Translation Portfolio

Trinity College Dublin
MPhil in Literary Translation
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Acknowledgements

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<th>22307281</th>
<th><strong>Text Number</strong></th>
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<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th><strong>Source Text</strong></th>
<th><strong>Target Text</strong></th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td><strong>Title</strong></td>
<td>Prace Hermesa, czyli jak tłumacze codziennie ratują świat</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Year Published</strong></td>
<td>2019</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Author</strong></td>
<td>Olga Tokarczuk</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Word Count</strong></td>
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**Description of Source Text**
- understanding of source text
- knowledge of genre within source contexts
- situation of source text
- familiarity with the formal features of a text (language variation(s), register, dialect) (200 words max)

The ST is an excerpt from a lyric essay, that is an essay based on one’s personal experience (Kitchen 2011, 119) which appeared in the collection ‘Czuły narrator’ [Tender Narrator] (Tokarczuk 2019, 73-92). It has been called ‘artystycznego credo pisarki’ [the writer’s artistic credo] (Marek 2021, 119).

The ST is a personal reflection in the form of an anecdote about Tokarczuk’s positive experience with the translators of her work. ST lines 24-30 contain an extended metaphor that builds up to the image of the literary translator becoming Hermes.

The ST is written in the first person singular, in a mix of past (e.g. ST l.3-4, 7-8) and present (e.g. ST l.6) tense.

The average length of the 14 sentences of the ST is 19 words, so the sentence ‘Co za radość!’ [What joy!] (ST l.23-4), which is only three words long, subverts the reader’s expectations.

The ST contains a reference to ‘Przystanek Woodstock’ [Station Woodstock] (ST l. 22), known from 2017 as Pol’and’Rock Festival. ("Historia festiwali" 2023, n.p.) It is a free music festival in Poland with a significant presence in the popular Polish cultural consciousness, (Nowacki 2014, 118) as evidenced by the casual reference to it in the ST.
| Strategy | My target audience consists of the 40-50 year old, university-educated readers of the literary section of the British newspaper the *Guardian*, who have watched or read Tokarczuk’s Nobel prize address, later adapted into the titular essay ‘Czuly narrator’ [Tender Narrator] (Tokarczuk 2019, 261-289). I will aim to reproduce the erudite but warmly personal style of Tokarczuk, which in the Polish puts one in mind of a chat one might have with an eloquent friend over coffee, which would appeal to my sophisticated target audience. To do so, I will:
- use both past and present tenses and first person singular,
- translate sentence for sentence,
  - except for the twelfth sentence of the ST (l.24-7), which I will split into two sentenced in the TT, to explicitate and make the content clear,
- replicate the translator-Hermes metaphor,
- generalise Polish-specific cultural references, e.g.:
  - ‘Przystanek Woodstock’ [Station Woodstock] (ST l. 22) as ‘music festival’ (TT l.22); my British TA is likely more familiar with the US rather than the Polish music scene, due to both UK and US being primarily anglophone, (Lanvers and Chambers 2019, 429; Suarez 2002, 512) so this way I will avoid introducing a US connotation into the TT.

| Critical Reflection | While the TT uses some lesser-used words, e.g. ‘pertaining’ (TT l.19), which in 2019 formed less than 0.0006% of printed text, ("Google Ngram Viewer" 2023, n.p.) and somewhat unusual expressions, e.g. ‘open spheres incomprehensible to me’ (TT l.17), my sample readers confirmed that my target audience is equipped to handle that. One of my sample readers also pointed out that the TT might be received differently in light of the summer 2022 controversy, which ‘earned the writer accusations of classism and snobbery’ (Ptak 2022, n.p.). This might cast e.g. ‘To no
longer stand alone, facing the furious critic, the flaky reviewer, the journalist without an ounce of literary taste, or the arrogant and conceited moderator.’ (TT l.9-11) in a more negative light than otherwise.

As it stands, the TT is a positive insight into the work of professional literary translators, and as such could also serve to be included in the Translation Studies journal, as an opinion piece. This would expand its audience to TS academics and students. The strategy and the TT would also be suitable for them, as there is potentially a significant overlap with the intended target audience.

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<td>• use of sources and reference material</td>
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Nowacki, Marek. 2014. "Przystanek Woodstock jako produkt turystyczny: jakość festiwalu a zadowolenie i lojalność uczestników." [Station Woodstock as a touristic product: the quality of the festival versus satisfaction and loyalty of the participants].

[https://doi.org/10.15290/parezja.2021.15.10](https://doi.org/10.15290/parezja.2021.15.10).

|---|
**Source Text**

*Prace Hermes, czyli jak tłumacze codziennie ratują świat*

**Dzielenie się z tłumaczem**

Ostatnio wiele razy stawałam ramię w ramię z tłumaczką czy tłumaczem, kiedy prezentowałam swoje książki wydane w innych krajach.

Trudno mi wyrazić to poczucie ulgi, jakie przychodzi, gdy można z kimś dzielić własne autorstwo. Cieszyłam się, że mogę choć częstochwo pozbyć się odpowiedzialności za tekst, dotąd wyłącznie mojej, na dobre i na złe. Nie stać już samotnie oko w oko z rozjuszonym krytykiem, mimożową recenzentką, pozbawionym gustu literackiego dziennikarzem czy aroganckim i pewnym siebie moderatorem. Czułam prawdziwą przyjemność, że nie wszystkie pytania będą skierowane do mnie i że w tym przedmiocie złożonym z zadrukowanych kartek nie wszystko do mnie należy. Myślę, że wielu piszących podziela ze mną to poczucie ulgi.

Najbardziej zdumiewające okazało się jednak to, że obecność tłumacz otwierała sfery dla mnie niepojęte i że wdawali się, on czy ona, już niezależnie od mnie, w dyskusje dotyczące spraw dla mnie nie do końca zrozumiałych, obcych, a nawet tajemniczych. Oto tekst uwalniał się ode mnie, czy może to ja odfruwałam od niego. Nabierał jakieśj autonomii, jak

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**Target Text**

*The Works of Hermes, or how translators save the world daily*

1. Sharing with the translator

2. Recently I stood side by side with a translator multiple times, when I presented my books published in other countries.

3. I can’t emphasize enough the feeling of relief which comes when one can share one’s authorship with another. I was glad that I could at least in part unburden myself from the responsibility for the text, which until now was mine alone, for better or worse. To no longer stand alone, facing the furious critic, the flaky reviewer, the journalist without an ounce of literary taste, or the arrogant and conceited moderator. I felt a real pleasure because not all questions will be directed to me, and because in that object full of printed pages not everything belongs to me. I think that many writers share this feeling of relief with me.

4. The most amazing thing, however, turned out to be the fact that the presence of translators would open spheres incomprehensible to me, and that they would enter, independently from me, into discussions pertaining to matters not quite understandable to me, foreign, or even mysterious. And so the text would free itself from me, or perhaps I would
zbuntowany nastolatek, który postanowił, że urwie się z domu na Przystanek Woodstock. Tłumaczka pewnie brała go w swoje ręce, pokazywała światu z innych stron, stała za nim murem, ręczyła zań. Co za radość! Tłumacze uwalniają nas, piszących, od głębokiej i wpisanej w ten zawód samotności, kiedy to całąmy godzinami, dniami i miesiącami, a nawet latami przebywa się w kosmosie swoich myśli, wewnętrznych dialogów i wizji. Tłumacze przychodzą do nas z zewnątrz i mówią: ja też tam byłam, szłam po twoich śladach, a teraz razem przekroczymy granicę. Tu tłumacz dosłownie staje się Hermesem – bierze mnie za rękę i przeprowadza przez granicę państwa, języka, kultury.

fly away from it. It took on a certain autonomy, like a rebellious teenager, who decides to skip out to go to the music festival. The translator would grasp it firmly, show it to the world from other angles, stand behind it with confidence, vouch for it. What joy! As writers, we spend whole hours, days, months, and even years, in the cosmos of our own thoughts, internal dialogues and visions. The translators free us from the deep and deeply intrinsic loneliness of this profession. Translators come to us from outside this space and say: I was there too, I followed in your footsteps, and now we will cross the border together. And here the translator literally becomes Hermes – she takes my hand and leads me across the border of the country, language, and culture.
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<tr>
<td><strong>Title</strong></td>
<td>This is How You Lose the Time War</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Year Published</strong></td>
<td>2019</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Author</strong></td>
<td>Amal El-Mohtar &amp; Max Gladstone</td>
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The first two pertain to the technology of time travel, and the latter two to Red’s society of time travellers.
My target audience consists of the queer readers of the Polish fantasy and science fiction publishing house Fabryka Słów ("Kontakt - Fabryka Słów" 2021, n.p.), aged 18-30. The intermediate target audience is the commissioning editor of this publishing house.

The goal of this strategy is to convince the editor to commission me to translate the rest of the novel. As such, accuracy and fluency of the TT will be priorities, in addition to how compelling it is. To achieve these goals, I will:

- translate sentence for sentence,
  - except for the second-longest sentence (ST l.2-7), which will be broken up into two to preserve fluency of the TT,
- preserve the proportion of long (over 10 words) sentences,
- add a reference to ‘świec’ [candles] (TT l.17), and ‘lőj’ [tallow] (TT l.26), to create a link between ‘woskowych pieczęci’ [wax seals] (TT l.16) and ‘foka’ [seal] (TT l.26), to translate the plot-relevant pun,
- adapt the title to Polish conventions by using the word ‘przewodnik’ [guide], which appears in the majority of titles of guidebooks published in Poland (Nowotarski 2020, 153),
- translate the neologisms pertaining to the time travel technology by referencing ‘przędza’ [weaving/flax yarn/flax thread] (Falińska 1974, 251), like so:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>ST</th>
<th>TT</th>
<th>gloss</th>
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<tr>
<td>rebraiding</td>
<td>ST l.6</td>
<td>ponowne zaprężdanie</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>downthread</td>
<td>ST l.9,37</td>
<td>w dole przędzy</td>
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The average length of a sentence in the TT is 10 words. This is only fractionally longer than the average sentence length in Polish primary school textbooks. (Gąsiorek 2013, 154) Since my target audience is more than primary educated, and therefore used to this sentence length, this might lessen the perception that Red is rambling in her letter, even though the TT contains 38% of sentences over 10 words long. My sample reader agreed that the TT produced an unintended
domesticating effect, because standard features of Polish happen to align with the elements that were deliberately unusual in the ST.

One of my sample readers commented that basing the vocabulary pertaining to time travel on weaving was surprising. I speculate that this is because weaving, like other fiber crafts, is typically viewed as a feminine pursuit (Peppler, Keune, and Thompson 2020, 127), which creates a contrast with the genre of science-fiction, which is often perceived as masculine. (Merrick 2003, 241) The TT is subversive is this way, and contributes to the ongoing conversation about gender equality.

Works Cited

- use of sources and reference material


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<td><strong>Jak przegrać wojnę? Przewodnik dla podróżujących w czasie</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>My Dear Moon Indigo, I apologise for, well, everything. It's been a long time from my perspective, and, I'm afraid, yours, since your letter—I had another decade or so with Genghis (who says hi, by the way—he told me the most interesting stories about you, or, I assume it was you), after-action reports following, and after those I had the usual sort of routine rebraiding dance. An assessment wrapped the whole thing up. I passed—as ever. The usual nonsense. I imagine you have something of the same: The Agency squats far downthread, issues agents up; then Commandant doubts the agents who return. Yes, we diverge in our travels; yes, we acquire shades; we round; we behave asocially. Adaptation is the price of victory. You might think they would realise that. I spent the better part of a year recovering from your so-called sense of humour. Hordes and boards! I consulted the literature on scents and wax seals, as you suggested. It's all a bit counterintuitive, this business of communication through base matter. Closing a letter—a physical object without even a ghost in the cloud, all that data on one frail piece of paper—with an even more</td>
<td>Moja Droga Księżycona Indygo, Wybacz mi, proszę, za wszystko. Minęło dużo czasu, z mojego punktu widzenia, i zdaje się, z Twojego też, od Twojego ostatniego listu. Spędziłam kolejną dekadę z Dżyngisem (który przesyła pozdrowienia—opowiedział mi wiele bardzo ciekawych historii o Tobie; przynajmniej wydaje mi się, że mówił o Tobie.) Złożyłam moje zwykle raporty po akcji, a po nich przeszłam przez rutynowe ponowne zaprzedzanie. Skończyło się na ewaluacji, jak zwykle. Zdałam, oczywiście jak zawsze. Te same bzdury. Wyobrażam sobie, że macie coś podobnego: Agencja mieści się daleko w dole przędy, wysyła agentów w górę, Komendant wątpi w tych, którzy wracają. Tak, rozbiegamy się w naszych podróżach; tak, nabywamy cienie; zaokrąglamy się; zachowujemy się antyspołecznie. Cenę za zwycięstwo jest adaptacja. Mogliby to sobie chyba uświadomić. Rozłożyłaś mnie na łopatki na prawie rok tym swoim tak zwanym poczuciem humoru. Heblująca horda! Zapoznałam się z literaturą na temat woni i woskowych pieczęci, a także użyciu świec, tak jak mi doradziłaś. To wszystko wydaje mi się bardzo dziwne, ten cały proces komunikacji przez fizyczną materię. List: fizyczny</td>
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malleable substance, bearing, of all things, an ideographic signature!
Informing any handler of the message’s sender, her role, perhaps even her purpose! Madness—from an operational-security perspective. But, as the prophet say, there ain’t no mountain high enough—so I’ve essayed the work here. I hope you enjoy your whacked seal. I didn’t supply any extraneous, but the medium has a savor all its own.
There’s a kind of time travel in letters, isn’t there? I imagine you laughing at my small joke; I imagine you groaning; I imagine you throwing my words away. Do I have you still? Do I address empty air and the flies that will eat this carcass? You could leave me for five years, you could return never—and I have to write the rest of this not knowing.
I prefer read-receipts, all things considered—the instant handshake of slow telepathy through our wires. But this is a fascinating technology, in its limits.
You asked if we eat.
It’s a hard question to answer. There is no mono-we; there are many usses. The usses change and interleave. Have you ever stared into the workings of a watch? I’m talking about a really, really good watch—if you want to see what I mean, climb downthread to thirty-third-century-CE Ghana. Limited Unlimited in Accra does wonderful pieces with translucent obiekt bez chociażby śladu w chmurze, wszystkie te informacje na jednej wątłej kartce papieru – zamknięty przy użyciu jeszcze bardziej delikatnej substancji, do tego oznaczonej ideograficznym podpisem! Zdradza informacje o nadawcy każdemu kto wejdzie z nim w kontakt, jej rolę, być może nawet jej zamiary! Szaleństwo – z punktu widzenia bezpieczeństwa operacyjnego. Ale, jak mawiają proroctwa, żaden szczyt nie jest zbyt wysoki – więc postarałam się dostarczyć Ci odpowiednich wrażeń. Mam nadzieję, że podoba Ci się koka i jej lód; z niego też robi się ściecie. Nie dodałam żadnego zapachu, ale sposób przekazu powinien być wonny sam z siebie.
Listy to pewien sposób podróży w czasie, nie sądzisz? Wyobrażam sobie, że śmiejesz się z mojego żartu; wyobrażam sobie, że wzdychasz; wyobrażam sobie, że odrzucał moje słowa na bok. Czy nadal tu jesteś?
Czy odnoszę się teraz do pustego powietrza i do much, które zjedzą to ścierwo? Mogłabyś mnie zostawić na pięć lat, mogłabyś nigdy nie wrócić – a ja muszę napisać resztę w niepewności.
Wolę jednak potwierdzenia odbioru, natychmiastową uścisk dłoni wolnej telepatii przez nasze kable. Ale to fascynująca technologia, choć ograniczona.
Pytałaś, czy jemy.
To trudne pytanie. Nie ma mono-my; jest wiele my-ch. My zmieniamy się i
nanoscale gears, no larger than grains of sand, teeth invisibly small, actions and counteractions and complications: They break light like a kaleidoscope. And they keep good time. There’s one of you, but so many of us—pieces layered atop pieces, each with its own traits, desires, purposes. One person may wear different faces in different rooms. Minds swap bodies for sport. Everyone is anything they want. The Agency imposes a modicum of order. So do we eat?

I do.

I don’t need to. We grow in pods, our basic knowledge flashed in cohort by cohort, nutrient balance maintained by the gel bath, and there most of us stay, our minds flitting disembodied through the void from star to star. We live through remotes, explore through drones—the physical world but one of many, and uninteresting by comparison to most. Some do decant and wonder, but they can sustain themselves for months on a charge, and there’s always a pod to go back to when you want it.

All of this refers mostly to civilians, of course. Agents need more independent modes of operation. We are separate from the mass, and we move in our own bodies. It’s easier that way.

Eating’s gross, isn’t it? In the abstract, I mean. When you are used to hyperspace recharging stations, to sunlight and cosmic rays, when most


Ja jem.

Nie muszę. Rośniemy w kapsułach, nasza podstawowa wiedza wgrana przebłysk za przebłyskiem, balans żywieniowy utrzymany dzięki kąpieli żelowej, i tak większość z nas pozostaje, nawet na całe życie. Nasze umysły przemykają od gwiazdy do gwiazdy przez próżnię. Żyjemy zdalnie, odkrywamy dronami – świat fizyczny jest tylko jednym z wielu, niekoniecznie najbardziej interesującym. Niektórzy dekantują się i wędrują, ale mogą podtrzymywać się miesiącami na jednej baterii i w
of the beauty you’ve known lies in a great machine’s heart, it’s hard to see
the appeal of using bones that poke from spit-covered gums to mash
things that grew in dirt into a paste that will fit down the wet tube
connecting your mouth to the sack of acid under your heart. Takes the
new recruits a long time to get used to, once they’re decanted.
But I enjoy eating these days. More of us do than care to admit it publicly.
I revel in it, as one only revels in pursuits one does not need. The runner
enjoys running when she need not flee a lion. Sex improves when
decoupled—sorry—from animalist procreative desperation (or even from
the desperation of not having had sex in a while, as I’ve had cause to note
after my recent two decades’ sojourn and attendant dry spell).
I bite blueberry pancakes drizzled with maple syrup, extra butter—that
expanding fluff, the berry’s pop against my teeth, butter’s bloom in my
mouth. I explore sweetniness and textures. I’m never hungry, so I don’t
race to the next bite. I eat glass, and as it cuts my gums, I savor minerals,
metals, impurities; I see the beach from which some poor bastard
skimmed the sand. Small rocks taste of the river, of rubbed fish scale, of
glaciers long gone. They crunch, crisp, celery-like. I share the sensation
with fellow aficionados; they share theirs with me, though there’s lag, and
sensor granularity remains an issue.

każdej chwili mogą wrócić do kapsuły.

Wszystko to odnosi się głównie do cywili, oczywiście. Agenci potrzebują
bardziej niezależnych środków operowania. Jesteśmy oddzielni od masy i
poruszamy się w swoich własnych ciałach. Tak jest łatwiej.

Jedzenie jest obrzydliwe, nie sądzisz? Przynajmniej abstrakcyjnie rzecz
biorąc. Kiedy jesteś przyzwyczajona do stacji ładowania w
hiperprzestrzeni, do światła słonecznego i kosmicznego promieniowania,
kiedy większość piękna które widzisz leży w sercu wielkiej maszyny,
ciężko jest zrozumieć co takiego widzą ludzie w użyciu kości
wyrastających z zaślinionych dziąseł do miażdżenia rzeczy, które roslą w
blocie, na papkę, która przecisnie się mokrą rurą łączącą twoją jamę ustną
z workiem kwasu pod twoim sercem. Przyzwyczajenie się do tego zajmuje
nowym rekrutom długi czas po zdekantowaniu.

Ale ja ostatnio lubię jeść. Dużo więcej z nas lubi niż się do tego publicznie
przynajmnie. Rozkoszuję się tym, jak rozkoszujemy się tylko rzeczami,
których nie potrzebujemy. Biegaczka lubi biegać, kiedy nie ucieka przed
lwem. Seks jest lepszy, w (p)oderwaniu - wybacz - od zwierzęcej
prokreacyjnej żądzy (a nawet od żądzy wynikającej z dłuższej abstynencji,
jak zauważałam po moim ostatnim dwudziestoletnim pobycie i
towarzyszącym mu okresie posuchy).
So, a roundabout way of saying: I love to eat.

Probably too much. I seldom can in public, back at the Agency. Commandant starts asking questions if you do. Jaunts upthread, to places where they eat all the time, feel decadent.

How about you? I don't mean, necessarily, how do you eat, though if you want to fill me in, be my guest. (Your descriptions of honey and bread—thank you for that.) I've described, a bit, our overlapping models—communities public and private, shared interests, shared senses. What's it like to be a part of yours? Do you have friends, Blue? And how?

You asked me to tell truths. I have. What do I want? Understanding. Exchange. Victory. A game—hiding and discovery. You're a swift opponent, Blue. You play long odds. You run the table. If we're to be at war, we might as well entertain one another. Why else did you taunt me at the start?

Yours,

Red

PS. Cochineal! I get it now.

Twoja,

Czerwień

PS. Koszenila! Rozumiem już.
The ST is a contemporary Polish pop song. It has been streamed over 30 million times on Spotify ("sanah | Spotify" 2023, n.p.).

The subject matter is emigration, an elaboration on the ‘American Dream’, but applied more widely to emigrating to the global north. This is a salient topic in contemporary Polish culture, considering the post-2004 ‘emigrację postakcesyjną’ [post-access emigration] to Britain (Janeta 2012, 5) and the more recent wave of ‘sunshine emigration’ (Sowa 2023, n.p.). As a result, millions of Polish people today have had some experience of economic migration, whether they live abroad now, or have since moved back to Poland (Kostrzewa and Gudaszewski 2019, 1).

The song first speaks of the hopes and expectations that come with economic migration, and then also dwells on the subject of ‘tęsknota’ [longing] (Hoffman 1991, 4), and the wish to return to the singer’s native Warsaw.

There are three unique stanzas (ST l.1-12, l.30-38, l.56-63) and a refrain that repeats six times, as well as two ending lines, repeated four times. The unique stanzas and the ending lines do not rhyme. The refrain has the ABACBBA rhyme scheme.

Place names feature heavily in the ST, which serves to anchor it in geographical space:
My target audience is composed of Irish 20–25-year-olds who listen to Hozier, a popular Irish pop singer (Bruton 2019, n.p.), who will record an English-language cover of this song using my translation. The parallels in Polish and Irish cultures regarding emigration, and specifically emigration to the US, (Jacobson 2002, xii) would create a resonance with the subject matter among Hozier’s existing fans.

The goals of this strategy are, in order of priority, to preserve:

1. the text as a song that can be sung to the same melody as the ST, and
2. the subject matter and message, since it is the reason why this song resonates with so many people.

I will achieve these by:

• replicating the order of unique verses and repeated refrain,
• replicating the rhyme scheme of the repeated refrain,
- matching the number and stress pattern of syllables in each line,
- anglicising the Polish place names of ‘Warszawa’ [Warsaw] and ‘Wisła’ [Vistula river], to make the text more immediately accessible to the anglophone reader/listener,
- preserving the place names,
  - except for the reference to Mokotów (ST l.39) a district of Warsaw by the Vistula, which will be removed to make space for the abovementioned explicitation.

### Critical Reflection

**textual analysis**

According to my sample readers, the TT is less relatable to its target audience than the ST was to its. I speculate that this is because the TT speaks about the longing to return to Poland, with the TT referencing places in Poland 22 times. This felt less relatable to my Irish sample readers than it was for the Polish-speaking audience of the ST.

Moreover, ‘longing’ (TT l.7) is a far less emotionally charged word than ‘tęsknota’ [longing] (ST l.7), missing ‘the tonalities of sadness’ (Hoffman 1991, 4) and nostalgia. This again lessens the emotional impact of this line, and contributes to a less directly relatable listening experience of the TT.

One of my sample readers pointed out that their perception of the TT would change because it is performed by a male singer, as opposed to the ST being performed by sanah, a woman. This is an unintended consequence of the translation strategy employed, introducing an additional layer of change to the substance of the text.

### Works Cited


<table>
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| Kostrzewa, Zofia, and Grzegorz Gudaszewski. 2019.                     | Informacja o rozmiaarach i kierunkach czasowej emigracji z Polski w  | 2019       | [Information about the size and the directions of temporary emigration from Poland in the years 2004-2018](https://glowny.urzad.statystyczny.gov.pl/pl/sanah-001060004-
<p>| &quot;sanah | Spotify.&quot; 2023.                                                    |                                                                      |            | <a href="https://open.spotify.com/artist/0TMvoNR0AIJV138mHY6jdE">https://open.spotify.com/artist/0TMvoNR0AIJV138mHY6jdE</a> |</p>
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<td><strong>Eldorado</strong></td>
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</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Mnie wywiało daleko
Nie ma wad
A to pech
Tu miód jest i mleko
Nie mój świat, żyto lej
Lekce sobie ważyłam
Tęsknotę w każdy dzień
Gdzieś za siódmą rzeką
We łzach znajdziesz mnie
Dopisuje pogoda
Miła woń, jak we śnie
Kusi woda sodowa,
ale dom woła mnie

Wszyscy złotą autostradą
Chcą do Eldorado
A w tobie ma Warszawo mój dom
Ach tak
Boston, Kolorado
Chcą do Eldorado

I was blown so far away
There’re no faults
What a shame
They’ve milk and honey here
Not my world, keep it filled
I didn’t give it one thought
The longing I would feel
In a faraway land
You’ll find me in tears
Here the weather is great
It smells nice, like a dream
I am tempted by the fame
but my home’s calling me

We all want the golden road to
Drive to Eldorado
But Warsaw is really my home
Oh yes
Boston, Colorado
Drive to Eldorado
<table>
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<th>Line</th>
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<tr>
<td>1</td>
<td>A w tobie ma Warszawo mój dom</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2</td>
<td>But Warsaw is really my home</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3</td>
<td>Wszyscy złotą autostradą</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4</td>
<td>We all want the golden road to</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5</td>
<td>Chcą do Eldorado</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6</td>
<td>Drive to Eldorado</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7</td>
<td>A w tobie ma Warszawo mój dom</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8</td>
<td>But Warsaw is really my home</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9</td>
<td>Ach tak</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10</td>
<td>Oh yes</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>11</td>
<td>Boston, Kolorado</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>12</td>
<td>Boston, Colorado</td>
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<tr>
<td>13</td>
<td>Chcą do Eldorado</td>
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<tr>
<td>14</td>
<td>Drive to Eldorado</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>15</td>
<td>A w tobie ma Warszawo mój dom</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>16</td>
<td>But Warsaw is really my home</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>17</td>
<td>Oczy były różowe</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>18</td>
<td>Light played pink in our eyes</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>19</td>
<td>Drogi blask świecił im</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>20</td>
<td>Blinded by the golden road</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>21</td>
<td>Zachęcały mnie zorze</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>22</td>
<td>Guided by the auroras</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>23</td>
<td>Mostem nad rzeką East</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>24</td>
<td>Driving by river East</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>25</td>
<td>Utopiłam się w tańcu</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>26</td>
<td>I drowned in the mad dance</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>27</td>
<td>Nie ma fal mówił mi</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>28</td>
<td>There’s no waves, I’ve been told</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>29</td>
<td>Jednak czuję, że w końcu</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>30</td>
<td>But I feel, that in the end</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>31</td>
<td>Nadwiślańskie wrócą dni</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>32</td>
<td>I’ll return to the days</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>33</td>
<td>Mokotowskie moje sny</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>34</td>
<td>Of the Vistula river dreams</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>35</td>
<td>Wszyscy złotą autostradą</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>36</td>
<td>41 We all want the golden road to</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>37</td>
<td>42 Drive to Eldorado</td>
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</table>
A w tobie ma Warszawo mój dom
Ach tak
Boston, Kolorado
Chcą do Eldorado
A w tobie ma Warszawo mój dom

Wszyscy złotą autostradą
Chcą do Eldorado
A w tobie ma Warszawo mój dom
Ach tak
Boston, Kolorado
Chcą do Eldorado
A w tobie ma Warszawo mój dom

Wla, Saskerland
Chcemy zobaczyć wiślany brzeg
Joli Bord, Marymont
Chcemy zobaczyć wiślany brzeg
Wla, Saskerland
Chcemy zobaczyć wiślany brzeg
Joli Bord, Marymont
Chcemy zobaczyć wiślany brzeg

43  But Warsaw is really my home
44  Oh yes
45  Boston, Colorado
46  Drive to Eldorado
47  But Warsaw is really my home
48  
49  We all want the golden road to
50  Drive to Eldorado
51  But Warsaw is really my home
52  Oh yes
53  Boston, Colorado
54  Drive to Eldorado
55  But Warsaw is really my home
56  
57  Voilà, Saskerland
58  We all want to see the Vistula bank
59  Joli Bord, Mary Mont
60  We all want to see the Vistula bank
61  Voilà, Saskerland
62  We all want to see the Vistula bank
63  Joli Bord, Mary Mont
64  We all want to see the Vistula bank
Wszyscy żłotą autostradą
Chcą do Eldorado
A w tobie ma Warszawo mój dom
Ach tak
Boston, Kolorado
Chcą do Eldorado
A w tobie ma Warszawo mój dom

Wszyscy żłotą autostradą
Chcą do Eldorado
A w tobie ma Warszawo mój dom
Ach tak
Boston, Kolorado
Chcą do Eldorado
A w tobie ma Warszawo mój dom

Wszyscy
chcemy zobaczyć wiślany brzeg
Wszyscy
chcemy zobaczyć wiślany brzeg
Wszyscy
Wszyscy chcemy zobaczyć wiślany brzeg

want to see the Vistula bank

We all want to see the Vistula bank
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<td><strong>Title</strong></td>
<td>Witnesses, or Our Little Stabilisation</td>
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<td><strong>Year Published</strong></td>
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<td><strong>Author</strong></td>
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**Description of Source Text**

- understanding of source text
- knowledge of genre within source contexts
- situation of source text
- familiarity with the formal features of a text (language variation(s), register, dialect)

(200 words max)

The ST is the opening act of a play. Themes of political oppression and inaction are key. The line ‘zakłada się nogę na nogę’ [one crosses one leg over the other] is repeated five times. (ST l.31, 38, 47, 54, 68) This is one example of the recurring motif of desperately holding on to the little success one has managed to scrape together, to the point of ignoring others’ suffering and refusing to engage politically.

There is a complete lack of punctuation. There are only seven instances of capitalisation in all 117 lines of the ST:

- the first spoken line (ST l.9)
- the repetition of the title: ‘Nasza mała stabilizacja’ [Our little stabilisation] (ST l.104, 116)
- names of people (ST l.13, 22, 35) and the title of a magazine (ST l.41). The last four instances are also specific cultural references, naming van Gogh (ST l.22) and Sophia Loren (ST l.13).

The ST is a dialogue between recitators of poetry, a man and a woman. (ST l.1-3) They exchange 108 lines in total, with the woman speaking 41 lines, the man 58, and both speaking 9 lines together.

There is one stage direction: ‘chwila ciszy’ [moment of silence] (ST l.69).
Strategy
- identification of translation problems
- knowledge of genre within target context and situation of target text
- justification of translation production of genre for target context
(200 words max)

The TT will be published in the online E-ratio Poetry Journal, who publish ‘poetry in the postmodern idioms with an emphasis on the intransitive’ ("the ė-rā/tiō contact page" 2023, n.p.) My target audience is made up of 30-40 year old, middle-class, university-educated readers of the E-ratio Poetry Journal.

I will change the format of the text from a play to a poem.

To do so, I will:
- translate only the actual dialogue, removing all the other text, e.g. the list of characters (ST l.1-3)
- retain all the line breaks present in the ST, but remove the character speech indicators,
- include visual-coloured highlights in the TT, to differentiate between the speakers’ lines:
  - highlight the woman’s 41 lines in red, the man’s 58 in blue, and their 9 collective lines in purple,
  - I will remove the stage direction (ST l.69), and instead include a blank line.

I will retain all the cultural references unchanged. E.g. I will translate ‘cytuje w “Przekroju”’ (ST l.41) as ‘is cited in “Przekrój”’ (TT, l.33), keeping the title of the magazine.

Critical Reflection
- textual analysis
(200 words max)

While some cultural references were clear to my TA, others were more obscure. E.g. ‘is cited in “Przekrój”’ (TT l.33) did not carry the same immediate shorthand of information as it would have to the ST audience. This is because Przekrój, while still publishing today, including in English ("Cyfrowe archiwum "Przekroju" - Kwartalnik Przekrój" 2023, n.p.), does not have the same presence as it did in Communist Poland (Wrona 2015, 221). Similarly, the reference to Ms. Zofia (TT l.35) might not be immediately clear, but is understood in context.

One of my sample readers pointed out that the decision to include colour highlights might impede some readers from accessing the TT. For instance, some colourblind people might have trouble reading the parts of the TT highlighted in red (Landini and Perryer 2009, 293). A similar issue would arise if someone was to print out the TT in grayscale. Further, the colour feature would be lost on readers who use a screen reader, (Leporini and Paternò 2004, 58) or if the TT were to be
read aloud. Since the highlights were used to indicate the speaker, which relies on perfect visual intake, a significant layer of meaning of the TT can potentially be lost depending on how it is accessed.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Works Cited</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
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<td>• use of sources and reference material</td>
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</table>


Świadkowie, albo nasza mała stabilizacja

Osoby
ON - recytator poezji
ONA - recytatkorka poezji

Część I
Przed kurtynę wychodzi Recytatkorka i Recytator. Deklamują poemat pod tytułem:
NASZA MAŁA STABILIZACJA
ONA Głupota przybiera rozmiary normalne
ON nieskończoność jest krótsza od nogi
Sopii Loren
ONA miłość i nienawiść zmniejszyły wymagania
ON biel nie jest już taka biała
taka rażaco biała
ONA czerń nie jest już taka czarna
taka naprawdę czarna
ON temperatura jest średnia

Stupidity takes on dimensions
quite normal
infinity is shorter than
Sophia Loren’s legs
love and hate
have lowered their standards
white is not so white anymore
so blindingly white
black is not so black anymore
not really black
temperature is medium
winds are temperate
van Gogh’s ear
is looking almost comical
like a herring’s green ear
metaphysics has
the legs of a sausage dog
the anchor softens
and tells anecdotes
ENA wiatry są umiarkowane
ON ucho van Gogha
wygląda prawie komicznie
ONA jak zielone ucho śledzia
ON metafizyka ma
nogi jamnika
ONA opoka mięknie
i opowiada anegdotki
ON znów jest coś
w rodzaju poezji
OBOJE zakłada się nogę na nogę
ON na akademii koncert
ONA psy chodzą w kołderkach
mlodzież jest zagadkowa
pani Zofia radzi zapomnieć
ON pryszcz na nosie stwarza
problem alienacji
OBOJE zakłada się nogę na nogę
ON apokalipsę
czytuje się do poduszki
ONA cytuje w “Przekroju”
ON hierarchia walczy

21 there is again
22 something like poetry
23 one can sit down comfortably
24 at the academy the concert
25 dogs wear little blankets
26 teenagers are puzzling
27 ms Zofia recommends to forget
28 a pimple on one’s nose
29 creates the issue of alienation
30 one can sit down comfortably
31 the apocalypse
32 is bedtime reading
33 is cited in “Przekrój”
34 the hierarchy fights
35 against condoms
36 instead of fighting for their improved quality
37 the end of the world
38 is discussed patronisingly
39 one can sit down comfortably
40 houses stand
41 cars drive
42 gentlemen have ladies
z prezerwatywami zamiast
ONA walczyć o podniesienie ich jakości
ON o końcu świata
mówi się pobłażliwie
OBOJE zakłada się nogę na nogę
ONA domy stają
ON samochody jeżdżą
ONA panowie mają panie
ON panie mają futra
ON futra mają kołnierze
ON i tak dalej
OBOJE zakłada się nogę na nogę
ON w kościołach mówi się o piekle
w sposób oględny
ONA zakłady pogrzebowe
są obficie zaopatrzone
ON w wielki asortyment
trumien i wieńców
ONA zdarzają się i tu nadużycia
ON ale klienci mają rację
ONA można wstąpić
ONA można wstąpić
| ONA można się oburzyć | 65 | exactly this nothing |
| ON niezbyt głęboko | 66 | I’m worried about this |
| ONA można wypić kawę | 67 | that I could lose this |
| OBOJE zakłada się nogę na nogę | 68 | little something |
| chwila ciszy | 69 | our little stabilisation |
| ON A wiesz boję się trochę | 70 | that I could lose this getting up |
| boję się że mogę to stracić | 71 | out of bed |
| ONA co | 72 | this getting into bed |
| ON no właśnie to nic | 72 | and this lying in bed |
| boję się o to | 74 | and work and my relationship |
| że mogę stracić to | 75 | to work and the relationship |
| coś niecoś | 76 | of my manager to me |
| OBOJE naszą małą stabilizację | 77 | and our mutual relationship |
| ON że mogę stracić to wstawanie | 78 | which isn’t going |
| z łóżka | 79 | very well |
| ONA to kładzenie się do łóżka | 80 | but better like this |
| ON i to leżenie w łóżku | 81 | than not at all |
| ONA i pracę i mój stosunek | 82 | I am a little afraid |
| do pracy i stosunek | 83 | that I could lose this apartment |
| przełożonego do mnie | 84 | and the dinners that are better |
| ON i nasze wzajemne stosunki | 85 | or worse and you |
| ONA które nie układają się | 86 | and yours and mine and ours |
najlepiej
ON ale przecież lepiej tak
niż wcale
ONA boję się troszkę
że mogę stracić to mieszkanie
ON i obiady które są raz lepsze
raz gorsze i ciebie
OBOJE i twoje i moje i nasze
ON w pewnym sensie poglądy
ONA troszkę się boję o szafę
ON i o spodnie w szafie o poetykę
ONA i porcelanę i estetykę
i kieliszki i etykę
ON o nasze ostatnie słowa
przed zaśnięciem
ONA i te przed ziewnięciem
ON i o sufit nad nami
OBOJE Nasza mała stabilizacja
może jest snem tylko
ON ale tak naprawdę w głębi
wierzę że wszystko
jednak się jakoś ułoży
ONA i będzie można odetchnąć ON z drugiej strony jednak coś mnie nurtuje ONA od przebudzenia do zaśnięcia ON Nasza mała stabilizacja może jest snem tylko
<table>
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**Description of Source Text**
- understanding of source text
- knowledge of genre within source contexts
- situation of source text familiarity with the formal features of a text (language variation(s), register, dialect) (200 words max)

The ST is an excerpt from Kane’s fourth, absurdist play, ‘an experiment in an open textual form’. (Greig 2001, xiii) The four characters, C, M, B, and A, can be read as aspects of a single person. (Greig 2001, xiv) There are two lines spoken by different characters which rhyme (ST l.37-8), which supports this interpretation. Another interpretation is that the characters signify the victim(C), perpetrator(A), and bystanders(B and M). (Chute 2010, 161) This is supported by C’s past of sexual abuse, (ST l.7-9) the consequences of which are explored in the ST. The gender of the characters is not clear from the ST. There is no plot and no real dialogue, as the characters don’t respond directly to each other, except for two instances (ST l.3-4, 65-6). ST lines 81-83 are onomatopoeic sounds of laughter written out. Out of all 81 characters’ lines, 52, that is more than two thirds, are five or fewer words long. With the average of just over seven words per line, this makes the longer parts, especially A’s 82-words-long monologue (ST l.89-96) stand out. The register of the speech is colloquial and at times even rude, with the use of three vulgarisms. (ST l.32, 42, 43)

**Strategy**
- identification of translation problems

My target audience consists of women aged 30-40, who are attending the Wertep International Theatre Festival in summer 2023, and who have experienced sexual harassment or assault. The TT will be staged on one of the outdoors stages.
- knowledge of genre within target context and situation of target text
- justification of translation production of genre for target context

(200 words max)

As the text explores C’s mental state in the wake of the sexual abuse she endured in the past, the TT will be preceded by appropriate trigger warnings.

As Wertep is an experimental, travelling theatre festival, ("o festiwalu | WERTEP Festival" 2021, n.p.) I will preserve the absurdist elements of ST.

To do so, I will:

- explicatite the gender of the characters, as the gender of the speaker must reveal itself in the use of adjectives applied to oneself, and first person past tense verbs, in Polish. (Kępińska 2006, 34) I will follow the original staging of Crave in 1998 in making C and M female and B and A male. (Kane 2001, 154)
- recreate the rude tone by:
  - using the same number of vulgarisms as the ST, like so:
    | ST | TT | gloss  |
    |----|----|--------|
    | f*ck | k*w * | f*ck/f*cking/w*re |
    | f*cking | ch* | *d*mn/f*cking/p*gu |
    | f*cking | p*prz | f*cking/sp*cd w* pepper |
  - and by translating ‘Why’ (ST l.101) in the final line as the more abrupt, and therefore ruder ‘Czego’ [Why] (TT l.101), instead of the more normative ‘Dlaczego’ [why],
- rhyme TT lines 37-8,
- reproduce ST lines 81-83 exactly.

Critical Reflection
- textual analysis

(200 words max)

The direct reproduction of ST lines 81-83 (TT l.81-83) reminded my sample readers of ‘dissolution of speech’, a critique of totality, emblematic of postmodernism (Williams and Sewpaul 2004, 556). This recalls fragments of ‘Miazga’ [Pulp] (Andrzejewski 1979, 25), a postmodern novel, which situates the TT in this genre.

‘Ale to nie jest prawdziwa ofiara’ [But this is not a real sacrifice/victim] (TT, l.31) (ST, l.31: ‘But that’s not really giving.’) gives a new dimension to the line, as further commentary on C’s history of abuse, furthering the disbelief survivors of
abuse often face. (Kolk 2014, 172-176) This could be an additional point of departure into self-reflection on past trauma for my target audience.

My sample readers contended the word order in ‘Tylko ktoś kurwa inny.’ (TT, l.32) (ST l.32, ‘Just someone fucking else.’), suggesting that ‘Tylko kurwa ktoś inny.’ sounds more natural in Polish. I polled five native Polish speakers and there was no consensus. This suggests that whilst ‘kurwa’ [fuck/fucking/whore] is a widely used vulgar comma in colloquial speech in Polish (Grybosiowa 2006, 57), there are no standardised rules pertaining to its use. This might suggest that standardising language authorities hesitate to regulate the use of vulgarisms. The wider implication being that what use we see in taboo language can tell us a lot about the organic growth of languages.

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**Works Cited**

- *use of sources and reference material*


  https://doi.org/10.1080/0261547042000252280.
Go on.

Why can no one make love to me the way I want to be loved?

I could be your mother.

You're not my mother.

Soon very soon.

Now.

I’ve faked orgasms before, but this is the first time I’ve faked not having an orgasm.

From under the door seeps a black pool of blood.

Why?

What?

What why?

What?

When he’s generous, kind, thoughtful and happy, I know he’s having an affair.

He thinks we’re stupid, he thinks we don’t know.

A third person in my bed whose face eludes me.

Just me,

Just the way I am,

Nothing to be done.
M Give, sympathise, control.

B Now.

C So tired of secrets.

M It’s just not me.

C She is currently having some kind of nervous breakdown and wishes she’s been born black, male and more attractive.

B I give myself.

C Or just more attractive.

B I give my heart.

C Or just different.

M But that’s not really giving.

C Just someone fucking else.

A Fragile and choking.

C She ceases to continue with the day to day farce of getting through the next few hours in an attempt to ward off the fact that she doesn’t know how to get through the next forty years.

A I love you still,

B Against my will.

C She’s talking about herself in the third person because the idea of being who she is, of acknowledging that she is herself, is more than her pride can take.

B With a fucking vengeance.

M Poświęcaj, sympatyzuj, kontroluj.

B Teraz.

C Tak bardzo zmęczona tajemnicami.

M To po prostu nie ja.

C Przechodzi obecnie przez jakiegoś typu załamanie nerwowe i wolałaby się była urodzić jako czarny, bardziej atrakcyjny mężczyzna.

B Oferuję siebie.

C Albo po prostu bardziej atrakcyjna.

B Oferuję swoje serce.

C Albo po prostu inna.

M Ale to nie jest prawdziwa ofiara.

C Tylko kurwa ktoś inny.

A Delikatna i dławiąca się.

C Porzuca tę codzienną farsę mozolenia się od godziny do godziny w próbie niedopuszczenia do siebie faktu, że nie wie, jak przeżyć kolejne czterdzieści lat.

A Kocham cię nieprzerwanie,

B Zupełnie nierozmyslnie.

C Mówi o sobie w trzeciej osobie, bo jej własna osoba, myśl, że miałaby przyznać, że jest sobą, to więcej niż jej duma może znieść.

B Bez cholernego umiaru.

C Ma siebie dość po same pieprzone uszy i pragnie pragnie pragnie żeby
C She’s sick to the fucking gills of herself and wishes wishes wishes wishes that something would happen to make life begin.

A I’m a much nicer person since I had an affair.

C You can only kill yourself if you’re not already dead.

M Guilt does that.

A Because now I know that betrayal means nothing.

C Two women at the foot of a cross.

B A flower opens in the heat of the sun.

A A face screaming into hollow nothing.

B It’s real, it’s real, dead real, dead real.

M A private iconography which I cannot decipher,

A Beyond my comprehension,

C Beyond my

A Beyond

B There’s a difference between articulacy and intelligence. I can’t articulate the difference but there is one.

M Empty.

A Sickened.

C White.

B Love me.

A Guilt lingers like the smell of death and nothing can free me from this cloud of blood.
C You killed my mother.

A She was already dead.

M If you want me to abuse you I will abuse you.

A She died.

B People die.

M It happens.

C My entire life is waiting to see the person with whom I am currently obsessed, starving the weeks away until our next fifteen minute appointment.

A MNO

C I write the truth and it kills me.

B On the run.

M Nowhere to hide.

C I hate these words that keep me alive

I hate these words that won’t let me die

B Expressing my pain without easing it.

C Ha ha ha

B Ho ho ho

M He he he

C It is not acceptable for me to be me.

A You’re losing your mind in front of my eyes.

M It slipped silently out of control.

65 C Zabiłeś moją matkę.

66 A Była już martwa.

67 M Jeśli chcesz żebym się nad tobą znęcała będę się nad tobą znęcać.

68 A Umarła.

69 B Ludzie umierają.

70 M Zdarza się.

71 C Całe moje życie jest oczekiwaniem na spotkanie z osobą na której punkcie mam obecnie obsesję, głoduję tygodnie w oczekiwaniu na naszą kolejną piętnastominutową wizytę.

72 A MNO

74 C Piszę prawdę a to mnie zabija.

76 B Na gigancie.

77 M Nie ma kryjówki.

78 C Nienawidzę tych słów które utrzymują mnie przy życiu

Nienawidzę tych słów które nie pozwalają mi umrzeć

80 B Wyrażają mój ból bez ulgi.

81 C Ha ha ha

82 B Ho ho ho

83 M He he he

84 C Jest dla mnie nie do przyjęcia być sobą.

85 A Odchodzisz od zmysłów przed moimi oczami.

86 M Po cichu wymknęło się spod kontroli.
A small girl became increasingly paralysed by her parents’ frequently violent rows. Sometimes she would spend hours standing completely still in the toilet, simply because that was where she happened to be when the fight began.

Finally, in moments of calm, she would take bottles of milk from the fridge or doorstep and leave them in places where she may later become trapped. Her parents were unable to understand why they found bottles of sour milk in every room in the house.

**M Why?**

**C What?**

**B What why?**

**C What?**

**M Why are you crying?**

---

**B Pozwól mi.**

**M Idź.**

Mała dziewczynka stawała się coraz bardziej sparaliżowana przez często brutalne kłótnie jej rodziców. Czasami zasygała zupełnie nieruchomo w łazience na całe godziny, bo tam zdarzyło jej się znaleźć kiedy zaczęli się kłócic.

W końcu, w momentach spokoju, zabierała butelki mleka z lodówki albo z progu i zostawiała je w miejscach gdzie mogła później utknąć. Jej rodzice nie mogli zrozumieć dlaczego wciąż znajdowali butelki zsiadłego mleka we wszystkich pokojach domu.

**M Dlaczego?**

**C Co?**

**B Co dlaczego?**

**C Co?**

**M Czego płaczesz?**
### Description of Source Text
- **understanding of source text**
- **knowledge of genre within source contexts**
- **situation of source text**
- **familiarity with the formal features of a text (language variation(s), register, dialect)**

The ST is Bryan MacMahon’s English translation of Peig Sayer’s autobiography. The autobiography first appeared in Irish in 1936, and the English translation in 1974 (Sayers 1983, 4). The Irish text on which the ST is based has been part of the Irish language curriculum for decades (Owens 1997, 370). As such it is a recognisable part of Irish national culture (Doan 2001, 85). MacMahon adopted a foreignizing translations strategy (MacMahon 1983, 7). E.g. death is personified as male, (ST l.50) after being described as a ‘rascal’ (ST l.49), after the Irish ‘Rógaire’ [rogue] (Sayers 2000, 198) which is masculine (Dónaill 1977, 1006).

The tone of the ST is that of a confessional, death-bed reflection on the aforementioned work and the life of the author (e.g. ST l.35-38). It seems to speak to the future generations of the Irish people, taking the opportunity to explain and at times excuse the author (e.g. ST l.63-68). The language is archaic, e.g. ‘twas’ (ST l.31).

There are nine religious references or salutations in the ST, including a blessing (ST l.74-77) and the date of the completion of the manuscript: ‘The Feast of the Assumption’ (ST l.80), that is 15 August (O'Shea 1951, 123).

### Strategy
- **identification of translation problems**
- **knowledge of genre within target context and situation of target text**

My target audience consists of Polish immigrants living in Dublin, aged 30-40, who have been educated to high school level, and who are attending the O’Czytani Literary Festival aimed at the Polish diaspora, ("Polish III O’Czytani Literary Festival" 2023, n.p.) on 10 June 2023. The TT will be read out as part of the event. The goal of the translation is to bring Irish culture and history closer to my target audience. To do so, I will:

- highlighting the parallels between Irish and Polish Catholicism,
• justification of translation production of genre for target context (200 words max)

- by domesticating the religious references and salutations where an equivalent exists, e.g.:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>ST</th>
<th>TT</th>
<th>gloss</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>The Feast of the Assumption</td>
<td>ST I.80</td>
<td>Wniebowzięcie Najświętszej Maryi Panny</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>God’s Son</td>
<td>ST I.57</td>
<td>Syn Boski</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>[Rapture of the Holiest Virgin Mary]</td>
<td>[Son of God]</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

- and creating new phrases where an equivalent is not readily available, e.g.:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>ST</th>
<th>TT</th>
<th>gloss</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>the High and Holy Master</td>
<td>ST I.31</td>
<td>Święty Pan na Wysokości</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>His Glorious Mother</td>
<td>ST I.57</td>
<td>Jego Chwalebna Matka</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>[Holy Lord on High]</td>
<td>[His Glorious Mother]</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

- preserving some of the Irish syntax and word choices, by referencing the Irish text MacMahon translated (Sayers 2000, 196-199),
- but changing the gender of death’s personification (ST I.50, TT I.48), since in Polish ‘śmierć’ [death] is feminine. (”śmierć - Wielki Słownik Języka Polskiego PAN” 2014, n.p.),
- translating archaisms into modern forms, as not to compound the foreignizing effect (Venuti 2017, 38), e.g. ‘twas many a squall and storm of wind’ (ST I.31-32) will be translated as ‘wiele szkwałów i sztormów wietrznych’ [many squalls and wind storms] (ST I.31).

Critical Reflection • textual analysis (200 words max)

One of my sample readers has pointed out that ‘szelma’ [rogue/rascal] (TT I.48), invokes a different, more strongly negative connotation than ‘rascal’ (ST I.49). I speculate that this might be because in the TT death is personified as female, rather than as male, as it is in the ST. This might be an instance of the persevering cultural sexism.

Another one of my sample readers has made a connection between the voice of Peig in the TT and that of Czepiec, a character in the ‘Wesele’ [The Wedding] play by Stanisław Wyspiański. (Wyspiański 1973, 5) Similarly to the TT, Czepiec expresses the point of view a person from a rural working class, about their country’s struggle for self-identification. And similarly to Peig, Wyspiański’s play occupies an important part in the cultural consciousness of their respective source cultures, as it too, is often read in schools.
This unintended connection has reinforced the intended effect of the TT to bring the Irish culture closer to my target audience, according to my sample reader.


It has always been said that the last loss is the hardest to bear and it’s only a short time ago that I got word about my son, Pádraig, who died in the States. If a woman like me has ever been born and has gone through the same share of the troubles of this world as I have, you may be certain that she has had enough to contend with. I have dragged my way through life suffering torment and sorrow and it’s little comfort I knew during the whole of my days. But it’s true that there is no cure for sorrow but to kill it with patience!

All my life too, I did my own small share for the Irish language. As I have already set down, a great number of strangers arrived on the Island from time to time and among them were Léan Connellan, a lovable girl who gave me great help in this work, and that noble soul Máire Kennedy whose name has long been held in esteem among the Irish people. If it weren’t for Máire I’d have taken down to the grave all I have written here.

I gave every help to those who were learning Irish. Now I’m at the end of my days, and I suppose that never again will there be an old woman as Irish as me on this Island. What I put before me was to undertake the work before I died and that I’d have that satisfaction in my mind before my bones were laid under the green sod. I tried to write this story in the simplest possible way in which it could be read and understood – just as if

1. Zawsze mówiono, że ostatnia strata jest najtrudniejsza do zniesienia, a było to niedawno, że dostąpiłem słowo o moim synu, Pádraigu, który zginął w Stanach. Jeśli była kiedyś taka kobieta jak ja i przeszła przez tyle trudów tego świata co ja, mogłoby być pewni, że miała z czym walczyć.
2. Przeczołgałam się przez dręczące cierpienie życia i żal, i zaznałam niewiele pociechy przez wszystkie moje dni. Ale prawdą jest, że nie ma lekarstwa na żal, można go tylko zabić cierpliwością!
3. W ciągu mojego życia dolożyłam też swoją cegiełkę do języka irlandzkiego. Jak już pisałam, wielu obcych przybywali na Wyspę od czasu do czasu, a między nimi były Léan Connellan, przemila dziewczynka, która udzieliła mi wielkiej pomocy w tej pracy i Máire Kennedy, ta szlachetna dusza, której imię od dawna wymawia się z szacunkiem między Irlandczykami. Gdyby nie Máire, zabrałbym ze sobą do grobu wszystko to, co tutaj zapisałam.
4. Udzielam każdej pomocy tym, którzy uczę się irlandzkiego. Teraz jestem u końca moich dni i przypuszczałem, że nigdy już nie będzie na tej Wyspie starej kobiety żyjącej tak irlandzko jak ja. Postanowiłem sobie, że zabiorę się za pracę zanim umrę, aby mieć w sobie tę satysfakcję nim moje kości spoczną pod zieloną darnią. Usiłowałem napisać tę historię w najprostszy możliwy sposób, w którym można by ją czytać i rozumieć – tak jakbym opowiadała ją dzieciom z sądziedztwa przy kominku. Nie byłem też
I were telling it to the neighbouring children round the fireside. And I wasn’t hard on any of my neighbours either; they gave me all the help they could. If they had their faults, I had mine. We passed our lives together peacefully and lovingly and on the hill or in the garden we gave one another a helping hand. If I was caught in a pinch all I had to do was to run for one of the neighbours and that tided me over until God came to my assistance. We spent our lives helping each other.

We were poor people who knew nothing about riches or the luxuries of life. We accepted the kind of life that was ours and never wished for any other. God, praise be to Him forever, gave us his assistance. We often noticed that the High and Holy Master was favourable to us because ’twas many a squall and storm of wind caught our people on the sea where there was no escape except through His power. Often they won the reward of their labours; often they did not.

Almost everyone I have mentioned in this story is dead, except myself alone, and before very long I’ll travel that same road. I didn’t bother putting down anything that hadn’t got to do with the tale but simply wrote down everything that interested me.

I’m old now, and every day I’m on the watch-out for the messenger from the life that I have no mind to enter, but I thank God that I can say that I am not ashamed to lift up my hand because my hand never harmed a neighbour. The most of my life, I’ve spent it on this lonely rock in the

surowa dla żadnych z moich sąsiadów; pomagali mi jak tylko mogli. Tak jak oni, miałam swoje wady. Spędziliśmy życie razem z pokojem i miłością, a pomagaliśmy sobie na wzgórach i w ogrodzie. Jeśli byłem w trudnej sytuacji, musiałam tylko pobiec po jednego z sąsiadów, a pomogli mi przetrwać do czasu, gdy Bóg przybył z pomocą. Przeszliśmy przez życie pomagając sobie nawzajem.


Niemal wszyscy których wspomniałam w tej opowieści nie żyją, poza mną samą, a za niedługo ja udam się tą samą drogą. Nie siliłam się, żeby opowiadać o rzeczach, które nie dotyczyły się tej opowieści, a po prostu zapisalam wszystko co mnie interesowało.

Jestem już stara i każdego dnia wyglądam posłańca od życia do którego nie chcę jeszcze wkroczyć, ale dziękuję Bogu, bo mogę powiedzieć, że nie wstydzę się podnieść ręki, gdyż moja ręka nigdy nie skrzywdziła sąsiada.

Większość mojego życia spędzałam na tym samotnym kamieniu pośrodku wielkiego morza. Wiele jest przyjemności i trudności w życiu osoby, która
middle of the great sea. There’s a great deal of pleasantry and hardship in
the life of a person who lives on an island like this that no one knows about
except one who has lived here – going to bed at night with little food and
rising again at the first chirp of the sparrow, then harrowing away with the
world and maybe having no life worth talking about after doing our best.
We wouldn’t have minded the hardships of life, however, but for the fact
that death was gathering his strength behind it. But the rascal too has to
get what’s due to him.
I remember well when I was trying to work while at the same time the
heart in my breast was broken by sorrow, that I’d turn my thoughts on
Mary and on the Lord, and on the life of hardship they endured. I knew
that it was my duty to imitate them and to bear the cross in patience.
Often I’d take my little canvas sheet and face for the hill for a small amount
of turf and on the road home the weight on my heart would have lifted.
God’s Son and His Glorious Mother are true friends!
I remember when I was young, when Cáit-Jim and myself were girls,
playing on the bank of the river, gathering flowers in the fields, or going
to school side by side. Look at me today, an old grey woman with hardly a
tooth in my head!
Old as I am, there’s a great deal more in my head that I can’t write down
here. I did my best to give an accurate account of the people I knew, so
that we’d be remembered when we had moved on into eternity. People
will yet walk above our heads; it could even happen that they’d walk into the graveyard where I’ll be lying but people like us will never again be there. We’ll be stretched out quietly – and the old world will have vanished.

I’m thankful to Máire Kennedy and Léan Connellan who kept after me and helped me finish this task. I hope that we’ll meet again in the Kingdom of Heaven. May God grant us that blessing and may He grant it too to those who read these lines!

"God’s blessing on you, manuscript, My blessing too, on those who see it, Good luck attend my native land, God strengthen those who strive to free it!"

The Great Blasket,
The Feast of the Assumption,
1935.
### Source Text

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Title</th>
<th>Where can I rest my weapon?</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Year Published</td>
<td>2022</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Author</td>
<td>Sophia Smith Galer</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Language</td>
<td>English</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Word Count</td>
<td>201</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**Description of Source Text**
- understanding of source text
- knowledge of genre within source contexts
- situation of source text familiarity with the formal features of a text (language variation(s), register, dialect)

The ST was initially published in a TikTok video. (Galer 2022, n.p.) One could argue that taking the text from the video, considering the not always accurate captions, is its own form of translation. This could be where the potential ambiguity in ST l.17 originates.

The ST is a written record of contemporary spoken word poetry, that is ‘cadenced, performed poetry that engages [...] commercial culture’ (Somers-Willett 2014, 3), in this case the misogyny of medical inequalities around women’s health. (Criado Perez 2019, 196) The subject matter of the ST is female genitalia and the sexism inherent in the language used to describe it (ST l.2-6). Specific medical vocabulary is used, e.g. ‘corpora cavernosa’ (ST l.16)

The narrator of the ST speaks about her genitalia and addresses a man, asking four questions of him (ST l.1,9,13,25): accusatory, mocking, and then foreboding in tone. The titular question is repeated twice (ST l.1,25), and answered in the last line, in the present tense: ‘My weapon does not rest’ (ST l.26).

The poem has 22 lines, on average 9 words long. The longest line has 18 words (ST l.14-15). The last five lines (ST l.22-26) which form a conclusion, are all 5-6 words long.

### Target Text

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Title</th>
<th>Gdzie ja mogę złożyć moją broń?</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Language</td>
<td>Polish</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Word Count</td>
<td>165</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

### Strategy
- identification of translation problems

Considering the political climate in Poland, it is highly unlikely the TT would be picked up for traditional publication. As such, it is intended to be read at an upcoming Ogólnopolski Strajk Kobiet [All-Poland Women’s Strike] event, a Polish feminist movement protesting against the lack of reproductive rights (Ziętek 2020, 165-166), which the Polish
- **knowledge of genre within target context and situation of target text**
- **justification of translation production of genre for target context** *(200 words max)*

  government restricted by effectively banning abortion in Poland in October 2020 (Trybunał Konstytucyjny 2020, n.p.). The target audience consists of women of reproductive age who attend this protest in Warsaw. The purpose of the TT is to incite further outrage and reinforce the will to engage politically, which has brought these women to the demonstration; to keep the fighting spirit.

  To do so, I will:
  - translate the last line in the future tense as ‘Moja broń nie spocznie’ [My weapon will not rest] (TT l.26),
  - use accurate medical vocabulary, to highlight how rarely-used it is,
  - interpret the ambiguity in ‘you had the nerve to name the weapon yours’ (ST l.17), as ‘ty miałeś czelność nazwać swoją „broń”’ [you had the nerve to name yours “a weapon”] (TT l.16).

---

Critical Reflection
- **textual analysis** *(200 words max)*

  The research needed to accurately translate the medical vocabulary (TT l.10,15) put in stark relief how incredibly inaccessible the information about women’s health is in Polish. The specific names of the different parts of the clitoris were even harder to find in Polish than they are in English, which is exactly the issue the ST highlights. The fact that this issue is even worse in the target context than in the source one makes the TT ever more poignant, my sample readers agree.

  While Polish is in possession of a well-developed ‘leksyki miłosnej’ [lexicon of love] (Skubalanka 2007, 3), the vocabulary concerning the sex tends to veer either vulgar, medical or infantilising, lacking neutral terms to frame the conversation in a non-charged way (Filipek and Marcyniak 2008, 77, 80). I argue this is symptomatic of the Polish Catholic culture, where sex is a taboo subject to the extent that we lack the very words to discuss it.

  A sample reader pointed out that: ‘nie spocznie’ [will not rest] (TT l.25) frames the conclusion of the TT as a promise, a dimension not present in the ST. This aligns with the goal of my strategy for the TT to function as a political call to action.

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Works Cited
- **use of sources and reference material**


<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Source Text</th>
<th>Target Text</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Where can I rest my weapon?</td>
<td>Gdzie ja mogę złożyć moją broń?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Oh, that’s what you called yours –</td>
<td>Ty tak nazwałeś swoją –</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>In Ancient Rome, you looked down at your genitalia and you beheld a</td>
<td>W starożytnym Rzymie, spojrzałeś na swoje genitalia i ujrzałeś miecz</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>sword</td>
<td>Nazwałeś go gladiusem, a to co ja mam, nazwałeś pochwą – waginą</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>You named it gladius and, in Latin, you called what I have a sheath –</td>
<td>Specjalnie zaprojektowaną by pomieścić narzędzie, które zabija</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>vagina</td>
<td>Nazwa, którą moja wciąż nosi…</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Purpose built, designed to hold an instrument that kills</td>
<td>Ale dlaczego moja nie jest broń?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A name that mine bears, still…</td>
<td>Wiem, że dopiero w 2009 roku po raz pierwszy zobaczyliśmy ją podnieconą w sonografie</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>But why isn’t the weapon mine?</td>
<td>Opuszki przedsionka pomiędzy silnymi odnogami obejmującymi</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I know it was only in 2009 that we first saw it aroused in MRI</td>
<td>to jakże groźne miejsce, które ty uznałeś za bezpieczną przystań penisa?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Vestibular bulbs between strong crura that embrace a truly menacing</td>
<td>Większość mojego układu rozkoszy leży za zamkniętymi drzwiami, ale</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>place</td>
<td>mogę stać na baczność tak jak ty</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>that you identified as a penis’s safe space?</td>
<td>Mam ciała jamiste, które mogą osiągnąć wzwód tak jak ty</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Most of my pleasure network is behind closed doors, but I can stand to</td>
<td>Ale ty miałeś czelność nazwać swoją „broń”</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>attention just like you</td>
<td>Kiedy się nad tym zastanawiam, od zarania dziejów</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I have corpora cavernosa that engorges just like you</td>
<td>Zwyczaj nazywać moje ciało „tajemnicą”</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>But you had the nerve to name the weapon yours</td>
<td>Nieprzystępne, nieczułe, jedynie co mi zrobiło, to krzywdę</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>In fact when I think about it, all throughout history</td>
<td>Kiedy to ty nie skatalogowałeś mojego arsenału</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The most common name you’ve given my body is a mystery</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
when all you did is not collect enough data on my armoury
My weapon is unafraid of blood
Arbiter of life and death,
giver and taker of breath
Where can I rest my weapon?
My weapon does not rest.

21  Moja broń nie lęka się krwi
22  Arbiter życia i śmierci,
23  Nadająca i odbierająca oddech
24  Gdzie ja mogę złożyć moją broń?
25  Moja broń nie spocznie.
26  
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Source Text</th>
<th>Target Text</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td><strong>Title</strong></td>
<td><strong>Get lost</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Year Published</strong></td>
<td><strong>1667</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Author</strong></td>
<td><strong>John Milton</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Language</strong></td>
<td><strong>17th C English</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Word Count</strong></td>
<td><strong>1595</strong></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**Description of Source Text**
- **understanding of source text**
- **knowledge of genre within source contexts**
- **situation of source text familiarity with the formal features of a text (language variation(s), register, dialect)** **(200 words max)**

Paradise Lost is an epic poem (Leonard 2000a, x) written in unrhymed iambic pentameter, that is blank verse (Barber 2017, 59). Iambic pentameter resembles normal 17th C English speech patterns (Abrams 1999, 24-25).

While Paradise Lost is of course a staple of 17th century English, the ST specifically is taken from the Penguin classics edition, which has been partially modernized, including spelling (Leonard 2000b, liii).

Paradise Lost, and Milton himself, has been, and remains, ‘controversial’ (Poole 2004, 1). The ST deals with themes of incest and sexual assault.

The ST is an excerpt from Book II, lines 681-884, where Satan speaks to Sin and Death at the gates of Hell, and where Sin tells her story (ST l.67-134). It includes ten verse paragraphs. (Abrams 1999, 25)

Satan speaks 44 lines, Sin 97 lines, and Death 15 lines. 48 lines are dedicated to description.

**Strategy**
- **identification of translation problems**
- **knowledge of genre within target context and situation of target text**
- **justification of translation**

My target audience is made up of final year International Baccalaureate diploma students aged 17-19, for whom English is an additional language, taking a compulsory English Literature class, in Britain.

The goal of this translation is to introduce *Paradise Lost* to teenagers who might not be equipped to approach the ST, in an engaging way that they could relate to. (Al-Sharqi and Abbasi 2020, 3) The TT will be presented alongside the ST on a paper handout.
| **production of genre for target context**<br>(200 words max) | My TT will be an intralingual and intersemiotic translation as per Jakobson (1959, 127); I will turn the conversation between Satan, Sin, and Death into a WhatsApp groupchat. To do so, I will:
- convert each character’s lines into text messages,
- disregard iambic pentameter and archaic language,
- instead use contemporary Text Speak English (Drouin and Davis 2009, 49; Turner 2009, 60):
  - acronyms, e.g. ‘rn’ (TT l.35),
  - ‘symbols representing emotions’ (Drouin and Davis 2009, 50): emojis (e.g. TT l.10) and images (e.g. TT l.143-152). I will use these elements specifically to convey the 48 lines of description,
  - ‘the deletion of unnecessary words, vowels, punctuation, and capitalization’ (Drouin and Davis 2009, 50),
    - I will understand any repetition (e.g. ST l.10-13) to be unnecessary,
- use vulgarities and rude language to create a shocking, attention-grabbing effect, to emphasise the controversial aspects of the text. |
| **Critical Reflection**<br>• **textual analysis**<br>(200 words max) | The TT is much shorter than the ST. This is partly due to the strategy, which saw me summarise the 48 lines of description with emojis and pictures, and hence not use any words. And partly because the quintessential quality of text-speak is its brevity, (Turner 2009, 60) so the ST was summarised wherever possible, and the repetitions omitted.
One of my sample readers commented that the TT would be an even more lifelike recreation of a WhatsApp groupchat had I used gifs. However, the intended presentation of the TT on a printed handout, as well as the limitation of format of the current document, prohibited the use of moving elements. Nevertheless, as confirmed by my sample readers, the pictures included in the TT play a symbolic role, which visually recalls the everyday experience of participating in a WhatsApp groupchat, making the TT relatable, and therefore bringing the text closer to the reader. On the other hand, substituted visual elements for written description imposes a more rigid interpretation of the text on the readers, |
potentially closing off avenues of differing interpretation. The TT codifies one interpretation of the ST and imposes it on the readers.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Works Cited</th>
</tr>
</thead>
</table>
Whence and what art thou, execrable shape,
That dar’st through grim and terrible, advance
Thy miscreated front athwart my way
To yonder gates? Through them I mean to pass,
That be assured, without leave asked of thee:
Retire, or taste thy folly, and learn by proof,
Hell-born, not to contend with Spirits of Heav’n.
To whom the goblin full of wrath replied,
Art thou that traitor angel, art thou he,
Who first broke peace in Heav’n and faith, till then
Unbroken, and in proud rebellious arms
Drew after him the third part of Heav’n’s sons
Conjúred against the Highest, for which both thou
And they outcast from from God, are here condemned
To waste eternal days in woe and pain?
And reckon’st thou thyself with Spirits of Heav’n,
Hell-doomed, and breath’st defiance here and scorn,
Where I reign king, and to enrage thee more,
Thy king and lord? Back to thy punishment,
False fugitive, and to thy speed add wings,
Lest with a whip of scorpions I pursue  
Thy ling’ring, or with one stroke of this dart  
Strange horror seize thee, and pangs unfelt before.  
So spake the grisly horror, and in shape,  
So speaking and threat’ning, gre tenfold  
More dreadful and deform: on th’ other side  
Incensed with indignation Satan stood  
Unterrified, and like a comet burned,  
That fires the length of Ophiucus huge  
In th’ Arctic sky, and from his horrid hair  
Shakes pestilence and war. Each at the head  
Levelled his deadly aim; their fatal hands  
No second stroke intend, and such a frown  
Each cast at th’ other, as when two black clouds  
With heav’n’s artillery fraught, come rattling on  
Over the Caspian, then stand front to front  
Hov’ring a space, till winds the signal blow  
To join their dark encounter in mid air:  
So frowned the mighty combatants, that Hell  
Grew darker at their frown, so matched they stood;  
For never but once more was either like  
To meet so great a foe: and now great deeds
Had been achieved, whereof all Hell had rung,
Had not the snaky sorceress that sat
Fast by Hell gate, and kept the fatal key,
Ris’n, and with hideous outcry rushed between.
   O father, what intends thy hand, she cried,
Against thy only son? What fury O son,
Possesses thee to bend the mortal dart
Against thy father’s head? and know’st for whom;
For him who sits above and laughs the while
At thee ordained his drudge, to execute
Whate’er his wrath which he calls justice, bids,
His wrath which one day will destroy ye both.
   She spake, and at her words the Hellish pest
Forbore, then these to her Satan returned:
   So strange thy outcry, and thy words so strange
Thou interporeset, that my sudden hand
Prevented spares to tell thee yet by deeds
What it intends; till first I know of thee,
What thing thou art, thus double-formed, and why
In this infernal vale first met thou call’st
Me father, and that phantasm call’st my son?
I know thee not, nor ever saw till now
Sight more detestable than him and thee.

T’ whom thus the portress of Hell gate replied;

Hast thou forgot me then, and do I seem

Now in thine eye so foul, once deemed so fair

In Heav’n, when at th’ assembly, and in sight

Of all the Seraphim with thee combined

In bold conspiracy against Heav’n’s King,

All on a sudden miserable pain

Surprised thee, dim thine eyes, and dizzy swum

In darkness, while they head flames thick and fast

Threw forth, till on the left side op’ning wide,

Likest to thee in shape and count’nance bright,

Then shining Heav’nly fair, a goddess armed

Out of thy head I sprung: amazement seized

All th’ host of Heav’n; back they recoiled afraid

At first, and called me Sin, and for a Sign

Portentous held me; but familiar grown,

I pleased, and with attractive graces won

The most averse, thee chiefly, who full oft

Thyself in me thy perfect image viewing

Becam’st enamoured, and such joy thou took’st

With me in secret, that my womb conceived
A growing burden. Meanwhile war arose, and fields were fought in Heav’n; wherein remained (For what could else) to our Almighty Foe Clear victory, to our part loss and rout Through all the Empyrean: down they fell Driv’n headlong from the pitch of Heaven, down Into this deep, and in the general fall I also; at which time this powerful key Into my hands was giv’n, with charge to keep These gates for ever shut, which none can pass Without my op’ning. Pensive here I sat Alone, but long I sat not, till my womb Pregnant by thee, and now excessive grown Prodigious motion felt and rueful throes. At last this odious offspring whom thou seest Thine own begotten, breaking violent way Tore through my entrails, that with fear and pain Distorted, all my nether shape thus grew Transformed: but he my inbred enemy Forth issued, brandishing his fatal dart Made to destroy: I fled, and cried out Death; Hell trembled at the hideous name, and sighed
From all her caves, and back resounded Death.

I fled, but he pursued (though more, it seems,

Inflamed with lust than rage) and swifter far,

Me overtook his mother all dismayed,

And in embraces forcible and foul

Engend’ring with me, of that rape begot

These yelling monsters that with ceaseless cry

Surround me, as thou saw’st, hourly conceived

And hourly born, with sorrow infinite

To me, for when they list into the womb

That bred them they return, and howl and gnaw

My bowels, their repast; then bursting forth

Afresh with conscious terrors vex me round,

That rest or intermission none I find.

Before mine eyes in opposition sits

Grim Death my son and foe, who sets them on,

And me his parent would full soon devour

For want of other prey, but that he knows

His end with mine involved; and knows that I

Should prove a bitter morsel, and his bane,

Wherever that shall be; so Fate pronounced.

But thou O father, I forewarn thee, shun

We've had a massive change in circumstances

But I don't want to be your enemy!

To the contrary, I came to set you and him, and everyone free from Hell!

You see, I want to go alone to check out the old man upstairs’ new creation, which is supposed to be as amazing as Heaven

And just as soon as I confirm the rumours, I will come back for you

And you and Death will have a new hunting ground

Death 😈

Sin 🙏⾃

Well, it was the old man upstairs that gave me this key and told me never to open the door

But when I rly think about it, what do I owe him anyway?
His deadly arrow; neither vainly hope
To be invulnerable in those bright arms,
Though tempered Heav’nly, for that mortal dint,
Save he who reigns above, none can resist.

She finished, and the subtle Fiend his lore
Soon learned, now milder, and thus answered smooth.
Dear daughter, since thou claim’st me for thy sire,
And my fair son here show’st me, the dear pledge
Of dalliance had with thee in Heav’n, and joys
Then sweet, now sad to mention, through dire change
Befall’n us unforeseen, unthought of, know
I come no enemy, but to set free
From out this dark and dismal house of pain,
Both him and thee, and all the Heav’nly host
Of Spirits that in our just pretences armed
Fell with us from on high: from them I go
This uncouth errand sole, and one for all
Myself expose, with lonely steps to tread
Th’ unfounded deep, and through the void immense
To search with wand’ring quest a place foretold
Should be, and, by concurring signs, ere now
Created vast and round, a place of bliss
In the purlieus of Heav’n, and therein placed
A race of upstart creatures, to supply
Perhaps our vacant room, though more removed,
Lest Heav’n surcharged with potent multitude
Might hap to move new broils: be this or aught
Than this more secret now designed, I haste
To know, and this once known, shall soon return,
And bring ye to the place where thou and Death
Shall dwell at ease, and up and down unseen
Wign silently the buxom air, embalmed
With odours; there ye shall be fed and filled
Immeasurably, all things shall be your prey.
He ceased, for both seemed highly pleased, and Death
Grinned horrible a ghastly smile, to hear
His famine should be filled, and blessed his maw
Destined to that good hour: no less rejoined
His mother bad, and this bespake her sire
   The key of this infernal pit by due,
And by command of Heav’n’s all-powerful King
I keep, by him forbidden to unlock
These adamantine gates: against all force
Death ready stands to interpose his dart,
Fearless to be o’ermatched by living might.  
But what owe I to his commands above  
Who hates me, and hat hither thrust me down  
Into this gloom of Tartarus profound,  
To sit in hateful office here confined,  
Inhabitant of Heav’n, and Heav’nly-born,  
Here in perpetual agony and pain,  
With terrors and with clamours compassed round  
Of mine own brood, that on my bowels feed:  
Thou art my father, thou art my author, thou  
My being gav’st me; whom should I obey  
But thee, whom follow? thou wilt bring me soon  
To that new world of light and bliss, among  
The gods who live at ease, where I shall reign  
At thy right hand voluptuous, as beseems  
Thy daughter and thy darling, without end.  
   Thus saying, from her side the fatal key,  
Sad instrument of all our woe, she took;  
And towards the gate rolling her bestial train,  
Forthwith the huge portcullis high up drew,  
Which but herself not all the Stygian powers  
Could once have moved; then in the key-hole turns
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Line</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Th’ intricate wards, and every bolt and bar</td>
<td>197</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Of massy iron or solid rock with ease</td>
<td>198</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Unfastens: on a sudden open fly</td>
<td>199</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>With impetuous recoil and jarring sound</td>
<td>200</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Th’ infernal doors, and on their hinges grate</td>
<td>201</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Harsh thunder, that the lowest bottom shook</td>
<td>202</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Of Erebus. She opened, but to shut</td>
<td>203</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Excelled her power; the gates wide open stood,</td>
<td>204</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Title</td>
<td>First fig</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>-------</td>
<td>-----------</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Year Published</td>
<td>1920</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Author</td>
<td>Edna St. Vincent Millay</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Language</td>
<td>English</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Word Count</td>
<td>25</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**Source Text**

The ST is a single stanza, four-line poem, with an ABAB rhyme scheme.

The line lengths are as follows: 6 – 6 – 8 – 5 words and 7 – 6 – 8 – 6 syllables.

There is a melodic alliteration in the third line: foes / friends.

The first two lines end with a semicolon, and the fourth with an exclamation mark.

The topic at hand is the phenomenon of burnout, of giving too much of oneself. Perhaps due to Millay’s reputation in her lifetime, (Gargaillo 2020, 69; Mitford 2001, xiv) some critics have read the ST as depicting a ‘doomed burst of romantic feeling’, (Doherty 2022, 75) which is certainly one possible interpretation of the extended metaphor of a candle, which ‘will not last the night’ (ST l.2). This metaphor is the thematic focus of the ST, and exemplifies the ‘carpe-diem attitude [which was] historically the province of young male poet-roués’. (Doherty 2022, 75) As such, the ST is an early example of ‘the sexual and social liberation’ (Zellinger 2012, 240) of women in the modern western society, assuming gender roles previously reserved for men.

**Strategy**

The TT will be published in Literatura na Świecie [Literature in the World], a monthly Polish literary translation magazine, in print since 1971 ("Instytut Książki" 2023). The target audience consists of Translation Studies students aged 18-25.
Research shows that university students often suffer from mental health issues (Storrie, Ahern, and Tuckett 2010, 1), and burnout specifically (Schaufeli et al. 2002, 464), so the subject matter is relevant to them. I want to preserve an ‘equivalent effect’, as defined by Rieu: ‘the same effect as the original had on its first audiences’ (Rieu and Phillips 1954, 758), as well as reproduce as many of the formal features of the ST as possible, so that my target audience will be able to both connect to the TT emotionally, and appreciate the technical aspects of the TT:

1. the subject matter of burnout, and the metaphor of a candle,
2. the ABAB rhyme scheme,
3. the alliteration in the third line,
4. the ST punctuation,
5. the relative ratio of syllables in each line. By this I mean that the second and fourth lines will have the same number of syllables and be the shortest, the first line will be of medium length, and the third line will be longest, syllable-wise and relative to the other lines in the poem.

The TT line lengths are as follows, compared with the ST:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>line</th>
<th>ST words</th>
<th>ST syllables</th>
<th>TT words</th>
<th>TT syllables</th>
<th>relative line length</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1</td>
<td>6</td>
<td>7</td>
<td>6</td>
<td>10</td>
<td>medium</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2</td>
<td>6</td>
<td>6</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>6</td>
<td>short</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3</td>
<td>8</td>
<td>8</td>
<td>6</td>
<td>12</td>
<td>long</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>6</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>6</td>
<td>short</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>total</td>
<td>25</td>
<td>27</td>
<td>22</td>
<td>34</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

In terms of syllables, the TT follows the line length ratio present in the ST, of medium – short – long – short lines. This means that the rhythm of the TT closely follows that of ST.

The ST had 25 words and 27 syllables total, meaning that all but two words were one syllable long. In contrast, the TT has fewer words: 22, but more syllables: 34. Most of the syllables were gained in translating ‘foes’ and ‘friends’ (ST l.3) which
are both single syllable in English, but the alliterative translation into Polish ‘przeciwnicy’ [foes] and ‘przyjaciele’ [friends] (TT l.3) are both four syllable words. An alternative strategy could have been to alter the content of the text in order to further preserve the form. A sample reader pointed out that as it stands, he felt compelled to speed up while reading out TT line 3. While the sample size is small, this points to the fact that Polish nouns tend to be longer than English ones. This hypothesis is confirmed by other translations in this portfolio, but unexplored in academia, as far as I have been able to tell.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Works Cited</th>
<th></th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Doherty, Maggie. 2022. BURNED OUT. Conde Nast Publications.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Source Text</td>
<td>Target Text</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>-------------</td>
<td>-------------</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><em>First fig</em></td>
<td><em>Pierwsza figa</em></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>My candle burns at both ends;</td>
<td>Moja świeca pali się za wiele;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>It will not last the night;</td>
<td>Nie ujrzy jej już brzask;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>But ah, my foes, and oh, my friends—</td>
<td>Ale ach, przeciwnicy i och, przyjaciele—</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>It gives a lovely light!</td>
<td>Jak piękny jest jej blask!</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Pawlikowska-Jasnorzewska sets the poem in the royal Wawel Castle in Kraków, at sunset. She describes the colours of sunset which briefly permeate the world, entering synesthetic description, ascribing sounds to colours, e.g. ‘krzyczą swój zachwyt wspólny, złocisty’ [they shout their awe, golden] (ST l.4). In total, there are 18 words pertaining to colour in the ST, making up 14% of the text. This is a feature of much of Pawlikowska-Jasnorzewska’s poetry, and has been ascribed to her ‘malarskim korzeniom’ [paining roots] (Jurecka 2013, 1; Pruska-Carroll 1981, 35).

The ST includes three neologisms:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Neologism</th>
<th>Line</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>bladobawne [pale-coloured]</td>
<td>ST l.5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>biełce [whitely]</td>
<td>ST l.17</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>pozafiołkowa [beyond-violets]</td>
<td>ST l.20</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Pawlikowska-Jasnorzewska sets the poem in the royal Wawel Castle in Kraków, at sunset. She describes the colours of sunset which briefly permeate the world, entering synesthetic description, ascribing sounds to colours, e.g. ‘krzyczą swój zachwyt wspólny, złocisty’ [they shout their awe, golden] (ST l.4). In total, there are 18 words pertaining to colour in the ST, making up 14% of the text. This is a feature of much of Pawlikowska-Jasnorzewska’s poetry, and has been ascribed to her ‘malarskim korzeniom’ [paining roots] (Jurecka 2013, 1; Pruska-Carroll 1981, 35).

The ST employs six metaphors (ST l.1,8,10,11,13,16), one simile (ST l.5), and two instances of personification (ST l.2-3,25). ST lines 11-23 describe the ghosts of past monarchs who haunt the castle at sunset. These elements combine to create a whimsical tone. Stachula calls this ‘mityzacją przestrzeni’ [mythization of space] (Stachula 2014, 93).

The ST ends with a conclusion of the meaninglessness of existence: ‘świat jest barwnym dźwiękiem, który nic nie znaczy...’ [the world is a colourful sound that means nothing] (ST l.26), which resonates with the theme of transient splendour.

The poem has a loose AA BB rhyme scheme, and all lines are between 12-15 syllables.
My target audience is made up of English-speaking readers of the literary translation magazine JoLT, that is 18-25 university students in Ireland.

My goal will be to preserve the whimsical tone and most importantly, the richness of the colour imagery, which are key features of the ST. I will prioritise content over form. To do so, I will:

- prioritise the translation of the colour words:
  - I will translate every colour word,
  - with the aim to evoke the same hue, e.g.:
    
    | ST       | TT       |
    |----------|----------|
    | różowe [pink] | pink TT l.10 |
    | z rubinu [from ruby] | of almandine TT l.8 |

- standardise neologisms into existing words in English, by translating their components, e.g.:
  - ‘poza fioletowa’ (ST l.20) -> ‘beyond violets’ (TT l.20)

- disregard the rhyme scheme to allow for greater colour accuracy,
- keep the line syllable count between 8-17 syllables to allow for a more literal translation than would be possible if I were to stick to the ST line syllable count of 12-15,
- reproduce the metaphors, similes, and other literary devices as far as they are a part of the literal textual content.

Even though I translated all the colour words word-for-word, and as such there are 18 colour words in the TT, as there were in the ST, with the total word count of TT being 146 words, they only constitute 12% of the text, compared to ST’s 14%. By this measure, the TT is less rich in colour imagery than the ST. This could be an unforeseen effect of the part of the strategy which extended the TT line syllable length, thus allowing for a greater number of words to be introduced into the TT than were present in the ST, thus diffusing the colour-saturation of the TT. This could impact the readers’ interpretation of the TT.
My sample readers who did not have a Polish background failed to pick up on the more subtle allusions to the setting of the poem. E.g. they did not pick up on the fact that ‘the water’ (TT l.16) refers to the Vistula river, and its further connotations regarding the Polish nation-myth (Plach 2020, 438). As such, the TT functions as an artistic piece, but much of its historical and political connotations are lost. If the goal was to convey those, for the same target audience, an additional strategy could be adopted. E.g. of annotating the TT in its current form with explanatory footnotes.

Works Cited

• use of sources and reference material


Wawel płonie – różowo-fiołkowo-przezroczysty.

Szyby żegnają słońce, które w dół się toczy,

krzyczą swój zachwyt wspólny, złocisty i ślepy,

wśród mgieł słodkich jak chińskie bladobarwne krepy...

Oto święto na zamku – święto pięciu minut,

Wśród murów z ametystu i murów z rubinu.

W komnatach, gdzie zawisły różowe opary,

chodzą króle, królowe, siedzi Zygmunt Stary. –

Wychylają się widma w świat ze złotych okien,

Niedojrzane oślepłym od poblasku okiem.

-- Patrzą w barwy rozlane po niebie i wodzie

i są – pogodne bielce – z całą tęczą w zgodzie.

Jeden cień za filarem kryje się bez słowa –

To Jadwiga, królowa pozafioletkowa,
omdlewając w kąpieli barw grających społem,
słucha, łodygi białe rąk wznosząc nad czołem,

jak czerwień śpiewa w szczęściu, a fiolet w rozpaczy,
że świat jest barwnym dźwiękiem, który nic nie znaczy...

22 fainting, awash with colours playing in harmony,
23 she listens, raising the white stalks of her hands,
24 how scarlet sings in joy, and violet in despair,
26 that the world is a colourful sound that has no meaning...