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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

Ruthner, Clemens. 2021. "Being 'Borderline': Liminality as a Heuristic Concept". In *Borders of Europe*, edited by Wolfgang Müller-Funk, 111-121. Rome: Istituto Italiano di Studi Germanici.

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 familiarity

| | | | |
|-----------------------|----------|--------------------|---|
| Student Number | 21330026 | Text Number | 1 |
|-----------------------|----------|--------------------|---|

Source Text

Target Text

| | | | |
|---|---|-------------------|--|
| Title | <i>Life Everlasting: The Animal Way of death</i> | Title | <i>Věčný život: Koloběh života a smrti v přírodě</i> |
| Year Published | 2012 | | |
| Author | Bernd Heinrich | | |
| Language | English (USA) | Language | Czech |
| Word Count | 671 | Word Count | 467 |
| <p>Description of Source Text</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • <i>understanding of source text</i> • <i>knowledge of genre within source contexts</i> • <i>situation of source text</i> <p><i>familiarity with the formal features of a text (language variation(s), register, dialect)</i></p> <p>(200 words max)</p> | <p>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 <i>whale fall</i>, 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.</p> | | |
| <p>Strategy</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • <i>identification of translation problems</i> • <i>knowledge of genre within target context and situation of target text</i> • <i>justification of translation</i> <p><i>production of genre for target context</i></p> | <p>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:</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • 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 <p>To address these problems, the following strategy will be applied:</p> | | |

| | |
|---|--|
| <p>(200 words max)</p> | <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • 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. |
| <p>Critical Reflection</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • <i>textual analysis</i> <p>(200 words max)</p> | <p>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.</p> |
| <p>Works Cited</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • <i>use of sources and reference material</i> | <p>Jeffery, Austin J. and Todd K. Shackelford. 2013. "The shallow grave: A review of B. Heinrich, Life Everlasting: The Animal Way of Death." <i>Evolutionary Psychology</i> 11 (4): 814-817.</p> <p>https://www.researchgate.net/publication/255177743 <u>The shallow grave A review of B Heinrich Life Everlasting The Animal Way of Death.</u></p> |

Source Text

Life Everlasting: The Animal Way of death

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.

Target Text

Věčný život: Koloběh života a smrti v přírodě

1 CO SE STANE S VELRYBOU, KDYŽ UMŘE?
2
3 O přirozené smrti velryb toho víme zatím jen málo. Dokážeme si ale
4 představit, jak to asi probíhá. Velryba oslabená stářím se pohybuje těsně
5 pod hladinou moře. Protože už nemá moc síly, snadno se stane kořistí pro
6 dravé kosatky.
7 Potom co se kosatky dostatečně nasytí, přiláká velrybí krev větší žraloky
8 (jako třeba žraloka bílého). I různí menší žraloci přispěchají pro svůj podíl
9 čerstvého masa. Tělesná dutina velryby je po téhle hostině otevřená, její
10 vnitřnosti snědené a plíce vyfouknuté.
11
12 CO SE DĚJE POTOM?
13
14 Velrybí tělo se začne potápět do temného a studeného světa mořských
15 hlubin. Toto vodní podsvětí je obývané podivuhodnými tvory vybavenými
16 k životu hluboko pod hladinou moře. Zvířata, na která tu narazíme, se nám
17 zdají opravdu prapodivná, protože vypadají jinak než ta, na která jsem
18 zvyklí. Patří sem třeba ryby se světélkujícími částmi těla. Jeden takový
19 druh ryby vypadá, jakoby by mu z čela trčela tyčka s lucernou, kterou si
20 svítí na cestu. Jiní živočichové mají pusku větší než tělo, a v ní spoustu

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

21 obrovských zubů! Tihle zvláštní tvorové ale nesnědí všechno.

22

23 HOSTINA POKRAČUJE.

24

25 Zbýlé části velryby se potápějí hlouběji, blíží k samotnému dnu. Do hloubky
26 víc než 150 metrů už neproniká žádné světlo a bez něj tu tedy nemohou
27 být ani žádné rostliny. Žijí tu ještě prapodivnější tvorové. Někteří z nich
28 jsou dokonce průhlední! Jiní mají obrovské speciálně vyvinuté oči, aby
29 alespoň trochu viděli. Člověk by v takové tmě neviděl vůbec.
30 Ti, kteří tu dokáží přežít loví sebe navzájem, nebo se živí právě těly větších
31 živočichů, která se sem potopí z vyšších vrstev oceánu.

32

33 Tmu občas přerušují záblesky a záře modrého světla. Tyto temné končiny
34 totiž obývají i tvorové, kteří sami vytváří světlo. Buď aby nalákali kořist,
35 nebo aby zmátli predátory.

36

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

42

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.

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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 jich 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 nějaký specializovaný 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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| Student Number | 21330026 | Text Number | 2 |
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| Source Text | | Target Text | |
|---|--|--------------------|----------------------------|
| Title | <i>Pozdě k ránu</i> | Title | <i>Late before morning</i> |
| Year Published | 1896 | | |
| Author | Karel Hlaváček | | |
| Language | Czech | Language | English |
| Word Count | 242 | Word Count | 162 |
| Description of Source Text <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • <i>understanding of source text</i> • <i>knowledge of genre within source contexts</i> • <i>situation of source text</i> <i>familiarity with the formal features of a text (language variation(s), register, dialect)</i> <p>(200 words max)</p> | <p>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).</p> <p>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).</p> | | |
| Strategy <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • <i>identification of translation problems</i> | <p>The text has been translated into English as a part of a publication targeting an academic audience. This translation targets the readers of <i>BOMB</i> (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.</p> | | |

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| <ul style="list-style-type: none"> ● <i>knowledge of genre within target context and situation of target text</i> ● <i>justification of translation production of genre for target context</i> <p>(200 words max)</p> | <p>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:</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> ● 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). <p>Syntax separating individual images will be replaced by parcellation of the poem into strophs.</p> |
| <p>Critical Reflection</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> ● <i>textual analysis</i> <p>(200 words max)</p> | <p>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 egyptského dioritu žensky jemnou a neznámou 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.</p> |
| <p>Works Cited</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> ● <i>use of sources and reference material</i> | <p>Pešat, Zdeněk. 1974. "Protikladnost a jednota poezie Karla Hlaváčka." [Contradiction and Unity of Karel Hlaváček's Poetry] Česká literatura 22 (6): 472-492. url: https://www-istor-org.elib.tcd.ie/stable/43743174?seq=14#metadata_info_tab_contents.</p> |

Prince, Gerald. 1985. "Recipes." *Studies in 20th Century Literature* 9 (2): 207-212. doi: <https://doi.org/10.4148/2334-4415.1161>.

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 očekávati prvých paprsků jeho. Bylo takové zvláštní, napnuté ticho, rušené jenom táhlými a hlubokými zvuky trompet daleké vesnické nedělní hudby, která již asi dohrávala...

Měsíc vyšel omrzele, zarudlý; bledl a počal se chvěti na řece; vše zdálo se klekati k společné modlitbě... A všecka ta nedospalost, touha, jemná mdloba a závrť rozlila 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 přídusku)... Vlažný melisový odvar, nahořklá vůně feniklového oleje, tlačného do staré antiky, řezané ze zeleného egyptského dioritu žensky jemnou a neznámou aristokratickou dlaní — dlaní, postříkanou dříve silným aroma karmínového laku... Třel jsem nejdelikátnější nuance barev, vodil svou ruku k nejsubtilnějším tahům, zkoušel harmonie nejhlubších mollových akordů a komponoval v nejnebezpečnějších klíčních a předznamenáních, než jsem přikročil k realizaci svých visí. Chytiti vše sublimmé, tajemné, anaemické a bázlivé v

Target Text

Late before morning

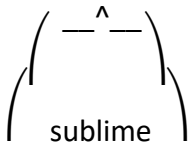
1 Late before morning
2 The weariness of
3 First kisses
4 Fierce
5 essence
6 of a spring
7 rainfall
8 Descending
9
10 Tense
11 silence
12 — INTERRUPTED —
13 deep
14 sweeping
15 weeping
16 trum trum trumpet
17
18 in a distant village
19 music fading

delikátní mystifikaci, v ironii a v hřejivou intimitu — rozšlehnout v několika příbuzných duších krátkou modlitbu maga tu vzácnou a tajemnou náladu, zakletou ve dvě slova: *pozdě k ránu* — to jest má domaina, má raison d'être.

21 THE MOON
22 palled, bloodshot, paling
23 begins to q-U-i-V-e-R
24
25 Everything kneels in prayer.
26 drowsiness, desire, malaise, dizziness
27 a mood so rare, strange and delicate
28
29 muted strings of a viola
30 humming of French horns
31 crystal flutes
32 DEEPEST
33 TONES
34 ☐
35 tepid decoction of lemon balm
36 bitter fennel aroma
37 ancient vase carved from green Egyptian diorite
38 by a fine aristocratic hand
39 with a faint scent of crimson paint
40
41 the most delicate nuances of colours
42 the most subtle brush strokes

43 a harmony of the deepest minor chords
44 to compose
45 in treacherous clefs, and daring key signatures

46
47 Realisation of visions.

48 
49 sublime

50 | mysterious |

51 | anaemic |

52 | timorous |

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55 v

56 to encapsulate

57 in delicate mystification

58 in irony

59 in warm intimacy

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63 the short prayer

64 the rare, mysterious mood

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66 raison d'être

67 three words:

68 *Late before morning*

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|-----------------------|----------|--------------------|---|
| Student Number | 21330026 | Text Number | 3 |
|-----------------------|----------|--------------------|---|

| Source Text | | Target Text | |
|--|---|-------------------|--|
| Title | <i>Valerie a týden divů</i> | Title | <i>Valerie and Her Week of Wonders</i> |
| Year Published | 1970 | | |
| Author | Jaromil Jireš | | |
| Language | Czech | Language | English |
| Word Count | 296 | Word Count | 369 |
| Description of Source Text <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • <i>understanding of source text</i> • <i>knowledge of genre within source contexts</i> • <i>situation of source text</i> <i>familiarity with the formal features of a text (language variation(s), register, dialect)</i> (200 words max) | <p>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).</p> <p>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).</p> | | |
| Strategy <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • <i>identification of translation problems</i> • <i>knowledge of genre within target context and situation of target text</i> • <i>justification of translation</i> | <p>The target audience is English-speaking users of easterneuropeanmovies.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:</p> | | |

| | |
|--|---|
| <p><i>production of genre for target context</i> (200 words max)</p> | <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • a higher occurrence of formal vocabulary and syntax in the letter addressed to Valerie (substituting Orlik 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). <p>The Proposed Set of Subtitling Standards in Europe (Karamitroglou, 1997) will be followed in producing the TL subtitles.</p> |
| <p>Critical Reflection • <i>textual analysis</i> (200 words max)</p> | <p>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 (Orlik, 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.</p> <p>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.</p> |
| <p>Works Cited • <i>use of sources and reference material</i></p> | <p>Botting, Fred. 1996. Gothic. Abingdon: Routledge.</p> <p>Karamitroglou, Fotios. 1997. "A Proposed Set of Subtitling Standards in Europe." Translation Journal 2 (2). https://translationjournal.net/journal/04stndrd.htm.</p> |

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| Source Text | | Target Text | | |
|-----------------------------|--|--|-------------------------|---|
| <i>Valerie a týden divů</i> | | <i>Valerie and Her Week of Wonders</i> | | |
| Valerie: | Babičko, přijeli herci. | 1 | 0:07:15.40 — 0:07:17.30 | Grandma, the actors have arrived. |
| Grandma: | Tebe by mělo spíš zajímat, že přijedou misionáři. | 2 | 0:07:18.60 — 0:07:21.30 | My dear, you should be rather interested |
| | | 3 | | that the missionaries will come. |
| Valerie: | Kdy? | 4 | 0:07:21.42 — 0:07:22.00 | When? |
| Grandma: | Dnes, nebo zítra. | 5 | 0:07:23.56 — 0:07:24.84 | Today or tomorrow. |
| | Jeden bude bydlet u nás. | 6 | 0:07:25.50 — 0:07:27.10 | One of them will stay with us. |
| | Snad si nehraješ s náušnicí, dítě? | 7 | 0:07:30.76 — 0:00:33.15 | Are you playing with your earring, child? |
| Valerie: | Nejsem už dítě, babičko. | 8 | 0:07:35.00 — 0:07:36.76 | I am no longer a child, Grandma. |
| | Právě dnes v noci, víte? | 9 | 0:07:38.20 — 0:07:39.76 | Tonight... You know? |
| Grandma: | Ve třinácti letech, | 10 | 0:07:47.50 — 0:07:49.20 | At the age of 13, |
| | jako tvá matka. | 11 | 0:07:50.56 — 0:07:52.05 | just like your mother. |
| | Varuji tě, | 12 | 0:07:56.02 — 0:07:57.03 | I am warning you, |
| | zbav se těch náušnic. | 13 | 0:07:59.08 — 0:08:00.55 | get rid of those earrings. |
| | Tvá matka je odložila v den, | 14 | 0:08:02.92 — 0:08:05.90 | Your mother gave them away |
| | kdy vstoupila do kláštera. | 15 | | the day she entered the convent. |
| | Tvůj otec byl biskup. | 16 | 0:08:06.44 — 0:08:07.75 | Your father was a bishop. |
| | Jak víš, oba jsou již na nebesích. | 17 | 0:08:08.84 — 0:08:11.00 | As you know, they are both in heaven now. |
| Valerie: | A to je v těch náušnicích | 18 | 0:08:11.86 — 0:08:14.45 | Do these earrings |
| | nějaké tajemství? | 19 | | hold some kind of secret? |

| | | | | |
|---------------|---------------------------------|----|-------------------------|-------------------------------------|
| Grandma: | Ach, ne. | 20 | 0:08:17.16 — 0:08:18.28 | Oh no, not at all. |
| | Získala jsem je při dražbě | 21 | 0:08:18.70 — 0:08:22.60 | I got them from a certain Constable |
| | toho domu od jistého konstábla. | 22 | | at the auction of this house. |
| Valerie: | Vy jste ho znala? | 23 | 0:08:22.88 — 0:08:24.20 | Did you know him, Grandma? |
| | Babičko, herci jdou. | 24 | 0:08:42.86 — 0:08:44.40 | Grandma, the actors are coming! |
| Grandma: | Ale to je přece svatba. | 25 | 0:08:45.90 — 0:08:47.45 | It is just a wedding, my dear. |
| | Hedvika se vdává. | 26 | 0:08:48.76 — 0:08:50.13 | Hedvika is getting married. |
| Valerie: | Ubohá Hedvika. | 27 | 0:09:06.42 — 0:09:07.74 | Poor Hedvika. |
| Grandma: | Proč? | 28 | 0:09:10.52 — 0:09:11.24 | Why? |
| | Bude z ní bohatá statkářka. | 29 | 0:09:12.28 — 0:09:14.06 | She is marrying a rich farmer. |
| Valerie: | Babičko! | 30 | 0:09:39.06 — 0:09:39.70 | Grandma! |
| | Babičko, příšera! | 31 | 0:09:40.54 — 0:09:41.76 | Grandma, a monster! |
| Grandma: | To nemůže být on. | 32 | 0:09:52.32 — 0:09:54.24 | It cannot be him. |
| | Vždyť přece zemřel. | 33 | 0:09:55.08 — 0:09:56.34 | Surely he is dead. |
| Valerie: | O kom to mluvíte, babičko? | 34 | 0:09:57.34 — 0:09:59.20 | Who are you talking about, Grandma? |
| | Jdi a zopakuj si | 35 | 0:10:02.56 — 0:10:05.54 | Go on, my child, |
| | prstoklad měkkých stupnic. | 36 | | and practice your minor scales. |
| Valerie: | Ano, babičko. | 37 | 0:10:06.48 — 0:10:07.45 | Yes, Grandma. |
| | | 38 | 0:11:08.96 — 0:11:11.02 | Ondřej! |
| (a voice from | | 39 | 0:11:38.74 — 0:11:40.25 | <i>O Fairest of Maidens,</i> |
| outside): | Ondřejí! | 40 | 0:11:41.04 — 0:11:44.54 | <i>it was I who robbed</i> |
| | | 41 | | <i>you of your earrings</i> |

| | | | | |
|--------------------|--|----|-------------------------|--|
| (Orlík's voice | | 42 | 0:11:44.80 — 0:11:47.45 | <i>and then returned them</i> |
| reading a letter | | 43 | | <i>to your gentle hand again.</i> |
| while off-screen): | <i>Krásná panno,</i> | 44 | 0:11:48.40 — 0:11:51.90 | <i>My uncle, the Constable,</i> |
| | <i>byl jsem to já, kdo uloupil vaše náušnice</i> | 45 | | <i>wishes to seize them.</i> |
| | <i>a opět vrátil do vašich rukou.</i> | 46 | 0:11:53.14 — 0:11:55.30 | <i>He slew my father and my mother</i> |
| | <i>Můj strýc, konstábl,</i> | 47 | 0:11:55.58 — 0:11:57.59 | <i>and now I fear</i> |
| | <i>se touží těchto náušnic zmocnit.</i> | 48 | | <i>for your precious life.</i> |
| | <i>Zahubil mého otce i matku.</i> | 49 | 0:11:57.84 — 0:11:59.10 | <i>Today...</i> |
| | <i>a já se bojím o váš osud.</i> | 50 | 0:12:01.94 — 0:12:04.90 | <i>Today, a sermon for maidens</i> |
| | <i>Dnes bude v kostele...</i> | 51 | | <i>will take place in the church</i> |
| | <i>Dnes bude v kostele kázání pro panny.</i> | 52 | 0:12:05.68 — 0:12:08.04 | <i>Leave your dress</i> |
| | <i>Prosím, položte do altánku své šaty,</i> | 53 | | <i>in the pavilion, I implore you,</i> |
| | <i>abych v přestrojení mohl</i> | 54 | 0:12:08.34 — 0:12:11.85 | <i>so I shall talk with you in disguise.</i> |
| | <i>s vámi promluvit několik slov.</i> | 55 | 0:12:12.96 — 0:12:15.20 | <i>Forever yours in desolation, Orlík.</i> |
| | <i>Váš nešťastný Orlík.</i> | 56 | 0:12:15.40 — 0:12:16.20 | Valerie? |
| Grandma: | Valerie? | 57 | 0:12:19.30 — 0:12:20.66 | Valerie? |
| | Valerie? | 58 | 0:12:22.66 — 0:12:23.82 | Where are you, my child? |
| | Kde jsi, dítě? | 59 | 0:12:24.88 — 0:12:26.14 | Valerie? |
| | Valerie? | 60 | 0:12:27.70 — 0:12:29.06 | Valerie? |
| | Valerie? | 61 | 0:12:32.42 — 0:12:35.34 | It is time to get dressed for church. |
| | Je čas, aby ses oblékla na pobožnost. | 62 | 0:12:37.42 — 0:12:40.90 | Grandma, may I bring |
| Valerie: | Babičko, smím si vzít | 63 | | a sprig of rosemary? |

| | | | | |
|---------------|---|----|-------------------------|--|
| | s sebou snítku rozmarýnu? | 64 | 0:14:24.40 — 0:14:27.34 | I, servant of God, |
| Missionary: | Já, sluha boží, | 65 | 0:14:28.03 — 0:14:29.31 | a missionary, |
| | misionář, | 66 | 0:14:30.72 — 0:14:33.45 | I came here among you maidens |
| | přišel jsem mezi vás, panny, | 67 | 0:14:34.64 — 0:14:37.05 | to teach you a lesson and provide support. |
| | abych vám poskytl poučení a posilu. | 68 | 0:14:37.78 — 0:14:39.18 | Oh, maiden |
| | Ó, panno, | 69 | 0:14:40.10 — 0:14:41.62 | dost thou know what art thou? |
| | víš, co jsi? | 70 | 0:14:42.30 — 0:14:44.98 | Thou art an alabaster handshake. |
| | Jsi alabastrové podání ruky, | 71 | 0:14:45.84 — 0:14:50.20 | Thou art a pomegranate |
| | jsi dosud nerozpůlené granátové jablko, | 72 | | not yet split open. |
| | jsi lodička listu, | 73 | 0:14:51.94 — 0:14:53.95 | Thou art a leaf boat. |
| | rozevírající se růže. | 74 | 0:14:54.40 — 0:14:56.66 | An unfurling rose. |
| | Hrubá ruka, která se dotkne tvého ňadra | 75 | 0:14:58.56 — 0:15:02.31 | The rough hand |
| | zanechává na něm nesmazatelný otisk. | 76 | | that should touch thy breast |
| | Ale já jsem s tebou, má panno. | 77 | 0:15:03.38 — 0:15:07.00 | leaves an indelible mark. |
| | Namísto anděla strážného | 78 | 0:15:09.16 — 0:15:12.04 | But I am with thee, dear maiden. |
| | skláním se k tobě. | 79 | 0:15:13.44 — 0:15:17.1 | In place of thy Guardian Angel |
| | A žehnám nejskvělejším olejem | 80 | | I bend over thee. |
| | tvá ústa, tvá ňadra | 81 | 0:15:19.86 — 0:15:22.52 | And I bless with the finest oil |
| | tvůj klín. | 82 | 0:15:23.02 — 0:15:25.50 | thy mouth, thy breasts, |
| | Amen. | 83 | 0:15:27.14 — 0:15:28.20 | thy loins. |
| (girls in the | | 84 | 0:15:31.12 — 0:15:32.62 | Amen. |
| audience): | Amen. | 85 | 0:15:33.64 — 0:15:35.20 | Amen. |



| | | | | |
|-----------------------|----------|--|--------------------|---|
| Student Number | 21330026 | | Text Number | 4 |
|-----------------------|----------|--|--------------------|---|

| Source Text | | Target Text | |
|---|---|-------------------|-------------|
| Title | <i>The Vampyre</i> | Title | <i>Upír</i> |
| Year Published | 1819 | | |
| Author | John William Polidori | | |
| Language | English (UK) | Language | English |
| Word Count | 1409 | Word Count | 1122 |
| Description of Source Text <ul style="list-style-type: none"> ● <i>understanding of source text</i> ● <i>knowledge of genre within source contexts</i> ● <i>situation of source text</i> <i>familiarity with the formal features of a text (language variation(s), register, dialect)</i> (200 words max) | <p>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 <i>Carmilla</i> or Stoker's <i>Dracula</i> (Wordsworth 2001, 5).</p> <p>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).</p> | | |
| Strategy <ul style="list-style-type: none"> ● <i>identification of translation problems</i> ● <i>knowledge of genre within target context and situation of target text</i> | <p>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.</p> | | |

| | |
|--|---|
| <ul style="list-style-type: none"> ● <i>justification of translation</i> <i>production of genre for target context</i> <p>(200 words max)</p> | <p>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:</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • 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) • adjustments of vocabulary to B2 level (based on a vocabulary profile available on https://www.englishprofile.org/wordlists/evp) <p>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).</p> |
| <p>Critical Reflection</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> ● <i>textual analysis</i> <p>(200 words max)</p> | <p>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.</p> |
| <p>Works Cited</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> ● <i>use of sources and reference material</i> | <p>Macdonald, D. L. and Kathleen Scherf. 2008. Introduction to The vampyre: a tale, and Ernestus Berchtold, or, The modern Oedipus by John William Polidori. Plymouth: NBN International.</p> <p>Twitchell, James B. 1997 (1981). The Living Dead: A Study of the Vampire in Romantic Literature. Durham, N.C.: Duke University Press.</p> |

Wordsworth, Jonathan. 2001 (1990). Introduction to The Vampyre 1819 by John Polidori. Otley, West Yorkshire: Woodstock Books.

<http://www.englishprofile.org/english-grammar-profile/egp-online>

<https://www.englishprofile.org/wordlists/evp>

Source Text

The Vampyre

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.

Target Text

Upír

1 Aubrey was very interested in the stories she was telling so
2 seriously and with apparent conviction. Often she told him the tale of the
3 living vampyre, who had passed years living among his friends and
4 acquaintances, but every year had to feed on the life of a lovely female to
5 maintain his existence for the following months. These stories would give
6 Aubrey chills, although he tried to show Ianthe how ridiculous such
7 horrible fantasies were. But she would name various old men who had
8 discovered at least one vampyre living among themselves, after some of
9 their close relatives and children fell victim to the monster's hunger.
10 When she saw he would not believe her, she begged him saying it is
11 known that those who dare to question the vampyre's existence are
12 always given some sad and heartbreaking proof that forces them to
13 believe. She described to him the appearance of these monsters and his
14 horror was increased, because it seemed like an accurate description of
15 Lord Ruthven. However, he still tried to persuade her that there was no
16 reason for her fear, though at the same time he could not stop thinking
17 about the many coincidences which made him suspect that Lord Ruthven
18 may actually have some kind of supernatural power.

Aubrey began to attach himself more and more to lanthe; 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. lanthe 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

21 Aubrey started to like lanthe more and more. Her innocence was
22 so different from the pretended virtues of the other women of which he
23 had thought romantically in the past. While he ridiculed the idea of a
24 young man of English habits marrying an uneducated Greek girl, he could
25 not help falling in love with her. He was always planning to research the
26 antique ruins around, but he found it impossible to focus his attention on
27 anything else than her. lanthe was not aware of his love and was still the
28 same childlike being. She liked to spend time with him, but it was because
29 she did not have anyone with whom she could share her favourite spooky
30 stories and Aubrey would listen to them while sketching or uncovering
31 some fragments not yet destroyed by the ravages of time. Once lanthe
32 talked about the vampyres in front of her parents and they both, their
33 faces pale with horror, affirmed their existence. Soon after, Aubrey was
34 getting ready to leave for a day on one of his expeditions. When lanthe
35 and her parents heard the name of the place he was going to visit, they
36 all begged him not to return after nightfall. They told him that the woods
37 he had to pass on his way were very dangerous at night and no one dared
38 to go there. It is the place of the vampyres' nocturnal orgies and he who
39 dared to cross their path would experience the most gruesome evils.
40 Aubrey tried again to show how ridiculous those vampyre stories were,
41 but when he saw that mocking these evil powers made them even more
42 terrified, he was silent.

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, lanthe 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

43 Next morning Aubrey was going to leave for his trip. He was
44 surprised to see how worried lanthe looked and he felt bad for causing
45 her such terror by mocking her beliefs the previous day. Just before he
46 left lanthe came to the side of his horse and begged him to return before
47 dusk. He promised. He was, however, so occupied with his research, that
48 he did not realise the sun was going down. When he took notice of it, he
49 mounted his horse and tried to quickly return, but it was too late. There
50 is almost no twilight in these southern climates, the night begins
51 immediately when the sun sets. Before he managed to leave the woods a
52 storm came. A heavy rain was falling and he could hear one thunder after
53 another. A blue lightning fell near him and scared his horse, which started
54 to run fast through the forest. At last the animal got tired and stopped.
55 Aubrey looked around and saw an old shack. He got off the horse and
56 came closer hoping to find someone to guide him to the town, or at least
57 a shelter from the raging of the storm. As he came closer, the thunders
58 fell silent for a moment and he could hear the dreadful cries of a woman
59 and a mocking laugh of another voice. He was terrified, but because the
60 thunder grew stronger again, he quickly opened the door of the shack and
61 entered. Inside he found himself in complete darkness, the sound,
62 however, guided him. He was apparently unnoticed — even though he
63 called, no one heard him and the sounds continued. He stumbled upon
64 someone in the darkness, when a voice cried: “Again baffled!” after which

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 obtain 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 dearly 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

65 a loud laughter followed. He found himself grappled by someone whose
66 strength seemed superhuman. Determined, he tried to defend himself as
67 well as he could, but it was in vain. He was lifted from his feet and thrown
68 with enormous force against the ground. The enemy threw himself upon
69 Aubrey, kneeled on his chest and placed his hand on Aubrey’s throat.
70 Suddenly, a light of many torches fell into the shack from the outside and
71 disturbed the offender. He let go of Aubrey, stood up and rushed through
72 the door. There was a crashing of branches as he hurried through the
73 woods. Then everything fell silent. The storm had now abated and
74 Aubrey, unable to move, was soon heard by those outside. They entered,
75 the light of their torches fell on the clay walls, and Aubrey asked them to
76 search for the woman that had been crying. He was again left in darkness,
77 but to his horror, when the light of the torches appeared again, he could
78 see that the people were carrying lanthe's dead body. He closed his eyes
79 hoping that it had been just a vision of his disturbed imagination, but
80 when he opened them again, he saw the same image. There was no
81 colour on her cheeks, nor on her lips. Yet her face was as calm as when
82 she was alive. There was blood on her neck and breast and on her throat
83 a mark of teeth that opened the vein. The men pointed at it and all cried
84 in horror: “A Vampyre! A Vampyre!” They took both Aubrey and lanthe,
85 and carried them away side by side. Aubrey was suffering greatly, lying
86 next to the lifeless body of the one who was so dear to him. The group

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 of 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 burst 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

87 was soon met by different parties which were also searching for the girl,
88 who had gone missing earlier that day. Her parents heard the cries of the
89 men as they were approaching the town and understood that a tragedy
90 had happened. No words could describe their grief, they both died
91 broken-hearted.

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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.

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| Student Number | 21330026 | Text Number | 5 |
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Source Text

Target Text

| | | | |
|---|--|-------------------|---|
| Title | <i>Pálenka: Prózy z Banátu</i> | Title | <i>Distilled Spirit: Stories from Banat</i> |
| Year Published | 2014 | | |
| Author | Matěj Hořava | | |
| Language | Czech | Language | English |
| Word Count | 1256 | Word Count | 1625 |
| <p>Description of Source Text</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • <i>understanding of source text</i> • <i>knowledge of genre within source contexts</i> • <i>situation of source text</i> <p><i>familiarity with the formal features of a text (language variation(s), register, dialect)</i></p> <p>(200 words max)</p> | <p>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).</p> | | |
| <p>Strategy</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • <i>identification of translation problems</i> | <p>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</p> | | |

| | |
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| <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • <i>knowledge of genre within target context and situation of target text</i> • <i>justification of translation production of genre for target context</i> <p>(200 words max)</p> | <p>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:</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • 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 <p>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'.</p> |
| <p>Critical Reflection</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • <i>textual analysis</i> <p>(200 words max)</p> | <p>I gave the TT to two native English speakers to read. They were asked to pay special attention to the syntax, and to confirm:</p> <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 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. <p>Both respondents agreed that the syntax is intelligible and it does evoke the roaming of the mind between memories and thoughts.</p> <p>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.</p> |
| <p>Works Cited</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • <i>use of sources and reference material</i> | <p>Utěšený, Slavomír. 1962. "O jazyce českých osad na jihu rumunského Banátu." [About the language of the Czech settlements in the south of Romanian Banat.] <i>Český Lid</i> 49 (5): 201–209. http://www.jstor.org/stable/42698567.</p> |

Source Text

Pálenka: Prózy z Banátu

Boží **posel**

Po banátských vršcích 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 posl.* O pár let později si *Boží posl* odnesl právě Marjiny dcerky. Šly po nedělním obědě natrhat první třešně; až do té stráně za křížkem, odkud již lze dole spatřit blyštivou vodu Dunaje stíněného skalami. Od Srbska se náhle přihnala bouře a dívenky (schované pod tím voňavým, zmoklým, rozkošatělým stromem) srazil blesk jednou ranou (rok poté se mi zatočila hlava, když jsem si uvědomil, že trhám a jím třešně 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 stráni; včely bzučely v dopoledních květech a nebe bylo průzračně čisté; chlapi se potili a nevykládali si cestou jako o jiných *funusech*; dívenkám se zvrtyly kotníky ve vysokých botách na podpatcích; a ženské zpívaly falešně, strašně falešně...

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

Target Text

Distilled Spirit: Stories from Banat

Messenger **of** **God**

1 It is not advisable to walk the Banat hills in a thunderstorm: here the
2 lightning is not as indifferent to people as in the benign Moravian or
3 Bavarian plains... Once, at school the daughters of Marja, the innkeeper,
4 told me how the Messenger of God had taken away their grandpa: when
5 he was returning in a storm from the field carrying a pitchfork on his
6 shoulder. This was the first time I heard this respectful name: *Messenger*
7 *of* *God*.
8
9 A few years later the *Messenger of God* took away the girls themselves.
10 They went to pick cherries, the first of the season, after a Sunday lunch;
11 all the way up the hillside past the little cross, down from there you can
12 already see the waters of the Danube glittering between the rocks. A
13 sudden storm came from the Serbian side and the girls (hidden
14 underneath the sweet-smelling, drenched, patulous cherry tree) were
15 both at once struck by lightning (it made me dizzy when a year later I
16 realised that the cherries I was picking and eating came from *that* tree;
17 the cherry tree survived with only a scar and a broken branch).
18 At the funeral the whole village was weeping, including the old priest. The
19 horses pulled a cart with two little white coffins along the dusty road
20 leading up to the cemetery staining the lush green hillside; bees buzzing

tvářičky prý měly bílé, nepopálené; jen na hrudníčku 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 rozbít tuto kapku, roztržít ji; zkušenější pastevec 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; blaženě zpitý. Medvěd snad nepřijde; vlků je málo; a šakali, kteří se sem zatoulali nejspíš z útroby Asie (ale ten rumunský dědula nemá ponětí o jiných hranicích, než je městečko Oraš a Dunaj a kousíček Srbska na druhém břehu), snad též dají stádu pokoj... Pes řve; pastýř spí; stádo přežvykuje, pochrupuje, pobekává; jdu přes hrby a hřebeny pastvin, po kratičké trávě (takhle ji dokážou spást pouze ovce či kozy, krávy ne); vůni mateřidoušky a ovčího trusu prostupuje ještě starší vůně: vůně Orientu, vůně zaslíbené země; a vůně jalovcových jihomoravských strání... Bylo to též v horkém létě: pásal jsem stádo sto dvaceti ovcí v jalovcových stráních kdesi u Švařce. Spal jsem v maringotce a hlídal stádo. Udržoval

21 on the morning blossoms and the sky crystal clear; the men were
22 sweating and would not chat as at the other funerals; the girls twisting
23 their ankles in high heels; and the women singing out of tune, so much
24 out of tune...
25 Just recently Marja told me how she (Oh God, out of all people!) found
26 the girls: pale faces, not burned at all; only with red marks on their chests
27 and behind their knees; and their little shoes were off (as it supposedly
28 happens to all killed by lightning), their pretty Sunday shoes, which the
29 girls no longer needed for their journey, but which they — Marja and her
30 mother — put on them, when laying them in their coffins...

Herd

33 A herd is a being; a herd is a drop dripping down the hillside, or up —
34 against all natural laws — dripping up. A dog might be able to disrupt this
35 drop, to splash it all over; a more experienced shepherd probably too; not
36 me though, definitely not me... A dog is barking, but does not follow me;
37 just barks; a Romanian sleeps under a patulous tree; hidden from the
38 early afternoon sun and drunk with a light distilled spirit. Hopefully, a bear
39 won't come, there are not many wolves around here either; and the
40 jackals which have strayed from the depths of Asia (but this Romanian
41 Grandpa has no clue of the world beyond the borders of his town of Oraš,
42 the Danube and a small piece of Serbia on the other bank) may hopefully

jsem v chodu elektrický ohradník, napajedlo, liz soli; celý horký den jsem pouze seděl ve stínu jalovců, hrál slovenské lidové balady na šesti-
dírkovou pravěkou píšťalu (vyrobil 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 vytržení 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 prchalo v nepochopitelné jednotě, bezchybné sevřenosti. V noci jsem snil o vílách a ráno mě budil hned za svítání bekot: to stádo padalo dolů k napajedlu, tentokrát nesevřené, rozptýlené; jednotlivé ovce řvaly do modrého rána svoji modlitbu; pily, lízaly kostku soli; slavily nový den: a já též, nad plecháčkem kávy a nad starozákonní stránkou... Občas se mladičcí beránci domluvili a prorazili ohradník, aby se napásli na čerstvé trávě vedlejší louky; to jsem pak musel zahnat stádo zpět do již vyprahlé stráně, vypnout elektriku a pomocí štípaček a drátu ohradník spravit, obnovit jednotu té palčivé hranice, za níž je stádu zapovězeno jít... A nasával jsem vůně, nasával jsem všechny možné vůně: vůni jalovců, dobromyslu, ovčího trusu, levandule a čehosi ještě staršího, nade vše vyprahlejšího; drtil jsem v prstech kuličky jalovce, drtil jsem je mezi zuby...

43 leave the herd alone too... The dog is barking; the shepherd is sleeping;
44 the herd is chewing, grunting, bleating; I am walking over the ridges of
45 the pastureland, stepping on the short grass (only sheep and goats can
46 graze it down like this, not cows); besides the scent of thyme and sheep
47 droppings there is an even older scent pervading the air; the scent of
48 Orient; the scent of the promised land; the aroma of the juniper hillsides
49 of Southern Moravia...
50 It was also a hot summer: I was herding a flock of hundred and twenty
51 sheep on the juniper hillsides somewhere near Švařec. I slept in a trailer
52 and looked after the herd during the day, maintaining the electric fence,
53 the watering place and the salt licking spot; I would just sit in the shade
54 of the junipers hiding from the heat of the day, playing Slovakian folklore
55 ballads on an ancient-type six-hole flute (my friend made it for me using
56 a very ancient technique); I drank coffee, rum, water; read the Old
57 Testament; and for the first time I understood: the oriental shape of the
58 parched sheep skulls, fascinated I was observed the seemingly familiar
59 animals and I realised that they are from someplace else and that they
60 are worthy of all the parables... I used to pray in the shade of a local
61 miners' chapel; I bathed in a near-by ice-cold brook; in the late afternoon
62 I would chase the herd through the hillsides: dripping like a drop, like one
63 being: when the herd got scared, it would flock into one being and flee in
64 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 pást: Švařec, Banát, Palestina, to je jedno. A mně už též nezáleží na čase a prostoru: lze jen jít tou odvěkou vůní, pravěkou, ba předvěkou vůní; pes sice štěká, ale nikoho nepoděsí, dokonce neprobudí ani svého pod stromem spícího pána. Kráčím tou jednou jedinou spasenou stráňí: po koberci z trav, mateřídoušky a ovčího trusu: po jednom z koberců samotného ráje...

Dům na pobřeží

Ten pohled mám vždy na svém stole, ať jsem kdekoli; zdobí stoly mých přechodných domovů i stoly hotelů a hotýlků; a je na mém stole i zde (za okenicí šumí bujné balkánské jaro vši 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 (šed' mraků a dálky; ostrá běl zpěněných vln, které jako by se chystaly dům pohltnit, 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 užuž považoval 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 řeči...

65 of fairies and at dawn I was woken up by bleating right at dawn: the herd
66 was rushing down to the watering place, not in flock, but dispersed this
67 time; each sheep was shouting its prayer in this blue morning; they were
68 drinking, licking the salt; celebrating a new day: and so was I, with a coffee
69 in a tin can cup and another page of the Old Testament... Sometimes the
70 young rams would conspire and break through the fence together to
71 graze the fresh grass of a neighbouring meadow; in this case I would have
72 to chase the herd back to their parched hillside, switch off the electricity
73 and fix the fence with a wire and wire cutters to reestablish the unity of
74 the burning border separating the herd from the prohibited world
75 beyond... And I inhaled the scent, all kinds of scent: the scent of junipers,
76 of oregano, of sheep droppings, lavender and something even older, even
77 more parched, above all; I crushed the juniper berries with my fingers,
78 grinding them with my teeth...
79 The scent that used to be there; the scorched scent that is now here: the
80 herd does not care for time or space: it only wants a land to graze on:
81 Švařec, Banat, Palestine, it does not matter. And neither do I care for time
82 and space anymore: just inhaling the ancient aroma, prehistoric,
83 primaeval; the dog does bark, but scares no one, neither does he wake up
84 his owner still sleeping under the tree. I am walking through the grazed
85 hillside: on a carpet of grass, thyme and sheep droppings: on the very
86 carpet of paradise...

Tehdy, těsně před Tvým útekem, 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; vysníval jsem si (a potom už jsme si to vysnívali oba) domek se zahradou a sadem a zvířaty někde na Českomoravské vysočině... Ale pak to náhle všechno 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 zmítaný 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 zběsilých cestách; dívám se na něj večer co večer i zde, když se za Tebe modlívám... 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 přijde 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 kdouloní; náhle mám pocit, že ten šum není blahý šum balkánského jara, ale vzrůstající šum oceánu, nemilosrdného, bílého, vražedně bílého oceánu... Třesu se hrůzou v tom opuštěném domě (nepodobá se mému banátskému bílému stavení s modrými okenicemi a tyrkysovými vraty, vůbec se mu nepodobá; a ještě

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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 zastavit... Zděšeně jsem vyběhl do jarního podvečera a chytl se
prvního morušového kmene, jako se námořník za vichru a bouře v hrůze
chytá stožáru plachty...

109 winter day, on that hill above the Danube; it burst... In despair I roamed
110 through the town that had once been so sweet; the German language
111 started stinging my ears even worse than my mother tongue; and then,
112 one day, I found your Icelandic postcard in my post box: the abandoned
113 and forsaken house, entirely at the mercy of the natural elements... I used
114 to look at the house evening after evening in the attic room in the stone
115 Bavarian town (the room knew Your voice, Your hair, Your smile), I used
116 to look at the house evening by evening in hotel rooms during my frantic
117 travels; and I look at the house evening by evening here as well, when I
118 pray for You... I am looking at it right now... The humming of spring and
119 life beyond the window (people toiling in the fields, weeding, flowers
120 flourishing, lilacs ready to explode, and then the terror of locust trees,
121 soon, very soon); But I am staring at the black-and-white photo: and
122 suddenly it seems to me that my house is not standing on flowering slopes
123 full of mulberry trees, apple trees, walnut trees and quince trees;
124 suddenly I feel that the humming of the Balkan spring is in fact a roaring
125 ocean, a merciless, white, fatally white ocean... I am shaking with horror
126 inside of that abandoned house (nothing like my house here in Banat,
127 white washed, with blue window shutters and a turquoise gate, not at all
128 similar, and definitely not similar to our dream house in the Bohemian-
129 Moravian Highlands); the cracking sound of crushed stones, the roaring
130 of waves and wind, the wind which the waves caught in their watery claws

131 and buried beneath their surface; the bubbling sound of the tide, coming
132 in, relentlessly... I run out in fright, to the spring air of an early evening,
133 holding on to the first mulberry tree trunk as a frightened sailor holds on
134 a mast in a gale and storm...

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|-----------------------|----------|--------------------|---|
| Student Number | 21330026 | Text Number | 6 |
|-----------------------|----------|--------------------|---|

| Source Text | | Target Text | |
|--|---|--------------------|-----------------------|
| Title | <i>Solar Bones</i> | Title | <i>Sluneční kosti</i> |
| Year Published | 2016 | | |
| Author | Mike McCormack | | |
| Language | English (Ireland) | Language | Czech |
| Word Count | 451 | Word Count | 362 |
| Description of Source Text <ul style="list-style-type: none"> ● <i>understanding of source text</i> ● <i>knowledge of genre within source contexts</i> ● <i>situation of source text</i> <i>familiarity with the formal features of a text (language variation(s), register, dialect)</i> (200 words max) | <p>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.</p> <p>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/).</p> <p>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.</p> | | |
| Strategy <ul style="list-style-type: none"> ● <i>identification of translation problems</i> ● <i>knowledge of genre within target context and situation of target text</i> | <p>The target audience is readers of <i>Plav</i>, 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/).</p> | | |

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| <ul style="list-style-type: none"> ● <i>justification of translation production of genre for target context</i> <p>(200 words max)</p> | <p>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:</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> ● 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) |
| <p>Critical Reflection</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> ● <i>textual analysis</i> <p>(200 words max)</p> | <p>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.</p> <p>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, sprint to the church and the bell → exhausted now, so quickly, I am 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.</p> |
| <p>Works Cited</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> ● <i>use of sources and reference material</i> | <p>Cummins, George. 1998. "Indefiniteness in Czech." <i>Journal of Slavic Linguistics</i> 6 (2): 171–203.</p> <p>http://www.jstor.org/stable/24599695.</p> <p>https://dublinliteraryaward.ie/books/2018-solar-bones/</p> <p>https://www.thejournal.ie/how-a-new-generation-of-writers-are-changing-irish-literature-3954282-Apr2018/</p> |

| Source Text | Target Text |
|--|---|
| <i>Solar Bones</i> | <i>Sluneční kosti</i> |
| the bell | 1 ten zvon |
| the bell as | 2 ten zvon jak |
| hearing the bell as | 3 slyšet ten zvon jak |
| hearing the bell as standing here | 4 slyšet ten zvon jak tu stojím |
| the bell being heard standing here | 5 ten zvon je slyšet, jak tu stojím |
| hearing it ring out through the grey light of this | 6 slyšet ho vyzvánět šedým světlem tohoto |
| morning, noon or night | 7 rána, poledne nebo večera |
| god knows | 8 bůh ví |
| this grey day standing here and | 9 tohoto šedého dne tu stát a |
| listening to this bell in the middle of the day, the middle of the day bell, | 10 poslouchat ten zvon uprostřed dne, polední zvon uprostřed dne, |
| the Angelus bell in the middle of the day, ringing out through the grey light to | 11 ten Andělský zvon uprostřed dne, vyzvánění skrze to šedé světlo až |
| here | 12 sem |
| standing in the kitchen | 13 stát v kuchyni |
| hearing this bell | 14 slyšet ten zvon |
| snag my heart and | 15 chytit se za srdce a |
| draw the whole world into | 16 vtáhnout celý svět |
| being here | 17 sem |
| pale and breathless after coming a long way to stand in this kitchen | 18 bledý a bez dechu po dlouhé cestě tu stát v této kuchyni |
| confused | 19 zmatený |
| no doubt about that | 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

21 ale slyšet ten zvon z venkovského kostela vzdušnou čarou mílí
22 vzdáleného, přes ulici od stanice gardy pod obrovským platanem, který se
23 nad ní tyčí, a ve kterém si polní havrani postavili svá hnízda,
24 tak početní a tak hluční, že občas na jaře, když hnízdí,
25 kostel je plný jejich povyku a
26 nyní unaven, tak rychle
27 ten sprint ke kostelu a ten zvon
28 ano, jsou to opravdové
29 opravdové zvony
30 ne přenos nebo vysílání, protože
31 si nejde splést tu hloubku a rezonanci toho zvuku, který
32 se nese
33 ke mně, přes délku a hloubku tohoto dne, a který, i přes tu vzdálenost,
34 rezonuje v mé hrudi
35 systolický úder z opačné strany této farnosti, která leží na
36 okraji mně známého světa se Sheeffry a Mweelrea na jihu a se
37 zátokou Clew otevírající se na severu
38 ten Andělský zvon
39 znějící nad vesnicemi a městečky, nad poli a kopci a nad
40 rašeliništi, šestkrát tři údery za minutu a půl, svolání
41 vetknuté do okraje prázdnoty, jež drží tuto farnost pohromadě
42 všemi jejími hlavními a vedlejšími cestami

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

43 se všemi jejími školami, fotbalovými hřišti, mosty a hřbitovy
44 se všemi jejími obchody a hospodami
45 se stavebninami, polyklinikou a komunitním centrem
46 s vodárnou a
47 s handbalovými hřišti
48 ten utvořený svět se
49 všemi fokálními body, okolo kterých se farnost shromažďuje
50 jistě jako
51 samotný svět ve svém počátku, okolo
52 hor, řek a jezer
53 když se shromáždil v těch místech okolo řeky Bunowen, která teče
54 vrchovinou Lachta a severně k moři, a hloubí údolní nivu,
55 do které všechny cesty, hlavní i vedlejší, směřují, jak
56 opisují kontury krajiny, a uprostřed které stojí
57 vesnice Louisburgh
58 ze které zní ten Andělský zvon, spřádající znovu celý svět

| | | | |
|-----------------------|----------|--------------------|---|
| Student Number | 21330026 | Text Number | 7 |
|-----------------------|----------|--------------------|---|

| Source Text | | Target Text | |
|--|--|--------------------|---|
| Title | <i>Queer Futurism: Denizens of Liminality</i> | Title | <i>Queer futurismus: Obyvatelé liminality</i> |
| Year Published | 2017 | | |
| Author | Pınar Sinopoulos-Lloyd | | |
| Language | English (USA) | Language | Czech |
| Word Count | 538 | Word Count | 559 |
| Description of Source Text <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • <i>understanding of source text</i> • <i>knowledge of genre within source contexts</i> • <i>situation of source text</i> <i>familiarity with the formal features of a text (language variation(s), register, dialect)</i> (200 words max) | <p>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 Pınar 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. <i>pachacuti</i>, 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.</p> | | |
| Strategy <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • <i>identification of translation problems</i> • <i>knowledge of genre within target context and situation of target text</i> • <i>justification of translation</i> | <p>The target audience is readers of <i>A2larm</i> (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:</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • keeping the gender neutral language of the ST, as Czech, unlike English, uses gendered nouns, gender-marked adjectives | | |

| | |
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| <p><i>production of genre for target context</i> (200 words max)</p> | <p>and past participle verb forms</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • SL and SC specifics <p>The strategy to deal with these challenges is:</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • 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 |
| <p>Critical Reflection • <i>textual analysis</i> (200 words max)</p> | <p>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 distracting, 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 distracting aspect, they do not entail any of the other issues and are also approved by the Czech non-binary community.</p> |
| <p>Works Cited • <i>use of sources and reference material</i></p> | <p>Hord, Levi C. R. 2016. "Bucking the Linguistic Binary: Gender Neutral Language in English, Swedish, French, and German." Western Papers in Linguistics / Cahiers linguistiques de Western 3 (1): Article 4. https://ojs.lib.uwo.ca/index.php/wpl_clw/article/view/966/456.</p> |

Navickaitė, Rasa. 2014. "Postcolonial queer critique in post-communist Europe - Stuck in the Western progress narrative?" *Tijdschrift voor Genderstudies* 17 (2): 165-185. <https://doi.org/10.5117/TVGEND2014.2.NAVI>.

Whale, Toby. 2020. *Breaking the Silence: Translating Non-binary Identities in Literary Texts from English to Czech*. Olomouc: Palacký University Olomouc. https://theses.cz/id/93cvev/Wehle_Diplomova_prace.pdf

Source Text

Queer Futurism: Denizens of Liminality

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.

Target Text

Queer futurismus: Obyvatelé liminality

1 *Můj domov je liminalita.*

2 *V jizvách napříč mým tělem vyryta je mapa Domů.*

3 *Mateřská vlast v Andách a v Číně; otcovská vlast v Altaiských horách.*

4 *Hybridita je zkrušující 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 ekopsychologií,

8 jsem došel/a k poznání, že být queer je ekologická formace. Z matčiny

9 strany pocházím z linie Quariwarmi, genderově variantních lidí vlastních

10 naší kultuře. Během *pachacuti*¹, kataklyzmatické změny (Horswell,

11 2005), svolali Inkové queer horské božstvo jaguárů, *chuqui chinchay*².

12 Toto božstvo je patronem indigenních lidí duálního genderu. V

13 kosmologii Inků je tvořivá síla vesmíru androgynní a Quariwarmi jsou

14 ztělesněním této liminality. Během přechodných fází do velkého

15 neznámého byli/y vždy povoláni/y jako doly kulturní smrti. Po invazi

16 španělskými dobyvateli se Quariwarmi stali/y terčem pronásledování a

17 byli/y zabíjeni/y. Mnoho z nich se muselo skrývat, aby přežili/y

18 Pizarrovu brutalitu.

19

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 ecophilosopher 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.

20 V mnoha indigenních kulturách existují jedinci s liminální genderovou
21 identitou, kteří zastávají podobnou funkci, kdy asistují u zrození, léčí,
22 iniciují změny, starají se o mrtvé a převádějí do podsvětí (Jkharij, 2016).
23 Jak ctíme ten dar, který nám přináší i současná genderově nekonformní
24 mládež uprostřed naší vlastní *pachacuti* – či, slovy ekofilozofky Joanny
25 Macy, uprostřed 'Velkého zvratu' (1998)? Jaké dopady má nectění
26 tohoto daru na lidi a na víc-než-lidské společnosti?

27
28 Od roku 2013 pořádají Ruth McMillan a Pedro McMillan ze School of
29 Lost Borders Queer Quest pro dospělé. Já a můj/oje choť, So
30 Sinopoulos-Lloyd, jsme se Queer Questu zúčastnili/y v roce 2015, což
31 podnítilo naši vášeň pro pořádání queer přechodových rituálů. Ruth a
32 Pedro pozvali/y mě a So, abychom spolu s Pedrem vedli/y jejich vůbec
33 první Queer Youth Quest (QYQ). Loňský QYQ se konal o letním
34 slunovratu v horské oblasti na území kmene Ute³, následoval hned po
35 letním Queer Questu pro dospělé, jehož čtyři účastníci/e mládež
36 přivítali/y.

37
38 Těch šest úžasných mladých, se svými touhami, strastmi a
39 houževnatostí, mi pomohlo pochopit závažnost následků, které z
40 nectění tohoto jejich daru plynou. Podle studie UCLA vedené Dr.
41 Biancou D. M. Wilson „více 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*.

42 vyjadřuje svou genderovou identitu způsobem, který se vymyká
43 převládajícím stereotypům“ (citováno v Dowd, 2017). Queer identity
44 nejsou nový fenomén; tento narativ je produktem kolonizace a
45 systematického vymazávání⁴. Queer identity jsou tak starodávné a
46 komplexní jako lišejníky⁵; ovlivňují fungování našich duší. Jsou
47 aspektem naší duše, něco jako anima a animus; je to *animx*⁶. Když
48 mluvíme o energetických silách a zahrnujeme pouze feminní a
49 maskulinní, přispíváme tím k vymazávání těch liminálních. Jsme
50 *liminální*, ne *neviditelní/é*. V kontrastu k chronicky binárnímu jazyku
51 používanému v dominantní západní kultuře – a v práci s přechodovými
52 rituály – můžeme ctít jak *feminní* a *maskulinní*, tak i *liminální*.

53

54 **Poznámka překladatelky:**

55 ¹ *Pachakuti* (čti pačakutý) znamená v kečuánštině pohyb Země, který
56 značí zakončení dosavadního cyklu a počátek nové éry.

57 ² čti čikvi činkaj

58 ³ Území na jiho-západě současného státu Colorado. Původními obyvateli
59 této oblasti jsou lidé kmene Ute.

60 ⁴ jak indigenních kultur, tak queer lidí z historie

61 ⁵ Lišejník je symbiotickým soužitím houby a řasy či sinice. Hybridní
62 forma tohoto organismu bývá v queer přístupech k biologii označována
63 jako queer forma existence.

64 ⁶ Sufix -x se v angličtině i jiných jazycích někdy používá k vytvoření
65 genderově neutrální alternativy slov, jejichž standardní verze existuje
66 pouze v maskulinní a feminní formě (např. maskulinní Mr, feminní Ms a
67 Mrs, neutrální alternativa Mx).

| | | | |
|-----------------------|----------|--------------------|---|
| Student Number | 21330026 | Text Number | 8 |
|-----------------------|----------|--------------------|---|

Source Text

Target Text

| | | | |
|---|---|-------------------|--------------------------------|
| Title | <i>Searching for Limbo in Reality</i> | Title | <i>Hledání limba v realitě</i> |
| Year Published | 2021 | | |
| Author | Marcus Welsh | | |
| Language | English (UK) | Language | Czech |
| Word Count | 1507 | Word Count | 1206 |
| <p>Description of Source Text</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • <i>understanding of source text</i> • <i>knowledge of genre within source contexts</i> • <i>situation of source text</i> <p><i>familiarity with the formal features of a text (language variation(s), register, dialect)</i></p> <p>(200 words max)</p> | <p>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.</p> <p>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.</p> | | |
| <p>Strategy</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • <i>identification of translation problems</i> • <i>knowledge of genre within target context and situation of target text</i> | <p>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:</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • the filler words at the beginning of sentences (e. g. 8, 10, 22, 30) will be maintained | | |

| | |
|--|--|
| <ul style="list-style-type: none"> ● <i>justification of translation production of genre for target context</i> <p>(200 words max)</p> | <ul style="list-style-type: none"> ● 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 <p>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.</p> |
| <p>Critical Reflection</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> ● <i>textual analysis</i> <p>(200 words max)</p> | <p>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.</p> |
| <p>Works Cited</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> ● <i>use of sources and reference material</i> | <p>Karamitroglou, Fotios. 1997. “A Proposed Set of Subtitling Standards in Europe.” <i>Translation Journal</i> 2 (2). https://translationjournal.net/journal/04stndrd.htm.</p> |

| Source Text | | Target Text | | |
|--|----|--------------------------------|------------|---|
| <i>Searching for Limbo in Reality</i> | | <i>Hledání limba v realitě</i> | | |
| Oh, hi. | 1 | 0:00:03.62 | 0:00:04.79 | O, ahoj. |
| You OK? | 2 | 0:00:05.58 | 0:00:06.58 | Jsi OK? |
| Yeah, so bad news you've died. | 3 | 0:00:07.25 | 0:00:10.58 | Jo, špatná zpráva, umřel jsi. |
| We're just taking you | 4 | 0:00:11.33 | 0:00:14.62 | Právě tě bereme do limba, |
| into limbo now to be processed. | 5 | | | abys byl odbaven. |
| Shouldn't be too long, | 6 | 0:00:14.83 | 0:00:17.83 | Nemělo by to trvat dlouho, |
| maybe a couple of thousand years. | 7 | | | možná pár tisíc let. |
| But honestly, it'll just fly by. | 8 | 0:00:18.00 | 0:00:19.83 | Ale popravdě, uteče to jako nic. |
| I know what question you're going to ask. | 9 | 0:00:20.00 | 0:00:21.62 | Vím, na co se zeptáš. |
| And no, there is no meaning of life. | 10 | 0:00:21.83 | 0:00:23.62 | A ne, život nemá žádný smysl. |
| Get over yourselves. | 11 | 0:00:23.83 | 0:00:24.87 | Tak se s tím smiř. |
| However, you probably want to know about the things that | 12 | 0:00:25.37 | 0:00:27.54 | Nicméně, chceš nejspíš vědět o těch věcech, |
| are a mystery to your species. | 13 | 0:00:27.62 | 0:00:29.58 | které jsou tvému druhu záhadou. |
| What's beyond the stars you can see at night? | 14 | 0:00:29.83 | 0:00:32.00 | Co je za hvězdami, které vidíš v noci? |
| Where does it all go? | 15 | 0:00:32.62 | 0:00:33.79 | Kam to všechno spěje? |
| What happens at the end? | 16 | 0:00:34.00 | 0:00:35.25 | Co je na konci? |
| What is nothingness? | 17 | 0:00:36.00 | 0:00:37.33 | Co je nicota? |
| Well... | 18 | 0:00:38.00 | 0:00:39.00 | No... |
| Oh, we're here. | 19 | 0:00:40.00 | 0:00:41.41 | A jsme tady. |

| | | | | |
|---|----|------------|------------|---|
| So I have a question for you. | 20 | 0:00:42.00 | 0:00:44.00 | Mám na tebe otázku. |
| What does your in limbo look like? | 21 | 0:00:45.00 | 0:00:48.00 | Jak vypadá tvoje limbo? |
| And do you think you could just go out and find it? | 22 | 0:00:48.83 | 0:00:51.12 | A myslíš, že můžeš prostě jít ven a najít ho? |
| Well, that's my plan. | 23 | 0:00:51.79 | 0:00:52.79 | To je můj plán. |
| Now let's see how I do. | 24 | 0:00:53.00 | 0:00:54.00 | Podívejme se na to. |
| Alright, | 25 | 0:01:00.00 | 0:01:00.83 | Tak jo, |
| I'm Marcus Welsh, | 26 | 0:01:01.83 | 0:01:03.08 | Jsem Marcus Welsh |
| and I use books, articles, websites and your emails | 27 | 0:01:03.33 | 0:01:06.83 | a pomocí knih, článků webů a vašich emailů |
| to investigate, discuss | 28 | 0:01:07.20 | 0:01:10.25 | zkoumám a rozebírám věci |
| and go on adventures. | 29 | | | a vydávám se za dobrodružstvím. |
| And if you can tell me | 30 | 0:01:10.41 | 0:01:12.70 | A když mi řeknete, |
| what this video is all about, | 31 | | | o čem tohle video vlastně je, |
| then that would be really helpful. Thank you. | 32 | 0:01:12.79 | 0:01:14.91 | budu vám moc vděčný. Díky. |
| If you do get any enjoyment out of this video, | 33 | 0:01:15.62 | 0:01:18.87 | Pokud vás tohle video potěší, |
| please LIK and SUBSCRIB. Thank you, bye. | 34 | | | Dejte prosím like a odběr. Díky, čau. |
| | 35 | 0:01:21.04 | 0:01:23.87 | [Kapitola 1: Liminální prostory] |
| So I came across this article, | 36 | 0:01:24.41 | 0:01:28.45 | Tak, narazil jsem na tenhle článek, |
| 'Why do liminal spaces | 37 | | | 'Proč se liminální prostory |
| feel like an altered reality?' | 38 | 0:01:28.62 | 0:01:30.16 | zdají jako jiná realita?' |
| I hadn't heard of liminal spaces | 39 | 0:01:30.41 | 0:01:33.00 | Před tím jsem o liminálních |
| until I came across this, | 40 | | | prostorech neslyšel, |
| despite there being a good many | 41 | 0:01:33.41 | 0:01:37.50 | ačkoli o nich existuje spousta |

| | | | | |
|--|----|------------|------------|--|
| articles and YouTube videos about the subject. | 42 | | | dobrych článků a YouTube videí. |
| This is a liminal space. | 43 | 0:01:39.41 | 0:01:43.00 | Tohle je liminální prostor. |
| It's an image that seems a bit weird. | 44 | | | Ten obrázek se zdá trochu divnej. |
| Gives you 50 percent deep, | 45 | 0:01:43.20 | 0:01:46.62 | Dá ti 50% hluboké |
| nostalgic melancholy | 46 | | | nostalgické melancholie |
| and 50 percent a sense of dread. | 47 | 0:01:46.79 | 0:01:49.00 | a 50% procent hrůzy. |
| It's a transitional place, | 48 | 0:01:49.41 | 0:01:52.00 | Je to přechodné místo, |
| like you've been there before | 49 | | | na kterém jako bys už někdy byl |
| and you'll be there again one day. | 50 | 0:01:52.29 | 0:01:54.16 | a jednoho dne budeš zas. |
| It's like your old life is gone. | 51 | 0:01:54.33 | 0:01:55.70 | Jakoby tvůj předešlý život zmizel. |
| You only retain a fleeting memory of it. | 52 | 0:01:55.91 | 0:01:58.16 | Zůstane ti jen prchavá vzpomínka na něj. |
| In fact, I wouldn't even call it a memory, | 53 | 0:01:58.83 | 0:02:00.87 | Vlastně bych to ani nenazýval vzpomínkou, |
| it's just a feeling. | 54 | 0:02:01.12 | 0:02:02.37 | je to jen pocit. |
| This famous example looks like | 55 | 0:02:03.08 | 0:02:07.20 | Tenhle známý příklad vypadá jako |
| a 70s wallpaper post death waiting room. | 56 | | | posmrtná čekárna s tapetou ze 70. let. |
| It's like the start of a never ending maze, | 57 | 0:02:07.50 | 0:02:09.45 | Je to jako začátek nekonečného bludiště, |
| a labyrinth of futility. | 58 | 0:02:10.16 | 0:02:12.00 | labyrintu marnosti. |
| You turn one corner to find it looks | 59 | 0:02:12.62 | 0:02:15.41 | Popojdeš za roh a vypadá |
| the same, but the feeling | 60 | | | to tam stejně, ale ten pocit |
| washes over you again, anew. | 61 | 0:02:15.62 | 0:02:17.54 | tě zalije znovu, nanovo. |
| It reminds me of those old first person shooter games | 62 | 0:02:17.83 | 0:02:20.12 | Připomíná mi to staré first-person střílečky |
| like Doom, where you scroll through endless walls in the | 63 | | | |

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

| | | | |
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| 64 | 0:02:20.41 | 0:02:24.00 | jako Doom, kde se motáš mezi |
| 65 | | | nekonečnými zdmi, pořád stejně. |
| 66 | 0:02:24.87 | 0:02:27.00 | Myslíš si, že prozkoumáváš nová místa, |
| 67 | 0:02:27.58 | 0:02:29.41 | ale ve skutečnosti jen chodíš v kruhu, |
| 68 | 0:02:29.83 | 0:02:31.37 | končíš tam, kde jsi začal. |
| 69 | 0:02:31.83 | 0:02:34.04 | A není to dobrá metafora na život? |
| 70 | 0:02:36.16 | 0:02:40.70 | Myslím, že pravý liminální prostor |
| 71 | | | ti musí připomínat něco, co znáš. |
| 72 | 0:02:41.41 | 0:02:43.75 | Existuje mnoho fotek prázdných obchodáků, |
| 73 | 0:02:44.04 | 0:02:47.37 | čekáren, ložnic, a dlouhých chodeb. |
| 74 | 0:02:48.12 | 0:02:52.83 | Ale když je vidíme takto, |
| 75 | | | prázdné, na nekvalitní fotce, |
| 76 | 0:02:53.12 | 0:02:55.50 | zdají se nepřírozené a podivné. |
| 77 | 0:02:56.00 | 0:03:00.66 | Tak, takhle bych asi v základu |
| 78 | | | popsal liminální prostor. |
| 79 | 0:03:03.62 | 0:03:04.33 | Mrkev? |
| 80 | 0:03:04.79 | 0:03:07.62 | Víte co? Myslím, že tohle je |
| 81 | | | asi to nejlepší místo, odkud začít |
| 82 | 0:03:07.83 | 0:03:10.66 | hledat moje limbo zde na Zemi. |
| 83 | 0:03:11.00 | 0:03:12.66 | Pojďme to tedy prozkoumat blíž. |
| 84 | 0:03:13.83 | 0:03:16.62 | Budu ignorovat ten divnej pocit, |
| 85 | | | kteřej máte z většiny těch fotek, |

| | | | | |
|---|-----|------------|------------|---|
| give you a weird feeling. | 86 | 0:03:16.83 | 0:03:19.00 | protože spousta věcí |
| The associated nostalgic melancholy | 87 | | | nám dává divnej pocit. |
| that goes with it, | 88 | 0:03:20.54 | 0:03:23.95 | Ta nostalgická melancholie, |
| that's what I'm interested in here. | 89 | | | která se s tím pojí, |
| | 20 | 0:03:24.29 | 0:03:26.00 | to je to, co mě zajímá. |
| Any time a nostalgic feeling comes up, | 91 | 0:03:28.41 | 0:03:31.41 | [Kapitola 2: Nostalgie] |
| so does sadness. | 92 | 0:03:32.00 | 0:03:34.16 | Kdykoli se objeví nostalgický pocit, |
| You can't remember those good times | 93 | 0:03:34.91 | 0:03:36.29 | objeví se i smutek. |
| without a melancholic desire | 94 | 0:03:37.29 | 0:03:38.66 | Nejde si vybavit ty dobré časy |
| to live there again, | 95 | 0:03:38.87 | 0:03:40.91 | bez melancholické touhy |
| even if it's just for a bit. | 96 | | | znovu v nich žít, |
| That's how nostalgia works. | 97 | 0:03:41.83 | 0:03:43.33 | i kdyby jen na chvíli. |
| It's... it's a trap, really. | 98 | 0:03:43.83 | 0:03:45.37 | Takhle funguje nostalgie. |
| It's happiness with a sheen of sadness. | 99 | 0:03:45.87 | 0:03:48.33 | Je to ve skutečnosti past. |
| It's all your memories, your photos, | 100 | 0:03:49.33 | 0:03:51.66 | Je to radost s příchutí smutku. |
| your family holidays, your school days. | 101 | 0:03:51.87 | 0:03:53.70 | Jsou to všechny tvé vzpomínky, fotky, |
| It's your experiences | 102 | 0:03:53.70 | 0:03:55.87 | rodinné dovolené, školní dny. |
| tinged in sepia, | 103 | 0:03:56.87 | 0:03:59.41 | Tvoje zkušenosti zbarvené |
| completely unreachable as | 104 | | | sépiovým filtrem, |
| the sad truth of reality and adulthood take over. | 105 | 0:04:00.00 | 0:04:05.66 | zcela nedosažitelné potom, |
| The issue I find with most of these images is | 106 | | | co převládne smutná realita dospělosti. |
| that they are very US centric. | 107 | 0:04:06.20 | 0:04:10.00 | Problém s těmito fotkami je, |

| | | | | |
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| And obviously I'm from the UK. | 108 | | | že většina z nich je hrozně americká. |
| So these American suburbs, | 109 | 0:04:10.62 | 0:04:12.25 | A já jsem samozřejmě z Británie. |
| lifeless Chuckie Cheeses | 110 | 0:04:12.41 | 0:04:15.83 | Takže tyhle americká předměstí |
| are not something | 111 | | | a prázdné Chuckie Cheese |
| we can feel the full pull of nostalgia for. | 112 | 0:04:16.08 | 0:04:18.66 | nejsou něco, co by |
| I even have a slight advantage in that | 113 | | | v nás vyvolávalo nostalgii. |
| I lived there for a year when I was younger | 114 | 0:04:19.00 | 0:04:22.91 | A to mám jistou výhodu, |
| and we all have the bias | 115 | | | že jsem tam rok žil, když jsem byl malý |
| of films and TV shows set in the US too. | 116 | 0:04:23.12 | 0:04:26.91 | a všichni máme určitou představu, |
| So let's do a bit of an experiment. | 117 | | | díky americkým filmům a pořadům. |
| Most of the liminal spaces | 118 | 0:04:31.12 | 0:04:33.41 | Tak, zkusme tedy malý experiment. |
| I've shown you so far | 119 | 0:04:33.95 | 0:04:37.00 | Většina těch liminálních prostor, |
| are from US sources. | 120 | | | které jsem vám zatím ukázal, |
| Most of the videos and information you can find online | 121 | 0:04:37.25 | 0:04:38.50 | je z amerických zdrojů. |
| are from US sources. | 122 | 0:04:38.83 | 0:04:42.25 | Většina těch videí a informací online |
| And the theory is that | 123 | 0:04:42.41 | 0:04:43.70 | je také z amerických zdrojů. |
| no matter where these images come from, | 124 | 0:04:44.83 | 0:04:47.62 | A ta teorie je, že ať |
| if these really are places | 125 | | | jsou ty fotky odkudkoliv, |
| we've been, between worlds, | 126 | 0:04:48.00 | 0:04:50.83 | pokud jsme na těch místech |
| the same sense of nostalgia | 127 | | | už opravdu byli, mezi světy, |
| and unease should still exist. | 128 | 0:04:51.00 | 0:04:54.41 | měli bysme pociťovat |
| So I've put together | 129 | | | 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.

| | | | |
|-----|------------|------------|---|
| 130 | 0:04:54.75 | 0:04:57.29 | Posbíral jsem tedy |
| 131 | | | fotky z Británie. |
| 132 | 0:04:57.58 | 0:05:01.25 | Má otázka zní, vyvolávají |
| 133 | | | v tobě některé z nich nostalgii? |
| 134 | 0:05:01.62 | 0:05:03.08 | Máš pocit, žeš tam už někdy byl, |
| 135 | 0:05:03.29 | 0:05:05.62 | i když jsi v Británii |
| 136 | | | nikdy nežil, nebo ani nebyl? |
| 137 | 0:05:06.16 | 0:05:10.04 | A pro britské sledující: máte |
| 138 | | | stejný pocit z těch amerických fotek? |
| 139 | 0:05:10.25 | 0:05:13.41 | A nebo je to možná všechno jen nesmysl? |
| 140 | 0:05:13.54 | 0:05:14.37 | Dejte mi vědět, jo? |
| 141 | 0:05:15.41 | 0:05:17.66 | Poruším teď všechny pravidla YouTube. |
| 142 | 0:05:17.87 | 0:05:21.00 | Nechám nějaký volný čas a prostor ve videu. |
| 143 | 0:05:21.37 | 0:05:23.70 | Nic moc se tu pár minut nebude dít. |
| 144 | 0:05:23.83 | 0:05:27.16 | Jen se tu budou pomalu střídat |
| 145 | | | ty fotky s hudbou v pozadí. |
| 146 | 0:05:28.50 | 0:05:31.41 | Aby ten experiment fungoval, |
| 147 | | | potřebuju vaši trpělivost. |
| 148 | 0:05:31.91 | 0:05:35.25 | Vaše schopnost |
| 149 | | | ponořit se do toho, je zásadní. |
| 150 | 0:05:35.41 | 0:05:38.41 | Jen tak můžeme zjistit, |
| 151 | | | jaký máte z těch fotek opravdu pocit. |

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

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| 152 | 0:06:26.62 | 0:06:30.25 | [Kapitola 3: Vzpomínky |
| 153 | | | na šeré parkoviště] |
| 154 | 30.95 | 0:06:34.83 | Takže, původní plán byl, |
| 155 | | | jít najít můj liminální prostor zde, |
| 156 | 0:06:35.08 | 0:06:38.79 | v divočině, jak říkám prostoru |
| 157 | | | venku od dob <i>Pokemon Yellow</i> . |
| 158 | 0:06:39.62 | 0:06:41.37 | Ale nemůžu, kvůli covidu. |
| 159 | 0:06:42.08 | 0:06:43.70 | A nechce se mi, je zima. |
| 160 | 0:06:46.04 | 0:06:50.04 | Místo toho jsem tedy musel použít |
| 161 | | | představivost, což je fakt otravný, |
| 162 | 0:06:50.41 | 0:06:54.08 | ale taky jsem prošel nějaká stará videa |
| 163 | | | a fotky, což byla zábava. |
| 164 | 0:06:54.41 | 0:06:57.25 | Brzy jsem došel k závěru, |
| 165 | | | že můj liminální prostor je |
| 166 | 0:06:57.50 | 0:07:01.00 | parkoviště u supermarketu, |
| 167 | | | v noci, kolem roku 2004. |
| 168 | 0:07:01.91 | 0:07:04.16 | Sedím v kamarádově Roveru Metro, |
| 169 | 0:07:04.62 | 0:07:06.62 | na parkovišti naší tehdejší práce. |
| 170 | 0:07:10.16 | 0:07:10.16 | Jsme v partě a všichni |
| 171 | | | pijeme modré WKD. |
| 172 | 0:07:10.41 | 0:07:13.20 | Střídaly se tam naše holky, |
| 173 | | | tak jako já střídal je. |

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,

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| 174 | 0:07:13.50 | 0:07:17.20 | Drželi jsme se za ruce |
| 175 | | | na nepohodlně sklopeném sedadle. |
| 176 | 0:07:17.50 | 0:07:22.45 | Nepustili nás do hospod |
| 177 | | | a klubů, zradil nás náš věk. |
| 178 | 0:07:22.83 | 0:07:25.62 | Bylo na tom tehdy něco liminálního. |
| 179 | 0:07:25.95 | 0:07:27.91 | Byli jsme na to místo zvyklí za dne, |
| 180 | 0:07:28.20 | 0:07:31.70 | živé, plné aktivity, |
| 181 | | | ale teď je nehybné, ve tmě, |
| 182 | 0:07:32.04 | 0:07:35.00 | jen světla supermarketu poblikávají. |
| 183 | 0:07:35.33 | 0:07:37.58 | To vše v oparu naší podnapilosti. |
| 184 | 0:07:38.75 | 0:07:42.58 | Možná je to můj liminální prostor, |
| 185 | | | ale nemůže to být moje limbo. |
| 186 | 0:07:42.83 | 0:07:44.70 | Nemůže to být moje místo mezi světy. |
| 187 | 0:07:45.29 | 0:07:46.75 | Postrádá to ten pocit hrůzy. |
| 188 | 0:07:46.95 | 0:07:48.75 | Je tam moc šťastné nostalgie. |
| 189 | 0:07:49.37 | 0:07:52.75 | [Kapitola 4: Přízraky v hudbě] |
| 190 | 0:07:53.04 | 0:07:56.62 | Nejlepší liminální prostor, který jsem kdy měl, |
| 191 | 0:07:56.83 | 0:07:59.50 | je určitě v mojí hlavě, někde v mojí fantazii. |
| 192 | 0:07:59.79 | 0:08:03.33 | Hudba je ten největší tvůrce pocitů, vzpomínek. |
| 193 | 0:08:03.70 | 0:08:05.08 | Rozesměje tě, rozpláče tě. |
| 194 | 0:08:05.33 | 0:08:09.00 | Hudba může být liminální prostor, |
| 195 | | | protože hudba utváří prostor. |

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| I feel like there is one key rule. | 196 | 0:08:09.33 | 0:08:13.29 | Ale aby to tak fungovalo, |
| The music, that gives, the liminal aesthetic | 197 | | | musí tam být jedno pravidlo. |
| must be new to you. | 198 | 0:08:14.25 | 0:08:18.70 | Hudba, která vytváří tu liminální estetiku, |
| That is to say, it puts you | 199 | | | pro tebe musí být nová. |
| in a nostalgic frame of mind | 200 | 0:08:18.95 | 0:08:22.75 | To znamená, že v tobě |
| despite it not occurring | 201 | | | vyvolává nostalgický pocit, |
| within that nostalgic time. | 202 | 0:08:22.95 | 0:08:26.12 | i když ji nemáš spojenou |
| So to understand the feeling of nostalgia | 203 | | | s tou nostalgickou dobou. |
| music gives you | 204 | 0:08:26.62 | 0:08:29.37 | Abych porozuměl nostalgii, |
| and to solidify how that feels in my head, | 205 | | | kterou hudba vytváří |
| I'm gonna listen to a song | 206 | 0:08:29.75 | 0:08:31.66 | a pochopil, jak se to děje v mojí hlavě, |
| that will put me right back into the days I'm nostalgic for. | 207 | 0:08:32.00 | 0:08:36.16 | poslechnu si teď song, |
| The song <i>Weak Become Heroes</i> by <i>The Streets</i> , | 208 | | | který mě vrátí do té nostalgické doby. |
| puts me back to the mid 2000s every time | 209 | 0:08:36.20 | 0:08:40.25 | <i>Weak Become Heroes</i> od <i>The Streets</i> |
| I hear it. | 210 | | | mě pošle zpět do poloviny 2000s vždy, |
| To get in the mood even further, | 211 | 0:08:40.50 | 0:08:41.37 | když to slyším. |
| I thought I'd attend a rave via my green screen. | 212 | 0:08:41.66 | 0:08:43.04 | Abych se ještě víc naladil, |
| So to look the part | 213 | 0:08:43.33 | 0:08:45.83 | Zúčastním se přes svoje zelené plátno raveu. |
| I need to wear some tatty clothes. | 214 | 0:08:46.00 | 0:08:48.75 | A bych zapadl, |
| So I've got my | 215 | | | potřebuju nějaký jetý oblečení. |
| Welsh twins merch on | 216 | 0:08:49.00 | 0:08:51.00 | Oblékl jsem si tedy |
| and really, really stupid glasses. | 217 | | | Welsh Twins merch |

| | | | | |
|---|-----|------------|------------|--|
| And full respect for those people | 218 | 0:08:51.41 | 0:08:53.33 | a nějaký fakt blbý brejle. |
| that do sort of reaction videos | 219 | 0:08:53.75 | 0:08:56.62 | Velký respekt lidem, |
| where they sit listening to music, | 220 | | | kteří dělají reakční videa, |
| because I just felt like a tit the whole time. | 221 | 0:08:56.83 | 0:09:00.00 | kde sedí a poslouchají hudbu, |
| What's happening here is the music is lighting up my brain's visual | 222 | | | protože já se cítil fakt trapně. |
| cortex. Means as I'm hearing the song, | 223 | 0:09:00.54 | 0:09:04.12 | Tady hudba aktivuje vizuální kortex mého mozku. |
| I'm starting to associate it with the memories. | 224 | 0:09:04.50 | 0:09:08.20 | To znamená, že jak slyším ten song, |
| The memories in our formative years are already stronger. | 225 | | | začnu ho spojovat se vzpomínkami. |
| These are the times that shape us, make us, destroy us. | 226 | 0:09:08.75 | 0:09:12.16 | Vzpomínky z našich formativních let jsou silné. |
| Therefore, the music that is with us at the time | 227 | 0:09:12.41 | 0:09:15.29 | Je to to období, které nás utváří, formuje i ničí. |
| is only down the road on that same neural pathway. | 228 | 0:09:15.50 | 0:09:17.50 | A tak hudba, která nás v té době obklopovala, |
| Every time we hear it and reminisce, | 229 | 0:09:17.70 | 0:09:20.95 | aktivuje ty samé neuronové dráhy. |
| it strengthens that bond even further. | 230 | 0:09:21.12 | 0:09:24.91 | Pokaždé, kdy vzpomínáme, |
| That feeling is coming over me now, the memories. | 231 | | | se toto spojení upevňuje ještě víc. |
| And I just don't understand how I can feel the same way | 232 | 0:09:25.25 | 0:09:27.75 | Teď se mi vrací ten pocit, ty vzpomínky. |
| for songs that weren't with me during that time. | 233 | 0:09:28.08 | 0:09:30.79 | A prostě nechápu, jak to, že mám ty samé pocity |
| The songs - Eutow by Autechre, #3 by Aphex Twin | 234 | 0:09:31.00 | 0:09:33.12 | ze songu, který jsem tehdy neposlouchal. |
| and the whole Burial Untrue album | 235 | 0:09:35.20 | 0:09:39.00 | Ty songy - <i>Eutow</i> od <i>Autechre</i> , #3 od <i>Aphex Twin</i> |
| gives me a longing for a time | 236 | 0:09:39.29 | 0:09:41.33 | a celé <i>Burial Untrue</i> album |
| I think I had. | 237 | 0:09:41.66 | 0:09:43.87 | vzbuzují touhu po časech, |
| But the music sounds like memory, | 238 | | | který si myslím, že jsem prožil. |
| fading like the photo image quality, | 239 | 0:09:44.12 | 0:09:45.70 | Ale ta hudba zní jako vzpomínka, |

unclear, unobtainable.

I'm nostalgic for no particular memory,

and yet simultaneously all of them at once.

| | | | |
|-----|------------|------------|---|
| 240 | 0:09:46.50 | 0:09:48.33 | blednoucí jako fotografie, |
| 241 | 0:09:49.41 | 0:09:51.66 | nejasná, už nečitelná. |
| 242 | 0:09:51.95 | 0:09:53.95 | Necítím nostalgii po konkrétní vzpomínce, |
| 243 | 0:09:54.08 | 0:09:56.62 | ale po všech vzpomínkách zároveň. |

Appendix

Gerald Princes' principles of experimental text

| | |
|--|---|
| focus on a form rather than content | 'the rewriting bears (primarily) on the formal and not the contentual level' (Prince 1985, 211) |
| exploration of textual sites rather than those of the phenomenal world | '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) |
| programmatically, systematic | "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) the 'ingredients' of this recipe are: impersonality, explicitness, massiveness, newness (Prince 1985, 211) |

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 mnoho let žil mezi svými přáteli a známými, ale musel se každý rok nasytit životem spanilé ženy, aby zachoval svou existenci po nadcházející měsíce. Tyto příběhy naháněly Aubreymu husí kůži, přesto se však snažil lanthe ukázat, jak směšné takové hrůzostrašné historky jsou. Ona ale jmenovala různé staré muže, kteří odhalili alespoň jednoho upíra žijícího mezi nimi, potom co jejich blízcí příbuzní a děti padli za oběť hladu té příšery. Když viděla, že jí 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 ještě umocnilo jeho hrůzu, protože, jak se zdálo, to byl přesný popis Lorda Ruthvena. Přesto se jí stále snažil přesvědčit, že není žádný důvod k obavám, ačkoli ve stejnou chvíli nemohl přestat myslet na tu spoustu náhod, které ho přivedly k podezření, že Lord Ruthven možná přece jen má nějakou nadpřirozenou sílu.

Aubrey měl lanthe 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 pro něj nemožné soustředit svou pozornost na cokoli jiného, než na ni. Lanthe si 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 odkrýval nějaké fragmenty, ještě nezničené věkem. Jednou lanthe mluvila o upírech se svými rodiči a ti oba, s tvářemi bledými hrůzou, potvrdili jejich existenci. Brzy na to se Aubrey chystal odjet na celý den na jednu ze svých výprav. Když lanthe a její rodiče slyšeli název místa, jež se chystal navštívit, všichni ho prosili, aby se nevracel v noci. Řekli mu, že ty lesy, kterými bude projíždět na své cestě, jsou v noci velmi nebezpečné a nikdo se neopovazuje do nich vkročit. Je to místo nočních upířích orgií a kdo by se opovážil skřížít jejich cestu, zakusil by ta nejtěžší zla. Aubrey se znovu pokusil ukázat jim, jak jsou tyto upíří historky směšné, ale když viděl, že zesměšňováním zlých sil je vyděsil ještě více, ztichl.

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

není téměř žádný soumrak, noc začíná hned, jak zajde slunce. Než se mu podařilo vyjet z lesů, přihnala se bouře. Padal těžký déšť a ozýval se jeden hrom za druhým. Modrý blesk udeřil poblíž něho a poplašil koně, ten se začal rychle hnát lesem. Nakonec se zvíře utahalo a zastavilo. Aubrey se rozhlédl a kolem a spatřil starou chatrč. Sesedl z koně a přiblížil se k chatrči, doufaje, že najde někoho, kdo mu pomůže najít cestu do města, nebo že alespoň nalezne úkryt před běsnící bouří. Jak se přiblížil, hromy na moment utichly a on uslyšel strašlivé naříkání ženy a druhý posmívající se hlas. Byl vyděšen, ale protože hromy zase zesílily, rychle otevřel dveře a vešel do chatrče. Uvnitř se ocitl v úplné temnotě, ty zvuky ho však vedly. Zůstal zjevně nepovšimnut — i když zavolal, nikdo ho neslyšel a zvuky pokračovaly dál. Najednou cítil, že na někoho narazil, okamžitě ho popadl, když v tom nějaký hlas zvolal: „Opět bezradný!“ po čemž následoval hlasitý smích. Najednou zápolil s někým, jehož síla se zdála být nadlidská. Odhodlaně se snažil bránit se, co jen mohl, ale bylo to marné. Byl vyzdvižen a ohromnou silou mrštěn o podlahu. Nepřítel se na Aubreyho vrhnul, klekl mu na hrudník a položil mu své ruce na hrdlo. Náhle do chatrče zvenčí dopadlo světlo mnoha pochodní a útočníka vyrušilo. Ten pustil Aubreyho, zvedl se a vyběhl dveřmi ven. Za moment už zvuk praskajících větví, jak se útočník hnal lesem, nebylo slyšet. Bouře byla nyní klidná a ti venku zaslechli Aubreyho, který nebyl schopen se hnout. Vešli dovnitř, světlo pochodní dopadalo na hliněné stěny a Aubrey je požádal, aby hledali ženu, která naříkala. Byl opět ponechán ve tmě, a ke své hrůze, když se světlo pochodní opět objevilo, uviděl, že ti lidé nesou mrtvé tělo lanthe. Zavřel oči, doufaje, že je to jen vidina jeho pohnuté mysli, ale když je opět otevřel, viděl stále ten samý obraz. Její tváře byly bez barvy a stejně tak její rty. Přesto byla její tvář klidná jako zaživa. Na jejím krku a prsou byla krev a na jejím hrdle otisk zubů, které otevřely žílu. Muži na to ukazovali a všichni v hrůze křičeli: „Upír! Upír!“ Popadli Aubreyho i lanthe a nesli je bok po boku pryč. Aubrey velice trpěl, když musel ležet vedle mrtvého těla té, která mu byla nejdražší. Skupina brzy narazila na další lidi, kteří též pátrali po dívce, jež se toho dne ztratila. Její rodiče uslyšeli nářek mužů, jak se přibližovali k městu, a pochopili, že se stala tragédie. Je nemožné popsat jejich zármutek, oba zemřeli se zlomeným srdcem.

Link to Searching for limbo in reality

<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)

