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22306237

Self-Expression through the Art of Shadows: The Paradoxical Condition of a Translator

Trinity College Dublin
MPhil in Literary Translation
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Supervised by Dr. Krzysztof Rowiński
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Introduction

All of the authors included in this portfolio write in a way that I admire, and from whom – some more than others – I have taken inspiration when composing my own pieces of writing in the past. From an unapologetic journalist dancing on the peripheries of Heaven and Hell to a triumphant Hebrew prophetess and a symbol of feminine strength, I hope that the readers of this portfolio will appreciate the diverse literary aesthetics and voices that it offers as well as my humble attempts at giving them a second life through an adornment of my own.

And while I do regret that my ability as a writer may never match the genius of these texts, I find solace in my status as an accomplice to enriching their literatures – a thought that was so beautifully expressed by José Saramago – through the noble art and the intricate craft that is literary translation.

Abbreviations

ST: source text
TT: target text
TA: target audience
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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)

ST is an essay by Hunter S. Thompson published on 22nd February 1988 in the *San Francisco Examiner*. ST is written in the tradition of gonzo journalism which is characterised by ‘verb-driven, “running” syntax, as well as digressions, metaphors (...) ellipses, abrupt transitions, (...)’ (Mosser 2012, 88), and combines social critique with satire (Bowe 2012, 92).

ST discusses sex corruption in high society using fourteen descriptive, complex sentences of forty-three words on average. It employs a variety of proper names, e.g., toponyms (e.g., ST: 6), historical figures (e.g., ST: 91), references to US brands (e.g., ST: 31), and names of English secret-society clubs (e.g., ST: 41). The argot for the secret-society sexual practises (ST: 41-43; 45-53) includes two derogatory epithets (ST: 46) and eleven synonyms for verbs denoting murder or rape (e.g., ST: 43), which heightens ST’s imagery of violence.

Alliterations, consonances, assonances, and the eight ellipses (e.g., ST: 28; 32; 48) control ST’s rhythmic cadence, whereas the use of e.g., tautologies (e.g., ST: 2) and a charactonym (ST: 20) demonstrate ST’s colloquial register and sarcastic tone. Furthermore, ST employs two references to the Western literary canon (ST:44; 54), exemplifying its intertextuality.
TA will be Polish-speaking students pursuing the ‘USA: od angielskich korzeni do powstania mocarstwa’ [USA: from English roots to the creation of a world power] module at Jagiellonian University (https://www.usosweb.uj.edu.pl/kontroler.php?_action=katalog2/przedmioty/pokazPrzedmiot&kod=WSM.IASP-LA10). TT will be used as a resource for a class discussion about the history of sex corruption in English and American high societies. For this, I will:

- Reproduce ST’s melodicity by using at least one alliteration and one consonance in every complex sentence that contains ≥30 words.
- Use Polish translations for historical figures, and existing Polish translations for book titles e.g., King George III -> Jerzy III Hanowerski (TT: 96); Clockwork Orange -> Mechaniczna Pomarańcza (1991) (TT: 56).
- Translate argot relating to the practises of secret societies in a word-for-word manner, including proper nouns.
- Include a footnote with the final line, ‘Maybe Aphonse Karr was wrong’ (TT: 112) to explain the allusion without interfering with its aporic effect. The same will be done to ‘Rakes Club’ (TT: 40) – a historical term for elite sex clubs in 18th century England. I will use (Karr 1862, 278) and (Lord 2008) as informational sources.

TT ended up employing more alliterations and consonances than its referent, with nineteen alliterations, nine consonances and three assonances in total. This, together with the presence of ‘running’ syntax and complex sentence structures in all of the fourteen phrases that have been recreated using roughly the same length (with an five word margin average), controls the cadence and amplifies the ‘energetic first person participatory’ (Bowe 2012, 92) style of gonzo in TT.

Idioms helped convey irony in TT, e.g., the expression ‘objawił się światu’ [He revealed himself to the world] (TT: 21) for ‘turned up’, emphasises the text’s sarcastic tone. This is because, given the thematic context of the text’s first six
paragraphs, the verbal phrase ‘objawić się światu’ [to reveal oneself to the world] derives from the idea of ‘Objawienie Pańskie’ [Revelation] in a religious and theological sense, so using it as a description of Thompson’s target figures of his critique underscores his overall mockery of people posing as authority as immoral and debauched.

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How long, O Lord, how long? Are these TV preachers all degenerates? Are they wallowing and whooping with harlots whenever they’re not on camera? Are they all thieves and charlatans and whoremongers?

Another of the shameless buggers got whacked last week. Jimmy Swaggart, a 52-year-old howler from Baton Rouge known in some quarters as “the Mick Jagger of TV evangelism,” got nailed in a nasty little sting operation down in New Orleans and was forced to resign his $145 million-a-year ministry for the same kind of sex crimes that his old rival Jim Bakker got busted for last year.

There were those, in fact, who said it was Swaggart himself who hatched the plot to disgrace Bakker and have him labeled for life as a brutal sodomite and a flagrant embezzler with a dope fiend for a wife and the IRS for a new partner, instead of Jesus.

Then Swaggart, crazed by hubris, tried to take out yet another of his rivals—Preacher Gorman from New Orleans—by calling him a sot, a pervert and a dangerous child molester who couldn’t help himself.
So it was Gorman who turned up, last week, in possession of a set of malicious photographs of Big Jim slinking into one of those “third-rate romance, low-rent rendezvous”-style motels with a known prostitute, or at least a woman of ill repute.

It reminded a lot of people of the naked lunacy that blew Gary Hart out of the ‘88 presidential race.

It was a shame, they said. But you know how these people are. . . . The semen finally backs up into the brain; the eyes get too bright, and the synapses start fusing into each other. Instead of secret love-nests, they begin strutting into the Holiday Inn and going to orgies on the outskirts of town. . . . Not much has changed with these powermongers since Caligula’s time. Sex and power have a long history of feeding on each other. In 18th-century England, the king and half his ministers were involved in a whole network of strange and violent sex clubs, whipping parlors and half-secret cults that embraced everything from Satanism and human sacrifice to flagrant white slavery and public bestiality.

In the early years of the century, there were a large number of “Rakes’ Clubs” in London, where the high point of most evenings was

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1 „Rakes Clubs” były ekskluzywnymi stowarzyszeniami dla wysoko postawionych lajdaków oraz członków angielskiej arystokracji, czyli tzw. ‘rakes’. Pierwszy taki klub powstał w Londynie na początku osiemnastego wieku.
hitting the streets in a drunken, brainless frenzy and raping, beating and maiming every human being they could get their hands on.

Bargo Partridge in his classic History of Orgies said, “The Bucks and Gallants roamed the streets terrifying the elderly, beating up the watch [police], breaking windows, committing rape and sometimes even murder. Young girls were stood on their heads in the gutter, and elderly ladies popped into barrels and sent rolling down hills. . . . There were clubs called the Mohawks and the Man-Killers, which tried to out-do each other in the hideous game called ‘tipping the Lion.’ This consisted in crushing the nose, and simultaneously gouging out the eyes of the victims unfortunate enough to be waylaid by them. They also carried a piece of apparatus for distending mouths and slitting ears.”

These were not lower class thugs, as in Clockwork Orange, but the sons of the aristocracy. There was no law for them. Only the rich and powerful were allowed to carry swords or ride horses—which put the poor at a certain disadvantage when gangs of rich drunkards swooped down on them in some dim-lit street after midnight. . . .

That was the Golden Age of what they used to call “gentlemen’s clubs” in London. . . . But it couldn’t last. There were too many losers wandering around with their noses crushed, their eyes gouged out and their mouths so stretched that they could take in a whole cantaloupe

było wyjście na ulice w pijackiej, dzikiej furii i gwałcenie, bicie oraz pastwienie się nad każdą istotą ludzką, którą byli w stanie dopaść.

W swojej książce „Historia Orgii” Burgo Partridge opisuje następujące praktyki: „Zarówno dandysy, jak i ci szarmanccy panowie włożyli się po ulicach, napawając strachem ludzi w podobnym wieku, bijąc się ze strażą, dopuszczając się do gwałtów, a czasami nawet mordów. Młode dziewczyny ustawiano do góry nogami w rynsztoku, natomiast starsze panie wrzucano do beczek i staczano z gór. Istniały kluby o nazwach takich jak „Mohawksi” oraz „Zabójcy Ludzi”, które przeciążywały się w ohydnej zabawie zwanej „przechylaniem lwa”.

Zabawa ta polegała na miażdżeniu nosa, a jednocześnie na wydłubianiu oczu ofiarom, które niefortunnie weszły w drogę sprawcom. Ponadto nosili przy sobie narzędzia, które umożliwiały im rozpychanie ust oraz podrzynanie uszu.”

To nie byli bandyci z niskiej klasy społecznej tak jak ci z „Mechanicznej pomarańczy”, tylko synowie arystokracji. Żadne prawo ich nie dotyczyło. Tylko tym zamożnym i wpływowym pozwalamo nosić ze sobą miecze oraz jeździć konno, co stawiało ubogich w niekorzystnej sytuacji, kiedy bandy pełne bogatych pijusów brały się za nich w słabo oświetlonych alejkach po zmroku. . . .

Taka właśnie była Złota Era tego, co zwykle nazywać w Londynie „klubami dżentelmenów” . . . Ale to nie miało racji przetrwania. Było tam
and still make idle conversation in a pub. Public opinion turned on the “wild boys,” and their clubs were banished.

By the second half of the century, there was a whole new focus for the gentlemen’s clubs—the worship of sex and extravagant public decadence. This was the time of the infamous Hellfire Club, which included among its inner circle the Prince of Wales, the Lord Mayor of London, Benjamin Franklin, the crazed Earl of Sandwich, the monstrous Earl of Bute, then prime minister of England.

These people didn’t fool around. They raised the orgy to an art form unknown since Caligula or even the fiendish Mongol hordes of Genghis Khan, who begat a long line of rapists and treacherous sex maniacs who were said to lament the fact that the human body had so few orifices to penetrate that they were forced to create new ones with their own daggers in order that the whole clan could swarm on a victim at once.

Dilettantes like Hart, Bakker and Swaggart would have been turned away at the door of the Hellfire Club, rejected as humorless churls and cheap masturbators. . . . Their only “crimes,” after all, have involved low rumors and innuendo and being seen in public with sluts and half-naked bimbos.

The Earl of Sandwich would have taken great pride in being accused of these things. He was so constantly involved in orgies that he zbyt wielu palącego się nieudaczników ze zmiażdżonymi nosami, wydłubanymi oczami i ustami rozepchanymi do takiego stopnia, że byliby w stanie wepchnąć w siebie całego melona i dalej prowadzić jałowe gadki w pubie. W końcu opinia publiczna obróciła się przeciwko „rozbrykanym chłopcom,” a ich kluby zostały zakazane.

W drugiej połowie stulecia, kluby dżentelmenów nabrały zupełnie inny cel zainteresowania: kult seksu oraz ekstrawagancką publiczną dekadencję. To były lata świetności owianego złą sławą klubu Piekłego Ognia, do którego wąskiego grona zaliczano księcia Walii, prezydenta miasta Londynu, Benjamina Franklina, obłąkanego hrabiego Sandwichu oraz potwornego hrabiego Bute — ówczesnego premiera Anglii.

Ci Ludzie w ogóle sobie nie marnowali swojego czasu. Wzniesili orgie do rangi sztuki zapomnianej od czasów Kaliguli, albo nawet tych okrutnych mongolskich hord prowadzonych przez Czyngis-chan, który zrodził cały szereg gwałcicieli i podstępnych maniaków seksualnych, dla których mówiono, że powodem do lamentu był fakt, że ciało ludzkie miało zbyt małą ilość otworów do penetracji, przez co zmuszeni byli do tworzenia nowych za pomocą swoich własnych sztyletów, aby cały klan mógł jednocześnie zagnieździć się na ofierze.

Hart, Bakker i Swaggart to laicy, którym członkowie klubu Hellfire od razu pokazali by przewodni i odrzucili jako drętwych gburów oraz
had little time for his duties, which included running the British Navy and entertaining the Empire on five oceans. . . . And one of his main accomplishments during that time—in addition to inventing the sandwich—was to sell off the Hawaiian Islands, which cost England control of the whole Pacific Ocean for the next 200 years.

King George III, meanwhile, was so crazed with his own warped fantasies that he had little time to deal with a nasty little colonial insurrection that would come to be called the “American Revolution.”

These were no _amateur_ degenerates, like the ones we sneer at today. They put the whole British Empire on the road to ruin and thought nothing of it—nor cared, for that matter. . . . When the famous English navigator, Capt. Cook, sent word back to London that he had Hawaii and all of Polynesia in the palm of his hand—if only Sandwich would authorize a new mast for his crippled flagship—the earl ignored the request. A few weeks later, Capt. Cook was murdered by angry natives—but Sandwich never noticed.

So much for Empire. These boys liked their orgies, and nothing was going to interfere. These were giants. They had standards—not like these whimpering mashers who keep fouling our headlines today.

Maybe Alphonse Karr was wrong.
tygodni później Kapitan Cook został zamordowany przez wściekłych
tubylców, ale Sandwich nigdy nie zdał sobie z tego sprawy.
To tyle jeśli chodzi o sprawy imperium. Ci chłopcy po prostu lubili
orgie i nic nie było w stanie tego zmienić. To byli giganci. Mieli swoje
standardy — nie to co żałośni fattyanci, którzy zatruwają nagłówki
pierwszych stron naszych gazet.

Może jednak Alfons Karr wcale nie miał racji.  

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2 Jean-Baptiste Alphonse Karr był francuskim krytykiem, dziennikarzem i pisarzem, którego powiedzenie „plus ça change, plus c’est la même chose” [im bardziej rzeczy się zmieniają, tym bardziej pozostają takie same] jest jednym z jego najczęściej cytowanych aforyzmów.
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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)**

ST was published in a poetry collection titled *Na powierzchni poematu i w środku* (1983) [On the poem’s surface and inside] by Tadeusz Różewicz.

ST contains the following formal features:
- free-verse structure: ST is devoid of a consistent metre, rhyme, or musical patterns (Abbs and Richardson 1990, 137). Open form in poetry creates the effect of natural speech emulation (Baumann and Meyer-Sickendiek 2016, 129).
- rejection of traditional grammar features: capitalisation and punctuation are absent, except for the first word in the poem (ST: 1) and a question mark (ST: 2), whereby the remainder of the poem emerges as an answer to the question.

ST is made up of fourteen stanzas. The last two, with one line each, are a direct critique of society (Gutkowska 2012, 9). This is underpinned by a pessimistic tone conveyed through the use of colloquial register, i.e., ‘byle jaki’ [mediocrity] (‘byle jaki’ 2021, n.p.) repeated six times (ST: 32-38; 40-42). Pessimism is reinforced through the word’s juxtaposition with the double-identity of Gustaw-Konrad, the protagonist of the Polish Romantic poetic drama *Dziady* (1823-1860).
(ST: 34-45) – and an exemplar of the Polish literary canon (Filipowicz 2001, 606)—to demonstrate his distrust in modern society (Gutkowska 2012, 9).

| Strategy | My TA consists of 3000 paid subscribers to Poetic Outlaws, a San Francisco-based blog promoting poetic content about modern and postmodern poetry (Poetic Outlaws 2023, n.p.). The majority of blog readers (37%) are between the ages of 40-60 (Finances Online 2023).
| --- | --- |
| ● identification of translation problems | I will write an article for their newsletter outlining Różewicz’s poetic profile, and I will include TT as evidence of his poetic prowess. For this, I will:
| ● knowledge of genre within target context and situation of target text | ● Replicate the number of stanzas and lines per stanza.
| ● justification of translation | ● Substitute the intertextual reference to Gustaw-Konrad from Dziady (1823-1860) with Victor from Frankenstein (1818) due to their shared motif of double-identity (Bhandari 2022, 102-108) and shared Romantic genre (Smith 1991, 1-11).
| production of genre for target context | ● Use contractions for the verb ‘to be’ e.g., ‘don’t’ or ‘isn’t’ to give an impression of natural speech in English (Lakoff 1970, 632).
| (200 words max) | TT contains two instances of assonance (TT: 4-5; 6-8), three of consonance (TT: 5; 14-18; 42), one internal rhyme (TT: 30-31) and five instances of alliteration (TT: 5, 14, 36, 38, 40), all of which give TT a sense of rhythm that was not present in ST. Having such a feature creates the possibility of injecting a mood into the poem since it draws attention to words that were not given prominence through sound devices in ST. By incorporating a musical property into the poem,
TT demonstrates the text’s lendability to song adaptations, which could open up new literary avenues for a wider English-speaking audience to explore Różewicz’s artistry.

Although the translation of the colloquial ‘byle jaki’ into ‘mediocre’ formalises TT’s register, the anaphoric repetition of the indefinite article ‘a’ in ‘a mediocre Victor / turns into / a mediocre monster’ (TT: 34-36) – further underscored by the use of an alliteration of the liquid /m/ sound – call attention the idea of cultural decay and directionlessness made explicit line 42, thus feeding both to Różewicz’s pessimism conveyed in those lines as well as his overarching criticism of the modern word as ‘internally stiffed and devoid of any deeper meaning’ (Gutkowska 2012, 9).

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usłyszałem
z bardzo daleka
ich głosy czyste i mocne

nad czym pan teraz pracuje
co pan robi
odpowiedziałem
nic nie robię
dojrzewałem przez pięćdziesiąt lat
do tego trudnego zadania
kiedy "nic nie robię" robię NIC
usłyszałem śmiech
kiedy nic nie robię
jestem w środku
widzę wyraźnie tych
co wybrali działanie

widzę byle jakie działanie
przed byle jakim myśleniem

byle jaki Gustaw

17 I heard
18 from very far away
19 their crisp and mighty voices
20 what is it you’re currently working on
21 and what are you doing
22 I told them
23 I do nothing
24 for fifty years I’ve been growing
25 into this difficult task
26 when ‘I do nothing’ it’s NOTHING that I do
27 I heard laughter
28 when I do nothing
29 I am inside
30 I see clearly those
31 who chose action
32 I see a mediocre action
33 before a mediocre thought
34 a mediocre Victor
przemienia się
w byle jakiego Konrada
byle jaki felietonista
w byle jakiego moralistę
słyszę
jak byle kto mówi byle co
do byle kogo
bylejakość ogarnia masy i elity
ale to dopiero początek

35 turns into
36 a mediocre monster
37 a mediocre columnist
38 into a mediocre moralist
39 I hear it
40 when a someone says something
41 to another someone
42 mediocrity sweeps over the masses and elites
43 but that is just the beginning.
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**Description of Source Text**

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- situation of source text
- familiarity with the formal features of a text (language variation(s), register, dialect) (200 words max)

*Biała Flaga* [White Flag] is a song written and sung by Grzegorz Ciechowski, the frontman of Polish rock band Republika. ST is considered one of Poland’s most iconic protest songs from the 1980s (Stępień 2015, 8).

ST contains eight stanzas. It opens with the dramatic ‘gdzie oni są’ [where are they] and ‘gdzie wszyscy moi przyjaciele-ele-ele-ele-ele-ele-ele-ele-ele-ele’ [where are all my friends-ends-ends-ends-ends-ends] (ST: 1-2) screamed by Ciechowski, which conveys the lyrical subject's feelings of helplessness and abandonment by his old friends. This is highlighted by the use of the third-person plural pronoun to describe his friends (e.g., ST: 24-55), emphasising the distance between the speaker and his addressees.

ST repeats the opening line eleven times, followed by ‘tłumy ich’ [crowds of them] and ‘zabrakło ich’ [they’re gone] repeated seven and eight times, respectively (e.g., ST: 36-38; 39-40), contributing to ST’s lamenting tone. Repeating suffixes such as 'ele' (ST: 3) creates a sense of echo that calls out to the lyrical subject’s friends.

ST’s emotion of contempt is expressed through the euphemism ‘prostytucja’ [prostitution] (ST: 11) and the metonymy 'instytucja' [institution] (ST: 8), which may reflect the lyrical subject’s moral disdain for those who abandon their core beliefs for the establishment.
<table>
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<tr>
<td>● identification of translation problems</td>
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<tr>
<td>● knowledge of genre within target context and situation of target text</td>
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<tr>
<td>● justification of translation production of genre for target context</td>
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TA will be Lauren, an imaginary friend with whom I had a fallout after she landed a corporate job. As childhood friends, we had made free-spirit plans for the future. TT will be the first email I send her since our friendship ended. I will indicate that it is an email by including:

- a greeting: ‘Dear Lauren’ (TT: 1)
- a sign-off: ‘Sincerely, your old friend’ (TT: 81-82)
- subject line: ‘Re: Falling-out’.

To express my disapproval of Lauren’s decision, I will emulate ST’s lamenting tone through:

- The third (TT: 18-37) and fourth (TT: 41-51) paragraphs will use repetition through the enumeration of ten to fifteen rhetorical questions each. Every rhetorical question about my and Lauren’s past will start with the anaphora ‘or’ for emphatic effect.
- The third paragraph will discuss Lauren’s abandonment of our plans, while the fourth paragraph will discuss my disappointment in her decision. I will use the central ideological imagery presented in each stanza of ST to paint Lauren’s profile.
- Use verbal irony arising from the juxtaposition of dysphemistic swearing (Pinker 2007, 84) with positive descriptors, e.g., ‘so fucking cultured’ (TT: 54) for ‘tak kulturalnie opowiada’ [he/she speaks so culturally] (ST: 18) to display contempt.
The use of a third-person pronoun to address the speaker (TT: 19) marks a shift in tone since it goes beyond the direct communication style conventions in many Western cultures (Holtbrugge, Weldon and Rogers 2012, 91), which require the use of the second-person pronoun.

The structural and syntactic density of TT’s total of thirty-two rhetorical questions create an effect of emotional excess, highlighting TT’s dramatic tone. However, this notion of emotional excess is contrasted with the five-word declarative statement, – ‘I wave my white flag,’ (TT: 79) – which produces a volta that sets the tone for the conclusion’s sense of catharsis and the idea of moving on, while urging Lauren to reflect on the ideas conveyed through the message. The idea of moving on emerges as a motif underpinning TT due to the final line’s use of two stylistic devices that communicate complementary ideas: the metaphor ‘white flag’ conjures up an idea of unanimity (‘white flag’ 2023, n.p.), while the repetition of the consonant /w/ creates a sense of phonetic harmony. The narrator’s use of the pet form ‘Laurie’ (TT: 70) also reinforces the idea that she no longer holds grudges.


Gdzie oni są
Ci wszyscy moi przyjaciele
Ele ele ele ele ele
Zabrakło ich
Choć zawsze było ich niewielu
Elu elu elu elu elu

Schowali się
Po różnych mrocznych instytucjach
Ucjach ucjach ucjach ucjach ucjach
Pożarła ich
Galopująca prostytucja
Ucja ucja ucja ucja ucja

Gdzie są moi przyjaciele
Bojownicy z tamtych lat
Zawsze było ich niewielu
Teraz jestem sam

Co to za pan

Dear Lauren,

I hope your email is still the same.

I’m looking for my old friends even though there have always been only a few of them. And you were one of them. It’s been a long time, and with how things ended between us, I worry that seeing this may startle you so that you won’t want to read any further. Fair enough. Whatever you decide to do, allow me to express my long-standing despair about this whole mindfuck of a kerfuffle, which has been nagging me for days, months, years... After all, you cut me so short that I never got to tell you how I truly felt, nor did I ever get closure.

Believe it or not, 'where is my friend?' is still a question I ask myself every day. You’d think by now that I would have gotten over it or something. Well, as you know I don’t make friends easily, so "Where is she?" still rings in my head like a merciless analog clock. But you have betrayed me, and while I could have swallowed up my pride and forgiven you, you went a step further and betrayed yourself too!

What happened, and how did we get here? Where are you? Are you happy there? Where is my friend, and where did she go? Was she ever
Tak kulturalnie opowiada
Jak się stara ładnie siedzieć i wysławiać
Ach co za ton co za uklon
Co za wiara w każdym zdaniu
I jakie mądre przekonania
Ania ania ania ania ania
Gdzie są moi przyjaciele
Bojownicy z tamtych lat
Zawsze było ich niewielu
Teraz jestem sam
Oto są oto wszyscy są
Przyjaciele moi z wielu stron
Co za pochód co za piękny krok
Maszerują ramię w ramię wprost
I w bamboszach w garniturach
Z pidżamami pod pachami
Z posadami z podatkami i z białymi chorągwiami
Idą tłumy ich tłumy ich
Tłumy ich tłumy ich
Tłumy ich

even here to begin with? Was her enthusiasm for her goals sincere?
Were all those goals that she set for herself and her friends even her
goals at all? Did she believe in them? In accomplishing all those great
things, small things, and everything in between? Or travelling down the
Western Coastal Plains of India in makeshift rickshaws and hitchhiking
across South America? Or rafting down Belgian canals while drinking red
and dancing to your favourite bands like it’s the final hours of Titanic
and writing a hundred poems a day under a hundred different pen
names and dropping them in random people’s mailboxes? Or
shamelessly wearing those ugly thrifted sweaters, flaunting our
mismatched socks, and speaking to every stranger buried in them? Or
building a house on top of a mountain facing west so we could see
spectacular sunsets, but close to a body of water because we both
couldn’t live without it, despite the fact that neither of us is a water
sign? Or waking up the next morning after a night out to Autumn Leaves
by Miles Davis and preparing those amazing cheese-avocado toasts on
those Tefal nonstick pans your mother gave you? Or finishing that script
based on that one conversation I had with my grandmother, turning it
into an art-house film, and volunteering at the Cannes Festival because
why not?

Did she believe in any of that?
My dear, I want to ask you this: Was all of this just claptrap for you? And if not, then what caused this sudden change? Tell me, is it really warm in there? In those uninviting and dark despotic buildings with low ceilings and white walls that have the power to make one blind. Is that why you are hiding there? Did you know that if you left your job early one day, and faced the pre-5pm-golden-sun, maybe your beautiful brown eyes would be able to see clearly again? What about your office? Do you like being there? Your desk – is it nice? Do you have a plant on it, like a cactus, to give it some life? Do you have to buy your own stationery? And what about that big, noisy computer next to your filthy Lenovo screen and that big, squeaky, elevated keyboard you’re still probably not used to? Is it fun always hitting the wrong key and having to go over your well through-through sentences again and again and again?

How does it happen? Going from a close friend to someone so strange and yet so fucking prim, so fucking cultured, and so fucking sophisticated? Who would not want a friend like that! Someone so beautifully dressed and so fucking proper! But your inner beauty no longer shines through, my friend... You have been consumed by your own crowd. I see people like you everywhere, all the time, walking arm in arm. Your own tribe has devoured you to the bone. You have no soul because you have sold it. You have sold yourself, Lauren. What a
wonderful company to be a part of! And I've seen all those pictures you proudly post on the internet too! I've noticed your new smile, which I no longer recognise! Those carefully edited photos with captions that are so fucking confident, so fucking smart, and so fucking inspirational make me wonder who taught you all these things that we could not teach ourselves. When did you even get so fucking perfect and savvy? When did you learn to walk on heels with such a measured step? What happened to your hunch and your awkward gait? Have you forgotten that we used to make fun of people like... yourself?

I suppose there aren't many steps between idealism and puppetry, but damn you, Laurie, I thought you knew better than to give in. Fulfilling our plans and dreams together against the odds was supposed to be the greatest story of our lives! Just think how many book ideas have slipped through our fingers.

But enough of that. I have said everything. If you've made it this far and understood my words, then maybe you will realise that the path you used to be on was better than the path you are on right now.

I wave my white flag.
Sincerely,

Your old friend
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</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Author</strong></td>
<td>Truman Capote</td>
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**Source Text**

ST is a quote from Truman Capote’s semi-autobiographical and first published novel, *Other Voices, Other Rooms* (1948). It pertains to the literary aesthetics of the Southern Gothic, which include tropes of transgressive thoughts (Bjerre 2017, n.p.).

ST is a reported speech uttered by a character called Randolph and is one sentence long. It uses a wide range of punctuation, i.e., one question mark (ST: 3), two ellipses (ST: 3; 5), two colons (ST: 1; 2), and ten commas (e.g., ST: 1; 4), creating the illusion of a dramatic monologue.

ST uses an allusion to the myth of Narcissus whereby it paints a sympathetic view of the figure of Narcissus. This is achieved through the personification of ‘mirrors,’ – as being the subject of the verbal phrase ‘they can romanticise us’ (ST: 1) – and through two metaphors that exalt Narcissus, i.e., ‘beautiful comrade’ and ‘inseparable love’ (ST: 5; 5). This imagery is contrasted with the oxymoron ‘subtle torture’ (ST: 1) to describe a world without mirrors, as well as the use of hyperbole ‘the only human who was ever honest’ (ST: 6) for Narcissus, creating a dramatic effect that contributes to ST’s overall tragic tone.

**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)
| Strategy | TA will be English-speaking comparative literature exchange students at the University of Helsinki (https://www.uniarts.fi/en/), attending an exhibition about Magnus Enckell. TT will be a compitative translation, and it will function as a museum label for the painting *Narkissos* (1896-1897). TT will incorporate ST’s portrayal of Narcissus into my proposed interpretation of his symbolic representation in the painting. For this, I will:

- Put the painting’s title (in bold), date created and medium before the body of text.
- Repeat the word ‘perhaps’ three times to indicate that TT constitutes a subjective interpretation of *Narkissos* (TT: 19; 22 and 24).
- Use ellipsis (TT: 5 and 21) to slow down TT’s cadence, and as a vehicle to encourage TA to reflect on TT’s proposed views.
- Quote from Nonnus’ epic poem *Dionysiaca*, book 14 verse 554: ‘gazed on his own image formed in the water [...] and died as he gazed on the shadowy phantom of his shape’ (TT: 11-13) to provide context for Narcissus’ mythical death.
- Contextualise *Narkissos* within Ecknell’s biographical facts i.e., his voyages (TT: 6) and homosexuality (TT: 1, 17-21) using (von Bonsdorff 2012, 224) and (Wotherspoon; Aldrich 2001, 148) as sources. |

| Critical Reflection | TT’s purpose to provide a subjective interpretation of the artwork resulted in comparing the artist with the figure of Narcissus rather than just analysing the painting. This is most apparent in the line ‘Perhaps he, too’ (TT: 19), where ‘he’ denotes Ecknell and ‘too’ refers to similarities between him and the figure of Narcissus. |
Rhetorical devices such as adverbs that act as quality markers, i.e., ‘infamously’ (TT: 11) or ‘eagerly’ (TT: 6) helped convey subjectivity. The subjectivity of this artwork’s interpretation is further emphasised through an uncertain tone, as exemplified through the use of a question (TT: 18) that creates the effect of necessitating reassurance. That tone of hesitancy is conveyed again through only an implicit reference to Capote novel in the final line (TT: 23). The isolation of that line calls attention to itself, while the lack of explicitness creates a mysterious mood, enhancing the mythical background of this painting’s symbolism. Ending on such a tense note may persuade TA to delve into the artistry of both Magnus Ecknell and Truman Capote.

Works Cited
- use of sources and reference material


Ecknell, Magnus, _Narkissos_ [Narcissus], Oil on canvas, Date of Creation, (Joenssu Art Museum Onni), https://upload.wikimedia.org/wikipedia/commons/9/94/Magnus_Enckell_-_Narcissus_%281896-1897%29.png


https://www.uniarts.fi/en/
They can romanticize us so, mirrors, and that is their secret: what a subtle torture it would be to destroy all the mirrors in the world: where then could we look for reassurance of our identities? I tell you, my dear, Narcissus was no egotist. . . he was merely another of us who, in our unshatterable isolation, recognized, on seeing his reflection, the one beautiful comrade, the only inseparable love. . . poor Narcissus, possibly the only human who was ever honest on this point.

Several historical records hint at Magnus Ecknell’s homosexuality. In his later portraits, he often displayed an interest in sensual imagery, which was considered unrestrained for his time. Experts brushed it off, blaming it on his Swedish-speaking background in occupied Finland, rather than an artistic expression of mental entrapment...

Ecknell eagerly set on his trips to Spain and Italy in 1894-1895 to run away from the cold of Finland and reflect on his inner conflicts, which he later transferred into his art. It was during his trips to the south of Europe that his distinct take on symbolism crystallised and became an extension of his own mind.

*Narkissos* from 1896 shows a young Narcissus who infamously ‘gazed on his own image formed in the water’ and ‘died as he gazed on the shadowy phantom of his shape’ according to Nonnus. The artwork’s focus on the Greek hunter, who knows all too well that a world without mirrors would be life’s most devious torture. And with his reflection...
being the only source of light, standing out against the darkness of the background, he appears to encapsulate this tragic paradox of self-love.

Who did Ecknell truly have in mind when he painted this image?

Perhaps he, too, recognised, in his own unshatterable isolation, the beauty of his misunderstood identity: the one beautiful comrade, the only inseparable love...

Perhaps Narcissus really was the only human ever honest on this point.

Perhaps Capote was right.
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<tr>
<th>Source Text</th>
<th>Target Text</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td><strong>Title</strong></td>
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<tr>
<td>Jedna czwarta wróbla (Excerpt)</td>
<td>One Fourth of a Sparrow</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Year Published</strong></td>
<td><strong>Title</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
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<tr>
<td><strong>Author</strong></td>
<td><strong>Language</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)*

*Jedna czwarta wróbla* (2022) [One-fourth of a sparrow] is a pregnancy diary published by Ha!Art and written by Polish writer, farmer and equestrian instructor, Gaba Krzyżanowska.

ST chronicles the narrator's journey leading up to her first pregnancy, using a first-person narrative and the Polish present tense (e.g., ST: 11-15). The concept of time emerges as a central theme to her conceptualisation of pregnancy, as reflected in the diary's formal structure, which does not follow a chronological order; it goes from ‘Zima 2018’ [Winter 2018] to ‘2 listopada 2020’ [2 of November 2020] to ‘Grudzień 2018’ [December 2018].

ST makes use of two Polish names for men (ST: 35: 39) and a cultural reference to Poland’s traditional preference of vodka as a drink of choice (Popova et al 2007, 465-473) (ST: 40). The register is intimate, as exemplified by the ST’s employment of colloquial terms, e.g., ‘gadanie’ [idle talk] (‘gadanie’ 2023, n.p) (ST: 41), and idioms (e.g., ST: 41). It uses stylistic devices that control ST’s tone: the metaphorical association of rabbits with reproduction (ST: 52) serves as a reflection of her strong desire to have a baby, which convey humour.
| Strategy | TA will be Irish women between the ages of 18 and 45 who are in their third trimester of pregnancy. Copies of TT will be distributed in the OB-GYN waiting rooms all around Ireland and available for TA to read while waiting for their pregnancy-related check-ups. For this, I will apply the strategy of domestication ‘in order to minimise the strangeness of foreign text for the target language reader’ (Venuti 1995, 15). This will be done through:  
- domestication of Polish male names using Irish equivalents, e.g., ‘Adam’ would become ‘Ádhamh’.
- translation of Polish drinking customs into Irish ones i.e., vodka will become whisky, seeing as it is considered to be Ireland’s most popular spirit of choice (Mulryan 2002, 13).
- Use dynamic equivalence (Nida 1964a, 159) to translate the following expressions:  
  - ‘I rant’ for ‘wyglaszam tyrade’ [I declare a tirade] (ST: 41).
  - ‘Babai’ for ‘dzieciaczek’ [Small child] (ST: 56). This is due to the Irish origin of the word, which gives it diminutive-sounding, baby-talk effect when read using English pronunciation.
  - ‘Cot’ for ‘łóżeczko’ [Small bed] (ST: 54) because it is the Irish-English term to denote a child’s bed (‘cot’ 2023, n.p) |
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<tr>
<td>Critical Reflection</td>
<td>The narrator’s realisation of her strong desire to have a baby is universalised when the generic ‘you’ is used in place of the first-person singular in the ST. As a result, it may make the narrator’s experience and feelings surrounding pregnancy seem less unique, less personal, and more commonplace, which lessens the intimacy of TT’s register. TT’s use of language creates a positive image surrounding the idea of having children, as exemplified through the associations of her word choices, e.g., ‘babbling’ to describe her ‘pijackie gadanie’ [drunken talk] (TT: 50) infantilises the narrator, which, in turn, comically likens her to a baby. This reinforces TT’s humorous tone whereby TT emerges as...</td>
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</table>
having an overall pro-natalist message. This may have a positive impact on TA, especially if they are experiencing anxiety-related to their OB-GYN appointments.

Stylistically speaking, TT’s ample use of sound devices, e.g., the three alliterations, two assonances, and one consonance in ‘(...) your blood begins to flow faster and finally reaches the tips of your toes, warming up all the nooks and crannies of your body’ (TT: 9-11), produce a poetic aesthetic through rhythm (Faulkner 1978, 68-70) that beautifies this visceral imagery, thus departing from ST’s diatristic style.

Works Cited

Zima 2018

Biegnę. Nagie stopy nie odciskają się w śniegu, nie pozostawiają stopionych śladów. Muskają ponowę i już są dalej.


Potrzebuję tego ognia pod stopami. Ale czuję silnie, i coraz silniej, że potrzebuję też ognia w brzuchu. Może nie ognia, ale ognika, który się tam zagnieździ na jakiś czas. Na samym początku pokażę mu – lub jej – jak się biega boso po śniegu. Jak czerpać przyjemność z zatapiania nagiej
stopy w błocie, jak nią strącać rosę i jak brodzić w rzece. Ciężarna ja będzie silniejsza niż dowolna ja kiedykolwiek wcześniej i kiedykolwiek później. Już teraz jest rozpalona drugim życiem, które dopiero może nosić w sobie.

Wszystko we mnie chce być w ciąży

2 listopada 2020


Grudzień 2018


Adam zwija się do domu wcześniej, ale ja zostaję na wieczorne picie wódki tu i tam. Wracam w środę nocy z przyjacielem i to na niego spada

20 I need this fire under my feet. But I strongly feel, and with every run even more so, that I need a fire in my belly, too. Maybe not exactly fire per se, but a little stinging flame that can nest in there for some time.

21 First and foremost, I’ll show him (or her) how to run barefoot in the snow. How to take pleasure in drowning your naked foot in mud. How to use it to brush off dew and how to wade in the river. The pregnant me will be stronger than any ‘me’ ever before or after. She is already burning hot from the second life that she may, one day, carry inside her.

22 Everything inside me wants to be pregnant.

2 November 2020

Where does it all begin? Where do I start? Where is the beginning of the human fractal? Is it possible to get to the beginning of a story that has no beginning? A linear stretch into the past – the baby’s cry, the two lines, making the decision, the first date, the parents, grandparents, ancestors, coming down from the trees, shedding scales, the eukaryotic past, the amoebas, the primordial soup, the big bang – it’s all so trivial and not true. I’m not going to make it linear then. It never was.
moje pijackie gadanie. Wygłaszam tyrdę o tym, że też chcę dziecko, że muszę. A przyjaciel bez żadnego krygowania się przekonuje, że mi się to dziecko po prostu należy. I że powinnam napierać na męża. Wcześniej w głowie mi się nie mieściło takie prostackie zagranie, jak wejście w rolę żony, która ma tę drogą i niepraktyczną fanaberię: dziecko.

Wracam do domu. Budzę Adama nad ranem i – nie mogąc opanować pijackiej czkawki – stwierdzam, że dosyć tego. Że ci sobie zrobili, tamci też sobie zrobili, i ja też chcę. Dwadzieścia siedem lat, w małżeństwie od czterech, wreszcie ze stabilnym źródłem utrzymania i miejscem do życia... bla bla bla.

Dramatycznym gestem wskazuję przy tym na dwa króliki, które umieściliśmy w wygrzebane ze śmietnika klatce dla dziecka (podobno ten mebel nazywa się łóżeczkiem).

– Najwyższy czas na dzieciaczka – oświadczam nad ranem, tuż przed świtem. A Adam po prostu się zgadza.

– Niech będzie, przygoda! – mówi.
Dramatically, I gesture towards two rabbits, which we placed in a child-sized cage (apparently, also known as a ‘cot’) – the same one that we had found in a skip bin.

‘It’s time for a babai’, I announce in the small hours of the morning. And Ádhamh agrees, just like that.

‘Fine. Let the adventure begin!’ he says.
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<th>Source Text</th>
<th>Target Text</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Title</td>
<td>Title</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pan Cogito i wyobraźnia</td>
<td>Mr Cogito and the imagination</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Year Published</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)

*Pan Cogito i wyobraźnia* [Mr. Cogito and the imagination] is a free verse poem published in *Report from the Besieged City & Other poems* (1983).

Using an omnipresent third-person narrator, ST’s language is economical, with two parts and twenty stanzas overall.

ST’s anti-rhetorical style is foregrounded by Herbert’s call for a critical approach to poetry, as demonstrated by his rejection of surrealist intertextual references (ST: 2-3) and metaphors (ST: 7-8; 12; 9; 55). Instead, Herbert focuses on the harsh realities of the world, resulting in a moralistic tone that elevates classical truth over postmodern transcendence (Krauss 1999, 13), e.g., “nóż jest nożem” [a knife is a knife] (ST: 20-21). This is emphasised by the six references to classicism (ST: 6; 13; 14; 17; 39; 47). Irony is channelled by the length and form of the sixteenth stanza, which enumerates, using hyphens as bullets, twelve historical, religious, and scientific dilemmas (ST: 35-46) that fill Mr. Cogito with wonder and that he wishes to comprehend fully (ST: 36-47). The conditional *chcialby* [he would like to] and the oxymoron (ST: 54) in the final two stanzas highlight a paradoxical sense of Pan Cogito’s both self-awareness and doubt.
**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)

TT will be submitted to the second issue of *Turkoslavia Journal*, specialising in Turkic and Slavic literary translations of prose and poetry ([https://www.turkoslavia.com/submissions](https://www.turkoslavia.com/submissions)). My TA will consist of a US-based collective of three women, all of whom are professional translators and have an academic background in translation.

According to Kuić (1970, 185), an adequate translation of poetry rests on faithfulness to the meaning of the content and to the form of the original, which was later echoed by Nida’s formal equivalence theory (1964a, 159). I will take the notion of ‘faithfulness’ in the context of the content’s meaning to the maximum and translate ST word-for-word. This will be done by applying the first search result on Polish-English online Cambridge Dictionary ([https://dictionary.cambridge.org/dictionary/polish-english/](https://dictionary.cambridge.org/dictionary/polish-english/)), except for the collocation ‘napawać odrazą’ [to full with disgust] (ST: 6) which will be translated using PWN Polish-English dictionary ([https://oxford.pwn.pl/](https://oxford.pwn.pl/)).

This interpretation of ‘faithfulness’ is appropriate for TA because of Kuić’s Slavic background’s relevance as a Serbian scholar – which would be of interest to *Turkoslavia*, considering their specialisation in Slavic languages – as opposed to Nida, whose scholarly focus was on Bible-translation theories (Porter 2005, 8).

**Critical Reflection**
- textual analysis

(200 words max)

The most unexpected results came from translating homonyms. The word ‘tłumaczenie’, which, in the context of the TT, could either mean ‘explaining’ or ‘translating’, was translated into the latter, unlike John and Bohdana Carpenters’ translation from 1986. Using the term ‘translating’ in this context emphasises the metafictional and self-reflexive aspect of the TT as a translation, which not only adds another layer of irony but also contradicts Herbert’s anti-postmodern message. This operation resonates with my translation of ‘wyrok’ [sentence, judgement, verdict] into ‘sentence’ (TT: 28), which takes on a new meaning and allows for a new interpretation given its proximity to a word
from the same lexical field that is ‘letter’ in ‘He will indifferently accept the sentence / Of future researchers of the letter’ (TT: 28-29). In this manner, TT ‘hijacks’ ST’s original message of anti-postmodernism and turns TT into a postmodern piece of writing through a self-reflective use of language (Spanos 1990, 110; 115). This demonstrates that the word-for-word approach from Polish into English is capable of providing TT with nuances and new interpretations, thus countering Liberman’s claims that the word-for-word method is prone to imposing hermeneutical limitations (2020, 187-199).

<table>
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<th>Works Cited</th>
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https://www.turkoslavia.com/submissions
https://dictionary.cambridge.org/dictionary/polish-english/
https://oxford.pwn.pl/

Mr Cogito never trusted tricks of the imagination. A piano on the peak of the Alps played him false concerts. He did not appreciate labyrinths. The Sphinx disgusted him. He lived in a house without basements, mirrors and dialectics. Jungles of swirling paintings were not his fatherland. He hovered rarely on the wings of a metaphor. Then fell like Icarus into the embrace of the Great Mother.
uwielbiał tautologie

tłumaczenie

*idem per idem*

że ptak jest ptakiem
niewola niewolą

nóż jest nożem
śmierć śmiercią

kochał
płaski horyzont
linię prostą
przyciąganie ziemi

2.

Pan Cogito będzie zaliczony

do gatunku *minores*

obojętnie przyjmie wyrok

przyszłych badaczy litery

15  He adored tautology
16  Translating
17  *Idem per idem*
18  That a bird is a bird
19  Slavery is slavery
20  A knife is a knife
21  Death is death
22  He loved
23  The flat horizon
24  A straight line
25  earth’s gravity
26  Mr. Cogito will be ranked
27  Among species *minores*
28  He will indifferently accept the sentence
29  Of future researchers of the letter
używał wyobraźni

do całkiem innych celów

chciał z niej uczynić

narzędzie współczucia

pragnął pojąć do końca

-noc Pascala

-naturę diamentu

-melancholię proroków

-gniew Achillesa

-szaleństwa ludobójców

-sny Marii Stuart

-strach neandertalski

-rozpacz ostatnich Azteków

-długie konanie Nietzschego

-radość malarza z Lascaux

-wzrost i upadek dębu

-wzrost i upadek Rzymu

zatem ożywiać zmarłych

He used his imagination

For entirely different purposes

He wanted to turn her into

A tool of compassion

He wanted to fathom out to the end

-Pascal’s night

-A diamond’s nature

-The melancholy of the prophets

-Achilles’ anger

-The madness of those who commit genocides

-Mary Stuart’s dreams

-Neanderthal fear

-The despair of the last Aztecs

-Nietzche’s long death throes

-The joy of a painter from Lascaux

-The rise and fall of an oak

-The rise and fall of Rome

So to revive the dead

Keep the covenant
dochować przymierza
wyobraźnia Pana Cogito
ma ruch wahadłowy
przebiega precyzyjnie
od cierpienia do cierpienia
nie ma w niej miejsca
na sztuczne ognie poezji
chciałby pozostać wierny
niepewnej jasności

The imagination of Mr. Cogito
Has a swinging motion
It runs smoothly
From suffering to suffering
There is no place in it
For the pyrotechnics of poetry
He would like to remain faithful
To the uncertain clearness
### Source Text

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Description of Source Text</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>• understanding of source text</td>
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<tr>
<td>• knowledge of genre within source contexts</td>
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<tr>
<td>• situation of source text</td>
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<td>• familiarity with the formal features of a text (language variation(s), register, dialect) (200 words max)</td>
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</table>

ST is a travelogue essay published in Travel & Leisure in 1976 about Theroux's family trip to the Dingle Peninsula. ST uses first-person, unreliable narration (e.g., ST: 40) seeing as it ‘predicates on the traveler as an observer rather than authority’ (Fay 2015, 73).

ST uses sixteen complex sentences to describe Dingle’s nature, culture, and history. This is done using 161 commas and thirty-five double dashes to set off material for emphasis and to regulate the enumerative flow of its complex syntactic sentence structures (e.g., ST: 108-111). ST uses thirteen instances of reported speech to convey ‘on-the-spot observations’(Colbert 2012, 571)(e.g., ST: 72-73), reflecting its travel writing genre. Personification and similes are employed to create sensory imagery that appeals to touch and hearing in Theroux’s verbal descriptions of Dingle's inclement weather e.g., ‘furious winds,’ (ST: 43) as well as its geographical features (e.g., ST: 181-184), both of which are reflective of enargeia in travel writing (Leask 2002, 44).

Moreover, ST employs the American unit of length six times to describe geographical distances in both a factual (e.g., ST: 150) and figurative sense (e.g., ST: 17) and uses the American spelling.
TA consists of bilingual Polish and English-speaking students aged 12-15 who attend Polish weekend schools in Ireland. TT will be used as an educational resource, preparing them to write their first creative writing story in Polish with the objective of teaching them new vocabulary.

For this, I will:

- Use consonance in five descriptions of the wind (TT: 48; 112; 118-119; 133; 215) to emphasise ST’s sensorial imagery.
- Convert units of the US Metrication System into the International System of Units, which is used in both Ireland and Poland (BIPM, n.d.). This will increase the accuracy of TA’s comprehension of all of TT’s quantifiable descriptions.
- Translate all reported speech word-for-word, except for the following examples, which will use dynamic equivalence (Nida 1964a, 159):
  - ‘God Bless ye’ will become ‘Z Bogiem’ [With God] (TT: 164);
  - ‘UP THE IRA’ will become ‘CHWAIAIRZE ’ [Glory to Ira] (TT: 69);
  - ‘BRITS OUT’ will become ‘PRZECZ BRYTOLOM’ [Away with the Brits] (TT: 69).

A great part of TT’s new vocabulary ended up being linking words e.g., ‘lec’ [yet/however] (e.g., TT: 113), enhancing TT’s descriptive style of travel writing. However, using linking words takes away from ST’s personal and contemplative tone, instead presenting TT in a more cohesive manner. Since linking words are characteristic of and mostly used in dialectical writings, i.e., academic essays (Podolkova and Medvid 2019, 224), employing them may compromise TT’s intended purpose of preparing TA for their creative writing task. Nevertheless, by appealing to themes of supernatural elements and a cursed environment in TT’s geographical descriptions of Ireland, TT evokes literary
gothic aesthetics (Hoghe 200, 4-20) which may be useful in teaching TA about literary tones and aesthetics. This is accomplished through the use of oxymorons such as 'tępy błysk Atlant' [blunt sparke] (ST: 229) painting a dark image of Dingle’s geographical features as well as the prominence of a lexical field that denotes the idea of being cursed e.g., ‘opętanych mew’ [of possessed seagulls] (TT: 119), both of which produce a hyperbolic effect. This, in turn, increases the narrator's emotional investment in the story, thus emphasising his unreliable voice in TT.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Works Cited</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Colbert, Benjamin. 2012. “Travel Narrative”. In The Encyclopaedia of Romantic Literature. doi: 9781118300916</td>
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</table>
The nearest thing to writing a novel is traveling in a strange country. Travel is a creative act—not simply loafing and inviting your soul, but feeding the imagination, accounting for each fresh wonder, memorizing and moving on. The discoveries the traveler makes in broad daylight—the curious problems of the eye he solves—resemble those that thrill and sustain a novelist in his solitude. It is fatal to know too much at the outset: boredom comes as quickly to the traveler who knows his route as to the novelist who is overcertain of his plot. And the best landscapes, apparently dense or featureless, hold surprises if they are studied patiently, in the kind of discomfort one can savor afterward. Only a fool blames his bad vacation on the rain.

A strange country—but how strange? One where the sun bursts through the clouds at ten in the evening and makes a sunset as full and promising as dawn. An island which on close inspection appears to be composed entirely of rabbit droppings. Gloomy gypsies camped in hilarious clutter. People who greet you with "Nice day" in a pelting storm. Miles of fuchsia hedges, seven feet tall, with purple hanging blossoms like Chinese lanterns. Ancient perfect castles that are not inhabited; hovels that are. And dangers: hills and beach-cliffs so steep you either hug them or fall off. Stone altars that were last visited by

<table>
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<th>Source Text</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Discovering Dingle</td>
<td>Odkrywając Dingle</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The nearest thing to writing a novel is traveling in a strange country.</td>
<td>Najbardziej zbliżoną aktywnością do pisania powieści jest podróż po obcym kraju.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Travel is a creative act—not simply loafing and inviting your soul,</td>
<td>Podróżowanie to kreatywny czyn, nie tylko odprężający</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>but feeding the imagination, accounting for each fresh wonder,</td>
<td>i kuszący dla duszy, ale również karmiący wyobraźnie, odpowiedzialny za</td>
</tr>
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<td>memorizing and moving on.</td>
<td>każde świeże zdumienie, które należy zapisać w pamięci i iść dalej.</td>
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<tr>
<td>The discoveries the traveler makes in broad daylight—</td>
<td>Odkrycia dokonywane przez podróżnika w biały dzień - intrigujące</td>
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<tr>
<td>the curious problems of the eye he solves—resemble those</td>
<td>zagadki dla oczu - przypominają te, co ekscytują i podtrzymują pisarza w</td>
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<td>that thrill and sustain a novelist in his solitude.</td>
<td>jego samotności. Zgubnym jest wiedzieć za dużo od samego początku:</td>
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<tr>
<td>It is fatal to know too much at the outset:</td>
<td>znużenie prędko ogarnia podróżnika, który zna dobrze swoją drogę tak</td>
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<tr>
<td>boredom comes as quickly to the traveler who</td>
<td>samo jak pisarza, który jest zbyt pewny swej fabuły. Najlepsze</td>
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<td>knows his route as to the novelist who is overcertain of his plot.</td>
<td>krajobrazy, pozornie gęste bądź nudne, potrafią zaskoczyć, jeśli są</td>
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<td>And the</td>
<td>cierpliwie opracowane, w rodzaju dyskomfortu, którym można się</td>
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<td>best landscapes, apparently dense or featureless, hold surprises if they</td>
<td>później rozkoszować. Tylko głupiec wini deszcz za nieudane wakacje.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>are studied patiently, in the kind of discomfort one can savor afterward.</td>
<td>Dziwny kraj, czyli jaki? Taki, w którym słońce przebija się przez</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Only a fool blames his bad vacation on the rain.</td>
<td>chmury o dziesiątej wieczorem i sprawia, że zachód słońca jest tak pełny,</td>
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<td>jakby za chwilę miałby być już świt. Wyspa, która przy bliższym</td>
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<td>przyjrzeniu się wydaje składać się wyłącznie z króliczych odchodów.</td>
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<td>Zdruzgotani wędrownicy obozujący w uroczym bałaganie. Ludzie, którzy</td>
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<td>pozdrawiają się nawzajem życząc sobie „miłego dnia&quot; w trakcie ulewy.</td>
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<td>Kilometry żywopłotów z fuksi na dwa metry wysokości, ze zwisającymi,</td>
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<td></td>
<td>fioletowymi kwiatami przypominające chińskie lampiony. Doskonale</td>
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Druids, storms that break and pass in minutes, and a local language that sounds like Russian being whispered and so incomprehensible that the attentive traveler feels, in the words of a native writer, "like a dog listening to music".

It sounds as distant and bizarre as The Land Where the Jumblies Live, and yet it is the part of Europe that is closest in miles to America, the thirty mile sausage of land on the southwest coast of Ireland that is known as the Dingle Peninsula. Beyond it is Boston and New York, where many of its people have fled. The land is not particularly fertile. Fishing is dangerous and difficult. Food is expensive; and if the Irish Government did not offer financial inducements to the natives they would probably shrink inland, like the people of Great Blasket Island who simply dropped everything and went ashore to the Dingle, deserting their huts and fields and leaving them to the rabbits and the ravens. It is easy for the casual traveler to prettify the place with romantic hyperbole, to see in Dingle's hard weather and exhausted ground the Celtic Twilight, and in its stubborn hopeful people a version of Irishness that is to be cherished. That is the patronage of pity—the metropolitan's contempt for the peasant. The Irish coast, so enchanting for the man with the camera, is murder for the fisherman. For five of the eight days I was there the fishing boats remained anchored in Dingle Harbor, because it was too wild to set sail. The dead seagulls, splayed out like old-fangled ladies'...
hats below Clogher Head, testify to the furious winds; and never have I seen so many sheep skulls bleaching on hillsides, so many cracked bones beneath bushes.

Farming is done in the most clumsily primitive way, with horses and donkeys, wagons and blunt plow. The methods are traditional by necessity—modernity is expensive, gas costs more than Guinness. The stereotype of the Irishman is a person who spends every night at the local pub, jigging and swilling; in the villages of this peninsula only Sunday night is festive and the rest are observed with tea and early supper.

"I don't blame anyone for leaving here," said a farmer in Dunquin. "There's nothing for young people. There's no work, and it's getting worse."

After the talk of the high deeds of Finn MacCool and the fairies and leprechauns, the conversation turns to the price of spare parts, the cost of grain, the value of the Irish pound which has sunk below the British one. Such an atmosphere of isolation is intensified and circumscribed by the language—there are many who speak only Gaelic. Such remoteness breeds political indifference. There is little talk of the guerrilla war in Northern Ireland, and the few people I tried to draw on the subject said simply that Ulster should become part of Eire.
Further east, in Cork and Killarney, I saw graffiti reading BRITS OUT or UP THE IRA. It is not only the shortage of walls or the cost of spray cans that keep the Irish in Dingle from scrawling slogans. I cannot remember any people so quickly hospitable or easier to meet. Passers-by nod in greeting, children wave at cars: it is all friendliness. At almost three thousand feet the shepherd salutes the climbers and then marches on with his dogs yapping ahead of him.

Either the people leave and go far—every Irishman I met had a relative in America—or they never stir at all. "I've lived here my whole life," said an old man in Curraheen on Tralee Bay; and he meant it—he had always sat in that chair and known that house and that tree and that pasture. But his friend hesitated. "Well, yes," this one said, "not here exactly. After I got married I moved further down the road." It is the outsider who sees Dingle whole; the Irish there live in solitary villages. And people who have only the vaguest notion of Dublin or London, and who have never left Ballydavid or Inch, show an intimate knowledge of American cities, Boston, Springfield, Newark or San Diego. The old lady in Dunquin, sister of the famous "Kruger" Kavanagh—his bar remains, a friendly ramshackle place with a dark side of bacon suspended over one bar and selling peat bricks, ice cream, shampoo and corn flakes along with the Guinness and the rum—that old lady considered Ventry (her wyobcowanie rodzi polityczną obojętność. Niewiele się mówi o wojnie partyzanckiej w Irlandii Północnej, a garstka tych, których dałem radę pociągnąć za język w ten temat, stwierdziły wprost, że Ulster powinien stać się częścią Irlandii.


Ci ludzie albo wyjeżdżają i udają się daleko — każdy Irlandczyk, którego spotkałem, miał krewnego w Ameryce — albo nigdzie nie ruszają. Mieszkam tu całe życie – powiedział pewien starzec w Curraheen nad zatoką Tralee. Nie kłamał. Zawsze siedział w tym fotelu; znał ten dom, to drewo i to pastwisko. Ale jego przyjaciel się zawahał.

No dobra – powiedział – nie dokładnie tutaj. Po ślubie przeprowadziłem się parę domów dalej. Jedynie osoby z zewnątrz mogą zobaczyć Dingle w całości; Irlandczycy żyją tam na odludnych wsiach. A ludzie, którzy mają jakiekolwiek pojęcie o Dublinie czy Londynie, choć nigdy nie opuścili...
new homestead, four miles away) another world, and yet she used her stern charm on me to recommend a certain bar on Cape Cod.

I did not find, in the whole peninsula, an inspired meal or a great hotel; nor can the peninsula be recommended for its weather. We had two days of rain, two of mist, one almost tropical, and one which was all three, rain in the morning, mist in the afternoon, and sun that appeared in the evening and didn't sink until eleven at night—this was June. "Soft evening," says the fisherman; but that is only a habitual greeting—it might be raining like hell. In general, the sky is overcast, occasionally the weather is unspeakable: no one should go to that part of Ireland in search of sunny days. The bars, two or three to a village, are musty with rising damp and woodworm, and the pictures of President Kennedy—sometimes on yellowing newsprint, sometimes picked out daintily in needlepoint on framed tea-towels—do little to relieve the gloom. The English habit of giving bars fanciful names, like The Frog and Nightgown or The White Hart, is virtually unknown in Ireland. I did not see a bar in any village that was not called simply Mahoney's, or Crowley's, or Foley's or O'Flaherty's: a bar is a room, a keg, an Irish name over the door, and perhaps a cat asleep on the sandwiches.

The roads are empty but narrow, and one—the three miles across the Conair Pass—is, in low cloud, one of the most dangerous I have ever seen, bringing a lump to my throat that I had not tasted since traversing...
The landscape is utterly bleak, and sometimes there is no sound but the wind beating the gorse bushes or the cries of gulls which—shrill and frantic—mimic something tragic, like a busload of schoolgirls careering off a cliff. The day we arrived my wife and I went for a walk, down the meadow to the sea. It was gray. We walked fifty feet. It rained. The wind tore at the outcrops of rock. We started back, slipping on seaweed, and now we could no longer see the top of the road, where we had begun the walk. It was cold; both of us were wet, feebly congratulating ourselves that we had remembered to buy rubber boots in Killarney. Then Anne hunched and said, "It’s bloody cold. Let’s make this a one-night stand."

But we waited. It rained the next day. And the next. The third was misty, but after so much rain the mist gave us the illusion of good weather: there was some promise in the shifting clouds. But really, the weather had ceased to matter. It was too cold to swim and neither of us had imagined sunbathing in Ireland. We had started to discover the place on foot, in a high wind, fortified by stout and a picnic lunch of crab’s claws (a dollar a pound) and cheese and soda bread. Pausing, we had begun to travel.

There is no detailed guidebook for these parts. Two choices are open: to buy Sheet 20 of the Ordnance Survey Map of Ireland or climb Mount Brandon and look down. We did both, and it was odd how, robią aby złagodzić ten mrok. Angielski zwyczaj nadawania barom wymyślnych nazw typu „Zaba i koszula nocna’ czy też „Biały jeleń” jest nieznany w Irlandii. W żadnej wiosce nie widziałem baru, który nie nazywałby się po prostu Mahone’ów, albo Crowley’ów, albo Foley’ów, albo O’Flaherty’ów. W skład irlandzkiego pubu wchodzi pomieszczenie, beczka, irlandzkie nazwisko widniejące nad drzwiami i może kot śpiący na kanapkach.

standing in mist among ecclesiastical-looking cairns (the mountain was a
place of pilgrimage for early Christian monks seeking the intercession of
St Brendan the Navigator), we looked down and saw that Smerwick and
Ballyferriter were enjoying a day of sunshine, Brandon Head was rainy,
and Mount Eagle was in cloud. Climbing west of Dingle is deceptive, a
succession of false summits, each windier than the last; but from the
heights of Brandon the whole peninsula is spread out like a
topographical map, path and road, cove and headland. Down there was
the Gallarus Oratory, like a perfect boathouse in stone to which no one
risks assigning a date (but probably 9th Cent.), and at a greater distance
Great Blasket Island and the smaller ones with longer names around it.
The views all over the peninsula are dramatic and unlikely, as anyone
who has seen Ryan's Daughter knows—that bad dazzling movie was
made in and around the fishing hamlet of Dunquin. The coastal cliffs are
genuinely frightening, the coves echoic with waves that hit the black
rocks and rise - foaming, perpendicular - at the fleeing gannets; and the
long Slieve Mish Mountains and every valley - thirty miles of them - are
most weirdly, without trees.

We had spotted Mount Eagle. The following day we wandered
from the sandy, and briefly sunny, beach at Ventry, through tiny farms to
the dark sloping lake that is banked like a sink a thousand feet up the
slope—more bones, more rabbits, and a mountain wall strafed by

powiedziała, że jest strasznie zimno. Niech to będzie jednonocny
wysok.

Ale czekaliśmy dalej. Padało następnego dnia. Tego następnego
też. Trzeci był spowity mgłą, chociaż po tylu deszczowych dniach mgła
dawała nam złudzenie słonecznej pogody: snujące się chmury dawały
nam nadzieję. Aż w końcu przestaliśmy się z nią liczyć. Było zbyt zimno,
by pływać, a żadne z nas nie wyobrażało sobie opalania się w Irlandii.

Zaczęliśmy odkrywać to miejsce pieszo, przy porywczym wietrze,
wzmocnieniu stoutem i krabowymi pazurami (dolar za pół kilo) oraz
serem i chlebem sodowym, które zjedliśmy podczas lunchowego
pikniku. Tą przerwą rozpoczęliśmy naszą podróż.

Nie ma dokładnego przewodnika po tych regionach. Pozostają dwa
wyjścia: albo kupić dwudziesty arkusz mapy irlandzkiego urzędu
kartograficznego albo wspiąć się na górę Brandon i spojrzeć w dół.
Zrobiliśmy i to i to. Dziwnym uczniem było stanąć we mgle wśród
kościoło-wyglądających kopców (górą ta była miejscem pielgrzymek
wczesnochrześcijańskich mnichów modlących się za wstawiennictwem
św. Brendana Żeglarza) i zobaczyć z góry jak Smerwick i Ballyferriter
cieszły się ciepłym dniem, podczas gdy w Brandon Head padało, a góra
Eagle była zakryta chmurami. Wspinaczka na zachód od Dingle jest
zwodnicza. To ciąg złudnych szczytów, każdy z nich dziesięć razy bardziej
wietrzny od poprzedniego. Ale z czubka Brandona cały półwysep
screeching gulls. We had begun to enjoy the wind and rough weather, and after a few days of it saw Dingle Town as too busy, exaggerated, almost large, without much interest, and full of those fairly grim Irish shops which display in the front window a can of beans, a fan belt, a pair of boots, two chocolate bars, yesterday's newspaper and a row of plastic crucifixes standing on fly-blown cookie boxes. And in one window—that of a shoe store—two bottles of "Guaranteed Pure Altar Wine"—the guarantee was lettered neatly on the label: "Certified by the Cardinal Archbishop of Lisbon and Approved by his Lordship the Most Reverend Dr Eamonn Casey, Bishop of Kerry.

But no one mentions religion. The only indication I had of the faith was the valediction of a lady in a bar in Ballyferriter, who shouted, "God Bless ye!" when I emptied my pint of Guinness.

On the rainiest day we climbed down into the cove at Coumeenoole, where—because of its unusual shape, like a ruined cathedral—there was no rain. I sent the children off for driftwood and at the mouth of a dry cave built a fire. It is the bumpkin who sees travel in terms of dancing girls and candlelight dinners on the terrace; the city-slicker's triumphant holiday is finding the right mountain-top or building a fire in the rain or recognizing the wildflowers in Dingle: foxglove, heather, bluebells. And it is the city-slicker's conceit to look for untrodden ground, the five miles of unpeopled beach at Stradbally...
Strand, the flat magnificence of Inch Strand, or the most distant frontier of Ireland, the island off Dunquin called Great Blasket.

Each day, she and her sister-islands looked different. We had seen them from the cliffside of Slea Head, and on that day they had the appearance of sea monsters—high backed creatures making for the open sea. Like all offshore islands, seen from the mainland, their aspect changed with the light: they were lizard-like, then muscular, turned from gray to green, acquired highlights that might have been huts. At dawn they seemed small, but they grew all day into huge and fairly fierce-seeming mountains in the water, diminishing at dusk into pink beasts and finally only hindquarters disappearing in the mist. Some days they were not there at all; on other days they looked linked to the peninsula.

It became our ambition to visit them. We waited for a clear day, and it came—bright and cloudless. But the boat looked frail, a rubber dinghy with an outboard motor. The children were eager; I looked at the high waves that lay between us and Great Blasket and implored the boatman for reassurance. He said he had never overturned—but he was young. On an impulse I agreed and under a half-hour later we arrived at the foreshore on the east of the main island, soaking wet from the spray.

No ruin in Ireland prepared us for the ruins on Great Blasket. After many years of cozy habitation—described with good humor by Maurice O'Sullivan in Twenty Years A-Growing (1933)—the villagers were
removed to the mainland in 1953. They could no longer support themselves: they surrendered their island to the sneaping wind. And their houses, none of them large, fell down. Where there had been parlors and kitchens and vegetable gardens and fowl-coops there was now bright green moss. The grass and moss and wildflowers combine to create a cemetery effect in the derelict village, the crumbled hut walls like old gravemarkers. I think I have never seen an eerier or more beautiful island. Just beyond the village which has no name is a long sandy beach called White Strand, which is without a footprint; that day it shimmered like any in Bali.

After our picnic we climbed to Sorrowful Cliff and discovered that the island which looked only steep from the shore was in fact precipitous, "Sure, it's a wonderful place to commit suicide," a man told me in Dunquin. A narrow path was cut into the slope on which we walked single file—a few feet to the right and straight down were gulls and the dull sparkle of the Atlantic. We were on the windward side, heading for Fatal Cliff; and for hundreds of feet straight up rabbits were defying gravity on the steepness. The island hill becomes such a sudden ridge and so sharp that when we got to the top of it and took a step we were in complete silence: no wind, no gulls, no surf, only a green-blue vista of the coast of Kerry, Valencia Island and the soft headlands. Here on the lee side the heather was three feet thick and easy as a mattress. I couldn't believe it. No wonder, I thought, no wonder Blasket Island has the worst wind in Europe.
lay down, and within minutes my youngest child was asleep on his stomach, his face on a cushion of fragrant heather. And the rest of the family had wandered singly to other parts of the silent island, so that when I sat up I could see them prowling alone, in detached discovery, trying—because we could not possess this strangeness—to remember it.”

opisanego w dobrym humorze przez Maurice’a O’Sullivana w „Twenty Years A-Growing” (1933) — mieszkańcy wioski zostali wysiedleni na stały ląd w 1953 roku. Nie byli w stanie się już tam dłużej utrzymać: oddali swoją wyspę wstępnym wiatrom. A ich malutkie domki; każdy z nich runął. Tam, gdzie kiedyś znajdowały się pokoje i kuchnie, ogrody warzywne i kurniki, był teraz groszkowy mech. Trawa, mech i dzikie kwiaty zjednoczyły się, aby stworzyć efekt cmentarza w opustoszałej wiosce, a zmiażdżone ściany efekt domów grabarzy. Wydaje mi się, że nigdy nie widziałem bardziej upiornej i piękniejszej wyspy. Tuż za wioską, która nie ma nazwy, znajduje się długia piaszczysta plaża o nazwie „Białe Pasmo”, na której nie ma ani jednego śladu stopy. Tego dnia mieniła się jak każda na Bali.

Po pikniku wspięliśmy się na Smutny Klif i odkryliśmy, że wyspa, która wyglądała tylko stromo z brzegu, była w rzeczywistości niekończącą się przepaścią. Cudowne miejsce na popełnienie samobójstwa — powiedział mi mężczyzna w Dunquin. W zboczu wycięta była wąska ścieżka, po której szliśmy w pojedynkę — kilka kroków w prawo, a tam były mewy i tępy błysk Atlantyku. Byliśmy po stronie nawietrznej, zmierzając do Fatalnego Klifu; i przez kilkanaście metrów prosto w górę króliki przeciwstawiały się grawitacji na stromiznach. Wzgórze wyspy przekształciło się w raptowny grzbiet i było on tak szpiczaste, że kiedy dotarliśmy na jego szczyt i zrobiliśmy krok,
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Source Text</th>
<th>Target Text</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td><strong>Title</strong></td>
<td>The Song of Montreal</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Year Published</strong></td>
<td>1609-1610</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Author</strong></td>
<td>Debbora</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Language</strong></td>
<td>Middle English</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Word Count</strong></td>
<td>103</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)

ST is an excerpt of the English translation of one of the oldest ‘surviving specimens of Hebrew literature’ (Cook 1911, 904) in the Douay-Rheims Bible (DRB). ST is regarded as a thanksgiving hymn for a military victory in the Kishon battle (Globe 1974, 495). ST uses three (e.g., ST: 1, 2, 4) addressees throughout the text and employs a third-person omnipresent narrative voice (ST: 1-17).

Consisting of seventeen lines, ST uses persuasive language to convey its goal of calling for a responsible and resonant leadership (Thomas 2021, 5) during the biblical times of Israel’s political upheavals (Gottwald 2001, 41). Persuasion is conveyed through the rhetorical device of repetition i.e., anaphoras (ST: 6; 8; 9), as well as the use of the imperative mood i.e., ‘Arise’ (ST: 1-2) before switching to a descriptive mode using verbs in the past tense (ST: 7-16). This shift contributes to a sense of urgency in the text. This is supported by the stylistic device of evoking combative imagery with words like ‘captives’ (ST: 2), ‘fought’ (ST: 5), ‘army’ (ST: 9) etc., all of which connote concepts of battle and war. The rhetorical question at the end (ST: 16-17) highlights ST’s persuasive function.
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Strategy</th>
<th>TT will be a ‘wall poem’ on a five-storey building on Green Avenue, Westmount – a predominantly English-speaking (56%) neighbourhood in Montreal, Quebec, with an average age of forty-five and a 94% employment rate (Statistics Canada 2021, n.p.). ST’s persuasiveness will be adopted for the context of Montreal’s binational identity and its history of francophone marginalization (Buurmann 1999, 16). It will plead for peaceful coexistence in modern-day Montreal. For this, I will use:</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>identification of translation problems</td>
<td>• modern as opposed to archaic English spelling conventions e.g. ‘you’ instead of ‘thou’.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>knowledge of genre within target context and situation of target text</td>
<td>• the ecphonesis ‘O’ to address TT’s two addressees for an emphatic effect i.e.: - Montreal, using the explicitation ‘Land of Montreal’ (TT: 3) and the euphemism ‘Mount Royal’ (TT: 9). - the people of Montreal, using the synecdoche ‘people’ (TT: 1)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>justification of translation production of genre for target context (200 words max)</td>
<td>• a word limit of 150 to maximise TT’s legibility given the space restrictions on the building’s wall.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>• Peaceful imagery through a lexicon of synonyms (Thesaurus 2023, n.p.): - ‘harmony’ (TT: 5); - ‘amity’ (TT: 10); - ‘love’ (TT: 14)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>• allusions to Quebec’s three francophone historical figures as a vehicle to appeal to TA’s national psyche, i.e.: - Zacharie Cloutier (TT: 10) - Jacques Cartier (TT: 11) - Kateri Tekakwitha (TT: 12)</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
| Critical Reflection | TT uses an irregular metre except for lines 10-12, each containing 14 syllables, which introduces rhythmic regularity. This is reinforced through the use of an assonance and an internal rhyme in ‘came the name of Canada’ (ST: 11) to symbolise cultural and linguistic harmony in Quebec through a mellifluous sound.

However, the idea of harmony is contradicted by the fact that TT only uses English to promote the message of peace in Quebec. Using the dominant English may reinforce the power imbalances between French and English Canadians and exclude other Quebec’s minority cultures. Nevertheless, the rhetorical question in lines 16-17 compensates for this logical discrepancy by shifting TT’s focus back onto the agency of the TA at the end, and by using the inclusive synecdoche ‘people’ to denote them (TT: 16). It also interjects a rhyming scheme of AAABBBCCDD (TT: 3-13), which breaks when TT introduces Quebec’s natural features (TT: 13). This notion is drawn on again at the end of TT, as conveyed through the masculine rhyme ‘borders/orders’ (TT: 16-17) that juxtaposes the metaphor ‘Babel’s discord’ (TT: 15) to highlight a sense of a shared environment for TA, thus furthering the ideas of peace and coexistence. |


Arise, Arise, O Debbora, Arise, Arise, and utter a canticle.
Arise, Barac, and take hold of thy captives,
O son of Abinoem.
The remnants of the people are saved,
the Lord hath fought among the valiant ones.
Out of Ephraim he destroyed them into Amalec,
and after him out of Benjamin into thy people, O Amalec:
Out of Machir there came down princes, and out of
Zabulon they that led the army to fight.
The captains of Issachar were with Debbora,
and followed the steps of Barac,
who exposed himself to danger,
as one going headlong, and into a pit.
Ruben being divided against himself,
there was found a strife of courageous men.
Why dwellest thou between two borders,
that thou mayest hear the bleatings of the flocks?

Arise, Arise, O people, Arise, Arise,
Arise, and bring your olive branches.
O Land of Montreal, gather the young
so they can hear French and English dance on every tongue.
In harmony, their sweet melodies are sung,
Praising those who build bridges instead of walls
for their descendants' souls.
May Lord overthrow the gates of new wars.
O Mount Royal, mother of mountains,
Out of the Cloutiers' wisdom, your amity shines the brightest.
Out of Breton mariners came the name of Canada
Whose earth brought forth the grace of Kateri Tekakwitha.
The birch trees, snowy owls and the Great River
That gives life to those who fight with love
And build themselves up from Babel's discord.
O people of Montreal, why do you live between two borders,
if not to hear Her songs of nurturing orders?