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Solitary Women: a literary translation portfolio

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Contents

	Introduction	
1	<i>Eu Durmo Comigo [I Sleep With Myself]</i>	5
2	<i>Sem Saída [Dead End]</i>	9
3	<i>Aula de Reforço [Tutoring Class]</i>	19
4	<i>A Noiva do Golfinho [The Dolphin's Bride]</i>	26
5	<i>Sayaka Murata: 'I acted how I thought a cute woman should act - it was horrible'</i>	32
6	<i>The Garden Party</i>	45
7	<i>The Invisible Girl</i>	54
8	<i>A Woman, Thirty</i>	61

Introduction

The theme of this portfolio presented itself to me when I realised that my first choices of texts to be translated were connected somehow. I see the crafting of this collection of translations as an opportunity to build a deeper relationship with texts that I already like and have enjoyed reading. It was from this point of view that I started selecting the texts, almost in an unconscious way, before deciding on a theme. The choice of a theme proved to be useful to finalise the selection of texts and allowed me to begin this work that I have named *Solitary Women*.

As a woman, a writer, and now as a translator, I have always been interested in the solitude and loneliness of female characters. Writing and translating are solitary activities, most of the time, and I experience this human feeling from the point of view of my gender.

I have attempted to render into English the conflict expressed by the solitary woman in Angélica Freitas' poem *Eu Durmo Comigo [I Sleep With Myself]*, and to create a version in Portuguese of the dilemma lived by the solitary woman in Lydia Davis short fiction. Those are the first and last texts.

Most of the texts I chose are written by women, but I have also included three texts by male authors, including one by the Brazilian author Cristóvão Tezza. His character Beatriz, that also names the short story book from which I extracted the text, is one I consider to be an interesting portrait of a solitary woman.

The two other texts written by men are *A Noiva do Golfinho [The Dolphin's Bride]*, by Xavier Marques, and an interview with Sayaka Murata by David McNeill. The first was chosen because it fits the theme but also pays tribute to fantasy fiction, a genre I did not

want to leave out. The second is the text that made me interested in the work of Sayaka Murata. She has dealt with solitude and individuality in a very particular way in her writing, making use of dark humour and surrealism.

I could not ignore the effects the current global situation and a pandemic had on my own understanding of solitude and isolation, so I included *Sem saída [Dead End]*, by Marília Garcia. This is a text that expresses many of the new collective/individual concerns the lockdowns created, and a very good example of Brazilian contemporary literature worth translating.

The other two women featured in my portfolio are Katherine Mansfield and Mary Shelley. I hope my translations have successfully transported into Portuguese the solitude felt by Laura, Mansfield's sensitive girl, and Rosina, Shelley's broken-hearted young woman.

The short story is the predominant genre in my portfolio, because it is the format that better represents my experience with texts. My intention with this work is to honestly represent my translation (and writing, for translation is writing) abilities.

I tried to be creative with my strategies but I also wanted to have translations that could be useful in real life scenarios. I would like to thank my supervisor, Dr. Natália Resende, for all the suggestions and useful insights that helped me to polish the translations and even the briefs. I am also grateful for my classmates and Dr. James Hadley for the portfolio workshops. A special thanks to classmate Angie McGrath, who kindly proofread my translations into English.

I also would like to thank my family, who make me a less solitary woman even when they are on the other side of the Atlantic.

Abbreviations:

ST : source text

TT : target text

TA : target audience

SA : source audience

SC : source culture

Student Number	22300069	Text Number	1
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Source Text

Target Text

Title	Eu Durmo Comigo	Title	I Sleep With Myself
Year Published	2018		
Author	Angélica Freitas		
Language	Brazilian Portuguese	Language	English
Word Count	82	Word Count	103
<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 familiarity with the formal features of a text (language variation(s), register, dialect)</i> <p>(200 words max)</p>	<p>This is a contemporary poem taken from the book <i>Rua Aribau [Aribau Street]</i> (Freitas 2018, 41) which only features poems by female authors. It is written in the first person and consists of a series of descriptions of situations in which the woman says she will still sleep alone (or rather, ‘with herself’).</p> <p>The sentences are separated by slashes instead of line breaks. This layout along with the choice of never using capital letters, makes the poem look even shorter and more compact. These choices help portray a feeling of enclosure and loneliness. It is possible to identify the gender of the speaker 3 times in the text: in the adjectives ‘deitada’ [lying down], ‘virada’ [turned] and ‘abraçada’ [hugging]. Portuguese is a gendered language and most of the adjectives must agree with the gender of the speaker (Carvalho 2001, 61).</p> <p>The poem relies on repetition to create a rhythm (the expression from the title, ‘eu durmo comigo’ [I sleep with myself], is repeated 9 times). The poem is written in free verse, with no rhyme. The language is informal (e.g., the expressions ‘virada pra direita’ [turned to the right] and ‘vai ter que’ [will have to]) but there is no use of slang or regional expressions.</p>		
<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> 	<p>My TA will be the readers of the feminist magazine <i>The F-Word</i>. Because the publication ‘believes that feminist art and writing can be a powerful driver of positive social, political, and cultural change’ and ‘privileges the voice of women’ (The F-Word n.d., ‘About’), I will apply a feminist translation microstrategy (Flotow 2020, 185) by inserting words that may help identify the speaker as a woman. Where the source text says ‘um trovador agarrado ao alaúde’ [a bard</p>		

<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • <i>justification of translation production of genre for target context</i> (200 words max) 	<p>clutching the lute], I will insert the pronoun ‘her’: a bard clutching her lute. I will also change ‘enquanto os outros fazem aniversário’ [while others celebrate birthdays] for ‘while other women celebrate birthdays’. Those 3 gendered words in Portuguese will be neutral when translated into English: ‘lying down’, ‘turned’ and ‘hugging’ can refer to subjects of any gender.</p> <p>I will also keep the poem as compact and rhythmmed as possible, by using the same formatting (no line breaks and no capital letters) and repeating the expression from the title in the same places. Both the repetitive rhythm and the compact format help reinforcing the woman’s solitude, which is the theme I want the TA to reflect on (and the theme of this portfolio).</p>
<p>Critical Reflection</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • <i>textual analysis</i> (200 words max) 	<p>Despite my intentions of keeping the translation as short as the source text, it resulted in a slightly longer text of 103 words. This is in some way a result of the other part of my strategy: adding words to make it clear that the speaker is a woman, in order to follow the mission statement of the magazine my TA will be reading. I could make the gender explicit on two occasions (with 2 words), while the source text does it three times (with 3 words). In a poem of just 83 words, this meant a reduction from approximately 3.6% of gendered words to 2.4%.</p> <p>It is also worth reflecting on my translation choice for the title, which is the repeated expression: <i>I sleep with myself</i>. ‘Eu durmo comigo’ could have been translated as ‘I sleep by myself’, which was my first instinctive choice as a set expression. However, I would then be translating the implied meaning of the expression: ‘comigo’ means literally ‘with me’, and it can be inferred that she is sleeping alone (by herself). The poem does not state explicitly that she is ‘alone’ [sozinha]. I opted for ‘with myself’ to give the TA the same opportunity for interpretation I had in Portuguese.</p>
<p>Works Cited</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • <i>use of sources and reference material</i> 	<p>Carvalho, Nildemir Ferreira. 2001. ‘A Natureza do Gênero em Português’ [The Nature of The Gender in Portuguese]. <i>ALFA: Revista de Linguística</i> 33: 55-88. https://periodicos.fclar.unesp.br/alfa/article/view/3810.</p> <p>Freitas, Angélica. 2018. ‘Eu durmo comigo.’ In <i>Rua Aribau [Aribau Street]</i>, edited by Alice Sant’Anna, 41. Porto Alegre: TAG</p>

Flotow, Louise Von. 2020. 'Feminist translation strategies'. In *Routledge Encyclopaedia of Translation Studies*, edited by Mona Baker and Gabriela Saldanha, 185. New York: Routledge.

The F-Word Magazine. n.d. 'About'. Accessed February 21, 2023. <https://upennfword.com/about/>

Source Text

Eu durmo comigo

eu durmo comigo/ deitada de braços eu durmo comigo/ virada pra direita eu durmo comigo/ eu durmo comigo abraçada comigo/ não há noite tão longa em que eu não durma comigo/ como um trovador agarrado ao alaúde eu durmo comigo/ eu durmo comigo debaixo da noite estrelada/ eu durmo comigo enquanto os outros fazem aniversário/ eu durmo comigo às vezes de óculos/ e mesmo no escuro sei que estou dormindo comigo/ e quem quiser dormir comigo vai ter que dormir do lado.

Target Text

I sleep with myself

1 I sleep with myself/ lying on my breasts I sleep with myself / facing the
2 wall on the right I sleep with myself / I sleep with myself hugging myself/
3 there is no long night in which I don't sleep with myself / like a bard
4 clutching her lute I sleep with myself/ I sleep with myself under the
5 starred night/ I sleep with myself while other women celebrate
6 birthdays/ I sleep with myself sometimes wearing glasses/ and even in
7 the dark I know I am sleeping with myself/ and whoever wants to sleep
8 with me will have to sleep by my side.

Student Number	22300069	Text Number	2
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Source Text		Target Text	
Title	Sem Saída	Title	Dead End
Year Published	2021		
Author	Marília Garcia		
Language	Brazilian Portuguese	Language	English
Word Count	1,592	Word Count	1,776
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 familiarity with the formal features of a text (language variation(s), register, dialect)</i> (200 words max)	<p>This is an excerpt of the literary essay <i>Sem Saída [Dead End]</i>, published in the book <i>Partes de Uma Casa [Parts of a House]</i> (Garcia 2021, 63). Written during the Covid-19 pandemic, it is a reflection on isolation, both that to which we were collectively submitted and the individual isolation each person may naturally feel.</p> <p>The text is written in the first person, but the subject pronoun ‘I’ is frequently in ellipsis and only written 9 times. It is very personal and introspective: Marília Garcia starts by telling the reader her motivations to write, her grandmother’s story and about her own pregnancy, relating each to the theme of isolation. By setting this tone, the author builds proximity to the reader, even addressing the reader directly twice (lines 27 and 55). The author mentions Lygia Clark and the poet Augusto de Campos assuming the reader is familiar with them, as well as Brazilian cities (Rio de Janeiro, shortened as ‘Rio’) and states (São Paulo and Minas Gerais, shortened as ‘Minas’). In the context of her investigation about her grandmother’s birth, baptism, and marriage, she mentions 9 Brazilian/Portuguese names and surnames.</p>		
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> • <i>justification of translation</i> 	<p>My TA is made up of Asian tourists aged 25 to 40 who are visiting an exhibition in Dublin that promotes the work of female Latin American artists. The extract will be printed on a flier available at the exhibition. The aim is to attract readers to the work of Marília Garcia to generate interest for the translation of her books in Asia, where Garcia has not yet been published (Marília Garcia n.d., ‘About’). Thus, I will highlight the text’s Brazilian origins while also keeping the intimate tone with its proximity to the reader. I will:</p>		

<p><i>production of genre for target context</i> (200 words max)</p>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> - keep all Brazilian/Portuguese (sur)names, unaltered from the ST; - add footnotes about Augusto de Campos, Lygia Clark and the states and cities mentioned, giving brief explanations about them; - use contractions every time it is possible in English standard grammar (e.g. <i>it's</i>, <i>don't</i>) to give the text a colloquial tone (Heim 2014, 462) and create the impression of a conversation with the reader; - use the first person, repeating the pronoun 'I'. This will reinforce the personal tone.
<p>Critical Reflection • <i>textual analysis</i> (200 words max)</p>	<p>The TT is 184 words longer, but as this increase is mainly due to the footnotes and the repetition of the pronoun 'I', it does not appear longer, which is useful considering the intention to print it. The footnotes also had the effect of clarifying the context in a way that helped the Brazilian/Portuguese names sound natural in the text written in English. While the subject pronoun 'I' was only written 9 times in the ST because of the ellipsis in Portuguese, in English it is written 79 times. This is a huge increase, but because the explicit subject is the standard way of writing in English the text does not sound too repetitive. The following example shows this difference between ST and TT:</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> - 'Começo o dia no escuro, de madrugada; acendo o interruptor, junto a poeira no chão, sentto-me numa cadeira de madeira na cozinha e fico o tempo todo lá' → all the verbs are conjugated in the first person, the pronoun 'I' is implied - ['I start the day in the dark, before sunrise: I turn on the light switch, I gather the dust on the floor, I sit on a chair in the kitchen and I stay there all the time.'] → the pronoun I is written 5 times.
<p>Works Cited • <i>use of sources and reference material</i></p>	<p>Garcia, Marília. 2021. 'Sem Saída [Dead End]'. In <i>Partes de uma casa [Parts of a House]</i> organized by Rafaela Pechansky. Rio Grande do Sul: TAG Experiências Literárias</p> <p>Heim, Michael Henry. 2014. 'Varieties of English for the Literary Translator.' In <i>A Companion to Translation Studies</i>, edited by Sandra Bermann and Catherine Porter, 454-466. UK: Wiley-Blackwell</p> <p>Marília Garcia n.d. 'About'. https://www.mariliagarcia.com/bio-contato. Accessed 3rd February 2023</p>

Source Text***Sem Saída***

Não posso voltar atrás

Nunca saí do lugar

Não posso ir mais adiante

Curvas enganam o olhar

A estrada é muito comprida

Levei toda a minha vida

O caminho é sem saída

Augusto de Campos, “Sem saída”

Quando comecei a escrever este texto, queria contar a história de uma mulher que passou anos nas ruínas de uma cozinha. A história da minha bisavó. No meio do caminho, veio o confinamento, e agora sou eu que estou presa numa cozinha. Acabei desistindo de fazer o texto. Seria uma história com muitas lacunas naquilo que parece o mais significativo: como ela viveu, o que pensava, o que aconteceu. Sei apenas de alguns marcos, episódios que dividem o tempo, nascimento, deslocamentos, filhos, mas não sei o que existe *entre* as coisas, talvez o mais

Target Text***Dead end***

1 *I can't go back*

2 *I've never left the place*

3

4 *I can't go any further*

5 *The bends fool the eyes*

6 *The road is so long that*

7 *It took me until death*

8

9 *It's a dead-end path*

10 Augusto de Campos¹, “Dead end”

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12 When I started writing this text, I wanted to tell the story of a woman who
13 spent years in the wreck of a kitchen. My great-grandmother's story. The
14 lockdown came when I was midway done and now it's me who's trapped
15 in a kitchen. I gave up writing the text. It would be a story lacking what
16 seems the most significant parts: how she lived, what she thought, what
17 happened. I know just a few milestones, episodes that divide time, birth,
18 displacements, children, but I don't know what lies *between* those things,
19 perhaps that of most importance, I spent some time trying to fill in what

¹ Augusto de Campos (1931) is a poet, translator and literary critic who was one of the founders of the Concrete Poetry movement in Brazil.

importante... Passei um tempo tentando completar o que faltava, mas acabei enredada, andando em círculos, sem conseguir sair do lugar. Não sei se entrei num beco sem saída porque a história dela já não tinha um fim ou se o beco sem saída foi ter entrado no confinamento. O problema agora não é só estar confinada, mas a sensação de não poder fazer nada, de estar do lado de fora observando o que acontece dentro da minha vida, sem poder seguir adiante.

Todos os dias começo no escuro: acendo o interruptor, junto a poeira no chão, sento numa cadeira na cozinha: imagine uma cadeira de madeira aqui e, na parede, um relógio. Já fazia isso tudo antes, a diferença agora é nomear cada um desses gestos.

A Lygia Clark tem um trabalho chamado *Caminhando*, feito com a participação do público. A pessoa deve pegar uma faixa de papel e unir as extremidades da faixa de modo a formar um elo, mas invertendo uma das pontas antes de colar, para produzir, assim, uma fita de Möbius. Em vez de formar um cilindro, constrói-se a fita, como nesta imagem:

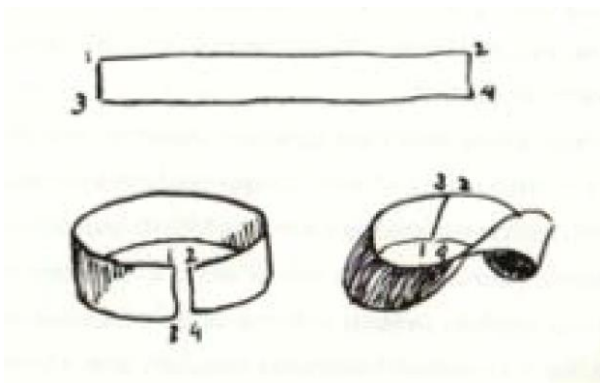
20 was missing, but I ended up tangled, walking in circles, not going
21 anywhere. I don't know if I entered a dead end because her story already
22 lacked a thread or if the dead end was the lockdown. The problem now
23 isn't just being in lockdown, but the feeling of being unable to do
24 anything, of standing outside watching what's happening inside my life,
25 not being allowed to go any further.

26 Every day I start in the dark: I switch on the lights, I gather the dust on the
27 floor, I sit on a chair in the kitchen: imagine a wooden chair here and, on
28 the wall, a clock. I used to do all that before, the difference is that now I
29 name each one of these gestures.

30 Lygia Clark² has a work called *Caminhando* [Walking], which is done with
31 people's participation. One must get a paper strip and connect the ends
32 in order to form a ring, twisting one of the ends before pasting them, to
33 make, this way, a Möbius strip. Instead of forming a cylinder, the strip is
34 formed, like in this picture:

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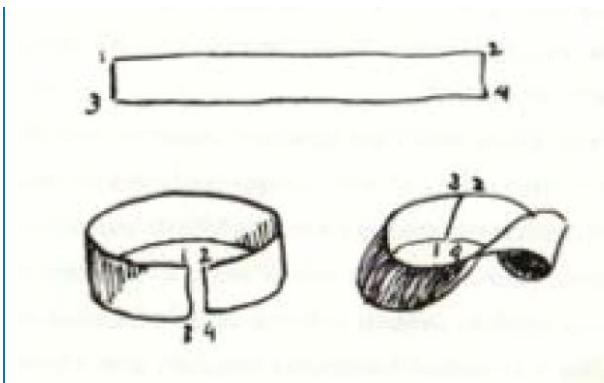
² Brazilian artist part of the Neo-Concrete movement (1920-1988).



A fita de Möbius não tem um lado de dentro e um lado de fora, ela tem um dentro que é fora que é dentro que é fora. Isso é o mais estranho, pois não se pode sair e dar um pulo para fora, como muitas vezes precisamos fazer. Em vez disso, a pessoa fica presa naquela circularidade. Avança, mas avança para voltar ao ponto de partida. O trabalho de Lygia Clark não acaba aqui. Depois de montada a fita, a pessoa deve recortá-la na horizontal, de modo paralelo à margem, para ir construindo vários anéis que ficam entrelaçados. É possível fazer em casa, como estou fazendo aqui. Pegue uma fita de papel, faça uma fita de Möbius e depois vá recortando com uma tesoura e formando os anéis. Penso que se eu for caminhando pela superfície da fita, vou andar literalmente em círculos até chegar ao ponto de partida.

Pouco antes de o confinamento começar, recebi a visita de uma prima do meu pai que soube que eu estava interessada na história da minha bisavó (avó dela). Imaginei que ela fosse me contar alguma coisa importante, um relato pessoal sobre o relacionamento das duas, ou uma

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The Möbius strip doesn't have an inside and an outside, it has an inside which is an outside which is an inside which is an outside. This is the weirdest thing, because we can't get out and run away, like we need to do many times. Instead, the person is stuck in that circularity. It's possible to go on, but only to return to the starting point. Lygia Clark's work doesn't stop here. After assembling the strip, one must cut it horizontally, parallel to the margin, in order to build several intertwined rings. It's possible to make it at home, like I'm doing here. Find a paper strip, build a Möbius band and then start cutting it with scissors and making the rings. I think that if I start walking on the strip's surface, I will literally walk in circles until I reach the starting point.

Right before the start of the lockdown, a cousin who knew I was interested in my great-grandmother's story (her grandmother) paid me a visit. I thought she was going to tell me something important, a personal story about their relationship, or a little family anecdote, but she didn't remember anything, she barely remembered her grandmother and didn't

pequena anedota familiar, mas ela não tinha memória de nada, mal se lembrava da avó nem entendia meu interesse. Veio para me entregar uma pequena caixa lacrada, que continha fotos antigas, recortes de jornais e cópias de documentos da família. Explicou que era tudo papelada velha, “uma caixa de Pandora”, disse. Também abriu a bolsa e tirou de lá um pequeno objeto. Era um chaveiro em formato de coração que, segundo ela, a própria avó tinha lhe dado de presente. Então me entregou o chaveiro, junto com a caixinha, e disse que eram meus.

Perguntei se ela não queria ficar pelo menos com o chaveiro — afinal era o “coração” da própria avó. Mas ela disse que não, que tudo aquilo era “velharia”. Senti um arrepio olhando aquele chaveiro e só conseguia pensar no fantasma da minha bisavó. Já estava convivendo com o fantasma dela, o passado é isso, uma coleção de fantasmas que moram com a gente. Só que nessa situação fiquei com medo de deparar com outro tipo de fantasma.

Foi quando veio o confinamento. Continuei tentando escrever a história dela, mas não conseguia avançar. Minha cabeça ficou ocupada pela memória de outro confinamento que precisei fazer. Era como se eu me visse de fora caminhando para aquele mesmo ponto, sem poder desviar, entrando na circularidade da fita de Mobius. Na época, eu estava grávida e um dia comecei a perder sangue. Minha médica disse que precisava ficar deitada e fazer um repouso severo, sem nenhuma atividade,

63 understand my interest. She had come to give me a little sealed box,
64 which contained old pictures, newspaper cuts and copies of family
65 documents. She explained that it was all old paperwork, “a Pandora’s
66 box”, she said. She also opened her purse and retrieved a small object. It
67 was a heart shaped key chain that, according to her, the grandmother
68 herself had given her as a gift. Then she gave me the keychain and the
69 little box and said that I could keep them.

70 I asked if she didn’t want to keep the keychain, at least – after all it was
71 grandma’s “heart”. She said no, it was all “old crap”. I shivered looking at
72 that keychain and I could only think of my great grandmother’s ghost. I
73 was already living with her ghost, this is the past, a collection of ghosts
74 that live with us. But in this case, I was scared of finding another type of
75 ghost.

76 That was when lockdown started. I went on trying to write her story, but
77 I couldn’t make much progress. My mind was busy with the memories of
78 another kind of lockdown I had to do. It was like I saw myself from outside
79 walking towards that same point, unable to change the way, falling into
80 the circularity of the Möbius band. At the time, I was pregnant and one
81 day I started bleeding. My doctor said I should lie down and have a serious
82 resting period, no activities, getting up only to go to the toilet. “And to
83 eat?” “No. You can eat in bed.”. Eat in bed? I didn’t know how long this
84 would take. I was in Lisbon, with my husband who was on a business trip,

levantar-se só para ir ao banheiro. “E para comer?” “Não. Você pode comer deitada.” Comer deitada? Não sabia quanto tempo ia levar assim. Eu estava em Lisboa, acompanhando meu marido num trabalho, e queria aproveitar esse tempo lá só para mim, antes de ter o bebê. Mas logo tive que deitar e passei três meses na horizontal.

Foi um confinamento só meu. O mundo continuava lá fora, mas dentro de casa eu não podia me mexer. Não podia me levantar, não podia sair. Meu maior medo era acordar de madrugada esvaindo em sangue.

Morávamos numa quitinete com quarto e cozinha no mesmo cômodo, passava o dia deitada no sofá-cama de frente para a mesa da cozinha. Ficava olhando a mesa de madeira e o relógio na parede em cima da pia. Deixava o rádio ligado, mas não ouvia nada, apenas uma ladainha que me servia de companhia.

Deitada, mal conseguia me concentrar para ler, estava sempre cansada e os dias eram longos, via uma fresta de sol pela janela, o sol uma listra na perna, mas tinha que permanecer deitada. Sobretudo não me mexer.

Um dia lembrei que minha família nunca tinha encontrado o registro de nascimento da minha bisavó. Ela era portuguesa. Foi quando comecei meu interesse por ela. Não sabia por que minha família queria esse documento, mas talvez por estar em Portugal, assombrada pelos fantasmas de lá, talvez por estar grávida, me preocupando mais com os laços de sangue; foi quando comecei a procurar, nos arquivos digitais das

85 and I wanted to enjoy some time just for me there, before having the
86 baby. But soon I had to lie down and I spent three months in a horizontal
87 position.

88 It was a very personal confinement. The world was moving out there, but
89 inside home I couldn't move. I couldn't get up, I couldn't go out. My
90 biggest fear was waking up in the middle of the night lying in a pool of my
91 own blood. We lived in a studio, bedroom and kitchen in the same room,
92 and I spent the day lying down on the sofa bed, facing the kitchen table. I
93 stared the wooden table and the clock above the sink. I kept the radio on,
94 but I didn't listen to it, it was just a chit-chat that made me feel less lonely.
95 Lying down, I barely had the concentration to read, I was always tired and
96 the days were long, I saw a strip of sunlight through the window, the sun
97 drawing a strip on my leg, but I had to remain lying down. Most
98 importantly, don't move.

99 One day I remembered that my family had never found my great-
100 grandmother's birth certificate. She was Portuguese. It was when my
101 interest in her began. I didn't know why my family wanted this document,
102 but perhaps because I was in Portugal, haunted by local ghosts, perhaps
103 because I was pregnant, more concerned about blood ties, it was when I
104 started looking, in digital archives of Portuguese churches, for her
105 baptism records: “Maria dos Santos”. Or better, just “Maria”, because
106 “Santos” was her married name. There were some possibilities for her

paróquias portuguesas, o registro do batismo dela: “Maria dos Santos”. Ou melhor, só “Maria”, pois “Santos” era o sobrenome de casada. Havia algumas possibilidades de sobrenome: Tavares? Almeida? Jesus? Ela era filha de José Joaquim com Marianna.

Maria nasceu no fim do século XIX em Portugal na zona rural, veio para Brasil ainda adolescente de navio numa viagem de várias semanas. Adoeceu na viagem, demorou para se recuperar. Foi morar no Rio e conheceu um português, Antonio, com quem se casou, teve um filho, mas logo ficou viúva. Tudo isso aconteceu no mesmo ano de 1918, ano da gripe espanhola.

Então foi morar na cidade de Cruzeiro, no interior de São Paulo, e começou a trabalhar na cozinha de um hotel. Cruzeiro foi uma cidade que nasceu no cruzamento das linhas de trem entre São Paulo, Minas e Rio. Por que ela foi morar naquele lugar? Alguma coisa aconteceu nos anos seguintes e o hotel fechou, o prédio foi ficando em ruínas e parece que ela continuou lá, na cozinha do hotel, único cômodo que se manteve minimamente intacto por um tempo. Teve outros filhos, morou ali até o fim dos seus dias, mas não sei o que houve. O primeiro filho, que nasceu em 1918, no Rio, é meu avô. Eu também não o conheci.

Nos registros de batismo eram tantas Marias (sem sobrenomes) e Mariannas e Joaquins e Josés — e tantos Tavares, Almeidas e Jesus se

107 maiden name: Tavares? Almeida? Jesus? She was the daughter of a José
108 Joaquim with a Marianna.
109 Maria was born in the late 19th century in the Portuguese countryside,
110 came to Brazil in her teens on a ship in a trip that lasted several weeks.
111 She got sick during the trip, and it took her a long time to recover. She
112 settled in Rio³ and met a Portuguese man, Antonio, whom she married,
113 had a son, and was widowed shortly after. All of this happened in the year
114 1918, the year of the Spanish flu.
115 Then, she moved to Cruzeiro, an inland town in São Paulo and started
116 working in a hotel kitchen. Cruzeiro was a town that originated from the
117 crossing of the railways between São Paulo, Minas and Rio⁴. Why did she
118 move to that place? Something happened in the following years, the
119 building turned into ruins and it looks like she remained there, in the
120 kitchen, the only room that was more or less intact for a while. She had
121 more children, lived there until the end of her days, but I don’t know what
122 happened. The first son, the one who was born in 1918, in Rio, is my
123 grandfather. I never met him either.
124 In the baptism books there were so many Marias (without surnames) and
125 Mariannas and Joaquins and Josés – and so many repeated Tavares,
126 Almeidas and Jesus that it was like searching for a needle in a haystack. I
127 searched the records of a church that was located in the parish where my

³ Rio de Janeiro, the capital of the state of the same name.

⁴ São Paulo, Minas Gerais and Rio de Janeiro are neighbouring states in Brazil’s southeast region. São Paulo is also the name of the capital of São Paulo state and Brazil’s largest city.

repetindo que era como procurar uma agulha num palheiro. Busquei nos arquivos de uma paróquia que ficava na freguesia onde minha família achava que ela tinha nascido, Oliveira do Bairro. Procurei também nas paróquias próximas a essa freguesia, nas vilas ao redor e desci até Coimbra. Como a família morava na zona rural, ela poderia ter sido batizada em outro lugar, quem sabe nos meses seguintes? A data de nascimento que tínhamos era 18 de novembro de 1898, mas a inscrição poderia ter sido feita em 1899. Procuo a informação em muitos cadernos de registros minuciosamente digitalizados, aprendo a percorrer a caligrafia de cada um deles, vou passando as páginas na tela, chego a conhecer as freguesias e vilas ao redor de Oliveira do Bairro, mas não encontro nada.

Oliveira do Bairro, à época, tinha uma população de quase 2 mil habitantes. Hoje, não tem mais do que 6 mil. Olho no Google e descubro que só no pedaço de rua onde moro em São Paulo há 6 mil habitantes. Descubro também que meu bairro, Paraíso, nasceu em 1897, e tem a mesma idade da minha bisavó.

Ao contrário do meu confinamento anterior, o de agora é coletivo. Estou dentro de casa neste pedaço de rua onde moram 6 mil pessoas que não podem sair. O confinamento acontece no mundo inteiro, então há uma espécie de rede invisível ligando todas as pessoas pelo medo, pela perplexidade. Parece que estamos olhando de fora e nos vendo do lado

128 family thought she had been born, a place called Oliveira do Bairro. I also
129 searched the region around it and even descended to Coimbra. As the
130 family lived in the countryside, she could have been baptized somewhere
131 else, perhaps some months after? The birthdate we had was 18th
132 November, 1898, but the documents could date from 1899. I searched for
133 the information in many carefully digitalised record books, I learnt to read
134 each one's calligraphy, scrolled down the pages on the screen, I ended up
135 knowing all about the region around Oliveira do Bairro, but I didn't find
136 anything.

137 Oliveira do Bairro, at the time, had a population of almost 2,000 people.
138 Today, it has no more than 6,000. I look it up on Google and I find out that
139 just in the part of the street where I live in São Paulo there are 6,000
140 people. I also find out that my neighbourhood, Paraíso, was born in 1897,
141 and it is the same age as my great grandmother.

142 Contrary to my previous confinement, the current one is collective. I'm
143 inside my house in this piece of street where 6,000 people live and can't
144 get out. The lockdown is happening all over the world, so there is a kind
145 of invisible net connecting everyone by fear, by astonishment. It looks like
146 we are observing from outside and seeing ourselves in life's inner side,
147 not able to change routes. Above all, surviving.

148 I start the day in the dark, before sunrise: I turn on the light switch, I
149 gather the dust on the floor, I sit on a chair in the kitchen and I stay

de dentro da vida, sem poder desviar do caminho. Sobretudo não morrer.

Começo o dia no escuro, de madrugada; acendo o interruptor, junto a poeira no chão, sento-me numa cadeira de madeira na cozinha e fico o tempo todo lá. Não ligo o rádio, não ouço música, o único ruído é do relógio na parede. Tudo está silencioso. Olho pela janela e a rua está deserta. Penso na minha bisavó confinada na cozinha de um hotel em ruínas. E decido abrir a tal caixa de Pandora que a prima do meu pai me entregou.

150 there all the time. I don't turn on the radio, I don't listen to music, the
151 only sound comes from the clock on the wall. Everything is silent. I look
152 through the window and the street is empty. I think of my great
153 grandmother confined in the kitchen of a hotel in ruins. And I decide to
154 open the Pandora's box that my father's cousin gave me.
155
156
157
158

Student Number	22300069	Text Number	3
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Source Text		Target Text	
Title	Aula de Reforço	Title	Tutoring Class
Year Published	2011		
Author	Cristóvão Tezza		
Language	Brazilian Portuguese	Language	English
Word Count	823	Word Count	835
<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 familiarity with the formal features of a text (language variation(s), register, dialect)</i> <p>(200 words max)</p>	<p>This is the final part of a short story in which Beatriz, Tezza’s recurring character in the short story book <i>Beatriz</i> (Tezza 2011), is tutoring a teenager who needs to improve his essay writing skills. Beatriz is a single young woman, and she is shocked when she realises that the boy’s mother was trying to match her with her son Eduardo, ‘still a virgin’ (line 36).</p> <p>The story is mainly told in the third person, but there are dialogues inserted in the text with no formatting differences as well as Beatriz’s thoughts in the first person. The characters are rather stereotypical: the shy teenage boy, the overprotective conservative mother and an almost invisible and silent maid named only ‘Fulana’ [So-and-so]. The register is formal although there are colloquial breaks due to the dialogues and the character’s thoughts. There are mentions to spelling and grammar mistakes in Portuguese (lines 3-4). The boy’s mother is named ‘dona Sara’: the pronoun ‘dona’ in Portuguese is used with many different connotations to refer to women, ranging from noble title to pejorative addressing (Scalzilli 2016, 319) and in this text (judging by the context) it appears to indicate she is a middle-aged high society woman. Only two of Tezza’s 30 books have been translated into English (Cristóvão Tezza n.d., ‘Edições no exterior’).</p>		
<p>Strategy</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • <i>identification of translation problems</i> 	<p>My TA is the author of the ST. In a fictional interview with Cristóvão Tezza focusing on his women characters in his works, I would show him my translation of this text, in which I will switch the genders of all characters and ask him if he would agree with the publication of this translation-adaptation of his work in English. By doing this I aim at creating a</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>	<p>dialogue with the author about his view of the stereotypes associated with gender and the impact of this in the internationalisation of his literature. The translation strategy will involve:</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> - changing the female names to male ones: Sara will be Paulo, Eduardo will be Eduarda and Beatriz will be Bernardo; - translating the pronoun ‘dona’ as the title ‘Mr.’ - changing other pronouns (ela/ele/dela/dele [she/he/her/his]) <p>I want to preserve all the other formal features of the text, so I will keep the mix of third person, dialogues and first person. I will need to replace the spelling mistake in the verb ‘encontrar’ [find] for one in English: ‘brouhgt’; and I will replace the agreement mistake in the verb ‘acontece’ [happen] with the following in English: ‘burnings takes place’.</p>
<p>Critical Reflection</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • <i>textual analysis</i> <p>(200 words max)</p>	<p>The TT has 3 male characters and just one female, as opposed to the ST, which had 3 female and one male. The TT has a shy teenage girl; an overprotective conservative father; a silent, respectful male servant and a young single male teacher. To test if these differences are enough to address my aim of creating a debate about gender, stereotype, and translation with the author, I designed interview questions based on a critical reflection on the text. By pointing the differences between the ST and the TT, I was able to question the author if some features of his characters are exclusive to the female or male gender and why. By showing the rendering of this inversion into English I was able to connect his character building to the reception of his work by an English-speaking audience. The results of this reflection are interview questions which can be found in the appendix of this portfolio. I also observed that the final product of a translation strategy which has the author of the ST as TA is different from all other translations in this portfolio. I notice I was less concerned with the formal features and the readability of the text than I would be if the TA were a large audience of readers.</p>
<p>Works Cited</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • <i>use of sources and reference material</i> 	<p><i>Cristóvão Tezza</i>. N.d. ‘Edições no exterior’ [Editions abroad]. http://www.cristovaotezza.com.br/p_exterior.htm</p>

	<p>Scalzilli, Guilherme de Camargo. 2016. 'Dona Ruth e Dona Dilma: Reflexões Sobre as Marcas do Discurso Machista nos Usos de um Pronome de Tratamento' [Dona Ruth and Dona Dilma: Reflections on the Marks of Misoginist Discourse in the Use of a Pronoun]. <i>Cadernos de Estudos Lingüísticos</i>. 58. 317. 10.20396/cel.v58i2.8647157.</p> <p>Tezza, Cristóvão. 2011. <i>Beatriz</i>. Rio de Janeiro: Record</p>
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Source Text

Aula de reforço

O resumo não ficou bom — ele queimou as 50 palavras apenas com o assunto do primeiro parágrafo —, mas o texto estava até razoável: só um erro de concordância (acontece queimadas todos os meses) e outro de ortografia (encontrarão por encontraram). Enfim: estava diante de um caso típico. Já tinha praticamente um curso completo destinado a ele, só venderia a mão de obra — e quando dona Sara se aproximou, uma hora depois, conclamando-a para tomar um café, começou a pensar no preço que cobraria. Súbito, o rapaz desapareceu e ela se viu diante de outra mesa, em outra sala, tendo de decidir entre o chá e o café. Havia uns cinco tipos de bolachas — uma empregada uniformizada surgiu de lugar nenhum, depositou outra bandeja e se retirou em silêncio para o fundo de um corredor de onde vinha o som distante de uma televisão. Beatriz começou a se sentir desconfortável, a mão quente da mulher sobre o seu braço. E que tal o meu filho? Não é inteligente? Sim, sim, ele é ótimo, ele é muito melhor que a senhora, ela quase disse, E sabe o que eu ia propor a você, eu achei que ele gostou tanto de você que — e Beatriz se serviu de café, apenas café, e escolheu um modelo de bolacha que parecia apetitosa, e era — que eu estava pensando se; mas se sirva, por favor. Oitenta reais — não, é muito. Se o meu

Target Text

Tutoring class

1 The summary wasn't good – she wasted the 50 words on just the subject
2 of the first paragraph – but the text was reasonable: just one agreement
3 mistake (burnings takes place every month) and one spelling problem
4 (brouhgt instead of brought). In conclusion: it was a typical case. He had
5 a course almost ready for her, he would just charge for teaching it – and
6 when Mr. Paulo approached, one hour later, summoning him to have
7 some coffee, he started thinking about how much he would charge.
8 Suddenly, the girl disappeared, and he found himself in front of another
9 table, in another room, having to decide between tea and coffee. There
10 were about five kinds of cookies – a male servant in a uniform came
11 from nowhere, left another tray and left in silence towards the end of a
12 corridor from where the faint sound of a television could be heard.
13 Bernardo started feeling uncomfortable with the man's warm hand on
14 his arm. And what about my daughter? Isn't she clever? Yes, yes, she's
15 great, she's a lot better than you, he almost said, And you know, I was
16 thinking of suggesting to you, I think that she liked you so much that –
17 and Bernardo helped himself with coffee, just coffee, and chose a cookie
18 that looked tasty, and it was - that I was thinking of; but help yourself,
19 please. Eighty reais – no, it's too much. If my fixed price is forty, I can ask
20 for fifty perhaps sixty an hour, he calculated, perhaps two, three classes

padrão é quarenta, posso pedir cinquenta, talvez sessenta a hora, ela calculou, quem sabe duas, três aulas por semana, isso representaria um desafio bom enquanto ela — enquanto ela o quê? O café estava bom, forte, e ela pôs um pouco mais de açúcar, esperando o momento para encaixar seu preço, mas dona Sara falava sem parar sim, sim, eu digo mesmo sair com ele, respirar um pouco outro ar, acho que a minha presença — ela baixou a voz para confessar — é um tanto, assim quero dizer, eu intimidado, sabe? Ele está nessa fase terrível. Mas do que essa mulher está falando? — e pegou outra bolacha, sentindo a clássica pontada no pescoço que sempre reaparecia em seus momentos de tensão. Bem, a aula pode ser em outro lugar, é claro, ela acabou dizendo, sem oferecer a própria casa, embora fosse o ideal, não precisaria pegar ônibus — Ir ao cinema, eu digo, temas de redações, tudo isso seria muito bom para ele, escrever sobre a vida, os dedos quentes de dona Sara como que pediam socorro e desculpa ao mesmo tempo, apertando-lhe suavemente o braço, enquanto a cabeça se aproximava, isso seria muito bom e vocês ficariam à vontade, compreende? Até na mesa de um barzinho, se fosse o caso — e colocou a mão na boca, um escândalo envergonhado: — Eu acho até que ele é virgem! — e deu uma risadinha nervosa. Na verdade ela não quer saber como o filho escreve, surpreendeu-se Beatriz, a bolacha na boca, como uma ficha

21 every week, this would mean a good relief while he – while he what?
22 The coffee was good, strong, and he popped a little more sugar in it,
23 waiting for the moment to give his price, but Mr. Paulo spoke endlessly
24 yes, yes, I mean actually go out with her, get some fresh air, I think that
25 my presence – he lowered his voice to confess – is a bit, I mean, I
26 intimidate her, you know? She’s at that terrible phase. But what is this
27 man talking about? – and he helped himself to another cookie, feeling
28 the classic sting in his neck that always came in tense moments. Well,
29 the classes can be somewhere else, of course, he said in the end, not
30 offering his own house, although it would be ideal, he wouldn’t need to
31 get the bus – go to the cinema, I mean, themes for essays, all that would
32 be very good for her, write about life, Mr. Paulo’s warm fingers could
33 ask for help and apologise at the same time, slightly clutching his arm,
34 while the head came closer, this would be very good and you two would
35 feel at ease, you know? Even at some pub, perhaps – and he covered his
36 mouth with his hand, a shy scandal: I even think she’s virgin! And giggled
37 nervously. Actually, he doesn’t want to know how his daughter’s writing
38 is, Bernardo realised, surprised, the cookie stuck in his mouth. She
39 spends the day in front of the computer, and this is not good, it’s – well,
40 she needs to see people, she doesn’t even have a boyfriend, nothing,
41 and this impacts the studying, of course. More coffee? He finally chewed
42 the cookie, slowly, thinking: eighty reais and disappearing through that

que entala — Ele passa o dia no computador e isso não é bom, é — bem, ele precisa ver gente, nem tem namorada, nada, e isso afeta o estudo, é claro. Mais café? Enfim mastigou a bolacha, lentamente, pensando: oitenta reais e desaparecer por aquela porta para nunca mais voltar. Controlou o desejo de se erguer súbita e sair dali. Viu a mulher estender o pratinho — experimente esse, de amora, é uma delícia de recheio — e depois puxar para si o talão de cheques que não saiu da mesa em nenhum momento, como uma boia de segurança:

— Pensei em cem reais a hora cheia, Beatriz. Está bom para você? Uma letra rápida e criptográfica preenchia o cheque, quase que antes mesmo de ouvir aquele “sim, mas” tímido que ela balbuciou tentando articular uma estratégia qualquer que colocasse as coisas nitidamente nos seus lugares para todo o sempre, o que afinal essa bruxa está querendo de mim? — Aqui está o telefone dele, você pode marcar com o Dudu mesmo. E virou-se para o vulto da empregada que reapareceu no corredor, Fulana, eles vão entregar o baú daqui a pouco, e a mulher disse, a voz séria e rouca, Sim, dona Sara, e Beatriz viu-se quase abandonada na sala, dona Sara desculpou-se, comprei um baú lindo, tinha o que fazer, obrigada, menina, você é ótima, um fantasma que troca súbito de script. Levou outro susto ao ver diante do elevador a figura alta de Eduardo, abrindo gentil a

43 door to never come back. He controlled the urge to abruptly leave the
44 place. He watched as the man handed him the plate – try this one,
45 blackberry flavoured, the filling is delicious – and then reached for the
46 cheque book that hadn’t left the table at any moment, as though
47 reaching for a life buoy:
48 “I thought a hundred reais for the full hour, Bernardo. Is that good for
49 you?”
50 He filled the cheque with a quick cryptographic handwriting, almost
51 before hearing that timid “yes” that Bernardo babbled trying to
52 articulate a strategy that clearly put things in their right place forever,
53 what does this devil want from me after all? Here you have her phone
54 number, you can arrange it with Duda herself. And the man turned to
55 the shadow of the servant who reappeared on the corridor, So-and-so,
56 they’re going to deliver the trunk soon, and the servant said, with a
57 serious and hoarse voice, Yes, Mr. Paulo, and Bernardo found himself
58 almost abandoned in the room, Mr. Paulo apologised, I bought a
59 beautiful trunk, he had lots to do, thank you, boy, you’re great, a ghost
60 that suddenly changes the script. He was scared again by Eduarda’s tall
61 figure near the elevator, politely opening the door for him, and he
62 feared she would accompany him to arrange the details, but no – she
63 just wanted to say, whispering, I’m sorry, my father is crazy. Call me
64 instead – and before the door was closed he could see the father’s

porta para ela, e ela temeu que ele descesse junto para acertarem os detalhes, mas não — ele só queria dizer, sussurrando, Desculpe, minha mãe é louca. Ligue diretamente para mim — e antes de a porta fechar ela viu o vulto da mãe reaparecendo lá adiante, discreta, contemplando a despedida, como quem confere se tudo correu de acordo.

Dois andares abaixo, o cãozinho latiu de novo de algum lugar distante no espaço. Ela lembrou que teria de passar na farmácia, e abriu a bolsa para conferir se o cheque estava mesmo certo.

65 shadow reappearing in the distance, discreet, contemplating the
66 farewell, checking if everything had happened accordingly.
67 Two floors down, the dog barked again from some distant place. He
68 remembered he would have to go to the pharmacy, and opened his bag
69 to see if the cheque was really right.

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Student Number	22300069	Text Number	4
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Source Text		Target Text	
Title	A Noiva do Golfinho	Title	The Dolphin's Bride
Year Published	1902 (?) ⁵		
Author	Xavier Marques		
Language	Brazilian Portuguese	Language	English
Word Count	517	Word Count	581
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 familiarity with the formal features of a text (language variation(s), register, dialect)</i> (200 words max)	<p>This is part of a short story which was republished in the book <i>Os Melhores Contos Brasileiros de Todos os Tempos [The best Brazilian Short Stories of All Times]</i> (Costa 2009, 245-252). It tells the story of Marina, a lonely girl waiting for her dream lover, a man who would be brought to her by the sea.</p> <p>Marques was considered a 'regionalist' writer (Ramos Jr. 2016, 117) who had his home state, Bahia, as source of writing material. It is narrated by an omniscient narrator. It is a modern short story as described by Bader (1945, 88), with structure and language that implies a conflict. This structure does not allow the reader to know if this mysterious lover that never shows up exists. This implication of a conflict is enhanced by intense use of comparisons and metaphors (Salles 1974, 37) such as 'ela chilrava como uma andorinha a fazer verão' [she tweeted like a swallow making summer]. I identified 14 comparisons and metaphors, out of which 7 are related to the sea theme.</p> <p>His long and complex sentences (average of 17.1 words per sentence in this excerpt) use vocabulary that was already considered to be 'erudite' and 'rare' by Salles in 1974 (38).</p>		

⁵ 1902 is the year of publication of the book *Praieiros [Beachers]*, where this short story may have been first published. I could not find reliable sources to confirm this and the collection used does not provide this information.

<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 TA consists of undergraduate English-speaking students of literature taking a module similar to <i>The Latin American Short Story</i> offered by the department of Modern Languages in the University of Exeter. Because the focus is ‘thematic concerns and narrative strategies’ (Modern Languages Exeter 2022, ‘The Latin American Short Story’), and not language history, I will try to replicate the author’s use of comparisons and metaphors and long sentences. This will be useful for the students to identify the theme and the narrative strategies in Marques’s writing (Salles 1974, 37-38).</p> <p>I will aim at writing sentences in English that have the same average length as the ones in Portuguese. Translating comparisons will already help to achieve this goal, since the comparisons make the sentences longer (e.g. line 21). However, I am aware that translation challenges may arise when translating metaphors, which may have a different meaning for the TA (Dobrzyfiska 1995, 598). In these cases, I will replace it with another metaphor or comparison that carries the ST meaning, preferably on the semantic field of the sea (important for the student’s focus on thematic concerns) and only remove it altogether as a last option.</p>
<p>Critical Reflection</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • <i>textual analysis</i> <p>(200 words max)</p>	<p>The average number of words per sentence in the TT is 20.7, which is 3.6 words longer than the ST average. I was aiming at having the same average number of words per sentence, but being even longer still serves the purpose of having long and complex sentences that reproduce Marques’ style.</p> <p>My translation has 11 comparisons and metaphors. I missed 3, which are not related to the sea theme:</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> - <i>faces de leite coalhado</i> [face made of curdled milk] translated as <i>milky-white face</i> - <i>ardiam em febre de alegria</i> [burned in a fever of joy] translated as <i>sparkled with joy</i> - <i>estrela</i> [star] translated as <i>luck</i>, which is the metaphorical meaning of star in the context. <p>I also noticed that the name of the main character has a different impact on the translation, because in Portuguese the word for ‘sea’ is ‘mar’. It was only after translating the references to the sea that I realised how closely related her name and the theme are, since in English this direct connection was lost (‘mar’ is part of ‘Marina’ but not of ‘sea’). This is an</p>

	<p>interesting example of how translation can deepen our own interpretation of the ST, even though this was not one of the goals of my strategy.</p>
<p>Works Cited</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • <i>use of sources and reference material</i> 	<p>Bader, A. L. 1945. 'The structure of the modern short story.' <i>College English</i> 7, Nº 2: 86-92. https://www.jstor.org/stable/371089</p> <p>Costa, Flávio Moreira (org.) 2009. <i>Os Melhores Contos Brasileiros de Todos os Tempos [The best Brazilian short stories of all times]</i>. Rio de Janeiro: Nova Fronteira.</p> <p>Dobrzyńska, Teresa. 1995. 'Translating metaphor: Problems of meaning'. <i>Journal of Pragmatics</i>, Issue 6: 595-604. https://doi.org/10.1016/0378-2166(95)00022-K.</p> <p>Ramos Jr., José de Paula. 2016. Xavier Marques: beletrismo e narrativa crítica [Xavier Marques: literature and critical narrative]. <i>Revista USP</i> Nº 110: 115-125. https://doi.org/10.11606/issn.2316-9036.v0i110p115-125</p> <p>Salles, David. 1974. 'O ficcionista Xavier Marques: um estudo da transição "ornamental".' [The fictionist Xavier Marques: a study of the 'ornamental' transition] Diss., Federal University of Bahia. https://repositorio.ufba.br/handle/ri/29293</p> <p>University of Exeter. 2022. 'The Latin American Short Story (MLS2061)'. Accessed February 17, 2023. https://modernlanguages.exeter.ac.uk/modules/mls2061/description/</p>

Source Text

A noiva do Golfinho

Um dia, tendo descido a escarpa do morro, logo às primeiras claridades da manhã, Marina afastou-se até sumir-se do tamanho de um pássaro, nas areias espessas do litoral. Havia passado um rebojo; aves pesadas sulcavam o céu, baixando às vezes até molhar as penas na espumarada do oceano.

As rochas marinhas, os morretes de pedra verdejavam de camadas de limo que as marés de água viva tinham criado na conjunção da lua.

A tinharensense demorou-se horas esquecidas, mas quando apareceu não cabia em si de contente. Nas faces de leite coalhado fulgia-lhe uma luz de nacar puríssimo, o cabelo esvoaçava, os olhos dilatados e mais azuis ardiam em febre de alegria. E ela chilrava como uma andorinha a fazer verão.

- Que viste hoje, Marina?

- Vi o meu amado.

Vira-o de fato. Depois de tanto suspirar, de tanto ansiar, de tanto gemer, o mar lhe mandara o prometido e desejado amante.

Não viera em nave de prata nem esquife de madeira: ela o encontrara de súbito, encostado a um morrete verdejante, ao pé da escarpa que se abria em grutas habitadas por aves marinheiras. Belo, feiticeiro, fresco e palpitante como um peixe n'água, tinha o ar de quem dizia: "Pensavas

Target Text

The Dolphin's Bride

1 One day, having going down the hill, in the first lights of the morning,
2 Marina walked until she was so far away that she disappeared like a bird
3 on the coast's thick sand. A tornado had just passed; heavy birds crossed
4 the sky, sometimes touching the sea to wet their feathers on the ocean's
5 foam.

6 The sea rocks and the little stone mounds were covered in layers of green
7 moss because of the tides constantly touching them, guided by the moon.

8 Marina was away for many hours, but when she returned, she could not
9 hold herself, she was too excited. Her milky-white face was shining like
10 pure nacre, her hair was waving, her big blue eyes sparkled with joy. And
11 she chirped like a bird in summer.

12 "What did you see today, Marina?"

13 "I saw my love."

14 She had really seen him. After so much sighing, so much wishing, so much
15 whining, the sea had sent her the promised and desired lover.

16 He did not come in a silver ship or a wooden boat: she had suddenly found
17 him leaning on a green mound, at the foot of the cliff that was full of caves
18 inhabited by sea birds. Handsome, a charmer, fresh and lively like a fish
19 in the water, he looked like he was about to say: "Did you think I would
20 not come, my love? Then here I am." He was exactly like the image she

que eu não vinha, amor? Pois aqui estou." Era fielmente aquele que ela trazia retratado na mente - marinheiro e jovem, de cabelos ruivos como as barbas da lagosta, o rosto vermelho da lustrosa cor dos salmonetes, os olhos amorosos, esverdeados, profundos como os abismos onde flutuavam as querenas de seus navios de sonho. Sua voz (ele falou-lhe) era um murmúrio doce e brando, só comparável ao rumor dos mimosos búzios que ela gostava de escutar; seu sorriso (ele sorriu-lhe) deixou-a fascinada com o brilho de escamas dos alvíssimos dentes...

E agora, todas as manhãs, partia Marina do puxado da casa e lá ia esconder-se com sua felicidade nas grutas mais silenciosas, longe, entre as eriçadas fragas da Costa. Passava quase os dias inteiros nesses retiros, em colóquios misteriosos com o noivo de quem contava maravilhas, o lindo noivo que a enchia de promessas, de carícias e lisonjas, mas que a ninguém aparecia e a quem todos viam somente pelos olhos da encantada criatura.

Que ele era esquivo, confirmava Marina, mas havia de vir, havia de mostrar-se, e então julgariam do tesouro que as vagas lhe trouxeram. Supunham-no algum náufrago ou mareante fugido de bordo. Pelos traços que ela dava, seria estrangeiro, vindo por altos mares, dos países desconhecidos e tão remotos que parecem lendas.

Muita moça do morro invejou a estrela da gloriosa tinharensense. Como ela,

21 had in her mind – a young sailor with ginger hair like a locust's beard, his
22 face had a shiny red colour like red mullets, his green loving eyes were as
23 deep as the abyss where the back of her dream ships floated. His voice
24 (he spoke to her) was a sweet and gentle murmur, only comparable to
25 the tweet of the delicate conchs that she liked to listen to; his smile (he
26 smiled to her) fascinated her with his white teeth that glowed like fish
27 scales...

28 And then, every morning, Marina would leave the house and hide with
29 her happiness in the most silent caves, far away, among the coast's high
30 cliffs. She would spend almost the whole day in these retreats, in
31 mysterious conversations with this fiancé about whom she would tell
32 amazing things, the handsome fiancé that promised her so much,
33 caressed and complimented her, but that did not show himself anywhere
34 and was seen only through the eyes of the enchanted creature.

35 He was shy, Marina would admit, but he would come, show himself, and
36 then they would see the treasure the waves had brought her.

37 They assumed he was some castaway or a sailor who had escaped from a
38 ship. By her description, he should be a foreigner, coming through the
39 seas from unknown countries so remote that could be legends.

40 Many maidens in the village envied the glorious woman's luck. Like her,
41 they wished to be mad and have dreams like those to wake up from. The
42 young men calmed down and forgave her pride and despise, because she,

desejavam ser loucas para ter sonhos de que assim despertassem. Os moços aquietaram-se e perdoaram-lhe o orgulho e os desdêns, porque ela, enfim, já amava. Os velhos rogavam ao céu pela paz daquele coração que tanta piedade merecia.

Todos os dias estava o noivo para subir ao casalejo; e cada dia se malograva a expectativa dos tinharenses.

Decorreram tempos. Ninguém viu, de longe sequer, o marinheiro de Marina. As raparigas e os homens baldaram passos e tocaias; nunca atinaram nem com a gruta onde se refugiavam os felizes amantes.

43 after all, was already in love. The elders prayed to the heavens for peace
44 in that heart that deserved so much mercy.

45 Every day, the fiancé was supposed to climb up towards the village, and
46 every day the people's expectations were turned into disappointment.

47 The time passed. Nobody saw, not even from afar, Marina's sailor. The
48 young women and men wasted their time walking and ambushing, but
49 could never find out not even the cave where the happy lovers would
50 hide.

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Student Number	22300069	Text Number	5
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Source Text		Target Text	
Title	Sayaka Murata: 'I acted how I thought a cute woman should act - it was horrible'	Title	Sayaka Murata: 'Eu agi como pensei que uma mulher delicada deveria agir – foi horrível'
Year Published	2020		
Author	David McNeil		
Language	English	Language	Brazilian Portuguese
Word Count	1,582	Word Count	1,689
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 familiarity with the formal features of a text (language variation(s), register, dialect)</i> (200 words max)	<p>This is an interview with Japanese author Sayaka Murata, published in the British newspaper <i>The Guardian</i> (McNeil 2020, 'Sayaka Murata: 'I acted how I thought a cute woman should act - it was horrible'). The journalist draws connections between the author's life and her stories, which frequently deal with the themes of isolation and oppression of women by society, as the interview shows.</p> <p>The interview is not written in the traditional question-and-answer format, but in paragraphs based on the author's answers to the journalist's questions. The headline is followed by the name of the journalist, date of publication, the captions of the first image of the interview and by a drophead summarising the content. The text is interrupted by other images and captions and by a quote that was highlighted in italics. When mentioning book titles, the journalist keeps the Japanese title and adds the English title in brackets 3 times (lines 16, 69, 115) and in another 3 instances, mentions just the English title (lines 54, 71, 154). The text is written in a formal register and standard grammar, with no colloquialisms.</p>		

<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 TA consists of Brazilian readers of the <i>Folha de S.Paulo</i> newspaper, who are mostly upper-middle class adults aged 25 to 45 (Folha de S.Paulo n.d., ‘Perfil do leitor’). My goal is to make as clear as possible to the readers that the text was first published in a foreign newspaper and was then translated.</p> <p>My strategy is designed to follow the principle of transparency in journalism, here understood as ‘openness’ (Vos & Craft 2017, 1511), meaning that the newspaper is transparent about all its sources and open about each article’s writing (or translating) process. Thus, I will add a disclaimer informing the reader that the text was translated by me and previously published elsewhere. I will also prioritise literal translation (Catford 1965, 25) of words and expressions over choices that would sound as if the text was first written in Portuguese. This aims at causing a feeling of oddness created by possible ‘awkward constructions’ that may result from a ‘close translation’ (Venuti 2008, 120), reminding the reader that the text was translated. I will keep the Japanese title (when it is mentioned) and the English title, and add the Brazilian title, if there is one, or a gloss translation from English. I will use the same formatting as the ST for captions and quote.</p>
<p>Critical Reflection</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • <i>textual analysis</i> <p>(200 words max)</p>	<p>I showed the translation to 3 readers of the <i>Folha de S.Paulo</i> newspaper who also speak English, without showing them the ST. They said that they would suspect the text was a translation because they thought some words were ‘weird’ (e.g., ‘labutou’ [toiled]) but they would not be sure if this information was not clearly displayed in the beginning. One of the readers said she is used to reading translated news and the ‘weird’ words do not stand out for her. These reactions indicate that my strategy was only partially successful because I wanted the readers to be reminded that it was a translation just by noticing my word choices. I did not consider that the TA might be used to translated journalistic texts and that this affects the way they read translations. However, this could mean that the TT would be fit for publication in this newspaper, even if it was not my main goal. I prioritised transparency, even if it meant having a text that would not realistically be accepted for publication. The transparency is still there in the initial disclaimer, and the possible familiarity of the TA with the TT style might indicate this unintended result.</p>
<p>Works Cited</p>	<p>Catford, J.C. 1965. <i>A Linguistic Theory of Translation: An Essay in Applied Linguistics</i>. Oxford: Oxford University Press.</p>

- *use of sources and reference material*

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Source Text

INTERVIEW

Sayaka Murata: 'I acted how I thought a cute woman should act — it was horrible'

Fri 9 Oct 2020 12.00 BST

David McNeil



'Writing was the only place I could be selfish and express myself; where I could liberate myself emotionally' ... Sayaka Murata outside a convenience store in Tokyo. Photograph: Kentaro Takahashi/New York Times/Redux/eyevine

Target Text

ENTREVISTA

Sayaka Murata: 'Eu agi como pensei que uma mulher delicada deveria agir – foi horrível'

Texto de David McNeil originalmente publicado no *The Guardian* em 9 de outubro de 2020 e traduzido por Isabela Torezan



1 'A escrita era o único lugar onde eu podia ser egoísta e me expressar;
2 onde eu podia me liberar emocionalmente' ... Sayaka Murata do lado de
3 fora de uma loja de conveniência em Tóquio. Imagem: Kentaro
4 Takahashi/New York Times/Redux/eyevine

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The author of Convenience Store Woman talks about working behind the counter, rejecting marriage and children, and her dark new tale of murder and cannibalism

Until recently, Sayaka Murata, who won Japan's most prestigious literary award, the Akutagawa prize, worked in a convenience store. She had toiled in them for half her life, writing most of her 11 novels and two nonfiction books in her time off. Even after becoming a bestselling author (*Konbini Ningen*, or *Convenience Store Woman*, sold 1.4m copies and has been translated into 30 languages), she continued to work behind the counter until the attentions of an obsessive fan forced her to stop. "I was so used to the rhythm of working that I found it hard to hang around all day writing," she explains.

The novel's oddball title character, Keiko Furukura, also relishes the predictable rhythms of her workplace. Japan's 55,000 nearly identical convenience stores are considered stop-gap employers for job-hoppers, students, housewives and immigrants, "all losers", says one of the characters in her book contemptuously. But Keiko, who is 36, a virgin and uninterested in the bourgeois lives of her married peers, excels at the pliant, robotic service demanded by the industry's manuals. So unsettled is she by invasive questions about her lack of a husband and children that she takes in a lazy, abusive lodger just to deflect them.

8 *A autora de Convenience Store Woman (Querida Konbini, no Brasil) fala*
9 *sobre trabalhar atrás do balcão, rejeitar casamento e filhos, e seu novo*
10 *conto sombrio de assassinato e canibalismo*

11

12 Até recentemente, Sayaka Murata, que ganhou o prêmio literário mais
13 prestigioso do Japão, o prêmio Akutagawa, trabalhava em uma loja de
14 conveniência. Ela labutou nelas por metade de sua vida, escrevendo a
15 maioria de seus 11 romances e dois livros de não-ficção em seu tempo
16 fora. Até depois de se tornar autora best-seller (*Konbini Ningen*, ou
17 *Convenience Store Woman* e *Querida Konbini* no Brasil, vendeu 1,4
18 milhões de cópias e foi traduzido para 30 línguas), ela continuou a
19 trabalhar atrás do balcão até que as atenções de um fã obsessivo a
20 forçaram a parar. "Eu estava tão acostumada com o ritmo de trabalho
21 que achava difícil ficar ali o dia todo escrevendo," ela explica.

22 A personagem-título esquisitona do romance, Keiko Furukura, também
23 desfruta dos ritmos previsíveis de seu local de trabalho. As 55.000 quase
24 idênticas lojas de conveniência do Japão são consideradas empregos
25 tapa-buraco para trabalhadores temporários, estudantes, donas de casa
26 e imigrantes, "todos perdedores", diz uma das personagens em seu livro
27 desdenhosamente. Mas Keiko, que tem 36, uma virgem e
28 desinteressada nas vidas burguesas de suas colegas casadas, é excelente
29 no serviço complacente, robótico, exigido pelos manuais da indústria.

Reviewers were naturally intrigued by the similarities between character and author. Murata is also single and returns home in the evenings to her laptop and a menagerie of what she calls “imaginary friends”. She, too, struggled to meet her family’s expectations, growing up in a conservative home outside Tokyo (her father was a district court judge) “lonely and terribly shy”. Keiko lives in a sort of Kafkaesque nightmare of standing out, of causing offence, and mimics others to blend in, echoing Murata’s own detached childhood.

I thought, when I was this age, women and men would be equal, but that’s not how it has worked out

Sayaka Murata

“I used to find ways to not anger my friends by trying to find the right words,” she says during an interview at her publisher’s office in Tokyo. “In some way I felt like I didn’t have a will until I began writing, aged 10. It was the only place I could be selfish and express myself; where I could liberate myself emotionally.” While at university she took a job at a store near her home, finding her novelist’s voice later in prose that is as flat and unsparing as the fluorescent light of a nighttime *konbini*. Yet, she is no Keiko, she says. “She is strong willed and doesn’t care what people

30 Tão desconcertada ela fica por perguntas invasivas sobre sua falta de
31 marido e filhos que ela aceita um inquilino preguiçoso e abusivo apenas
32 para escapar delas.

33 Críticos ficaram naturalmente intrigados pelas similaridades entre
34 personagem e autora. Murata também é solteira e volta para casa à
35 noite para seu laptop e uma reunião do que ela chama de “amigos
36 imaginários”. Ela, também, teve dificuldades para atender às
37 expectativas de sua família, crescendo em um lar conservador fora de
38 Tóquio (seu pai era um juiz de corte distrital) “solitária e terrivelmente
39 tímida”. Keiko vive uma espécie de pesadelo kafkiano de se destacar, de
40 ofender, e imita outros para se misturar, ecoando a infância
41 desinteressada de Murata.

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43 *Eu pensava, quando tinha essa idade, que mulheres e homens seriam*
44 *iguais, mas não foi isso que aconteceu.*

45 *Sayaka Murata*

46

47 “Eu costumava achar jeitos de não enraivecer meus amigos ao tentar
48 encontrar as palavras certas”, ela diz durante uma entrevista no
49 escritório de sua editora em Tóquio. “De alguma forma eu senti que não
50 tinha uma motivação até que comecei a escrever, aos 10 anos. Era o
51 único lugar onde eu podia ser egoísta e me expressar; onde eu podia me

think – that’s not me at all.” Murata admires Keiko’s ability to resist social pressures: “To me she is a hero.”

Expectations are high, then, for Murata’s latest novel. *Earthlings* tells the story of Natsuki, a friendless girl on the edge of puberty who believes she is a stranded alien in a society, or “factory”, where people are bred and become “components”. Sexually abused by a teacher, she cannot turn to her family: her mother angrily dismisses her claims and calls her “ugly and useless”. It’s a very literal depiction of childhood alienation, with the factory a metaphor for the social traps – marriage, work, children – waiting in adulthood. But Natsuki finds a soulmate in her sensitive cousin Yuu, also 11, who is from a troubled home. They are caught having sex during a family holiday after “marrying” and pledging to “survive” the factory – and their furious families ban them from meeting again. Sex in Murata’s writing is seldom untroubled or pleasurable. Later Natsuki posts an advert for a marriage partner to “escape family surveillance”, stipulating “no physical contact beyond a handshake”. Her eventual “husband” is repelled even by the thought of female touch. Asexuality and celibacy are common themes for Murata. *Shōmetsu sekai* (*Dwindling World*), written in 2015, posits a society where, as in Woody Allen’s *Sleeper*, procreation is performed artificially. In “The Future of Sex Lives in All of Us”, a piece she wrote last year for the New York Times, she imagines a time when sex doesn’t exist at all, and where she might

52 liberar emocionalmente”. Quando estava na universidade ela pegou um
53 emprego em uma loja perto de sua casa, encontrando sua voz de
54 romancista mais tarde na prosa que é tão direta e impiedosa quanto a
55 luz fluorescente de uma *konbini* (loja de conveniência) noturna. Mas, ela
56 não é Keiko, ela diz. “Ela é determinada e não se importa com o que as
57 pessoas pensam – essa não sou eu de jeito nenhum”. Murata admira a
58 habilidade de Keiko de resistir às pressões sociais: “Para mim ela é uma
59 heroína”.

60 As expectativas são altas, então, para o último romance de Murata.
61 *Earthlings* (*Terráqueos*, no Brasil) conta a história de Natsuki, uma
62 garota sem amigos à beira da puberdade que acredita que é uma
63 alienígena perdida em uma sociedade, ou “fábrica”, onde pessoas são
64 criadas e se tornam “peças”. Abusada sexualmente por um professor,
65 ela não pode recorrer à sua família: sua mãe furiosamente descarta suas
66 reclamações e a chama de “feia e inútil”. É uma descrição bastante
67 literal de alienação da infância, com a metáfora da fábrica para as
68 armadilhas sociais – casamento, trabalho, filhos – esperando na vida
69 adulta. Mas Natsuki encontra uma alma gêmea em seu sensível primo
70 Yuu, também de 11 anos, que vem de um lar problemático. Eles são
71 pegos fazendo sexo durante um feriado de família após “se casarem” e
72 jurarem “sobreviver” à fábrica – e suas furiosas famílias os proíbem de
73 se verem novamente.

enjoy a sexual relationship with a “fictitious being that lived within a story.” A character in one of her short stories falls in love and has sex with a convenience store.



'I hate food and cooking – I keep a vase on top of my cooker.' Sayaka Murata. Photograph: Kentaro Takahashi/New York Times/Redux/eyevine

Murata says her view of sexuality was shaped partly by finding her older brother’s collection of erotic books as a child. The objectification of women there shocked her. “It was all about male pleasure,” she recalls. Her brother was put under a lot of pressure to follow the family tradition, to become a doctor or judge, she says, while she was groomed for marriage. “It was a strict, old-fashioned house: I was told I was a girl so I should learn how to cook or something. It was just the way people

74 Sexo na escrita de Murata raramente é despreocupado ou prazeroso.
75 Depois Natsuki publica um anúncio para um companheiro de casamento
76 para “escapar da vigilância da família”, determinando “nenhum contato
77 físico além de um aperto de mãos”. Seu eventual “marido” tem repulsa
78 até ao pensamento do toque feminino. Assexualidade e celibato são
79 temas comuns para Murata. *Shōmetsu sekai* (*Dwindling World* ou
80 *Mundo Declinante*, sem tradução no Brasil), escrito em 2015, apresenta
81 uma sociedade onde, como no *Sleeper* (*O Dorminhoco*) de Woody Allen,
82 a procriação é feita artificialmente. Em “The Future of Sex Lives in All of
83 Us” (“O Futuro da Vida Sexual em Todos Nós”), um texto que ela
84 escreveu ano passado para o New York Times, ela imagina uma época
85 em que sexo totalmente não existe, e onde ela pode desfrutar de uma
86 relação sexual com um “ser fictício que vive dentro de uma história”.
87 Um personagem em um de seus contos se apaixona e faz sexo com uma
88 loja de conveniência.

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thought in the countryside then. The expectations were all on my older brother. It looked really hard to be him – I’d have gone crazy.”

In her teens and twenties, she tried embracing conventional notions of womanhood just to avoid what she calls “social harassment” before abandoning it in disgust. “I pretended to act the way I thought a cute woman should act, with an excess of femininity, but it was a horrible experience. I felt like I’d lost my will,” she says. In a relationship with a convenience store manager 15 years her senior, she found she was expected to cook morning and evening and do his washing. “It felt like being physically and mentally exploited. I mean, I hate food and cooking – I keep a vase on top of my cooker,” she says, laughing.

Japan has changed since Murata was a girl. More than three million women have joined the workforce in the past decade; more than two-thirds of women work and they are on the whole better educated than their male counterparts. A record 68% of both sexes feel no need to marry. Yet men still cling firmly to the citadels of economic and political power. Women make up just 1% of senior managers, about 4% of boardroom directors and 10% of the politicians in Japan’s lower house. Murata’s writing exists on the fault line of these social changes. In her 2014 novel *Satsujin Shussan (The Birth Murder)*, bureaucrats have solved Japan’s declining birthrate by giving men artificial uteruses and allowing both sexes to kill one person if they successfully reproduce 10.

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‘Eu odeio comida e cozinhar – eu mantenho um vaso em cima do meu fogão’ - Sayaka Murata. Imagem: Kentaro Takahashi/New York Times/Redux/eyevine

Murata diz que sua visão da sexualidade foi parcialmente moldada por encontrar a coleção de livros eróticos de seu irmão quando criança. A objetificação da mulher lá a chocou. “Era tudo focado no prazer masculino”, ela se lembra. Seu irmão foi colocado sob muita pressão para seguir a tradição da família, para se tornar médico ou juiz, ela diz, enquanto ela era criada para o casamento. “Era uma casa rigorosa, ultrapassada: me disseram que eu era menina então deveria aprender a cozinhar ou algo assim. Era só o jeito que as pessoas pensavam no

Now 42, Murata's decision to reject the life of her friends seems prescient. "I was shocked when I was in university and people told me I had to search for a rich marriage partner and think about having children. If that's all university was for, what was the point of getting qualifications? I looked at my friends and wondered what to do. Society seemed against us." Her married friends now depend on their husbands because jobs for women rarely pay enough to raise children, she says. If the marriage falls apart, they are trapped. "I thought when I was this age women and men would be equal, but that's not how it has worked out." For someone who professes timidity, Murata's writing is unflinching when pitched against misogyny. The description of Natsuki's abuse is horrifyingly vivid. There are also moments of pitch-black humour: watching her sister try to soothe her baby, Keiko glances at a knife and muses: "If it were just a matter of making him quiet, it'd be easy enough."

Not surprisingly, perhaps, she says her parents don't read her writing. Equally unsurprisingly, she is hugely popular with young people, especially women (Vogue Japan made her one of its women of the year in 2016). Many, she says, dread the thought of real relationships. Women have written or approached her tearfully at book events, unsettled by the graphic descriptions of Natsuki's abuse. When Natsuki reaches college and plucks up the courage to tell her few women friends,

118 campo na época. As expectativas estavam todas no meu irmão mais
119 velho. Parecia muito difícil ser ele – eu teria enlouquecido.”
120 Na sua adolescência e dos vinte aos trinta anos, ela tentou aceitar
121 noções convencionais de feminilidade apenas para evitar o que ela
122 chama de "assédio social" antes de abandoná-las enojada. "Eu fingia agir
123 do jeito que achava que uma mulher delicada deveria agir, com um
124 excesso de feminilidade, mas foi uma experiência horrível. Eu sentia que
125 tinha perdido minha motivação", ela diz. Em um relacionamento com
126 um gerente de loja de conveniência 15 anos mais velho, ela descobriu
127 que se esperava que ela cozinhasse de manhã e de noite e lavasse as
128 coisas dele. "Eu me senti fisicamente e mentalmente explorada. Quero
129 dizer, eu odeio comida e cozinhar - eu mantenho um vaso em cima do
130 meu fogão," ela diz, rindo.
131 O Japão mudou desde que Murata era uma menina. Mais de três
132 milhões de mulheres se juntaram à força de trabalho na década
132 passada; mais de dois terços das mulheres trabalha e elas são no geral
134 melhor educadas do que seus contemporâneos homens. Um recorde de
125 68% de ambos os sexos não sente necessidade de casar. Ainda assim, os
136 homens se agarram firmemente à fortaleza do poder econômico e
137 político. As mulheres formam apenas 1% dos gerentes superiores,
138 aproximadamente 4% dos diretores de empresas e 10% dos políticos da
139 câmara baixa do Japão. A escrita de Murata existe na falha dessas

she is told to get over her experience with her teacher. “I hate to be the one to say this, but he didn’t even force you to go all the way, did he?” says one.

Murata says she starts with her characters and doesn’t know the ending of her novels until she writes them. That might explain why *Earthlings* turns from whimsy to surrealist horror. Its final act puts the three main characters – Natsuki, her first love, Yuu, and her fake husband – together in the mountainous Nagano countryside where their rejection of the “factory” becomes complete. Convinced they are aliens at war with the factory’s emissaries, they resort to murder and cannibalism. Munching on an “Earthling”, Natsuki finally recovers the sense of taste she lost as a result of the abuse. “I felt as though I was eating for the first time in twenty-three years.” Murata says she didn’t set out to write a shocking book but her subconscious invaded the pages. “The people who know me through *Convenience Store Woman* are disappointed. But I was a cult writer before that success. People are saying the old Murata has returned.”

140 mudanças sociais. Em seu romance de 2014 *Satsujin Shussan (The Birth*
141 *Murder* ou *O Assassinato do Nascimento*, sem tradução no Brasil),
142 burocratas resolveram a taxa de natalidade declinante do Japão dando
143 úteros artificiais aos homens e permitindo a ambos os sexos matar uma
144 pessoa se reproduzissem 10 com sucesso.
145 Agora com 42, a decisão de Murata de rejeitar a vida de suas amigas
146 parece presciente. "Eu fiquei chocada quando estava na universidade e
147 as pessoas me disseram que eu deveria procurar um parceiro de
148 casamento rico e pensar em ter filhos. Se é para isso que é a
149 universidade, qual o sentido em se qualificar? Eu olhava para minhas
150 amigas e pensava no que fazer. A sociedade parecia contra nós." Suas
151 amigas casadas agora dependem dos maridos porque empregos para
152 mulheres raramente pagam o suficiente para criar filhos, ela diz. Se o
153 casamento acaba, elas estão encurraladas. "Eu pensei que quando eu
154 tivesse essa idade mulheres e homens seriam iguais, mas não foi isso
155 que aconteceu".
156 Para alguém que professa timidez, a escrita de Murata é corajosa
157 quando lançada contra a misoginia. A descrição do abuso de Natsuki é
158 horrivelmente vívida. Há também momentos de humor extremamente
159 negro: assistindo sua irmã tentando acalmar seu bebê, Keiko olha para
160 uma faca e pensa: "Se fosse só uma questão de fazê-lo quieto, seria fácil
161 o suficiente".

162 Não surpreendentemente, talvez, ela diz que seus pais não leem o que
163 ela escreve. Igualmente não surpreendentemente, ela é altamente
164 popular com pessoas jovens, especialmente mulheres (a Vogue Japão
165 fez dela uma de suas mulheres do ano em 2016). Muitas, ela diz, temem
166 a ideia de relacionamentos reais. Mulheres escreveram ou se
167 aproximaram dela em lágrimas em eventos literários, desconcertadas
168 pelas descrições gráficas do abuso de Natsuki. Quando Natsuki chega à
169 faculdade e cria coragem para contar a uma de suas poucas amigas, ela
170 ouve que tem que superar a experiência com seu professor. "Odeio ser
171 quem diz isso, mas ele nem mesmo forçou você a ir até o fim, certo?" diz
172 uma.

173 Murata diz que ela começa com suas personagens e não sabe o final de
174 seus romances até que ela os tenha escrito. Isso talvez explique porque
175 *Earthlings (Terráqueos)* muda de fantasia para horror surrealista. Seu
176 ato final coloca os três personagens principais - Natsuki, seu primeiro
177 amor Yuu, e seu falso marido - juntos no interior montanhoso de
178 Nagano onde sua rejeição da "fábrica" se torna completa. Convencidos
179 de que são alienígenas em guerra com os emissários da fábrica, eles
180 recorrem a assassinato e canibalismo. Mastigando um "terráqueo",
181 Natsuki finalmente recupera o paladar que ela perdeu como resultado
182 do abuso. "Eu senti como se estivesse comendo pela primeira vez em
183 vinte e três anos." Murata diz que ela não pretendia escrever um livro

184 | chocante, mas seu subconsciente invadiu as páginas. "As pessoas que
185 | me conhecem através de *Convenience Store Woman* (*Querida Konbini*)
186 | estão decepcionadas. Mas eu era uma escritora *cult* antes desse
187 | sucesso. As pessoas estão dizendo que a velha Murata está de volta."

Student Number	22300069	Text Number	6
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Source Text		Target Text	
Title	The Garden Party	Title	A Festa no Jardim
Year Published	1922		
Author	Katherine Mansfield		
Language	English	Language	Brazilian Portuguese
Word Count	1,070	Word Count	1,069
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 familiarity with the formal features of a text (language variation(s), register, dialect)</i> (200 words max)	<p>This is part of a short story now available online at Project Gutenberg (Gutenberg.org, 1998). Partially autobiographical (British Library n.d., ‘The Garden Party and Other Stories’), it tells a day in the life of Laura, a young upper-middle class girl whose family (the Sheridans) is having a garden party at their house in New Zealand in the 1920s. The central theme is the differences between social classes: Laura’s family and the poor people who live not very far away from her house. The story is told by a third person narrator who is aware of Laura’s feelings and thoughts and the reader is invited to empathise with her. According to Kimber (2008, 7), the short story was the only literary format used by Mansfield and she was part of the Modernist literary movement. The portrait of a character made by a narrative voice is characteristic of her work (Kimber 2008, 7-9), as we see in <i>The Garden Party</i>. The register is formal, with no use of slangs, although there is use of contractions in the dialogues. One of the characters (Godber’s man) uses informal language (e.g., ‘a young chap’, line 12). There are time specific elements such as horses as means of transport and party hats as female accessories.</p>		
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 is contemporary Brazilian readers of an issue named ‘Society’ of a hypothetical literary journal of international literature, aged 20 to 30. The journal encourages translations that localise the stories into contemporary Brazil. The strategy aims at setting the story in a Brazilian city by changing the (sur)names that are not common in Brazil (Scott and Sheridan; Sadie, Han and Laurie) for (sur)names which will be familiar to Brazilians (Silva and Oliveira; Sara, Henrique</p>		

<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • <i>justification of translation production of genre for target context</i> (200 words max) 	<p>and Lucas, respectively). I chose names that start with the same letter and/or have the same length. I attested their popularity using the searchable name database of the Brazilian Institute of Geography and Statistics (Censo 2010 IBGE 2010, 'Nomes do Brasil'). The surnames Silva and Oliveira are listed among the five most common surnames in Brazil (Monasterio 2016, 10).</p> <p>The character named 'Godber's man', which is someone who works for a local (New Zealand) bakery called Godber, will be denominated as 'homem da padaria' [bakery man]. I will also replace the time specific elements for others that make more sense in a contemporary urban setting:</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • a horse and a traction-engine for a motorbike and a truck • the hat (being used as female party accessory) for a tiara
<p>Critical Reflection</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • <i>textual analysis</i> (200 words max) 	<p>My strategy did not take into account the possible associations readers may establish between the surnames and social class. A reader who is in the age group of the TA pointed out that if I am assuming the text is about the gap between social classes, I could have made more thoughtful choices of surnames based on some evidence that in Brazil certain surnames are associated with upper-middle class families like the Sheridans or poor people like the young Scott. I could not find reliable sources that prove a link between family names and social class that could have based other choices of surnames. However, this observation shows that changing the names aiming simply at localising them geographically also may have the effect of creating an association with social-economic class in this text where the context makes this an important theme. The economy varies a lot depending on the region in Brazil under consideration (IBGE 2022, 'Produto Interno Bruto'). Therefore, I assume that the reaction to the surnames would not be the same depending on the place of residence of the reader and this could also be considered when designing a localising translation strategy.</p>
<p>Works Cited</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • <i>use of sources and reference material</i> 	<p>British Library. N.d. 'The Garden Party and Other Stories'. Accessed February 24, 2023. https://www.bl.uk/works/the-garden-party-and-other-stories.</p>

<p>Censo 2010 IBGE. 2010. 'Nomes do Brasil' [Names of Brazil]. https://censo2010.ibge.gov.br/nomes/#/search. Accessed February 24, 2023.</p> <p>Gutenberg.org. 1998. 'The Project Gutenberg eBook of The Garden Party, by Katherine Mansfield.'. Last modified September 9, 2022. https://www.gutenberg.org/files/1429/1429-h/1429-h.htm</p> <p>IBGE. 2022. 'Produto Interno Bruto' [Gross Domestic Product]. https://www.ibge.gov.br/explica/pib.php. Accessed 27th March 2023</p> <p>Kimber, Gerri. 2008. <i>A Literary Modernist: Katherine Mansfield and the Art of the Short Story</i>. London: Kakapo Books</p> <p>Monasterio, Leonardo Monteiro. 2016. 'Sobrenomes e Ancestralidade no Brasil' [Surnames and Ancestrality in Brazil]. <i>Texto Para Discussão - IPEA 2229</i>, September 2016: 1-32. https://repositorio.ipea.gov.br/handle/11058/7019</p>

Source Text

The Garden Party

Something had happened.

“Tuk-tuk-tuk,” clucked cook like an agitated hen. Sadie had her hand clapped to her cheek as though she had toothache. Hans’s face was screwed up in the effort to understand. Only Godber’s man seemed to be enjoying himself; it was his story.

“What’s the matter? What’s happened?”

“There’s been a horrible accident,” said Cook. “A man killed.”

“A man killed! Where? How? When?”

But Godber’s man wasn’t going to have his story snatched from under his nose.

“Know those little cottages just below here, miss?” Know them? Of course, she knew them. “Well, there’s a young chap living there, name of Scott, a carter. His horse shied at a traction-engine, corner of Hawke Street this morning, and he was thrown out on the back of his head. Killed.”

“Dead!” Laura stared at Godber’s man.

“Dead when they picked him up,” said Godber’s man with relish. “They were taking the body home as I come up here.” And he said to the cook, “He’s left a wife and five little ones.”

Target Text

A Festa no Jardim

1 Alguma coisa tinha acontecido.

2 “Ai-ai-ai”, resmungou a cozinheira como uma galinha agitada. Sara
3 colocava a mão na bochecha como se estivesse com dor de dentes. O
4 rosto de Henrique estava torcido pelo esforço para entender. Apenas o
5 homem da padaria parecia estar se divertindo; era a sua história.

6 “Qual o problema? O que aconteceu?”

7 “Aconteceu um acidente horrível”, disse a cozinheira. “Um homem
8 morto”.

9 “Um homem morto! Onde? Como? Quando?”

10 Mas o homem da padaria não ia ter sua história roubada bem debaixo
11 do seu nariz.

12 “Sabe aquelas casinhas logo ali embaixo, moça?” Saber? Claro que ela
13 sabia delas. “Bom, tem um jovem morando ali, um Silva, é motoboy. Um
14 caminhão bateu na moto dele, na esquina debaixo, e ele foi jogado pro
15 ar e caiu de cabeça. Morto.”

16 “Morto!” Laura encarava o homem.

17 “Morto quando encontraram ele,” disse o homem da padaria com
18 satisfação. “Eles estavam levando o corpo para casa quando eu vim aqui
19 para cima”. E ele disse para a cozinheira, “Ele deixou uma esposa e cinco
20 pequenos.”

“Jose, come here.” Laura caught hold of her sister’s sleeve and dragged her through the kitchen to the other side of the green baize door. There she paused and leaned against it. “Jose!” she said, horrified, “however are we going to stop everything?”

“Stop everything, Laura!” cried Jose in astonishment. “What do you mean?”

“Stop the garden-party, of course.” Why did Jose pretend?

But Jose was still more amazed. “Stop the garden-party? My dear Laura, don’t be so absurd. Of course we can’t do anything of the kind. Nobody expects us to. Don’t be so extravagant.”

“But we can’t possibly have a garden-party with a man dead just outside the front gate.”

That really was extravagant, for the little cottages were in a lane to themselves at the very bottom of a steep rise that led up to the house. A broad road ran between. True, they were far too near. They were the greatest possible eyesore, and they had no right to be in that neighbourhood at all. They were little mean dwellings painted a chocolate brown. In the garden patches there was nothing but cabbage stalks, sick hens and tomato cans. The very smoke coming out of their chimneys was poverty-stricken. Little rags and shreds of smoke, so unlike the great silvery plumes that uncurled from the Sheridans’ chimneys. Washerwomen lived in the lane and sweeps and a cobbler, and a man

21 “Jose, vem aqui.” Laura agarrou a manga de sua irmã e a arrastou pela
22 cozinha até passarem pela porta verde. Então ela parou e se encostou
23 no batente. “Jose!”, ela disse, horrorizada, “então vamos parar tudo?”
24 “Parar tudo, Laura!” gritou Jose, espantada. “O que quer dizer com
25 isso?”
26 “Parar a festa no jardim, é claro.” Por que Jose fingia?
27 Mas Jose ficou ainda mais espantada. “Parar a festa no jardim? Minha
28 querida Laura, não seja tão absurda. Claro que não podemos fazer nada
29 do tipo. Ninguém espera isso da gente. Não seja tão extravagante”
30 “Mas a gente não pode dar uma festa no jardim com um homem morto
31 tão perto do portão da frente.”
32 Aquilo realmente era extravagante, porque as casinhas ficavam em um
33 beco bem no final de uma rampa que subia até a casa deles. Uma rua
34 larga passava no meio. Verdade, elas estavam perto demais. Eram uma
35 grande ofensa visual, e não tinham nenhum direito de estar naquela
36 vizinhança. Eram pequenas casinhas humildes pintadas de marrom
37 chocolate. Nos quintais não tinha nada mais do que talos de abóbora,
38 galinhas doentes e latas de tomate. Até a fumaça saindo de lá lembrava
39 a pobreza. Fios e trapos de fumaça, tão diferentes das colunas de
40 fumaça prateadas que se desenrolavam da chaminé da churrasqueira
41 dos Oliveira. Faxineiras moravam no beco, e empregadas domésticas e
42 um sapateiro, e um homem cuja casa tinha a frente coberta por

whose house-front was studded all over with minute bird-cages. Children swarmed. When the Sheridans were little they were forbidden to set foot there because of the revolting language and of what they might catch. But since they were grown up, Laura and Laurie on their prowls sometimes walked through. It was disgusting and sordid. They came out with a shudder. But still one must go everywhere; one must see everything. So through they went.

“And just think of what the band would sound like to that poor woman,” said Laura.

“Oh, Laura!” Jose began to be seriously annoyed. “If you’re going to stop a band playing every time someone has an accident, you’ll lead a very strenuous life. I’m every bit as sorry about it as you. I feel just as sympathetic.” Her eyes hardened. She looked at her sister just as she used to when they were little and fighting together. “You won’t bring a drunken workman back to life by being sentimental,” she said softly.

“Drunk! Who said he was drunk?” Laura turned furiously on Jose. She said just as they had used to say on those occasions, “I’m going straight up to tell mother.”

“Do, dear,” cooed Jose.

“Mother, can I come into your room?” Laura turned the big glass door-knob.

43 pequeninas gaiolas de pássaro. Crianças perambulavam. Quando os
44 Oliveira eram pequenos eles eram proibidos de pisar lá por causa do
45 vocabulário vulgar e por causa do que eles poderiam pegar. Mas desde
46 que tinham crescido, Laura e Lucas, nas suas andanças, às vezes
47 passavam por lá. Era nojento e sórdido. Eles saíam arrepiados. Mas
48 mesmo assim era preciso ir a todo lugar, era preciso ver tudo. Então eles
49 iam.

50 “E só de pensar naquela pobre mulher ouvindo a banda,” disse Laura.

51 “Ah, Laura!” Jose começou a ficar seriamente irritada. “Se você vai
52 impedir uma banda de tocar toda vez que alguém sofre um acidente, vai
53 levar uma vida bem extenuante. Estou tão sentida quanto você. Sinto a
54 mesma empatia.” Seu olhar ficou mais intenso. Ela olhou para a irmã da
55 mesma forma que fazia quando eram pequenas e brigavam. “Você não
56 vai trazer um motoboy bêbado de volta à vida sendo sentimental,” ela
57 disse docemente.

58 “Bêbado! Quem disse que ele estava bêbado?” Laura encarou Jose
59 furiosa. Ela disse só o que tinham para dizer nessas ocasiões, “Vou
60 direto lá para cima contar para a mãe”.

61 “Vai, querida”, disse Jose, fazendo uma voz infantil.

62 “Mãe, posso entrar no seu quarto?” Laura girou a grande maçaneta de
63 vidro.

64

“Of course, child. Why, what’s the matter? What’s given you such a colour?” And Mrs. Sheridan turned round from her dressing-table. She was trying on a new hat.

“Mother, a man’s been killed,” began Laura.

“Not in the garden?” interrupted her mother.

“No, no!”

“Oh, what a fright you gave me!” Mrs. Sheridan sighed with relief, and took off the big hat and held it on her knees.

“But listen, mother,” said Laura. Breathless, half-choking, she told the dreadful story. “Of course, we can’t have our party, can we?” she pleaded. “The band and everybody arriving. They’d hear us, mother; they’re nearly neighbours!”

To Laura’s astonishment her mother behaved just like Jose; it was harder to bear because she seemed amused. She refused to take Laura seriously.

“But, dear child, use your common sense. It’s only by accident we’ve heard of it. If someone had died there normally—and I can’t understand how they keep alive in those poky little holes—we should still be having our party, shouldn’t we?”

Laura had to say “yes” to that, but she felt it was all wrong. She sat down on her mother’s sofa and pinched the cushion frill.

65 “Claro, querida. Por que, qual o problema? Por que você está dessa
66 cor?”. E a mãe se virou na sua penteadeira. Ela experimentava uma tiara
67 nova.

68 “Mãe, um homem foi morto,” começou Laura.

69 “Não no jardim?” interrompeu sua mãe.

70 “Não, não!”

71 “Ah, que susto que você me deu!” A mãe suspirou de alívio, e tirou o
72 acessório dos cabelos e colocou-o sobre os joelhos.

73 “Mas escuta, mãe,” disse Laura. Arfante, meio engasgando, ela contou a
74 história terrível. “Claro, não podemos fazer a nossa festa, podemos?” ela
75 implorou. “A banda e todo mundo chegando. Eles iam ouvir a gente,
76 mãe; eles são quase vizinhos!”

77 Para o espanto de Laura, sua mãe reagiu da mesma forma que Jose; era
78 mais difícil de aguentar porque ela parecia se divertir. Ela se recusava a
79 levar Laura a sério.

80 “Mas, querida criança, use o seu bom senso. Só soubemos disso por
81 acaso. Se alguém tivesse morrido naturalmente lá – e eu não entendo
82 como eles se mantêm vivos naqueles buraquinhos apertados – ainda
83 deveríamos fazer nossa festa, certo?”

84 Laura teve que dizer “sim” para isso, mas ela sentia que estava tudo
85 errado. Ela sentou no sofá da mãe e puxou as franjas da almofada.

86

“Mother, isn’t it terribly heartless of us?” she asked.

“Darling!” Mrs. Sheridan got up and came over to her, carrying the hat. Before Laura could stop her she had popped it on. “My child!” said her mother, “the hat is yours. It’s made for you. It’s much too young for me. I have never seen you look such a picture. Look at yourself!” And she held up her hand-mirror.

“But, mother,” Laura began again. She couldn’t look at herself; she turned aside.

This time Mrs. Sheridan lost patience just as Jose had done.

“You are being very absurd, Laura,” she said coldly. “People like that don’t expect sacrifices from us. And it’s not very sympathetic to spoil everybody’s enjoyment as you’re doing now.”

“I don’t understand,” said Laura, and she walked quickly out of the room into her own bedroom. There, quite by chance, the first thing she saw was this charming girl in the mirror, in her black hat trimmed with gold daisies, and a long black velvet ribbon. Never had she imagined she could look like that. Is mother right? She thought. And now she hoped her mother was right. Am I being extravagant? Perhaps it was extravagant. Just for a moment she had another glimpse of that poor woman and those little children, and the body being carried into the house. But it all seemed blurred, unreal, like a picture in the newspaper. I’ll remember it

87 “Mãe, mas isso não é totalmente insensível da nossa parte?” ela
88 perguntou.
89 “Querida!” A mãe se levantou e foi até ela, segurando a tiara. Antes que
90 Laura pudesse pará-la, ela tinha colocado a tiara em sua cabeça. “Minha
91 filha!” disse sua mãe, “a tiara é sua. É feita para você. Estou velha
92 demais para essas coisas. Nunca te vi tão linda. Olhe para você!” E ela
93 segurou seu espelhinho.
94 “Mas, mãe,” Laura começou de novo. Ela não conseguia olhar para si
95 mesma e virou para o lado.
96 Dessa vez a mãe perdeu a paciência, igual a Jose.
97 “Você está sendo bem sem noção, Laura”, ela disse friamente. “Pessoas
98 como aquelas não esperam sacrifícios de nós. E não é muito simpático
99 estragar a diversão de todo mundo como você está fazendo agora.”
100 “Eu não entendo,” disse Laura, e ela saiu rápido do quarto da mãe para
101 o seu próprio quarto. Lá, meio por acaso, a primeira coisa que viu foi
102 essa encantadora garota no espelho, com sua tiara preta com
103 margaridas douradas e um lacinho de veludo preto. Nunca ela tinha
104 imaginado que poderia ficar bonita assim. A mãe estaria certa? Ela
105 pensou. E agora ela queria que sua mãe estivesse certa. Estou sendo
106 exagerada? Talvez isso fosse exagero. Apenas por um momento, ela
107 pensou novamente naquela pobre mulher e naquelas criancinhas, e no
108 corpo sendo carregado para dentro da casa. Mas tudo parecia nebuloso,

again after the party's over, she decided. And somehow that seemed quite the best plan. . . .

109 | irrereal, como uma foto num jornal. Eu vou pensar nisso quando a festa
110 | acabar, ela decidiu. E de alguma forma esse parecia o melhor plano...

Student Number	22300069	Text Number	7
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Source Text		Target Text	
Title	The Invisible Girl	Title	A Garota Invisível
Year Published	1832		
Author	Mary Shelley		
Language	English	Language	Brazilian Portuguese
Word Count	811	Word Count	741
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 familiarity with the formal features of a text (language variation(s), register, dialect)</i> (200 words max)	<p>The source text is an excerpt of <i>The invisible girl</i>, a short story published for the first time in the literary annual <i>The Keepsake</i> and now available online (Winter 2019, 'Mary Shelley's Gothic Tales in the Keepsake: the Invisible Girl'). It is a tale about the sadness and misfortunes experienced by a young woman who is separated from the man she is deeply in love with. The narrator is a traveller who seeks shelter in an isolated tower. The narrator meets an old woman living in this tower who tells him the story about <i>The Invisible Girl</i>. The story starts with the man, Henry Vernon (sometimes referred just as Henry or just Vernon), as the focus and then narrates his search for the Invisible Girl. Shelley's work belongs to the Romantic literary period (Bennett 2004, 'Shelley [née Godwin], Mary Wollstonecraft') and <i>The Keepsake's</i> TA was middle class women (Sussman 2003, 166). The narrator admits having edited the old woman's narrative, so the text is not written in an oral tone. It is a polished written style with long and complex sentences (average of 34.7 words per sentence), only 4 paragraphs and 15% of passive sentences, according to Word statistics.</p>		
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> • <i>justification of translation</i> 	<p>My goal is to create a version in Portuguese that can be read aloud to children. Therefore, I am aiming at a TA different from the ST: adults (any gender; aged between 25-50; holding higher education degree) who need a text that can be easily read aloud. My strategy is inspired by the definition of a 'dynamically structured text' made by Tiina Puurtinen in her study of children's literature translation. The 'dynamically structured text' is a text that is easier to read than a text with a 'static style characterized by the frequency of complex syntactic constructions' (Puurtinen 1994, 83). I will simplify</p>		

<p><i>production of genre for target context</i> (200 words max)</p>	<p>the complexity of sentences by splitting long sentences in two or three and turning passive voice sentences into active ones (Watanabe et.al. 2009, 33). I will also create more paragraphs to have more breakings in the reading. The character Henry will be always referred as Henry in the translation even when the ST names him by the surname Vernon, to avoid ambiguity. I will translate ‘Mrs.’ as ‘senhora’, which can be read as it is written, and not as the shortened form ‘sra.’, to aid readability as well.</p>
<p>Critical Reflection • <i>textual analysis</i> (200 words max)</p>	<p>My translation has 11 paragraphs with an average of 18.5 words per sentence. The TT has no passive sentences. I read both the ST and TT out loud to test if these results yielded a text that is easier to read as I planned. There was indeed a huge difference in the readability, but I realised I also simplified some sentences in ways not planned in the strategy, perhaps because I was unconsciously trying to adapt the text to an assumed level of comprehension by children. An example of these simplifications is:</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> - ‘a voice from the grave spoke his name—the accents of Rosina syllabled’ → ‘A voz era a de Rosina, só que parecia que ela estava muito, muito longe’ [It was Rosina’s voice, but it looked like she was far, far away’] <p>This means that in this case it could be interesting to consider not only my direct TA, the adults, but also their own audience, the children, as a kind of indirect TA. I could plan the translation choices designed for them in the strategy. A way to further develop the strategy I used in another translation of this text could be to identify expressions with metaphorical meaning (such as ‘from the grave’) to be translated with a more objective meaning (‘far away’).</p>
<p>Works Cited • <i>use of sources and reference material</i></p>	<p>Bennett, Betty T. 2004. ‘Shelley [née Godwin], Mary Wollstonecraft’. <i>Oxford Dictionary of National Biography</i>. https://doi-org.elib.tcd.ie/10.1093/ref:odnb/25311</p> <p>Winter, Caroline. 2019. ‘Mary Shelley’s Gothic Tales in the Keepsake: the Invisible Girl’. Licensed under a Creative Commons Attribution-NonCommercial 4.0 International License in 2019. Accessed November 16, 2022. http://www.gothictales.ca/content/invisible-girl</p>

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Watanabe, Willian & Junior, Arnaldo & Uzêda, Vinícius & Fortes, Renata & Pardo, Thiago & Aluisio, Sandra. (2009). *Facilita: Reading assistance for low-literacy readers*. SIGDOC'09 - Proceedings of the 27th ACM International Conference on Design of Communication. 29-36. 10.1145/1621995.1622002.

Puurtinen, Tiina. 1984. 'Dynamic style as a parameter of acceptability in translated children's books'. In *Translation Studies as Interdiscipline*, edited by Mary Snell Hornby, Franz Pöchhacker, Klaus Kaindl, 83-90. Viena: Translation Studies Congress.

Source Text

The Invisible Girl

An exclamation interrupted him; a voice from the grave spoke his name—the accents of Rosina syllabled, “Henry!—is it indeed Henry whom I hear?”

He rushed forward, directed by the sound, and clasped in his arms the living form of his own lamented girl—his own Invisible Girl he called her; for even yet, as he felt her heart beat near his, and as he entwined her waist with his arm, supporting her as she almost sank to the ground with agitation, he could not see her; and, as her sobs prevented her speech, no sense, but the instinctive one that filled his heart with tumultuous gladness, told him that the slender, wasted form he pressed so fondly was the living shadow of the Hebe beauty he had adored.

The morning saw this pair thus strangely restored to each other on the tranquil sea, sailing with a fair wind for L--, whence they were to proceed to Sir Peter’s seat, which, three months before, Rosina had quitted in such agony and terror. The morning light dispelled the shadows that had veiled her, and disclosed the fair person of the Invisible Girl. Altered indeed she was by suffering and woe, but still the same sweet smile played on her lips, and the tender light of her soft blue eyes were all her own. Vernon drew out the slipper, and showed the cause that had occasioned him to resolve to discover the guardian of the mystic beacon;

Target Text

A Garota Invisível

1 Ele ouviu um grito. A voz era a de Rosina, só que parecia que ela estava
2 muito, muito longe. “Henry! É você?”, disse a voz.
3 Ele correu na direção do som, e de repente tinha nos braços sua triste
4 garota, que ele tinha começado a chamar de Garota Invisível. Mesmo
5 agora, sentindo seu coração bater perto do dele e abraçando sua
6 cintura, ele não conseguia vê-la direito. Ela estava tão agitada que mal
7 conseguia ficar em pé. Soluçava tanto que não conseguia falar e estava
8 muito magra e fraca, mas nada disso importava, porque o coração de
9 Henry soube imediatamente que aquela era a sombra viva da linda
10 garota que ele amava.
11 Quando amanheceu, o casal já estava no barco, começando sua viagem
12 de volta para a casa do pai de Henry, Sir Peter. O mar estava calmo e um
13 vento agradável soprava. Fazia três meses que Rosina tinha fugido da
14 daquela casa, aterrorizada. A luz da manhã substituiu as sombras que a
15 escondiam de noite, e revelou o corpo magro da Garota Invisível. Ela
16 estava fraca por causa de todo o sofrimento, mas tinha o mesmo sorriso
17 doce nos lábios e o mesmo brilho em seus olhos azuis. Henry mostrou a
18 ela o sapatinho que tinha encontrado, e que o tinha feito procurar pela
19 guardiã da torre misteriosa. Ele ainda não tinha coragem de perguntar
20

even now he dared not inquire how she had existed in that desolate spot, or wherefore she had so sedulously avoided observation, when the right thing to have been done was, to have sought him immediately, under whose care, protected by whose love, no danger need be feared. But Rosina shrunk from him as he spoke, and a death-like pallor came over her cheek, as she faintly whispered, “Your father’s curse—your father’s dreadful threats!” It appeared, indeed, that Sir Peter’s violence, and the cruelty of Mrs. Bainbridge, had succeeded in impressing Rosina with wild and unvanquishable terror. She had fled from their house without plan or forethought—driven by frantic horror and overwhelming fear, she had left it with scarcely any money, and there seemed to her no possibility of either returning or proceeding onward. She had no friend except Henry in the wide world; whither could she go?—to have sought Henry would have sealed their fates to misery; for, with an oath, Sir Peter had declared he would rather see them both in their coffins than married. After wandering about, hiding by day, and only venturing forth at night, she had come to this deserted tower, which seemed a place of refuge. How she had lived since then she could hardly tell;—she had lingered in the woods by day, or slept in the vault of the tower, an asylum none were acquainted with or had discovered: by night she burned the pine-cones of the wood, and night was her dearest time; for it seemed to her as if security came with

21 como ela tinha sobrevivido sozinha naquele lugar desolado, ou por que
22 ela tinha se escondido com tanta determinação.
23 Ele achava que a coisa certa a se fazer teria sido encontrá-lo
24 imediatamente, porque ele iria cuidar dela e ela não teria nada a temer,
25 protegida pelo seu amor. Mas Rosina se encolheu quando ele disse isso
26 e, ficando muito pálida, falou bem baixinho: “O seu pai estava furioso...
27 as ameaças que ele fez!”
28 Aparentemente, a violência de Sir Peter e a crueldade da senhora
29 Bainbridge tinham impressionado Rosina, que tinha ficado aterrorizada.
30 Ela fugiu daquela casa sem nenhum plano ou cuidado, movida só pelo
31 horror e muito medo. Ela tinha ido embora sem quase nenhum dinheiro,
32 e achava que não havia nenhuma possibilidade de voltar ou de se mudar
33 para algum outro lugar. Ela não tinha nenhum amigo exceto Henry no
34 mundo todo, onde ela poderia ir?
35 Procurar Henry teria sido pior para os dois, porque Sir Peter tinha jurado
36 que preferia vê-los mortos em seus caixões do que casados. Depois de
37 andar sem rumo, se escondendo de dia e aproveitando a noite para
38 explorar, ela tinha encontrado a torre deserta, que parecia um bom
39 lugar para se refugiar.
40 Ela nem sabia como tinha sobrevivido desde então, se escondendo entre
41 as árvores durante o dia, dormindo na torre, onde ninguém nunca ia. De
42 noite, ela fazia uma fogueira com galhos que encontrava na floresta, e a

darkness. She was unaware that Sir Peter had left that part of the country, and was terrified lest her hiding-place should be revealed to him. Her only hope was that Henry would return—that Henry would never rest till he had found her. She confessed that the long interval and the approach of winter had visited her with dismay; she feared that, as her strength was failing, and her form wasting to a skeleton, that she might die, and never see her own Henry more.

An illness, indeed, in spite of all his care, followed her restoration to security and the comforts of civilized life; many months went by before the bloom revisiting her cheeks, and her limbs regaining their roundness, she resembled once more the picture drawn of her in her days of bliss, before any visitation of sorrow. It was a copy of this portrait that decorated the tower, the scene of her suffering, in which I had found shelter. Sir Peter, overjoyed to be relieved from the pangs of remorse, and delighted again to see his orphan-ward, whom he really loved, was now as eager as before he had been averse to bless her union with his son: Mrs. Bainbridge they never saw again. But each year they spent a few months in their Welch mansion, the scene of their early wedded happiness, and the spot where again poor Rosina had awoke to life and joy after her cruel persecutions. Henry's fond care had fitted up the tower, and decorated it as I saw; and often did he come over, with his "Invisible Girl," to renew, in the very scene of its occurrence, the

43 noite era sua hora favorita, porque parecia que a escuridão trazia
44 segurança.

45 Ela não sabia que Sir Peter tinha ido embora daquela parte do país, e
46 morria de medo de que ele a encontrasse no seu esconderijo. Sua única
47 esperança era que Henry iria voltar, que ele nunca descansaria até
48 encontrá-la. Ela confessou que a longa espera e a proximidade do
49 inverno a tinham deixado desanimada. Ela tinha medo de morrer, pois
50 estava ficando cada dia mais fraca, parecendo um esqueleto, e então
51 nunca mais veria seu Henry.

52 Mesmo com todos os cuidados dele, Rosina ficou doente logo após o
53 reencontro e a volta para a segurança e os confortos da cidade. Muitos
54 meses se passaram até que ela ficasse corada, ganhasse peso
55 novamente e voltasse a se parecer com o retrato feito em seus dias mais
56 felizes, antes de toda a tragédia.

57 Era uma cópia desse retrato que decorava a torre, a cena de seu
58 sofrimento, onde eu tinha ido me esconder. Sir Peter, contente de se ver
59 livre do remorso e de reencontrar sua afilhada órfã (a quem ele amava
60 muito), estava agora ansioso para abençoar a união dela com seu filho.

61 A senhora Bainbridge nunca mais foi vista. Mas todos os anos eles
62 passavam alguns meses em sua mansão galesa, o cenário de sua
63 felicidade de recém-casados. O lugar também trazia as memórias de
64 quando a pobre Rosina voltou à vida e a alegria após suas cruéis

remembrance of all the incidents which had led to their meeting again,
during the shades of night, in that sequestered ruin.

65 | perseguições. Henry tinha reformado e decorado a torre, e com
66 | frequência ele visitava o lugar acompanhado de sua “Garota Invisível”.
67 | Na cena dos acontecimentos, eles lembravam as aventuras que os
68 | tinham reunido, na escuridão da noite, naquelas ruínas isoladas.

Student Number	22300069	Text Number	8
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Source Text

Target Text

Title	A Woman, Thirty	Title	Uma Mulher, 30
Year Published	2014		
Author	Lydia Davis		
Language	English	Language	Portuguese
Word Count	58	Word Count	138
<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 familiarity with the formal features of a text (language variation(s), register, dialect)</i> <p>(200 words max)</p>	<p>The text, published in the book <i>Can't and Won't</i> (2014, 63), is a short paragraph that conveys two apparently opposing feelings: a woman wants to be single and live with her parents, where she feels comfortable and loved, but she also wants to be desired by a man and experience a relationship beyond her family. The text mixes third person narrative ('A woman, thirty, does not want to leave her childhood home') with the voice (or thoughts) of the woman herself ('Why should I leave home?'), switching between third and first person without marking it with any formatting changes. Because the text is so short (58 words), character and setting descriptions are minimal, not allowing the reader to not know much about them. The text only allows the reader to know that the woman is 30 years old and that she is at the window of her parent's house. This 'minimal style' with its 'casualness of tone' is often used by Lydia Davis to describe paradoxes and oppositions contained in everyday scenarios (Cohen 2010, 504).</p>		
<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>My TA is a Brazilian team of theatre actors and directors aged 20 to 30 years old who are working on plays (in Portuguese) adapted from Lydia Davis's short stories. I will create the script of a scene based on the ST, to be read and studied by the team. I will base the strategy on the structure of playscripts as explained by Ayckbourn (2002, 29-96) so I will need to insert descriptions of time, location, and character. I will also need to format part of the text as a monologue. The first and the sixth sentences (in the third person) will be translated into the descriptions of location and</p>		

<p><i>production of genre for target context</i> (200 words max)</p>	<p>character. I will assume that the time is the present. The sentences in the first person and the seventh sentence will be translated into a monologue, with lines that start with 'WOMAN:'. This will require interpreting the minimal information that is given in the short story and it will result in a more explicit and longer text. I will add elements to the description of the location (the light on stage and brief description of the house) and of the character (description of clothes and hair).</p>
<p>Critical Reflection • <i>textual analysis</i> (200 words max)</p>	<p>The difference in length and the information I had to add made the TT distant from the ST, but Lydia Davis' text can still be recognised in the monologue, which is translated directly from the sentences in the first person, and the title, translated literally. I noticed, however, that some parts of my translation are less explicit than the ST. I did not expect this because the translation is longer as I added new information. However, because I was relying on the directors and actors interpretation of the text as a whole, I omitted information twice: 'her childhood home' was translated simply as 'uma casa' [a house] and 'She wishes some man would at least look at her' was translated as 'Mas pelo menos algum homem podia passar na rua agora' [But at least a man could pass on the street now] (the action of looking at her is implied). Although this does not make the translation unfit for the TA, it indicates that the directors and actors could benefit from having another translation of the text, in the same genre as the ST and containing the same information. This second translation could accompany the translation-adaptation, so that they can have more material to support their interpretation of the source text.</p>
<p>Works Cited • <i>use of sources and reference material</i></p>	<p>Ayckbourn, Alan. 2002. <i>The Crafty Art of Playmaking</i>. New York: St. Martin's Press</p> <p>Cohen, Josh. 2010. 'Reflexive incomprehension: on Lydia Davis'. <i>Textual Practice</i>, 24:3, 501-516. DOI: 10.1080/09502360903471888</p> <p>Davis, Lydia. 2014. <i>Can't and Won't</i>. New York: Farrar, Strauss and Giroux</p>

Source Text

A Woman, Thirty

A woman, thirty, does not want to leave her childhood home.

Why should I leave home? These are my parents. They love me. Why should I go marry some man who will argue and shout at me?

Still, the woman likes to undress in front of the window. She wishes some man would at least look at her.

Target Text

Uma Mulher, 30

1 *TEMPO: presente*

2 *CENÁRIO: uma rua escura e deserta. A única luz no palco vem da janela*
3 *de vidro no primeiro andar de uma casa.*

4 *PERSONAGEM: uma jovem mulher, vestindo uma blusa de lã cor-de-rosa,*
5 *cabelos longos e soltos. Está parada na janela.*

6

7 *MULHER (olha para a rua, através da janela, e fala encostando a cabeça*
8 *na lateral): Tenho trinta anos já. Mas não quero sair dessa casa, cresci*
9 *aqui. Por que eu deveria sair de casa? Esses são meus pais. Eles me*
10 *amam. Por que eu deveria casar com algum homem que vai discutir e*
11 *gritar comigo?*

12

13 *Ela se desencosta, fecha os olhos e puxa os cabelos para trás. Então tira*
14 *a blusa e se encosta novamente na lateral da janela, suspirando, com*
15 *uma expressão pensativa.*

16

17 *MULHER (novamente olhando a rua): Mas pelo menos algum homem*
18 *podia passar na rua agora.*

Appendix

Interview questions referenced in brief number 3

1. Would you like to see your book *Beatriz* published in English? After reading this adapted translation, can you say something about your view on translating into English in order to broaden the audience and how this affects your writing in first place (if it does)?
2. You can see that the main character in this translation is a single young male teacher. Do you think the character's age and marital status still sound natural in the context you created for the female teacher? Why/why not?
3. The overprotective father is titled as 'Mr.' in the translation of your text and I chose this title to indicate that the character is someone who people address with respect. Can I ask about your view on this interpretation? What were your reasons to name the mother as 'dona' in Portuguese?
4. What is your view on the brief description of the male servant in the translation? Do you think the characterization you built for the maid works the same for him?
5. In the translation, the father expresses concern that his daughter is single and still virgin. Considering the effect this inversion of genders created, would you say that the behaviour you associated with the mother is derived from your understanding of Brazilian cultural habits or of a more international view on gender roles?