



CAT TOOLS:
Trados Studio 2009
Trados Freelance 2007
SDLX
METATEXIX
Wordfast
Déjà vu
Omega T

Europass Curriculum Vitae

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Personal information

First name(s) / Surname(s) **Marek Urban**
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Nationality Polish
Date of birth 13/03/1951
Gender Male

Desired employment / Occupational field

Translator

Work experience

Dates	1994-2007 1992-1994 1990-1992
Occupation or position held	Interpreter Interpreter Translator
Main activities and responsibilities	Freelance translating. Interpreting meetings with foreign partners/translating documents and correspondence. Interpreting meetings with foreign partners/translating documents and correspondence.
Name and address of employer	Freelance translator working from home via Internet. SVZ Poland, Tomaszow, Poland. Zaklady Tluszczowe, Bodaczow, Poland.
Type of business or sector	Food processing Food processing Translations

Education and training

Dates	1990 1978
Title of qualification awarded	Translator License. University 5-year course in Social Sciences.
Principal subjects/occupational skills covered	Translations from English into Polish, translations from Polish into English. Sociology, philosophy of law, statistics, field research, economy, the history of socio-economic doctrines, psychology, methodology of social sciences, family, logics, history of philosophy, ethics, Latin, German, English.
Name and type of organisation providing education and training	Naczelna Organizacja Techniczna (Chief Polish Technical Organization). Catholic University of Lublin, Poland.

Level in national or international classification

Master Degree in Poland, assessed by Australian Committee on Professional Qualification as comparable to Honour Degree in Australia.

Personal skills and competences

Mother tongue(s)

Polish

Other language(s)

English

Self-assessment

European level (*)

Polish Language

English Language

		Understanding		Speaking				Writing	
		Listening	Reading	Spoken interaction		Spoken production			
C1	Proficient user	B1	Independent user	B1	Independent user	B1	Independent user	B1	Independent user
B1	Independent user	B1	Independent user	B1	Independent user	B1	Independent user	B1	Independent user

(*) Common European Framework of Reference for Languages

Technical skills and competences

Reasonable knowledge in car mechanics, horse breeding, electricity and general mechanics.

Computer skills and competences

MS Office, Open Office, MM Flash, different sounds editors, film editors, Corel draw, Pixia, OS maintenance procedures.

Other skills and competences

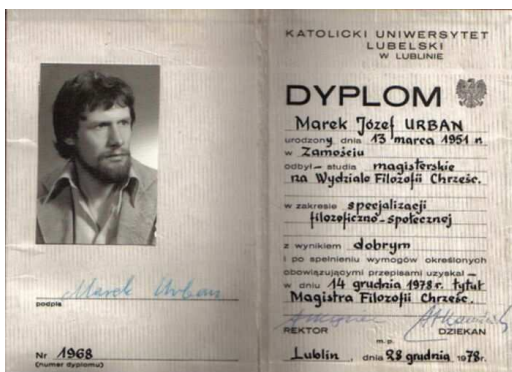
Extensive experience in teaching

Additional information

Australian citizenship awarded in 1983.

Details of some, performed projects and personal details are available at:
<http://www.proz.com/profile/64759>

Annexes



MA Diploma from Catholic University of Lublin



Translator License



Australian Passport (Citizenship granted in 1983)

Sample translation in Poetry

Polish „Pragnienie” by Boleslaw Lesman	English “Desire” translated by Marek Urban © All rights reserved.
<p>Chciałbym w lesie, w ostępach dzikiego błędowia, Mieć chałupę - plecionkę z chrustu i sitowia, Zawieszoną wysoko w zagłębiach konarów Nad otchłanią jam rysich i węzowych jarów. Tam na mchu, kołysany obłądną wichurą, Chciałbym pieścić dziewczynę obcą i ponurą, Głaskać piersi ze świeżą od mych zębów raną I całować twarz, ustom jako łup podaną - I słyszeć, jak dokoła grzechu mej pieśczoły Płąsa burza skuszona i mdleje grom złoty, I zwierzy ryczy, ciało naszych przywabiony wonią, Ciała górnych, wniebowziętych, co od ziemi stronią - I chciałbym przez przygodny wśród gałęzi przeziór Patrzyć, pieścąc, w noc - w gwiazdy i w błyskania jezior I za boga brać wszelkie łśniwo u błękitu, I na piersi dziewczącej doczekać się świtu. A słońce witać krzykiem i wrzaskiem, i wyciem, Żyć na oślepi, nie wiedząc, że to zwie się życiem - I pewnej nocy przez sen zaśmiać się w twarz niebu, I nie znając pokuty, modlitw ni pogrzebu, Jak owoc, co się paszczy żarłocznej spodziewa, Z łoskotem i łomotem w mrok śmierci spaść z drzewa!</p>	<p>I'd like to have a hut in the wild forest density, Made of firewood and a spatial scarcity, Hanged high among old branches pinions, Over jaguar caves and snake canyons. There, on moss, swung with a mad storm, I'd like to play with a maid, strange and warm. Eat her breast, torn apart with my teeth, And kiss her face, given as a feast. Hear the storm, around my sinful indulge; A thunderbolt dying noiselessly at large, Roaring beasts our bodies-smell-attracted, Ruptured bodies, elevated, in the spasm contracted. And there, through an accidental among branches hole, I'd like to look into the night and stars that glow. And take for god -- any brightness in the sky. And on the girl's bosom wait-over the night. But welcome sun, with a howl, screams and cries. Live blindfold, not knowing the life. And laughing boldly at the sky one night, Not knowing redemption or prayer nor fright, Like a fruit which devouring jaw awaits, Fall into death darkness with rumbles and yells!</p>