

TEXTES À TRADUIRE EN FRANÇAIS POUR L'ÉPREUVE ORALE DE JUIN 2016

Les étudiants choisiront, parmi les textes suivants, les textes qu'ils présenteront, traduits en français, au premier appel d'examen et à envoyer au professeur avant le 8 juin 2016.

À l'oral, on leur posera des questions concernant en particulier la syntaxe du français (voir le matériel sur Moodle et les notes de cours) et on leur demandera de commenter leurs choix de traduction.

Les textes pouvant être de tailles différentes, les étudiants feront leurs choix de manière à avoir au moins un texte informatif/argumentatif et un texte littéraire.

En considération du fait que, pour ce premier appel, les étudiants ne disposent que de deux petites semaines, ils pourront se limiter à deux des extraits proposés ci-dessous, comptant cependant une moyenne d'au moins 1300 signes par texte (espaces exclus) pour un total d'au moins 2600 signes. Libres, bien sûr, de présenter plus de textes/signes.

Le nombre de signes à prendre en considération est celui des textes dans la langue de départ.

Textes informatifs/argumentatifs

Marlene Dietrich against the nazis

Dietrich is one of those former icons of Hollywood whom the public is slowly failing to remember anything about at all; most are more familiar with Madeleine Kahn's send-up of her in the Western spoof "Blazing Saddles" than they are with Marlene herself. That is wrong, for she deserves better. Not only was Marlene Dietrich a unique performer and important cultural figure, she was also an Ethics Hero.

She was a rising German stage and screen actress when director Josef von Sternberg cast her as Lola-Lola, the beautiful, cynical leading character in "Der blaue Engel," (The Blue Angel), Germany's first talking film. The movie made Dietrich a star. Von Sternberg took her with him when Hollywood beckoned and signed her with Paramount Pictures. There Dietrich built her image and legend by perfecting her *femme fatale* film persona in a series of classic films directed by her mentor: "Morocco" (1930), "Dishonored" (1931), "Shanghai Express" (1932), "Blonde Venus" (1932), "The Scarlet Empress" (1934), and "The Devil Is a Woman" (1935).

Meanwhile, she had already begun fighting Hitler's regime. When the Nazis began persecuting Jews, she financed the escape of many Jewish friends from Germany. In 1937, Hitler, through emissaries, offered Dietrich wealth, privileged status and artistic freedom if she would return to Germany and make films there. She refused, and announced to journalists, "Hitler is an idiot." In return, the Nazis revoked her citizenship, declared her a traitor and banned her films.

Dietrich became an American citizen in 1939. She also became a vigorous and vocal opponent of Nazi Germany, and an especially credible one because of her German heritage. When the United States entered World War II, Dietrich emerged as an acting, singing symbol of free Germany. The Allies asked her to make anti-Nazi radio broadcasts in German and she eagerly agreed, singing popular American songs and sending propaganda messages over the airwaves from London to Germany, where she was still popular. The Germans turned off most Allied broadcasts, but many couldn't resist their Marlene, and stayed tuned to hear the star sing "Lili Marlene" and "Falling in Love Again." (Mel Brooks gives a sly salute to Dietrich's propaganda efforts in "Blazing Saddles," showing the Dietrich-like "Lilli Von Schtupp" helping the oppressed western town of Rock Ridge defeat the evil allies of "Hedley Lamar" as she takes the Nazi soldier contingent of Lamar's army out of the decisive battle by distracting them with popular songs.)

Dietrich's "Lili Marlene" was particularly popular. The Nazi government issued warnings not to listen to the song and banned the broadcast of "Lili Marlene." After receiving many letters from Axis soldiers to put the song back on the air, the government reluctantly gave in and "Lili Marlene" soon became the song played at the end of every broadcast.

Environ 2400 signes / 460 mots

About *La Douleur* (1985) (English title : The War) Marguerite Duras

This is an astonishing book on more than one account. A review had decided me a long time ago to read it, but I couldn't find the right moment for such a difficult read. Result is, there is no right moment. Summer time or hectic days, I would have felt the same punch in the gut reading it. But it doesn't mean I don't recommend it. I do, strongly. But it should come with a warning.

The few words of introduction say that Duras kept a diary during WWII and that this book is the result, but that she has no memory of writing it. It's rather a collection of short stories, more or less fictionalized from real events. The longest and most memorable is the title story, recalling the period in 1945 when Marguerite Duras was waiting for her husband to return from the concentration camp he had been sent to in Germany, as a member of the French Resistance.

Duras' writing is incredibly strong. She makes no attempt to hide anything. It is a harrowing, highly emotional experience for us readers, especially as we have a learnt knowledge (from school, from movies, etc...) of the war events. The diary form makes the emotions raw and the facts instantly fresh. The wait is literally killing her. She can't sleep or eat anymore; she haunts the places where survivors have arrived already, at a period where little was known about the true nature of the concentration camps and much less of the horrors of the extermination of Jews. But glimpses of truth now arrive, with their full horror; and she keeps visualizing her dead husband, as we readers now know it is very plausible he might have died. She writes in agony, feeling his absence intensely.

All of a sudden, news that he is alive come through. He barely made it though, a mere walking corpse who might die any minute. Well-connected friends hurry to drive through France and Germany and fetch him. The description of his pitiful state is even difficult to read, so I can't imagine how people felt when they looked at him. Suffice to say that the friends and neighbors were ready to celebrate and welcome him home, but when they saw him, they cancelled the celebrations, stripped the "welcome home" back and wept. It's a miracle that he can be nursed back to life, being something stranger than human.

[...]

The other stories were not so strong, but just as interesting, notably one about a Resistance woman who tortures a Collaborator at the end of the war. The fact that a woman can inflict violence and vengeance is quite contrary to usual expectations.

The book manages to be both literary and lyrical and matter-of-fact. The artful mix between fact and fiction is dizzying. It cuts to the quick.

Environ 2200 signes / 470 mots

Former Nazi concentration camp guard apologizes to victims

Reinhold Hanning, a former Nazi SS officer, has apologized for serving as a camp guard at Auschwitz despite knowing that people were being killed. He is charged with being an accessory in the deaths of 170,000 people.

"I'm ashamed that I knowingly let injustice happen and did nothing to oppose it," Hanning told the court in Detmold, in western Germany.

In making his remarks, the former Nazi guard at the German camp was finally breaking the silence he had maintained over the course of 12 hearings, limited to two hours each because of his failing health.

"I want to tell you that I deeply regret having been part of a criminal organization that is responsible for the death of many innocent people, for the destruction of countless families, for misery, torment and suffering on the side of the victims and their relatives," Hanning read out from his statement.

"I have remained silent for a long time. I have remained silent all of my life," he added.

Survivors demand more details

Earlier during the hearing, Hanning's lawyer Johannes Salmen gave a detailed account of his client's life and his time in Auschwitz. In a 22-page-long document, Hanning said he joined the SS after his stepmother, a member of the Nazi party, urged him to do so in 1940. He was 18 at the time. He took part in several battles before being injured in his head and leg. He was sent to the Auschwitz concentration camp in Nazi-occupied Poland after being declared unfit for war.

Entrance to the former German Nazi camp Auschwitz

Salmen quoted the former guard as saying that no one spoke to him about what was happening in the initial days that he was there, but that he soon learned what was going on: "People were shot, gassed and burned. I could see how corpses were taken back and forth and moved out. I could smell burning bodies; I knew corpses were being burned."

"I've tried to repress this period for my whole life. Auschwitz was a nightmare. I wish I had never been there," the statement ended.

Holocaust survivor and co-plaintiff Leon Schwarzbaum said he accepted Hanning's apology, but could not forgive him. "I lost 35 family members; how can you apologize for that? I am not angry. I don't want him to go to prison, but he should say more for the sake of the young generation today because the historical truth is important," Schwarzbaum insisted.

Last Nazi trials

Prosecutors, including those in Dortmund and 40 joint plaintiffs from Hungary, Israel, Canada, Britain, US and others in Germany have accused Hanning of facilitating the deaths of at least 170,000 people in Auschwitz. A total of about 1.2 million prisoners, mostly Jews, were held at the German Nazi camp.

Prosecutor Andreas Brendel said Hanning's statement on Friday could help win a conviction.

"Today's statement contributed a little more to establish that he was there, because he admitted that, and more importantly to the fact that he knew about the killings in the main camp - that is also a crucial fact," Brendel said.

A verdict is expected on May 27. If found guilty, Hanning could face 15 years in prison.

Owing to the time that has elapsed since the crimes, the trial will probably be one of the last linked to the Holocaust, when more than six million people, largely Jews, were exterminated under the regime of Adolf Hitler from 1933 to 1945. Another man and a woman are also accused of being accessories to the deaths at Auschwitz. A third person, who also served as a guard at the German camp, [died earlier this month](#), days before his trial was due to begin. He was 93.

<http://www.dw.com/en/former-nazi-concentration-camp-guard-apologizes-to-victims/a-19225281>

Textes littéraires

literary text no.1

I had met C. in the last days of the Lager, but it was a different C. In the Buna camp abandoned by the Germans, the ward for infectious diseases, in which the two Frenchmen and I managed to survive and to establish a semblance of civilization, represented an island of relative well-being; in the neighboring ward, for patients with dysentery, death prevailed uncontested.

Through the wooden wall, a few centimeters from my head, I heard Italian spoken. One evening, mobilizing the little energy I had left, I decided to go and see who was living back there. I walked down the dark, frigid corridor, opened the door, and was plunged into a realm of horror.

There were a hundred bunks: half were occupied by corpses that had frozen in the cold. Only two or three candles broke the darkness; the walls and ceiling were lost in shadow, so that you seemed to be entering an enormous cave. There was no heat, except for the infected breath of the fifty patients who were still alive. In spite of the cold, the stench of feces and death was so intense that it took your breath away and you had to do violence to your own lungs to force them to take in that polluted air.

Yet fifty were still alive. They were huddled under the covers; some groaned or cried, others struggled out of their bunks to evacuate on the floor. They called out names, prayed, cursed, begged for help in all the languages of Europe.

I groped my way along one of the aisles between the bunks, stumbling and staggering in the dark on the layer of frozen excrement. At the sound of my footsteps, the cries redoubled: clawlike hands emerged from under the covers, held me by my clothes, coldly touched my face, tried to bar my path.

Finally, I reached the dividing wall, at the end of the aisle, and found the men I was looking for. They were two Italians in a single bunk, entangled with each other to protect themselves from the cold : C. and M.

env.1560 signes (espaces exclus)

literary text no.2

April was coming to an end, and the sun was already hot and bold, when C. came to get me after the clinic closed. His sinister partner had pulled off a series of brilliant coups: for fifty zloty altogether he had bought a ballpoint pen that didn't write, a stopwatch, and a woolen shirt in reasonably good condition. This G.A., with the expert nose of the fence, had had the excellent idea of keeping watch at the station in Katowice, waiting for the Russian convoys returning from Germany : those soldiers, by now demobilized and on the way home, were the most carefree clients imaginable. They were joyous, easygoing, loaded with booty, they didn't know the local prices, and they needed money.

Besides, it was worthwhile to spend a few hours at the station outside of any utilitarian purpose, just to see the extraordinary spectacle of the Red Army returning home : a spectacle at once as choral and solemn as a Biblical migration and as vagabond and colorful as a circus parade. Long convoys of freight cars, used as troop trains, stopped in K. : they were equipped to travel for months, maybe even to the Pacific, and they housed randomly, by the thousands, soldiers and civilians, men and women, former prisoners, Germans now prisoners themselves, and, in addition, freight, furniture, animals, dismantled industrial installations, provisions, war material, pieces of junk. They were moving villages : some cars contained what appeared to be a family nucleus, one or two double beds, a mirrored chest, a stove, a radio, chairs, and tables. Between one car and the next, makeshift electrical wires were hung, coming from the first car, which contained a generator; they were used for lighting, and also to hang out the laundry to dry (and get covered with soot). When in the morning the sliding doors opened, men and women appeared against the background of these domestic interiors, half dressed, with broad sleepy faces: they looked around in bewilderment, without knowing what part of the world they were in, then they got out to wash in the cold water of the hydrants, and offered tobacco and pages of *Pravda* for rolling cigarettes.

env.1780 signes (espaces exclus)

literary text no.3

Our lives were not without anxiety, since our relatives in Germany were suffering under Hitler's anti-Jewish laws. After the pogroms in 1938 my two uncles (my mother's brothers) fled Germany, finding safe refuge in North America. My elderly grandmother came to live with us. She was seventy-three years old at the time.

After May 1940 the good times were few and far between : first there was the war, then the capitulation and then the arrival of the Germans, which is when the trouble started for the Jews. Our freedom was severely restricted by a series of anti-Jewish decrees: Jews were required to wear a yellow star; Jews were required to turn in their bicycles; Jews were forbidden to use streetcars; Jews were forbidden to be out on the streets between 8 p.m. and 6 a.m.; Jews were forbidden to use swimming pools, tennis courts, hockey fields or any other athletic activity in public ; Jews were forbidden to sit in their gardens or those of their friends after 8 p.m.; Jews were forbidden to visit Christians in their homes; Jews were required to attend Jewish schools, etc. You couldn't do this and you couldn't do that, but life went on. Jacques always said to me "I don't dare do anything anymore, because I'm afraid it's not allowed".

In the summer of 1941 Grandma got sick and had to have an operation, so my birthday passed with little celebration. In the summer of 1940 we didn't do much for my birthday either, since the fighting had just ended in Holland. Grandma died in January 1942. No one knows how often I think of her and still love her. This birthday celebration in 1942 was intended to make up for the others and Grandma's candle was lit along with the rest.

env.1380 signes (espaces exclus)