levigated texture, that's been
4 polished by time. I know that, in the dark of the vacuum, I look tiny and
5 lonely. Together with the Sun and Mars, we form a connected line, with
6 the Sun at the far end, Mars that's closer, and myself in the middle. The
7 route is straight, and I move like a sword with its edge disappearing into
8 obscurity.

9 Surrounded by darkness on every side, I glow faintly, like a drop of silver
10 water.

11 I'm all alone, reaching the shore little by little, in silence.

12 My name is Marth, and I'm the only link between Mars and the Earth.

13 Before my creation, this route used to be really busy. But I couldn't
14 actually remember that, I know because it's some sort of memory of a
15 previous life, of a time before I was even created. I also know that, a
16 hundred years before I was born, this port was occupied by transport
17 ships, shuttling back and forth, like rivers rushing and landing in dust and
18 sand. It was the late 21st century, when people finally broke through the
19 triple defenses of gravity, atmosphere and psychology, and, both with

船也不知道，在它出生前七十年，政治化的运输舰船逐渐被商人们的开发船一步步取代。火星基地建了三十年，商人的触角像杰克的豆荚，一寸一寸终于升入了天空，杰克得以登天，带着账单和步步为营的计划，在尘沙中东张西望。最初的经营是实体买卖，商人与政客联盟，获取火星土地经营权、资源交易权、太空产品开发权，用动人的词句将两颗星球相互兜售。然后经营开始转向知识本身，和地球上发生的历史性转变相同，只是将两百年的过程压缩进二十年实现，无形资产开始变成交易主导，商人摘取科学的大脑，在基地与基地间建立虚拟的屏障。那时的夜空航船，曾被酒宴和合同占满，华丽的旋转餐厅，试图复制地球大厦的翻版。船同样不知道的是，在它出生前四十年，这条航道开始出现了战斗的飞艇。因为种种原因，火星独立战争爆发开来，基地之间的探险家和工程师组成了联盟，对地球的管辖者发起了联合抵抗，他们用宇航和勘探技术，对抗金钱与权力政治。那时的航道上曾架起相连的战舰，如同锁链，抵御侵袭，曾如海潮般浩大，又如海潮般退无声息。小巧而迅捷的飞艇从远方赶来，带着被背叛的愤怒越过星空，冷静而又狂野，投下炸弹，让血光在尘沙里无声绽放。这些往事船都不知道。在它出生那年，战争已结束了十年，一切都烟消云散了整整十年。寂静的夜空恢复寂静，航道上不再有任何身影。黑暗冲刷了一切，它在黑暗中诞生。它由消散的金属碎片凝聚

20 anxiety and excitement, they started to transport all kinds of materials to
21 the distant planet of their dreams. Competition extended from the Earth's
22 orbit to the surface of Mars, where officers from different countries, who
23 wore uniforms of different colors, and spoke different languages,
24 completed different national tasks in different development plans. At that
25 time, the transport ships were heavy and wrapped in thick gray-green iron
26 covers, like elephants made of metal. They moved in a slow but steady
27 pace, arriving one after another, opening their hatches on the red-yellow
28 dusty surface of Mars, unloading machinery, food, and minds full of
29 passion.
30 And I also heard that, seventy years before my creation, government
31 transports were gradually replaced by private commercial development
32 ships. After thirty years of building the Mars base, the businessmen's
33 tentacles, just like Jack's pods, rose inch by inch to reach the sky, and all
34 the Jacks were finally able to climb up, ready to explore this dusty and
35 sandy land, with bills and step-by-step plans. At first, the business focused
36 on physical goods, with an alliance between businessmen and politicians
37 that connected the two planets, acquiring the rights to operate land on
38 Mars, to trade resources, to develop products from space. Then the
39 business began to shift to knowledge itself, the same historical
40 transformation that took place on the Earth, except that the process of
41 two hundred years was compressed into two decades, and intangible

而成，孤身面对星海，在两颗星球间往来，在曾经的络绎商道和炮火征途中往来，独自往来。

船走得平静，走得无声无息。夜空中不再有交错的行者。它像一颗孤独的银色水滴，穿过距离，穿过真空，穿过看不见的冰凉壁垒，穿过两个世界无人提起的层层往昔。

船已出生三十年，磨损的外壳刻着时光的痕迹。

船的内部是一座迷宫。除了船长，没人弄得清它真正的结构。

船很庞大，楼梯左右穿梭，房间林立，走廊盘曲错杂。船内有许多间仓储大厅，像一座又一座颓唐的宫殿，气势恢宏，器物堆积，廊柱环绕，角落里写满无人问津。走廊是宫殿间细长的通道，串起居室和宴会厅，起伏交错，如同错综复杂的情节，来回穿梭。船不分上下，地板是巨大滚筒的侧壁，人靠离心力行走，金属立柱是向心的辐辏。船很古旧，立柱雕刻，地板印花，墙上挂着老式的镜子，天花板有绘画。

这是船向时间的致敬，是纪念。纪念曾经有过一个时代，人类与人类还不曾分离。

42 assets began to dominate the deals. The traders, then, started picking the
43 brains of scientists, until virtual barriers between bases were created.
44 Back then, the ships that surfed the space were filled with magnificent
45 spinning restaurants, that hosted parties and talk of contracts, and that
46 tried to replicate the rush of the Earth.

47 I somehow know that, forty years before I was born, fighting airships
48 began to appear on this channel. For various reasons, the war for Martian
49 Independence broke out, and the explorers and engineers of the various
50 bases formed an alliance to launch a joint resistance to the ruler from the
51 Earth, using used astronautic and exploration technology to fight against
52 money and political power. The warships were set up on the channel,
53 linked like a chain, to resist invasion, strong and magnificent, swelling and
54 silently retreating as the tide. Small, swift airships, coming from far away,
55 crossed the stars powered by the rage of betrayal, both clam and wild,
56 dropping bombs and letting the bloody flowers bloom silently in the dust.
57 I could not remember any of this, I only know because I heard talking
58 about it. In fact, by the year I was born, the war had been over for ten
59 years, and everything had been gone for a whole decade. The night sky
60 went back to silence, and the busy route was now empty. I was born in
61 darkness, the same darkness that had already washed everything away. I
62 was created by assembling the dissipated metal fragments, and I was
63

64 facing the sea of stars, alone, moving between two planets, traveling on
65 the trade route of commerce and war.

66 I move calmly and soundlessly. There are no more staggering walkers in
67 the night sky. I'm a lonely silver drop of water, sailing through the
68 distance, through the space, through invisible barriers, through the layers
69 of the past that very few talk about, in the two worlds.

70 I've been born for thirty years, and on my worn shell you can see the
71 traces of time.

72 My interior is a maze. No one but the captain can figure out my actual
73 structure.

74 I'm a huge ship, with staircases weaving from side to side, and with rooms
75 and corridors that twist and turn. I'm full of storage departments, that
76 look like one decadent palace after another, where you can find piled up
77 artifacts, surrounded by corridors and columns, with corners full of words
78 none cares about anymore. The corridors are long, thin passageways that
79 connect those palaces with rooms and banquet halls with an intertwined
80 structure, that goes back and forth like an intricate plot. The floor is the
81 sidewall of a giant cylindrical hull, and people are able to walk thanks to
82 centrifugal force, with the metal columns being the centripetal spokes.

83 My interior is also full of period features, like carved pillars, printed floors,
84 old-fashioned mirrors on the walls and paintings on the ceiling. Let's just
85

86 | say this is my way of paying respect to time, a remembrance that there
87 | was a time when mankind was not yet separated from itself.

Student Number	21330486	Text Number	4
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Source Text		Target Text	
Title	<i>Bomba o non bomba</i>	Title	<i>Bomb, or no bomb</i>
Year Published	1975		
Author	Antonello Venditti		
Language	Italian	Language	English
Word Count	293	Word Count	357
<p>Description of Source Text</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • <i>understanding of source text</i> • <i>knowledge of genre within source contexts</i> • <i>situation of source text</i> <p><i>familiarity with the formal features of a text (language variation(s), register, dialect)</i></p> <p>(200 words max)</p>	<p><i>Bomba o non bomba</i> is a pop song from Italian songwriter Antonello Venditti (1978). It narrates the journey of Venditti and his friend Francesco De Gregori, another fairly famous Italian songwriter, who are trying to get from Bologna to Rome, despite the bombs going off throughout Italy (70-80, 2019). The song is set during the years of intense political terrorism that took place in Italy during the 1970s (Pirazzoli 2015, 1-2).</p> <p>The text presents the following features:</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> - a shift from the third to the first person: l. 1 ‘Partirono’ [they left], and l. 6 ‘arriveremo a Roma’ [We are going to get to Rome]; - specific references to Italian culture (e.g. ‘piadina’ [wrap] - a traditional food from Bologna) and to Italian locations (e.g. Sasso Marconi, Roncobilaccio, Orvieto, etc...); - Venditti’s idiosyncrasies, like the <i>topos</i> of the singers physically carrying an actual piano, instead of an electric one, with them (see, e.g., Venditti 1984); - a meter and a rhyme scheme that is not regular or precise (5 rhymes in total); - lines that often have more words than fit the music (e.g. l. 19 contains 20 syllables); - anaphora of the ‘a...’ (‘A Sasso Marconi’, ‘A Roncobilaccio’, etc...). 		

<p>Strategy</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • <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> <p>(200 words max)</p>	<p>An English record company has commissioned the translation of old international songs that talk about political/historical events. These will be sung by young English singers. My TA will be made up of the company's usual clients: English pop music listeners aged 16-25 on average (AskWonder 2020). I will not focus too much on the historical and cultural references, but more on the general flow and the poetic aspects of the song.</p> <p>I will render the translation singable by:</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> - translating the lyrics and then adapting them to the music, by paraphrasing and deleting elements (Franzon 2008, 386): e.g. 'un pianoforte, una chitarra' [a piano, a guitar] -> 'their instruments', 'un fazzoletto al collo' [a cravat] -> 'a classy handkerchief'; <p>I will adapt the TT keeping the poetic devices of the ST by:</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> - maintaining the shift from the third to the first person; - inserting as many rhymes as possible (3 in total): e.g. 'handkerchief'/'police', 'someone'/'sun', 'hands'/'instruments'; - when rhyming is not possible, I will compensate by placing forced rhymes, assonances, or just similar sounds in other parts of the song (e.g. 'face'/'place'; 'speech'/'be it'); - keeping the anaphora in English with 'in...' ('In Sasso Marconi', 'In Roncobilaccio', etc...).
<p>Critical Reflection</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • <i>textual analysis</i> <p>(200 words max)</p>	<p>I asked four English-speaking music students to sing the English version of the song, in order to verify whether my translation did actually sing naturally in English, and they all confirmed they were able to sing it. They find particularly useful the repetition of the anaphora and the fact that the chorus repeats itself almost in the same way after every verse. But, while they had no problems getting the general meaning of the song, like the fact that it narrates the songwriter's journey, they were not able to identify the specific references I left in my translation (e.g. the fact that 'Porta Pia' refers to an historic event, the conquest of Rome from the Kingdom of Italy in 1870 [Battaglia 2015, 1-3]). They also found difficult to pronounce the names of the cities that, apart from Rome and Florence, were mostly left in Italian.</p>

	<p>In general, it can be argued that, while the poetic devices and the general rhythm of the song helped making it singable, there were other issues, like the pronunciation of certain words, that were not taken into consideration, but that play a role just as important.</p>
<p>Works Cited</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • <i>use of sources and reference material</i> 	<p>AskWonder. 2020. "Pop Music Listeners - Psychographics". Accessed February 28, 2023. https://start.askwonder.com/insights/pop-music-audience-jm61fco8r</p> <p>Battaglia, Antonello. 2015. <i>L'Italia senza Roma. Manovre diplomatiche e strategie militari (1865-1870)</i> [Italy without Rome. Diplomatic maneuvers and military strategies (1865-1870)]. Roma: Aracne.</p> <p>Franzon, Joahn. 2008. "Choices in Song Translation". <i>The Translator</i>, 14:2, 373 -399.</p> <p>Pirazzoli, Elena. 2015. <i>Ricordare l'Italia delle stragi</i> [Remembering Italy's massacres]. Roma: Treccani.</p> <p>Venditti, Antonello. "Bomba o non bomba", track 1 on <i>Sotto il segno dei pesci</i>, Philips, 1978.</p> <p>Venditti, Antonello. "Notte prima degli esami", track 1 on <i>Cuore</i>, Heinz Music, 1984.</p> <p>70-80.it. 2019. "1978. Bomba o non bomba, capolavoro di Antonello Venditti: metafora della strada del successo percorsa con Francesco De Gregori" [Bomb or no bomb, a masterpiece by Antonello Venditti: the metaphor of the road to success traveled with Francesco De Gregori]. Accessed March 18, 2023. https://www.70-80.it/1978-bomba-o-non-bomba-capolavoro-di-antonello-venditti-metafora-della-strada-del-successo-percorsa-con-francesco-de-gregori/</p>

Source Text

Bomba o non bomba

Partirono in due ed erano abbastanza
Un pianoforte, una chitarra e molta fantasia
E fu a Bologna che scoppiò la prima bomba
Tra una festa e una piadina di periferia

E bomba o non bomba noi arriveremo a Roma
Malgrado voi

A Sasso Marconi incontrammo una ragazza
Che viveva sdraiata sull'orlo di una piazza
Noi le dicemmo "Vieni, dolce sarà la strada"
Lei sfogliò il fiore e poi ci disse "No"

Ma bomba o non bomba noi arriveremo a Roma
Malgrado voi

A Roncobilaccio ci viene incontro un vecchio
Lo sguardo profondo e un fazzoletto al collo

Target Text

Bomb, or no bomb

1 They left, they were two, and they had enough
2 They had their instruments, and their imagination
3 In Bologna, then, the first bomb went off
4 While they were partying and eating in the suburbs
5
6 And bomb, or no bomb, we are going to get to Rome
7 In spite of you
8
9 In Sasso Marconi we ran into someone
10 She lived by a square, and slept under the sun
11 We told her "Come with us, the road will be so nice"
12 She plucked a flower, and then just said "No"
13
14 But bomb, or no bomb, we are going to get to Rome
15 In spite of you
16
17 In Roncobilaccio we were met by an old guy
18 With a deep gaze and a classy handkerchief
19

Ci disse "Ragazzi in campana, qui non vi lasceranno andare
Hanno chiamato la polizia a cavallo"

Ma bomba o non bomba noi arriveremo a Roma
Malgrado voi

A Firenze dormimmo da un intellettuale
La faccia giusta e tutto quanto il resto
Ci disse "No, compagni (amici), io disapprovo il passo
Manca l'analisi e poi non c'ho l'elmetto"

Ma bomba o non bomba noi arriveremo a Roma
Malgrado te

A Orvieto poi ci fu l'apoteosi
Il sindaco, la banda e le bandiere in mano
Ci dissero "L'autostrada è bloccata e non vi lasceranno passare
Ma sia ben chiaro che noi, noi siamo tutti con voi"

E bomba o non bomba voi arriverete a Roma
Malgrado noi

20 He told us "Boys, watch out, they won't let you go,
21 They even called the Mounted police"
22
23 But bomb or no bomb, we are going to get to Rome
24 In spite of you
25
26 In Florence we were hosted by an intellectual man
27 With the right face and everything in place
28 He told us "No, comrades (friends), I can't come with you
29 There is no analysis and I don't have a helmet"
30
31 But bomb or no bomb, we are going to get to Rome
32 In spite of you
33
34 In Orvieto, then, there was the apotheosis
35 Everyone came by, even the mayor and the band
36 They told us "The motorway is blocked and they won't let you pass
37 But it should be clear that we're all on your side"
38
39 And bomb or no bomb, you are going to get to Rome
40 In spite of us
41

Parlamentammo a lungo e poi ci fu un discorso
Il capitano disse "Va bene, così sia"
E la fanfara poi intonò le prime note
E ci trovammo proprio in faccia a Porta Pia

E bomba o non bomba noi arriveremo a Roma
Malgrado voi

La gente ci amava e questo è l'importante
Regalammo cioccolata e sigarette vere
Bevemmo poi del vino rosso nelle mani unite
E finalmente ci fecero suonare

E bomba su bomba noi siamo arrivati a Roma
Insieme a voi

42 We talked for hours, and then there was a speech
43 The captain said, "Okay, so be it"
44 The fanfare struck up the first notes
45 And we found ourselves right in front of Porta Pia
46
47 And bomb or no bomb, we are going to get to Rome
48 In spite of you
49
50 Everybody loved us, and that's all that mattered
51 We gave away chocolate and real cigarettes
52 We then drank red wine straight from our hands
53 And we could finally play our instruments
54
55 And bomb after bomb, we managed to get to Rome
56 Together with you

Student Number	21330486	Text Number	5
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Source Text		Target Text	
Title	後游 (Hòu yóu)	Title	<i>Traveling, again</i>
Year Published	761		
Author	Du Fu		
Language	Chinese (Traditional Characters)	Language	English
Word Count	40	Word Count	40
Description of Source Text <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • <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)	<p>後游 [traveling back somewhere] is a poem from Classical Chinese poet, Du Fu.</p> <p>The ST is a <i>lǜshi</i>, the regulated verse, a Classical Chinese poetic form for which Du Fu was famous (Watson 2002, xxi-xxii). The main characteristic of the poem is its realism, because it describes a natural setting to express his life experiences and feelings. A parallelism could be made between this poem and William Wordsworth's work (Wyman 1949, 517).</p> <p>The ST, written in traditional characters, presents the following features:</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> - precise structure of the poetic form, of five characters per eight lines; - verbal parallelism between second and third couplets, typical of the poetic form (Hinton 1990, xii), where each word in the first line of the couplet must be paired in the second line with a word from the same semantic area, and the syntactic constructions must mirror one another: e.g. l. 3-4, where the structure is noun+noun+adverb+nominal predicate/noun+noun+adverb+verbal predicate; - ambiguity of the sentences, due to the absence of the grammar structures: e.g. l. 5 野潤煙光薄 [the field, moist, smokey, shines, thin]; - highly crafted way of expressing, derivative of the oral tradition. 		

<p>Strategy</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • <i>identification of translation problems</i> • <i>knowledge of genre within target context and situation of target text</i> • <i>justification of translation</i> <p><i>production of genre for target context</i></p> <p>(200 words max)</p>	<p>The translation will be published in an academic Chinese literature textbook, and the TA is formed of Chinese literature scholars that have a basic knowledge of Chinese literature and language. The translations are intended to help them understand the meaning and the structure of classical Chinese poetry.</p> <p>I will make two different versions of this translation: one meant to understand what is happening the poem (TT1), and another in which I will try to mimic the Chinese classical structure (TT2).</p> <p>TT1 will be a simple paraphrase, and I will translate by:</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> - focusing on the meaning; - not following any structure. <p>I will translate TT2 by:</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> - keeping the five words per eight lines structure, trying to manage the English use of pronouns, articles and link words (e.g. ‘舍此復何之’ [what else is there to do, here?] -> ‘What better place to rest?’); - maintaining the syntactic mirroring constructions of the second and the third couplets (e.g. l. 3-4, where the structure is noun+link word+noun+verb+adjective/noun+link word+noun+verb+direct object); - keeping the ambiguity of the sentences (e.g. ‘橋伶再渡時’ [the bridge is crossed again, it remembers] -> ‘Crossing the bridge, he recalls’).
<p>Critical Reflection</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • <i>textual analysis</i> <p>(200 words max)</p>	<p>I tried comparing the final results of the two translations between each other, but they were fairly different, so I decided to look for existing translations. Since I could not find any translation made following the structure of the <i>lǜshi</i>, I compared both my translations of the poem with an existing one, produced by Burton Watson (2002, 93), and it was interesting to look at the three translations next to one other.</p> <p>In fact, it may be argued that, since Watson’s translation did not follow the structure of the ST, at first glance it appeared to be more similar to my TT1, both in length and in structure of every line. But, while TT1 did not focus on the poetic elements of the ST, both TT2 and Watson’s translation took into consideration that aspect. The ST leaves a lot to the</p>

	<p>imagination of the translator/reader, but both translations managed to maintain the poetic atmosphere of the ST, keeping the general meaning and the ambiguity of each line.</p> <p>Eventually, I was able to notice that, the only characteristic that all the three translations have in common, is the fact that, despite their strategy, none of them translated word-for-word.</p>
<p>Works Cited</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • <i>use of sources and reference material</i> 	<p>Hinton, David. 1990. <i>The Selected Poems of Tu Fu</i>. London: Anvil Press.</p> <p>Watson, Burton. 2002. <i>The Selected Poems of Du Fu</i>. New York: Columbia University Press.</p> <p>Wyman, Mary. 1949. "Chinese Mysticism and Wordsworth". <i>Journal of the History of Ideas</i>, 10 (4): 517-538.</p>

Source Text

後游

寺憶曾游處
橋伶再渡時
江山如有待
花柳更無私
野潤煙光薄
沙暄日色遲
客愁全為減
舍此復何之

Target Text

Traveling, again

1	I remember the temple, I've travelled here before	I once visited this temple
2	The bridge greets me, when I cross it again	Crossing the bridge, he recalls
3	It's like the river and the mountain were waiting for me	Rivers and mountains expected me
4	The flowers and the willows are nothing but selfless	Flowers and willows are selfless
5	The fields are moist and shiny, covered by a thin mist	Fields shine of a thin mist
6	The color of the sun on the soft sand says that it's getting late	Sun's color on the sand
7	The traveler's worries are decreasing	The traveler's worries are decreasing
8	Why should I leave such a good place to rest?	What better place to rest?
9		
10		
11		
12		
13		
14		
15		
16		
17		
18		
19		

Student Number	21330486	Text Number	6
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Source Text		Target Text	
Title	<i>Sideways</i>	Title	<i>Sdraiati come bottiglie</i>
Year Published	2003		
Author	Alexander Payne and Jim Taylor		
Language	English	Language	Italian
Word Count	1125	Word Count	1492
Description of Source Text <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • <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)	<p>The ST is an excerpt from the script of the movie <i>Sideways</i> (2003), written by Alexander Payne and Jim Taylor. The movie narrates the story of two friends, Miles and Jack, that embark on a road trip in the wine region in California. The text does not conform exactly to the finished movie, but it comes from the original script.</p> <p>The text presents the following features:</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> - indications typical of the script for a movie (e.g. ‘INSIDE THE CAR’, ‘INT./EXT. SAAB – DAY’, etc...); - use of crude and vulgar language (e.g. ‘Where the fuck were you man?’, ‘They’ll think you’re a moron’, etc...); - uncommon terms referring specifically to wine, mostly known by wine connoisseur (Robinson and Hardin 2015): e.g. l. 115, ‘this juice is free run’; - inappropriate use of words: e.g. l. 98, ‘tasty’ referred to a wine, while it usually refers to solid food (Merriam-Webster.com); - 1 reference to a specific Champagne: l. 68, ‘That’s a 1992 Byron’; - comic effect of the linguistic differences between the two characters: erudite and articulate Miles (e.g. ‘Pinot’s a very thin-skinned grape and doesn’t like heat or humidity’), and ignorant and crude Jack (e.g. ‘Pinot Noir? How come it’s white?’). 		

<p>Strategy</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • <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> <p>(200 words max)</p>	<p>My translation will be an adaptation of the movie script, intended for a performance during the Italian wine festival “DiVino Etrusco” [Etruscan divine], that takes place in Tarquinia (near Rome) in August. The festival hosts cultural events, like book readings, concerts, and representations. Since the wine tastings are reserved to the adults, but the access to the festival is free, children may attend the various events. I will therefore edulcorate the swearing and cursing, and eliminate the references to drunkenness and hangovers (e.g. ‘You’re fucking hungover’ -> ‘Ti sei svegliato da poco’ [you just woke up]).</p> <p>I will transform the movie script into a play script by:</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> - removing the indications typical of the movie scripts, and adding indications about the surroundings in the dialogues (e.g. ‘The boys now pass vineyards of immaculate grapevines’ -> ‘Guarda questi vigneti, non sono bellissimi?’ [look at these vineyards, aren’t they gorgeous?]); - adding indications about sounds and lighting; - removing references to things that happened in the movie before the scene I selected, which is where the play will start (eg. l. 153-158 in the ST); - mimicking the colloquial and informal language of the ST (e.g. ‘Ehi, ma dov’eri?’ [hey, where were you?]).
<p>Critical Reflection</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • <i>textual analysis</i> <p>(200 words max)</p>	<p>After submitting the TT to a group of four Italian college students of theatre, I was able to reflect on one main comment they all made about my translation. In fact, one of the elements that make the movie funny, is the presence of the swearing, and of the crude and vulgar language. By edulcorating the text, eliminating the curses and the references to the heavy drinking of the characters, in the end in the TT they resulted less entertaining than they are in the ST. The character of Miles in particular, whose use of technical terms is comical in English, in Italian results unmarked, and thus less funny. Moreover, although most of what Miles says is arguably not meant to be understood by people who are not wine experts, the reference to the specific 1992 Byron Champagne (l. 68 in the ST), which I left untranslated in the TT (l. 71 in the TT), to the sample readers appeared fairly unclear and confusing. It therefore occurred to me that, perhaps, a reference to a</p>

	<p>Champagne that was still rare, but more familiar to my TA, like a Cristal or a Dom Perignon (vinatis.it), might have been a valid solution.</p>
<p>Works Cited</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • <i>use of sources and reference material</i> 	<p>Merriam-Webster.com Dictionary. “Tasty”. Accessed April 15, 2023. https://www.merriam-webster.com/dictionary/tasty.</p> <p>Robinson, Jancis and Julia Harding. 2015. <i>The Oxford Companion to Wine. Fourth Edition</i>. Oxford: Oxford University Press.</p> <p>The Internet Movie Script Database. “Sideways”. Accessed January 30, 2023. https://imsdb.com/scripts/Sideways.html.</p> <p>Vinatis.it. “Gli Champagne più famosi” [the most famous Champagne]. Accessed April 28, 2023. https://www.vinatis.it/blog-migliori-champagne-al-mondo.</p>

Source Text

Sideways

INSIDE THE CAR --

JACK

Where the fuck were you, man? I was dying in there. We were supposed to be a hundred miles away by now.

MILES

I can't help the traffic.

JACK

Come on. You're fucking hungover.

MILES

Okay, there was a tasting last night. But I wanted to get us some stuff for the ride up. Check out the box.

Jack turns around, and starts rooting around in a CARDBOARD **WINE BOX**.

Target Text

Sdraiati come bottiglie

1 **ATTO 1**

2 **SCENA 1**

3 *San Diego, 2003. MILES, un uomo di circa quarant'anni, quasi*
4 *completamente pelato e in sovrappeso, è seduto su una sedia e stringe in*
5 *mano un volante. C'è un'altra sedia vuota accanto a lui e due sedie dietro,*
6 *sulle quali è appoggiata una cassa di vino. La disposizione delle sedie, e la*
7 *presenza del volante, ricordano la struttura di una macchina. MILES è*
8 *venuto a prendere il suo amico JACK per andare insieme in Napa Valley*
9 *per passare qualche giorno insieme, in pratica un addio al celibato a base*
10 *di degustazioni e tour di vinerie.*

11

12 *MILES suona il clacson, avvisando JACK del suo arrivo.*

13 *Entra JACK, un uomo più o meno della stessa età, ma con molti capelli e*
14 *parecchio più in forma, uscendo dal portone di casa della sua futura sposa,*
15 *Cristina (rumore di un portone pesante che si chiude).*

16

17 **JACK:** *Ehi, ma dov'eri? Ci stavo per morire, lì dentro. (fingendo di entrare*
18 *in macchina, sedendosi e mimando il gesto di chiudere lo sportello) A*

19

MILES

Why did you tell them my book was being published?

JACK

You said you had it all lined up.

MILES

No, I didn't. What I said was that my agent had heard there was some interest at Conundrum...

JACK

Yeah, Conundrum.

MILES

...and that one of the editors was passing it up to a senior editor. She was supposed to hear something this week, but now it's next week, and... It's always like this. It's always a fucking waiting game. I've been through it too many times already.

20 quest'ora avremmo già dovuto essere a cento chilometri di distanza da
21 qui.

22

23 **MILES:** Non posso mica controllare il traffico.

24

25 **JACK:** Ma smettila. Lo vedo che ti sei svegliato da poco.

26

27 **MILES:** E va bene. Ieri sera ho fatto tardi perché sono andato a una
28 degustazione, ma solo per prendere qualcosa per il viaggio. *(indicando la*
29 *scatola)* Guarda dentro la scatola.

30

31 *JACK si volta verso il sedile posteriore, dove un occhio di bue illumina la*
32 *scatola di cartone contenente le bottiglie di vino, e inizia a rovistarci*
33 *dentro.*

34 *MILES mette in moto (rumore del motore che si avvia) e i due partono.*

35

36 **MILES:** Perché stai dicendo a tutti che mi pubblicano il libro?

37

38 **JACK:** Perché tu mi hai detto che in pratica era cosa fatta.

39

40 **MILES:** No, non è vero. Ti ho detto che, secondo la mia agente, la casa
41 editrice Conundrum era interessata...

JACK

I don't know. Senior editor? Sounds like you're in to me.

MILES

It's a long shot, all right? And Conundrum is just a small specialty press anyway. I'm not getting my hopes up. I've stopped caring. That's it. I've stopped caring.

Jack sits back in his seat holding up a bottle of CHAMPAGNE and TWO GLASSES.

JACK

But I know it's going to happen this time. I can feel it. This is the one. I'm proud of you, man. You're the smartest guy I know.

Jack now begins to remove the foil from the champagne bottle.

MILES

Don't open that now. It's warm.

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63

JACK: Sì, la Conundrum.

MILES: ... perché uno degli editor aveva fatto leggere il libro all'editor capo. In teoria avrebbero dovuto contattarla entro la fine di questa settimana, ma ormai la settimana è finita, e... È sempre così. Non è altro che una serie infinita di attese, una dopo l'altra. Ormai ci sono passato tante di quelle volte...

JACK: Beh, non saprei. Editor capo? Mi sembra una cosa grossa.

MILES: È molto improbabile che lo pubblicino, va bene? E comunque, la Conundrum è solo una piccola casa editrice di nicchia. Non mi faccio troppe illusioni. Ormai non mi importa più. Ecco, non mi importa più.

JACK torna a sedersi al suo posto con in mano una bottiglia di Champagne e due bicchieri.

JACK: Questa volta andrà bene, me lo sento. È la volta giusta. E io sono comunque fiero di te, amico mio. Sei la persona più intelligente che io conosca.

JACK

Come on, we're celebrating. I say we pop it.

MILES

That's a 1992 Byron. It's really rare. Don't open it now. I've been saving it!

Jack untwists the wire. Instantly the cork pops off, and a fountain of champagne erupts.

MILES

For Christ's Sake, Jack! You just wasted like half of it!

Jack begins pouring two glasses.

JACK

Shut up.
(handing Miles a glass)
Here's to a great week.

MILES

(coming around)
Yes. Absolutely. Despite your crass

64 *JACK inizia a rimuovere la capsula di alluminio dalla bottiglia di*
65 *champagne.*

66

67 **MILES:** Non aprirla, è calda.

68

69 **JACK:** Andiamo, dobbiamo festeggiare. Io dico di stapparla.

70

71 **MILES:** È un Byron del 1992. È una bottiglia molto rara. Non aprirla ora, la
72 stavo conservando!

73

74 *JACK svita la gabbietta di metallo. Il tappo salta all'improvviso (rumore di*
75 *stappo), facendo eruttare una fontana di champagne (rumore di liquido*
76 *frizzante che scroscia).*

77

78 **MILES:** Accidenti, Jack! Ne hai sprecata metà!

79

80 *JACK inizia a versare il vino nei due bicchieri.*

81

81 **JACK:** Oh, dai, falla finita. *(passando un bicchiere a MILES)* Brindiamo a
82 una settimana meravigliosa.

83

84

behavior, I'm really glad we're finally getting this time together.

JACK

Yeah.

MILES

You know how long I've been begging to take you on the wine tour. I was beginning to think it was never going to happen.

They clink and drink.

JACK

Oh, that's tasty.

MILES

100% Pinot Noir. Single vineyard. They don't even make it anymore.

JACK

Pinot Noir? How come it's white? Doesn't noir mean dark?

MILES

85 **MILES:** *(alla fine accettando l'idea di brindare)* Ma sì, assolutamente.
86 Nonostante la tua rozzezza, sono davvero felice che ci facciamo questo
87 viaggio.

88

89 **JACK:** Infatti.

90

91 **MILES:** Lo sai che è da tanto tempo che volevo portarti a fare un tour delle
92 vinerie. Iniziavo a pensare che non sarebbe mai successo.

93

94 *Sbattono insieme i bicchieri (rumore di bicchieri di vetro che sbattono l'uno*
95 *contro l'altro) e bevono lo champagne.*

96

97 **JACK:** Wow, è davvero saporito.

98

99 **MILES:** 100% Pinot Noir. Ed è tutta uva proveniente dallo stesso vigneto.
100 Ormai non lo fanno neanche più.

101

102 **JACK:** Pinot Noir? Ma è bianco. Noir non vuol dire nero?

103

104 **MILES:** Oh, Gesù. Ti prego, non fare queste domande stupide, quando
105 saremo nella regione vinicola. O penseranno che sei uno scemo.

106

Jesus. Don't ask questions like that up in the wine country. They'll think you're a moron.

JACK

Just tell me.

MILES

Color in the red wines comes from the skins. This juice is free run, so there's no skin contact in the fermentation, ergo no color.

JACK

(not really listening)
Sure is tasty.

INT./EXT. SAAB - DAY

The boys now pass vineyards of immaculate grapevines.

MILES

Jesus, what a day! Isn't it gorgeous? And the ocean's just right over that ridge. See, the reason this region's

107 **JACK:** Spiegamelo e basta.

108

109 **MILES:** Nel vino rosso, il colore è dato dalle bucce. Questo, invece, è un
110 cosiddetto "vino fiore". Durante la fermentazione non c'è alcun contatto
111 tra il mosto e le bucce, ecco perché non prende nessun colore.

112

113 **JACK:** *(senza ascoltare davvero la spiegazione di MILES)* Beh, è proprio
114 saporito.

115

116 *MILES fa il gesto di guardare fuori dal finestrino e osservare il paesaggio*
117 *che stanno attraversando in macchina. Su uno schermo sullo sfondo,*
118 *scorrono immagini di vigneti.*

119

120 **MILES:** Accidenti, che giornata meravigliosa. *(rivolto a JACK)* Guarda
121 questi vigneti, non sono bellissimi? E l'oceano è proprio lì, oltre quella
122 collina. Sai, il motivo per cui questa regione è perfetta per il Pinot, è
123 proprio il fatto che, di notte, la corrente fredda del Pacifico soffia su
124 queste valli e rinfresca i frutti. Il Pinot è un tipo di uva con la buccia molto
125 sottile, che non ama né il caldo, né l'umidità.

126

127 *JACK osserva MILES, ammirando il linguaggio e le conoscenze del suo*
128 *amico.*

great for Pinot is that the cold air off the Pacific flows in at night through these transverse valleys and cools down the berries. Pinot's a very thin-skinned grape and doesn't like heat or humidity.

Jack looks at Miles, admiring his friend's vast learning and articulateness.

The Saab now pulls off the road and makes its way down a long gravel DRIVEWAY.

JACK

Hey, Miles. I really hope your novel sells.

MILES

Thanks, Jack. So do I.
(noticing)
Here we are.

INT. SANFORD TASTING ROOM - DAY

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JACK: Ehi, Miles. Spero davvero che il tuo libro sia un successo.

MILES: Grazie, Jack. Lo spero anch'io.

SCENA 2

Un occhio di bue illumina un bacone di legno in fondo al palco. MILES e JACK sono seduti al bancone di una sala degustazione della vineria Sanford, con due bicchieri ancora vuoti davanti a loro. Sembrano aspettare qualcuno.

Entra CHRIS BURROUGHS, l'addetto al versamento del vino. Ha la coda di cavallo e indossa un cappello da cowboy. Si avvicina a MILES e JACK. Saluta MILES, perché chiaramente già lo conosce.

CHRIS: (indicando JACK) Allora, è lui il condannato a morte?

MILES: È proprio lui. Jack, lui è Chris. Chris, lui è Jack.

CHRIS e JACK si stringono la mano.

JACK: Come va?

Miles is at the bar, TWO GLASSES in front of him. Jack walks in and bellies up next to him.

JACK

(proudly)

Baked with a butter-lime glaze.

MILES

Now we're talking.

CHRIS BURROUGHS, a POURER in a cowboy hat and ponytail, comes over.

CHRIS

This is the condemned man?

MILES

Here he is. Jack, Chris. Chris, Jack.

Chris and Jack shake hands.

JACK

How you doing?

CHRIS

You guys want to start with the Vin

151

152 **CHRIS:** Volete cominciare con il Vin Gris?

153

154 **MILES:** Va benissimo.

155

156 *CHRIS riempie appena i due bicchieri con una piccola dose di vino rosato.*

157

158 **JACK:** Questo è un rosé, giusto?

159

160 **MILES:** Bravo, sì. È un rosé. Solo che, stranamente, è fatto da uve 100%

161 Pinot Noir.

162

163 **JACK:** Pinot Noir? Di nuovo? *(scherzando, rivolto a CHRIS)* Il Pinot Noir non

164 è sempre vino rosso.

165

166 *Tutti e tre ridono.*

167 *MILES fa roteare il bicchiere sul bancone, poi se lo porta al naso, per*

168 *annusare il vino. JACK lo imita goffamente, facendo cadere un po' di vino*

169 *mentre lo fa.*

170

171

172

Gris?

JACK

Sounds good.

TWO GLASSES are filled with small amounts of PINOT NOIR VIN **GRIS**.

JACK

This is rose, right?

MILES

Good, yeah, it is a rose. Only this one is rather atypically made from 100% Pinot Noir.

JACK

Pinot noir? Not again!

(joking, to Chris)

You know, not all Pinots are noir.

They laugh.

Miles swirls his glass in tight circles on the bar, then lifts it to smell. Jack clumsily imitates Miles, perhaps even spilling some wine in the process.

173 **MILES:** Aspetta, ti faccio vedere. *(sollevando di nuovo il bicchiere)* Per
174 prima cosa devi prendere il bicchiere e osservare l'aspetto del vino
175 controluce. Cerca di fare caso al colore e alla limpidezza.

176

177 **JACK:** Di che colore dovrebbe essere?

178

179 **MILES:** Dipende dal vitigno. Per il momento devi solo farti un'idea. È
180 torbido? Limpido? Cristallino? Ambrato? Acquoso? Denso?

181

182 **JACK:** Ah.

183

184 **MILES:** Ora inclina il bicchiere. Devi controllare la densità del colore nella
185 parte che si allunga verso il bordo. Questo ti farà capire quanto è vecchio
186 il vino e altre caratteristiche. Di solito, però, sono tutti elementi che
187 riguardano i vini rossi. Questo è un vino molto giovane, quindi manterrà
188 quasi del tutto lo stesso colore. Ora infila il naso dentro.

189

190 *JACK muove il bicchiere sotto il naso, come se stesse annusando una*
191 *bottiglia di profumo.*

192

193 **MILES:** Non essere timido. Infila bene il naso dentro.

194

MILES

Let me show you.

We see details of what Miles now describes.

MILES

First take your glass and examine the wine against the light. You're looking at color and clarity.

JACK

What color is it supposed to be?

MILES

Depends on the varietal. Just get a sense of it. Thick? Thin? Watery? Syrupy? Inky? Amber, whatever...

JACK

Huh.

MILES

Now tip it. What you're doing here is checking for color density as it thins toward the rim. Tells you how

195 *JACK infila tutto il naso nel bicchiere.*

196

197 **MILES:** Che profumi senti?

198

199 **JACK:** Non saprei. Odore di vino? Di uva fermentata?

200

201 *MILES Inspira a fondo dal proprio bicchiere.*

202

203 **MILES:** Il bouquet non è ancora ricchissimo, però si possono già sentire...

204 *(inspirando ancora di più) gli agrumi... forse un po' di fragola... il frutto*

205 *della passione... e c'è anche una punta di asparagi... o di formaggio a pasta*

206 *molle.*

207

208 *JACK annusa di nuovo e sembra rallegrarsi.*

209

210 **JACK:** Ah. Forse un po' di fragola. Sì, fragola. Non sono tanto sicuro sul

211 *formaggio, però.*

212

213 **MILES:** Adesso posa il bicchiere e lascialo prendere un po' d'aria.

214

215 *MILES, con fare da esperto, fa roteare il vino nel bicchiere (rumore di vetro*

216 *che gratta sul legno). JACK lo imita.*

<p>old it is, among other things, usually more important with reds. This is a very young wine, so it's going to retain its color pretty solidly. Now stick your nose in it.</p> <p>Jack waves the glass under his nose as if it were a perfume bottle.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">MILES</p> <p style="padding-left: 40px;">Don't be shy. Get your nose in there.</p> <p>Jack now buries his nose in the glass.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">MILES</p> <p style="padding-left: 40px;">What do you smell?</p> <p style="text-align: center;">JACK</p> <p style="padding-left: 40px;">I don't know. Wine? Fermented grapes?</p> <p>Miles smells.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">MILES</p> <p style="padding-left: 40px;">There's not much there yet, but you can still find... (more sniffs)</p>	<p>217</p> <p>218 MILES: L'ossigeno lo fa aprire di più, libera nuovi aromi e sapori. È un</p> <p>219 passaggio molto importante. Ora annusiamolo di nuovo.</p> <p>220</p> <p>221 <i>Lo fanno. JACK sorride.</i></p> <p>222</p> <p>223 MILES: Questo è quello che devi fare con ogni bicchiere di vino.</p> <p>224</p> <p>225 JACK: E quando si beve?</p> <p>226</p> <p>227 MILES: Adesso.</p> <p>228</p> <p>229 <i>JACK manda giù tutto il vino in un solo sorso. MILES tiene il suo nella bocca</i></p> <p>230 <i>e lo assapora per qualche istante, prima di ingoiarlo.</i></p> <p>231</p> <p>232 JACK: Allora, qual è il tuo giudizio?</p> <p>233</p> <p>234 MILES: Di solito le vinerie cominciano facendoti assaggiare i vini un po'</p> <p>235 più scialbi, ma questo era davvero buono. <i>(rivolto a Chris)</i> È quello nuovo,</p> <p>236 vero Chris?</p> <p>237</p> <p>238 CHRIS: È uscito circa due mesi fa.</p>
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...a little citrus... maybe some
strawberry... passion fruit... and
there's even a hint of like
asparagus... or like a nutty Edam
cheese.

Jack smells again and begins to brighten.

JACK

Huh. Maybe a little strawberry. Yeah,
strawberry. I'm not so sure about
the cheese.

MILES

Now set your glass down and get some
air into it.

Miles expertly swirls the wine. Jack follows suit.

MILES

Oxygenating it opens it up, unlocks
the aroma and the flavors. Very
important. Now we smell again.

They do so. Jack smiles.

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MILES: Ottimo lavoro.

CHRIS: Piace anche a noi.

JACK: *(rivolto a Miles)* Dovresti lavorare in una vineria.

MILES: Sì, quella sì che sarebbe un'ottima mossa.

MILES si volta verso JACK e si accorge di una cosa.

MILES: Ma hai la gomma da masticare in bocca?

JACK: Ne vuoi una anche tu?

MILES	261
That's what you do with every one.	262
JACK	263
When do we get to drink it?	264
MILES	265
Now.	266
Jack gulps his wine down in one shot. Miles chews his before swallowing.	267
JACK	268
How would you rate this one?	269
MILES	270
Usually they start you on the wines with learning disabilities, but this one's pretty damn good. (to Chris)	271
This is the new one, right, Chris?	272
CHRIS	273
Released it about two months ago.	274
MILES	275
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Nice job.	283
	284
CHRIS	285
We like it.	286
	287
JACK	288
(to Miles)	289
You know, you could work in a wine store.	290
	291
MILES	292
Yeah, that would be a good move.	293
	294
Now Miles notices something about Jack.	295
	296
MILES	297
Are you chewing gum?	298
	299
JACK	
Want some?	

Student Number	21330486	Text Number	7
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Source Text		Target Text	
Title	战友重逢 (Zhànyǒu chóngféng)	Title	A reunion of Comrades in arms
Year Published	2001		
Author	Mo Yan		
Language	Chinese	Language	English
Word Count	1057	Word Count	738
Description of Source Text <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • <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> <p>(200 words max)</p>	<p>The ST is an excerpt from chapter 17 of Mo Yan's 战友重逢 [a reunion of Comrades-in-arms]. The novel, written in first person, narrates the story of the reunion of the protagonist, a dead army major, with the ghost of his comrade-in-arms, also a childhood friend, who died in the border war between China and Vietnam in early 1979 (Zhang 2005, 860). The story is set in 1992, to give the author some distance to reflect on the historical period (Chen 2002, 242). In this particular passage, we see the protagonist's father reaching up to his grave, determined to bring his body back home.</p> <p>The text presents the following features:</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> - deliberately dry language, to reproduce bare aspects of raw life; - scarce presence of adverbs (9 in total); - haunted and unreal atmosphere (e.g. '他捏亮手电，照着我的墓碑' [he moved the flashlight and shined it on my grave]); - presence of spectral voices (Chen 2002, 244) that belong to the deads (e.g. '团长说：阻挠他的工作！' [the commander said: obstruct his work!]); - use of descriptive language. 		

<p>Strategy</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • <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> <p>(200 words max)</p>	<p>Since Mo Yan is one of the most famous Chinese writers (Der-Wei and Berry 2000, 487), most of his writing has already been translated. This TT will be published by an American publishing house, in an editorial series called “Ghosts from the Far East”, that publishes (and adapts to its readership) ghost stories from Eastern Nations. My TA will therefore be an American readership, aged 20-40, interested in Chinese literature and ghost stories.</p> <p>In order to adapt the TT to the TA, I will:</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> - reproduce the Chinese dryness of the language, using as less adverbs as possible (5 in total); - focus on the “ghostly” aspects of the story, rather than to its poetic and socio-cultural relevance; - narrate in third person, to recreate the spectral voice in English; - add, at the very beginning, the phrase ‘It was a stormy night’, that recalls the common incipit of the spooky stories told in American-English (Mumford 2015); - reproduce the descriptions of the ST (e.g. ‘那些章鱼腿一样的腥冷植物根须’ [fishy and cold roots, like octopus legs] -> ‘the fishy and cold roots that looked like an octopus’ legs’).
<p>Critical Reflection</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • <i>textual analysis</i> <p>(200 words max)</p>	<p>The incipit of the TT, along with the sudden appearance of the ghosts of the regiment commander and of Yinghao’s comrades in arm, arguably creates an appropriate setting for a spooky/ghost story. Since the English translation lacks of all the political and social elements of the ST, there is no reference whatsoever to the culture of Chinese society of the 1990s (Chen 2002, 242).</p> <p>Also, because I switched from a first person narrative to a third person one, I was forced to substitute all the occurrences of the pronoun 我 [I/me], with the name of the main character, Yinghao. Therefore, in a text of 738 words, the name of the main character is repeated 15 times. It did not occur to me while translating but, looking at the TT a few weeks after I completed the translation, I realized that, this way, the text may result fairly funny, arguably more than the ST is.</p> <p>Should I translate the same text again, this time I may try to focus on the social/cultural/political aspects of the ST.</p>

<p>Works Cited</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • <i>use of sources and reference material</i> 	<p>Chen, Jianguo. 2002. "The Logic of the Phantasm: Haunting and Spectrality in Contemporary Chinese Literary Imagination". <i>Modern Chinese Literature and Culture</i>, 14 (1): 231-265.</p> <p>Der-Wei Wang, David, and Michael Berry. 2000. "The Literary World of Mo Yan". <i>World Literature Today</i>, 74 (3): 487–94.</p> <p>Mo, Yan. (2001) 2017. <i>战友重逢</i> [a reunion of Comrades-in-arms]. Hangzhou: Zhejiang Literature & Art Publishing House.</p> <p>Mumford, Tracy. 2015. "Who really wrote 'it was a dark and stormy night'?". Accessed March 29, 2023. https://www.mprnews.org/story/2015/10/27/bcst-books-dark-and-stormy-night.</p> <p>Zhang, Xiaoming. 2005. "China's 1979 War with Vietnam: A Reassessment". <i>The China Quarterly</i>, 184: 851-874.</p>
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Source Text

战友重逢

这天夜里下大雷雨，一道道蓝色的闪电穿透混凝土障壁，照亮了那些章鱼腿一样的腥冷植物根须，雨水沿着根须，泪珠般频频下滴，把我身体周围的土地打出一些水窝窝。我用一块锋利的弹片，砍伐着那些根须，但一会儿功夫，它们又长到原先那般长，南方果然是蓬勃生长的象征。

我无法入睡，听着外边的隆隆雷声，听着雨打芭蕉，一片喧嚣，忽然想起了我爹，他老人家今夜如何安身？

后半夜时，大雨停止，山林中流水声响亮，蓝色闪电疲倦地抖动着，我透过缝隙，看到那些常青植物的水光闪烁的肥大叶片和躲藏在叶背的彩色昆虫。又一道闪电亮起，我万分惊讶地看到一个瘦弱的身影一瘸一拐地出现在墓地里。那熟悉的、从我出生起就在我耳边回响的嘎吱声又响起来了。我的装着木腿的爹来了。他捏亮手电，照着我的墓碑，摸索着我的名字，老泪纵横，与雨水混合在一起。我听到他喃喃自语：

“英豪儿，爹来了，爹要把你领回故乡。”

他从背上卸下一个帆布背囊，从里边摸出了锤子、凿子、钻子，全套的石匠家什，还有一把军用短柄钢锹。

Target Text

A Reunion of Comrades in Arms

1 It was a stormy night, a heavy thunderstorm was raging on, and streaks
2 of blue lightning penetrated the concrete barrier, shading a light on the
3 fishy and cold roots that looked like an octopus' legs. The rain was
4 dripping from the roots as if was teardrops, creating some watery nests
5 into the ground around Yinghao's body. He had earlier used a sharp piece
6 of shrapnel to cut down those roots, but after a while they had just grown
7 back to their original length. The South was indeed a symbol of vigorous
8 growth.

9 He couldn't fall asleep, because of all that clamor, the rumbling thunder
10 outside, and the sound of the rain beating against the plantains. So, he
11 found himself thinking about his father: how could his old man survive, in
12 a night like that one?

13 After midnight, the heavy rain stopped, the sound of splashing water in
14 the montane forest was still loud, while the last blue lightning shook
15 wearily. Through a crack in his grave, Yinghao saw the plump leaves of the
16 evergreen plants and the colorful insects hiding behind them. Another
17 bolt of lightning flashed, and Yinghao was amazed to see a thin, frail
18 figure, limping among the graves. Its screeching squeak was familiar to
19 him, it was the same sound that had been ringing in his ears since the day

他围绕着我的坟墓转了三圈，选择了长方形水泥墓的后部为突破口。这个选择非常英明，因为我清楚地知道，那里正是混凝土最薄弱的地方。他蹲下，一手握锤，一手握钻，低呼一声：

“英豪我儿，不要害怕。”

他把钻子顶在混凝土上，抡起锤子，狠狠地打了一下。一声清脆的钢铁撞击声震动了寂静的墓地，几个火星迸出来，水泥上出现了一个花生米那么大的小洞。闪电哗啦啦地翻卷着，在他的脸上笼罩了一层又一层的碧绿光芒。我爹警惕地环顾四周，好像怕落入别人的圈套。四周静寂，在闪电消逝时犹如黑暗的大海，树丛间怪鸟和奇虫鸣叫，流萤飞舞。我爹脸上流出清白的汗。他又挥起铁锤打击钢钻，金色的火星从钻子尖上连续不断地飞溅出来。响亮的声音，挺着尖锐的锋芒，渗入那一个个长方形的坟丘。所有的亡灵都从睡梦中惊醒，团长、政委、参谋、干事，全都出来了，一片严肃的面孔，把我们父子俩包围在核心。我十分紧张，爹却浑然不觉。如果他抬头环顾四周，也许能看到点什么，但我爹不抬头，也不再顾忌什么。他把全部的精神和力量贯注到双臂上去，锤子打击钻子，钻子啃咬水泥，水泥四处迸溅，窟窿渐渐变大。

团长大吼：钱英豪，出来！

我小心翼翼地钻出来，如一阵冷风，站在团长和千余战友面前。

你爹要干什么？团长问。

20 he was born. It was his father, walking on his wooden legs. He turned on
21 the flashlight and illuminated Yinghao's gravestone, looking for his name,
22 the tears on his old faces mixed with the rain. Yinghao heard him mumble:
23 "Yinghao, your dad is here, and he's going to take you back home."

24 From the canvas bag he carried over his shoulder, he pulled out a full set
25 of stonemason's tools: a hammer, a chisel, an awl. He also had one of
26 those military short-handled steel shovels.

27 He took three laps around Yinghao's grave, then decided to dig into the
28 back of the rectangular concrete slab. It was a wise choice, Yinghao knew
29 that, in that point, the layer of the concrete was thinner. He squatted
30 down, holding the hammer in one hand and the awl in the other, and
31 whispered:

32 "My dear Yinghao, don't be scared now."

33 He pushed the awl on the concrete, lifted the hammer and hit it hard. A
34 crisp clang of steel shook the quiet of the cemetery and, with a few sparks,
35 a small hole the size of a peanut appeared in the concrete. Lightning
36 whirled and rolled in the sky, illuminating his face with emerald green
37 light. Alarmed, He looked around vigilantly, as if he was afraid to fall into
38 an ambush. But silence reigned all around the cemetery, like a dark sea
39 when the lightning fades, with strange birds and insects chirping and
40 fireflies dancing among the trees. Yinghao's dad's face was covered with
41 pure sweat. He swung the hammer again to strike the steel awl, and

我说：首长，同志们，我也不知道他老人家要干什么，看这样子，他似乎想把我的尸骨起出来背回故乡。

团长厉声道：胡闹嘛！如果大家都让家乡的人来起骨，我们的队伍不就散了伙了吗？

我说：我确实不知道这件事，他老人家也许太思念我了……人老了，老观念难免多一些……

团长说：阻挠他的工作！

42 golden sparks splashed in a continuous stream from the tip. The loud
43 sound, sharp as the point of a spear, penetrated one by one the other
44 graves. The spirits of the dead woke up from their sleep: the regiment
45 commander, the political commissar, the lieutenants, and the secretaries,
46 all with a solemn expression, came out and gathered around the old man.
47 Yinghao was nervous, but naturally his father couldn't feel anything.
48 Perhaps, if he'd looked up, he might have noticed something. But he kept
49 his head down, not caring about anything. He concentrated all his energy
50 and strength into his arms, the hammer hitting the awl, the awl gnawing
51 at the concrete, the concrete splashing everywhere, and the hole
52 gradually growing bigger.

53 The commander shouted:

54 "Qian Yinghao, come out!"

55 Yinghao cautiously got out, like a gust of cold wind, and stood in front of
56 the regiment commander and more than a thousand comrades in arms.

57 "What is your father doing?" the commander asked.

58 Yinghao said:

59 "Commander, comrades, I don't know what the old man is doing. It looks
60 like he wants to dig up my bones and carry them back to my hometown."

61 The commander then sternly said: "What nonsense! If we all let people
62 from our hometown come to collect our bones, wouldn't our team be
63 scattered all around?"

64 Yinghao said:
65 “I really don’t know about, but maybe the old man misses me too much...
66 When people get old, they fall back to old beliefs...”
67 The commander said:
68 “Stop him!”

Student Number	21330486	Text Number	8
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Source Text		Target Text	
Title	<i>Le otto montagne</i>	Title	<i>The Eight Mountains</i>
Year Published	2016		
Author	Paolo Cognetti		
Language	Italian	Language	English
Word Count	983	Word Count	1080
<p>Description of Source Text</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • <i>understanding of source text</i> • <i>knowledge of genre within source contexts</i> • <i>situation of source text</i> <p><i>familiarity with the formal features of a text (language variation(s), register, dialect)</i></p> <p>(200 words max)</p>	<p>The ST is an excerpt from Paolo Cognetti's novel, <i>Le otto montagne</i> [the eight mountains] (2016, 196-199), more specifically the very last pages of the book. The text describes the moment in which the main character finds out that his best friend is probably dead in the mountains. The theme of grief, with which the author tries to deal by walking around the mountains, is strongly present (Invernizzi 2018, 281).</p> <p>The text also presents the following features:</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> - presence of words (5 in total) that refer to places and events related to the mountains, more specifically to the Italian Alps (e.g. 'slavina' [avalanche], 'barma' [mountain shack], 'vallone' [big valley], 'montanaro' [man who lives in the mountain], 'ciaspole' [snowshoes]), and those words often do not have an equivalent in English; - accurate and detailed description of the landscape: 'il verde delle risaie domina i fianchi delle valli, un po' più in alto fioriscono i boschi di rododendri' [the green of the rice fields overlooks the sides of the valleys, while a little higher up the rhododendron woods bloom]; - dry language and poignantly spare prose (Luczkiw 2022, 192); - references to specific Northern Italian locations (e.g. 'Alpi Occidentali', 'Grenon'). 		

<p>Strategy</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • <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> <p>(200 words max)</p>	<p>The text is going to be translated in English to be included, along with some other mountains-related books and leaflets, in a preparation package given by an American travel agency to a group going to the Italian Alps. The agency always gives these thematic gift bags to their clients, American tourist generally aged 20-40, to make sure they know something about the places they are going to and will act as responsible tourists (Paunović and Jovanović 2019, 61).</p> <p>To make the TT enjoyable to the TA, I will:</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> - translate the mountain-related words in English (e.g. ‘slavina’ [avalanche] -> ‘snowslide’; ‘montanaro’ [man who lives in the mountain] -> ‘mountains dweller’, etc...), except for the case of ‘barma’ [mountain shack], where I will keep the Italian word in italic and explain it the first time I encounter it (l. 34 ‘<i>barma</i>, the valley up the mountain sheltered by a rocky wall’); - keep a colloquial register (e.g. l. 11-12 ‘too sad to think straight’); - reproduce the dry, yet descriptive language of the ST (e.g. l. 20-21 ‘Just below it I found some ice, a thin and transparent ice that I easily broke’).
<p>Critical Reflection</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • <i>textual analysis</i> <p>(200 words max)</p>	<p>One of the main peculiarities of the text is the fact the Cognetti manages to describe the landscape with very specific mountain-related terms, while describing fairly clear images (Luczkiw 2022, 193). Most of the words the author uses are not familiar even to Italian readers. By removing almost all the mountain specific words, except for ‘barma’ [mountain shack], this peculiar aspect of Cognetti’s writing is lost. The same happens with the translation in English of the geographical references, like with ‘Alpi Occidentali’ [Western Alps], which was translated with the much more generic ‘Alps’. In fact, in Italian the word ‘Alpi’ [Alps] covers a wide geographical area, that needs to be narrowed down to clearly understand the specific place a hypothetical interlocutor is referring to. And, although the choice to translate those words with words there were more common in English was driven by the necessity to make the TT as clear as possible for the TA, it can be argued that this way the text loses part of its specific features.</p>
<p>Works Cited</p>	<p>Cognetti, Paolo. 2016. <i>Le otto montagne</i> [the eight mountains]. Torino: Einaudi</p>

- *use of sources and reference material*

Invernizzi, Simone. 2018. "Paolo Cognetti, *Le otto montagne*", *Altre Modernità* 19: 378-381.

Luczkiw, Stash. 2022. "A Note from the Translator", in *The Lovers*, by Paolo Cognetti. London: Harvill Secker.

Paunović, Ivan, and Verka Jovanović. 2019. "Sustainable mountain tourism in word and deed: A comparative analysis in the macro regions of the Alps and the Dinarides". *Acta Geographica Slovenica*, 59 (2): 59-69.

Source Text

Le otto montagne

- Me ne vado, - dissi, per la seconda volta in poche settimane. Due volte ci avevo provato e due volte mi ero arreso.

- Sì, mi pare giusto, - disse Bruno.

- Tu dovresti scendere con me.

- Ancora?

Lo guardai. Gli era venuto in mente qualcosa che lo faceva sorridere. Disse:

- Da quanto tempo è che siamo amici?

- Mi sa che sono trent'anni l'anno prossimo, - risposi.

- E non sono trent'anni che provi a farmi scendere da qui?

Poi aggiunse: - Non ti devi preoccupare per me. Questa montagna non mi ha mai fatto male.

Mi ricordo poco altro di quella mattina. Ero scosso e troppo triste per pensare con lucidità. Mi ricordo che non vedevo l'ora di lasciarmi il lago e la slavina alle spalle, ma che più tardi, nel vallone, cominciai a godermi la discesa. Ritrovai la mia traccia del giorno prima e scoprii che con le ciaspole potevo andar giù a grandi balzi anche nei tratti più ripidi, tanto la neve fresca mi teneva. Anzi: più ripido era il pendio, più potevo buttarmi e lasciarmi andare. Mi fermai solo una volta, attraversando il torrente, perché avevo pensato una cosa e volevo vedere se era vera. Scesi tra le

Target Text

The Eight Mountains

1 "I'm leaving," I said, for the second time in just a couple of weeks. Twice
2 I had tried, and twice I had given up.

3 "Seems fair," said Bruno.

4 "You should come down with me."

5 "You want to do this again?"

6 I looked at him. He was thinking about something that made him smile.

7 Then he said, "How long have we been friends?"

8 "I think next year it's going to be thirty years," I replied.

9 "And haven't you been trying to get me to leave for thirty years? You
10 don't have to worry about me. This mountain has never hurt me."

11 I don't remember much about that morning. I was shocked and too sad
12 to think straight. I remember that I couldn't wait to get past the lake and
13 the snowslide, but also that later, when I reached the valley, I began to
14 enjoy descent. I had found the tracks I left the day before, and found out
15 that with my snowshoes I could go down in great leaps even in the
16 steepest sections, thanks to how well the fresh snow took my weight. In
17 fact, the steeper the slope was, the more I could freely let myself go. I
18 only stopped once, to cross the creek, because I had thought of something
19 I wanted to check. I descended between the two snowy banks and dug

due sponde innevate e scavai nella neve con i guanti. Appena sotto trovai del ghiaccio, un ghiaccio sottile e trasparente che ruppi senza sforzo. Scoprii che quella crosta proteggeva una vena d'acqua. Non si vedeva né sentiva dal sentiero, ma era ancora il mio torrente che scorreva sotto la neve.

L'inverno del 2014 si rivelò poi, sulle Alpi Occidentali, tra i più nevosi dell'ultimo mezzo secolo. Nelle stazioni sciistiche in quota si misurarono tre metri di neve alla fine di dicembre, sei alla fine di gennaio, otto alla fine di febbraio. Dal Nepal, leggendo questi dati, non riuscivo a immaginare che aspetto avessero otto metri di neve in alta montagna. Erano abbastanza da seppellire i boschi. Molti più di quelli che servono per seppellire una casa.

Un giorno di marzo Lara mi scrisse di telefonarle appena potevo. Mi disse poi a voce che Bruno non si trovava più. I suoi cugini erano andati su a vedere se stava bene, ma alla barma nessuno aveva più spalato da parecchio tempo, la casetta era scomparsa sotto la neve e anche la parete di roccia si distingueva a fatica. I cugini avevano chiamato aiuto, e una squadra di soccorso portata dall'elicottero aveva scavato fino a raggiungere il tetto. Avevano fatto un buco nelle tavole e a quel punto si aspettavano, come a volte succedeva con i vecchi montanari, di trovare Bruno nel suo letto, colto da un malore e morto congelato. Solo che in

20 into the snow with my gloves. Just below it I found some ice, a thin and
21 transparent ice that I easily broke. I found out that the layer protected a
22 vein of water. It couldn't be seen or heard from the trail, but it was still
23 my creek flowing under the snow.

24
25 The winter of 2014 turned out to be one of the snowiest of the last half
26 century, in the Alps. In the high-altitude ski resorts they measured three
27 meters of snow at the end of December, six at the end of January, eight
28 at the end of February. Reading these figures from Nepal, I could not
29 imagine what eight meters of snow really looked like, up in the
30 mountains. It was enough to cover the woods, and much more than it
31 takes to bury a house.

32 One day in March Lara wrote and told me to call her as soon as I could.
33 She then told me that Bruno was nowhere to be found. His cousins had
34 gone to the *barma*, the valley up the mountain sheltered by a rocky wall,
35 to see if he was all right, but apparently no one had shoveled the snow
36 for a long time, and the cottage had disappeared under it. Even the rock
37 wall was barely distinguishable. The cousins had called for help, and a
38 helicopter rescue party had dug down until they'd reached the roof. They
39 had made a hole in the wooden boards and expected, as sometimes
40 happened with old mountain dweller, to find Bruno in his bed, seized by
41 a stroke and frozen to death. Only there was no one inside. And after the

casa non c'era nessuno. Né lì intorno, dopo le ultime neviccate, si vedevano tracce di passaggio. Lara mi chiese se avevo qualche idea, dato che ero l'ultimo ad averlo visto, e io dissi di guardare se in cantina si trovavano dei vecchi sci. No, non c'erano nemmeno quelli.

Il soccorso alpino cominciò a battere la zona con i cani, così per una settimana la chiamai ogni giorno per avere notizie, ma c'era troppa neve sul Grenon e con la primavera si entrava nella stagione peggiore per le slavine. In marzo le Alpi ne furono martoriate: e dopo tutti gli incidenti di quell'inverno, in cui i morti sui versanti italiani arrivarono a ventidue, a nessuno interessò più molto di un montanaro disperso in un vallone sopra a casa sua. Né a me né a Lara, a quel punto, sembrò importante insistere perché continuassero a cercare. Bruno l'avrebbero trovato col disgelo. Sarebbe spuntato in qualche canalone in piena estate, e sarebbero stati i corvi a scoprirlo per primi.

- Secondo te era quello che voleva? - mi chiese Lara al telefono.

- No, non credo, - mentii.

- Tu riuscivi a capirlo, vero? Voi due vi capivate.

- Spero di sì.

- Perché a me certe volte sembra di non averlo nemmeno conosciuto.

E allora, mi chiesi, chi l'aveva conosciuto oltre a me sulla terra? E chi mi aveva conosciuto oltre a Bruno? Se era segreto a chiunque altro, quello

42 latest snowfalls, there weren't traces of his footsteps anywhere around
43 the house. Lara asked me if I had any ideas of where he could be, since I
44 was the last one who had seen him. I told her to see if they could find a
45 pair of old skis. No, they weren't there.

46 The mountain rescue team began to search the area with dogs, so for a
47 week I called Lara every day to get news, but there was too much snow
48 on the Grenon. And spring was the worst season of all, because of the
49 snowslides. In March the Alps were battered by them: and after all the
50 accidents of that winter, during which on the Italian slopes there had
51 been twenty-two deaths, no one cared much about a mountain dweller
52 lost in a valley above his house. And at that point, Lara and I thought we
53 shouldn't insist that they kept looking. They were going to find Bruno
54 when the snow melted. He would have shown up during the summer in
55 some gully, and the crows would have been the firsts to find him.

56 "Do you think that was what he wanted?" Lara asked me on the phone.

57 "No, I don't think so," I lied.

58 "You could understand him, couldn't you? You two understood each
59 other."

60 "I hope so."

61 "Because sometimes I feel I didn't know him at all."

62 Who in the world had known him, besides me? I wondered.

63

che di noi avevamo condiviso, che cosa ne restava adesso che uno dei due non c'era più?

Quando quei giorni finirono la città mi divenne insopportabile, e decisi di andare a fare un giro da solo in montagna. È una stagione splendida la primavera in Himalaya: il verde delle risaie domina i fianchi delle valli, un po' più in alto fioriscono i boschi di rododendri. Ma non volevo tornare in qualche posto conosciuto, né risalire il corso di nessun ricordo, così scelsi una zona in cui non ero mai stato, comprai una mappa e partii. Da tanto tempo non provavo la libertà e la gioia dell'esplorazione. Mi capitò di lasciare il sentiero, risalire un pendio e raggiungere un crinale solo per la curiosità di scoprire che cosa c'era di là, e di fermarmi senza averlo previsto in un villaggio che mi piaceva, passando un pomeriggio intero tra le pozze di un torrente. Quello era il modo di andare in montagna mio e di Bruno. Pensai che sarebbe stato, negli anni a venire, il mio modo di conservare il nostro segreto. Mi veniva in mente invece che c'era una casa, su alla barma, con un buco nel tetto, e questo non le dava molto da vivere, ma sentivo anche che lei non serviva più a niente, e ci pensavo come da lontano.

Da mio padre avevo imparato, molto tempo dopo avere smesso di seguirlo sui sentieri, che in certe vite esistono montagne a cui non è possibile tornare. Che nelle vite come la mia e la sua non si può tornare alla montagna che sta al centro di tutte le altre, e all'inizio della propria storia.

64 And who had known me, besides Bruno? If what we shared was a secret
65 hidden from everyone else, what was left of it now that one of us was
66 gone?

67 When those days were over, I couldn't bear to stay in the city, so I decided
68 to take a trip to the mountains. The Himalayan spring is a splendid season:
69 the green of the rice fields overlooks the sides of the valleys, while a little
70 higher up the rhododendron woods bloom. But I didn't want to go back
71 to some familiar place, or retrace the course of a memory, so I picked a
72 random area I'd never been to, bought a map, and started walking. It had
73 been a long time since I experienced the freedom and joy of exploration.
74 Sometimes I just left the path, went up a hill and reached a ridge just out
75 of curiosity, to find out what lay on the other side. Or I stopped in a village
76 I liked, even if I hadn't planned to, and spent the afternoon in the pools
77 of a mountain stream. That was our way to go to the mountains, Bruno's
78 and mine. I thought that, in the years to come, this would be my way of
79 keeping our secret. Instead, I only thought, like from a distance, that there
80 was a cottage, up at the *barma*, with a hole in the roof. Because of that,
81 it wouldn't last very long, but I also felt that it was no longer of any use.
82 I had learned from my father, long after I had stopped following him up
83 the mountain paths, that in some lives there are mountains to which it is
84 not possible to return. People like him and me can't go back to the
85 mountain that is at the center of all the others, the beginning of our story.

E che non resta che vagare per le otto montagne per chi, come noi, sulla prima e più alta ha perso un amico.

86 For people like us, there is nothing left but to wander around the eight
87 mountains, because we lost a friend on the first and highest one.

