Università di Firenze Dipartimento FORLILPSI Corso di Traduzione in Lingua inglese John Gilbert

from *Fino a quando la mia stella brillerà,* *As Long As* (not Until) *My Star Shines/W/will Shine*

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(…)

 “At/In Auschwitz I passed/got through the selection three times. When they called us, we knew

 of use

(that) it was (in order/so as) to decide/establish if/whether we were still useful and could/(were) able to

continue/go on/keep (on) going, or (if we were) old and irrecuperable/irrecoverable (scraps/pieces?). To be

carry on past redemption.

thrown away/discarded/disposed of./To throw out. It was a terrible time. A/One nod/gesture/wave of

 To get rid of.

 your life was spared; would condemn you.

the hand was enough and you were safe/saved; another one and you were condemned/condemned you.

 form a line/queue,

We had to get in/stand in (a) line/line up, nude/naked, and pass in front of/walk past two SS (officers

 fall in line (?),

/men) and a Nazi doctor. They would open/opened our mouths, and (they would) examine/examined

us in every part/inch/(corner) of our bodies (in order/so as) to see if we could still/were still able to work.

 check

Those who were too tired or too thin, or injured, were/would be eliminated. Only a few seconds were

The ones that get

enough for our tormentors/It took our torturers/persecutors just a few seconds to understand

 It only took a few seconds for our persecutors to decide

if/whether it was better to have us die/put us to death or have/let us live//allow us to live. I would

if we should die or (if we should) live. permit

 terrified

see/saw the others, hideous/horrendous/horrible/dreadful frightened skeletons, and I knew (that) I

was/looked like them. The officers and the doctors were always elegant, well-groomed/well-dressed

and impeccable, at peace with their conscience. A nod of the/their head (from/by the/our persecutors)

was enough, which meant “OK/go (ahead)/forward,” and you were safe/saved. That’s all I thought about

I was only/just thinking about/of this

I only (ever) thought about/of that

when I was there, (about/of) that nod. I was happy when it came/happened/arrived//I got/received it,

because I was thirteen, then fourteen. I wanted to live. I remember the/my first selection. After

he examined me,

having examined/examining me, the doctor noticed a scar. “Perhaps/Maybe he’ll send me to die/(my)

death for this/that,” I thought and I felt a sense of panic/panicked. He asked me where I was/came from

 because of

and with/in a faint voice/a whisper, but/yet trying to remain/stay calm, I answered (that) I was Italian.

 however

 he laughed,

I held/was holding my breath. After laughing/having laughed, together/along with the others, at the

Italian doctor who/that had given me//left me with that horrible scar, the Nazi doctor nodded to me

 made that horrible scar on me,

 gotten/got through

/gestured (to) me to go (ahead/forward/on)/waved me on. It meant (that) I had passed the selection!

I was alive, alive, alive! I was so happy to be able to/(that) I could return/go back to the camp that

everything/it all seemed/felt easier (to me). Then I saw Janine. She was a French girl.

It had been/was months that we had been working side by side in/at the munitions factory.

We had been working next to each other in the ammunition factory for months.

We had spent months working together in the ammunition factory.

For months we had worked

Janine worked at/was assigned to/in charge of the machine that/which cut steel/the steel-cutting machine.

A few days before/earlier/prior that cursed/accursed/(damned/damn) machine had cut off/severed the

tops/first phalanges of two (of her) fingers. She went in front of those tormentors, nude/naked, trying to

hide her mutilation/injury. But they immediately saw her injured fingers and wrote down the number and took the tattooed number on her nude body.

(which/that) (she had) tattooed on her naked body. It meant (that) they were sending her to die/to her That meant a death sentence.

death. Janine would not be going back/was not going to return to the camp. Janine was not a stranger

to/for me. I saw/would/used to see her every day. We had exchanged a few/some words. We would

smile to say hello to/greet each other/at each other in greeting. And yet I didn’t say anything/a word

to her./And yet I said nothing to her. I didn’t turn (around)/I didn’t look back at her when they took

/were taking her away. I didn’t say goodbye to her/tell her goodbye. I was afraid to come out of/from

the invisibility (in which) I hid/was hiding myself. I acted as if/(like)/pretended nothing had happened

 (that/which) I was hiding in.

 began walking/to walk, putting/to put one foot in front of the other again,

and I started to put one foot/leg in front of/after the other again to/and walk, in order/just to live. I

always recount/tell the story of Janine/Janine’s story. It is a remorse (that/which) I carry/have been

carrying inside (myself/(of) me). The remorse not to have had//of/for not having had the courage to

 been brave enough to

tell her goodbye/to say goodbye to her. To make/let her feel//let her know, in/at that moment when

Janine was going (away) to die/her death, that her life was important for/to me./mattered to me. That

 being sent to her death,

we weren’t like our persecutors, but we felt, still and in spite of/despite everything, able to love

 gave me no peace

/capable of loving/love. But/Instead/And yet I didn’t do it. The remorse did not give me peace

 let me feel at peace

 leave me in peace

for a long, long time. I knew that in/at the/that moment in which/that I had not had the courage to

say goodbye to Janine, they had won, our persecutors/tormentors, because they had deprived us of

our humanity and (the) compassion/pity towards another human being. This was their victory; this was

their objective/goal: to annihilate our humanity.”

(…)