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H.P. Lovecraft's style in translation

A case study of selected stories and their Polish versions

Styl H.P. Lovecrafta w tłumaczeniu
Studium wybranych utworów i ich polskich przekładów

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Introduction

Literary translation takes the work of those involved in it to the next level, as its subject is not solely text, but a text whose function is to evoke a certain emotional response. One of such responses is anxiety, uncertainty, eventually leading to fear. Between every two languages there is content that may be found challenging by translators.

This is due to syntactic differences, lexical schemas and the general structure of a language. It seems that translating what is unspeakable, monstrous and terrifying is an even greater difficulty. Fear is an emotion shared across cultures, regardless of the language they use. H.P. Lovecraft is an author whose stories aim to induce fear.

In order to do it, Lovecraft taps into the sense of anxiety, tell stories of the unknown and inexplicable. Although fear itself is universal, elements that cause it are rather culture- and language-specific which implies that translation of horror and gothic stories may require additional skill and attention from the translators.

The objective of this thesis is to present the style of H.P. Lovecraft's prose and analyse its Polish versions in terms of accuracy of translation.

The first chapter contains the theoretical basis, including the definitions of style, stylistics, features of style and style markers as well as a presentation of different approaches to stylistic analysis.

The second chapter presents H.P. Lovecraft as an author and enumerates the most prominent features of his style as well as its markers.

The third chapter presents the results of both the initial qualitative analysis and the quantitative analysis of selected fragments. A total of 11 stories, at least one by every Polish contemporary translator of Lovecraft, were selected for qualitative analysis, fragments from six stories, one for each translator were selected for the quantitative analysis. These fragments are included as Appendixes to this thesis (labelled A to E, with the names of respective translators).

The results of the analysis are hypothesised to present the level of accuracy in the Polish translations of H.P. Lovecraft's prose.

Chapter One

The theory of style

1.1 The definition of style

It is essential to define style as such before any attempt to define a style of any particular author. Leech and Short in their *Style in Fiction* (1987:10), while forming an initial definition, claim that “[style] refers to the way in which language is used in a given context, by a given person, for a given purpose”. It is, however, imperative to extend this definition beyond the above basics. The Saussurian ideas of *langue* and *parole* are used to present the definition of style in more detail, as according to Leech and Short the style belongs to the *parole* category, as it illustrates an individual use of language, particular to the user themselves (10-11), be it in writing, speech or other forms of communication.

Style is further defined as “an individual combination of linguistic habits” (12). This definition is still quite general, as it is explained that the style of one author can vary significantly, for example when writing in different genres or other purposes (12). Further refinement of the definition of style is done by narrowing it to the “linguistic characteristics of a particular text” (12) which is deemed to be neutral and yet defining by the authors.

Once the definition of style is coherent and detailed enough, the next step in defining a style of a particular author, is through the study of it, thus providing the definition of stylistics (13). When analysing any text, it is important to remember that both its form and content need to be analysed simultaneously. Leech and Short illustrate this by referring to the image of the “philological circle” used by Spitzer, where the “linguistic description” and the “literary appreciation” interchange in the process of stylistic analysis (13-14). The views on how a stylistic analysis should be founded and conducted tend not to be homogeneous.

1.2 Features of style and style markers

The authors of *Style in Fiction* define a feature of style as “the occurrence in a text of a linguistic or stylistic category” (Leech and Short, 1987:64). Within every text there is a large number of such features and it is imperative to focus on the most prominent and important ones. The “particular features of style which call for more careful investigation” (69) are called style markers. It is those style markers that this thesis seeks to define and extract from the style of H.P. Lovecraft, in order to analyse the Polish translations of his works in terms of accuracy. It is doubted whether an exhaustive and at the same time complete, quantitative analysis of a text is possible (44), hence only some of the features of Lovecraft's style will be subject to it.

1.3 Approaches to stylistic analysis

Leech and Short provide the basic distinction between the dualist approach, which assumes a strong division between the form and the content and the monist approach, where the above are inherently intermingled (1987:15). Supporters of the dualist approach argue that texts may be rephrased at a neutral level and still convey the same meaning, while displaying a normalised, repetitive structure which contains the simplest sentences possible. In this approach, style is seen as “a manner of expression” (19-22). As the monist approach, according to the authors of *Style in Fiction*, is the most suitable for poetry (25), it is unsuitable as a basis of this thesis.

Another stylistic approach described by Leech and Short is pluralism. In this approach “language performs a number of different functions, and any piece of language is likely to be the result of choices made on different functional levels” (30). The objective of this thesis is to analyse the style of H.P. Lovecraft both in the original and the Polish translation, particularly the emotional responses they evoke. It seems accurate to adopt the pluralist approach to stylistic analysis since the language of Lovecraft’s prose serves to convey fear, doing so by means of both form and content. In this case, the analysis will focus on the function of the text, thus justifying the choice of the pluralist approach.

1.4 The proposed modes of analysis

The selected stories by H.P. Lovecraft and their respective translations are subject to analysis comprising of two parts. The initial, qualitative analysis seeks to give examples of accuracies or inaccuracies in the translation of Lovecraft's style in prose, in terms of vocabulary, sentence structure and the degree of translation-motivated alterations. The second part of the analysis aims to verify the accuracy of translation in terms of quantity, namely of sentence length and the frequency of emotion-evoking and mood-related vocabulary on the example of adjectives, nouns and adverbs.

It is hypothesised that the contemporary Polish translations of H.P. Lovecraft's prose are not quite accurate in their rendition of the author's style. Some of the features which remain ambiguous are the aforementioned mood-related vocabulary and sentence structure and other relevant features of H.P. Lovecraft's style, discussed in the next chapter.

Chapter Two

H.P. Lovecraft and the style of his prose

2.1 H. P Lovecraft and his influences

H. P. Lovecraft is one of the renowned authors and critics of horror fiction. In his essay on the aforementioned genres titled *Supernatural Horror in Literature* he stated that “[t]he oldest and strongest emotion of mankind is fear, and the oldest and strongest kind of fear is fear of the unknown” (Lovecraft, <http://www.hplovecraft.com/>), which implies that he was an author conscious of the workings of the human psyche.

Born to a gentry family in August of 1890, Lovecraft lost his father early and was raised in Providence, Rhode Island, under the influence of his overprotective mother and the grandfather, who influenced the author by introducing him to a wide range of literature, including classical Greek and Roman works. Lovecraft grew to be an outsider, though a very educated one. His interests, apart from humanities included astronomy, chemistry, evolutionary biology, and physics. According to Joshi (1999:16-17), Lovecraft published scientific several articles in the fields of chemistry and astronomy. These were the foundations of his fascination with the universe and all things cosmic. As an atheist, he followed the philosophy of materialism, combining the views of classics such as Epicure or Democritus with modern thinkers like Nietzsche or Haeckel, shaping him as a determinist. He disregarded the notion of free will, attributing all events to the inner causality of the universe and Destiny. It resulted in Lovecraft treating his literary work merely as art, performed mainly for pleasure and not for profit. (Joshi, 1980: 171-174). As he says, in the essay concerning his own work titled *Notes on Writing Weird Fiction*:

My reason for writing stories is to give myself the satisfaction of visualising more clearly and detailedly and stably the vague, elusive, fragmentary impressions of wonder, beauty, and adventurous expectancy which are conveyed to me by certain sights (scenic, architectural, atmospheric, etc.), ideas, occurrences, and images encountered in art and literature. I choose weird stories because they suit my inclination best—one of my strongest and most persistent wishes being to achieve, momentarily, the illusion of some strange suspension or violation of the galling limitations of time, space, and natural law which for ever imprison us and frustrate our curiosity about the infinite cosmic spaces beyond the radius of our sight and analysis. (Lovecraft, <http://www.hplovecraft.com>)

Lovecraft's materialist view of the world made him into a writer deeply rooted in what is real. His scientific knowledge and attention to detail thus allowed him to create situations, set in the real world, where unnatural and disturbing situations take place. The strong sense of reality, contrasted with the sudden instance of alien creatures or phenomena is the foundation of his prose. On the other hand, Lovecraft based some of his texts on his dreams. These visions were usually transformed into prose poems, as in the case of "Nyarlathothep" or "What the Moon Brings". The world they present is far from real, governed by the laws of fluid dream logic, fantastic in setting and the course of events.

Lovecraft's views influenced the manner in which he created his characters. Most of the men who are first person narrators, witnessing horror and relating it, are well-educated antiquarians, possessing vast knowledge of their subject. They are frequently equipped with very rational minds and disbelieve what they see until they are confronted with the evidence supporting the existence of the unnatural in their world. Lovecraft's fiction can be divided. The first type are his horror stories, which contribute to the "Cthulhu mythos", an artificial mythology of Elder Gods out of this world, created and organised by one of Lovecraft's friends' and collaborators – August Derleth. The second is the "Dream cycle" which comprises of oneiric visions, often recorded from dreams, poetic and frightening at the same time. The same division can be made in terms of characters, as the characters prominent in the "Dream Cycle" include Lovecraft's alter ego – Randolph Carter, who first appeared under this name and function as the author's character in his own setting, in "The Statement of Randolph Carter" in 1919. The "dreamer" type of character is usually a sensitive, fragile youth, influenced by images and voices from the worlds or creatures beyond comprehension. An example of such character can be seen in the persona of the young painter from "The Call of Cthulhu".

The same division applies to Lovecraft's main literary influences. One of his masters was undoubtedly Edgar Allan Poe, whom he discovered at the early age of 8 (Joshi, 1999:16). Lovecraft admits attempts to copy Poe's style, more or less consciously, for example in "The Outsider" written in 1921 (86). The inspiration for the stories of the "Dream cycle" was Lord Dunsany, an Anglo-Irish fantasy writer.

According to Punter (1996:38), Lovecraft was criticised by Colin Wilson as being a simply untalented author. Wilson deemed Lovecraft's work as exaggerated and unacceptable as a form of art. Another critic, Edmund Wilson admitted that some of Lovecraft's works were indeed influenced by Poe, and Punter remarks that Lovecraft “saw terror in a very different way from Poe. Where Poe refers fear back to the 'life within'; Lovecraft is utterly devoid of psychological interest; his terrors are entirely those of the unintelligible outside” (38).

As a member of New England gentry, Lovecraft was very persistent in his sentiments for the local landscapes. Many of his works praise the space of New England, its towns, filled with relics of colonial architecture and rural, mysterious areas alike. Lovecraft's social origin may be seen as the source of his scepticism if not utter fear of members of non-white races, often expressed in the course of his stories.

2.2 The style of H.P. Lovecraft

The basic definition of Lovecraft's style is provided by S.T. Joshi, the critic, scholar and recent biographer of Lovecraft, in his *A Subtler Magick* as “lush, florid, richly textured prose [which] adheres to a long-standing tradition of what in classical rhetoric, is termed the “Asianic” style, in contrast to the reserved, restrained, understated manner known as the “Attic” style” (1999: 250). Joshi then remarks that Lovecraft combines two basic ingredients of “*scientific precision*” and “*lush prose-poetry*” (251, italics original) in order to achieve a certain effect, regardless of the evaluation of the style itself. In the following quote, Joshi praises Lovecraft's narration:

Few writers in all literature had a better sense of narrative *pacing* than Lovecraft. In all his great tales the narrative flow proceeds inexorably from the first word to the last, with rarely a false note and with a constantly accumulating sense of awe, wonder and terror. It is only toward the latter parts of a tale that Lovecraft unleashes what has derisively been termed his “adjectivitis” (Joshi, 1999:251)

What follows is a direct quote from Lovecraft's “Notes on Writing Weird Fiction” which Joshi sees as a justification of the “adjectivitis”.

Inconceivable events and conditions have a special handicap to overcome, and this can be accomplished only through the maintenance of a careful realism in every phase of the story *except* that touching on the one given marvel. This marvel must be treated very impressively and deliberately—with a careful emotional “build-up”—else it will seem flat and unconvincing. (Lovecraft, <http://www.hplovecraft.com>)

It may seem that the frequent use of adjectives in the climax of a story serves to, literally, overwhelm the readers with sheer intensity of the experience they share either with the narrator or with the characters. Thus, a conclusion could be drawn that the frequent use of adjectives, particularly at the end of a text is one of Lovecraft's style markers.

Further, Joshi argues that Lovecraft's style is not archaic, but rather dense and compressed. What is more, the author deems the readers as capable and prepared to show “wide knowledge in the realms of biology, chemistry, geology, astronomy, art, architecture, literature, mythology, and other disciplines” (Joshi, 1999:252) and those lacking such information are unable to understand the meaning which is conveyed as well as to imagine the scenes illustrated by scientific, detailed vocabulary.

In all his overwhelming descriptions, Lovecraft tends to use rather vague adjectives. Words like *indescribable*, *unknown* or *hideous* are offered to the reader with a gap which may only be filled by one's imagination and projection of things terrifying to the person. Lovecraft was aware that all readers are equally affected by horror fiction. Those who are moved by it, all would be naturally able to fill the gap presented by the adjectives.

The first person narration, so often seen in Lovecraft's prose, constitutes a significant part of his style. The reader can almost identify with the narrator, in order to take a more direct part in all of the events. This is emphasised by Lovecraft's intentional opposition between the local populace and the narrator – an outsider, not native to the parts, well-educated and ignorant of local superstitions, comes to a feared, supposedly cursed place, armed with his rational mind and knowledge, only to discover monstrosities.

Another of the most prominent features of Lovecraft's style is the use of words relating to various senses. It is not only the sights, but often, voices possessing terrifying qualities that prove fearsome and haunt the protagonists. The sense of smell is also very important, Lovecraft's emphasis of *stench* or the attribute *stinking* frequently accompany the locations of horrifying events, amplifying the effects of the sights and sounds. These

are not the only senses Lovecraft employs – there is the sense of touch which also acts as a fear stimulator. Surfaces are often slimy, slippery to the touch, very unsteady to walk on, and by consequence, dangerous or even deadly to the protagonist.

It is important to mention the stylistic features of Lovecraft's "Dream cycle" stories. Some of them being prose-poems, they contain a number of visible style markers of which perhaps the alliterations are the most visible. As illustrated, for example in "What the Moon Brings", Lovecraft combines meanings to create almost song-like qualities to his text in "silent and sparkling, bright and baleful" or "saw gleaming, the spires, the towers and the roofs of that dead, dripping city" (Lovecraft, <http://www.hplovecraft.com>). Alliterations often extend above two words containing the same sound, as seen, for example in "Nyarlathothep" where "swarthy, slender, sinister" is noted in a description. The alliterations often gain an onomatopoeic dimension, as exemplified by the phrase "gnaw and glut upon" from "What the Moon Brings".

Another style marker is the intentional repetition of the phrase or its part, as noted, for example in "The Dream-Quest of Unknown Kadath", in the fragment "[s]tars swelled to dawns, and dawns burst into fountains of gold, carmine, and purple" (Lovecraft, <http://www.hplovecraft.com>). Repetitions at times communicate the quantity or even excess of something, which points to the idea of excess itself as alarming and threatening. The fragment from "The Colour out of Space" exemplifies the above claim: "The trees grew too thickly, and their trunks were too big for any healthy New England wood. There was too much silence in the dim alleys between them, and the floor was too soft with the dank moss and matings of infinite years of decay" (Lovecraft, <http://www.hplovecraft.com>).

Finally, in terms of syntax, one of Lovecraft's style markers is his frequent use of inversion in the sentences. Adjectives are often fronted in relation to the following clauses, verbs assume non-standard positions in the sentence. Again, the first sentence from "The Colour out of Space" seems to be an adequate example of Lovecraftian syntax: "West of Arkham the hills rise wild, and there are valleys with deep woods that no axe has ever cut" (Lovecraft, <http://www.hplovecraft.com>).

All of the above features and style markers are to be tested both in qualitative and quantitative analysis of Polish translations compared with the original texts, in the course of the following chapter.

Chapter Three

The analysis of selected texts

3.1 The initial qualitative analysis

A total of 11 stories have been chosen from the prose of H.P. Lovecraft to serve as primary texts for stylistic analysis. As there are six contemporary translators of Lovecraft, at least one story per each translator is present, in order to assess the extent to which the style of the author was either preserved or modified in the translation. The titles of the original stories are provided in English and the Polish versions of the titles are given where necessary in analysis. Thus, it is assumed that, for example “The Outsider” by Robert P. Lipski means the translation of “The Outsider” and does not attribute authorship to the translator.

The texts are grouped according to translators, as follows: “The Outsider”, “The Statement of Randolph Carter” and “The Nameless City” in the translation of Robert P. Lipski; “Nyarlathothep” and “What the Moon Brings” by Mateusz Kopacz; “The Case of Charles Dexter Ward” by Michał Wroczyński; “The Colour out of Space” and “The Call of Cthulhu” by Ryszarda Grzybowska; “The Dream-Quest of Unknown Kadath” and “Pickman’s Model” by Andrzej Ledwożyw and “The Rats in the Walls” by Grzegorz Iwańczyk.

The initial analysis of the texts revealed a rather substantial number of translated fragments which may influence the reception of both the author and the stories in a rather negative manner. Such potentially harmful translation decisions occur on various levels of language, ranging from lexical choices which imbalance the careful, atmospheric structure of the Lovecraft's sentences, through major changes in syntax, reaching far beyond necessary syntactic adaptations, up to omissions, additions as well as changes affecting the comprehension of the entire text - its characters, mood and logic. These are presented in sections devoted to the respective translators.

The original texts of H.P. Lovecraft are available on *The H. P. Lovecraft Archive* website (<http://www.hplovecraft.com>). For the sake of brevity, when referencing the original texts, the author and the code abbreviation is given for each story, as explained in the table below.

Table 1. Codes for referencing primary texts in English

The title of the story	The full web address of the story	Reference code
The Statement of Randolph Carter	http://www.hplovecraft.com/writings/texts/fiction/src.asp	Lovecraft, SRC
The Outsider	http://www.hplovecraft.com/writings/texts/fiction/o.asp	Lovecraft, O
The Nameless City	http://www.hplovecraft.com/writings/texts/fiction/nc.asp	Lovecraft,NC
Nyarlathothep	http://www.hplovecraft.com/writings/texts/fiction/n.asp	Lovecraft, N
What the Moon Brings	http://www.hplovecraft.com/writings/texts/fiction/wmb.asp	Lovecraft, WMB
The Case of Charles Dexter Ward	http://www.hplovecraft.com/writings/texts/fiction/cdw.asp	Lovecraft, CDW
The Colour out of Space	http://www.hplovecraft.com/writings/texts/fiction/cs.asp	Lovecraft,CS
The Call of Cthulhu	http://www.hplovecraft.com/writings/texts/fiction/cc.asp	Lovecraft, CC
Pickman's Model	http://www.hplovecraft.com/writings/texts/fiction/pm.asp	Lovecraft, PM
The Dream-Quest of Unknown Kadath	http://www.hplovecraft.com/writings/texts/fiction/dq.asp	Lovecraft, DQ
The Rats in the Walls	http://www.hplovecraft.com/writings/texts/fiction/rw.asp	Lovecraft, RW

Five substantial excerpts, one for each translator, were chosen for further, quantitative analysis. This is done in order to compare the accuracy of each translator in representing the style of the author in excerpts which are crucial for the mood of the story, often describing the climax. Both the quality of translated texts as well as their significant quantitative values, such as word and sentence length are discussed. Furthermore, the chosen excerpts contain words which are recurrent in Lovecraft's fiction, particularly in terms of creating the mood, which may be used to measure the accuracy and consistency in preserving Lovecraft's style.

3.2 The translations by Robert P. Lipski

Robert P. Lipski has translated quite a significant number of Lovecraft's stories. Apart from that, he is the author of Polish translations of some books by Stephen King, Algernon Blackwood or George R. R. Martin. The four chosen Lovecraftian stories in his translation come from the years 1919 – 1922 and mark the early stage of Lovecraftian prose. At this point of his life, Lovecraft was still quite significantly influenced by Poe, both in terms of form and content (Joshi, 1999: 52-53) and tended to experiment with various forms of horror, ranging “in narrative tone, from Poe-esque psychological horror (...) to languid prose-poetry (...) to proto-science-fiction (...); experiments in scope, from cosmic horror (...) to the horror inspired by repellent individuals” (68).

3.2.1 “The Statement of Randolph Carter”

“The Statement...” is chronologically, the earliest story out of the 11 chosen for analysis. According to Joshi (1999: 59) it is based on a dream Lovecraft had in December 1919 which was transcribed and transformed into a short narrative. It assumes the form of a testimony recorded during a police investigation. The title character recalls a occult research trip to a swamp, led by a friend of his, Harley Warren. The latter, inspired by his study of a forbidden book in Arabic, claims to have found a passage to a different sphere of the world, supposedly inhabited by demons. As his friend stays on the surface, Warren advances into the depths. He reports his findings with increasing amazement, as they keep contact through a wire phone. Eventually, he encounters unknown creatures and horrified, orders the man on the surface to block the unearthed entrance and escape. Carter refuses to comply, but changes his mind when a monstrous voice informs him that his friend is already dead, after which he faints while escaping.

The story is translated as “Zeznania Randolpha Cartera”, which in itself is a minor inconsistency as the story contains only one testimony. Although the title may not be noticed as a logical fallacy on the side of the author, Lipski takes further liberties with the text which might be read as an overinterpretation.

Vision or nightmare it may have been—vision or nightmare I fervently hope it was—yet it is all that my mind retains of what took place in those shocking hours after we left the sight of men. (Lovecraft, SRC)

The above fragment is translated as:

Może była to wizja lub koszmar - dalibóg, pragnąłbym, aby tak było - ba, mam taką cichą nadzieję - jednak nie potrafię zapomnieć o tym, co wydarzyło się w ciągu tych szokujących godzin, kiedy we dwóch udaliśmy się na trzęsawisko. (Lovecraft, 2008: 54 [1963])

First of all, the inversion of the original sentence is not preserved. What is more, Lipski used the expression “dalibóg”, which suggests that Carter is a religious person. This seems mildly inconsistent with the fact that both him and Warren were studying occult books. Another simplification of Carter's utterance is that he could not forget what happened, while in the original text, he is far more eloquent in his statements. The final words of this fragment were also changed. The more poetic “after we left the sight of men” is disregarded and replaced with a straight-forward phrase “when we went to the swamp”.

The above examples show that Lipski changed Lovecraft's character. Randolph Carter, who is a recurring hero, the protagonist of “The Dream-Quest for the Unknown Kadath” to be discussed later, is an eloquent, sensitive man, a lucid dreamer who travels through wondrous lands in his sleep. Even though this is not said in “The Statement...”, Carter's way of speaking clearly indicates both eloquence and sensitivity. He is moved by the supernatural, hence, his narration is crucial to the mood in the story. This may be further supported by the fact that Lovecraft himself, being an erudite, identified with the persona of Randolph Carter. Lipski seems to be inconsistent in his interpretation of Carter, as visible in the following passage:

As to the nature of our studies—must I say again that I no longer retain full comprehension? It seems to me rather merciful that I do not, for they were terrible studies, which I pursued more through reluctant fascination than through actual inclination. (Lovecraft, SRC)

The above fragment was translated as:

Co się tyczy natury naszych badań - czy mam powtórzyć, że nie w pełni ją teraz pojmuję?

Fakt ów zda się być dla mnie łaskawością, gdyż były to potworne nauki, które zgłębiałem bardziej wskutek pełnej wahań fascynacji, niżli dzięki memu nastawieniu. (Lovecraft 2008: 54 [1963])

Here Carter's eloquence is preserved, but instead, there is an alteration in the layout of the story. This seems to be a recurring phenomenon, not only in Lipski's translations. Such an alteration may disrupt the rhythm of the original paragraph and ease the tension of the story instead of building it.

Another fragment at the beginning of the text may require revision:

and the fiend-inspired book which brought on the end—the book which he carried in his pocket out of the world—was written in characters whose like I never saw elsewhere.
(Lovecraft, SRC)

The above fragment was translated as:

zaś księga którą miał ze sobą Warren tamtej nocy - Księga traktująca o Złu, którą zabrał ze sobą w kieszeni schodząc z tego świata - zapisana była pismem, którego nigdy dotąd nie widziałem. (Lovecraft, 2008:54 [1963])

First of all, there is not a single mention of the word “evil” in the story. It may be argued that “natchiona przez demony” could be a better choice for “fiend-inspired”. What is more, the “which brought on the end” is omitted in translation. The full fragment could be therefore translated as “natchiona przez demony księga, która sprowadziła koniec – księga, którą [Warren] zaniósł w swojej kieszeni poza ten świat...”. Once again, Lipski takes the liberty of overinterpretation and replaces the phrases from the original text with heavy modifications which imbalance the logical consistency of the story, particularly in the mention of “evil”.

One of the important elements of *The Statement of Randolph Carter* is the sphere of sound and voice. Since Warren and Carter communicate through a wire phone, the quality of Warren's voice is significant, as are its changes as the story progresses. This layer of the story is preserved and visible in the translation, with a variety of speech sounds and their respective attributes, ranging from Warren's calm tone, to his nervous voice, whisper, shriek, finally to the disembodied voice, announcing his death.

3.2.2 *The Outsider*

According to Joshi (1999: 86), in this story, Lovecraft admitted to an attempt at a close imitation of the style of E. A. Poe. The prominent themes are loneliness, reclusion from the society and the inhuman, here illustrated by the protagonist who turns out to be a creature truly from a nightmare, an undead ghoul. He is the first person narrator who tells about his origins. Driven by the desire to meet other people, he decides to leave the castle which he sees as his prison. He encounters a monster, whose touch is cold. At the end, it is revealed that instead of a monster, he had touched the surface of a mirror.

Lipski translated the title as “Przybysz”. The story does describe a journey from the protagonist's castle into one inhabited by humans, yet the word “outsider” is used in a slightly different context as the journey suggested by the title is not the main issue of the story:

...I know always that I am an outsider; a stranger in this century and among those who are still men. (Lovecraft, O)

The above fragment was translated as:

wiem, że zawsze byłem i pozostanę już przybyszem z zewnątrz - obcym w tym stuleciu i pośród tych, którzy wciąż są jeszcze ludźmi. (Lovecraft, 2007:68 [1963])

It may be argued that since the story emphasises the idea of otherness, a more suitable title could perhaps be “Obcy”. The word “przybysz” seems to be an acceptable substitute for “stranger” later in the sentence. The proposed revised version would be as follows:

wiem, że zawsze byłem i pozostanę obcym – przybyszem w tym stuleciu i pośród tych, którzy wciąż są ludźmi.

There is a number of lexical choices in the course of the story which seem to influence mood and evoke laughter more than fear as in the initial sentences of the text:

Unhappy is he to whom the memories of childhood bring only fear and sadness. Wretched is he who looks back upon lone hours in vast and dismal chambers with brown hangings and maddening rows of antique books, or upon awed watches in twilight groves of grotesque, gigantic, and vine-encumbered trees that silently wave twisted branches far aloft. (Lovecraft, O)

The above fragment is translated as:

Nieszczęśliwy ten, któremu wspomnienia z dzieciństwa przynoszą jedynie lęk i smutek. Nieszczęśliwy ten, kto oglądając się wstecz, postrzega jedynie samotne godziny, spędzone w rozległych, przeraźliwych komnatach z brązowymi zasłonami i przyprawiającymi o obłęd rzędami pradawnych ksiąg, lub na posępnym czuwaniu w pomrocznych zagajnikach, wśród groteskowych, gigantycznych, oplecionych winoroślami drzew, których gałęzie wysoko w górze poruszają się bezgłośnie. (Lovecraft, 2007:60 [1963])

First of all, the anaphoric sentences begin with two synonymous, yet different words. Lipski used “nieszczęśliwy” in both cases, whereas a simple alteration such as “nieszczęsny” to render “wretched” would have sufficed. Another way of translating the two words would be to exchange “unhappy” for “nieszczęśliwiec” and “wretched” for “nędznik” (both in agreement with the cases of the sentence, “nieszczęśliwcem jest ten...” and “nędznikiem jest ten” respectively). Secondly, the adjective “dismal” describing chambers is translated as “przeraźliwy”. This seems to be another over-interpretation, as the word “przygnębiający” or “ponury” would be an appropriate translation, since it is mentioned that the books in the chamber are “maddening” which may be the source of fear and the quality of the room itself is depressing, thus, Lipski transforms a logical, atmospheric sentence into a rather exaggerated structure.

Further in the paragraph the fragment “in twilight groves...” is translated as “w pomrocznych zagajnikach”. Lipski used an archaism which again overstates the quality of the groves. They are not completely dark, as meant by the word “pomroczny”. What is more, the use of this adjective evokes associations of “pomrocność jasna”, which is a term for alcohol - resulting indisposition, may be more amusing than frightening to a potential reader. Another thing to consider is the fact that this is the opening paragraph of the story and due to choices of the translator, a Polish reader could well be discouraged and reject the story as simply badly written. Another example supports this:

Once I tried to escape from the forest, but as I went farther from the castle the shade grew denser and the air more filled with brooding fear; so that I ran frantically back lest I lose my way in a labyrinth of nighted silence. (Lovecraft, O)

The above fragment is translated as:

Raz próbowałem uciec z lasu, ale im bardziej oddalałem się od zamku, tym cienie robiły się gęstsze, a powietrze przepełniało się mroczną aurą grozy. W tej sytuacji rzuciłem się pędem z powrotem, lecz zgubiłem drogę w labiryncie posępnej, nocnej ciszy. (Lovecraft, 2007:62 [1963])

Perhaps the most dubious lexical choice in this sentence is “and the air more filled with brooding fear” and the Polish version “a powietrze przepełniało się mroczną aurą grozy”. Lovecraft used a participle and a noun, whereas Lipski proposes what seems a tautological phrase “mroczna aura grozy” since it is earlier said that “cienie robiły się gęstsze” and the darkness is not mentioned in the course of the sentence anymore. A proposed translation, including a minor correction of the entire sentence could be follows:

Pewnego razu spróbowałem uciec z lasu, w miarę jak oddalałem się od zamku, tym cień stawał się gęstszy a powietrze wokół wypełnione nieprzejednaną grozą - rzuciłem się więc pędem z powrotem aby nie zgubić drogi w labiryncie nocnej ciszy.

The proposed corrections include, apart from the phrase mentioned above, changing the plural of “cienie” into singular “cień” which is closer to the original text, preserving the length of the sentence with the use of a dash instead of a division into two sentences as well as the use of “aby nie” instead of “lecz” which is an incorrect translation of “lest” altering the logic of the original sentence.

Further into the story, Lipski used yet another tautology in the phrase “mroczny zmierzch” translated from “the dank twilight”, possibly misunderstanding the word as “dark”. The adjective dank addresses the sense of touch, smell, feeling and is synonymous to damp, not to dark, as interpreted by the translator. There are two phrases, respectively “desperate precipice” and “fearful ascent” which are both translated as “przeraźliwa wspinaczka” without distinguishing between the two phrases, which is a choice analogous to “unhappy” and “wretched” in the initial sentences of the story. In addition, the root “przera(zać/przerażający/przeraźliwy)” is used 16 times in the translation while only 6 instances of the root “fear(ful/some)” were found.

Finally Lipski does not preserve the intentional use of italics, as is seen in the fragment: “Nearly mad, I found myself yet able to throw out a hand to ward off the

foetid apparition which pressed so close; when in one cataclysmic second of cosmic nightmarishness and hellish accident *my fingers touched the rotting outstretched paw of the monster beneath the golden arch*“(Lovecraft, O, italics original)

All of the above examples support the evaluation of Lipski's translation of Lovecraft's style in this story as alarmingly impoverishing.

3.2.3 “The Nameless City”

Out of the stories translated by Lipski which were chosen for analysis, “The Nameless City” is the longest one. Similarly as in the case of other texts, the translation contains a number of fragments which may require a thorough revision.

Again, the shifts begin with the Polish title of the story, which is “Zapomniane Miasto”. Often, in the course of the narrative, the adjective “zapomniany” is artificially inserted into the text along with the word “nienazwany” which would be more appropriate as the title and make the forceful additions redundant.

When introducing the city, Lovecraft describes it as “crumbling and inarticulate” which Lipski translated as “murszejące i niewyraźne”. The city, hidden deep in the sands of the desert holds a mystery which the first person narrator explores, discovering traces of a reptilian civilisation out of this world in the ruins. In this context, the word “inarticulate” seems to be an unfortunate choice. It may be suggested that “nieopisane” or “niezrozumiałe” could be used in translation. Other fragments which could be possibly revised include:

My ears rang and my imagination seethed as I led my camel slowly across the sand to that unvoiced stone place; that place too old for Egypt and Meroë to remember; that place which I alone of living men had seen. (Lovecraft, NC)

The above fragment is translated as:

Zadźwięczało mi w uszach i wyobraźnia zaczęła podszeptywać najróżniejsze wizje, gdy poprowadziłem wolno mego wielbłąda w stronę zakazanego miejsca, miejsca, które spośród wszystkich śmiertelników ja tylko zdołałem zobaczyć. (Lovecraft, 2008:88 [1963])

An entire part of the sentence, namely “that place too old for Egypt and Meroë to remember” is omitted. The narrator is an explorer educated in ancient cultures. Since

many of Lovecraft's characters are, like himself, erudites and antiquaries, such a deletion deprives the protagonist of his knowledge and reduces him to the role of an explorer. The proposed correction would thus be: “...do tamtego cichego, kamiennego miejsca, do miejsca zbyt starego by pamiętano je w Egipcie i Meroe, miejsca, które spośród wszystkich śmiertelników ja tylko zdołałem zobaczyć”, which also includes the addition of “that unvocal, stone place” into the sentence. What is more the, word “forbidden” is inserted in the sentence without a clear reason as the city cannot be forbidden if it is not remembered. In addition, the city is described as “primeval” which is translated as “prymitywny”. The narrator mentions the intricacy of the ruins many times; what is more, primeval is semantically closer to “pradawny” or “pierwotny” than to the translator's choice.

Inversion often used by Lovecraft is hardly ever preserved in the translation, despite the fact that Polish syntax is similar in terms of altering the word order for poetical purposes as done by Lovecraft.

In and out amongst the shapeless foundations of houses and palaces I wandered, finding never a carving or inscription to tell of those men, if men they were, who built the city and dwelt therein so long ago. (Lovecraft, NC)

The above fragment is translated as:

Krażyłem wśród resztek fundamentów domów i placów, nie znajdując ani jednego hieroglify czy inskrypcji mówiącej o ludziach – jeżeli to w ogóle byli ludzie – którzy wybudowali to miasto i mieszkali w nim w zamierzchłej, zapomnianej przeszłości. (Lovecraft, 2008:88 [1963])

The translation displays a standard word order and contains a minor lexical mistake. Therefore, a revised version could be proposed:

Pośród bezkształtnych ruin domostw i pałaców, krążyłem, na próżno szukając chociażby jednej inskrypcji traktującej o ludziach, o ile ludźmi byli, którzy zbudowali to miasto i zamieszkiwali je przed wiekami.

Furthermore, the syntax used by Lovecraft is often intricate, including long sentences with multiple clauses. When coupled with inversion, they need to be translated very carefully in order not to confuse the reader. This issue is exemplified by the following fragment and its Polish version:

Very low and sand-choked were all of the dark apertures near me, but I cleared one with my spade and crawled through it, carrying a torch to reveal whatever mysteries it might hold. (Lovecraft, NC)

Mroczne wejścia znajdujące się nieopodal, nisko umieszczone, wszystkie bez wyjątku były zasypane piachem, ale za pomocą łopaty oczyściłem jedno z nich i wczołgałem się do środka, zabierając ze sobą pochodnię, której blask miał ujawnić wszelkie znajdujące się wewnątrz sekrety. (Lovecraft, 2008:90 [1963])

The translation is significantly longer than the original sentence, due to the extensive paraphrasing done by Lipski. Although the use of standard word order might be helpful in facilitating the comprehension of the text, the sentence is rather bulky and dense. A proposed correction attempts to present Lovecraft's style more faithfully:

Wszystkim otworom w koło mnie piach dławiał gardła, łopatą oczyściłem jednak jeden i wczołgałem się do środka, niosąc pochodnię, by odkryć wszelkie tajemnice, jakie skrywał.

Lipski's translation presents contradictory logic in several fragments. Below are some of the most prominent examples.

I saw no sculptures nor frescoes, there were many singular stones clearly shaped into symbols by artificial means. The lowness of the chiselled chamber was very strange, for I could hardly more than kneel upright; but the area was so great that my torch shewed only part at a time. (Lovecraft, NC)

The above fragment is translated as:

Choć nie dostrzegłem żadnych rzeźb ani fresków, stało tu wiele pojedynczych kamieni, obróconych tak, by nadać im symboliczne kształty. Ta cyzelowana komnata rzeźb była dziwnie niska, trudno mi było bowiem wyprostować się, nawet na kłęczkach, pomieszczenie okazało się jednak tak wielkie, że blask mej pochodni nie był w stanie oświetlić go całego. (Lovecraft, 2008:90 [1963])

The first sentence clearly states that there are “no sculptures nor frescoes”. The following sentence in translation mentions a chamber of sculptures, whereas it is merely chiselled and contains no ornaments of any sort. The use of a comma instead of a semicolon is ambiguous and requires extra attention from the reader, as to decide who is really to kneel, the narrator or the chamber. What is more the word “obróconych” does not seem to be an accurate translation of “clearly shaped into symbols by artificial means” which could be “kamieni, wyraźnie ułożonych w symbole, sposobem nienaturalnym”

Another example which may also require a thorough revision in terms of coherence.

Night had now approached, yet the tangible things I had seen made curiosity stronger than fear, so that I did not flee from the long moon-cast shadows that had daunted me when first I saw the nameless city. (Lovecraft, NC)

This is translated as:

Nadeszła noc, lecz pewne rzeczy, które ujrzałem, sprawiły, że ma ciekawość przemogła lęk i nie uciekłem przed długimi, księżycowymi ciemnościami, mrozącymi mi krew w żyłach, gdy pierwszy raz ujrzałem zapomniane miasto. (Lovecraft, 2008:90 [1963])

It is common knowledge that the Moon provides illumination during night time and as stated in the original sentence, it cannot be a new moon, as shadows are cast. These shadows and the night are then the source of darkness, not the moon, so that the phrase should be rendered “długie cienie rzucane przez księżyc” or even “cienie rzucane przez światło księżyca”.

Contradictions continue when the narrator further describes the architecture of the nameless city.

and I wondered what the prehistoric cutters of stone had first worked upon. Their engineering skill must have been vast. (Lovecraft, NC)

The above fragment is translated as:

i zastanawiałem się, kim byli prehistoryczni kamieniarze, którzy się tutaj kiedyś mozolili. Ich zdolności inżynieryjne musiały być przeogromne. (Lovecraft, 2008:92 [1963])

The word “mozolili” implies that the work had been slow and difficult which is in natural opposition to their “vast” proficiency in engineering.

Apart from the issues of coherence and logic, a number of the translator's lexical choices may require revision as their accuracy in rendering Lovecraft's style is dubious. In the phrase “hideous haunted well” translated as “upiornej nawiedzonej studni” the alliterative sound symbolism is lost. It could be preserved in, for example “szkaradnej,

strasznej studni”. Secondly, the narrator travels through the desert on a camel but does not treat the animal in any visibly affectionate way, yet Lipski uses “biedne zwierzę” in relation to the camel, where “the beast” is used in the original. This display of sympathy was not in any way intended by Lovecraft and alters the mood of the story. Furthermore, while describing mummies the phrase “artificial idols” becomes “sztuczne bałwany” in Polish. The word “bałwany” may be replaced by “artefakty” with the omission of the word “sztuczne” in order to avoid a pleonasm, for a more neutral reception of the sentence.

The final part of the initial analysis of „The Nameless City” includes fragments containing lexical and syntactical choices which alter the meaning significantly and may need to be revised.

In the darkness there flashed before my mind fragments of my cherished treasury of daemoniac lore; sentences from Alhazred the mad Arab, paragraphs from the apocryphal nightmares of Damascius, and infamous lines from the delirious *Image du Monde* of Gauthier de Metz. I repeated queer extracts, and muttered of Afrasiab and the daemons that floated with him down the Oxus;

The above fragment is translated as:

Gdy tak stałem pośród ciemności, mój umysł rozbłysnął fragmentami zdobytych przeze mnie informacji, otworzył się KUFEREK z zawartością wszystkiego co tajemne, diabelskie i złowrogie. Przypomniałem sobie fragmenty tekstów szalonego Araba Alhazreda, apokryficznych koszmarów Damasciusa i niesławnych cytatów delirycznego *Image du Monde* Gauthera de Metza. Powtórzyłem osobliwe urywki i szeptałem do siebie o Afroarabie i demonach, które płynęły z nim w głąb Oxus

The most prominent and unfortunate choice is the use of the diminutive in the phrase “kuferek z zawartością wszystkiego co” in the above sentence containing such adjectives as “daemoniac”, “nightmares”, “delirious” as well Lipski's addition “z zawartością wszystkiego” which is rather unnecessary. This tendency reappears in another fragment, in the phrase “portraying a hidden world of eternal day filled with glorious cities and ethereal hills and valleys” translated as “ukazywały ukryty świat wiecznego dnia pełen wspaniałych miast, eterycznych wzgórz i uroczych dolin”. The addition of the word „uroczy” to the valleys is an example of excessive over-interpretation.

What is more, in the above fragment, the inversion of the original sentence is not preserved, nor is the structure, as the fragment is divided into two sentences. This influences the dynamics of the narrator's utterance. Furthermore Lipski translates "Afrasiab" as "afroarab" whereas, according to *Encyclopedia Iranica* (<http://www.iranica.com/>) Afrasiab is a legendary Persian hero and Oxus the historical name of the river Amu. A following correction is thus proposed:

Gdym stał w ciemności, w moim umyśle rozbłyskały fragmenty uwielbionej przeze mnie skarbnicy demonicznej wiedzy; zdania z Alhazreda, szalonego Araba, akapity z apokryficznych koszmarów Damasciusa, niesławne wersety z delirycznego *Image du Monde* Gauthiera de Metz. Powtarzałem przedziwne fragmenty, mamrocząc o Afrasiabie i demonach, które wraz z nim spłynęły w dół rzeki Oxus.

As the narrator progresses deeper into the ruins of the nameless city, he reports:

I saw that the passage was a long one, so floundered ahead rapidly in a creeping run that would have seemed horrible had any eye watched me in the blackness; crossing from side to side occasionally to feel of my surroundings and be sure the walls and rows of cases still stretched on.

The above fragment is translated as:

Korytarz był, jak stwierdziłem, długi, toteż ruszyłem nim naprzód, a gdyby ktoś ujrzał mnie wtedy sunącego chwiejnie pośród ciemności, widok ten z pewnością zmroziłby mu krew w żyłach. Od czasu do czasu krążyłem od ściany do ściany, aby sprawdzić otoczenie i upewnić się, że pod ścianami wciąż znajdowały się rzędy skrzyń.

Not surprisingly, the standard word order is used instead of inversion. The syntax is altered significantly, with the addition of an exaggerated phrase "zmroziłby mu krew w żyłach". The repetition of parallel phrases "od czasu do czasu krążyłem od ściany do ściany" is a rather poor rendition of Lovecraft's original structure. The revised translation is an attempt to amend these deviations from the style of the author:

Ujrawszy długi korytarz, ruszyłem naprzód pośpiesznie, pełznąc w sposób, który zapewne wydałby się przerażający każdemu, kto widziałby mnie w tych ciemnościach. Przemykałem od ściany do ściany, badając przestrzeń, aby upewnić się, iż brnę do przodu pośród rzędów pojemników.

A fragment from the final part of "The Nameless City" is chosen for further analysis in the later part of this chapter (See: Appendix A – Robert P. Lipski). The initial qualitative analysis presents a number of inaccuracies in terms of vocabulary, syntax, as

well as unnecessary inserts and omissions which could be easily avoided.

In “The Nameless City” the use of intentional italics is not preserved in the Polish version, as is the case in “The Outsider”, for example in the sentence “There were certain *proportions* and *dimensions* in the ruins which I did not like“ (Lovecraft, O, italics original).

3.2.4 Conclusions

Robert P. Lipski tends not to be accurate in translating the style of H.P. Lovecraft. He quite frequently omits or adds words in an unnecessary manner, deleting particularly those words which Lovecraft used to emphasise his characters' knowledge of antiquity. This and further syntax modifications alter the sentences significantly, imbalance their dynamics and what is most important, change the meaning of the fragments. What is more, some fragments translated by Lipski seem to be rather illogical and contradictory. Lastly, some of his lexical choices, such as artificially inserted diminutives or unfortunate archaic forms, are by no means frightening to the reader and in fact spoil the carefully constructed mood.

3.3 The translations by Mateusz Kopacz

There are only two short stories of Lovecraft translated by Mateusz Kopacz so far : “Nyarlathothep” and “What the Moon Brings”. Both of these are rather brief prose poems, based on Lovecraft's dreams which sets both text in an ethereal, surreal atmosphere of the unknown and the sublime. It may seem that the texts by Kopacz are insufficient to be analysed because of their modest length. They are however, as prose poems, full of stylistic means and thus represent the style of the author vividly. What is more Mateusz Kopacz translated S.T. Joshi's *H.P. Lovecraft: A life*, which is a rather exhaustive biography of the author. He also reviewed and corrected some of the stories translated by others. As he is one of the chief editors of www.hplovecraft.pl, a website devoted Lovecraft, his fiction and cultural influence, he seems to be a translator who possesses more knowledge of the author as well as one genuinely interested in the fiction he translates.

3.3.1 “Nyarlathothep”

With the Polish title being the same as in the original, “Nyarlathothep” is a dream transformed into a prose poem. It is interpreted as the illustration of Lovecraft's fear of the often prophesied fall of civilisation (Joshi, 1999: 67). The initial analysis of the story allowed for a generally positive evaluation. Sentence structure, logic and the use of inversion are preserved. In one case, the translator inserts the name of Nyarlathothep into the sentence in order to clarify it so that “My friend had told me of him, and of the impelling fascination and allurements of his revelations, and I burned with eagerness to explore his uttermost mysteries” (Lovecraft, N) is translated as “Mój przyjaciel opowiadał mi o nim oraz swej nieodpartej fascynacji i zauroroczeniu jego odkryciami, zapałałem tedy żądzą zbadania najgłębszych tajemnic Nyarlathothepa” (Lovecraft, 2008:84 [1963]). It may be seen as an attempt to make the style of the author less confusing.

It seems that only the last paragraph of the story may require slight revision. It no longer describes what is happening to the crowds in the city and is more of a dreamscape, or a nightmarescape to be more precise.

Screamingly sentient, dumbly delirious, only the gods that were can tell. A sickened, sensitive shadow writhing in hands that are not hands, and whirled blindly past ghastly midnights of rotting creation, corpses of dead worlds with sores that were cities, charnel winds that brush the pallid stars and make them flicker low. Beyond the worlds vague ghosts of monstrous things; half-seen columns of unsanctified temples that rest on nameless rocks beneath space and reach up to dizzy vacua above the spheres of light and darkness. And through this revolting graveyard of the universe the muffled, maddening beating of drums, and thin, monotonous whine of blasphemous flutes from inconceivable, unlighted chambers beyond Time; the detestable pounding and piping whereunto dance slowly, awkwardly, and absurdly the gigantic, tenebrous ultimate gods —the blind, voiceless, mindless gargoyles whose soul is Nyarlathothep. (Lovecraft, N)

The above fragment is translated as:

Wrzeszczałem, widząc, co mnie czeka, a może bredziłem coś bezgłośnie – tylko bogowie przeszłości zdają się to wiedzieć. Obrzydliwy, wrażliwy cień wił się w dłoniach, które nie są dłońmi, i wirował ślepo w widmowych nocach zgniłych bytów, ścierw martwych światów z ranami, które niegdyś były miastami, i trupich wiatrów, omiatających blednące gwiazdy. W zaświatach niewyraźnych świątyń, wznoszących się na nienazwanych skałach, sięgających zawrotnych przestrzeni ponad sferami światła i ciemności. A poprzez obracający się cmentarz wszechświata przytłumione, przyprowadzające o szaleństwo bicie w bębny oraz cienkie, monotonne pojękiwanie bluźnierczych fletni z nieogarnionych, nieoświetlonych komnat poza Czasem; odrażające dudnienie i odgłosy piszczałki, w rytm których tańczą powoli, niezdarnie i bezsensownie gigantyczni, mroczni, ostateczni bogowie – ślepe, nieme, bezmyślne gargulce, których duszą jest Nyarlathothep. (Lovecraft, 2008:86 [1963])

First of all, the first person narrator seems to be excluded from the last paragraph as it describes Nyarlathothep as a cosmic being, beyond space and time, being the essence of other gods. This paragraph may be the most intricate construction in the entire story. “Screamingly sentient, dumbly delirious” are rather qualities of Nyarlathothep than the state of the narrator’s mind. Perhaps a more neutral translation could be “Szaleńczo świadomy, ogłupiony omamami”, which preserves the alliterative qualities of the phrase if it could be assumed that “dumb” is meant as “silly”, not “mute”. Similarly “Obrzydliwy, wrażliwy cień” could be “Scherlały, ckliwy cień” with a partial retention of the alliteration at the cost, however, of dampening the meaning. Next, in the sentence “Beyond the worlds...” the first phrase is omitted, as there is no mention of “vague ghosts of monstrous things” so an revision “Poza światami niewyraźne duchy rzeczy potwornych; pół-widoczne kolumny niepoświęconych świątyń” could be proposed. “Through this revolting graveyard of the universe” translated as “poprzez obracający się cmentarz wszechświata” seems to be a rather unfortunate lexical choice; resulting from a misunderstanding. As a solution perhaps the adjective “odrażający” could be suggested.

3.3.2 “What the Moon Brings”

This story from 1922 is the last prose poem ever written by Lovecraft. The first person narrator travels through a garden at night and sees his surroundings transform completely as another Lovecraftian dreamscape is painted before his eyes. The title is translated as “Co sprowadza księżyc” which is accurate. Kopacz is rather careful in his translation; he tends, however, to add words or perform minor lexical changes to sentences, for example in the following case:

It was in the spectral summer when the moon shone down on the old garden where I wandered; the spectral summer of narcotic flowers and humid seas of foliage that bring wild and many-coloured dreams.(Lovecraft, WMB)

The above fragment is translated as:

Zdarzyło się to w widmowe lato, gdy księżyc oświecał stary ogród, po którym często wędrowałem; widmowe lato narkotycznych kwiatów i wilgotnych mórz listowia, pełne dzikich, barwnych snów. (Lovecraft, 2008:143 [1963])

The time expression “często” is added which is a phenomenon which takes place in few more sentences, what will be discussed later, during the detailed analysis. Furthermore, the original sentence suggests that the flowers and “humid seas of foliage” bring the dreams, whereas Kopacz attributes that to the summer in general by changing “that bring” into the adjective “pełne”

Few paragraphs later “the still tide ebbed from the sullen shore” is translated as “fale przypływu oddaliły się, odkrywając posępny brzeg”. It is said that the water is still, before being moved to reveal the shore. Thus “nieruchoma fala oddaliła się...” could perhaps be more appropriate in this sentence.

In the following fragment “I would fain have questioned him, and asked him of those whom I had known when they were alive” is translated as “mógłbym zapytać go o tych, którzy będąc żywymi, dużo wiedzieli” and thus the meaning of the sentence is slightly altered, as the narrator clearly means the people he used to know, not those possessing great knowledge as Kopacz suggested.

One of the final sentences of the text, a description of a horror, has undergone a major transformation:

And when I saw that this reef was but the black basalt crown of a shocking eikon whose monstrous forehead now shone in the dim moonlight and whose vile hooves must paw the hellish ooze miles below, I shrieked and shrieked lest the hidden face rise above the waters, and lest the hidden eyes look at me after the slinking away of that leering and treacherous yellow moon. (Lovecraft, WMB)

The above fragment is translated as:

Spostrzegłem, że rafa była czarną bazaltową koroną plugawego widma, którego monstrualne czoło ukazało się w słabym świetle księżyca, a ohydne kopyta grzebały w mule na mile pod ziemią; wrzeszczałem przez cały czas, jak tajemna twarz unosiła się nad wodami, a ukryte oczy patrzyły na mnie, ześlizgnąwszy się ze zdradzieckiego żółtego księżyca. (Lovecraft, 2008:145 [1963])

First of all, the Polish sentence begins with “spostrzegłem”, missing “gdy” which is essential in joining this phrase with the one beginning with “wrzeszczałem”. Secondly “plugawego widma” seems to be a slight exaggeration on the side of the translator, a change to “odrażającego kształtu” is suggested. Furthermore, “hellish” is omitted in relation to the hooves. Finally, “lest” is not translated as “aby nie” and the translation alters the meaning. The proposed revision of this fragment is as follows: “Wrzeszczałem przez cały czas, aby tylko ukryta twarz nie wzniosła się ponad wodami i

by ukryte oczy nie spojrzwały na mnie, gdy zajdzie już chytrze spoglądający, zdradziecki, żółty księżyc.”

This story will be further analysed in the later part of this chapter, as it is similar in length as a whole to the other selected fragments. (See Appendix B – Mateusz Kopacz)

3.3.3 Conclusions

Mateusz Kopacz seems to take great care when translating Lovecraft. He translated two texts modest in length and apart from a few revisions in terms of syntax and sentence logic, he may be deemed as a rather accurate translator. At times he attempts to lift the style and adds words to clarify certain sentences. Alliterative qualities of Lovecraft's prose poems are partially preserved in Kopacz's translations, yet in some fragments, the style is translated in a slightly exaggerated manner.

3.4 The Translation by Michał Wroczyński

From Lovecraft's stories, Wroczyński translated “The Case of Charles Dexter Ward” and “At the Mountains of Madness” which both are classified as short novels. Despite a small number of texts their length is rather substantial, contrary to the texts translated by Kopacz and they provide more material for analysis. Wroczyński translated “Miasteczko Salem” by Stephen King and the books from “The Historian” series by Elizabeth Kostova.

3.4.1 “The Case of Charles Dexter Ward”

The title of the short novel was translated as “Przypadek Charlesa Dextera Warda”, which is accurate, as the case of Ward is a medical matter, despite the investigation by doctor Willett. The story, written in 1927 describes, in third person narration the life of a young antiquarian, Charles Dexter Ward, who gradually becomes mad due to the nature of his studies. As he delves in the past of his ancestor, he uncovers that the man, Joseph Curwen lived longer than a man should do and practised forbidden forms of magic,

including necromancy – the art of reanimating dead bodies.

The main text is preceded by a quote from a fictional almanach concerning necromancy, written by Borellus:

The essential Saltes of Animals may be so prepared and preserved, that an ingenious Man may have the whole Ark of Noah in his own Studie, and raise the fine Shape of an Animal out of its Ashes at his Pleasure; and by the lyke Method from the essential Saltes of humane Dust, a Philosopher may, without any criminal Necromancy, call up the Shape of any dead Ancestour from the Dust whereinto his Bodie has been incinerated.
BORELLUS (Lovecraft, CDW, italics original)

The quote is used again, later in the text, and it is essential to the story. It may be suspected that it was omitted due to editorial limitations.

In terms of typography and punctuation, the translation by Wroczyński (“The Case of Charles Dexter Ward”) modifies the original text significantly. In many cases, new sentences and paragraphs are started, while simply a semicolon is used by Lovecraft to divide phrases in his text. There are also discrepancies in the numeration and division of the chapters. On the other hand, Wroczyński preserves the use of italics as means of emphasis in certain fragments, unlike, for example, Lipski. The changes in typography, however, affect the overall rhythm of the story and illustrate the translator's tendency to manipulate it in excess both in terms of layout and lexical changes, which involve frequent adjectival additions.

It was, indeed, a difficult matter to obtain a legal commitment to the hospital, so powerful and lucid did the youth's mind seem; and only on the evidence of others, and on the strength of many abnormal gaps in his stock of information as distinguished from his intelligence, was he finally placed in confinement. (Lovecraft, CDW)

This is translated as:

Przy tak potężnym i klarownym umyśle trudno byłoby legalną drogą umieścić młodzieńca w szpitalu, gdyby nie świadectwo wielu postronnych osób oraz zadziwiająco luki w zasobie wiadomości Charlesa, tak nieprzystające do jego inteligencji. (Lovecraft, 2008:296 [1963])

The above sentence is not a translation of H.P. Lovecraft but rather the rendition of the text done by the translator. The final clause of the original sentence is omitted, thus changing the fragment to fit the style of Wroczyński, instead of presenting the style of H.P. Lovecraft. A revised translation is proposed:

Było zaiste trudnym uzyskać prawny nakaz umieszczenia w szpitalu, tak potężny i jasny wydawał się umysł młodzieńca; i tylko dzięki zeznaniom innych osób i w oparciu wiele anormalnych luk w jego zasobie informacji kontrastujących z jego inteligencją, udało się go w końcu umieścić w odosobnieniu.

Wroczyński's tendency to change the meaning of entire sentences and paragraphs persists in the following fragment:

Willett, indeed, presents a minor mystery all his own in his connexion with the case. He was the last to see the patient before his flight, and emerged from that final conversation in a state of mixed horror and relief which several recalled when Ward's escape became known three hours later. (Lovecraft, CDW)

This is translated as:

A w związku z ucieczką utrzymywał, że nic o niej nie wie. Był ostatnim człowiekiem, który widział pacjenta, a z ostatniej z nim rozmowy wyszedł w stanie przerażenia zmieszanego z ulgą, co przypomniało sobie kilka osób w trzy godziny później, kiedy ucieczka wyszła na jaw. (Lovecraft, 2008:297 [1963])

The above sentence describes Willett as playing a yet unexplained part in the story. Possibly due to a misunderstanding of the original sentence, the translator changes the context entirely and reports that Willett denies having had anything to do with the escape of the patient. Such a change influences the perception of the character. The sole statement is quite blunt, instead of introducing one of the elements of the mystery which are to be explained later in the course of the story. The revised translation could be as follows:

Willett, w rzeczy samej, sam w sobie jest pomniejszą tajemnicą w kwestii swojego związku ze sprawą. Był on ostatnim, który widział pacjenta przed jego ucieczką, a z owej ostatecznej rozmowy wyszedł w stanie przerażenia zmieszanego z ulgą, o czym kilka osób przypomniało sobie, gdy ucieczka Warda wyszła na jaw, trzy godziny później.

Frequent changes on the side of the translator also include rather exaggerated additions to the style of the author, as illustrated by the next example, "It was noon now,

but shadows as of coming night seemed to engulf the phantom-haunted mansion” (Lovecraft, CDW) which is translated as “Biło właśnie południe, lecz powietrze mroczyło się, jakby cienie nadchodzącej nienormalnie nocy rozpozścierały swą ponurą opończę nad nawiedzonym przez fantomy domem” (Lovecraft, 2008: 428 [1963]).

First of all, there is not a single mention of any 'dark cover'. What is more Lovecraft does not grant any attributes to the “coming night” whereas Wroczyński adds the adverb “abnormally coming night”. The above additions are an example of a major inaccuracy in translating Lovecraft's style. A translation such as “Było właśnie południe, lecz cienie, jakby nadchodzącej nocy zdawały się otaczać ten nawiedzony przez zjawy dom” would be sufficient for this sentence.

These are not isolated cases, as Wroczyński similarly dramaticises the style, in the following fragment:

his heart beat with quickened force, and the entry to Providence along Reservoir and Elmwood avenues was a breathless and wonderful thing despite the depths of forbidden lore to which he had delved (Lovecraft, CDW)

This is translated as:

zabiło mu mocniej serce; wjazd do samego Providence ulicami Reservoir i Elmwood – mimo otchłannej, zakazanej wiedzy, jaką zdobył, by czymś cudownym i zapierającym w piersiach dech. (Lovecraft, 2008:360 [1963])

Here the phrase “despite the depths of forbidden lore” becomes “mimo otchłannej, zakazanej wiedzy” which is an inaccurate rendition. Furthermore, the word “otchłanny” seems to be out of place and simply does not fit in the sentence. The whole phrase could be rendered as “mimo głębin zakazanej wiedzy, jakich sięgnął”.

There is also a number of ambiguous lexical choices, such as “On one side of the door stood a rack of savage whips” translated as “Po jednej stronie stał stojak z potwornymi pejczami” where savage as “potworny” could be replaced by “okrutny” or perhaps “brutalny”. Further in the text, Wroczyński translates “there stood a shallow kylix of the sort found on the shelves above the whip-rack” (Lovecraft, CDW) as “stał płytki kyliks, których tak wiele znajdowało się na półkach powyżej upiornego stojaka z pejczami” (Lovecraft, 2008:416 [1963]) and inserts the word “upiorny” in relation to the whip-rack which is unnecessary and quite exaggerated. What is more there is a

singular / plural conflict in “kyliks, których tak wiele...” which could be closer to the original sentence when translated as “stał płytki kyliks, z rodzaju tych widzianych na półkach powyżej stojaka z pejcami”.

Lexical additions persist in fragments such as one below.

About the second week Charles began to be absent from the house for long periods, and one day when good old black Hannah[...]but seemed more worried than he used to be; which grieved her very much, since she had watched him grow up from birth (Lovecraft, CDW)

The above sentence is translated as:

Po jakichś dwóch tygodniach Charles zaczął znikać na dłuższy czas z domu i pewnego razu, kiedy stara dobra Murzynka Hannah [...], ale sprawiał wrażenie zastraszonego, co niezwykle martwiło poczciwą Murzynkę, która znała go przecież od urodzenia. (Lovecraft, 2008:371 [1963])

It is important to remember that Lovecraft was rather sceptical of non-white people. This belief was revised by him later in life, yet the addition of the word “pocziwa” by Wroczyński is an example of another inaccuracy on his part, probably an extension of the “good old”, which in itself, however, is an unnecessary addition.

The short novel contains a substantial number of italicised quotes in Middle English, mostly letters exchanged between the necromancers, often describing their ways and rituals. The information they include is important in Willet's investigation about the origins of Ward's insanity.

Saye y^e Uerses every Roodmas and Hallow's Eue; and if y^f Line runn out not, *one shall bee in yeares to come that shal looke backe and use what Saltes or Stuff for Saltes you shal leaue him.* Job XIV. XIV. (Lovecraft, CDW)

The above fragment is translated as:

Wymawiaj Wersy jak każdy Krzyżownik i Wtajemniczony; a jeśli twa Linia nie wygaśnie, przyjdzie w nadchodzących leciach ktoś, kto spojrzy wstecz i użyje Prochów lub Materyałów na Prochy które mu pozostawisz. Job. XIV, XIV. (Lovecraft, 2008:345 [1963])

Here, probably due to another misunderstanding the terms “Roodmas” and “Hallow's Eue” are translated respectively as “Krzyżownik” and “Wtajemniczony”, which is inaccurate as the words signify particular days. “Roodmas” is Old English for “Feast of the Cross”, a Christian holiday, celebrated on May 3rd. “Hallow's Eue” is Old

English for Halloween, also known as the eve of All Hallows Day, celebrated on October 31st. Thus, a revised translation would sound as follows:

Wymawiaj Wersy w każde Znalezienie Krzyża Świętego i Wigilię Wszystkich Świętych ;jeśli twa Linia nie wygaśnie, przyjdzie w nadchodzących leciach ktoś, kto spojrzy wstecz i użyje Prochów lub Materyałów na Prochy które mu pozostawisz. Job. XIV, XIV

A fragment of *The Case of Charles Dexter Ward* is subject to close analysis in the further part of this chapter. (See Appendix C – Michał Wroczyński)

3.4.2 Conclusions

Wroczyński seems to take too many liberties when translating Lovecraft, which results in inaccuracy. Unnecessary lexical and syntactic additions are frequent in the Polish version of *The Case of Charles Dexter Ward*. Some of his proposed additions are rather exaggerated. Some paragraphs are significantly altered both in terms of syntax and meaning, due to recurring misunderstanding of the text by the translator.

3.5 The translations by Ryszarda Grzybowska

Grzybowska translated some of the best known stories by Lovecraft, including "The Call of Cthulhu", "The Dunwich Horror", "The Colour out of Space" and "The Shadow Over Innsmouth". She also translated books by Lucy Maud Montgomery, such as "Emily of New Moon" and "Emily's Quest".

3.5.1 "The Colour out of Space"

The story is translated as "Kolor z Przeszłości", which could be better rendered as "Kolor z Przestrzeni" or "Kolor z Kosmosu", this translation, however, is already established in Poland. The story was written in 1927 and marks the mature stage of Lovecraft's fiction. In terms of chronology it follows "The Case of Charles Dexter Ward". The first person narrator visits an old man, Ammi Pierce, local to the parts around the fictional city of Arkham, Massachusetts. Pierce describes how the house, the

land and the family of Nahum Gardner, his neighbour and friend, ceased to exist a year after a meteorite had fallen to his grounds.

The initial analysis of the story show only two parts which might require slight revision. Grzybowska is very careful in her translation of Lovecraft's style, as seen in the fragment below:

It was a scene from a vision of Fuseli, and over all the rest reigned that riot of luminous amorphousness, that alien and undimensioned rainbow of cryptic poison from the well — seething, feeling, lapping, reaching, scintillating, straining, and malignly bubbling in its cosmic and unrecognisable chromaticism. (Lovecraft, CS)

Translated as:

Była to scena z widzenia Fuseliego, a wszystkim, co jeszcze tam istniało, zawładnęła orgia świetlnego amorfizmu, obca, bezwymiarowa tęcza tajemnej trucizny sączącej się ze studni — kipiąca, wyczuwalna, lepka, sięgająca wszystkiego, iskrząca się, pełząca w górę i jadowicie bulgocąca w swym kosmicznym, zupełnie nieznanym chromatyzmie. (Lovecraft, 2007:310 [1963])

Here, both the syntax and the lexical features of the sentence are preserved. Contrary to other translators, Grzybowska does not divide the long, complex utterance into parts and retains the original length. What is more, all of the used lexical items are successfully and accurately translated without any repetitions.

Perhaps the insertion of “ta” before “obca, bezwymiarowa tęcza” would increase the accuracy of translation even more. Furthermore, “zupełnie nieznanym” could be replaced by “nierozpoznawalnym” which is closer to “unrecognisable”. Apart from these tentative suggestions, this Lovecraftian paragraph seems to be translated as accurately as possible.

There are, however, several fragments which may require revision:

The five cats had left some time before, but their going was scarcely noticed since there now seemed to be no mice, and only Mrs. Gardner had made pets of the graceful felines. (Lovecraft, CS)

Translated as:

Pięć kotów wywędrawało jeszcze wcześniej, ale ich nieobecności prawie nie ostrzeżono, bo i myszy wyginęły, tylko pani Gardner kwiliła jak małe kocięta. (Lovecraft, 2007:297 [1963])

The above translation communicates that Mrs. Gardner was making cat-like noises when closed in the attic after her husband deemed her as insane. There is no mention of any sounds being made in the original sentence. This is probably due to a misunderstanding or rather an over-interpretation of the fragment by Grzybowska. A following could be revision is proposed: “bo tylko pani Gardner zwykła zajmować się tymi pełnymi wdzięku zwierzętami.”

In another example, such a change of meaning concerns a single word.

Zenas needed no calming. He had come of late to do nothing but stare into space and obey what his father told him; and Ammi thought that his fate was very merciful. (Lovecraft, CS)

The above fragment is translated as:

Zenasa nie trzeba było uspokajać. Ostatnio nic nie robił, tylko patrzył gdzieś w dal i posłusznie wykonywał polecenia ojca. Jego los wydał się Ammiemu szczególnie żałosny. (Lovecraft, 2007:298 [1963])

The final word of the sentence, “merciful” becomes “żałosny” which is the opposite of Lovecraft's original word. In the revised version, the sentence could end with: “[z]daniem Ammiego, los potraktował go szczególnie łaskawie.”

Grzybowska seems to be accurate, despite minor mistakes. Grzybowska chose to normalise the dialect of farmers around Arkham. The last time Nahum Gardner ever speaks to Ammi, he says:

I seen it time an' agin sence Zenas was took... whar's Nabby, Ammi?... my head's no good... dun't know how long sence I fed her... it'll git her ef we ain't keerful... jest a colour... her face is gettin' to hev that colour sometimes towards night... an' it burns an' sucks... it come from some place whar things ain't as they is here... one o' them professors said so... he was right... look out, Ammi, it'll do suthin' more... sucks the life out...(Lovecraft, CS)

His words are translated as:

widziałem to parę razy, jak zabrało Zenasa... gdzie Nabby, Ammi?... z moją głową jest źle... nie wiem, kiedy dałem jej jeść... dopadnie i ją, jak nie zadbamy... tylko kolor... jej twarz dostaje tego koloru pod wieczór... to pali i wysysa... pochodzi skądś, gdzie wszystko jest inne niż tutaj... jeden z profesorów tak mówił... miał rację... uważaj, Ammi, to jeszcze nie koniec... wysysa życie... (Lovecraft, 2007:302 [1963])

As seen above, Nahum's speech is translated as standard Polish speech, without preserving any of the phonetic variations proposed by Lovecraft in the original text.

What is more “senc” which seems to be a dialectal form of “since” is translated as “jak” which changes the meaning in the sentence. Nahum is terrified as he dies and standard speech may sound rather too calm for a man who witnessed horrors. Applying any dialectal form for his utterance could be proposed as a revision, for example:

Widział żem to ni raz ni dwo, od kiedy zabrało Zenasa...gdzie Nabby, Ammi? Moja głowa już nie dobra, ni wim, ile to już od kiedy ją żem karmił. Dorwie ją jak nie będziem uważać...toć to kolor...jej twarz czasem przybiera tyn kolor pod noc... to płonie I ssie... przyszło z miejsca gdzie rzeczy ni takie jok tu... tyn z profesorów tok mówił... racje mioł...uważaj Ammi, jeszcze co zrobi... wysysa zycie...

Apart from the mentioned fragments requiring slight revision, Grzybowska's translations seem to be the most accurate out of the stories analysed so far. The syntactic structures as well as lexical choices are carefully transformed into Polish. The translation even preserves the Greco-Latin words used by Lovecraft such as “aërolite” rendered as “aerolit”.

A fragment from *The Colour out of Space* is subject to close analysis in the later part of this chapter. (See Appendix D – Ryszarda Grzybowska)

3.5.2 “The Call of Cthulhu”

“The Call of Cthulhu” was written in the summer of 1926 and, similarly to “The Colour out of Space”, it is one of Lovecraft's later stories. The story follows an investigation of a mysterious “Cthulhu cult” and is divided into three parts. The first one contains the results of the initial research, based on various visions and accounts and an attempt to identify an idol depicting a creature unknown to man. The second part concerns a police investigation on the swamps of Louisiana, which exposes one of the meeting places used by the cultists. In the final part, stranded sailors stumble upon an unknown island only to realise in horror that it is a place not from our world, inhabited by the creature seen on idols and in visions.

The story is narrated by a grand-nephew of the original “Cthulhu cult” researcher. In the initial paragraph, conscious of the maddening knowledge that came into his possession, he states:

The most merciful thing in the world, I think, is the inability of the human mind to correlate all its contents. We live on a placid island of ignorance in the midst of black seas of infinity, and it was not meant that we should voyage far. (Lovecraft, CC)

The above excerpt is translated as:

Wydaje mi się, że największym dobrodziejstwem na tym świecie jest fakt, że umysł ludzki nie jest w stanie skorelować całej swej istoty. Żyjemy na spokojnej wyspie ignorancji pośród czarnych mórz nieskończoności i wcale nie jest powiedziane, że w swej podróży zawędrujemy daleko. (Lovecraft, 2007:120 [1963])

The words “it was not meant that we should voyage far” become “it is not said that we shall voyage far”, which is considerably milder and not accurate in presenting the speaker's intention. A change to “i nie powinniśmy żeglować daleko” would be a more faithful rendering.

In another fragment an artist recounts his dream vision to the researcher:

during which he related startling fragments of nocturnal imagery whose burden was always some terrible Cyclopean vista of dark and dripping stone (Lovecraft, CC)

The above excerpt is translated as:

podczas których snuł zdumiewające opowieści o swoich nocnych wizjach. Dominował w nich straszny widok ciemnych, ociekających szlamem kamieni (Lovecraft, 2007:125 [1963])

First of all, the text is divided into two sentences instead of retaining the original length of the sentence. What is more, the adjective “Cyclopean”, which seems to be quite frequent in Lovecraft's fiction, is omitted though it would be possible to insert it into the sentence right after “straszny” as “cyklopowy”.

At times the Latin words used by Lovecraft become quite a challenge, as in the description of the idol portraying Cthulhu.

The cephalopod head was bent forward, so that the ends of the facial feelers brushed the backs of huge fore paws which clasped the croucher's elevated knees. (Lovecraft, CC)

The above excerpt is translated as:

Głowa wyrastająca jakby z nóg była pochylona do przodu, tak że koniuszki czulek na twarzy ocierały się o wielkie przednie szpony obejmujące podkurczone i uniesione kolana. (Lovecraft, 2007:131 [1963])

Here, the word “cephalopod”, which translates to “głowonóg” in Polish would create a tautology when used in connection with the word “głowa”. A paraphrase “głowa przypominająca ośmiornicę” or “głowa, jak u mięczaka była pochylona...” would be, in

turn, a rather exaggerated addition to the already complicated description. Perhaps a compromise, slightly improving logic, could be “Głowa z której wyrastały nogi była pochylona...” since the head of cephalopoda is larger in comparison to the size of the legs.

A curious lexical choice is noted in the following fragment:

and all this in so stirring and horrible a connexion that it is small wonder he pursued young Wilcox with queries and demands for data. (Lovecraft, CC)

The above excerpt is translated as:

a wszystko w tak pełnym zamętu i strasznym powiązaniu, że trudno się dziwić, iż molestował młodego Wilcoxa pytaniami i domagał się szczegółowych danych. (Lovecraft, 2007:129 [1963])

The word “molestował” is currently perceived as quite informal when compared to the original “pursued”, perhaps a change to “zamęczał” could be more neutral and devoid of any other connotations. These however, are rather recent in language, so perhaps the revision would not be necessary at all.

Yet another ambiguity is presented in the fragment containing a direct description of Cthulhu:

The Thing of the idols, the green, sticky spawn of the stars, had awaked to claim his own. The stars were right again, and what an age-old cult had failed to do by design, a band of innocent sailors had done by accident. After vigintillions of years great Cthulhu was loose again, and ravening for delight. (Lovecraft, CC)

The above excerpt is translated as:

Ta Rzecz bożków, zielona, lepka ikra gwiazd, obudziła się, aby domagać się swoich praw. Gwiazdy znalazły się we właściwej pozycji i czego nie zdołał dokonać odwieczny kult i jego wytyczony program, tego dokonała gromada nieświadomych marynarzy. Po niezliczonych latach wielki Cthulhu był znowu wolny i spragniony uciechy. (Lovecraft, 2007:153 [1963])

Arguably, “Ta Rzecz bożków” seems to be a rather clumsy translation when describing something that was previously seen on idols. Perhaps “To Coś z posążków” could be used instead. Secondly the use of “ikra” as spawn is ambiguous as the biology of Cthulhu is not clear. Assuming that it is a being from another world, truly from the “stars”, in conjunction with the quality of “sticky”, the above attributes may be corrected to “mazisty pomiot gwiazd”. Further in the fragment, “wytyczony program” is used in relation to a savage cult which is rather inaccurate, as this part of the sentence is

significantly altered. A revised version is proposed: “a to, czego wiekowy kult nie był w stanie dokonać wedle planu, tego grupa niewinnych marynarzy dokonała przypadkiem”.

Apart from the ambiguities, similarly as in *The Colour out of Space* Grzybowska slightly misunderstands some of Lovecraft's lexical choices. The first quote comes from the introduction of a renowned scholar..

This person was the late William Channing Webb, Professor of Anthropology in Princeton University, and an explorer of no slight note. (Lovecraft, CC)

The above excerpt is translated as:

Był to William Channing Webb, profesor antropologii w Princeton University, badacz naukowy raczej mało znany. (Lovecraft, 2007:131-132 [1963])

In the preceding paragraph of the story the narrator states that a person of great knowledge was needed in order to identify the curious idol. Here, Lovecraft by “of no slight note” means “well respected”, which is translated as its opposite by Grzybowska.

As the cult is further researched and explained, the next fragment tells of the practices in the far North.

It was a faith of which other Esquimaux knew little, and which they mentioned only with shudders, saying that it had come down from horribly ancient aeons before ever the world was made. Besides nameless rites and human sacrifices there were certain queer hereditary rituals addressed to a supreme elder devil or *tornasuk*; (Lovecraft, CC)

The above excerpt is translated as:

Była to religia, o której inni Eskimosi raczej mało wiedzieli, a na którą reagowali jedynie wzruszeniem ramion mówiąc, że pochodzi z okresu bardzo dawnych eonów, jeszcze przed stworzeniem świata. Oprócz potwornych obrzędów i ofiar składanych z ludzi odprawiali jakieś niesamowite, odziedziczone po przodkach rytuały, przeznaczone dla nadrzędnego, starszego diabła albo tornasuka; (Lovecraft, 2007:132 [1963])

It is rather dubious that the local people would, as is proposed in Polish, “shrug” at the “nameless rites and human sacrifices”. Clearly, their reaction is closer to “reagowali wzdygnięciem się” or “dreszczem”.

Finally, in the quote containing a description of the sunken city of R'lyeh where Cthulhu awakes, Grzybowska demonstrates a general accuracy in translating Lovecraft's style, despite minor choices which might require revision.

The very sun of heaven seemed distorted when viewed through the polarising miasma welling out from this sea-soaked perversion, and twisted menace and suspense lurked leeringly in those crazily elusive angles of carven rock where a second glance shewed concavity after the first shewed convexity. (Lovecraft, CC)

The above excerpt is translated as:

Słońce na niebie zdawało się jakby wypaczone, kiedy się na nie patrzyło poprzez polaryzującą miazmę dobywającą się z tego perwersyjnego, nasiąkniętego morzem wnętrza, i jakaś niesamowita groza oraz niepewność czaiły się chytrze w tych zwariowanych, zwodnych wymiarach rzeźbionej skały, na której za pierwszym spojrzeniem widziało się wypukłość, za drugim wklęsłość. (Lovecraft, 2007:151-152 [1963])

The phrase from “when viewed through...” to “...twisted menace” could be more accurately translated translated as “gdy patrzyło się na nie poprzez polaryzującą miazmę wylewającą się z tej nasiąkniętej morzem perwersji, a przedziwna groza...”

Apart from the issues mentioned above, this fragment seems to illustrate Grzybowska's care in translating Lovecraft quite well. The unknown, unimaginable city, where even the sun is not normal is revealed as truly out of this world. The adjectives used by the author are rendered in accordance to the atmosphere of the story.

3.5.3 Conclusions

The translations by Grzybowska seem to display a rather high level of accuracy in terms of style. They are not, however, free of ambiguous lexical choices and unnecessary alterations. There is a slight inconsistency in following Lovecraft's manner of using Greco-Latin words.

What is more, Grzybowska does not adapt the dialectal forms used by the author but levels them to standard speech instead while they are at times in visible contrast with the eloquent speech of the narrator, as in the case of “The Colour out of Space“ and the speech of Nahum Gardner. In some cases, Grzybowska inverts the meanings used by Lovecraft, which imbalances the logic of the sentence, bordering on incoherence. Despite the above, Grzybowska uses a wide variety of lexemes when translating complex descriptions and presents herself as a careful, if imperfect, translator.

3.6. The translations by Andrzej Ledwożyw

Ledwożyw is only second to Lipski in the number of Lovecraft's stories translated into Polish. He is, however, the only contemporary translator whose works were corrected in newer editions of the author's stories. Amongst the ones which required correction are "The Case of Charles Dexter Ward" (re-translated by Wroczyński), "The Rats in the Walls" (re-translated by Iwańczyw), and "The Music of Erich Zann" (re-translated by Grzybowska). Thus it may be suspected that Ledwożyw is a rather inaccurate translator of Lovecraft's works. The works chosen for analysis are "Pickman's Model" and "The Dream-Quest for the Unknown Kadath".

3.6.1 "Pickman's Model"

In this short story, the first person narrator by the name of Thurber attempts to explain what he has seen in the house of a Boston painter, Richard Upton Pickman. The artist is not a welcome member of the local art club because his works portray monsters gnawing on human flesh in disturbing detail. Unlike most first person narrators in Lovecraft's stories, Thurber is very expressive, direct and uses colloquial language. As he recounts what Pickman told him before, a narrative within a narrative is used by the author.

In the fragment below there are a number of inconsistencies between the original version and the translation.

I should think you'd have known I didn't drop Pickman for the same silly reasons that fussy old women like Dr. Reid or Joe Minot or Bosworth did. Morbid art doesn't shock me, and when a man has the genius Pickman had I feel it an honour to know him, no matter what direction his work takes. Boston never had a greater painter than Richard Upton Pickman. I said it at first and I say it still, and I never swerved an inch, either, when he shewed that "Ghoul Feeding". That, you remember, was when Minot cut him. (Lovecraft, <http://www.hplovecraft.com>, PM)

Wiesz, że nie odwróciłem się od Pickmana z powodu jakiejś głupiej błahostki, jak uczyniły to te stare zgredy w rodzaju doktora Reida, Joe Minota lub Roswortha. Chorobliwa sztuka mnie nie przeraża, a gdy ktoś był geniuszem, honorem było go znać bez względu na to, w jakim kierunku szła jego twórczość. Boston nigdy nie miał większego malarza od Richarda Uptona Pickmana. Powiedziałem to kiedyś i nadal podtrzymuję. Co więcej, nie odstąpię od tego ani o cal, po tym jak wystawił *Posiłek ghoulu*. To dzieło, jak zapewne pamiętasz, Minot pociął nożem. (Lovecraft 2007:70 [1963])

First of all, the “fussy old women” become “stare zgredey” which, indeed carries over the speaker's attitude but is not entirely accurate in doing so. Perhaps “grymaśne stare baby” would be more in place in this context. Secondly, the third sentence of the fragment “Morbid art...” contains an inconsistency in terms of tense, as the structures in present simple are transformed into past tense in Polish. A following revision could be suggested in place of the above translation “...a gdy ktoś posiada geniusz, jaki posiadał Pickman, uważam za zaszczyt móc go znać, niezależnie od kierunku, w jakim idzie jego twórczość”. There is also the question of the final sentence of the fragment. In the original it is not obvious what is meant by “Minot cut him”. It could be interpreted as “abandoned” in reference to Pickman or as “attacked with something sharp” in reference to the painter. Ledwożyw interprets it in the second way and specifies the tool used, a knife. As it is rather an over-interpretation, a correction of the last fragment to “To właśnie wtedy, jak pamiętasz, Minot go pociął” or “... Minot odciął się od niego” should the abandoning interpretation be chosen over the literal meaning of “cut”.

Ledwożyw displays a tendency to omit certain fragments of original sentences, ignoring some of the complex descriptions, as in the following fragment where Thurber expresses his inability to talk about Pickman's works in detail.

There's no use in my trying to tell you what they were like, because the awful, the blasphemous horror, and the unbelievable loathsomeness and moral foetor came from simple touches quite beyond the power of words to classify. There was none of the exotic technique you see in Sidney Sime, none of the trans-Saturnian landscapes and lunar fungi that Clark Ashton Smith uses to freeze the blood. (Lovecraft, <http://www.hplovecraft.com/>, PM)

The above fragment is translated as:

Nie ma potrzeby, abym próbował ci opowiedzieć do czego to było podobne, gdyż brak mi słów zdolnych opisać ten straszliwy, bluźnierczy horror i niewiarygodną obrzydliwość. Nie było tu niczego z egzotycznych technik, jakie możesz zobaczyć u Sidneya Sime'a, niczego z pozasaturniańskich krajobrazów i księżycowych grzybów Clarka Ashtona Smitha, które miały mrozić krew w żyłach. (Lovecraft 2007:76 [1963])

Right at the beginning of the sentence, the meaning is changed as “need” is used instead of “use”. Then, Ledwożyw translates “what they were like” to “do czego to było podobne” instead of “jakie były”. Right after this part of the sentence, the translator proceeds with a quite radical simplification of Lovecraft's style, as Thurber states that he is lost for words to describe that terrifying, blasphemous horror and incredible

monstrosity. Instead, in order to be accurate, the first sentence of this excerpt could be translated as “Nie ma sensu żebym próbował opowiedzieć ci, jakie były, gdyż ta okropna, ta bluźniercza groza i niewiarygodna obrzydliwość i moralny fetor jakie tchnęły z lekkich ruchów pędzla wykracza poza możliwości języka”.

The next quote presents Ledwożyw's attempt to be too accurate, bordering on absurdly literal. Omission is another phenomenon present in the translation of this fragment.

Now, Eliot, I'm what the man in the street would call fairly “hard-boiled”, but I'll confess that what I saw on the walls of that room gave me a bad turn. They were his pictures, you know—the ones he couldn't paint or even shew in Newbury Street—and he was right when he said he had “let himself go”. Here—have another drink—I need one anyhow! (Lovecraft, <http://www.hplovecraft.com/>, PM)

Eliocie, byłem, jakby to powiedział człowiek z ulicy, "ugotowany na twardo". Muszę przyznać, że to, co zobaczyłem na ścianach, wstrząsnęło mną. To były jego obrazy - te, których nie mógł wystawić na Newbury Street. (Lovecraft 2007:76 [1963])

The conversational insert “now” at the beginning of the sentence is missing in the Polish version. What is, however, perhaps the most prominent ambiguity of this sentence, is the phrase “hard-boiled” translated as “ugotowany na twardo”. In order to preserve the direct and informal language of Thurber's monologue the word “zahartowany” could be used an idiomatic equivalent of “hard-boiled”. Ledwożyw finishes his translation of the sentence after “shew in Newbury Street” and the part that follows is completely omitted. Therefore an addition of “i miał rację, gdy powiedział że 'pofolgował sobie'. Masz – napij się jeszcze – w każdym razie ja i tak muszę!” is suggested, along with the corrections mentioned before.

The final quote mentioned in the initial analysis of this story concerns sentence logic as well as a slight mood-alteration.

That nauseous wizard had waked the fires of hell in pigment, and his brush had been a nightmare-spawning wand. Give me that decanter, Eliot!
(Lovecraft, <http://www.hplovecraft.com/>, PM)

Ten wstrętny czarownik obudził w farbach ognie piekielne, a jego pędzel był różdżką zrodzoną przez koszmary... Podaj mi, proszę, karafkę... (Lovecraft 2007:77 [1963])

Ledwożyw states that Pickman's brush was a “nightmare-spawned wand”, which is in contradiction to the original sentence, in which Lovecraft clearly states that it was the painter who “had waked the fires of hell in pigment” and not the other way around.

The expressiveness of Thurber's exclamation is toned down to a polite request for the decanter, whereas in the original the speaker seems to be increasingly excited, particularly when speaking about Pickman's art.

The initial analysis of *Pickman's Model* presents a number of various inaccuracies in translation. The evaluation of Ledwożyw's translations is continued with the next story.

3.6.2 “The Dream-Quest of Unknown Kadath”

According to Joshi (1999:113) “The Dream-Quest of Unknown Kadath” was written after Lovecraft, having returned from New York, experienced an intense surge of inspiration. In the quote “energies were not only released but his work gained in depth, substance and maturity” (113). This novella presents the journey, that Randolph Carter, who is an experienced dreamer, undertakes, in order to find the legendary city of Kadath, where the gods dwell. As a part of the Dream Cycle, “The Dream-Quest of Unknown Kadath” combines the elements of horror with fable-like, picturesque landscapes and creatures out of this world, demonstrating the power of Carter's imagination and in turn, the capabilities of human imagination in general.

The title of the story was translated as “W Poszukiwaniu Nieznanego Kadath”. Here, Ledwożyw omitted the word “dream” completely, despite the idea of dreaming being essential to the story. Perhaps the title could be changed to “Sen w Poszukiwaniu Nieznanego Kadath”, since “Sen-Wyprawa do Nieznanego Kadath” as a more direct translation seems to be rather clumsy. The novella is very rich in its imagery, with complex, at times overwhelming sentences and events of epic proportions.

Ledwożyw demonstrates inconsistency in relatively simple matters such as the grammatical gender of Kadath. As it is an unknown city, in most cases, it is treated as a neuter noun, as in “Teraz zrozumiał, że przodujące nad wszystkim Kadath” (Lovecraft, 2008:256 [1963]). On the next page, however, Ledwożyw proposes a sentence such as “Bogowie Zewnętrzni byli obecni i z pewnością Kadath daleki był od stanu opustoszenia” (Lovecraft, 2008:257 [1963]).

Throughout the translation, there are fragments which display a rather poor sentence construction. Mostly contradictory or illogical, the examples of such sentences include the following fragments:

When for the third time he awaked with those flights still undescended and those hushed sunset streets still untraversed, he prayed long and earnestly to the hidden gods of dream that brood capricious above the clouds on unknown Kadath, in the cold waste where no man treads. (Lovecraft, DQ)

The above fragment is translated as:

Gdy obudził się po raz trzeci, nie zszedłszy tymi schodami na ciche o zachodzie słońca ulice, którymi także jeszcze nie szedł, modlił się długo i żarliwie do tajemniczych bogów ze snu, którzy przebywają – kapryśni – nad chmurami wiszącymi nad nieznanym Kadath w lodowatym pustkowiu, gdzie nie stanęła ludzka stopa. (Lovecraft, 2008:162 [1963])

This sentence seems to lack both cohesion and coherence, the use of the adverbial participle “nie zszedłszy” paired with the further phrase “którymi także jeszcze nie szedł” as a translation of “undescended” and “untraversed” respectively, creates a sentence difficult to comprehend and seemingly impossible to enjoy when read. The use of the adverbial participle could be a way to translate the non-standard word order in the sentence. Revised, the fragment could read as follows:

Zbudziwszy się po raz trzeci, pośród schodów jeszcze niezdobitych i cichych ulic o zachodzie słońca, nieprzemierzonych, modlił się długo i żarliwie do ukrytych bogów snu, którzy dumają, kapryśni, ponad chmurami na nieznanym Kadath, pośród zimnego pustkowie, nie tkniętego ludzką stopą

Ledwożyw does not preserve the original sentence length and division and some of his lexical choices seem to be dubious.

Carter, however, had no fear; for he was an old dreamer and had learnt their fluttering language and made many a treaty with them; (Lovecraft,DQ)

The above fragment is translated as:

Carter jednak się nie bał, gdyż był doświadczonym marzycielem. Nauczył się ich trzepoczącej mowy i zawarł z nimi wiele układów. (Lovecraft, 2008:164 [1963])

Here, one sentence becomes three (the final fragment of the sentence is not quoted, for the sake of brevity). The term “had learnt their fluttering language” becomes “[n]auczył się ich trzepoczącej mowy”. The original word evokes associations with a

language which is light, and as it is earlier mentioned that the beings Carter meets, the zoogs, are “furtive and secretive“ (Lovecraft, DQ). It could be thus suspected that their speech is rather hushed and discreet, therefore the word “zwiewna” could be used instead of “trzepocząca”, which would be more associated with avian creatures.

In terms of words describing sound and speech, there is another fragment, in the climax of the story, where Carter, having reached the city of Kadath, faces Nyarlathothep, one of the gods, in his human form. The deity addresses the dreamer.

Watchers have spoken of this thing, and the Other Gods have grunted as they rolled and tumbled mindlessly to the sound of thin flutes in the black ultimate void where broods the daemon-sultan whose name no lips dare speak aloud. (Lovecraft, DQ)

The above fragment is translated as:

Strażnicy powiedzieli mi o tym, a Bogowie Zewnętrzni chrząkali, przetaczając się i koziolkując bezrozumnie w stronę dźwięku fletów w czarnej ostatecznej otchłani, w której ma swe gniazdo Bestia Nuklearnego Chaosu, której imienia nie odważą się wymówić niczyje wargi. (Lovecraft, 2008:259 [1963])

The most unfortunate lexical choice of the fragment is the word “chrząkali” as a translation of “grunted”. The Other Gods are unimaginable, monstrous and rather tenebrous and it is ambiguous whether they would simply “clear their throat” at the news of an intruder in their domain. Perhaps the word “mamrotali”, “charczeli” “powarkiwali” or even “wydali pomruk” could be a better choice to translate “grunted”. Ledwożyw insists to translate “the daemon-sultan”, which is merely one of the epithets of another god, Azathoth as “Bestia Nuklearnego Chaosu”. In fact, the deity is known under a variety of names and, “the Nuclear Chaos” “the daemon-sultan” or “the Blind Idiot God” are amongst them. Here “sultan demonów” could be sufficient, as in the original text there is not a single instance of the word “nuclear”, whereas there are five phrases “the daemon-sultan”, four of which include the name Azathoth. A revised version could be thus proposed:

Strażnicy mówili o tym, a Bogowie Zewnętrzni mamrotali, kręcąc się i kłębiąc bezrozumnie przy dźwiękach cienkich fletów w czarnej, ostatecznej pustce, gdzie dumny sultan demonów, którego imienia nie odważą się wymówić żadne wargi.

Some of Ledwożyw's inaccuracies concern major alterations of the original lexemes and the sentence structure.

The dead temples on the mountains were so placed that they could have glorified no wholesome or suitable gods, and in the symmetries of the broken columns there seemed to lurk some dark and inner meaning which did not invite solution. (Lovecraft, DQ)

The above fragment is translated as:

Opuszczone świątynie na szczytach gór były umieszczone w taki sposób, że nie mogły wychwalać właściwych czy normalnych bogów, a w symetrii ich połamanych kolumn wydawało się, że jest coś ciemnego, jakieś wewnętrzne znaczenie, które nie chciało wyciągnięcia na światło dzienne. (Lovecraft, 2008:175 [1963])

First of all, the word “dead” could be translated as “umarłe” for more accuracy. Secondly “were so placed” translated as “były umieszczone w taki sposób, że” seems to be redundant and unnecessary, as a simpler, and more accurate “były tak umieszczone, iż” would be sufficient. Furthermore, the “dark and inner meaning which did not invite solution” is translated as “coś ciemnego, jakieś wewnętrzne znaczenie, które nie chciało wyciągnięcia na światło dzienne” is yet again a rather redundant and exaggerated structure. A revision of the above sentence could be:

Umarłe świątynie na szczytach gór były tak umieszczone, iż nie mogłyby słać bogów zdrowych czy właściwych, a w symetrii ich rozbitych kolumn zdawało się czaić jakieś mroczne, wewnętrzne znaczenie, które nie zamierzało poddać się zrozumieniu.

Ledwożyw presents a tendency to create tautological constructions in some of the sentences, while the original sentences are varied in their vocabulary.

Reflecting upon these things, he was staggering to his feet in the midst of his nightmare company when there rang without warning through that pale-litten and limitless chamber the hideous blast of a daemon trumpet. (Lovecraft, DQ)

The above fragment is translated as:

Zastanawiając się nad tymi rzeczami, zachwiał się na nogach pośród swej koszmarnej kompanii, gdy w blado oświetlonym i nieskończonym pomieszczeniu rozległo się potworne trąbienie jakiejś demonicznej trąby (Lovecraft, 2008:257 [1963])

Here the phrase “potworne trąbienie jakiejś demonicznej trąby” is an example of a rather repetitive and poor lexical choice. A following revision could be proposed:

Rozmyślając nad tymi rzeczami chciał się na nogach pośród swego koszmarnego towarzystwa, gdy rozbrzmiał potężnie, bez ostrzeżenia, przez ową blado oświetloną i nieskończoną komnatę, potworny odgłos demonicznej trąby.

Another tautology appears on the following page of the translation.

Then down the wide lane betwixt the two columns a lone figure strode; a tall, slim figure with the young face of an antique Pharaoh, gay with prismatic robes and crowned with a golden pschent that glowed with inherent light. (Lovecraft, DQ)

The above fragment is translated as:

Potem, z szerokiego przejścia między dwiema kolumnami wyszła postać: wysoka, szczupła, z młodą twarzą antycznego faraona, w jaskrawych, pryzmatycznych szatach, ukoronowana złotą koroną, błyszczącą w niespójnym świetle. (Lovecraft, 2008:258 [1963])

The phrase “ukoronowana złotą koroną” could be translated directly as “ukoronowana złotym pszentem” since at the very beginning of the story, in the fragment “Ci potrzęsali przybranymi w pszent głowami i przysięgali, że będzie to oznaczało śmierć dla jego duszy” (Lovecraft, 2008:162 [1963]) there is an annotation, explaining that “pschent” is the Double Crown of Ancient Egypt. Thus, Ledwożyw could use the word “pszent” again, as it was previously explained in the course of the story, avoiding this tautology.

The story concludes in Carter's return to his home in New England, after Nyarlathothep makes him realise, that it is not the dreamlands, but the reality, where he grew up, that he cherishes.

Scent of the sea and fragrance of the fields; spell of the dark woods and joy of the orchards and gardens at dawn. These, Randolph Carter, are your city; for they are yourself. New-England bore you, and into your soul she poured a liquid loveliness which cannot die. (Lovecraft, DQ)

The above fragment is translated as:

Zapach morza i pól, czar tajemnych lasów i radość ogrodów o świcie. Tam, Randolphie Carter, jest twoje miasto, gdyż jest ono samym tobą. Zrodziła cię Nowa Anglia i w twoją duszę wlewa płyn miłości, która nie może umrzeć. (Lovecraft, 2008:261 [1963])

Ledwożyw translated “liquid loveliness” as “the liquid of love” which is by no means accurate and instead of inspiring warmth and hope, this fragment seems to be rather ridiculous, not even amusing. What is more, despite the use of past simple in Lovecraft's sentence, Ledwożyw used a continuous, imperfect form of present tense. A following revision of the final sentence could be proposed, including an attempt to preserve the alliterative qualities of the original phrase: “Zrodziła Cię Nowa Anglia i w twoją duszę wlała płynne piękno, które nie może umrzeć”.

Finally, in the penultimate paragraph of the story, Carter is transported back to the real world, as the day begins. This fragment is a truly Lovecraftian paragraph, containing florid descriptions, intentional repetition of the beginning of the phrase, inversion as well as alliterations. The paragraph is rendered by Ledwożyw with a quite disturbing inaccuracy:

Stars swelled to dawns, and dawns burst into fountains of gold, carmine, and purple, and still the dreamer fell. Cries rent the aether as ribbons of light beat back the fiends from outside. And hoary Nodens raised a howl of triumph when Nyarlathotep, close on his quarry, stopped baffled by a glare that seared his formless hunting-horrors to grey dust. Randolph Carter had indeed descended at last the wide marmoreal flights to his marvellous city, for he was come again to the fair New England world that had wrought him. (Lovecraft, DQ)

The above fragment is translated as:

Gwiazdy nabrzmiały, świt wybuchł fontannami złota, karminu i purpury, a marzyciel ciągle spadał. Krzyki rozdarły eter, gdy wstęgi światła przegoniły diabły z zewnątrz. Ochrypły Nodens ryknął tryumfalnie, gdy Nyarlathothep, bliski pochwycenia swej zwierzyny, zatrzymał się skonfundowany przez światło, które spaliło jego bezkształtne, polujące przerażenia na szary pył. Randolph Carter istotnie zszedł w końcu marmurowymi schodami do swego cudownego miasta, gdyż wrócił znów do pięknej Nowej Anglii, świata, który go wykuł. (Lovecraft, 2008:267 [1963])

The initial phrase is simplified, and Lovecraft's intentional repetition is omitted, as is the inversion of “and still the dreamer fell”. Then, the god Nodens is described as “hoary”, which Ledwożyw translates as “ochrypły” instead of using an attribute of old age. Furthermore “formless hunting-horrors” become “bezkształtne polujące przerażenia”. Lastly, in the last sentence, there is a slight inaccuracy in the phrase “to the fair New England world that had wrought him”, as the world is moved to a separate clause. Thus a revision could be proposed:

Gwiazdy nabrzmiały w zorze, a zorze wybuchły fontannami złota, karminu i purpury, gdy marzyciel nieprzerwanie spadał. Krzyki rozdarły eter, gdy wstęgi światła przegoniły demony z zewnątrz. Sędziwy Nodens zawył tryumfalnie, gdy Nyarlathothep, doganiający swą zwierzynę zatrzymał się, skonfundowany blaskiem, który spalił jego bezkształtne polujące poczwary na szary pył. Randolph Carter zaiste zszedł w końcu szerokimi, marmurowymi schodami do swego cudownego miasta, gdyż znów powrócił do świata pięknej Nowej Anglii, który go wykuł.

As the idea of dream as a narrative experienced when sleeping, as opposed to daydreaming or fantasising, it could be argued, that perhaps the word “marzyciel” for “dreamer” is not exactly accurate, despite the phrase “marzenia senne” being present in

Polish. A neologism “śniciel” could be proposed for the story. This is motivated by the fact that the world presented in *The Dream-Quest of Unknown Kadath* is a fantasy setting, full of both fable-like and terrifying creatures.

The initial qualitative analysis provided quite a number of examples for stylistic inaccuracies in Ledwożyw's translations, including rather poor lexical choices, alterations of sentence structure, introducing unnecessary tautologies and grammatical inconsistencies.

As there seems to be an alarming number of inconsistencies and inaccuracies on the side of the translator. Due to the length of the story, the enumeration of all possible fragments where a revision could be proposed would require a significant extension of this thesis.

A fragment from “The Dream-Quest of Unknown Kadath” is chosen for the quantitative analysis in the later part of this chapter. (See Appendix E – Andrzej Ledwożyw)

3.6.3 Conclusions

Translations of Lovecraft's works by Andrzej Ledwożyw seem to be quite inaccurate due to a number of reasons, which include omissions of intentional repetitions, inappropriate lexical choices, often influencing the mood of the story and creating tautologies or alterations to the sentence structure.

3.7 The translation by Grzegorz Iwańczyw

Iwańczyw translated only one of Lovecraft's works, namely "The Rats in the Walls" in its contemporary Polish editions. The version included in *Opowieści o Makabrze i Koszmarze* is a corrected translation of an earlier work by Andrzej Ledwożyw, which implies that the latter's translation simply had to be revised.

3.7.1 "The Rats in the Walls"

This short story was written quite early, in 1923. It adopts the first person perspective of a man from the Delapore family. He moves to the rebuilt house of his ancestors in England and explores the lore behind the de la Poers, as his family was originally called. He is an ardent lover of cats and soon after moving, both he and his companions discover the mysteries of the ancestral seat.

Iwańczyw is rather careful in his translation, yet there is a number of fragments which alter the original text both in terms of form and content, influencing the mood significantly. One of these occurs in the first paragraphs of the story.

Exham Priory had remained untenanted, though later allotted to the estates of the Norrys family and much studied because of its peculiarly composite architecture; an architecture involving Gothic towers resting on a Saxon or Romanesque substructure, whose foundation in turn was of a still earlier order or blend of orders—Roman, and even Druidic or native Cymric, if legends speak truly. (Lovecraft, RW)

The above fragment is translated as:

Exham Priory pozostawał niezamieszkanym, choć później przyłączono go do posiadłości rodziny Norrys. Często jednak odwiedzano zamek i przyglądano mu się z zainteresowaniem ze względu na interesującą architekturę, będącą osobliwą mieszanką różnych stylów. Gotyckie wieże posadowiono na głównej bryle budynku w stylu romańskim, który z kolei stanął na fundamentach z czasów rzymskich, czy też jak chce legenda – nawet staroceltyckich. (Lovecraft, 2007:27-28 [1963])

First of all, the tautology "przyglądano mu się z zainteresowaniem ze względu na interesującą architekturę" is an example of quite poor sentence structure, especially compared to the original. What is more, the deliberate repetition of the word "architecture", natural to Lovecraft's style is omitted and replaced by sentence division. The description of the architecture contains numerous alterations, including the

replacement of the final words “Druidic or native Cymric” are replaced with a single word “staroceltycki”. It may have been a conscious choice to update the description to modern historical knowledge. Possibly, the word “Druidic” could be a sufficient hint for the reader, signifying the pre-Roman times in architecture in England. It is used at the cost of accuracy. This complex sentence need not be divided and equivalents for all the words are possible to provide, since it is possible to render its entire content without sacrificing fluency, as in the revised translation below:

Exham Priory pozostał niezamieszkaany, choć później przyłączono go posiadłości rodziny Norrys i sporo badano ze względu na jego osobliwie złożoną architekturę; architekturę łączącą gotyckie wieże, oparte o saksońską czy też romańską podbudowę, której z kolei fundamentem była jeszcze wcześniejszy porządek, czy też mieszanka porządków – rzymskiego, a nawet druidycznego czy tubylczego starowalijskiego, jeśli legendy mówią prawdę.

There is a more substantial fragment containing further alterations, surprisingly, very heavy in terms of the meaning and logic of the paragraphs.

The bare statistics of my ancestry I had always known, together with the fact that my first American forbear had come to the colonies under a strange cloud. Of details, however, I had been kept wholly ignorant through the policy of reticence always maintained by the Delapores. Unlike our planter neighbours, we seldom boasted of crusading ancestors or other mediaeval and Renaissance heroes; nor was any kind of tradition handed down except what may have been recorded in the sealed envelope left before the Civil War by every squire to his eldest son for posthumous opening. The glories we cherished were those achieved since the migration; the glories of a proud and honourable, if somewhat reserved and unsocial Virginia line.

During the war our fortunes were extinguished and our whole existence changed by the burning of Carfax, our home on the banks of the James. My grandfather, advanced in years, had perished in that incendiary outrage, and with him the envelope that bound us all to the past. (Lovecraft, RW)

The above fragment is translated as:

Od dawna interesowałem się historią mojego rodu. Wiedziałem, że mój amerykański przodek przyjechał do kolonii owiany dziwną legendą. Nie znałem jednak żadnych szczegółów, gdyż Delapore'owie słyną z powściągliwości i dyskrecji. W odróżnieniu od rodzin zamieszkujących sąsiednie plantacje, rzadko przechwalaliśmy się przodkami - bohaterami wypraw krzyżowych, czy też innymi herosami Średniowiecza i Renesansu. Nie było też w naszej rodzinie żadnej tradycji przechodzącej z ojca na syna, z wyjątkiem zwyczaju sięgającego rodowodem czasów sprzed Wojny Domowej, a polegającego na przekazywaniu potomkowi zalakowanej koperty, którą mógł otworzyć dopiero po śmierci ojca. Nasz ród pielęgnował nowsze, poemigracyjne tradycje - tradycje dumnego, poważanego, choć powściągliwego i mało towarzyskiego rodu z Wirginii.

Podczas Wojny Secesyjnej podupadliśmy finansowo, a całe nasze życie uległo zmianie w wyniku pożaru domu rodzinnego w Carfax, nad brzegiem rzeki James. Mój dziad zginął w płomieniach, a wraz z nim spłonęła jego koperta, która miała związać tradycją kolejne pokolenie naszego rodu. (Lovecraft, 2007:28-29[1963])

One of the most visible changes lies in the very first sentence of the fragment. Contrary to Lovecraft's original text, in the translation, the narrator states that he had been interested in the family lore for a long time and the fact that his ancestor left England for reasons unknown is one of the basic truths about de la Poers. The phrase "Nie znałem jednak..." evidently points out the contradiction created by the mistranslation of the first sentence. Another fragment, "[W] odróżnieniu..." assumes that American Delapores were planters as well, yet they are only the neighbours of some planters. Furthermore, "the glories we cherished" is translated as "tradycje", whereas the author seems to mean "chwała którą się chełpiliśmy, była chwałą, którą osiągnęliśmy po emigracji, chwałą dumnej i honorowej, jeśli nawet nieco powściągliwej i nietowarzyskiej linii rodu z Wirginii". The term "the Civil War" is inaccurately translated as "Wojna Domowa" instead of the established translation "Wojna Secesyjna". The latter term is used at the beginning of the next paragraph, where only "war" is used by the author.

The next fragment contains lexical choices which are rather unsuitable for a horror story, especially when they are an inaccurate translation in regard to the original sentences.

I did not draw the curtains, but gazed out at the narrow north window which I faced. There was a suspicion of aurora in the sky, and the delicate traceries of the window were pleasantly silhouetted. (Lovecraft, RW)

Translated as:

Nie zasłaniałem kotar, aby móc patrzeć na wąskie, północne okno, które mieściło się na przeciwległej ścianie. W delikatnym świetle księżyca gotyckie ornamenty wyglądały bardzo malowniczo. (Lovecraft, 2007:36)

The Polish version does not mention "aurora" at all. Secondly, Iwańczyw used the adverb "malowniczo" to describe the quality of a Gothic window at night, whereas the traceries, "maswerki" in Polish are not translated. A revision of the second sentence could read as follows: "Na niebie zamajaczyła zorza podejrzenie zorzy, a na jej tle maswerki okna były delikatnie zarysowane".

In the climax of the story, the narrator discovers his terrifying ancestry which leads him to a temporary state of madness as well as a suggested act of cannibalism. In his insane raving, he gradually adopts the language of all those before him who took part in the rituals.

Who says I am a de la Poer? He lived, but my boy died! . . . Shall a Norrys hold the lands of a de la Poer? . . . It's voodoo, I tell you . . . that spotted snake . . . Curse you, Thornton, I'll teach you to faint at what my family do! . . . 'Sblood, thou stinkard, I'll learn ye how to gust . . . wolde ye swynke me thilke wys? . . . Magna Mater! Magna Mater! . . . Atys . . . Dia ad aghaidh 's ad aodann . . . agus bas dunach ort! Dhonas 's dholas ort, agus leat-sa! . . . Ungl . . . ungl . . . rrrlh . . . chchch . . . (Lovecraft, RW)

The above fragment is translated as:

Kto mówi, że jestem de la Poer? On żyje, a mój syn umarł! Norrys zagarnął ziemię rodu de la Poer?! To voodoo, mówię wam.... ten plamisty wąż... Niech cię diabli, Thornton! Jak mogłeś mdleć na widok dzieła mojego rodu? Dam ci nauczkę! Ty... śmierdzieliu...ja...krew...świnie...co?! *Magna Mater! Magna Mater!...Attis! Dia ad aghaidh's ad aodaun...agus bas dunach ort! Dhonas 's dholas ort, agus leat-sa!... Ungl... ungl... rrrlh... chchch...*(Lovecraft, 2007:48 [1963], italics original)

The initial utterances are translated accurately. However, further in the paragraph, the initial accuracy seems to be lost. “Dam ci nauczkę!” is added, perhaps as an attempt to translate “I'll teach ye how to gust...”. Earlier the translator omits the phrase “s'blood”, which seems a Middle English curse, used in order not to break the third commandment. As utterances descend into earlier and unknown versions of English, to Latin and Old Gaelic, there is “co?!” instead of the first unintelligible fragment. A following revision could be thus proposed: “Rany pańskie, ty psubracie, nauczę ja cię smaku...”

Since the fragment emphasises the increasing incoherence of the utterance, the parts which are impossible to translate without the command of a language far from Modern English could be left as in the original. Lovecraftian prose often contains shouts in languages unknown to man, particularly in moments of ritual ecstasy. The unknown, menacing cries add to the intensity of the climax as the suggestion of archaic language is understandable in the context of the story as well as the complex architecture of the cursed house, discussed earlier.

A fragment of *The Rats in the Walls* is chosen for further analysis in the later part of this chapter. (See Appendix F – Grzegorz Iwańczyw)

3.7.2 Conclusions

Iwańczyw, despite the attempts to accurately translate the style of Lovecraft's prose, seems to take numerous liberties in sentence structure, division and also in terms of minor lexical alterations which are quite unfitting for a horror story. In some

paragraphs, the meaning is changed significantly. What is more, some fragments of his translation present flawed logic and contradiction.

3.8 Conclusions derived from the qualitative analysis

Out of the six presented translators of H.P. Lovecraft, two groups could be distinguished after performing the initial qualitative analysis of their work. The first group are the translators who are careful in translating Lovecraft's style as accurately as possible, retaining many of its features and the richness. This care seems to be slightly exaggerated when the author's style is shifted or the speech of his characters is translated as standard speech, despite the intentional use of dialect, as noted in the translation of "The Colour out of Space" by Ryszarda Grzybowska. The artificial shift of Lovecraft's style also includes the insertion of words such as pronouns or character names into the sentences in order to improve the coherence of the original sentence, as seen in the translation of "Nyarlathothep" by Mateusz Kopacz.

The second group of the translators tend to omit, at times, significant portions of entire sentences, or, quite contrary, add redundant words into the sentence, extending it unnecessarily, as in "The Case of Charles Dexter Ward" translated by Michał Wroczyński. Manipulating the original text in such way often results in illogical or contradictory sentences which are rather difficult to comprehend and may result in the readers' rejection of the stories as poorly written and uninteresting. Inaccuracy is also illustrated by lexical choices which are by no means recommended in the translation of a horror story, such as the use of diminutives, as seen in the translation of "The Nameless City" by Robert P. Lipski. Another example of a rather serious inaccuracy is the impoverishment of Lovecraft's style through a combination of syntactical changes and modest use of synonyms, resulting in tautological sentences, as seen in "The Dream-Quest of Unknown Kadath" by Andrzej Ledwożyw and "The Rats in the Walls" by Grzegorz Iwańczyw.

In both groups there were examples of the translators misunderstanding or perhaps misreading the original sentences which resulted in lexical choices that may need to be revised. One of the recurring features in both groups was the

misunderstanding of the word “lest”, which could be translated as “aby nie” and used in such a way in the sentence after necessary syntactic adjustments.

Another inaccuracy present in translations of both groups concerns sentence and paragraph division. Some long sentences are divided into several shorter ones, while others are amalgamated into very long and complex sentences. This may be, however, connected to editorial limitations.

3.9 The quantitative analysis of selected fragments

3.9.1 The analysis of paragraph, sentence and word count

A fragment of text representing each translator was chosen for the quantitative analysis. Initially the number of paragraphs, sentences and words in each fragment, both original and translated, was counted, including the discrepancies in word count, given in brackets, between the English and the Polish versions. This provides the basis for further analysis and shows which translator may be deemed as accurate in preserving the paragraph layout used by Lovecraft.

Table 2. Number of sentences and paragraphs in the original texts and in translations

The original text			The translation			Translated by
Sentences	Paragraphs	No. of words	Sentences	Paragraphs	Words	
21	5	739	25 (+4)	9 (+4)	748 (+9)	Lipski
19	8	720	19	8	593 (-189)	Kopacz
21	4	768	21	4	556 (-212)	Wroczyński
27	4	723	28 (+1)	4	654 (-69)	Grzybowska
24	5	808	25 (+1)	5	617 (-191)	Ledwożyw
34	6	834	37 (+3)	8 (+2)	644 (-190)	Iwańciw

The next table shows the compares the average sentence length in words. It is of course necessary to consider the use of prepositions instead of noun cases, and pronouns instead of verb forms inflected for person, which increases the word count of the original as compared to the Polish versions. All figures are rounded where necessary, discrepancies are given in brackets.

Table 3. Average sentence length in words

The original text	The translation	Translated by
35	30 (-5)	Lipski
38	31 (-7)	Kopacz
37	26 (-9)	Wroczyński
27	23 (-4)	Grzybowska
34	24 (-10)	Ledwożyw
24	17 (-7)	Iwańciw

As can be seen from the above tables, the most visible difference between the number of the sentences in the original and the translated text is displayed in the fragment translated by Lipski. There are 4 additional sentences, which means he altered the original sentences by Lovecraft. Furthermore, he divided the original paragraphs, thus extending them from 5 to 9. On the other hand, the word count in Lipski's translation slightly exceeds the original word count of the story; what is more, his translation seems to preserve the original sentence length rather closely, being only 5 words less on average than the original sentence.

It seems that the most accurate translation according to Tables 2 and 3 is the one by Ryszarda Grzybowska. There is only 1 additional sentence in her translation, the number of paragraphs remained the same as in the original text, there are fewer words in her translation than in the original, only 69, however, which is a still significantly smaller discrepancy when compared to other translators. Grzybowska is also close to the original average sentence length, with her sentences being only 4 words shorter, which is the lowest of all translators.

The remaining translators, apart from Iwańciw with 3 additional sentences and 2 additional paragraphs, preserve the original sentence and paragraph division rather well and their word count discrepancy oscillates around 200. In terms of average sentence length, the remaining translations vary from 7 (Kopacz, Iwańciw) to 9 (Wroczyński) and even 10 (Ledwożyw) words less per sentence.

3.9.2. The analysis of vocabulary in the selected fragments

The following tables show a comparison between the numbers of style-related words, which include vocabulary of Greco-Latin origin, adjectives, nouns and adverbs which describe situations, states or attributes evoking fear in the original text and the translation. Examples of such may include “fiendish”, “hideous”, “morbidity”, “darkness”, “horribly” or “despairingly”. Thus, more common words and those which do not adhere to any of the senses, are neutral or exclusively serve to construct the cohesion of the sentences are not taken into account.

Table 4. The comparison of lexical content in the fragment of “The Nameless City”

The original text	The translation
Unique adjectives	
50 (55 including repetition)	61(77 including repetitions)
Unique nouns	
40 (44 including repetitions)	49 (61 including repetitions)
Unique adverbs	
12 (13 including repetitions)	12 (13 including repetitions)

As could be seen from Tables 2 and 3, Lipski exceeds the word count of the original story, also in terms of uniquely used adjectives. This discrepancy increases when the repetitions of used adjectives and nouns are counted. Data from Table 4 may suggest that Lipski uses a wide vocabulary to translate Lovecraft's stories, yet he does not refrain from frequent repetitions. Adverbs seem to be used accurately in his translation. Since the qualitative analysis yielded examples of additions and omissions in Lipski's translations it was thus suspected that it may be further exemplified by the quantitative analysis. The increase in the number of adjectives in the translations can be at times ascribed to the necessity to translate compound nouns as separate words, adjectives and nouns. An example sentence from the fragment shows that Lipski tends to extend the original sentences quite significantly.

I dropped prone again and clutched vainly at the floor for fear of being swept bodily through the open gate into the phosphorescent abyss. (Lovecraft, NC)

The above sentence is translated as:

Ponownie zleżem płasko na ziemi, przywierając, najlepiej jak potrafiłem, do podłoża, lękałem się bowiem, że silny wicher mógłby cisnąć mnie jak nieważkie piórko przez otwartą bramę w głąb świetlistej otchłani. (Lovecraft, 2008:100 [1963])

In the translation, although the adverb is preserved, a different lexeme is used, instead translating “vainly”. What is more, “najlepiej jak potrafiłem” and “cisnąć mnie jak nieważkie piórko” add to the sentence as the passive voice of the original is changed to active with the “silny wicher” being the agent in the sentence.

Table 5. The comparison of lexical content in “What the Moon Brings”

The original text	The translation
Unique adjectives	
44 (52 including repetitions)	55 (59 including repetitions)
Unique nouns	
8 (9 including repetitions)	8
Unique adverbs	
4	2

The quantitative analysis of lexical items in “What the Moon Brings” translated by Kopacz is shown in Table 5. Similarly to Lipski, there are more unique words in the translation than in the original, mostly due to compounding of nouns by Lovecraft. The number of repetitions, however, is smaller than the repetitions used by Lovecraft, which is due to the careful choice of lexemes as the translator wants to avoid repetition and translate the author's style accurately. What is more, Kopacz at times uses adjectives and other constructions, in turn replacing some of the original adverbs.

Table 6. The comparison of lexical content in the fragment of “The Case of Charles Dexter Ward”

The original text	The translation
Unique adjectives	
26	22 (23 including repetitions)
Unique nouns	
22 (28 including repetition)	21 (29 including repetitions)
Unique adverbs	
1	1 (2 including repetitions)

The fragment of *The Case of Charles Dexter Ward* translated by Wroczyński seems to be fairly accurate in terms of quantity. The word count of the translation is 212 words less than the original version. Wroczyński is first of the translators who tend to simplify the original sentences, at times significantly.

Where the script he had memorised began “Y'ai 'ng'ngah, Yog-Sothoth”, this epigraph started out as “Aye, engengah, Yogge-Sothotha”; which to his mind would seriously interfere with the syllabification of the second word. (Lovecraft, CDW)

The above sentence is translated as:

Podczas gdy wersja, którą pamiętał, zaczynała się: “Y'ai ng'ngah, Yog-Sothoth”, ten epigraf brzmiał: “Aye, cngengah, *Yogge-Sothotha*”, wyraźna różnica w drugim słowie. (Lovecraft, 2008:417 [1963], italics original)

In translation, the phrase “which to his mind would seriously interfere with the syllabification of the second word” is simplified in a rather careless manner to “wyraźna różnica w drugim słowie”, with the omission of such complex words as “interfere” and “syllabification” used by Lovecraft in the original. In conjunction with the discrepancy in the average sentence length in words, which shows that the sentences in Wroczyński's translation are on average 9 words shorter than Lovecraft's, it may be suggested that he seems to overly simplify the original text.

Table 7. The comparison of lexical content in the fragment of “The Colour out of Space”

The original text	The translation
Unique adjectives	
32 (35 including repetition)	33 (34 including repetitions)
Unique nouns	
20 (21 including repetitions)	19 (20 including repetitions)
Unique adverbs	
4	4

The above table concerning the translation by Grzybowska shows that her translation seems to be as accurate in terms of quantity as it is in terms of quality. The number of adverbs is preserved and there are minute differences between the number of adjectives and nouns, the latter preserving even the number of repetitions in relation to the original fragment.

Table 8. The comparison of lexical content in the fragment of “The Dream-Quest of Unknown Kadath“

The original text	The translation
Unique adjectives	
58 (60 including repetition)	40 (46 including repetitions)
Unique nouns	
44 (48 including repetitions)	34 (38 including repetitions)
Unique adverbs	
6	6

As shown by Table 3, the translation by Ledwożyw 10 less words on average contains per sentence than the original text. The number of used adjectives and nouns seems to be clearly smaller than in Lovecraft's vocabulary. Ledwożyw used almost 20 less unique adjectives, 14 less when counting repetitions. Analogically, there are 10 less nouns than in the original. The average sentence length is smaller, largely due to simplification, which can be exemplified by the fragment below.

After a few moments he regretted his thoughtless haste, and wished he had tried to follow backward the frescoes he had passed on the way in. True, they were so confused and duplicated that they could not have done him much good, but he wished none the less he had made the attempt. (Lovecraft, DQ)

The above sentences are translated as:

Po kilku chwilach pożałował swego bezmyślnego pośpiechu i pomyślał, że powinien postępować za freskami, które mijał idąc tu. W istocie jednak były one tak zawiłe i poplątane, że nie na wiele by mu się przydały, lecz nie wymyślił nic lepszego. (Lovecraft, 2008:232 [1963])

The phrase “lecz nie wymyślił nic lepszego” is a rather rough translation of “but he wished none the less he had made the attempt”. When combined with Ledwożyw's tendency to omit words or create tautological constructions, it may be suggested that his translation impoverishes Lovecraft's style quite significantly.

Table 9. The comparison of lexical content in the fragment of *The Rats in the Walls*

The original text	The translation
Unique adjectives	
36 (37 including repetition)	24 (26 including repetitions)
Unique nouns	
29 (36 including repetitions)	24 (30 including repetitions)
Unique adverbs	
8	4

The translation of *The Rats in the Walls* by Iwańczyk contains considerably fewer words (-190) than the original and 7 less words per sentence on average. This may be due to omissions which influence the complexity and mood of the sentences, as illustrated by an example.

The skulls denoted nothing short of utter idiocy, cretinism, or primitive semi-apedom. Above the hellishly littered steps arched a descending passage seemingly chiselled from the solid rock, and conducting a current of air. (Lovecraft, RW)

The above sentence is translated as:

Kształt czaszki wskazywał na to, że szkielety należały do pół małp, pół ludzi. Z wnętrza wykutego w skale korytarza dochodził do nas powiew powietrza, lecz nie zatęchłego, jak można by się spodziewać, lecz chłodnego i świeżego. (Lovecraft, 2007:44 [1963])

Phrases such as “utter idiocy, cretinism, or primitive semi-apedom” or “hellishly littered” are omitted in the translation, which is overly simplified, similarly as in the case of Ledwożyw's translation. Curiously enough, it was Iwańczyk who translated *The Rats in the Walls* again, revising Ledwożyw's work and, unfortunately, displaying similar tendencies in translation as his predecessor.

Table 10. The total number of unique words used and their repetitions

Total number		Word class
The original text	The translation	
246 (265 including repetitions)	235 (267 including repetitions)	Adjectives
163 (186 including repetitions)	155 (186 including repetitions)	Nouns
35 (36 including repetitions)	29 (32 including repetitions)	Adverbs

The above table shows that in general, the translations contain fewer unique adjectives and nouns, yet respectively, a larger percent of repetitions, apart from the adverbs which are used more scarcely than in the original texts.

3.9.3 The most frequently used words in different translations

Amongst the used lexemes there are some which appear more than once in the fragments, though no mood-related noun or adjective appeared more than 7 times in the fragments altogether. The table below illustrates the recurring words, starting from those of highest frequency.

Table 11. Most recurring mood-related words in the analysed fragments

Word	Frequency
Horror	7
Unknown (adjective)	6
Hideous	6
Nameless	5
Dead (adjective)	5
Vast	4
Terrible	3
Monstrous	3
Fiendish	3
Unknown (noun)	2

The most frequently used word is the noun “horror”. It is translated in a variety of ways or, at times, omitted or changed in the course of the sentence. In *The Colour out of Space* the phrase “in horror and nausea” is translated as “panicznie przerażony”, which may not be overly accurate, yet it renders the feeling of fear. There are three instances of “horror” in “The Rats in the Walls“. It appears in the phrases “[t]here now lay revealed such a horror as would have overwhelmed us had we not been prepared“ and “[h]orror piled on horror” which are respectively translated as “[c]hoć byliśmy przygotowani na niespodzianki, to jednak widok, który ujrzeliśmy, był szokujący” and “[K]iedy zaczęliśmy zwiedzać ruiny, potwornościom nie było końca” and none of the translations possess even a trace of the original word. The use of “niespodzianki” and

“widok” or “szokujący” is by no means accurate in rendering the mood of the sentence. Lovecraft's intentional repetition of the word in the second phrase is also omitted by Iwańczyw. The remaining instances include “ciało wychwyciło horror, zanim oczy go ujrzały” in “What the Moon Brings“, which is accurate, “[z]łowieszczy księżyc wisiał nisko ponad tymi koszmarami” where the plural “horrors” becomes “nightmares”, which may be deemed as accurate in terms of mood, since the text was based on a dream. In “The Case of Charles Dexter Ward“, “horror” appears in the phrase “pod wpływem tego wszystkiego doktora ogarnęła fala grozy”, which is again accurate.

The word “unknown” appears in 5 of the fragments, either as a noun or as an adjective, most frequently in *The Colour out of Space* in relation to the colour itself and is consequently translated as “nieznany”. Wroczyński renders “the past and the unknown” as “minionego i niezgłębionego” in *The Case of Charles Dexter Ward*, which could be perhaps translated simply as “nieznanego” but is nonetheless quite accurate. Both Kopacz and Lipski translate their contexts of “unknown” as “nieznany/e” whereas Iwańczyw omits the word and renders “unknown fissures” as “jakieś szczeliny”.

One of the more frequent words present in almost every fragment is “hideous”. In Lipski's fragment this quality is attributed to voices and translated as “odrażające”. Kopacz in “What the Moon Brings“ translates the “unfamiliar and hideous” scenes presented by the moon, uses the words “odpychające i odrażające”. In Grzybowska's fragment the phrase “hideous unknown blend of colour” becomes “nieprawdopodobnym kolorem”, later “the hideous thing” is translated as “ta ohydna rzecz”, which is more accurate. Iwańczyw, despite changing the sentence syntax and the word to which “hideous is attributed”, namely “hideous day of discovery” to “ohydnych odkryć”, preserves the meaning of the adjective quite correctly. Ledwożyw, however, translates the phrase “in that hideous second” as “w tej straszliwej sekundzie”, which renders the word closer to “terrible“ or “horrifying“ than “repulsive“ or “revolting“, which would be the original meaning. It could be discussed that in the generally poetic language of “The Dream-Quest of Unknown Kadath“ such an alliterative translation would be appropriate.

As for the adjective “nameless”, is consequently translated as “zapomniany” in *The Nameless City* in Lipski's translation. The issue concerning the title was discussed in the earlier part of this chapter. However, when used in the phrase “nameless race”, it

becomes “nie mającą nazwy rasę” in Lipski's translation. In *What the Moon Brings* by Kopacz “the nameless sea” is translated “nienazwane morze”, which is accurate.

The word “vast” is used 3 times in *What the Moon Brings* and once in the fragment of *The Dream-Quest of Unknown Kadath*. Kopacz translated “vast and nameless sea” as “kolosalnego i nienazwanego morza”, “vast reef” as “obszernej rafie” and the last “much of the vast reef” becomes “dużą część ogromnych raf”. Ledwożyw omits the word in his translation as “[t]here was no light in this vast and evil-smelling crypt” becomes “[w] tej śmierdzącej złem krypcie nie było światła”.

The translations of “terrible” range from “potworne” in *The Colour out of Space* (“something terrible”), and to “przerazająca dolina” in the phrase “terrible valley” in Lipski's fragment, or to “straszliwa” when describing a “terrible invocation” in *The Case of Charles Dexter Ward*. “Monstrous” in all instances is translated either as “potworny” or “monstrualny” and fiendish as “diabelski” or “szatański”, which are both accurate. The word “potworny” is thus used by different translators to convey both the meaning of “terrible” and “monstrous”.

The recurring items of vocabulary seem to be translated rather consistently, despite minor deviations, such as the case of “nameless” as “zapomniane” in Lipski's translation.

Conclusion

The style H.P. Lovecraft seems to pose a challenge for translators, since it is not accurately translated in the recent Polish editions of his prose. Six of his contemporary translators were analysed: Robert P. Lipski, Mateusz Kopacz, Michał Wroczyński, Ryszarda Grzybowska, Andrzej Ledwożyw and Grzegorz Iwańczyw. At least one story translated by each of the translators was subject to qualitative analysis, which exposed inconsistencies and inaccuracies in their work.

No work was absolutely free from lexical mistakes which with varying degree of gravity. The ambiguities which may require a revision of the translation included additions and omissions of essential content, exaggeration in the use of adjectives which exceeded the original text, modifications in the sentence structure leading to a change of meaning or creation of tautological and contradictory constructions, shifting the mood of the story significantly by use of diminutives or inaccurate lexical items instead of the original vocabulary.

The most accurate translation, both in terms of quality and quantity, is the work by Ryszarda Grzybowska, in spite of minor lexical mistakes and the normalisation of dialectical speech, whose content is nonetheless translated correctly. Grzybowska's translation is closely followed by the works of Kopacz, who tends to shift the style of the author by additions which increase the coherence of the original sentences.

The remaining translators are not quite accurate in their translations and many of the aforementioned ambiguities can be found in their works. Examples of revised versions were proposed for certain fragments, and it may be necessary to retranslate some of H. P. Lovecraft's works into Polish again in order to present an accurate rendition of his style to the Polish readers.

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Streszczenie

Celem niniejszej pracy jest przedstawienie literackiego stylu prozy H.P. Lovecrafta oraz analiza tłumaczeń jego utworów na język polski pod względem wierności odwzorowania owego stylu.

Praca składa się z trzech rozdziałów. Rozdział pierwszy zawiera podstawy teoretyczne: definicje stylu, cech stylu, stylistyki oraz wyznaczników stylu.

W rozdziale drugim przedstawiona zostaje sylwetka H.P. Lovecrafta, autorzy oraz zjawiska które wpłynęły na kształtowanie jego stylu i zdania krytyków na temat typowych dla niego cech stylistycznych. Dalsza część rozdziału zawiera teoretyczne przedstawienie cech jego stylu literackiego.

Rozdział trzeci składa się z dwuczęściowej analizy wybranych utworów Lovecrafta. W pierwszej części, 11 wybranych tekstów, przynajmniej jeden na każdego z sześciu współczesnych tłumaczy Lovecrafta na język polski, jest poddanych analizie jakościowej, której celem jest zbadanie wierności tłumaczenia względem stylu autora ze szczególnym uwzględnieniem treści, które wpływają na nastrój utworu. Niekiedy podawane są propozycje poprawy tych fragmentów, które mogą wymagać ponownego przetłumaczenia.

Druga część rozdziału trzeciego to analiza ilościowa wybranych fragmentów z sześciu utworów, jednego dla każdego tłumacza, której celem jest zbadanie wierności tłumaczenia pod względem ilości akapitów, zdań, słów, średniej długości zdania oraz użycia słownictwa, które wpływa na nastrój utworu, w tym najczęściej stosowanych przez autora unikalnych przymiotników, rzeczowników oraz przysłówków.

Postawiono hipotezę, iż styl Lovecrafta może stanowić wyzwanie w tłumaczeniu literackim. Obecne w tłumaczeniach niejasności potwierdzają ową hipotezę. W tłumaczeniach prozy Lovecraft'a na język polski za najwierniejszy, na podstawie analizy jakościowej oraz ilościowej może zostać uznany przekład Ryszardy Grzybowskiej.

Appendix A – Robert P. Lipski

Suddenly there came another burst of that acute fear which had intermittently seized me ever since I first saw the terrible valley and the nameless city under a cold moon, and despite my exhaustion I found myself starting frantically to a sitting posture and gazing back along the black corridor toward the tunnels that rose to the outer world. My sensations were much like those which had made me shun the nameless city at night, and were as inexplicable as they were poignant. In another moment, however, I received a still greater shock in the form of a definite sound—the first which had broken the utter silence of these tomb-like depths. It was a deep, low moaning, as of a distant throng of condemned spirits, and came from the direction in which I was staring. Its volume rapidly grew, till soon it reverberated frightfully through the low passage, and at the same time I became conscious of an increasing draught of cold air, likewise flowing from the tunnels and the city above. The touch of this air seemed to restore my balance, for I instantly recalled the sudden gusts which had risen around the mouth of the abyss each sunset and sunrise, one of which had indeed served to reveal the hidden tunnels to me. I looked at my watch and saw that sunrise was near, so braced myself to resist the gale which was sweeping down to its cavern home as it had swept forth at evening. My fear again waned low, since a natural phenomenon tends to dispel broodings over the unknown.

More and more madly poured the shrieking, moaning night-wind into that gulf of the inner earth. I dropped prone again and clutched vainly at the floor for fear of being swept bodily through the open gate into the phosphorescent abyss. Such fury I had not expected, and as I grew aware of an actual slipping of my form toward the abyss I was beset by a thousand new terrors of apprehension and imagination. The malignancy of the blast awakened incredible fancies; once more I compared myself shudderingly to the only other human image in that frightful corridor, the man who was torn to pieces by the nameless race, for in the fiendish clawing of the swirling currents there seemed to abide a vindictive rage all the stronger because it was largely impotent. I think I screamed frantically near the last—I was almost mad—but if I did so my cries were lost in the hell-born babel of the howling wind-wraiths. I tried to crawl against the murderous invisible torrent, but I could not even hold my own as I was pushed slowly

and inexorably toward the unknown world. Finally reason must have wholly snapped, for I fell to babbling over and over that unexplainable couplet of the mad Arab Alhazred, who dreamed of the nameless city:

“That is not dead which can eternal lie,
And with strange aeons even death may die.”

Only the grim brooding desert gods know what really took place—what indescribable struggles and scrambles in the dark I endured or what Abaddon guided me back to life, where I must always remember and shiver in the night-wind till oblivion—or worse—claims me. Monstrous, unnatural, colossal, was the thing—too far beyond all the ideas of man to be believed except in the silent damnable small hours when one cannot sleep.

I have said that the fury of the rushing blast was infernal—cacodaemoniacal—and that its voices were hideous with the pent-up viciousness of desolate eternities. Presently those voices, while still chaotic before me, seemed to my beating brain to take articulate form behind me; and down there in the grave of unnumbered aeon-dead antiquities, leagues below the dawn-lit world of men, I heard the ghastly cursing and snarling of strange-tongued fiends. Turning, I saw outlined against the luminous aether of the abyss what could not be seen against the dusk of the corridor—a nightmare horde of rushing devils; hate-distorted, grotesquely panoplied, half-transparent; devils of a race no man might mistake—the crawling reptiles of the nameless city.

And as the wind died away I was plunged into the ghoulish blackness of earth’s bowels; for behind the last of the creatures the great brazen door clanged shut with a deafening peal of metallic music whose reverberations swelled out to the distant world to hail the rising sun as Memnon hails it from the banks of the Nile.

(Lovecraft, NC)

Nagle poczułem kolejną falę tego dojmującego lęku, który ogarniał mnie sporadycznie, odkąd po raz pierwszy ujrzałem przerażającą dolinę i zapomniane miasto skąpane w zimnym blasku księżyca. Pomimo wyczerpania zacząłem podnosić się gorączkowo do pozycji siedzącej i powróciłem wzrokiem ku mrocznym tunelom wiodącym w górę, ku zewnętrznemu światu. Ogarnęło mnie dziwne przecucie, to samo, które nakazało mi unikać miasta bez nazwy po zmierzchu, I równie niewyjaśnione, jak przenikliwe. Jednak już chwilę później przeżyłem silniejszy wstrząs, usłyszawszy wyraźny dźwięk – pierwszy, który przełamał absolutną ciszę panującą w tych niemal grobowych czeluściach. Był to głęboki, niski jęk, jakby odległego tłumu dusz potępionych, dochodzący ze strony, w którą patrzyłem.

Z każdą chwilą odgłos coraz bardziej przybierał na sile, aż w końcu zaczął rozbrzmiewać przeraźliwym gromkim echem w dolnym korytarzu, a ja równocześnie poczułem, że nagle zrobiło się zimno, jakby od strony tuneli I miasta powyżej zrobił się przeciąg I do korytarzy zaczęło wpływać lodowate powietrze. Już pierwszy podmuch przywrócił mnie do równowagi, natychmiast bowiem przypomniałem sobie burze piaskowe szalejące u wejścia do czeluści o świcie i zachodzie słońca, owe chłodne wichury, dzięki którym odkryłem wejście do sekretnych tuneli. Spojrzałem na zegarek I stwierdziłem, że świt był już blisko, toteż zaparłem się o ścianę, by stawić czoło wiatrowi, który wpływał na powrót do swej podziemnej domeny, którą opuścił wieczorem. Strach mój znowu osłabł, jako że zjawiska naturalne nie pobudzają do rozmyślań nad nieznanymi fenomenami. Coraz silniejszy I bardziej zajadły nocny wicher wdzierał się, wyjąc, jęcząc I zawodząc w otchłani wnętrza ziemi. Ponownie zleżłem płasko na ziemi, przywierając, najlepiej jak potrafiłem, do podłoża, lękałem się bowiem, że silny wicher mógłby cisnąć mnie jak nieważkie piórko przez otwartą bramę w głąb świetlistej otchłani.

Nie spodziewałem się takiej furii żywiołu I gdy poczułem, że wolno, lecz nieubłaganie przesuwam się w kierunku czeluści, owładnęły mną tysiące nowych lęków, obaw I imaginacji. Siła I zajadłość podmucha ożywiła niewiarygodne teorie I fantazje – raz jeszcze z dreszczem grozy porównałem siebie do jedyne wyobrażenia istoty ludzkiej w przerażającym korytarzu, wizerunku człowieka, który został rozdarty na strzępy przez nie mającą nazwy rasę, w zajadłych bowiem atakach diabelskiej wichury szalejącej opętańczo wokół mnie zdawałem się wyczuwać mściwy gniew, tym

silniejszy, że efekty jej działań wydawały się znikome. Wydaje mi się, że pod koniec krzyczałem – byłem o krok od utraty zmysłów – ale jeżeli tak, jeżeli rzeczywiście byłem jak oszalały, mój wrzask utonął na dobre wśród zrodzonego w czeluściach piekieł jazgotu i skowytu powietrznych widm.

Próbowałem się czołgać, walcząc z morderczym, niewidocznym, znoszącym prądem, lecz był on silniejszy. Nie miałem się czego uchwycić i wolno, nieuchronnie osuwałem się w stronę nieznanego świata. W końcu musiałem jednak poddać się obłądowi – zacząłem bowiem powtarzać, raz po raz, bez końca, niewyjaśniony kuplet szalonego Araba Alhazreda, który śnił o zapomnianym mieście.

Nie umarło, co spoczywać w uśpieniu wieki całe może,

A czasu upływ w końcu i śmierć nawet zmoże.

Tylko posępni zadumani bogowie pustyni wiedzą, co się wtedy naprawdę wydarzyło – jakie nieopisane trudy i znoje musiałem pokonać pośród ciemności lub jakież Abaddon odprowadził mnie na powrót do krainy żyjących, gdzie wspomnienie tego, co zaszło, nigdy mnie już nie opuści i gdzie drżał będę, słysząc zawodzenie nocnego wiatru, do dnia, kiedy wydam ostatnie tchnienie – lub kiedy – co gorsza – ów wiatry zabierze mnie ze sobą. To było potworne, nienaturalne, kolosalne, wykraczające ponad wszystko, w co może uwierzyć człowiek, nie licząc owych rzadkich cichych, mrocznych godzin przedświt, kiedy dręczy ludzi bezsenność.

Wspomniałem już, że furia tej wichury była iście diabelska, piekielna, demoniczna, głosy zaś odrażające i przepełnione złem i ponadczasową wrogością. Obecnie głosy te, mimo iż wciąż chaotyczne, zdawały się dla mego udręczonego mózgu przyjmować bardziej zrozumiałą, artykułowaną formę. I nagle w czeluściach grobu umarłych całe eony temu prastarych istot, głęboko pod powierzchnią skapanego w promieniach wstającego słońca świata ludzi, usłyszałem upiorne przekleństwa, warkot i złorzeczenia czartów posługujących się dziwnym językiem.

Odwracając się ujrzałem odcinającą się na tle świetlistego eteru otchłani, czego nie byłem w stanie dostrzec w półmroku korytarza, koszmarną hordę pędzących jak

szalone diabłów; szczerzących się upiornie, łypiących nienawistnie w pół przezroczystych czartów należących do rasy, której człowiek nie mógłby pomylić z żadną inną – były to pełzające potworne gadzie istoty, mieszkańcy zapomnianego miasta. A kiedy ucichł wiatr, znalazłem się wśród przeraźliwej ciemności, mroku najgłębszego wnętrza ziemi, kiedy bowiem ostatnia z kreatur przekroczyła granicę krainy świetlistego eteru, wielkie mosiężne drzwi zatrzasnęły się za nią z ogłuszającym metalicznym hukiem, który rozbrzmiewając dookoła gromkim, melodyjnym echem, przywodzić mógł na myśl całemu światu odgłos powitania wschodzącego słońca, tak jak niegdyś Memnon witał je, stojąc nad brzegiem Nilu.

(Lovecraft, 2008: 99-102[1963])

Appendix B – Mateusz Kopacz

I hate the moon—I am afraid of it—for when it shines on certain scenes familiar and loved it sometimes makes them unfamiliar and hideous.

It was in the spectral summer when the moon shone down on the old garden where I wandered; the spectral summer of narcotic flowers and humid seas of foliage that bring wild and many-coloured dreams. And as I walked by the shallow crystal stream I saw unwonted ripples tipped with yellow light, as if those placid waters were drawn on in resistless currents to strange oceans that are not in the world. Silent and sparkling, bright and baleful, those moon-cursed waters hurried I knew not whither; whilst from the embowered banks white lotos blossoms fluttered one by one in the opiate night-wind and dropped despairingly into the stream, swirling away horribly under the arched, carven bridge, and staring back with the sinister resignation of calm, dead faces.

And as I ran along the shore, crushing sleeping flowers with heedless feet and maddened ever by the fear of unknown things and the lure of the dead faces, I saw that the garden had no end under that moon; for where by day the walls were, there stretched now only new vistas of trees and paths, flowers and shrubs, stone idols and pagodas, and bendings of the yellow-litten stream past grassy banks and under grotesque bridges of marble. And the lips of the dead lotos-faces whispered sadly, and bade me follow, nor did I cease my steps till the stream became a river, and joined amidst marshes of swaying reeds and beaches of gleaming sand the shore of a vast and nameless sea.

Upon that sea the hateful moon shone, and over its unvoiced waves weird perfumes brooded. And as I saw therein the lotos-faces vanish, I longed for nets that I might capture them and learn from them the secrets which the moon had brought upon the night. But when the moon went over to the west and the still tide ebbd from the sullen shore, I saw in that light old spires that the waves almost uncovered, and white columns gay with festoons of green seaweed. And knowing that to this sunken place all the dead had come, I trembled and did not wish again to speak with the lotos-faces.

Yet when I saw afar out in the sea a black condor descend from the sky to seek rest on a vast reef, I would fain have questioned him, and asked him of those whom I had known when they were alive. This I would have asked him had he not been so far away, but he was very far, and could not be seen at all when he drew nigh that gigantic reef.

So I watched the tide go out under that sinking moon, and saw gleaming the spires, the towers, and the roofs of that dead, dripping city. And as I watched, my nostrils tried to close against the perfume-conquering stench of the world's dead; for truly, in this unplaced and forgotten spot had all the flesh of the churchyards gathered for puffy sea-worms to gnaw and glut upon.

Over those horrors the evil moon now hung very low, but the puffy worms of the sea need no moon to feed by. And as I watched the ripples that told of the writhing of worms beneath, I felt a new chill from afar out whither the condor had flown, as if my flesh had caught a horror before my eyes had seen it.

Nor had my flesh trembled without cause, for when I raised my eyes I saw that the waters had ebbed very low, shewing much of the vast reef whose rim I had seen before. And when I saw that this reef was but the black basalt crown of a shocking eikon whose monstrous forehead now shone in the dim moonlight and whose vile hooves must paw the hellish ooze miles below, I shrieked and shrieked lest the hidden face rise above the waters, and lest the hidden eyes look at me after the slinking away of that leering and treacherous yellow moon.

And to escape this relentless thing I plunged gladly and unhesitatingly into the stinking shallows where amidst weedy walls and sunken streets fat sea-worms feast upon the world's dead. (Lovecraft, WMB)

Nienawidzę księżyc; więcej – boję się go, kiedy bowiem świeci, pewne ukochane i radosne sceny przeradzają się w odpychające i odrażające widowisko.

Zdarzyło się to w widmowe lato, gdy księżyc oświecał stary ogród, po którym często wędrowałem; widmowe lato narkotycznych kwiatów i wilgotnych mórz listowie, pełne dzikich, barwnych snów. I tak, przekraczając płytki, kryształowy strumień, zauważyłem na jego toni niezwykle, oblane żółtym światłem zmarszczki, jakby te spokojne wody jakiś nieodparty nurt ciągnął ku falom osobliwych oceanów nie z tego świata. Ciche i skrzące, jasne i bałwochwalcze, owe przeklęte przez księżyc wody spieszyły nie wiadomo dokąd; w tym czasie z przybrzeżnych wydm białe kwiaty lotosu trzepotały w opiumowym, nocnym wietrze i jeden po drugim opadały rozpaczliwie w strumień, wirując straszliwie pod łukowym, rzeźbionym mostem i spoglądając wstecz z ponurą rezygnacją malującą się na spokojnych, martwych twarzach.

Gdy biegłem, miażdżąc nieostrożną stopą śpiące kwiaty, oszalały ze strachu przed nieznanym i powabem martwych twarzy, dostrzegłem, że pod tym księżycem ogród nie ma końca; gdzie za dnia stały mury, teraz ciągnęły się nowe perspektywy drzew i alei, kwiatów i krzewów, kamiennych idoli i pagód oraz żółto oświetlonego strumienia za trawiastymi nasypami i pod groteskowymi mostami z marmuru. Usta martwych twarzy lotosu szeptały ze smutkiem, sprawiając, że nie mogłem za nimi nie podążać; nie mogłem powstrzymać mych kroków nawet wtedy, gdy strumień stał się rzeką i dołączył wśród moczarów kołyszących się trzciny i plaż migoczącego piasku do kolosalnego i nienazwanego morza.

Ponad wodą świecił znienawidzony księżyc, a nad bezgłośnymi falami unosiły się dziwne wonie. Spostrzegłszy, że to właśnie w tych toniach rozpływają się twarze lotosu, miałem wielką ochotę łowić je sieciami, móc pochwycić i dowiedzieć się sekretów, które przyniósł ze sobą księżyc pod osłoną nocy. Kiedy miesiąc odszedł na zachód, a fale przyływu oddaliły się, odkrywając posępny brzeg, zauważyłem, w jego świetle stare iglice, odsłonięte przez fale prawie całkowicie, a także białe kolumny zabarwione festonami zielonych wodorostów. Wiedząc, że do tego zatopionego miejsca udali się wszyscy zmarli, zadrżałem i zaniechałem dalszych rozmów z twarzami lotosu.

Ujrzałem wtedy w oddali czarnego kondora szukającego z niebios miejsca do wypoczynku na obszernej rafie; mógłbym zapytać go o tych, którzy będąc żywymi,

dużo wiedzieli. Był on jednak bardzo daleko, a gdyby zaszył się w tej gigantycznej rafie, nie można by było go nawet zobaczyć.

Obserwowałem więc pod zanikającym księżycem, jak oddalają się fale przyływu, widziałem także migoczące iglice, wieże i dachy tego martwego, ociekającego miasta. I gdy tak patrzyłem, me nozdrza próbowały przeciwstawić się dominującemu odorowi martwych tego świata; tak naprawdę, wszelkie ciała z cementarze zebrały się w tym nieznanym i zapomnianym miejscu wyłącznie dla pękających morskich robaków, by glisty te mogły się nasycić.

Złowieszczy księżyc wisiał nisko ponad tymi koszmarami, lecz opasłe czerwie mórz nie potrzebują księżyca, by jeść. Obserwując zmarszczki na wodzie, świadczące o wijących się pod nią robakach, jednocześnie poczułem inny chłód z oddali, z miejsca, w które poleciał kondor, tak jakby moje ciało wychwyciło horror, zanim oczy go ujrzały.

Ciało me drży nie bez powodu, więc gdy podniosłem wzrok, nie zdziwiło mnie, że spostrzegłem odpływające w niewidzialną dal wody, odsłaniające dużą część ogromnych raf, których szczyty widziałem wcześniej. Spostrzegłem, że rafa była czarną bazaltową koroną plugawego widma, którego monstrualne czoło ukazało się w słabym świetle księżyca, a ohydne kopyta grzebały w mule na mile pod ziemią; wrzeszczałem przez cały czas, jak tajemna twarz unosiła się nad wodami, a ukryte oczy patrzyły na mnie, ześlizgnawszy się ze zdradzieckiego żółtego księżyca.

Aby uciec od tej bezwzględnej istoty, zanurzyłem się rad i zdecydowany w śmierdzące mielizny, gdzie wśród zachwaszczonych murów i zatopionych ulic tłuste morskie czerwie żerują na zmarłych tego świata. (Lovecraft, 2008:143-145 [1963])

Appendix C – Michał Wroczyński

As the strong Argand blaze lit up the entire chamber the doctor saw that the wall opposite the door, between the two groups of torturing appliances in the corners, was covered with pegs from which hung a set of shapeless-looking robes of a rather dismal yellowish-white. But far more interesting were the two vacant walls, both of which were thickly covered with mystic symbols and formulae roughly chiselled in the smooth dressed stone. The damp floor also bore marks of carving; and with but little difficulty Willett deciphered a huge pentagram in the centre, with a plain circle about three feet wide half way between this and each corner. In one of these four circles, near where a yellowish robe had been flung carelessly down, there stood a shallow kylix of the sort found on the shelves above the whip-rack; and just outside the periphery was one of the Phaleron jugs from the shelves in the other room, its tag numbered 118. This was unstoppered, and proved upon inspection to be empty; but the explorer saw with a shiver that the kylix was not. Within its shallow area, and saved from scattering only by the absence of wind in this sequestered cavern, lay a small amount of a dry, dull-greenish efflorescent powder which must have belonged in the jug; and Willett almost reeled at the implications that came sweeping over him as he correlated little by little the several elements and antecedents of the scene. The whips and the instruments of torture, the dust or salts from the jug of “Materia”, the two lekythoi from the “Custodes” shelf, the robes, the formulae on the walls, the notes on the pad, the hints from letters and legends, and the thousand glimpses, doubts, and suppositions which had come to torment the friends and parents of Charles Ward—all these engulfed the doctor in a tidal wave of horror as he looked at that dry greenish powder outspread in the pedestalled leaden kylix on the floor.

With an effort, however, Willett pulled himself together and began studying the formulae chiselled on the walls. From the stained and incrustated letters it was obvious that they were carved in Joseph Curwen’s time, and their text was such as to be vaguely familiar to one who had read much Curwen material or delved extensively into the history of magic. One the doctor clearly recognised as what Mrs. Ward heard her son chanting on that ominous Good Friday a year before, and what an authority had told him was a very terrible invocation addressed to secret gods outside the normal spheres. It

was not spelled here exactly as Mrs. Ward had set it down from memory, nor yet as the authority had shewn it to him in the forbidden pages of “Eliphas Levi”; but its identity was unmistakable, and such words as *Sabaoth*, *Metraton*, *Almousin*, and *Zariatnatmik* sent a shudder of fright through the searcher who had seen and felt so much of cosmic abomination just around the corner.

This was on the left-hand wall as one entered the room. The right-hand wall was no less thickly inscribed, and Willett felt a start of recognition as he came upon the pair of formulae so frequently occurring in the recent notes in the library. They were, roughly speaking, the same; with the ancient symbols of “Dragon’s Head” and “Dragon’s Tail” heading them as in Ward’s scribblings. But the spelling differed quite widely from that of the modern versions, as if old Curwen had had a different way of recording sound, or as if later study had evolved more powerful and perfected variants of the invocations in question. The doctor tried to reconcile the chiselled version with the one which still ran persistently in his head, and found it hard to do. Where the script he had memorised began “*Y’ai ’ng’ngah, Yog-Sothoth*”, this epigraph started out as “*Aye, engengah, Yogge-Sothotha*”; which to his mind would seriously interfere with the syllabification of the second word.

Ground as the later text was into his consciousness, the discrepancy disturbed him; and he found himself chanting the first of the formulae aloud in an effort to square the sound he conceived with the letters he found carved. Weird and menacing in that abyss of antique blasphemy rang his voice; its accents keyed to a droning sing-song either through the spell of the past and the unknown, or through the hellish example of that dull, godless wail from the pits whose inhuman cadences rose and fell rhythmically in the distance through the stench and the darkness.

Kiedy potężny blask lampy Arganda rozjaśnił mrok, docierając do wszystkich zakamarków pomieszczenia, doktor ujrzał, że w ścianie naprzeciwko drzwi – pomiędzy urządzeniami do tortur – tkwią kołki ze zwieszającymi się niedbale szatami w posępnym, żółtawo-białym kolorze. Ale dużo bardziej interesujące okazały się dwie pozostałe, puste ściany; obie gęsto pokryte mistycznymi symbolami i formułami niezdarne wykutymi w gładko wypolerowanym kamieniu. Wilgotna podłoga też nosiła ślady rytów i Willett rozpoznał ogromny pentagram pośrodku oraz cztery okręgi o średnicy trzech stóp każdy, usytuowane w połowie odległości między owym pentagramem a rogami pokoju. W jednym z okręgów, w pobliżu owych zawieszonych niedbale żółtawych szat, stała płytka kyliks, których tak wiele znajdowało się na półkach powyżej upiornego stojaka z pejcami. Natomiast tuż za obwodem koła Willett dostrzegł dzbanek phaleron, pochodzący z innego kręgu, w którym zachowało się nieco suchego, matowozielonkawego, zwietrzałego proszku; i Willett dostał prawie zawrotu głowy na myśl, co to wszystko znaczy i czym ów proszek może być. Pejczy i urządzenia do zadawania tortur, kurz lub prochy ze słoja “Materia”, dwa lektyki z półki “Opieka”, szaty, formuły na ścianach, notatki na papierze, reminiscencje z listów i legend oraz tysiące drobnych spostrzeżeń, wątpliwości i podejrzeń, które tak dręczyły przyjaciół i rodziców Charlesa Warda; pod wpływem tego wszystkiego doktor ogarnęła fala grozy i stał, spoglądając nieruchomym wzrokiem na ów zielonkawy proszek w smukłym, postawionym na podłodze, ołowianym kyliksie.

Kiedy opanował się na tyle, by rozsądnie myśleć, Willett zaczął studiować wykute w kamieniu formuły. Inkrustowane, niewyraźne litery mówiły, że wzory te pochodzą jeszcze z czasów Curwena, ale komuś, kto przeczytał wiele jego materiałów i przekopał się przez historię magii, treść tych formuł nie była całkiem obca. Doktor rozpoznał między innymi tą, którą pani Ward słyszała w niepokojący Wielki Piątek, rok wcześniej. Znaczący twierdzili, iż formuła ta to straszliwa inwokacja adresowana do tajemniczych bóstw spoza zwyczajnych sfer. Formuły te brzmiały nieco inaczej, niż zapamiętała je pani Ward; różniły się też od tekstu na zakazanych stronicach *Eliphasa levi*, które pokazali mu znaczący przedmiotu. Ich tożsamość jednak nie ulegała wątpliwości, a takiego słowa jak Sabaoth, Metraton, Almonsin czy Zariatnatmik ścinały doktorowi duszę lodem, gdy poczuł już i poznał wiele z tego kosmicznego obrzydlistwa.

Inskrypcje pokrywały zarówno ścianę po lewej, jak i po prawej ręce od wejścia. A na lewostronnej Willett, kiedy się zbliżył, natychmiast odnalazł parę formuł, która tak często występowała w notatkach w bibliotece. Ogólnie rzecz biorąc, były to formuły ze starożytnymi symbolami “Głowy Smoka” i “Ogona Smoka” w nagłówku. Ich pisownia jednak różniła się od wersji współczesnej, jak gdyby Joseph Curwen posiadał inny sposób konotacji dźwięku lub też późniejsze studia rozwinęły jeszcze silniejsze i doskonalsze warianty inwokacji, o których mowa. Doktor próbował pogodzić wyrzeźbioną wersję z tą, która tak uporczywie drążyła mu pamięć. Podczas gdy wersja, którą pamiętał, zaczynała się: “Y'ai ng'ngah, Yog-Sothoth”, ten epigraf brzmiał: “Aye, cngengah, *Yogge-Sothotha*”, wyraźna różnica w drugim słowie.

Rozbieżność między dwoma tekstami – tym zapamiętanym oraz wykutym w kamieniu – nie dawała Willettowi spokoju; i naraz odkrył, że śpiewa na głos pierwszą formułę, próbując zestawić dźwięk, który sobie przypomniał, z wyrytymi na ścianie literami. Tajemniczo i złowrogo brzmiał jego głos w tej otchłani starożytnego bluźnierstwa. Grzmiał jego monotonny śpiew wzmacniany jeszcze, czy to czarem minionego i niezgłębionego, czy też piekielnym, ponurym i bezbożnym wyciem dochodzącym z dziur, których nieludzki chór wzrastał i opadał rytmicznie, docierając poprzez smród i ciemność aż tutaj. (Lovecraft, 2008: 415-417 [1963])

Appendix D – Ryszarda Grzybowska

At this point, as the column of unknown colour flared suddenly stronger and began to weave itself into fantastic suggestions of shape which each spectator later described differently, there came from poor tethered Hero such a sound as no man before or since ever heard from a horse. Every person in that low-pitched sitting room stopped his ears, and Ammi turned away from the window in horror and nausea. Words could not convey it—when Ammi looked out again the hapless beast lay huddled inert on the moonlit ground between the splintered shafts of the buggy. That was the last of Hero till they buried him next day. But the present was no time to mourn, for almost at this instant a detective silently called attention to something terrible in the very room with them. In the absence of the lamplight it was clear that a faint phosphorescence had begun to pervade the entire apartment. It glowed on the broad-planked floor and the fragment of rag carpet, and shimmered over the sashes of the small-paned windows. It ran up and down the exposed corner-posts, coruscated about the shelf and mantel, and infected the very doors and furniture. Each minute saw it strengthen, and at last it was very plain that healthy living things must leave that house.

Ammi shewed them the back door and the path up through the fields to the ten-acre pasture. They walked and stumbled as in a dream, and did not dare look back till they were far away on the high ground. They were glad of the path, for they could not have gone the front way, by that well. It was bad enough passing the glowing barn and sheds, and those shining orchard trees with their gnarled, fiendish contours; but thank heaven the branches did their worst twisting high up. The moon went under some very black clouds as they crossed the rustic bridge over Chapman's Brook, and it was blind groping from there to the open meadows.

When they looked back toward the valley and the distant Gardner place at the bottom they saw a fearsome sight. All the farm was shining with the hideous unknown blend of colour; trees, buildings, and even such grass and herbage as had not been wholly changed to lethal grey brittleness. The boughs were all straining skyward, tipped with tongues of foul flame, and lambent tricklings of the same monstrous fire were creeping about the ridgepoles of the house, barn, and sheds. It was a scene from a vision of Fuseli, and over all the rest reigned that riot of luminous amorphousness, that alien

and undimensioned rainbow of cryptic poison from the well—seething, feeling, lapping, reaching, scintillating, straining, and malignly bubbling in its cosmic and unrecognisable chromaticism.

Then without warning the hideous thing shot vertically up toward the sky like a rocket or meteor, leaving behind no trail and disappearing through a round and curiously regular hole in the clouds before any man could gasp or cry out. No watcher can ever forget that sight, and Ammi stared blankly at the stars of Cygnus, Deneb twinkling above the others, where the unknown colour had melted into the Milky Way. But his gaze was the next moment called swiftly to earth by the crackling in the valley. It was just that. Only a wooden ripping and crackling, and not an explosion, as so many others of the party vowed. Yet the outcome was the same, for in one feverish, kaleidoscopic instant there burst up from that doomed and accursed farm a gleamingly eruptive cataclysm of unnatural sparks and substance; blurring the glance of the few who saw it, and sending forth to the zenith a bombarding cloudburst of such coloured and fantastic fragments as our universe must needs disown. Through quickly re-closing vapours they followed the great morbidity that had vanished, and in another second they had vanished too. Behind and below was only a darkness to which the men dared not return, and all about was a mounting wind which seemed to sweep down in black, frore gusts from interstellar space. It shrieked and howled, and lashed the fields and distorted woods in a mad cosmic frenzy, till soon the trembling party realised it would be no use waiting for the moon to shew what was left down there at Nahum's. (Lovecraft, CS)

W tym momencie, kiedy kolumna nieznanego na tym świecie koloru rozbłysła nagle z całą siłą i zaczęła przybierać najbardziej fantastyczne kształty, przekraczające wszelką wyobraźnię, a które każdy opisywał inaczej, uwiązany Mero wydał taki odgłos, jakiego nikt spośród obecnych jeszcze w życiu nie słyszał u konia, ani przedtem, ani potem. Wszyscy siedzący w tej izbie o niskim pułapie zakryli uszy, zaś Ammi odwrócił się od okna, panicznie przerażony. Słowa nie byłyby zdolne przekazać tego widowiska - bo kiedy Ammi wyjrzał znowu przez okno, biedne zwierzę leżało bezwładnie na oświetlonej księżycem ziemi pomiędzy rozłożonymi dyszlami. I tak Hero pozostał, póki nie pogrzebali go następnego dnia. Teraz jednak nie było czasu na żale, bo detektyw zwrócił nagle uwagę, że coś potwornego zaczyna się dziać w tym domu. Z chwilą przygaszenia lampy fosforescencja zaczęła ogarniać całą izbę. Świeciły się szerokie deski w podłodze i leżący na niej chodnik, a także futryny okien z małymi szybkami. Ten dziwny blask pełzał w górę i w dół po wystających belkach w rogach izby, skrzył się na półce i kominku, ogarniał wszystkie drzwi i meble. Z każdą minutą się wzmaczał, aż wreszcie stało się oczywiste, że zdrowe i żywe istoty muszą opuścić ten dom.

Ammi wskazał tylne drzwi i ścieżkę prowadzącą przez pole w kierunku dziesięcioakrowego pastwiska. Szli potykając się jak we śnie, nikt nie miał odwagi się obejrzeć, dopóki nie znaleźli się daleko na wzniesieniu. Ucieszyli się z tej ścieżki, bo nikt nie odważyłby się wyjść frontowymi drzwiami i przejść koło tej studni. Wystarczająco okropne było przejście obok stodoły i szop, obok świecących drzew owocowych, powyrzwywianych w szatańskie kształty; Bogu dzięki, że najgorzej się wykrzywiały te rosnące wysoko gałęzie. Kiedy przechodzili przez drewniany mostek z nieociosanych belek nad Chapman's Brook, księżyc skrył się za czarnymi chmurami i zapanowała taka ciemność, że po omacku musieli sobie torować drogę na rozległą łąkę.

Tam dopiero odwrócili się, żeby spojrzeć na dolinę i posiadłość Gardnera, a wtedy oczom ich ukazał się przerażający widok. Cała farma lśniła jakimś zupełnie nieprawdopodobnym kolorem; drzewa, zabudowania, nawet trawa i polne kwiaty, które jeszcze nie całkiem spopielaly i uschły. Wszystkie gałęzie wyciągały się ku niebu, a na ich czubkach migotały języki ohydnych płomieni; taki sam monstrualny ogień przesączał się, lizał i pełzał po deskach kalenicy domu, stodoły i wszystkich przybudówek. Była to scena widzenia Fuseliego, a wszystkim, co jeszcze tam istniało, zawładnęła orgia

światlnego amorfizmu, obca, bezwymiarowa tęcza tajemnej trucizny sączącej się ze studni - kipiąca, wyczuwalna, lepka, sięgająca wszystkiego, iskrząca się, pełznąca w górę i jadownicie bulgocąca w swym kosmicznym, zupełnie nieznanym chromatyzmie. Wtem, niespodziewanie, ta ohydna rzecz wystrzeliła w górę, prosto w niebo, niczym rakietą albo meteor, nie pozostawiając po sobie żadnego śladu i zniknęła w okrągłym i zadziwiająco kształtnym otworze w chmurach, nim ktokolwiek zdążył złapać oddech albo wykrzyknąć. Kto to widział, nigdy nie zdoła tego zapomnieć. Ammi wpatrywał się pustym wzrokiem w gwiazdy Cygnus i Deneb skrzące się powyżej innych gwiazd, gdzie nieznaną kolor rozplynął się pośród Drogi Mlecznej. Jednakże jego wzrok musiał wkrótce powrócić znowu ku ziemi, gdyż w dolinie rozległ się trzask. Tak właśnie było. Tylko łomot i trzask drzewa, żadnej eksplozji, jak twierdzili członkowie tej wyprawy.

W każdym razie rezultat był taki sam, bo w jednej przerażającej, kalejdoskopowej chwili buchnął z tej skazanej na zagładę i przeklętej farmy roziskrzony erupcyjny kataklizm nienaturalnych iskier i jakiejś substancji; oślepił tych, którzy akurat patrzyli, a w górę, aż do zenitu buchnęła taka chmara kolorowych, o niespotykanych kształtach szczątków, do jakich nasz wszechświat nie mógłby się przyznać. Pośród szybko zanikających oparów pomknęły za schorzałą zjawą, która uniosła się w przestworza, po czym i zniknęły bez śladu, i na wzgórzu, i w dolinie rozlewała się tylko ciemność, do której nie mieli odwagi powrócić, wzmagął się wiatr, który zdawał się spływać czarnym, zimnym podmuchem z międzygwiazdnych przestworzy. Gwizdał i wył, i smagał pola i lasy z oszalałą, kosmiczną zaciekłością, a rozdygotani uczestnicy tej wyprawy zrozumieli, że nie ma sensu czekać na księżyc, by zobaczyć, co pozostało z domostwa Nahuma.

(Lovecraft, 2007: 309-311 [1963])

Appendix E – Andrzej Ledwożyw

The slant-eyed merchant had now prodded Carter into a great domed space whose walls were carved in shocking bas-reliefs, and whose centre held a gaping circular pit surrounded by six malignly stained stone altars in a ring. There was no light in this vast and evil-smelling crypt, and the small lamp of the sinister merchant shone so feebly that one could grasp details only little by little. At the farther end was a high stone dais reached by five steps; and there on a golden throne sat a lumpish figure robed in yellow silk figured with red and having a yellow silken mask over its face. To this being the slant-eyed man made certain signs with his hands, and the lurker in the dark replied by raising a disgustingly carved flute of ivory in silk-covered paws and blowing certain loathsome sounds from beneath its flowing yellow mask. This colloquy went on for some time, and to Carter there was something sickeningly familiar in the sound of that flute and the stench of the malodorous place. It made him think of a frightful red-litten city and of the revolting procession that once filed through it; of that, and of an awful climb through lunar countryside beyond, before the rescuing rush of earth's friendly cats. He knew that the creature on the dais was without doubt the high-priest not to be described, of which legend whispers such fiendish and abnormal possibilities, but he feared to think just what that abhorred high-priest might be.

Then the figured silk slipped a trifle from one of the greyish-white paws, and Carter knew what the noisome high-priest was. And in that hideous second stark fear drove him to something his reason would never have dared to attempt, for in all his shaken consciousness there was room only for one frantic will to escape from what squatted on that golden throne. He knew that hopeless labyrinths of stone lay betwixt him and the cold table-land outside, and that even on that table-land the noxious shantak still waited; yet in spite of all this there was in his mind only the instant need to get away from that wriggling, silk-robed monstrosity.

The slant-eyed man had set his curious lamp upon one of the high and wickedly stained altar-stones by the pit, and had moved forward somewhat to talk to the high-priest with his hands. Carter, hitherto wholly passive, now gave that man a terrific push with all the wild strength of fear, so that the victim toppled at once into that gaping well which rumour holds to reach down to the hellish Vaults of Zin where gugs hunt ghastrs

in the dark. In almost the same second he seized the lamp from the altar and darted out into the frescoed labyrinths, racing this way and that as chance determined and trying not to think of the stealthy padding of shapeless paws on the stones behind him, or of the silent wriggings and crawlings which must be going on back there in lightless corridors.

After a few moments he regretted his thoughtless haste, and wished he had tried to follow backward the frescoes he had passed on the way in. True, they were so confused and duplicated that they could not have done him much good, but he wished none the less he had made the attempt. Those he now saw were even more horrible than those he had seen then, and he knew he was not in the corridors leading outside. In time he became quite sure he was not followed, and slackened his pace somewhat; but scarce had he breathed in half-relief when a new peril beset him. His lamp was waning, and he would soon be in pitch blackness with no means of sight or guidance.

When the light was all gone he groped slowly in the dark, and prayed to the Great Ones for such help as they might afford. At times he felt the stone floor sloping up or down, and once he stumbled over a step for which no reason seemed to exist. The farther he went the damper it seemed to be, and when he was able to feel a junction or the mouth of a side passage he always chose the way which sloped downward the least. He believed, though, that his general course was down; and the vault-like smell and incrustations on the greasy walls and floor alike warned him he was burrowing deep in Leng's unwholesome table-land. But there was not any warning of the thing which came at last; only the thing itself with its terror and shock and breath-taking chaos. One moment he was groping slowly over the slippery floor of an almost level place, and the next he was shooting dizzily downward in the dark through a burrow which must have been well-nigh vertical. (Lovecraft, DQ)

Skośnooki kupiec popchnął teraz Cartera w wielką, przestrzeń nakrytą kopułą, której ściany rzeźbione były we wstrząsające bas-reliefy, a w środku której znajdowała się otwarta, okrągła dziura, otoczona sześcioma koszmarne pomalowanymi kamiennymi ołtarzami. W tej śmierdzącej złem krypcie nie było światła - mała lampa złowrogiego kupca świeciła tak słabo, że poszczególne detale zauważyć można było z wielkim trudem. W dalszym końcu znajdowało się wysokie, kamienne podium, do którego prowadziło pięć stopni; siedziała tam na złotym tronie postać odziana w żółty jedwab przyozdobiony czerwienią, z żółtą, jedwabną maską na twarzy. Skośnooki kupiec wykonał pewne znaki swymi rękoma, a czający się w ciemności odpowiedział mu, podniósłszy bogato rzeźbiony flet z kości słoniowej. Wydał kilka przerażających dźwięków spod swej luźnej, żółtej maski. Rozmowa ta trwała przez pewien czas, a dla Cartera było coś obrzydliwie znajomego w dźwięku fletu i zapachu tego śmierdzącego miejsca. Sprawił, że pomyślał o przerażającym, czerwono oświetlonym mieście i o odrażającej procesji, która kiedyś miała tam miejsce. Wiedział, że stwór na tronie jest bez wątpienia arcykapłanem, o którym legendy głosiły, że posiada diabelskie i nienormalne możliwości, lecz bał się pomyśleć, czym w istocie jest ten przerażający arcykapłan.

Nagle postać w jedwabiu wypuściła flet z jednej z szarobiałych łap i Carter wiedział już, czym jest ten śmierdzący arcykapłan. W tej straszliwej sekundzie strach skłonił go do czegoś, na co chłodny umysł nigdy by się nie ośmielił, gdyż w jego roztrzaskanej świadomości było miejsce tylko dla gorączkowej ucieczki od tego, co przycupnęło na złotym tronie. Wiedział, że między nim a zimną pustynią na zewnątrz rozciąga się kamienny labirynt, że na pustyni czekają niebezpieczne shantaki, lecz mimo wszystko w jego umyśle była tylko natychmiastowa potrzeba odsunięcia się od tej wijącej się, odzianej w jedwab potworności.

Skośnooki mężczyzna postawił swą dziwną lampę na wysokim i złowroźnie poplamionym kamiennym ołtarzu i ruszył do przodu, aby porozmawiać na migi z arcykapłanem. Carter, dotąd zupełnie bierny, teraz pchnął go z całą daną mu przez strach siłą, tak że ofiara wpadła do ziejącej studni, o której pogłoski mówiły, że sięga do samych piekielnych Otchłani Zin, gdzie Gugowie polowali w ciemnościach na duchy. W tej samej prawie chwili porwał z ołtarza lampę i rzucił się w pokryty freskami labirynt, biegnąc nim na oślep i usiłując nie myśleć o tupocie bezkształtnych łapza sobą,

ani o cichym wiciu się i pełzaniu w ciemnych korytarzach.

Po kilku chwilach pożałował swego bezmyślnego pośpiechu i pomyślał, że powinien postępować za freskami, które mijał idąc tu. W istocie jednak były one tak zawile i poplątane, że nie na wiele by mu się przydały, lecz nie wymyślił nic lepszego. Te, które widział teraz, były jeszcze bardziej przerażające niż poprzednie, również dlatego, że mówiły mu, iż nie jest w korytarzach prowadzących na zewnątrz. Po pewnym czasie zorientował się, że nie jest ścigany, zwolnił więc nieco kroku, lecz zaledwie odetchnął z ulgą, zawisło nad nim nowe niebezpieczeństwo. Jego lampa gasła i wkrótce powinien znaleźć się w smolistej ciemności.

Gdy światło zgasło, brnął w ciemności, modląc się do Wielkich o taką pomoc, jakiej mogli mu udzielić. Czuł, że czasami kamienna podłoga wznosi się lub opada, raz potknął się o stopień, który, jak się wydawało, nie miał w tym miejscu żadnej racji istnienia. Im dalej wędrował, tym powietrze wydawało się być bardziej wilgotne i gdy tylko czuł otwór bocznego korytarza, wybierał ten, który biegł bardziej w dół. Wydawało mu się, że ogólny bieg korytarza prowadzi w dół, a piwniczny zapach i inkrustacje na śliskich ścianach i podłodze ostrzegały go, że pogrążył się już głęboko pod potwornym płaskowyzem Leng. Mię było jednak żadnego ostrzeżenia przed rzeczą, która się w końcu wydarzyła, a która była przerażeniem, wstrząsem i wstrzymującym dech w piersiach chaosem. W jednej chwili brnął po śliskiej podłodze, a w następnej wystrzelił w dół opadającym prawie pionowo tunelem.

(Lovecraft, 2008: 231-233 [1963])

231-233

Appendix F – Grzegorz Iwańczyw

There now lay revealed such a horror as would have overwhelmed us had we not been prepared. Through a nearly square opening in the tiled floor, sprawling on a flight of stone steps so prodigiously worn that it was little more than an inclined plane at the centre, was a ghastly array of human or semi-human bones. Those which retained their collocation as skeletons shewed attitudes of panic fear, and over all were the marks of rodent gnawing. The skulls denoted nothing short of utter idiocy, cretinism, or primitive semi-apedom. Above the hellishly littered steps arched a descending passage seemingly chiselled from the solid rock, and conducting a current of air. This current was not a sudden and noxious rush as from a closed vault, but a cool breeze with something of freshness in it. We did not pause long, but shiveringly began to clear a passage down the steps. It was then that Sir William, examining the hewn walls, made the odd observation that the passage, according to the direction of the strokes, must have been chiselled *from beneath*.

I must be very deliberate now, and choose my words.

After ploughing down a few steps amidst the gnawed bones we saw that there was light ahead; not any mystic phosphorescence, but a filtered daylight which could not come except from unknown fissures in the cliff that overlooked the waste valley. That such fissures had escaped notice from outside was hardly remarkable, for not only is the valley wholly uninhabited, but the cliff is so high and beetling that only an aëronaut could study its face in detail. A few steps more, and our breaths were literally snatched from us by what we saw; so literally that Thornton, the psychic investigator, actually fainted in the arms of the dazed man who stood behind him. Norrys, his plump face utterly white and flabby, simply cried out inarticulately; whilst I think that what I did was to gasp or hiss, and cover my eyes. The man behind me—the only one of the party older than I—croaked the hackneyed “My God!” in the most cracked voice I ever heard. Of seven cultivated men, only Sir William Brinton retained his composure; a thing more to his credit because he led the party and must have seen the sight first.

It was a twilit grotto of enormous height, stretching away farther than any eye could see; a subterraneous world of limitless mystery and horrible suggestion. There were buildings and other architectural remains—in one terrified glance I saw a weird pattern

of tumuli, a savage circle of monoliths, a low-domed Roman ruin, a sprawling Saxon pile, and an early English edifice of wood—but all these were dwarfed by the ghoulis spectacle presented by the general surface of the ground. For yards about the steps extended an insane tangle of human bones, or bones at least as human as those on the steps. Like a foamy sea they stretched, some fallen apart, but others wholly or partly articulated as skeletons; these latter invariably in postures of daemoniac frenzy, either fighting off some menace or clutching other forms with cannibal intent.

When Dr. Trask, the anthropologist, stooped to classify the skulls, he found a degraded mixture which utterly baffled him. They were mostly lower than the Piltdown man in the scale of evolution, but in every case definitely human. Many were of higher grade, and a very few were the skulls of supremely and sensitively developed types. All the bones were gnawed, mostly by rats, but somewhat by others of the half-human drove. Mixed with them were many tiny bones of rats—fallen members of the lethal army which closed the ancient epic.

I wonder that any man among us lived and kept his sanity through that hideous day of discovery. Not Hoffmann or Huysmans could conceive a scene more wildly incredible, more frenetically repellent, or more Gothically grotesque than the twilight grotto through which we seven staggered; each stumbling on revelation after revelation, and trying to keep for the nonce from thinking of the events which must have taken place there three hundred years, or a thousand, or two thousand, or ten thousand years ago. It was the antechamber of hell, and poor Thornton fainted again when Trask told him that some of the skeleton things must have descended as quadrupeds through the last twenty or more generations.

Horror piled on horror as we began to interpret the architectural remains. The quadruped things—with their occasional recruits from the biped class—had been kept in stone pens, out of which they must have broken in their last delirium of hunger or rat-fear. There had been great herds of them, evidently fattened on the coarse vegetables whose remains could be found as a sort of poisonous ensilage at the bottom of huge stone bins older than Rome. I knew now why my ancestors had had such excessive gardens—would to heaven I could forget! The purpose of the herds I did not have to ask. (Lovecraft, RW)

Choć byliśmy przygotowani na niespodzianki, to jednak widok, który ujrzelśmy, był szokujący. Na kamiennych schodach wiodących w dół leżały w upiornym szeregu szkielety. Wiele z nich zachowało się w całości, a z ich ułożenia można było odczytać wyraz panicznego strachu konających. Na kościach widniały liczne ślady zębów gryzoni. Kształt czaszki wskazywał na to, że szkielety należały do pół małp, pół ludzi.

Z wnętrza wykutego w skale korytarza dochodził do nas powiew powietrza, lecz nie zatechłego, jak można by się spodziewać, lecz chłodnego i świeżego.

Nie zatrzymywaliśmy się na długo przy stercie szkieletów i po chwili zaczęliśmy schodzić w dół, torując sobie drogę wśród zwałów kości.

Wtedy właśnie sir William, badając ściany korytarza, doszedł do wniosku, że został on wykuty w skale od strony podziemi.

Posuwając się wśród ogryzionych szczątków, zauważyliśmy wkrótce jakieś światło w końcu tunelu. Nie była to żadna mistyczna fluorescencja, lecz łagodnie rozproszone światło dzienne, które musiało docierać przez jakąś szczelinę w ścianie skalnego urwiska, na którym stał zamek. Fakt, że wcześniej nie odkryto tej rozpadliny, wcale nie dziwi, gdyż dolina jest niezamieszкана, a urwisko tak wysokie, że jedynie z samolotu lub balonu można by je dokładnie zbadać.

Zeszliśmy jeszcze niżej i po chwili zapało nam dech w piersiach. Thornton, specjalista od zjawisk psychicznych, zemdlął i osunął się w ramiona tego, który stał za nim. Norrys, z pobladłą twarzą, wydał z siebie nieartykułowany okrzyk, a ja westchnąłem głośno i zasłoniłem oczy rękoma. Stojący za mną profesor, jedyna w tym towarzystwie osoba starsza ode mnie, wykrzyknął: „Mój Boże!” łamiącym się głosem. Z całej siódemki jedynie sir William Brinton zachował spokój, pomimo że szedł na przedzie i jako pierwszy ujrzał ten straszny widok. Przed nami rozciągała się niezwykle wysoka grotta, tak rozległa, że nie widać było jej końca – podziemny świat niezliczonych tajemnic i potworności. Wewnątrz stały różne budowle i ruiny. Jednym trwożnym spojrzeniem objąłem stare kurhany, magiczny krąg skalnych monolitów, ruiny z czasów rzymskich i anglosaskich oraz wczesnoangielską budowlę z drewna. Wszystko to jednak zaćmiewał inny makabryczny widok. U podstaw kamiennych stopni wyrastała ogromna sterta ludzkich szkieletów o takim samym rodowodzie jak te na schodach. Wiele z nich było zachowanych w całości, w pozach znamionujących

demoniczny strach i szaleńczą panikę. Niektóre z ofiar zastygły w obronnych gestach, inne śmierć zaskoczyła w ludożerczym amoku, z zębami wbitymi w ciała towarzyszy.

Doktor Trask, antropolog, postanowił poddać bliższym oględzinom czaszki zmarłych podczas makabrycznego kataklizmu. Niebawem oznajmił, że jest niepomernie zaskoczony znaleziskiem. Otóż jego zdaniem większość tych biednych istot pochodziła z „niskiego szczebla drabiny ewolucji” i była starsza niż człowiek z Piltown, lecz z całą pewnością należała do rodzaju ludzkiego. Było też wiele szkieletów o wyższym stopniu ewolucyjnej doskonałości, a kilka z nich należało z pewnością do niezwykle dobrze rozwiniętych egzemplarzy homo sapiens. Wszystkie kości nosiły ślady zębów, głównie szczurzych, choć niektóre z nich zdawały się pochodzić od owych małpoludów. Wśród stosu kości było też sporo małych kostek gryzoni – poległych żołnierzy śmiertelnej armii, która napisała zakończenie starożytnego dramatu.

Dziwię się, że będąc świadkami tak ohydnych odkryć, pozostaliśmy nadal przy zdrowych zmysłach. Ani Hoffmann, ani Huysmans nie byliby w stanie wymyślić scenarii bardziej nieprawdopodobnej, bardziej odpychającej i groteskowej niż wnętrze blado oświetlonej groty, którą przemierzaliśmy teraz w milczeniu, czyniąc co chwila nowe odkrycia i starając się na razie nie myśleć o wydarzeniach, które miały tu miejsce trzysta, tysiąc, dwa tysiąc, a może i dziesięć tysięcy lat temu. Był to przedsiónek piekła. Biedny Thornton ponownie zasłabł, gdy Trask powiedział mu, że sądząc po szkieletach, niektórzy mieszkańcy tej groty byli istotami czworonożnymi.

Kiedy zaczęliśmy zwiedzać ruiny, potwornościom nie było końca. Czworonogi i ich nieliczni dwunożni towarzysze najwyraźniej zostali niegdyś uwięzieni w kamiennych celach, skąd musieli się uwolnić w ostatnim akcie szaleństwa, spowodowanego głodem lub strachem przed szczurami. Zastanawiało mnie czym karmiono te nieszczęsne stwory, lecz po chwili przypomniałem sobie, że moi przodkowie i ich poprzednicy mieli przecież ogromne ogrody warzywne, których istnienie zainspirowało liczne plotki wśród okolicznych wieśniaków.

(Lovecraft, 2007:43-46 [1963])