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Liminality: The Inbetweenness in Translation

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Introduction

This portfolio is a tribute to the liminal in literature. Liminality refers to the state of 'being in-between'. The concept of a boundary or a border is crucial in understanding liminality, as entering the liminal space means crossing boundaries, whether ontological, social, cultural, or symbolic (Ruthner 2021, 114). This transgression does not necessarily mean violation of the boundaries. It can also encompass their revision and readjustment (ibid, 115). A liminal state can be a point of transition, a process of becoming.

There are many ways of inbetweenness and the diverse range of the selected texts attempts to explore some of them. The 'between lives' of a whale fall is described in Heinrich’s Life Everlasting: The Animal Way of Death. The transition between childhood and womanhood is thematized in Jireš’s Valerie and Her Week of Wonders. The liminal mood of the time between night and day is captured in Hlaváček’s Pozdě k ránu. Hořava's lyrical prose collected in Pálenka: Prózy z Banátu evokes the constant wandering between memories, time and space. Polidori with his fascinating prose The Vampyre created the modern literary and cultural phenomenon of this liminal being. The narrator of McCormack's Solar Bones crosses the borders between the world of the dead and the world of the living.

Sinopoulos-Lloyd writes in their essay Queer Futurism: Denizens of Liminality about the experience of liminal identity, and Welsh explores liminal spaces in his YouTube video Searching for Limbo in Reality.

This portfolio also aims to make a link between liminality and translation itself. Translation happens in the liminal space between the source text and the target text. It is the precondition for bridging the borders between languages and a translator as a sort of liminal being, between languages and cultures, is the one who navigates this liminal space.

Bibliography
Abbreviations

CEFR = Common European Framework of Reference (for Languages)
SC = source culture
SL = source language
ST = source text
TC = target culture
TL = target language
TT = target text
T-V distinction = from the latin pronouns *tu* and *vos*, use of different pronouns to convey formality or familiarly
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th><strong>Source Text</strong></th>
<th><strong>Target Text</strong></th>
</tr>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td><strong>Title</strong></td>
<td><em>Life Everlasting: The Animal Way of death</em></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Year Published</strong></td>
<td>2012</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Author</strong></td>
<td>Bernd Heinrich</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Language</strong></td>
<td>English (USA)</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 source text is a popular science text about the ecology of death and the cycle (and recycling) of life in nature. The text demonstrates 'how to be boldly curious in the face of death,' (Jeffery and Shackelford 2013, 814) and in its discussion of death 'the emotional veil is lifted, the intellectual heavy lifting can begin' (ibid). This particular fragment chosen for translation describes a *whale fall*, a process of decomposition of a whale’s carcass. It is a phase between the whale’s death and complete decomposition (transformation into a new life). The text is written in standard English with elements of narration – the biological process is described as a journey on which the whale carcass travels through different worlds and is encountered by various sea creatures. Beside the description of the whale decomposition process itself the text also provides descriptions of these creatures and their habitat (ST: 26-33, 35-48). Occasionally, scientific terminology is used – e.g. photosynthesis, adaptation (ecological), Eocene.

**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

The target audience are children, aged 6-8. The aim of this translation is to educate the readers about the cycle of life in nature. Such translation poses the following problems:

- the readers may not be familiar with terms and notions from the field of biology (e.g. photosynthesis)
- the descriptions of the deep sea creatures may distract from the main topic of the text (the ‘whale fall’)
- the communication of the notion of death to children in general

To address these problems, the following strategy will be applied:
Terms the readers may not be familiar with will be replaced by explanation (photosynthesis → plants cannot live without light).

To narrow the focus on the main topic of the text, the descriptions of the deep sea creatures will be shortened. The structure of the text will be adjusted to emphasise the stages of the 'whale fall' (division into four sections, each section opened with a question or a quote further developed in the following paragraphs)

Besides the initial question (TT: 1) reference to death will be indirect (TT: 5). After the death of the whale it will be referred to only as the corpse, parts or remains to create emotional distance.

To increase the educational value of the text, an alternative strategy for dealing with the scientific terms could have been applied. They could have been kept in the text and explained outside of the main text, for example as a side note with a simple accompanying illustration. This would, however, distract the reading flow and conflict with the structure modification and content adjustments made to strengthen focus on the process of 'whale fall'. Explication of the scientific terms is therefore more in alignment with the overall strategy of this translation.


THE NATURAL PROCESS of whale recycling presumably begins near the surface of the water. We know little about a whale’s natural death, but we can imagine a scenario of what it may look like. Perhaps the whale weakens from old age and then drowns. I suspect that a weakened whale might easily become prey to orcas (killer whales), who hasten its death. After the orcas have taken their fill, the blood would attract large sharks, such as the great white, and various smaller sharks would come flocking to fresh meat. The whale’s body cavity would be breached, organs removed, and the lungs deflated. What happens then? The whale carcass begins to sink, drifting through a netherworld of dark, cold water populated by an assemblage of creatures that are specialized to live off the largess that comes down from above. These creatures seem bizarre to us because they are configured differently from those we know well. Some of the fish have light-generating organs, including one that resembles a lantern suspended from a stiff rod. Some have mouths that are larger than their bodies, with huge teeth. There are females who carry around tiny males that are like parasites embedded in their flesh, an adaptation that compensates for the difficulty of meeting a mate—something we take for granted in a world of light.
But these creatures don’t catch all the manna that drifts down. Some parts of the whale continue to drift all the way to the bottom. Below a depth of 150 meters, photosynthesis cannot occur, so only animals, not plants, exist at lower depths. Those that have adapted to survive there either live on the largess from above or they catch and eat each other. Many are transparent. No light would be visible to us in this deep-water world, but the eyes of some of the animals are enlarged and especially well developed; those with some vision can more easily prey on those who see less and swim above them. Still farther down, where there is absolutely no light from above and no animal can see images, as we do by the light reflected from objects, the animals generate their own light. Prey animals obviously do not “want” to be seen, but they may need to be visible in order to be found by potential mates.

At these depths beyond sunlight, there is a continuous light show of flashing and glowing blue lights that have different meanings, from (presumably) attracting mates to luring prey to faking out potential predators; one copepod has been observed to discharge its own light-generating matter (bacteria?) into the water to hide its location, much as some octopi conceal themselves by squirting ink. This is the world of the “engulfer eel,” which hangs in the water and presents a long tail to make contact with drifting edible debris or swimming animals. It has a mouth

obrovských zubů! Tihle zvláštní tvorové ale nesnědí všechno.

Zbylé části velryby se potápějí hlouběji, blíž k samotnému dnu. Do hloubky víc než 150 metrů už neproniká žádné světlo a bez něj tu tedy nemohou být ani žádné rostliny. Žijí tu ještě prapodivnější tvorové. Někteří z nich jsou dokonce průhlední! Jiní mají obrovské speciálně vyvinuté oči, aby alespoň trochu viděli. Člověk by v takové tmě neviděl vůbec.

Ti, kteří tu dokáží přežít loví sebe navzájem, nebo se živí právě těly větších živočichů, která se sem potopí z vyšších vrstev oceánu.

Tmu občas přeruší záblesky a záře modrého světla. Tyto temné končiny totiž obývají i tvorové, kteří sami vytváří světlo. Buď aby nalákali kořist, nebo aby zmátl predátory.

Ti bez zraku a bez vlastního světla používají k hledání potravy ostatní smysly. Šírotlampa pelikánovitá nahmatává plovoucí částečky potravy pomocí svého dlouhého ocasu. Zubatice obecná, trochu legrační ryba, využívá speciálních senzorů vystupujících z jejího těla. Dokáže ve tmě zaznamenat poblíž plovoucí potravu pomocí doteku a nebo pohybu vody.

JAK TO KONČÍ?
big enough to swallow animals its own size. A forty-meter-long colonial jellyfish has plenty of surface area for contact with drifting food particles. Here lives the fangtooth, a grotesque fish with an appropriate name. It moves very slowly and uses sensory filaments extending from its body to detect nearby objects in the dark by touch or subtle movements of the water.

Finally, the whale, after sinking through strange dark worlds for many miles, comes to rest at the bottom. Here temperatures are near the freezing point, and bodies could potentially pile up forever in this refrigerator. But whales have been on earth in recognizable form since the Eocene, about 54 to 34 million years ago, and through all this time they must have been recycled, or the oceans would now be filled to the brim with their cold carcasses. Such a massive food bonanza as whale carcasses, drifting down to the ocean bottom over millions of years, would presumably have prompted a retinue of specialized scavengers to evolve to make use of them. Until recently we had no idea who these scavengers were or how they recycled the world’s largest mammals.

Když velrybí tělo nasytí obyvatele všech těch prazvláštních temných světů, kterými se potápí, spočine nakonec na úplném dně oceánu. Teploty se tu pohybují skoro kolem bodu mrazu. V takové mořské ledničce by se mohly ostatky velryb klidně uchovat a postupně nashromáždit. Jenže velryby na naší planetě žijí už od eocénu (zhruba před 34-54 miliony let). Za tak dlouhý čas by se nashromáždilo tolik ostatků velryb, že by byly oceány plné až po okraj. Všechny ty ostatky tedy musely být nějak zrecyklovány. Za ty miliony let, co velryby existují, umírají a jejich těla se potápí ke dnu, se nejspíš museli vyvinout nějaké specializované mrchožrouti, kteří celý tenhle proces dokončí. Ještě do nedávna jsme ale netušili, kdo tihle mrchožrouti jsou a jak zbytky těl největších savců na světě recyklují.
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<tr>
<th>Source Text</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td><strong>Title</strong></td>
<td><strong>Title</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pozdě k ránu</td>
<td>Late before morning</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Year Published</strong></td>
<td>1896</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Author</strong></td>
<td>Karel Hlaváček</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Language</strong></td>
<td>Czech</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Word Count</strong></td>
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<td><strong>Description of Source Text</strong></td>
<td><strong>Strategy</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>● understanding of source text</td>
<td>● identification of translation problems</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>● knowledge of genre within source contexts</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>● situation of source text</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>familiarity with the formal features of a text (language variation(s), register, dialect)</td>
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<tr>
<td>(200 words max)</td>
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<tr>
<td>This prose poem is one of the most prominent texts of the decadent movement in Czech literature (Pešat 1974, 475). It captures a mood with a sequence of poetic images rich in symbols (ST: 2-5, 13-16), and by evoking sensory perceptions (visual, auditory, olfactory – e.g. nahořklá vůně feniklového oleje [a bitter aroma of fennel oil]). The mood is conveyed by a lyrical subject (the voice in the poem), who is strongly present in the text (references to himself, his feelings or activity by means of 1st person singular pronouns or verb forms occur 10 times, in 4 out of 10 sentences). Syntactic features are used to create a sequence of the poetic images presented in the poem. Ellipses (appearing in the end of 50% of the sentences) add ambiguity and obscurity to the text and separate the individual images, to provide space for the reader to absorb the previous image before moving onto the next one. Lexical choices related to the fields of music and visual art (ST: 11-13, 16-18) intensify the multi-sensory effect of the poem. The register is formal and literary (e.g. use of present indicative verb forms ending with -i).</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The text has been translated into English as a part of a publication targeting an academic audience. This translation targets the readers of BOMB (an online magazine of experimental art and literature) — artists, writers and translators. The goal of this translation is to convey the mood of the source text, but in the form of an experimental poem.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Prince’s (1985) principles of experimental text will be applied (details in appendix). The challenge posed by this approach is the rewriting of a text rich in vivid images and highly subjective expressions into an impersonal text focused mainly on its own linguistic expression (ibid, 211). The strategy chosen for this task is to:

- eliminate the lyrical subject by removal of personal pronouns
- condensate the text – semantic words (substantives, adjectives, verbs) will be left and grammatical words (prepositions, conjunctions etc.) will be omitted wherever this alternation would not interfere with the meaning
- maintain the visual and auditory dimension of the poem – the images suggesting such perceptions will be strengthened with visual and sound effects created by the language itself (e.g. graphical form of the text, phonetic elements).

Syntax separating individual images will be replaced by parcellation of the poem into strophs.

In certain passages (TT: 35-45) the condensation of the text was not possible to such extent as originally intended, because the images as presented in the source text would be disrupted. These images are very specific and detailed (‘řezané ze zeleného egyptskeho dioritu žensky jemnou a neznámu aristokratickou dlaní’ [carved from a green Egyptian diorite by a femininely delicate strange aristocratic hand]), therefore further condensation would create a juxtaposition of seemingly random words. An attempt to convey these images through graphical modifications (such as TT: 48-57, 61-62) of the poem would not work well either, because of their complexity. Accompanying the poem with illustrations that contribute to the meaning of the text could be a possible solution of this problem. It would also heighten the poem's appeal for the target readers as the magazine is oriented not only on literature, but visual art as well.

Bylo to pozdě k ránu... Šel jsem příliš unaven polibky, jež snesly se na mne poprvé v životě jako prudká silice jarního deště. Měsíc ohlašoval bledou září zašlého zlata za řekou svůj brzký východ, a celá krajina, neurčitá, bez kontur, plující v sinavém a bázlivém světle, zdála se po celou noc již od časného večera očekávat prvních paprsků jeho. Bylo takové zvláštní, napnuté ticho, rušené jenom táhlými a hlubokými zvuky trompet daleké vesnické nedělní hudby, která již asi dohrávala...

Měsíc vyšel omrzělý, zarudlý; bledl a počal se chvětít na řece; vše zdálo se klekati k společné modlitbě... A všecka ta nedospalost, touha, jemná mdloba a závrať rozlišila mi v duši takovou zvláštní, delikátní a vzácnou náladu. Bylo to tak něco pro nejhlubší tóny lesního rohu, pro nejhlubší tremolla skleněných fléten, pro zádumčivé solo zděděné violy (a ještě ztlumené kostěnou příduskou)... Vlažný melisový odvar, nahořklá vůně feniklového oleje, tlačené do staré antiky, řezané ze zeleného egyptského dioritu žensky jemnou a neznámou aristokratickou dlaní — dlaní, postříkanou dříve silným aroma karminového laku... Třel jsem nejdelikátnější nuance barev, vodil svou ruku k nejsubtilnějším tahům, zkoušel harmonie nejhlubších mollových akkordů a komponoval v nejnebezpečnějších klíčích a předznamenáních, než jsem přikročil k realizaci svojích visí. Chytit vše sublimmě, tajemně, anaemické a bázlivé v

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Source Text

Pozdě k ránu

Bylo to pozdě k ránu... Šel jsem příliš unaven polibky, jež snesly se na mne poprvé v životě jako prudká silice jarního deště. Měsíc ohlašoval bledou září zašlého zlata za řekou svůj brzký východ, a celá krajina, neurčitá, bez kontur, plující v sinavém a bázlivém světle, zdála se po celou noc již od časného večera očekávat prvních paprsků jeho. Bylo takové zvláštní, napnuté ticho, rušené jenom táhlými a hlubokými zvuky trompet daleké vesnické nedělní hudby, která již asi dohrávala...

Měsíc vyšel omrzělý, zarudlý; bledl a počal se chvětít na řece; vše zdálo se klekati k společné modlitbě... A všecka ta nedospalost, touha, jemná mdloba a závrať rozlišila mi v duši takovou zvláštní, delikátní a vzácnou náladu. Bylo to tak něco pro nejhlubší tóny lesního rohu, pro nejhlubší tremolla skleněných fléten, pro zádumčivé solo zděděné violy (a ještě ztlumené kostěnou příduskou)... Vlažný melisový odvar, nahořklá vůně feniklového oleje, tlačené do staré antiky, řezané ze zeleného egyptského dioritu žensky jemnou a neznámou aristokratickou dlaní — dlaní, postříkanou dříve silným aroma karminového laku... Třel jsem nejdelikátnější nuance barev, vodil svou ruku k nejsubtilnějším tahům, zkoušel harmonie nejhlubších mollových akkordů a komponoval v nejnebezpečnějších klíčích a předznamenáních, než jsem přikročil k realizaci svojích visí. Chytit vše sublimmě, tajemně, anaemické a bázlivé v
delikátní mystifikaci, v ironii a v hřejivou intimitu — rozšlehnout v několika příbuzných duší krátkou modlitbu maga tu vzácnou a tajemnou náladu, zakletou ve dvě slova: pozdě k ránu — to jest má domaina, má raison d’être.

THE MOON

palled, bloodshot, paling

begins to q-U-i-V-e-R

Everything kneels in prayer.
drowsiness, desire, malaise, dizziness

a mood so rare, strange and delicate

muted strings of a viola

humming of French horns
crystal flutes

DEEPEST TONES

tepid decoction of lemon balm

bitter fennel aroma

ancient vase carved from green Egyptian diorite

by a fine aristocratic hand

with a faint scent of crimson paint

the most delicate nuances of colours

the most subtle brush strokes
a harmony of the deepest minor chords
to compose
in treacherous clefs, and daring key signatures

Realisation of visions.

sublime

mysterious

anaemic

timorous

_________

v
to encapsulate

in delicate mystification

in irony

in warm intimacy

\textit{incitE}

the short prayer

the rare, mysterious mood
raison d'être
three words:
*Late before morning*
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Source Text</th>
<th>Target Text</th>
</tr>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td><strong>Title</strong></td>
<td>Valerie and Her Week of Wonders</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Year Published</strong></td>
<td>1970</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Author</strong></td>
<td>Jaromil Jireš</td>
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<td><strong>Language</strong></td>
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<td><strong>Word Count</strong></td>
<td>369</td>
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</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)*

The film depicts a week when Valerie witnesses and experiences strange things, which is an analogy of her transition from childhood to womanhood and discovering of sexuality. It is a film adaptation of Vítězslav Nezval’s 1930s surrealist text inspired by the genre of Gothic novel, especially in its horror elements and plot featuring a young woman threatened by a monster (Botting 1996, 2). The film is considered part of the 1960s Czechoslovak New Wave, a cinema movement picking up threads of the pre-WWII literary avant-garde and enjoying an extended creative freedom in the communist regime temporarily loosened by reforms (Owen 2011, 36-37).

The historical settings of the narrative are not clear, but a ‘past’ is implied by visual elements like costumes and interiors (Owen 2011, 167), as well as the language and communication style, mainly by the use of T-V distinction between family members (Valerie-Grandma), and between young people of similar age (Valerie-Orlík).

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

The target audience is English-speaking users of easterneurpeanmovies.com, a streaming platform specialised in Eastern European cinema. The goal of this translation is to maintain the historicising linguistic features, so that the audience can access the unique aesthetic of the movie not only through its visuals, but through the language as well. As the T-V distinction is not directly available in the TL, it will be substituted with other linguistic means that imply the power imbalance between the characters:
| production of genre for target context (200 words max) | ● a higher occurrence of formal vocabulary and syntax in the letter addressed to Valerie (substituting Orlík addressing Valerie as V)  
● more frequent addressing of Valerie as 'child' or 'dear' in Grandma's utterances (substituting Grandma addressing Valerie as T)  
● the utterances of the missionary during the sermon addressed to the maidens will use the archaic pronoun thou and corresponding verb forms (are → art) to follow the source text, where the crowd is addressed in first person singular, and to accentuate the liturgical character of the speech, because these archaic pronoun and verb forms are used in English liturgy (Norton 1975, 72).  
The Proposed Set of Subtitling Standards in Europe (Karamitroglou, 1997) will be followed in producing the TL subtitles. |
|---|---|
| Critical Reflection | As a result of applying the three different alternatives to T-V distinction, each in the utterances of a different character, a distinct style of each of these characters has been created in the TL. For two of these characters (Orlík, Constable) the style matches their style in the SL and the overall attitude of the character. In the case of Valerie's Grandma, the frequent use of endearments such as 'my dear' or 'my child' evokes affection and warmth, which is in conflict with the cold and stern nature of the character. An alternative way of addressing Valerie could have had a different effect. A more formal term of address such as 'young lady' would better suit the reserved communication style Grandma demonstrates in the ST.  
Some of the passages containing formal language came out longer than in the source text (36, 39, 41), therefore it was challenging to match the TT subtitles with the real time of the ST utterance. These passages needed to be further adjusted to align with the subtitling guidelines used. |
https://translationjournal.net/journal/04stndrd.htm. |
Valerie: Babičko, přijeli herci.
Grandma: Tebe by mělo spíš zajímat, že přijedou misionáři.
Valerie: Kdy?
Grandma: Dnes, nebo zítra.
Jeden bude bydlet u nás.
Snad si nehraješ s náušnicí, dítě?
Valerie: Nejsem už dítě, babičko.
Právě dnes v noci, víte?
Grandma: Ve třinácti letech, jako tvá matka.
Varuji tě,
zbav se těch náušnic.
Tvá matka je odložila v den,
kdy vstoupila do kláštera.
TVůj otec byl biskup.
Jak viš, oba jsou již na nebesích.
Valerie: A to je v těch náušnicích
nějaké tajemství?

Grandma, the actors have arrived.
My dear, you should be rather interested that the missionaries will come.
When?
Today or tomorrow.
One of them will stay with us.
Are you playing with your earring, child?
I am no longer a child, Grandma.
Tonight... You know?
At the age of 13, just like your mother.
I am warning you, get rid of those earrings.
Your mother gave them away the day she entered the convent.
Your father was a bishop.
As you know, they are both in heaven now.
Do these earrings hold some kind of secret?
Grandma: Ach, ne.  
Získala jsem je při dražbě toho domu od jistého konstábla.

Valerie: Vy jste ho znala?  
Babičko, herci jdou.

Grandma: Ale to je přece svatba.  
Hedvika se vdává.

Valerie: Ubohá Hedvika.  
Babičko!

Grandma: Proč?  
Bude z ní bohatá statkářka.

Valerie: Babičko!  
Babičko, příšera!

Grandma: To nemůže být on.  
Vždyť přece zemřel.

Valerie: O kom to mluvite, babičko?  
Jdi a zopakuj si prstoklad měkkých stupnic.

Grandma: Ondřeji!

Valerie: Ano, babičko.

(a voice from outside): Ondřeji!

Oh no, not at all.  
I got them from a certain Constable at the auction of this house.

Did you know him, Grandma?  
Grandma, the actors are coming!

It is just a wedding, my dear.  
Hedvika is getting married.

Poor Hedvika.  
Why?

She is marrying a rich farmer.  
Grandma!

Grandma, a monster!

It cannot be him.  
Surely he is dead.

Who are you talking about, Grandma?  
Go on, my child, and practice your minor scales.

Yes, Grandma.  
Ondřej!

O Fairest of Maidens,

it was I who robbed you of your earrings
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Line</th>
<th>Time</th>
<th>English Translation</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>42</td>
<td>0:11:44.80 — 0:11:47.45</td>
<td>and then returned them</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>43</td>
<td>0:11:48.40 — 0:11:51.90</td>
<td>to your gentle hand again.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>44</td>
<td>0:11:53.14 — 0:11:55.30</td>
<td>He slew my father and my mother</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>45</td>
<td>0:11:55.58 — 0:11:57.59</td>
<td>and now I fear</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>46</td>
<td>0:11:57.84 — 0:11:59.10</td>
<td>for your precious life.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>47</td>
<td>0:12:01.94 — 0:12:04.90</td>
<td>Today...</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>48</td>
<td>0:12:05.68 — 0:12:08.04</td>
<td>Leave your dress</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>49</td>
<td>0:12:08.34 — 0:12:11.85</td>
<td>so I shall talk with you in disguise.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>50</td>
<td>0:12:12.96 — 0:12:15.20</td>
<td>Forever yours in desolation, Orlík.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>51</td>
<td>0:12:16.82 — 0:12:16.82</td>
<td>Forever yours in desolation, Orlík.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>52</td>
<td>0:12:19.30 — 0:12:20.66</td>
<td>Valerie?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>53</td>
<td>0:12:22.66 — 0:12:23.82</td>
<td>Where are you, my child?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>54</td>
<td>0:12:24.88 — 0:12:26.14</td>
<td>Valerie?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>55</td>
<td>0:12:27.70 — 0:12:29.06</td>
<td>Valerie?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>56</td>
<td>0:12:32.42 — 0:12:35.34</td>
<td>It is time to get dressed for church.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>57</td>
<td>0:12:37.42 — 0:12:40.90</td>
<td>Grandma, may I bring</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>58</td>
<td>0:12:42.40 — 0:12:40.90</td>
<td>a sprig of rosemary?</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Missionary: Já, sluha boží,
misionář,
přišel jsem mezi vás, panny,
abych vám poskytl poučení a posilu.
Ó, panno,
viš, co jsi?
Jsi alabastrové podání ruky,
jsi dosud nerozpůlené granátové jablko,
jsi lodička listu,
rozevírající se růže.
Hrubá ruka, která se dotkne tvého ňadra
zanechává na něm nesmazatelný otisk.
Ale já jsem s tebou, má panno.
Namístě anděla strážného
skláním se k tobě.
A žehnám nejšvětějším olejem
tvá ústa, tvá ňadra
tvůj klin.
Amen.

(girls in the audience): Amen.

I, servant of God,
a missionary,
I came here among you maidens
to teach you a lesson and provide support.
Oh, maiden
dost thou know what art thou?
Thou art an alabaster handshake.
Thou art a pomegranate
not yet split open.
Thou art a leaf boat.
An unfurling rose.
The rough hand
that should touch thy breast
leaves an indelible mark.
But I am with thee, dear maiden.
In place of thy Guardian Angel
I bend over thee.
And I bless with the finest oil
thy mouth, thy breasts,
thy loins.
Amen.
| Student Number | 21330026 | Text Number | 4 |

### Source Text

| Title | The Vampyre |
| Year Published | 1819 |
| Author | John William Polidori |
| Language | English (UK) |
| Word Count | 1409 |

#### 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 source text is a short gothic novel (Twitchell 1981, 6). A young man accompanies an attractive aristocrat on his travels and gradually discovers the evil supernatural power of this character. In his first and most successful novel Polidori introduced the romantic aristocratic (Macdonald and Scherf 2008, 13) vampire archetype into modern literature (Twitchell 1981, 103) and inspired other, more famous work of prose such as Le Fanu's *Carmilla* or Stoker's *Dracula* (Wordsworth 2001, 5). The sentences are long (44 words on average) and complex (composed of 5 clauses on average). Semicolons are frequently used (56% sentences have at least one) to connect clauses. The text contains words from literary register (amidst), formal register (upon), archaic words (ere), idioms (made their blood freeze) and formal phrases (begged of him to return).

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### Target Text

| Title | Upír |
| Language | English |
| Word Count | 1122 |

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

The target readers of the translation are Czech students of English (B2 level of CEFR). The TT will be an intralingual translation and it will be presented in parallel with its Czech translation (in appendix), such as in a bilingual book. The aim of the translation is to make the story accessible for the reader at their language level and to provide them with an opportunity to practice and improve their language skills.
The strategy is to create a simplified English version of the ST based on the grammar and lexical knowledge of a B2 English student. This includes:

- simplification of syntax — parcellation of long complex sentences (ST: 1-19 → TT: 1-18), substitution of frequently used semi-colons and hyphens with comma or full stop.
- adjustments of grammar features to B2 level knowledge (based on a grammar profile available on [http://www.englishprofile.org/english-grammar-profile/egp-online](http://www.englishprofile.org/english-grammar-profile/egp-online))
- adjustments of vocabulary to B2 level (based on a vocabulary profile available on [https://www.englishprofile.org/wordlists/evp](https://www.englishprofile.org/wordlists/evp))

To create an opportunity to expand the reader's vocabulary, words that are not included in the B2 vocabulary profile will also be used (e.g. mock, virtue).

I asked a Czech student of English with B2 level to read the TT and reflect on its comprehensibility, as well as on the opportunities to learn new vocabulary the text provides. They confirmed that they understood the text in general (the plot, the sequence of events, the characters, the settings), however some passages (e.g. TT: 30-32, 39-40) were difficult to grasp and the respondent needed to use Google Translate to understand these passages fully. Further research would be needed to identify whether these difficulties in understanding were due to the composition of the TT and the grammatical choices made, or due to the respondent's gaps in knowledge. The respondent confirmed that they learned several new words from the text, such as conviction, chills, persuade, virtues etc. The translation therefore achieved its goal of providing the target reader with an opportunity to expand their vocabulary.


http://www.englishprofile.org/english-grammar-profile/egp-online
https://www.englishprofile.org/wordlists/evp
Her earnestness and apparent believe of what she narrated, excited the interest even of Aubrey; and often as she told him the tale of the living vampyre, who had passed years amidst his friends, and dearest ties, forced every year, by feeding upon the life of a lovely female to prolong his existence for the ensuing months, his blood would run cold, whilst he attempted to laugh her out of such idle and horrible fantasies; but Ianthe cited to him the names of old men, who had at last detected one living among themselves, after several of their near relatives and children had been found marked with the stamp of the fiend’s appetite; and when she found him so incredulous, she begged of him to believe her, for it had been remarked, that those who had dared to question their existence, always had some proof given, which obliged them, with grief and heartbreaking, to confess it was true. She detailed to him the traditional appearance of these monsters, and his horror was increased, by hearing a pretty accurate description of Lord Ruthven; he, however, still persisted in persuading her, that there could be no truth in her fears, though at the same time he wondered at the many coincidences which had all tended to excite a belief in the supernatural power of Lord Ruthven.

Aubrey was very interested in the stories she was telling so seriously and with apparent conviction. Often she told him the tale of the living vampyre, who had passed years living among his friends and acquaintances, but every year had to feed on the life of a lovely female to maintain his existence for the following months. These stories would give Aubrey chills, although he tried to show Ianthe how ridiculous such horrible fantasies were. But she would name various old men who had discovered at least one vampyre living among themselves, after some of their close relatives and children fell victim to the monster’s hunger. When she saw he would not believe her, she begged him saying it is known that those who dare to question the vampyre’s existence are always given some sad and heartbreaking proof that forces them to believe. She described to him the appearance of these monsters and his horror was increased, because it seemed like an accurate description of Lord Ruthven. However, he still tried to persuade her that there was no reason for her fear, though at the same time he could not stop thinking about the many coincidences which made him suspect that Lord Ruthven may actually have some kind of supernatural power.
Aubrey began to attach himself more and more to Ianthe; her innocence, so contrasted with all the affected virtues of the women among whom he had sought for his vision of romance, won his heart; and while he ridiculed the idea of a young man of English habits, marrying an uneducated Greek girl, still he found himself more and more attached to the almost fairy form before him. He would tear himself at times from her, and, forming a plan for some antiquarian research, he would depart, determined not to return until his object was attained; but he always found it impossible to fix his attention upon the ruins around him, whilst in his mind he retained an image that seemed alone the rightful possessor of his thoughts. Ianthe was unconscious of his love, and was ever the same frank infantile being he had first known. She always seemed to part from him with reluctance; but it was because she had no longer anyone with whom she could visit her favourite haunts, whilst her guardian was occupied in sketching or uncovering some fragment which had yet escaped the destructive hand of time. She had appealed to her parents on the subject of Vampyres, and they both, with several present, affirmed their existence, pale with horror at the very name. Soon after, Aubrey determined to proceed upon one of his excursions, which was to detain him for a few hours; when they heard the name of the place, they all at once begged of him not to return at night, as he must necessarily pass through a wood, where no Greek
would ever remain, after the day had closed, upon any consideration. They described it as the resort of the vampyres in their nocturnal orgies, and denounced the most heavy evils as impending upon him who dared to cross their path. Aubrey made light of their representations, and tried to laugh them out of the idea; but when he saw them shudder at his daring thus to mock a superior, infernal power, the very name of which apparently made their blood freeze, he was silent.

Next morning Aubrey set off upon his excursion unattended; he was surprised to observe the melancholy face of his host, and was concerned to find that his words, mocking the belief of those horrible fiends, had inspired them with such terror. When he was about to depart, Ianthe came to the side of his horse and earnestly begged of him to return, ere night allowed the power of these beings to be put in action;—he promised. He was, however, so occupied in his research, that he did not perceive that day-light would soon end, and that in horizon there was one of the specks with, in the warmer climates, so rapidly gather into a tremendous mass, and pour all their rage upon the devoted country.—He at last, however, mounted his horse, determined to make up by speed for his delay: but it was late. Twilight, in these southern climates, is almost unknown; immediately the sun sets, night begins: and ere he had advanced far, the power of the storm was above—its echoing thunders had scarcely an interval of rest—its thick
heavy rain forced its way through the canopying foliage, whilst the blue
forked lightning seemed to fall and radiate at his very feet. Suddenly his
horse took fright, and was carried with dreadful rapidity through the
entangled forest. The animal at last, through fatigue, stopped, and he
found, by the glare of lightning, that he was in the neighbourhood of a
hovel that hardly lifted itself up from the masses of dead leaves and
brushwood which surrounded it. Dismounting, he approached, hoping
to find some one to guide him to the town, or at least trusting to ob-
tain shelter from the pelting of the storm. As he approached, the thunders,
for a moment silent, allowed him to hear the dreadful shrieks of a
woman mingling with the stifled, exultant mockery of a laugh, continued in one almost unbroken sound;—he was startled: but, roused
by the thunder which again rolled over to his head, he, with a sudden
effort, forced open the door of the hut. He found himself in utter
darkness: the sound, however, guided him. He was apparently
unperceived; for, though he called, still the sounds continued, and no
notice was taken of him. He found himself in contact with some one,
whom he immediately seized; when a voice cried, “Again baffled!” to
which a loud laugh succeeded; and he felt himself grappled by one
whose strength seemed superhuman: determined to sell his life as
dealry as he could, he struggled; but it was in vain: he was lifted from
his feet and hurled with enormous force against the ground:—his

enemy threw himself upon him, and kneeling upon his breast, had placed his hands upon his throat—when the glare of many torches penetrating through the hole that gave light in the day, disturbed him;—he instantly rose, and, leaving his prey, rushed through the door, and in a moment the crashing if the branches, as he broke through the wood, was no longer heard. The storm was now still; and Aubrey, incapable of moving, was soon heard by those without. They entered; the light of their torches fell upon the mud walls, and the thatch loaded on individual straw with heavy flakes of soot. At the desire of Aubrey they searched for her who had attracted him by her cries; he was again left in darkness; but what was his horror, when the light of the torches once more bursted upon him, to perceive the airy form of his fairy conductress brought in a lifeless corpse. He shut his eyes, hoping that it was but a vision arising from his disturbed imagination; but he again saw the same form, when he unclosed them, stretched by his side. There was no colour upon her cheek, not even upon her lip; yet there was a stillness about her face that seemed almost as attaching as the life that once dwelt there:—upon her neck and breast was blood, and upon her throat were marks of teeth having opened the vein:—to this the men pointed, crying, simultaneously struck with horror, “A Vampyre! a Vampyre!” A litter was quickly formed, and Aubrey was laid by the side of her who had lately been to him the object of so many bright and fairy was soon met by different parties which were also searching for the girl, who had gone missing earlier that day. Her parents heard the cries of the men as they were approaching the town and understood that a tragedy had happened. No words could describe their grief, they both died broken-hearted.
visions, now fallen with the flower of life that died within her. He knew not what his thoughts were—his mind was benumbed and seemed to shun reflection, and take refuge in vacancy—he held almost unconsciously in his hand a naked dagger of a particular construction, which he had found in the hut. They were soon met by different parties who had been engaged in the search of her whom a mother had missed. Their lamentable cries, as they approached the city, forewarned the parents of some dreadful catastrophe.—To describe their grief would be impossible; both died broken-hearted.
<table>
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<th>Student Number</th>
<th>21330026</th>
<th>Text Number</th>
<th>5</th>
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<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Source Text</th>
<th>Target Text</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td><strong>Title</strong></td>
<td><strong>Title</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><em>Pálenka: Prózy z Banátu</em></td>
<td><em>Distilled Spirit: Stories from Banat</em></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Year Published</strong></td>
<td><strong>Title</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2014</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Author</strong></td>
<td><strong>Language</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Matěj Hořava</td>
<td>English</td>
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<td><strong>Language</strong></td>
<td><strong>Word Count</strong></td>
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<td>Czech</td>
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<table>
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<th>Description of Source Text</th>
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</tr>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>● understanding of source text</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>● knowledge of genre within source contexts</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>● situation of source text</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>familiar with the formal features of a text (language variation(s), register, dialect) (200 words max)</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The ST comes from a collection of autobiographical lyrical prose set primarily in the South Romanian Czech-speaking rural area of Banat. There are two main levels of the prose. The first one being the narrator's present, when he lives in the mountainy landscape of Banat among the local people. The second one being the narrator's memories, which he is frequently retreating to, taking the reader on a constant voyage between the present and the past and between Banat and other places where he had lived at or visited. The first level mainly depicts the local atmosphere, while the second level is meditative. Clauses are cumulated in long complex sentences often ending with ellipses (65%). This syntax captures the constant flow of the narrator's thoughts, memories and recalled perceptions. Clauses in parenthesis are common (14 in total), serving as the narrator's comments on his own words, or their further explanation. The local atmosphere is created by poetic images, especially those involving landscape and flora (ST: 8-9, 31-32, 100-104, 107-108), and by the use of Banat-Czech expressions (ST: 14, 15, 17), showcasing the archaic form of Czech spoken in this area (Utěšený 1962, 201).</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Strategy</th>
<th></th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>● identification of translation problems</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The text will be published by a small not-for-profit Irish university press specialising in foreign literature. The target audience is academics (especially in the field of literature and cultural studies) and adult readers of lyrical prose with an interest in memory and the region of Eastern Europe. The aim of the translation is to convey the local atmosphere to the</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
- **knowledge of genre within target context and situation of target text**
- **justification of translation**
  - production of genre for target context

(200 words max)

---

readers, who may not be familiar with the region, and to capture the narrator's constant movement between time and space. This will be achieved by:

- following the ST’s complex cumulative syntactic structures and clauses in parenthesis
- conveying the local atmosphere captured in the ST by recreating the poetic images that suggest it

The local expressions will be translated into English as their standard, contemporary Czech equivalents would be. Instead, this element of local atmosphere will be replaced by adding attributes to these words, that are in alignment with the overall character of the place — e. g. ‘krchov’ (local word for cemetery) becomes ‘cemetery staining the lush green hillside’.

---

**Critical Reflection**

- **textual analysis**

(200 words max)

---

I gave the TT to two native English speakers to read. They were asked to pay special attention to the syntax, and to confirm:

1. whether it is possible to follow the text without confusion
2. whether the syntactic structure of the TT evokes the free flow of memories, perceptions and thoughts.

Both respondents agreed that the syntax is intelligible and it does evoke the roaming of the mind between memories and thoughts.

The replacement of the local expressions by standard forms with attributes posed difficulties. Only one case out of the tree (ST: 15, TT: 20) contributes to the development of the image of the place. A different approach to the translation of the local expressions may better serve the aim of conveying the local atmosphere. They could have been translated by archaic words in the TL, as they are themselves archaic in the SL.

---

**Works Cited**

- **use of sources and reference material**

Pálenka: Prózy z Banátu

Boží posel

Po banátských vrších není radno chodit za bouře: blesky tu nejsou k lidem zdaleka tak lhostejné jako v moravských či bavorských vlídných rovinách...

Ve škole mi kdysi dvě dcerky hospodské Marje vyprávěly, jak si jejich dědu odnesl Boží posel: když šel za bouře z pole, s vidlemi na rameni. Poprvé jsem tehdy slyšel to uctivé označení: Boží posel.

O pár let později si Boží posl odnesl právě Marjiny dcerky. Šly po nedělním obědě natrat první třesně; až do té stráně za křížkem, odkud již lze spatřit blyštivou vodu Dunaje stísněného skalami. Od Srbska se náhle přihnala bouře a dívenky (schované pod tím voňavým, zmoklým, rozkošatelným stromem) srazil blesk jednou ranou (rok poté se mi zatočila hlava, když jsem si uvědomil, že trhám a jím třesně právě z toho stromu; třešeň přežila se šrámem a polámanou větví).

Na pohřbu plakala celá ves, včetně faláře. Koně táhli vůz s dvěma bílými rakvičkami prašnou cestou ke krchovu ve strání; včely buzčely v dopoledních květech a nebe bylo průzračně čisté; chlapi se potili a nevykládali si cestou jako o jiných funusech; dívenkám se zvrtaly kotníky ve vysokých botách na podpatcích; a ženské zpívaly falešně, strašně falešně...

Až nedávno mi Marje vyprávěla, jak své dcerky (Bože, právě ona!) našla:

Distilled Spirit: Stories from Banat

Messenger of God

It is not advisable to walk the Banat hills in a thunderstorm: here the lightning is not as indifferent to people as in the benign Moravian or Bavarian plains... Once, at school the daughters of Marja, the innkeeper, told me how the Messenger of God had taken away their grandpa: when he was returning in a storm from the field carrying a pitchfork on his shoulder. This was the first time I heard this respectful name: Messenger of God.

A few years later the Messenger of God took away the girls themselves. They went to pick cherries, the first of the season, after a Sunday lunch; all the way up the hillside past the little cross, down from there you can already see the waters of the Danube glittering between the rocks. A sudden storm came from the Serbian side and the girls (hidden underneath the sweet-smelling, drenched, patulous cherry tree) were both at once struck by lightning (it made me dizzy when a year later I realised that the cherries I was picking and eating came from that tree; the cherry tree survived with only a scar and a broken branch).

At the funeral the whole village was weeping, including the old priest. The horses pulled a cart with two little white coffins along the dusty road leading up to the cemetery staining the lush green hillside; bees buzzing...
tvářky prý měly bílé, nepopálené; jen na hrudníku a pod koleny měly červenou čmouhu; a byly (prý jako ostatní bleskem zasažení nebožtíci) vyzuté z parádních nedělních botiček, které už na svou cestu nepotřebovaly, ale které jim — Marje a její máma — přesto ještě za dva dny obuly, než je uložily do rakví...

**Stádo**

Stádo je tvor; stádo je kapka, která stéká strání, nebo do ní — proti všem přírodním zákonům — pluje vzhůru. Možná pes dokáže rozbit tuto kapku, roztříštít ji; zkušenější pastvec možná též; ne já, rozhodně ne já... Pes štěká, ale nejde za mnou; řve; Rumun spí pod košatým stromem; skrytý před sluncem raného odpoledne a zpitý slabou pálenkou; blažen zpitý.

Medvěd snad nepřijde; vlků je málo; a šakali, kteří se sem zatoulali nejspíš z útrob Asie (ale ten rumunský dědula nemá ponětí o jiných hranicích, než je městečko Oraš a Dunaj a kousí Srbska na druhém břehu), snad též dají stádu pokoj... Pes řve; pastyř spí; stádo přežívá, pochrupuje, pobeckává; jdu přes hrby a hřebeny pastvin, po kratičké trávě (takhle ji dokážou spást pouze ovce či kozy, krávy ne); vůní mateřidoušky a ovčího trusu prostupuje ještě starší vůně: vůně Orientu, vůně zaslíbené země; a vůně jalovcových jihomoravských strání...

Bylo to též v horkém léte: pásal jsem stádo sto dvaceti ovcí v jalovcových stráních kdesi u Švařce. Spal jsem v maringotce a hlídal stádo. Udržoval on the morning blossoms and the sky crystal clear; the men were sweating and would not chat as at the other funerals; the girls twisting their ankles in high heels; and the women singing out of tune, so much out of tune...

Just recently Marja told me how she (Oh God, out of all people!) found the girls: pale faces, not burned at all; only with red marks on their chests and behind their knees; and their little shoes were off (as it supposedly happens to all killed by lightning), their pretty Sunday shoes, which the girls no longer needed for their journey, but which they — Marja and her mother — put on them, when laying them in their coffins...

**Herd**

A herd is a being; a herd is a drop dripping down the hillside, or up — against all natural laws — dripping up. A dog might be able to disrupt this drop, to splash it all over; a more experienced shepherd probably too; not me though, definitely not me... A dog is barking, but does not follow me; just barks; a Romanian sleeps under a patulous tree; hidden from the early afternoon sun and drunk with a light distilled spirit. Hopefully, a bear won’t come, there are not many wolves around here either; and the jackals which have strayed from the depths of Asia (but this Romanian Grandpa has no clue of the world beyond the borders of his town of Oraš, the Danube and a small piece of Serbia on the other bank) may hopefully
jsem v chodu elektrický ohradník, napajedlo, lis soli; celý horký den jsem pouze seděl ve stínu jalovců, hrál slovenské lidové balady na šestidírkovou pravěkou pištálu (vyrobi mi ji kamarád, ale technikou, která se užívala už před pamětí); pil jsem kávu, rum, vodu; četl jsem Starý zákon; a poprvé chápal: vyprahlost a orientální tvar lebek ovcí, prohlížel jsem si jako u vytření ta domněle známá zvířata a pochopil, že jsou odjinud a že jsou hodna všech těch podobenství... Chodíval jsem se modlit do stínu lidové hornické kaple; koupal jsem se v nedalekém ledovém potoce; v podvečer jsem proháněl stádo stráněmi: teklo jako kapka, jako živý tvor: kdykoli mělo stádo strach, srazilo se v jednoho tvora a prchalо v nepochopitelné jednotě, bezchybné sevřenosti. V noci jsem snil o vláčích a ráno mě budil hned za svítání bekot: to stádo padalo dolů k napajedlu, tentokrát nesvěřené, rozptýlené; jednotlivé ovce valy do modrého rána svoji modlitbu; pily, lízaly kostku soli; slavily nový den: a já též, nad plecháčem kávy a nad starozákonní stránkou... Občas se mladičtí beránci domluvili a prorazili ohradník, aby se napásli na čerstvé trávy vedlejší louky; to jSEM pak musel zahnat stádo zpět do již vyprahlé stráně, vypnout elektruiku a pomocí štípaček a drátu ohradník spravit, obnovit jednotu té palčivé hranice, za niž je stádu zapovězeno jít... A nasával jsem vůně, nasával jsem všechny možné vůně: vůně jalovců, dobromyslu, ovčího trusu, levandule a čehosi ještě staršího, nade vše vyprahlejšího; drtil jsem v prstech kuličky jalovce, drtil jsem je mezi zuby... leave the herd alone too... The dog is barking; the shepherd is sleeping; the herd is chewing, grunting, bleating; I am walking over the ridges of the pastureland, stepping on the short grass (only sheep and goats can graze it down like this, not cows); besides the scent of thyme and sheep droppings there is an even older scent pervading the air; the scent of Orient; the scent of the promised land; the aroma of the juniper hillsides of Southern Moravia... It was also a hot summer: I was herding a flock of hundred and twenty sheep on the juniper hillsides somewhere near Švařec. I slept in a trailer and looked after the herd during the day, maintaining the electric fence, the watering place and the salt licking spot; I would just sit in the shade of the junipers hiding from the heat of the day, playing Slovakian folklore ballads on an ancient-type six-hole flute (my friend made it for me using a very ancient technique); I drank coffee, rum, water; read the Old Testament; and for the first time I understood: the oriental shape of the parched sheep skulls, fascinated I was observed the seemingly familiar animals and I realised that they are from someplace else and that they are worthy of all the parables... I used to pray in the shade of a local miners’ chapel; I bathed in a near-by ice-cold brook; in the late afternoon I would chase the herd through the hillsides: dripping like a drop, like one being: when the herd got scared, it would flock into one being and flee in an incomprehensible unity, in a perfect togetherness. At night I dreamed
Ta vůně byla kdysi tam; ta vyprahlá vůně je nyní zde: stádu nezáleží na čase a prostoru; chce stráň, v které se lze pát: Švařec, Banát, Palestina, to je jedno. A mně už těž nezáleží na čase a prostoru: lze jen jít tou odvěkou vůní, pravěkou, ba předvěkou vůní; pes sice štěká, ale nikoho nepoděší, dokonce neprobudí ani svého pod stromem spícího pána. Kráčím tou jednou jedinou spasenou strání: po kobercí z trav, mateřidoušky a ovčího trusu: po jednom z koberců samotného ráje...

Dům na pobřeží

Ten pohled mám vždy na svém stole, ať jsem kdekoli; zdobil stoly mých přechodných domů i stoly hotelů a hotýlků; a je na mém stole i zde (za okenicí šumí bujné balkánské jaro vší svou krásou; ale já sedím v pološerém pokoji a zírám na pohlednici). Podlouhlý černobílý pohled; fotografie osamělého domu; domu, který stojí na břehu rozbouřeného moře (šedý mrak a dálky; ostrá běl zpěněných vln, které jako by se chystaly dům pohltit, polknout, pozřít)... Ten pohled mi došel toho jara, kdy jsi prchla: nejprve ode mne (v zimní den, z toho kopce nad Dunajem, který jsem pokládal za rajský pahrbek; z toho kamenného města, které jsem užíval považovat za domov; náš domov), a potom i od svého minulého života: uletěla jsi na samý sever Islandu, na farmu poblíž městečka Akureyri; ke kravám, malým dětem; a pryč ode mne, pryč od světa a rodné řečí...
Tehdy, těsně před Tvým útěkem, se stříbrným prstýnkem na prstě a s nadějí v srdci, jsem měl naposledy pocit, že by bylo možné se vrátit; žít opět v té zemičce uprostřed Evropy; opět naslouchat té blahé, měkké, krásné řeči; vysnival jsem si (a potom už jsme si to vysnávali oba) domek se zahradou a sadem a zvířaty někde na Českomoravské vysočině... Ale pak to náhle všeho padlo; v zimním dni, na tom kopci nad Dunajem; vše prasklo... Zoufale jsem bloudil tím kdysi sladkým městem; němčina začala bodat div ne hůř než mateřština; a pak jsem jednoho dne našel ve schránce tvůj islandský pohled: ten všemi a vším opuštěný, živly zmístaný a živlům na milost a nemilost vydaný dům... Díval jsem se na něj večer co večer v tom podkrovním pokoji v bavorském kamenném městě (ten pokoj znal Tvůj hlas, Tvé vlasy, Tvůj úsměv), díval jsem se na něj večer co večer v hotelech na svých silých cestách; dívám se na něj i teď... Za oknem šum jara a života (lidé chodí okopávat a dřít na pole; květiny bují; k vybuchnutí se už chystají šeříky, a potom půjde hrůza akátů, už brzy, už brzy); ale já civím na tu černobílou fotku: a náhle se mi zdá, že můj dům nestojí v rozkvetlých stráních plných moruší, jabloní, ořešáků a kdouloňí; náhle mám pocit, že ten šum není blahý šum balkánského jara, ale vrzůstající šum oceánu, nemilosrdného, bílého oceánu... Třesu se hrůzou v tom opuštěném domě (nepodobá se mému banášskému bílému stavení s modrými okenicemi a tyrkysovými vraty, vůbec se mu nepodobá; a ještě 87

House on a shore

I always keep this postcard on my desk, wherever I am; it decorated desks of my previous homes as well as desks of hotels; it is now on my desk here as well (lush Balkan spring in its full beauty behind the window shutters; but I am sitting in this dim room staring at a postcard)... Wide black-and-white postcard; a photograph of a solitary house; a house on the shore of a stormy sea (the grey clouds against a grey distance; the sharp whiteness of the foamy waves, which seem to be about to engulf the house, swallow it, devour it)... I received the card that spring, when you fled: first from me (on a winter’s day, down the hill above the Danube, which I considered to be a hill of paradise; from the stone town which I almost considered to be a home; our home), a later also from your whole life: you flew off to the very north of Iceland, to a farm near the town of Akureyri; to cows, to small children; away from me, away from the world and from your native language... Back then, right before your escape, with a silver ring on my finger and a hope in my heart, it was the last time that I could perhaps return; return and live again in the small country in the middle of Europe; again listen to the language, soft and beautiful; I was (and later we both were) dreaming of a house with a garden and orchard and animals, somewhere in the Bohemian-Moravian Highlands... And then it all suddenly fell apart; on a
méně se podobá tomu našemu vysněnému domu na Českomoravské vysočině); třeskot vodou drcených kamenů, třeskot vln a větru, který vlny chytily do svých vodních spárů a pohřbily pod hladinu; třeskot přílivu, který se ne a ne zastaví... Zděšeně jsem vyběhl do jarního podvečeře a chytl se prvního morušového kmene, jako se námořník za vichru a bouře v hrůze chytá stožáru plachty...

winter day, on that hill above the Danube; it burst... In despair I roamed through the town that had once been so sweet; the German language started stinging my ears even worse than my mother tongue; and then, one day, I found your Icelandic postcard in my post box: the abandoned and forsaken house, entirely at the mercy of the natural elements... I used to look at the house evening after evening in the attic room in the stone Bavarian town (the room knew Your voice, Your hair, Your smile), I used to look at the house evening by evening in hotel rooms during my frantic travels; and I look at the house evening by evening here as well, when I pray for You... I am looking at it right now... The humming of spring and life beyond the window (people toiling in the fields, weeding, flowers flourishing, lilacs ready to explode, and then the terror of locust trees, soon, very soon); But I am staring at the black-and-white photo: and suddenly it seems to me that my house is not standing on flowering slopes full of mulberry trees, apple trees, walnut trees and quince trees; suddenly I feel that the humming of the Balkan spring is in fact a roaring ocean, a merciless, white, fatally white ocean... I am shaking with horror inside of that abandoned house (nothing like my house here in Banat, white washed, with blue window shutters and a turquoise gate, not at all similar, and definitely not similar to our dream house in the Bohemian-Moravian Highlands); the cracking sound of crushed stones, the roaring of waves and wind, the wind which the waves caught in their watery claws
and buried beneath their surface; the bubbling sound of the tide, coming in, relentlessly... I run out in fright, to the spring air of an early evening, holding on to the first mulberry tree trunk as a frightened sailor holds on a mast in a gale and storm...
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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 a novel in the form of a prose poem. The narrator, an ordinary middle-aged man from county Mayo, is dead and his consciousness temporarily returns to this world on All Souls’ Day. He reflects on his life experience as father, husband, neighbour and civil engineer. The translated passage is from the beginning of the novel. The narrator describes the details of the moment when he reappears on Earth, and reflects on the landscape of the area where he used to live.

The novel is “formally ambitious, stylistically dauntless and linguistically spirited” (https://dublinliteraryaward.ie/books/2018-solar-bones/). It is written in the form of one long sentence with no full stops, yet its visual layout makes the text flow and easy to read (https://www.thejournal.ie/how-a-new-generation-of-writers-are-changing-irish-literature-3954282-Apr2018/).

No personal pronouns referring to the narrator are used and verbs describing his actions are all in gerund form (e.g. ‘hearing the bell as standing here’) to create an impersonal feeling indicating the narrator's incorporeal presence.

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

The target audience is readers of Plav, a Czech magazine of world literature and translation (translators, writers, academics and students of literature). The translation sample will be published in an issue dedicated to contemporary Irish literature along with essays on this topic. The aim of this translation is to illustrate experimentality in contemporary Irish literature (https://www.thejournal.ie/how-a-new-generation-of-writers-are-changing-irish-literature-3954282-Apr2018/).
| justification of translation | The strategy is therefore ST- and SC-oriented, and strives to create a TT that is as close to the ST as possible (especially in its form and linguistic features), yet possesses its easy readability. This will be achieved by:  
  - following closely the visual form and layout of the ST — lines of approximately the same length (not shorter and not longer than ¼ of the ST line) will be produced  
  - re-creating the ST's rhythm — because Czech has no articles (Cummins 1998, 171), demonstrative pronouns will be used instead (such as in 1-5, ‘ten zvon’ [this bell] to translate ‘the bell’)
  - omitting personal pronouns and using infinitive verb forms to re-create the impersonal feeling of the text  
  - following the one long sentence form, but using commas according to the TL syntactic rules to ensure easy readability (21-24) |

| Critical Reflection | I gave the TT to three native Czech speakers to reflect on its flow and readability. Two of them confirmed that the text is easy to read. One respondent reported slight difficulties in a particular passage (25-29). However, they found the TT easy to read in general as well.

Replacing the infinitives or action nouns with active verb forms in some instances (e.g. nyní unaven, tak rychle, ten sprint ke kostelu a ten zvon → nyní unaven, tak rychle, sprintuji ke kostel a ten zvon [exhausted now, so quickly, sprinting to the church and the bell]) would ensure more clarity and therefore easier readability. However, the impersonal feeling, as well as the rhythm and form, would not be recreated.

For this reason the strategy of using infinitive verb forms suits the ST-oriented overall strategy better. |

the bell

the bell as

hearing the bell as

hearing the bell as standing here

the bell being heard standing here

hearing it ring out through the grey light of this morning, noon or night

god knows

this grey day standing here and

listening to this bell in the middle of the day, the middle of the day bell, the Angelus bell in the middle of the day, ringing out through the grey light to here

standing in the kitchen

hearing this bell

snag my heart and

draw the whole world into

being here

pale and breathless after coming a long way to stand in this kitchen

confused

no doubt about that

1. ten zvon

2. ten zvon jak

3. slyšet ten zvon jak

4. slyšet ten zvon jak tu stojím

5. ten zvon je slyšet, jak tu stojím

6. slyšet ho vyzvánět šedým světlem tohoto rána, poledne nebo večera

7. rána, poledne nebo večera

8. bůh ví

9. tohoto šedého dne tu stát a

10. poslouchat ten zvon uprostřed dne, polední zvon uprostřed dne,

11. ten Andělský zvon uprostřed dne, vyzvání skrze to šedé světlo až sem

12. sem

13. stát v kuchyni

14. slyšet ten zvon

15. chytit se za srdce a

16. vtáhnout celý svět

17. sem

18. bledý a bez dechu po dlouhé cestě tu stát v této kuchyni

19. zmatený

20. o tom není pochyb
but hearing the bell from the village church a mile away as the crow flies, across the street from the garda station, beneath the giant sycamore trees which tower over it and in which a colony of rooks have made their nests, so many and so noisy that sometimes in spring when they are nesting their clamour fills the church and

exhausted now, so quickly
that sprint to the church and the bell
yes, they are the real thing
the real bells
not a transmission or a broadcast because
there’s no mistaking the fuller depth and resonance of the sound carried
towards me across the length and breadth of this day and which, even at this distance reverberates in my chest

a systolic thump from the other side of this parish, which lies on the edge of this known world with Sheeffry and Mweelrea to the south and the open expanse of Clew Bay to the north

the Angelus bell
ringing out over its villages and townlands, over the fields and hills and bogs in between, six chimes of three across a minute and a half, a summons struck on the lip of the void which gathers this parish together through all its primary and secondary roads with
all its schools and football pitches all its bridges and graveyards
all its shops and pubs
the builder’s yard and health clinic the community centre
the water treatment plant and
the handball alley
the made world with
all the focal points around which a parish like this gathers itself as surely as
the world itself did at the beginning of time, through
mountains, rivers and lakes
when it gathered in these parts around the Bunowen river which rises in the Lachta hills and flows north towards the sea, carving out that floodplain to which all roads, primary and secondary, following the contours of the landscape, make their way and in the middle of which stands the village of Louisburgh
from which the Angelus bell is ringing, drawing up the world again

se všemi jejími školami, fotbalovými hřišti, mosty a hřbitovy
se všemi jejími obchody a hospodami
se stavebninami, polyklinikou a komunitním centrem
s vodárnou a
s handbalovými hřišti
ten utvořený svět se
všemi fokálními body, okolo kterých se farnost shromažďuje
jistě jako
samotný svět ve svém počátku, okolo
hor, řek a jezer
když se shromaždil v těch místech okolo řeky Bunowen, která teče vrchovinou Lachta a severně k moři, a hloubí údolní nivu,
do které všechny cesty, hlavní i vedlejší, směřují, jak
opisují kontury krajin, a uprostřed které stojí
vesnice Louisburgh
ze které zní ten Andělský zvon, spřádající znovu celý svět
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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 essay dealing with the relationships between queerness, gender, liminality, nature and indigenous cultures. It is written by an indigenous eco-philosopher and Earth-based skills educator Pinar Sinopoulos-Lloyd and it was published as a blog post on their blog. The text contains source language and source culture specific terms (e.g. *pachacuti*, gender neutral suffix -x). As a source culture can be in this case considered the culture of the USA, where the author lives and to which this text is situated, as well as the Quechua culture, which is the culture of the author’s ancestors and which is also discussed in the text. Many people mentioned in this text are gender non-binary (including the author themselves) and the absence of grammatical gender in English (Hord 2016, n. p.) allows to refer to them with gender neutral language without the need to use non-standard grammatical forms.

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

The target audience is readers of *A2larm* (a Czech leftist newspaper) with a higher level of education, interested in social and cultural issues. The aim of this translation is to introduce the readers to a different perspective on queerness, one that challenges the idea of queerness as a historically new phenomenon 'imported' from the West, prevailing in the Central and Eastern European space (Navickaitė 2014, 168). The challenges posed by the ST are:
- keeping the gender neutral language of the ST, as Czech, unlike English, uses gendered nouns, gender-marked adjectives
| production of genre for target context (200 words max) | and past participle verb forms  
• SL and SC specifics  
The strategy to deal with these challenges is:  
• gendered noun forms will be substituted with gender neutral alternatives (TT: 21-22), the gendered suffixes in adjectives, possessive pronouns and past participle verb forms will be neutralised by the use of graphical adjustment (e.g. vedli/y), as this strategy is the one the Czech non-binary community finds the most suitable in translation (Wehle 2020, 94-95)  
• SL and SC specifics will be explained in translator’s note |

| Critical Reflection (200 words max) | I gave the TT to read to two native speakers asking them to reflect on the use of graphical adjustments. Both stated that the adjustments had a distracting effect on their reading flow, however, they got used to it as the text progressed. An alternative strategy could have been used — either using the gender assigned at birth, the neuter gender or switching between feminine and masculine when referring to one person. Neither of these strategies would be visually distractive, they would, however, bring different sets of issues. Using gender assigned at birth implies that the translator ignores the person’s gender identity and can be seen as unethical or even transphobic (Wehle 2020, 85). Using the neuter gender may sound dehumanising, because it usually refers to inanimate objects (ibid, 88). Switching between genders would cause confusion in understanding whom the text is referring to at which point. Graphical adjustments were therefore considered the most suitable strategy for this translation. Despite their distractive aspect, they do not entail any of the other issues and are also approved by the Czech non-binary community. |

My homeland is liminality.

Etched across my body in scars is a map Home.

Motherland from the Andes and China; fatherland from the Altai mountains.
Hybridity is a maddening gift of confluence,
Landscapes simultaneously longing and being longed for across continents.

In my work with queer rites of passage and queer ecopsychology, what I have come to know is that queerness is an ecological formation. From my matrilineage, I come from a lineage of culturally-rooted gender-variance known as Quariwarmi. The Incas summoned a queer mountain deity of the jaguars, the chuqui chinchay, during a pachacuti—a cataclysmic change (Horswell, 2005). This deity is the patron of dual-gendered indigenous peoples. In Incan cosmology, the creative force of the Universe is androgynous; Quariwarmis, the embodiment of this liminal space. In essence, a cultural death doula was summoned during times of great unknown. When the conquistadors invaded, the Quariwarmis were one of the first to be targeted and killed by the Spaniards. Many Quariwarmis had to go into hiding to survive Pizarro’s brutality.

1 Můj domov je liminalita.
2 V jizvách napříč mým tělem vyrýta je mapa Domů.
3 Mateřská vlast v Andách a v Číně; otcovská vlast v Altaiských horách.
4 Hybridita je zkrůšující dar spolupůsobících vlivů,
5 Krajiny toužící a krajiny, po nichž se zároveň touží, napříč kontinenty.
6
7 Během své práce s queer přechodovými rituály a queer ekopsychologii,
8 jsem došel/a k poznání, že být queer je ekologická formace. Z matčiny strany pocházím z linie Quariwarmi, genderově variantních lidí vlastních
9 naší kultury. Během pachacuti¹, kataklyzmatické změny (Horswell, 2005), svolali Inkové queer horské božstvo jaguárů, chuqui chinchay².
10 Toto božstvo je patronem indigenních lidí duálního genderu. V kosmologii Inků je tvořivá síla vesmíru androgynní a Quariwarmi jsou
11 ztělesněním této liminality. Během přechodných fází do velkého neznámého byli/y vždy povolání/y jako důly kulturní smrti. Po invazi španělskými dobyvateli se Quariwarmi stali/y terčem pronásledování a
12 byli/y zabijeni/y. Mnoho z nich se muselo skrývat, aby přežili/y
13 Pizarrovu brutalitu.
In many indigenous cultures, there are gender-liminal community members who hold a similar role of midwife/doula/medicine/person/undertaker/initiator/underworld guide (Jkharij, 2016). How do we honor the emergent gifts that the queer and gender-creative youth of our time are bringing in the midst of our own pachacuti—or what ecosopher Joanna Macy refers to as the Great Turning (1998)? What are the consequences—to the human and more-than-human community—of not honoring this emergence?

Since 2013, the School of Lost Borders has offered a Queer Quest for adults through the co-vision of Ruth McMillan and Pedro McMillan. My spouse, So Sinopoulos-Lloyd, and I participated in the Queer Quest in 2015 which stoked our passion to bring queer rites of passage into the world. Through another co-vision of Ruth and Pedro, they invited So and myself to co-guide the school’s very first Queer Youth Quest (QYQ) alongside Pedro as queer elder. This past Summer Solstice the QYQ was held on Mountain Ute hunting territory. It began directly after summer Queer Quest and four queer adult fasters welcomed in the youth.

The six youth who came with their longings, their struggles, their resilience, and brilliance made me realize the depth of the consequences of not honoring their gifts. According to a study at UCLA, lead author Bianca D. M. Wilson „vící než jeden ze čtyř kalifornských mladistvých
Wilson, the Rabbi Barbara Zacky Senior Scholar of Public Policy at the Williams Institute states, “more than one in four California youth express their gender in ways that go against the dominant stereotypes” (as cited in Dowd, 2017). Queerness is not a new phenomenon; that narrative is a product of colonization and is erasure in action. Queerness is as old and complex as lichen; it informs our soul’s work. It is an aspect of the soul likened to the anima and animus; it is the animx. When speaking of energetic forces and only acknowledging feminine and masculine, the liminal walkers continue to be erased. We are liminal—not invisible. In contrast to the chronically binary language used in the dominant western culture—and in rites-of-passage work—we could acknowledge the feminine, masculine, and the liminal.
6 Suffix -x se v angličtině i jiných jazycích někdy používá k vytvoření genderově neutrální alternativy slov, jejichž standardní verze existuje pouze v maskulinní a feminní formě (např. maskulinní Mr, feminní Ms a Mrs, neutrální alternativa Mx).
**Source Text**

**Title**
*Searching for Limbo in Reality*

**Year Published**
2021

**Author**
Marcus Welsh

**Language**
English (UK)

**Word Count**
1507

**Description of Source Text**
- understanding of source text
- knowledge of genre within source contexts
- situation of source text

The ST is a video made by Marcus Welsh and published on his YouTube channel. In this video the author uses academic and non-academic sources and his own experiments to explore liminal spaces, feelings related to them, nostalgia and nostalgic feelings induced by music. The video is divided into six chapters and the first four of them will be used as a ST for this translation.

The register of the ST is informal and because of its oral character, many sentences (32%) start with filler words such as ‘and’, ‘so’ or ‘but’. This informal tone is in contrast with the occasional use of poetic figures and literary language (ST: 12-17, 57-58, 75, 104-105, 182), which creates a unique style of the speaker. Visual elements, such as usage of audiovisual filters (04:29–05:13), VHS footage (03:46–04:05) or video effects (00:06–00:38) create an atmosphere that is nostalgic, mysterious and eerie.

**Target Text**

**Title**
*Hledání limba v realitě*

**Language**
Czech

**Word Count**
1206

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

This translation will serve as a material for research of the author’s voice translation in subtitles. Therefore, the target audience will be Translation Studies researchers. The aim of this translation is to recreate the speaker’s style and tone and the general mood of the video in the TL subtitles. To achieve this:

- the filler words at the beginning of sentences (e.g. 8, 10, 22, 30) will be maintained
### Justification of Translation

**Production of Genre for Target Context**

(200 words max)

- The informality of the speaker’s style will be imitated by occasional use of colloquial Czech expressions (jetý [used], brejle [glasses]) and non-standard suffixes (standard 'divný' → non-standard 'divnej' [weird]).
- Lexical features evoking the nostalgic, mysterious and eerie feelings will be used to re-create the mood of the video.

The challenge posed by this approach is to apply the strategy while following the standards of subtitling (such as words per second ratio or character limit of on-screen text) defined by Karamitroglou (1997), because adding extra lexical features will result in longer ST.

### Critical Reflection

**Textual Analysis**

(200 words max)

The strategy adopted to capture the speaker’s style and tone was implemented without any significant challenges. The strategy to convey the mood and atmosphere of the video by lexical features, however, failed. There was not much opportunity to develop the atmosphere further through extra lexical features, as it proved to be already sufficiently embedded in the lexical features of the ST. Adding more words or expressions evoking nostalgia or mysterious and eerie feelings would lead to redundancy and exaggeration. It would also interfere with the style of the speaker, which would undermine the strategy of capturing his distinct style. Perhaps choosing to translate the video with closed captions instead of subtitles would provide more opportunity to reflect the non-linguistic features establishing the atmosphere of the video.

### Works Cited

**Use of Sources and Reference Material**


[https://translationjournal.net/journal/04stndrd.htm](https://translationjournal.net/journal/04stndrd.htm).
Oh, hi.

You OK?

Yeah, so bad news you've died.

We're just taking you into limbo now to be processed.

Shouldn't be too long, maybe a couple of thousand years.

But honestly, it'll just fly by.

I know what question you're going to ask.

And no, there is no meaning of life.

Get over yourselves.

However, you probably want to know about the things that are a mystery to your species.

What's beyond the stars you can see at night?

Where does it all go?

What happens at the end?

What is nothingness?

Well...

Oh, we're here.
So I have a question for you.

What does your in limbo look like?

And do you think you could just go out and find it?

Well, that's my plan.

Now let's see how I do.

Alright,

I'm Marcus Welsh,

and I use books, articles, websites and your emails
to investigate, discuss
and go on adventures.

And if you can tell me
what this video is all about,
then that would be really helpful. Thank you.

If you do get any enjoyment out of this video,
please LIKE and SUBSCRIBE. Thank you, bye.

So I came across this article,
'Why do liminal spaces
feel like an altered reality?'

I hadn't heard of liminal spaces
until I came across this,

despite there being a good many
articles and YouTube videos about the subject.
This is a liminal space.
It's an image that seems a bit weird.
Gives you 50 percent deep,
nostalgic melancholy
and 50 percent a sense of dread.
It's a transitional place,
like you've been there before
and you'll be there again one day.
It's like your old life is gone.
You only retain a fleeting memory of it.
In fact, I wouldn't even call it a memory,
it's just a feeling.
This famous example looks like
a 70s wallpaper post death waiting room.
It's like the start of a never ending maze,
a labyrinth of futility.
You turn one corner to find it looks
the same, but the feeling
washes over you again, anew.
It reminds me of those old first person shooter games
like Doom, where you scroll through endless walls in the
same pattern.
You think you're exploring and finding new areas
when all you're really doing is going in a circle,
ending up where you started.
And isn't that a good metaphor for life?
I guess a true liminal space
has to remind you of something that you do know.
There are so many images of empty shopping malls,
waiting rooms, bedrooms and long mazy corridors.
But when we see them like this,
empty with a lower image quality,
that's where it enters the uncanny valley zone.
So that's a liminal space
described about as basic as I can.
(to his dog) Carrot?
You know what, I think it's
probably the perfect place to start
the search for my in limbo here on Earth.
So let's explore a bit further.
I'm going to ignore the weird feeling
you get from most of these images,
because a lot of things
give you a weird feeling.
The associated nostalgic melancholy that goes with it, that's what I'm interested in here.

Any time a nostalgic feeling comes up, so does sadness.
You can't remember those good times without a melancholic desire to live there again, even if it's just for a bit.
That's how nostalgia works.
It's... it's a trap, really.
It's happiness with a sheen of sadness.
It's all your memories, your photos, your family holidays, your school days.
It's your experiences tinged in sepia, completely unreachable as the sad truth of reality and adulthood take over.
The issue I find with most of these images is that they are very US centric.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th></th>
<th>0:03:16.83</th>
<th>0:03:19.00</th>
<th>protože spousta věcí</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>86</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>nám dává divnej pocit.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>87</td>
<td>0:03:20.54</td>
<td>0:03:23.95</td>
<td>Ta nostalgická melancholie,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>88</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>která se s tím poji,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>89</td>
<td>0:03:24.29</td>
<td>0:03:26.00</td>
<td>to je to, co mě zajímá.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>90</td>
<td>0:03:28.41</td>
<td>0:03:31.41</td>
<td>[Kapitola 2: Nostalgie]</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>91</td>
<td>0:03:32.00</td>
<td>0:03:34.16</td>
<td>Kdykoli se objeví nostalgický pocit, objeví se i smutek.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>92</td>
<td>0:03:34.91</td>
<td>0:03:36.29</td>
<td>Nejde si vybavit ty dobré časy bez melancholické touhy</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>93</td>
<td>0:03:37.29</td>
<td>0:03:38.66</td>
<td>znovu v nich žít,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>94</td>
<td>0:03:38.87</td>
<td>0:03:40.91</td>
<td>i kdyby jen na chvíli.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>95</td>
<td>0:03:41.83</td>
<td>0:03:43.33</td>
<td>Takhle funguje nostalgie.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>96</td>
<td>0:03:43.83</td>
<td>0:03:45.37</td>
<td>Je to ve skutečnosti past.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>97</td>
<td>0:03:49.33</td>
<td>0:03:51.66</td>
<td>Je to radost s příchutí smutku.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>98</td>
<td>0:03:51.87</td>
<td>0:03:53.70</td>
<td>Jsou to všechny tvé vzpomínky, fotky, rodinné dovolené, školní dny.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>99</td>
<td>0:03:53.70</td>
<td>0:03:55.87</td>
<td>Tvoje zkušenosti zbarvené sépiovým filtrem,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>100</td>
<td>0:03:56.87</td>
<td>0:03:59.41</td>
<td>zcela nedosažitelné potom, co převládne smutná realita dospělosti.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>101</td>
<td>0:04:00.00</td>
<td>0:04:05.66</td>
<td>Problém s těmito fotkami je,</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
And obviously I'm from the UK.

So these American suburbs,
lifeless Chuckie Cheeses
are not something
we can feel the full pull of nostalgia for.

I even have a slight advantage in that
I lived there for a year when I was younger
and we all have the bias
of films and TV shows set in the US too.

So let's do a bit of an experiment.
Most of the liminal spaces
I've shown you so far
are from US sources.

Most of the videos and information you can find online
are from US sources.

And the theory is that
no matter where these images come from,
if these really are places
we've been, between worlds,
the same sense of nostalgia
and unease should still exist.

So I've put together

- že většina z nich je hrozně americká.
- A já jsem samozřejmě z Británie.
- Takže tyhle americká předměstí
- nejsou něco, co by
- v nás vyvolávalo nostalgii.
- A to mám jistou výhodu,
- že jsem tam rok žil, když jsem byl malý
- a všichni máme určitou představu,
- díky americkým filmům a pořadům.
- Tak, zkusme tedy malý experiment.
- Většina těch liminálních prostor,
- které jsem vám zatím ukázal,
- je z amerických zdrojů.
- Většina těch videí a informací online
- je také z amerických zdrojů.
- A ta teorie je, že ať
- jsou ty fotky odkudkoliv,
- pokud jsme na těch místech
- už opravdu byli, mezi světy,
- měli bysme pocityvat
- tu stejnou nostalgii a neklid.
a collection of images from the UK.

My question to you is, do you feel
nostalgic for some of these?

Do you feel like you’ve been here before,
even if you’ve never lived
or even been to the UK?

And for the UK viewers, did you feel it
for the American images I showed you before?
Or is this possibly all just a load of old nonsense?

Let me know yeah?

I’m going to break all the rules of YouTube now.
I’m going to leave some time and space in a video.
Nothing’s really going to happen for a few minutes.

Images are going to flash by slowly
with some music in the background.

But for this experiment to work,
I need your patience with it.

Your ability to immerse
yourself in something is crucial.

That way we can see
how you really feel about these images.
So the plan for this video originally was
to go find my liminal space here
in the wild, which is what I call
the outside since Pokemon Yellow,
but I can't because of covid.
And I can't be bothered, it's cold.
So instead, I've got to use
my imagination, which is really annoying,
but I've also looked through some old video
and photo collections, which has been fun.
I came to an early conclusion
my liminal shot would be
in a supermarket car park
at night, in around 2004.
I'd be sitting in my friend's Rover Metro,
in the car park where we used to work.
A group of us, all
drinking blue WKDs.
Girlfriends would come and go
just as I would come and go to them.
We hold hands
on the incapacitated adjustment for the passenger seat.

Our ages, a restriction from the pubs and
the clubs that have since betrayed us.

There was something of a liminal space about it then.

We're used to seeing our workplace in the day,
full of life and activity,
but it's now dormant in the darkness,
with only the supermarket light flickering on and off.

All in the haze of our intoxication.

It may be a liminal space to me,
but it can't be my in limbo.

It can't be my place between worlds.

It hasn't got that sense of dread.

There's too much happy nostalgia.

So surely the best liminal space I've ever had
is in my own head, in my imagination somewhere.

Music is the ultimate creator of feelings, of memories.

It makes you laugh, makes you cry.

A liminal space can be music
because music creates space.

However, for this to work,
I feel like there is one key rule.
The music, that gives, the liminal aesthetic
must be new to you.
That is to say, it puts you
in a nostalgic frame of mind
despite it not occurring
within that nostalgic time.
So to understand the feeling of nostalgia
music gives you
and to solidify how that feels in my head,
I’m gonna listen to a song
that will put me right back into the days I’m nostalgic for.
The song Weak Become Heroes by The Streets,
puts me back to the mid 2000s every time
I hear it.
To get in the mood even further,
I thought I’d attend a rave via my green screen.
So to look the part
I need to wear some tatty clothes.
So I’ve got my
Welsh twins merch on
and really, really stupid glasses.
And full respect for those people
that do sort of reaction videos
where they sit listening to music,
because I just felt like a tit the whole time.
What's happening here is the music is lighting up my brain's visual
cortex. Means as I'm hearing the song,
I'm starting to associate it with the memories.
The memories in our formative years are already stronger.
These are the times that shape us, make us, destroy us.
Therefore, the music that is with us at the time
is only down the road on that same neural pathway.
Every time we hear it and reminisce,
it strengthens that bond even further.
That feeling is coming over me now, the memories.
And I just don't understand how I can feel the same way
for songs that weren't with me during that time.
The songs - Eutow by Autechre, #3 by Aphex Twin
and the whole Burial Untrue album
gives me a longing for a time
I think I had.
But the music sounds like memory,
fading like the photo image quality,
unclear, unobtainable.

I'm nostalgic for no particular memory,
and yet simultaneously all of them at once.
## Appendix

### Gerald Princes' principles of experimental text

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Principle</th>
<th>Description</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>focus on a form rather than content</td>
<td>‘the rewriting bears (primarily) on the formal and not the contentual level’ (Prince 1985, 211)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>exploration of textual sites rather than those of the phenomenal world</td>
<td>‘the rewriting must have as a dominant the process of elaborating its own textual space rather than the exploration of another space; it must foreground the limits and possibilities of writing rather than of self or world; it must formalize rather than thematize’ (Prince 1985, 211)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>programmatic, systematic</td>
<td>“it connotes systematicity, programming, control, continuity (it is etymologically linked to ‘receive’), and reproducibility. The experimental text is the production and product of a retrievable recipe” (Prince 1985, 211)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>the ‘ingredients’ of this recipe are: impersonality, explicitness, massiveness, newness (Prince 1985, 211)</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

### Link to the subtitled passage of Valerie and Her Week of Wonders

https://youtu.be/O1wznnebg7w (includes the TL subtitles, ratio of the frame was altered due to format change)
Czech translation of B2 version of *The Vampyre*

Aubreyho velmi zajímaly příběhy, které vyprávěla s takovou vážností a se zjevnou vírou. Často mu vyprávěla o živoucím upíru, který mnoholet žil mezi svými přáteli a známými, ale musel se každý rok naslytit životem spanilé ženy, aby zachoval svou existenci po nadcházející měsíce. Tyto příběhy naháněly Aubreymu husí kůži, přesto se však snažila lanthe ukázat, jak směšné takové hrůzostrašné historky jsou. Ona ale jmenovala různé staré muže, které odhalili alespoň jednoho upíra žijícího mezi nimi, potom co jejich blízci příbuzní a děti padli za oběť hladu té příšery. Když viděla, že ji nevěří, prosila ho a říkala, že jak je známo, tomu, kdo si troufá zpochybňovat existenci upírů, se vždy dostane nějakého smutného srdcervoucího důkazu, který ho donutí uvěřit. Popsala mu vzhled těchto příšer, což jí umocnilo jeho hrůzu, protože, jak se zdálo, to byl přesný popis Lorda Ruthvena. Přesto se ji stále snažil přesvědčit, že není žádný důvod k obavám, ačkoli ve stejnou chvíli nemohl přestát myslet na tu spoustu náhod, k kterého ho přivedly k podezření, že Lord Ruthven mohlo být nějakou nadpřirozenou sílou.

Aubrey měl Ianthe rád víc a víc. Její nevinnost byla zcela odlišná od těch předstíraných ctností jiných žen, na které v minulosti romanticky myslel. I když mu představa, že by se mladý muž anglických způsobů oženil s nevzdělanou řeckou dívkou, přišla směšná, nemohl si pomoci nezamilovat se do ní. Plánoval, že bude zkoumat antické zříceniny v okolí, ale bylo mu nemožné soustředit svou pozornost na cokoliv jiného, než na ni. Ianthe se nebyla vědoma jeho lásky, byla stále tou stejnou dětskou bytostí. Ráda s ním trávila čas, ale to proto, že neměla nikoho jiného, s kým by sdílela své strašidelné historky a Aubrey ji poslouchal, zatímco dělal náčrtky, nebo odkryval nějaké fragmenty, ještě nezničené věkem. Jednou lanthe mluvila o upírech se svými rodiči a všechni oběti prostřednictvím jejich existenci. Brzy na to se Aubrey chystal odjet na celý den na jednu ze svých výprav. Když lanthe a její rodiče slyšeli jméno místa, jež se chystal navštívit, všichni ho prosili, aby se nevrátel v noci. Řekli mu, že ty lesy, kterými bude projíždět na své cestě, jsou v noci velmi nebezpečné a nikdo se neopováží do nich vniknout a proto co se mělo stát, když se jeho cesta projihodila do jejich průchodů. Aubrey se znovu pokusil ukázat, že je to nějaká nadpřirozená příběh a lanthe mu příslib, že ji připomíná některou z příběhů, kterému se vědělo, že změří svůj hlas, aby věděl, že zemřelý vyhrabaný zůstane vysvětlení ještě více, ztichl.

Příštího rána měl Aubrey odjet na výpravu. Byl překvapen, když spatřil, jak usmrkl lanthe vypadá a cítil se zle kvůli tomu, že ji způsobil takový děs, když předchozích dne zemřelý jeho víra v upíry. Ještě než vyrazil, přišla lanthe k boku jeho koně a žadonila, aby se vrátil, než začíná noc. Slíboval. Byl pak však tak zaměstnaný bádáním, že se nevšiml zacházejícího slunce. Když si to uvědomil, sedl na koně a snažil se rychle vrátit, bylo ale pozdě. V těchto jižních podnebích

**Link to Searching for limbo in reality**

[https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=_u1chAR8EM](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=_u1chAR8EM) (does not include the TL subtitles, they would have to be added by the author of the video)