

CHARLES UNIVERSITY IN PRAGUE

FACULTY OF EDUCATION

Department of English Language and Literature



BACHELOR THESIS

**Brain Droppings: Czech translation and analysis of George
Carlin's comedy bits**

Úprdky z mozkovny: český překlad a analýza humorných útržků
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DECLARATION

I hereby declare that this bachelor thesis, titled “Brain Droppings: Czech translation and analysis of George Carlin’s comedy bits”, is my own work and that all the sources I used are included in the Works Cited list.

Prague, December 6th 2020

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ABSTRACT

This bachelor thesis is focused on translation of selected excerpts from *Brain Droppings* into the Czech language. The book is authored by stand-up comedian George Carlin, who rose to fame thanks to his controversial humour and social critique. His live performances with Czech subtitles are popular on social media and video-sharing platforms, however, his written work has not yet been introduced to the Czech Republic. The primary objective is not only to provide a theory-based translation but also to modestly contribute to promoting Carlin's legacy.

The work is divided into three key parts. The introductory part introduces Carlin and outlines some fundamental principles of translatology. The practical part is concerned with a faithful translation of selected excerpts from *Brain Droppings*, with an emphasis on capturing the author's personality. The analytical part aims to highlight the most challenging aspects of the translation.

KEYWORDS

translation, *Brain Droppings*, George Carlin, humour, stand-up comedy, translation analysis, lexical analysis, vulgar language, sarcasm, politically correct language, informal language, cultural allusion

ABSTRAKT

Bakalářská práce se zabývá překladem vybraných úryvků z knihy Úprdky z mozkovny (v originále Brain Droppings) do českého jazyka. Autorem je americký standupový komik George Carlin, který se proslavil svým kontroverzním humorem a kritikou společnosti. Jeho živá vystoupení s českými titulky jsou oblíbená na sociálních sítích a videoserverech, avšak psané dílo nebylo dosud v České republice představeno. Primárním cílem je mimo teoreticky podložený překlad také skromným způsobem přispět k šíření Carlinova odkazu.

Práce je rozdělena do tří klíčových částí. Úvodní část seznamuje čtenáře s autorem a vymezuje některé fundamentální principy translatologie. Praktická část se zabývá věrným překladem vybraných úryvků z textu, s důrazem na zachycení autorovy osobnosti. Analytická část se snaží postihnout nejpalčivější aspekty vlastního překladu.

KLÍČOVÁ SLOVA

překlad, Úprdky z mozkovny, Brain Droppings, George Carlin, humor, komedie, stand-up, analýza překladu, lexikální analýza, vulgarismy, sarkasmus, politicky korektní jazyk, nespisovný jazyk, kulturní aluze

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2 INTRODUCTION

From the very beginning, I wished to select a more practically oriented subject for my final thesis. The interesting fields of linguistics and literary theory would not fit such an aim as they predominantly require extensive use of various sources. On the whole, skills of inference and thoughtful synthesis are necessary for such works to be successful. In contrast, the translation process requires analytical as well as creative thinking. Stated differently, translators are encouraged to engage their own linguistic ingenuity within the limits demarcated by the original author. Along with the fact that I very much enjoyed Translation class at the Department of English Language and Literature, I decided to proceed with a final thesis focused on the translation.

The following but not less important decision concerned the choice of an original written work that would be either literary or richly idiomatic. In this case, I was looking for an author fulfilling four requirements as follows:

1. internationally recognized, has not yet been introduced into the Czech language;
2. distinctive, innovative approach incomparable with any other author;
3. no traditional fiction and progressing storyline;
4. humorous and playful content

By laying down these requirements, I intended to limit the search to find a truly ingenious author. An author's already gained popularity would increase the chances of being enthusiastically received by potential Czech readers as well. The comedic element should serve both the reader, who is meant to enjoy refreshing content, and even me as a translator. I believe that such content would keep me sharply focused, thus resulting in a better outcome of my efforts.

After the process of elimination, I was left with the ingenious work of George Carlin. Originally a stand-up comedian, who rose to fame with his unmistakable sharp humour (Watkins and Weber), perfectly fits all requirements and foreshadows a mixture of controversial, yet topical issues, and splendid sarcasm. Moreover, one of his frequently used subject matters is the English language itself (Porter), hence represents an ideal choice for the analytical part of the thesis. Carlin's videos have already acquired tens of thousands of Czech fans on video-sharing platforms Youtube and videacesky.cz. However, none of his written pieces has ever been translated. Therefore, I will proceed with his first major book to have been released, *Brain Droppings*, published in 1997.

This thesis will be divided into 3 parts:

1. **The introductory part** briefly introduces Carlin and his oeuvre and also previews the theoretical part by outlining some fundamental principles of translatology (Theoretical Foundation), particularly those that may be applicable to the English text of our choice;
2. **The practical part** comprises the very translation of the book;
3. **The analytical part** to some degree responds to the brief summary of translational underpinnings. It provides a specialized analysis focused on lexical and stylistic elements which constitute the most significant aspects of George Carlin's work. The analysis is further supported by numerous other publications.

The overall objective is to faithfully translate the selected bits of *Brain Droppings*. Doing so successfully encompasses capturing his specific humour and employing accurately the repertoire of the Czech language. It includes an underlying analysis of the translation and its linguistic devices.

3 ABOUT THE AUTHOR

George Denis Patrick Carlin was an American stand-up comedian, author and actor born on May 12, 1937, in New York (Ray). According to Watkins and Weber, he was most renowned for his astringent comedy mixed with furious social commentary. In humour full of paradoxes, Carlin managed to dismantle various parts of American life such as politics, advertising, religion, media and many others (Watkins and Weber). As one of the most famous representatives of black humour (Wheeler 158), he remains popular internationally after his sudden death in 2008 (Watkins and Weber).

Carlin's comedy is unique not only in his employment of controversial topics but also in his delivery style. The audience could feel an atmosphere of anger and rage at his live performances. Rather than feeling insulted, they were invited to join and make light of issues that they possibly have to face themselves. Paradoxes played a crucial role in maintaining the effect of comedy on a stage. Blending of serious topics with a light-mannered approach and sophisticated, sometimes even specialized language with vulgar words resulted in the experience of amusing irony and sarcasm.

As stated in George Carlin's official biography, the turning point in his professional career was in Texas. 1959. While working at the radio station KXOL, he formed a comedy duo with newsman Jack Burns and offered their performances to various clubs. For three months they were running a radio show on KDAY, Hollywood. At the same time, they were able to first obtain the press exposure and even appear on TV. The two broke up in 1962 to pursue their solo careers but remained the best of friends. In this period, Carlin also met his future wife, Brenda Hosbrook. He married her in 1961. Following a period without much success, Carlin broadened his audience to folk clubs and coffee houses, which he considered more suitable for

his outspoken style. In this environment, he was able to balance his routines and gradually gain extensive TV exposure. Between the years 1965 and 1966, he managed to perform 58 times on different channels and frequently appear as a guest host on the famous The Tonight Show. His initial acting ambitions made way for a promising stand-up career ('The Official George Carlin Biography').

Feeling bored and disappointed with the established comedy environment in the last few years, he ultimately decided to identify himself as a counterculture comedian ('The Official George Carlin Biography'). Watkins and Weber describe how Carlin transformed his routines and grew his signature long hair and beard. He also started dressing in T-shirts and blue jeans. In 1972, he released "FM" & "AM", a successful album that later won his first Grammy Award. It was a set of recordings from his performances on radio, where he incorporated both his old and new comedic style. Shortly after, he released his famous routine "Seven Words You Can Never Say on Television", where the words "shit", "piss", "fuck", "cunt", "cocksucker", "motherfucker" and "tits" are listed (Ott). The routine eventually led to a new decision of the U. S. Supreme Court, "*Federal Communications Commission v. Pacifica Foundation*", which extended regulatory rights of the United States government. It defined a new standard for the use of vulgar words in broadcasting (Watkins and Weber).

Carlin's most dramatic success came with his appearance on cable TV, a less restricted platform that was not subject to regulations of the Federal Communications Commission (Bella). According to his official biography, 14 HBO specials established him as a leading comedian of the era. After his first cable TV special in 1997, he received numerous Emmy and Grammy award nominations ('The Official George Carlin Biography'). Throughout his career, he managed to win 5 Grammy awards, mostly for his spoken word albums based on his books or radio performances (GRAMMY.com).

Unfortunately, George Carlin's life was not always a string of success, particularly outside his career in comedy. His childhood was marked by a complicated relationship with his mother and led to many runaways from home, as he explained in a wide-ranging interview carried out shortly before his death (ESME). Goodman pointed out that he openly reported struggling with heavy drug use. In the 1980s, he experienced serious heart problems, as well as problems with unpaid taxes (Goodman). Watkins reported that in 1997 Carlin lost his long-time wife, which the comedian considered to be the most tragic event of his life. He died from heart failure aged 71, on June 22, 2008, survived by his only daughter Kelly Clarkin (Watkins).

3. 1. BIBLIOGRAPHY

George Carlin's career was not restricted to traditional stand-up comedy. On the contrary, he engaged in TV performances, radio shows and managed to produce several best-selling written works ('The Official George Carlin Biography'). The books contain mostly the material featured in his stand-up performances, nevertheless, new original content is presented too.

It was in 1984 when Carlin took the first step into the publishing industry. However, his first written piece, titled *Sometimes a Little Brain Damage Can Help*, was rather a leaflet containing only 33 pages. The first book in a traditional sense, 272-page book *Brain Droppings*, was published in 1998 by Hyperion. It is a collection of "jokes, notions, doubts, opinions, questions, thoughts, beliefs, assertions, assumptions, and disturbing references" and "comedy, nonsense, satire, mockery, merriment, sarcasm, ridicule, silliness, bluster, and toxic alienation". The official biography states that the two editions of the book (hardcover and paperback edition) remained on the New York Times Bestseller list for 40 weeks in total. To this day, it has sold more than 900,000 copies ('The Official George Carlin Biography'). It was acclaimed by countless reviewers. For instance, it was described by a Houston Chronicle columnist as the most

hilarious book she has ever read (Hoffman). The audio version recorded by George Carlin himself was awarded Grammy for the Best Spoken Comedy in 2001 (GRAMMY.com).

Two other major comedy books were to follow. *Napalm and Silly Putty*, published in 2001 by Hyperion, brings more of similar material. Its title is another example of paradoxes in Carlin's comedy. He explains that Silly Putty is fun and innocent, while napalm is a life-threatening substance – strangely enough, both were invented by humans (6). The official biography points out that the hardcover version appeared again on the New York Times Best Seller list. Along with the paperback edition, it has sold over 600,000 copies and the recorded version garnered another Grammy Award ('The Official George Carlin Biography').

George Carlin's last comedy book, *When Will Jesus Bring the Pork Chops*, published in 2004 by Hyperion, concludes the successful book series. This time, it mounts controversy by employing religious topics. The title is an attempt to insult three religions (Christianity, Judaism and Islam) and represents Carlin's lifelong anti-theistic stance. His brilliant routines on politically correct language, which helped him gain massive success, are predominant throughout the book. All of his comedy books were published in a compilation titled *Three Times Carlin: An Orgy of George*, released in 2006. The e-book version of the compilation served as a primary source of the thesis.

It is noteworthy to mention his last non-comedy book, the autobiography *Last Words*, published shortly after Carlin's sudden death in 2008. Tony Hendra, his lifelong friend, helped compile the book based on their numerous conversations. It contains photos and the story of his life – from birth to the final years.

4 THEORETICAL FOUNDATION

The theoretical basis of this thesis is supported by five publications. Four of them are concerned with Czech as a source language, and one is widely recognized on the international scale. Such mixture should provide well-balanced and comprehensible analysis of the translation. I found Krijtová's 14 theorems particularly useful for the final revision (19). All publications are cited in the relevant section.

Translation is a creative process, nevertheless, it differs significantly from the process of original writing. The original author is not expected to remain within strictly limited boundaries (if not imposed by social convention or other circumstances), while a translator is required to produce a work that is as faithful to the author as possible. Faithfulness does not consist of 'robotic' translation, which would deliver accurate meaning derived from the individual words but neglect the overall tone of the text. The ultimate objective is to facilitate a reading experience that the original author offered to readers in the source language.

A number of problems may arise during the process. The primary determining factor is naturally a translator. Levý suggests that the quality of their work is determined not only by their genius and appropriate education in the field but also by other factors that are outside their control. Namely, the state of society, environment, political conviction or current development of artistic techniques enter the process. They require scrutinization in order to produce a successful translation (Levý 43). Otherwise, the result is 'enhanced' and does not correspond to the original piece of work (44). Levý also explains that the central point of translation is a ratio of 3 units: objective content of the work, concretization by the translator and concretization by the reader (46).

According to Uriel Weinreich, the translator represents a contact point of the source and target language. In other words, they carry the difficult task of decoding linguistic systems (phonological, lexical, morphological and syntactical) of one language, grasping the intended meaning and ultimately encoding it again within the linguistic systems of another language (Mounin 15). As simple as it may seem, translation is a complicated process. A single flaw leads to various interferences – translatory mistakes and errors, which are often found in foreign neologisms, calques, borrowings, untranslated quotes and other words (Mounin 16).

A successful translation must adhere to certain principles. Most authors of theoretical literature share seven core translatory methods, although they employ different terms. Knittlová states that these methods are (14):

1. transcription (including transcription from different alphabetical systems)
2. calque (literal translation)
3. substitution (replacement of one linguistic device by another)
4. transposition (necessary morphological and syntactical alterations)
5. modulation (change of the viewpoint)
6. equivalence (stylistic and structural devices different from the original)
7. adaptation (full substitution of the whole situation described in the original text)

Several other principles can be utilized in a translatory process. As stated by Gerard Vázquez-Ayora, amplification (extension of the text), explicitation (adding of explanatory information) and elision need to be mastered for a good translation (Knittlová 14-15).

The main focal point of the analysis is Carlin's idiomatic and neologistic phraseology. It therefore seems obvious that the thesis focuses first and foremost on lexicology, thus relegating syntactic considerations to the background. This is also due to the fact that Carlin, by virtue of

being a stand-up comedian, inevitably uses fragmentary or elliptical syntax on numerous occasions.

5 PRACTICAL PART - TRANSLATION

PEOPLE AHEAD OF ME ON THE LINE

Here's something I can do without: People ahead of me on the supermarket line who are paying for an inexpensive item by credit card or personal check. People! Take my word for this: Tic Tacs is not a major purchase. And, I get just as discouraged when a guy who's buying a simple jar of spaghetti sauce tries to pay with a letter of credit from the Bank of Liechtenstein. Folks, carry some fuckin' money around, will ya? It comes in handy! No one should be borrowing money from a bank at 18 percent interest to buy a loaf of bread.

And what about these cretins at the airport gift shop who think somehow they're in the Mall of America? It's an airport! I'm standin' there with one newspaper and a pack of gum; I gotta get to my plane. Why does the

LIDI PŘEDE MNOU VE FRONT�

Tohle je něco, bez čeho bych se obešel: bez lidí, co stojí přede mnou ve frontě v supermarketu a platí kreditní kartou nebo šekem nějakou věc za pár centů. Lidi! Vemte mě v tomhle za slovo: krabička Tic Taců není měsíční nákup. A stejně tak mě vždycky odradí, když se nějaký chlápek, co si chce koupit obyčejnou sklenici s omáčkou na spaghetti, snaží zaplatit směnkou z Bank of Liechtenstein. Přátelé, můžete být tak laskavi a ujistit se, že u sebe máte nějaký prachy, kurva? Přijdou vám velice vhod! Nikdo by si neměl půjčovat od banky s 18procentním úrokem, aby si moh' koupit bochník chleba.

A co ty kreténi z dárkového obchodu na letišti, co si z nějakýho důvodu myslí, že jsou uprostřed nákupáku? Je to letiště! Stojím tam s novinama a krabkou žvejkaček; potřebuju se dostat k letadlu. Proč si ten

genetic defective ahead of me choose this moment to purchase a complete set of dishes and a new fall wardrobe? What is this, fuckin' Macy's? And of course, the clerk lady has to carefully wrap each dish separately, but she's working real fast—because she's eighty-nine!! Plus she's from Sri Lanka. The rural part. And now dish-man wants to know if it's okay to use Turkish traveler's checks. You know what I do? I steal things. Fuck 'em! I grab a handful of candy bars and six magazines and head for the gate. My attitude? It wasn't their stuff to begin with.

OPEN YOUR OWN RESTAURANT

Everyone thinks they have a really good idea for a restaurant but I've heard some terrible schemes. I even had a few myself.

My first idea was: All You Can Eat for 60 Cents. That didn't work. So I went the other way: All You Can Eat for \$1500. That didn't work either. Then I made my fatal mistake: All You Can Eat for Free. Closed after one meal.

genetickej defekt přede mnou právě usmyslel, že nastal čas pořídit si kompletní sadu nádobí a vybavit šatník na podzim? Kde to kurva jsme, v Macy's? Samozřejmě, prodavačka musí pečlivě zabalit každý talíř zvlášť. Ale jde jí to pořádně od ruky – je jí totiž 89! Navíc je ze Srí Lanky. Z venkovský oblasti. A teď by se pan Pánvička chtěl optat, zda je v pořádku, pokud zaplatí tureckým cestovním šekem. Víte, jak to dělám já? Ty věci štípnu. Ať si naserou! Naberu si plnou hrst tyčinek, k tomu 6 časáků a namířím si to k nástupní bráně. Že mám nějaký problém? Beztak to jejich věci nebyly.

OTEVŘI SI VLASTNÍ RESTAURACI

Každej si myslí, že má fakt dobrý nápady na restauraci, ale já zaslech' o pár děsnejch konceptech. Dokonce jsem jich pár měl sám.

Můj první nápad byl: Sněž, co sníš za 60 centů. To nefungovalo. Tak jsem to vzal z druhý strany: Sněž, co sníš za 1500 dolarů. To nefungovalo taky. Pak jsem udělal svojí

My next idea was The Used Footwear Restaurant. Our slogan was, How Would You Like to Enjoy a Nice Hot Meal Eaten Out of Someone Else's Used Footwear? Somehow, it didn't work. Although, after I sold it, it became the very successful fast-food franchise, Beef in a Brogan.

Chili Alley was my favorite, and a lot of people got a kick out of it. It was a drive-through chili restaurant. And you didn't even have to slow down. You could drive through at speeds up to 40 miles an hour, and we would shoot the chili at you from a shotgun. Just two dollars. Both barrels, three-fifty. Dry cleaning extra.

Vinny's House of Toast. This was great. My partner Vinny and I tried to come up with 101 different ways to serve toast. Eventually, we could only settle on three. The first item was... toast. Basically, an order of toast. With something on it—butter, margarine, jelly,

fatální chybu: Sněž, co sníš zdarma. Zavřeno po jednom jídle.

Můj další nápad byl Restaurace U Obnošené boty. Náš slogan byl: Jak by se vám líbilo pochutnat si na lahodném teplém jídle, podávaném v něčí obnošené botě? Z nějakýho důvodu to nefungovalo. Ale když jsem to prodal, stala se z toho velmi úspěšná fastfoodová franšíza, Hovězí v holínce.

Chilli alej byla můj favorit, a dost lidí to chytlo. Byla to chilli restaurace s prodejem do auta. A ani jste nemuseli zpomalit. Mohli jste to projet rychlostí až 60 kilometrů za hodinu, a my jsme na vás to chilli střelili z brokovnice. Jenom za 2 dolary. Ze obou hlavní za 3.50. Čištění šatů za příplatek.

Vinnyho toustový dům. Tohle bylo parádní. S partákem Vinnym jsme se snažili přijít na 101 různých způsobů, jak podávat toust. Nakonec jsme se dokázali shodnout jen na třech. První v nabídce byl... toust. V podstatě plátek toustu. S něčím k tomu –

whatever. The second thing we came up with was... a double order of toast. That would be, of course, twice as much toast, along with double the butter, margarine, jelly, whatever. The only other thing we could think of was something I liked a lot: a toast sandwich. Usually on toast. We also tried Toast on a Bun, but the public wasn't ready. Too high-concept.

Then there was Bombs Away. This was an idea that should have worked. Patrons were seated on the ground floor; the kitchen was on the balcony. When your order was ready, you stood under the balcony holding a plate, and the chef dropped your food while everyone yelled, "Bombs away!" It worked great with steak and chops. But the idea began to unravel when we tried things like soup and creamed spinach. Peas were a definite problem, too.

My last unsuccessful attempt was The Top of the Schmuck. It was a ten-story statue of a schmuck wearing a cowboy hat, with a

máslem, margarínem, džemem, čímkoliv. Druhá věc, na kterou jsme přišli, byl... dvojitý plátek toustu. To by bylo, samozřejmě, dvakrát tolik toustu, spolu s dvojnásobným množstvím másla, margarínu, džemu nebo čehokoliv. To jediný, co jsme potom dokázali vymyslet, se mi hodně líbilo – toustovej sendvič. Většinou na toustu. Taky jsme zkusili toust na housce, ale veřejnost na to nebyla připravená. Moc nóbl koncept.

Pak tam byla restaurace Pal. Tohle byl nápad, co měl fungovat. Hosté byli usazeni v přízemí, kuchyně byla na balkóně. Jakmile byla objednávka připravena, stoupli jste si s talířem pod balkón, a zatímco vám šéfkuchař dolů shodil jídlo, všichni vykřikli: "Pal!" Fungovalo to skvěle se steakem a kotletama. Ale nápad se začal rozpadat, když jsme zkusili jídla jako polévku nebo krémový špenát. Hrášek byl taky problém, to nebudu zastírat.

Můj poslední neúspěšnej pokus byla Vyhlídka Na hňupovi. Byla to desetipatrová socha hňupa s kovbojským kloboukem. Na

revolving restaurant in the hatband. The problem was, it rotated way too fast. People got sick just waiting for a table. But I still think the idea was basically sound.

Bon appétit.

KEEP IT CLEAN

I never wash my hands after using a public restroom. Unless something gets on me. Otherwise, I figure I'm as clean as when I walked in. Besides, the sink is usually filthier than I am. I'm convinced that many of the men I see frantically washing up do not do the same thing at home. Americans are obsessed with appearances and have an unhealthy fixation on cleanliness. Relax, boys. It's only your dick. If it's so dirty that after handling it you need to wash your hands, you may as well just go ahead and scrub your dick while you're at it. Tell the truth. Wouldn't you like to see some guy trying to dry his genitals with one of those

stužce klobouku byla restaurace, která se otáčela dokola. Problémem bylo, že se točila moc rychle. Lidem se udělalo na zvracení, už když čekali na stůl. Ale já si pořád myslím, že nápad to byl v podstatě rozumnej.

Dobrou chuť.

UDRŽUJ ČISTOTU

Když použiju veřejný záchodky, nikdy si nemyju ruce. Leda, když se mi na ně něco dostane. Jinak mám za to, že jsou stejně čistý, jak když jsem vešel. Kromě toho, umyvadlo je většinou víc špinavý, než jsem já. Jsem si jistej, že spousta z těch chlapů, co si dvakrát drhnou ruce, to stejný doma nedělaj. Američani jsou posedlí vzhledem a nezdravě fixovaný na čistotu. V klidu, chlapci. Je to jen péro. Pokud je tak špinavý, že si musíte umýt ruce, když na něj sáhnete, tak si ho rovnou můžete vydrhnout taky. Řekněte mi pravdu. Neviděli byste rádi nějakýho chlápka, jak se snaží osušit vlastní genitálie s jednou z těch mašinek na proudění

forced-air blowing machines that are mounted four feet off the ground?

SUN OF GOD

I've begun worshipping the sun for a number of reasons. First of all, unlike some other gods I could mention, I can see the sun. It's there for me every day. And the things it brings me are quite apparent all the time: heat, light, food, a lovely day. There's no mystery, no one asks for money, I don't have to dress up, and there's no boring pageantry. And interestingly enough, I have found that the prayers I offer to the sun and the prayers I formerly offered to "God" are all answered at about the same 50-percent rate.

A PLACE FOR YOUR STUFF

Hi! How are ya? You got your stuff with you? I'll bet you do. Guys have stuff in their pockets; women have stuff in their purses. Of course, some women have pockets,

vzduchu, která je namontovaná na zdi metr a půl od země?

BŮH SLUNCE

Začal jsem uctívat Slunce z několika důvodů. Zaprvý, na rozdíl od některých jiných bohů, na který si vzpomenu, Slunce můžu vidět. Je tam pro mě každý den. A věci, co mi přináší, jsou celkem zřejmé: teplo, světlo, jídlo a dobrou náladu. Není tam žádná záhada, nikdo po mně nechce peníze, nemusím se kvůli tomu ustrojít a ani slavit žádný nudný svátky. A k tomu všemu jsem došel k závěru, že modlitby, který jsem věnoval Slunci, a modlitby, který jsem věnoval "Bohu", jsou všechny vyslyšený se stejnou 50procentní pravděpodobností.

MÍSTO PRO VAŠE VĚCI

Čau! Jak to jde? Máte u sebe svý věci? Vsadím se, že jo. Chlapi nosej svý věci po kapsách, ženský nosej svý věci v kabelkách. Samozřejmě, některý ženský maj

and some guys have purses. That's okay. There's all different ways of carryin' your stuff.

Then there's all the stuff you have in your car. You got stuff in the trunk. Lotta different stuff: spare tire, jack, tools, old blanket, extra pair of sneakers. Just in case you wind up barefoot on the highway some night.

And you've got other stuff in your car. In the glove box. Stuff you might need in a hurry: flashlight, map, sunglasses, automatic weapon. You know. Just in case you wind up barefoot on the highway some night.

So stuff is important. You gotta take care of your stuff. You gotta have a place for your stuff. Everybody's gotta have a place for their stuff. That's what life is all about, tryin' to find a place for your stuff! That's all your house is: a place to keep your stuff. If you didn't have so much stuff, you wouldn't need

kapsy, a některý chlapi kabelku. To je v pohodě. Je spousta různých míst, kam si můžete dát své věci.

Pak jsou tu všechny věci, co máte v autě. Máte věci v kufru. Hodně různých věcí: náhradní kolo, hever, sadu nářadí, starou deku, extra pár tenisek navíc. Jen pro jistotu, kdybyste někdy v noci náhodou skončili bosí na dálnici.

A v autě máte další věci. V přihrádce. Věci, který byste mohli ve spěchu upotřebit: baterku, mapu, sluneční brýle, automatickou zbraň. Víte co. Jen pro jistotu, kdybyste někdy v noci náhodou skončili bosí na dálnici.

Takže věci jsou důležitý. O své věci se musíte starat. Musíte mít pro své věci místo. Každý musí mít pro své věci místo. O tom je vlastně celej život, hledat místo pro vaše věci! O tom je celej váš dům – je to místo pro vaše věci. Kdybyste neměli tolik věcí, nepotřebovali byste dům. Mohli byste pořád jenom chodit dokola.

a house. You could just walk around all the time.

A house is just a pile of stuff with a cover on it. You can see that when you're taking off in an airplane. You look down and see all the little piles of stuff. Everybody's got his own little pile of stuff. And they lock it up! That's right! When you leave your house, you gotta lock it up. Wouldn't want somebody to come by and take some of your stuff. 'Cause they always take the good stuff! They don't bother with that crap you're saving. Ain't nobody interested in your fourth-grade arithmetic papers. National Geographics, commemorative plates, your prize collection of Navajo underwear; they're not interested. They just want the good stuff; the shiny stuff; the electronic stuff.

So when you get right down to it, your house is nothing more than a place to keep your stuff... while you go out and get... more stuff. 'Cause that's what this country is all about. Tryin' to get more stuff. Stuff you don't want, stuff you don't need, stuff that's poorly

Dům je jenom přikrytá hromada věcí.

Vidíte to v letadle při vzletu. Podíváte se dolů a uvidíte všechny ty malý hromádky věcí. Každý má vlastní malou hromádku věcí. A zamyká jí! Přesně tak! Když jdete pryč z domu, musíte ho zamknout. Nechtěli byste přeci, aby někdo přišel a něco si z těch věcí vzal. 'Páč oni vždycky vezmou ty dobrý věci! Nezajímaj je ty krámy, který sbíráte. Každýmu jsou jedno vaše testy z matiky ze čtvrtý třídy. Časáky National Geographic, pamětní talíře nebo kolekce indiánského spodního prádla ze soutěže, kterou jste vyhráli, taky nikoho nezajímaj. Oni chtěj jen ty dobrý věci, nablyštěný věci, elektronický věci.

Takže když tomu přijdete na kloub, tak váš dům není nic víc než místo, kde si schováte vaše věci... zatímco půjdete ven a nakoupíte... další věci. 'Páč o tom je celá tahle země. Snažit se sehnat další a další věci. Věci, který nechcete. Věci, co nechcete, věci,

made, stuff that's overpriced. Even stuff you can't afford! Gotta keep on gettin' more stuff. Otherwise someone else might wind up with more stuff. Can't let that happen. Gotta have the most stuff.

So you keep gettin' more and more stuff, and puttin' it in different places. In the closets, in the attic, in the basement, in the garage. And there might even be some stuff you left at your parents' house: baseball cards, comic books, photographs, souvenirs. Actually, your parents threw that stuff out long ago.

So now you got a houseful of stuff. And, even though you might like your house, you gotta move. Gotta get a bigger house. Why? Too much stuff! And that means you gotta move all your stuff. Or maybe, put some of your stuff in storage. Storage! Imagine that. There's a whole industry based on keepin' an eye on other people's stuff.

který nepotřebujete, věci pochybné kvality, předražené věci. Dokonce i věci, co si nemůžete dovolit! Musíte hromadit a hromadit co nejvíc věcí. Jinak se může stát, že někdo bude mít víc věcí než vy. To přeci nemůžete dovolit. Musíte mít těch věcí nejvíc.

Takže hromadíte víc a víc věcí, a dáváte je na různé místa. Do skříní, na půdu, do sklepa, do garáže. A možná jste si i nechali nějaký věci doma u rodičů: baseballové kartičky, komiksy, fotky, suvenýry. Vlastně vám to rodiče už dávno vyhodili.

Takže jste skončili s domem, kterej je plnej věcí. A teď, i když ho možná máte rádi, se musíte přestěhovat. Musíte si koupit větší dům. Proč? Máte moc věcí! A to znamená, že všechny ty věci musíte přestěhovat taky. A nebo možná dát nějaký z nich do úschovny. Představte si to, do úschovny! Existuje celý odvětví založený na hlídání cizích věcí.

Or maybe you could sell some of your stuff. Have a yard sale, have a garage sale! Some people drive around all weekend just lookin' for garage sales. They don't have enough of their own stuff, they wanna buy other people's stuff.

Or you could take your stuff to the swap meet, the flea market, the rummage sale, or the auction. There's a lotta ways to get rid of stuff. You can even give your stuff away. The Salvation Army and Goodwill will actually come to your house and pick up your stuff and give it to people who don't have much stuff. It's part of what economists call the Redistribution of Stuff.

OK, enough about your stuff. Let's talk about other people's stuff. Have you ever noticed when you visit someone else's house, you never quite feel at home? You know why? No room for your stuff! Somebody else's stuff is all over the place. And what crummy stuff it is! "God! Where'd they get this stuff?"

Nebo byste mohli některý z těch věcí prodat. Prodávajte je na dvorku! Prodávajte je v garáži! Některý lidi strávěj celej víkend tím, že jezděj od domu k domu a hledaj někoho, co něco prodává. Nemaj dost svých věcí, chtěj si koupit věci někoho jinýho.

Nebo můžete vzít vaše věci na burzu, blešák, benefiční bazar, nebo aukci. Je spousta způsobů, jak se jich zbavit. Můžete je dokonce i darovat. Armáda spásy nebo Červený kříž přijdou až k vám domů, odvezou si vaše věci a daj je lidem, který moc věcí nemaj. Je to součást toho, čemu ekonomové říkaj "prerozdělování věcí".

O vašich věcech už jsme si toho řekli dost. Teď se pojd'me bavit o věcech ostatních lidí. Všimli jste si někdy, že když jdete k někomu na návštěvu, tak se nikdy necítíte úplně jako doma? Víte proč? Nemáte tam žádný místo pro svý věci! Všechno místo totiž zabíraj věci někoho jinýho. A jaký cetky to jsou! Řeknete si: "Proboha! Odkud ty věci vzali?"

And you know how sometimes when you're visiting someone, you unexpectedly have to stay overnight? It gets real late, and you decide to stay over? So they put you in a bedroom they don't use too often... because Grandma died in it eleven years ago! And they haven't moved any of her stuff? Not even the vaporizer?

Or whatever room they put you in, there's usually a dresser or a nightstand, and there's never any room on it for your stuff. Someone else's shit is on the dresser! Have you noticed that their stuff is shit, and your shit is stuff? "Get this shit off of here, so I can put my stuff down!" Crap is also a form of stuff. Crap is the stuff that belongs to the person you just broke up with. "When are you comin' over here to pick up the rest of your crap?"

Now, let's talk about traveling. Sometimes you go on vacation, and you gotta take some of your stuff. Mostly stuff to wear.

A víte, jak se občas stane, že musíte u někoho po návštěvě nečekaně přespat?

Venku se najednou setmí, a vy se rozhodnete tam zůstat? Tak vás daj do ložnice, kterou moc nevyužívaj... protože v ní před 7 rokama umřela babička! A že ještě nepřestěhovali žádný její věci? Dokonce ani odpařovač cigaret?

Nebo at' už vás daj do jakýkoliv místnosti, obvykle je tam kredenc nebo noční stolek, a nikdy na něm není žádný místo pro vaše věci. Jsou na nich krámy někoho jinýho! Všimli jste si, že věci těch lidí jsou krámy, ale vaše krámy jsou důležitý věci? Řeknete si: "Dejte tyhle krámy odsud pryč, at' si tam můžu dát svý věci!" Harampádí je taky zvláštní druh věcí. Harampádí jsou věci někoho, s kým jste se právě rozešli. Kdy už přijdou, aby si odvezli zbytek toho harampádí?

Teď se pojd' me pobavit o cestování. Někdy jedete na dovolenou, a musíte si vzít něco ze svejch věcí. Hlavně něco na sebe. Ale

But which stuff should you take? Can't take all your stuff. Just the stuff you really like; the stuff that fits you well that month. In effect, on vacation, you take a smaller, "second version" of your stuff.

Let's say you go to Honolulu for two weeks. You gotta take two big suitcases of stuff. Two weeks, two big suitcases. That's the stuff you check onto the plane. But you also got your carry-on stuff, plus the stuff you bought in the airport. So now you're all set to go. You got stuff in the overhead rack, stuff under the seat, stuff in the seat pocket, and stuff in your lap. And let's not forget the stuff you're gonna steal from the airline: silverware, soap, blanket, toilet paper, salt and pepper shakers. Too bad those headsets won't work at home.

And so you fly to Honolulu, and you claim your stuff—if the airline didn't drop it in the ocean—and you go to the hotel, and the first thing you do is put away your stuff. There's lots of places in a hotel to put your stuff. "I'll put some stuff in here, you put some

co z toho si vzít? Nemůžete si vzít všechno. Jenom věci, který máte fakt rádi. Věci, který vám ten měsíc seděly. V podstatě si s sebou na dovolenou berete zmenšenou, "druhou verzi" svejch věcí.

Řekněme, že jedete na dva týdny do Honolulu. Musíte si vzít dva velký kufry plný věcí. Dva týdny, dva velký kufry. To jsou věci, co musíte odbavit do letadla. Ale vy k tomu máte ještě příruční zavazadlo plus věci, co jste si koupili na letišti. Tak a můžete vyrazit. Máte věci v úložným prostoru nad hlavou, pod sedadlem, v kapse před váma a na klíně. A nezapomeňme na věci, co ukradnete letecký společnosti: příbory, mýdlo, deku, toalet'ák, solenky a pepřenky. Jaká škoda, že ty sluchátka doma fungovat nebudou.

Takže doletíte do Honolulu, vezmete si zpátky svý věci – pokud je aerolinka neshodila do moře – a jdete do hotelu, a první věc, co uděláte je, že vyndáte vaše věci. V hotelu je spousta míst na vaše věci. Pomyslíte si: "Já si dám nějaký věci sem, ty

stuff in there. Hey, don't put your stuff in there! That's my stuff! Here's another place! Put some stuff in here. And there's another place! Hey, you know what? We've got more places than we've got stuff! We're gonna hafta go out and buy... more stuff!!!”

Finally you put away all your stuff, but you don't quite feel at ease, because you're a long way from home. Still, you sense that you must be OK, because you do have some of your stuff with you. And so you relax in Honolulu on that basis. That's when your friend from Maui calls and says, “Hey, why don't you come over to Maui for the weekend and spend a couple of nights over here?”

Oh no! Now whaddya bring? Can't bring all this stuff. You gotta bring an even smaller version of your stuff. Just enough stuff for a weekend on Maui. The “third version” of your stuff.

And, as you're flyin' over to Maui, you realize that you're really spread out now: You've got stuff all over the world!! Stuff at

si dáš nějaký věci tam. Hej, tam si nedávej věci! Tam jsou mý věci! Tady je jiný místo. Dej si věci sem. A tady je další místo! Hele, víš co? Máme víc volnýho místa než věci! Budeme muset jít ven a nakoupit... víc věcí!!!”

Konečně jste vyndali všechny vaše věci, ale necejtíte se úplně v pohodě, protože jste daleko od domova. Ale přesto cejtíte, že OK bejt musíte, protože s sebou máte nějaký svý věci. A na základě toho se hodíte do pohody. Pak vám najednou zavolá kámoš z ostrova Maui a zeptá se vás, jestli byste nechtěli přijet o víkendu na Maui a strávit tam pár nocí.

Ale ne! Co si vezmete? Nemůžete si vzít všechny věci. Vezmete si sebou ještě menší verzi svejch věcí. Jenom tolik věcí, aby vám vystačily na víkend na Maui. “Třetí verzi” věcí.

A teď, když letíte do Maui, vám dojde, že jste roztažený úplně všude – máte věci po celým světě!! Věci doma, věci v

home, stuff in the garage, stuff at your parents' house (maybe), stuff in storage, stuff in Honolulu, and stuff on the plane. Supply lines are getting longer and harder to maintain! Finally you get to your friends' place on Maui, and they give you a little room to sleep in, and there's a nightstand. Not much room on it for your stuff, but it's OK because you don't have much stuff now. You got your 8 x 10 autographed picture of Drew Carey, a large can of gorgonzola-flavored Cheez Whiz, a small, unopened packet of brown confetti, a relief map of Corsica, and a family-size jar of peppermint-flavored, petrified egg whites. And you know that even though you're a long way from home, you must be OK because you do have a good supply of peppermint-flavored, petrified egg whites. And so you begin to relax in Maui on that basis. That's when your friend says, "Hey, I think tonight we'll go over to the other side of the island and visit my sister. Maybe spend the night over there."

garáži, věci v domě rodičů (možná), věci v úschovně, věci na Honolulu a věci v letadle. Zásobovací řetězce jsou čím dál tím delší a hůř se kontrolují! Konečně se dostanete ke kámošovi na Maui, a oni vám dají malou místnost na přespaní. S nočním stolkem. Není na něm moc místa pro vaše věci, ale to je OK, protože jich už tolik nemáte. Máte jenom svůj obrázek Jima Carreyho s autogramem o rozměrech 20x25, velkou plechovku sýrový omáčky s příchutí gorgonzoly, malý, neotevřený balení hnědejch konfet, plastickou mapu Korsiky, vaječný bílky v prášku s příchutí mentolu, ve sklenici, v rodinném balení. A vy víte, že i když jste daleko od domova, tak přece musíte být v pohodě, protože máte zásobu vaječnejch bílků v prášku s příchutí mentolu. A na základě toho se na Maui hodíte do pohody. V tu chvíli vám kámoš řekne, že dneska večer pojedete na druhý konec ostrova navštívit jeho sestru. Možná tam i přespíte.

Oh no! Now whaddya bring? Right! You gotta bring an even smaller version. The “fourth version” of your stuff. Just the stuff you know you’re gonna need: Money, keys, comb, wallet, lighter, hankie, pen, cigarettes, contraceptives, Vaseline, whips, chains, whistles, dildos, and a book. Just the stuff you hope you’re gonna need. Actually, your friend’s sister probably has her own dildos.

By the way, if you go to the beach while you’re visiting the sister, you’re gonna have to bring—that’s right—an even smaller version of your stuff: the “fifth version.” Cigarettes and wallet. That’s it. You can always borrow someone’s suntan lotion. And then suppose, while you’re there on the beach, you decide to walk over to the refreshment stand to get a hot dog? That’s right, my friend! Number six! The most important version of your stuff: your wallet! Your wallet contains the only stuff you really can’t do without.

Well, by the time you get home you’re pretty fed up with your stuff and all the problems it creates. And so about a week later,

Ale ne! Co si teď vezmete? Přesně tak! Vezmete si ještě menší verzi. “Čtvrtou verzi” věci. Jenom věci, který víte, že budete potřebovat: peníze, klíče, hřeben, peněženku, zapalovač, kapesníky, propisku, cigára, antikoncepční pilulky, lubrikant, biče, pouta, kvéry, dilda a knížku. Jenom to, o čem doufáte, že to využijete. I když, sestra vašeho kámoše má pravděpodobně své vlastní dilda.

Jen tak mimochodem, pokud během té návštěvy sestry půjdete na pláž, budete si muset vzít – přesně tak – ještě mnohem menší verzi věci: “pátou verzi”. Cigára a peněženku. To je všechno. Můžete si vždycky půjčit něčí opalovací krém. A potom, když jste na pláži, tak předpokládám, že budete chtít jít ke stánku s občerstvením a dát si párek v rohlíku? Přesně tak, příteli! Verze 6! Nejdůležitější verze vašich věcí – peněženka! Vaše peněženka obsahuje fakt jen ty věci, bez kterých se nemůžete obejít.

No, a jak se vrátíte domů, tak už máte plný zuby svejch věcí a problémů, který s sebou nesou. A tak asi po týdnů vyčistíte

you clean out the closet, the attic, the basement, the garage, the storage locker, and all the other places you keep your stuff, and you get things down to manageable proportions. Just the right amount of stuff to lead a simple and uncomplicated life. And that's when the phone rings. It's a lawyer. It seems your aunt has died... and left you all her stuff. Oh no! Now whaddya do? Right. You do the only thing you can do. The honorable thing. You tell the lawyer to stuff it.

BLAME IT ONE THE BOSSA NOVA

They try to blame movies and TV for violence in this country. What a load of shit. Long before there were movies and television, Americans killed millions of Indians, enslaved millions of blacks, slaughtered 700,000 of each other in a family feud, and attained the highest murder rate in history. Don't blame Sylvester Stallone. We brought these horrifying genes with us from Europe, and then we gave them our own special twist. American know-how!

šatník, půdu, sklep, garáž, úschovnu a všechny další místa, kde máte věci, a omezíte je na snesitelný množství. Přesně na to množství, který potřebujete pro jednodušejší život bez zbytečnějších komplikací. A v tu chvíli zazvoní telefon. Je to právník. Vypadá to, že vám umřela teta... a zanechala vám všechny své věci. Ale ne! Co teď uděláte? Správně. Uděláte tu jedinou věc, kterou můžete. Věc hodnou uznání. Řeknete právníkovi, aby se s tím šel vycpat.

SVEĎ TO NA POČASÍ

V týchle zemi prý za všechno násilí můžou filmy a televize. Taková kupa sraček. Už dávno předtím, než se objevily filmy a televizní programy, Američani zabili milióny Indiánů, zotročili milióny černejch, zmasakrovali si 700 tisíc lidí navzájem v rodinnejch intrikách a dosáhli nejvyšší míry vražd na světě. Nesvádějte to na Sylvestera Stallona. Vzali jsme si tyhle děsivé geny s sebou z Evropy, a pak jsme jim dali náš speciální rozměr. Americký know-how!

Violent American movies like Die Hard, Terminator, and Lethal Weapon do very well in places like Canada, Japan, and Europe. Very well. Yet these countries do not have nearly the violence of the United States. In 1989, in all of Japan, with a population of 150 million, there were 754 murders. In New York City that year, with a population of only 7.5 million, there were 2,300. It's bred in the bone. Movies and television don't make you violent; all they do is channel the violence more creatively.

Americans even manage to turn positive experiences into violence. Like sports championships. In Detroit, in 1990, the Pistons won the NBA championship: eight people dead. The Chicago Bulls, 1993: nine shot, 1,000 arrested. Montreal, the Canadiens, 1993: 170 injured, 47 police cars vandalized, and \$10 million in damages. I'm glad it's happened in a place like Montreal, so these bigoted shit stains who call in on sports-talk shows can't blame it all on the blacks.

Násilný americký filmy jako Smrtonosná past, Smrtonosná zbraň nebo Terminátor jsou úspěšný na místech jako Kanada, Japonsko nebo Evropa. Hodně úspěšný. Přesto se tam násilí ani zdaleka nevyrovná tomu, co je ve Spojených Státech. V roce 1989 se v celém Japonsku, který má 150 miliónů obyvatel, stalo 754 vražd. Jen v New Yorku, kde žilo 7,5 miliónu lidí, se ten samej rok stalo 2300 vražd. Jsme prostě agresivní až do morku kostí. Filmy a televize ve vás neprobuděj násilí; oni ho jenom usměrněj víc kreativním způsobem.

Američani jsou schopný přetavit v násilí i pozitivní věci. Jako například sportovní šampionáty. V roce 1990 v Detroitu vyhrál tým Pistons NBA – 8 lidí zabito. Když vyhráli Chicago Bulls v roce 1993 – 9 lidí postřeleno, tisíc zatčeno. Ve stejným roce v Montrealu vyhráli Canadiens NHL – 170 lidí zraněno, 47 policejních aut poničeno a celková škoda byla 10 miliónů dolarů. Jsem rád, že se to stalo na místě jako je Montreal. Ty bigotní skvrny od hoven, co

I could mention plenty of things that contribute to violence. One is simply the condition of being violent; the predisposition. Everyone knows this is a cranky species. It's especially well known among the other species. And most people can see that the particular strain of critter found in America is especially prone to graceless outbursts, being, as we are, a collection of all the strange and restless castoffs and rolling stones who proved such an ill fit back home. God bless them all, and give them all the guns they want.

Two other things that contribute to violence are religion and government, because they seek to repress and regulate natural impulses like sex and self-gratification. Of course, the two of them will always try to scapegoat movies and television. The truth is, no one knows enough or cares enough to stop the real violence, so their answer is to tone

choděj do sportovních pořadů, to pak nemůžou všechno svíst na černý.

Mohl bych tu vyjmenovat spoustu věcí, co přispívají k násilí. Jedna z nich je prostě určitá predispozice, která je v nás zakořeněná. Každý ví, že jsme popudlivejší druh bytosti. Je to známo především mezi jinejma živočichama. A většina lidí vidí, že ten poddruh, kterej se vyskytuje v Americe, je obzvlášť náchylnější k nelítostnějším výbuchům. Tyhle stvoření, ke kterým patříme, jsou sbírkou všemožnejch podivínů, neklidnejch vyvrhelů a povandrovalců, který byli nežádoucí na místech, odkud přišli. Bůh jim všem žehnej, a dej jim všechny zbraně, na který pomyslej.

Dvě další věci, který přispívají k násilí, jsou vlády a náboženství, protože se snažej potlačit a ovládat přírodní pudy, jako je sex nebo sebeuspokojení. Jistě, oni se to budou vždycky snažit shodit na filmy a televizi. Pravdou je, že nikdo se nezajímá o skutečný násilí natolik, aby ho zastavil. Takže to uměj řešit jen tím, že omezí

down the pretend violence. It's superstition: "Maybe if we tone down the pretend violence, the real violence will go away. Or not seem so bad."

And maybe the father who forbids his son to watch violent television will not beat the shit out of him when he disobeys. Maybe.

PLAY BALL!

Here's something I don't care about: athlete's families. This is really the bottom of the sports barrel. I'm watchin' a ballgame, and just because some athlete's wife is in the stands, someone thinks they have to put her picture on the screen. And I miss a double steal! Same with a ballplayer's father. Goddamn! "There's his dad, who taught him how to throw the changeup when he was two years old." Fuck him, the sick bastard! His own sports dreams probably crash-landed, so he forced a bunch of shit on his kid, and now the kid's a neurotic athlete. Fuck these

předstíraný násilí. Je to pověra. Asi si myslejte, že pokud omezí předstíraný násilí, tak skutečný násilí zmizí. Nebo nebude vypadat až tak strašně.

A možná pak ten otec, kterej zakazuje svému synovi násilný pořady v televizi, už nikdy nevytáhne pásek a nevezme ho s ním do ksichtu, když nebude poslouchat. Možná.

TÁHNĚTE NA HRÍŠTĚ!

Tohle je něco, co mě vůbec nezajímá – rodiny sportovců. Tohle je opravdová žumpa sportu. Sleduju zápas, a někoho napadne dát manželku nějakýho sportovce v na kostku. Jenom proto, že je na tribuně. A já pak přijdu o smeč z otočky! To samý je s jeho otcem. Ztraceně! "A tady je jeho otec, kterej ho naučil, jak driblovat, když mu byly 2 roky." Do prdele s tím hajzlem vyšinutým! Jeho vlastní sny o sportovní kariéře se pravděpodobně rozpadly, tak svému dítěti nacpal do hlavy kupu sraček, a teď je z něj neurotickej sportovec. Ať jdou tyhle

athletes' relatives. If they wanna be on TV, let 'em get their own goddamn shows. Let 'em go to cable access.

I also don't care if an athlete's wife had a baby, how she is, how the baby is, how much the baby weighs or what the fuckin' baby's name is. It's got nothin' to do with sports. Leave it out!

And I'm tired of athletes whose children are sick. Healthy men with sick children; how banal. The kid's sick? Talk it over privately. Don't spread it all over television. Have some dignity. And play fuckin' ball!!

Nor do I wanna know about some athlete's crippled little brother or his hemophiliac big sister. The Olympics specialize in this kind of mawkish bullshit. Either his aunt has the clap, or his kid has a forty-pound mole, or his high school buddy overdosed on burritos, etc. Can't sports exist on television without all this embarrassing,

příbuzný sportovců do prdele. Pokud chtěj bejt v TV, ať si rozjedou svý vlastní zatracený pořady. Nechte je jít na veřejnoprávní kanály, za který si neplatím.

Taky mě nezajímá, když měla manželka sportovce dítě, jak se má, jak se má to dítě, kolik váží nebo jak se kurva jmenuje. Nemá to nic společnýho se sportem. Ušetřete si to!

A už mě unavujou sportovci, který maj nemocný děti. Zdravý lidi s nemocnejma dětma – to je tak otřepaný. Máte nemocný dítě? Tak to řešte v soukromí. Netahejte to všude to televize. Mějte nějakou důstojnost. A táhněte na hřiště, kurva!

Stejně tak nechci vědět o tom, když má nějakej sportovec mladšího bráchu mrzáka nebo starší sestru hemofiličku. Olympiáda se na tyhle uplakaný kecý přímo specializuje. Buď má jeho tetička kapavku, nebo má jeho děcko dvacetikilový mateřský znamínko, nebo se jeho kámoš z vejšky předávkoval burritama apod. Nemůžou snad

maudlin, super-sentimental, tear-jerking bullshit? Keep your personal disasters to yourself, and get in there and score some fuckin' points!

And I don't care for all that middlebrow philosophical bullshit you get from athletes and coaches when someone on the team has a serious illness or dies in an accident. They give you that stuff, "When something like this happens, you realize what's really important. It's only a game." Bullshit! If it's only a game, get the fuck out of the business. You know what's important? The score. Who won. I can get plenty of sad tales somewhere else in this victim-packed society. Fuck all that dewy-eyed sentimental bullshit about people who are sick. And that includes any athlete whose father died a week before the game who says, "This one's for Pop." American bathos. Keep it to yourself. Play ball!

sparty existovat i bez všech tehletěch trapnejch, přecitlivělejších, sentimentálních, kulervoucích žvástů, co maj vhnět slzy do očí? Nechte si vaše osobní neštěstí pro sebe, a radši naběhněte na hřiště a dejte nějaký posraný koše!

A nezajímám se i o ty mentálně pokleslý, filozofický výplody od sportovců a trenérů, když má někdo z týmu vážnou nemoc nebo umře při nějaký nehodě. Vždycky vám řeknou: "Když se stane něco jako tohle, tak si uvědomíte, o co ve skutečnosti jde. Je to jen hra." Key! Pokud je to jenom hra, tak táhněte do prdele ze sportu. Víte, o co jde? O skóre. O to, kdo vyhrál. Pro nálož nešťastnejch příběhů si můžu v týhle společnosti plný obětí zajít někam jinam. Do hajzlu s těma sentimentálníma žvástama o lidech, co jsou nemocný. A to zahrnuje i jakýhokoliv sportovce, kterému umřel před týdnem táta, a on mu věnuje zápas. Americkéj patos. Nech si to pro sebe. Táhni na hřiště!

And I shouldn't even have to mention severely injured athletes who are playing on "nothing but heart." Fuck you! Suck it up and get out there, motherfucker.

And they're always tellin' ya that one of these athletes has a tumor. Don't they know that no one gives a fuck? You know when you care about a tumor? When you have it! Or someone close to you. Who cares about an athlete? No one cares if a rock star gets a tumor. What's so special about an athlete? By the way, you ever notice you don't hear as much about rock stars getting these tumors as you do about athletes? Maybe the drug life is a little better for us than all that stupid sweaty shit the athletes put themselves through. Just speculating.

And I don't wanna know about sports teams that sew the initials of dead people on their jerseys for one whole season as if it really means something. Leave that mawkish bullshit in the locker room. I don't wanna

A ani bych neměl zmiňovat vážně zraněný sportovce, který do toho dávej "celý svý srdíčko". Táhni do řiti! Popadni dech a padej na hřiště, ty zmrde.

A vždycky vám budou připomínat, že někdo ze sportovců má nádor. Copak nevěděj, že je to každému u prdele? Víte, kdy vás zajímá nádor? Když ho máte sami! Nebo někdo z vašich blízkých. Kdo se zajímá o sportovce? Když má rocková hvězda nádor, každému je to jedno. Co je tak speciálního na sportovcích? Mimochodem, všimli jste si někdy, že neslyšíte tolik o nádorech rockovejch hvězd, jako o nádorech sportovců? Možná, že život na fetu je pro nás o trošku lepší než všechny tyhle stupidní upocený srágory, který na sebe sportovci upletou. Jen špekuluju.

A nechci vědět o sportovních týmech, který si nechaj na celou sezónu našít iniciály mrtvejch lidí na dresy, jako by to něco znamenalo. Nechte ty uplakaný žvásty v šatně. Nechci vědět, kdo truchlí. Táhněte

know who's in mourning. Play ball, you fuckin' grotesque overdeveloped nitwits!

And you can skip tellin' me about the Chevrolet player of the game. A thousand-dollar contribution to a scholarship fund in the athlete's name. Shit. A thousand dollars won't even keep a kid in decent drugs for one semester. Fuck Chevrolet.

And when are they gonna discover that no one cares if an athlete is active in local charities? People don't want to know about some coke-headed, steroid monstrosity who's working to help the National Douche Bag Foundation. Or how much he cares about inner-city kids. Can the cocksucker play ball? Fine. Then suit him up and get him the fuck out there on the field and let him injure someone.

One last thing on this topic. No one, repeat, no one is interested in athletes who can sing or play musical instruments. We already have people to perform these tasks. They're called singers and musicians, and, at last

kurva na hřiště, vy směšný převyspělý troubové!

A můžete mě ušetřit i vyhlášení hráče utkání, co sponzoruje Chevrolet. Příspěvek tisíc dolarů na školný ve jménu sportovce. Hovno. Tisíc dolarů nebude děcku stačit ani na zásobu slušnýho fetu na jeden semestr. Do hajzlu s Chevroletem.

A kdy jim dojde, že nikoho nezajímá to, jestli je sportovec aktivní v místních charitách? Lidi nechtěj slyšet o nějaký nafetovaný příšeře na steroidech, která dělá veřejně prospěšnou práci pro Národní nadaci idiotů. Nebo jak soucítí s děčkama z vyloučenejch lokalit. Nemůže ten kuřbuřt táhnout na hřiště? Fajn. Tak ho hod'te do dresu, odtáhněte ho kurva na hřiště a nechte ho někoho zranit.

Poslední věc k tomuhle tématu. Nikdo, opakuju, nikdo, se nezajímá o sportovce, který uměj zpívat nebo hrát na hudební nástroje. Už máme jiný lidi, co zastanou tyhle úlohy. Říká se jim zpěváci a

count, it would seem we have quite enough of them. The fact that someone with an IQ triple his age has mastered a few simple chords is unimportant and of monumental disinterest. Play ball!

KEEP IT – WE DON'T WANT IT

Don't you get tired of celebrities who explain their charity work by saying they feel they have to "give something back." I don't feel that way. I didn't take nothin'. You can search my house; I didn't take a thing. Everything I got, I worked for, and it was given to me freely. I also paid taxes on it. Late! I paid late. But I paid. You celebrity people wanna give something back? How about giving back half the money? Or a couple of those houses? And you dickwads who collect cars? How about giving back 50 or 60 of them? Or maybe, if you people really want to give something back, you could let go of a little of that arrogance.

hudebníci, a v poslední době to vypadá, že jich máme víc než dost. Fakt, že někdo, kdo má IQ v hodnotě trojnásobku svého věku ovládnul pár jednodušejších akordů, je nedůležitější a vyznačuje se kolosálním nezájmem. Táhněte na hřiště!

NECHTE SI TO – MY TO NECHCEME

Neunavujou už vás celebrity, který objasňují svojí charitativní činnost tím, že "musej vrátit něco zpátky". Takovej pocit já nemám. Nic jsem si nevzal. Můžete mi prohledat dům – nevzal jsem si ani halíř. Všechno, co mám, jsem si odpracoval a pořídil svobodně. Taky jsem z toho zaplatil daně. Pozdě! Platil jsem pozdě. Ale platil. Vy celebrity chcete něco dávat zpátky? Co takhle dát zpátky půlku svých prachů? Nebo pár těch domů? A vy šulíni, co sbíráte auta? Což takhle vrátit 50 nebo 60 z nich? Anebo, pokud chcete fakt něco dát zpátky, byste si mohli odpustit trochu té své arogance.

POLITICALLY CORECT LANGUAGE

I know I'm a little late with this, but I'd like to get a few licks in on this bogus topic before it completely disappears from everyone's consciousness.

First, I want to be really clear about one thing: as far as other people's feelings are concerned—especially these “victim groups”—when I deal with them as individuals, I will call them whatever they want. When it's one on one, if some guy wants me to call him a morbidly obese, African-ancestored male with a same-gendered sexual orientation I'll be glad to do that. On the other hand, if he wants me to call him a fat nigger cocksucker, then that's what it will be. I'm here to please.

If I meet a woman who wishes to be referred to as a motion-impaired, same-gender-oriented Italian-American who is difficult to deal with, fine. On the other hand, I am perfectly willing to call her a crippled, Guinea dyke cunt if she prefers. I'm not trying

POLITICKY KOREKTNÍ JAZYK

Vím, že s tím přicházím trochu pozdě, ale rád bych si ještě párkrát kopnul do tohoto tématu plného přetvářky, než nadobro zmizí z obecného povědomí.

Zprvým, chci, aby bylo jasno v jedné věci: co se týče citů ostatních lidí – hlavně těch ze “znevýhodněných skupin” – když se s nimi jedná tváří v tvář, tak je budu nazývat tak, jak chtějí. Pokud je to tváří v tvář a nějaký chlápek chce, abych ho označoval za morbidně obézního muže afrického původu se stejnopohlavní sexuální orientací, rád to udělám. Na druhou stranu, pokud mě žádá o to, abych ho považoval za špekátýho černohubýho kuřbuřta, budiž mu přání splněno. Jsem k vašim službám.

Pokud potkám ženu, která si přeje, abych se k ní odkazoval jako k pohybově postižené, stejnopohlavně orientované, nepřizpůsobivé Italoameričance, fajn. Na druhou stranu, mile rád ji budu mít za mrzáckou guinejskou ližpičku, pokud to

to change anyone's self-image. But! But!
When I am speaking generally, and
impersonally, about a large group of people,
especially these victim groups, I will call them
what I think is honest and fair. And I will try
not to bullshit myself.

OK, so, who exactly are these victims?
Well, first of all, I don't think everyone who
says he's a victim automatically qualifies. I
don't think a homely, disfigured, bald
minority person with a room-temperature IQ
who limps and stutters is necessarily always a
victim. Although I will say she probably
shouldn't be out trying to get work as a
receptionist. But maybe that's just the way it
oughta be.

I'm more interested in real victims.
People who have been chronically and
systematically fucked over by the system.
Because the United States is a Christian racist

preferuje. Nesnažím se změnit ničí
sebebopjetí. Ale! Ale! Když mluvím obecně o
velkejch skupinách lidí, hlavně těch
znevýhodněnejch, a nevztahuju se k žádný
konkrétní osobě, tak je budu nazývat tak, jak
považuju za upřímný a férový. A nebudu se
snažit si něco nalhávat.

OK, takže kdo jsou vlastně ty lidi ze
znevýhodněnejch skupin? V první řadě si
nemyslím, že jste členem znevýhodněný
skupiny jen proto, že se za něj prohlašujete.
Nemyslím si, že na první pohled odporná,
ohyždná plešounka z národnostní menšiny,
která má IQ pokojový teploty, a navíc kulhá
a zadržává se, je nutně členkou
znevýhodněný skupiny. I když, možná řeknu,
že by se pravděpodobně neměla snažit získat
práci jako recepční. Ale možná je to prostě
tak, jak to má bejt.

Já se zajímám o skutečný oběti. Lidi,
co konstantně a systematicky ojebává
systém. Protože Spojený státy jsou
křesťanskéj, rasistickéj národ se

nation with a rigged economic system run for three hundred years by the least morally qualified of the two sexes, there were bound to be some real victims. People who've been elaborately fucked over.

The way I see it, this country has only four real victim groups: Indians, blacks, women, and gays. I purposely left out the Spanish and Asians, because when you look at what happened to the Indians and blacks, the Spanish and Asian people have had a walk in the park. It's not even close. Not to down-play the shit they've had to eat, but in about one hundred years the Spanish and Asians are going to be running this country, so they'll have plenty of chances to get even with the gray people.

Let's get to some of these other non-victims. You probably noticed, elsewhere I used the word fat. I used that word because that's what fat people are. They're fat. They're not large; they're not stout, chunky, hefty, or

zmanipulovaným ekonomickým systémem, co je po 3 staletí vedenej tím míň morálně kvalifikovaným z obou pohlaví, musely se vyrojit nějaký skutečný oběti. Lidi, se kterýma se vyjebává sofistikovaným způsobem.

Jak já to vidím, tahle země má jenom 4 skutečný znevýhodněný skupiny: Indiány, černý, ženy a gaye. Záměrně jsem vynechal Španěly a Asiaty, protože když se podíváte na to, co se stalo Indiánům a černejm, tak zjistíte, že Španělové a Asiati si prošli růžovou zahradou. Ani se jim neblížej. Nechci zahrát do kouta ty sračky, kterýma si prošli, ale Španělové a Asiati za 100 let povedou naší zemi, takže budou mít spoustu možností, jak si vyrovnat účty s bílejma.

Pojďme k dalším z těch falešnejch obětí. Pravděpodobně jste si všimli, že jsem jinde v knížce použil slovo tlustý. Použil jsem ho proto, že popisuje to, čím tlustý lidi jsou. Tlustejma lidma. Nejsou objemní,

plump. And they're not big-boned. Dinosaurs are big-boned. These people are not necessarily obese, either. Obese is a medical term. And they're not overweight. Overweight implies there is some correct weight. There is no correct weight. Heavy is also a misleading term. An aircraft carrier is heavy; it's not fat. Only people are fat, and that's what fat people are. They're fat. I offer no apology for this. It is not intended as criticism or insult. It is simply descriptive language. I don't like euphemisms. Euphemisms are a form of lying. Fat people are not gravitationally disadvantaged. They're fat. I prefer seeing things the way they are, not the way some people wish they were.

I don't believe certain groups deserve extra-special names. For instance, midgets and dwarfs are midgets and dwarfs. They're not little people. Infants are little people; leprechauns are little people. Midgets and dwarfs are midgets and dwarfs. They don't get any taller by calling them little people. I wish

podsadití, korpulentní nebo baculatí. A nemaj velký kosti. Dinosauři maj velký kosti. Tyhle lidi taky nejsou nutně obézní. Obezita je lékařskej termín. A nemaj nadváhu. Slovo nadváha naznačuje, že je tam nějaká normální váha. Není tam žádná normální váha. Robustní je taky zavádějící pojem. Letadlová loď je robustní – není tlustá. Tlustý jsou jenom lidi, a proto jim můžu říkat tlustý lidi. Jsou prostě tlustý. Za to nenabízím žádnou omluvu. Není to míněný jako kritika nebo urážka. Je to prostě jazyk, kterej popisuje situaci, jak je. Nemám rád eufemismy. Eufemismy jsou forma lhaní. Tlustý lidi nejsou váhově znevýhodnění. Jsou tlustý. Preferuju vidět věci tak, jak jsou, ne tak, jak si některý lidi přejou, aby byly.

Nemyslím si, že určitý skupiny zaslouží extra speciální jména. Například, trpaslíci a liliputi jsou trpaslíci a liliputi. Nejsou to malý lidi. Nemluvňata jsou malý lidi, skřítky jsou malý lidi. Trpaslíci a liliputi jsou trpaslíci a liliputi. Kvůli tomu, že je budem nazývat malejma lidi, nijak

their lives were different. I wish they didn't have to walk around staring at other people's crotches, but I can't fix that. And I'm not going to lie about what they are. The politically sensitive language commandos would probably like me to call them "vertically challenged." They're not vertically challenged. A skydiver is vertically challenged. The person who designed the Empire State Building was vertically challenged. Midgets and dwarfs are midgets and dwarfs.

Also, crippled people are crippled, they're not differently-abled. If you insist on using tortured language like differently-abled, then you must include all of us. We're all differently-abled. You can do things I can't do; I can do things you can't do. I can pick my nose with my thumb, and I can switch hands while masturbating and gain a stroke. We're all differently-abled. Crippled people are simply crippled. It's a perfectly honorable word. There is no shame in it. It's in the Bible: "Jesus healed the cripples." He didn't engage

nevyrostou. Přál bych si, aby jejich životy vypadaly jinak. Přál bych si, aby nemuseli chodit dokola a zírat na rozkroky ostatních lidí, ale nemůžu to spravit. A nebudu lhát o tom, kdo jsou. Zástupy politicky korektních komand sluníčkářů by asi chtěli, abych je měl za "vertikálně znevýhodněné". Oni nejsou vertikálně znevýhodněný. Parašutista je vertikálně znevýhodněnej. Člověk, co navrhnul Empire State Building byl vertikálně znevýhodněnej. Trpaslíci a liliputi jsou trpaslíci a liliputi.

Za další, postižený jsou postižený, ne osoby s odlišnou pracovní schopností. Pokud trváte na používání znásilněnejch termínů jako je odlišná pracovní schopnost, tak nás tam zařaďte všechny. Všichni máme odlišnou pracovní schopnost. Ty umíš dělat věci, co já neumím, já zas umím věci, co ty neumíš. Umím si z nosu palcem vyndat holuba, a umím si vyměnit ruce během masturbace, aniž bych zpomalil. Všichni jsme odlišně pracovně schopní. Postižený lidi jsou prostě postižený. Je to navýsost

in rehabilitative strategies for the physically disadvantaged.

So, leaving aside women and gays for the moment, I've narrowed it down to blacks and Indians. Let's talk about what we ought to call them, and let's talk about what the language commandos would like us to call them. And remember, this has nothing to do with the people themselves. It has to do with the words.

And, by the way, when it comes to these liberal language vandals, I must say I agree with their underlying premise: White Europeans and their descendants are morally unattractive people who are responsible for most of the world's suffering. That part is easy. You would have to be, uh, visually impaired not to see it. The impulse behind political correctness is a good one. But like every good impulse in America it has been grotesquely distorted beyond usefulness.

vznešené slovo. Není na něm žádná ostuda. Najdeme to v Bibli: "Ježíš uzdravil postižené." Nezapojil se do rehabilitačních strategií pro tělesně znevýhodněné.

Takže, nechme na chvíli stranou ženy a gaye, zúžil jsem to na černý a Indiány. Pojdme si popovídat o tom, jak bysme jim měli říkat, ale taky o tom, jak slovník nám vnucují sluníčkářský komanda. A pamatujte si, tohle nemá co dělat s těma lidma samotnejma. Týká se to jenom slov.

A, mimochodem, když přijde na tyhle liberální jazykový vandaly, musím říct, že souhlasím s jejich základní premisou: bílí Evropani a jejich potomci jsou morálně zavříženíhodný lidi, který jsou zodpovědný za většinu utrpení na světě. Tahle část je snadno pochopitelná. Museli byste bejt, ehm, zrakově znevýhodněný, abyste to neviděli. Základní pohnutka, která stojí za politickou korektností, je dobrá. Ale stejně jako každá dobrá pohnutka v Americe, byla i tahle absurdně převrácená za hranice užitečnosti.

Clearly, there are victims, but I don't agree that these failed campus revolutionaries know what to do about them. When they're not busy curtailing freedom of speech, they're running around inventing absurd hyphenated names designed to make people feel better. Remember, these are the white elitists in their customary paternalistic role: protecting helpless, inept minority victims. Big Daddy White Boss always knows best.

So, let me tell you how I handle some of these speech issues. First of all, I say "black." I say "black" because most black people prefer "black." I don't say "people of color." People of color sounds like something you see when you're on mushrooms. Besides, the use of people of color is dishonest. It means precisely the same as colored people. If you're not willing to say "colored people," you shouldn't be saying "people of color."

Besides, the whole idea of color is bullshit anyway. What should we call white people?

Očividně jsou tu oběti, ale nesouhlasím s tím, že tyhle zkrachovalý kampusový revolucionáři vědí, co s nima udělat. Když nejsou zaneprázdněný snahou o omezení svobody slova, tak dělaj všechno proto, aby vynalezli absurdní slova s pomlčkou. Ty jsou navržený pro lidi tak, aby se cejtili líp. Pamatujte si, tohle jsou ty bílý elitáři v jejich tradiční otcovský roli: chránit bezbranný, neschopný oběti z řad menšin. Velkej bílej taťka vždycky ví nejlíp.

Takže, řeknu vám, jak řeším některý z těchletěch jazykovejch potíží. V první řadě říkám "černoši". Říkám "černoši" protože většina černejch lidí preferuje "černochoy". Neříkám "lidé barvy". Lidé barvy zní jako něco, co vidíte, když jste na houbičkách. Mimo to, používání termínu "lidé barvy" je nepoctivý. Znamená to přesně to samý, co barevný lidi. Když nejste ochotný používat "barevní lidé", tak byste neměli říkat "lidé barvy".

Kromě toho, celá myšlenka o barvě je hovadina. Jak bysme pak měli říkat bílej

“People of no color”? Isn’t pink a color? In fact, white people are not really white at all, they’re different shades of pink, olive, and beige. In other words, they’re colored. And black people are rarely black. I see mostly different shades of brown and tan. In fact, some light-skinned black people are lighter than the darkest white people. Look how dark the people in India are. They’re dark brown, but they’re considered white people. What’s going on here? May I see the color chart? “People of color” is an awkward, bullshit, liberal-guilt phrase that obscures meaning rather than enhancing it. Shall we call fat people, “people of size”?

By the way, I think the whole reason we’re encouraged in this country to think of ourselves as “black and white” (instead of “pink and brown,” which is what we are) is that black and white are complete opposites that cannot be reconciled. Black and white can never come together. Pink and brown, on the other hand, might just stand a chance of being

lidem? “Lidé žádné barvy?” Není růžová náhodou barva? Ve skutečnosti bílý lidi nejsou vůbec bílý, maj různý odstíny růžový, olivový a béžový. Jinými slovy, jsou barevný. A černý lidi jsou černý jen výjimečně. Většinou vidím různý odstíny hnědý nebo bronz. Některý světlý černoši jsou fakticky světlejší než nejtmařejší běloši. Podívejte se, jak tmavý jsou lidi v Indii. Jsou tmavě hnědý, ale jsou považovaný za bílý. Co se tady děje? Můžu vidět tabulku barev? “Lidé barvy” je trapná oblbující fráze stvořená bílejma liberálama, co pocit’ujou kolektivní vinu za svý zločiny, ale spíš to význam zahaluje než vylepšuje. Měli bysme říkat tlustejm lidem “lidé velikosti”?

Mimochodem, myslím si, že celej důvod, proč nám v týhle zemi kladou na srdce, abysme o sobě přemejšleli jako o “černejh a bílejch” (místo “růžovejh a hnědejh”, což je mnohem přesnější) je ten, že černá a bílá jsou naprostý protiklady, který nemůžou dojít ke smíru. Černá a bílá se nikdy nemůžou spojit. Růžová a hnědá, na druhou

blended, might just come together. Can't have that! Doesn't fit the plan.

I also don't say "African-American." I find it completely illogical, and furthermore it's confusing. Which part of Africa are we talking about? What about Egypt? Egypt is in Africa. Egyptians aren't black. They're like the people in India, they're dark brown white people. But they're Africans. So why wouldn't an Egyptian who becomes a U.S. citizen be an African-American?

The same thing goes for the Republic of South Africa. Suppose a white racist from South Africa becomes an American citizen? Well, first of all he'd find plenty of company, but couldn't he also be called an African-American? It seems to me that a racist white South-African guy could come here and call himself African-American just to piss off black people. And, by the way, what about a black person born in South Africa who moves here and becomes a citizen? What is he? An

stranu, by měly nějakou šanci na smíšení a mohly by se sblížit. Takhle by to nešlo! To se nám nehodí do plánu.

Taky neříkám "Afroameričané". Považuju to za naprosto nelogický, a navíc je to matoucí. O který části Afriky to mluvíme? Co třeba Egypt? Egypt je v Africe. Egypt'ani nejsou černý. Jsou jako lidi v Indii, tmavě hnědý běloši. Ale jsou to Afričani. Takže proč by Egypt'an, co se stane americkým občanem, nemohl bejt Afroameričan?

Stejná věc platí i o Jihoafrický republice. Představte si, kdyby se bílej rasista z Jižní Afriky stal americkým občanem? Nu, zaprvý by tu našel spoustu soukmenovců, ale nemohli by ho taky považovat za Afroameričana? Připadá mi, že rasistickéj bílej chlápek z Jižní Afriky by sem mohl přijít a nazvat se Afroameričanem jen proto, aby nasral černochoy. A mimochodem, co takhle černocho narozenej v Jižní Africe, kterej se sem přestěhuje a získá občanství?

African-South-African-American? Or a South-African-African-American?

All right, back to this hemisphere. How about a black woman who is a citizen of Jamaica? According to P.C. doctrine, she's an African-Jamaican, right? But if she becomes a U.S. citizen, she's a Jamaican-American. And yet if one of these language crusaders saw her on the street, he'd think she was an African-American. Unless he knew her personally in which case he would have to decide between African-Jamaican-American and Jamaican-African-American. Ya know? It's just so much liberal bullshit. Labels divide people. We need fewer labels, not more.

Now, the Indians. I call them Indians because that's what they are. They're Indians. There's nothing wrong with the word Indian. First of all, it's important to know that the word Indian does not derive from Columbus mistakenly believing he had reached "India." India was not even called by that name in 1492; it was known as Hindustan. More likely,

Kdo potom je? Afrojihoafroameričan? Nebo Jihoafroafroameričan?

Dobře, zpátky na tuhle polokouli. Co takhle černoška, která má občanství Jamajky? Podle doktríny politický korektnosti je to Afrojamajčanka, že? Ale když získá občanství USA, tak je Jamajkoameričanka. A přesto by ji někde z těch křížáků ve jménu jazyka považoval za Afroameričanku, když by jí uviděl na ulici. Teda pokud by jí neznal osobně, protože pak by se musel rozhodnout mezi Afrojamajkoameričankou nebo Jamajkoafroameričankou. Víte co? Jsou to prostě žvásty liberálů. Nálepky rozdělují lidi. Potřebujem míň nálepek, ne víc.

Teď k Indiánům. Říkám jim Indiáni, protože to je to, kdo jsou. Jsou to Indiáni. Není nic špatného na slově Indián. V první řadě, je důležitý vědět, že slovo Indián není odvozený od Columba, kterej byl mylně přesvědčenej, že se dostal k "Indii". Indie se tak v roce 1942 ani nejmenovala – byla známá jako Hindustán. Mnohem

the word Indian comes from Columbus's description of the people he found here. He was an Italian, and did not speak or write very good Spanish, so in his written accounts he called the Indians, "Una gente in Dios." A people in God. In God. In Dios. Indians. It's a perfectly noble and respectable word.

So let's look at this pussified, trendy bullshit phrase, Native Americans. First of all, they're not natives. They came over the Bering land bridge from Asia, so they're not natives. There are no natives anywhere in the world. Everyone is from somewhere else. All people are refugees, immigrants, or aliens. If there were natives anywhere, they would be people who still live in the Great Rift valley in Africa where the human species arose. Everyone else is just visiting. So much for the "native" part of Native American.

As far as calling them "Americans" is concerned, do I even have to point out what an insult this is? Jesus Holy Shit Christ! We steal

pravděpodobnější je, že slovo Indián pochází z Columbova popisu lidí, který tady potkal. Byl to Ital, a neuměl pořádně mluvit ani psát španělsky, takže Indiány ve svých zápiscích nazýval "Una gente in Dios". Tedy lidé od Boha. Od Boha. Od Dia. Indiáni. Je to naprosto vznešené a slušné slovo.

Tak se pojd'me podívat na tuhle poseroutkovskou trendy frázi, Domorodí Američané. Zaprvý, nejsou domorodý. Přišli z Asie po suchozemským mostě, oblastí dnešního Beringova průlivu, takže nejsou domorodý. Nikde neexistují žádný domorodci. Každý je odjinud. Všichni lidé jsou uprchlíci, imigranti nebo mimozemšťani. Kdyby byli někde domorodci, tak by pořád někdo žil ve Velký příkopový propadlině v Africe, odkud vzešel lidskej druh. Všichni ostatní jsou jen na návštěvě. Tolik o "domorodých" Američanech.

Co se týče toho, že jim říkáme "Američané", mám snad vůbec zdůrazňovat, jaká je to urážka? Himlkurvahergot!

their hemisphere, kill twenty or so million of them, destroy five hundred separate cultures, herd the survivors onto the worst land we can find, and now we want to name them after ourselves? It's appalling. Haven't we done enough damage? Do we have to further degrade them by tagging them with the repulsive name of their conquerers?

And as far as these classroom liberals who insist on saying "Native American" are concerned, here's something they should be told: It's not up to you to name people and tell them what they ought to be called. If you'd leave the classroom once in a while, you'd find that most Indians are insulted by the term Native American. The American Indian Movement will tell you that if you ask them.

The phrase "Native American" was invented by the U.S. government Department of the Interior in 1970. It is an inventory term used to keep track of people. It includes Hawaiians, Eskimos, Samoans, Micronesians,

Ukradneme jim jejich polokouli, zabijeme jich dvacet miliónů nebo tak nějak, zničíme 500 samostatnejch kultur, naženeme přeživší do tý nejhorší krajiny, kterou dokážeme najít, a teď je chceme pojmenovat po sobě? To je odporný. Copak jsme nenadělali dost škody? Musíme je ještě víc ponížít tím, že je označíme odpudivým jménem jejich dobyvatelů?

A ohledně těch liberálů akademiků, který trvaj na termínu "domorodí Američané", někdo by jim měl říct tohle: pojmenovávat lidi a říkat jim, jak by se měli oslovovat, není vaše věc. Kdybyste jednou za čas opustili půdu školy, zjistili byste, že většinu Indiánů termín "domorodí Američané" uráží. Když se zeptáte Amerického indiánského hnutí, řeknou vám to.

Slovní spojení "domorodí Američané" vymyslelo ministerstvo vnitra USA v roce 1970. Je to termín do soupisů, aby mohli lidi sledovat. Zahrnuje Havajčany, Eskymáky, Samoany, Mikronésany,

Polynesians, and Aleuts. Anyone who uses the phrase Native American is assisting the U.S. government in its effort to obliterate people's true identities.

Do you want to know what the Indians would like to be called? Their real names: Adirondack, Delaware, Massachuset, Narraganset, Potomac, Illinois, Miami, Alabama, Ottawa, Waco, Wichita, Mohave, Shasta, Yuma, Erie, Huron, Susquehanna, Natchez, Mobile, Yakima, Wallawalla, Muskogee, Spokan, Iowa, Missouri, Omaha, Kansa, Biloxi, Dakota, Hatteras, Klamath, Caddo, Tillamook, Washoe, Cayuga, Oneida, Onondaga, Seneca, Laguna, Santa Ana, Winnebago, Pecos, Cheyenne, Menominee, Yankton, Apalachee, Chinook, Catawba, Santa Clara, Taos, Arapaho, Blackfoot, Blackfeet, Chippewa, Cree, Cheyenne, Mohawk, Tuscarora, Cherokee, Seminole, Choctaw, Chickasaw, Comanche, Shoshone, Two Kettle, Sans Arc, Chiricahua, Kiowa, Mescalero, Navajo, Nez Perce, Potawatomi, Shawnee, Pawnee, Chickahominy, Flathead,

Polynésany a Aleuty. Každěj, kdo používá spojení domorodý Američan pomáhá vládě USA v její snaze o zahlázení pravejch identit lidí.

Zajímá vás, jak by Indiáni chtěli, aby se jim říkalo? Jejich pravejma jménama: Adirondackové, Delawarové, Masačusetové, Narragansetové, Potomakové, Illinoisané, Miamamiové, Alabamové, Ottawové, Wakové, Wičitové, Mohawkové, Shastaové, Yumaové, Eriové, Huróni, Susquehannové, Načezové, Mobilové, Yakimaové, Wallawallové, Maskogiové, Spokanové, Iowové, Missouriové, Omahové, Kansaové, Billoxiové, Dakotové, Hatterasové, Klamatové, Kadové, Tillamookové, Washoeové, Kajugové, Oneidové, Onondagové, Senekové, Lagunové, Santa Anové, Winebagové, Pekosové, Čejeni, Menomíniové, Yanktonové, Apalačiové, Činukové, Čatavbové, Santaklárové, Taosové, Arapahové, Černonožci, Černomnohonožci, Odžibvejové, Kríové, Čejeni, Mohawkové, Tuskarorové,

Santee, Assiniboin, Oglala, Miniconjou, Osage, Crow, Brulé, Hunkpapa, Pima, Zuni, Hopi, Paiute, Creek, Kickapoo, Ojibwa, Shinnicock.

Čirokíové, Seminolové, Čoktové, Čikasové, Komančové, Šosoni, Dvoukotlíkové, Sansarkové, Čirikahuové, Kiowové, Meskalerové, Navahové, Nez Percéové, Potawatomiové, Šóniové, Poníové, Čikahominové, Ploskohlavci, Santeové, Assiniboinové, Oglalové, Minikonjové, Osedžové, Vraní Indiáni, Bruléové, Hunkpapové, Pimaové, Zuniové, Hopiové, Paiutové, Kríkové, Kikapové, Odžibvejové, Šinikokové¹.

You know, you'd think it would be a fairly simple thing to come over to this continent, commit genocide, eliminate the forests, dam up the rivers, build our malls and massage parlors, sell our blenders and whoopee cushions, poison ourselves with chemicals, and let it go at that. But no. We have to compound the insult. Native Americans! I'm glad the Indians have gambling casinos now. It makes me happy that dimwitted white people are losing their rent money to the Indians. Maybe the Indians will

Víte, jeden by řekl, že je celkem snadný nakráčct na tenhle kontinent, spáchat genocidu, zničit lesy, přehradit řeky, postavit naše nákupáky a masážní salóny, prodávat naše mixéry a prdící polštářky, otrávit se chemikáliema a u toho zůstat. Ale kdepak. Musíme do toho zakomponovat tu urážku. Domorodí Američané! Jsem rád, že Indiáni teď maj kasína. Těší mě, když vidím, jak ty prostoduchý běloši prohrávají svý nájemný do kapes Indiánů. Možná se Indiánům zadaří a vyhrajou svou zemi zpátky. Asi by jí nechtěli. Podívejte, co jsme s ní udělali.

¹ Zounková, Daniela. "Překlad českých názvů indiánských kmenů." *Filozofická Fakulta MU*, www.phil.muni.cz/angl/indiani/nazvy_kmenu.html.

get lucky and win their country back. Probably they wouldn't want it. Look what we did to it.

THE GRIEF/TRAGEDY/SYMPATHY INDUSTRY

Everyone complains about this being a "victim society." Well, I don't know about the victim society, but I would like to talk about the "Grief, Tragedy, and Sympathy Industry."

The news media are playing a game with you. You're being fed a large ration of other people's troubles designed to keep your mind off the things that should really be bothering you. I guess the media figure if you're sitting around feeling sorry for every sick, injured, or dead person they can scrounge up, you'll have less time to dwell on how fucked up your own life is, and what bad shape this culture is really in.

I'm not so much opposed to grief per se, as I am to public media grief. My attitude is fuck sick people and fuck a dead person.

PRŮMYSL

ŽALU/TRAGÉDIE/SOUCITU

Každej si stěžuje, že jsme "společnost obětí." No, nevím o společnosti obětí, ale rád bych mluvil o "průmyslu žalu, tragédie a soucitu."

Zpravodajský média s váma hrajou hru. Jste krmený řádnou porcí problémů jinejch lidí, který jsou navržený tak, aby odvedly vaší pozornost od věcí, na kterejch by vám mělo doopravdy záležet. Médiím hádám dochází, že pokud doma cejtíte lítost nad každým nemocným, zraněným nebo mrtvým kterýho vyhrabou, budete mít míň času dumat nad tím, jak je váš život posranej a v jak špatným stavu tahle kultura ve skutečnosti je.

Nejsem tolik proti zármutku samotným jako proti zármutku v masovejch médiích. Můj postoj je jebat na nemocný lidi

Unless I knew them. And, if so, I'll handle it on my own, thank you. I don't need media guidance to experience sorrow.

Above all, I object to the abuse of the word *tragedy*. Every time some asshole stops breathing these days it's called a tragedy. The word has been devalued. You can't call every death a tragedy and expect the word to mean anything. For instance, multiple deaths do not automatically qualify as tragedies. Just because a man kills his wife and three kids, her lover, his lover, the baby-sitter, the mailman, the Amway lady, and the guy from Publishers' Clearing House and then blows his own brains out doesn't mean a tragedy has occurred. It's interesting. It's entertaining to read about. But it's not a tragedy.

The death of a child is also not automatically a tragedy. Some guy backing over his kid in the driveway is not a tragedy, it's a bad, bad mistake. A tragedy is a literary work in which the main character comes to

a jebat na mrtvého člověka. Leda, když jsem je znal. A pokud jo, zvládnou to sám, děkuji. Nepotřebuju, aby mě média poučovala, jak mám prožívat zármutek.

V první řadě mám námitky ke zneužívání slova *tragédie*. Pokaždý, když dneska nějaký trouba přestane dechat, říká se tomu tragédie. To slovo ztratilo na hodnotě. Nemůžete každou smrt nazývat tragédií a očekávat, že to slovo bude něco znamenat. Kupříkladu, několikačetná smrt neznamena automaticky několik tragédií. Že muž zabije svojí manželku a tři děcka, jejího milence, svojí milenku, opatrovnici, pošťáka, podomní prodavačku a toho chlápka z Reader's Digest a potom si prostřelí mozek, to ještě neznamena, že se odehrála tragédie. Je to zajímavý. Je zábavný o tom číst. Ale není to tragédie.

Smrt dítěte taky není automaticky tragédie. Když nějaký chlápek přejede své děcko na garážový cestě, není to tragédie, ale velká, velká chyba. Tragédie je literární dílo, ve kterým hlavní postava spadne do záhuby v

ruin as a consequence of a moral weakness or a fatal flaw. Shakespeare wrote tragedies. A family of nine being wiped out when a train hits their camper is not a tragedy. It's called a traffic accident.

You wanna know what a tragedy is? A tragedy is when you see some fat bastard in the airport with pockmarks on his face and his belly hanging out, and he's with a woman who has bad teeth and multiple bruises, and that night he's gonna make her suck his dick. That's a tragedy. They don't mention that a lot on TV.

The media often refer to the killing of a white policeman as a *tragedy*. Why is that more tragic than the same white policeman killing an unarmed black kid? Why is it never a tragedy on TV when a white cop kills a black kid? It's never presented in that way. The whites save *tragedy* for themselves. Why is that?

The media have elevated the marketing of bathos and sympathy to a fine art. But I gotta

důsledku morální slabosti nebo osudový chyby. Shakespeare psal tragédie. Devítilenná rodina v karavanu smetená vlakem není tragédie. Říká se tomu dopravní nehoda.

Chcete vědět, co je to tragédie? Tragédie je, když vidíte na letišti nějakýho špekátýho bastarda s bedřarama na tváři a svěšeným pupkem, a vedle něj stojí ženská se zkaženejma zubama a několikačetnejma modřinama, a on jí ten večer nechá, aby mu vyčadila lofasa. Tohle moc v TV nezmiňují.

Média často referují o zabití bílého policajta jako o *tragédii*. Proč by to mělo bejt víc tragický, než když ten stejnej bílej policajt zabije neozbrojený černý děčko? Proč to není nikdy v TV tragédie, když bílej polda zabije černý děčko? Nikdy to tak neprezentují. Bílý si nechávají *tragédii* pro ně samotný. Proč to tak je?

Média pozvedla marketing patosu a soucitu na úroveň vysokýho umění. Ale

tell ya, I really don't care about a paraplegic who climbs a mountain and then skis cross-country for 50 miles; I'm not interested in a one-legged veteran who ice skates across Canada to raise money for children's prosthetics. I have no room for some guy without a nervous system who becomes the state wrestling champion; or a man who loses his torso in Vietnam and later holds his breath for six months to promote spina bifida research; or someone born with no heart who lives to be ninety-five and helps everyone in his neighborhood neaten up their lawns.

Is this all we can find in America that passes for personal drama? People overcoming long odds? God, it's so boring and predictable.

And does this mean we are supposed to admire people simply because of the order of their luck? Because their bad luck came first? What about the reverse? What about people who start well and then fail spectacularly in life? People who were born with every

řeknu vám, fakt mě nezajímá paraplegik, co zleze horu a pak vyšlápne 50 kilometrů na běžkách; nezajímá mě ani jednoonohej veterán, kterej přejede na bruslích celou Kanadu, aby vybral na protézy pro děcka. Mám nulovou toleranci pro chlápka bez nervový soustavy, kterej se stane mistrem národa ve wrestlingu; nebo pro borce, kterej přijde o trup ve Vietnamu a potom na šest měsíců zadrží svůj dech, aby podpořil výzkum rozštěpu páteře; nebo pro někoho, kdo se narodí bez srdce, dožije se 95 a pomáhá všem v sousedství udržovat trávníky.

Jsou tyhle dramata to jediný, co najdeme v Americe? Lidi, co překonávají těžký životní překážky? Bože, je to tak nudný a předvídatelný.

A znamená to snad, že bysme je měli obdivovat jenom proto, v jakým pořadí se u nich objevilo štěstí? Proto, že nejdřív zažili smůlu? A co když je to opačně? Co lidi, co dobře začali, a nakonec v životě selhali na plný čáře? Lidi, který se narodili se všema

privilege and given every possible gift and talent, who had all the money they needed, were surrounded by good people, and then went out and fucked their lives up anyway? Isn't that drama too? Isn't that equally interesting? In fact, I find it more interesting. More like true tragedy.

I'd prefer to hear something like that once in a while, rather than this pseudo-inspirational bullshit that the media feel they have to feed us in order to keep our minds off America's decline. If they're going to insist that we really need to know about sick babies and cripples who tap dance and quadraplegic softball players, why don't they simply have a special television program called "Inspirational Stories"? That way I can turn the fuckin' thing off. I'm tired of people battling the odds. Fuck the odds. And fuck the people who battle them.

After a while don't you just get weary of being told that some kid in Minnesota needs a new liver? Kids didn't need new livers when I

privilegiema, dostali všechny možný vlohy a nadání, měli všechny peníze, co potřebovali, byli obklopený dobrejma lidma, a přesto šli do světa a posrali si svý životy tak jako tak? Není to drama taky? Není to zajímavý stejně? Ve skutečnosti tohle považuju za víc zajímavý. To je spíš ta pravá tragédie.

Preferuju čas od času slyšet radši něco takovýho než tyhle pseudoinspirační hovna, kterejma nás krměj média, protože vědí, že nám tak odvedou zrak od toho, jak Amerika upadá. Pokud budou trvat na tom, že fakt potřebujeme slyšet o nemocnejch mrňatech, stepujících mrzácích a ochrnutejch softballovejch hráčích, proč na to prostě nemaj televizní program s názvem "Inspirující příběhy"? Pak bych to moh' kurva vypnout. Jsem unavenej z lidí, co překonávaj nepřízeň osudu. Do prdele s nepřízní osudu. A do prdele s lidma, co jí překonávaj.

Neunavujou vás už po nějaký době řeči o tom, že nějaký děcko z Minnesoty potřebuje nový játra? Děcka nepotřebovaly

was growing up. We had good livers. What are they feeding these kids that suddenly they all need new livers? I think it's the gene pool. Nature used to eliminate the weak, imperfect kids before they were old enough to reproduce their flaws. Now we have a medical industry dedicated to keeping people alive just long enough to pass along their bad genes to another generation. It's medical arrogance, and it works against nature's plan. I'm sick of hearing about a baby being kept alive on a resuscitator while doctors wait for a kidney to be flown in on a private jet contributed by some corporation seeking good publicity because they just killed six thousand people in Pakistan with a chemical spill. I'm tired of this shit being presented in the context of real news. Prurient gossip about sick people is not real news. It's emotional pandering.

The real news is that there are millions upon millions of sick babies and cripples and addicts and criminals and misfits and diseased

nový játra, když jsem vyrůstal. Měli jsme dobrý játra. Čím tyhle děcka krměj, že náhle všichni potřebujou nový játra? Myslím, že za to může genovej fond. Příroda dřív eliminovala slabý, defektní děcka, předtím než byly dost starý na to, aby svý vady reprodukovaly. Ted' máme léčebnej průmysl zasvěcenej tomu, aby lidi zůstávali naživu přesně tak dlouho, aby stihli předat svý špatný geny další generaci. Je to arogance medicíny, a jde proti plánu přírody. Už mě vytáčí slyšet o prckovi, kterýho udržujou při životě, zatímco doktoři čekaj, než privátním letadlem přivezou ledvinu, kterou sponzoruje nějaká korporace, aby si napravila svojí reputaci po tom, co zabila 6 tisíc lidí v Pákistánu po úniku chemický látky. Mám plný zuby toho, když to prezentujou v kontextu skutečnejch zpráv. Úchylný drby o nemocnejch lidech nejsou skutečný zprávy. Je to emocionální uspokojování.

Skutečnou zprávou je, že tu jsou milióny a milióny nemocnejch děcek a postiženejch a závisláků a kriminálníků a

and mentally ill and hungry people who need help. Not to mention all the middle-class normals who swear things are just fine but spend three hours a day commuting, and whose dull, meaningless lives are being stolen from them by soulless corporations. But the media don't bother with all that. They like to simply cover their designated Victims of the Week, so they can see themselves as somehow noble. They highlight certain cases, making them appear exceptional. And when they do, they admit they are simply unable and unwilling to report the totality of the Great American Social Nightmare.

HAVE A LITTLE FUN

Most people take life much too seriously and worry about all the wrong things: security, advancement, prosperity, all those things that give you heartburn. I think people would be better off if they relaxed and had a little more fun.

nepřízpůsobivejch a nemocnejch a duševně narušenejch a hladovejch lidí, co potřebujou pomoc. Ani nemusím zmiňovat všechny normály ze střední třídy, co se zapřísahnou, že všechno je přesně tak, jak má bejt, i když strávěj denně 3 hodiny dojížděním, a jejich šedý životy bez smyslu z nich vysávají bezduchý korporace. Ale média se s tímhle vším neobtěžujou. Oni maj sloupek "Oběti týdne", kterej je k tomu určenej, a ten jim stačí k tomu, aby mohli sami sebe vidět nějak ušlechtilé. Vyzdvihnou nějaký případy a dodaj jim punc výjimečnosti. A když tohle dělaj, tak zároveň přiznávaj, že jsou prostě neschopný a neochotný referovat o Velký americký sociální noční můře.

UŽIJ SI TROCHU SRANDY

Většina lidí bere život moc vážně a trápí se jenom věcma, co za to nestojí: bezpečnost, rozvoj, prosperita, zkrátka všema těma věcma, ze kterejch vás pálí žába. Myslím, že lidi by na tom byli líp, kdyby se hodili do klidu a užili si trochu víc srandy.

Think about it: We're all here on a big rock, zippin' around a bad star for no good reason. We don't know where we came from, we don't know where we're going, we don't know how long it's gonna last, and we keep having to go to the bathroom. And on top of that, the whole thing is completely meaningless.

Do you ever stop to think about that? It's all meaningless. All this detail. What's it for? This table. What's it doing here? What's the purpose? Who cares? I think the whole thing is someone's idea of a great big practical joke. So, relax that extra-tight American anal sphincter, folks, and have a little fun. Here are some suggestions:

In a public restroom, stand on the toilet and stare over the top of the partition at the man in the next stall. Tell him your therapist told you it's a good way of relaxing. Then lean out of the stall with your pants down, and ask

Zamyslete se nad tím: jsme tady všichni na jednom velkém kameni a svištíme kolem mizerný hvězdy, zcela bezdůvodně. Nevíme, odkud jsme přišli, nevíme, kam jdeme, nevíme, jak dlouho to bude trvat, a pořád musíme chodit na záchod. A co víc, celá tahle věc nemá žádnéj smysl.

Zastavili jste se někdy a zamysleli se nad tím? Nic z toho nemá smysl. Všechny tyhle detaily. K čemu to má bejt? Tenhle stůl. Co tady dělá? Jakej je jeho účel? Koho to zajímá? Myslím si, že tohle všechno je něčí nápad na pořádně velkej kanadskej žertík. Takže, uvolněte ten svůj supertěsnej americkej anální svěrač, dámy a pánové, a užijte si trochu srandy. Tady jsou nějaký nápady:

Když jste na veřejnejch záchodcích, stoupněte si na prkýnko a přes zídku zírejte na chlápka ve vedlejší kabině. Řekněte mu, že vám to terapeut poradil jako dobrej způsob relaxace. Potom se vykleňte z kabinky s

someone if you can borrow a set of chopsticks and a nine-volt battery.

When you're out on the country-club dance floor with your wife, guide her over toward the orchestra and say to the conductor, "Tonight is our anniversary. Do you guys know 'Wong Has the Largest Tong in China'?"

Did you ever see these people who drive with their headlights on in the daytime, because they think it's safer? You know what would be fun? To smash head-on into a guy like that, just to show him that his idea doesn't work.

On the hotel "How-did-we-do?" form, write, "The maid offered to blow me for some candy," and "The room service waiter thrust his hand down my pants and manipulated my schwanz."

Here's some fun: At a taxi stand, give the first driver fifty dollars and tell him, "Go to the

gatěma dole, a zeptejte se někoho, jestli si můžete půjčit pár čínskejch hůlek a devítivoltovou baterku.

Když jste s manželkou na tanečním parketu v country klubu, přiveďte jí k orchestru a řekněte dirigentovi: "Dnes je naše výročí. Víte, chlapi, jak zahrát "Pan Wong má v Číně ten největší Dong?"

Viděli jste někdy ty lidi, co řídí se zapnutejma světlama za bílýho dne, protože si myslej, že je to bezpečnější? Víte, co by byla sranda? Napálit to zepředu do nějakýho takovýho borce, jenom abyste mu ukázali, že jeho nápad nefunguje.

Na hotelovej lístek "Jak se vám líbil náš pobyt?" napište: "Pokojská mi nabídla, že mi ho za nějakou sladkost vyblafne," a "Pokojoy číšník mi vrazil ruku do gatí a vyleštil mi kopí".

Tady je tip na nějakou prču: na stanovišti taxi dejte prvnímu řidiči 50 dolarů

airport, and wait there for me.” Then go to the second driver, give him fifty dollars and tell him, “Follow that cab, and under no circumstances allow it to get to the airport!” Then get in the third cab and tell the guy to follow the other two. When you’re about halfway to the airport, take out a gun and start shooting at the first two cabs. Yell, “Hi-yo, Silver!” a lot.

Go into a store and tell the clerk you don’t want to purchase anything. Then ask him if he’d be interested in buying sixty gallons of children’s urine.

Next time you’re on a plane, sit in the back row and place a boom box under your seat. Then, during takeoff, play high-pitched, metal-grinding noises on it, just loud enough to be heard over the engines. If possible, blend in the sound of a few small, muffled explosions. Keep saying, “Uh-oh!”

While seated at a nice dinner party, take a long look at the china service and say, “Hey, we had these same dishes in the army!”

a řekněte mu: “Jed’ na letiště a počkej tam na mě.” Potom jděte k druhému řidiči a řekněte mu: “Sleduj ten taxík a za žádnou cenu ho nenech dojet na letiště!” Potom nasedněte do třetího taxíku a řekněte týpkovi, ať sleduje ty dva ostatní. Když budete zhruba na půlce cesty k letišti, vytáhněte bouchačku a začněte střílet na první dva taxíky. Hodně u toho křičte: “Hyjé, Stříbrňáku!”

Jděte do obchodu a řekněte prodavači, že si nechcete nic koupit. Potom se ho zeptejte, jestli by ho nezajímala koupě 200 litrů dětský moči.

Příště, až budete v letadle, sedněte si do zadní řady a dejte si pod sedadlo kazeták. Pak, až přijde vzletová fáze, pusťte vysoký metalový tóny, akorát tak hlasitý, aby je nepřehlušil motor. Pokud možno, přimíchejte zvuk pár malejch, tlumenejch výbuchů. Říkejte u toho: “Jej, ou!”

Až vás pozvou na večeři a vy zasednete ke stolu, dlouze se zadívejte na

Rush up to a hotel desk and mumble to the clerk, “Did the purple man with the dwarf in the cardboard box leave the Archbishop’s phone number?” He will say, “What?” Repeat the sentence a little more loudly, but keep it hard to understand. Once again, a little annoyed, he will say, “What?” Keep this up until he reaches the breaking point and a small gathering of foam has appeared at the corner of his mouth. Then, when his supervisor comes over to inquire, tell her innocently, “I don’t know what the problem is, ma’am. I simply asked this gentleman how late the restaurant is open, and he flew off the handle.”

At a retail store, make a lot of large purchases hurriedly, and then, when signing the credit card slip, appear nervous and openly try to copy the signature that appears on your credit card. Then when the approval comes through, express visible relief. “Really? All

porcelánovou soupravu a proneste: “Hej, ty samý talíře jsme měli v armádě!”

Chvátejte k hotelový recepci a zamumlejte recepčnímu: “Nechal tu ten muž v růžovém s trpaslíkem v krabici telefonní číslo na arcibiskupa?” Řekne vám na to: “Cože?” Opakujte větu o trochu hlasitějš, ale pořád tak, aby byla nesrozumitelná. Zeptá se vás znova, trochu podrážděně: “Cože?” Opakujte to pořád dokola, až to v něm rupne a u koutků se mu objeví pěnová kulička. Pak, až přijde jeho vedoucí zjistit, co se děje, nevinným hlasem jí řekněte: “Nevím, co je za problém, madam. Jen jsem se tohoto pána zeptal, do kolika je otevřena restaurace, a vybuchly mu saze.”

V obchodě začněte ve spěchu brát věci z regálů, a pak, až budete podepisovat stvrzenku, vypadejte nervózně a dejte najevo, že se snažíte zkopírovat podpis ze své kreditní karty. Až potvrdí platbu, projevte zřetelnou úlevu. “Opravdu? Tak fajn!”

right!!” Snicker a little, and mutter a barely audible, “Idiots.”

SCHOOL DAYS

As far as school was concerned, I did pretty well, if you don't count learning. My problem was, during the summer I would forget everything they had taught the year before. So, basically, when September rolled around, I was back to square one. The teachers told me, “You have an excellent mind. It just isn't readily apparent to an outside observer.”

One of my problems was lying. I always got caught, because I told big lies. One morning, late for school, I told the teacher I'd had to iron my own shirt, because my parents had been strangled by a telephone lineman.

Actually, I was much too logical for school. For instance, after about a month in first grade, the teacher asked me something,

Trochu se zahihňejte a zamumlejte sotva slyšitelné: “Idioti.”

KDYŽ MĚ ŠKOLY STŘECHA KRYLA

Co se školy týče, byl jsem poměrně úspěšněj žák. Teda, když nepočítáte učení. Mým problémem bylo, že jsem během prázdnin zapomněl všechno, co ten rok předtím učili. Takže když se na kalendáři objevilo září, byl jsem znova na začátku. Učitelé mi říkali: “Máš brilantní intelekt. Jen není na první pohled zřejmý vnějšímu pozorovateli.”

Jednou z mejch potíží bylo lhaní. Vždycky na mě přišli, protože jsem se v tom moc nemírnil. Jednoho rána, když jsem přišel pozdě do školy, jsem řekl učiteli, že jsem si musel sám vyžehlit tričko, poněvadž oba moje rodiče uškrtil elektrikář.

Ve skutečnosti jsem na školu uvažoval moc logicky. Tak kupříkladu, měsíc po nástupu do první třídy se mě učitel na něco zeptal, a já mu řekl: “Proč mi

and I said, “Why are you asking me these questions? I came here to learn from you.”

They would try to keep me after school, but I knew my rights. Once again, logic: I told them, “When school is out, and the students have all gone home, this building is technically no longer a school. It becomes just another building, and you have no right to keep me in it.” Staying after school wasn’t actually all that bad. At least there wasn’t any learning going on.

But it wasn’t easy to learn in my school even during normal hours. Because we were a poor area, the school had a small budget and was unable to teach the second half of the alphabet. And so, to me, anything past the letter m is still pretty much a mystery. The Renaissance, the Reformation, Reconstruction. When these topics come up, I have no idea what people are talking about.

SPORTS, FIGHTING AND GIRLS

pokládáte tyhle otázky? Přišel jsem se proto, abych se od vás učil.” Dělali, co mohli, aby si mě tam nechali po škole, ale já znal svý práva. Zase ta logika – řekl jsem jim: “Když skončila škola a všichni šli domů, budova už technicky žádná škola není. Stala se z ní obyčejná budova, a vy nemáte žádné právo mě tu držet.” Zůstat po škole ale nakonec nebylo tak strašný. Aspoň už tam nebylo žádný učení.

Ale nebylo pro mě jednoduchý dávat pozor i během normálního vyučování. Páč jsme bydleli v chudým susedství, škola měla nízký rozpočet a nemohla si dovolit vyučovat druhou půlku abecedy. A tak je pro mě všechno, co je za písmenem M, tak trochu záhada. Renesance, reformace, rekonstrukce. Když přijde na tyhle témata, nemam vůbec ponětí, o čem se mluví.

SPORT, RVAČKY A HOLKY

I did better in sports, and was successful even before I entered school: As an infant, a particularly brutal uncle taught me full-contact pat-a-cake. I found it painful, but quite exhilarating. Later, in grammar school, I played intramural Simon Says and took several bronze medals in high-speed competition skipping.

I played basketball for three years, and when I left school, they retired my jersey. Primarily for reasons of hygiene. I wasn't a real stand-out at basketball, but I'm convinced that if I had been a lot taller, a lot faster, and had really good aim, I would have been a better player.

I wasn't much of a fighter, either. If a tough kid challenged me to a fight, I would make an excuse: "I'm not allowed to fight in this suit." Most of the time they would simply steal the suit. Which was fine with me, as I found I could run much faster in my underwear. I didn't have much of a "rep."

Ve sportu se mi dařilo líp a byl jsem dokonce úspěšnej už předtím, než jsem začal chodit do školy: když jsem byl nemluvně, jeden obzvláště brutální strejda mě naučil plně kontaktní plácanou. Přišlo mi to bolestivý, ale poměrně vzrušující. Později na gymnáziu jsem hrál domácí verzi hry "Kuba řekl" a odnesl si domů několik bronzovejch medailí v rychlostním skákání přes švihadlo.

Hrál jsem tři roky basket, a když jsem odešel ze školy, vyřadili můj dres. Primárně z hygienickejch důvodů. Nijak jsem v basketu nevyčníval, ale mám za to, že kdybych byl bejval o hodně vyšší, rychlejší a měl dost dobrý míření, byl bych lepší hráč.

Rváč jsem taky moc nebyl. Když mě nějaký tvrdý děcko vyzvalo na souboj, vymluvil jsem se: "Nesluší se zápasit v tomto obleku." Většinou mi ten oblek prostě ukradli. Což jsem nepovažoval za obtíž, jelikož jsem zjistil, že umím běhat o dost rychlejš ve spodním prádle. Netěšil jsem se

They would say of me, “He can’t dish it out, and he can’t take it either.”

The one time I did box, at camp, I fought as a walterweight: It turned out I was the exact same weight as my friend Walter. I lost my only bout. But I realize now it’s probably just as well God didn’t make me a good fighter, or else there’d have been a long trail of dead men across America.

Don’t forget, I came from a pretty tough neighborhood. Not the toughest, maybe, but still fairly tough. You’ve heard of Hell’s Kitchen? This was Hell’s Dining Room. And we didn’t live far from something really unusual, a tough rich neighborhood: Hell’s Servants’ Quarters.

We had some pretty tough characters. In fact, if Charles Bronson had lived in my neighborhood, he would’ve been a Playboy bunny. On Halloween, we would dress up funny and kill a person. And we always did

moc velkému respektu. Říkali o mně, že “neštěká a nekouše.”

Když jsem jednou zkoušel boxovat, nastoupil jsem ve walterový váze: ukázalo se, že mám přesně tu samou váhu, jako můj kamarád Walter. Prohrál jsem svý první a jediný kolo. Ale teď si uvědomuju, že Bůh mě pravděpodobně udělal přesně tak, jak měl, protože jinak by se napříč Amerikou táhla dlouhá řada mrtvejch chlapů.

Nezapomeňte, pocházím z celkem tvrdýho sousedství. Nejtvrdšího možná ne, ale pořád dost tvrdýho. Slyšeli jste o pořadu Pekelná kuchyně s Gordonem Ramsaym? Tohle byla Pekelná jídelna. A nežili jsme moc daleko od něčeho dost zvláštního, tvrdýho sousedství pro boháče: Čtvrti pekelnejch služebníků.

Měli jsme tam některý dost velký tvrd’áky. Ve skutečnosti, kdyby tam býval bydlel Charles Bronson, byl by za zajíčka z Playboye. Na Halloween jsme se vždycky oblíkli do žertovnýho kostýmu a šli někoho

things differently: Once a week, a bunch of us liked to get drunk and beat up heterosexuals. And although I broke a lot of laws as a teenager, I straightened out immediately upon turning eighteen, when I realized the state had a legal right to execute me.

It may surprise you that I wasn't very good with girls. Too smart. When I would play doctor, and "examine" a girl, I would often find an aneurysm. One time, in the midst of a particularly erotic physical exam, I discovered advanced hypertrophic cardiomyopathy. I continued to feel the girl up, of course, and only later, after reaching a private climax in my pants, did I inform her of my diagnosis. First things first. I can't tell you how many women over the years have written to thank me for finding a lump in their breasts.

My first girlfriend, however, was afraid of sex. Apparently, one night before falling asleep, she had been fondled by the

sundat. A pokaždý jsme na to šli jinak: jednou za týden se pár z nás posilnilo alkoholem a vyrazilo rozbíjet huby heterosexuálům. A i když jsem jako puberták porušil dost zákonů, srovnal jsem se hned, jak mi bylo 18, když jsem si uvědomil, že stát měl zákonný právo mě popravit.

Možná vás překvapí, že jsem to moc neuměl s holkama. Byl jsem moc chytrý. Když jsem hrával na doktora a "vyšetřoval" dívku, často jsem našel nějakou aneurysmu. Jednou, uprostřed obzvláště eroticky laděného tělesného vyšetření, jsem objevil hypertrofickou kardiomyopatii v pokročilém stádiu. Samozřejmě jsem dále osáhal dívku, a teprve poté, když jsem dosáhl osobního klimaxu ve svých kalhotách, jsem jí informoval o své diagnóze. Pěkně popořádku. Nebudu vám říkat, kolik žen mi za ta léta napsalo s poděkováním, že jsem jim našel bulku na prsou.

Moje přítelkyně se naproti tomu bála sexu. Jednu noc, před tím, než usnula, byla podle všeho laskána strýčkem Zavřiočkem, v

sandman. As a result, she suffered recurring wet nightmares. I could sympathize with her, of course, as for years I had been the victim of wet daydreams. I realize now it was probably just as well god didn't make me a great lover, or else there'd have been a long trail of pregnant women all across America.

It was my uncle who taught me about the birds and the bees. He sat me down one day and said, "Remember this, George, the birds fuck the bees." Then he told me he once banged a girl so hard her freckles came off.

LOVE ME, LOVE MY SONG

There are entirely too many love songs. I know. Society probably demands a certain number of them, but, goddamn, is this the only thing people can sing about? As far as I'm concerned, the love song category is filled. Let's move on. There must be some other topics. Everything's a broken heart.

důsledku čehož trpěla pravidelnými mokkými nočními můrami. Dokázal jsem s ní soucítit, což bylo pochopitelné, jelikož jsem byl po léta sám obětí mokkých denních snů. Ale teď si uvědomuju, jak bylo dobře, že ze mě Bůh neudělal dobrého milence, protože jinak by se napříč Amerikou táhla dlouhá řada těhotnejch žen.

Byl to můj strýc, kdo mě naučil o včeličkách a čmeláčcích. Jednoho dne mě posadil a řekl mi: "Pamatuj si, Georgi, čmeláčci píchaj včeličky." Potom mi vyprávěl, jak šel do jedny holky tak tvrdě, že jí vyjebal pihy z obličeje.

MILUJ MĚ, MILUJ MOU PÍSNÍČKU

V éteru je mnohem víc písniček o lásce, než by bylo zdrávo. Já vím. Společnost pravděpodobně určitý množství z nich vyžaduje, ale sakra, je tohle jediná věc, o který lidi dokážou zpívat? Pokud vás zajímá můj názor, tak téma lásky je v písničkách vyčerpaný. Pojd'me se posunout dál. Vždyť

“Broken heart. Broken heart.” What about a broken rib cage? Hah? How would you like that? Or a ruptured spleen? You never hear a song about that. Wouldn’t you like to see some nice tall woman with long hair and big tits up there beltin’ out a song about a ruptured spleen? Or how about a nice song about a fire in a hotel? Or a guy who gets his legs caught in a threshing machine? How about someone who goes up into a hayloft and finds sixty dead Shriners? It seems to me we’re passing up a lot of subjects that would make really good songs.

“KIDS TODAY!”

I know this sounds like old-fart talk, but I think today’s kids are too soft. They have to wear plastic helmets for every outdoor activity but jacking off. Toy safety, car seats, fire-resistant pajamas. Shit! Soft, baby boomer

musej existovat nějaký jiný témata. Všichni maj zlomený srdce. “Zlomený srdce. Zlomený srdce.” Co takhle zlomená hrudní kost? Hmm? Jak by se vám tohle líbilo? Nebo roztržená slezina? O tomhle písničku nikde neuslyšíte. Řekněte, neviděli byste rádi nějakou hezkou vysokou kozatou ženskou s dlouhejma vlasama, jak si prozpěvuje o protržený slezině? A co takhle pěknou skladbičku o podpáleným hotelu? Nebo o chlapovi, kterému se zaseknou nohy v mlátičce? A co takhle o někom, kdo vyleze do seníku a najde tam 60 bezvládnejch těl svobodnejch zednářů? Připadá mi, že opomíjíme mnoho témat, ze kterejch by mohly vzniknout velký hity.

“TY DNEŠNÍ DĚTI!”

Vím, že to bude znít jak kverulanství nějakýho dědka, ale myslím si, že dnešní děcka jsou moc měkký. Musej nosit plastový helmy na každou venkovní činnost až na masturbaci. Bezpečnost hraček, autosedačky, ohnivzdorný pyžama. Hovno! Měkký rodiče

parents, with their cult of the child, are raising a crop of soft, fruity kids.

Here's another example of how adults are training children to be weak. Did you ever notice that every time some guy with an AK-47 shows up in a schoolyard and kills three or four students and a couple of teachers, the next day the school is overrun with psychologists, psychiatrists, grief counselors, and trauma therapists trying to help the children cope? Shit! When I was a kid, if somebody came to our school and killed three or four of us, we went right on with our work. We finished the arithmetic. "Thirty-five classmates, minus four equals thirty-one!" We were tough! I say if a kid can handle the violence in his home, he oughta be able to handle the violence in school.

What bothers me is all this mindless, middlebrow bullshit about children being "our future." So, what's new? Children have always, technically, represented our future. But what does that mean? What is so

z generace baby boomers, s jejich kultem dítěte, vychovávají armádu měkkejch, křehkejch slečinek.

Tady máte další příklad toho, jak rodiče zpracovávají své děti, aby byli slabí. Všimli jste si, že pokaždý, když nějaký chlápek s AK-47 v ruce vlezl na školní pozemek a zastřelí tři nebo čtyři studenty a pár učitelů, tak druhý den se na škole koná slet psychologů, psychiatrů, poradců pro pozůstalé a trauma poradců? Aby pomohli dětem se s tím vyrovnat? Hovno! Když jsem byl děcko a někdo přišel do naší školy zabít tři nebo čtyři z nás, tak jsme pokračovali v práci. Dodělali jsme matiku. "Pětatřicet spolužáků minus čtyři rovná se jednatřicet!" Byli jsme tvrdí. Mám za to, že když děcko dokáže zvládnout násilí u sebe v rodině, tak je schopný zvládnout i násilí ve škole.

Co mě leze krkem, jsou všechny tyhle bezmozkovitý, mentálně pokleslý výplody o tom, že děti jsou "naše budoucnost". Co je to za novinku? Děti vždycky, po technický stránce, představovaly

important about knowing that children are our future? Life as it is right now—today’s reality in this country—the people lying on the streets and park benches, living in the dysfunctional homes, the prisons, and the mental institutions, the addicts and drunks and neurotic shoppers, these people were all once children described as “our future.” So, this is it, folks. This is what the system produces. The adults you see today are what kids become. Is anything really going to make it any different? To me, they’re just another crop of kids waiting to become wage slaves and good little consumers. You know what I see when I look at today’s kids? Tomorrow’s fucked-up adults.

naší budoucnost. Ale co to znamená? Co je důležitýho na tom vědět, že děti jsou naše budoucnost? Dnešní realita u nás v Americe se skládá z lidí povalujících se na ulicích a lavičkách v parku, žijících v rozbitejch rodinách, vězeních, léčebnách, závisláků, vožralů a neurotickejch shopaholiků. Tyhle lidi jako děti představovali “naší budoucnost.” Takže, tady to máte, přátelé. Tohle je to, co plodí systém. Z děcek se stává to, čím jsou dnešní dospělí. Je snad něco, co je správi k lepšímu? Pro mě jsou jen další armáda děcek, který čekaj na to, až se stanou otrokama výplatní pásy. A hodní malí spotřebitelé. Víte, co já vidím, když se kouknu na děti dneška? Rozbitý dospělý zítřka.

6 ANALYSIS

George Carlin's work is by nature difficult to categorize and certainly does not represent a traditional subject of a translatory work. Few would argue that his comedy falls under the category of highbrow literature and should be regarded for its linguistic qualities. Nonetheless, the opposite may be true. His comedy contains idiosyncratic aspects that clearly distinguish his work from other notable personas in the field and contributed to his worldwide success.

6.1. PROPER NAMES

Based on the fact that George Carlin's critique was aimed at the modern American society of the 21st century and the second half of the 20th century, his comedy routines contain many cultural or linguistic specifics (Porter). In the translated extracts from *Brain Droppings*, a variety of proper names are found, including, but not limited to, brands, religious names, fictional characters, or American Indian tribes.

Krijtová warns against the inauthentic output tone, which occurs when the overall tone of the work is different to what was presented to readers of the original version. It is often caused by a translator who does not manage to tone down their approach to cultural or linguistic localization (44). Overlocalizing tendencies inevitably lead to a lack of authenticity – leaving aside the fact that such an approach assumes that readers are not educated enough. On the contrary, a shortage of localization hinders convenient reading and requires extensive education of the reader for the full understanding of a text. Furthermore, as Krijtová assumes, every translator seeks a different equivalent in a target language, based on their subjective experience (44). To provide an example, an inhabitant of Prague would most likely replace *Macy's* by *Palladium*, whilst an inhabitant of Brno would most likely replace the name of the shopping

mall by *Futurum*. Careful consideration is required in every individual case before proceeding with a final decision.

The approach in this work is consistent with Krijtová's suggestions. Names were translated literally or their original version was retained, as long as it did not intervene with a convenient understanding of an assumed average reader. If that was the case, the nearest relevant equivalent in the Czech language was used. In every case, the ultimate objective was to retain an authentic output tone identical to the original name.

Apparently, one night before falling asleep, she had been fondled by the sandman . As a result, she suffered recurring wet nightmares.	Jednu noc, před tím, než usnula, byla podle všeho laskána strýčkem Zavřiočkem , v důsledku čehož trpěla pravidelnými mokkými nočními můrami.
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In the given example, a literal translation is available: 'Písečný muž'. In terms of linguistics, there does not seem to be any problem. The issue lies in the assumed knowledge of an average reader, who might not be familiar with the character and consequently the intended meaning would not be delivered. Therefore it seemed appropriate to modify the term with 'strýček Zavřiočko', who represents a fictional character present in the Czech culture (Boček). More importantly, the overall meaning is derivable from the term itself. The term 'strýček Zavřiočko' is self-explanatory and broadens the understanding for a Czech reader. Such modification is supported by Jiří Levý:

Vysvětlení je namístě, uniká-li našemu čtenáři něco, co pro původního čtenáře bylo obsaženo v díle; není správné vysvětlovat náznak, doříkat zámlku, dokreslovat dílo tam, kde ani pro čtenáře originálu nebylo vše naplno řečeno. (114)

Then there was Bombs Away . This was an idea that should have worked.	Pak tam byla restaurace Pal . Tohle byl nápad, co měl fungovat.
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In this case, the analyzed element could be characterized as a proper name (a restaurant name), as well as a fixed interjection (originating in the military environment). Literal translation ‘Bomby shozeny’ does not indicate any fixedness, unlike the English interjection ‘Bombs away’, hence it appeared reasonable to resort to the nearest possible analogy, as described by Knittlová:

Nejčastějším řešením (překladu) je však substituce naší skutečnosti a úzu za výchozí, používání analogií. Sem patří i nahrazování společenských klišé, faktických výrazů a frází, pozdravů, oslovení, titulů apod. Analogiemi odpovídajícími našim zvyklostem, ovšem s omezením v zájmu zachování cizího koloritu. (27)

Ultimately, the employed term was ‘Pal’, which retains its place of origin and refers to a deployment of weapons.

You got your 8 x 10 autographed picture of Drew Carey , a large can of gorgonzola-flavored Cheez Whiz , a small, unopened packet of brown confetti, a relief map of Corsica, and a family-size jar of peppermint-flavored, petrified egg whites.	Máte jenom svůj obrázek Jima Carreyho s autogramem o rozměrech 20x25, velkou plechovku sýrový omáčky s příchutí gorgonzoly, malý, neotevřený balení hnědejch konfet, plastickou mapu Korsiky, vaječný bílky v prášku s příchutí mentolu, ve sklenici, v rodinným balení.
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The given sentence from George Carlin’s famous monologue ‘A Place for Your Stuff’ poses a challenge for the successful translation due to its culturally related proper names. Drew Carey

is a famous American comedian known from his appearance on ‘Whose Line Is it Anyway?’, yet he is not commonly known in the Czech Republic (‘Drew Carey’). A great deal of information has to be gathered before proceeding with a final translatory decision. Levý asserts the following:

Substituce je východisko z nouze, k němuž se překladatel uchyluje, když není možný překlad pro těsnou závislost uměleckého prvku na jazyku nebo na cizích historických skutečnostech. Většinou se při ní ztrácí buď hodnota obecná, nebo zvláštní... Ideálem je dosáhnout srozumitelnosti významové a přitom zároveň navodit představu cizího prostředí... (109)

Levý suggests that substitution becomes justifiable when the original term deprives readers of grasping it wholly (109). In this case, Jim Carrey represents an appropriate choice. Jim Carrey, unlike Drew Carey, is an actor known worldwide including the Czech Republic. Not only full meaning is retained with its semantic and geographic aspects, but even the graphical similarity is apparent.

The other proper name (brand name) that occurs in the quote stands for a processed cheese sauce. Cheez Whiz is distributed in several countries, including Canada, Mexico, the Philippines, the United States, and Venezuela (‘Master Ownership and License Agreement’). The Czech Republic is not found among them, hence there is very little knowledge about the product. Therefore, it was concluded that substitution would serve equally well as in the previously mentioned example. Unfortunately, the local element was omitted in the process, nevertheless, it did not influence the humorous effect intended by the author.

By no means this represents an exhaustive list of translatory issues related to proper names in the text. Some of the others worth mentioning are:

- preference of the original name with the intention to preserve an impression of a source culture (*Macy's*)
- substitution of a less known specific name by a clearer general name (*nákupák* instead of *Mall of America*, *kolekce indiánského spodního prádla* instead of *kolekce spodního prádla Navajo*)
- translation of American Indian names based on the most frequent terms used by various translators (the source cited in the relevant section)
- full substitution to ensure perfect readability in the context of a different culture (*podomní prodavačku a toho chlápka z Reader's Digest* instead of *slečnu z Amway a toho chlápka z Publisher's Clearing House*)

6. 2. REGISTER

Czech and English are very different in terms of linguistic devices used for indicating formality or informality. Kufnerová in her contribution to *Překládání a čeština* posits that English, as well as multiple other languages, lacks the common or colloquial form. In English, informality is achieved through 'dialects, interdialects, ethnic expressions, slang and other social dialects'. Czech and partially German constitute a special language in central Europe, where the common or colloquial form is applied (72).

Kufnerová also explains that in artistic translation, the modified common or colloquial Czech is prevalent. The primary goal of such modifications is to keep informal elements on a manageable level so as not to distract the reader. One of the simplest techniques is to employ linguistic devices that do not distinguish formal and informal variants, e.g. *mladšího bráchu* instead of *malýho bráchu* (72). It is common to gently indicate informality by combining neutral elements and occasional phonological, morphological or lexical colloquial elements (73).

However, George Carlin's work does not represent a standard example of artistic fiction. In his bibliography, register plays a crucial role. Carlin takes advantage of all language levels. He uses informal language as a major instrument of the 'angry comedy' – to present an impression of an angry ordinary man who does not conform to the mainstream ideas. Similarly, he takes advantage of formal language as an instrument of sharp sarcasm or irony. For these reasons, it seemed legitimate to extend the degree to which colloquial or common Czech is employed. Otherwise speaking, the similarity between the written form and the actual spoken form is greater than it would be in other types of artistic translation. However, it does not mean that the informal elements were left without their limitations. In the cases where linguistic devices distinguish formal and informal variants, the term was substituted. In accordance with the model translation of *Kdo chytá v životě* by L. and R. Pellar, *v-* (e.g. before *obnošené*) was left out, *-í* (e.g. in *není*) was not shortened and phonetic spelling (e.g. *půjčovat*) was retained (Kufnerová 73-74). Additionally, it seemed appropriate to restrain the common or colloquial Czech in certain individual cases throughout the translation (based on personal consideration).

As has already been said, Carlin's use of language does not rely exclusively on the informal register. In the translatory part, the informal register is predominant, nevertheless, in certain cases, formality is preserved. By taking advantage of low-level/high-level formality variation, he aims to highlight a strong sarcastic tone, which is arguably the most significant feature of his work.

<p>My first girlfriend, however, was afraid of sex. Apparently, one night before falling asleep, she had been fondled by the sandman. As a result, she suffered</p>	<p>Moje přítelkyně se naproti tomu bála sexu. Jednu noc, před tím, než usnula, byla podle všeho laskána strýčkem Zavřiočkem, v důsledku čehož trpěla</p>
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<p>recurring wet nightmares. I could sympathize with her, of course, as for years I had been the victim of wet daydreams. I realize now it was probably just as well god didn't make me a great lover, or else there'd have been a long trail of pregnant women all across America.</p>	<p>pravidelnými mokrými nočními můrami. Dokázal jsem s ní soucítit, což bylo pochopitelné, jelikož jsem byl po léta sám obětí mokrých denních snů. Ale teď si uvědomuju, že bylo dobře, když mě Bůh neudělal dobrým milencem, protože jinak by se napříč Amerikou táhla dlouhá řada těhotnejch žen.</p>
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The given excerpt is an excellent example of what has been mentioned. Most readers would agree that the act of being raped is condemnable and ultimately illegal. The question which a comedian is forced to resolve is how to present the material without insulting anyone, including the person/group that is being addressed. Otherwise said, the person/group that might be at the receiving end of the particular joke.

The use of sarcasm offers a great resolution, as shown in the example. The part highlighted in bold stands for the sarcastic language whilst the unmarked part indicates a return to the common language. As obvious, the sarcastic passage overlaps with formal language, and standard passage overlaps with informal language. The level of formality epitomizes a great means of indicating sarcasm. The difference in formality is significantly more apparent in Czech, where it is a part of inflection. However, the presence of an apostrophe for shortening grammatical structures indicates that the author has regressed to the informal language again, thus left the sarcastic tone. Not only the rapid variation in formality softens the violent nature of black comedy topics such as rape, but it also brings about the humorous effect. It is a dual-purpose strategy that is responsible for much of George Carlin's success throughout the world.

<p>Fine. Then suit him up and get him the fuck out there on the field and let him injure someone.</p>	<p>Fajn. Tak ho hod'te do dresu, odtáhněte ho kurva na hřiště a nechte ho někoho zranit.</p>
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Another example shows complications with translating informal register, as illustrated in two examples by Kufnerová (74). Regardless of how appealing the material may sound in the environment of a stand-up (spoken) comedy, certain elements have a distracting effect in a written work. In addition to that, translation may appear artificial and generally unprofessional. In the example, someone may think of translating *suit him up* as *oblíkněte ho*. In fact, it was my first choice as well. Unfortunately, *oblíkněte ho* feels authentic on stage, but when written, it distracts a reader. It is worth emphasizing that this area could be very subjective. Nonetheless, resorting to the neutral word *hod'te* comes in useful. A similar issue lies in translating *get him out* as *vodtáhněte*. Informal prefix -v is unquestionably fully authentic in any informal speech. Yet, its use is not standardized among translators and implies slight connotations that would result in a reader's impression being different from that of the original version.

6. 3. PROFANITY

According to Knittlová, vulgarisms belong to the taboo lexis and it is usually necessary to consider their acceptability in the context of contemporary society. Connotations of profanity and taboo language are equally unstable. The more frequent the particular word is, the less likely it is to be considered as a profanity or taboo (Knittlová 65). Once more, *Brain Droppings* offers a different situation. George Carlin makes it certain that swear words are frequent and their unacceptability by any mainstream measures is assured.

Knittlová also argues that the assessment of expressive and intensifying lexis is individually dependent and subjected to alterations over time (65). Linguistic devices should reflect the

actual intensity of the effect, situation and personality of the particular speaker (55). Czech and English are distinguished by the amount of morphological and even lexical devices used for expressing emotionality. In English, the emotional, i.e. vulgar, part of the sentence is often concentrated around individual words. Conversely, Czech utilizes a more extensive choice of devices for stretching emotionality across the whole sentence, e.g. by employing informal language. The mentioned fact is responsible for numerous inaccurate translations from English into Czech, where the original connotation is not retained (56). In this thesis, uniqueness of Czech was embraced to deliver an enriched, yet faithful version of George Carlin. In other words, there was an attempt to recreate George Carlin as if he had been a Czech native speaker and addressed his material to the Czech audience. During that, the balance between overmodifying and using impoverished linguistic devices was maintained. Carlin's unique personality proved to be uneasy to capture.

Vulgar language is an inseparable element of George Carlin's work. As a matter of fact, it is an inseparable element of rage-fuelled humour. Without profanity and offensive language, Carlin would most likely never stand out as a comedian, as well as his colleagues – including Bill Burr, who was named 'an undisputed heavyweight champ of rage-fueled humor' by Rolling Stones (Chocano).

It might be suggested that numerous contemporary comedians use profanities excessively only for the sake of profanities themselves. However, that is not the case of George Carlin. As Benjamin Porter in his article for The California Aggie points out, Carlin's language is 'aesthetically motivated'. Porter also notes that Carlin's comedy routines share a recurring pattern of a factual description of absurd things, followed by a vulgar punchline. As has already been mentioned in the previous chapter, such variation emphasizes sarcasm and increases the humorous effect experienced by a reader, viewer or listener. Another signature pattern of

Carlin's language consists of 'long, rhythmic rhyming lists and endless progressions of "unnecessary" qualifiers'. Jon Stewart, well-known American comedian, believes that watching Carlin 'is almost like watching a musician' (Porter).

<p>When it's one on one, if some guy wants me to call him a morbidly obese, <i>African-ancestored male with a same-gendered sexual orientation</i> I'll be glad to do that. On the other hand, if he wants me to call him a fat nigger cocksucker, then that's what it will be. I'm here to please.</p>	<p>Pokud je to jeden na jednoho a nějaký chlápek chce, abych ho označoval za <i>morbidně obézního muže afrického původu se stejnopohlavní sexuální orientací</i>, rád to udělám. Na druhou stranu, pokud mě žádá o to, abych ho považoval za špekátýho černohubýho kuřbuřta, budiž mu přání splněno. Jsem k vašim službám.</p>
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The example shows the typical pattern described in the previous paragraph. First, Carlin presents an absurd, exaggerated situation (highlighted in italics). It is delivered by a lengthy phrase, including complex hyphenated adjectives and entirely formal language. On stage, it would be accompanied by a calm, serious voice. The very same subject is later presented in a quite distinct way. A short phrase is developed by short, coarse adjectives and the most offensive language is now used (highlighted in bold). On stage, it would be accompanied either by an equally calm voice (to emphasize the absurdity even further) or angry, loud voice to highlight rage. This particular excerpt would be most likely accompanied by a calm voice, as implied by following: '... *then that's what it will be. I'm here to please.*'

<p>... 'There's his dad, who taught him how to throw the changeup when he was two years old.' Fuck him, the sick bastard! His own</p>	<p>... A tady je jeho otec, kterej ho naučil, jak driblovat, když mu byly 2 roky." Do prdele s tím hajzlem vyšinitým! Jeho vlastní sny o</p>
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sports dreams probably crash-landed, so he forced a bunch of shit on his kid, and now the kid's a neurotic athlete. Fuck these athletes' relatives...	sportovní kariéře se pravděpodobně rozpadly, tak svému dítěti nacpal do hlavy kupu sraček, a teď je z něj neurotickej sportovec. Ať jdou tyhle příbuzný sportovců do prdele...
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After having reviewed Carlin's treatment of profanities in general, it is appropriate to have a closer look at the English to Czech translation. In a considerable number of cases, the repertoire of Czech swear words offers a direct equivalent of the English lexis. It was shown in the previous example, where the phrase *'špekátýho černohubýho kuřburta'* was more or less a direct literal translation – in spite of coarser original and slightly more humorous result in the target language. Conversely, the current example implies that there is no full-scale equivalent for the swear word *'fuck'*, which stands for one of the most frequently used vulgar words in the English language. In the Czech language, common usage of the translated word *'mrdat'* is to denote a sexual activity, however, phrase *'at' se jde omrdat'*, which is translated from English *'fuck him'* is not. In spite of that, some Czech translations do not reflect such differences and follow the original, especially when under the pressure of short deadlines. Czech dubbing of the well-known video game *Mafia II*, released in 2010, serves as an example. The phrase *'jdi se omrdat'* is used repeatedly throughout the storyline. The higher the frequency of such translation is, the more it becomes standardized in the Czech language through the process of language Americanization. For that reason, translators should be cautious, and even more so in the industries where younger viewers are likely to be at the receiving end. It is needless to say that, ideally, younger viewers should not be allowed to access material that contains explicit language at all.

After researching the best equivalent, it seemed most suitable to consider the criterion of frequency to retain naturalness in the original language. Multiple variations of *prdel (ass)* are among the most common in Czech. While in English it is common to express one's anger with another person by uttering *fuck sb.*, in Czech it is equally common to send someone *do prdele*, i.e. refer sb. to their back part. Moreover, the intensity of the expressions is comparable, in accordance to Knittlová (55).

As the occurrence of vulgar language in *Brain Droppings* is immense, it is not possible to capture the topic in its entirety – a more in-depth thesis would be required to do so. However, I attempted to outline the most important specifics of Carlin's handling of profanity in general. Additionally, I pointed out a major issue that I had to deal with in the translatory part.

6. 4. CULTURAL DIFFERENCES

To a certain extent, the current section will overlap with section 6.1., as a significant number of cultural differences have to do with proper names. However, it will be examined using a different viewpoint and relevant theoretical underpinnings.

As it has been already pointed out in section 6. 1. with proper names, a translator has to seek a balance between authenticity and intelligibility. Excessive localization of the text leads to better intelligibility. On the other hand, excessive authenticity might lead to a reader's difficulty in understanding the underlying cultural context.

Knittlová observes that four techniques are available to use for resolution of differing linguistic and extralinguistic reality (81). They are as follows:

- adding information, used to explain the meaning further
- the omission of information, used to dispose of redundant elements

- analogy, used to substitute the source reality for our reality
- embedded explanatory note, used to explain the meaning further

All mentioned interventions have to be approached with a great sense of delicacy. They have to be incorporated into a text without the reader being aware of it.

<p>...I'm watchin' a ballgame, and just because some athlete's wife is in the stands, someone thinks they have to put her picture on the screen. And I miss a double steal! Same with a ballplayer's father. Goddamn! 'There's his dad, who taught him how to throw the changeup when he was two years old.'...</p>	<p>...Sleduju zápas, a jenom proto, že je manželka nějakýho sportovce v hledišti, někoho napadne dát jí na kostku. A já pak přijdu o smeč z otočky! To samý je s jeho otcem. Ztraceně! "A tady je jeho otec, kterej ho naučil, jak driblovat, když mu byly 2 roky....</p>
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As shown in the first example, the technique employed was the analogy. *Double steal* and *changeup* are terms originating in baseball. Baseball is one of the most popular sports in the United States. The Czech Republic presents a different situation. Baseball belongs to a group of minor sports, represented by a few clubs only, therefore its terminology is not commonly known. Contextually, there does not seem to be an issue with a direct replacement of the terms for convenience of a reader. In terms of popularity, 2 possible substitutions were narrowed down, i.e. ice hockey and basketball. However, only one of them is strongly associated with American culture exclusively – basketball. Ice hockey is found among popular sports in the United States as well, although it is even more central in the Czech culture and lacks a “foreign” image. Although basketball is less popular in the Czech Republic, it does not lie on the periphery and basic basketball terminology is widespread. The particular substitution of *double steal* by *smeč z otočky* (*360° dunk*) is given by their rare occurrence in a match.

How about someone who goes up into a hayloft and finds sixty dead Shriners ?	A co takhle o někom, kdo vyleze do seníku a najde tam 60 těl svobodnejch zednářů ?
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The second example illustrates another technique described by Knittlová, the omission of information. She posits that omission always results in generalization. Otherwise stated, specifying a semantic component is substituted to ensure clarity for the reader (82). Shriners International is a society established in 1870 in Florida, rarely known among Czech natives. The Shriners, which is their shortened name, constitute a branch of Freemasons, an umbrella order for various other suborders around the world (“Masons and Shriners”). Knowledge of Freemasons by Czech natives is extensive due to their being associated with myths and secret power. Hence it seems appropriate to omit the specific culture-related knowledge and use a generalized term, which has no adverse side effects.

You’ve heard of Hell’s Kitchen? This was Hell’s Dining Room.	Slyšeli jste o nebezpečný čtvrti v Manhattanu, co se jmenuje Hell’s Kitchen, teda Pekelná kuchyně? Tohle byla Pekelná jídelna.
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The last example includes both remaining techniques. Out of all cases of cultural differences, this one proved to be the most demanding. Initially, a quarter in Manhattan was easily mistaken for a famous TV show hosted by celebrity chef Gordon Ramsay. Naturally, such choice did not fit into the context and the passage appeared unintelligible. Based on the misunderstanding, it appeared sensible to add new information which would help readers to gain immediate elementary knowledge about the place: *nebezpečný čtvrti v Manhattanu*. At the same time, it was expected that some of the readers might not be familiar with the English language and consequently be deprived of a now contextually insignificant, yet interesting name. Consequently, the name was translated by using the explanatory note, doing so sensitively with a connector *teda*.

The translational experience with *Brain Droppings* proves J. Povejšil's findings about cultural context. Povejšil in his contribution to *Překládání and čeština* concludes that even a translator, who is knowledgeable about the text, cannot avoid individual issues, *i. e. Hell's Kitchen*. He also claims that no universal solution for these issues is available (155). Readers who are not knowledgeable about the context may find unexplained allusions inconvenient and incomprehensible. The objective is to offer further explanations, and while doing so, avoid underestimating the reader's ability to derive the meaning by themselves. Thus, it seemed suitable to retain the original name of the shopping mall chain *Macy's*, based on its worldwide popularity, but at the same time modify some of the cultural allusions presented in this chapter.

6. 5. NOTABLE MENTIONS

The last one of the core subchapters will be dedicated to other notable examples of translational issues which do not fall under the categories mentioned. Some of them were explored and ultimately resolved in the final and thorough revision of the text.

1	We're all differently-abled . You can do things I can't do; I can do things you can't do. I can pick my nose with my thumb, and I can switch hands while masturbating and gain a stroke .	Všichni máme odlišnou pracovní schopnost . Ty umíš dělat věci, co já neumím, já zas umím věci, co ty neumíš. Umím si z nosu palcem vyndat holuba, a umím si vyměnit ruce během masturbace, aniž bych zpomalil .
2	I didn't have much of a "rep." They would say of me, " He can't dish it out, and he can't take it either. "	Netěšil jsem se moc velkému respektu. Říkali o mně, že " neštěká a nekouše. "

3	Brain Droppings	Úprdky z mozkovny
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The excerpt n. 1 contains two examples that are worth a deeper insight. In Czech, the phrase “odlišná pracovní schopnost” can hardly be seen in actual use. The more common term is “změněná pracovní schopnost”, which is found in official documents (Pazderová). Nevertheless, the more common term does not fit from the contextual point of view. In English version, the excerpt is developed using the contrast between different abilities, which is made possible with the phrase “differently-abled”. Under such circumstances, the official Czech term had to be altered to produce a successful translation. Povejšil supports the alteration by asserting that “a translation is equivalent when it affects its readers in the same way as an original affects native readers in their linguistic and cultural environment” (41).

In the second example, an idiom can be observed. The original idiom “*He can dish it out, but can't take it*” refers to a situation when a person highly critical of others is unable to face criticism directed at themselves. George Carlin modified the idiom to suggest that he was too weak to neither criticize nor face criticism. According to Straková, phraseologisms cannot be translated by its components. Every phraseologism must be fully replaced by a “situational equivalent” (86). It seemed impossible to find such an equivalent in the Czech language. Straková also acknowledges that phraseologisms are “the spices of language” and they cannot be always transposed without a transcription, compensation, reshaping or other techniques (88). Therefore, it became feasible to omit the least important part of the original sememe and replace the original idiom with “*neštěká a nekouše*”. While it does not mention Carlin’s inability to face criticism, it is a well-established Czech idiom that unequivocally illustrates his overall weakness.

At the end, it seems legitimate to explain and justify the background behind the decision to propose a Czech title for *Brain Droppings*. Some might suggest that an attempt to translate the original title is not expected in a Bachelor thesis. However, as promised in the abstract, one of the general aims is to modestly contribute to promoting the author's legacy in the Czech Republic. By proceeding to this decision, I hope to commence the dissolution of Carlin's "foreign feel" and indicate that his written work does not necessarily have to be bounded by American borders.

There have been certain alterations in the proposed Czech title. In English, *droppings* refers to the excrements of certain animals. In Czech, a direct translation can be obviously found (e.g. *exkrementy, trus*). However, it does not accurately restate the clever wordplay from the original version. On the contrary, *úprdky* slightly changes the original meaning, but the wordplay seems to be successfully restored. The employment of nontraditional lexis for *brain*, i.e. *mozkovna*, was driven purely by an increased comedic effect. This choice is in accordance with Krijtová who stresses that a title must ignite a potential buyer's desire to read the book (47).

6. 6. CONCLUSION OF THE ANALYSIS

At the end of the analytical part, it is important to emphasize the choice of its structure once again. After a profound research of diverse translatory theses, it was concluded that the most standard inclusion of lexical and syntactic parts would not serve well in the analysis of *Brain Droppings*. George Carlin makes use of rather common spoken structures (except the sarcastic passages, also included in the relevant section). In contrast, the lexical and cultural aspects of his work are crucial and set the groundwork for his widespread popularity. For that reason, the preference was given to three major lexical subchapters, one subchapter concerned with cultural differences and one last subchapter presenting remaining noteworthy lexical phenomena.

7 CONCLUSION

I was intermittently working on the Bachelor thesis over the course of two years. From the assignment to the successful completion of the last page, it was a challenging journey comprising many steps. Carefully choosing the particular author and book for translation, obtaining the appropriate theoretical sources, planning the work, reconsidering the plan, translation, several revisions of translation, analysis using the theoretical sources, formatting, proper citing, finishing an abstract and various other steps contributing to the final product. Out of all tasks, I found the analysis to be particularly difficult. I had never worked with any theoretical sources to such an extent as I was required to do during the thesis. A considerable amount of time was necessary to pinpoint the most valuable passages and set a groundwork for my own attentive observation of the text. At the same time, I hope to use my newly acquired knowledge for upcoming academic theses and essays in further education.

In the end, I feel satisfied with the choice of an author. George Carlin's sharp language and humour kept on astounding me throughout the whole translatory part. In some moments, I caught myself tuning to Carlin's brilliant language flow and managed to stay concentrated for an indefinite number of hours. It might be caused by the fact that we most likely share a great enjoyment of sarcasm, unconventional humour and spitefulness in its good notion. The same is true for my close friends who greatly inspired this rather non-standard piece of work. As it seems, an act of positive rebellion was necessary to produce a work that is worth submitting.

As is true for every translator, I embraced my own style and approach. The constant question that accompanied my work was: "What would George Carlin's comedy have looked like if he had known the Czech language?" I attempted to make use of the broader Czech language repertoire and imprint a new and enriched soul into his work. By using more colourful language,

yet staying within the boundaries of faithfulness, I aimed to reproduce Carlin's brilliancy so that Czech readers can appreciate his unique style of comedy. Despite having experienced many translatory problems, I believe that the two set objectives, faithful translation and analysis of important stylistic aspects, were achieved.

I hope that my contribution will help, in its modest way, to introduce more of George Carlin's brilliant written work into the Czech language. To date, several subtitled videos with Carlin's stand-up comedy have been uploaded to Youtube, yet any methodical translatory work is missing. Due to the high frequency of culturally specific allusions, some passages from his books may be extremely challenging or impossible to overcome. Nevertheless, I believe that most of his work can be successfully translated to the pleasure of like-minded Czech readers.

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