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**« Je brûle pour Thésée »
Réflexions sur les opérations linguistiques engagées dans
la traduction d'une métaphore de *Phèdre***

Éditions utilisées

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Exemples analysés

Exemple 1

*Il veut avec leur sœur ensevelir leur nom,
Et que jusqu'au tombeau soumise à sa tutelle,
Jamais les feux d'Hymen ne s'allument pour elle.
Dois-je épouser ses droits contre un père irrité?
Donnerai-je l'exemple à la témérité?
Et dans un fol amour ma jeunesse embarquée... (Hippolyte, I, i, 108-113)*

DM he aims to keep her in his own protection
and bury the name with her eventually.
No **nuptial fires for her**. Do you suppose
I'm eager to adopt Aricia's cause?
I can just see us sail off into the sunset! (p. 14)

RH [...] He dreads a single shoot
From any stock so guilty, and would bury
Their name with her; so even to the tomb
No **torch of Hymen may be lit for her**.
Shall I espouse her rights against my father
Provoke his wrath, launch on a mad career?— (p. 311)

RL [...] Father only grants
her life on one condition. This—he wants
No **bridal torch to burn for her**. Unwooded
and childless, she must answer for the blood
her brothers shed. How can I marry her,
gaily subvert our kingdom's character,
and sail on the high seas of love? (p. 184)

RW Fearing some new shoot from their guilty stem,
He wants her death to be the end of them.
For her, **the nuptial torch shall never blaze**;
He's doomed her to be single all her days.

Shall I take up her cause then, brave his rage,
Set a rebellious pattern for the age,
Commit my youth to love's delirium...? (p. 1962)

Exemple 2

*Chargés d'un feu secret, vos yeux s'appesantissent.
Il n'en faut point douter : vous aimez, vous brûlez ;
Vous périssez d'un mal que vous dissimulez.* (Théramène, I, i, 134-136)

DM consumed **with a secret fire**, your eyes avoid my gaze.
There's no doubt about it, **you're in love**; (p. 15)

RH **A secret burden**, cast upon your spirits,
Has dimmed your eye.—Can I then doubt **your love**? (p. 312)

RL [...] How your eyes hang down!
You often murmur and forget to frown.
All's out, Prince. You're in love; **you burn. Flames, flames**
Prince! [...] (p. 85)

RW **A secret fire** burns in your heavy eyes.
No question of it: **you're sick with love**, you feel
A wasting passion which you would conceal. (p. 1962)

Exemple 3

*J'ai conçu pour mon crime une juste terreur ;
J'ai pris la vie en haine, et ma flamme en horreur.
Je voulais en mourant prendre soin de ma gloire,
Et dérober au jour une flamme si noire :
Je n'ai pu soutenir tes larmes, tes combats ;
Je t'ai tout avoué ;* (Phèdre, I, iii, 307-312)

- DM I look with horror on my own transgression,
I hate my life and **its illicit passion**.
I had hoped death would keep my honour bright
and save **my dark devotion** from the light;
now, yielding to your insistence and tears,
I've told you everything, [...] (p. 21)
- RH I hate my life, and hold **my love** in horror.
I die:—I would have kept my name unsullied,
Burying **guilty passion** in the grave;
But I have not been able to refuse you;
You weep and pray, and so I tell you all, [...] (p. 316)
- RL What could I do? Each moment, terrified
by **loose diseased emotions**, now I cried
for death to save my glory and expel
my gloomy frenzy from this world, my hell.
And yet your tears and words bewildered me,
and so endangered my tranquillity,
at last I spoke. [...] (p. 90)
- RW I look with horror on my crime; I hate
my life; **my passion** I abominate.
I hope by death to keep my honour bright,
And hide **so dark a flame** from day's pure light;
Yet yielding to your tearful argument,
I've told you all; [...] (p. 1967)

Exemples cités

*Vivez, vous n'avez plus de reproche à vous faire.
Votre **flamme** devient **une flamme ordinaire**.
Thésée en expirant vient de rompre les nœuds
Qui faisaient **tout le crime et l'horreur de vos feux**.* (Œnone, I, v, 349-352)

DM You've nothing to be ashamed of now, so live;
you've now no reason not to declare **your love**.
With the king dead, the whole knot is untied
that made you think in terms of suicide. (p. 22)

RH Live, for no blame is in your passion now.
The king is dead, you bear the bonds no longer
Which made your love **a thing of crime and horror**. (p. 317)

RL Live! Who'll condemn you if you love and woo
the Prince? Your stepson is no kin to you,
now that your royal husband's death has cut
and freed you from the throttling marriage-knot. (p. 91)

RW Live, then: there's nothing you're guilty of.
Your love's become like any other love.
With Theseus' death, those bonds exist no more
Which made **your passion something to abhor**. (p. 1968)

*Je vois de votre amour l'effet prodigieux.
Tout mort qu'il est, Thésée est présent à vos yeux ;
Toujours de son amour votre âme est embrasée.* (Hippolyte, II, v, 631-633)
Oui, Prince, je languis, je brûle pour Thésée. (Phèdre, II, v, 634)

DM Madam, your faith is truly admirable;
dead though he be, you see great Theseus still. (Hippolytus)
I **thirst** for Theseus. (Phaedra) (p. 32)

RH Yes, I see
What strange things love will do, for Theseus, dead,
Seems present to your eyes, and in your soul
A constant flame is burning. (Hippolytus)
Ah, for Theseus
I languish **and I long**, [...] (Phaedra) (p. 325)

- RL No, no, my father lives. Lady, the blind
furies release him; in your loyal mind,
love's fullness holds him, and he cannot die. (Hippolytus)
I **hunger** for Theseus. (Phaedra) (p. 98)
- RW In your strong love, what wondrous power lies!
Theseus, though dead, appears before your eyes.
For love of him **your soul is still on fire**. (Hippolytus)
Yes, Prince, I **burn** for him with starved desire, [...] (Phaedra)
(p. 1974)

*Dieux ! que dira le Roi ? Quel funeste poison
L'amour a répandu sur toute sa maison !
Moi-même, plein d'un feu que sa haine réprouve,
Quel il m'a vu jadis, et quel il me retrouve !* (Hippolyte, III, vi, 991-994)

- DM [...] Heavens above,
how will the king react? This violent '**love**'
has spread its poison throughout Theseus' house;
while I myself, **in love** with his sworn foe—
how changed a son I am, did he but know. (p. 43-44)
- RH [...] And the King,—
What will he say? O Gods! The fatal poison
That **love** has spread through all my father's house!
I burn with fires his hatred disapproves.
How changed he finds me from the son he knew! (p. 334)
- RL [...] What will she tell the king? How hot
the air's becoming here! I feel the rot
of **love** seeping like poison through his house.
I feel the pollution. I cannot rouse
my former loyalties. (p. 108)

RW What will the king say? Gods! What **love** has done
To poison all this house while he was gone!
And I, **who burn for one** who bears his curse,
Am altered in his sight, and for the worse! (p. 1983)

Seigneur, souvenez-vous des plaintes de la Reine.
Un amour criminel causa toute sa haine. (Œnone, IV, i, 1029-1030)
Et ce feu dans Trézène a donc recommencé? (Thésée, IV, i, 1031)

DM [...]. Do you not remember
how once, in Athens, Phaedra would complain?
His **attitude** displeased her even then. (Œnone)
And there in Troezen **it** began again? (Theseus) (p. 46)

RH [...]
It was **illicit love** that caused her hatred. (Œnone)
And then **this flame** burst out again at Troezen? (Theseus) (p. 335)

RL [...]
Remember her disgust
and hate then? She already feared his **lust**. (Œnone)
And when I sailed, **this** started up again? (Theseus) (p. 109)

RW [...]
It was his **infamous love** which made her hate him. (Œnone)
That love, I take it, was **rekindled** here
in Troezen? (Theseus) (p. 1984)

