# Konspekt warsztatów – Literatura nieobca

***Prowadząca: Katarzyna Byłów***

Podczas warsztatów przybliżających specyfikę przekładu literackiego z języka angielskiego na język polski chciałabym zaproponować Państwu pracę z fragmentami książek *Out of Time* brytyjskiej autorki Lynne Segal oraz *Pity the Beast* amerykańskiej powieściopisarki Robin McLean, oraz niewydanej jeszcze po polsku *Treacle Walker* Alana Garnera, ilustrującymi konkretne wyzwania, z jakimi mierzą się tłumacze literatury, a także nasi sojusznicy – osoby redagujące tekst i dokonujące jego korekty. Uczestniczki i uczestników proszę o przygotowanie wstępnej wersji przekładu wybranych przez siebie fragmentów tekstu (absolutnie nie trzeba tłumaczyć wszystkiego!), którą podczas warsztatów doszlifujemy w ramach zaimprowizowanej wydawniczej manufaktury, gdzie każdy z nas będzie mógł wcielić się po kolei w poszczególne role przypisane do kolejnych etapów pracy nad przekładem. Będziemy wymieniać się tłumaczeniami, dlatego proszę Państwa o wydrukowanie swoich przekładów, najlepiej w dwóch egzemplarzach. Podczas warsztatów proponuję skupić się na następujących zagadnieniach:

- ***przekład w przekładzie*** – czyli tłumacz-tropiciel

- ***wielogłos w przekładzie*** – gdy skaczemy po stylach, rejestrach, epokach

- ***muzyczność przekładu*** – gdy w powieści zaszyty jest wiersz lub piosenka

- ***radykalne spolszczenie i idiosynkrazje postaci*** – twórcze ryzyko w przekładzie

FRAGMENTY TEKSTÓW DO WYBORU

*- przekład w przekładzie*:

## ***Out of Time: The Pleasures and Perils of Aging,*** **Lynne Segal**

**(…)**

Despite a rather paradoxical official eagerness nowadays to present an encouraging view of 'successful' ageing, I know that there are always competing voices, seemingly coming from within and without, conflicting with any sense of satisfaction that I might have in later life. For however we may feel 'on the inside', this has little impact on the abiding fears of ageing that usually begin assaulting us from mid-life, seemingly from the outside.

Turning to my first guide into the territory of old age, no one depicted the contradictions of ageing more sharply than that intrepid feminist avatar, Simone de Beauvoir. Entering middle age, she felt she could not recover from the shock of realizing she was no longer young: 'How is it that time, which has no form nor substance, can crush me with so huge a weight that I can no longer breathe?'11 Beauvoir was, of course, the preeminent inspiration for so many of my very particular 'postwar' generation in our youth, rousing us to confront and resist the situation of women's symbolic and social marginalization in, and as, *The Second Sex*. Fifteen years after publishing that rallying call, however, Beauvoir was unable to resist the searing sorrow she felt confronting her own ageing when concluding her third autobiographical book recording her life and times, *Force of Circumstance*, first published in 1963.

Beauvoir was just fifty-five when expressing her words of anguish in that book: we learn that she loathed observing her own face in the mirror, lamented finding herself without any lover, perhaps all the more so as she watched the oversupply of beautiful, desiring women flocking around the man she claimed as her own lifetime companion, the by then physically frail and fast deteriorating Jean-Paul Sartre. Most of all, she despaired that she would never again be able, never again be allowed, to experience any new desires, or to display her yearnings publicly. 'Never again!' she laments, naming the passing of all the things now slipping away from her grasp. Listing her former joys, plans and projects, she wrote: 'It is not I who am saying goodbye to all those things I once enjoyed, it is they who are leaving me.'12

I've read that same sentiment so many times from women, sometimes expressed piteously, other times more flippantly, as in the words of the north American novelist, Alison Lurie: 'Soon after I reached sixty I was abandoned by *Vogue* magazine and all its clones … Without intending it I had permanently alienated them, simply by becoming old. From their point of view, I was now a hopeless case.'13 Beauvoir's thoughts are much heavier when she

closes her book with the cry: 'Memories grow thin, myths crack and peel, projects rot in the bud; I am here, and around me circumstances. If this silence is to last, how long it seems, my short future!'14

'Never again', Beauvoir mourned, seemingly inconsolable, in her mid fifties. Never again would she be in control of her life, able to realize or allowed to express desire, whereas once she had been 'drawn into the future by all [her] new plans'. And yet, it turned out that Beauvoir would afterwards shift many times in relation to what, if anything, she was again able to do and to say. Indeed, her 'never again' was a sentiment never again repeated in the same bleak way in any of her subsequent writing. Just under ten years later, writing *All Said and Done* (first published in 1974), we find that things were neither all said nor, even less so, all done. Beauvoir was busy taking control and making changes after all. Thus, in another assertive contradiction of her title, we find that much had shifted in her life, along with changing political contexts and new personal attachments, among other things. Indeed, now in her sixties, Beauvoir had no new man, apparently, but interestingly she had found new joy, a new love, even a new sense of unity. This time it was not simply with Sartre (she never moved very far away from her attachment to him) but with a woman, Sylvie Le Bon, who was thirty-three years her junior.

Furthermore, she was committed to new projects and even had a new political identification, with feminism. 'Today I've changed,' she said around this time, 'I've really become a feminist.'15 However, what is especially significant was that while Beauvoir herself had managed to make another turn in her life, by at least partly bonding and identifying herself with a much younger partner, she was nevertheless determined to document the plight of the old in her later writing (if no longer exactly her own plight). Beauvoir's thoughts on ageing provide one of the threads that will weave throughout this book, surveying how she explored the ways in which the old are positioned as culture's subordinated and negated other; just as twenty years earlier she had once described women as symbolically always in a secondary position to men and masculinity.

The need to tackle her own very deep fear a d horror of ageing launched Beauvoir's second major piece of theoretical research, *La Vieillesse*, published in 1970.16 She used her now familiar formula, once again contrasting the marginalized Other (the old) with the norm (the young and male). Here again, she insisted that the disparaged meanings attached to this abject or demeaned Other are not fixed in the body, but contingent upon a comprehensive cultural situation of neglect and disparagement: 'man never lives in a state of nature', she wrote. Nor women either. Moreover, despite her own dread of ageing, Beauvoir was not simply in denial, as we might say, when she set out to reclaim old age, and to speak on its behalf. Her point was that whatever our age we must also see the 'old' within ourselves, even though – frighteningly – the face of the 'old' we must be prepared to recognize ourselves in was, in her description, almost always a somewhat pitiable thing. It belonged to a creature whose situation, economically, socially and psychically, had mostly

been, and remained, deplorable. Thus, on the one hand, Beauvoir insisted: 'We must stop cheating: the whole meaning of our life is in question … let us recognize ourselves in this old man or that old woman.' 17 On the other, she loathed the ageing body, particularly her own. As we shall see, in her novels, she had portrayed the older, abandoned woman, with little sympathy.

So, Beauvoir recognized her ageing self, and yet, simultaneously, she repudiated it. She dreamed, in her case quite literally, of escaping old age: 'often in my sleep I dream that in a dream I'm fifty-four [which at the time she is], I awake and find I'm only thirty. "What a terrible nightmare I had," says the woman who thinks she's awake.' And then she finally wakes up. Sometimes, she added, 'just before I come back to reality, a giant beast settles on my breast: "It's true! It's my nightmare of being more than fifty  that's come true!" '18

Endnotes

11 Simone de Beauvoir, *Force of Circumstance*, Harmondsworth, Penguin, 1968, p. 672.
12 Ibid., p. 673.
13 Alison Lurie, 'The day I threw away fashion' *Guardian*, 15 April 2009.
14 Beauvoir, *Force of Circumstance*, p. 673.
15 Simone de Beauvoir, 'Today I've changed – I've really become a feminist', *Seven Days*, 8 March 1972, p. 3.
16 Simone de Beauvoir, *La Vieillesse*, Paris, Gallimard, 1970, first translated into English as *The Coming of Age*.
17 Simone de Beauvoir, *The Coming of Age*, trans. Patrick O'Brian, New York, Putnam, 1972, p. 5.
18 Beauvoir, *Force of Circumstance*, p. 656.

## ***Pity the Beast,*** **Robin McLean**

(…)

Dusk.

At a dip in a ridge, Maul led the little gray behind a jagged pumice tower, lava-looking or coral-seeming, maybe a shark inside it, maybe a moray eel frozen in time. This had all been water once. Now it wasn't. Not much use, in times like these, thinking of sharks swimming here, or eels whipping their serpent bodies along a ridge in the sky submerged. The lead line looped slack. Kind words. The other mules shouldn't see it. Mules could count he'd assured the skeptical.

The three mules watched, the buckskin, the tall mule, the black, all funnel-ears twisted forward to capture every sound for miles, a coyote fart, mice playing checkers, a ghost-deputy shuffling cards. These horse-people were very superior. He and the little gray dropped out of sight. The horses shifted in their saddles and bit flies that weren't there. They ate mule that night and the next cubed for stew. All but Dan. He looked on in disgust as they filled their bellies.
"*Now is the winter of our discombobulation*," Maul said, flinging a rib.
They left before dawn.
(…)

"Here's the question," Bowman said. "Which is worse: To drown or to die by bear?" Saul blew his nose between his fingers and flung the snot.
"To drown is worse," Dan said. "Get it over with."
"A bear can take time killing you," Saul said, his first words in hours. "A bear can toy with you." He reminded the Five of several famous local bear catastrophes.
"Someone should just shoot the poor man," Ella said. "Put him out of his misery."
"Yes," Dan said. "Before something worse happens."
"One person's misery is another person's pleasure," Saul said.
A bank of fog rolled up the cliff. When it arrived and they rode through it, they felt and heard it like a wave.
"You're some kind of magician," Dan said, his voice aimed at Bowman.
"I operate at the outer boundaries of human nature," Bowman said. "I study it."
Dan became more natural in riding the chair. The wind swirled and whipped his blindfold. He asked for water and Saul rode close and tipped up a canteen, said the cob's death had really done something terrible inside him. Dan nodded and gulped. Water ran down his thickening beard. They finished the story together. The current changed. Rapids arrived just in time. The bear was too slow deciding. Or a man in a chair is too much trouble for a bear. Or the ropes frayed and the man was freed and swam to the opposite shore. Or, no, a sudden wave and the Boots came loose and as the man rolled up for oxygen the bear chased his lost footwear along the shore. Any which way, the man was saved. Maul helped Dan down from the yellow horse at a lightning-dotted dusk. He unwrapped the tape. "He's learned his lesson."
Dan cooked the last noodles with the last pepper. He wore an apron that Bowman flung at him that he said he'd found at the cabin on a line between trees. Bowman wouldn't eat from the communal pot. Dan sat in the blue chair cooking. The apron had once been white. The ruffles hung off the hem in places. Ella searched for her sewing kit with no success. Saul searched down the trail they'd just arrived on for tracks made by the Thief, the Villain, the Terrorist.
"She's just a woman," Bowman said. "Don't mythologize her. It only makes her stronger."
Bowman brought Ella the spoon when he was done eating. She dropped the spoon. Dan washed the spoon. Bowman: It was hard to forget the man. He was potent. He cast a pall

on everything. He came over with a bottle of champagne and the machete. He chopped the top off in one swing. White foam plumed in a cold and sweet fountain.
"Times I feel like dancin'," he said.
They all looked up in amazement at the tall skinny spider waltzing around the fire with Dan in the apron. Levity Returns!
"*Winter of our disingenuation*," Maul said, flinging a bit of fur. "*The winter of our distress. The winter of our winter. The winter of our disgust and disrepute*."
Bowman puked, ate nothing. They left before dawn.

*- wielogłosowość w przekładzie*

## ***Pity the Beast,*** **Robin McLean**

(…)
Mule Thought #6 (the buckskin jenny tells a story): Pestilence. Seas part and close in on the evil ones, and we and the sea drown them all.

Mule Thought #7 (the red jenny tells a story): No Title. The steer kicked her once and she turned the other cheek. The steer wondered if this was masochism. *No*, mulled the red jenny. *Only extremity allows the villain to see his villainy.*

Mule Thought #8 (the buckskin jenny tells a story): Four Mules. The Foal sets them free, one white mule, one red mule, one black mule, one buckskin mule.

Mule Thought #9 (the red jenny tells a story): Love. Water sloshed to their bellies, and they turned their faces to the current, pressing the last of the footing. It had been a small island in a river rising fast at midday. *I've seen worse*, she mulled, before plunging in, the young steer wondering but following, body quaking, his lips dripping green and red from grass and blood.

(——)
Saddle up, kiddies, for Episode 5, "Salvation," of *The Long Trail of the Spy!* (That trail is getting so long, in fact, as to be eternal/infinite.) (Ask your parents if you'd like to learn more about infinity.) Based on a true story! The Spy doesn't fall for her nasty trick with the 30-30. No sirree! He doesn't fire at the first fat ram he sees, doesn't bleed out in a pond. Not at all. Rather, as he waits and watches for forty days and forty nights from perches of all kinds, parapets on ubiquitous jagged pumice towers, from under shelves teetering on shelves of snow, in caves a bear has dug—he feels, to his surprise, a spy is spying on him. This Other Spy (that is not the right name yet) is the better spy, compared to himself, with bell-shaped ears for funneling sound. The Superior Spy (still not right, but closer) has eyes superior by magnitudes, both in size (like baskets) and magnification (like electron

microscopes) and this Superior Being (yes, that's good) positions himself only on very high peaks. But still this Second Spy's (hold on) superiority is at least within the scale of the Original Spy's understanding. Other Spies aren't. The Spy on the Very High Peak (ah, that's it) is now seated in a tree on a snowy jagged mountain summit (there are so many). When tired of the tree, this spy spreads his wings and drops down to a new and different jagged summit.

He stands there for a while, boots wide apart, and surveys the terrain with a spyglass the size of a ship's cannon. He hops ten miles. He watches Our Hero, the Humble Human Spy, with vague curiosity. There are so many other objects to inspect. He can see a thousand miles in all directions. A squirrel rolling a nut at the rim of an enormous nameless canyon to the south. An otter floating at a dock in a great lake eastward by a great city with stone lions blocking its gates to strangers. The moorings are rotten and mostly unmoored. Not that the otter cares about moorings. The otter turns in the water under the dock, dipping toward something deep in its shadow. What is it? Look!

It's a backpack. Torn and waving, empty. An apple floats by, green perfect tumbling fruit, rolling with the current over the line of a stout horse dead on the bottom. It lies broken open, a sunken ship full of water, pony-type, gray, maybe brown, switching, as the apple rolls off the rump, drops to the foal in a pit below. It is nestled with a gang of sleeping chickens and a sleeping man in an eye patch. He holds a broken teapot. The Spy on the Very High Peak looks too, sees the thing, is amazed.

Meanwhile, back on a very high cloud, the Spy on a Very High Cloud is spying on the Spy on the Very High Peak, and the Spy on the Moon is spying on the Spy on the Very High Cloud, noctilucent pink, altostratus gray, nimbostratus violent-blue-violet, stretched.
Then the helicopter came.

(——)

The sun was harsh on the eyes in the old days, before modern optometry. Once the Old Swede found a blue bottle and considered making a pair of glasses from it. Some Indian had already made the trail, after all, which left him time for leisure. And it was a good trail! But the bottle came from somewhere else. Outside of history. What was *outside* of it? When would that have been? The world was big, he knew, but nothing compared with the size of Time, that long horizon before Adam and Eve. The bottle was clear deep indigo, not milky at all. A name was scratched on the bottom, a sorry attempt at ownership, at victory over death. The Old Swede smashed the bottle on a very old cairn. *Elizabeth? Margaret?* He tried to recall his old love's name. He gathered in the blue shards. He was clever. He made the world fit his needs. But no, he chucked the shards. He was tired of dreams. He hoisted the shovel. Clucked at his mule. Whistled at the dog, who wagged, spun. They turned uphill into the sun.

He hummed a Swedish tune, *Ma Ma Ma*, to translate a sudden bolt of feeling. He had to. The best moment of his life had come upon him. Suddenly it was there. *Eureka!* Or not really eureka. He sang out to his companions in a hybrid tongue, a translation of a translation. *Trudging on, hither and yon, alas now, whoa! giddyap, Nelly!* Where were the words that would fit the feeling? Sure of failure, he kept trying anyhow, trying to tell the passing miracle as it passed, this space-time convergence here, this blue-green mountain here, this man-mule-dog alive and moving here, through this *exact* now here, this *exact* stride of trail, *here, here, here.*

(——)

*- muzyczność przekładu* – gdy w powieści zaszyty jest wiersz lub piosenka

## ***Pity the Beast,*** **Robin McLean**

(…)

The questions are always the same with Damsels. She'd taken a canteen three-quarters full. He could live without it. She'd taken a pencil and a plastic bag with chocolate crushed at the bottom, ate it at the back zipper while he sang:

*And I hope that it won't be heaven, with some*
*of the parsons I've met—*
*All I want is quiet, just to rest and forget.*

She knew it, of course. "The Song of the Wage Slave." The riders crossed the creek. They knew the poem too.

*Look at my face, toil-furrowed; look at my*
*callused hands*
*Master, I've done Thy bidding, wrought in Thy*
*many lands—*

The voice was familiar. A voice buying plums. A voice in the line at the fair with some girl, the bumper cars, an unromantic ride. She couldn't summon the face. Faces were fading. She'd taken a lighter. Some books even, *The Spell of the Yukon*, fine old binding, then a little thing called *Disgrace*, though on second thought she cursed her own silliness for flirting with

nonessentials, and anyway, why lug around what you already have by heart? Took a bit of string off a loop in the tent, a delicate operation of unknotting the knot, a slow ballet of fingers. She'd lain on her side and worked the knot. String becomes important. Rope is just thick string. She felt his body just inside the tent wall and marveled he didn't feel her too. Most of his food was in the tent, a violation of the cardinal rule: *Find a tree. Hang the food.* She'd smelled it from the back zip. She'd taken his fuel bottle, empty. She'd taken a beer cap.

"Who's there?" said the Damsel.

Ginny waited in cat pose. Coyotes, a gang of them, yipped on the far ridge. The cob was safe in the weeds by the lake at the top of the Switchbacks, half a day's ride to the cabin, no more, but hitting the tent was a better idea. The tent could have saved the day if only the Damsel could've provided matches. She'd skip the cabin, ride north. (*Spare a few? Much obliged. Surely. Glad to help a neighbor.*) An owl. She'd stolen mints. Set one on her tongue as the riders tied their horses at the creek.

*Wrought for the little masters, big-bellied they*
*be, and rich;*
*I've done their desire for a daily hire, and I die*
*like a dog in a ditch—*

A breeze carried the lines far, and the next.

*I have used the strength Thou hast given, Thou*
*knowest I did not shirk—*
*Threescore years of labor—Thine be the long*
*day's work—*

A ridge is just a string for the wind to sing on and the crackers had been perfect squares, wheaty, salty, the sausage sliced in paper wrapper, just sitting under his front fly, waiting for
bugs or thieves. Ginny crawled for an hour—hours maybe— under the tie-outs to reach them. A lizard. A Snake. She was rising through the phylum to Horse. The man had stopped singing by the time she reached her target. He'd come out into the dark to piss. "Who's there?" And he pissed far off from the tent to let her break away with the items she'd gathered, also a pair of rough rubber gloves scooped up last. There was a rip in one palm. She would forget them on the ridge later, along with his small leather journal with a snap and his pencil.

*And now, Big Master, I'm broken and bent and*
*twisted and scarred,*
*But I've held my job, and Thou knowest, and*

*Thou will not judge me hard—*

Even from this distance, at night, and while injured in the head, a sniper like her could see the horses. The shape of them. The stout sorrel. The shapely bay. Dan the Coward had not come. The chestnut was spared. When they came on foot across the meadow with their rifles, the sniper did not call down to the tent. Their boots were slow and careful, but occasionally kicked stones in error and the sound skittered up into the umbrella's spokes, clear as a bell to the sniper, the spy. Still, the Damsel in the tent was not alerted. Darwin wrote books on the phenomenon. Animals die on highway centerlines. Who mourns them? Why cross the road at all? Fools snore through air-raid sirens, squadrons buzzing. Books and books on the subject. Such things are not tragedies. It was his fault too. This sleeper. Nearing the tent, one rider stopped and checked his rifle. The sniper rolled the rock on her leg. The sniper set the rock down and checked the 30-30, set the sight to her puffy eye and then down again. It was hard to know intent. In minutes they will kill this man, or steal his horses, or both, or neither. Maybe ask to borrow a cup of sugar. *Hey you* to the tent would be the neighborly thing. The stone in her hand had no fuse. Just normal granite. Why live on as helpless babies?

The riders were two tall beetles walking under hats, though color is nothing at night, a trick, the cones on the retina inventing color for differentiation only, another ploy, Dan had told her. One of his facts: *there is no such thing as color. 'Course there is. No sound when a tree falls either. Sound is a wave. That makes no sense.* What was logic? Were these real men walking with rifles? Or waves? Projections of men? Dan's theory didn't hold. *Shut up*, she'd told him. *I can't think like that.* Why not then contribute your atoms to a more worthy being? An ant. A slug. With no moon their stealth raid would be stealthy indeed, a bona fide surprise attack, save for the sniper.

*Thou knowest my sins are many, and often I've*
*played the fool—*
*Whiskey and cards and women, they made me*
*the devil's tool—*

A sniper changes it. They had not *believed in*, had not *planned for* spies with old borrowed saddle rifles on ridges, not even the possibility, and therefore had no Plan B. An umbrella on a ridge at night looks in profile exactly like a rock on a ridge at night. Sage swaddles the umbrella's edges, blends it. A whiff of whiskey too, a flask inside his jacket in the tent. Are they all Damsels? Is that why we save them?

The riders wove closer through sage, stepping quiet slow toward the man's small fire, just embers now. The Damsel should have doused it. The sniper rubbed her purple cheek. Poor, poor thing. The riders made signals, go left, go right.

*I was just like a child with money; I flung it*
*away with a curse,*
*Feasting a fawning parasite,*
*or glutting a harlot's purse;*
*Then back to the woods repentant, back to the*
*mill or the mine,*
*I, the worker of workers, everything in my line—*

Allergies. The man in the tent sneezed. He didn't finish the song, and Lo! the riders had now spied the spy. Not pointing, just looking for a very long time. A cough in the tent.

## ***Out of Time,*** **Lynne Segal**

(…)
*Saving the Moment*
I have frequently expressed suspicion of claims that old people are no longer at the mercy of desire, especially sexual desire. It is a claim made far more often about, and indeed by, older women. However, the fact that it also reflects the drastic curtailing of choice open to older women, above all in forming new heterosexual relationships, accompanied by a clear cultural disdain for their physicality, suggested to me the likelihood of many women's self-protective renunciation of sexual desire in old age. Here, among other sources, I have dared to draw upon the evidence of my own experience, as in my late sixties I find that desire for the admiring attention and tender touch of another has shown little sign of abating. I also still often mourn the physical presence of the last person I loved and lost. Such thoughts come to me, especially, when I retire at night or wake in the morning. Indeed, I can tell when some new person fascinates me in the present, for then such thoughts disappear, and are replaced by others. I have been lucky enough to love and be loved anew in my sixties, in a relationship that continues to this day, although we live apart. As a few other women have found in old age, they have not only been able to love again, but to love differently, experiencing, as I have, new sources of erotic pleasure and satisfaction. A poem by the Black American writer, Alice Walker, now in her late sixties, posted in her blog in 2011, asks the question 'What Do I Get for Getting Old? A Picture Story for the Curious! (You supply the pictures!)'. These are some of her thoughts:

I get to meditate
In a chair!
Or against the wall
with my legs
stretched out
…I

get to spend time with myself
whenever I want!
…I
get to snuggle all
morning
with my snuggler
of choice:
counting the hours
by how many times
we get up
to pee!
I get to spend time with myself
whenever I want!
…I
get to see
& feel
the suffering
of the whole
world
& to take
a nap
when I feel
like it
anyway!
I get to spend time with myself
whenever I want!
I get to feel
more love
than I ever thought
existed!
…I
feel this
especially for You! Though I may not remember
exactly which You
you are!
How cool is this!
Still, I get to spend time with myself
whenever I want!
And that is just a taste
As the old people used to say
down in Georgia

when I was a child
of what you get
for getting old.85

Interestingly, Walker's poems today could hardly be in sharper contrast with the sense of rage, anger, disappointment and betrayal that she once described as the experiences of so many young black women in her early writing. Back then, she wrote of women who were often caught up in the civil rights movement, as Walker herself was in the 1960s, and who
suffered not just from the poisons of American racism, but from the intense sexism of the very men they tried hardest to love. Suicidal despair pervades this early writing. In the short story 'Her Sweet Jerome', the woman protagonist can never please the schoolteacher she married. As the husband reads his books, excludes her from his meetings, and beats her, she decides to destroy the thing that enslaves her by burning herself to death: 'she screamed against the roaring fire, backing enraged and trembling into a darkened corner of the room, not near the open door'.86

Endnotes
85 Alice Walker, 'What Do I Get For Getting Old? A Picture Story for the Curious!' available at www.alicewalkersgarden.com. This poem was sent to me by one of my students,
Marai Larasi.
86 Alice Walker, 'Her Sweet Jerome', *In Love and Trouble: Stories of Black Women*, New York, Harcourt, 1973, p. 34.

- *radykalne spolszczenie i idiosynkrazje postaci*

## ***Treacle Walker*, Alan Garner**

(…)
Both Joes yelled. Treacle Walker moved from the sill and put himself between them.
'Stand apart.'
He gripped one in each hand by the neck, his arms wide, and hefted them into the chimney. From the alders a cuckoo called, over and over.
Cuckoo. Cuckoo. Cuckoo. Cuckoo. Cuckoo. Cuckoo. Cuckoo.
He sat the two of them across from each other with the fi re basket between.
'Do not touch. Do not speak. Do not look in the eyes.'
He took the bone from his bag, and he played.

It was a tune with wings, trampling things, tightened strings, boggarts and bogles and brags on their feet; the man in the oak, sickness and fever, that set in long, lasting sleep the whole great world with the sweetness of sound the bone did play.
'What the heck was all that about?' said Joe. He swung his feet round on the settle, put his head in his hands.

(…)

'What's up with my eyes?'
'You have the glamourie,' said the man. 'In just the one. And that's no bad thing, if you have the knowing. She'll be the governor while you learn the hang of it, and when you've got that you'll be fine as filliloo. But you need the both of them. What sees is seen.'
The man stood. Water and leaves dripped from him.
'Shut the glamourie and turn about. And when you've looked, open her again.'
Joe twisted his head round and closed his good eye. He saw the green of Big Meadow between the trees, and above it the house. Th e copse was small, and the bank near. He opened the good eye. The bog was everywhere.
'And that's the way to do it,' said the man.
Joe kept his good eye shut, and worked himself upright. He left the alder stool and trod across to the bank and over into Big Meadow. He opened his eye and looked back. Th e man was standing behind him.
'Use the two glims together,' he said, 'till we get you home. And after, don't wear your clout. For though at the first you'll be in a flustication with it all, you'll be needing the both. I've tellt you. What sees is seen.'
'Come with us,' said Joe. 'I don't feel right.'
'I'll not,' said the man. 'I must have me bog and me trees, else I'll be drying out, and that won't do. The sweet smiling of a step will hold you safe. But we can sit here on the bank till you're fi t to go; and you can tell me why you were clanjandering in me bog at all.'
'I wanted to see the cuckoo.'
'Why heed cuckoo?'
'I want to see it,' said Joe. 'It comes every year. But I've never seen. Only heard.'
'Well, well.'
'What's that mean?'
'Well, well.'
'Anyroad, I collect birds' eggs. I've got ever so many; all sorts.'
'How?' said the man. 'An egg got is an egg gone.'
'I'm not with you.'
'Why, it's eaten.'
'You don't eat them,' said Joe. 'You make a hole at either end with your knife and blow them. Then you put the shells in the case.'
'For what?' said the man.

‘So you can see at them.’
‘Why?’
‘To learn you. About birds.’
‘They do? And how are you to get cuckoo’s egg?’
‘You listen. Th en when you hear it you follow it and pop it with your catapult and get the egg. But only one. You leave the rest.’
‘For cuckoo?’
‘Yes. If you took them all it wouldn’t be fair.’
‘Oh, you’re the very know-all of cuckoo!’ said the man. ‘You have the book of him!’
‘What’s so funny?’ said Joe.
‘I’m laughing for the joy of meeting such a highlearnt cuckoo young-feller-me-lad as yourself.’
(…)

Joe and the man went into the chimney and sat on the oak sill of the base, facing each other across cold ashes. Joe put the pot and the stone next to him on the sill. Th e man took his bag from his shoulder and set it on the floor.
‘Why the patch, buccaneer?’ said the man.
‘I’ve got Lazy Eye,’ said Joe. ‘I must wear the patch over the good one so the other will catch up. But it’s not doing owt. It gives me headaches. And I can’t see proper.’
‘“What the eye doesn’t see,”’ said the man, “‘the heart doesn’t grieve for.” Or does it?’
‘It’s a flipping nuisance,’ said Joe. ‘Eh, but my name … And Real Writing.’
‘Patience, my amblyopic friend. Patience.’
‘Oh ha ha ha. Hee hee hee. Elephant’s eggs in a rhubarb tree.’
The man sat and did not speak. Everything about him was poor. His shoes were hard leather and too big and were fastened with a strap, and there were open splits across the tops, as if they had been slashed. He wore no socks.
Joe shifted to the side, and back. ‘Your face,’ he said. ‘One road, it’s old. Th e other, it’s not. Straight, it’s all sorts. Same as them knacky postcards change when you look. It’s this blooming eye.’
‘Wellaway.’ The man gazed into the tapering stack above.
‘Who are you?’ said Joe.
‘Who? What?’ said the man. ‘Is there a difference?’
‘Can you not talk sense? What’s your name?’
Outside, the iron ring handle of the door banged on the wood three slow times, sounding through the house.
Joe went to the small window by the door and looked. He saw no one. Only the pony under the tree; and the bleach of heat.
‘There’s nobody there,’ he said.

'Then no body wishes to come in,' said the man.
Bang. Bang. Bang.
(…)