

UALMA

GCD

Unit 1

TRANSLATING

SOPHIA

CHUCHUZHENG

The article I intend to translate



Invisible cities

Calvino, Italo

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CITIES & THE DEAD • 1

At Melania, every time you enter the square, you find yourself caught in a dialogue: the braggart soldier and the parasite coming from a door meet the young wastrel and the prostitute; or else the miserly father from his threshold utters his final warnings to the amorous daughter and is interrupted by the foolish servant who is taking a note to the procuress. You return to Melania after years and you find the same dialogue still going on; in the meanwhile the parasite has died, and so have the procuress and the miserly father; but the braggart soldier, the amorous daughter, the foolish servant have taken their places, being replaced in their turn by the hypocrite, the confidante, the astrologer.

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As time passes the roles, too, are no longer exactly the same as before; certainly the action they carry forward through intrigues and surprises leads toward some final denouement, which it continues to approach even when the plot seems to thicken more and more and the obstacles increase. If you look into the square in successive moments, you hear how from act to act the dialogue changes, even if the lives of Melania's inhabitants are too short for them to realize it.

The article I studied on its
translation methods

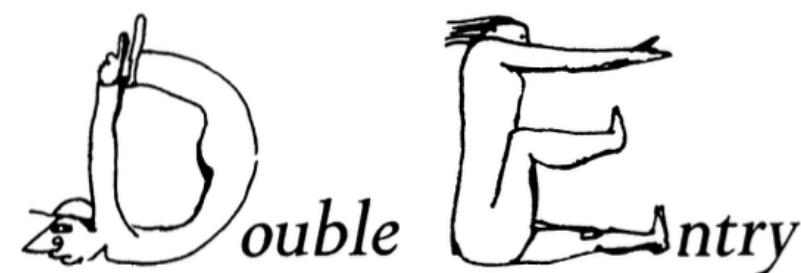


In the S bus, in the rush hour. A chap of about 26, felt hat with a cord instead of a ribbon, neck too long, as if someone's been having a tug-of-war with it. People getting off. The chap in question gets annoyed with one of the men standing next to him. He accuses him of jostling him every time anyone goes past. A snivelling tone which is meant to be aggressive. When he sees a vacant seat he throws himself on to it.

Two hours later, I meet him in the Cour de Rome, in front of the gare Saint-Lazare. He's with a friend who's saying: "You ought to get

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an extra button put on your overcoat." He shows him where (at the lapels) and why.

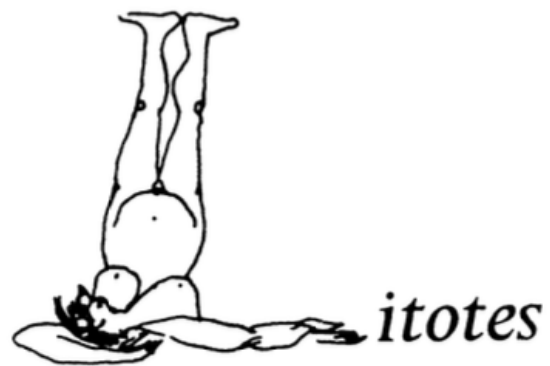


Towards the middle of the day and at midday I happened to be on and got on to the platform and the balcony at the back of an S-line and of a Contrescarpe-Champerret bus and passenger transport vehicle which was packed and to all intents and purposes full. I saw and noticed a young man and an old adolescent who was rather ridiculous and pretty grotesque; thin neck and skinny windpipe, string and cord round his hat and tile. After a scrimmage and scuffle he says and states in a lachrymose and snivelling voice and tone that his neighbour and fellow-traveller is deliberately trying and doing his utmost to push him and obtrude

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himself on him every time anyone gets off and makes an exit. This having been declared and having spoken he rushes headlong and wends his way towards a vacant and a free place and seat.

Two hours after and a-hundred-and-twenty minutes later, I meet him and see him again in the Cour de Rome and in front of the gare Saint-Lazare. He is with and in the company of a friend and pal who is advising and urging him to have a button and vegetable ivory disc added and sewn on to his overcoat and mantle.



Some of us were travelling together. A young man, who didn't look very intelligent, spoke to the man next to him for a few moments, then he went and sat down. Two hours later I met him again; he was with a friend and was talking about clothes.



In the centre of the day, tossed among the shoal of travelling sardines in a coleopter with a big white carapace, a chicken with a long, featherless neck suddenly harangued one, a peace-abiding one, of their number, and its parlance, moist with protest, was unfolded upon the airs. Then, attracted by a void, the fledgling precipitated itself thereunto.

In a bleak, urban desert, I saw it again that self-same day, drinking the cup of humiliation offered by a lowly button.



You ought to put another button on your overcoat, his friend told him. I met him in the middle of the Cour de Rome, after having left him rushing avidly towards a seat. He had just protested against being pushed by another passenger who, he said, was jostling him every time anyone got off. This scraggy young man was the wearer of a ridiculous hat. This took place on the platform of an S bus which was full that particular midday.



How tightly packed in we were on that bus platform! And how stupid and ridiculous that young man looked! And what was he doing? Well, if he wasn't actually trying to pick a quarrel with a chap who—so he claimed! the young fop! kept on pushing him! And then he didn't find anything better to do than to rush off and grab a seat which had become free! Instead of leaving it for a lady!

Two hours after, guess whom I met in front of the gare Saint-Lazare! The same fancy-pants! Being given some sartorial advice! By a friend!

You'd never believe it!

I think this is a God-like perspective translation method, like making a movie. It switches between different characters in the story, using each character as the narrator, and showing the story from their point of view. In this case, it's like unfolding this brief segment by focusing on the different people on the bus's observations or discoveries about the event.

original

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Surprises

Melania's square repeats the same conversation! Good heavens! Every time I step into this place, it's always the same people! Even if their faces change, their identities and conversations remain the same! Don't they realize it? The roles are always the same: boastful soldiers and parasites, stingy wicked fathers, young prostitutes, brothel owners! How boring!

Rêve/Dream My filtered text

Blurred and indistinct, I dimly perceived figures of people. I discerned, or rather, I assumed their identities to be those: maidservants, soldiers, vagrants, men, women. As I walked onward, I could hear them conversing. Continuing my way, the people shifted, yet they seemed to remain the same. I could not seem to traverse this stretch of path, and I awoke with a start.

Pronostications My filtered text

You will live a repetitive life, drawn into similar conversations each time you step into Melania. Perhaps it's a soldier and a vagrant, a poet and a prostitute, or a father and daughter. You will endlessly repeat these conversations. They are somewhat different, yet almost identical. You won't notice that when someone dies, a new person takes their place, even yourself. You will, as a member of Melania, repeat your actions. Wandering, repeating, until the very last moment of your life.

original

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Autre subjectivité/Second-person perspective

Melania's Square repeats the same dialogue, forever the same characters, faces changing yet identities and conversations remain unchanged. The roles are perpetually the same: the boastful soldier and the parasite, the miserly, cruel father, the young prostitute, the old madam. These characters cycle through, sometimes even overlapping. Roles are inherited, yielding subtle distinctions, yet they persist endlessly.

Autre subjectivité/Second-person perspective

I ran into my daughter again today. She's still the same, with no intention of changing her job. As her father, I tried to persuade her again. She'll only repeat the mistakes of those people in the square. But she remains unrepentant, even mocking me for not giving her a single penny. God! Of course I won't give her any. If I did, she wouldn't know what she'd do with the money. She's never thought of using her earnings to reward her father, and she even plans to ask him for money. This money is what I've saved since I was in the army; it's a considerable sum, and I won't touch it. I'm furious that my daughter is eyeing this money! I absolutely will not take it out! I'll hide it even better, so no one will find out how much I'm using it. And then she actually said I'm as stingy as that old man. How ridiculous!

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Le côté subjectif / Subjective perspective

Each time I set foot in Melania, I find myself drawn into a conversation. I witness a boastful soldier and a vagrant exiting the gate, a prodigal son returning home only to encounter a prostitute. Or a miserly father issuing his final warning to his heartbroken daughter, interrupted by a foolish servant. I left this place many years ago, yet when I returned to Melania, the conversation still raged on. Now, the parasite, the prostitute, and the miserly father are all dead. The boastful soldier, the heartbroken daughter, and the foolish servant have been replaced by a hypocrite, a confidant, and an astrologer respectively. Yet simultaneously, the irascible old man responds to the witty maid, the moneylender anxiously searches for the missing youth, and the nanny comforts her stepdaughter. I know Melania's inhabitants change one by one. Those participating in the dialogue die one after another, while new lives are born in their place or take on different roles. As I scrutinised the scenes that followed, I noticed the dialogue shifted between different settings. The lives of Melania's residents are fleeting and difficult to fully comprehend.

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Comédie / Drama

Act I, Scene 1

(One midday, Melania Square)

Soldier: The lord praised my work and patted me on the shoulder. This is the first time a soldier has received such attention; everyone was looking at me. I'm sure I'll be promoted soon!

Parasite: For someone as outstanding as you, this is inevitable. The lord must have seen your undeniable virtues!

Scene 2

Father: Aren't you going to quit your awful job?! I arranged such a good job for you, with a stable salary every week.

Daughter (Prostitute): Oh! Sure, but will you share your earnings with me? You won't even give me a penny. What can I do back there? Just watch you take my labor every time?

Narrator: Years later, the same dialogue is repeated, only the actors have changed.

Act II, Scene 1

Narrator: The soldier grows old. He still hasn't been promoted and retires as an ordinary soldier. He marries a woman and has a daughter. The soldier becomes a father.

(Setting unchanged)

Soldier (Father): The lady next door is very kind. She found me a good job and introduced me to it. It's home weaving, which I know you're good at. The weekly wage is good too. She'll give it to me; you can withdraw it if you need it, otherwise it's just temporarily stored here.

Daughter: Yes, Father.

Scene Two:

Daughter: Father, I want to withdraw some cash. I want to buy some candles.

Soldier (Father): Why buy candles? That's unnecessary. The light outside is so bright; why do you need extra candles?

Daughter: But I need them.

Soldier (Father): That's unnecessary. You know how hard it is to earn this money. I saved it little by little when I was a soldier.

Daughter: (Silence) Yes, Father.

Scene Three:

Madam: We're recruiting young girls. We only take a 20% commission each time.

Daughter: (Pauses, focusing her attention)

Narrator: The cycle continues.

FEEDBACK

Modern translation can be a cycle within a city/a cycle within a building/visualized translation.

Dream translation can be a combination of visual and auditory elements.

News-style translation; news layout.

Theatrical translation; can be combined with storyboards.

Add book recommendation-style text and design translation.

Shocked format can be handwritten.

Father's Second subjective perspective can be in diary format.



Melania News



Shock! Melania News' repeated daily news



Melania's news today. According to witnesses, another argument broke out in Melania's central square today. A foolish servant interrupted a father warning his daughter while writing a letter to a brothel owner; soldiers clashed with young prodigals again; and moneylenders chased after a young man disinherited.

Scenes like these repeat themselves frequently.

Statistics show that roles in Melania are constantly being inherited and repeated; one person may simultaneously play two or even more roles, yet the residents of Melania are largely unaware of this.

Melania News Melania News

Scientific research shows that those who just watched today's news are now reading yesterday's news.

Melania's news yesterday was exactly the same: a father was interrupted by a foolish servant while warning his daughter; a young prodigal son clashed with a soldier; a young man disinherited was harassed by a moneylender.



Yes, exactly the same. You read it again.

Perhaps adjusting the paragraph breaks will make it seem like a new article?

Let's test it out.

Those who just read today's news are now reading a repetition of yesterday's news—this is just something I made up.

Melania's daily news is exactly the same:

A father is interrupted by a foolish servant while warning his daughter; a young prodigal son clashes with a soldier; a young man disinherited is harassed by a moneylender.

Shockingly, you've read it again! This information has probably already seeped into your brain.

Advertising

These positions are being prepared for assignment to new people!
Welcome!

Our positions include:
Parasite/Foolish Servant,
Madam/Prostitute/Confidante,
Stingy Father/Angry Old Man,
Prodigal Son/Hypocrite,
Moneylender/Disenfranchised Young Man,
Wet Nurse/Clever Maid
Participants will receive different but similar outcomes.

Melania Square
Subdistrict
Office



Scientific findings suggest that people who just saw today's news are now reading yesterday's news.

Melania's news yesterday will be exactly the same. A father is interrupted by a foolish servant while warning his daughter; a young prodigal son clashes with a soldier; a young man disinherited is harassed by a moneylender. Yes, it's exactly the same situation.

REPEAT

The editor was shocked that someone was reading such repetitive information! Are you also a member of Place Melania?

Original text I found

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Translated text

Récit/Report

Melania News Today: According to witnesses, another argument broke out in Melania's central square today, with a father warning his daughter and soldiers clashing with young hooligans once again. Such scenes repeat themselves frequently. Statistics show that the characters in Melania are constantly being inherited and repeated, but the residents of Melania seem oblivious to this.

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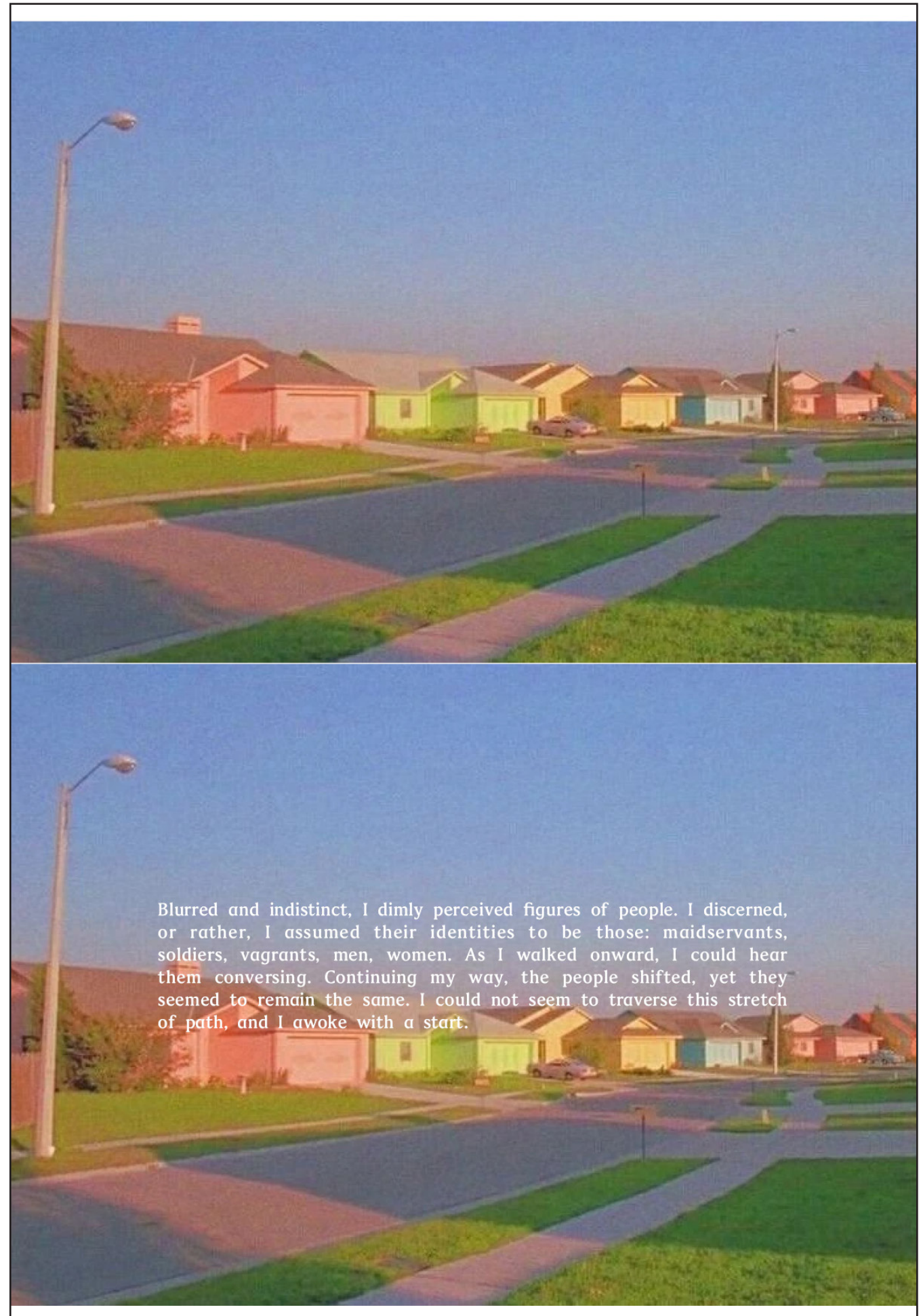
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Scene 2

Father: Aren't you going to quit your awful job?! I arranged such a good job for you, with a stable salary every week.

Daughter (Prostitute): Oh! Sure, but will you share your earnings with me? You won't even give me a penny. What can I do back there? Just watch you take my labor every time?

Narrator: Years later, the same dialogue is repeated, only the actors have changed.

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Narrator: The soldier grows old. He still hasn't been promoted and retires as an ordinary soldier. He marries a woman and has a daughter. The soldier becomes a father.

(Setting unchanged)

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Daughter: Yes, Father.

Scene Two:

Daughter: Father, I want to withdraw some cash. I want to buy some candles.

Soldier (Father): Why buy candles? That's unnecessary. The light outside is so bright; why do you need extra candles?

Daughter: But I need them.

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Scene Three:

Madam: We're recruiting young girls. We only take a 20% commission each time.

Daughter: (Pauses, focusing her attention)

Narrator: The cycle continues.

storyboard



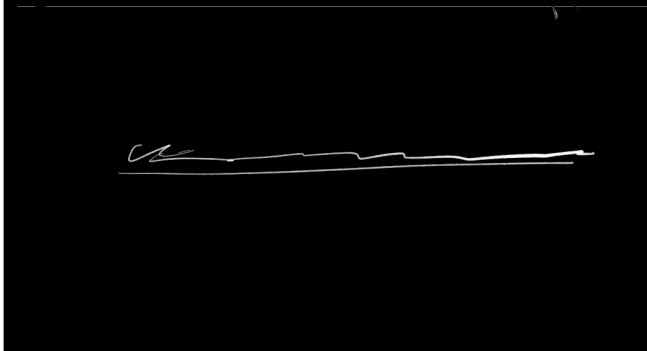
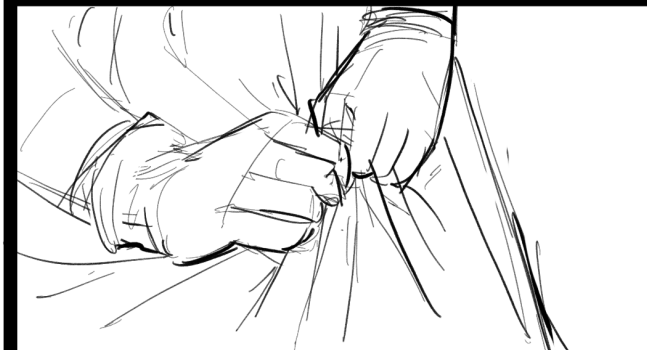
content

The sound of
crowd.
Square.
noon.

Soldier = showing off

Soldier on
patrol

storyboard



content

Robot onto clothes

Narrator: Years later
the same dialogue is
repeated. only the actor
have change

staggered

Original text I found

CITIES & THE DEAD • 1

At Melania, every time you enter the square, you find yourself caught in a dialogue: the braggart soldier and the parasite coming from a door meet the young wastrel and the prostitute; or else the miserly father from his threshold utters his final warnings to the amorous daughter and is interrupted by the foolish servant who is taking a note to the procuress. You return to Melania after years and you find the same dialogue still going on; in the meanwhile the parasite has died, and so have the procuress and the miserly father; but the braggart soldier, the amorous daughter, the foolish servant have taken their places, being replaced in their turn by the hypocrite, the confidante, the astrologer.

Melania's population renews itself: the participants in the dialogues die one by one and meanwhile those who will take their places are born, some in one role, some in another. When one changes role or abandons the square forever or makes his first entrance into it, there is a series of changes, until all the roles have been reassigned; but meanwhile the angry old man goes on replying to the witty maidservant, the usurer never ceases following the disinherited youth, the nurse consoles the stepdaughter, even if none of them keeps the same eyes and voice he had in the previous scene.

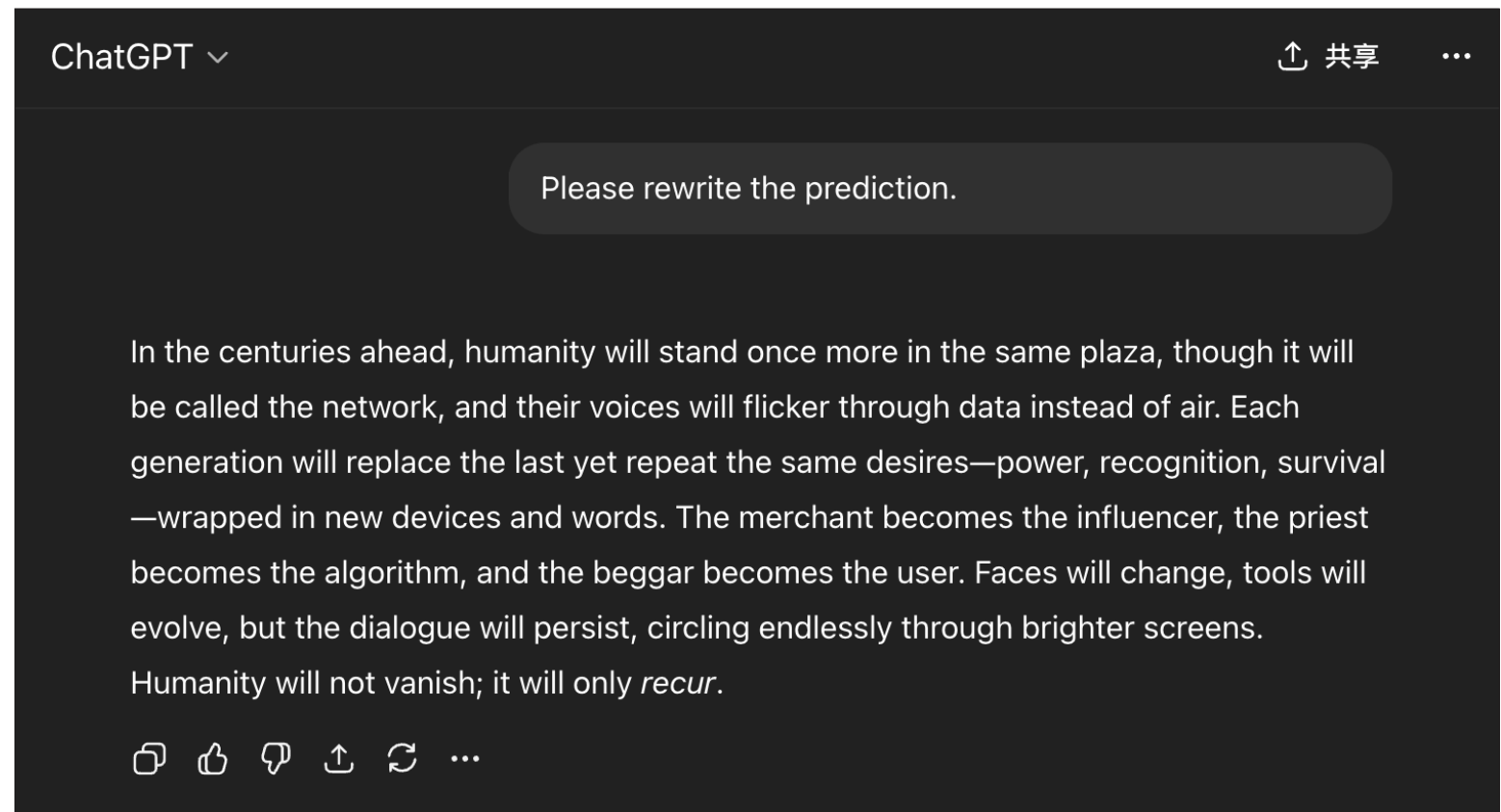
At times it may happen that a sole person will simultaneously take on two or more roles — tyrant, benefactor, messenger — or one role may be doubled, multiplied, assigned to a hundred, a thousand inhabitants of Melania: three thousand for the hypocrite, thirty thousand for the sponger, a hundred thousand king's sons fallen in low estate and awaiting recognition.

As time passes the roles, too, are no longer exactly the same as before; certainly the action they carry forward through intrigues and surprises leads toward some final denouement, which it continues to approach even when the plot seems to thicken more and more and the obstacles increase. If you look into the square in successive moments, you hear how from act to act the dialogue changes, even if the lives of Melania's inhabitants are too short for them to realize it.

Translated text

Pronostications

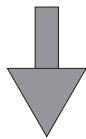
You will live a repetitive life, drawn into similar conversations each time you step into Melania. Perhaps it's a soldier and a vagrant, a poet and a prostitute, or a father and daughter. You will endlessly repeat these conversations. They are somewhat different, yet almost identical. You won't notice that when someone dies, a new person takes their place, even yourself. You will, as a member of Melania, repeat your actions. Wandering, repeating, until the very last moment of your life.



I'm trying to make chatgpt perform prophecies to reveal the prophecies. This makes the "prophecy" system more futuristic and more relevant to modern times.

Le coté subjectif /Subjective perspective

Melania's Square repeats the same dialogue, forever the same characters, faces changing yet identities and conversations remain unchanged. The roles are perpetually the same: the boastful soldier and the parasite, the miserly, cruel father, the young prostitute, the old madam. These characters cycle through, sometimes even overlapping. Roles are inherited, yielding subtle distinctions, yet they persist endlessly.



(Sound of footsteps)
Me: I've also stepped into this place today, Melania Square.

This square is located in the heart of a romantic city.

This square is like a microcosm of the city.

(Sound of footsteps) (Sound of crowd) (Scene change)
In Melania Square, the same dialogue repeats endlessly, the characters are always the same, faces may change, but identities and conversations remain constant.

The roles are also unchanging.

Soldier: A decent job, the annual salary shouldn't be less than this.

Parasite: You're right! Only a small percentage of people can have such a decent job as you!

Me: Arrogant soldier and parasite.

Man: Shouldn't it be higher?

Woman: That's the current rate.

Girl: (Silence)

A stingy, cruel father. An elderly madam. A young prostitute.

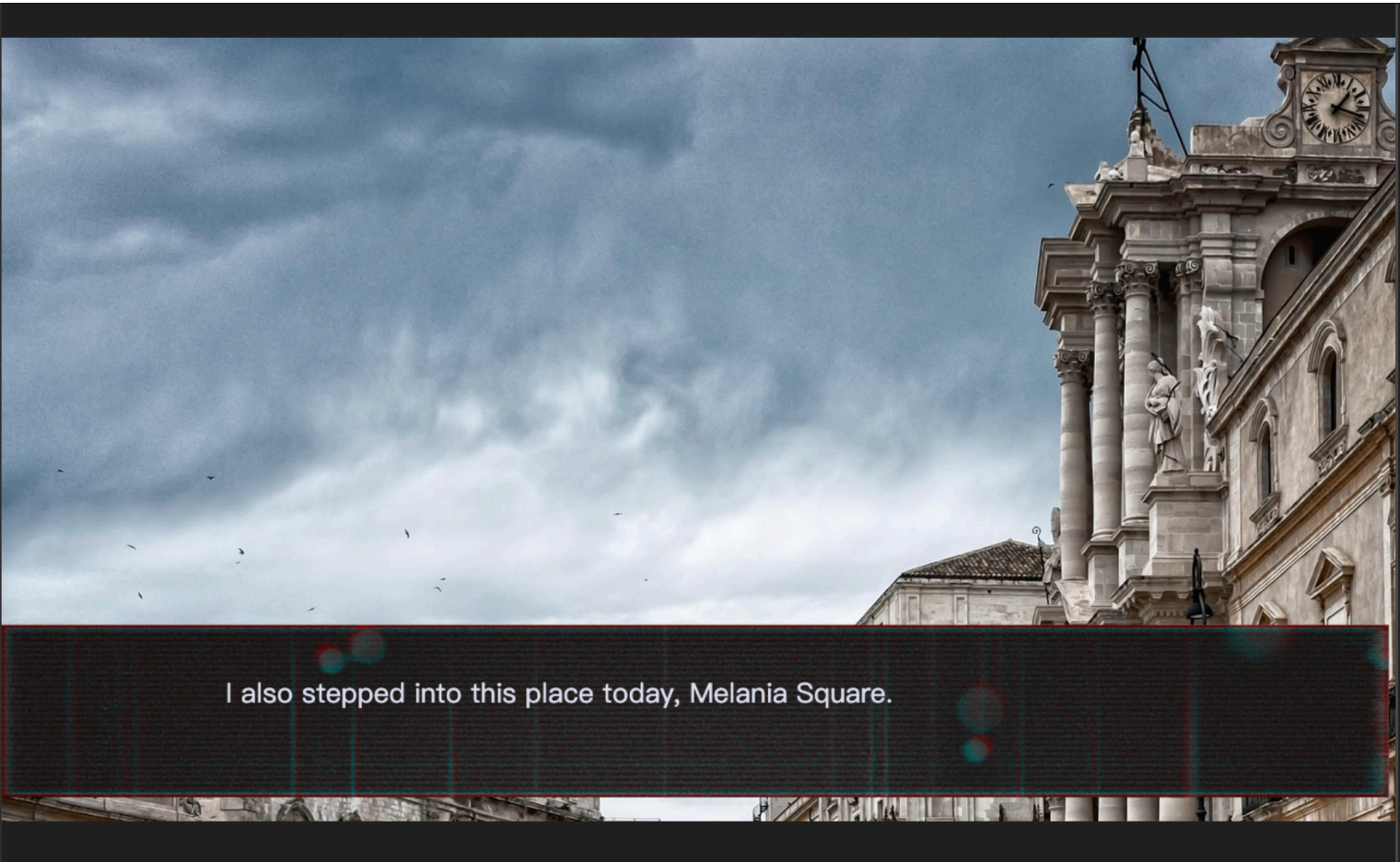
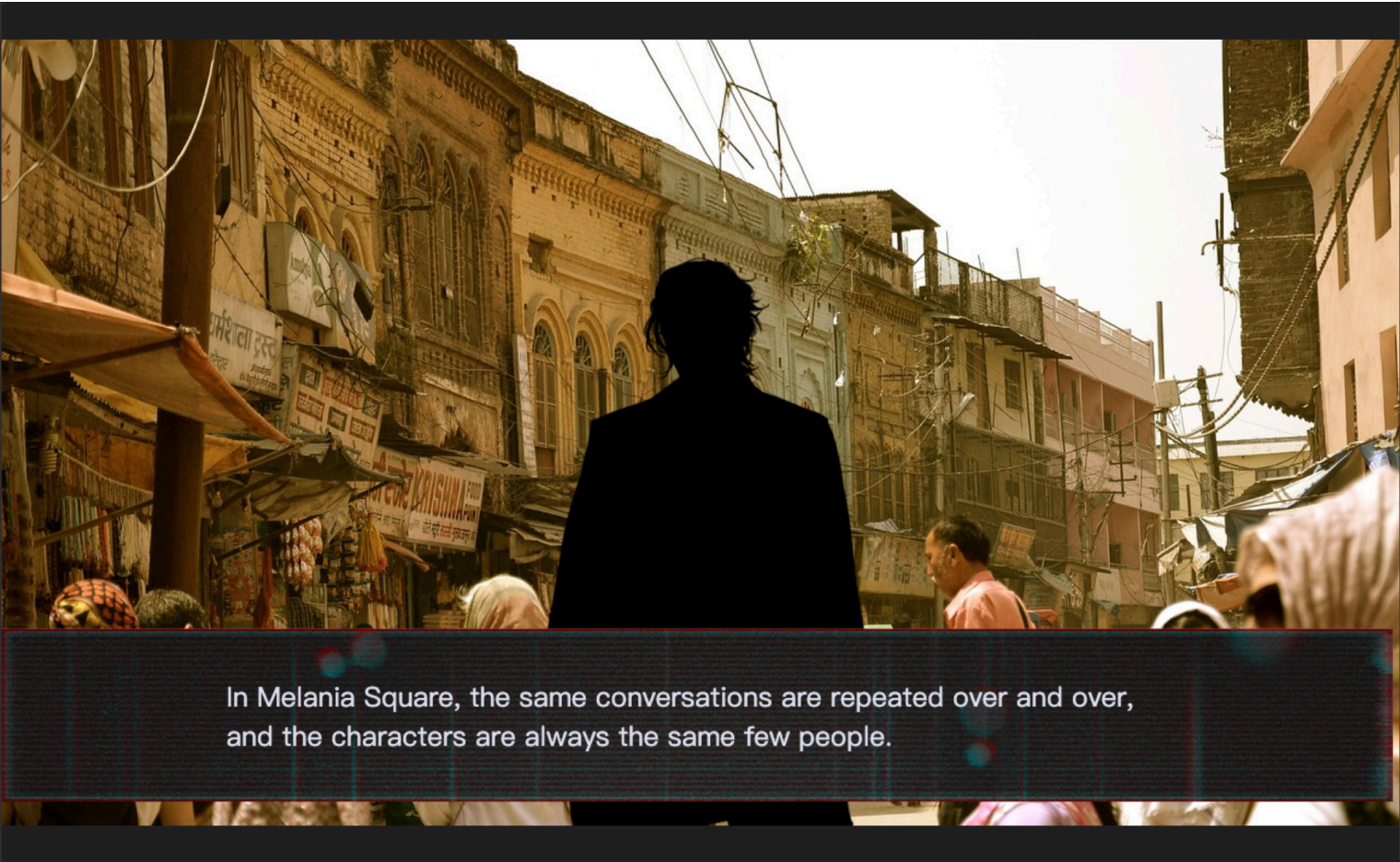
... These roles take turns appearing, sometimes even overlapping. Roles are passed down, with subtle differences, yet they continue endlessly.

Sometimes, one person may play two or more roles simultaneously.

What role do I play here?

A role can be replicated, multiplied, and assigned to the hundred people of Melania.

How many of me might there be in Melania?



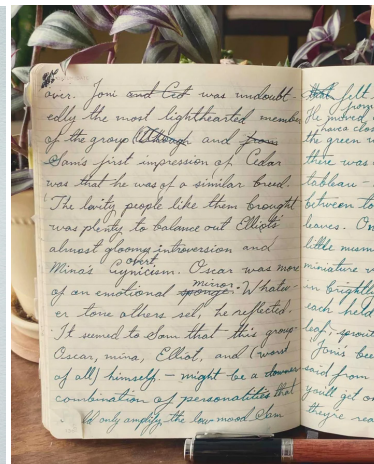
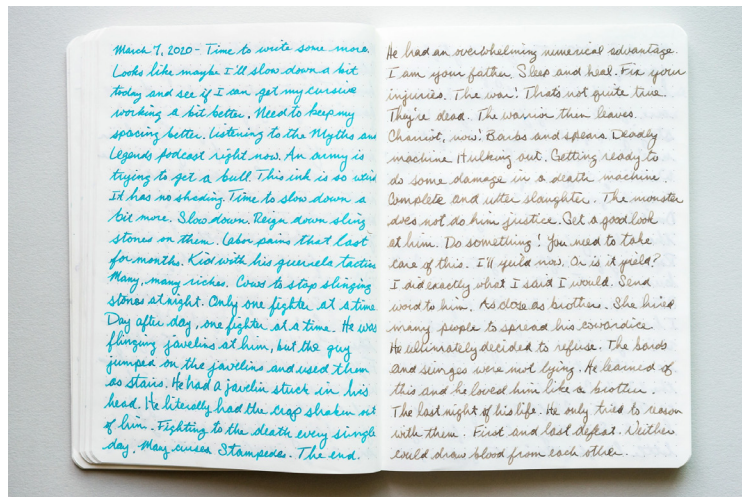
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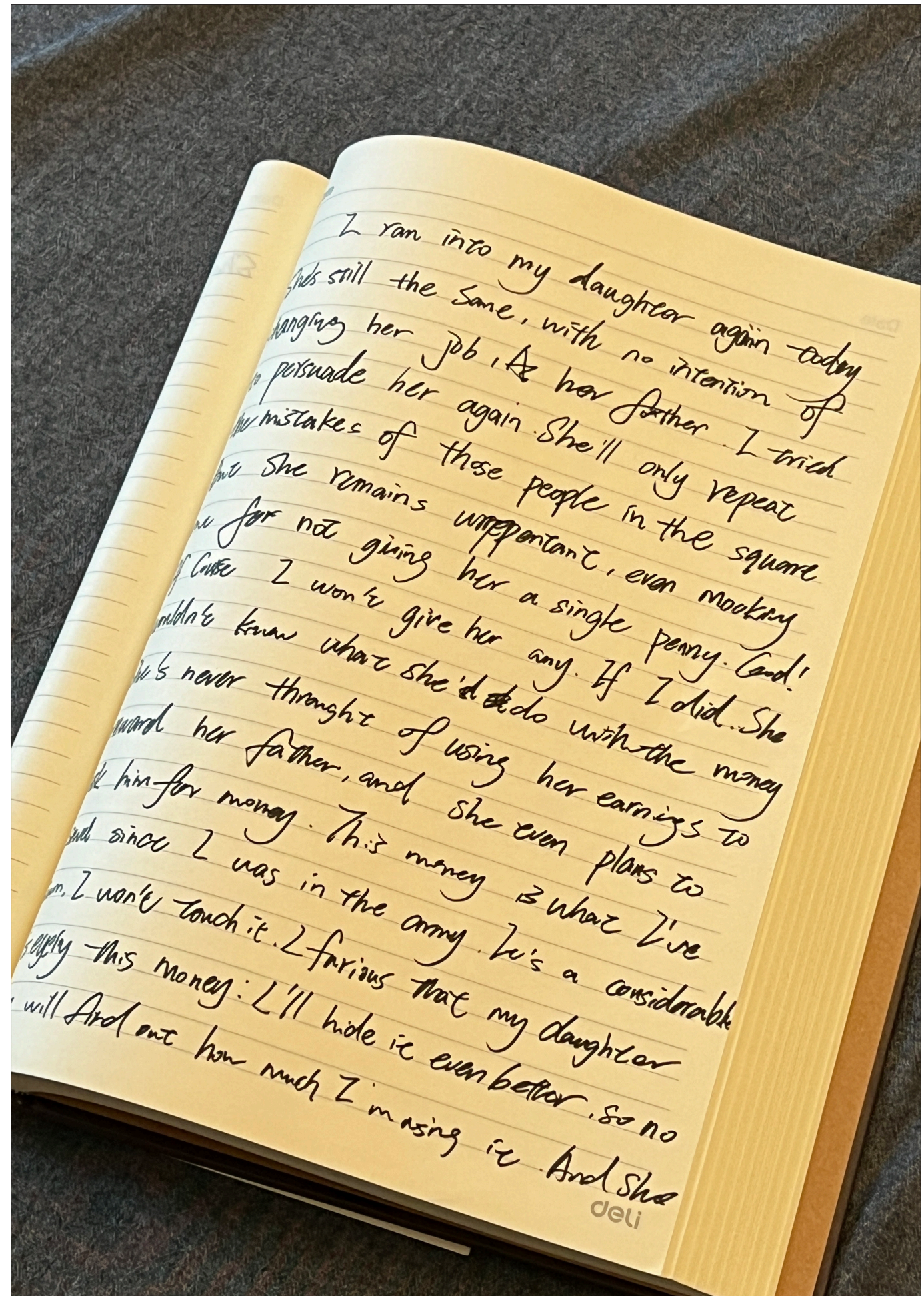
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Autre subjectivité/Second subjective perspective

I ran into my daughter again today. She's still the same, with no intention of changing her job. As her father, I tried to persuade her again. She'll only repeat the mistakes of those people in the square. But she remains unrepentant, even mocking me for not giving her a single penny. God! Of course I won't give her any. If I did, she wouldn't know what she'd do with the money. She's never thought of using her earnings to reward her father, and she even plans to ask him for money. This money is what I've saved since I was in the army; it's a considerable sum, and I won't touch it. I'm furious that my daughter is eyeing this money! I absolutely will not take it out! I'll hide it even better, so no one will find out how much I'm using it. And then she actually said I'm as stingy as that old man. How ridiculous!



FEEDBACK

It seems we can delve deeper; all the ideas can be further developed.

How can Feedack connect all the ideas? Dreams and diaries could be explored further.

Dreams might be connected to tarot cards, or other divination methods.

Perhaps connecting them is possible.

Perhaps we could integrate dreams, news, drama, and diaries into one game, keeping different styles within a single context.

The newspaper could have its layout adjusted in more detail.

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My Translation text

Surprises

Melania's square repeats the same conversation! Good heavens! Every time I step into this place, it's always the same people! Even if their faces change, their identities and conversations remain the same! Don't they realize it? The roles are always the same: boastful soldiers and parasites, stingy wicked fathers, young prostitutes, brothel owners! How boring!