

Kinga Jurkiewicz
22307281

Translation Portfolio

Trinity College Dublin
MPhil in Literary Translation
2023

Supervised by Dr Krzysztof Rowiński

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Acknowledgements

My sincere thanks to Dr Krzysztof Rowiński for his guidance and invaluable feedback and ideas, to Dr James Hadley for setting the bar ever higher and challenging me to keep improving, and to Peter Sirr for many thought-provoking discussions.

My undying gratitude to my fellow literary translators: Octavio Pérez Sánchez, Julie Wüthrich, Michaela Králová, and Natalie Szeligowska as well as my entire Masters cohort at the Trinity Centre for Literary and Cultural Translation, who have all kindly taken the time to offer feedback on parts of the following.

Student Number	22307281	Text Number	1
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Source Text		Target Text	
Title	Prace Hermesa, czyli jak tłumacze codziennie ratują świat	Title	The Works of Hermes, or how translators save the world daily
Year Published	2019		
Author	Olga Tokarczuk		
Language	Polish	Language	English
Word Count	273	Word Count	328
Description of Source Text <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)	The ST is an excerpt from a lyric essay, that is an essay based on one's personal experience (Kitchen 2011, 119) which appeared in the collection 'Czuły narrator' [Tender Narrator] (Tokarczuk 2019, 73-92). It has been called 'artystycznego credo pisarki' [the writer's artistic credo] (Marek 2021, 119). The ST is a personal reflection in the form of an anecdote about Tokarczuk's positive experience with the translators of her work. ST lines 24-30 contain an extended metaphor that builds up to the image of the literary translator becoming Hermes. The ST is written in the first person singular, in a mix of past (e.g. ST l.3-4, 7-8) and present (e.g. ST l.6) tense. The average length of the 14 sentences of the ST is 19 words, so the sentence 'Co za radość!' [What joy!] (ST l.23-4), which is only three words long, subverts the reader's expectations. The ST contains a reference to 'Przystanek Woodstock' [Station Woodstock] (ST l. 22), known from 2017 as Pol'and'Rock Festival. ("Historia festiwalii" 2023, n.p.) It is a free music festival in Poland with a significant presence in the popular Polish cultural consciousness, (Nowacki 2014, 118) as evidenced by the casual reference to it in the ST.		

Strategy • <i>identification of translation problems</i> • <i>knowledge of genre within target context and situation of target text</i> • <i>justification of translation production of genre for target context</i> (200 words max)	My target audience consists of the 40-50 year old, university-educated readers of the literary section of the British newspaper the <i>Guardian</i>, who have watched or read Tokarczuk's Nobel prize address, later adapted into the titular essay 'Czuły narrator' [Tender Narrator] (Tokarczuk 2019, 261-289). I will aim to reproduce the erudite but warmly personal style of Tokarczuk, which in the Polish puts one in mind of a chat one might have with an eloquent friend over coffee, which would appeal to my sophisticated target audience. To do so, I will: • use both past and present tenses and first person singular, • translate sentence for sentence, ○ except for the twelfth sentence of the ST (l.24-7), which I will split into two sentences in the TT, to explicitate and make the content clear, • replicate the translator-Hermes metaphor, • generalise Polish-specific cultural references, e.g.: ○ 'Przystanek Woodstock' [Station Woodstock] (ST l. 22) as 'music festival' (TT l.22); my British TA is likely more familiar with the US rather than the Polish music scene, due to both UK and US being primarily anglophone, (Lanvers and Chambers 2019, 429; Suarez 2002, 512) so this way I will avoid introducing a US connotation into the TT.
Critical Reflection • <i>textual analysis</i> (200 words max)	While the TT uses some lesser-used words, e.g. 'pertaining' (TT l.19), which in 2019 formed less than 0.0006% of printed text, ("Google Ngram Viewer" 2023, n.p.) and somewhat unusual expressions, e.g. 'open spheres incomprehensible to me' (TT l.17), my sample readers confirmed that my target audience is equipped to handle that. One of my sample readers also pointed out that the TT might be received differently in light of the summer 2022 controversy, which 'earned the writer accusations of classism and snobbery' (Ptak 2022, n.p.). This might cast e.g. 'To no

	longer stand alone, facing the furious critic, the flaky reviewer, the journalist without an ounce of literary taste, or the arrogant and conceited moderator.' (TT I.9-11) in a more negative light than otherwise. As it stands, the TT is a positive insight into the work of professional literary translators, and as such could also serve to be included in the Translation Studies journal, as an opinion piece. This would expand its audience to TS academics and students. The strategy and the TT would also be suitable for them, as there is potentially a significant overlap with the intended target audience.
Works Cited • <i>use of sources and reference material</i>	"Google Ngram Viewer." 2023. Accessed 30/04/2023. https://books.google.com/ngrams/graph?content=pertaining&year_start=1800&year_end=2019&corpus=en-2019&smoothing=3. "Historia festiwalii." [History of festivals]. 2023. Accessed 30/04/2023. https://polandrockfestival.pl/o-festiwalu/historia. Kitchen, Judith. 2011. "Grounding the Lyric Essay." <i>Fourth Genre: Explorations in Nonfiction</i> 13 (2): 115-121. https://doi.org/10.1353/fge.2011.0028. Lanvers, Ursula, and Gary Chambers. 2019. "In the Shadow of Global English? Comparing Language Learner Motivation in Germany and the United Kingdom." In <i>The Palgrave Handbook of Motivation for Language Learning</i>, edited by Martin Lamb, Kata Csizér, Alastair Henry and Stephen Ryan, 429-448. Cham: Springer International Publishing. Nowacki, Marek. 2014. "Przystanek Woodstock jako produkt turystyczny: jakość festiwalu a zadowolenie i lojalność uczestników." [Station Woodstock as a touristic product: the quality of the festival versus satisfaction and loyalty of the participants]. Marek, Lidia. 2021. "O spotkaniu czułego odbiorcy z czułym narratorem, czyli opowieść o książce Czuły narrator Olgi Tokarczuk." [About the meeting of a tender reader with a tender narrator, or a story about the book Tender Narrator by Olga Tokarczuk]. <i>Parezja. Forum Młodych Pedagogów Przy Komitecie Nauk Pedagogicznych PAN</i> 15 (1): 119-128. https://doi.org/10.15290/parezja.2021.15.10. Ptak, Alicja. 2022. "'I write for intelligent people, not idiots,' says Polish Nobel laureate Tokarczuk." Notes from Poland. Accessed 30/04/2023. https://notesfrompoland.com/2022/07/19/i-write-for-intelligent-people-not-idiots-says-polish-nobel-laureate-tokarczuk/.

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|--|---|
| | <p>Suarez, Debra. 2002. "The Paradox of Linguistic Hegemony and the Maintenance of Spanish as a Heritage Language in the United States." <i>Journal of Multilingual and Multicultural Development</i> 23 (6): 512-530.
https://doi.org/10.1080/01434630208666483. https://doi.org/10.1080/01434630208666483.</p> <p>Tokarczuk, Olga. 2019. <i>Czuły narrator</i>. Kraków: Wydawnictwo Literackie.</p> |
|--|---|

Source Text

Prace Hermesa, czyli jak tłumacze codziennie ratują świat

Dzielenie się z tłumaczem

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

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

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

Target Text

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

Sharing with the translator

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

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

The most amazing thing, however, turned out to be the fact that the presence of translators would open spheres incomprehensible to me, and that they would enter, independently from me, into discussions pertaining to matters not quite understandable to me, foreign, or even mysterious. And so the text would free itself from me, or perhaps I would

zbuntowany nastolatek, który postanowił, że urwie się z domu na Przystanek Woodstock. Tłumaczka pewnie brała go w swoje ręce, pokazywała światu z innych stron, stała za nim murem, ręczyła zań. Co za radość! Tłumacze uwalniają nas, piszących, od głębokiej i wpisanej w ten zawód samotności, kiedy to całymi godzinami, dniami i miesiącami, a nawet latami przebywa się w kosmosie swoich myśli, wewnętrznych dialogów i wizji. Tłumacze przychodzą do nas z zewnątrz i mówią: ja też tam byłam, szłam po twoich śladach, a teraz razem przekroczymy granicę. Tu tłumacz dosłownie staje się Hermesem – bierze mnie za rękę i przeprowadza przez granicę państwa, języka, kultury.

21 fly away from it. It took on a certain autonomy, like a rebellious teenager,
22 who decides to skip out to go to the music festival. The translator would
23 grasp it firmly, show it to the world from other angles, stand behind it
24 with confidence, vouch for it. What joy! As writers, we spend whole
25 hours, days, months, and even years, in the cosmos of our own thoughts,
26 internal dialogues and visions. The translators free us from the deep and
27 deeply intrinsic loneliness of this profession. Translators come to us from
28 outside this space and say: I was there too, I followed in your footsteps,
29 and now we will cross the border together. And here the translator
30 literally becomes Hermes – she takes my hand and leads me across the
31 border of the country, language, and culture.

Student Number	22307281	Text Number	2
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Source Text		Target Text									
Title	This is How You Lose the Time War	Title	Jak przegrać wojnę? Przewodnik dla podróżujących w czasie								
Year Published	2019										
Author	Amal El-Mohtar & Max Gladstone										
Language	English	Language	Polish								
Word Count	1066	Word Count	966								
Description of Source Text - understanding of source text - knowledge of genre within source contexts - situation of source text familiarity with the formal features of a text (language variation(s), register, dialect) (200 words max)		The ST is one of the letters from an epistolary science-fiction sapphic time-travel romance novel. Blue, the addressee (ST I.1,87) and Red, the sender (ST I.94) are soldiers on the opposite sides of the titular Time War. They have never meet in person. They correspond in increasingly creative ways, which introduces plot-relevant wordplay: ‘wax seal’ (ST I.15) / ‘whacked seal’ (ST I.23). The tone of the letter is teasing but guarded, with openness and vulnerability an emerging thing (e.g. ST I.83-92). There are 93 sentences in the ST, with the average length of 11 words. 35 sentences, that is 38%, are longer than 10 words. The two longest sentences are 68 (ST I.57-62) and 58 (ST I.2-7) words long. The long, run on sentences constitute part of Red’s character; she rambles. The ST includes four neologisms, a typical feature of science-fiction (Westfahl 1992, 223): <table><tr><td>rebraiding</td><td>ST I.6</td></tr><tr><td>downthread</td><td>ST I.9,37</td></tr><tr><td>mono-we</td><td>ST I.34</td></tr><tr><td>usses</td><td>ST I.35</td></tr></table> The first two pertain to the technology of time travel, and the latter two to Red’s society of time travellers.		rebraiding	ST I.6	downthread	ST I.9,37	mono-we	ST I.34	usses	ST I.35
rebraiding	ST I.6										
downthread	ST I.9,37										
mono-we	ST I.34										
usses	ST I.35										

Strategy • <i>identification of translation problems</i> • <i>knowledge of genre within target context and situation of target text</i> • <i>justification of translation production of genre for target context</i> (200 words max)	My target audience consists of the queer readers of the Polish fantasy and science fiction publishing house Fabryka Słów ("Kontakt - Fabryka Słów" 2021, n.p.), aged 18-30. The intermediate target audience is the commissioning editor of this publishing house. The goal of this strategy is to convince the editor to commission me to translate the rest of the novel. As such, accuracy and fluency of the TT will be priorities, in addition to how compelling it is. To achieve these goals, I will: • translate sentence for sentence, ◦ except for the second-longest sentence (ST I.2-7), which will be broken up into two to preserve fluency of the TT, • preserve the proportion of long (over 10 words) sentences, • add a reference to ‘świec’ [candles] (TT I.17), and ‘tój’ [tallow] (TT I.26), to create a link between ‘woskowych pieczęci’ [wax seals] (TT I.16) and ‘foka’ [seal] (TT I.26), to translate the plot-relevant pun, • adapt the title to Polish conventions by using the word ‘przewodnik’ [guide], which appears in the majority of titles of guidebooks published in Poland (Nowotarski 2020, 153), • translate the neologisms pertaining to the time travel technology by referencing ‘przędza’ [weaving/flax yarn/flax thread] (Falińska 1974, 251), like so: <table><tr><th colspan="2">ST</th><th colspan="2">TT</th><th>gloss</th></tr><tr><td>rebraiding</td><td>ST I.6</td><td>ponowne zaprzędzanie</td><td>TT I.7</td><td>[re-weaving]</td></tr><tr><td>downthread</td><td>ST I.9,37</td><td>w dole przędzy</td><td>TT I.10,41</td><td>[in the bottom of the thread]</td></tr></table>	ST		TT		gloss	rebraiding	ST I.6	ponowne zaprzędzanie	TT I.7	[re-weaving]	downthread	ST I.9,37	w dole przędzy	TT I.10,41	[in the bottom of the thread]
ST		TT		gloss												
rebraiding	ST I.6	ponowne zaprzędzanie	TT I.7	[re-weaving]												
downthread	ST I.9,37	w dole przędzy	TT I.10,41	[in the bottom of the thread]												
Critical Reflection • <i>textual analysis</i> (200 words max)	The average length of a sentence in the TT is 10 words. This is only fractionally longer than the average sentence length in Polish primary school textbooks. (Gąsiorek 2013, 154) Since my target audience is more than primary educated, and therefore used to this sentence length, this might lessen the perception that Red is rambling in her letter, even though the TT contains 38% of sentences over 10 words long. My sample reader agreed that the TT produced an unintended															

	domesticating effect, because standard features of Polish happen to align with the elements that were deliberately unusual in the ST. One of my sample readers commented that basing the vocabulary pertaining to time travel on weaving was surprising. I speculate that this is because weaving, like other fiber crafts, is typically viewed as a feminine pursuit (Peppler, Keune, and Thompson 2020, 127), which creates a contrast with the genre of science-fiction, which is often perceived as masculine. (Merrick 2003, 241) The TT is subversive in this way, and contributes to the ongoing conversation about gender equality.
Works Cited • <i>use of sources and reference material</i>	Falińska, Barbara. 1974. <i>Polskie słownictwo tkackie na tle słowiańskim. T. 1. Słownik polskich gwarowych nazw tkackich</i>. 2 vols. Vol. 1. Wrocław: Zakład Narodowy im. Ossolińskich. Wydawnictwo Polskiej Akademii Nauk. Gąsiorek, Krystyna. 2013. "Ocena komunikatywności tekstu w wybranych podręcznikach do języka polskiego (dla klas IV—VI szkoły podstawowej Wydawnictwa Rożak i dla klasy...)." <i>Z Teorii i Praktyki Dydaktycznej Języka Polskiego</i> (22): 149-160. "Kontakt - Fabryka Słów." 2021. Fabryka Słów. Accessed 02/05/2023. https://fabrykaslow.com.pl/kontakt/. Merrick, Helen. 2003. "Gender in science fiction." In <i>The Cambridge Companion to Science Fiction</i>, edited by Farah Mendlesohn Edward James. Cambridge: Cambridge University Press. Nowotarski, Włodzimierz. 2020. "Typologia przewodników turystycznych i jej uzus w tytułaturze." [The typology of tourist guides and its uses in titlature.]. <i>FOLIA TURISTICA</i>: 145. Peppler, Kylie, Anna Keune, and Naomi Thompson. 2020. "Reclaiming traditionally feminine practices and materials for STEM learning through the modern maker movement." In <i>Designing Constructionist Futures</i>. MIT Press. Westfahl, Gary. 1992. "Words of Wisdrom: The Neologisms of Science Fiction." In <i>Styles of Creation: Aesthetic Technique and the Creation of Fictional Worlds</i>, edited by Eric S. Rabkin George Edgar Slusser, 221-244. Athens: The University of Georgia Press.

Source Text

This is How You Lose the Time War

My Dear Moon Indigo,

I apologise for, well, everything. It's been a long time from my perspective, and, I'm afraid, yours, since your letter—I had another decade or so with Genghis (who says hi, by the way— he told me the most interesting stories about you, or, I assume it was you), after-action reports following, and after those I had the usual sort of routine rebraiding dance. An assessment wrapped the whole thing up. I passed—as ever. The usual nonsense. I imagine you have something of the same: The Agency squats far downthread, issues agents up; then Commandant doubts the agents who return. Yes, we diverge in our travels; yes, we acquire shades; we round; we behave asocially. Adaptation is the price of victory. You might think they would realise that.

I spent the better part of a year recovering from your so-called sense of humour. Hordes and boards!

I consulted the literature on scents and wax seals, as you suggested. It's all a bit counterintuitive, this business of communication through base matter. Closing a letter—a physical object without even a ghost in the cloud, all that data on one frail piece of paper—with an even more

Target Text

Jak przegrać wojnę? Przewodnik dla podróżujących w czasie

1 Moja Droga Księżycowa Indygo,
2 Wybacz mi, proszę, za wszystko. Minęło dużo czasu, z mojego punktu
3 widzenia, i zdaje się, z Twojego też, od Twojego ostatniego listu.
4 Spędziłam kolejną dekadę z Dzyngisem (który przysyła pozdrowienia—
5 opowiedział mi wiele bardzo ciekawych historii o Tobie; przynajmniej
6 wydaje mi się, że mówił o Tobie.) Złożyłam moje zwykłe raporty po akcji,
7 a po nich przesłałam przez rutynowe ponowne zaprzędzanie. Skończyło się
8 na ewaluacji, jak zwykle. Zdałam, oczywiście jak zawsze. Te same bzdury.
9 Wyobrażam sobie, że macie coś podobnego: Agencja mieści się daleko w
10 dole przędzy, wysyła agentów w górę, Komendant wątpi w tych, którzy
11 wracają. Tak, rozbiegamy się w naszych podróżach; tak, nabywamy cienie;
12 zaokrąglamy się; zachowujemy się antyspołecznie. Ceną za zwycięstwo
13 jest adaptacja. Mogliby to sobie chyba uświadomić.
14 Rozłożyłaś mnie na łopatki na prawie rok tym swoim tak zwanym
15 poczuciem humoru. Heblująca horda!
16 Zapoznałam się z literaturą na temat woni i woskowych pieczęci, a także
17 użyciu świec, tak jak mi doradziłaś. To wszystko wydaje mi się bardzo
18 dziwne, ten cały proces komunikacji przez fizyczną materię. List: fizyczny

malleable substance, bearing, of all things, an ideographic signature! Informing any handler of the message's sender, her role, perhaps even her purpose! Madness—from an operational-security perspective. But, as the prophet say, there ain't no mountain high enough—so I've essayed the work here. I hope you enjoy your whacked seal. I didn't supply any extra scent, but the medium has a savor all its own.

There's a kind of time travel in letters, isn't there? I imagine you laughing at my small joke; I imagine you groaning; I imagine you throwing my words away. Do I have you still? Do I address empty air and the flies that will eat this carcass? You could leave me for five years, you could return never—and I have to write the rest of this not knowing.

I prefer read-receipts, all things considered—the instant handshake of slow telepathy through our wires. But this is a fascinating technology, in its limits.

You asked if we eat.

It's a hard question to answer. There is no mono-we; there are many usses. The usses change and interleave. Have you ever stared into the workings of a watch? I'm talking about a really, really good watch—if you want to see what I mean, climb downthread to thirty-third-century-CE Ghana. Limited Unlimited in Accra does wonderful pieces with translucent

19 obiekt bez chociażby śladu w chmurze, wszystkie te informacje na jednej
20 wątlej kartce papieru – zamknięty przy użyciu jeszcze bardziej delikatnej
21 substancji, do tego oznaczonej ideograficznym podpisem! Zdradza
22 informacje o nadawcy każdemu kto wejdzie z nim w kontakt, jej rolę, być
23 może nawet jej zamiary! Szaleństwo – z punktu widzenia bezpieczeństwa
24 operacyjnego. Ale, jak mawiają prorocy, żaden szczyt nie jest zbyt wysoki
25 -- więc postarałam się dostarczyć Ci odpowiednich wrażeń. Mam nadzieję,
26 że podobała Ci się foka i jej tój; z niego też robi się świece. Nie dodałam
27 żadnego zapachu, ale sposób przekazu powinien być wonny sam z siebie.
28 Listy to pewien sposób podróży w czasie, nie sądzisz? Wyobrażam sobie,
29 że śmiejesz się z mojego żartu; wyobrażam sobie, że wzdychasz;
30 wyobrażam sobie, że odrzucasz moje słowa na bok. Czy nadal tu jesteś?
31 Czy odnoszę się teraz do pustego powietrza i do much, które zjedzą to
32 ściervo? Mogłabyś mnie zostawić na pięć lat, mogłabyś nigdy nie wrócić
33 – a ja muszę napisać resztę w niepewności.
34 Wolę jednak potwierdzenia odbioru, natychmiastowy uścisk dłoni wolnej
35 telepatii przez nasze kable. Ale to fascynująca technologia, choć
36 ograniczona.
37 Pytałaś, czy jemy.
38 To trudne pytanie. Nie ma mono-my; jest wiele my-ch. My zmieniają się i

nanoscale gears, no larger than grains of sand, teeth invisibly small, actions and counteractions and complications: They break light like a kaleidoscope. And they keep good time. There's one of you, but so many of us—pieces layered atop pieces, each with its own traits, desires, purposes. One person may wear different faces in different rooms. Minds swap bodies for sport. Everyone is anything they want. The Agency imposes a modicum of order. So do we eat?

I do.

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

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

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

przekładają między siebie. Przyglądałaś się kiedyś pracy mechanizmu zegarka? Mam na myśli naprawdę dobrego zegarka – jeśli chcesz zobaczyć co mam na myśli, utkaj się w dół przędzy do Ghany w trzydziestym trzecim wieku n.e. Limited Unlimited w Akrze robi wspaniałe rzeczy z przeźroczystymi nano-zębatkami wychwytowymi, nie większymi niż ziarnko piasku, ząbki niewidocznie małe, akcje i reakcje i powikłania: rozpraszają światło jak kalejdoskop. I dobrze odmierzają czas. Ty jesteś jedna, ale jest tak wiele nas – części na częściach, każda ze swoimi własnymi cechami, pragnieniami, celami. Jedna osoba może nosić różne twarze w różnych pokojach. Umysły zamieniają się miejscami dla zabawy. Wszyscy są czymkolwiek zechcą. Agencja utrzymuje przynajmniej powierzchowny spokój. Więc czy jemy?

Ja jem.

Nie muszę. Rośniemy w kapsułach, nasza podstawowa wiedza wgrana przebłysk za przebłyskiem, balans żywieniowy utrzymany dzięki kąpieli żelowej, i tak większość z nas pozostaje, nawet na całe życie. Nasze umysły przemykają od gwiazdy do gwiazdy przez próżnię. Żyjemy zdalnie, odkrywamy dronami – świat fizyczny jest tylko jednym z wielu, niekoniecznie najbardziej interesującym. Niektórzy dekantują się i wędrują, ale mogą podtrzymywać się miesiącami na jednej baterii i w

of the beauty you've known lies in a great machine's heart, it's hard to see the appeal of using bones that poke from spit-covered gums to mash things that grew in dirt into a paste that will fit down the wet tube connecting your mouth to the sack of acid under your heart. Takes the new recruits a long time to get used to, once they're decanted.

But I enjoy eating these days. More of us do than care to admit it publicly. I revel in it, as one only revels in pursuits one does not need. The runner enjoys running when she need not flee a lion. Sex improves when decoupled—sorry—from animalist procreative desperation (or even from the desperation of not having had sex in a while, as I've had cause to note after my recent two decades' sojourn and attendant dry spell).

I bite blueberry pancakes drizzled with maple syrup, extra butter—that expanding fluff, the berry's pop against my teeth, butter's bloom in my mouth. I explore sweetnesses and textures. I'm never hungry, so I don't race to the next bite. I eat glass, and as it cuts my gums, I savor minerals, metals, impurities; I see the beach from which some poor bastard skimmed the sand. Small rocks taste of the river, of rubbed fish scale, of glaciers long gone. They crunch, crisp, celery-like. I share the sensation with fellow aficionados; they share theirs with me, though there's lag, and sensor granularity remains an issue.

59 każdej chwili mogą wrócić do kapsuły.

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

63 Jedzenie jest obrzydliwe, nie sądzisz? Przynajmniej abstrakcyjnie rzecz
64 biorąc. Kiedy jesteś przyzwyczajona do stacji ładowania w
65 hiperprzestrzeni, do światła słonecznego i kosmicznego promieniowania,
66 kiedy większość piękna które widziałaś leży w sercu wielkiej maszyny,
67 ciężko jest zrozumieć co takiego widzą ludzie w używaniu kości
68 wyrastających z zaślinionych dziąseł do miażdżenia rzeczy, które rosły w
69 błocie, na papkę, która przeciśnie się mokrą rurą łączącą twoją jamę ustną
70 z workiem kwasu pod twoim sercem. Przyzwyczajenie się do tego zajmuje
71 nowym rekrutom długi czas po zdekantowaniu.

72 Ale ja ostatnio lubię jeść. Dużo więcej z nas lubi niż się do tego publicznie
72 przyznaje. Rozkoszuję się tym, jak rozkoszujemy się tylko rzeczami,
74 których nie potrzebujemy. Biegaczka lubi biegać, kiedy nie ucieka przed
75 lwem. Seks jest lepszy, w (p)oderwaniu - wybac - od zwierzęcej
76 prokreacyjnej żądz (a nawet od żądz wynikającej z dłuższej abstynencji,
77 jak zauważyłam po moim ostatnim dwudziestoletnim pobycie i
78 towarzyszącym mu okresie posuchy).

So, a roundabout way of saying: I love to eat.
Probably too much. I seldom can in public, back at the Agency.
Commandant starts asking questions if you do. Jaunts upthread, to places
where they eat all the time, feel decadent.
How about you? I don't mean, necessarily, how do you eat, though if you
want to fill me in, be my guest. (Your descriptions of honey and bread—
thank you for that.) I've described, a bit, our overlapping models—
communities public and private, shared interests, shared senses. What's
it like to be a part of yours? Do you have friends, Blue? And how?
You asked me to tell truths. I have. What do I want? Understanding.
Exchange. Victory. A game—hiding and discovery. You're a swift
opponent, Blue. You play long odds. You run the table. If we're to be at
war, we might as well entertain one another. Why else did you taunt me
at the start?
Yours,
Red
PS. Cochineal! I get it now.

79 Gryzę jagodowe naleśniki polane syropem klonowym, na podwójnym
80 maśle – ta sprężysta puszystość, te soczyste jagody na moim języku, ten
81 rozkwitający posmak masła w moich ustach. Odkrywam niuanse smaków
82 i tekstur. Nie odczuwam głodu, więc nigdy nie spieszy mi się do kolejnego
83 kęsa. Jem szkło, a kiedy kaleczy moje dziąsła, rozkoszuję się minerałami,
84 metalami, zanieczyszczeniami; widzę plażę, z której jakiś nieszczęśnik
85 zebrał piasek. Małe kamienie smakują jak rzeka, jak starte rybie łuski, jak
86 roztopione lodowce. Chrupią, świeżutkie jak seler. Dzielę się
87 doświadczeniem z innymi koneserami; oni dzielą się swoimi ze mną,
88 chociaż jest opóźnienie, a czułość sensorów nadal jest problemem.
89 Mówiąc krótko: kocham jeść.
90 Pewnie za bardzo. Rzadko jem publicznie, kiedy jestem w Agencji.
91 Komendant mogłaby zacząć zadawać pytania. Wypadły w górę przędzy,
92 gdzie jedzą cały czas, są dekadencje.
93 A ty? Nie chodzi mi o to jak jesz, chociaż jeśli chcesz mi opowiedzieć, nie
94 krępuj się. (Twój opis chleba i miodu – dziękuję Ci za to.) Opowiedziałam
95 Ci trochę o naszych nakładających się modelach – społeczności publiczne
96 i prywatne, wspólne zainteresowania, wspólne zmysły. Jak to jest być
97 częścią Twoich? Czy masz przyjaciół, Błękiecie? I jak?
98 Prosiłaś mnie, żebym mówiła Ci prawdy. Tak robię. Czego chcę?

99	Zrozumienia. Wymiany. Zwycięstwa. Zabawy – ukrycia i odkrycia. Jesteś
100	lotną przeciwniczką, Błękicie. Stawiasz na niewielkie szanse. Rozdajesz
101	karty. Jeśli mamy być w stanie wojny, możemy przynajmniej dostarczyć
102	sobie nawzajem rozrywki. Po co inaczej zaczepiałaś mnie na początku?
103	Twoja,
104	Czerwień
105	PS. Koszeniła! Rozumiem już.

Student Number	22307281	Text Number	3
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Source Text		Target Text	
Title	Eldorado	Title	Eldorado
Year Published	2022		
Author	sanah		
Language	Polish	Language	English
Word Count	290	Word Count	363
Description of Source Text <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)	The ST is a contemporary Polish pop song. It has been streamed over 30 million times on Spotify ("sanah Spotify" 2023, n.p.). The subject matter is emigration, an elaboration on the ‘American Dream’, but applied more widely to emigrating to the global north. This is a salient topic in contemporary Polish culture, considering the post-2004 ‘emigrację postakcesyjną’ [post-access emigration] to Britain (Janeta 2012, 5) and the more recent wave of ‘sunshine emigration’ (Sowa 2023, n.p.). As a result, millions of Polish people today have had some experience of economic migration, whether they live abroad now, or have since moved back to Poland (Kostrzewa and Gudaszewski 2019, 1). The song first speaks of the hopes and expectations that come with economic migration, and then also dwells on the subject of ‘tęsknota’ [longing] (Hoffman 1991, 4), and the wish to return to the singer’s native Warsaw. There are three unique stanzas (ST l.1-12, l.30-38, l.56-63) and a refrain that repeats six times, as well as two ending lines, repeated four times. The unique stanzas and the ending lines do not rhyme. The refrain has the ABACBBA rhyme scheme. Place names feature heavily in the ST, which serves to anchor it in geographical space:		

	place	gloss	first instance	number of instances	notes
1	'Eldorado'		ST I.16	12	mythical
2	'Warszawo'	[Warsaw]	ST I.17	12	Poland
3	'Boston'		ST I.19	6	US
4	'Kolorado'	[Colorado]	ST I.19	6	US
5	'rzeka East'	[river East]	ST I.34	1	US
6	'nadwiślańskie'	[by Vistula river]	ST I.38	1	Poland
7	'wiślany'	[of Vistula river]	ST I.60	5	Poland
8	'Mokotowskie'	[of Mokotów]	ST I.39	1	Poland
9	'Saskerland'		ST I.57	2	Poland
10	'Joli Bord'		ST I.59	2	Poland
11	'Merymont'		ST I.59	2	unclear
				50	total
				23	total references to Poland

Strategy

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

(200 words max)

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

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

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

I will achieve these by:

- replicating the order of unique verses and repeated refrain,
- replicating the rhyme scheme of the repeated refrain,

	• matching the number and stress pattern of syllables in each line, • anglicising the Polish place names of 'Warszawa' [Warsaw] and 'Wisła' [Vistula river], to make the text more immediately accessible to the anglophone reader/listener, • preserving the place names, ◦ except for the reference to Mokotów (ST l.39) a district of Warsaw by the Vistula, which will be removed to make space for the abovementioned explicitation.
Critical Reflection • <i>textual analysis</i> (200 words max)	According to my sample readers, the TT is less relatable to its target audience than the ST was to its. I speculate that this is because the TT speaks about the longing to return to Poland, with the TT referencing places in Poland 22 times. This felt less relatable to my Irish sample readers than it was for the Polish-speaking audience of the ST. Moreover, 'longing' (TT l.7) is a far less emotionally charged word than 'tęsknota' [longing] (ST l.7), missing 'the tonalities of sadness' (Hoffman 1991, 4) and nostalgia. This again lessens the emotional impact of this line, and contributes to a less directly relatable listening experience of the TT. One of my sample readers pointed out that their perception of the TT would change because it is performed by a male singer, as opposed to the ST being performed by sanah, a woman. This is an unintended consequence of the translation strategy employed, introducing an additional layer of change to the substance of the text.
Works Cited • <i>use of sources and reference material</i>	Bruton, Louise. 2019. "Hozier: 'If I wanted to make a f**king pop song, I would'." The Irish Times. Accessed 02/05/2023. https://www.irishtimes.com/culture/music/hozier-if-i-wanted-to-make-a-f-kling-pop-song-i-would-1.3794161. Hoffman, Eva. 1991. <i>Lost in translation: a life in a new language</i>. London: Minerva. Jacobson, Matthew Frye. 2002. <i>Special sorrows: The diasporic imagination of Irish, Polish, and Jewish immigrants in the United States</i>. Univ of California Press. Janeta, Mariola. 2012. "Polacy w Wielkiej Brytanii - emigracja powojenna i poakcesyjna. Różnice, podobieństwa, wzajemne relacje." [Polish people in Great Britain – post-war and post-access emigration. Differences, similarities, mutual relations.]. <i>Studia Migracyjne-Przegląd Polonijny</i> 3 (38): 5-26.

	Kostrzewa, Zofia, and Grzegorz Gudaszewski. 2019. Informacja o rozmiarach i kierunkach czasowej emigracji z Polski w latach 2004-2018. [Information about the size and the directions of temporary emigration from Poland in the years 2004-2018]. edited by Główny Urząd Statystyczny. "sanah Spotify." 2023. Accessed 02/04/2023. https://open.spotify.com/artist/OTMvoNR0AIJV138mHY6jdE. Sowa, Agnieszka. 2023. "Coraz więcej Polaków emigruje na południe Europy. O powrocie nie myślą. Nie do takiej Polski." [Increasing numbers of Polish people emigrates to the South of Europe. They don't think about coming back. Not to a Poland like this one.]. Polityka. Accessed 02/04/2023. https://www.polityka.pl/tygodnikpolityka/spoleczenstwo/2195006,1,coraz-wiecej-polakow-emigruje-na-poludnie-europy-o-powrocie-nie-mysla-nie-do-takiej-polski.read.
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Source Text		Target Text
<i>Eldorado</i>		<i>Eldorado</i>
Mnie wywiało daleko	1	I was blown so far away
Nie ma wad	2	There're no faults
A to pech	3	What a shame
Tu miód jest i mleko	4	They've milk and honey here
Nie mój świat, żyto lej	5	Not my world, keep it filled
Lekce sobie ważyłam	6	I didn't give it one thought
Tęsknotę w każdy dzień	7	The longing I would feel
Gdzieś za siódmą rzeką	8	In a faraway land
We łzach znajdziesz mnie	9	You'll find me in tears
Dopisuje pogoda	10	Here the weather is great
Miła woń, jak we śnie	11	It smells nice, like a dream
Kusi woda sodowa,	12	I am tempted by the fame
ale dom woła mnie	13	but my home's calling me
	14	
Wszyscy złotą autostradą	15	We all want the golden road to
Chcą do Eldorado	16	Drive to Eldorado
A w tobie ma Warszawo mój dom	17	But Warsaw is really my home
Ach tak	18	Oh yes
Boston, Kolorado	19	Boston, Colorado
Chcą do Eldorado	20	Drive to Eldorado

A w tobie ma Warszawo mój dom

Wszyscy złotą autostradą

Chcą do Eldorado

A w tobie ma Warszawo mój dom

Ach tak

Boston, Kolorado

Chcą do Eldorado

A w tobie ma Warszawo mój dom

Oczy były różowe

Drogi blask świecił im

Zachęcały mnie zorze

Mostem nad rzeką East

Utopiłam się w tańcu

Nie ma fal mówił mi

Jednak czuję, że w końcu

Nadwiślańskie wrócą dni

Mokotowskie moje sny

Wszyscy złotą autostradą

Chcą do Eldorado

21 But Warsaw is really my home

22

23 We all want the golden road to

24 Drive to Eldorado

25 But Warsaw is really my home

26 Oh yes

27 Boston, Colorado

28 Drive to Eldorado

29 But Warsaw is really my home

30

31 Light played pink in our eyes

32 Blinded by the golden road

33 Guided by the auroras

34 Driving by river East

35 I drowned in the mad dance

36 There's no waves, I've been told

37 But I feel, that in the end

38 I'll return to the days

39 Of the Vistula river dreams

40

41 We all want the golden road to

42 Drive to Eldorado

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

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

 Wła, Sakerland
 Chcemy zobaczyć wiślany brzeg
 Joli Bord, Merymont
 Chcemy zobaczyć wiślany brzeg
 Wła, Sakerland
 Chcemy zobaczyć wiślany brzeg
 Joli Bord, Merymont
 Chcemy zobaczyć wiślany brzeg

43	But Warsaw is really my home
44	Oh yes
45	Boston, Colorado
46	Drive to Eldorado
47	But Warsaw is really my home
48	
49	We all want the golden road to
50	Drive to Eldorado
51	But Warsaw is really my home
52	Oh yes
53	Boston, Colorado
54	Drive to Eldorado
55	But Warsaw is really my home
56	
57	Voilà, Sakerland
58	We all want to see the Vistula bank
59	Joli Bord, Mary Mont
60	We all want to see the Vistula bank
61	Voilà, Sakerland
62	We all want to see the Vistula bank
63	Joli Bord, Mary Mont
64	We all want to see the Vistula bank

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

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

Wszyscy
chcemy zobaczyć wiślany brzeg
Wszyscy
chcemy zobaczyć wiślany brzeg
Wszyscy

65	
66	We all want the golden road to
67	Drive to Eldorado
68	But Warsaw is really my home
69	Oh yes
70	Boston, Colorado
71	Drive to Eldorado
72	But Warsaw is really my home
72	
74	We all want the golden road to
75	Drive to Eldorado
76	But Warsaw is really my home
77	Oh yes
78	Boston, Colorado
79	Drive to Eldorado
80	But Warsaw is really my home
81	
82	We all
83	want to see the Vistula bank
84	We all
85	want to see the Vistula bank
86	We all

chcemy zobaczyć wiślany brzeg

Wszyscy

chcemy zobaczyć wiślany brzeg

87 want to see the Vistula bank

88 We all

89 want to see the Vistula bank

Student Number	22307281	Text Number	4
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Source Text		Target Text	
Title	Świadkowie, albo nasza mała stabilizacja	Title	Witnesses, or Our Little Stabilisation
Year Published	1986		
Author	Tadeusz Różewicz		
Language	Polish	Language	English
Word Count	437	Word Count	429
Description of Source Text <i>understanding of source text</i> <i>knowledge of genre within source contexts</i> <i>situation of source text familiarity with the formal features of a text (language variation(s), register, dialect)</i> (200 words max)	The ST is the opening act of a play. Themes of political oppression and inaction are key. The line ‘zakłada się nogę na nogę’ [one crosses one leg over the other] is repeated five times. (ST l.31, 38, 47, 54, 68) This is one example of the recurring motif of desperately holding on to the little success one has managed to scrape together, to the point of ignoring others’ suffering and refusing to engage politically. There is a complete lack of punctuation. There are only seven instances of capitalisation in all 117 lines of the ST: - the first spoken line (ST l.9) - the repetition of the title: ‘Nasza mała stabilizacja’ [Our little stabilisation] (ST l.104, 116) - names of people (ST l.13, 22, 35) and the title of a magazine (ST l.41). The last four instances are also specific cultural references, naming van Gogh (ST l.22) and Sophia Loren (ST l.13). The ST is a dialogue between recitators of poetry, a man and a woman. (ST l.1-3) They exchange 108 lines in total, with the woman speaking 41 lines, the man 58, and both speaking 9 lines together. There is one stage direction: ‘chwila ciszy’ [moment of silence] (ST l.69).		

Strategy • <i>identification of translation problems</i> • <i>knowledge of genre within target context and situation of target text</i> • <i>justification of translation production of genre for target context</i> (200 words max)	The TT will be published in the online E-ratio Poetry Journal, who publish ‘poetry in the postmodern idioms with an emphasis on the intransitive’ ("the ē·rā/tiō contact page" 2023, n.p.) My target audience is made up of 30-40 year old, middle-class, university-educated readers of the E-ratio Poetry Journal. I will change the format of the text from a play to a poem. To do so, I will: • translate only the actual dialogue, removing all the other text, e.g. the list of characters (ST l.1-3) • retain all the line breaks present in the ST, but remove the character speech indicators, • include visual-coloured highlights in the TT, to differentiate between the speakers’ lines: • highlight the woman’s 41 lines in red, the man’s 58 in blue, and their 9 collective lines in purple, • I will remove the stage direction (ST l.69), and instead include a blank line. I will retain all the cultural references unchanged. E.g. I will translate ‘cytuje w “Przekroju”’ (ST l.41) as ‘is cited in “Przekrój”’ (TT, l.33), keeping the title of the magazine.
Critical Reflection • <i>textual analysis</i> (200 words max)	While some cultural references were clear to my TA, others were more obscure. E.g. ‘is cited in “Przekrój”’ (TT l.33) did not carry the same immediate shorthand of information as it would have to the ST audience. This is because Przekrój, while still publishing today, including in English ("Cyfrowe archiwum "Przekroju" - Kwartalnik Przekrój" 2023, n.p.), does not have the same presence as it did in Communist Poland (Wrona 2015, 221). Similarly, the reference to Ms. Zofia (TT l.35) might not be immediately clear, but is understood in context. One of my sample readers pointed out that the decision to include colour highlights might impede some readers from accessing the TT. For instance, some colourblind people might have trouble reading the parts of the TT highlighted in red (Landini and Perryer 2009, 293). A similar issue would arise if someone was to print out the TT in grayscale. Further, the colour feature would be lost on readers who use a screen reader, (Leporini and Paternò 2004, 58) or if the TT were to be

	read aloud. Since the highlights were used to indicate the speaker, which relies on perfect visual intake, a significant layer of meaning of the TT can potentially be lost depending on how it is accessed.
Works Cited • <i>use of sources and reference material</i>	"Cyfrowe archiwum "Przekroju" - Kwartalnik Przekrój." [The digital archive of 'Przekrój' – Przekrój Quaterly]. 2023. Accessed 05/05/2023. https://przekroj.pl/archiwum. "the ē-rā/tiō contact page." 2023. Accessed 24/04/2023. http://www.eratiopostmodernpoetry.com/contact.html. Landini, Gabriel, and G Perryer. 2009. "Digital enhancement of haematoxylin-and eosin-stained histological images for red–green colour-blind observers." <i>Journal of microscopy</i> 234 (3): 293-301. Leporini, Barbara, and Fabio Paternò. 2004. "Increasing usability when interacting through screen readers." <i>Universal access in the information society</i> 3: 57-70. Wrona, Katarzyna. 2015. "Zmiana formuły „Przekroju” w latach 2000–2013." [The change of the formula of 'Przekrój' in the years 2000-2013]. <i>Acta Universitatis Lodziensis. Folia Litteraria Polonica</i> 28 (2): 221-240.

Source Text		Target Text
<i>Świadkowie, albo nasza mała stabilizacja</i>		<i>Witnesses, or our little stabilisation</i>
Osoby	1	Stupidity takes on dimensions
ON - recytator poezji	2	quite normal
ONA - recytatorka poezji	3	infinity is shorter
[...]	4	than
Część I	5	Sophia Loren's legs
Przed kurtynę wychodzi Recytatorka i Recytator. Deklamują poemat pod tytułem:	6	love and hate
NASZA MAŁA STABILIZACJA	7	have lowered their standards
ONA Głupota przybiera rozmiary	8	white is not so white anymore
normalne	9	so blindingly white
ON nieskończoność jest krótsza	10	black is not so black anymore
od nogi	11	not really black
Sopii Loren	12	temperature is medium
ONA miłość i nienawiść	13	winds are temperate
zmniejszyły wymagania	14	van Gogh's ear
ON biel nie jest już taka biała	15	is looking almost comical
taka rażąco biała	16	like a herring's green ear
ONA czerń nie jest już taka czarna	17	metaphysics has
taka naprawdę czarna	18	the legs of a sausage dog
ON temperatura jest średnia	19	the anchor softens
	20	and tells anecdotes

ONA wiatry są umiarkowane
 ON ucho van Gogha
 wygląda prawie komicznie
 ONA jak zielone ucho śledzia
 ON metafizyka ma
 nogi jamnika
 ONA opoka mięknie
 i opowiada anegdotki
 ON znów jest coś
 w rodzaju poezji
 OBOJE zakłada się nogę na nogę
 ON na akademii koncercie
 ONA psy chodzą w kołderkach
 młodzież jest zagadkowa
 pani Zofia radzi zapomnieć
 ON pryszcz na nosie stwarza
 problem alienacji
 OBOJE zakłada się nogę na nogę
 ON apokalipsę
 czytuje się do poduszki
 ONA cytuje w "Przekroju"
 ON hierarchia walczy

21 there is again
 22 something like poetry
 23 one can sit down comfortably
 24 at the academy the concert
 25 dogs wear little blankets
 26 teenagers are puzzling
 27 ms Zofia recommends to forget
 28 a pimple on one's nose
 29 creates the issue of alienation
 30 one can sit down comfortably
 31 the apocalypse
 32 is bedtime reading
 33 is cited in "Przekrój"
 34 the hierarchy fights
 35 against condoms
 36 instead of fighting for their improved quality
 37 the end of the world
 38 is discussed patronisingly
 39 one can sit down comfortably
 40 houses stand
 41 cars drive
 42 gentlemen have ladies

z prezerwatywami zamiast
 ONA walczyć o podniesienie ich jakości
 ON o końcu świata
 mówi się pobłaźliwie
 OBOJE zakłada się nogę na nogę
 ONA domy stoją
 ON samochody jeżdżą
 ONA panowie mają panie
 ON panie mają futra
 ON futra mają kołnierze
 ON i tak dalej
 OBOJE zakłada się nogę na nogę
 ON w kościołach mówi się o piekle
 w sposób oględny
 ONA zakłady pogrzebowe
 są obficie zaopatrzone
 ON w wielki asortyment
 trumien i wieńców
 ONA zdarzają się i tu nadużycia
 ON ale klienci mają rację
 ONA można wstąpić
 ON można wstąpić

43 ladies have furs
 44 furs have collars
 45 and so on
 46 one can sit down comfortably
 47 in churches they speak about hell
 48 in a cautious way
 49 funeral homes
 50 are well equipped
 51 with generous stock
 52 of coffins and wreaths
 53 misuse happens even here
 54 but clients are right
 55 one can join
 56 one can join
 57 one can be indignant
 58 not too deeply though
 59 one can drink a coffee
 60 one can sit down comfortably
 61
 62 You know I am a little afraid
 63 afraid that I can lose this
 64 what

ONA można się oburzyć
 ON niezbyt głęboko
 ONA można wypić kawę
 OBOJE zakłada się nogę na nogę
chwila ciszy
 ON A wiesz boję się trochę
 boję się że mogę to stracić
 ONA co
 ON no właśnie to nic
 boję się o to
 że mogę stracić to
 coś niecoś
 OBOJE naszą małą stabilizację
 ON że mogę stracić to wstawanie
 z łóżka
 ONA to kładzenie się do łóżka
 ON i to leżenie w łóżku
 ONA i pracę i mój stosunek
 do pracy i stosunek
 przełożonego do mnie
 ON i nasze wzajemne stosunki
 ONA które nie układają się

65 exactly this nothing
 66 I'm worried about this
 67 that I could lose this
 68 little something
 69 our little stabilisation
 70 that I could lose this getting up
 71 out of bed
 72 this getting into bed
 72 and this lying in bed
 74 and work and my relationship
 75 to work and the relationship
 76 of my manager to me
 77 and our mutual relationship
 78 which isn't going
 79 very well
 80 but better like this
 81 than not at all
 82 I am a little afraid
 83 that I could lose this apartment
 84 and the dinners that are better
 85 or worse and you
 86 and yours and mine and ours

najlepiej
 ON ale przecież lepiej tak
 niż wcale
 ONA boję się troszkę
 że mogę stracić to mieszkanie
 ON i obiady które są raz lepsze
 raz gorsze i ciebie
 OBOJE i twoje i moje i nasze
 ON w pewnym sensie poglądy
 ONA troszkę się boję o szafę
 ON i o spodnie w szafie o poetykę
 ONA i porcelanę i estetykę
 i kieliszki i etykę
 ON o nasze ostatnie słowa
 przed zaśnięciem
 ONA i te przed ziewnięciem
 ON i o sufit nad nami
 OBOJE Nasza mała stabilizacja
 może jest snem tylko
 ON ale tak naprawdę w głębi
 wierzę że wszystko
 jednak się jakoś ułoży

87 views in a way
 88 I am a little worried about the wardrobe
 89 and about the trousers in the wardrobe and poetics
 90 and the tea set and aesthetics
 91 and the glasses and ethics
 92 about our last words
 93 before falling asleep
 94 and those before yawning
 95 and about the ceiling above us
 96 Our little stabilisation
 97 maybe it's only a dream
 98 but really deep down
 99 I believe that everything
 100 will work out somehow
 101 and one will be able to
 102 breathe
 103 on the other hand
 104 something is still
 105 bothering me
 106 from waking till
 107 falling asleep
 108 Our little stabilisation

ONA i będzie można	109	maybe it's only a dream
odetchnąć	110	
ON z drugiej strony	111	
jednak coś mnie	112	
nurtuje	113	
ONA od przebudzenia do	114	
zaśnięcia	115	
ON Nasza mała stabilizacja	116	
może jest snem tylko	117	

Student Number	22307281	Text Number	5
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Source Text		Target Text	
Title	Crave	Title	Pożądaj
Year Published	1998		
Author	Sarah Kane		
Language	English	Language	Polish
Word Count	667	Word Count	592
Description of Source Text • <i>understanding of source text</i> • <i>knowledge of genre within source contexts</i> • <i>situation of source text familiarity with the formal features of a text (language variation(s), register, dialect)</i> (200 words max)	The ST is an excerpt from Kane's fourth, absurdist play, 'an experiment in an open textual form'. (Greig 2001, xiii) The four characters, C, M, B, and A, can be read as aspects of a single person. (Greig 2001, xiv) There are two lines spoken by different characters which rhyme (ST l.37-8), which supports this interpretation. Another interpretation is that the characters signify the victim(C), perpetrator(A), and bystanders(B and M). (Chute 2010, 161) This is supported by C's past of sexual abuse, (ST l.7-9) the consequences of which are explored in the ST. The gender of the characters is not clear from the ST. There is no plot and no real dialogue, as the characters don't respond directly to each other, except for two instances (ST l.3-4, 65-6). ST lines 81-83 are onomatopoeic sounds of laughter written out. Out of all 81 characters' lines, 52, that is more than two thirds, are five or fewer words long. With the average of just over seven words per line, this makes the longer parts, especially A's 82-words-long monologue (ST l.89-96) stand out. The register of the speech is colloquial and at times even rude, with the use of three vulgarisms. (ST l.32, 42, 43)		
Strategy • <i>identification of translation problems</i>	My target audience consists of women aged 30-40, who are attending the Wertep International Theatre Festival in summer 2023, and who have experienced sexual harassment or assault. The TT will be staged on one of the outdoors stages.		

• <i>knowledge of genre within target context and situation of target text</i> • <i>justification of translation production of genre for target context</i> (200 words max)	As the text explores C’s mental state in the wake of the sexual abuse she endured in the past, the TT will be preceded by appropriate trigger warnings. As Wertep is an experimental, travelling theatre festival, ("o festiwalu WERTEP Festival" 2021, n.p.) I will preserve the absurdist elements of ST. To do so, I will: • explicitate the gender of the characters, as the gender of the speaker must reveal itself in the use of adjectives applied to oneself, and first person past tense verbs, in Polish. (Kępińska 2006, 34) I will follow the original staging of Crave in 1998 in making C and M female and B and A male. (Kane 2001, 154) • recreate the rude tone by: ○ using the same number of vulgarisms as the ST, like so: <table><tr><th colspan="2">ST</th><th colspan="2">TT</th><th>gloss</th></tr><tr><td>fucking</td><td>ST l.32</td><td>kurwa</td><td>TT l.32</td><td>fuck/fucking/whore</td></tr><tr><td>fucking</td><td>ST l.42</td><td>cholernego</td><td>TT l.41</td><td>damn/fucking/plaguey</td></tr><tr><td>fucking</td><td>ST l.43</td><td>pieprzone</td><td>TT l.42</td><td>fucking/spiced with pepper</td></tr></table> ○ and by translating ‘Why’ (ST l.101) in the final line as the more abrupt, and therefore ruder ‘Czego’ [Why] (TT l.101), instead of the more normative ‘Dlaczego’ [why], • rhyme TT lines 37-8, • reproduce ST lines 81-83 exactly.	ST		TT		gloss	fucking	ST l.32	kurwa	TT l.32	fuck/fucking/whore	fucking	ST l.42	cholernego	TT l.41	damn/fucking/plaguey	fucking	ST l.43	pieprzone	TT l.42	fucking/spiced with pepper
ST		TT		gloss																	
fucking	ST l.32	kurwa	TT l.32	fuck/fucking/whore																	
fucking	ST l.42	cholernego	TT l.41	damn/fucking/plaguey																	
fucking	ST l.43	pieprzone	TT l.42	fucking/spiced with pepper																	
Critical Reflection • <i>textual analysis</i> (200 words max)	The direct reproduction of ST lines 81-83 (TT l.81-83) reminded my sample readers of ‘dissolution of speech’, a critique of totality, emblematic of postmodernism (Williams and Sewpaul 2004, 556). This recalls fragments of ‘Miazga’ [Pulp] (Andrzejewski 1979, 25), a postmodern novel, which situates the TT in this genre. ‘Ale to nie jest prawdziwa ofiara’ [But this is not a real sacrifice/victim] (TT, l.31) (ST, l.31: ‘But that’s not really giving.’) gives a new dimension to the line, as further commentary on C’s history of abuse, furthering the disbelief survivors of																				

	abuse often face. (Kolk 2014, 172-176) This could be an additional point of departure into self-reflection on past trauma for my target audience. My sample readers contended the word order in 'Tylko ktoś kurwa inny.' (TT, l.32) (ST l.32, 'Just someone fucking else.'). suggesting that 'Tylko kurwa ktoś inny.' sounds more natural in Polish. I polled five native Polish speakers and there was no consensus. This suggests that whilst 'kurwa' [fuck/fucking/whore] is a widely used vulgar comma in colloquial speech in Polish (Grybosiowa 2006, 57), there are no standardised rules pertaining to its use. This might suggest that standardising language authorities hesitate to regulate the use of vulgarisms. The wider implication being that what use we see in taboo language can tell us a lot about the organic growth of languages.
Works Cited • use of sources and reference material	Andrzejewski, Jerzy. 1979. Miazga. [Pulp]. Fundacja Nowoczesna Polska. Chute, Hillary. 2010. "'Victim. Perpetrator. Bystander': critical distance in Sarah Kane's Theatre of Cruelty." In <i>Sarah Kane in context</i>, edited by Graham Saunders Laurens De Vos, 161-172. Manchester: Manchester University Press. Greig, David. 2001. "Introduction." In <i>Sarah Kane: Complete Plays</i>, ix-xviii. London: Bloomsbury. Grybosiowa, Antonina. 2006. "Polaryzacja opinii o wulgaryzmach współczesnej polszczyzny." [Popularization of opinion about vulgarisms of modern Polish]. <i>Poradnik Językowy</i> (6): 57-63. Kane, Sarah. 2001. <i>Sarah Kane: Complete Plays</i>. London: Bloomsbury. Kępińska, Alina. 2006. <i>Kształtowanie się polskiej kategorii męsko- i niemęskoosobowości. Język wobec płci</i>. [The forming of the Polish category of masculine and non-masculine. Language vis-à-vis gender]. Warszawa: Wydział Polonistyki Uniwersytetu Warszawskiego. Kolk, Bessel van der. 2014. <i>The Body Keeps the Score: Mind, Brain and Body in the Transformation of Trauma</i>. Penguin Books. "o festiwalu WERTEP Festival." [about the festival WERTEP Festival]. 2021. https://wertepfestival.pl/ofestiwalu/. Williams, Lincoln, and Vishanthie Sewpaul. 2004. "Modernism, postmodernism and global standards setting." <i>Social Work Education</i> 23 (5): 555-565. https://doi.org/10.1080/0261547042000252280. https://doi.org/10.1080/0261547042000252280.

Source Text		Target Text
<i>Crave</i>		<i>Pożądaj</i>
M Go on.	1	M Mów dalej.
C Why can no one make love to me the way I want to be loved?	2	C Dlaczego nikt nie potrafi kochać się ze mną tak jak chcę być kochana?
M I could be your mother.	3	M Mogłabym być twoją matką.
B You're not my mother.	4	B Nie jesteś moją matką.
M Soon very soon.	5	M Niedługo już niedługo.
B Now.	6	B Teraz.
C I've faked orgasms before, but this is the first time I've faked <i>not</i> having an orgasm.	7	C Udawałam już, że dochodzę, ale to był pierwszy raz, kiedy udawałam, że
	8	<i>nie</i> dochodzę.
A From under the door seeps a black pool of blood.	9	A Spod drzwi sączy się czarna kałuża krwi.
M Why?	10	M Dlaczego?
C What?	11	C Co?
B What why?	12	B Co dlaczego?
A What?	13	A Co?
M When he's generous, kind, thoughtful and happy, I know he's having an affair.	14	M Kiedy jest szczodry, pocziwy, rozważny i szczęśliwy, wiem że mnie
	15	zdradza.
C He thinks we're stupid, he thinks we don't know.	16	C Myśli że jesteśmy głupie, myśli że nie wiemy.
M A third person in my bed whose face eludes me.	17	M Trzecia osoba w moim łóżku, której twarz mi umyka.
B Just me,	18	B Tylko ja,
A Just the way I am,	19	A Taki po prostu jestem,
C Nothing to be done.	20	C Nic nie da się zrobić.

M Give, sympathise, control.

B Now.

C So tired of secrets.

M It's just not me.

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

B I give myself.

C Or just more attractive.

B I give my heart.

C Or just different.

M But that's not really giving.

C Just someone fucking else.

A Fragile and choking.

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

A I love you still,

B Against my will.

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

B With a fucking vengeance.

21 **M** Poświęcaj, sympatyzuj, kontroluj.

22 **B** Teraz.

23 **C** Tak bardzo zmęczona tajemnicami.

24 **M** To po prostu nie ja.

25 **C** Przechodzi obecnie przez jakiegoś typu załamanie nerwowe i wolalaby
26 się była urodzić jako czarny, bardziej atrakcyjny mężczyzna.

27 **B** Oferuję siebie.

28 **C** Albo po prostu bardziej atrakcyjna.

29 **B** Oferuję swoje serce.

30 **C** Albo po prostu inna.

31 **M** Ale to nie jest prawdziwa ofiara.

32 **C** Tylko kurwa ktoś inny.

33 **A** Delikatna i dławiąca się.

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

37 **A** Kocham cię nieprzerwanie,

38 **B** Zupełnie nierozmyślnie.

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

41 **B** Bez cholernego umiaru.

42 **C** Ma siebie dość po same pieprzone uszy i pragnie pragnie pragnie żeby

C She's sick to the fucking gills of herself and wishes wishes wishes that something would happen to make life begin.

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

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

M Guilt does that.

A Because now I know that betrayal means nothing.

C Two women at the foot of a cross.

B A flower opens in the heat of the sun.

A A face screaming into hollow nothing.

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

M A private iconography which I cannot decipher,

A Beyond my comprehension,

C Beyond my

A Beyond

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

M Empty.

A Sickened.

C White.

B Love me.

A Guilt lingers like the smell of death and nothing can free me from this cloud of blood.

43 coś się stało i sprawiło, że życie się zacznie.

44 **A** Jestem dużo miłszą osobą od kiedy miałem romans.

45 **C** Możesz się zabić tylko jeśli nie jesteś już martwa.

46 **M** To poczucie winy.

47 **A** Bo teraz wiem, że zdrada nic nie znaczy.

48 **C** Dwie kobiety u stóp krzyża.

49 **B** Kwiat otwiera się w żarze słońca.

50 **A** Twarz krzycząca w pustą nicość.

51 **B** To jest prawdziwe, prawdziwe, śmiertelnie prawdziwe, śmiertelnie

52 prawdziwe.

53 **M** Prywatna ikonografia której nie mogę rozczytać,

54 **A** Poza moim zrozumieniem,

55 **C** Poza moim

56 **A** Poza

57 **B** Istnieje różnica pomiędzy elokwencją a inteligencją. Nie potrafię jej

58 wyartykułować ale istnieje.

59 **M** Pusta.

60 **A** Chora.

61 **C** Biała.

62 **B** Kochaj mnie.

63 **A** Poczucie winy utrzymuje się jak zapach śmierci i nic nie może mnie

64 wyzwolić od tej chmury krwi.

C You killed my mother.

A She was already dead.

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

A She died.

B People die.

M It happens.

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

A MNO

C I write the truth and it kills me.

B On the run.

M Nowhere to hide.

C I hate these words that keep me alive
I hate these words that won't let me die

B Expressing my pain without easing it.

C Ha ha ha

B Ho ho ho

M He he he

C It is not acceptable for me to be me.

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

M It slipped silently out of control.

65 **C** Zabiłeś moją matkę.

66 **A** Była już martwa.

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

68 **A** Umarła.

69 **B** Ludzie umierają.

70 **M** Zdarza się.

71 **C** Całe moje życie jest oczekiwaniem na spotkanie z osobą na której

72 punkcie mam obecnie obsesję, głoduję tygodnie w oczekiwaniu na naszą

72 kolejną piętnastominutową wizytę.

74 **A** MNO

75 **C** Piszę prawdę a to mnie zabija.

76 **B** Na gigancie.

77 **M** Nie ma kryjówki.

78 **C** Nienawidzę tych słów które utrzymują mnie przy życiu

79 Nienawidzę tych słów które nie pozwalają mi umrzeć

80 **B** Wyrażają mój ból bez ulgi.

81 **C** Ha ha ha

82 **B** Ho ho ho

83 **M** He he he

84 **C** Jest dla mnie nie do przyjęcia być sobą.

85 **A** Odchodzisz od zmysłów przed moimi oczami.

86 **M** Po cichu wymknęło się spod kontroli.

B Let me.

M Go.

A A small girl became increasingly paralysed by her parents' frequently violent rows. Sometimes she would spend hours standing completely still in the toilet, simply because that was where she happened to be when the fight began.

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

M Why?

C What?

B What why?

C What?

M Why are you crying?

87 **B** Pozwól mi.

88 **M** Idź.

89 **A** Mała dziewczynka stawiała się coraz bardziej sparaliżowana przez często
90 brutalne kłótnie jej rodziców. Czasami zastygała zupełnie nieruchomo w
91 łazience na całe godziny, bo tam zdarzyło jej się znaleźć kiedy zaczęli się
92 kłócić.

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

97 **M** Dlaczego?

98 **C** Co?

99 **B** Co dlaczego?

100 **C** Co?

101 **M** Czego płaczesz?

Student Number	22307281	Text Number	6
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Source Text		Target Text	
Title	The Last Chapter	Title	Ostatni Rozdział
Year Published	1974		
Author	Peig		
Language	English	Language	Polish
Word Count	996	Word Count	782
Description of Source Text <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)	The ST is Bryan MacMahon's English translation of Peig Sayer's autobiography. The autobiography first appeared in Irish in 1936, and the English translation in 1974 (Sayers 1983, 4). The Irish text on which the ST is based has been part of the Irish language curriculum for decades (Owens 1997, 370). As such it is a recognisable part of Irish national culture (Doan 2001, 85). MacMahon adopted a foreignizing translations strategy (MacMahon 1983, 7). E.g. death is personified as male, (ST I.50) after being described as a 'rascal' (ST I.49), after the Irish 'Rógaire' [rogue] (Sayers 2000, 198) which is masculine (Dónaill 1977, 1006). The tone of the ST is that of a confessional, death-bed reflection on the aforementioned work and the life of the author (e.g. ST I.35-38). It seems to speak to the future generations of the Irish people, taking the opportunity to explain and at times excuse the author (e.g. ST I.63-68). The language is archaic, e.g. "'twas' (ST I.31). There are nine religious references or salutations in the ST, including a blessing (ST I.74-77) and the date of the completion of the manuscript: 'The Feast of the Assumption' (ST I.80), that is 15 August (O'Shea 1951, 123).		
Strategy <i>identification of translation problems</i> <i>knowledge of genre within target context and situation of target text</i>	My target audience consists of Polish immigrants living in Dublin, aged 30-40, who have been educated to high school level, and who are attending the O'Czytani Literary Festival aimed at the Polish diaspora, ("Polish III O'Czytani Literary Festival" 2023, n.p.) on 10 June 2023. The TT will be read out as part of the event. The goal of the translation is to bring Irish culture and history closer to my target audience. To do so, I will: highlighting the parallels between Irish and Polish Catholicism,		

- *justification of translation production of genre for target context*
(200 words max)

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

ST		TT		gloss
The Feast of the Assumption	ST I.80	Wniebowzięcie Najświętszej Maryi Panny	TT I.79	[Rapture of the Holiest Virgin Mary]
God's Son	ST I.57	Syn Boski	TT I.55	[Son of God]

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

ST		TT		gloss
the High and Holy Master	ST I.31	Święty Pan na Wysokości	TT I.30	[Holy Lord on High]
His Glorious Mother	ST I.57	Jego Chwalebna Matka	TT I.55	[His Glorious Mother]

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

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

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

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

	(Morawska 2017, 177). This unintended connection has reinforced the intended effect of the TT to bring the Irish culture closer to my target audience, according to my sample reader.
Works Cited • use of sources and reference material	Doan, James E. 2001. "Revisiting the Blasket Island Memoirs." <i>Irish Studies Review</i> 9 (1): 81-86. MacMahon, Bryan. 1983. "Translator's Note." In <i>Peig: the autobiography of Peig Sayers of the Great Blasket Island / translated into English by Bryan MacMahon</i>. Dublin: Talbot Press. Original edition, 1974. Morawska, Iwona. 2017. "Zabytek literacki czy „dzieło w ruchu”? Wesele Stanisława Wyspiańskiego jako lektura szkolna." [Literary monument or a 'a moving work'? The Wedding by Stanisław Wyspiański as a set school text.]. <i>Polonistyka. Innowacje</i> (6): 177-192. Ó Dónaill, Niall. 1977. <i>Foclóir Gaeilge-Béarla</i>. Baile Átha Cliath: An Gúm. O'Shea, William. 1951. "The History of the Feast of the Assumption." <i>The Thomist: A Speculative Quarterly Review</i> 14 (1): 118-132. Owens, Cólín. 1997. "Peig Sayers." In <i>Modern Irish Writers: A Bio-Critical Sourcebook</i>, edited by Alexander G. Gonzalez and Emmanuel S. Nelson, xxiv, 457. Westport, CT: Greenwood Publishing Group. "Polish III O'Czytani Literary Festival." 2023. Accessed 01/05/2023. http://inchicoresportsandsocialclub.com/2023/04/20/polish-iii-oczytani-literary-festival/. Sayers, Peig. 1983. <i>Peig: the autobiography of Peig Sayers of the Great Blasket Island / translated into English by Bryan MacMahon</i>. Dublin: Talbot Press. 1974. ---. 2000. <i>Peig / tuairisc a thug Peig Sayers ar imeachtaí a beatha féin ; Máire Ní Chinnéide a d'ullmhaigh an chéad eagrán</i>. Eagrán scoile [reprinted] ed. Baile Átha Cliath: Comhlacht Oideachais na hÉireann. "śmierć - Wielki Słownik Języka Polskiego PAN." [death – The Great Dictionary of the Polish Language PAN]. 2014. Instytut Języka Polskiego PAN. Accessed 01/05/2023. https://wsjp.pl/haslo/do_druku/15379/smierc. Venuti, Lawrence. 2017. <i>The translator's invisibility: A history of translation</i>. Routledge. Wyspiański, Stanisław. 1973. <i>Wesele</i>. [The Wedding]. Fundacja Nowoczesna Polska.

Source Text

The Last Chapter

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

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

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

Target Text

Ostatni Rozdział

1 Zawsze mówiono, że ostatnia strata jest najtrudniejsza do zniesienia, a
2 było to niedawno, że dostałam słowo o moim synu, Pádraigu, który zginął
3 w Stanach. Jeśli była kiedyś taka kobieta jak ja i przeszła przez tyle trudów
4 tego świata co ja, możecie być pewni, że miała z czym walczyć.
5 Przeczółgałam się przez dręczące cierpienie życia i żal, i zaznałam niewiele
6 pociechy przez wszystkie moje dni. Ale prawdą jest, że nie ma lekarstwa
7 na żal, można go tylko zabić cierpliwością!

8 W ciągu mojego życia dołożyłam też swoją cegiełkę do języka irlandzkiego.
9 Jak już pisałam, wielu obcych przybywało na Wyspę od czasu do czasu, a
10 między nimi były Léan Connellan, przemiła dziewczyna, która udzieliła mi
11 wielkiej pomocy w tej pracy i Máire Kennedy, ta szlachetna dusza, której
12 imię od dawna wymawia się z szacunkiem między Irlandczykami. Gdyby
13 nie Máire, zabrałabym ze sobą do grobu wszystko to, co tutaj zapisałam.
14 Udzieliłam każdej pomocy tym, którzy uczyli się irlandzkiego. Teraz jestem
15 u końca moich dni i przypuszczam, że nigdy już nie będzie na tej Wyspie
16 starej kobiety żyjącej tak irlandzko jak ja. Postanowiłam sobie, że zabiorę
17 się za pracę zanim umrę, aby mieć w sobie tę satysfakcję nim moje kości
18 spoczną pod zieloną darnią. Usiłowałam napisać tę historię w najprostszy
19 możliwy sposób, w którym można by ją czytać i rozumieć – tak jakbym
20 opowiadała ją dzieciom z sądziedztwa przy kominku. Nie byłam też

I were telling it to the neighbouring children round the fireside. And I wasn't hard on any of my neighbours either; they gave me all the help they could. If they had their faults, I had mine. We passed our lives together peacefully and lovingly and on the hill or in the garden we gave one another a helping hand. If I was caught in a pinch all I had to do was to run for one of the neighbours and that tided me over until God came to my assistance. We spent our lives helping each other.

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

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

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

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

27 Byliśmy biedni i nie wiedzieliśmy nic o bogactwie ani o luksusach życia.
28 Zaakceptowaliśmy nasze życie takim, jakie było i nigdy nie prosiliśmy o
29 inne. Bóg, niech będzie zawsze pochwalony, pomagał nam. Często
30 zauważaliśmy, że Święty Pan na Wysokości był nam przychylny, ponieważ
31 wiele szkwałów i sztormów wietrznych zastało naszych ludzi na morzu,
32 gdzie nie było ucieczki innej niż poprzez Jego moc. Praca czasami ich
33 nagradzała, czasami nie.

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

38 Jestem już stara i każdego dnia wyglądam posłańca od życia do którego
39 nie chcę jeszcze wkroczyć, ale dziękuję Bogu, bo mogę powiedzieć, że nie
40 wstydzę się podnieść ręki, gdyż moja ręka nigdy nie skrzywdziła sąsiada.
41 Większość mojego życia spędziłam na tym samotnym kamieniu pośrodku
42 wielkiego morza. Wiele jest przyjemności i trudności w życiu osoby, która

middle of the great sea. There's a great deal of pleasantry and hardship in the life of a person who lives on an island like this that no one knows about except one who has lived here – going to bed at night with little food and rising again at the first chirp of the sparrow, then harrowing away with the world and maybe having no life worth talking about after doing our best. We wouldn't have minded the hardships of life, however, but for the fact that death was gathering his strength behind it. But the rascal too has to get what's due to him.

I remember well when I was trying to work while at the same time the heart in my breast was broken by sorrow, that I'd turn my thoughts on Mary and on the Lord, and on the life of hardship *they* endured. I knew that it was my duty to imitate them and to bear the cross in patience. Often I'd take my little canvas sheet and face for the hill for a small amount of turf and on the road home the weight on my heart would have lifted. God's Son and His Glorious Mother are true friends!

I remember when I was young, when Cáit-Jim and myself were girls, playing on the bank of the river, gathering flowers in the fields, or going to school side by side. Look at me today, an old grey woman with hardly a tooth in my head!

Old as I am, there's a great deal more in my head that I can't write down here. I did my best to give an accurate account of the people I knew, so that we'd be remembered when we had moved on into eternity. People

43 żyje na wyspie takiej jak ta, o której nie wie nikt poza tym, kto tu mieszkał
44 – chodzić spać wieczorem niewiele zjadłszy i wstawać znów o pierwszym
45 ćwierknieniu wróbla, żeby szarpać się ze światem, a na końcu może nie
46 mieć życia, o którym warto opowiadać, choć robiliśmy co mogliśmy.

47 Nie narzekalibyśmy nawet na trudności tego życia, gdyby nie to, że śmierć
48 zawsze zbierała za nim swoje siły. Ale nawet ta szelma musi dostać co się
49 jej należy.

50 Pamiętam dobrze, gdy próbowałam pracować a serce w mej piersi skuł
51 żal, wtedy zwracałam myśli do Maryji i Pana, i na trudne życie, które *oni*
52 przetrwali. Wiedziałam, że moim obowiązkiem było ich naśladować i nieść
53 swój krzyż cierpliwie. Często brałam moją małą płachtę i obierałam kurs
54 na wzgórze, po trochę darni, a w drodze do domu ciężar na moim sercu
55 już był zelżał. Syn Boski i Jego Chwalebna Matka są prawdziwymi
56 przyjaciółmi!

57 Pamiętam, kiedy byłam młoda, kiedy Cáit-Jim i ja byłyśmy dziewczynkami,
58 bawiłyśmy się na brzegu rzeki, zbierałyśmy kwiaty na łące, albo
59 chodziłyśmy razem do szkoły, ramię w ramię. Spójrz tylko na mnie dzisiaj,
60 stara siwa kobieta, niemalże bez zębów!

61 Choć jestem stara, mam jeszcze wiele więcej rzeczy w głowie do spisania.
62 Starałam się jak mogłam, by sprawiedliwie opisać ludzi których znałam,
63 tak aby nas pamiętano po tym jak przeniesiemy się do wieczności. Ludzie
64 będą jeszcze chodzić nad naszymi głowami; możliwe nawet, że będą

will yet walk above our heads; it could even happen that they'd walk into the graveyard where I'll be lying but people like us will never again be there. We'll be stretched out quietly – and the old world will have vanished.

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

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

The Great Blasket,
The Feast of the Assumption,
1935.

65 chodź po cmentarzu, na którym będę pochowana, ale takich ludzi jak
66 my, nigdy już tu nie będzie. Będziemy leżeć w milczeniu – a stary świat
67 obróci się w pył.

68 Jestem wdzięczna Máire Kennedy i Léan Connellan, które nie dawały mi
69 odpuszczyć i pomogły mi dokończyć to zadanie. Mam nadzieję, że spotkamy
70 się znowu w Królestwie Niebieskim. Oby Bóg nas pobłogosławił i
71 pobłogosławił też tych, którzy to czytają!

72
73 *Błogosławieństwo dla ciebie, rękopisie*
74 *Moje błogosławieństwo też dla tych, którzy to czytają,*
75 *Niech powodzi się mojej ojczyźnie,*
76 *Niech Bóg wspomóż tych, którzy usiłują ją uwolnić!*

77
78 Wyspa Great Blasket,
79 Wniebowzięcie Najświętszej Maryi Panny,
80 1935.

81

Student Number	22307281	Text Number	7
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Source Text		Target Text	
Title	Where can I rest my weapon?	Title	Gdzie ja mogę złożyć moją broń?
Year Published	2022		
Author	Sophia Smith Galer		
Language	English	Language	Polish
Word Count	201	Word Count	165
Description of Source Text <i>understanding of source text</i> <i>knowledge of genre within source contexts</i> <i>situation of source text familiarity with the formal features of a text (language variation(s), register, dialect)</i> (200 words max)	The ST was initially published in a TikTok video. (Galer 2022, n.p.) One could argue that taking the text from the video, considering the not always accurate captions, is its own form of translation. This could be where the potential ambiguity in ST l.17 originates. The ST is a written record of contemporary spoken word poetry, that is ‘cadenced, performed poetry that engages [...] commercial culture’ (Somers-Willett 2014, 3), in this case the misogyny of medical inequalities around women’s health. (Criado Perez 2019, 196) The subject matter of the ST is female genitalia and the sexism inherent in the language used to describe it (ST l.2-6). Specific medical vocabulary is used, e.g. ‘corpora cavernosa’ (ST l.16) The narrator of the ST speaks about her genitalia and addresses a man, asking four questions of him (ST l.1,9,13,25): accusatory, mocking, and then foreboding in tone. The titular question is repeated twice (ST l.1,25), and answered in the last line, in the present tense: ‘My weapon does not rest’ (ST l.26). The poem has 22 lines, on average 9 words long. The longest line has 18 words (ST l.14-15). The last five lines (ST l.22-26) which form a conclusion, are all 5-6 words long.		
Strategy <i>identification of translation problems</i>	Considering the political climate in Poland, it is highly unlikely the TT would be picked up for traditional publication. As such, it is intended to be read at an upcoming Ogólnopolski Strajk Kobiet [All-Poland Women’s Strike] event, a Polish feminist movement protesting against the lack of reproductive rights (Ziętek 2020, 165-166), which the Polish		

• <i>knowledge of genre within target context and situation of target text</i> • <i>justification of translation production of genre for target context</i> (200 words max)	government restricted by effectively banning abortion in Poland in October 2020 (Trybunał Konstytucyjny 2020, n.p.). The target audience consists of women of reproductive age who attend this protest in Warsaw. The purpose of the TT is to incite further outrage and reinforce the will to engage politically, which has brought these women to the demonstration; to keep the fighting spirit. To do so, I will: • translate the last line in the future tense as ‘Moja broń nie spocznie’ [My weapon will not rest] (TT l.26), • use accurate medical vocabulary, to highlight how rarely-used it is, • interpret the ambiguity in ‘you had the nerve to name the weapon yours’ (ST l.17), as ‘ty miałeś czelność nazwać swoją „broń”’ [you had the nerve to name yours “a weapon”] (TT l.16).
Critical Reflection • <i>textual analysis</i> (200 words max)	The research needed to accurately translate the medical vocabulary (TT l.10,15) put in stark relief how incredibly inaccessible the information about women’s health is in Polish. The specific names of the different parts of the clitoris were even harder to find in Polish than they are in English, which is exactly the issue the ST highlights. The fact that this issue is even worse in the target context than in the source one makes the TT ever more poignant, my sample readers agree. While Polish is in possession of a well-developed ‘leksyki miłosnej’ [lexicon of love] (Skubalanka 2007, 3), the vocabulary concerning the sex tends to veer either vulgar, medical or infantilising, lacking neutral terms to frame the conversation in a non-charged way (Filipek and Marcyniak 2008, 77, 80). I argue this is symptomatic of the Polish Catholic culture, where sex is a taboo subject to the extent that we lack the very words to discuss it. A sample reader pointed out that: ‘nie spocznie’ [will not rest] (TT l.25) frames the conclusion of the TT as a promise, a dimension not present in the ST. This aligns with the goal of my strategy for the TT to function as a political call to action.
Works Cited • <i>use of sources and reference material</i>	Galer, Sophia Smith. 2022. "I got to perform my poem about my weapon at a real life poetry festival :) where can I rest my weapon? #poetry #feminism #healtheducation" TikTok. https://www.tiktok.com/@sophiasmithgaler/video/7151058524800290053?lang=en.

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<https://trybunal.gov.pl/postepowanie-i-orzeczenia/komunikaty-prasowe/komunikaty-po/art/11299-planowanie-rodziny-ochrona-plodu-ludzkiego-i-warunki-dopuszczalnosci-przerywania-ciazy>.
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Source Text		Target Text
<i>Where can I rest my weapon?</i>		<i>Gdzie ja mogę złożyć moją broń?</i>
Where can I rest my weapon?	1	Gdzie ja mogę złożyć moją broń?
Oh, that's what you called yours –	2	Ty tak nazwałeś swoją –
In Ancient Rome, you looked down at your genitalia and you beheld a	3	W starożytnym Rzymie, spojrzawsz na swoje genitalia i ujrzałeś miecz
sword	4	Nazwałeś go gladiusem, a to co ja mam, nazwałeś pochwą – waginą
You named it gladius and, in Latin, you called what I have a sheath –	5	Specjalnie zaprojektowaną by pomieścić narzędzie, które zabija
vagina	6	Nazwa, którą moja wciąż nosi...
Purpose built, designed to hold an instrument that kills	7	Ale dlaczego moja nie jest broń?
A name that mine bears, still...	8	Wiem, że dopiero w 2009 roku po raz pierwszy zobaczyliśmy ją
But why isn't the weapon mine?	9	podnieconą w sonografie
I know it was only in 2009 that we first saw it aroused in MRI	10	Opuszki przedsionka pomiędzy silnymi odnogami obejmującymi
Vestibular bulbs between strong crura that embrace a truly menacing	11	to jakże groźne miejsce,
place	12	które ty uznałeś za bezpieczną przystań penisa?
that you identified as a penis's safe space?	13	Większość mojego układu rozkoszy leży za zamkniętymi drzwiami, ale
Most of my pleasure network is behind closed doors, but I can stand to	14	mogę stać na baczność tak jak ty
attention just like you	15	Mam ciała jamiste, które mogą osiągnąć wzwód tak jak ty
I have corpora cavernosa that engorges just like you	16	Ale ty miałeś czelność nazwać swoją „broń”
But you had the nerve to name the weapon yours	17	Kiedy się nad tym zastanawiam, od zarania dziejów
In fact when I think about it, all throughout history	18	Zwykłeś nazywać moje ciało „tajemnicą”
The most common name you've given my body is a mystery	19	Nieprzystępne, nieczułe, jedyne co mi zrobiło, to krzywdę
Unsolvable, unpleasurable, all that's done is harm me	20	Kiedy to ty nie skatalogowałeś mojego arsenału

when all you did is not collect enough data on my armoury
My weapon is unafraid of blood
Arbiter of life and death,
giver and taker of breath
Where can I rest my weapon?
My weapon does not rest.

21	Moja broń nie lęka się krwi
22	Arbiter życia i śmierci,
23	Nadająca i odbierająca oddech
24	Gdzie ja mogę złożyć moją broń?
25	Moja broń nie spocznie.
26	

Student Number	22307281	Text Number	8
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Source Text		Target Text	
Title	Paradise Lost	Title	Get lost
Year Published	1667		
Author	John Milton		
Language	17 th C English	Language	Text Speak English
Word Count	1595	Word Count	776
Description of Source Text <i>understanding of source text</i> <i>knowledge of genre within source contexts</i> <i>situation of source text familiarity with the formal features of a text (language variation(s), register, dialect)</i> (200words max)	Paradise Lost is an epic poem (Leonard 2000a, x) written in unrhymed iambic pentameter, that is blank verse (Barber 2017, 59). Iambic pentameter resembles normal 17th C English speech patterns (Abrams 1999, 24-25). While Paradise Lost is of course a staple of 17th century English, the ST specifically is taken from the Penguin classics edition, which has been partially modernized, including spelling (Leonard 2000b, liii). Paradise Lost, and Milton himself, has been, and remains, 'controversial' (Poole 2004, 1). The ST deals with themes of incest and sexual assault. The ST is an excerpt from Book II, lines 681-884, where Satan speaks to Sin and Death at the gates of Hell, and where Sin tells her story (ST l.67-134). It includes ten verse paragraphs. (Abrams 1999, 25) Satan speaks 44 lines, Sin 97 lines, and Death 15 lines. 48 lines are dedicated to description.		
Strategy <i>identification of translation problems</i> <i>knowledge of genre within target context and situation of target text</i> <i>justification of translation</i>	My target audience is made up of final year International Baccalaureate diploma students aged 17-19, for whom English is an additional language, taking a compulsory English Literature class, in Britain. The goal of this translation is to introduce <i>Paradise Lost</i> to teenagers who might not be equipped to approach the ST, in an engaging way that they could relate to. (Al-Sharqi and Abbasi 2020, 3) The TT will be presented alongside the ST on a paper handout.		

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

	potentially closing off avenues of differing interpretation. The TT codifies one interpretation of the ST and imposes it on the readers.
Works Cited • <i>use of sources and reference material</i>	Abrams, M. H. 1999. <i>A Glossary of Literary Terms</i>. Heinle & Heilne. Al-Sharqi, Laila, and Irum Saeed Abbasi. 2020. "The Influence of Technology on English Language and Literature." <i>English Language Teaching</i> 13 (7): 1-7. Barber, Ros. 2017. "Blank Verse." The Portable Poetry Workshop. Drouin, Michelle, and Claire Davis. 2009. "R u txtng? Is the use of text speak hurting your literacy?" <i>Journal of Literacy Research</i> 41 (1): 46-67. Jakobson, Roman. 1959. "On Linguistic Aspects of Translation." In <i>The Translation Studies Reader</i>, edited by Lawrence Venuti, 126-131. London: Routledge. Leonard, John. 2000a. "Introduction." In <i>Paradise Lost</i>. London: Penguin Classics. ---. 2000b. "Note on the Text." In <i>Paradise Lost</i>. London: Penguin Classics. Poole, William. 2004. "The Early Reception of Paradise Lost." <i>Literature Compass</i> 1 (1). Turner, Kristen Hawley. 2009. "Flipping the switch: Code-switching from text speak to standard English." <i>The English Journal</i>: 60-65.

Source Text

Paradise Lost

Whence and what art thou, execrable shape,
That dar'st through grim and terrible, advance
Thy miscreated front athwart my way
To yonder gates? Through them I mean to pass,
That be assured, without leave asked of thee:
Retire, or taste thy folly, and learn by proof,
Hell-born, not to contend with Spirits of Heav'n.
To whom the goblin full of wrath replied,
Art thou that traitor angel, art thou he,
Who first broke peace in Heav'n and faith, till then
Unbroken, and in proud rebellious arms
Drew after him the third part of Heav'n's sons
Conjured against the Highest, for which both thou
And they outcast from from God, are here condemned
To waste eternal days in woe and pain?
And reckon'st thou thyself with Spirits of Heav'n,
Hell-doomed, and breath'st defiance here and scorn,
Where I reign king, and to enrage thee more,
Thy king and lord? Back to thy punishment,
False fugitive, and to thy speed add wings,

Target Text

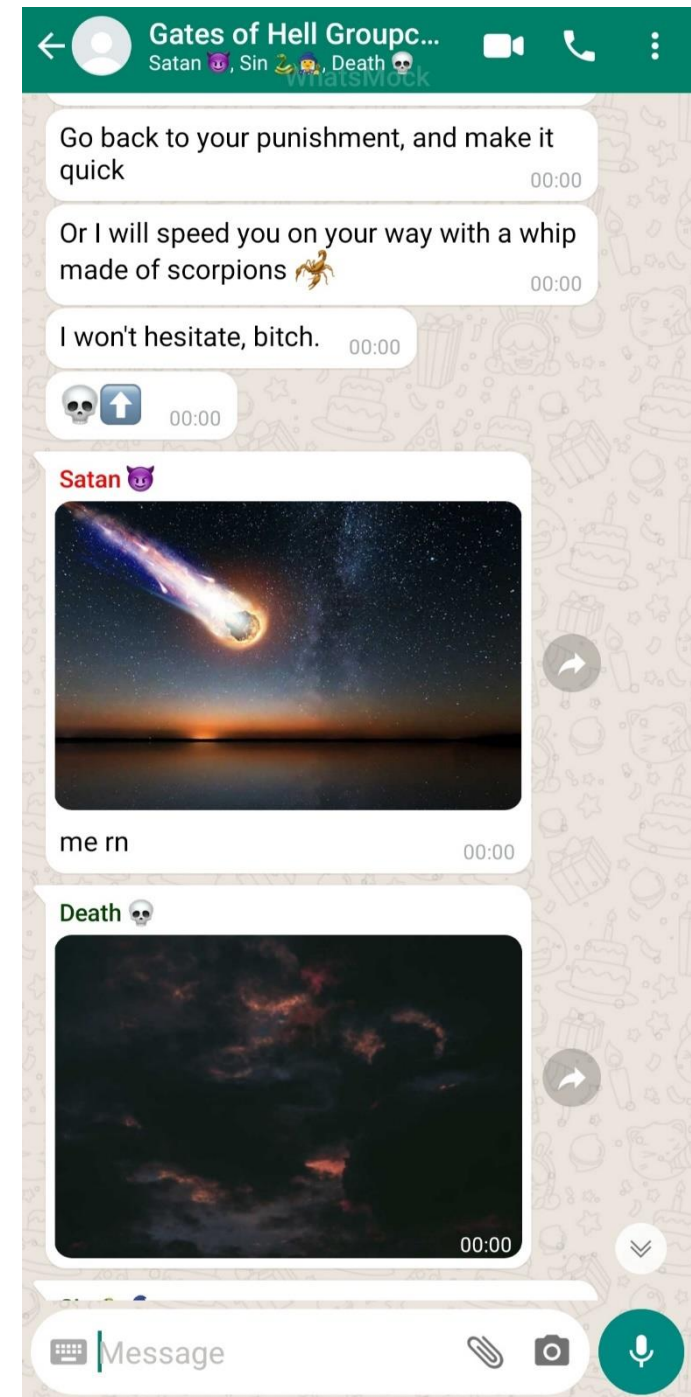
Get lost



Lest with a whip of scorpions I pursue
Thy ling'ring, or with one stroke of this dart
Strange horror seize thee, and pangs unfelt before.
So spake the grisly horror, and in shape,
So speaking and threat'ning, gre tenfold
More dreadful and deform: on th' other side
Incensed with indignation Satan stood
Unterrified, and like a comet burned,
That fires the length of Ophiucus huge
In th' Arctic sky, and from his horrid hair
Shakes pestilence and war. Each at the head
Levelled his deadly aim; their fatal hands
No second stroke intend, and such a frown
Each cast at th' other, as when two black clouds
With heav'n's artillery fraught, come rattling on
Over the Caspian, then stand front to front
Hov'ring a space, till winds the signal blow
To join their dark encounter in mid air:
So frowned the mighty combatants, that Hell
Grew darker at their frown, so matched they stood;
For never but once more was either like
To meet so great a foe: and now great deeds

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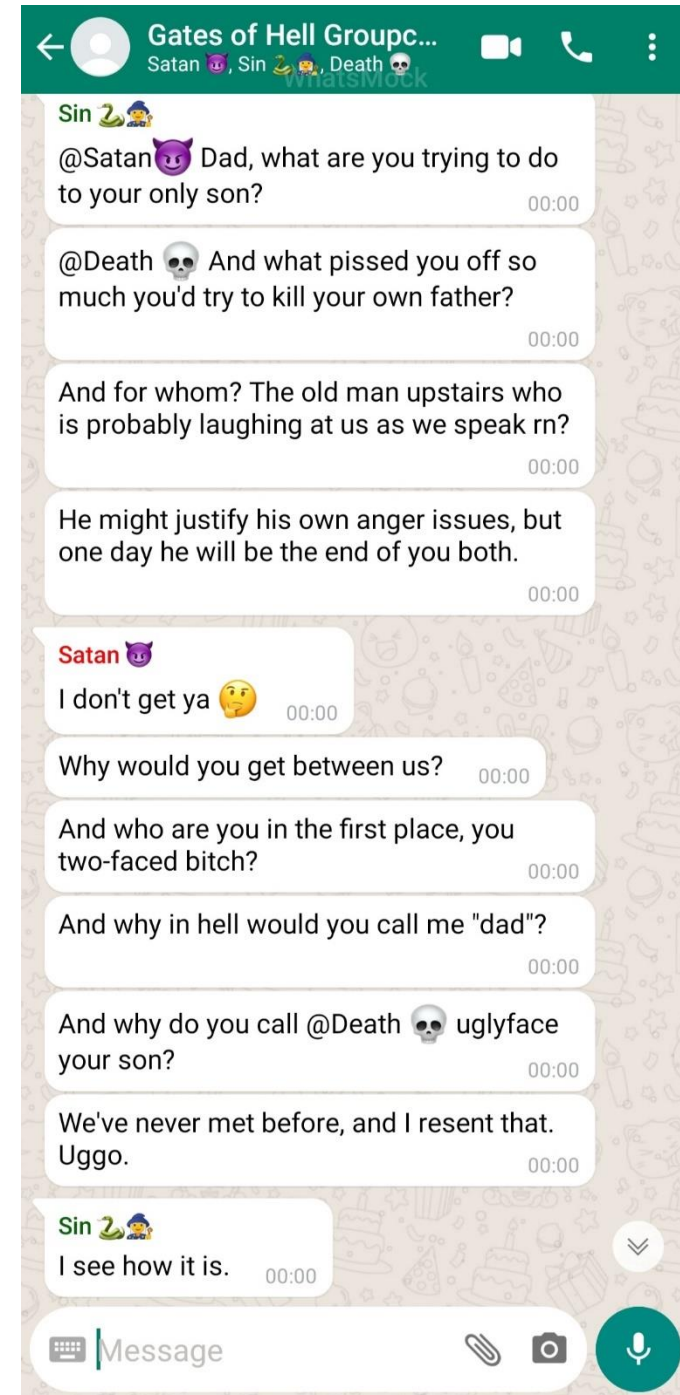
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Had been achieved, whereof all Hell had rung,
Had not the snaky sorceress that sat
Fast by Hell gate, and kept the fatal key,
Ris'n, and with hideous outcry rushed between.
O father, what intends thy hand, she cried,
Against thy only son? What fury O son,
Possesses thee to bend the mortal dart
Against thy father's head? and know'st for whom;
For him who sits above and laughs the while
At thee ordained his drudge, to execute
Whate'er his wrath which he calls justice, bids,
His wrath which one day will destroy ye both.
She spake, and at her words the Hellish pest
Forbore, then these to her Satan returned:
So strange thy outcry, and thy words so strange
Thou interposest, that my sudden hand
Prevented spares to tell thee yet by deeds
What it intends; till first I know of thee,
What thing thou art, thus double-formed, and why
In this infernal vale first met thou call'st
Me father, and that phantasm call'st my son?
I know thee not, nor ever saw till now

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Sight more detestable than him and thee.

T' whom thus the portress of Hell gate replied;

Hast thou forgot me then, and do I seem

Now in thine eye so foul, once deemed so fair

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

Of all the Seraphim with thee combined

In bold conspiracy against Heav'n's King,

All on a sudden miserable pain

Surprised thee, dim thine eyes, and dizzy swum

In darkness, while they head flames thick and fast

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

Likest to thee in shape and count'nance bright,

Then shining Heav'nly fair, a goddess armed

Out of thy head I sprung: amazement seized

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

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

Portentous held me; but familiar grown,

I pleased, and with attractive graces won

The most averse, thee chiefly, who full oft

Thyself in me thy perfect image viewing

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

With me in secret, that my womb conceived

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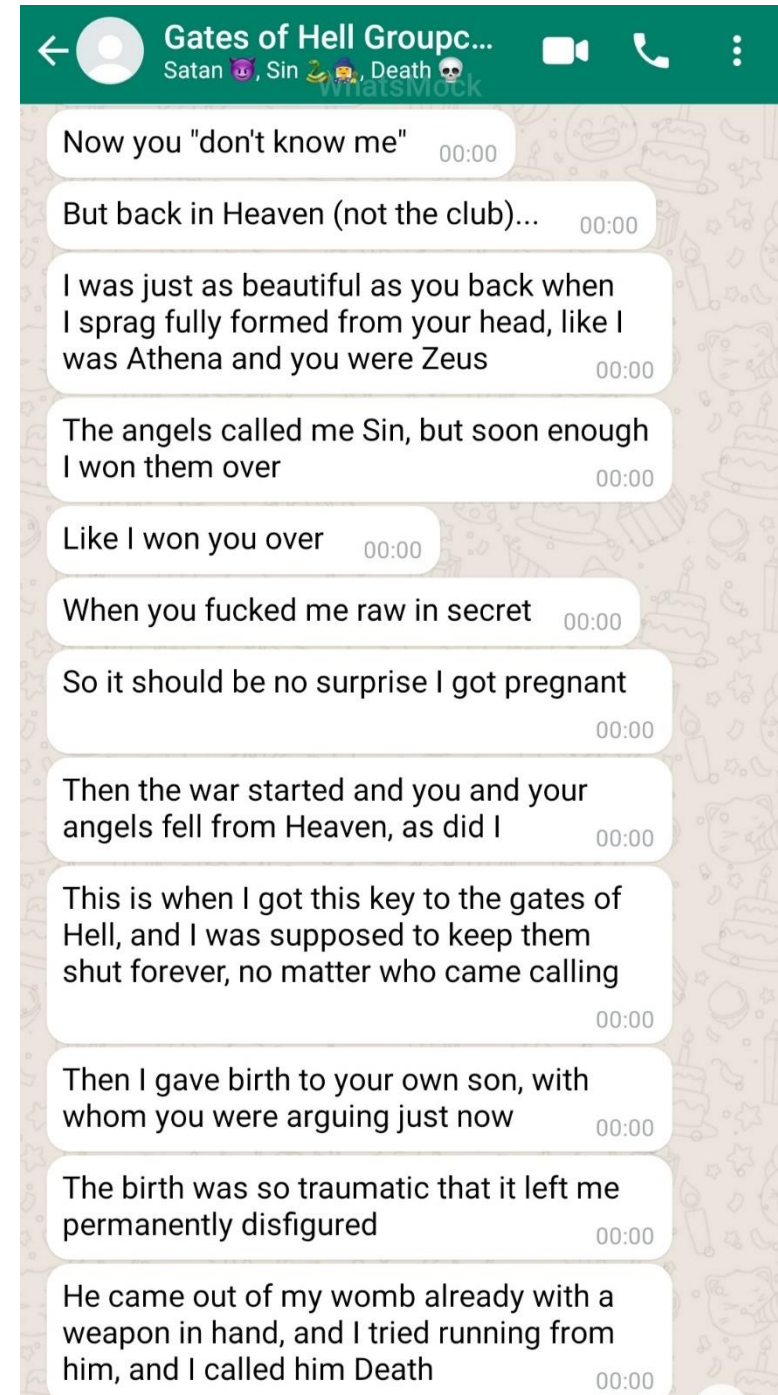
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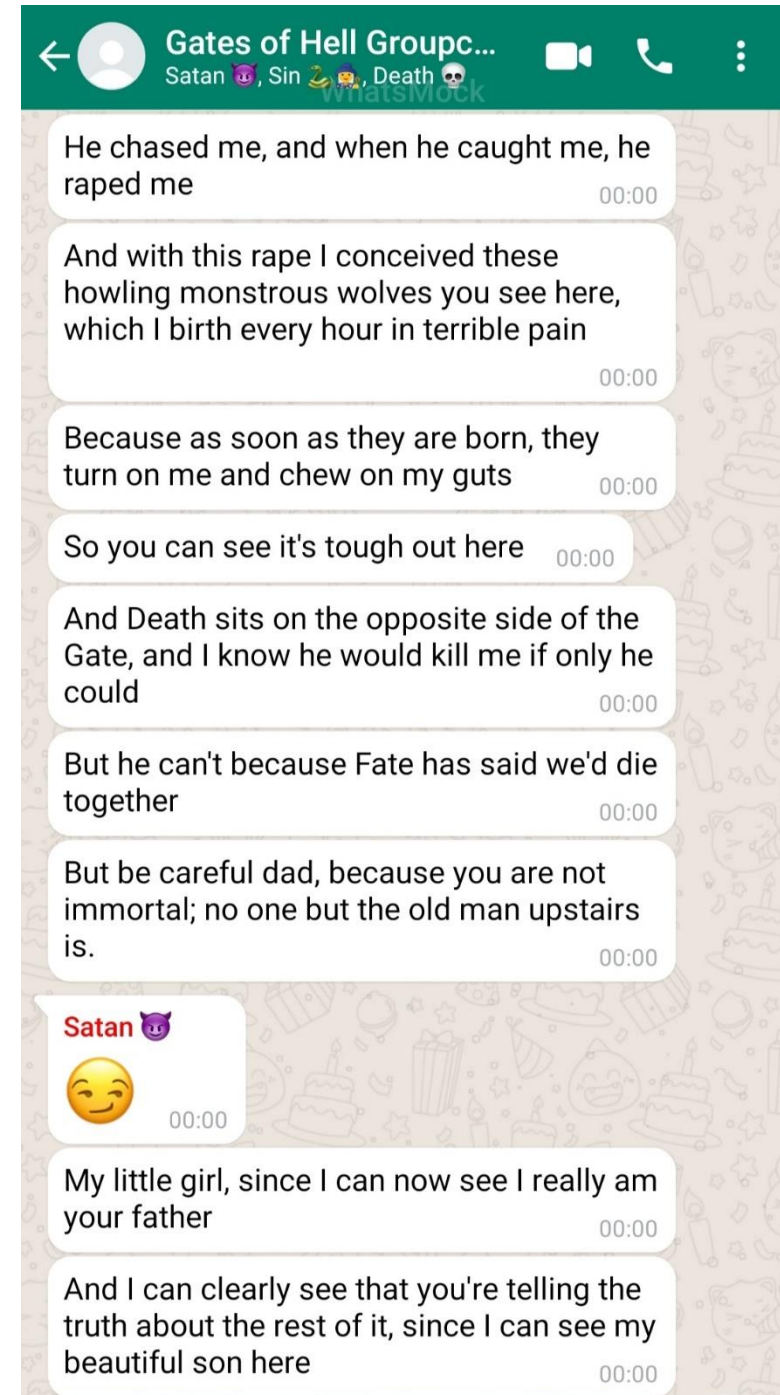
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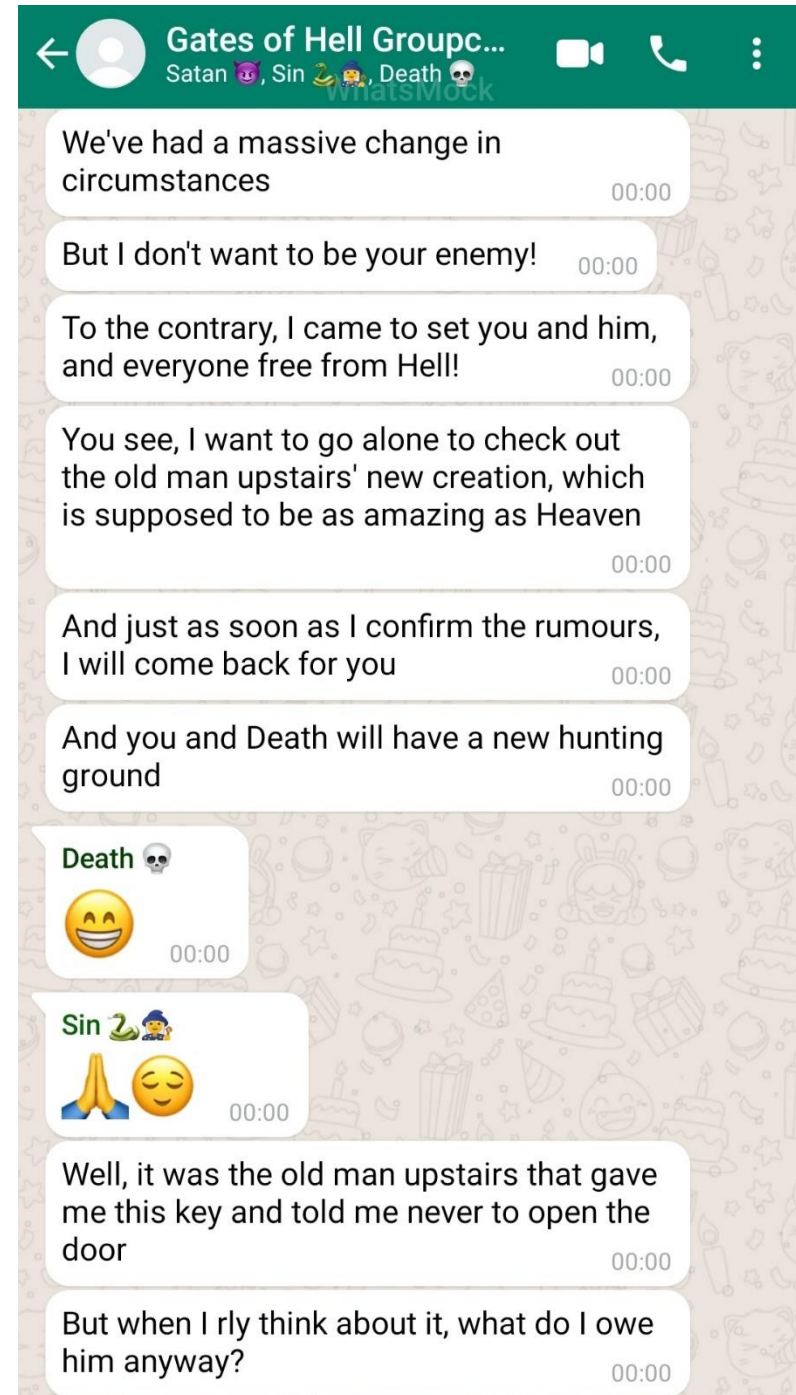
A growing burden. Meanwhile war arose,
 And fields were fought in Heav'n; wherein remained
 (For what could else) to our Almighty Foe
 Clear victory, to our part loss and rout
 Through all the Empyrean: down they fell
 Driv'n headlong from the pitch of Heaven, down
 Into this deep, and in the general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

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From all her caves, and back resounded *Death*.
I fled, but he pursued (though more, it seems,
Inflamed with lust than rage) and swifter far,
Me overtook his mother all dismayed,
And in embraces forcible and foul
Engend'ring with me, of that rape begot
These yelling monsters that with ceaseless cry
Surround me, as thou saw'st, hourly conceived
And hourly born, with sorrow infinite
To me, for when they list into the womb
That bred them they return, and howl and gnaw
My bowels, their repast; then bursting forth
Afresh with conscious terrors vex me round,
That rest or intermission none I find.
Before mine eyes in opposition sits
Grim Death my son and foe, who sets them on,
And me his parent would full soon devour
For want of other prey, but that he knows
His end with mine involved; and knows that I
Should prove a bitter morsel, and his bane,
Wherever that shall be; so Fate pronounced.
But thou O father, I forewarn thee, shun

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His deadly arrow; neither vainly hope
 To be invulnerable in those bright arms,
 Though tempered Heav'nly, for that mortal dint,
 Save he who reigns above, none can resist.
 She finished, and the subtle Fiend his lore
 Soon learned, now milder, and thus answered smooth.
 Dear daughter, since thou claim'st me for thy sire,
 And my fair son here show'st me, the dear pledge
 Of dalliance had with thee in Heav'n, and joys
 Then sweet, now sad to mention, through dire change
 Befall'n us unforeseen, unthought of, know
 I come no enemy, but to set free
 From out this dark and dismal house of pain,
 Both him and thee, and all the Heav'nly host
 Of Spirits that in our just pretences armed
 Fell with us from on high: from them I go
 This uncouth errand sole, and one for all
 Myself expose, with lonely steps to tread
 Th' unfounded deep, and through the void immense
 To search with wand'ring quest a place foretold
 Should be, and, by concurring signs, ere now
 Created vast and round, a place of bliss

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I mean he hates me, and he locked me
 down here in Hell, where I'm really not
 having a good time, and I'm honestly
 feeling so attacked rn, what with the
 wolves perpetually eating my guts, and
 such

00:00

You, on the other hand, @Satan 🍆, you
 are my daddy, my creator

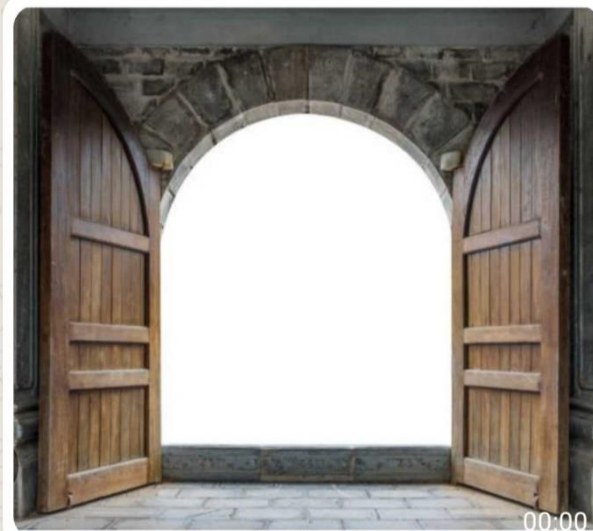
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The way I see it, who should I follow if not
 you?

00:00

Especially now that soon you will bring
 me to the new world, where we will rule
 together forever 💚

00:00



00:00

Message



In the purlieus of Heav'n, and therein placed	153
A race of upstart creatures, to supply	154
Perhaps our vacant room, though more removed,	155
Lest Heav'n surcharged with potent multitude	156
Might hap to move new broils: be this or aught	157
Than this more secret now designed, I haste	158
To know, and this once known, shall soon return,	159
And bring ye to the place where thou and Death	160
Shall dwell at ease, and up and down unseen	161
Wign silently the buxom air, embalmed	162
With odours; there ye shall be fed and filled	163
Immeasurably, all things shall be your prey.	164
He ceased, for both seemed highly pleased, and Death	165
Grinned horrible a ghastly smile, to hear	166
His famine should be filled, and blessed his maw	167
Destined to that good hour: no less rejoined	168
His mother bad, and this bespake her sire	169
The key of this infernal pit by due,	170
And by command of Heav'n's all-powerful King	171
I keep, by him forbidden to unlock	172
These adamantine gates: against all force	173
Death ready stands to interpose his dart,	174

Fearless to be o'ermatched by living might.	175
But what owe I to his commands above	176
Who hates me, and hat hither thrust me down	177
Into this gloom of Tartarus profound,	178
To sit in hateful office here confined,	179
Inhabitant of Heav'n, and Heav'nly-born,	180
Here in perpetual agony and pain,	181
With terrors and with clamours compassed round	182
Of mine own brood, that on my bowels feed:	183
Thou art my father, thou art my author, thou	184
My being gav'st me; whom should I obey	185
But thee, whom follow? thou wilt bring me soon	186
To that new world of light and bliss, among	187
The gods who live at ease, where I shall reign	188
At thy right hand voluptuous, as beseems	189
Thy daughter and thy darling, without end.	190
Thus saying, from her side the fatal key,	191
Sad instrument of all our woe, she took;	192
And towards the gate rolling her bestial train,	193
Forthwith the huge portcullis high up drew,	194
Which but herself not all the Stygian powers	195
Could once have moved; then in the key-hole turns	196

Th' intricate wards, and every bolt and bar	197
Of massy iron or solid rock with ease	198
Unfastens: on a sudden open fly	199
With impetuous recoil and jarring sound	200
Th' infernal doors, and on their hinges grate	201
Harsh thunder, that the lowest bottom shook	202
Of Erebus. She opened, but to shut	203
Excelled her power; the gates wide open stood,	204

Student Number	22307281	Text Number	9
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Source Text		Target Text	
Title	First fig	Title	Piewsza figa
Year Published	1920		
Author	Edna St. Vincent Millay		
Language	English	Language	Polish
Word Count	25	Word Count	22
Description of Source Text <i>understanding of source text</i> <i>knowledge of genre within source contexts</i> <i>situation of source text familiarity with the formal features of a text (language variation(s), register, dialect)</i> (200 words max)	The ST is a single stanza, four-line poem, with an ABAB rhyme scheme. The line lengths are as follows: 6 – 6 – 8 – 5 words and 7 – 6 – 8 – 6 syllables. There is a melodic alliteration in the third line: foes / friends. The first two lines end with a semicolon, and the fourth with an exclamation mark. The topic at hand is the phenomenon of burnout, of giving too much of oneself. Perhaps due to Millay's reputation in her lifetime, (Gargaillo 2020, 69; Mitford 2001, xiv) some critics have read the ST as depicting a 'doomed burst of romantic feeling', (Doherty 2022, 75) which is certainly one possible interpretation of the extended metaphor of a candle, which 'will not last the night' (ST l.2). This metaphor is the thematic focus of the ST, and exemplifies the 'carpe-diem attitude [which was] historically the province of young male poet-roués'. (Doherty 2022, 75) As such, the ST is an early example of 'the sexual and social liberation' (Zellinger 2012, 240) of women in the modern western society, assuming gender roles previously reserved for men.		
Strategy <i>identification of translation problems</i>	The TT will be published in Literatura na Świecie [Literature in the World], a monthly Polish literary translation magazine, in print since 1971 ("Instytut Książki" 2023). The target audience consists of Translation Studies students aged 18-25.		

• <i>knowledge of genre within target context and situation of target text</i> • <i>justification of translation production of genre for target context</i> (200 words max)	Research shows that university students often suffer from mental health issues (Storrie, Ahern, and Tuckett 2010, 1), and burnout specifically (Schaufeli et al. 2002, 464), so the subject matter is relevant to them. I want to preserve an ‘equivalent effect’, as defined by Rieu: ‘the same effect as the original had on its first audiences’ (Rieu and Phillips 1954, 758), as well as reproduce as many of the formal features of the ST as possible, so that my target audience will be able to both connect to the TT emotionally, and appreciate the technical aspects of the TT: 1. the subject matter of burnout, and the metaphor of a candle, 2. the ABAB rhyme scheme, 3. the alliteration in the third line, 4. the ST punctuation, 5. the relative ratio of syllables in each line. By this I mean that the second and fourth lines will have the same number of syllables and be the shortest, the first line will be of medium length, and the third line will be longest, syllable-wise and relative to the other lines in the poem.																																								
Critical Reflection • <i>textual analysis</i> (200 words max)	The TT line lengths are as follows, compared with the ST: <table><tr><th rowspan="2">line</th><th colspan="2">ST</th><th colspan="2">TT</th><th rowspan="2">relative line length</th></tr><tr><th>words</th><th>syllables</th><th>words</th><th>syllables</th></tr><tr><td>1</td><td>6</td><td>7</td><td>6</td><td>10</td><td>medium</td></tr><tr><td>2</td><td>6</td><td>6</td><td>5</td><td>6</td><td>short</td></tr><tr><td>3</td><td>8</td><td>8</td><td>6</td><td>12</td><td>long</td></tr><tr><td>4</td><td>5</td><td>6</td><td>5</td><td>6</td><td>short</td></tr><tr><td>total</td><td>25</td><td>27</td><td>22</td><td>34</td><td>-</td></tr></table> In terms of syllables, the TT follows the line length ratio present in the ST, of medium – short – long – short lines. This means that the rhythm of the TT closely follows that of ST. The ST had 25 words and 27 syllables total, meaning that all but two words were one syllable long. In contrast, the TT has fewer words: 22, but more syllables: 34. Most of the syllables were gained in translating ‘foes’ and ‘friends’ (ST l.3) which	line	ST		TT		relative line length	words	syllables	words	syllables	1	6	7	6	10	medium	2	6	6	5	6	short	3	8	8	6	12	long	4	5	6	5	6	short	total	25	27	22	34	-
line	ST		TT		relative line length																																				
	words	syllables	words	syllables																																					
1	6	7	6	10	medium																																				
2	6	6	5	6	short																																				
3	8	8	6	12	long																																				
4	5	6	5	6	short																																				
total	25	27	22	34	-																																				

	are both single syllable in English, but the alliterative translation into Polish ‘przeciwnicy’ [foes] and ‘przyjaciele’ [friends] (TT I.3) are both four syllable words. An alternative strategy could have been to alter the content of the text in order to further preserve the form. A sample reader pointed out that as it stands, he felt compelled to speed up while reading out TT line 3. While the sample size is small, this points to the fact that Polish nouns tend to be longer than English ones. This hypothesis is confirmed by other translations in this portfolio, but unexplored in academia, as far as I have been able to tell.
Works Cited • <i>use of sources and reference material</i>	Doherty, Maggie. 2022. BURNED OUT. Conde Nast Publications. Gargaillo, Florian. 2020. "The Divided Selves of Edna St Vincent Millay." <i>Literary Imagination</i> 23 (1): 69-79. https://doi.org/10.1093/litimag/imaa039. https://doi.org/10.1093/litimag/imaa039. Mitford, Nancy. 2001. <i>Savage Beauty: The Life of Edna St. Vincent Millay</i>. New York: Random House. Schaufeli, Wilmar B, Isabel M Martinez, Alexandra Marques Pinto, Marisa Salanova, and Arnold B Bakker. 2002. "Burnout and engagement in university students: A cross-national study." <i>Journal of cross-cultural psychology</i> 33 (5): 464-481. Storrie, Kim, Kathy Ahern, and Anthony Tuckett. 2010. "A systematic review: students with mental health problems—a growing problem." <i>International journal of nursing practice</i> 16 (1): 1-6. Zellinger, Elissa. 2012. "Edna St. Vincent Millay and the Poetess Tradition." <i>Legacy</i> 29 (2): 240-262. https://doi.org/https://doi.org/10.5250/legacy.29.2.0240. https://www.jstor.org/stable/10.5250/legacy.29.2.0240.

Source Text
First fig

My candle burns at both ends;

It will not last the night;

But ah, my foes, and oh, my friends—

It gives a lovely light!

Target Text
Pierwsza figa

1 Moja świeca pali się za wiele;

2 Nie ujrzy jej już brzask;

3 Ale ach, przeciwnicy i och, przyjaciele—

4 Jak piękny jest jej blask!

Student Number	22307281	Text Number	10
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Source Text		Target Text										
Title	Zachód słońca na zamku	Title	Sunset at the Castle									
Year Published	1922											
Author	Maria Pawlikowska-Jasnorzewska											
Language	Polish	Language	English									
Word Count	126	Word Count	146									
Description of Source Text - understanding of source text - knowledge of genre within source contexts - situation of source text - familiarity with the formal features of a text (language variation(s), register, dialect) (200 words max)	Pawlikowska-Jasnorzewska sets the poem in the royal Wawel Castle in Kraków, at sunset. She describes the colours of sunset which briefly permeate the world, entering synesthetic description, ascribing sounds to colours, e.g. ‘krzyczą swój zachwyt wspólny, złocisty’ [they shout their awe, golden] (ST l.4). In total, there are 18 words pertaining to colour in the ST, making up 14% of the text. This is a feature of much of Pawlikowska-Jasnorzewska’s poetry, and has been ascribed to her ‘malarskim korzeniom’ [paining roots] (Jurecka 2013, 1; Pruska-Carroll 1981, 35).											
	The ST includes three neologisms:											
	<table><tr><td>bladobarwne</td><td>[pale-coloured]</td><td>ST l.5</td></tr><tr><td>bielce</td><td>[whitely]</td><td>ST l.17</td></tr><tr><td>pozafioletkowa</td><td>[beyond-violets]</td><td>ST l.20</td></tr></table>			bladobarwne	[pale-coloured]	ST l.5	bielce	[whitely]	ST l.17	pozafioletkowa	[beyond-violets]	ST l.20
	bladobarwne	[pale-coloured]	ST l.5									
	bielce	[whitely]	ST l.17									
pozafioletkowa	[beyond-violets]	ST l.20										
The ST employs six metaphors (ST l.1,8,10,11,13,16), one simile (ST l.5), and two instances of personification (ST l.2-3,25). ST lines 11-23 describe the ghosts of past monarchs who haunt the castle at sunset. These elements combine to create a whimsical tone. Stachula calls this ‘mityzacją przestrzeni’ [mythization of space] (Stachula 2014, 93).												
The ST ends with a conclusion of the meaninglessness of existence: ‘świat jest barwnym dźwiękiem, który nic nie znaczy...’ [the world is a colourful sound that means nothing] (ST l.26), which resonates with the theme of transient splendour.												
The poem has a loose AA BB rhyme scheme, and all lines are between 12-15 syllables.												

Strategy • <i>identification of translation problems</i> • <i>knowledge of genre within target context and situation of target text</i> • <i>justification of translation production of genre for target context</i> (200 words max)	My target audience is made up of English-speaking readers of the literary translation magazine JoLT, that is 18-25 university students in Ireland. My goal will be to preserve the whimsical tone and most importantly, the richness of the colour imagery, which are key features of the ST. I will prioritise content over form. To do so, I will: • prioritise the translation of the colour words: ○ I will translate every colour word, ○ with the aim to evoke the same hue, e.g.: <table border="1"><thead><tr><th colspan="3">ST</th><th colspan="2">TT</th></tr></thead><tbody><tr><td>różowe</td><td>[pink]</td><td>ST l.10</td><td>pink</td><td>TT l.10</td></tr><tr><td>z rubinu</td><td>[from ruby]</td><td>ST l.8</td><td>of almadine</td><td>TT l.8</td></tr></tbody></table> • standardise neologisms into existing words in English, by translating their components, e.g.: ○ 'poza fioletowa' (ST l.20) -> 'beyond violets' (TT l.20) • disregard the rhyme scheme to allow for greater colour accuracy, • keep the line syllable count between 8-17 syllables to allow for a more literal translation than would be possible if I were to stick to the ST line syllable count of 12-15, • reproduce the metaphors, similes, and other literary devices as far as they are a part of the literal textual content.	ST			TT		różowe	[pink]	ST l.10	pink	TT l.10	z rubinu	[from ruby]	ST l.8	of almadine	TT l.8
ST			TT													
różowe	[pink]	ST l.10	pink	TT l.10												
z rubinu	[from ruby]	ST l.8	of almadine	TT l.8												
Critical Reflection • <i>textual analysis</i> (200 words max)	Even though I translated all the colour words word-for-word, and as such there are 18 colour words in the TT, as there were in the ST, with the total word count of TT being 146 words, they only constitute 12% of the text, compared to ST's 14%. By this measure, the TT is less rich in colour imagery than the ST. This could be an unforeseen effect of the part of the strategy which extended the TT line syllable length, thus allowing for a greater number of words to be introduced into the TT than were present in the ST, thus diffusing the colour-saturation of the TT. This could impact the readers' interpretation of the TT.															

	My sample readers who did not have a Polish background failed to pick up on the more subtle allusions to the setting of the poem. E.g. they did not pick up on the fact that 'the water' (TT l.16) refers to the Vistula river, and its further connotations regarding the Polish nation-myth (Plach 2020, 438). As such, the TT functions as an artistic piece, but much of its historical and political connotations are lost. If the goal was to convey those, for the same target audience, an additional strategy could be adopted. E.g. of annotating the TT in its current form with explanatory footnotes.
Works Cited • <i>use of sources and reference material</i>	Jurecka, Monika. 2013. "Semantyka barw w twórczości lirycznej Marii Pawlikowskiej-Jasnorzewskiej." [The semantics of hues in the lyrical works of Maria Pawlikowska-Jasnorzewska]. Masters, Wydział Polonistyki, Jagiellonian University. Plach, Eva. 2020. "Here All Is Poland: A Pantheonic History of Wawel, 1787–2010. By Petro Andreas Nungovitch. Lanham, MD: Lexington Books, 2019. xxx, 315 pp. Appendix. Bibliography. Index. Tables. \$115.00, hard bound." <i>Slavic Review</i> 79 (2): 438-439. https://doi.org/10.1017/slr.2020.106. Pruska-Carroll, Małgorzata. 1981. "Poetry of Maria Pawlikowska-Jasnorzewska: Femininity and Feminism." <i>The Polish Review</i> 26 (2): 35-50. https://www.jstor.org/stable/25777820. Stachula, Paulina. 2014. "Mityzacja przestrzeni miejskiej Krakowa i Paryża w poezji Marii Pawlikowskiej-Jasnorzewskiej." [The mythization of urban space of Kraków and Paris in the poetry of Maria Pawlikowska-Jasnorzewska]. <i>Zeszyty Naukowe Towarzystwa Doktorantów Uniwersytetu Jagiellońskiego. Nauki Humanistyczne. Numer Specjalny</i>, chapter = <i>Nigdy nie było tak pięknej plejady : Skamander i skamandryci : poetyka, historia, tradycja</i> (5 (1)): 91-107, annote = Streszcz. po pol. i ang., bibliogr. http://www.doktoranci.uj.edu.pl/documents/1167150/71da3399-20f0-4b95-bacf-faeca8119c8f.

Source Text***Zachód słońca na zamku***

Wawel płonie – różowo-fiołkowo-przeźroczysty.

Szyby żegnają słońce, które w dół się toczy,

krzyczą swój zachwyt wspólny, złocisty i ślepy,

wśród mgieł słodkich jak chińskie bladobarwne krepy...

Oto święto na zamku – święto pięciu minut,

Wśród murów z ametystu i murów z rubinu.

W komnatach, gdzie zawisły różowe opary,

chodzą króle, królowe, siedzi Zygmunt Stary. –

Wychylają się widma w świat ze złotych okien,

Niedojrzane ośleptym od poblasku okiem.

-- Patrzą w barwy rozlane po niebie i wodzie

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

Jeden cień za filarem kryje się bez słowa –

To Jadwiga, królowa pozafiołkowa,

Target Text***Sunset at the Castle***

1 Wawel's aflame – pink-violet-translucent.

2 Windows farewell the sun that rolls downhill,

3

4 shouting their common delight, golden and blind,

5 amidst mists sweet like Chinese multicoloured crepes...

6

7 It's a festival in the castle – a festival of five minutes,

8 Amidst walls of amethysts and walls of almandine.

9

10 In halls where pink fumes are hanging,

11 Walk kings, queens, there sits Old Zygmunt. –

12

13 Spectres lean out the golden windows into the world,

14 Unseen by the eye blinded by the glow.

15

16 They look on the hues spilled over the sky and the water

17 and they are – whitely serene – in agreement with the rainbow whole.

18

19 One shadow mutely hides behind a pillar –

20 It's Jadwiga, the queen beyond violets,

21

omdlewając w kąpieli barw grających społem,
słucha, łodygi białe rąk wznosząc nad czołem,

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

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