



CEATL

European Council of Literary
Translators' Associations



European Parliament



Strasbourg

CAPITALE MONDIALE DU LIVRE

UNESCO 2024

Rencontres européennes de la traduction littéraire

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*European
Conference on
Literary Translation*



BCBF & CEATL

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CEATL, Honorary Member

Literature for children and the young

TALES AND TAILS

issues and challenges
in translating children's and YA books

Lewis Carroll, *Alice in Wonderland*

"Mine is a long and a sad tale!" said the Mouse, turning to Alice, and sighing.

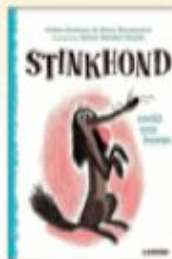
"It is a long tail, certainly," said Alice, looking down with wonder at the Mouse's tail; "but why do you call it sad?" And she kept on puzzling about it while the Mouse was speaking, so that her idea of the tale was something like this:—"

Fury said to a
mouse, That he
met in the
house, 'Let us
both go to law:
I will
prosecute you.-
Come, I'll take
no denial; We
must have a
trial: For
really this
morning I've
nothing to do.'
Said the mouse
to the cur,
'Such a trial,
dear sir, With
no jury or
judge, would be
wasting our
breath.' 'Till
be judge, I'll
be jury,' Said
cunning old
Fury; 'Till try
the whole
cause, and
condemn you to
death."

Chien Pourri, Colas
Gutman, Marc
Boutavant

Des romans pas pourris

Chien Pourri est connu dans le monde entier !
Les romans ont été traduits dans neuf langues : chinois, anglais, hongrois, italien, russe, espagnol, turc, allemand et catalan. Vous pouvez repérer le nom de Chien Pourri sur les couvertures. C'est l'occasion de reconnaître ou d'apprendre des mots dans des langues étrangères.



English: Dumpster

Dog/Stinky dog

(Allison M. Charette)

Dutch: Stinkhond

(Sylvia Vanden Heede)

German: Der Stinkehund

(Julia Süßbrich)

Catalan: Gos Pudent

(Isabel Obiols)

Spanish: Perro Apestoso



English: Flat Cat

**Italian: Spiaccigatto
(flattened cat)**

**Catalan: Gatxafat
(gat + aixafat=
flattened cat)**

German: Kater Platti

CHAPLAPLA

CHIEN POURRI



silhouette et comme un bonheur
n'arrive jamais seul, Jean-Félix lui
présente ses sœurs siamoises.



- Je suis Catie
- Hello, Catie!
- Et voici ma sœur Téki.
- Hello Téki?
- Je viens de te le dire! Et toi,
quel est ton prénom, mon minet?

“Io sono Kilei.”

“Ciao Kilei!”

“E questa è mia sorella Kisei!”

“Ciao Kisei”



“Te l’ho appena detto! E tu, come ti
chiami, bel micione?”

“Se dico che mi chiamo Spiaccigatto,
mi prenderanno per un gatto spiacciato.

Heureusement, Chaplapla est là pour l'aider.

– Pour plaire, il faut briller en société, Chien Pourri !

Écoutant les conseils de son ami, Chien Pourri se renverse une bouteille d'huile d'olive sur la tête et part en direction de la salle de concert Rock Fort.



C'est la cohue devant la célèbre scène de rock, Chien Pourri n'est pas rassuré et il scrute le ciel orageux.

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Per fortuna che c'è Spiaccigatto ad aiutarlo.

“Per fare colpo, devi essere brillante, Cane Puzzone!”

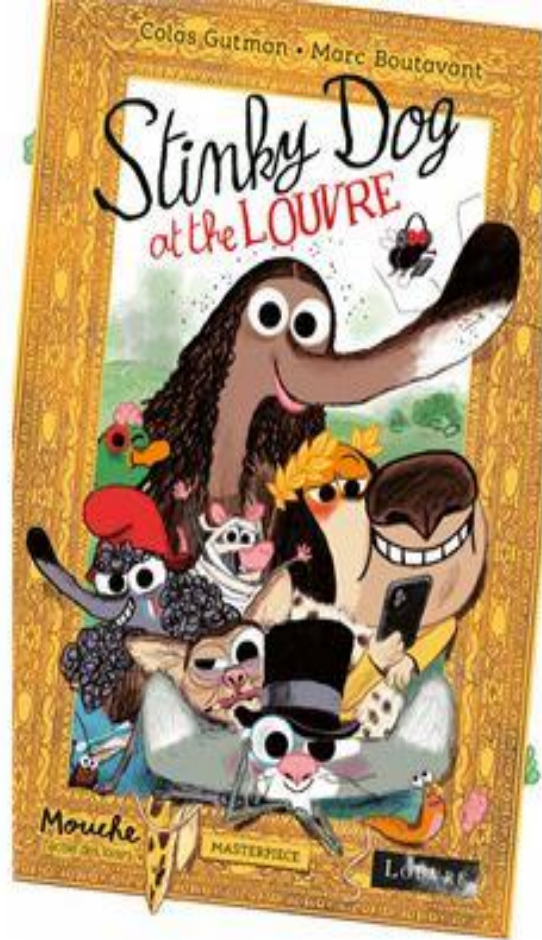
Seguendo i consigli dell'amico, Cane Puzzone si versa una bottiglia di olio d'oliva in testa e si dirige verso la sala concerti Crock and roll.



Davanti alla famosa sala da concerti rock c'è la fila, Cane Puzzone non si sente tranquillo e scruta il cielo grigio.

14







Allivator



Beware the

allivator
if you

see one

in a shop

he will

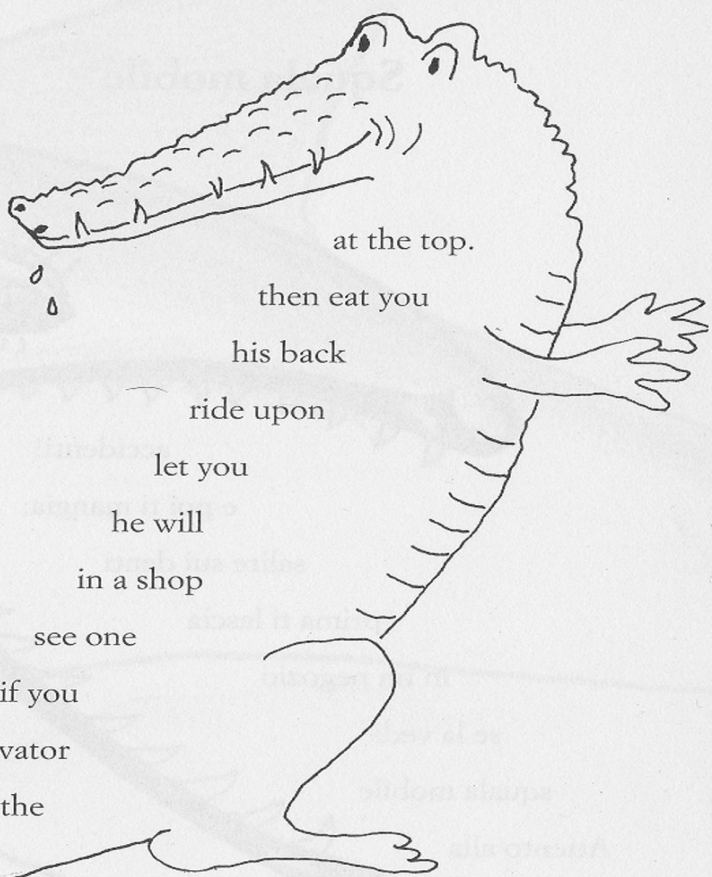
let you

ride upon

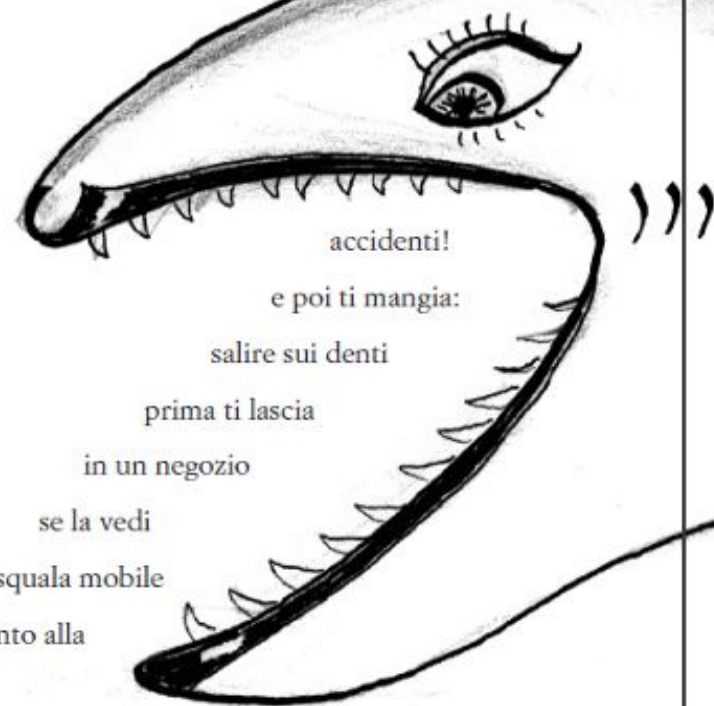
his back

then eat you

at the top.



Squala mobile



accidenti!

e poi ti mangia:

salire sui denti

prima ti lascia

in un negozio

se la vedi

squala mobile

Attento alla

P.L., Travers, Mary Poppins opens the door

“Now! Now! Remember whom you’re pushing!” said the Salmon in a haughty voice as he scattered them right and left. “My Fins and Flippers! Look at those children!” He pointed to a group of **Sea-Urchins** who were tumbling noisily by. “**Schoolmaster!** Keep an eye on your pupils! This Ocean’s becoming an absolute **Bear-Garden!**”

“Eh what?” said an absent-minded fish who was floating along with his nose in a book. “Here, Winkle and Twinkle! And you too. Spiky! Behave - or I shan’t let you go to the Party!”

The Urchins looked at each other and grinned. Then they solemnly swam along with the Schoolmaster, looking as though butter wouldn’t melt in their mouths.

«Ehi, ehi! Cedete il passo!» tuonò altezzoso il Salmone, facendosi largo tra la folla. «Per mille scaglie! Ma guarda un po' **quei ricci ribelli!**» sbottò, indicando una **scolaresca di ricci di mare** che ruzzavano da tutte le parti. «**Qualcuno dovrebbe dargli una bella lisciata!** Dico a lei, signor maestro! **Questo mare sta diventando un marasma!** »

«Eh? Come?» disse distrattamente un Dotto che avanzava con il naso affondato in un libro. «Arruffo, Baruffo! Venite qui! Anche tu, Spunzo! Comportatevi bene altrimenti non vi porto alla festa.»

I ricci si scambiarono un'occhiata e ghignarono. Poi si misero in fila ordinata e seguirono impettiti il maestro con un'aria da angioletti.

P.L. Travers, Mary Poppins opens the door

“Oo’s that?” came the voice of Mrs Brill as she hurried up from the kitchen, “The Sweep? On Baking Day? No, you don’t! I’m sorry to give you notice, ma’am. But if that **Hottentot** goes into the chimney, I shall go out of the door.”

“Robertson is asleep in the pantry, wrapped in your best lace shawl. And nothing will wake him,” said Mrs Brill, “but the sound of the Last Trombone. So if you please, I’ll be packing my bag. ’Ow! Let me go, you **Hindoo!**”

The Sweep turned to Ellen with a grin. “Don’t touch me, you **black heathen!**” she screamed in a terrified voice. But he took her hand in a firm grip and she, too, began to smile, “Well, no messing up the carpet!” she warned him, and hurried off to her work.

«Chi è?» chiese la voce di Mrs Brill che uscì di corsa dalla cucina. «Lo Spazzacamino? Proprio oggi che devo infornare il pane? Eh, no! Mi rincresce molto, signora, ma se questo **ottentotto (Hottentot)** si infila su per il camino, io prendo la porta e me ne vado!»

«Robertson Ay sta dormendo nella dispensa, avvoluppato nel suo scialle di pizzo più bello, signora. Solo le trombe del giudizio universale riuscirebbero a svegliarlo» disse la cuoca. «Quindi, se permette, vado a fare i bagagli. Ehi! Lasciami andare, **musonero (Hindoo)**!»

Lo Spazzacamino si rivolse a Ellen con un gran sorrisone. «Non mi toccare, **baluba! (black heathen)**» strillò lei atterrita.

"A story that will slam the power of poetry
and love back into your heart."

—LAURIE HALSE ANDERSON,
author of *Speak* and *Chains*

A NOVEL BY
**ELIZABETH
AGEVEDO**

THE POET X



Literature for children and the young

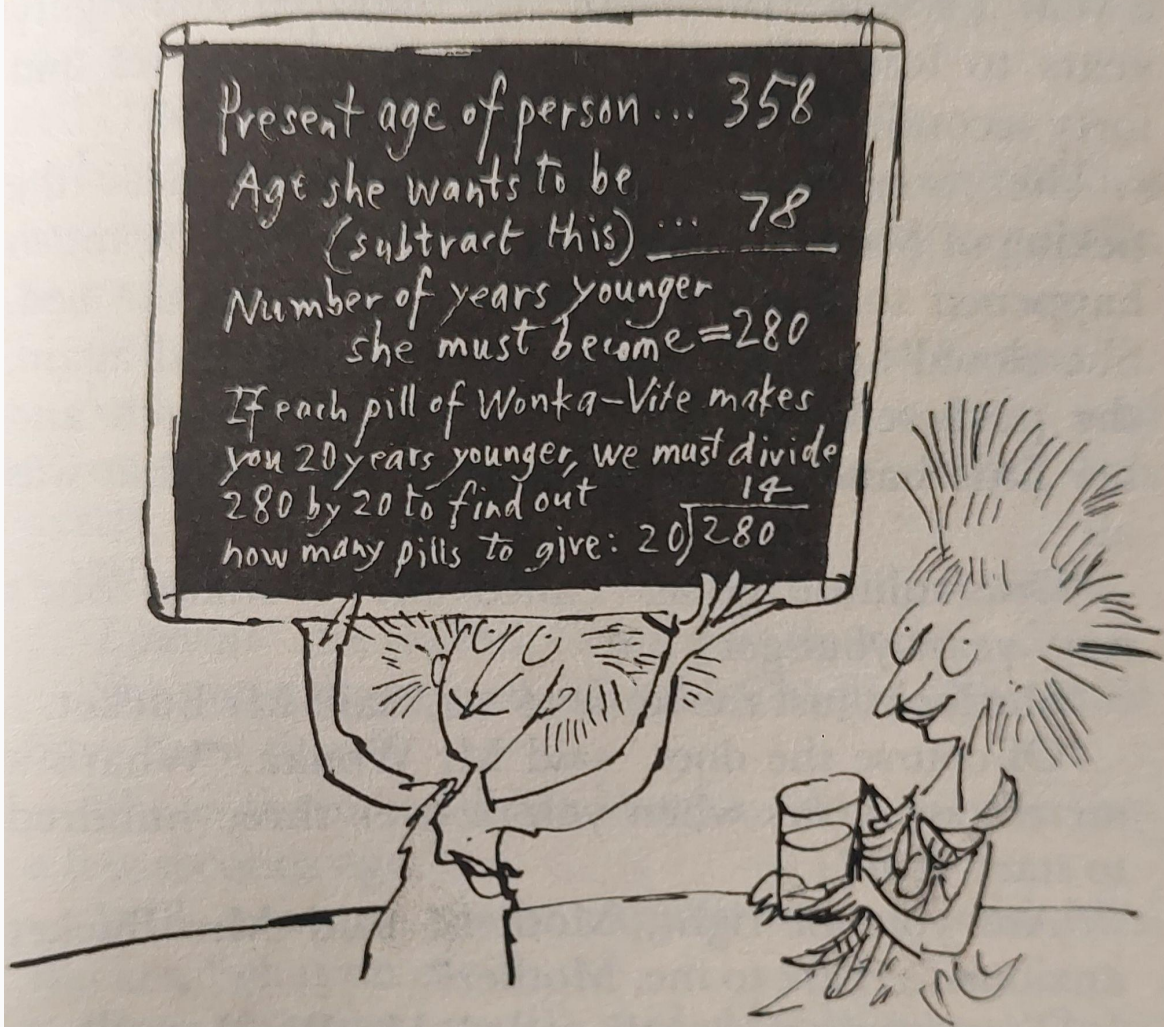
Grand slam for toddlers and professional tennis players

- First words
- Instruction and etiquette books
- Fairy tales and folktales
- Short stories
- Short novels

Ages 0-7-10...

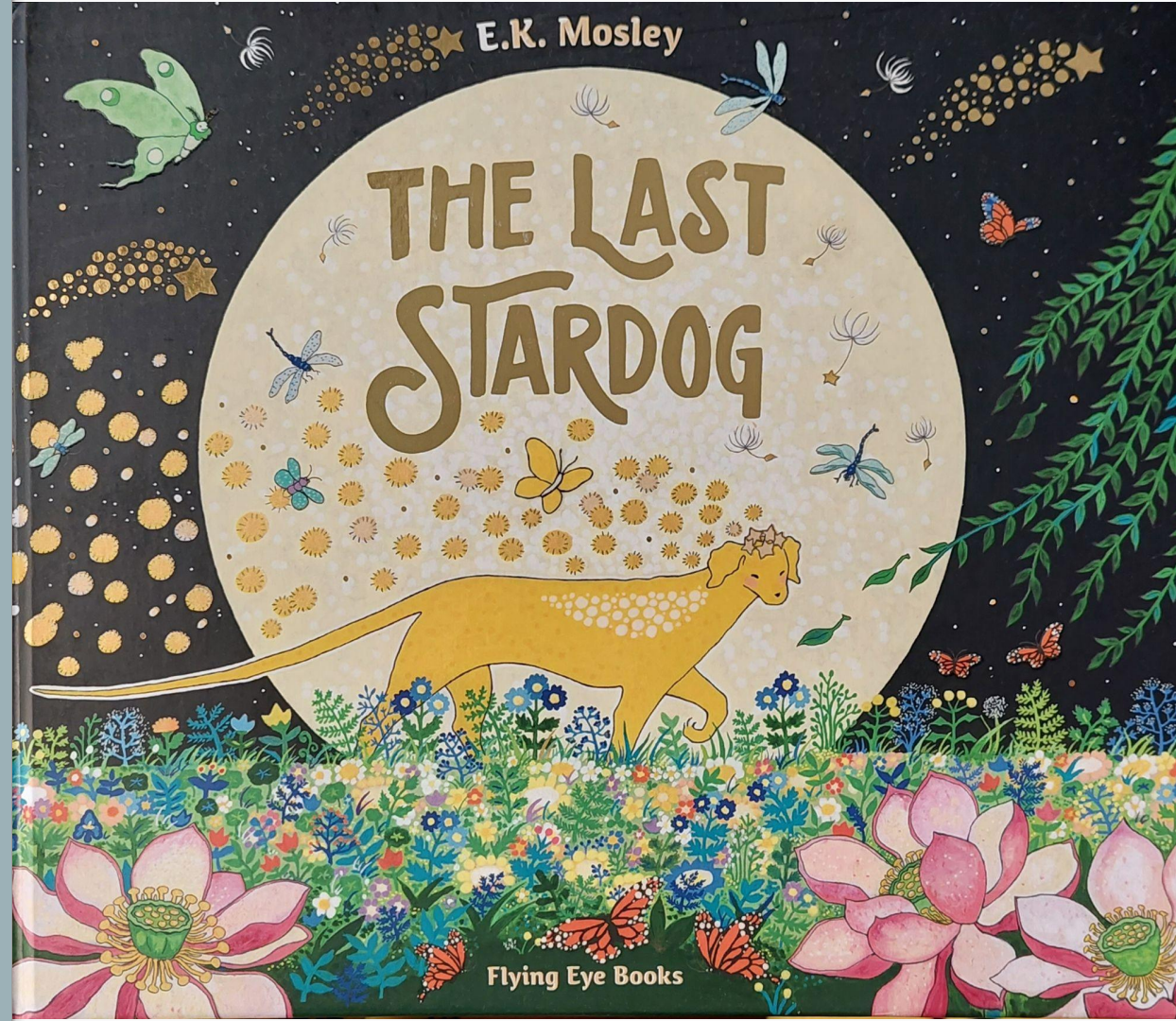
First fix

Fitting text to forma



Second snag

Finding all sorts
of translation
~~problems~~
challenges



Third trouble

Finding the
right words,
vocables, mots,
expressions,
terms, names...

WOKE

... but also slang, LGBTQ+, inclusion,
race, gender, religion...

CANCEL CANCEL CANCEL

Fourth facer

The rhythm of rhyme,
the abyss of
alliteration, the
stumbling block of
style, the hilarious
hiccup of humour,
the nuisance of
nonsense

*In the quelchy quaggy sogmire
In the mashy mideous harshlands,
At the witchy hour of gloomness,
All the grobes come oozing home.*

*You can hear them softly slimeing,
Glissing hissing o'er the slubber,
All those oily boily bodies
Oozing onward in the gloam.*

*So start to run! Oh, skid and daddle
Through the slubber slush and sossel!
Skip jump hop and try to skaddle!
All the grobes are on the roam!*

Fifth fly in the
ointment

Fair contracts, fair
pay, fair deal, fairy
land

Grand slam for toddlers and professional tennis players

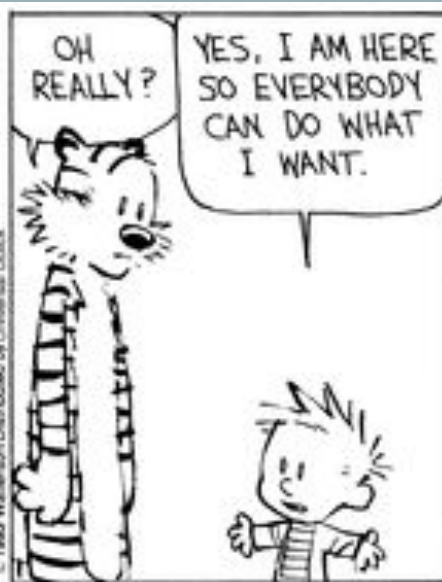
Anybody can do it. It's just a few sentences. It's simple. You could do it over the phone. It's just a few minutes. You don't have to see the illustrations. Can you do it for free? We'll add a little to your next fee. We can't fit your name in the layout. Try to make the language simpler. Avoid sensitive issues. No proofreading necessary. No difficult words, please....

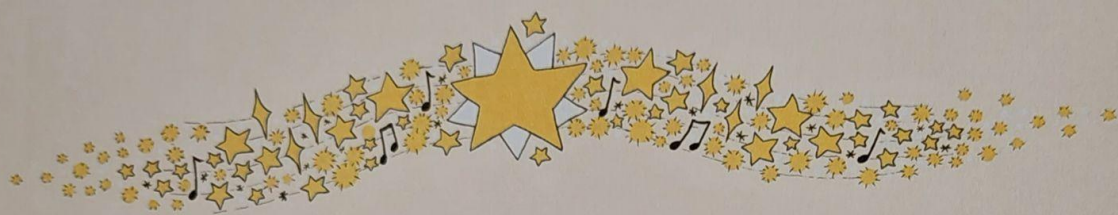


I'VE DISCOVERED MY PURPOSE IN LIFE. I KNOW WHY I WAS PUT HERE AND WHY EVERYTHING EXISTS.



c. 1993 Watterson Distributed by Universal Uclick





But the dream always ended. The laughter dimmed,
the music died, and Stardog awoke to a night empty and silent.

*Is my dream only a dream?
Or are there others like me?*

Stardog had been on her own for so long, she could not
remember. And day by day, her magic faded away.



“What’s the matter with this thing?” shouted the President.

“It is very difficult to phone people in China, Mr President,” said the Postmaster General. “The country’s so full of Wings and Wongs, every time you wing you get the wong number.”



E.K. MOSLEY



Paris-born wanderer E.K. Mosley is a British writer and illustrator who grew up living between Texas and London, but currently resides by the Cornish seaside (a wondrous source of inspiration).

Scribbles on the walls were E.K. Mosley's first artworks, now unfortunately lost, which ultimately led to a degree in illustration at Falmouth University.

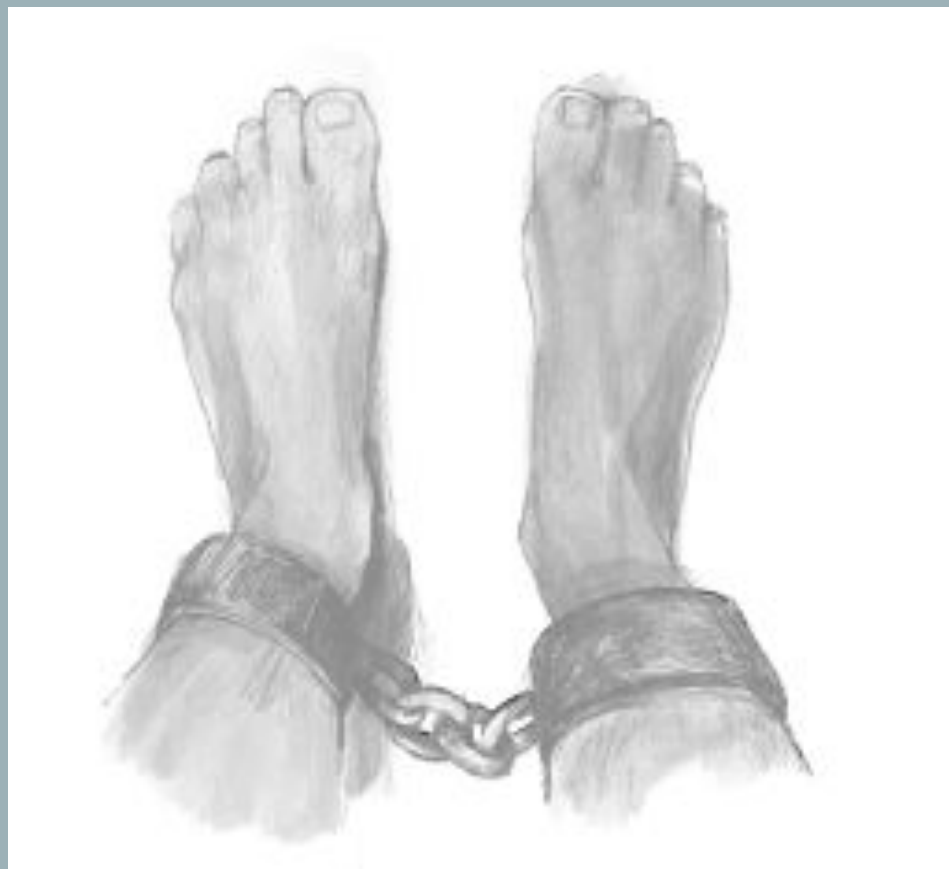
Now a freelance illustrator and writer, E.K. Mosley's books are full of captivating detail and whimsical characters searching for friendship, fun and adventure.

Growing up with dyslexia E.K. Mosley found enjoyment in the sound, shape and feel of words and says, "It gave me a deep curiosity about spelling which to this day is a mystery yet to be solved."

Intertwining children's book writing with a fascination of the natural world is what makes E.K. Mosley's stories so delicious and imaginative.



V. Mehnert, C. Lieb: *Alexander von Humboldt oder Die Sehnsucht nach der Ferne*



THE TROPICS

The tropics can be found on both sides of the equator, in the north and in the south. Depending on the elevation and season, these regions may contain lush rain forests, dry savannahs, or snow-covered mountains. Venezuela is one of the few countries where all three of these landscapes are found together.

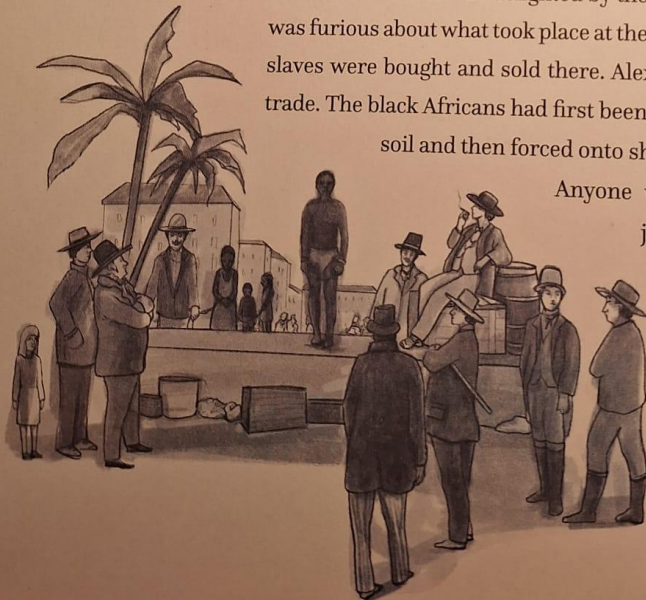
or plan to buy it? Was he looking for gold? They simply could not believe that anyone would travel so far just to collect plants and look at the stars. They were amazed by someone who would not only enjoy nature or figure out how to exploit it but also wanted to understand how it works. "I want to know how each of the numerous individual parts of our Earth fit together. I wish to comprehend how the climate and the seasons influence the lives of animals and plants," Alexander explained to

his hosts. But his hosts did not particularly care and had already started eating their dinner and complaining once again about the heat.

As much as Alexander was delighted by the wildlife of this strange world, he was furious about what took place at the Cumaná marketplace. Every day, slaves were bought and sold there. Alexander did not agree with such a trade. The black Africans had first been brutally captured on their native soil and then forced onto ships and brought to the Americas.

Anyone who had survived the perilous journey across the Atlantic was

sold in the marketplaces to rich landowners, where they were then forced to work for twelve or more hours at a time in the hot fields.



So sehr ihn die Natur dieser fremden Welt entzückt, so entsetzt ist der deutsche Baron von dem, was er auf dem Marktplatz von Cumaná mitansehen muss. Dort werden jeden Tag Sklaven verkauft. Damit ist Alexander von Humboldt ganz und gar nicht einverstanden. In Afrika fängt man die Schwarzen auf brutale Weise ein und verfrachtet sie auf Schiffe. Wer die Fahrt überlebt, wird auf den Märkten in Amerika an reiche Grundbesitzer verkauft. Im heißen Klima müssen sie dann zwölf Stunden und mehr auf den Feldern schuften. Alexander empört sich über eine solche Behandlung seiner Mitmenschen, doch als Gast in diesem Land kann er nichts unternehmen. Aber sein ganzes Leben lang wird er die Bilder dieser armen Geschöpfe nicht vergessen. Wenn immer möglich, protestiert er gegen diese Form der Ausbeutung von Menschen.

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Tagliarsi i capelli da soli

se **couper** les
cheveux eux même



Podšišaš
si
kosu.



Thanks!

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