

**CHARLES UNIVERSITY IN PRAGUE**

**FACULTY OF EDUCATION**

**Department of English Language and Literature**

**BACHELOR THESIS**

**Translation and Stylistic Analysis of One Chapter of  
*Casualties of Peace* by Edna O'Brien**

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## **Declaration**

I hereby declare that this bachelor thesis, titled “Translation and Stylistic Analysis of One Chapter of *Casualties of Peace* by Edna O’Brien”, is my own work and that all the sources I used are included on the Works Cited page.

Prague, 29 November 2013

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## **ABSTRACT**

This bachelor thesis focuses on difficulties encountered when translating English fiction into Czech. It is divided into two sections. The practical part provides the translation of one chapter of the novel *Casualties of Peace* written by an Irish author Edna O'Brien in 1966. The theoretical part delivers the stylistic analysis including choice of register, morphological, lexical, syntactic and pragmatic aspects. Each of them is illustrated with the commented examples based on theoretical background from works by Jiří Levý, Dagmar Knittlová and Olga Krijtová.

## **KEY WORDS**

translation, inner monologue, register, free indirect speech, stream of consciousness, colloquial language, Irish slang, polysemy, Edna O'Brien, idioms, vulgarisms, expletive words, participles, gerunds, *Casualties of Peace*

## **ABSTRAKT**

Tato bakalářská práce se zaměřuje na problémy při překládání anglické beletrie do češtiny. Sestává ze dvou částí. Praktickou část tvoří překlad jedné kapitoly románu *Casualties of Peace* irské autorky Edny O'Brien z roku 1966. Teoretická část předkládá stylistickou analýzu, která zahrnuje volbu rejstříku, morfologické, lexikální, syntaktické a pragmatické hledisko. Každé z nich je ilustrováno okomentovanými příklady postavenými na teoretickém podkladu z prací Jiřího Levého, Dagmar Knittlové a Olgy Krijtové.

## **KLÍČOVÁ SLOVA**

překlad, vnitřní monolog, rejstřík, polopřímá řeč, proud vědomí, hovorový jazyk, irský slang, polysémie, Edna O'Brien, idiomy, vulgarismy, expletivní slova, participia, gerundia, *Casualties of Peace*

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## Introduction

As I was sure about the field of my bachelor thesis to be translation it was crucial to choose a right book. I decided to consult it with a friend working in a publishing house who is also very well aware of contemporary English literature. After I expressed my admiration of Virginia Woolf and her masterpiece *Mrs. Dalloway* she recommended to me Edna O'Brien describing her writing nearly as bright and womanly as Woolf's.

*“Edna O'Brien, born in 1930, is an Irish novelist and short story writer. Generally, her novels honor one great theme, one that she cannot or will not renounce, one that she herself calls an obsession: the bleak lives – specifically, the desperate love lives – of Irishwomen. O'Brien's strength, readily noticeable in her short stories, is her braiding of realistic dialogue, realistic situations, and realistic women characters. Another of O'Brien's notable talents – but an albatross at times – is her willingness to discuss sex. Passages about foreplay and self-induced abortions in The Country Girls cycle led to a banning of O'Brien's books in Ireland almost as soon as she began to be published.” (Dictionary of Irish Literature 909–910). Besides this controversial issue, “a willingness to experiment with narrative voice and language is also an O'Brien trademark. (...) Moreover, she pays a certain attention to describing internal thought patterns. Her facility with language and character has earned her comparisons to Virginia Woolf, Dylan Thomas, and her acknowledged idol, James Joyce.” (Dictionary of Irish Literature 910)*

After all, I chose a book from the beginning of her writing career – *Casualties of Peace*. When I yielded into it I became often confused as her style is full of inner monologues and free indirect speech, just as Woolf's. On the other hand, she differs from Woolf in a theme of exposed sexuality. The book itself, first published in 1966, is quite thin (consists of 10 unnumbered chapters) but it conveys more meanings and thoughts than it is actually typed in, as the text itself is semantically ambiguous in a great deal.

The novel introduces two entirely different women, Willa McCord and Patsy. Willa, an artist in glass, is a flimsy, fearful and anxious woman. She went through horrid experience with a man called Herod, therefore she suffers from trauma and is still a virgin at her age

of 26. In fact, she is frightened by her own sexuality, throughout the book she is struggling with her first sex experience with Jamaican Auro.

On the other hand, Patsy who is Willa's friend and housekeeper is a strong, caring, sensual and grown up woman. She lives along with her violent husband Tom at Willa's house. Tom is a blue-collar worker; he works at demolitions of houses. Their marriage is unfortunate and unsatisfying for Patsy, especially in the sexual aspect. Consequently, she begins an affair with Ron with whom she elopes. Willa gives her as a farewell gift a fur coat, which plays a key role in the story. Afterwards Tom has to leave Willa's house, he is devastated and full of anger when he finds out about Patsy and her lover so he decides to kill her, once she returns in the coat. However, the eloping does not end up right, so she comes back and learns she is pregnant. She and Willa agree on Patsy working for her again after Tom leaves. In the meantime Patsy stays at hotel and gives the fur coat back to Willa who feels ready to take a big step and spend a night with Auro. When she is returning to her house the following day, she feels as a new, healed, stronger person eager to live without fears. However, when Tom, who is hiding nearby, catches a sight of the coat he murders Willa with a wire from the back, convinced she is Patsy. Eventually, we get to know the story of Willa's unfortunate past with Herod from the letters for Auro.

There is an interesting fact about the book that the first and the penultimate chapter mirror in some way. In the first chapter, Willa has a dream about her murder, in the penultimate chapter she is murdered for real. The choice of the first chapter for the translation was driven by the author's conviction that it unfolds the stark contrast between the two heroines, as well as it provides an important background for the story. Therefore the aim of this bachelor thesis is to translate the first chapter and offer a supported stylistic analysis of the final translation.

## Practical part

### Translation of Casualties of Peace

It was late at night, all the houses were in darkness and all the people in all the houses fast asleep. Willa came hurrying along a road that was not the one she inhabited but that led there. Three short roads led into her own road that was roughly divided into three sections, upper, middle and lower. She lived in the middle section not far from the railway bridge. A large brick house with a double gate, white woodwork, a dormer window at the very top, the front paved throughout with uneven slabs of concrete and consequently no place to plant flowers, but two tubs filled with clay had been put there to serve as flower beds. They were at either end of a wooden railing that guarded the drop from ground level to basement level. The flowers in these tubs varied with seasons but at that time there were red geraniums in bloom and white mossy flowers that propagated itself most agreeably, even got in the cracks between the paving stones. The geraniums would have lost their colour at night, they would simply be tall soft blurs, but Willa could see them boldly red, in her mind's eye and see the hedge newly clipped and recall her disappointment, because she liked a hedge to be thick and shrubby. But he cut it ruthlessly, Tom did. Just as she reached the end of the short road that led into her own road she let out a cry. And no wonder. She found herself

Byla hluboká noc a v potemnělých domech všichni spali. Willa spěchala ulicí, která se vedla k té, kde bydlela. Dalo se tam dostat třemi krátkými cestami. Její vlastní ulice měla zhruba tři části – horní, prostřední a dolní. Žila v té prostřední části nedaleko železničního mostu. Byl to velký cihlový dům s dvoukřídlými dveřmi s bílou dřevořezbou, úplně nahoře měl arkýřové okno a přístupová cesta byla vydlážděná různě velkými betonovými bloky, takže nebylo kam zasadit květiny. Jako záhony tam sloužily dvě velké dřevěné nádoby s hlínou. Stály na obou koncích dřevěného zábradlí, které tam bylo, aby někdo nepřepadl. Květiny se v nich měnily s ročním obdobím, právě teď tam byly rozkvetlé červené pelargonie a bílé květy mechu, které se úspěšně rozmáhaly dokonce i mezi dlážděním. V noci se barva pelargonii ztratila, byly z nich jen vysoké mdlé šmouhy, Willa je ale v duchu viděla stále výrazně rudé, a když zahlédla čerstvě zastřižený živý plot, připomněla si svou nespokojenost – plot měla totiž ráda hustý a zarostlý. Byla to Tomova práce, to on ho bezohledně zkrátil. Jak se blížila ke konci krátké cesty, bezděčně vykřikla. A nebylo divu. Zjistila, že u sebe nemá klíče. Prohledala si kapsy, kabelku, ale přitom moc dobře věděla, že klíče leží na odkládacím stolku za dveřmi, kam si je odpoledne z kabelky vyndala, když šla Toma ven přesvědčit,

without a key. She tried both pockets, delved into her handbag but knew, even as she tried, that the key was indoors on the side table where she'd put it earlier that afternoon, having taken it from her handbag, when she went out to inveigle Tom not to clip the hedge down to its twigs. She could have put a mat, or a stone, to the door, but she didn't. She brought her latchkey in her hand and later put it on the hall table under a display of roses. It would be there still.

She entered her own street and was on the edge of the kerb about to cross the road when the noise of a car reached her. She saw it, coming at a lunatic speed from the lower end of the road and luckily she did not try to beat it because she would most certainly have lost. It stopped as it got to her, stopped with a weird facility. There were two men in it. One of them wound the window down. They had come flush with the side of the kerb and as they did she backed her right foot but did not follow it up with the left for fear of betraying herself. She stood quite cool, quite brazen. The second man turned off the ignition. She recognized them not by their faces but by their intention; which was to kill her. The one who spoke looked at her, around the belly region. Indignant, she gave her head a little toss, of defiance. The spill of her hair moved with it. He smiled, the merest leak of pleasure on his indecent face. The horror he would do to her. Up to that moment her killer had always come alone. He had been one man who arrived at any hour

aby ten plot nezastříhával tak moc. Mohla si dát ke dveřím rohožku nebo nějaký kámen, ale neudělala to. Přinesla si patentní klíč a pak ho schovala pod naaranžované růže na odkládacím stolku v hale. Klíč tam pořád ještě bude.

Vydala se svou ulicí, a právě když stála na obrubníku a chystala se přejít, zaslechla rachot blížícího se auta. Viděla, jak se ze spodní části řítí šílenou rychlostí. Naštěstí se nesnažila přeběhnout, určitě by toho litovala. Auto s podivnou lehkostí zastavilo přímo u ní. Seděli v něm dva muži, jeden z nich stáhl okénko. Najeli přitom přes obrubník tak, že radši uhnula pravou nohou. Pak už ale neudělala ani krok ze strachu, že by se prozradila. Stála klidně, až drze. Druhý muž vypnul motor. Jejich tváře nepoznala, zato jejich úmysl jí byl jasný – přišli ji zabít. Ten, co mluvil, se zadíval na její břicho a oblast kolem něj. Vzдорovitě a pobouřeně pohodila hlavou, až se jí zavlnil pramen vlasů. Pak se muž pousmál, na jeho zvrhlé tváři se objevil nepatrný projev potěšení. Ta hrůza, kterou jí způsobí. Doteď její vrah přišel pokaždé sám. Byl to neznámý muž, který přijel vždy, když to nečekala, překvapil ji ve dveřích, když tam zašla vyskládat lahve od mléka, nebo v hale mezi zábradlím v době, když byla na



provided it was an unexpected hour, he surprised her in the doorway when she stopped to lay milk bottles there, or in the hall-way at an hour between the banisters of the stairs as she mounted to go to her bed. Now there were two. One of the men – it did not matter which one – spoke. He said:

‘Is there a theatre around here?’

‘Yes, you go left and left and then right.’ The untruth was quick, fluent and convincing to all but two men who had come kill her. They fell in with the ruse, they pretended to believe, and they drove off thanking her for her help. She ran in the pathway of a neighbour’s house. This house had no doorbell and no knocker, there was simply a dull, chrome letter-box of a contemporary type. She raised the heavy flap and let it spring back, making a fiendish noise. When there was not a reply at all, and resolved to cross the road anyhow and hide, perhaps in the porch or in the miserable hedge. She took great confident strides. In crossing the hour changed from night to day and the darkness gave way to light. But far from this being a solution, it brought to her notice a worse monstrosity. Her own house had its number changed. Or, almost her own house. She knew it though some of its features were cunningly altered. The two halves of beer barrel were gone, for instance, therefore the geraniums; the paintwork was dark and peeling, but it was her house because she knew its position exactly. It was numbered 104, and the

cestě nahoru do postele. Teď už byli dva. Jeden z nich – lhodstějno který – promluvil.

„Je tu někde divadlo?“ zeptal se.

„Ano, dáte se doleva, pak doleva a potom doprava.“ Ta lež byla rychlá, plynulá a přesvědčivá, ne však pro tyto muže, kteří ji přijeli zabít. Naoko předstírali, že se nechali oklamat, že jí uvěřili, poděkovali za pomoc a odjeli. Ihned se rozeběhla na susedovu přístupovou cestu, jeho dům ale neměl ani zvonek, ani klepátko. Byla na něm jen běžná matná chromovaná poštovní schránka. Nadzvedla těžké víko a nechala ho s příšerným rachotem spadnout. Když se nikdo neozýval, rozhodla se dostat zpět přes ulici a schovat se, nejspíš na verandě nebo v tom ubohém živém plotě. Vykročila sebejistě, jeden dlouhý krok za druhým. Jak přecházela, noc se rázem změnila v den a tma ustoupila světlu. Tím se ale zdaleka nic nevyřešilo, naopak, všimla si totiž další absurdity. Jejímu domu někdo změnil číslo. Vlastně skoro jejímu. Přestože prošel mazanými změnami, poznala ho. Například dvě poloviny pivního sudu byly pryč, proto ty pelargonie; malba byla zašlá a loupala se, ale její dům to byl, věděla přece přesně, kde leží. Teď měl číslo 104, dům vedle měl číslo sedm a dům za ním číslo 33. (Správná čísla pro tyto

house next to it was number seven, and the house beyond that number 33. (The correct numbers for these houses were 37, 39 and 41 respectively.) All order had gone from the street. And there was a different type of numbering. Flashy gold lettering posted on each gate. Whereas in real life the numbers were in black over the fanlight and difficult to make out. Bright gold, brazen untruths. Each house was a little altered, but not so altered that she could not recognize each one. The stained glass above her own door was undeniably hers. One house that had glistening Snowcem walls was smothered in ivy, and a garden that possessed two magnolias gave growth to another tree altogether, a little stunted tree with no chance of blossom, tar patches smeared on to hide the scars where it had been lopped. She was not alone either. There were the sounds of schoolchildren from a back garden, the back garden where they played each day and often upset the drift of her thoughts, and farther up in the end section of the road there were two men with empty coal sacks slung over their shoulders as they emerged from a house. She could hear the children singing, 'Found a peanut, found a peanut, found a peanut in a bin, ' and she could get the smell that coal lorries always dispensed and that she'd once ascertained to be a mixture of fish oil and coal; she saw the men too, their faces smeared with coal, one shoulder each, drooped from the habit of putting the heavy sacks on that particular side.

domy byla 37, 39 a 41, v tomto pořadí.) Z ulice zmizel všechen řád. A čísla byla i z jiného materiálu. Zlatá písmena se blyštěla na každé brance, zatímco ve skutečnosti byla umístěná na nadsvětlíku, měla černou barvu a dala se jen těžko přečíst. Jasně zlaté, nepokryté lži. Každý z domů byl lehce pozměněný, ale ne natolik, aby je nedokázala rozpoznat. Umazané sklo nad dveřmi bylo nepopíratelně její. Jeden dům, který míval lesklou cementovou omítku, se ztrácel v moři břečťanu. V zahradě s dvěma magnoliemi stál navíc zakrslý stromek, rány po prořezání měl pokryté dehtovým nátěrem, bez šance, že rozkvetne. Ani teď ale nebyla sama. Zatímco zezadu ze zahrady bylo slyšet školáky, hráli si tam každý den, často ji tak vyrušovali, když nad něčím přemýšlela, na vzdálenějším konci ulice vyšli z domu dva muži s prázdnými pytli na uhlí hozenými přes rameno. Zaslechla, jak děti zpívají: „Chcíp kanárek, chcíp kanárek, chcíp kanárek, chcíp, chcíp, chcíp,“ a ucítila ten všudypřítomný pach, který vždy zůstával po nákladácích na uhlí a který byl, jak jednou zjistila, směsí rybího oleje a uhlí. Taky už viděla ty jejich umouněné tváře a nahrbené vždy jen jedno rameno s pytlíkem od toho, jak si zvykli nosit těžký náklad právě na té jedné straně.

She heard, then caught sight of it as it turned back into the road, the green Ford motor, and she knew that they were coming to get her. Absurd thought it was, her lie to them gave greater justification to their deed. She could not walk, nor run. Her bones had turned to water. She gathered her coat around her and put her hands, her jellied hands, into the pockets for shelter. It was daylight and there were witnesses, but none of these factors helped. Her death was not their responsibility. They were children with terrors of their own and workmen with woes of their own. No help at all. The green car stopped right at the spot where she was standing and the men got out at the either side, losing no time at all.

\*

Willa McCord wakened, backing into the rungs of her brass bed. In a dream she had just been slit in multiple places. At once she began to fight herself out of sleep. A most difficult endeavor. Her eyes were open but she was still in sleep, her body that is. It was as if her body and her limbs were sunk in a deep vault of sleep and coming out of it entailed journeys through passages of lesser and lesser sleep. She tried with all her might, forcing her legs, her hands, the very extremities of her body to waken up. Sometimes the terror of being sucked back into the vault threatened, and it was both a terror and a solution, but gripped by resolution she fought and struggled until at last she was awake and possessed of her faculties. There was

Vtom uslyšela zvuk burácejícího motoru. Pak už ho i uviděla – zelený ford zahnul zpět do ulice – věděla, že si pro ni jedou. Myslet si, že je její lež ospravedlňovala v jejich jednání, bylo absurdní. Nedokázala jít, natož utíkat. Kosti jí změkly jako bláto. Přitáhla si k tělu kabát a roztřesené ruce si schovala do kapes. Byl přece bílý den, všude svědkové – všechno bylo k ničemu. Její smrt nebyla jejich starost. Školáci byli jen děti s vlastními strachy a dělníci byli jen muži s vlastními problémy. Naprosto bez pomoci. Zelené auto zastavilo přímo u ní, dveře se otevřely a vypustily oba muže naráz ven.

\*

Willa McCordová se probudila a opřela o příčky své mosazné postele. Právě ji ve snu na několika místech rozřezali. V jedné chvíli se ale začala probojovávat svým spánkem, aby se probudila. To nejnáročnější úsilí. Oči měla otevřené, ale její tělo stále spalo. Jako by její tělo a končetiny byly uvězněné v temné hrobce a cesta z ní se klikatila stezkami čím dál lehčího spánku. Veškerou svou vůlí se snažila přinutit nohy, ruce, končetiny, aby se vzbudily. Chvillemi ji děsilo, že by ji ta hrobka stáhla zpátky – byl to děs a zároveň řešení, ale nakonec se odhodlala bojovat, a tak zápasila dál, dokud nebyla bdělá a při smyslech. V koutku úst měla slinu a zabírala pouhou šestinu celého dvojlůžka, tak moc byla schoulená. Celá vyděšená se

dribble on one corner of her mouth and she occupied about one-sixth of the space of the double bed, so bunched up was she. She looked; fearful, expecting to find someone, or something, in the bed beside her, or below her. But there was nothing there, there was the empty place of the double bed, the lower part of the sheets unruffled, the green necklace like a rosary hanging from one of the brass posts where she'd put it when she undressed the night before.

'It's all right it's all right, it's all right,' she said, now fully awake. She wiped the dribble first with her wrist and then, face down, wiped it on the pillow-slip, and said:

There is no panic, I am not a child, I am not with Herod, I am not afraid. I am not a child, I am not imprisoned, I am not afraid, I am not dead, I am not dying, I am not being followed, I am not in the wrong, I am not afraid.

She said the words quickly, unthinkingly as if they were a prayer or a set of multiplication tables. As indeed they had become. Old words often said. She reached through the brass rungs of the bed-end and lifted the curtain to see the hour. Daylight. Dawn-red ridges in the sky. She almost wept with relief. A sun too red on the tip of the earth, above it the patches indiscriminately coloured like bloodshed in a child's painting, and farther up channels of pink in lighter and lighter hue so that the last pink verge faded imperceptibly into the vast tissue paper of white sky. She looked at that rising sun in the sane sky as if she was

rozhlédla. Předpokládala, že najde někoho nebo něco v posteli vedle sebe nebo pod sebou. Nikde nic. Jen prázdný zbytek postele, spodní část prostěradla byla nezmuchlaná a zelený náhrdelník visel jako růženec z jednoho z mosazných sloupků postele, kam jej pověsila, když se v noci svlékala.

„Je to v pořádku, je to v pořádku, je to v pořádku,“ vyhrkla už úplně probuzená. Nejdřív si otřela koutek do zápěstí, to potom otřela do polštáře a pokračovala:

„Není důvod k panice, nejsem dítě, nejsem s Herodem, nebojím se. Nejsem dítě, nejsem uvězněná, nebojím se, nejsem mrtvá, neumírám, nesleduje mě, neprovinila jsem se, nebojím se.“

Ta slova ze sebe vydávala tak rychle a bezmyšlenkovitě, jako by to byla modlitba nebo násobilka. Těmi se vlastně staly. Často používaná stará slova. Natáhla se mezi příčkami v nohách postele, aby rozhrnula závěs a viděla, kolik je hodin. Denní světlo a červánky na nebi. Úlevou skoro plakala. Slunce na horizontu bylo až moc rudé, nad ním se táhly skvrny rozmazané jako krveprolití v dětské kresbě, dál se růžové pruhy rozpíjely ve stále světlejším odstínu až do ztracena na rozlehlé bílé obloze. Sledovala vycházející slunce na čisté obloze, jako by ho viděla snad poprvé v životě –

looking at it for the first time in her life – or the last. The tube train went by and the necklace on the bed-post rattled, its rattle outlasting the noise of the tube by several seconds. Normal life. She thanked God, and then began to upbraid herself for such an illogical dream. Where was Patsy, where was Tom? And where the spare key they kept under a stone for just such an emergency? Where were all the steady things and why couldn't she run? Why did her body desert her so? Why had she let doom take charge of her? She lay back and stretched to try and unwind the coil of pain in her stomach. Only that she knew it to be unlikely she would have sworn there was frost. She brought the covers right up to her chin. Frost in October. Anything possible. Once in the month of May snow came on a Sunday night and met her when she was journeying across a field with her mother who was troubled about something. She tried very hard to think of the snow without getting it involved with any human recollection. To think of light snowfall, sometimes blowing sideways, and appearing to come not from the sky but from an earthly region, sometimes falling in single discernible crystals, and sometimes in showers falling senselessly upon the world. Hard and therefore hail; soft and therefore blossom, blossom or snow matted along a black branch that grew down, falling snow, falling feathers, falling breadcrumbs, falling blossom, or whatever it was, falling freely and thickly and benevolently on a free, empty, nebo naposled. Jak projelo metro, náhrdelník se na přičkách postele rozechvěl. Jeho zvuk několik vteřin doprovázel mizející metro. Normální život. Poděkovala bohu a začala si vyčítat takový nesmyslný sen. Kde byla Patsy, kde byl Tom? A kde vězel náhradní klíč, který schovali pod kamenem pro takový případ nouze? Kde byly všechny stálé věci a proč nedokázala utéct? Proč ji její tělo tak zradilo? Proč ji tak pohltil zmar? Opřela se a trochu protáhla, aby si zkusila uvolnit bolesti stažené břicho. Ač to bylo nepravděpodobné, přísahala by, že už nastoupila zima. Přitáhla si přikrývku k bradě. Mráz v říjnu. Všechno je možné. Jednou v květnu v neděli v noci ji sních překvapil, když se procházela po louce s matkou, která se zrovna kvůli něčemu trápila. Usilovně se pokoušela přemýšlet o sněhu, aniž by se jí hned vybavila nějaká vzpomínka. Udržet své myšlenky jen u představy, jak lehce sních dokáže padat, jak se umí přihnát ze stran, jako by se ani nesnášel z nebe, ale ze samé země. Někdy se dá rozlišit každá jeho jedinečná vločka, jindy bezděčně zachumelí celý svět. Někdy hrubý skoro jako kroupy, jindy hebký jako okvětní lístky. Bílým kvítím či sněhem pokrytá tmavá svěšená větev, padající sních, padající peří, padající drobký, padající květy nebo něco takového, snášelo se to volně, hustě a benevolentně na svobodný, prázdný a vzdálený svět bez horizontu. Jako mana. Myšlenky se jí nakonec podařilo uklidnit a konečně se uvolnit. Pevně se zabalila

abstract, horizonless world. Like manna. She managed to quiet her thoughts and gradually the knot loosened, and with the covers tight around she soon felt warm.

At eight the footsteps went down the stairs, she heard them not by the actual thud of each step but by the creak of the wood. It was an oak staircase she had specially put in, and defying her own superstitions she had asked for the banister ribs to be spaced well apart. Then he crossed the hall and she knew that she would hear no more because he opened the door gently: drawing it until the latch grazed the lintel, then putting the latchkey in and turning it and holding it until the latch reached the socket hole, then releasing the key to allow the latch to slip quietly into its appointed place. Thief-like. She smiled at his consideration of her, the dearness, the constancy of it. More than a year now, and he had never gone down the stairs hurriedly, and he had never slammed the door. If she was asleep he never wakened her, if she was awake his progress never jarred upon her nerves.

Not even a breakfast. Had it in a café along the way – two eggs, four rashers of bacon, a loaf of bread, fried. In the evening he told Patsy how much it cost, and said that in future he wanted his breakfast cooked at home, but never got it.

‘Dear, dear Tom.’ She smiled again at his consideration of her. Since Tom and Patsy came, her life had a new order, a solid peace. She felt happy as she

do přikrývky a brzy jí bylo teplo.

V osm se ozvaly kroky scházející dolů po schodech, neslyšela je ale kvůli jejich dupání, ale jen kvůli zavržení dřeva. Bylo to dubové schodiště, které si tam nechala speciálně vsadit, a navzdory své pověřivosti nechala příčky zábradlí umístit daleko od sebe. Dál pokračoval halou, ale to už věděla, že nic neuslyší, protože dveře otevíral jemně: přitahoval, dokud se západka nedotkla vložky, potom vložil klíč dovnitř zámku a otáčel jím, dokud západka nezapadla do zdířky, pak klíč povolil, aby se západka mohla potichu vrátit do určené polohy. Jako zloděj. Usmála se, že na ni bere takové ohledy. Je to od něj tak milé a neúnavné. Už je to už víc než rok a on nikdy ty schody neseběhl ve spěchu, nikdy nepráskl dveřmi. Pokud spala, nikdy ji nevzbudil, pokud byla vzhůru, jeho odchod jí nikdy nepocuchal nervy.

Dokonce si nedal ani snídani. Dával si ji v kavárně po cestě – dvě vejce, čtyři plátky slaniny, opečený bochník chleba. Večer řekl Patsy, jak moc to stálo a že si příště chce dát snídani doma, ale nikdy ji nedostal.

„Drahoušek Tom.“ Znovu se pousmála, že na ni bere ohledy. Od té doby, kdy najala Toma a Patsy, měl její život nový řád, patřičný klid. Když pomyslela na nadcházející den, cítila se

thought of the day ahead: it was going to be sunny, she and Patsy would drink a little wine at lunch, find some reason for celebration. Forget about work, the past, the present, the whole foolish ramification of real or dreaded woe. The thought of this happy day unfurled before her and, like when a concertina is opened out and a little music escapes from the bellow, a little of the happiness already felt was languishing within her.

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His wife Patsy listened with the same fervor but for another reason altogether. Then she jumped up. It was easy to grab her things – what use would he have for frocks and lady's shoes and corsets? It was the stuff they both owned that was the bugger. Wedding photos, vases. The coffee set! Lovely cups not too small, with a blue flower on the white china. Beautiful tall pot, similar but smaller jug. Split it? That wouldn't be right. Neither one thing nor the other. Pity they'd ever been given it. She wouldn't be in a stew now about who owned it. Goods are a torment. She began to wrap the cups in newspaper, then stopped. Better pack other things first and then survey the space situation. She stood before the mantelpiece where the photo confronted her. They were so young. Two eejits! She looked a fright. Had a home-perm the day before, done by one of the girls. First night he was on for it all the time, wakening her up. How little she knew! Nothing. We don't know anything when we start out. When did it go wrong? Never went right. What made

šťastná. Mělo být slunečno, s Patsy si dají k obědu skleničku vína, najdou si důvod k oslavě. Zapomenou na práci, minulost, přítomnost, na všechno to pošetilé trápení kvůli současným nebo budoucím starostem. Myšlenka toho krásného dne se před ní rozvinula, jako když muzikant roztáhne harmoniku a nechá z ní uniknout trošku hudby – stejně tak i troška té její radosti už unikala.

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Jeho žena Patsy poslouchala stejně soustředěně, měla proto ale svoje důvody. Pak se vymrštila z postele. Popadnout svoje věci bylo snadný – šaty, lodičky a korzety – vždyť co bys tím asi tak dělal? Potíž byla v tom, jak si rozdělit všechny ty věci, co měli. Svatební fotky, vázy. Kávovej servis! Roztomilý porcelánový hrnky s modrou kytkou, tak akorát do ruky. Nádherná vysoká konvice a menší konvička. Co s tím? Rozdělit si to? Ne, to by nebylo správný. Nic se dělit nebude. Kdyby je tak nikdy vůbec nedostali. Nedělala by si teď hlavu s tím, čím vlastně jsou. Něco mít je za trest. Sotva začla balit šálky do novin, nechala toho. Radši nejdřív zabalí ostatní věci a pak zjistí, kolik jí zbyde místa. Z krbový římsy si jí poměřovala fotka. Byli tak mladý. Dva pitomci! Vypadala jak maškara. Den předtím si nechala udělat od holek doma trvalou. Jemu šlo první noc jen o to jedno, takže jí pořád budil. Jak málo věděla! Nic. Nevíme nic, když začínáme. Kdy se to vlastně pokazilo? Nikdy jim to přece nefungovalo. Trpěla ho jen kvůli tomu,

her suffer him at all was the way he used to walk her home from dances and buy milk for her from one of the machines. She said it was a nursing home she worked in, didn't mention that it was for incurables in case he might get nervy. Never laid a finger upon her except dancing, when tried through jacket pocket. But they all did that. Small things that she hadn't noticed when they were out, she noticed soon as they shared one room. The noise when he swallowed, his smelly feet! Tell me when you're coming! Didn't give her a chance! Racing away two minutes after he went in. Is it big enough for you? First few months all right, bearable. No sign of anything doing. Lads on the job joking him. There must be something wrong with you he'd say. Why her? Still he must have felt it. Lads on the job had christenings and things. That was why he grew so pass-remarkable. Nice bit of stuff he'd say of a television hostess, someone who wouldn't be seen dead with him. He felt it. Rough in ways when all apologies. Shone her shoes for Sundays and the time in bed with pleurisy bought her four chocolate cakes. Loved to cut a dash himself – new shoes, flannel trousers, a blazer with brass buttons. A kid! But kids had to be with other kids. After twenty-five a man had to stop shitting around. No use asking what's for tea, it didn't matter what's for tea. You weren't going to be happy anyhow. Begrudging him everything, even your thoughts, shutting him out, smiling to yourself about something and he asking what and not že jí po večírcích doprovázel domů a kupoval jí mlíko z automatu. Řekla mu, že pracuje v jednom pečovatelskym domě, že jde o eldéenku, už neřekla, aby nezpanikařil. Nikdy se jí ani nedotknul, krom tancování, kdy to zkusil přes kapsu bundy. Ale to dělali všichni. Maličkosti, kterejch si nevšimla, když chodili ven, se nedaly přehlížet, jak spolu začali bydlet. To jeho polykání, ty smradlavý nohy! Řekni mi, až budeš! Vždyť jí ani nedal šanci! Dvě upocený minuty a konec. Je pro tebe dost velkej? Prvních pár měsíců to šlo, dalo se to. Žádněj náznak, že by se něco dělo. Chlapi v práci si z něj utahovali. S tebou musí bejt něco špatně, vyčet jí. Proč s ní? Přece to ale musel tušit. Chlapi v práci měli křtiny a podobný věci. Proto se jí snažil urážet, když nahlas komentoval ostatní ženský. To je kus, utrousil o televizní moderátorce, která by si s nim nevyšla ani za nic. Tušil to. Sprostý způsoby, samý omluvy. Naleštil jí sváteční boty, a když ležela se zánětem pohrudnice, koupil jí čtyři čokoládový dorty. Taky si ale rád něco dopřál – nový boty, flanelový kalhoty, sako s mosaznýma knoflíkama. Děcko! Ale děti patřej zase jenom k dětem. V pětadvaceti už by chlap měl přestat vyvádět kraviny. Bylo zbytečný ptát se, co bude k večeři, takhle se nic nespraví. Stejně šťastný nebudete. Odpíralas mu všechno, dokonce svoje myšlenky, vyřadilas ho. Když ses pro sebe smála a on se vyptával čemu, místo odpovědi slyšel jen ticho nebo „co je ti potom“. Minuta za minutou plný utrpení, přesně



telling by silence or by 'mind your own business'. Minute to minute torture that's what it was, and meanness and bitterness. Diabolical. At times he begged. Home from work begging and grimed, the way no man should ever have to be. Then the moods. Then he gave up sulking and cried. Loved getting told off. Hereditary most likely. Father spent his life in bed having horse liniment rubbed in him for eczema. No feeling for anyone else. When the darkie got killed on the job didn't bat an eyelid, didn't go to see the darkie's widow or anything like that. Made a joke about it. Part of his nature missing. Not because it was a darkie either. None of that type of shit. Looking at the telly every night. Timing her if she went out of the house for a bag of chips. The number of pullovers she knit. And five hand-done rugs. It wasn't natural at all. Willa not putting the rugs on the floor saying she preferred furry ones. They were like animals all over the house, white fur rugs, looked like they were breathing. Willa took off her shoes and stood barefoot on them, Willa was not normal. Maybe the two of them would have a bit when she was gone. On rugs. Jungle stuff. It was cruel leaving without warning but this was no time for softheartedness. Could bear it until the other fellow came on the scene but from then on it was fierce. Couldn't but compare them. At first it made everything easier. Happiness. The thought of him in her whenever she went. The glory of it. A bloom on her

takový to bylo, a podlost s trpkostí. Peklo samo. Občas i škemral. To přišel domů zamazanej a škemral tak, jak by žádnéj mužskej nikdy neměl. A pak nastoupila ta jeho náladovost. Potom přestal trucovat a jenom brečel. Miloval, když ho někdo sjel. Nejspíš to podědil. Jeho táta strávil život v posteli, kdy si nechal mazat ekzém koňskou mastí. Žádný city pro ostatní lidi neměl. Když se ten černochoch zabil při práci na stavbě, ani nehnul brvou, nezašel za jeho vdovou, nic takovýho. Naopak utahoval si z toho. Chyběla mu určitá část charakteru. Ne proto, že to byl černochoch. Žádná taková hovadina. Každéj večer zíral na telku. Když si zašla ven pro pytlík chipsů, měřil jí čas. Upletla tolik svetřů. A pět ručně dělanejch koberečků. Nebylo to vůbec přirozený. Willa je nechtěla, že prej má radši ty kožešiny. Všecky ty bílý chlupatý koberečky po celým domě ale připomínaly zvířata, vypadaly totiž, že dejchaj. Willa si zula boty a stála na nich bosa, nebyla normální. Až odejde, třeba to nakonec daj dohromady. Na koberečcích. Jako zvířata. Odejít bez varování bylo krutý, ale teď nebyl čas na outlocitnost. Dokázala to snášet, jen dokud se neobjevil on. Pak to byl boj. Nemohla je nesrovnávat. Nejdřív se všecko zdálo snazší. Štěstí. Myslela na něj, kudy chodila. Blahem bez sebe. Pleť jí jen zářila, dělalo jí to rozhodně víc než Wille obličejový masky. Už jí ani nenaštvalo, když Tom žvanil o tom, že byl nejmladší mužskej v armádě a že mu prej prezident osobně přijel

skin, it certainly had some benefits attached, better than the facials Willa had. Usedn't to flare up either when Tom raved away about being the youngest man in the army and the President coming to see him and congratulating him on his valour. Valour! Making tea, and spying on the fellow that was doing a line with a sheep. In Kildare it was, in Ireland, flat country populated with sheep. All that raving about getting priority going in to the pictures and doing manoeuvres. Came from having no father. Terrible risks attached to being a child. Ignored his dirty habits too, like peeing on the coal shed. If Willa knew! The way she found out at all was getting coal late one night and seeing it shiny. Said there must be a cat because no end of mice could pee that amount. Tom started to laugh, like a child, and she sang dumb and let Willa think it was a cat. No use being too honest. A mug's game. Lads at work had part of the Kinsey report, loose sheets torn from someone's copy. He brought them home. Said 'there's a few moves here we might follow.' Ashamed to look him in the eye, in case he saw her secret. She and Ron could knock spots out of any Kinsey report. After that the awful dream of him in the bath and his yoke falling off and he yelling for her to help and she trying to get it back on and not being able because her hands were slippery with the water and she saying 'sit still, sit still you bastard' and he yelling and crying. Guilt most likely. Daft dreams are. Reached out just to make sure he pográtulovat k jeho statečnosti. Statečnosti! Když si dělal čaj, špehoval chlápka, jak něco provádí s ovci. Bylo to v Kildare, v Irsku, placatý zemi plný ovci. Všecko to žvanění o tom, že by rád chodil do kina, a hraní divadýlka. To bylo tím, že skoro neměl tátu. Bolestný rizika pro každý dítě. Taky ignorovala jeho nechutný zvyky, třeba že čůral na kůlnu s uhlím. Kdyby to tak Willa věděla! Sama na to přišla jednou v noci, když šla pro uhlí a jak ho nabírala, všimla si, že je nějaký lesklý. Přišla domu s tím, že tam musí chodit nějaká kočka, protože žádná myš na světě by nedokázala počurat takový množství. Tom se hned začal smát jak děcko, tak radši hrála hloupou a nechala Willu při tom, že to byla kočka. S upřímností nejdál dojdeš, ale nic se zas nemá přehánět. Chlapi v práci měli část tý Kinseyho zprávy o sexu, volný papíry vytržený z něčí kopie. Přines' je domů a oznámil: „Je tam pár věcí, který můžem zkusit.“ Styděla se mu podívat do očí, aby náhodou nepoznal, že mu něco tají. S Ronem mohli každou Kinseyho zprávu strčit do kapsy. Pak měla ten odpornej sen o něm ve vaně, jak mu klesá, a řve na ní, ať mu pomůže, ona se mu ho snaží zase postavit, ale vubec jí to nejde, ruce jí kloužou, tak sykne „nehejbej se, nehejbej se, ty zmetku“ a on řve a brečí. Nejspíš vina. Sny jsou praštěný. Nato se natáhla, aby zkontrolovala, že tam je – byl vzrušenej, pochopil to úplně jinak a vrhnul se na ní. Je dost velkej? Přece sakra dobře věděl, že to není o velikosti. Ale všecko

was all there and him stirring and thinking it was something else and getting on her. Was it big enough? He knew bloody well it wasn't a question of size. But none of that mattered once she had the other fellow. Looked upon it as her duty and did knitting in her head or made out lists for the shops. Guilt too, giving in about the car. Like a child the night he brought it home, driving it up and down the road. She had to sit in it. Willa had to sit in. Whistling he was and singing different lines of songs to the same air and then he and her went for a drive when all the traffic was died down and he said 'It's what I always wanted.' Glad for him, that he had a wish come true. Next day he got her the ring. Sinful waste. A bit on the small side. The comrade of it in the window in the High Street. Four pound ten. Sudden display of emotion made her tear into a shop and get him a cover for the steering wheel. Red velveteen. Put it over his head like a hoop. Tears in his eyes he was so grateful. Played Irish tunes on the back of soup spoons. Strutted around. Shouldn't have got him a present, letting him think all was well. She'd leave the ring. He could pawn it. She washed her hands to ease it off and dropped it in the soap dish. The stone had quite a sparkle when wetted. A four-pound-ten sparkle at least! She left business things on the mantelshelf where he could easily find them – the television license and the car insurance. He'd faint but he'd get over it. She put his cuff-links there too in case he'd be going anywhere special, like to jí to bylo jedno, jakmile měla toho svýho. Brala to jako svojí povinnost a v duchu při tom pletla nebo si dělala nákupní seznamy. Taky v tom byla vina, že se vzdala s tím autem. Choval se jako děcko, když s nim tu noc přijel, jezdil po ulici sem a tam. Musela si do něj jít sednout. Willa musela taky. Pískal si a zmateně si prozpěvoval jak blázen a potom, když už nebyl žádnéj provoz, se šli projet a on prohlásil: „Takový jsem vždycky chtěl.“ Byla ráda, že se mu splnilo přání. Další den jí koupil prsten. Hříšný plejtvání. Malá nevěra. Čekala ve výloze na High Street. Čtyři libry deset. Z toho náhlýho citovýho projevu byla tak vedle, že vlítla do obchodu a pořídila mu povlak na volant. Z červenýho manšestru. Dal si ho přes hlavu jako obruč. Vděčností se div nerozbrečel. Na lžiice vyhrával irský melodie a pochodoval kolem. Neměla mu nic dávat, nechala ho tak při tom, že je všecko v pořádku. Ten prsten tu nechá. Potom ho může přece střelit v zastavárně. Opláchla si ruce, aby povolil, a pak ho nechala u mejdla. Kámen se celkem dost blyštil, jak byl mokrej. Lesk jako blesk – aspoň za čtyři libry deset! Papíry nechala na krbový římse, tam je hned uvidí – licence k televizi a pojištění na auto. Trefí ho z toho, ale dostane se přes to. Taky mu tam dala manžetový knoflíčky pro nějakou oficiální příležitost, jako třeba návštěvu advokáta. Dostal je od Willy. Elegantní matný stříbro. Často si je pujčovala. Teď už si je pujčovat nebude. Mockrát si je chtěli vzít oba najednou,

see a solicitor. They were a present from Willa. Dull silver, classy. She often borrowed them. She wouldn't borrow them any more. Often they both wanted them for the same outing but he always gave in. Poor Tom. Funny how a small thing like that hurts. 'That's a thrush' he'd say if they heard a bird. 'Blackbird' she'd say. 'I mean a blackbird' he'd say. Knew damn all about nature but that wasn't the point. Had no opinion of his own. Would fall in with anyone's views. 'I'll cut the dog's tail' he said to a woman down the road. Woman thought he was off his noddle. Daft things he said, 'Let's tour the South' or 'I think I'll go to Paris for the week-end.' Great with kids though. Got on well with kids, played 'I spy' and tricks with pennies in Coca-Cola. No good with people, that's why they never went out. Made a right fool of himself the first night they met Ron. Playing darts. Tom raving away. 'There are fifty ways of killing a man by using only one blow.' Demonstrated on a pencil. Broke it in half. She bent down and picked one half from the sawdust floor and Ron bent too and got the other half. Their faces close to the sawdust looked at each other. Their foreheads nearly met. In that position he asked that brand of cigarettes she liked and then he walked across and got her a large packet of her favourites. Tom said it was time to go, after only one drink. Ron said good night as she went out. Could have ended there but there was some demon in her. Went back to the pub a few nights later, asked his name, told

ale on se vždycky vzdal. Chudák Tom. Směšný, jak takový maličkosti zaboje. „To je drozd!“ vyhrknul, když slyšeli nějakýho ptáka. „Kos,“ opravila ho. „Myslel jsem kosa,“ dodal. Věděl první poslední o přírodě, ale to nebyl ten problém. Neměl totiž vůbec svůj vlastní názor. Přebíral názory ostatních. „Tomu psovi useknu ocas,“ řek' jedný ženský dole v ulici. Ta si pomyslela, že je úplně mimo. Ved' scestný řeči jako „Vemem to na sever,“ nebo „myslim, že si zajedu na víkend do Paříže.“ Ale šlo mu to s dětma. Vycházel s nima moc dobře, hrál s nima na „Čáp ztratil čepičku“ a předváděl triky s mincema v plechovce. S dospělýma to ale nešlo dohromady, proto nikdy nechodili ven. První večer, kdy potkali Rona, ze sebe udělal naprostýho blázna. Hráli šipky. Tom zase žvanil: „Existuje padesát způsobů, jak zabít člověka jednou ránou.“ Předved' to na tužce, kterou zlomil vejpůl. Sehnula se, aby sebrala ze země pokrytý pilinama tu jednu půlku, pro tu druhou se sehnul Ron. Jak oba sklonili obličej blízko pilin, málem se ťuknuli čelem. Hned se jí zeptal, jaký cigarety má ráda, pak zašel ven a přines' jí velkou krabičku jejich oblíbených. Vypili jen jednu rundu a Tom zavelel k odchodu. Jak odcházela, Ron jí popřál dobrou noc. A tady to mohlo skončit, ale byla najednou jak posedlá. Za pár dní zašla do tý hospody znova, zeptala se, jak se jmenuje, a blábolila něco o tom, že se vsadil s jejím manželem, kdo vyhraje volby. V tejdnu nikdy nechodil, zato v pátek tam byl pravidelně. V pátek tam

some rigmarole about how he had a bet with her husband as to who'd win the general election. He never came in week nights, but was a regular on Fridays. Friday she was to be found sitting inside the door, all cool and lackadaisical, togged out with clean clothes; combined knickers and corset affair that cost the earth, summer dress buttoned down the front, sandals. He wasn't surprised. 'How's your husband?' 'Fine, he's got night work.' 'What are you having?' 'Rum and coke.' 'That's a funny concoction.' 'I'm a funny concoction.' That started it. Under the table while the drinks were coming. A new dress. Half the bloody buttons came off. Don't sew them on firm in factories. A date for the following Friday. For all Fridays. She went prepared. Drinks first with some of his mates. One night she couldn't wait. She was bursting, so was he. They took one look at each other. Fuck his mates. They'd be back, he ordered two pints and gin and orange for the lady. The pub full of noise and argument, people sniggering as they went out. Up close to him, his serge suit warm and rough. Up an alley in Peckham Rye. Beautiful beautiful Peckham Rye. You was that happy you didn't think there was ever going to be a next day, or a next minute. Policeman sneaking up with a 'Do you realize what you're doing?' Not half. Name and address demanded. Gave his own. Brave thing to do with a wife and kids. Didn't stammer either. Trepidation for weeks. Nothing came of it. Having to go in after and dry in the ladies' with a

čekala, chladná a lhostejná, nastrojená v čistym prádle, kalhotky sladěný s korzetem stály majlant, a letních šatech s knoflíkama vepředu, nakonec sandále. Nebyl překvapenej. „Jak se má váš manžel?“ „Dobře, má noční.“ „Co pijete?“ „Rum s kolou.“ „To je dobrá kombinace.“ „Já jsem dobrá kombinace.“

Takhle to začalo. Pod stolem, jak skleniček přibejvalo. Nový šaty a polovina těch zatracenejch knoflíků se utrhl. V továrnách je nepříšívaj napevno. Rande hned příští pátek. Všechny pátky. Byla vždycky vybavená. Nejdřív popijou s jeho kámošema. Jednou v noci už to ale nemohla vydržet. Touhou jenom hořela, stejně jako on. Podívali se na sebe. Do hajzlu s kámošema. Budou za chvíli zpátky, objednal dvě piva a gin s pomerančovým džusem pro dámu. Hospoda byla plná rámusu a hašteření, lidi se potutelně chechtali, když vycházeli ven. Přitulila se k němu, k jeho hrubému teplému tvídovým obleku, jak šli nahoru alejí v londýnskym Peckham Rye. Nádhernej, úžasnej Peckham Rye. Byla's tak šťastná, že's nemyslela na to, že ještě někdy přijde další den nebo dokonce další minuta. „Jste si vědomi toho, co tady provádíte?“ vyrušil je policajt. Ani z poloviny. Jméno a adresu. Nadiktoval mu svojí. To bylo od něj statečný – se ženou a dětma. Ani se nezakoktal. Týdny plný nervů. A nakonec z toho stejně nic nebylo. Šla se pak dovnitř usušit kupou toaletáku na záchodech,

wad of toilet paper, then a splash of French perfume from the machine and out for gin and orange and fresh urges. Getting home and having to tell a pack of lies. One lie never enough. Four months of it. Well it was all over. Things never turn out the way you think. Pictured it going on for years, the lies, the thrills, pub garden on summer evenings like Zanzibar, days in between as long as months, washing, ironing, going to bed early, all unbearable except for the letters to him. Lads on the job thought it was from the pools. Then the bit about being thrown out of the flat. Off to Liverpool. More housing. Clean air. Missed Ireland. Was a groom there for several years but left to get married. Shotgun stuff. Five months gone. Married in Lent. Three kids since. Wife and kids sent to Shropshire to cousins for the time being. Dumped. Another on the way for sure even though he didn't say so. Ethical!

'You might as well come,' was what he said.

'Is that the way to ask a woman?' Discussed ways and means by which he could entice. All shameful. Face of his got as red as his hair. Bad at speech. Only time he wasn't shy was when he was in surging away and having bites. No stammer then. Had a stammer sometimes at unexpected moments like on a bus or buying a drink. But never when he came. So they had to face it. Agreed that they would have to part, but ended up deciding they couldn't. Liverpool to be Zanzibar. He'd go first,

pak na sebe stříkla francouzskou voňavku z automatu a mohla zas na gin s džusem a nový touhy. Když se dostala domu, musela si vymejšlet haldu lží. Jedna lež totiž nikdy nestačila. Celý čtyři měsíce. A najednou to bylo všecko pryč. Věci nikdy nedopadnou tak, jak byste chtěli. Malovala si, že to tak potáhnou roky, ty lži, to vzrušení, hospodská zahrádka při letních večerech jako u moře, mezitím se dny táhly jak měsíce, praní, žehlení, brzo do postele, všecko nesnesitelný – kromě dopisů pro něj. Chlapi v práci mysleli, že to je ze sázek. Pak napsal, že ho vykopla z bytu. Měl namířeno do Liverpoolu. Víc možností k bydlení. Čistej vzduch. Stejskalo se mu po Irsku. Pár let tam sloužil, ale odešel, aby se oženil. Brát se totiž museli. Pět měsíců v trapu. Svatba byla před Velikonocema. Od tý doby přibyly tři děcka. Ženskou s dětma na chvíli odklidil k bratrancovi do Shropshire. Odkopnutý. Další bylo určitě na cestě, i když to nepřiznal. Moralista!

„Taky by ses mohla přidat,“ vypadlo z něj.

„Takhle ty se ptáš ženský?“

Probírali všemožný způsoby, kterýma uměl svádět. Všecky nemravný. Zrudnul tak, že měl obličej jak vlasy. Mluvení mu nešlo. Nestyděl se jedině, když šel na věc. Pak nekoktal. Občas se zakoktal v dost nečekanejších chvílích, třeba v autobusu nebo když si objednával pití. Ale nikdy při vyvrcholení. Takže se k tomu museli postavit čelem. Shodli se, že by to měli skoncovat, ale nakonec stejně přišli na to, že to nedokážou.

get a job on the docks, get a room, a bed, and what more did they want! They'd face the music when they were together. A golden plan. He'd go one Friday, she'd go the next. They were sitting side by side on a park bench.

'Will kiss you now,' he said, and did, then pushed her down and habit being habit pulled her dress up and got it in, and for a full five or ten minutes they ran the risk of public prosecution. She was not prepared. 'What would we do if anything happened?' he said. 'Do you think it would have red hair?' she said to tease him. He was ashamed of red hair and wanted to apply boot polish to it. She saw him off at the station and gave him a small bottle of whiskey for drinking on the train. Said he wished she could go with him. She wished it too but had a few accounts to settle up. She hated journeys; looking out at the scenery, what was there – chimneys, football pitches filled up with water, fields, animals? Still with a few gins and a load of shitty magazines she'd get through, have a sleep maybe, because they'd be awake half the night. She half-packed, then stopped and began the letters. She was nervous as hell. A sure sign when she began one thing before finishing another. The letters were the worst part.

Dear Tom, I am going away for good. I have thought about it and we are not for each other. It's not that I hate you or anything, it's that I don't love you and living the way we do is dishonest. There

Liverpool bude ráj. Nejdřív půjde první on, splaší práci v docích, nějaký pokoj s postelí, co víc si přát! Musej sníst, co si nadrobili. Dokonalej plán. Jeden pátek pojede on, ona hned ten další. Seděli spolu na lavičce.

„Teď ti dám pusu,“ a jak řekl, tak udělal, pak na ní nalehnul a – zvyk je železná košile – vyhrnul jí šaty a měla ho v sobě. Dalších pět nebo deset minut riskovali, že budou mít zas opletačky se zákonem. Tentokrát vybavená nebyla. „Co budem dělat, jestli se něco stalo?“ zeptal se. „Myslíš, že by mělo zrzavý vlasy?“ popíchla ho. Za svý zrzavý vlasy se styděl, nejradši by si na ně plácnul leštidlo na boty. Doprovodila ho na nádraží a dala mu lahvičku whisky na cestu. Řekl jí, jak moc chce, aby mohla jet s nim. Taky si to moc přeje, ale musí ještě pár věcí vyřídit. Nenáviděla cestování, zírat z okna, co na tom všichni maj – komíny, fotbalový hřiště plný vody, pole, zvířata? S pár panákama ginu a hromadou mizernejch časáků to snad přežije, možná si pospí, protože pak budou vzhůru půlku noci. Měla z půlky sbaleno, když toho nechala a začala ty dopisy. Byla nervní jak blázen. Tak to měla vždycky, když načla jednu věc bez toho, aby dokončila tu předtim. Dopisy byly ta nejhorší část.

Milý Tome, nadobro odcházím. Promyslela jsem si to a my dva se k sobě prostě nehodíme. Není to tak, že bych tě nenáviděla nebo něco takového, ale jde o to, že tě nemiluju a to, jak

isn't anyone else. Don't take it too badly.  
It will be all over next year. PATSY

Dear Willa, I am going away. I have  
wrote to my sister and she thinks it's  
best, I have wrote to my mother too but  
haven't heard. Tom doesn't know but he  
will now. He will give you all the help he  
can until you get someone. He is good at  
doing the garden and pulling the grass  
up between the stones or anything like  
that. I want to do something for you to  
repay you but it will have to be later.  
Well Willa, I hope you can read all this,  
and try to forgive me. I will never  
improve now. PATSY

She sealed them because if she kept  
reading them she would be tempted to  
change words and changing words was  
lunacy. She left the coffee set. To hell  
with it. It might only get broken being  
carted from one place to another. Might  
be out of place too in his den. She had  
one letter. Sent to someone called  
Josephine O'Dea. 'Who's Josephine  
O'Dea?' Willa said. 'God knows!' Willa  
was told. Wonderful the powers of  
contrivance. Called her darling. Could  
have called her anything because no one  
knew. She tore the address off in case he  
met the wrong train. Although she was  
going and knew she was going and had  
nearly packed she couldn't see herself  
getting out at Liverpool and being met  
by him. She could see it up to that point  
but it was too glorious to envisage  
beyond that! She closed the case and

žijeme, není správný. Nikdo jinej v tom  
neni. Neber si to tak. Za rok to bude za  
tebou. PATSY

Milá Willo, odcházím. Napsala jsem  
svoji sestře a ona si myslí, že je to to  
nejlepší. Napsala jsem i matce, ale ta  
neodpověděla. Tom to ještě neví, ale on  
se to dozví. Pomůže ti, dokud si někoho  
neseženeš. Umí se dobře postarat  
o zahradu, vypleje trávu mezi kameny  
a tak vůbec. Chci ti všechno oplatit, ale  
to bude muset počkat. Tak, Willo,  
doufám, že to po mně všechno přečteš  
a zkusíš mi odpustit. Lepší už nebudu.  
PATSY

Zalepila je, protože kdyby je po sobě  
četla, určitě by je chtěla upravovat a to  
by bylo šílený. Nechala kávovej servis  
servisem. Vem to čert. Při stěhování se  
to stejně mohlo rozbít.  
Stejně by se to asi ani nehodilo do jeho  
doupěte. Měla jeden dopis. Poslala ho  
komusi se jménem Josephine  
O'Deaová. „Kdo je Josephine  
O'Deaová?“ zeptala se Willa. „Kdoví!“  
slyšela jen. Nádherná moc výmyslů.  
Říkal jí miláček. Mohl jí říkat, jak jen  
chtěl, protože nikdo nic netušil. Vytrhla  
si adresu, kdyby přišel ke špatnému  
vlak. I když si byla jistá, že odchází a že  
má téměř sbaleno, nedokázala si  
představit, jak vystupuje v Liverpoolu a  
on jí jde naproti. Vlastně si to dokázala  
představit, ale jen do toho momentu,  
bylo to až moc skvělý na to, aby se  
zabývala tím, co přijde potom! Zaklapla



with her foot she pushed it under the bed; then she went down the stairs, humming, like it was any other morning in her life.

kufr a nohou ho zastrčila pod postel. Pak sešla dolů po schodech, jako by to ráno jako každý jiný.

# Theoretical part

## The analysis of the translation

### **1. Style**

As Edna O'Brien writes about women her style is considerably affected by it. There are two main characters Willa and Patsy, each of them representing a completely different kind of woman. Generally, Willa is an example of a labile, anxious and fearful being while Patsy embodies a type of a strong, hard-working woman who has to fight for her own place in life. However, they both have in common a specific anxiety, each one for different reasons, which can be particularly identified in the usage of inner monologues and free indirect speech. Therefore the overall extraordinary style tends to be fragmented. Not only do these features contribute but they create a certain shorthand style of the whole book. As a result reader can get easily lost in the stream of consciousness. Although as Hrdlička (45) points out, a certain unclarity can be slightly reduced. On the other hand, Hrdlička (19) cautions against adding unnecessary explanations to the original which was intended to be ambiguous and barely comprehensible. Additionally, Levý (25) states that preserving the style is a very difficult requirement which is impossible to follow fully. That is why the translator needs to carefully consider the style and register.

### **2. Choice of register**

The choice of register turned out to be crucial for the whole concept of the translation. As it is mentioned above, the chosen chapter consists of inner monologues; these are represented mainly by the usage of free indirect speech. There are graphic symbols “\*” between the particular passages which serve as distinctive feature of two main characters. As these two women are utterly different in all possible dimensions I considered it the best to choose an entirely different register for each of them, thus they create a stark contrast very important for the whole story.

## Willa McCord

*“Angličtina má také jako většina kulturních jazyků podobu spisovnou a nespisovnou, ale platí pro ni víc než pro jiné jazyky, že členy jednotlivých společenských tříd charakterizuje specifický jazykový habitus především ve výslovnosti (pak mluvíme o akcentu), který prozrazuje příslušnost mluvčího k určité společenské vrstvě. Tyto rozdíly souvisí s tradičním výrazným dělením anglické společnosti na třídy.” (Knittlová 108)*

There is almost no direct information about Willa's physical appearance. She is described as a pale faced, grey eyed, youngish “wreck” with long blond hair (O'Brien 23). This contributes to the overall idea of her as a vulnerable woman. She suffers from a trauma experienced with man called Herod. Therefore she is extremely anxious and fearful, especially regarding her own sexuality. The profession of an artist in glass completes the whole conception for she is almost as fragile as the material she works with. It is obvious from her inner monologue that she has a certain degree of education. Sometimes she tends to be highly poetic in terms of comparison or description. She also avoids using slang and swear-words. Consequently, I decided to use standard Czech for her sections since I am convinced it can transfer the whole inner world of hers to the reader. Occasionally, I also used colloquial expression in order to maintain the character as natural as possible.

(...) she could get the smell that <b>coal lorries</b> always dispensed (...).	(...) ucítila ten všudypřítomný pach, který vždy zůstával po <b>nákladřácích</b> na uhlí (...).
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## Patsy

*“Hovorovým stylem se vyvolává v uměleckém textu jednak atmosféra hovorového vyjadřování, hovorový kolorit, kterým se zvýrazňuje prostředí, jednak se tak vyjadřuje neformální až důvěrný vztah k předmětu sdělení, k adresátovi, event. i k situaci a uplatňuje se vlastní subjekt. Jsou zde tedy typické hodnotící, zejména citově hodnotící výrazy, expresivní hovorové obraty i prvky z nespisovných útvarů včetně slangových, které vznikají vlastně proto, aby pojmenovaly skutečnost barvitě, expresivně, hodnotily ji a vyjadřovaly stanovisko.” (Knittlová 105)*

Patsy, on the other hand, is described as a round robust woman with blue eyes, jolly face, frizzy hair and arms like the boughs of trees. (O'Brien 24) In the terms of appearance she is distinct opposite of Willa. Her personality is also very different; she is a strong, hard-working, vigorous and sensual woman. Although she is straight-forward and down to earth, a certain anxiety can be identified in her speech, too. As she comes from poor

environment and has to work from the age of fourteen, her education is on low level and she works as a housekeeper. Therefore she uses colloquial language. One can identify in her inner monologue an Irish slang, great variety of idioms, contracted forms and many participles and gerunds. She is also very frank about sexuality, especially describing the sexual intercourse. As a result she often swears. Owing to this colloquial and highly informal speech the translator decided to use colloquial Czech, because standard Czech is not capable of expressing all the meanings in a natural way.

### 3. Morphological aspect

#### Articles

English belongs to the group of languages which uses articles. In English an article can determine the noun either as indefinite or definite. Czech language does not have any similar device. However, the colloquial language can use a demonstrative pronoun instead. (Kufnerová 49) This approach was applied to the examples below.

(...) when she went out to inveigle Tom not to clip <b>the</b> hedge down to its twigs.	(...) když šla Toma ven přesvědčit, aby <b>ten</b> plot nezastříhával tak moc.
He'd go one Friday, she'd go <b>the</b> next.	Jeden pátek pojede on, ona hned <b>ten</b> další.

#### Possessive pronouns

Since English does not have reflexive possessive pronouns (Dušková 106), Krijtová (20) cautions about overusing possessive pronouns in Czech translations. This helped towards retaining the tone of translation as natural as possible.

There were few examples with possessive pronouns which were replaced with Czech reflexive pronoun.

She gathered <b>her</b> coat around <b>her</b> and put <b>her</b> hands, <b>her</b> jellied hands, into the pockets for shelter.	Přitáhla <b>si</b> k tělu kabát a roztřesené ruce <b>si</b> schovala do kapes.
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Another case of possessive pronoun to deal with was transformed into a personal pronoun in dative case, as it is very productive in Czech language. (Krijtová 20)

Shone <b>her</b> shoes for Sundays (...).	Naleštil <b>jí</b> sváteční boty (...).
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## Diminutives

Knittlová (59) stresses the fact that English as an isolating language expresses emotionality in an analytic way, using combinations of emotionally neutral lexical units and units with a certain emotional tone.

*“Nejčastějším takovým citově modifikujícím výrazem je adjektivum little, u něhož se denotační význam malosti prolíná s konotačním významem pozitivního citového postoje (podobně jako je tomu u českých deminutiv), (...).” (Knittlová 59)*

The difference between English and Czech in expressing emotionality can be recognized in the following examples. In the first one I decided for adding a Czech diminutive suffix “ek” to the translated word as it was the most natural way.

a <b>little</b> stunted tree	zakrslý <b>stromek</b>
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The second example does not contain the word “little” itself, but there is a repetition of the word “dear” which intensifies the emotional undertone. Therefore I avoided the repetition and used Czech diminutive “drahoušek” instead.

‘ <b>Dear, dear</b> Tom.’	„ <b>Drahoušek</b> Tom.“
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This third example to deal with contains an expression “a little wine”. Since there is a very common Czech collocation “sklenička vína” with a diminutive suffix it appeared to be the best choice. Despite the fact that the original does not contain the actual noun for “sklenička” the author considered this metonymical update to sound more natural and to enrich the style.

(...) she and Patsy would drink <b>a little</b> wine at lunch, find some reason for celebration.	(...) s Patsy si dají k obědu <b>skleničku</b> vína, najdou si důvod k oslavě.
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## Familiar form of address

The typical feature of Czech language is the double form of addressing a person which can be either polite or familiar. As English does not distinguish between these two forms, the solution depends on the translator. Generally, it comprises a personal pronoun “your” or “you”. Knittlová (93) suggests that the kind of addressing can help, if the first name is

used, it is likely the familiar form. On the other hand, a number of really unclear cases can also occur, thus the broader context and situation is needed.

I had to decide about the form of address in the following direct speech of Ron. According to the context, the polite form of address is appropriate when Ron meets Patsy for the second time. While once the affair is already ongoing, the familiar form of address is more natural.

'How's <b>your</b> husband?'	„Jak se má <b>váš</b> manžel?“
'Will kiss <b>you</b> now,'	„Teď <b>ti</b> dám pusu,“

#### **4. Lexical aspect**

##### **Expletive words**

According to Levý (89) so called expletive words are crucial for translation of fiction. These Czech expletives are for example „pak“, „jen“, „vždyt“, „tedy“, „přece“, „však“, „třeba“ etc. They function as a tool for gradation of the meaning. They also balance the rhythm of the sentence and therefore make the speech fluent and lively. As the original does not contain these words, it was necessary to sensitively incorporate them into the Czech translation in order to preserve the authenticity, as seen below.

(...) but it was her house because she knew its position exactly.	(...) ale její dům to byl, věděla <b>přece</b> přesně, kde leží.
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##### **Compression**

As long as the translator naturally tends to add information into the text, it is important to compensate it using compression. Therefore it is advisable to leave out that information which is clear from context. (Knittlová 12) I encountered several cases where the compression was necessary.

The following detailed description of the function of a railing had to be compressed in order to sound more natural in Czech description.

They were at either end of a wooden	Stály na obou koncích dřevěného zábradlí,
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railing that guarded the drop <b>from ground level to basement level</b> .	které tam bylo, aby <b>někdo nepřepadl</b> .
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Since the information about the road is present in the preceding text, the repetition of it would be inappropriate in the Czech translation.

Just as she reached the end of the short road <b>that led into her own road</b> she let out a cry.	Jak se blížila ke konci krátké <b>cesty</b> , bezděčně vykřikla.
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The compression was used also in the following example to make the Czech sound more natural.

(...) that the key was indoors on the side table where she'd put it <b>earlier that</b> afternoon, (...).	(...) že klíče leží na odkládacím stolku za dveřmi, kam si je <b>odpoledne</b> z kabelky vyndala, (...).
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### Generalization

*“Nesouměřitelnost slovníku dvou jazyků mnohdy nutí překladatele, aby užil pojmu širšího, abstrakce vyššího stupně, než je v originálu; např. spodní část končetin musíme označovat obecným značením „ruka“, „noha“, kdežto jiné jazyky mají možnost odlišit Fuss od Bein (foot – leg, pied – jambe) a Hand od Arm (hand – arm, main – bras).” (Levý 83)*

The difference between Czech and English caused a problem resulting into generalization. Since the Czech language does not distinguish the upper or lower part of human limbs, the only possibility of translating both “foot” and “leg” is general word “noha”.

They had come flush with the side of the kerb and as they did she backed her right <b>foot</b> but did not follow it up with the left for fear of betraying herself.	Najeli přitom přes obrubník tak, že radši uhnula pravou <b>nohou</b> . Pak už ale neudělala ani krok ze strachu, že by se prozradila.
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She closed the case and with her <b>foot</b> she pushed it under the bed; (...).	Zaklapla kufr a <b>nohou</b> ho zastrčila pod postel.
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### Polysemy

According to Knittlová (85) a number of equivalents for a single lexical unit in the source language regularly occur in translating from English, as there is a great polysemy and dependence on the context. For the correct choice of a particular lexical unit the broader situational and linguistic context is needed. However, the connotation of a lexical unit in

the target language also plays an important role in the translating process, as well as the subjective approach of the translator to the style of original.

The original text is in a great deal semantically ambiguous; I repeatedly considered it hard to find a correct interpretation. This was the most difficult part of the whole translation, especially because of missing broader context. Therefore my translation is often only an attempt to approximate to the possible meanings in the original text. The trickiest examples are commented on below.

<b>A bit on the small side. The comrade of it</b> in the window in the High Street.	Malá nevěra. Čekala ve výloze na High Street.
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The definition of the phrase “a bit on the small side” appeared to be contradictory. According to *Slang.ie*, it means “girlfriend”, while *The Free Dictionary* explains it as “if someone has a bit on the side, they are involved in a sexual relationship with someone who is not their usual partner”. Considering the little of context the reader is given, I decided for “malá nevěra”, although I am not convinced about it at all.

Wife and kids sent to Shropshire to cousins for the time being. <b>Dumped</b> . Another on the way for sure even though he didn't say so. Ethical! ‘You might as well <b>come,</b> ’ was what he said. ‘Is that the way to ask a woman?’	Ženskou s dětma na chvíli odklidil k bratřancovi do Shropshire. <b>Odkopnutý</b> . Další bylo určitě na cestě, i když to nepřiznal. Moralista! „Taky by ses mohla <b>přidat,</b> “ vypadlo z něj. „Takhle ty se ptáš ženský?“
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This extract features yet another case of polysemy. As Knittlová (34) stresses, the Slavic verb includes more information than English verb. This fact caused confusion about the exact meaning of words “dumped” and “come” in the example above. According to *Oxford Dictionaries*, the expression “dumped” is explained as “abandon or desert (someone)”. Since the Czech translation cannot preserve the full impact of the ambiguity in terms of the person the expression may be referring to, I had to decide the person, in other words who was abandoned. However, the Czech equivalent “odkopnutý” has still retained some degree of ambiguity, as it may technically be referring to the wife and kids (in colloquial Czech), but also to the husband (in standard Czech). The context did not help much as there is information about “being thrown out of the flat” which makes the overall meaning even less comprehensible. As a result the final translation was more or less



guessed. The similar case occurred with the word “come” which has a wide range of meaning in Czech but it was not clear enough from context.

In addition, the issue of explicitness and implicitness also emerged. Knittlová (42) points out that there is a shift regarding more specific meaning in translation of English words. It is influenced by the typological difference between nominal English and verbal Czech. Consequently, there is a tendency to express the specific meaning of the verb. This caused a complication in the following example. As the context appears to suggest the theme of sexual act but it is still ambiguous, I decided for similar expression “šel na věc”.

Only time he wasn't shy was when he was <b>in surging away and having bites.</b>	Nestyděl se jedině, když <b>šel na věc.</b>
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### Idioms

As Levý (39) emphasizes when the word has not a meaning itself but as a part of a phrase, it has to be translated as one lexical unit regardless the meaning of individual words. These comprise fixed phrases, idioms and the great amount of proverbs and sayings. In the translation process I had to deal with several idioms of more or less complicated meaning. The more complicated idioms are commented on below.

According to *Oxford Dictionaries* the expression “not bat an eyelid” is defined as “show (or showing) no surprise or concern”. As long as I wanted to preserve the colloquial Czech I decided for a common phrase “ani nehnul brvou”.

When the darkie got killed on the job <b>didn't bat an eyelid</b> , didn't go to see the darkie's widow or anything like that.	Když se ten černocho zabil při práci na stavbě, <b>ani nehnul brvou</b> , nezašel za jeho vdovou, nic takovýho.
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For another idiom “be in a stew” which *Oxford Dictionaries* explains as “a state of great anxiety or agitation” I considered the Czech expression “dělat si hlavu” to be the best colloquial alternative.

She wouldn't <b>be in a stew</b> now about who owned it.	<b>Nedělala by si teď hlavu</b> s tím, čím vlastně jsou.
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The expression “cost the earth” appeared to refer about value of something, according to *Oxford Dictionaries* it means “a very large amount”. Therefore the Czech colloquial

equivalent “stály majlant” was chosen.

(...) combined knickers and corset affair that <b>cost the earth</b> (...).	(...) kalhotky sladěný s korzetem <b>stály majlant</b> (...).
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The translation of this idiom was also influenced by the usage of the colloquial register, the meaning “be confronted with the unpleasant consequences of one’s actions” supported a very common Czech phrase “sníst, co si nadrobili”.

They’d <b>face the music</b> when they were together.	Musej <b>sníst, co si nadrobili</b> .
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At first I did not recognized the correct meaning of the following idiom, so it had to be consulted. The original idiom is “shotgun marriage” which *Oxford Dictionaries* explains as “an enforced or hurried wedding, especially because the bride is pregnant”. This alternation of a noun caused the primary confusion.

<b>Shotgun stuff.</b>	<b>Brát se totiž museli.</b>
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### Transposition of cultural context

The translation scholar Dagmar Knittlová (11) addresses the issue known as zero lexical equivalence. She highlights that it is an extralinguistic feature which comprises for example the names of institutions, newspaper, magazines, national food, clothing, dancing and games. However, their equivalents are not in the linguistic experience of recipients. Therefore it is the task of the translator to overcome the difference between two linguistic spheres. She also recommends that necessary information be added into the text, while on the other hand it is also important to leave out superfluous information. In addition, if there is no exact correspondence, an analogy can suffice. Several cases of different national background had to be solved.

In the beginning there is a song sang by schoolchildren. According to *Wikipedia* “Found a Peanut” is a traditional children song in the United States, Canada and Israel. As it has a specific repetitive structure which is easy to memorize, it can lead to almost infinite variations. This can explain the word “bin” which is not in the basic lyrics of the song. Since there is no exact equivalence in Czech language for this song, the replacement seemed as the best solution. An attempt to find similar Czech children song proved

fruitless, because they appeared to be too strong in terms of nationality which can be disturbing in the translation. Therefore, I intended to find nationally neutral children song and to preserve the repetitive structure. As I do not know every children song I consulted it with several people with relevant expertise, as it is a matter of oral broadening. Consequently, the solution went for “Chcíp kanárek” which I had not known before. Moreover, the idea of destruction which can be identified in the word “bin” seems to be retained, as well as the broader context.

She could hear the children singing, ‘ <b>Found a peanut, found a peanut, found a peanut in a bin,</b> ’ (...).	Zaslechla, jak děti zpívají: „ <b>Chcíp kanárek, chcíp kanárek, chcíp kanárek, chcíp, chcíp, chcíp,</b> “ (...).
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Another case of transposing cultural context was the game “I spy”. *Oxford Dictionaries* describes it as “a children’s game in which one player specifies the first letter of an object they can see, the other players then having to guess the identity of this object”. As the game requires a theme of guessing and promptness, I decided for a similar Czech game “Čáp ztratil čepičku” which is based on the same principle.

Got on well with kids, played ‘ <b>I spy</b> ’ (...).	Vycházel s nimi dobře, hrál s nimi „ <b>Čáp ztratil čepičku</b> “ (...).
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It was also necessary to deal with medical terminology. The first example “nursing home” had a straightforward colloquial solution “pečovateľskym domě”, because *Oxford Dictionaries* explains it as “a small private institution providing residential accommodation with health care, especially for elderly people”. A more challenging case was entailed in the expression “for incurables”. After consideration of several alternatives I realized there is already a Czech term “eldéenku” used exclusively for this kind of institution. The form of spelling sounds supports the colloquial speech.

She said it was a <b>nursing home</b> she worked in, didn’t mention that it was <b>for incurables</b> in case he might get nervy.	Řekla mu, že pracuje v jednom <b>pečovatelskym domě</b> , že jde o <b>eldéenku</b> , už neřekla, aby nezpanikařil.
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The following medical term was translated with its Czech equivalent but it does not have a colloquial alternative.

Shone her shoes for Sundays and the time in bed with <b>pleurisy</b> bought her four chocolate cakes.	Naleštil jí sváteční boty, a když ležela se <b>zánětem pohrudnice</b> , koupil jí čtyři čokoládový dorty.
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The complication emerged during translating the material of the suit called “serge”. When I found out the definition “a durable twilled woolen or worsted fabric” by *Oxford Dictionaries* it was too abstract. Later I looked up that the word “twilled” means “keprový” and relates to the structure of the material which has a typical diagonal line (*Britannica*). Therefore serge is a type of fabric made with twilled structure. Nevertheless, the expression “serge” is not familiar among average Czech readers, so I decided to replace it with similar type of fabric “tvíd” which is comprehensible.

Up close to him, his <b>serge</b> suit warm and rough.	Přitulila se k němu, k jeho hrubému teplému <b>tvídovému</b> obleku.
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Measures and currency were the last issue to be solved. According to Levý (48) the measuring systems need to be converted, whereas the conversion of the foreign currency is unacceptable. The conversion of measuring system was essential, as the reader probably cannot understand the foreign measure “pint”.

They'd be back, he ordered two <b>pints</b> and gin and orange for the lady.	Budou za chvíli zpátky, objednal dvě <b>piva</b> a gin s džusem pro dámu.
Four <b>pound</b> ten.	Čtyři <b>libry</b> deset.

There are also mentioned so called Kinsey reports in the original text. *Britannica* reveals that “Kinsey’s inquiries into human sex life led him to found the institute and to publish *Sexual Behavior in the Human Male* (1948) and *Sexual Behavior in the Human Female* (1953). These reports, based on 18,500 personal interviews, indicated a wide variation in behaviour.” Since the reports were mentioned as generally known, I had to solve their transposition into Czech environment where scarcely anybody heard about them. A footnote was unacceptable because it would have a disturbing effect. (Levý 49) Considering the options, I incorporated into the text an additional information “o sexu”.

Lads at work had part of <b>the Kinsey report</b> , loose sheets torn from someone’s copy.	Chlapi v práci měli část <b>tý Kinseyho zprávy o sexu</b> , volný papíry vytržený z něčí kopie.
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### Substandardisms

Knittlová (111) stresses the fact that the boundaries between slang and colloquial English are quite movable and indistinct. As slang is becoming a part of colloquial language, it does not adhere to the rules of Standard English but it is perceived as lively, more flexible and variable. Slang originates from a natural need for new words which express subjective

evaluation of reality and add certain emotional undertone. Slang and informal expressions are therefore called substandardisms. Since I decided on colloquial register for one character, several examples of substandardisms had to be solved.

Firstly, the meaning “have a disheveled or ridiculous appearance” (*Oxford Dictionaries*) of an informal expression “look a fright” suggested two possibilities for the colloquial speech “jak strašák” or “jak maškara”. I chose the second option because of the context where Patsy mentions the overdone hair.

She looked a <b>fright</b> .	Vypadala <b>jak maškara</b> .
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Another more complicated informal expression to transform was “raving about”. *Oxford Dictionaries* explains it as “talk incoherently, as if one were delirious or mad” or “speak or write about someone or something with great enthusiasm or admiration”, therefore a similar Czech expression “žvanění” seemed to be the best. The other informal phrase was quite clearly related to the cinema (*Oxford Dictionaries*), so there was no complication in the translation.

All that <b>raving about</b> getting priority <b>going in to the pictures</b> and doing manoeuvres.	Všecko to <b>žvanění</b> o tom, že by rád <b>chodil do kina</b> , a hraní divadýlka.
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Secondly, it was important to look up the meaning of the Irish informal expression “yoke”. According to *Oxford Dictionaries* it is defined as “a thing whose name one cannot recall, does not know, or does not wish to specify”, in other words it functions as a broad descriptive term of anything. As it was the expression still unclear, it had to be consulted. Considering the little context, it appeared to be connected with the sexual theme. Since Czech does not have any similar neutral noun, the usage of personal pronoun in dative case “mu” seemed as the best option.

After that the awful dream of him in the bath and his <b>yoke</b> falling off and he yelling for her to help and she trying to get it back on and not being able because her hands were slippy with the water and she saying ‘sit still, sit still you bastard’ and he yelling and crying.	Pak měla ten odpornej sen o něm ve vaně, jak <b>mu</b> klesá a řve na ní, ať mu pomůže, ona se mu ho snaží zase postavit, ale vubec jí to nejde, ruce jí kloužou, tak sykne „nehejbej se, nehejbej se, ty zmetku“ a on řve a brečí.
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Thirdly, Irish slang expressions also occurred. For the correct interpretation they had to be looked up and consulted. Still I am not convinced about the correct translation. The first

one “bugger” is defined by *Oxford Dictionaries* as “an annoyingly awkward thing” which I decided to translate as slightly neutral “potíž”, because other options would sound too strong.

It was the stuff they both owned that was the <b>bugger</b> .	<b>Potíž</b> byla v tom, jak si rozdělit všechny ty věci, co měli.
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Another word typical of Irish slang I had to cope with was “eejit”. *Oxford Dictionaries* reveal that it is “Irish or Scottish form of idiot”. Considering the context, the Czech expression “pitomec” appeared to resemble the original meaning best.

Two <b>eejits!</b>	Dva <b>pitomci!</b>
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The last case of Irish slang was the trickiest I encountered. According to *Oxford Dictionaries* it means “to have a regular romantic or sexual romantic relationship with (someone)”. However, it did not help at all, as I am still not sure what the author’s intention was. And there is also hardly any context to support the decision, therefore I chose for cautious expression “provádět něco s”.

Making tea, and spying on the fellow that was <b>doing a line with</b> a sheep.	Když si dělal čaj, špehoval chlápka, jak <b>něco provádí s</b> ovčí.
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### **Vulgarisms, taboo and offensive words**

The issue of vulgarisms is really delicate, as emphasizes Knittlová (65). Vulgarisms belong to taboo words, although it depends on each time and society what is perceived as acceptable and what is banned. The connotation of vulgarity and taboo is also variable. With increasing frequency vulgarity is weakened and is not taboo anymore. Therefore it is absolutely essential to mind the broader linguistic and extralinguistic context and respect also the pragmatic context.

Since the book contains a great variety of vulgarisms, taboo and offensive words and it was published in 1960s in highly conservative Ireland, obviously its intention, among others, was to provoke and shock. In order to preserve the authenticity of the character I retained these swear words in Czech, as well. However, Czech language differs from English, as it has a wider range of swear words. This approach was applied on the examples below.

darkie	černochoch
To <b>hell</b> with it.	Vem to <b>čert</b> .
She was nervous as <b>hell</b> .	Byla nervní jak <b>blázen</b> .
<b>shitty</b> magazines	<b>mizernejch</b> časáků
None of that type of <b>shit</b> .	Žádná taková <b>hovadina</b> .
<b>Fuck</b> his mates	Do <b>hajzlu</b> s kámošema.

Nowadays, the description of sexual act might not be perceived as scandalous as it was in Ireland but still has a slightly inappropriate undertone. Since the meaning of the following sentence was not clear it had to be consulted with a native speaker who clarified that “when he entered her, he did not slowly build the pace but started fast and carelessly as if he were in a contest to finish (ejaculate) as fast as possible”. Consequently, I decided for verbless sentence and the Czech expression “upocený” which retains the original idea.

<b>Racing away</b> two minutes <b>after he went in</b> . Is it <b>big enough</b> for you?	<b>Dvě upocený minuty a konec</b> . Je pro tebe dost <b>velkej</b> ?
‘Will kiss you now,’ he said, and did, then pushed her down and habit being habit pulled her dress up and <b>got it in</b> , (...).	„Teď ti dám pusu,“ a jak řekl, tak udělal, pak na ní nalehnul a – zvyk je železná košile – vyhrnul jí šaty a <b>měla ho v sobě</b> .

## 5. Syntactic aspect

### Word order

The usage of cataphoric reference is different in Czech where it is not as frequent as in English. (Knittlová 102) Therefore the translator has to reconsider their transformation to the anaphoric reference. This approach was applied on the example below.

But he cut it ruthlessly, <b>Tom did</b> .	<b>Byla to Tomova práce</b> , to on ho bezohledně zkrátil.
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### Participial and gerundial constructions

As Knittlová (94) points out the participial and gerundial constructions are typical feature of English which results from its nominal character, language economy, whereas Czech language tends to replace them with syndetic or asyndetic clause. I managed to translate some of them using subordinate clause with a connector “že” or “jak”.

Generally, the agent is left out which caused a confusion in the following examples. These

were among the most difficult cases to be solved. The biggest confusion was about the correct person and aspect, as there was barely any context. Therefore the final translation is only an attempt to guess what was really meant.

<p>In Kildare it was, in Ireland, flat country populated with sheep. All that <b>raving</b> about <b>getting priority going</b> in to the pictures and <b>doing</b> manoeuvres. <b>Came from having</b> no father. Terrible risks attached to <b>being</b> a child. Ignored his dirty habits too, like <b>peeing</b> on the coal shed.</p>	<p>Bylo to v Kildare, v Irsku, placatý zemi plný ovcí. Všecko to <b>žvanění</b> o tom, že by <b>rád chodil</b> do kina, a <b>hraní</b> divadýlka. <b>To bylo tím, že skoro neměl</b> tátu. Bolestný rizika pro každý dítěte. Taky ignorovala jeho nechutný zvyky, třeba <b>že čůral</b> na kůlnu s uhlím.</p>
<p>After that the awful dream of him in the bath and his yoke <b>falling off</b> and he <b>yelling</b> for her to help and she <b>trying</b> to get it back on and not being able because her hands were slippy with the water and she <b>saying</b> 'sit still, sit still you bastard' and he <b>yelling</b> and <b>crying</b>.</p>	<p>Pak měla ten odpornej sen o něm ve vaně, jak mu <b>klesá</b>, a <b>řve</b> na ní, ať mu pomůže, ona se mu ho <b>snází</b> zase postavit, ale vubec jí to nejde, ruce jí kloužou, tak <b>sykne</b> „nehejbej se, nehejbej se, ty zmetku“ a on <b>řve</b> a <b>brečí</b>.</p>

## 6. Pragmatic aspect

### The phatic function of language

As Krijtová (22) underlines, there is also so called phatic function of language. Basically, it does not matter what the character says, it matters that he actually says something in order to achieve certain goal in communication. Although there is not transmitted any real information, this function retains the communication channel opened and the social interaction is preserved between the producer and the receiver. This knowledge was important for correct interpretation of the following example.

<p>No use asking <b>what's for tea</b>, it didn't matter what's for tea.</p>	<p>Bylo zbytečný ptát se, <b>co bude k večeři</b>, takhle se nic nespraví.</p>
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According to *Oxford Dictionaries*, "tea" is defined also as "a cooked evening meal". However, the whole phrase functions as a certain make up question here; therefore I decided for a similar Czech version "co bude k večeři" used in those situations. Since the repetition of the phrase in Czech would not have a same intensifying function, it was replaced with the sentence supported by the context "takhle se nic nespraví".



## Conclusion

Since the aim of this thesis was to translate one chapter of the book *Casualties of Peace* and provide an analysis of the translation, I translated it and attempted to comprise the most complicated aspects in the theoretical part. As it had been my first translation, the stylistic analysis was based chiefly on the knowledge from the works by Dagmar Knittlová and Jiří Levý.

During the translating process I frequently encountered new and unusual expressions, which considerably slowed down the progress of the translation. The book itself required more than only one reading, as the style of it appeared to be hardly comprehensible sometimes. The text turned out to be semantically ambiguous in a great deal due to inner monologues and free indirect speech. Therefore the final translation is highly subjective and remains to be only one of possible various interpretations. Another difficulty I had to overcome was the extensive usage of Irish informal expressions and Irish slang which I had not known before. Although I was struggling with the original sometimes I learnt a number of new extraordinary expressions, as well as the theory of translation. Consequently, this thesis can also serve as a source of typical Irish slang and idioms for Czech learners.

To conclude, I have to admit that the choice of the book was not as favourable as it had seemed in the beginning. As I became aware of all obstacles it was slightly too challenging. Nevertheless, I tried to deal with it as best I could.

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