



Translation Slam 2013

The Translation slam is supported by the Centre for Literary Translation, Ireland Literature Exchange and Discover Research Dublin. Discover Research Dublin is funded by the European Union and has received national funding and support from the Science Foundation Ireland.

**DISCOVER
RESEARCH
DUBLIN
27 SEPT 2013**

SCHOOL OF
Languages,
Literatures &
Cultural Studies



Ireland Literature Exchange
Idirmhalartán Litríocht Éireann

Daniel Hahn

Daniel Hahn is a writer, editor and translator with some forty books to his name. His work has won him the Independent Foreign Fiction Prize and the Blue Peter Book Award. A former chair of the UK Translators Association, he is now national programme director of the British Centre for Literary Translation, and on the board or council of a number of organisations that deal with literature, literacy, free speech and human rights. He is currently translating Brazilian novels and compiling the new Oxford Companion to Children's Literature.

David Denby

David Denby was Senior Lecturer in French at Dublin City University until his (early) retirement in 2010. His research was in 18th- and 19th-century cultural history. He taught translation for many years. His published translations are Jacques Le Goff and Pierre Nora, *Faire de l'histoire* and Alain Touraine et al., *Solidarité*, both with Cambridge University Press.

Frank Wynne

Born in Sligo, Frank Wynne is a literary translator from French and Spanish. Over the past fifteen years he has translated fiction and non-fiction by, among others, Michel Houellebecq, Ahmadou Kourouma, Claude Lanzmann, Isabel Allende, Pablo Picasso and Tomás Eloy Martínez. His work has won a number of awards, including the 2002 IMPAC Prize (for *Atomised*, by Michel Houellebecq), the 2005 Independent Foreign (for *Windows on the World* by Frédéric Beigbeder) Fiction Prize and the 2008 Scott Moncrieff Prize (for *Love Lasts Three Years* by Frédéric Beigbeder). More recently his translation of *Kamchatka* by Marcelo Figueras garnered the 2012 *Premio Valle Inclán*, while *Alex* by Pierre Lemaitre won the 2013 CWA International Crime Dagger. In 2012 he was made an Honorary Member of the Irish Translators' and Interpreters' Association.

Madame Bovary, Gustave Flaubert

Un gamin polissonnait sur le parvis:

— Va me chercher un fiacre!

L'enfant partit comme une balle, par la rue des Quatre-Vents; alors ils restèrent seuls quelques minutes, face à face et un peu embarrassés.

— Ah! Léon!... Vraiment..., je ne sais... si je dois...!

Elle minaudait. Puis, d'un air sérieux:

— C'est très inconvenant, savez-vous?

— En quoi? répliqua le clerc. Cela se fait à Paris!

Et cette parole, comme un irrésistible argument, la détermina.

Cependant le fiacre n'arrivait pas. Léon avait peur qu'elle ne rentrât dans l'église. Enfin le fiacre parut.

— Sortez du moins par le portail du nord! leur cria le Suisse, qui était resté sur le seuil, pour voir la Résurrection, le Jugement dernier, le Paradis, le Roi David, et les Réprouvés dans les flammes d'enfer.

— Où Monsieur va-t-il? demanda le cocher.

— Où vous voudrez! dit Léon poussant Emma dans la voiture.

Et la lourde machine se mit en route.

Elle descendit la rue Grand-Pont, traversa la place des Arts, le quai Napoléon, le pont Neuf et s'arrêta court devant la statue de Pierre Corneille.

— Continuez! fit une voix qui sortait de l'intérieur.

La voiture repartit, et, se laissant, dès le carrefour La Fayette, emporter par la descente, elle entra au grand galop dans la gare du chemin de fer.

— Non, tout droit! cria la même voix.

Le fiacre sortit des grilles, et bientôt, arrivé sur le Cours, trotta doucement, au milieu des grands ormes. Le cocher s'essuya le front, mit son chapeau de cuir entre ses jambes et poussa la voiture en dehors des contre-allées, au bord de l'eau, près du gazon.

Elle alla le long de la rivière, sur le chemin de halage pavé de cailloux secs, et, longtemps, du côté d'Oysel, au delà des îles.

Mais tout à coup, elle s'élança d'un bond à travers Quatremares, Sotteville, la Grande-Chaussée, la rue d'Elbeuf, et fit sa troisième halte devant le jardin des plantes.

— Marchez donc! s'écria la voix plus furieusement.

Et aussitôt, reprenant sa course, elle passa par Saint-Sever, par le quai des Curandiers, par le quai aux Meules, encore une fois par le pont, par la place du Champ-de-Mars et derrière les jardins de l'hôpital, où des vieillards en veste noire se promènent au soleil, le long d'une terrasse toute verdie par des lierres. Elle remonta le boulevard Bouvreuil, parcourut le boulevard Cauchoise, puis tout le Mont-Riboudet jusqu'à la côte de Deville.

Elle revint; et alors, sans parti pris ni direction, au hasard, elle vagabonda. On la vit à Saint-Pol, à Lescure, au mont Gargan, à la Rouge-Mare, et place du Gaillard-bois; rue Maladrerie, rue Dinanderie, devant Saint-Romain, Saint-Vivien, Saint-Maclou, Saint-Nicaise, — devant la Douane, — à la basse Vieille-Tour, aux Trois-Pipes et au Cimetière Monumental. De temps à autre, le cocher sur son siège jetait aux cabarets des regards désespérés. Il ne comprenait pas quelle fureur de la locomotion poussait ces individus à ne vouloir point s'arrêter. Il essayait quelquefois, et aussitôt il entendait derrière lui partir des exclamations de colère. Alors il cinglait de plus belle ses deux rosses tout en sueur, mais sans prendre garde aux cahots, accrochant par-ci par-là, ne s'en souciant, démoralisé, et presque pleurant de soif, de fatigue et de tristesse.

Et sur le port, au milieu des camions et des barriques, et dans les rues, au coin des bornes, les bourgeois ouvraient de grands yeux ébahis devant cette chose si extraordinaire en province, une

voiture à stores tendus, et qui apparaissait ainsi continuellement, plus close qu'un tombeau et ballottée comme un navire.

Une fois, au milieu du jour, en pleine campagne, au moment où le soleil dardait le plus fort contre les vieilles lanternes argentées, une main nue passa sous les petits rideaux de toile jaune et jeta des déchirures de papier, qui se dispersèrent au vent et s'abattirent plus loin, comme des papillons blancs, sur un champ de trèfles rouges tout en fleur.

Puis, vers six heures, la voiture s'arrêta dans une ruelle du quartier Beauvoisine, et une femme en descendit qui marchait le voile baissé, sans détourner la tête.

Translation by David Denby

A lad was hanging around in front of the church.

'Go and get me a cab'.

The boy disappeared like a shot down Quatre-Vents Street, and they were left alone together for a few minutes, face to face and a little confused.

'Oh, Leon...Really...I don't know...if I should..!', she simpered. Then, with a serious look: 'This is most improper, do you know that?'

'Why?' replied the clerk. 'It wouldn't be in Paris.'

These words, like a compelling argument, made up her mind.

Meanwhile, there was no sign of the cab. Leon was afraid that she might go back into the church, but finally the cab appeared.

The verger, who had not advanced beyond the doorway, called to them: 'At least leave by the north door, and look at the Resurrection, The Last Judgement, Paradise, King David, and The Damned burning in hell'.

'Where to, sir?' asked the cabby.

'Wherever you like' said Leon as he pushed Emma into the cab.

And the heavy vehicle began to move. It went down Grand-Pont

Street, across Arts Square, Napoleon Quay, the Pont Neuf, then stopped suddenly beside the statue of Corneille.

'Keep going!' said a voice from inside.

The cab set off again, and once it reached La Fayette corner, started gathering pace with the gradient. It drove into the railway station at a full gallop.

'No, straight on!' shouted the same voice.

The cab headed out again through the gate. Once it reached the main avenue it slowed to a steady trot between the lines of great elms. The cabby wiped his brow, put his leather cap between his knees, and steered the horses outside the side-lane, towards the grass at the water's edge.

Along the riverbank it went, on the tow-path with its tight-set rounded cobbles, and for long enough it drove out towards Oyssel, beyond where the islands are.

Then, unexpectedly, it set off in a new direction, through Quatremares, Sotteville, Grande-Chaussée and Elbeuf Street, and came to a halt for a third time outside the Botanic Gardens.

'Keep going, for God's sake!' cried the same voice, angrier this time.

And so, resuming its course, it wove its way through Saint-Sever, Curandiers Quay, Haymarket Quay, over the bridge a second time, then through Champ-de-Mars Square and behind the hospital gardens, where old men in black jackets stroll in the sunshine on a terrace green with ivy. It drove up Bouvreuil Boulevard, along Cauchoise Boulevard, then right up Mont-Riboudet to Deville Rise.

Then it turned again, came back, and set off on an aimless course, criss-crossing the town without rhyme or reason. It was sighted at Saint-Pol, at Lescure, at Gargan Hill, at Rouge-Mare, at Gaillard-Bois Square; in Maladrerie Street, Dinanderie Street, by the churches of Saint Romain, Saint Vivien, Saint Maclou, Saint Nicaise; outside the Customs House; at the Old Tower, at Three Pipes, and at the Monumental Cemetery. From time to time the cabby cast a forlorn gaze from his box at the passing inns. What was the relentless desire for onward movement which made these individuals so loath to stop? He tried to do so from time to time, only to hear angry exclamations from behind. Then he would whip up his sweating nags, pulling away sharply, occasionally snagging passing vehicles, but he was past caring, and so thirsty, tired and sad that he was nearly in tears.

And all the while, on the dockside, among the carts and the barrels, and in the streets and at street-corners, the good townsfolk of Rouen gazed wide-eyed at such a strange sight in a

provincial town, a cab with its blinds pulled tightly down, slipping away but constantly reappearing, secret as a grave and rocking like a ship at sea.

Once, in the middle of the day, in open country, as the sun shone at its brightest on the old chrome carriage lamps, an ungloved hand reached through the little yellow canvas blinds and released some scraps of paper, which fluttered away on the wind and landed a little further away, like white butterflies, in a field of red clover .

Then, around six o'clock, the cab came to a halt in a sidestreet in Beauvoisine, and a woman stepped down, walking away with her veil pulled down, looking neither to right nor left.

Translation by Frank Wynne

A street urchin was loitering on the church forecourt.

“Fetch me a hackney carriage.”

The boy shot off like a bullet along the Rue des Quatre-Vents; then, for a several minutes they were alone, face to face and a little discomfited.

“Oh, Léon... Truly... I don’t know... if I ought...”

She was simpering. Then, in a solemn tone:

“You do realise that it is most unseemly?”

“How so?” retorted the clerk, “People do such things in Paris.”

And this comment, like an irrefutable argument, decided her.

Meanwhile, there was no sign of the cab. Léon was afraid that she would go back inside the church. At last the carriage arrived.

“At least go out via the north portal!” called the verger, who was still standing in the porch, “so you can see the Resurrection, The Last Judgement, Heaven, King David and the Damned Souls Consigned to Hellfire.”

“Where to, monsieur?”

“Wherever you please!” said Léon, forcing Emma into the cab.

And the lumbering contraption set off. It headed down the Rue Grand-Pont, crossed the Place des Arts, the Quai Napoléon, the Pont Neuf and came to a halt before the statue of Pierre Corneille.

“Drive on,” came a voice from inside.

The carriage set off again and, picking up speed on the hill running down from the Carrefour Lafayette, arrived into the railway station at full gallop.

“No,” cried the same voice, “straight ahead!”

The carriage came out through the gate and, reaching the Avenue, was soon trotting along slowly amid the tall elms. The coachman mopped his brow, placed his leather hat between his knees and urged the carriage on beyond the side-roads to the water’s edge near the meadow.

It went along the river, down the towpath of sharp stones and for quite some distance towards Oysel, beyond the islands.

Then, with a sudden bound, it hurtled off through Quatremares, Sotteville, the Grande-Chaussée, the Rue d’Elbeuf and made its third stop in front of the Jardin des Plantes.

“Drive on, man!” the voice cried more heatedly.

And immediately setting off again, it passed through Saint-Sever, along the Quai des Cuandiers, along the Quai aux Meules, back across the bridge, past the Place du Champ-de-Mars and behind the hospital gardens where old men in black jackets stroll in the sunshine along a terrace greening with ivy. It drove back up the Boulevard Bouvreuil, down the Boulevard Cauchoise, along the Mont-Riboudet as far as the slopes of Deville.

It turned back; and now, without no fixed course or direction, it roved aimlessly. It was seen in Saint-Pol, in Lescure, near Mont Gargan, at the Rouge-Mare, on the Place du Gaillard-bois; Rue Maladrerie, Rue Dinanderie, outside the churches of Saint-Romain, Saint-Vivien, Saint-Maclou, Saint-Nicaise — in front of the customs house — in front of the Basse Vieille-Tour, at Trois-Pipes and outside the Cimetière Monumental. From time to time, from his box seat, the coachman cast desolate glances at the various taverns. He could not comprehend what passion for locomotion prevented these individuals from ever wanting to stop. Occasionally he would try only to immediately hear angry remonstrations from behind him. Then he would whip his two sweaty nags all the harder, but paying no heed to potholes, colliding here and there, little caring, dispirited, all but weeping with thirst, fatigue and unhappiness.

And at the harbour, amid the drays and the barrels, and in the streets, by the boundary stones, the good burghers stared in wide-eyed astonishment at this sight, so rare in the provinces: a carriage with blinds drawn, constantly appearing and reappearing, sealed more tightly than a tomb and buffeted like a ship.

Once, around midday, out in open country, as the sun fiercely beat down upon the old silvered carriage lamps, a bare hand slipped beneath the yellow blinds and tossed away torn scraps of paper that scattered in the wind and landed, like white butterflies, farther off in a field of red clover all in bloom.

Then, at about six o'clock, the carriage drew to a halt in a little street in the Beauvoisine district and a woman stepped out, her veil down, and walked away without turning back.

David Denby

A lad was hanging around in front of the church.

'Go and get me a cab'.

The boy disappeared like a shot down Quatre-Vents Street, and they were left alone together for a few minutes, face to face and a little confused.

'Oh, Leon...Really...I don't know...if I should..!', she simpered. Then, with a serious look: 'This is most improper, do you know that?'

'Why?' replied the clerk. 'It wouldn't be in Paris.'

These words, like a compelling argument, made up her mind.

Meanwhile, there was no sign of the cab. Leon was afraid that she might go back into the church, but finally the cab appeared.

The verger, who had not advanced beyond the doorway, called to them: 'At least leave by the north door, and look at the Resurrection, The Last Judgement, Paradise, King David, and The Damned burning in hell'.

'Where to, sir?' asked the cabby.

'Wherever you like' said Leon as he pushed Emma into the cab.

And the heavy vehicle began to move. It went down Grand-Pont Street, across Arts Square, Napoleon Quay, the Pont Neuf, then stopped suddenly beside the statue of Corneille.

Frank Wynne

A street urchin was loitering on the church forecourt.

"Fetch me a hackney carriage."

The boy shot off like a bullet along the Rue des Quatre-Vents; then, for a several minutes they were alone, face to face and a little discomfited.

"Oh, Léon... Truly... I don't know... if I ought..." She was simpering. Then, in a solemn tone: "You do realise that it is most unseemly?"

"How so?" retorted the clerk, "People do such things in Paris."

And this comment, like an irrefutable argument, decided her.

Meanwhile, there was no sign of the cab. Léon was afraid that she would go back inside the church. At last the carriage arrived.

"At least go out via the north portal!" called the verger, who was still standing in the porch, "so you can see the Resurrection, The Last Judgement, Heaven, King David and the Damned Souls Consigned to Hellfire."

"Where to, monsieur?"

"Wherever you please!" said Léon, forcing Emma into the cab.

And the lumbering contraption set off. It headed down the Rue Grand-Pont, crossed the Place des Arts, the Quai Napoléon, the Pont Neuf and came to a halt before the statue of Pierre Corneille.

(David Denby contd.)

'Keep going!' said a voice from inside.

The cab set off again, and once it reached La Fayette corner, started gathering pace with the gradient. It drove into the railway station at a full gallop.

'No, straight on!' shouted the same voice.

The cab headed out again through the gate. Once it reached the main avenue it slowed to a steady trot between the lines of great elms.

The cabby wiped his brow, put his leather cap between his knees, and steered the horses outside the side-lane, towards the grass at the water's edge.

Along the riverbank it went, on the tow-path with its tight-set rounded cobbles, and for long enough it drove out towards Oysel, beyond where the islands are.

Then, unexpectedly, it set off in a new direction, through Quatremares, Sotteville, Grande-Chaussée and Elbeuf Street, and came to a halt for a third time outside the Botanic Gardens.

'Keep going, for God's sake!' cried the same voice, angrier this time.

And so, resuming its course, it wove its way through Saint-Sever, Curandiers Quay, Haymarket Quay, over the bridge a second time, then through Champ-de-Mars Square and behind the hospital gardens, where old men in black jackets stroll in the sunshine on a terrace green with ivy.

(Frank Wynne contd.)

"Drive on," came a voice from inside.

The carriage set off again and, picking up speed on the hill running down from the Carrefour Lafayette, arrived into the railway station at full gallop.

"No," cried the same voice, "straight ahead!"

The carriage came out through the gate and, reaching the Avenue, was soon trotting along slowly amid the tall elms.

The coachman mopped his brow, placed his leather hat between his knees and urged the carriage on beyond the side-roads to the water's edge near the meadow.

It went along the river, down the towpath of sharp stones and for quite some distance towards Oysel, beyond the islands.

Then, with a sudden bound, it hurtled off through Quatremares, Sotteville, the Grande-Chaussée, the Rue d'Elbeuf and made its third stop in front of the Jardin des Plantes.

"Drive on, man!" the voice cried more heatedly.

And immediately setting off again, it passed through Saint-Sever, along the Quai des Cuandiers, along the Quai aux Meules, back across the bridge, past the Place du Champ-de-Mars and behind the hospital gardens where old men in black jackets stroll in the sunshine along a terrace greening with ivy.

(David Denby contd.)

It drove up Bouvreuil Boulevard, along Cauchoise Boulevard, then right up Mont-Riboudet to Deville Rise.

Then it turned again, came back, and set off on an aimless course, criss-crossing the town without rhyme or reason.

It was sighted at Saint-Pol, at Lescure, at Gargan Hill, at Rouge-Mare, at Gaillard-Bois Square; in Maladrerie Street, Dinanderie Street, by the churches of Saint Romain, Saint Vivien, Saint Maclou, Saint Nicaise; outside the Customs House; at the Old Tower, at Three Pipes, and at the Monumental Cemetery.

From time to time the cabby cast a forlorn gaze from his box at the passing inns.

What was the relentless desire for onward movement which made these individuals so loath to stop? He tried to do so from time to time, only to hear angry exclamations from behind.

Then he would whip up his sweating nags, pulling away sharply, occasionally snagging passing vehicles, but he was past caring, and so thirsty, tired and sad that he was nearly in tears.

And all the while, on the dockside, among the carts and the barrels, and in the streets and at street-corners, the good townsfolk of Rouen gazed wide-eyed at such a strange sight in a provincial town, a cab with its blinds pulled tightly down, slipping away but constantly reappearing, secret as a grave and rocking like a ship at sea.

(Frank Wynne contd.)

It drove back up the Boulevard Bouvreuil, down the Boulevard Cauchoise, along the Mont-Riboudet as far as the slopes of Deville.

It turned back; and now, without no fixed course or direction, it roved aimlessly.

It was seen in Saint-Pol, in Lescure, near Mont Gargan, at the Rouge-Mare, on the Place du Gaillard-bois; Rue Maladrerie, Rue Dinanderie, outside the churches of Saint-Romain, Saint-Vivien, Saint-Maclou, Saint-Nicaise — in front of the customs house — in front of the Basse Vieille-Tour, at Trois-Pipes and outside the Cimetière Monumental.

From time to time, from his box seat, the coachman cast desolate glances at the various taverns.

He could not comprehend what passion for locomotion prevented these individuals from ever wanting to stop. Occasionally he would try only to immediately hear angry remonstrations from behind him.

Then he would whip his two sweaty nags all the harder, but paying no heed to potholes, colliding here and there, little caring, dispirited, all but weeping with thirst, fatigue and unhappiness.

And at the harbour, amid the drays and the barrels, and in the streets, by the boundary stones, the good burghers stared in wide-eyed astonishment at this sight, so rare in the provinces: a carriage with blinds drawn, constantly appearing and reappearing, sealed more tightly than a tomb and buffeted like a ship.

(David Denby contd.)

Once, in the middle of the day, in open country, as the sun shone at its brightest on the old chrome carriage lamps, an ungloved hand reached through the little yellow canvas blinds and released some scraps of paper, which fluttered away on the wind and landed a little further away, like white butterflies, in a field of red clover.

Then, around six o'clock, the cab came to a halt in a sidestreet in Beauvoisine, and a woman stepped down, walking away with her veil pulled down, looking neither to right nor left.

(Frank Wynne contd.)

Once, around midday, out in open country, as the sun fiercely beat down upon the old silvered carriage lamps, a bare hand slipped beneath the yellow blinds and tossed away torn scraps of paper that scattered in the wind and landed, like white butterflies, farther off in a field of red clover all in bloom.

Then, at about six o'clock, the carriage drew to a halt in a little street in the Beauvoisine district and a woman stepped out, her veil down, and walked away without turning back.