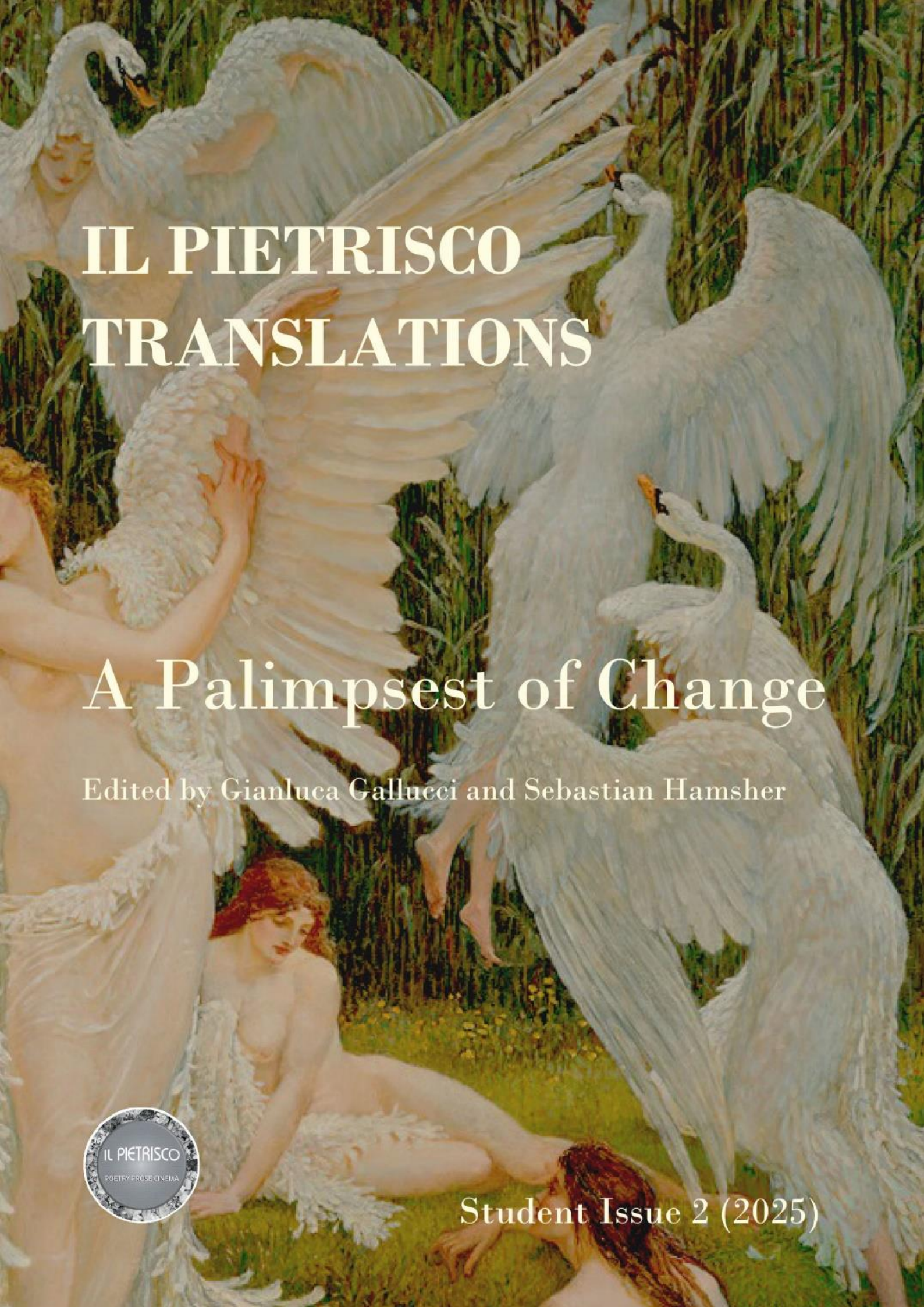

IL PIETRISCO TRANSLATIONS

A Palimpsest of Change

Edited by Gianluca Gallucci and Sebastian Hamsher

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Notes on Contributors

SABAHATTIN ALI (1907–1948) was an influential Turkish social realist literary figure born in the Ottoman Empire, in the city of Ardino in modern-day Bulgaria, who witnessed World War One and transition to the Republic of Turkey. He studied in Germany between 1928-30 and later taught German language in high schools in Turkey. Class conflict is especially relevant in his work, and he was arrested several times for political reasons. His most famous work is the short novel *Madonna in a Fur Coat*, first published in 1943.

NATHANIEL ALLBUT is an undergraduate student of German and Italian at the University of Manchester. Having also studied French, his interests lie in poetry, philosophy and linguistics. He enjoys exploring the extent to which language plays a role in emotional expression, engaging keenly with profound, existential works as a result. One of Nathaniel's aims is to make language learning more accessible, demonstrating the benefits of connecting with languages on an emotional and human level, especially in a world increasingly shaped by new technology within the field of translation.

CARMEN DE BURGOS (1867–1932) was a Spanish author, translator, and journalist. Burgos wrote during a time of social change, which is reflected in both her fiction writings and her non-fiction essays, both commenting on gender inequality and worker's rights throughout. She gained popularity as an author writing short novels for the growing middle class in early twentieth-century Spain but was written out of the Spanish literary canon during the Franco dictatorship. Burgos was a women's rights activist and her work for the *Diario Universal* made her the first professional female journalist in Spain.

GODOFREDO DAIREAUX (1849–1916) was a French-born Argentine writer, educator, and agriculturalist. Emigrating to Argentina in 1868, he became a prominent landowner and contributed to the founding of several towns but, due to health issues, shifted focus to education and literature. He served as Inspector General of Secondary and Normal Education from 1901 to 1903, as well as a teacher of French and agricultural studies at the Colegio Nacional. He also worked in journalism, writing for the newspaper *La Nación*, and contributing to many others. Daireaux's literary works depict rural Argentine life with vivid narratives and occasional fantastical elements. His legacy endures through his writings and contributions to Argentine culture.

GABRIELE D'ANNUNZIO (1863–1938) was an Italian poet, novelist, playwright, and political figure, widely regarded as one of the most influential literary voices of modern Italy. Born in Pescara, he gained early acclaim with his poetry collection *Primo Vere* (1879) and later achieved success with novels such as *Il piacere* (1889), which epitomised the decadent and aesthetic ideals of the *fin de siècle*. D'Annunzio's literary style is noted for its sensuality, rich imagery, and musical language. A prominent figure of the Decadent movement, he was also politically active, leading the occupation of Fiume in 1919 in a controversial nationalist campaign. His life was marked by both artistic brilliance and theatrical self-mythologising. Among his major poetic works is *Alcyone* (1903), which includes the celebrated *La pioggia nel pineto*. Though never awarded the Nobel Prize, D'Annunzio has been internationally recognised and remains a pivotal figure in Italian cultural and political history.

MAARIYA DAUD is a second-year undergraduate student of Art History at the University of Manchester. She has a deep love for writing, and her stories have been published in various literary magazines. Maariya takes inspiration from both classical literature and the works of the

Old Masters. She is currently working on her second novel alongside her studies. She aims to better explore the dichotomy between ancient and modern sensibilities through learning modern languages alongside ancient ones. Additionally, her research interests lie in Renaissance and Baroque art, which she hopes to pursue with further education. This summer, she is excited to spend a month in Siena, learning Italian.

EMILIA GARAGUSO is a final-year undergraduate student of English Literature and Italian (BA Hons) at the University of Manchester. She is of Italian heritage and has a great interest in modern foreign languages and believes in the importance of celebrating cross-cultural communication. While most of her translation experience has been informal, through additional engagement with her Italian translation module, she has discovered a passion for exploring the intricacies of language. She enjoys delving into the connections of different literary traditions, including the cultural significance of translation. This, therefore, enhances her understanding and appreciation for global perspectives in her studies, as well as shaping her future aspirations in the respective field.

GIANLUCA GALLUCCI is a first-year student pursing a BA French Studies degree at the University of Manchester. Growing up in an Italian family, he fostered a love for languages leading him to study French at Manchester. Gianluca has had the opportunity to take part in Sophia Smith-Galer's *Body Atlas* project where he helped to translate, and add more information to, the French Wikipedia page of the history of abortion in France. His translation of Proust is his first experience of formal literary translation. Aside from literary publication, he is also interested in the interaction and translation of cultures as well as the work of heritage sites as a place for fostering learning.

SEBASTIAN HAMSHER is a second-year undergraduate student at the University of Manchester, studying Spanish and Chinese. A multilingual family and a childhood in the 'Rainbow Nation' of South Africa sparked his ongoing interest in cultural differences and similarities, as well as language learning. His year abroad will be spent at Beijing Normal University where he aims to further refine his intercultural communication skills.

VICTOR HUGO (1802–1885) was one of the most prominent French public figures of the nineteenth century. A leading voice in the Romantic movement, Hugo wrote poetry, plays and novels, including *The Hunchback of Notre Dame* and *Les Misérables*. In addition to his literary achievements, he was also a politician and human rights activist, spending almost twenty years in exile. He dedicated considerable time to drawing, painting and architecture. His works continue to resonate today, grappling with timeless themes such as grief, religion and revolution.

GIACOMO LEOPARDI (1798–1837) was an Italian poet, author and scholar from Recanati. He grew up in an aristocratic household, spending his early years immersed in his father's extensive library. As a result, he developed remarkable linguistic and intellectual skills in both ancient and modern languages and literature. Leopardi's career was marked by his deeply philosophical and emotionally resonant works. His poetry collection *Canti* is celebrated for its lyrical beauty and exploration of themes like human suffering, longing, and the indifference of nature. His extensive personal notes, compiled in the *Zibaldone*, reveal his innovative philosophical ideas, including cosmic pessimism. Despite not receiving any awards during his lifetime, Leopardi is revered as one of Italy's literary giants, influencing generations of poets, philosophers, and thinkers worldwide with his timeless contributions to art and intellect.

MANUEL MACHADO (1874–1947) was a Spanish poet and playwright at the turn of the twentieth century. Born in Seville to Andalusian folklorist Antonio Machado Álvarez, Machado was inspired by the rich culture of Andalusia, developing a profound connection with it

throughout his works. Machado was similarly inspired by his years spent in Paris and his introduction to the Parnassian movement's prominence of detailed, vivid imagery. However, Machado's dedication to creating literature extended beyond his personal interests as he was a notable member of the *Generation of '98*, a group of creatives committed to restoring Spain's cultural identity after the Spanish-American War of 1898. Machado's oeuvre spans from 1894 to 1940 and captures his prolific range of literary styles.

GIORGIA MARZANI is a student at the University of Manchester studying Italian Studies. She grew up in the UK to Italian parents, and therefore speaking both English and two Italian dialects, her multilingual childhood led to her fascination with translation and communication, now resulting in a determination to pursue a career in the translation field. Before going to university, she had the opportunity to translate *The Briefcase* by Maurizio Castellari, from the Italian into English, and has also entered translation competitions.

METE MELIKOĞLU is a second-year undergraduate student at the University of Manchester, studying BA English Literature. Proficient in their mother tongue (Turkish) as well as English, their interest in translation lies in the exploration of cultural exchange and the diversity of meanings that can derive from a word. Making information more accessible is an integral part of translation for them, which has been fuelled by their experience of translating Wikipedia pages from English to Turkish. They are currently learning Spanish spurred on by an interest in Global South literatures and the women writers of the Spanish Golden Age.

PUBLIUS OVIDIUS NASO (Ovid) (43 BC–18 AD) was a Roman poet who lived during the reign of Augustus and is known as one of the three canonical poets of Latin literature (alongside Horace and Virgil). He possessed a wit and intellectual genius that seeps through his poetry. Spending most of his adolescence in a Roman educational and linguistic environment, Ovid quickly nurtured his brilliance and set himself up to spend his life in both the imperial service and in the senate. However, after attempting this career he found that public life was not for him and dedicated his life to poetry. After writing his love elegies, including the *Ars Amatoria (The Art of Love)*, it was obvious he was the undisputed central Roman poet. These witty manuals seem entirely at odds with his *Metamorphosis*, which had a more solemn purpose, and firmly established Ovid as a great writer of his time.

EVA PIMBLETT is a final-year undergraduate student at the University of Manchester, studying BA (Hons) Spanish and Chinese. Her interests lie in audiovisual and literary translation, which originally drew her to participate in this project.

SHI PINGMEI (1902–1928) was a Chinese writer, most known for her politically and socially progressive works. Born into a liberal family of scholars in Shanxi Province, she attended Peking Women's Normal University where she majored in physical education. She was active in many circles associated with the anti-imperial May Fourth movement, and wrote essays that covered women's rights, social reform and Marxism. Her free-verse poetry also appeared in a number of popular literary journals of the time. She co-edited the popular literary supplement *The Wild Rose* until her death from encephalitis at just twenty-six years old. Her literary legacy as one of the principal writers of modern literature in the early Republic of China survives to this day.

MARCEL PROUST (1871–1922) was born in the Parisian borough of Auteuil. Interested in writing and publishing from a young age, he established a regular society column in *Le Mensuel*. He first began his work on *À la Recherche du Temps Perdu* in 1909 and continued his six-volume magnum opus until his death in 1922. Proust was awarded the Goncourt Prize for his work *À l'Ombre des Jeunes Filles en Fleurs* in 1919, and, in 1920, was awarded the Legion of Honour in recognition of his literary achievements, as well as the Grand Prize for the Best Novels in the

Half-Century alongside Jean Paul Sartre and Anatole France. Proust's impact on the literary landscape in France has been a substantial one that continues to this day.

ELLA RANYARD is a second-year undergraduate student of Chinese and Spanish at the University of Manchester. She has a strong appreciation and passion for language learning, having grown up in a monolingual environment. Her interest in translation studies lies in the nuances of intercultural communication and the difficulties in translating culturally specific concepts. She will be spending her year abroad studying at Tsinghua University in Beijing and hopes to go on to study for a master's degree in Translation and Interpreting Studies.

GEORGIA RILEY is an undergraduate student studying English Literature and Spanish at the University of Manchester. Her passions for poetry and translation have led her to explore the intersection of languages and the ways that poetry can be communicated to a wider audience. The process of poetic translation requires immense consideration to not only capture meaning, but also to consider aspects such as metre, rhyme and musicality. As a poet, Georgia understands the fine line between conveying meaning as well as respecting the original poem's form. Beyond her studies, Georgia hopes to continue working with poetry both in her native language (English) and languages from across the globe.

Introductory note

We are thrilled at the publication of the second Student Issue of *Il Pietrisco Translations*. The issue has been conceived within the 2025 edition of the Undergraduate Scholars Programme, an extra-curricular, non-credit bearing initiative of interdisciplinary research for undergraduate students in the School of Arts, Languages and Cultures at the University of Manchester.

For this student edition of *Il Pietrisco Translations*, we decided to take on the theme of change, progression and transformation as a continuation from last year's theme of childhood stories. Maturation and evolution felt like a fitting bridge between our publication and that of our predecessors, particularly in terms of natural growth. We have been lucky enough to look at change on both physical and emotional planes, that have expanded our understandings and perspectives of what it means to be human. At the same time, it has also allowed us all to view our own personal changes from a new perspective.

Our publication has had access to a range of material from both esteemed literary giants and lesser-known authors, hailing from a variety of cultures and languages. Spanning six languages – Chinese, French, Italian, Latin, Spanish and Turkish – and almost two millennia – from Ovid's *Metamorphosis* to Manuel Machado's *Alfa y Omega* – our publication hopes to offer you tales of transformation from across the centuries and the world.

Translation is an individual experience and deeply felt by our contributors. Knowing when to maintain the rhythm and rhyme of Victor Hugo's poetry or how to interpret his sense of grief required delicacy and attention. Understanding when it is right to follow Marcel Proust to the letter or interpret his phrases and often non-sensical grammar proved a steep learning curve.

A group translation of Shi Pingmei's prose required our translators to cross-reference multiple dictionaries and consult native speakers in order to fully comprehend the nuanced text. A translation of Giacomo Leopardi allowed for a more modern and feminist revival that had not been seen in over 100 years, while translating Gabriele D'Annunzio meant a new look at the Decadentism of the twentieth century in the twenty-first.

Retaining word similarity and understanding of appropriate word choice meant grappling with a genderless language, and how that could affect a reader's understanding of the text proved a challenge for the work of Sabahattin Ali. The required dexterity in translating the prose and poetry of Manuel Machado, Carmen de Burgos and Godofredo Daireaux tactfully dealt with the themes of domestication and foreignisation.

And finally, the inevitable pressure facing anyone tackling a translation of the great poet Ovid was surmounted to produce a brilliantly personal translation.

Each and every one of our translators has taken the extraordinary step of going beyond their required academic timetable to work on texts that – at times – proved gruelling and difficult in order to contribute to this new edition of translations.

Poetry, prose and elegies: this palimpsest of change hopes to provide you with something to reflect the transformations in all of our lives.

We would like to thank the translators for their excellent contributions and their permission to publish them in the journal. We would also like to thank Maariya Daud for her wonderful contribution as the designer for this Student Issue. We are especially indebted to the editors, Monica Boria and Ángeles Carreres, for their precious advice, and also to the editorial board members for their comments. We would also like to thank literary translator Andrew Brown for his insights into the profession and his tips.

Finally, many thanks to *Il Pietrisco* for the opportunity to publish our translation project in their journal.

We hope you will enjoy the issue.

Gianluca Gallucci & Sebastian Hamsher, June 2025

PUBLIUS OVIDIUS NASO (OVID)

Translated from the Latin into English by Maariya Daud

Metamorphosis, Liber Secundus, Phaethon

Regia Solis erat sublimibus alta columnis,
clara micante auro flammasque imitante pyropo,
cuius ebur nitidum fastigia summa tegebat,
argenti bifores radiabant lumine valvae.
materiam superabat opus: nam Mulciber illic
aequora caelarat medias cingentia terras
terrarumque orbem caelumque, quod imminet orbi.
caeruleos habet unda deos, Tritona canorum
Proteaque ambiguum ballaenarumque prementem
Aegaeona suis inmania terga lacertis
Doridaque et natas, quarum pars nare videtur,
pars in mole sedens viridis siccare capillos,
pisce vehi quaedam: facies non omnibus una,
non diversa tamen, qualem decet esse sororum.
terra viros urbesque gerit silvasque ferasque
fluminaque et nymphas et cetera numina ruris.
haec super inposita est caeli fulgentis imago,
signaque sex foribus dextris totidemque sinistris.

Quo simul adclivi Clymeneia limite proles
venit et intravit dubitati tecta parentis,
protinus ad patrios sua fert vestigia vultus
consistitque procul; neque enim propiora ferebat
lumina: purpurea velatus veste sedebat
in solio Phoebus claris lucente smaragdis.

[…] Ipse loco medius rerum novitate paventem
Sol oculis iuvenem, quibus adspicit omnia, vidit
'quae' que 'viae tibi causa? quid hac' ait 'arce petisti,
progenies, Phaethon, haud infitianda parenti?'
ille refert: 'o lux inmensi publica mundi,
Phoebe pater, si das usum mihi nominis huius,
nec falsa Clymene culpam sub imagine celat,
pignora da, genitor, per quae tua vera propago
credar, et hunc animis errorem detrahe nostris!'
dixerat, at genitor circum caput omne micantes
deposuit radios propiusque accedere iussit.

[…] Dictis tamen ille repugnant
propositumque premit flagratque cupidine currus.
ergo, qua licuit, genitor cunctatus ad altos
deducit iuvenem, Vulcania munera, currus.
aureus axis erat, temo aureus, aurea summae
curvatura rotae, radiorum argenteus ordo;
per iuga chrysolithi positaeque ex ordine gemmae
clara repercusso reddebant lumina Phoebo.
Dumque ea magnanimus Phaethon miratur opusque
perspicit, ecce vigil nitido patefecit ab ortu
purpureas Aurora fores et plena rosarum
atria: diffugiunt stellae, quarum agmina cogit
Lucifer et caeli statione novissimus exit.
Quem petere ut terras mundumque rubescere vidit
cornuaque extremae velut evanescere lunae,
iungere equos Titan velocibus imperat Horis.
iussa deae celeres peragunt ignemque vomentes,
ambrosiae suco saturos, praesepibus altis
quadripedes ducunt adduntque sonantia frena.
tum pater ora sui sacro medicamine nati
contigit et rapidae fecit patientia flammae
inposuitque comae radios […]

Interea volucres Pyrois et Eous et Aethon,
Solis equi, quartusque Phlegon hinnitibus auras
flammiferis inplent pedibusque repagula pulsant.
quae postquam Tethys, fatorum ignara nepotis,
reppulit, et facta est inmensi copia caeli,
corripuere viam pedibusque per aera motis
obstantes scindunt nebulas pennisque levati
praetereunt ortos isdem de partibus Euros.
sed leve pondus erat nec quod cognoscere possent
Solis equi, solitaque iugum gravitate carebat;

[…] sic onere adsueto vacuus dat in aera saltus
succutiturque alte similisque est currus inani.

Quod simulac sensere, ruunt tritumque relinquunt
quadriiugi spatium nec quo prius ordine currunt.
ipse pavet nec qua commissas flectat habenas
nec scit qua sit iter, nec, si sciat, imperet illis.
tum primum radiis gelidi caluere Triones
et vetito frustra temptarunt aequore tingui,
quaeque polo posita est glaciali proxima Serpens,
frigore pigra prius nec formidabilis ulli,
incaluit sumpsitque novas fervoribus iras;

te quoque turbatum memorant fugisse, Boote.
quamvis tardus eras et te tua plaustra tenebant.

[…] Tum vero Phaethon cunctis e partibus orbem
adspicit accensum nec tantos sustinet aestus
ferventisque auras velut e fornace profunda
ore trahit currusque suos candescere sentit;
et neque iam cineres eiectatamque favillam
ferre potest calidoque involvitur undique fumo,
quoque eat aut ubi sit, picea caligine tectus
nescit et arbitrio volucrum raptatur equorum.

[…] At Phaethon rutilos flamma populante capillos
volvitur in praeceps longoque per aera tractu
fertur, ut interdum de caelo stella sereno
etsi non cecidit, potuit cecidisse videri.
quem procul a patria diverso maximus orbe
excipit Eridanus fumantiaque abluit ora.
Naides Hesperiae trifida fumantia flamma
corpora dant tumulo, signant quoque carmine saxum:
HIC : SITVS : EST : PHAETHON : CVRRVS : AVRIGA : PATERNI
QVEM : SI : NON : TENVIT : MAGNIS : TAMEN : EXCIDIT : AVSIS

BOOK TWO, Phaethon

The palace of the sun was elevated on high pillars,
Bright, with gleaming gold, and with garnet imitating flames,
Shining ivory crowned the highest roofs,
The double doors radiated light from the palace's burnished silver.
The work of art was finer than the material: for Mulciber
there had engraved the waters that surround the middle of the earth,
The earth circled by heavens, and the overhanging sky.
The sea holds the cerulean gods, melodious Triton,
and wavering Proteus, and Aegaeon striking the huge backs of whales with his arms,
And Doris and her daughters, some of whom are seen swimming,
some sitting on the rocks to dry their sea-green hair, one being carried by a fish.
Their appearance is not all the same,
Yet not unlike, as is proper for sisters.
The earth bears noble men, cities, woods, and fierce beasts
Rivers and nymphs and the other divinities of the country.
These were assigned above. The image of resplendent heaven,
six zodiac signs on the right-hand doors, and as many on the left.

Here the son of Clymene ascended the rising path,
And entered the house of his uncertain father.

Immediately he brought his steps to his father
And halted at a distance: unable to bear the closer light.
Phoebus sat covered in a regal purple robe
On the throne, gleaming with resplendent emeralds.

[...] The Sun, in the middle of his palace, with eyes that see everything, saw the young man, frightened at the novelty of things
And he said, "What is the reason for your journey? What do you seek in this palace, Phaethon – offspring not to be denied by a parent?"
He replied, "Oh, light of the boundless world,
Phoebus, father, if you grant me use of this name,
If Clymene is not concealing her sin under some false pretence,
Give me a token, father, through which I may be believed as your true offspring.
Which may establish my descent,
And take away this doubt from our minds!"
He had spoken, but his father set aside the rays twinkling around his whole head and ordered him to come closer.

[…] Phaethon insists on his plan, burning with a desire to drive the chariot.
Therefore, as it was right, his reluctant father took
the young man to the high chariot, an offering from Vulcan.
Its axel was gilded, its beam was gold,
its curved wheels were gold-bearing, with spokes of silver:
chrysolites and gems reflected, brightly, from the yoke of the light of Phoebus.

While bold Phaethon marvelled these works,
- look! – from the gleaming east, watchful Aurora has opened her purple doors
and halls full of plump roses: the stars scatter, whose troops
Lucifer gathers, and lastly, he leaves his station in the sky.

When the Sun saw Lucifer approach and the earth and heavens grow red,
And the horns of the moon waning,
the Sun ordered the swift Hours to yoke his horses.
The swift goddesses carry out the orders,
And lead the horses, breathing fire,
filled with the juice of ambrosia, from their lofty stalls, and lay on them the resounding bridles.
Then the father touched his son's face with sacred ointment
and gave it endurance to fierce flames
And put rays on his hair […]

Meanwhile Pyros, Eous, and Aethea -
winged horses of the sun - and the fourth, Phlegon, fill the air
with their fiery neighs, and beat the bolts with their hooves.
Then Tethys, ignorant of her descendant's destiny,
Removed them and a boundless expanse of sky was opened.

The horses seized the path, and with their feet moving through air
They stirred the clouds in their way, and, lifted on their wings,
Passed over the east winds rising from the same direction.
But the weight was not such that the Sun's horses could feel,
And the yoke lacked its usual gravity.
Thus, the chariot, unburdened and free of its usual weight, leaps into the air,
Is jolted upwards, and is similar to an empty wagon.

[...] As soon as they feel this, the team of horses bolt and abandon the well-worn track,
No longer running in their previous order.
Phaethon, afraid, does not know how to steer the entrusted reins,
nor does he know where the path is, nor, if he knew, could he control them.
Then, for the first time, the icy constellation of the Bear was warmed by the sun's rays.
In vain, they tried to dip into the forbidden sea,
And the Serpent which is placed near the icy pole,
Sluggish because of the cold before, and feared by none,
Now took on a new rage from the heat.
They say that even you, Boötes, fled in confusion,
Though you were slow and limping from your plough.

[...] Then truly, Phaethon sees the whole world burning entirely,
And cannot endure such blazing heat.
He gulps the searing air, as if from an abysmal furnace,
And feels the chariot begin to glisten red hot.
And by now the embers and cast-out ashes he can no longer endure,
He is wrapped all around by hot smoke
He does not know where he is going or where is, veiled in pitch black,
And is carried off by the will of the winged horses.

[...] And then Phaethon, flames ravaging his glowing hair,
is hurled headlong and carried through the long stretch of space,
as at times a star from a clear summer sky can seem to have fallen,
although it never drops to earth.
Far from his homeland, in another part of the earth, the great Eridanus
receives the boy and bathes his fuming face,
The Hesperian Naiads
give his charred body, smoking from the three-pronged flame, a burial mound, and inscribe the stone with a poem:
"Here lies Phaethon, who drove his father's chariot.
Although he could not hold it, he fell having dared great things."

***

Context

Fitting this journal's larger theme of transformation, *The Metamorphosis* is one of the earliest texts that would examine transfiguration from the beginning of time as the Romans knew it, to Ovid's own. The story of Phaethon is just one story amongst many in *The Metamorphosis*. The writer starts his book with the lines 'Changes of shape, new forms, are the theme which my spirit impels me now to recite.' Phaethon's story in particular explores his youthful ambition, coming of age, and the transformation of the state of the world. The Romans would use this myth to explain many natural phenomena, including differing skin colours and landscapes. Phaethon was striving for greatness, and through his retelling Ovid evidently proves himself to be one of the greats.

Translator's note

Ovid was a master of description and delicately conveying the intricacies of human experience and emotion. Since Latin poetry is different to Latin prose in terms of word order and rhythm, which in turn differs heavily to English word order, it proved difficult to keep up with Ovid's poeticisms. I chose this text because of the poet's vivid ekphrasis of the setting, and the theme of youthful, mortal daring, which I believe is pertinent when exploring change and coming-of-age.

Phaethon is an archetypal young man; impetuous, wanting to impress, in search of something higher than his identity and the common, banal life he was experiencing. He is swept away by the spirit of this ambition, by the fantasy of his father without considering the implications. The Greeks would call this ambition ὕβρις (*hubris*), excessive pride, or deem it a ἁμαρτία (*hamartia*), a fatal flaw. I believe this to be a very human desire: to live as utterly as possible - to flourish. Though Phaethon was compelled to action by a boyish quarrel, his motivation to drive the chariot underscored an adolescent, yet valid motivation, to do, to be, and to think, above the fray - to distinguish one's identity.

Since the fifteen books of *The Metamorphosis* were originally written to be read aloud, the Latin retains a quintessential rhythm that would have been easy to memorise. The original text is heavy with enjambment and caesurae, fitting its oratorical culture (a culture that is rare today). The translation edited by Brookes More is significantly logorrhoeic, doing the Latin justice. David Raeburn's translation, on the other hand, is easier for a modern audience to read, not sacrificing verbosity for description, nor making its retelling bland in the slightest, but accurately representing Ovid's writing in as few English words as possible. I have tried to strike a balance between the two as Ovid was notoriously verbose, but an English translation requires many more words to replace just one in the Latin.

However, English words are devoid of the sundry semantics of the Latin, posing a challenge. When describing the daughters of Doris, for instance, was their hair sea-green, or youthful and blossoming *(viridis)*? In this case, I chose sea-green, to evoke the same sun-washed semantics of the Latin. Similarly, did the palace look awash with fire

or with garnet *(pyropo)*? Both descriptions conjure up lucid and vibrant images in our minds, but the former accurately foreshadows later events, which is what Ovid would have intended. Lastly, was Phaethon a trembling, hesitant son, or an audacious, surprised one? Writing him to be surprised rather than trembling seemed to better incorporate his determined character into the story.

Ovid's poem is both a blissful description of the world, a reverie, and a warning to heedless, reckless youth about the power of ambition and its dangers. He writes both as the teenager and the father, equally ecstatic and scolding. Translating it meant finding a balance between descriptions of the divine and the concise, short sentences that serve as warnings.

GIACOMO LEOPARDI

Translated from the Italian into English by Giorgia Marzani

A Silvia

Silvia, rimembri ancora
Quel tempo della tua vita mortale,
Quando beltà splendea
Negli occhi tuoi ridenti e fuggitivi,
E tu, lieta e pensosa, il limitare
Di gioventù salivi?

Sonavan le quiete
Stanze, e le vie dintorno,
Al tuo perpetuo canto,
Allor che all'opre femminili intenta
Sedevi, assai contenta
Di quel vago avvenir che in mente avevi.
Era il maggio odoroso: e tu solevi
Così menare il giorno.

Io gli studi leggiadri
Talor lasciando e le sudate carte,
Ove il tempo mio primo
E di me si spendea la miglior parte,
D'in su i veroni del paterno ostello
Porgea gli orecchi al suon della tua voce,
Ed alla man veloce
Che percorrea la faticosa tela.
Mirava il ciel sereno,
Le vie dorate e gli orti,
E quinci il mar da lungi, e quindi il monte.
Lingua mortal non dice
Quel ch'io sentiva in seno.

Che pensieri soavi,
Che speranze, che cori, o Silvia mia!
Quale allor ci apparia
La vita umana e il fato!
Quando sovviemmi di cotanta speme,
Un affetto mi preme
Acerbo e sconsolato,

E tornami a doler di mia sventura.

O natura, o natura,
Perchè non rendi poi
Quel che prometti allor? perchè di tanto
Inganni i figli tuoi?

Tu pria che l'erbe inaridisse il verno,
Da chiuso morbo combattuta e vinta,
Perivi, o tenerella. E non vedevi
Il fior degli anni tuoi;
Non ti molceva il core
La dolce lode or delle negre chiome,
Or degli sguardi innamorati e schivi;
Nè teco le compagne ai dì festivi
Ragionavan d'amore

Anche peria fra poco
La speranza mia dolce: agli anni miei
Anche negaro i fati
La giovanezza. Ahi come,
Come passata sei,
Cara compagna dell'età mia nova,
Mia lacrimata speme!
Questo è quel mondo? questi
I diletti, l'amor, l'opre, gli eventi
Onde cotanto ragionammo insieme?
Questa la sorte dell'umane genti?
All'apparir del vero
Tu, misera, cadesti: e con la mano
La fredda morte ed una tomba ignuda
Mostravi di lontano.

To Silvia

Silvia, do you still remember
That time in your mortal life,
When your beauty shone
In your sparkling and fleeting eyes,
And you, happy and thoughtful, the thresholds
Of youth creeped up?

Your eternal song resonated,
In the quiet rooms,
And the alleys around,

The time when you sat,
Intent on your womanly work,

So happy of that vague future that you had in your head.
It was that fragrant May: and you used to spend the days like this.

Leaving behind the graceful studies
And the sweaty papers,
Where my early years
And the best part of me was spent,
From the balconies of my father's house,
I listened intently to the melody of your voice,
And to the swift hand
That ran along the tiring loom.
I gazed at the clear sky,
The golden streets and gardens,
And from afar the sea, and then the mountain.
A mortal tongue could not say
What I felt in my breast.

What sweet thoughts,
What hopes, what choruses, oh darling Silvia!
How human life and fate,
Appeared to us then!
When I remember such hope,
A feeling weighs on me,
Bitter and dejected
I return to grieve for my misfortune.
O nature, o nature,
Why do you not return
What you promised then? Why do you
Fool your children so?

Before the grasses were parched by winter,
Fought and conquered by a secret disease,
You perished, oh tender one. And you did not see,
The flower of your years;
Your heart was not soothed,
By the sweet praise of your dark locks,
Or of your enamoured and shy glances;
Nor did your companions with you on festive days,
Conversed of love

Soon after would perish,
My sweet hope, too: my years,
Fate also denied,

Youth. Ah how,
How you have passed,
Dear companion of my young age,

My tearful hope!
Is this that world? These
The delights, the love, the works, the occasions
Whence did we reason together so much?
Is this the fate of humankind?
When the truth appeared
You, wretched, fell: and from afar,
You showed death and an unmarked tomb,
With your cold hand.

***

Context

Giacomo Leopardi (1798-1837) was an Italian philosopher, poet, essayist, and philologist. The poem *A Silvia* from 1828 was originally published in his collection of poems *I Canti* in 1931. It is part of the *Idilli* (Idylls) section of *I Canti*, which I found on the Casa Leopardi website. This section focused more on Leopardi's evolving Romantic pessimism, shaped by his own experiences of physical frailty, illness and failed aspirations, something for which Leopardi was well known.

Leopardi explores themes of lost youth and dreams in this poem, using the indifference of nature paired with his disillusionment and existential anguish to portray the inevitability of the passing seasons of life, which pairs with the overarching theme of coming of age.

Encapsulated in the character of Silvia, who serves as the perfect vessel to convey transitions, her life is described as a coming of age with all her womanly duties as she becomes an adult, while also depicting the transition from life to death.

The poem is an apostrophe, where Leopardi addresses the dead Silvia, thought to be 21-year-old Teresa Fattorini, Leopardi's muse and the daughter of the coachman of the Leopardi family, who died of tuberculosis. A feminist issue with this monologue style is that Silvia cannot reply, even though she is dead; her posthumous representation is a clear indication of how the male gaze shapes and dictates her representation.

Leopardi uses quotidian dialogue with personal poetic language. This structure is inspired by classical elegies, adding an elevated tone overall. The temporal shifts between the past and the present contrast youthful hope with adult disillusionment, highlighting and reinforcing the inevitability of loss and decay. Initially, it was well received and solidified into the Italian Romantic literary canon over time, often a point of reference because of the strong existential themes.

Translator's note

I chose this text because I was intrigued by the possibility of an updated translation and the effect of feminist translation theory on the translator's task and *translatum*. The previous translation that I compared mine to was a 1992 edition of this poem by Eamon Grennan.

As I approached this translation, a problem I often encountered was the older language style. Seeing as this was for an academic publication, I tried to maintain the poetic text type. However, a skill I honed in this task was the ability to focus on the meaning of texts and the ability as a translator to decide, to a certain degree, how the *skopos* of my translation affects it.

The decision to render 'faticosa tela' as 'tiring loom' was informed by the connotations in both the source and target languages regarding the 'opre femminili'. This phrase 'women's work' was intriguing because the only action we see her undertake in this poem is at her loom. Contextually, traditional roles undertaken by women were textile making, and this section not only reinforced women's firmly-rooted place in the domestic sphere but also presented to the translator the issue of how to translate these domestic chores to a modern audience correctly and whether to keep it tied to the theme of textiles or not.

Moreover, the choice of words used to describe Silvia in Italian lends itself to a smiling, docile woman, intent on her 'womanly work' and with vague dreams of a future. In my translation, I aimed to select descriptive words that were more impactful than merely outlining her beauty, hoping to furnish a more complete portrait of her personality, such as 'sguardi innamorati'.

The temporal shifts between past and present contrast youthful hope with adult disillusionment, highlighting and reinforcing the inevitability of loss and decay, but also presenting a challenge to the translator. These elements are typical of Italian Romanticism, but as a translator, trying to transpose this into a coherent and homogenous text is difficult due to the strong need for contextualisation of tense and person, such as the use of prepositions like 'Before' and 'I' to outline the speaker's position. Whilst this does not necessarily play into feminist translation theory, it is a more significant component of trying to produce an easily understandable text.

Additionally, structural adaptations were something I had to keep in mind, such as maintaining the poem's meter while ensuring readability. Therefore, my decision to maintain the format of the poem as the original was influenced by this, but it was difficult as I had to make decisions on where to cut phrases in half, continue them, change punctuation and reformulate sentences and therefore changing the structure. This may not result in an identically looking poem, but it is a more faithful translation.

Furthermore, while translating, I referred to the Casa Leopardi website which provided me with an extensive timeline. This resource helped inform my decision to render sections of the poem accurately and ensured cultural sensitivity.

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VICTOR HUGO

Translated from the French into English by Nathaniel Allbut (in collaboration with Gianluca Gallucci)

Demain, dès l'aube…

Demain, dès l'aube, à l'heure où blanchit la campagne,
Je partirai. Vois-tu, je sais que tu m'attends.
J'irai par la forêt, j'irai par la montagne.
Je ne puis demeurer loin de toi plus longtemps.

Je marcherai les yeux fixés sur mes pensées,
Sans rien voir au dehors, sans entendre aucun bruit,
Seul, inconnu, le dos courbé, les mains croisées,
Triste, et le jour pour moi sera comme la nuit.

Je ne regarderai ni l'or du soir qui tombe,
Ni les voiles au loin descendant vers Harfleur,
Et quand j'arriverai, je mettrai sur ta tombe
Un bouquet de houx vert et de bruyère en fleur.
3. septembre 1847

Tomorrow, at dawn…

Tomorrow, at dawn, when the countryside brightens,
I'll go. You see, I know you are waiting for me.
I'll go through the forest, I'll go through the mountains.
Far from you I can no longer be.

I will walk eyes fixed on my thoughts,
Not seeing a thing or hearing a noise at all
Alone, unknown, my hands crossed, my back taut,
Forlorn, and for me the day will be like nightfall.

I will watch neither the gold of the falling eve
Nor the distant sailboats descending towards Harfleur,
And when I arrive, I will place on your grave
A bouquet of green holly and blooming heather.
3rd September 1847

***

A Villequier

Maintenant que Paris, ses pavés et ses marbres,
Et sa brume et ses toits sont bien loin de mes yeux;
Maintenant que je suis sous les branches des arbres,
Et que je puis songer à la beauté des cieux;

[...]
Maintenant, ô mon Dieu ! que j'ai ce calme sombre
De pouvoir désormais
Voir de mes yeux la pierre où je sais que dans l'ombre
Elle dort pour jamais;

[...]
Je viens à vous, Seigneur, père auquel il faut croire;
Je vous porte, apaisé,
Les morceaux de ce cœur tout plein de votre gloire
Que vous avez brisé;

[...]
Je ne résiste plus à tout ce qui m'arrive
Par votre volonté.
L'âme de deuils en deuils, l'homme de rive en rive,
Roule à l'éternité.

[...]
Les mois, les jours, les flots des mers, les yeux qui pleurent,
Passent sous le ciel bleu;
Il faut que l'herbe pousse et que les enfants meurent;
Je le sais, ô mon Dieu!

[...]
Considérez qu'on doute, ô mon Dieu ! quand on souffre,
Que l'œil qui pleure trop finit par s'aveugler,
Qu'un être que son deuil plonge au plus noir du gouffre,
Quand il ne vous voit plus, ne peut vous contempler,

Et qu'il ne se peut pas que l'homme, lorsqu'il sombre
Dans les afflictions,
Ait présente à l'esprit la sérénité sombre
Des constellations!

Aujourd'hui, moi qui fus faible comme une mère,
Je me courbe à vos pieds devant vos cieux ouverts.
Je me sens éclairé dans ma douleur amère

Par un meilleur regard jeté sur l'univers.

Seigneur, je reconnais que l'homme est en délire
S'il ose murmurer;
Je cesse d'accuser, je cesse de maudire,
Mais laissez-moi pleurer!

[...]
Voyez-vous, nos enfants nous sont bien nécessaires,
Seigneur ; quand on a vu dans sa vie, un matin,
Au milieu des ennuis, des peines, des misères,
Et de l'ombre que fait sur nous notre destin,

Apparaître un enfant, tête chère et sacrée,
Petit être joyeux,
Si beau, qu'on a cru voir s'ouvrir à son entrée
Une porte des cieux;

Quand on a vu, seize ans, de cet autre soi-même
Croître la grâce aimable et la douce raison,
Lorsqu'on a reconnu que cet enfant qu'on aime
Fait le jour dans notre âme et dans notre maison,

Que c'est la seule joie ici-bas qui persiste
De tout ce qu'on rêva,
Considérez que c'est une chose bien triste
De le voir qui s'en va!

In Villequier

Now that Paris, its cobblestones and its marbles,
And its mist and its rooftops are far from my eyes;
Now that I am under the branches of trees,
And that I can think about the beauty of the skies;

[...]
Now, oh my God! that I have this dark calmness
To be able henceforth
To see through my eyes the stone where I know that in the shadows
She sleeps forevermore;

[...]
I come to you, Lord, father in whom one must believe;
Appeased, to you I bring
The pieces of this heart all full of your glory

That you have broken;

[...]
I can no longer resist everything that by your will
happens to me.
The soul, from loss to loss, from shore to shore,
Rolls to eternity.

[...]
The months, the days, the waves of the seas, the eyes that cry,
Pass under the blue sky
I know it, oh my God!
That grass must grow and that children must die.

[...]
Consider that we doubt, O my God! When we suffer,
That the eye that cries too much ends up going blind,
That a being whose grief plunges into the darkest abyss,
When he cannot see you, he cannot behold you in his mind,

And it cannot be that man, when he falls
Into afflictions,
Has present in his mind the dark serenity
Of constellations!

Today, I who was weak as a mother,
I bow at your feet before your open skies.
I feel enlightened in my bitter pain
By a view of the universe through better eyes.

Lord, I recognise that man is delirious
If to murmur he dares;
I will stop accusing, I will stop cursing,
But let me shed tears!

[...]
You see, our children are so necessary to us,
Lord; when one saw in life, one day
In the middle of worries, suffering, miseries,
And of the shadow cast over us by our fate,

Appearing a child, dear and sacred head,
Small joyous being,
So beautiful one believed one saw upon their birth
The gates of Heaven opening;

When one saw, sixteen years of this other self
Grow the lovable grace and the sweet wisdom,
When one recognised that this child that one loves
Makes the day in his soul and inside his home,

That it's the only joy down here that remains
Of all that one dreamed,
Consider that it's a very sad thing
To see it leave!

***

Context

The poems *Demain, dès l'aube* and *À Villequier* are featured in Victor Hugo's *Les Contemplations*, a collection of poetry published in 1856. These poems are in Book IV: *Pauca Meae,* which was dedicated to his daughter, Léopoldine, who tragically drowned in the Seine in 1843. As Hugo struggled with this immense grief, he wrote the poems in an attempt to process his sorrow, as 'he sought relief from the labors of writing Les Misérables' (Oxenhandler 1986: 30).

I have chosen *Demain, dès l'aube* and *À Villequier* as they both encapsulate Hugo's personal journey through grief. *Les Contemplations* 'tackles the great lyric themes: love, suffering, death, nature, God' (Cogman 1984: 9) and as such, I felt these extracts reflect my personal experiences well and would be pertinent for this student issue of *Il Pietrisco Translations*.

Demain, dès l'aube follows a structured three-stanza form, each revealing a different emotional layer. The first stanza introduces a solitary journey, subtly conveying the narrator's emotional detachment. The second stanza, focused entirely on the speaker's inner world, emphasises 'his singleness of purpose, his absorption, his solitude and sadness' (Beauchamp 1976: 386). The final stanza brings resolution, as the protagonist reaches his destination, contrasting his original lamentation with a sense of newly found closure and spiritual enlightenment.

À Villequier, complements *Demain, dès l'aube,* yet provides a longer and more extensive insight into Hugo's struggles with grief and faith, directly addressing God. I have selected stanzas that portray the protagonist's emotional journey, from his initial description of nature to his struggle with faith, ultimately ending with him confronting this grief. This divine confrontation makes the poem particularly striking, as the speaker cathartically expresses his anger, sorrow and frustration. As he struggles to find any meaning in the loss of his daughter, he questions how an all-loving God could allow such an atrocity to take place. The poem concludes with a sense of acceptance, as the narrator restores his faith in God, whilst also acknowledging the depth of his grief.

Translator's note

When translating *Demain, dès l'aube* into English, I first opted for a source language-oriented approach (Newmark 1981), as this gave me a foundation for the work. I read Santos' essay discussing Nord's translation of the poem, in which he creatively adjusts lexis in order to rhyme. While he captures this key feature of the original text, my aim had initially been to precisely convey Hugo's emotions, making as few lexical adjustments as possible.

After leaving my translation for a short while, however, I read it back and felt that it lacked the humanity that Hugo originally conveyed within his French rhyme. I was conflicted, as changing such personal and meaningful lexis felt problematic. After attending a talk from Andrew Brown, an experienced translator of French literature, I came to understand my capacity to input my own creativity as a translator. As such, I felt that I would be in the position to make changes that do Hugo's work justice, particularly regarding rhyme, with my own emotion also coexisting within the translation. I experimented with word order, and adjusted phrases accordingly to mirror the original rhyme scheme. The SL-oriented approach can be seen in many aspects of the text, as such a short work did not require significant changes. 'Tomorrow at dawn' and 'I know that you are waiting for me' are literal translations of Hugo's text. The target language-oriented approach, however, is noticeable particularly within word order, for example 'Je ne puis demeurer loin de toi plus longtemps' (I cannot remain far from you any longer) becomes 'Far from you I can no longer be'.

Translating *A Villequier* was more challenging, primarily due to its length. I chose to extract stanzas that seemed the most significant to me, but the rhyme scheme remained problematic. I initially opted for an SL-oriented approach. Following this, I made the decision to change the original ABAB rhyme scheme into a ABCB rhyme scheme, allowing a compromise between remaining faithful to the original text, and still conveying a sense of lyricism. For example, 'yeux' and 'cieux' already happened to rhyme in English, 'eyes' and 'skies', which allowed for less deviation from the original text. Nonetheless, the stanzas that followed required more significant changes. In some instances, a small change was possible, with 'forever' becoming 'forevermore' to mirror the vowel sound of 'henceforth'. I felt that assonance was a sufficient amendment in many cases, to avoid excessive deviation from the original text. In other instances, I changed word order, for example 'tout ce qui m'arrive | Par votre volonté' translates literally to 'everything which happens to me by your will', whereas I rendered this 'that by your will happens to me' in order to rhyme with 'eternity'.

I consulted Carrington's 1885 translation, which uses a TL-oriented approach throughout. Whilst outdated for a modern audience, his translation manages to commendably maintain the ABAB rhyme scheme throughout. This rendering did occasionally inspire adjustments, such as translating 'pleurer' (to cry) as 'to shed tears' to rhyme with 'if to murmur if he dares' (S'il ose murmurer).

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GABRIELE D'ANNUNZIO

Translated from the Italian into English by Emilia Garaguso

La pioggia nel pineto

Taci. Su le soglie
del bosco non odo
parole che dici
umane; ma odo
parole più nuove
che parlano gocciole e foglie
lontane.
Ascolta. Piove
dalle nuvole sparse.
Piove su le tamerici
salmastre ed arse,
piove su i pini
scagliosi ed irti,
piove su i mirti
divini,
su le ginestre fulgenti
di fiori accolti,
su i ginepri folti
di coccole aulenti,
piove su i nostri volti
silvani,
piove su le nostre mani
ignude,
su i nostri vestimenti
leggieri,
su i freschi pensieri
che l'anima schiude
novella,
su la favola bella
che ieri
t'illuse, che oggi m'illude,
o Ermione.

Odi? La pioggia cade
su la solitaria
verdura
con un crepitío che dura
e varia nell'aria

secondo le fronde
più rade, men rade.
Ascolta. Risponde
al pianto il canto
delle cicale
che il pianto australe
non impaura,
nè il ciel cinerino.
E il pino
ha un suono, e il mirto
altro suono, e il ginepro
altro ancóra, stromenti
diversi
sotto innumerevoli dita.
E immersi
noi siam nello spirto
silvestre,
d'arborea vita viventi;
e il tuo volto ebro
è molle di pioggia
come una foglia,
e le tue chiome
auliscono come
le chiare ginestre,
o creatura terrestre
che hai nome
Ermione.

Ascolta, ascolta. L'accordo
delle aeree cicale
a poco a poco
più sordo
si fa sotto il pianto
che cresce;
ma un canto vi si mesce
più roco
che di laggiù sale,
dall'umida ombra remota.
Più sordo e più fioco
s'allenta, si spegne.
Sola una nota
ancor trema, si spegne,
risorge, trema, si spegne.
Non s'ode voce del mare.
Or s'ode su tutta la fronda
crosciare

l’argentea pioggia
che monda,
il croscio che varia
secondo la fronda
più folta, men folta.
Ascolta.
La figlia dell’aria
è muta; ma la figlia
del limo lontana,
la rana,
canta nell’ombra più fonda,
chi sa dove, chi sa dove!
E piove su le tue ciglia,
Ermione.

Piove su le tue ciglia nere
sìche par tu pianga
ma di piacere; non bianca
ma quasi fatta virente,
par da scorza tu esca.
E tutta la vita è in noi fresca
aulente,
il cuor nel petto è come pesca
intatta,
tra le pàlpebre gli occhi
son come polle tra l’erbe,
i denti negli alvèoli
con come mandorle acerbe.
E andiam di fratta in fratta,
or congiunti or disciolti
(e il verde vigor rude
ci allaccia i mallèoli
c’intrica i ginocchi)
chi sa dove, chi sa dove!
E piove su i nostri vólti
silvani,
piove su le nostre mani
ignude,
su i nostri vestimenti
leggieri,
su i freschi pensieri
che l’anima schiude
novella,
su la favola bella
che ieri

m'illuse, che oggi t'illude,
o Ermione.

The Rain in the Pine Forest

Silence.
At the edge of the forest,
I do not hear spoken words,
but the sound of newer
words that speak
in raindrops and
distant foliage.

Listen.
Rain patters down
from sparse clouds.
It pours on the salty
and scorched tamarisks,
on the scaly and spiky pines,
the myrtles,
divine
the scotch broom,
with their flowers
in bloom,
the bushy, fragrant junipers
dotted with berries.

It rains on our faces,
arboraceous,
our bare hands,
our summer clothing,
our spontaneous thoughts
that the soul deigns to
release once more.
On our beautiful fairy tale
that led you on yesterday,
that leads me on today.
Oh, Hermione.

Do you hear it?
The rain falling on the solitary vegetation
with a cracking that lasts
and varies in the air
with the foliage,
becoming more seldom, less seldom.

Listen.
The song of the cicadas answers
the sobs that the
southern cry
does not frighten,
nor ashen the sky.
And the pine tree makes a sound,
and the myrtle another,
and the juniper another still,
different instruments under countless tapping fingers.

And immersed we are in the spirit of the wood,
living arboreal lives,
your elated features soaked in rain
like a flower petal,
and your glorious locks
as fragrant as the scotch brooms.
Oh, earthly creature Hermione.

Listen, listen.
The harmony of the aerial cicadas,
little by little,
falls flat against the growing cry.
But a chorus entwines with it,
croakier than the sounds that
ascend from over yonder
in the humid,
shaded distance.

Becoming subdued and feeble,
it dies down and fades.
Just one singular note wavers still.
It dies.
Rises, falters.
Then dies once more.
The voice of the sea is inaudible.
Instead, all that can be heard is the
silvery rain against the foliage,
cleansing.
The pelting varies,
becoming more seldom, less seldom.

Listen.
The daughter of air is silent,
but the daughter of the distant marshland,

the frog, sings in the deepest of shadows.
Who knows where, who knows where!
And rain droplets grace your eyelashes, Hermione.

It rains on your sooty lashes,
and it seems as though
you are crying,
but of joy.
Not white, but almost green,
as if emerging from bark.
And all of the life that encompasses us is
fresh and fragrant.
Our hearts in our chests like an unscathed peach.
Amidst our eyelids, our eyes are like
springs among the grasses,
our teeth in their sockets
like unripe almonds.

And we go from bush to bush,
now intertwined, now apart.
And the harsh, green terrain
strikes us at the ankles,
tangles at our knees…
who knows where, who knows where!
And it rains on our faces,
arboraceous,
our bare hands,
our summer clothing,
our spontaneous thoughts
that the soul deigns to release once more,
on our beautiful fairytale
that led me on yesterday,
that leads you on today,
oh Hermione.

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Context

Gabriele D'Annunzio's (1863-1938) *La pioggia nel pineto* is one of the most celebrated poems of Italian *Decadentismo*. First published in the collection *Alcyone* (Treves, 1903), the poem exemplifies D'Annunzio's fusion of musicality, sensuality and nature, all of which are central themes in his work.

The Mondadori version of this poem from which I quote describes a transformative experience in which the speaker and his companion, identified in the initial stanza as 'Hermione', walk through a pine forest during a summer rain. D'Annunzio uses this epistrophe to highlight the importance of the speaker's relationship with this woman, showing what their love means to him; all-encapsulating, all-consuming, placing emphasis on the emotional weight of this relationship, whilst also adding to the rhythm and musicality of the text. As revealed by D'Annunzio himself in his novel *Il fuoco* (The Flame, 1900), his relationship with Eleonora Duse was the catalyst for many of his romantic writings, and *La pioggia nel pineto* is no exception.

The central theme is the deep, almost mystical connection between humanity and nature, as the rain erases the boundary between the human and the natural world. The speaker invites his companion to listen and immerse herself in the rain's symphony, undergoing a metamorphosis wherein they both become one with the forest.

Stylistically, *La pioggia nel pineto* is renowned for its rich musicality, achieved through linguistic features such as alliteration, assonance, and anaphora. The recurring phrase 'taci' ('be silent') sets a hypnotic, authoritative tone, while onomatopoeic effects mimic the sound of falling rain. D'Annunzio's use of free verse and synesthetic imagery enhances the poem's immersive quality, making the reader feel as if they, too, are experiencing the rain firsthand.

Regarding D'Annunzio's oeuvre, *Alcyone* represents his poetic peak, capturing the aesthetic ideals of escapism and fusion with nature. The poem was widely acclaimed for its lyrical beauty, though critics have debated whether its highly crafted style leans towards artifice. Nevertheless, *La pioggia nel pineto* remains a masterpiece of Italian poetry, reflecting D'Annunzio's quest for total aesthetic experience and his fascination with the transformative power of nature.

Translator's note

As the chosen theme for this publication is 'Change and Transformation', giving particular emphasis to change in the contemporary sense, I set out to translate this poem with a relatively modern approach, which I believe is evident in my word-choice selection. For example, when translating adjectives such as '[ciglia] nere', I opted for 'sooty' which maintains the original intention of dark eyelashes, whilst adding an earthly quality.

When faced with the task of translating a nuanced poem such as *La pioggia nel pineto*, approaching it with a hybrid method of semantic translation, formal and dynamic equivalence, allowed me to depict an accurate reading demonstrating that the preservation of essential features like imagery, rhythm and immersive qualities is imperative to this text. Thus, I decided to translate 'innumerevoli dita', which refers to the sound of falling raindrops as 'countless tapping fingers', in an ode to D'Annunzio's melodic intent.

It was quite difficult to translate certain nuances in this text, for example in the opening verse, although D'Annunzio's opening word 'Taci' directly addresses somebody in the second person, I chose to translate it as 'Silence' to convey a more impersonal, authoritative tone. This choice preserves the commanding force of the original while introducing a degree of ambiguity regarding the addressee's identity. By withholding the explicit second-person pronoun at the outset, the translation mirrors the gradual unfolding of the speakers' relationship with the character 'Hermione', therefore allowing the reader to experience the same evolving sense of intimacy and revelation present in the original.

It is to be noted that D'Annunzio's language used in the original is quite complex and undoubtedly poetic, which is very much of its time, however verbs such as 'udire' are less common in spoken Italian today, making it very interesting to analyse.

I also found it quite challenging to maintain the rhythmic musicality of the text in some parts, as the rhyme scheme doesn't always directly translate into English. For this reason, I maintained the free verse style utilised by D'Annunzio in his original, relying upon literary techniques such as musicality and repetition. Moreover, D'Annunzio's frequent use of enjambment plays a vital role in conveying the poem's fluid, immersive atmosphere. The continuous flow from one line to the next mirrors the natural, unbroken rhythm of falling rain, reinforcing the central presence of the storm not only as subject matter but as structural influence. This feature also slows the reader's engagement with the text, delaying the resolution of meaning and encouraging a more reflective, sensory reading experience. The deliberate pacing mimics the gradual absorption of the speaker into the surrounding forest, drawing attention to our chosen theme of transformation. By allowing thoughts and images to spill across lines, D'Annunzio enacts the poem's exploration of metamorphosis formally, demonstrating how fixed boundaries between the self and nature, language and sound can dissipate. His choice to employ enjambment so persistently implies an effort to replicate the organic, flowing quality of nature in the very structure of the poem, aligning form with content to evoke a sense of continuous becoming.

In other sections of the text, I felt it was necessary to add extra context such as for the translation of 'e il tuo volto ebro è molle di pioggia come una foglia'. D'Annunzio's use of the word 'foglia', directly translating to 'leaf', doesn't quite convey the ethereal nature of the poem in the English translation. As a result, I decided to modify this to 'petal', thus, in my opinion, better depicting the delicate beauty of nature.

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MARCEL PROUST

Translated from the French into English by Gianluca Gallucci

Combray – Du Côté de Chez Swann

Dans l'échancrure de son corsage de crêpe Mlle Vinteuil sentit que son amie piquait un baiser, elle poussa un petit cri, s'échappa, et elles se poursuivirent en sautant, faisant voleter leurs larges manches comme des ailes et gloussant et piaillant comme des oiseaux amoureux. Puis Mlle Vinteuil finit par tomber sur le canapé, recouverte par le corps de son amie. Mais celle-ci tournait le dos à la petite table sur laquelle était placé le portrait de l'ancien professeur de piano. Mlle Vinteuil comprit que son amie ne le verrait pas si elle n'attirait pas sur lui son attention, et elle lui dit, comme si elle venait seulement de le remarquer:

— Oh! ce portrait de mon père qui nous regarde, je ne sais pas qui a pu le mettre là, j'ai pourtant dit vingt fois que ce n'était pas sa place.

Je me souvins que c'étaient les mots que M. Vinteuil avait dits à mon père à propos du morceau de musique. Ce portrait leur servait sans doute habituellement pour des profanations rituelles, car son amie lui répondit par ces paroles qui devaient faire partie de ses réponses liturgiques:

— Mais laisse-le donc où il est, il n'est plus là pour nous embêter. Crois-tu qu'il pleurnicherait, qu'il voudrait te mettre ton manteau, s'il te voyait là, la fenêtre ouverte, le vilain singe.

Mlle Vinteuil répondit par des paroles de doux reproche: « Voyons, voyons », qui prouvaient la bonté de sa nature, non qu'elles fussent dictées par l'indignation que cette façon de parler de son père eût pu lui causer (évidemment, c'était là un sentiment qu'elle s'était habituée, à l'aide de quels sophismes? à faire taire en elle dans ces minutes-là), mais parce qu'elles étaient comme un frein que pour ne pas se montrer égoïste elle mettait elle-même au plaisir que son amie cherchait à lui procurer. Et puis cette modération souriante en répondant à ces blasphèmes, ce reproche hypocrite et tendre, paraissaient peut-être à sa nature franche et bonne une forme particulièrement infâme, une forme doucereuse de cette scélératesse qu'elle cherchait à s'assimiler. Mais elle ne put résister à l'attrait du plaisir qu'elle éprouverait à être traitée avec douceur par une personne si implacable envers un mort sans défense ; elle sauta sur les genoux de son amie, et lui tendit chastement son front à baiser comme elle aurait pu faire si elle avait été sa fille, sentant avec délices qu'elles allaient ainsi toutes deux au bout de la cruauté en ravissant à M. Vinteuil, jusque dans le tombeau, sa paternité. Son amie lui prit la tête entre ses mains et lui déposa un baiser sur le front avec cette docilité que lui rendait facile la grande affection qu'elle avait pour Mlle Vinteuil et le désir de mettre quelque distraction dans la vie si triste maintenant de l'orpheline.

— Sais-tu ce que j'ai envie de lui faire à cette vieille horreur? dit-elle en prenant le portrait.

Et elle murmura à l'oreille de Mlle Vinteuil quelque chose que je ne pus entendre.

— Oh! tu n'oserais pas.

— Je n'oserais pas cracher dessus? sur ça? dit l'amie avec une brutalité voulue.

Je n'en entendis pas davantage, car Mlle Vinteuil, d'un air las, gauche, affairé, honnête et triste, vint fermer les volets et la fenêtre, mais je savais maintenant, pour toutes les souffrances que pendant sa vie M. Vinteuil avait supportées à cause de sa fille, ce qu'après la mort il avait reçu d'elle en salaire.

The Combray Days – Down by Swann's Place

At the neckline of her crepe bodice, Mlle Vinteuil felt her friend leave a kiss; letting out a small cry and fleeing from her, the two followed one another around the room making their large sleeves flutter around like wings: twittering and chirruping like lovebirds. Then Mlle Vinteuil collapsed onto the divan, wrapped in the embrace of her friend. Her friend collapsed onto the sofa with her back to little table, upon which was placed the picture of the former piano teacher. Mlle Vinteuil knew that her lover would not see it if she did not bring her attention to it, and so she said to her companion, as if she had only just noticed it herself:

"Oh! That picture of my father! It's looking at us! I don't know who put it there, I must have said about 20 times that isn't its place"

I remember that those were the very words M. Vinteuil had said to my father concerning the piece of music. This picture probably served as part of their ceremonial debasements, in some ritualistic capacity, as her friend responded with words that probably made up part of their liturgical responses:

"But leave him where he is, he can no longer bother us. You think he would grumble, that he would make sure you had your shawl, to fuss over you if he saw you as you are now, with the window open, the ugly ape"

Mlle Vinteuil voiced with gentle reprimand "oh come now", which proved the kindness of her nature. This kindness was not prompted by the indignation caused by the manner in which her friend spoke of her late father but rather acted as a break which she used so as not to appear selfish to the pleasure her companion sought to give her. It could be that the gentle moderation with which she responded to these blasphemies, that hypocritical reproach and tenderness, seemed possibly to be her candid disposition and, well, her particularly revolting form, a silky form of that evilness of which she was searching to fit into. But she was not able to resist the attraction to pleasure that she

would experience at being treated with tenderness by a person so harsh towards a defenceless man's death. She jumped onto her friend's knee and modestly reached out to leave a kiss on her friend's forehead, as if she had been her daughter; filled with delight that they were both thus at the height of their cruelty by taking away M Vinteuil's fatherhood as he lay fresh in his coffin. Her friend took her head in her hands and left a kiss on her forehead with a docility that easily showed the great affection that she had for Mlle Vinteuil and the desire to distract the orphan from her life of great sadness.

"Do you know what I want to do with this old horror?" she said taking the picture into her hands.
And she whispered something into Mlle Vinteuil's ear, something that I could not hear.

"Oh! You wouldn't dare!"

"I wouldn't dare to pass up the chance to spit on him?! On doing that?!" said her friend with a deliberate brutality.

I heard nothing else because Mlle Vinteuil, with a weary, awkward, bustling, respectful and sad air, drew the shutters and closed the windows. But now I knew, for all the sufferings that during his life M. Vinteuil had tolerated from his daughter, what, after his death, he had received from her in return.

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Context

The extract that I have chosen to translate is from the *Combray* section of Proust's *Du Côté de Chez Swann*. This is contained in Proust's *A La Recherche du Temps Perdu,* published in 1913 and dealing with the concept of involuntary memory. By constantly shifting the time frames of his narratives, Proust is able to describe this sense of being involuntarily thrown into a memory, described by Katherine Elkin as "a dizzying sense of temporal complexity" (Elkin 2023: 227). It is a nuance of Proust's work that helps one better appreciate the complexity of memory itself. However, some argue that Proust's work is not about memory but rather the work of the future and constantly learning from past event with present perceptions (Deleuze 2000: 4). Therefore, in its totality *À La Recherche du Temps Perdu* is a reflection on life and all the components that have and continue to work together to create a person.

The extract that I have chosen portrays the dynamic between Mlle Vinteuil, now orphaned, and her companion in the privacy of her home. The story is told from the point of view of the unnamed narrator who relates this story from his childhood. In describing the scene, the narrator and the readers by extension become voyeurs to the emotionally intimate and ritualistic sight happening at the Vinteuil household.

I felt it important to translate this section as the aftermath of a death truly transforms a person and can cause fragmentation between public perception and private feelings and expression. From the onlooker's point of view, there is a disaccord between the representation of Mlle Vinteuil's filial piety before her father's death and a malicious character that is revealed later. This disaccord shows her transformation as a person without her father and his guidance her and growth into an orphan under the impression of her partner.

Translator's note

When I began to translate this extract, my most prominent issue was refining the somewhat disjointed translation of adverbials that Proust employed in his work; likely to emphasise a point. Unfortunately, this is a technique that doesn't translate so well and requires delicacy. A particular point where this stood out to me was 'ce portrait leur servait sans doute habituellement'. As 'sans doute' translates to 'probably' and 'habituellement' translates to 'usually' or 'ritualistically', I decided to change the word order and to heighten the register of this specific section in order to fit with the religious imagery that seems to be invoked: particularly denoted through the use of the adjective 'liturgiques' (liturgical). In my intention, this change will allow the reader to understand the doubt of the narrator and the implications that this meeting is something that happens often and is held in high regard by these two women.

A conscious decision that I have made throughout this translation was also to highlight what seems to me the clearly sapphic relationship between the two characters in the scene. William Carter translated the phrase 'comme des oiseaux amoureux' as 'like a pair of amorous birds' (Carter 2013: 185). In my translation, I have chosen to render this as 'like lovebirds' to invoke the more colloquial sense of a couple in love. Another conscious decision I have made is to not repeatedly refer to Mlle Vinteuil's partner as her 'friend' but rather vary the language and use other such words as 'companion', 'partner' and 'lover' in order to emphasise this point. My main aim is to highlight the homosexual nature of their relationship in this scene.

With regards to the tone and style of this piece, I tried to alter some of the wording to fit a more modern and comprehensive register, however, I found that it did not suit Proust's style of writing, and I felt it even affected the story and its telling. To rectify this, I chose to revert to a more formal tone with heightened vocabulary, again using William Carter's translation as a general guide for when it would be inappropriate to be too informal. An aspect of Carter's translation that I also used was the retention of the French *M* and *Mlle* when referring to Mr and Miss Vinteuil as I preferred the aesthetic that it provided when reading the text over, as opposed to the disconnected reading of French surnames and English titles.

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GODOFREDO DAIREAUX

Translated from the Spanish into English by Ella Ranyard and Georgia Riley

Transformaciones

Cuando Liborio Peralta hubo oído todo lo que contaba su amigo Antonio Mesquita, de los cambios con que, después de quince años, había topado en sus antiguos pagos, le dieron las ganas de ir, él también, a pasar unos cuantos días en la querencia vieja, para ver si era cierto lo que decía el compañero.

Hacía también muchos años que faltaba de los campos del Bragado, donde había nacido y pasado su juventud, y bien se figuraba que si, por el Gualichú, todo había cambiado tanto, igual debía de ser por las costas del Saladillo.

Lo que sí, antes de decidirse a armar viaje, esperó todavía un tiempo, dejando, hoy por un pretexto, mañana por otro, pasar semanas y meses. Es que el amigo Liborio no se había ido afuera, solamente a buscar fortuna; dejaba tras sí, al mandarse mudar, al trote largo de su tropilla, a otro gaucho mal herido, después de una pelea, en un boliche; y, aunque bien supusiera que, después de tantos años, nadie se iba a acordar de él quedaba algo irresoluto, entre las ganas de ir y el recelo de ser molestado, sobre todo que nunca había podido averiguar si el herido había muerto o no.

Pero ya, después de dos años de vacilaciones, alentado por lo que todos le decían, que no podía haber peligro ni siquiera de que lo conocieran, se marchó. Era un viaje como de cien leguas el que tenía que hacer, pero no tenía por qué andar de prisa; viajó despacio, conchabándose por día, donde encontraba algún trabajo a su gusto, y, poco a poco, se fue acercando a la querencia.

No hubiera creído el hombre que le produjera emoción alguna el pisar otra vez, después de su larga ausencia, los sitios en que había aprendido a vivir.

Así fue, sin embargo.

Todo, por supuesto, había cambiado en grande. Cuando se había ido, en 1880, no pasaba el tren todavía del Bragado, que era un pueblito, no más. La campaña era todavía bastante desierta, con puros campos grandes y poca hacienda; ahora, por todos lados, había montes, alambrados, caminos. El ferrocarril cruzaba por donde no se había conocido antes un rancho siquiera, y en cada estación había un pueblito formándose, con galpones llenos de maíz y trigo, y un movimiento loco.

Liborio, al principio, cada vez que se encontraba con alguna tropa de carros o con algún transeúnte, temía ser conocido; pero pronto vio que casi todos los que por ahí andaban eran extranjeros que no lo podían haber visto nunca. Hasta pasó cerca de él una

comisión de policía; pero, si eran del pago los milicos que la componían, habían sido criaturas cuando él se había ido, y lo dejaron pasar, indiferentes. Lo que le llamó la atención fue lo bien que estaban equipados y armados; esto ya no tenía nada que ver con los policianos agauchados de antaño.

Se dejó llegar a una casa de negocio que, en otros tiempos, había conocido boliche, y fue entonces cuando se pudo dar cuenta de los cambios que habían sufrido, no sólo las cosas, sino también la gente. Era día de trabajo, pero, asimismo, había en la casa mucho movimiento y bastante gente. Mientras Peralta almorzaba con sardinas y nueces, consideraba con cierta admiración el ambiente nuevo que lo rodeaba y en el cual se sentía medio perdido.

Afuera, en los campos desiertos aún, donde viviera boleando, changueando y matrereando, tantos años, todo era todavía como en los de su nacimiento, cuando los había dejado y reinaba todavía, inconmovible, el boliche angosto, obscuro y sucio, de paredes de barro y techo de zinc, con el mostrador protegido por una gran reja de fierro, detrás de la cual andaba el personal de la pulpería, al reparo de las arremetidas de borrachos y gauchos malos. Lo que vela ahora era una amplia casa de material, anchos mostradores, accesibles a cualquiera; con piso de tabla, como en una sala, y vidrieras por todas partes, llenas de una porción de cosas que nunca había visto Peralta, ni suponía que pudieran servir de algo.

En los estantes, había pocos ponchos y chiripaes, y al ver a los parroquianos que entraban en la casa, se comprendía fácilmente que debían de ser estos artículos ya pasados de moda. Los clientes, casi todos, eran italianos, con uno que otro español, y venían a hacer sus compras, acompañados de sus mujeres, las cuales se daban un tono bárbaro, pero con modales toscos de gente sin cultura, enriquecida de golpe.

Todos hablaban a gritos, y aunque no fuera en cristiano, el pulpero los entendía muy bien, pues era de la misma nación.

Por lo demás, sus conversaciones pronto parecieron algo insulsas a Liborio. Muy poco hablaban de animales, de rodeos y de majadas, de yeguas perdidas y de marcas, o más bien dicho, nada; pues todo era hablar de trigo, de siembra, de cosecha, de negocios; parecía que ni se sabía ya casi lo que eran carreras.

Lo que compraban tampoco nada tenía que ver con lo que acostumbran consumir los gauchos. Tomaban ellos las copas, pero siempre eran de vino, vino francés, o carlón, o barbera, o aun de Mendoza, pero puro vino, y vino tinto, siempre, como para ponerse bien coloradas las mejillas, la nariz y las orejas. Y con esto una porción de cosas que nunca antes se hubieran vendido: compraban más pan que galleta, y más camas cameras, buenas y confortables, que catres. Pocas coronas y pocos estribos pedían al mozo, pero sí bolsas a millares, y arados, y máquinas agrícolas, y más palas de puntear vendía el pulpero que cuchillos y facones.

Liborio se admiraba de ver tan pacíficos, hombres tan fuertes y tan fornidos, y le entraba hacia ellos como un desprecio cada vez más profundo. Se congratulaba de haber dejado esos pagos, invadidos ahora por tanto gringo. ¿Qué habría hecho él con quedarse entre esa gente? ¿De qué le habrían servido, con ellos, sus habilidades criollas? Casi era como si le hubiesen quitado la patria; pues había tenido, a ratos, la idea de quedarse en éstos sus pagos y de buscarse la vida en ellos; y ahora se encontraba como desterrado, en medio de otras costumbres, de otros modos de vivir y de pensar.

Vio que para seguir ahí, hubiera tenido que aprender demasiadas cosas, y lo mismo que su compañero, Antonio Mesquita, optó por volver a los campos desiertos de la Pampa, donde la vida se reduce a tan pocas necesidades que también casi huelgan las obligaciones.

No para todos es la bota de potro, ni tampoco para todos tienen atractivos los progresos de la civilización.

Transformations

When Liborio Peralta heard everything that his friend, Antonio Mesquita, had told him about the changes he had encountered in his old town after fifteen years, he too felt like going to spend a few days in his old *querencia*, to see if what his comrade said was true.

He had also been away from the fields of Bragado, where he had been born and spent his youth, for many years and he figured that if, by *Gualichú*, everything had changed so much, it must be the same on the coasts of Saladillo.

What he did, before deciding to plan the trip, was wait a while, with one excuse today, and another tomorrow, letting weeks and months pass. The fact is that Liborio had not left only to seek his fortune. When he was forced to move, at the full trot of his herd, he left behind him a badly wounded gaucho after a fight in a *boliche*. Even though he supposed that, after so many years, no one was going to remember him, something unresolved remained, between the desire to go and the fear of being disturbed, above all because he had never been able to find out if the wounded had died or not.

But now, after two years of hesitation, encouraged by what everyone had told him - that there could be no danger of them even recognising him - he left. The journey that he had to make was of about one hundred leagues, but he had no reason to walk in a hurry. He travelled slowly, he made plans each day, wherever he found some work to his liking, and, little by little, he drew closer to the *querencia*.

He would not have thought that it would make him feel any emotion to set foot again, after his long absence, in the places where he had learned how to live.

So it was, however.

Everything, of course, had greatly changed. When he had left in 1880, the train still did not pass through Bragado, which had been nothing but a small village. The countryside had still been quite deserted, with only large fields and few farms; now, on all sides, there were mountains, fences, roads. The railroad crossed where not even a ranch had been known before, and in each station, there was a small town forming, with sheds full of corn and wheat, and a hectic bustle.

At first, every time Liborio met any troop of carts or a passerby, he feared being recognised, but he soon saw that almost all those around were foreigners who could never have seen him before. A police commission even passed near him, but if the soldiers were from the area, they had been children when he had left and they let him pass, indifferent. What caught his attention was how well they were equipped and armed; this no longer had anything to do with the gaucho-esque policemen of yesteryear.

He went to an establishment that, in other times, had been a *boliche*, and it was then that he realised the changes that they had undergone, not only the things, but also the people. It was a working day, but there was also a lot of movement and a lot of people in the store. While Peralta had a lunch of sardines and nuts, he considered with some wonder the new environment that surrounded him in which he felt somewhat lost.

Outside, in the still-deserted fields, where he had lived tricking, swindling and messing around for all those years, all was still as it was when he was born, when he had left them. The *boliche* still reigned, unmoved; narrow, dark, and dirty, with mud walls and a zinc roof, with the counter protected by large iron bars, behind which the staff walked, sheltered from the attacks of the drunks and the bad gauchos. What he now saw was a large brick house, wide counters, accessible to anyone; with floorboards, like in a living room, and display windows everywhere, filled with a variety of things that Peralta had never seen, nor did he suppose could be of any use.

On the shelves, there were not many ponchos and *chiripás*, and when he saw the customers who came into the store, it was easy to understand that these items must already be out of fashion. Almost all of the customers were Italian, with one or two Spaniards, and they came to do their shopping, accompanied by their wives, who had great pretences, but with the rough manners of uncultured people suddenly come into wealth.

All of them spoke loudly, and although it wasn't clear, the storekeeper understood them very well, as he was of the same nation.

Apart from that, their conversations soon seemed somewhat dull to Liborio. They spoke very little of animals, of rodeos and of flocks, of lost mares and of scars, or rather, not at all. In fact, all they spoke of was wheat, sowing, harvesting, business; it seemed that they hardly even knew what racing was.

What they were buying also had nothing to do with what gauchos usually consumed. They drank, but it was always wine, French wine, or Carlón, or Barbera, or even Mendoza wine, but only wine, and always red wine, as if to redden the cheeks, nose and ears. And with this, a variety of things that they would never have sold before: they bought more bread than biscuits, and more good and comfortable double beds than cots. They asked the shopkeeper for few crowns and stirrups, but they did ask for purses by the thousands, and ploughs, and agricultural machines, and the storekeeper sold more spades than he did knives and *facones*.

Liborio was astonished to see men, so strong and well-built, so peaceful, and he felt a deepening disdain towards them. He was pleased to have left those parts, now invaded by so many gringos. What would he have done staying among those people? What good would his Creole skills have been for him with them? It was almost as if they had taken his homeland from him; he had had, from time to time, the idea of staying in these parts and finding himself a life there; and now he found himself exiled, amidst other customs, other ways of living and thinking.

He saw that in order to continue there, he would have to learn too many things, and like his comrade, Antonio Mesquita, he chose to return to the deserted fields of the Pampas, where life is reduced to so few necessities that obligations are also almost superfluous.

The gaucho's boot is not for everyone, nor do the advances of civilization appeal to all.

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Context

Transformaciones is a short story written by Godofredo Daireaux (1839-1916) and included in his collection *Recuerdos de un hacendado*, originally published in 1916 by Biblioteca de La Nación in Buenos Aires. For this translation we have used an edition of the collection published by Linkgua Ediciones in Barcelona in 2014. The narrative explores the changes in rural Argentine society through the eyes of a gaucho who returns to his hometown after many years to see it completely transformed.

In the late nineteenth and early twentieth century, Argentina underwent a period of modernisation, with a vast expansion of the country's infrastructure and the introduction of new technologies. As a result of this, the country experienced many social changes. There were also high levels of European immigration to Argentina at that time, which many perceived as a threat to national identity. The story explores Peralta's disdain for the social transformations and his sorrow at the erasure of the traditional gaucho culture in favour of a 'Europeanised' way of life.

The figure of the gaucho, the nomadic herdsman of the South American pampas, became a prominent symbol in Argentine literature in this period. In the face of modernisation and fears of the erasure of Argentine tradition, intellectuals sought a revival of folk culture as a way to protect national identity (Delaney 1996: 439). The gaucho became

the symbol of this revival. Historically seen as a bandit or a thief (Trifilo 1964: 397), the term gaucho carried negative connotations, representing 'backwardness or barbarism' (Delaney 1996: 443), an embodiment of economic and social stagnation. However, following a series of lectures given by the poet Leopoldo Lugones in 1913 on the gaucho poem *Martín Fierro*, written by José Hernandez in 1872, the gaucho came to be used in Argentine literature as symbolic of national values and identity in the face of the drastic social transformations of the period (Delaney 1996: 445-446).

Translator's note

We chose this text as it fits well with the theme of transitions explored in this Student Issue; the story explores various cultural and societal transformations that resulted from processes of modernisation as well as European immigration. In the text, Peralta mentions the expansion of the railroad, a key symbol of modernisation. Furthermore, there are several references in the text to cultural differences between Peralta and the other customers in the *boliche*, who are implied to be European immigrants, mostly Italian, and who are also described as 'gringos'.

Gaucho literature was used as a reaction against the transformations that Argentina was experiencing at the time. Previously represented as backwards and uncivilised (Delaney 1996: 443), the gaucho came to be seen as the source of Argentine authenticity in the face of rising European immigration and modernisation that threatened national identity (Delaney 1996). Through this, another layer in the theme of transformations can be seen: the transformation of the gaucho from a violent barbarian into a national hero.

Translating collaboratively was a novel challenge for us to face; however, we found that the process went very smoothly, and we enjoyed having someone with whom to discuss challenging vocabulary or sentence structures. We started by dividing the text in half and individually translating one section each. We then came together and went through the text, talking about any points of contention, and editing the translation so that the two sections flowed well and did not sound disjointed. In this way, we were able to collaborate effectively, while still producing a coherent translation.

Based on Venuti's (1995) ideas of foreignisation and domestication within the field of translation, we decided to take more of a foreignising approach, leaving hard-to-translate and culturally specific words in the original Spanish. For example, *querencia*, which literally means 'attachment' or 'fondness', but in the text refers to the wider concept of a place where one feels at home, and can be either physical or spiritual (OED 2007). Similarly, the word *boliche* in this context refers to a rural business, somewhere between a tavern and a local convenience store, that would have offered a wide range of goods and services as well as functioning as a social space (Muzlera and Salomón 2019). Furthermore, there were several words that relate specifically to gaucho culture, such as *chiripá* (a style of trouser typically worn by the gaucho figure) and *facón* (a type of knife used by gauchos), which we also left in the original Spanish. Beyond the lexical-cultural level, we also had issues with translating the sentence structures, as the original text has many long sentences. We tried to keep the word order as close to the original as possible,

only making changes when it was necessary in order for the translation to make sense in English. Largely, only a few small changes to punctuation and sentence length were made to improve the flow of the text.

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CARMEN DE BURGOS

Translated from the Spanish into English by Eva Pimblett and Sebastian Hamsher

La Rampa (Extract One)

Era Isabel hija de un comisionista, que había rodeado su vida de ese bienestar con rachas intermitentes de apuros, de lujo y hasta de esplendidez propia de la gente de negocios. Al morir el padre, su madre y ella quedaron en una situación decorosa. De no tener la inconsciencia de las mujeres que no están habituadas a manejar capitales ni a conocer el valor del dinero, hubieran consolidado su situación. Pero su única preocupación fué continuar sosteniendo la casa con el mismo rango, como si creyesen deshonrarse al descender de su posición social; pero sin hacer nada para evitar la miseria que se aproximaba de puntillas, sin dejarse sentir. Quizá en su imprevisión había algo del fatalismo en el que influye la secreta esperanza del premio de la lotería o del marido que surge de pronto como un príncipe encantado. La enfermedad de la madre, que la mantuvo dos años en estado de gravedad y las obligó a ir a los baños tres temporadas, dió al traste con lo que ellas creían inagotable.

Al morir su madre, Isabel se encontró sola y sin recursos para poderse sostener. Empezaron los días de pánico, semejantes a un mal sueño lleno de sed, en los cuales la distraía del dolor de la pérdida de su madre la zozobra de su situación.

Los muebles familiares, los recuerdos queridos, todo se había ido perdiendo; empeñados unos objetos, vendidos otros, hasta no quedar nada en la casa desmantelada y tenerse que ir a vivir a una casa de huéspedes, que también tuvo que abandonar por demasiado cara, y alquilar aquella habitación en donde vivía.

Junto con las privaciones de la miseria había sufrido el dolor de sentirse humillada al sentirse pobre. Era como si descendiera de su rango, como si se inferiorizase respecto a las que habían sido sus amigas. Muchas se alejaron, quizá porque ella, con una extraña timidez, no hizo nada para aproximarlas. Se desarrollaba en su espíritu una excesiva suspicacia que le hacía sentirse ofendida por cualquier palabra, cualquier detalle, la más pequeña falta de etiqueta, o cosas que antes ni siquiera hubiese notado.

Los primeros tiempos de su soledad y su pobreza fueron terribles. Conforme mermaba su escaso capital crecía su angustia. ¿Qué iba a hacer? Se sentía lanzada entre las mujeres que luchan; pero más indefensa que ellas, como si la hubiesen arrojado por un balcón y al caer se hubiese roto las piernas y los brazos.

Ella había sentido, antes de hallarse en aquel caso, el dolor de las mujeres que trabajan; pero cómplice en la indiferencia de las que se creen favorecidas, no les había prestado atención. Recordaba ahora a su pobre profesora de piano, una de esas infelices mujeres

que parecen tener la misión de hacer entrar toda la miseria del arroyo en las salitas de los burgueses.

The Ramp (Extract One)

Isabel was the daughter of a broker who had surrounded her life of such comfort with sporadic spells of hardships, of luxury, and even the typical splendour of businessmen. Upon the death of her father, she and her mother were left in a respectable situation. Had they not had the thoughtlessness of women who are unaccustomed to managing capital and understanding the value of money, they would have maintained their status. But their only worry was to keep the house running with the very same luxury, as if they believed that losing their social status would be dishonouring themselves, yet doing nothing to prevent the poverty tiptoeing towards them undetected. Perhaps in their lack of foresight there was something of fatalism brought about by her secret hope of winning the lottery or a husband who suddenly emerges like prince charming. The mother's sickness, that made her gravely ill for two years and forced her to spend three spells at the spa, destroyed what they had thought was inexhaustible.

Upon the death of her mother, Isabel found herself alone and without the resources to support herself. And so began the days of panic, much like a bad dream filled with thirst, in which her anxiety about her situation distracted her from the pain of losing her mother.

The family furniture, the treasured souvenirs, they were losing everything: some pawned, some sold, until nothing remained in the stripped-down home. She then had to move to a boarding house, which she also had to leave as it was too expensive, and rent out that room in which she was living.

Along with the hardships of poverty, she also suffered the pain of feeling humiliated by poverty. It was as if she had fallen from her status - as if she had become inferior to those who had been her friends. Many had drifted away, perhaps because she, with an unusual shyness, had done nothing to bring them closer. Her mind developed an excessive distrust that caused her to be offended by any word, any minor detail, any minute lapse in etiquette, or things of which she previously would not even have taken notice.

The first days of her solitude and poverty were awful. As her limited funds diminished, her anguish grew. What was she to do? She felt thrown in amongst the fighting women, but more vulnerable than them, as if she had been thrown over a balcony, breaking her arms and legs on impact.

Before finding herself in that predicament, she had felt the pain of the working woman, but complicit in the indifference of those who considered themselves fortunate, she didn't pay them any attention. She now remembered her unfortunate piano teacher, one

of those unhappy women who seemed to be intent on bringing all the misery of the gutter into the drawing rooms of the bourgeoisie.

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La Rampa (Extract Two)

Viuda de un magistrado era doña Soledad. Muchas de aquellas señoras conservaban rasgos de su antigua posición. A veces las pobres ancianas contaban cosas de su vida que las hacían las señoras de la mesa en vez de las invitadas por caridad. Doña Soledad había estado en Palacio, fué amiga de doña Isabel, y en su casa había un salón con muebles regalados por la Reina. Sus maridos y sus padres habían hecho cosas trascendentales. El de doña Remedios había pintado los techos del templo de la Asunción.

Pero después de estos breves relámpagos, las buenas señoras volvían a caer en aquel marasmo de su insignificancia, en el que se las toleraba como figuras decorativas. Daban la sensación de que sólo comían aquel día en toda la semana, y esto les bastaba para mantenerse en los seis restantes.

Para huir de aquellas gentes empezó a buscar ella sola trabajo. Recorría tiendas y talleres sin resultado ninguno. Se habían convenido todos para decirle que no. Algunos momentos tuvo esperanza, cuando empezaron un examen: "¿Conoce usted el oficio?" "¿Dónde ha estado usted?" Sonreían burlonamente al oirle decir que ella sabía coser y bordar y que con buena voluntad aprendería pronto. Cada uno creía su empleo un arte y le contestaba con un énfasis revelador de su molestia:
–Estas cosas no se improvisan.

Era necesario ser una obrera, una obrera que hubiese empezado paso a paso su aprendizaje, a fin de estar apta para ser admitida a gastar la flor de su juventud en una fábrica, un taller o una tienda, y ser desechada después por inútil.

Fué en vano que implorase a todos los industriales y comerciantes. Los que se apiadaron de ella una vez no pudieron continuar protegiéndola para no perjudicar sus intereses.

Le dieron a iluminar tarjetas, y los primeros cientos los ejecutó con tal torpeza que no pudieron servir. En una tienda de la calle de la Montera la confiaron camisas, pagando a dos reales pieza. Lo hacía mal y gastaba dos días en cada una: resultaba imposible.

Lo que más le repugnaba era buscar colocación en una casa particular. Pero cada día que pasaba se hacía, en su interior, una concesión nueva. Era la miseria apremiando cada vez más.

Empezó a buscar los anuncios en la cuarta plana de los periódicos y acudir a todos los sitios donde hacía falta una costurera, una señorita de compañía o una doncella. Igual

repulsa en todas partes. Por modesta que quería ir su aspecto, sus manos cuidadas, su porte todo denunciaba que no era una obrera ni una sirvienta. La miraban con desconfianza y no faltó alguna dama que le dijese sin piedad:
– Es usted demasiado señorita para ésto.

The Ramp (Extract Two)

Lady Soledad was the widow of a magistrate. Many of those women maintained traits of their former status. Sometimes the unfortunate elderly women told stories of their lives that made them worthy of sitting at the table, rather than just being those invited out of charity. Lady Soledad had been in *Palacio*, she was a friend of Lady Isabel, and in her house, there was furniture gifted by the Queen. Their husbands and fathers had done momentous things. Lady Remedios' husband had painted the ceiling of the temple of *Asunción*.

But after these brief bursts of energy, the good women collapsed again into that paralysis of insignificance, in which they were tolerated as decorative figurines. They gave the impression that they ate only on that day of the week, and it was enough to sustain them for the remaining six.

In order to escape those people, she started to search for work herself. She went to all the shops and workshops, without success. They had all conspired to refuse her. In some moments she was hopeful, when they started to test her, “Are you familiar with the trade?” “Where have you been positioned?” They smiled at her mockingly upon hearing her say that she knew how to sew and embroider, and that, with goodwill, she would learn quickly. Every one of them believed their work to be an art form and answered her with a firmness telling of their annoyance: “One cannot improvise these things.”

It was necessary to be a labourer, a labourer who would start her training step by step, so as to be competent enough to permit her to waste the flower of her youth in a factory, a workshop, or a shop, and later be cast aside for being useless.

It was in vain that she implored all of the factory workers and shopkeepers. Those who had at one point taken pity on her, could no longer protect her so as not to damage their own interests.

They had her colour in the cards for the looms, and the first hundred she did with such ineptitude that they couldn’t be used. In one shop on *Calle de la Montera* they entrusted her with shirts, paying her two *reales* a piece. She made them badly and wasted two days on each: it proved impossible.

What disgusted her most was looking for a position in a private house. But every day that went by, she made, within herself, a new concession. Her destitution was increasingly pressing.

She started to look for announcements on the back page of newspapers and went to every place that was in need of a seamstress, a companion, or a maid. She was rejected in the same manner everywhere. No matter how humble her appearance, her well-groomed hands and her demeanour all revealed that she was neither a labourer nor a servant. They looked at her distrustingly, there was no shortage of women to tell her without compassion: "You are too much of a lady for this."

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Context

Carmen de Burgos y Seguí (1867-1932) was a writer and translator in early twentieth century Spain. Burgos advocated for women's rights, and feminist themes can be found throughout her works, most notably in her novel *La Rampa*. This novel, which has not previously been translated into English, was originally published in 1917. The translated extracts we propose here are based on the Madrid Renacimiento edition of the novel, digitised by Biblioteca Nacional de España.

The extracts we have selected focus on one of the novel's two protagonists, Isabel, as she grapples with the change in her social status from a middle-class to a working-class woman struggling to provide for herself. The narrative is set within a Madrid in the process of modernising, as a consequence of the industrial revolution, and demonstrates how the city's transformation provided both opportunities and great difficulties for working women.

Despite the fact that Burgos' birth date could place her amongst other writers of Spain's famed *Generación del '98*, she is seldom considered to belong to this movement of writers (Larson 2011: 81). In fact, her writing is lesser known to modern audiences than that of her peers, in spite of her relative success during her lifetime. Burgos' omission from the Spanish literary canon at the turn of the nineteenth century is reflective of a wider trend in literature whereby male authors were more prominent in the literary canon compared to their female counterparts (Bieder 1996: 73-74). However, this absence is also likely a consequence of Franco's rewriting of cultural and literary history during the Franco dictatorship (1939-1975), due to the fact that Burgos was a supporter of the Spanish republic who wrote about worker's and women's rights (Bieder 1996: 75).

Translator's note

The two extracts were selected from the beginning of the novel since they highlight the differences between the life Isabel led as a middle-class woman and the life she is starting to lead as a working-class woman, searching for employment. We chose to translate a work written by Carmen de Burgos not only because her novel centres around ideas of change and transformation but because she also wrote during a time of

transformation, particularly regarding gender roles. As a women's rights activist, Burgos would often highlight issues and unfair treatment that women faced, both in her fiction and non-fiction works. We encountered two main issues during the translation process, namely: how to maintain the feminist ideals embedded in Carmen de Burgos' writing and how to translate cultural references.

Whilst translating, we wanted to ensure that the feminist ideas, with which the source text is imbued, were accurately transferred into the target text. Such ideas can be seen in the discussion of the treatment of widowed women in Extract Two and the reference to women's suffrage with the phrase 'las mujeres que luchan' in Extract One. The struggles that working women faced are particularly evident in the metaphor, 'gastar la flor de su juventud en una fábrica, un taller o una tienda' ('to waste the flower of her youth in a factory, a workshop, or a shop'). We felt it necessary to translate the metaphor literally so as to maintain the imagery of a flower, which is often associated with femininity. This therefore conserves the particular focus on how industrialisation and modernity in Madrid was negatively impacting Spanish women.

The second extract we chose from *La Rampa* contained proper nouns and cultural references, such as a street name (*Calle de la Montera*) and a currency (*Reales*). We borrowed the street name from the source text, following translation conventions since no recognised translation of the street exists in English and street names are not usually translated (Newmark 1981: 73). The fact that the story is set in Madrid, during its gradual modernisation, is extremely important to the themes which Burgos chose to discuss in her work. Therefore, we also decided to foreignise certain elements of our translations in line with the ideas of Venuti (1995) . This can be seen in the choice to retain the common noun *reales*, a now out-of-circulation Spanish currency, as a foreign currency. Although *reales* can sometimes be referred to as the 'Spanish real' in English language texts, we felt that borrowing the Spanish term helped to highlight the setting of the novel. This in turn makes the social and political climate in which *La Rampa* takes place more obvious and doesn't detract from the novel's thematic discussions.

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Shi Pingmei

Translated from the Chinese into English by Sebastian Hamsher, Ella Ranyard and Eva Pimblett

墓畔哀歌

春來了，催開桃蕾又飄到柳梢，這般溫柔慵懶的天氣真使人惱！她似乎躲在我眼底有意繚繞，一陣陣風翼，吹起了我靈海深處的波濤。

這世界已換上了裝束，如少女般那樣嬌嬈，她披拖著淺綠的輕紗，蹁躚在她那(姹)紫嫣紅中舞蹈。佇立於白楊下，我心如搗，強睜開模糊的淚眼，細認你墓頭，萋萋芳草。

滿腔辛酸與誰道？願此恨吐向青空將天地包。它糾結圍繞著我的心，像一堆枯黃的蔓草，我愛，我待你用寶劍來揮掃，我待你用火花來焚燒。

Graveside Elegy (Extract 1)

Spring has come, urging the peach buds to blossom and drift onto the willow shoots, this gentle and lazy weather is terribly irksome! She seems to be hiding in front of my eyes, intentionally lingering around, and gusts of wind stir great waves in the depths of my soul.

The Earth has changed its clothes, as enchantingly beautiful as a young girl, draped in a light green veil, dancing gracefully among her beautiful flowers. Standing under the poplar trees, my heart is pounding, I force open my eyes, blurry with tears, to carefully recognise your tombstone and the lush and fragrant grass.

Who can I tell about the bitterness that fills my heart? I wish I could spit out my hatred into the blue sky, so that it envelops Heaven and Earth. It twists up and around my heart like a heap of withered, yellow ivy. My love, I am waiting for you to sweep it away with your sword, I am waiting for you to burn it away with your spark.

***

壘壘荒冢上，火光熊熊，紙灰繚繞，清明到了。這是碧草綠水的春郊。墓畔有白髮老翁，有紅顏年少，向這一杯黃土致不盡的懷憶和哀悼，雲天蒼茫處我將魂招；白楊蕭條，暮鴉聲聲，怕孤魂歸路迢迢。

逝去了，歡樂的好夢，不能隨墓草而復生，明朝此日，誰知天涯何處寄此身？嘆漂泊我已如落花浮萍，且高歌，且痛飲，拼一醉燒熄此心頭余情。

我愛，這一杯苦酒細細斟，邀殘月與孤星和淚共飲，不管黃昏，不論夜深，醉臥在你墓碑傍，任霜露侵淩吧！我再不醒。

Graveside Elegy (Extract 2)

Raging flames and ash from burning paper money billow upwards from the desolate graves; Tomb Sweeping Day has arrived. The Spring-blushed outskirts are filled with emerald grass and green waters. By the side of one grave stands an old man with white hair and a younger woman with flushed cheeks, directing their endless memories and grief towards a handful of yellow earth. Into the boundless, overcast sky, I call out to his soul. The poplar trees are withered, the crows are cawing, I'm afraid the lonely souls will have a long journey back home.

Gone is the joyous dream, it cannot come back to life with the grave's grass. By this time next year, who knows where I shall end up in this world? Sighing, I drift along like fallen petals and duckweed. Singing loudly and drinking to my heart's content, trying to get drunk to extinguish the feelings that linger in my heart.

My love, this cup of bitter wine, so carefully poured, invites the waning moon and the lonely stars to drink together with my tears. No matter the dusk, no matter the lateness of the night, I will lie drunk next to your gravestone, let the frost and dew approach! I shall never wake up again.

***

Context

Shi Pingmei's *Graveside Elegy*, published in 1927, is one of her lesser-known works that nevertheless highlights her talent for emotionally charged writing. This particular work of prose poetry, of which we selected the two extracts that best showcase her descriptions of transformation, describe her grief for her deceased partner during the time of the Qingming festival.

The Chinese festival of Qingming 清明 (literally meaning clear or pure brightness) pays respects to and commemorates one's ancestors (Aijmer, 1978). The festival takes place a few days into Spring, in early April, as the opening line of the text alludes to.

The most common tradition of the festival is the cleaning, repairing and general maintenance of the graves of family members (Aijmer, 1978), hence the English name of

Tomb Sweeping Day, from the Chinese term for the practice 扫墓 *sao mu* - to sweep a grave. The symbol of the willow branch mentioned in the first line references the importance of willow for its perceived uses in religious protection - willow branches were placed over doors or worn in the hair during the Qingming period (Aijmer, 1978). As mentioned in the text, paper money is also burnt as it is believed that the act of burning transforms the paper into money that can be used by the ancestors in the spirit world that they inhabit. Food and drink are also offered, again to provide for the ancestors (Kulik, 2025).

Translator's note

We chose to translate Shi Pingmei's depiction of a grieving lover as the text touches on the transition and transformations of seasons, life and death within nature, as well as emotional transition in the processing of loss. We felt that these characteristics fit the theme of this issue excellently.

One of the challenges we had when approaching the translation of this text were the changes in tone between paragraphs - from descriptive to angry, melancholic to resigned, we are shown a multitude of emotional states that had to be navigated in our English translation. In line with the ideas of Venuti (1995), we chose a domesticating approach in order to carry on the tone of the original text for an English-speaking audience. For example, the literal meaning of 真使人恼 (*zhen shi ren nao*) is 'really makes people angry', however we found a literal translation to be incongruous with the delicate imagery used up to that point, instead we chose to use 'terribly irksome'. We also had to navigate Chinese's ambiguous tenses, opting to use the present and present continuous tenses as much as possible in our translation in order to keep a sense of continuity.

We had great difficulty translating the phrase '一杯黄土' (*yi bei huang tu,* lit. meaning a cup of yellow earth). We initially thought that '一杯' was referring to a physical cup or glass, given that pouring wine out for the dead is known to be one of the customs of Tomb Sweeping Day (Aijmer, 1978). However, the literal translation of the phrase doesn't make much sense in the context of it being the object of a family's grief. After consulting with a native Chinese speaker, it was clear to us that the original text most likely contained an error in the second character, and that the phrase should be '一抔黄土' (*yi pou huang tu*), meaning "a handful of yellow earth", a much more fitting description.

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SABAHATTIN ALI

Translated from the Turkish into English by Mete Melikoğlu

Mehtaplı Bir Gece

[...]
Alnından birisi dürtmüş gibi durakladı. Başını kaldırıp ileriye doğru bakınca, önünde, birkaç adım ilerde, alabildiğine uzanan ve ayın ışıkları altında hafif hafif şıpırdayan denizi gördü.
Bu gece, harikulade güzel bir geceydi. Her zamankinin iki misli kadar büyük görünen ay, yerinden fırlamış, toprağa ve denize adamakıllı yaklaşmış gibiydi. Duvar harabelerinin ve çöp yığınlarının üzerinde fışkıran arsız nebatlar bir masal bahçesinin çiçekleri gibi nazlı nazlı sallanıyorlardı. Sahili ara sıra yalayan dalgaların ıslattığı yosunlu çakıllar, türlü renk oyunları yapan kıymetli taşlar gibiydi. Her şeyde yarı sarhoş, yarı baygın bir hal vardı. Her şeyden, bu sessizliğe ve baygınlığa rağmen, oluk oluk hayat fışkırıyordu.
Gözlerini bir müddet denize, bir müddet aya dikti ve sonra birdenbire içini bir sızının kapladığını, ölmek istemediğini anladı. İşte burası sessiz ve kimsesizdi. Bir köşeye arkası üstü uzanır ve gözlerini tepedeki soluk yıldızlara dikerek gelecek anı bekleyebilirdi. Buna rağmen, sızlayan göğsünün derin ve hayat dolu bir nefes almak için kabarmak istediğini fark etti. Gözleri yaşarmıştı. Hayatında hiç başına gelmeyen bu hal; ona hayret verdi. Daha fazla düşünmeye vakit kalmadan göğsünü kaplayan bir öksürük onu birkaç dakika kıvrandırdı, giderken de, garip ve o zamana kadar alışmadığı bir hüzün bıraktı. Öleceğine olan kanaati sarsılmamıştı, fakat bu ona yarım bir şey gibi geliyordu. Etrafında bir eksiklik vardı, düşünmeye çalıştı: Kafasından sis halinde birtakım şekiller geçtiler, kimisini köyüne, kimisini anasına benzetmek istedi, fakat hiçbir şeyi tamamıyla seçemedi. Yavaşça bir taşın üzerine oturdu.
Ne kadar sonra olduğunu pek bilmiyordu, biraz ilerisinde bir cisim harekete geçti. Eskiden beri orada mıydı, yoksa yavaş yavaş mı sokulmuştu? Bunu düşüneyim derken ince bir kadın vücudu ona doğru yaklaştı, bir adım ilerisinde durarak gözlerini erkeğin yüzüne dikti.
Erkek başını kaldırınca her şeyden evvel karşısındakinin gözleriyle karşılaştı. Renkleri belli olmayan, fakat acayip bir ışıkla parlayan bu küçük noktacıklar, vücudu üzerinde ağır ağır dolaşıyorlardı.
Kadın mehtabı arkasına aldığı için, yüzü karanlıkta kalmıştı. Gölgesi erkeğin dizinin yanına düşüyordu. İri elleri incecik kolların ucunda ağır bir cisim gibi sallanıyordu. Çıplak ayaklarında atkıları bağlanmamış ve topukları kırık iskarpinler, sırtında rengi belli olmayan, yalnız göğsü kirden ve lekelerden koyulaşan kısa bir entari vardı.
Kadın bir adım daha attı, erkeğin yanına oturdu ve kaşlarını manalı olmak isteyen bir şekilde kaldırarak yüzünü yanındakine çevirdi.
Erkek, şimdi ay ışığının tamamıyla aydınlattığı bu yüze hayretle baktı.
Bu esmer ve yağlı çehrede çiçek belki en korkunç tahribatını yapmıştı. Derin çukurlar yer yer birleşmişler ve geniş sahaları kaplamışlardı. Dudakları ince ve beyaz iki çizgi

halinde geriliyor ve yüzündeki çukurlara birçok da kırışıklar ilave eden yılışık ve yalancı bir gülüş, gözlerinin altına kadar uzanıyordu. Kesik ve yorgun nefes alan ve bulunduğu yerde yıkılıp kalmamak için elleriyle iki tarafını tutan hasta adam, kadının bu gülüşüyle ürperdi. Etrafındaki bütün çirkinliklere, bütün kirlere gümüş bir örtü örten ve her şeyi bir an için güzelleştiren ay, bu çiçekbozuğu yüzü bir kat daha iğrenç yapıyordu… Yalnız bir şey biraz tuhaftı: Yaşının kaç olduğunun tahmin edilmesine imkan olmayan bu kadının koyu siyah gözleri, en genç parıltılarla hareket ediyor ve insanın üzerinde duruyordu. Bunların derinlerinde, yüzdeki korkunç tebessümle tam bir tezat teşkil eden, bir hüzün saklı gibiydi.
Kadın biraz daha sokularak:
-Konuşsana!- dedi ve bunu çatlak bir ses ve apaçık bir köylü şivesiyle söyledi.
O zaman biraz kendine gelmeye çalışan delikanlı, dinlene dinlene:
-Sen nerelisin?- diye sordu.
-N'ideceksin?-
-Hiç!-
-Gel biraz, şöyle gidelim.-
-Ne diye?- Kadın fevkalade bir tabiilikle:
-Burası pek ortalık yer. Gören olur!- dedi.
Bir an için parlamış olan alakası hemen sönen erkek, ters bir omuz silkmesiyle homurdandı:
-Hadi, sen işine gitsene!-
[...]

A Moonlit Night

They stumbled as if someone had poked their forehead. When they looked up they saw right there, a few steps ahead, the sea stretching wide, lightly babbling under the lights of the moon.
This night was a beautiful night. The moon that looked double its usual size had almost leapt out of its place, drawing close to the land and the sea. The cheeky weeds that bloomed out of the ruins of walls and mounds of trash were coyly swinging about like the flowers of a fairytale garden. The mossy pebbles that were wet from the waves that occasionally licked the beach, were like gems that played various games of light. Everything had a half-drunk, half-faint feel to it. Everything, despite this silence and faintness, were bursting with life in streams and streamlets.
They stared for a while at the sea, then at the moon and then suddenly they felt a pain take over them and understood that they did not want to die. Here, it was silent and deserted. They could just lie on their back on a corner somewhere and wait for the moment to come, fixing their eyes up on the pale stars. In spite of this, they realised that their aching chest wanted to rise for a deep and vital breath. Their eyes had teared up. This feeling they had never felt before in their life; it astonished them. Not giving them time to think any longer, a cough spreading over their chest had them convulsing for several minutes, and as it dissipated, it left a strange melancholy they were not used to before then. Their sureness that they would die soon had not shaken, but it felt like an incomplete thing. There was something missing around them, they tried to think:

several shapes went through their head like fog, from some they wanted to make out their village, their mother, but thye couldn't pick anything out with any certainty. They slowly sat on a rock.
Not being fully aware how much time had gone past, an object a little away from them started moving. Was it there all along or had it slowly snuck in? As they mulled this over, a thin womanly body approached them, halted a step away and stared at the man's face.
When the man raised his head, he encountered her eyes before anything. These tiny little spots with indiscernible colours, yet shining with a strange light, were laggardly traveling over his body.
Since the woman had the moonlight, *mehtap*, to her back, her face remained in darkness. Its shadow fell right next to the man's knee. Her large hands teetered at the end of her twig-like arms like a heavy object. She had *scarpin* shoes with untied laces and broken heels on her bare feet, a short dress with an indistinguishable colour except for the darkened spots around her chest on her.
The woman took another step forward, sat next to the man and turned her face to the one beside her, trying to raise her brows suggestively.
Now fully illuminated by the moonlight, the man looked at this face with astonishment. The flower disease smallpox had perhaps left its most terrible damage on this dark and oily face. Deep-seated crevices had merged in places and took over large areas. Her lips strained into two thin and white streaks and a saucy and fake smile reached all the way under her eyes. The sick man who took rickety and tired breaths held on to his sides in order to not break down where he sits, and shuddered with this woman's smile. The moon that had laid a silver blanket over all the ugliness and dirtiness around it and made everything prettier if only for a moment, made this flower-broken face only more disgusting… However, one thing was a little odd: The dark black eyes of this woman with imperceivable age, moved with the most youthful shimmer and stood over you. Despite the horrifying smile on her face, it was almost as if a melancholy was hidden in their depths.
The woman said, creeping even closer:
-Say it!- with a cracked-up voice and a blatant countryfolk accent.
Trying to pull himself together, the young man asked with breaks in between:
-Where are you from?-
-What's it to you?-
-No reason!-
-C'mon, let's go this way.-
-For what?- The woman said with a splendid certainty:
-Too many eyes around here. Someone'll see us!-
The man whose attention had sparked for a moment instantly died down, and grumbled with a harsh shrug of his shoulder:
-Go on, get off!-

***

Context

The selected text is an excerpt from the socialist realist author Sabahattin Ali's short story *Mehtaplı Bir Gece* (Ali 2000: 208). It was first published by the *Tan* (Dawn) newspaper in 1937 in Istanbul. The *Tan* newspaper had a publication history strongly associated with the left, to the point that it got raided by right-wing radicals in 1945. The story follows the perspective of a poor young man who is looking for a place to starve to death but then encounters a sex worker who attempts to take care of him before he passes away. It confronts the themes of poverty, labour, gender and beauty. The text is part of a cultural momentum in the Early Republican period in Turkey, a period of modernisation and Westernisation.

The themes of gender and beauty are particularly relevant in this period since the 1930s was the period in which women's suffrage was achieved in Turkey. Consequently, the new modern nation brought with it a new modern woman who had both legal and political power. Ali's subject of a sex worker can be read as a challenge to the idealised elite woman of the period.

The dialect in her speech also challenges the movement to promote the standardised Istanbul elite Turkish from a classed perspective. Part of this momentum were language reforms, particularly the official switch to the Latin alphabet from the Arabic script in 1928 and the founding of the Turkish Language Association in 1932. There was a nationwide translation project sought to move the country closer to the West (Bassnett 2013: 23) and elevate national consciousness. Many loanwords were replaced by Turkish equivalents to achieve this goal.

Translator's note

I adopted a mix of foreignising and domesticating approaches to translation, meaning that although I focused on the semantic meaning of the text more than staying true to the original syntactically, I picked out specific nuances and brought them into the English version in an explicit foreignising manner. I felt that this implementation allowed for a pleasurable reading experience. The text comes from a historical period of linguistic transformation, so I picked out certain loanwords from Turkish and kept them italicised to remain true to the linguistic diversity despite the risk of exoticising and linguistic gatekeeping. For instance, 'mehtap', the Arabic loanword, and 'scarpin' the French (from Italian) loanword I decided were linguistic markers of the time and made their meaning legible by briefly adding the glosses 'moonlight' and 'shoes'.

I also did this for a Turkish compound word, 'çiçekbozuğu' and translated it as a calque: 'flower-broken'. The story greatly benefits from the nuance of the semantic link between the Turkish word for smallpox, *çiçek* which also means flower because of its association with feminine beauty. In response, I added this section that does not exist in the original: 'the flower disease smallpox', which helped communicate this link for the anglophone reader at the expense of deviating from the original's syntactic flow. This choice is also a testament to translation being a creative process, since I created a new word and

meaning, especially in the context of English where flowers are closely associated with virginity.

Reduplications are very common in Turkish unlike English, one such example being 'oluk oluk' meaning plentiful. I translated this as 'streams and streamlets' to preserve the rhyme and rhythm in the original, at the expense of the literal meaning. Since *oluk* by itself means 'groove' or 'gutter', however, it does not change the imagery significantly because it conserves this association with water.

Ali also modifies standard Turkish to reflect rural and working-class sociolect in the sex worker's speech; a significant reminder of his wider left-wing class politics. Since I decided it would be impossible to replicate this in English, I used low register English. Ali's own explicit description of her 'cracked-up voice and a blatant countryfolk accent' made this gap in translation much easier to overcome without having to deviate strongly from the source text.

I also had to deal with the fact that English pronouns are gendered whereas Turkish are not. In the original, the reader is not certain of the protagonist's gender until he meets the sex worker. Before this, contextual cues, such as the fact that he has been working from a young age, and the way he is treated by men and women imply that he is male, however this is not explicit. Therefore, I used 'they/them' pronouns to refer to the protagonist until the moment where the two eventually meet. This change not only foreignises but also includes a feminist intervention, in the sense that it makes the translator more visible to the reader due to its awkward rendering.

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MANUEL MACHADO

Translated from the Spanish into English by Georgia Riley (in collaboration with Ella Ranyard, Eva Pimblett and Sebastian Hamsher)

Alfa y Omega

Cabe la vida entera en un soneto
empezado con lánguido descuido,
y apenas iniciado ha transcurrido
la infancia, imagen del primer cuarteto.

Llega la juventud con el secreto
de la vida, que pasa inadvertido,
y que se va también, que ya se ha ido,
antes de entrar en el primer terceto.

Maduros, a mirar a ayer tornamos
añorantes, y, ansiosos, a mañana,
y así el primer terceto malgastamos.

Y cuando en el terceto último entramos
es para ver con experiencia vana
que se acaba el soneto… Y que nos vamos.

Alpha and Omega (Version 1)

An entire life fits into a sonnet
beginning with a downhearted carelessness,
as barely begun yet already gone by
childhood is an image of the first quatrain.

Then the youth arrives with the secret of life
a life that passes by without notice, and
that also goes by, that has already been,
before it is to enter the first tercet.

Mature, we return to look at yesterday
with longing, and anxiousness for tomorrow,
and so it is the first tercet we wasted.

And when we enter into the last tercet
it is to see with futile experience

that the sonnet is over... And so we leave.

Alpha and Omega (Version 2)

An entire life fits into a sonnet
starting with a weak neglect,
that has barely begun before it passes by:
childhood, an image of the first quatrain.

Youth arrives with the secret
of life that passes by unnoticed,
and it goes by, that which has already been,
before it enters the first tercet.

Mature, we turn to look back to yesterday
with longing, anxious of tomorrow,
and so, we waste the first tercet.

And when we enter the final tercet
it is with our experience of vanity that we see
the sonnet runs out… And so, we leave.

***

Context

With the collaboration of Sebastian Hamsher, Eva Pimblett and Ella Ranyard, we wanted to explore different forms of text in our translation process, so we chose the poem *Alfa y Omega* by Manuel Machado, written in the early twentieth century, to vary from the other prose extracts we had chosen. This poem aligns well with the theme of transformation as Machado lays out the transition of life throughout the poem, from birth to death. Regardless of a reader's age, everyone can relate to aspects of the transition that Machado describes in this poem as they have grown.

Yet, Machado imbues the poem's sonnet form into his presentation of life, realising the poem's sonnet form through the speaker's self-referential language. In this way, the form becomes closely linked with the poem's content, as each stanza presents a different stage of a person's life. With such few lines, Machado is tactful in his choice of words to present the feelings of naivety and anxiousness that we all experience as we grow up.

The poem indicates the literary contexts and trends that Machado was surrounded by at the turn of the twentieth century. Machado was inspired by the modernist movement as he included vivid images of life slipping away through the course of the sonnet or the musicality that the structure imbues into the original poem. However, modernism was not his only source of inspiration, as he was also inspired by Symbolists and Parnassians,

who rejected the imprecision of romanticism for more precise descriptions. Therefore, *Alfa y Omega* sits within Machado's oeuvre as many of his other works concern themselves with art and the human experience (Encyclopaedia Britannica 2025).

Translator's note

There is always a challenge that comes with translating poetry, particularly with the multiplicity of translations that can be created from a single work, leading critics to debate whether a poem can truly be translated into another language (Boase-Beier 2009: 194). I do not believe there is a single 'correct' way to translate poetry, as many factors contribute to the creation of a poem, necessitating consideration of various elements during the translation process. To present the multiplicity of poetry translation, I have provided examples of the translated *Alfa y Omega* (or 'Alpha and Omega' in English), adopting different approaches to achieve distinct final translations.

Between my two translations, I considered the view of language as two-layered, emphasizing the clear distinction between form and meaning (Hermans 2009: 301). With these aspects of poetry anatomised, I placed a greater emphasis on each in my respective translations.

The first translation focuses on the poem's form, specifically its metrics. The poem was originally written in the form of the Spanish sonnet, which differs from the Petrarchan or Shakespearean sonnets that most English speakers are (at least subconsciously) familiar with. The Spanish sonnet comprises hendecasyllabic lines (11-syllable lines) with stanzas divided into two quatrains and two tercets; it also features a rhyme scheme of ABBA ABBA CDC CDC, or a similar pattern. Considering these characteristics of Machado's sonnet, I was particularly interested in the metrical features and stanza divisions, as the self-referential language of the sonnet makes the structure vital to understanding the poem within a broader context. Consequently, I endeavoured to maintain the hendecasyllabic lines throughout my English translation. However, when confronted with a literal translation of the poem, the syllabic count often fell short across the lines. To resolve this, I explored synonyms, articles, and prepositions that could convey the sentiment of Machado's lines without introducing additional words that could alter the meaning.

The second translation takes a more creative approach, focusing on coherence that flows freely without adhering to a syllable count. Nevertheless, I remained consistent in preserving the appropriate stanza breaks due to the self-referential language of the poem. For example, in the concluding stanza, the poem notes that we enter 'el terceto', referring to a poetic tercet, and as the poem concludes, 'se acaba el soneto', indicating the sonnet ends too. Maintaining the poem's structure became vital as otherwise the original meaning would be compromised.

In my efforts to translate each poem, I acknowledge the issue of untranslatability and Theo Hermans' assertion that 'there always remains an untranslatable rest' in a work (Hermans 2009: 302). In these translations, the rhyme scheme suffered as I prioritised communicating the poem's form and meaning without sacrificing semantics for a more

song-like quality. Consequently, the poem reads more dramatically, as one line follows another without a connecting rhyme, resulting in a more candid flow, akin to a stream of consciousness.

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