

CONCOURS ATLAS-JUNIOR ANGLAIS 2015

Extrait de *The Lost Landscape* – Joyce Carol Oates

Ceci est le début des mémoires de l'Américaine Joyce Carol Oates, auteur qui a publié plus de 40 romans, nouvelles et recueils de poésie. Ce livre vient de sortir aux États-Unis et n'est pas encore traduit en français. Elle se décrit ici, enfant ou toute jeune fille, sortant de chez elle la nuit pour contempler avec fascination les phares des voitures passant sur la route.

Ce texte comprend une difficulté – aloneness et loneliness – illustrant bien les défis que doit relever un traducteur littéraire, car le problème ici réside moins dans la compréhension de l'anglais que dans la manière de rendre cette nuance en français. Ne vous laissez pas intimider ou bloquer par cette phrase : sachez que même la traductrice de Joyce Carol Oates s'y arrachera sûrement les cheveux ! L'important est d'essayer, et vous trouverez sûrement des solutions variées qu'il sera intéressant de commenter par la suite.

Why would you do such a thing? That is not a good idea.

But no one knows, and so no one asks.

Why in the night I slip from the rear of the darkened house. Why making my way along the graveled drive to the highway where in the shadows of evergreens I stand watching for headlights on Transit Road.

[...]

Like a sleepwalker who has wakened. In the night, past midnight, in this place in which such behavior would be perceived (by adults) to aberrant, in a way rebellious.

It is disturbing to the adults of a household, when we are not in bed at the proper time. Our sleep, they can't control or monitor; how far we wander in our dreams, they have no idea. But it is an audacious gesture to leave the sleeping house and to venture outside, alone.

Insomnia begins in early adolescence. The swarming brain, the fast pulse. Excitement in realizing—*Something is about to happen!*

Out of nowhere has come this strange fascination that will endure for years, until I move out of the house on Transit Road forever.

A fascination with prowling in the night—standing at the end of the gravel driveway—watching for headlights of strangers' vehicles as they first appear beyond the V-intersection of Transit Road and Millersport Highway [...].

It is at such times that I feel my aloneness most strongly—which is very different from loneliness. *Loneliness weakens. Aloneness empowers.*

[...]

Most of the nighttime vehicles are cars. Mostly, there is but a single person visible in them—the driver.

But sometimes I catch a glimpse of a second person in the passenger's seat and I feel a sudden pang of envy—*Who are you? Why are you driving together late at night? Do you love each other? Is that why you would be together late at night—because you love each other? And why are you driving along Transit Road? What do you look like, what are you thinking, where do you live, where are you going...*

In the next instant, red tail lights receding.