

Le  
**Printemps de la**  
**TRADUCTION**

Les traducteurs parlent aux lecteurs

★ 4<sup>e</sup> édition ★

**2018**

**ATELIER DE TRADUCTION**  
**Anglais (Écosse) › Français**

**Samedi 02 juin – 10h – 12h / Centre Wallonie-Bruxelles**

>>> 127-129, rue Saint-Martin - Paris 4<sup>e</sup>

M 4 Étienne Marcel / RER A.B.D Châtelet-les-Halles



**Avec Diniz Galhos**

*L'Artiste au couteau*, d'Irvine Welsh (Éditions Au Diable Vauvert, avril 2018)

Depuis son premier roman, *Trainspotting*, adapté au cinéma par Danny Boyle, Irvine Welsh a bâti une œuvre romanesque cohérente tant par ses thèmes et ses personnages récurrents, tous liés les uns aux autres, que par un travail original sur l'oralité écossaise et britannique, un système qu'on ne saurait réduire aux formes consacrées du *scots*, pas plus qu'à ce qu'on a pu nommer le *bad scots*.

Avec l'étude de ce passage de *L'Artiste au couteau*, son dernier roman publié en France, ce sera l'occasion de débattre de l'évolution langagière du personnage de Begbie, des particularités culturelles, sociales et historiques de l'oralité welshienne, et surtout, de ses possibles (ou impossibles) traductions en français.

## Extrait 1

SKAGBOYS (pour la V.F. : Au Diable Vauvert, 2016)

### The Art of Conversation

Ah sais tae fuckin June earlier, ah goes : thank fuck that's January nearly ower. A shite fuckin month. Baw cauld n every cunt steyin in aw the time, Renton sneakin away back doon tae fuckin London wi that wee cunt he hud up here. Wisnae a bad wee fucker, but every cunt should stey whaire they fuckin well come fae, that's what ah eywis fuckin well say. At least Rents came back ; Sick Boy nivir even fuckin showed up at aw.

That Cha Morrison cunt fae Lochend's inside eftir daein Larry ower. Still runnin oaf at the fuckin mooth, n aw, or so they fuckin well tell us. How come Begbie nivir does time ? Makes ye wonder if the cunt's a fuckin grass. Fuckin innuendo. Ah'll gie that cunt a fuckin grass awright. That cunt dies: spreadin fuckin innuendo. Cunt's nipped cause it's me the likes ay Davie Power wants to git fuckin involved in the world ay business.

Extrait 2

L'ARTISTE AU COUTEAU (pour la V.F. : Au Diable Vauvert, 2018)

32

THE DELIVERY BOY 5

*Things turned bad for my grandfather and his mates, as the investigation into Johnnie's death gained momentum. They were surprised at how relentless the cops were ; it was as if they had inside information. It seemed tae take forever but eventually they all went to jail for Johnnie's death. Under pressure, they blamed each other. A flare-up took place, no in the Marksman, but in the Bowler's Rest pub, a quiet shop tucked away oot ay sight doon Mitchell Street. They probably went there to get their stories straight for the bizzies, but they argued and it got physical. Carmie battered Lozy quite badly that day, and I think Jock took advantage of their fallout, he and Lozy deciding the big man would take the rap for stoving in Johnnie's heid with the rock.*

(...)

*— So it wis me. Ah fucked yis up, ah goat yis aw pit away !*

*Why ? I could see him ask with his eyes, with every fibre of his being.*

*— Johnnie asked ays, I telt him, — and I'd always really liked Johnnie. Aw that work ah did for youse, it wis Johnnie that ey saw ays awright, oan the QT like. Nae other cunt gied a fuck. That wis one reason. The other yin wis that it was a barry laugh !*

*Eh pilled ehseel tae ehseel climbin frame n yanked ehseel up. Tried tae come at ays ! It wis ridic ! Ah booted it oot fae under him and watched him crash tae the flair. — Beat it, ya fuckin auld muppet, ah laughed at um. For some reason ah mind ay gaun tae Methuen's chippy in Junction Street eftir, for a mince-pie supper.*

*A couple ay weeks later eh was deid. Ah went tae the funeral. Never planned tae go, cause ah ended up in the cells eftir a pagger up the toon the night before. By the time ah got back hame, ah jist wanted tae get some proper kip in. But the auld man and muh ma, n even Joe, they aw sterted tae make a fuss, so ah went along. Na Lozy present, hardly any other cunt thaire. A waste ay fuckin time. The thing is, he was fuckin well hated aw along.*