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COMMENTED TRANSLATION OF A SELECTED TEXT IN

ENGLISH LANGUAGE

GEORGE ORWELL - A CLERGYMAN'S DAUGHTER

Master's Thesis

2024

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Master's Thesis

Study Programme: Foreign Languages and Intercultural Communication
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Supervisor: Mgr. Dominika Vargová, PhD.

Bratislava 2024

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Affirmation

I hereby declare that this master's thesis I have submitted is my own work, and that I have only used sources listed in the bibliography section.

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Date

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Richard Frátrik

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Abstrakt

FRÁTRIK, Richard: *Komentovaný preklad vybraného textu v anglickom jazyku. George Orwell – A Clergyman's Daughter.* – Ekonomická univerzita v Bratislave. Fakulta aplikovaných jazykov. Katedra jazykovedy a translatológie. – Vedúca záverečnej práce: Mgr. Dominika Vargová, PhD. Bratislava: FAJ EU, 2024, 73 s.

Cieľ tejto diplomovej práce je vytvoriť preklad románu Georga Orwella *A Clergyman's Daughter* z anglického jazyka do slovenského jazyka. V teoretickej časti táto diplomová práca obsahuje úvod do problematiky umeleckého prekladu, súhrn toho, čo o umeleckom preklade hovorí odborná literatúra, opis procesu tvorby umeleckého prekladu a výziev a problémov s ním spojeným. V teoretickej časti práce sa nachádza aj zhrnutie života autora, Georga Orwella, a rovnako aj zhrnutie deja východiskového románu *A Clergyman's Daughter*. Praktická časť práce pozostáva z analýzy a komentovania vytvoreného prekladu. Je rozdelená podľa osobitných prekladateľských výziev, ktoré sa objavili práve v tomto texte, a poskytuje vysvetlenia k riešeniam v preklade východiskového textu.

Kľúčové slová: komentovaný preklad, umelecký preklad, George Orwell, *A Clergyman's Daughter*, anglický jazyk, slovenský jazyk, stratégie prekladu

Abstract

FRÁTRIK, Richard: *Commented translation of a selected text in English language. George Orwell – A Clergyman's Daughter.* – University of Economics in Bratislava. Faculty of Applied Languages. Department of Linguistics and Translation. – Supervisor: Mgr. Dominika Vargová, PhD. Bratislava: FAJ EU, 2024, 73 p.

The goal of this thesis is to create a translation of George Orwell's novel *A Clergyman's Daughter* from the English language into the Slovak language. The theoretical part of this thesis includes an introduction to the field of literary translation, a summary of what the literature says about literary translation, a description of the process of creating a work of literary translation and the challenges and problems associated with it. The theoretical part of the thesis also includes a summary of the life of the author, George Orwell, as well as a summary of the plot of the source novel, *A Clergyman's Daughter*. The practical part of the thesis consists of analysing and commenting the produced translation. It is divided according to the specific translation challenges that have appeared in this particular text, and provides explanations for the solutions in the translation of the source text.

Key words: commented translation, literary translation, George Orwell, *A Clergyman's Daughter*, English language, Slovak language, translation strategies

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1 INTRODUCTION

This master's thesis deals with the translation of George Orwell's novel *A Clergyman's Daughter* from the English language to the Slovak language. The main goal of the master's thesis is the creation of the translation. Apart from the translation of the text itself, this master's thesis aims to also provide a background to the field of literary translation as such. Orwell's *A Clergyman's Daughter* is a piece of literary art, and so literary translation has been chosen to translate this work from the English language. The first chapters of this master's thesis are dedicated to the introduction to the field, as well as the description of the work of a literary translator, the process of literary translation, the challenges and the obstacles that can arise when creating a work of literary translation, and the methods of dealing with them. To create the best work of literary translation possible it is beneficial to learn and study the author and the background of the text closely in order to create a proper literary translation, and that is why there are separate chapters dedicated to George Orwell's life, as well as the plot and background of the novel *A Clergyman's Daughter* in the theoretical part. The practical part of the master's thesis then analyses and comments on the created translation of *A Clergyman's Daughter*. The aim here is to relate the theoretical part of the master's thesis to the specific challenges and issues that appeared when translated this specific novel. The practical part also provides an explanation to why specific solutions were chosen over other, and how they help bring the source text closer to the target reader while maintaining the original message, authorial voice, and style. I think this master's thesis can be useful for anyone who would be looking to produce a work of literary translation of their own, especially a translation of George Orwell.

2 THE CURRENT STATE OF THE TOPIC AT HOME AND ABROAD

2.1 BRIEF INTRODUCTION TO LITERARY TRANSLATION

There is much to be said about literary translation. The outsider's basic understanding could be that literary translation only deals with the translation of fiction. However, there is much larger set of texts that require literary translation than just fiction. (Kazakova, 2015)

Literary translation is a “*multifaceted, hybrid, complex and immensely interesting phenomenon.*” (Koster, 2014, pp. 140) A literary translator sits in a space between cultures. They take on a very specific role in the chain that connects the author of the original work, and the reader of the target text. The literary translator’s position is then always almost two-fold – they are both the “*addressee and sender, reader and author*” (Koster, 2014, pp. 140), while also having to consciously make choices about the strategy of solving the very specific challenges literary translation poses. The discussion about literary translation very often comes down to two questions. One is about the faithfulness and freedom of the translation, and the other is about whether are literary works of art translatable. (Palkovičová, 2015)

The scale of faithfulness and freedom is not easy to manage. It is often argued that the output should be as faithful to the original as possible, meaning that the content, and both form and function of the original text should be preserved. (Ranua, 2009) While it may sound as a no-brainer, the answer to this question is not so clear cut. Literary translation acts as a bridge, as a network that connects the literary work of art from the source language to the audience in the target language. This audience, of course, has often different backgrounds, traditions, ways of viewing the world, ideologies, and experience, all of which make the audience interpret the translated text differently. (Sun, 2022) This means that a translator is not merely a person, who transcribes a text from one language to another, and then being done with their work move to yet another text. Modern translation considers a translator also as a person who is a mediator between cultures, a person who apart from helping bridge the language gaps between the author and the reader, also (and arguably even more importantly) bridges the cultural gaps between the author of the source text and the target text reader. (Gromová & Müglová, 2005)

What does not help is the fact that the research that has been done into literary translation always took a different angle on it - either it looked at literary translation from the language side, or it analysed its literary character. It was also looked at as a form of art, but also as a science. That means that even if the research has answered some questions, each “*literary text is in the complexity of its linguistic, semantic and stylistic structure such a unique work that it always raises new questions.*” (Palkovičková, 2015, pp. 7) A literary translator also needs to work as mediator between cultures, as it is almost always their job to recontextualize the original text into the target culture. (Sun, 2022) Languages are different, and from one language to

another, there does not necessarily exist an equivalent that represents the reality that the original source text describes. To list but a few examples, according to Gavurová (2012) we are talking about the *material specificity* (proper names of the characters, institutions), *language specificity* (sayings, slang, phraseology) or *cultural-contextual specificity* - that is the properties of the work that exist because of the work's affiliation to the source culture.

Given all this, it might seem that the answer to the second question, whether are literary works of art translatable, is no. However, according to Popovič (1983) while there is a possibility of some aspects of the literary work being untranslatable, the complete work as a whole is translatable.

2.2 CREATING A WORK OF LITERARY TRANSLATION

As we can see from the brief introduction to literary translation provided in the previous chapter, the process of creating a work of literary translation is not straightforward. In fact, every single literary translator will have their own way of translating, of dealing with the problems and overcoming challenges, as well as every single source text will require a different set of skills, knowledge, and understanding of its context. In the subchapters of this chapter, I want to look at and describe the various techniques and strategies a translator has at their disposal, while also describing some of the issues that might arise, how to deal with them, and how to complete the whole process of translation from start to finish. I believe it is best to familiarize ourselves with the process of literary translation first.

2.2.1 PROCESS

I think we ought to start also where a literary translator should start. Before we even start working on the translation, and write as much as a word, we should familiarise ourselves with the work by reading it, ideally at least twice. Landers (2001) states two necessary steps at the beginning of each literary translation, one of which is, in fact, just simply reading the source text. Apart from reading the entire text at least twice, the second step Landers (2001) argues for is to determine what voice was the author using. While some might argue that reading the source text is not a step in the process of translation (and that the translation starts only once we actually start writing the words down), I would agree with Landers' statement.) While reading the text, the cogs in the head of each literary translator (or any other translator for that matter) are already

turning and coming up with solutions (if only subconsciously), which will only make the subsequent work easier. According to García Yebra (1989), a translator should understand the source text, and then convey his understanding in the translation. The goal of a literary translator is to bring up the same feelings and reactions and convey the same message to the reader in the target language. It is not an easy task to grasp the intention of the author, and the translator's ability to do so will always be limited. (Palkovičová, 2015) Because of this, it is desirable that the translator give themselves the best chances possible to understand authorial intention by reading the work at least twice. This will also allow the translators to determine the voice used by the author, and to note any shifts in it throughout the text. Landers (2001) in his *Literary Translation: A Practical Guide* proposes further steps to the process of literary translation. After reading the work and determining the authorial voice, he suggests to “3. *do the first draft.*” (Landers, 2001, pp. 45) According to him, the text does not need to read smoothly yet, and does not need flow fluently. Here, the translator just tries to capture the essence of the text, while also marking the areas that give them trouble in bold or brackets, so that they can give them more attention later. In the step number 4, the translator should “*consult with an educated native speaker to clarify any points that are still vague.*” (Landers, 2001, pp. 45) For terms that are particularly perplexing, Landers (2001, pp. 45) suggests “*consulting an author.*” While I agree that this would be the best course of action in an ideal universe, not every translator has a native speaker on standby (although translators often do have their networks of experts in the different fields), and much less they have the author available. In my specific example, the author of the subject text of this master's thesis has been dead for more than 70 years at the time of writing. However, I think this step of the process can simply be replaced with research. Without an expert opinion available, and without the author on hand, the literary translator has to conduct their own research into the topic, and seek answers for the questions they are asking. In the fifth step, Landers proposes to go over the manuscript again. This time the focus, in contrast with the step number three, should focus on fluency, and on the natural flow of the text. At this point, the translator should be very close to the finished product. I will group Landers' (2001) next two recommended steps together, as they involve getting a native speaker of the language to go over the text line by line with the translator, noticing and marking any rough spots, and making all the necessary changes. I find the last step that Landers (2001) suggests crucial, and I consider it as one that cannot be underrated. The text should be left to sit for a few days, and then be read

once again. Taking a break from the text can provide new perspective once a translator gets back to it. If they are happy with the work even after few days, and did all the changes, the text can be sent off.

What is important to note is that this is not the only acceptable approach. In fact, acceptable is everything that reproduces the source text and brings it to the reader, and conveys the ideas and authorial intention, while preserving the style of the author. There are many other guides and how-to papers. I chose this one, because it seemed like it would fit my workflow the best, and I can compare it to how I went about my work in the practical portion of the thesis. Other authors, such as for example Macken et al. (2022) take on a more modern approach, proposing only three steps in literary translation. The stages they propose are machine translation, post-editing, and revision. While I remain very sceptical about the use of artificial intelligence in the field of literary translation, it is still beneficial to be on the lookout for the new tools and technologies, which will pose their own challenges. For the purposes of the translation of the subject text of this master's thesis, no artificial intelligence was used.

2.2.2 CHALLENGES

Challenges and difficulties that can arise while producing a work of literary translation are numerous. In this subchapter I want to shed light on the most common ones, as well as some that could arise specifically in the subject text of this thesis. In a later subchapter I also provide possible strategies and techniques of how to deal with them.

It is important to keep in mind that each text is written in its own temporal, historical, geographical, and literary context. (Palkovičová, 2015) What this means is that the translator should adopt an appropriate strategy, as what worked when translating one author will not necessarily work when translating another. (Landers, 2001) However, I would argue that the strategy can only be adopted once the translator knows what they are up against. That is why these subchapters are ordered in this specific way: first process, then challenges, and then the strategies and techniques last.

According to Landers (2001), the translator should be wary about the grammatical features and structure of the source language. When we allow features of the source language to interfere with the translation, we can talk about the error of frequency. Landers (2001) also provides an example of such error. Grammatical construction *para + verb* can seem completely

normal even more times in a row in a Spanish text, but it would look out of place to translate it as *in order to* each time. The reader of the text would find that construction repeating so many times jarring. Even then, the translators are the ones making the choice, and indeed they might decide to even keep such construction repeating in the translation to honour the author's style if they deemed the repetition was author's intention.

Other challenge the literary translator can face is the fact, that sooner or later they will be faced with a problem, which solution might require betraying the author. This is something each literary translator will have to deal with. The translator should not fear to do so. Betraying the author by leaving out a portion of a meaning from the original is acceptable. To give an example, if we would translate the Slovak word *halušky* in the text for the first time as *small potato dumplings served with sheep's cheese called bryndza*, we can simply refer to this dish as dumplings the next time it would appear in the text, even if the word *halušky* still carries all its original meaning. Sometimes, as Landers (2001) proposes, it is better to leave some things unsaid, or rather untranslated, when it comes to cultural cues. The food can still serve us as a good example here. While some meals became so international, they do not require a translation anymore (think *sushi*, or *goulash*), translating different, less known types of food can be difficult. Here the responsibility to assign priorities lies with the translator. They need to figure out if the reader would benefit from a whole cookbook, or if it is better to gloss over the food and provide a brief interjection. In the case of the already mentioned *halušky*, unless it is absolutely necessary, instead of providing the whole *small potato dumplings served with sheep's cheese called bryndza*, a brief *dumplings with sheep cheese* would suffice. This is, of course, not only limited to food, but readers can grasp the value of foreign currency or unit scales from clues in the text, instead of it being completely explained and converted. Whether or not to provide a description along with the foreign word, or let the reader figure it out is at the discretion of the translator.

As Piron (1988) notes, semantics also pose a threat. They mainly create two difficulties: the problem is either hidden, or is seen, but it takes an exceptional judgement to solve it, or the solution does not even exist. As an example, Piron (1988) gives the expression *malaria therapy*. We know *malaria* is a disease, and Merriam-Webster's dictionary defines *therapy* as "*medical treatment of impairment, injury, disease, or disorder.*" However, "*the semantic field of therapy is not identical with that of treatment.*" (Piron, 1988, p. 238) If we were translating into Slovak,

the correct translation would not be *liečba malárie*, but rather *liečba maláriu* because malaria therapy consists of injecting the malaria parasite into the bloodstream to provoke a reaction of the body to fight a disease which *is not* malaria.

Yousef (2012) proposes grouping the challenges the translator can face into three groups. Linguistic, cultural, and human. In linguistic challenges he groups all the lexical, semantic, syntactic, pragmatic, and stylistic difficulties. He mentions that the closer we try to bring the translation to recreating the structures (linguistic and formal) of the original, the further we stray from the function of the translation. There is no single right way of translating, but a deviation from the language and form of the original is necessary for translators to accommodate the needs of readers, which ultimately is the function of a work of translation. The translator also has to deal with irony, wordplays, as well as many other culture-specific literary devices. It is important to remember that some novels are a difficult read even for native speakers of the source language, so a work of the translator is that much harder in that case. Yousef (2012) further describes the cultural challenges at play, stating that the translator should not only be bilingual, but also bicultural. All the norms, morals, beliefs, and other aspects of culture must be a second nature for the translator. In the human challenges, he takes a step back and looks at the work of the translator from a different angle. By human challenges he understands the inadequate financial support, difficulties with publication, or even low pay. Of course, these concerns are very valid and important, however in this thesis I want to concern myself with the act of actually translating and creating the translated text in the target language, and not necessarily the reality of a work environment in the translation industry.

As should be clear by now, a lot more than just a proficiency in the language is needed to be a good literary translator. Yousefi (2023) succinctly puts some of the main challenges of a literary translator together. The author's unique voice should be preserved, because conveying the meaning of the text is only the beginning. Where possible also the rhythm, the imagery, and every other subtlety should be captured, to give the reader the best possible experience, bringing them as close to the original as possible.

To achieve this, cultural proficiency or biculturalism is a necessary tool of any literary translator. As already mentioned, the original work was created in specific context, be it social, historical, or political. It is the job of the translator to be able to convey this in the work of

translation as well. Even Gromová & Müglová (2005) call back to the work of Geert Hofstede, suggesting that familiarising with his proposed cultural dimensions could be a useful asset for a literary translator. In his 1984 book *Culture's Consequences: International Differences in Work-Related Values*, Hofstede proposes four cultural dimensions that were later amended by further two dimensions. The original four proposed were *power distance*, *uncertainty avoidance*, *individualism/collectivism*, and *masculinity/femininity*. In order, the dimensions describe whether or not the power is distributed equally, the negative or positive attitude towards change or behaviour in uncertain situations, the degree to which an individual is dependent on the group and how much they are free to act on their own accord, while the last dimension describes the degree to which attributes like competitiveness are valued in a society. Being familiar with these intercultural dimensional “scales” can help the translator understand where the author is coming from, grasp the context even better, and even convey it to the target culture better than before.

Further challenge pertaining to the cultural differences according to Yousefi (2023) are correctly translating the idioms, and carefully grasping all the implication of words and phrases. Forms of address also do not necessarily have to have a direct equivalent in the target language. It is crucial to be careful when translating those, as failing to address this issue correctly might result in the complete change in the intended authorial voice.

2.2.2.1 TRANSLATING THE TITLE

Translating the title of the work is a very specific challenge. After all, title is the very first thing the reader comes into contact with. From my personal experience, despite the saying that you should not judge the book by its cover, I have discovered many of my favourite books simply by reading the title. And this is not everything. Often times people will look for a book that is considered a classic, and they will want to read it in their own language. The title then really should be especially considered, and be as close to the original as possible, or at least convey the main idea of the book as best as possible.

Gavorová & Müglová (2005) look at the differences in how translators in various languages deal with translating TV shows and movies for their domestic market. While this does not deal with literature, I still think it is relevant (it is still about translating the title of a work of art after all). I used the economic and marketing term “domestic market” on purpose, since I feel like that is also the point Gavorová & Müglová (2005) are making. In their view the

translation is becoming a commercial item, and its purpose is to sell the work of art as best as possible.

They also note that the strategy for translating the title of the work is different from country to country and from culture to culture. As an example, they provide the translation of the American TV sci-fi show *The X Files* into various European languages. In French we will find *Aux Frontières du réel* (At the Borders of Reality), in Slovak simply *Akty X* (The X Files). Such translations among others, according to Gavorová & Müglová (2005) suggest that French, Spanish or German translations more often than not use the substitution while translating, in some way shielding the tradition of their country, and defending their culture and identity from the foreign. In Slovak, the foreign aspects are often carried over.

Lander's (2001) argues that the only time a title of the work should be changed in any way, is when it cannot be left unchanged. According to him, the translators often make the mistake of settling on the title too soon. In some cases, the title translates itself (in the case of this particular work, it would be hard to not translate *A Clergyman's Daughter* as *Farárova dcéra*, although I will write more to this problem in the practical part of the thesis), other times though, the title can be a bit more elusive. This is especially true when the title describes or refers to something culture specific. In that case Lander's (2001) suggests that the translation of the title is left as the very last thing to do, or at least it is put off until the time inspiration strikes.

Briffa & Caruana (2009) described four types of title translations, focusing on literary works as opposed to TV shows I was describing earlier. The four types of translated titles according to them are as follows:

Transference – This type of a translated title simply keep the original title. It can be used for example in some biographical titles, such as the poem *Beowulf* or the play *Hamlet*. We can note that the titles also keep their original orthography.

Naturalisation – Again, it can be used when the title is a bit biographical, but we intend to localise it. To give an example, translating *Romeo and Julliet* as *Rómeo a Júlia*.

Literality – When the title is a literal translation. *Animal Farm* and *Zvieracia farma*.

Shift – The title is not a literal translation, but rather an alternative.

Briffa & Caruana (2009) further provide another possible differentiation of translated titles. This time they divide them based on the context bias. In this case, the context bias refers to the degree to which the title is culturally conditioned. They came up with six possible categories. The original title can have either low cultural bias or high cultural bias. Then, each of these two possibilities can get assigned either a low cultural bias target title, high cultural bias target title that is source oriented, or high cultural bias title that is target oriented. I will provide an example to better illustrate what Briffa & Caruana (2009) mean. On the lowest point of this “scale” would be the translation of Shakespeare’s *The Tempest* as *Búrka*, as the original title has a low cultural bias, and so does the translated one. For the opposite extreme, an original title with high cultural bias with a high cultural bias translation oriented to the source language is translating *Beowulf* as simply *Beowulf*.

2.2.2.2 SPECIFIC PROBLEMS WITH PRODUCING A LITERARY TRANSLATION FROM THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE

According to Anataichuk et al. (2023) the biggest difficulties when translating from one language to another arise from difference in systems of the two languages, differences in standards and norms, and the different use of certain concepts and ideas. Apart from that, they also mention lacunes, or blank spaces on the map of translation (Krekáčňová, 2010), as possible troublemakers when translating from and to English. Lacunes are words that do not have an equivalent in the target language. When translating to the English language, such lacunes often come up when translating some geographical and historical names. The Slovak name of the historical country *Uhorsko* can be translated in English only as *The Kingdom of Hungary*. When translating the other way around, translators can face some difficulties when translating someone addressing another person politely as *sir* or *lady*. (Anataichuk et al., 2023) While these specific words could be in some context translated to Slovak as *pán* and *pani* respectively, a valid approach is also to just transcribe the words. Translators also need to deal with accents, and mistakes that author had the characters in his work intentionally make. Think about contractions like *tell ‘em*, *ain’t*, or *y’all* just to give a few examples. In that case, writing the translated part in one of the available dialects in the target language.

2.2.3 TECHNIQUES AND STRATEGIES

Aveling (2017) describes four categories of translation errors. The error of frequency would fall under linguistic translation errors when the error stems from the inadequate translation because of focus on the target language structure. He further describes a cultural translation error - occurring when a wrong decision regarding the adaptation or reproduction of culture-specific matters, text-specific translation error - an error related to a problem specific for the source text and a pragmatic translation error or a non-adequate solution for a pragmatic problem in a translation. He further argues that while they are not particularly difficult to solve, the pragmatic errors are the most important a translator can commit. To avoid such errors, and to deal with the challenges presented in the earlier chapter, the translator can employ many techniques and strategies.

Kazakova (2015) sees two different possible strategies. Unbiased and biased. When it comes to what she describes as unbiased strategies, these are such strategies that show a more conservative approach, keeping the original structures intact, the cultural words and realia are transliterated, and often break established norms of the target language. Such translation is indifferent about the target reader. While it might be better suited for non-fiction, it also has its place in literary translation. Biased strategies on the other hand lend a helping hand to the reader, educating and providing additional context to the original source text, to make the reader familiar with it. The translator might even omit passages that are too specific. However, this is a fine line to thread, as this strategy creates the danger of interfering with the source text too much, possibly even changing the emotional colouring the source text is supposed to invoke in the reader.

Idioms are another challenge for literary translators. Lafta (2015) concludes that literal translation of idioms should be avoided. It should be done in a careful way, with the translator firmly grasping the meaning of the idiom first, and then conveying its meaning in a natural sounding way to the target language. As an example, Lafta (2015) offers the English idiom *to carry coal to Newcastle*. To accurately translate this idiom, the translator needs to be aware that supplying additional coal to Newcastle, a city already known to have plenty of coal, is a nonsensical task, and so the translation in the target language should reflect that. In Slovak this idiom could be handled easily with *nosit' drevo do lesa*, but not every idiom has such an easy

equivalence in the target language, and the first step is to even spot the idiom in the source text in the first place.

Sun (2022) talks about strategies of decontextualization and recontextualization. According to him, the former should be used when it is needed to disregard the context, which is helpful when a literary translator needs to circumvent in some way the restraints they face when trying to transfer cultural material from the source text to the target language. The latter means that the original context is replaced by a context that the literary translator provides.

Gustema (2020) discusses some more strategies that the literary translator has on hand for their disposal. *Literal translation* should not be avoided, as after all, it is the most basic procedure in the act of translation. *Transference*, which can also be called a *loan word* is another strategy or technique. It should be employed when there is no other term appropriate in the target language. This is mostly used for small cultural objects or concepts. As a good example here can serve food, which as was already discussed, does not necessarily have to be translated all the time. It is all done on the discretion of the translator. *Naturalization* is a process which adapts the words from the source language to the pronunciation and morphology of the target language. It is useful when a literal translation might cause a negative connotation. *Cultural equivalent* might be useful when there is a cultural concept in the target language, similar or close to the concept in the source language. In that case it might be good to use the *cultural equivalent* in the translation, rather than confusing the reader with the concept from a foreign culture and the explanation of it. *Description* might be used by the translator precisely when a cultural equivalent does not exist. In that case, the word from the source language will be translated by providing a description of it instead. To go back to one previous example, there is no cultural equivalent for *halušky* in the English language, and the best way to translate the concept of this food might be to write out *small potato dumplings with sheep cheese*. *Transposition* is another invaluable technique. It involves modifying a myriad of characteristics, from syntax, grammar, vocabulary, flow, or distinct patterns and adjusting them to fit the conventions and norms of the target language. *Paraphrasing* is a tool that allows the translator to restate the original meaning using different words. The ability to translate and restate a phrase in alternative way is very useful for the translator. It can help with style, it can help to avoid repetition, and if needed it can even help with shortening the text. (Grassilli, 2015) As the final technique here I will mention *modulation* which allows translators to change the point of view of the original

language, while maintaining the main idea of the text. Grassilli (2016) provides an example when translating from Spanish to English. *Te lo dejo*, when translated literally, means *I leave it to you*, however, *you can have it* sounds much more natural in English while communicating the same thing. Of course, once again, this is context depended, and translators should opt for this option only when the target text really calls for it and it does not destroy some important context.

3 GEORGE ORWELL

I think at least a short description of the life of the author of the work is necessary in a diploma thesis dedicated to the translation of their work. As translators, we do not simply write word for word the meanings of the words in the source text in our target language. While we try to make the finished output text as smooth and readable for the reader, even to such degree that they might not recognise they are reading a translated work, I believe it is also a responsibility of a literary translator to familiarise themselves with the life and background of the author. This allows us, where possible, to still allow author's handprint to shine through the text, making even translations of the same translator distinguishable. I believe the step of familiarising with authors background and history is an important one regardless of the author, however it is perhaps even more important when dealing with George Orwell, whose experiences shaped his worldviews and politics that seep into his novels and essays. Not only that, but Orwell also deserves special attention simply by the virtue of being one of the greatest authors in history.

George Orwell was born in 1903 as Eric Blair in Burma, Bengal. He adopted his penname before publishing his first book *Down and Out in Paris and London* (1933), in which he described the conditions of his life when he decided to dress as a beggar and live in poverty in slums. Not wanting his family to be ashamed of him, he chose to publish this book under a pseudonym George Orwell. The first name was taken from the patriot saint of England - George, and the surname taken from the river Orwell in East Anglia. (Woodrock, 2024)

However, before we get to this book, we still need some context about his early life. In his work *The Road to Wigan Pier* (1937), Orwell describes himself as being born into the “lower-upper-middle class.” His mother Ida Mabel Blair (née Limouzin) was a school assistant,

while his father, Richard Walmesley Blair, was an opium agent (a person responsible for various different aspects of opium trade, from cultivation to processing and sale). As was quite common in such a set-up, he moved with his mother back to England to pursue education. (Taylor, 2024)

Orwell was a diligent student, first attending the St. Cyprian's preparatory school where he had won a scholarship to Eton, one of the leading schools in England. However, he did not matriculate from Eton, and instead opted to follow his family footsteps, passing an entrance examination as a part of the Indian Imperial Police. In 1922, as a part of the Indian Imperial Police, he went to Burma (now Myanmar), where he served as an assistant district superintendent. (Taylor, 2024) (Woodrock, 2024) His years in the ranks of police officers in Burma were unhappy. He left Burma on a medical leave, and while back in England he decided not to come back and instead pursue a writing career. (Satta, 2024) (Taylor, 2024) Orwell's novels often draw from his own personal experience and so it is no surprise that his Burma stay gave inspiration to some of his notable works. Even in his first novel *Burmese Days* (1934), we can see the motif of an isolated person, struggling against an oppressive environment. This novel and essays or short stories recounting his time in Burma (*A Hanging, Shooting an Elephant*) also reflect Orwell's disillusionment with the British Empire, as well as sympathy and compassion for the oppressed, disenfranchised, and poor. (Taylor, 2024) (Woodrock, 2024)

After his return from Burma, he spent years posing as a poor tramp in Paris as well as in London, living and sleeping in cheap lodging houses among beggars and poor manual workers. His professional stint as a dishwasher, among other similar professions, and experiences of living as a tramp in poverty are described in vivid detail in the already mentioned *Down and Out in Paris and London* (1933). His further experiences labouring with the workers are also where he drew inspiration for his second novel, and the subject of this thesis, *A Clergyman's Daughter* (1935). More specifically, it was recounting his experience working at hops fields. However, I will go into further detail about this specific novel in a separate chapter.

After recuperating from a pulmonary disease, he settled in London where he met his first wife Eileen O'Shaughnessy, and worked in a bookshop. Once again, his workplace experiences served as a helpful inspiration for writing his third novel *Keep the Aspidistra Flying* (1936). (Taylor, 2024) These years, however, his life was not as boring and uneventful as one might imagine for a bookseller. Orwell followed the suggestion of his publisher and travelled to the

industrial north of England to gather information about the lives of local miners as a basis for his journalistic work. The horrendous, extreme, and desolate living conditions of the miners are described in the 1937 book *The Road to Wigan Pier*. These descriptions are contained in the first half of the book, while in the second half Orwell argues for the need of socialism, and at the same time criticises the currently existing socialism movements. Still, it would appear his political beliefs have completely formed a bit later. (Satta, 2024) (Taylor, 2024)

Arguably the defining experience shaping Orwell's politics came in the following six months when in 1937 he volunteered to fight in the Spanish Civil War conflict. Just like spending time with the homeless, beggars, and labourers during his stays in Paris, London, or in the north of England, Orwell gained a first-hand experience, taking part in live combat in the conflict. He fought on the side of the left-leaning Republicans, fighting against the Nationalist right lead by Francisco Franco. More specifically he fought with the Partido Obrero de Unificación Marxista (Workers' Party of Marxist Unification, shortened POUM) militia. Orwell faced danger from both sides of the conflict. He was wounded in the neck by a Nationalist bullet passing through his throat during the fight at the Teruel front, permanently altering his voice and not making his troubles with lungs any easier to bear. However, what made him escape Spain in the fear for his life was paradoxically his “own camp”. The Soviets accused the POUM militia from being Trotskyists and from espionage for the Nationalist side. He was present in Barcelona during the May Days, when the Soviet supported Communist Party of Spain faced the anti-Stalinist POUM and anarchists, an event which made Orwell flee to France. If *The Road to Wigan Pier* featured some politically motivated writing, Orwell's experiences in Spain mark a definitive shift in his writing to political, as can be seen in his recollection of the Spanish Civil War events in the book *Homage to Catalonia* (1938). Having first-hand experience with war propaganda, how it was used, and how it shaped beliefs, Orwell became more interested in the relationship between language, thoughts, and power, which is something that can be seen in *Homage to Catalonia* as well as his following novels. While he himself was a left-leaning socialist, he frequently criticised the left, and the Spanish experience also made him despise communism and other totalitarian regimes. (Satta, 2024) (Taylor, 2024) (Woodrock, 2024)

His health condition prevented him from fighting in the Second World War. Instead, he got assigned to work for BBC, a job he disliked. Orwell's satire of Russian Revolution of 1917 *Animal Farm* was written in 1944. However, Orwell faced difficulties publishing it. As *Animal*

Farm criticised communism, and Second World War was still going on with the Soviet Union being an important ally of Great Britain, the release was held off until 1945 to not undermine Britain's war effort with an anti-communist message. *Animal Farm*, a fable inspired by the Russian Revolution of 1917, where a group of farm animals overthrow their oppressive human masters only to have their revolution hijacked by pigs, ending up living in an even more oppressive regime, brought Orwell success, fame, and wealth. However, for Orwell these things came a little too late. Before *Animal Farm* was published, his wife died during an operation, and his lung condition worsened, developing into a tuberculosis, having him move to the island Jura in Scotland. *Animal Farm* is a masterpiece, and some of Orwell's finest work, and so it is that much more impressive that Orwell managed to overshadow it with another novel, *Nineteen Eighty-Four*, released in 1949. *Nineteen Eighty-Four* can be seen as Orwell's magnum opus and a culmination of his entire life. *Nineteen Eighty-Four* deals with social class and poverty (like *Down and Out in Paris and London* and *A Clergyman's Daughter*), living conditions (*The Road to Wigan Pier*), war, propaganda, and language (*Homage to Catalonia*), totalitarianism (*Animal Farm*), and censorship, history, and truth (something he had to deal with while working for BBC). (Satta, 2024) (Woodrock, 2024)

George Orwell died not even a year after the publication of *Nineteen Eighty-Four*, submitting to tuberculosis in a hospital in London on the January 21, 1950, aged just 46.

3.1 LITERARY TRANSLATION OF GEORGE ORWELL

Each author and writer have their own unique style. And so do the translators. Not everything is easily translatable, and not everything is necessarily translatable at all to begin with. However, as I have already mentioned in this thesis before, I am of the belief that whenever there is a possibility of letting the original author's style shine through the work of translation, the translator ought to take it. This previous statement is even more true when talking about a style, and the general feel of the novel by one of the greatest authors that we know. Orwell is definitely one of them. In short: while ideally the reader should not even be aware that they are reading a translation, the reader should also distinctly know that they are reading work of George Orwell. There are, of course, different techniques and strategies a translator can employ, that are described earlier in this thesis, however, I still want to dedicate at least a short chapter to

particular challenges and interesting things one might stumble upon when translating George Orwell.

I want to start by saying that getting into the mind of the author, or seeing under the hood so to say, is not always easy, and sometimes even impossible. The translator is then left guessing, and the outcome of the produced text then depends entirely on their judgement. With Orwell, however, we are quite lucky, as apart from novels, he is an author of numerous essays, some of which outline his motivations to become a writer and write, and even describe how and why he uses the English language in a specific way. By exploring these essays, we gather a bigger understanding of Orwell, and I believe that they allow us to produce an even better translation of his work.

First then, about Orwell's motivations to write. In 1946, editors of a magazine called *Gangrel* asked some selected writers, to explain their motives to write. (Orwell, 1986) The result of this was Orwell's essay titled *Why I Write*. Orwell explains that he had wanted to become a writer from an early age, five or six years old. While he admits that in his early twenties, he had abandoned the idea of becoming a writer, he did so while thinking he is going against his true nature. Young Orwell wrote short poems and stories, published in school magazines, and even tried to work on a play. As Orwell says, it was clear to him what kind of novels he wanted to write. "*I wanted to write enormous naturalistic novels with unhappy endings, full of detailed descriptions and arresting similes, and also full of purple passages in which words were used partly for the sake of their sound.*" (Orwell, 1946) He describes his first novel *Burmese Days* as such. What I find worth noting is his want to use words just for the sake of their sound. According to his words, the line "*So hee with difficulty and labour hard; Moved on: with difficulty and labour hee.*" (Milton, 1667) from Milton's *Paradise Lost*, inspired in him this usage of words merely for their sound, which is something that is not true in the later novels. We should keep it in mind though when working with *A Clergyman's Daughter*, as it is his second novel, and try to find if there are such words that fulfil mainly an aesthetic function, and reflect that in Slovak. Orwell explains that a person can only assess motives of a writer by understanding their early development. What an author will write about reflects the age they live in, but certain attitudes will be gained and unable to escape from even before they have the ability to write. He further adds that apart from the need to earn a living, he sees four main motivations to be a writer. Those are:

“1. Sheer egoism. Desire to seem clever, to be talked about, to be remembered after death, to get your own back on grown-ups who snubbed you in childhood, etc., etc. It is humbug to pretend this is not a motive, and a strong one. Writers share this characteristic with scientists, artists, politicians, lawyers, soldiers, successful business men – in short, with the whole top crust of humanity. The great mass of human beings are not acutely selfish. After the age of about thirty they abandon individual ambition – in many cases, indeed, they almost abandon the sense of being individuals at all – and live chiefly for others, or are simply smothered under drudgery. But there is also the minority of gifted, willful people who are determined to live their own lives to the end, and writers belong in this class. Serious writers, I should say, are on the whole more vain and self-centered than journalists, though less interested in money.

2. Aesthetic enthusiasm. Perception of beauty in the external world, or, on the other hand, in words and their right arrangement. Pleasure in the impact of one sound on another, in the firmness of good prose or the rhythm of a good story. Desire to share an experience which one feels is valuable and ought not to be missed. The aesthetic motive is very feeble in a lot of writers, but even a pamphleteer or writer of textbooks will have pet words and phrases which appeal to him for non-utilitarian reasons; or he may feel strongly about typography, width of margins, etc. Above the level of a railway guide, no book is quite free from aesthetic considerations.

3. Historical impulse. Desire to see things as they are, to find out true facts and store them up for the use of posterity.

4. Political purpose – using the word ‘political’ in the widest possible sense. Desire to push the world in a certain direction, to alter other people’s idea of the kind of society that they should strive after. Once again, no book is genuinely free from political bias. The opinion that art should have nothing to do with politics is itself a political attitude.” (Orwell, 1946)

Orwell then continues, admitting that the degrees of these motivations vary from person to person, and are often at odds with each other. He explains how the five years in a position he did not like (Indian Imperial Police in Burma) and subsequent poverty upon his return to home shaped what he writes about, as I have already described in the section about his life. His war experiences then made him find his political allegiance (*“Every line of serious work that I have written since 1936 has been written, directly or indirectly, against totalitarianism and for democratic socialism, as I understand it.”* (Orwell, 1946)), and provoked his desire to *“make*

political writing into an art.” (Orwell, 1946) Orwell continues with explaining his political writing, and how writing *Homage to Catalonia* was a change in his style more to the political. I have already gone once through his biography, and I do not think it is needed to do it here again and repeat myself. Also, because *A Clergyman’s Daughter* belongs to the earlier works of Orwell, before this major change to political writing, focusing on totalitarianism, power, and language. As he himself says “*The problem of language is subtler and would take too long to discuss. I will only say that of late years I have tried to write less picturesquely and more exactly.*” (Orwell, 1946) This is I think crucial for the purpose of this particular master’s thesis – the fact that he admits the earlier works were more picturesque, and written with a bigger sense of “beauty” in mind. To finish with *Why I Write*, I believe there is one more crucial moment here, a remark Orwell makes at the very end of the essay, about the earlier books that were not politically motivated: “*Looking back through my work, I see that it is invariably where I lacked a political purpose that I wrote lifeless books and was betrayed into purple passages, sentences without meaning, decorative adjectives and humbug generally.*” (Orwell, 1946) Not the first time in this thesis I am saying that translation is a delicate balance. What to translate, what not to translate? What to explain, what not to explain? How much to be faithful to the original, or can we “betray” it if we see a room for improvement? Starting this diploma thesis, before I had even written a single word, I was of a firm belief that we should stick to the original as closely as possible, unaltering it, leaving it completely be as it is. After familiarising myself more with Orwell’s views however, he himself would retroactively make changes to his earlier novels, *A Clergyman’s Daughter* involved. He would use different words, and even omit certain sentences. I kept this in mind while working on the practical part of this thesis.

Why I Write is quite a short essay, it is just a few pages long, yet the insights we get from it are invaluable. Getting information “straight out of the horse’s mouth” should be a strategy that the translator uses whenever available. As I said, with Orwell we are in luck by not only being limited to one essay like this. *Politics and the English Language* (1946) is a criticism of the use of English during Orwell’s time, which he had perceived inaccurate and ugly. He believed English was “*full of bad habits*” (Orwell, 1946) and these could be avoided if the person producing a text would have just tried a bit harder. Orwell likens bad prose to an oppressive ideology. He criticises language filled with euphemisms and vagueness. He believed that insincerity in language leads to further decline of the English language, with people trying

to hide their intentions with convoluted phrases. “*The great enemy of clear language is insincerity. When there is a gap between one's real and one's declared aims, one turns as it were instinctively to long words and exhausted idioms, like a cuttlefish spurting out ink.*” (Orwell, 1946) In this essay, Orwell also provides five examples of texts he has found and that he believed to be suffering from bad English, that he did not approve of. He criticised *dying metaphors* which he described as metaphors that are being used without the knowledge of what they really mean, or which meaning has been twisted and misunderstood over the time, and which use signified to Orwell that the author does not really care about what they are writing. He provides examples of metaphors such as *stand shoulder to shoulder with, have no axe to grind, swan song* or the metaphor of the hammer and the anvil, about which he argues it is being misused with authors implying that it is the anvil that gets a beating, when in fact anvil is the thing which always breaks the hammer.

He later points out *operators* or *verbal false limbs* or in short overly long verbs in places where a completely simple verb would suffice. He did not approve of verbs becoming a phrase. As example he provides writing *render inoperative* instead of a simple *break*.

Pretentious diction was another category that Orwell identified. Words such as *phenomenon, constitute, liquidate* and adjectives like *triumphant* or *inexorable* are in his mind used to glorify simple statements and texts, and give them an appearance of culture and elegance. In this category he says the same thing about foreign words in English language, arguing that there is no need for them to be so many. This is good to keep in mind, as *A Clergyman's Daughter* contains quite a few foreign words, so I will definitely call back to this Orwell's statement when I describe the process of my translation.

The last category in this what he called a “*catalogue of swindles and perversions*” (Orwell, 1946) are simply meaningless words. He criticised some words used in literary criticism, such as *deadness* or the adjective *living* when describing the quality of a text. Orwell has seen another set of meaningless words used in political writing, with some words according to him not having an agreed upon definition, and mean different things to different people which just leads to them being misused such as *democracy, class, or equality*. Orwell argues that such words are always used to deceive. As in *Why I Write* where he provided the four main motivations of a writer, in *Politics and the English Language* Orwell provides six rules that

according to him would prevent the faults he mentions, although a person can still write in bad English while trying to follow them:

“1. Never use a metaphor, simile or other figure of speech which you are used to seeing in print.

2. Never use a long word where a short one will do.

3. If it is possible to cut a word out, always cut it out.

4. Never use the passive where you can use the active.

5. Never use a foreign phrase, a scientific word or a jargon word if you can think of an everyday English equivalent.

6. Break any of these rules sooner than say anything outright barbarous.” (Orwell, 1946)

To conclude this chapter, I just want to summarize while I went through this whole exercise of researching Orwell’s essays and his view on language. Thanks to his insights, where possible in the translation, I can now make sure to try to adhere to his recommendations and rules. This should make the translated work feel like the work of George Orwell, possibly even an improved one, bearing in mind Orwell’s comments about what he did not like about his early work.

4 A CLERGYMAN’S DAUGHTER

I have already said that knowing author’s background when working on a piece of literary translation is very important. Knowing the background of the source text itself is then crucial. In this part I would like to mention why I chose Orwell’s novel specifically as a subject for my diploma thesis. I have read majority of Orwell’s work, save of one novel and a few essays. The first book Orwell’s book I finished was *Nineteen Eighty-Four*, after a teacher of the literature class in high school recommended it to us, saying that it is a shame it is not part of the compulsory curriculum. It quickly became one of my favourites, if not the favourite book, and I continued reading more of Orwell’s work. As much as I liked *Nineteen Eighty-Four* and *Animal Farm*, I experienced something completely new when I read *Down and Out in Paris in London*. Orwell’s description of the conditions of living in poverty, in cheap lodging houses,

begging for money and working inhumane jobs with little to no dignity really gripped me. Even from the comfort of my warm bed, I felt the uneasiness of lives of the people described in the book. Then I have learned that that what Orwell was writing about was his personal experience, and that he himself masqueraded as a tramp and went to live in these conditions. It is something I find very admirable, and the dedication is really reflected in his work. When I first picked up *A Clergyman's Daughter*, I did not exactly know what to expect, but I knew it was one of Orwell's earlier novels. As such, the themes of poverty, bad living conditions and hard manual labour are also present here. I glossed over *A Clergyman's Daughter* in the section about Orwell's life, as I wanted to dedicate a bigger portion of the thesis to the novel itself. From the part about Orwell's life, and from being familiar with most of his work, I would argue that we can gather that there are two periods to his writing output, or a change of theme. From *Homage to Catalonia* onwards, politics, power, language, and propaganda become the central focus of his work (*Nineteen Eighty-Four*, *Animal Farm*). The themes of poverty and the like are still there and present, but they are much more pronounced and emphasized in works prior to *Homage to Catalonia*. *A Clergyman's Daughter* is one of these earlier works.

Published in 1935, *A Clergyman's Daughter* is in some respects an outlier in Orwell's repertoire. It is worth noting that Orwell himself was not particularly happy with this book. He describes the book along with *Keep the Aspidistra Flying* as a mere exercise that should have not been published, adding that he only did so because he was half-starved and needed to bring some pounds into the household. (Williams, 2013) He even tried to stop the publishing of more copies of the book during his lifetime. I am speculating a bit here, but Orwell, as we can see in the fact that he went to live and experience the poverty and misery of people himself, be it with the beggars in Paris, miners in the north of England, or the civil war soldiers in Spain, was a person that felt a lot of empathy and had what we would call a strong moral compass. When I connect that to his own comments about writing *A Clergyman's Daughter* just for money, I can see the novel being written in a slightly condescending tone, or at least this thought has been always in the back of my head when reading it, and later translating it. *A Clergyman's Daughter* is also special in the terms of the literary genre it is in. While most of the book is literary prose, just like the rest of Orwell's novels, a chapter of the book is also written as a drama play, inspired by James Joyce's *Ulysses*. (Hoberman, 2015) While that chapter is not a part chosen for the translation for the purpose of this diploma thesis, translating it would be a unique challenge for

any translator accustomed to Orwell's work. In fact, Hitchens (2011) suggests that even the title of the novel, *A Clergyman's Daughter*, could have come from the following line in *Ulysses*: "Take thou this noble. Go to! You spent most of it in Georgina Johnson's bed, clergyman's daughter. Agenbite of inwit." (Joyce, 1922)

The plot of the story follows Dorothy Hare, 28 years old spinster, daughter of the rector in the town of Knype Hill, for who she works as an unpaid assistant. With the main character Dorothy being a daughter of the rector, and a lot of the first chapters taking place in the parish and church, the theme of religion is present throughout the book, something not that often mentioned in detail in Orwell's other books. Orwell's relationship with religion was a difficult one. Some of the boarding school he attended as a child probably contributed to Orwell's distrust in religion and Christianity. (Vašendová, 2020) Luckily for anyone analysing Orwell, apart from the plots of the novels often stemming from his own experience, he has also written numerous autobiographical essays. Through them, we can deduce that Orwell's distrust of religious matters could have come from people who had taught him Catholic Christianity, without themselves living according to what they themselves preached. As he writes in *Such, Such Were the Joys* (1947): "On the one side were low-church Bible Christianity, sex puritanism, insistence on hard work, respect for academic distinction, disapproval of self-indulgence: on the other, contempt for 'braininess', and worship of games, contempt for foreigners and the working class, an almost neurotic dread of poverty, and, above all, the assumption not only that money and privilege are the things that matter, but that it is better to inherit them than to have to work for them." (Orwell, 1947) Orwell later believed the Catholic teachings to be false, however, Orwell still understood that religion has a value in making people have a reason to behave in a decent manner. (Vašendová. 2020) Hollis in his 1956 book *A Study of George Orwell: The Man and His Works* argues, that rather than false, Orwell merely perceived religion as valueless, as he thought no one ever really believed the teachings, and thus morality did not stem from religion,

The book studies the faith and the loss of it, and it is divided into 5 chapters. In each chapter Dorothy is gaining some new experience thanks to different characters in the book, who become her influences, and at the end of the book she completely loses her faith.

In the first chapter – the one most important for the purpose of this master's thesis as the translation of parts of this chapter was translated for the purposes of the practical part – Orwell

describes Dorothy's life, as a daughter of a rector. Her father is a widower and a rector of the St. Athelstan's church in Knype Hill, Suffolk. She cooks, keeps the house tidy and clean, deals with the creditors, visits the parishioners, writes up father's sermons, and even works on costumes for a fund-raising play. In short, everything that needs to be done to keep the parish working is left on Dorothy's shoulders. We enter Dorothy's life in medias res, with an alarm clock wrenching her from sleep. She does get up eventually, reciting Bible verses to give herself courage, however what really gets her out of bed is the fear of her father. Faith does not bring much comfort or happiness to Dorothy. On the contrary, it seems that the way Dorothy understands the Christian teachings is in conflict with living a life of a human being, and it keeps her in the state of perpetual suffering, with Dorothy constantly admonishing herself for one thing or another. Orwell likely once again used his personal experience here, namely the experience of the beliefs of others being imposed on him. To quote from his essay *Such, Such Were the Joys* again: *"But the whole business of religion seemed to be strewn with psychological impossibilities. The Prayer Book told you, for example, to love God and fear him: but how could you love someone whom you feared? With your private affections it was the same. What you ought to feel was usually clear enough, but the appropriate emotion could not be commanded."* (Orwell, 1947) The reason why I picked this chapter for my thesis specifically, is that immediately upon reading the novel for the first time my head was already thinking and working, wondering how to solve some of the particular challenges the translator would have to solve here, namely the historicisms and archaisms, as well as a big amount of vocabulary connected to early 20th century English churches and clergy among other things. Toward the end of the chapter, Dorothy is invited to a dinner at Mr Warburton's, Dorothy's close friend who has known her for a long time. Apart from that, Mr Warburton is a sort of an opposite pole of Dorothy, living a very liberal, carefree lifestyle, in addition to being an atheist. Mr Warburton attempts to, in his eyes, seduce Dorothy, however from the scene in the novel it looks like more of an attempted or even straight up rape. Dorothy gets home in an agitated state, and wakes up the next day in London, suffering from amnesia.

We do not get to find out, how Dorothy "teleported" from Suffolk to London. She gathers that eight days are missing from her memory, and the folk in Knype Hill assume she fled the house to a European trip with Mr Warburton. Instead, though, Dorothy in ragged clothes is approached by a group of young people, to whom she introduces herself as Ellen, the name

of a servant helping her back at home. These people take her with them to go hop-picking. Events that happen after Dorothy wakes up in London serve as a vehicle for recounting Orwell's experiences, and each chapter is dedicated to one of them. First then, as mentioned is the hop-picking, with Orwell describing the heavy labour these hop-pickers had to endure. Traveling with this group, Dorothy slowly regains a portion of her memories, writing letters to her father for help. They, however, remain ignored and Dorothy assumes that she is no longer welcome back home in Kype Hill.

After the hop-picking season is over and Dorothy's money runs out, in the 3rd chapter Dorothy joins a group of tramps living at the Trafalgar Square – once again a part of the book retells Orwell's past life experience through Dorothy. This is the chapter that is written as a play, a small acknowledgement for James Joyce's *Ulysses*. At the end of the chapter Dorothy is imprisoned.

Meanwhile, Dorothy's father has asked his well-off cousin to try and look for Dorothy. His servant tracks her down at the police station and helps her resolve her trouble with the police. However, she is not allowed to return home, as her father still believes the rumours that she had escaped with Mr Warburton. The fourth chapter then has Dorothy – just as Orwell had – work as a teacher, a job that Dorothy's father's cousin had found for her. She works in a private school and finds herself fighting multiple battles at once. Dorothy is struggling with the terrible working conditions set by Mrs Creevy who runs the school. Apart from that, Dorothy quite enjoys teaching, and tries to employ a bit more liberal approach in her teaching practice, however this brings up another quarrel, this time with the parents of the children, who would much rather see their kids be drilled in writing and in mathematics the old traditional way. This argument is resolved by Dorothy being let go by Mrs Creevy without notice as soon as Mrs Creevy found a replacement.

Conveniently, right after Dorothy was let go, Mr Warburton appears and tell her that she can go back to Knype Hill. Mrs Semprill, a lady who has been spreading rumours about Dorothy, has been charged with slander, and so the gossips about Dorothy have been discredited. Mr Warburton even proposes to Dorothy, but she refuses his advances. While she has lost her faith, she still believes that there is good in being of service for others, and returns to her previous life, which is where the novel ends.

5 GOAL OF THE THESIS

The goal of this thesis and the main aim is to analyse and comment on the literary translation of the work of George Orwell *A Clergyman's Daughter*. The translation of the source text, which can be found in the attachments is to be analysed and dissected in the “results of the work and discussion” section of this master’s thesis, where together with the analysis, also explanations and reasonings will be provided to why the particular problem was solved in this specific way. To add to that, the goal of this master’s thesis is also to provide an introduction to the field of literary translation, summarize the knowledge about the field, describe the process of creating a work of literary translation along with the challenges and problems when creating such a work, and provide vital background to both the author of the source text and the source text itself.

6 METHODS USED

Various methods were used in the course of writing the different parts of this master’s thesis and putting them together. In the “current state of the topic at home and abroad” portion of the master’s thesis description, generalisation, and literary review was used throughout. Description helped with establishing the basis for the introduction to literary translation. Here, literary review was also a helpful method, as it helped summarize different approaches and outlook on literary translation. From the general information it was deduced how to solve some specific problems, which was shown on examples, and so deduction and exemplification were used as well. Important for this thesis was also analysis. The master’s thesis analyses among other thing the life of the author, the background and context of the source text, as well as the produced target text. Research was a necessary method to complete this kind of master’s thesis and the target text, as without research namely into the vocabulary of 20th century English clergy for example, it would not be possible to come up with a sufficient translation.

7 RESULTS OF THE WORK AND DISCUSSION

In this chapter I want to go over the target text, which had been translated by me, and compare my process of creating a translation to that described in the earlier chapters, and then highlight some of the main difficulties that arose while translating the source text, and provide an analysis and explanation of my translation, mentioning which techniques and strategies were used.

7.1 THE PROCESS

In the section 1.3.1 I provided a description of a process of translation of a literary work, adopted from 2001 Landers' book *Literary Translation: A Practical Guide*. While as I mentioned, there are many other possible guides and recommendations on how to go about literary translation, I chose this particular book because it will allow me to compare the process I went through to the suggested one in the literature easily and clearly.

Step 1: Reading the entire text at least twice. In the theoretical part of this master's thesis, I argued that I agree with Landers (2001), and I find this step very valuable. I adhered to this rule, reading the work twice before I even began putting down the target text, and the third and fourth time when I was producing the target text. I intentionally did not say that I read the work before I began translating, as reading the novel is already the process of translation, as stated in the theoretical part. I can only recommend sticking to this suggestion to people who are about to translate a piece of literary work, because just as with one of the last steps (letting the finished target text rest for a few days) each subsequent reading gives the translator a new perspective on the work, it makes the things that were not properly understood the first time around clear, and it sheds light on parts that the translator might not have paid enough attention to during the first reading.

Step 2: Determine the voice of the author. Another important step in the process of literary translation. I would argue it is closely connected to the first step, in the way that completing the first step makes the second step even possible. Determining the authorial voice is much easier when reading the work for the second or third times. The second time around, we are already familiar with the plot, the characters, we are aware of any unusual structures and vocabulary, and we can fully focus on the voice the author was using. Calling back to the theory here,

according to García Yebra (1989), the translator should convey their understanding of the source text in the target text. The goal of the target text should be to bring up the same feeling and reactions to the target reader as the original, and communicate the same message. This work specifically is a bit challenging when determining the voice of the author, as Orwell's own insights and comments are mixed in with Dorothy's thoughts and internal monologue, and so it is important that this distinction is apparent in the target text.

Step 3: Construct the first draft. In this stage, the target text does not need to read fluently or be necessarily finished. The essence of the text should be captured here, and any troublesome ideas should be marked. Once again, I found this step useful when producing the translation. It is not possible to produce a finished, polished translation on the first try. Many things will require further consideration, and often times research. This is exactly my experience, when my first draft captured the spirit, essence, and basic plotline of the novel, while many expressions and paragraphs that I identified as in need of research or further thinking remained marked, highlighted in yellow.

Step 4: Consult vague points with a native speaker or an author. This is a step that I agree with only partly, as I have already mentioned in the previous chapters. Consulting a native speaker or even the author themselves would be ideal. However, it is a luxury that not every translator can afford. In my case, and in the case of anyone translating an older literary work, consulting the author is completely out of the question. However, due to the nature of how the writing of a master's thesis works, I still had an expert opinion available in the person of my thesis supervisor. She was able to provide invaluable insights and pointers to a solution when I was unsure about how to deal with a specific problem. What often times helped was just a simple discussion, where the solution would eventually present itself just from a simple brainstorming. I can recommend at least consulting someone relevant to anyone dealing with literary translation, as this step was also helpful for me. However, I would include research in this step as well. As I said, there were many passages highlighted as problematic after the 3rd step was completed. It was then my job to dig up the context of the English clergy in the 20th century, the meanings of some specific words or simply find the equivalents to some sayings and metaphors.

Step 5: Go over the manuscript again. This time, in contrast to step number 3, the fluency and flow of the text should be our priority. This step should bring the translator close to the

finished product. In my case, I can confirm that following my research and consultations, I was able to focus solely on the fluency of the text. All the unclear and difficult passages have been dealt with, the context has been deciphered, the unknown vocabulary was researched, and so all my focus could be targeted towards making the text flow naturally in the target language from one sentence to another, making the fact that this work is translated seamless, while all the preparations done in the previous steps made sure that it is still distinctly a work of George Orwell, just adjusted for the target audience.

Step 6: Let the finished text rest for a few days. For a step which only requirement is doing nothing it is one of the most powerful ones. After we are “done” with the text, we should just let it rest for a few days and then come back to it with a fresh mind. This is exactly what I have done as well. This new perspective allowed me to make changes that I otherwise would not have done, because I would not be even able to see that something does not flow right or reads weird. There were a few passages where I was not sure how I even thought that was an acceptable way of putting the target text together. Following this step truly allowed me to polish the text further, and be happy with how it turned out. Once I read it one final time after all the edits have been made, I concluded it as finished.

To sum this chapter regarding the process of literary translation up, I would say that while there are numerous ways to go about translating a piece of literary work, the specific one mentioned in this thesis is a good basis for anyone. It includes everything from familiarising yourself with the source text in detail, making the first manuscript, consulting and researching the parts that are not clear, making the text flow naturally, and making the final adjustments. Even in my work on this particular translation, I can say that my workflow mirrored this suggested framework, with the only change or addition I would add to the steps is to include research of the topic and context in the part where Landers (2001) suggest consulting a native speaker or the author, as they are not always available while the translator can (and should in my opinion) always be able to conduct their own research into the topic.

7.2 TRANSLATING THE TITLE

In this chapter, I want to talk about how the translation of the title *A Clergyman's Daughter* came to be. I chose to translate the title as *Farárova dcéra*.

To be fair, at the first glance this does not seem as a difficult issue to solve, but I want to relate my decision to the strategies outlined in the theoretical part of the master's thesis, as well as provide inside into my thought process.

As we know from the theoretical part, some literature suggests that the only time we should even consider altering the title of the work in the target language should be when the original title cannot be left unchanged. Sometimes the title can be elusive or confusing for the readers in the target language, and that is when the change of the title and move away from literal translation should be considered. In this case *A Clergyman's Daughter* is not some sort of a cultural metaphor, or a play on words in the source language. As such a literal word for word translation as *Farárova dcéra* is acceptable. I pondered for a while about the word *clergyman* in the title (*daughter* is self-explanatory), as according to Merriam-Webster's dictionary, a *clergyman* is simply a member of a clergy. In Slovak this could potentially be not only *farár* (the word eventually chosen) but also for example *diakon*, *kaplán* or *dekan*. Each of the mentioned positions within the clergy (*diakon*, *kaplán* or *dekan*) has its own unique responsibilities, but the ones of *farár* are those who best correspond to the work and position of Dorothy's father. The responsibility of a *farár* is the management of the parish, precisely as in the case of Dorothy's father. Translating the title in this way also supports the assumption stated in the theoretical part that the Slovak translation of titles usually carry over the original meaning, rather than altering it. Instead of specifying the function of Dorothy's father as *farár* I could have used the term *duchovný*, which could encompass all the possible roles, and would perhaps be even closer to the term *clergyman*, however I feel like calling Dorothy's father a *duchovný* would add a positive connotation to his character, which upon reading the text he does not possess.

There is also one more thing I have tried to consider here, just so the research into the title of this work is as thorough as possible and complete. It would be a shame not to use all the information available to us when we can. As I have already mentioned, the novel *A Clergyman's Daughter* is partly inspired by James Joyce's *Ulysses*. Some authors mentioned in the theoretical part also suggest that the title *A Clergyman's Daughter* came from the line "Take thou this noble. Go to! You spent most of it in Georgina Johnson's bed, clergyman's daughter. Agenbite of inwit." (Joyce, 1922) in *Ulysses*. Knowing this, I have looked at how this line in *Ulysses* was translated, to see if I can possibly reflect the connection between these two works in the title.

While there exist some Slovak translations of *Ulysses*, I was unfortunately not able to obtain them, as in the time of writing none were available online or in the physical form in the bookstores. I was, however, able to retrieve a Czech translation of the work by Aloys Skoumal (1993). This is the next best source available with the absence of a Slovak translation. Locating the line in the translated text, we can see that Skoumal (1993) translated it as “*Ale jdi! Z větší části jsi ho utratil na lůžku pastorovy dcery Georginy Johnsonové. Náhnětek svědomosti.*” Following then by the logic that the title *A Clergyman’s Daughter* came from this specific line in *Ulysses*, we ought to consider translating the title as *Pastorova dcéra* as well. *Krátky slovník slovenského jazyka* (Short Dictionary of the Slovak Language) recognises the word *pastor* (it is not a Czechism), however it defines it as a *protestant priest*. With Dorothy’s father being an Anglican priest rather than a protestant one, I chose to not follow the *Ulysses* translation and stick to *Farárova dcéra*, a title that will also be a lot closer to the target Slovak audience than *Pastorova dcéra*.

As the last part of this subchapter, I would like to relate my translation of the title to the 2009 work of Briffa and Caruana mentioned in the theoretical part. When it comes to the four types of translated literary titles, I see the translation *Farárova dcéra* as a *literality* with a degree of *naturalisation*. The title is technically translated word for word, however by using the word *farár*, the first image that will be evoked in the mind of a Slovak target reader will be a Catholic priest, rather than an Anglican one. I acknowledge this and stand behind the proposed translation, as I would argue that the fact Dorothy is a daughter of *a* clergyman is more important than the fact that the clergyman is a member of the Anglican church. Even if some differences between the Anglican and Catholic church are discussed in the novel, and namely in the chapter which was the subject text for this master’s thesis, these differences are not the point or the main message of the novel, and the title will not cause any confusion. The most important thing is that Dorothy is a daughter of a clergyman who is responsible for the parish, and the word *farár* evokes this image the best in the mind of a Slovak target reader.

To relate this also to the other differentiation provided by Briffa & Caruana (2009), I would categorise the original title as one with low cultural bias, with a low to slight cultural bias in the target title.

7.3 LEXICAL CHALLENGES

Sometimes there is a possibility that there is an equivalence between the English language and the Slovak language. Sometimes, however, the translator needs to be creative, and either naturalize, explain, or find a cultural equivalent. In this chapter I want to highlight some specific lexical challenges I have encountered while translating *A Clergyman's Daughter*, and how they were solved.

7.3.1 TERMINOLOGY

Terminology is not something that the literary translator is concerned about often. It is not like terminology never appears in a work of literary art, but a person working as a certified translator will come into contact with terminology much more often. The appearance of terminology in a literary work of course depends on the kind of literary text we are translating. In the case of *A Clergyman's Daughter*, I had to consider terminology quite a lot, especially terminology connected to church and clergy, especially in the Anglican church. In this subchapter I want to describe and explain how I went about dealing with this specific issue.

Term: H.C., Holy Communion

Translation: sväté prijímanie

Source text example (page 16): “...*(he) got up at uncomfortable hours of the morning to celebrate Holy Communion...*”

Translated passage: “...*každú stredu a piatok vstával neprijemne skoro ráno, aby slávil sväté prijímanie.*”

In some cases when dealing with the terminology related to church, the source text has a nice direct equivalent in the target language. The term *Holy Communion* is one of them. This part of the Holy Mass, when people take the wafer and drink wine, symbolising the body and blood of Jesus Christ respectively, is called *sväté prijímanie* in Slovak. It is a part of Mass in virtually every Christian denomination, and not something specific to the Anglican church. The only dilemma left then was the capitalization in the source language. It does not carry over to the target language, as the term *sväté prijímanie* is simply not capitalized in Slovak. The only

single instance, when the target text was not directly translated word for word is at the beginning of the subject source text, where on the page 2, *Holy Communion* is shortened simply as *H.C.* in Dorothy's memo list. In this case, I chose to write out the whole term *sväté prijímanie*. My thought process here was that it would not be immediately clear to the target reader what *s. p.* means, and preserved the "feel" and chaotic nature of Dorothy using shortcuts, fully capitalized words, and scratched out words in the rest of her memo list.

Term: General Confession

Translation: sviatosť zmierenia

Source text example (page 7): "They were kneeling again. It was the General Confession."

Translated passage: "Opäť kľáčali. Prebiehala sviatosť zmierenia."

Here the line is a bit more blurry than in the term *Holy Communion*. Let us keep the target reader in mind. In Slovakia, a majority Catholic Christian country, the act of confession and acknowledgement of sinful actions and thoughts in a Church, also known as *sviastosť zmierenia* or perhaps more commonly *svätá spoved'*, is connected to confessing privately to a priest. This confession is strictly private and confidential, no other people are present. However, during a *General Confession*, which is common in Eastern Orthodoxy or, much more relevant to this master's thesis, in Anglicanism, the believers confess their sins inwardly, the confession is then said together by everyone, and then the priest pronounces general absolution. In this case I chose to steer away from the term *svätá spoved'*, as that would imply to the target reader a one-on-one confession to the priest. Rather I went with *sviastosť zmierenia*, which is more of an umbrella term. Again, the capitalization is different, as after looking at websites and articles from various parishes, both *svätá spoved'* or *sviastosť zmierenia* were not capitalized.

Term: rector

Translation: farár

Source text example (page 7): “...she was the only child of the Reverend Charles Hare, Rector of St Athelstan's, Knype Hill, Suffolk.”

Translated passage: “...bola jediným dieťaťom reverenda Charlesa Harea, farára farnosti sv. Athelstana v mestečku Knype Hill v grófstve Suffolk.”

Here we apply the concept of cultural equivalent we learned about in the theoretical part. A *rector* is a person whose responsibility is to run a parish. We should not get confused here by the false friend *rektor* in Slovak. *Rektor* is mainly the highest-ranking academic official of a university. However, this false friend is even more treacherous, as *rector* can also be used in a religious setting. In this case a *rector* is the head of a theological seminary that is preparing people for the future work as priests. The cultural equivalent here would be the term for a member of clergy who is responsible for the administrative run of a parish. This term is simply *farár*. This term fits Dorothy's father perfectly. Not only is the job description of a *rector* equivalent to the one of a *farár*, the term *farár* is also in synergy with the chosen translated title of the work *Farárova dcéra*.

Term: rectory

Translation: fara

Source text example (page 11): “*The Rectory stood half way up the hill...*”

Translated passage: “*Fara stála v polovici kopca...*”

In this case it should be sufficient to look at the explanation for the terms *rector* and *farár*. A *rector* is to the *rectory* the same as a *farár* is to *fara*. What is important to note here though, is that the term *rectory* describes only the building in which the *rector* lives. *Fara*, of course, describes this too, but it is also used as a translation of the word *parish*. *Fara* is both the building, and the administrative unit.

Term: rular dean

Translation: dekan

Source text example (page 24): “*Mr Welwyn-Foster was the Rural Dean.*”

Translated passage: “*Pán Welwyn-Foster bol dekan.*”

Here, I decided to slightly “betray” the author, and simply omit the word *rular* in the translation. I argue that it is not important. In the Church of England, a *rular dean* was a head of multiple parishes in a given area. The cultural equivalent here is the term *dekan*. *Dekan* is for the target reader known as someone responsible for a bigger administrative unit than a parish, and smaller than diocese, and so it makes it fulfil the same role as the one of a *rular dean*.

Term: Low Church

Translation: puritánsky

Source text example (page 16): “*In his purely clerical duties he was correct—perhaps a little too correct for a Low Church East Anglian parish.*”

Translated passage: “*Jeho čisto cirkevné povinnosti si plnil korektne. Na puritánsku východoanglickú faru možno až priveľmi.*”

The term *Low Church* needed a bit of detective work on my part. Eventually I was able to determine that when it comes to the Anglican church, different local communions can vary greatly, for example in the matter of liturgical practice, doctrine, or even political views. These differences gave rise to two main different groups – the *High Church* and the *Low Church*. In short, we can describe as *High Church* those communions who are closer to the Roman Catholic teachings and doctrine. *Low Church* then are those communions, who called for more reform, and wanted to get rid of the Roman Catholic practice. Knowing how Dorothy’s father lead his sermons, it would make sense that his “style” of following the Roman Catholic doctrine more closely would not go down well in a *Low Church*. As for the translation, I went with the term *puritánsky*. This adjective precisely describes the group of people who called for more reform within the church, as well as for following the Roman Catholic practices less strictly. The term *High Church* is not present in the source text, however if it was, I would solve it as *tradičný* or

konzervatívny, with the reasoning that *High Church* wanted to stick more closely to the established ways.

Term: Anglo-Catholicism

Translation: anglo-katolicizmus

Source text example (page 16): “*On the one hand, he had the deepest contempt for the Anglo-Catholic movement.*”

Translated passage: “*Na jednej strane mal ten najväčší odpor k anglo-katolíckemu hnutiu.*”

At the first glance, the translation of this term is straightforward. *Anglo-Catholicism* as *anglo-katolicizmus*. I just want to explain how I arrived at this translation, or at least the background. *Anglo-Catholicism* groups the various Anglican churches together. We are talking mostly about those Anglican churches, that have a strong Catholic tradition, as the term itself suggests after all. These are also the churches, that we could describe as *High Churches*, based on the description of them above. When talking about *Anglo-Catholicism* or *anglo-katolicizmus* we are talking about a “branch” of the Anglican church. Why these distinctions are important is because in the source text, the trouble Dorothy’s father is facing is that while he himself has the deepest contempt for *Anglo-Catholicism*, he is still considered too *High Church* for the parishioners of his *Low Church* parish.

7.3.1.1 FASHION TERMINOLOGY

While translating this text, a very particular challenge arose – the one of fashion terminology. Whether it was the description of the clothes worn by the priests during the church service or simply the description of outfits worn by the characters, it is something that took a considerable amount of time researching, which is why I would not like to omit this part from the master’s thesis.

Term: cassock

Translation: sutana

Cassock is a garment covering the whole body, and it is worn by some member of the clergy. In the novel Dorothy's father is the one wearing it, as well as the altar boys. In Slovak, this word has an equivalent of *reverenda* or *klerika*, although *sutana* is the most common name used for this type of clothing, so that is what I used in the target text as well.

Term: surplice

Translation: kamža

This is another case of a religious garment. It is used by the altar boys, the members of the choir, as well as by the priest outside of the Holy Mass. The term I have originally used after my research was *superpelicia*, however that form is not really widely used, and after a consultation *kamža* was used instead, which also when researching by looking at pictures resembles the garment described in the novel the best.

Term: pork-pie hat

Translation: plstený klobúk

In this case I needed to alter the original. After consulting websites selling hats, and general fashion e-shops, *pork-pie hat* is in Slovak language simply called *klobúk typu pork pie* (*pork-pie type hat*). I did not want to use English words in the target text. I decided to drop the *pork-pie* portion. However, instead of letting Mrs Mayfill wear just a *hat* (which I thought about and I think that would be an acceptable solution too, the reader will not lose some important context by not knowing what type of hat she was wearing), I decided to describe the material the hat was made of. I looked up that these sorts of hats used to be made out of straw, felt, or wool. I ruled out straw, as Mrs Mayfill's *pork-pie hat* is described as "black". I settled on felt, and the *pork-pie hat* became *plstený klobúk* in my translation. I do not think the shape of the hat is crucial for the target reader (and after all in the source text it is described as "quasi-pork-pie

hat”, so the shape is not so clearly defined anyway) and I kept at least some description of the hat in the target text.

Term: astrakhan

Translation: karakul

Astrakhan is a specific type of tightly curled fabric. The fabric is produced from the fur or wool of the Karakul breed of sheep. In short, *astrakhan* is another name for the *karakul* fabric. In Slovakia this fabric is better known as *karakul*, which is what I chose to use in the translation, to bring the text closer to the reader.

Term: bombazine

Translation: bombazín

When it came to *bombazine* I was unable to find an equivalent in the Slovak language. Any mentions of the words lead to either Czech, or machine translated Ukrainian and Russian websites, but there was no mention of it in Slovak. *Vlnená šatovka* was in consideration, but in this case I decided to transliterate the word as *bombazín* and add a brief explanation after it, noting that it is *vlnená tkanina používaná na smútočné odevy* (*woolen fabric used for mourning garments*). What solidified this decision to me is Dorothy referring to the fabric as “*legendary and proverbial substance*”, which is why I think it is fitting that it keeps its name.

7.3.2 PHRASEOLOGISMS AND LITERARY DEVICES

Apart from the terminology, we can also observe a good amount of phraseologisms and literary devices in the text. We cannot really say that the text is full of them, maybe partly because Orwell’s desire to write succinctly and to the point was already showing, but we also cannot forget about the fact that Orwell himself admitted that especially in his earlier novel, he tried to make the text sound beautiful just for the sake of it. Here are then some phraseologisms and literary devices I want to highlight from the text, along with my solutions and explanations.

Original (page 1): “*Dorothy (...) awoke with a start...*”

This phrase is used to describe someone getting woken up suddenly, be it because of a loud noise or another disturbance. In this case the disturbance is Dorothy’s alarm clock, which wakes her up abruptly. In this case, I used the Slovak expression *strhnúť sa zo sna* which is used not only when an outside disturbance wakes you up suddenly, but also when a disturbing dream makes you wake up. This works here very well, as Dorothy is also troubled by a dream along with the alarm clock.

Translation: “*Dorothy sa strhla (...) zo sna.*”

Original (page 1): “*Dorothy, wrenched from the depths of some complex, troubling dream...*”

This is connected to the previous entry. We learn about how abruptly Dorothy awakens thanks to a troubling dream. The original suggest an intense experience, with Dorothy being tangled in a dream that is complex, making her sudden wake up that much harsh. I incorporated this into the previous solution, and so the finished line in the translated target text looks like this:

Translation: “*Dorothy sa strhla z hlbín nejakého zauzleného, znepokojujúceho sna...*”

Original (page 1): “*...(it) caused her to bury her head under the bedclothes ...*”

Here Dorothy is seeking refuge by covering her head with bedclothes, trying to block the noise of the alarm clock, as well as trying to avoid having to get up so early in the morning. The direct translation of the word *bury* would not work well here, instead I used the verb *schovať* meaning *hide*, which sounds much better in the target language, and still communicated to the reader Dorothy’s want to escape her responsibilities and stay in bed.

Translation: “*...ju prinútila schovať si hlavu pod perinu...*”

Original (page 2): “...*she stepped resolutely into the bath, sat down and let the icy girdle of water slide up her body and immerse her all...*”

This is a metaphor that describes how the cold water enveloped Dorothy’s body when she entered the bath. We get a vivid sensation of the chilling effect the cold water has on Dorothy. It is also useful to note, that a girdle is a piece of clothing worn around the waist. It can be a sort of a corset covering the area from waist to thighs. Here I moved away from the clothing metaphor but left at least some connection to it. I chose to use the phrase *skĺznuť pod* which means *slide under*, referring to Dorothy *sliding under* the surface of the water, which is like a girdle what she would have to *slide* into if she was to put it on.

Translation: “...*odhodlane vstúpila do vane, sadla si, a skĺzla pod ľadovú hladinu vody, ktorá ju ponorila celú...*”

Original (page 9): “...*crossing herself so elaborately that one might have imagined that she was sketching a series of braid frogs on the front of her coat...*”

This is another metaphor, describing how Mrs Mayfill elaborately crossed herself. I chose to completely redo this part in the target text. First though, I went down a research rabbit hole, trying to find out what the *braid frogs* are. They refer to decorative fastening that can be found on some types of clothing. I could not find a good Slovak equivalent, and I felt like explaining this in the text would ruin the flow of this specific passage. What is important here, is the elaborate way she crossed herself, so I would argue that any translation that vividly captures the theatrical nature of Mrs Mayfill’s action fits well here. The translation I like came up after a consultation with my supervisor, and describes the crossing of Mrs Mayfill as looking like she was *fastening hundreds of buttons on her coat*.

Translation: “...*prežehnávala sa tak starostlivo, že si človek mohol myslieť, že si na kabáte zapína stovky gombíkov....*”

Original (pages 9 and 10): “...*spray of leaves in the doorway gleamed with a transient, matchless green, greener than jade or emerald or Atlantic waters*...”

This is one of the passages where Orwell uses a very literary language, when describing leaves floating in the air that Dorothy sees through the front door of the church. In this case my translation is rather literal and word for word. The equivalent words work just as well in Slovak as in English – *matchless* as *neopakovateľná* (literally *non-repeatable, once in a lifetime*), and the names of the gemstones *nefrit* and *smaragd* evoke in the mind of a target reader a beautiful green colour as well. A bit more thought went into the word *transient* which after a bit of consideration I chose to translate as *pominuteľnou*. This word signifies how special the exact moment was, as well as how fleeting it was. I also considered swapping the *Atlantic waters* for a body of water that is closer to the target reader (not an actual geographical location, but rather just as *vody jazera* (*waters of a lake*)). However, I have decided to keep the name of the *Atlantic* also in the target text, as it actually adds to the literary nature of this passage in the target text, and it will not be difficult to interpret for the target reader.

Translation: “...*sprška listov vo dverách sa rozžiarila pominuteľnou, neopakovateľnou zelenou, zelenšou ako nefrit, smaragd alebo vody Atlantiku.*”

Original (pages 25 and 26): “*We’ve simply nothing to live on for the next month.*”

Dorothy uses this phrase to emphasize to her father the dire state of their finances. It is a phrase that reflects her frustration and desperation. The Slovak language has a very good equivalent, *nemáme z čoho žiť*, which expresses the same desperation.

Translation: “*Ďalší mesiac jednoducho nemáme z čoho žiť.*”

7.3.3 GEOGRAPHICAL NAMES AND LOCATIONS

There are not many geographical locations featured in the chapter of *A Clergyman’s Daughter* that is the subject of this master’s thesis, but still I would like to go over how the few that are there were dealt with.

First, the very location of where the plot of the novel takes place: *Knype Hill, Suffolk*. We learn about this place in the very first page: “...*she was the only child of the Reverend Charles*

Hare, Rector of St Athelstan's, Knype Hill, Suffolk.” Straight up, there are three different locations that need to be explained to the target reader.

I chose to translate *St Athelstan's* as *fara sv. Athelstana*. This explains to the reader that *St Athelstan's* is an administrative unit of the church. The name *Athelstan* was naturalized and transcribed. There is no cultural equivalent as there would be for example with *John* and *Ján*.

Next is *Knype Hill*, name of the town where the first chapter takes place. This name could be tricky for a few reasons. First, it contains the word *hill* in it, which might confuse the translator and the reader alike, making them incorrectly assume that the name belongs to the feature of terrain, rather than the town. For this reason, I chose to describe the context a bit for the target reader, and chose the translation *mestečko Knype Hill*. This is where the second issue lies. The division of settlements does not necessarily correlate from English to Slovak. There exist both *towns* and *cities* in England, both of which would simply be called *mestá* in Slovak. For a smaller settlement we could even use the term *dedina* which when translated literally means *village*. According to the description of *Knype Hill* from the novel, we are dealing with a small *town*. That is why I chose the word *mestečko*, which is a diminutive of the word *mesto*.

Another geographical name that I felt needed to be explained in text is *Suffolk*. Again, the administrative division of the source and target countries is different, so in my translation I added *grófstvo* in front of *Suffolk*, to make sure the reader know we are dealing with a *county*.

The chosen passage then reads like this:

Original: “...she was the only child of the Reverend Charles Hare, Rector of *St Athelstan's, Knype Hill, Suffolk.*”

Translated: “...bola jediným dieťaťom reverenda Charlesa Harea, farára farnosti sv. *Athelstana v mestečku Knype Hill v grófstve Suffolk.*”

Literal meaning: “...she was the only child of the Reverend Charles Hare, Rector of the *Parish of St Athelstan's in the small town of Knype Hill in the county of Suffolk.*”

Millborough, Church of St Edmund, as well as *Church of St Wedekind*, remained unchanged, or rather simply translated word for word (*Millborough, Kostol sv. Edmunda, Kostol sv. Wedekinda*). The names of the house of Mrs Mayfill *The Grange* and the name of the establishment *Ye Olde Tea Shoppe* remained in their original English spelling, just with a little

in-text explanation added that those are *dom zvaný The Grange* (a house called *The Grange*) and *kaviareň Ye Olde Tea Shoppe* (café *Ye Olde Tea Shoppe*).

The only change and alteration I made in the name of the location is with *High Street*. *Knype Hill* is a fictional town, with fictional streets. *High Street* is an arbitrary name. I chose to omit the proper name of the street, and simply call it *hlavná ulica* (main street, high street) in the text. I would argue it makes the passages where it appears more fluent and less cumbersome to read while keeping the arbitrary nature.

7.3.4 PROPER NAMES OF THE CHARACTERS

The characters in this novel are admittedly way more important than the geography and the locations, however I am putting a brief subchapter about them after the subchapter which deals with geography, as my hierarchy when deciding what to translate and what to keep as is looked the same. I considered calling *Dorothy* in her Slovak equivalent which would be *Doroška*, but quickly decided against it. I had two reasons. The name would look really out of place with some of the other characters. A lot of the characters are referred to in the text by their surnames, which would make *Doroška* stand out even more. The other reason is that reading other English authors and their translations into Slovak, there is a tendency to keep the names as they are. There is still *Elizabeth* and not *Alžbeta* in *Pride in Prejudice*. In *Wuthering Heights* there is *Catherine* and not *Katarína*. Even when reading the works of Orwell himself, we still read about *Winston Smith* in *Nineteen Eighty-Four* rather than about *Winston Kováč*. Bearing all this in mind, I chose to keep *Dorothy* as *Dorothy*, and all the other characters keep their original names as well.

7.4 CULTURAL AND OTHER SPECIFIC CHALLENGES

7.4.1 FOREIGN LANGUAGE IN THE TEXT

A Clergyman's Daughter contains a few brief sentences in Latin. I think it is appropriate to address them in a specific subchapter. Especially considering Orwell's own comments about using foreign language in English text. The usage of foreign language like this might fall under what Orwell himself called *pretentious diction* in *Why I Write*. In addition, it might break one of the rules he proposed in the same essay, namely "never use a foreign phrase, a scientific word or a jargon word if you can think of an everyday English equivalent." Because of this, I want

to take a look at the Latin phrases one by one, and explain how I handled their appearance in the source text and how they are reflected in the target text.

On page 13, we find the following sentence: “*Mrs Tawney was a labourer's wife and lived in partibus infidelium, north of the High Street.*” This is not a part of direct speech of any of the characters. The context for this is Dorothy's father getting annoyed about the fact that Dorothy has to go around the town and remind people, namely Mrs Tawney, to get their newborn children christened instead of the people coming to church on their own. I have talked about how the line between Dorothy's thoughts and Orwell's own insights can be blurry at times, however in this particular highlighted part Orwell is simply providing a background on the character of Mrs Tawney. I do not think anything will be lost if in the translated version this text will not remain in Latin and instead be in Slovak. This will also align more with Orwell's view (that he formulated later after writing *A Clergyman's Daughter*) that you should not use a foreign phrase when there is an easy to find equivalent. In this case the equivalent really is easy to find. My translated version is as follows: “*Pani Tawneyová bola žena robotníka a žila v pohanskej štvrti severne od hlavnej ulice.*” *In partibus infidelium* is then literary translated as *in the pagan quarter*. The meaning of the sentence is the same, it does not lose its religious context, and it follows Orwell's own rule.

On the very next page, 14, we find another instance of Latin. “*‘Benedictus benedicat,’ said the Rector, lifting the worn silver coverlet off the breakfast dish.*” This one is different from the previous example. We are talking about the rector's direct speech. It makes perfect sense for an Anglican rector still clinging at least in some form to the High Church Roman Catholic doctrine to be blessing his food in Latin. In this case I have decided to keep it as it is. “*„Benedictus benedicat,“ povedal rektor, a zdvihol ošúchanú striebornú prikrývku z raňajkovej misy.*”

Page 17 provides us with another short passage in Latin, and again with a different solution. “*...his children were in the thick of the Roman Catholic literary movement. They were said to have a parrot which they were teaching to say ‘Extra ecclesiam nulla salus.’*” I translated this passage like this: “*...jeho deti boli v popredí rímskokatolíckeho literárneho hnutia. Vraj mali papagája, ktorého učili hovoriť „extra ecclesiam nulla salus“ – mimo cirkvi niet spásy.*” *Extra ecclesiam nulla salus* is a phrase describing a Christian doctrine, based on

Mark 16:15-16. It deals with who will receive salvation. While different Christian denominations might interpret the phrase differently, for the purpose of this thesis and the translation it is only important, that while this was again no direct speech, it is Orwell describing what is happening in a family of Mr Cameron, who strongly convinced by the Roman Catholic teachings. It is understandable that they would be teaching the parrot Latin. I chose to keep this faithful to the original, and provided an in-text explanation right after the Latin text, *mimo cirkevni niet spásy*, which is how the phrase *extra ecclesiam nulla salus* is used in religious texts written in Slovak.

On page 18 we experience our final encounter with Latin in this book, and I dare say it might be the most interesting one. We are not in direct speech, or in Dorothy's thoughts, but rather Orwell is once again describing one of the parishioners: "*Mr Toagis, anima naturaliter Nonconformistica, had been kept 'Church' solely by the privilege, at Harvest Festival time, of decorating the side altar...*" To understand why I claim this Latin phrase might be the most interesting of all of the phrases mentioned here, we need to understand a bit of background context. *Anima naturaliter Nonconformistica* is a play on the phrase *anima naturaliter Christiana* attributed to early Christian Carthaginian author Tertullian, who was talking about a *naturally Christian soul*. Mr Toagis is then naturally nonconformist. I wanted to solve this phrase by omitting the Latin to bring the text closer to the target reader, while also preserving some sort of fun play on words. The whole segment is humorous, as we are talking about Mr Toagis who goes to church solely so he can decorate it with his pumpkins during the harvest season. I turned to Slovak phraseologisms and after considering a few different ones that could be somehow fitted into this passage and reflect Mr Toagis' character, such as *pust' sa Bohu, chyt' sa vrbu* (*let go of God, grab a willow*) or *modli sa k Bohu, ale k brehu plávaj* (*pray to God but swim to shore*), I settled on *od modlitby trpnu zuby* (*a prayer makes the teeth ache*). The passage then looks like this:

Original: "*Mr Toagis, anima naturaliter Nonconformistica, had been kept 'Church' solely by the privilege, at Harvest Festival time, of decorating the side altar...*"

Translated: "*Pán Toagis, ktorému od modlitby trpí zuby, chodil do kostola len výmenou za privilégium, že počas Festivalu žatvy mohol ozdobiť oltár...*"

Literal meaning: “*Mr Toagis, whose teeth ached when he had to pray, had been kept 'Church' solely by the privilege, at Harvest Festival time, of decorating the side altar...*”

I believe that with this solution, the target text is closer to the target reader: the target reader does not need to bother themselves with trying to figure out the Latin meaning while also not losing anything from the context that Mr Toagis was not really a religious man, but rather only visited church for his own benefit of being able to boast about his pumpkins.

To conclude this subchapter, I will just briefly summarize my thought process and my solutions. When it came to direct speech of deeply religious people (Dorothy’s father, Mr Cameron), then the Latin was left as is. In the case of Dorothy’s father blessing the food I believe that no explanation was necessary, while in the case of Mr Cameron and the parrot of his children I added a translation of the Latin phrase right after it, just to make it clear to the target reader what the parrot was learning. When it came to Latin outside of direct speech, when Orwell was just providing context or an observation of a character, I tried to omit the Latin and rather substitute it for some Slovak equivalent, while keeping the context and meaning the same.

7.4.2 FATHER AS A FAMILY MEMBER AND FATHER AS A RELIGIOUS TITLE

Dialogues between Dorothy and her father are a substantial portion of the chapters translated for the purpose of this master’s thesis. When reading the original, the reader will eventually notice that Dorothy addresses her father in two different ways. One is *father* and the other is *Father*. Both addresses are understandable, the rector is Dorothy’s *father*, and he is a *Father* for the members of his parish as well. However, these changes in capitalization can get confusing and I would argue even become annoying for the reader. Is it intentional? Is it negligence on the part of the author and editor? These are all questions that can pop up in the mind of the reader, and keep them from just getting lost in the text and enjoying the novel. There is some system to when Dorothy uses *father* and when *Father*. In a casual conversation, it is lowercase *father*. “*Good morning, father.*” When the conversation has a serious tone, or when Dorothy is sorry for something (as she often is), the address becomes uppercase *Father*. “*I’m so sorry, Father. The kitchen fire kept going out.*” When the rector is mentioned outside of the direct speech, and in Dorothy’s thoughts, it is usually written in lowercase. I decided to make this distinction more clear for the target reader, and luckily the Slovak language allows me to

do so quite well. I created three rules based on which I translated the *fathers* and *Fathers* in the text like this:

1. In a serious conversation, whenever Dorothy is using the uppercase *Father*, calling her dad by his religious title rather than by their family ties, I used the Slovak word *Otče*.
2. When the tone is casual, and Dorothy calls the rector *father*, I used one of the diminutive versions of the word *otec* (*dad*) such as *ocko* or *otecko*.
3. Outside of the direct speech I used the neutral *otec*.

Of course, I did not take these rules as gospel, and still judged every single instance of this word individually, making sure it fits the context. To keep everything consistent, especially when Dorothy uses *Otče*, I decided that Dorothy will use formal language with her father, meaning that she will use the concept of *vykanie* when talking to him, meaning she addresses him always in the second person plural.

7.4.3 AFFECTION, ENDEARMENT, PLAYFULNESS AND GAMES

On page 11 in the original, we find the following passage:

“My dear, he had nine spades to the ace-queen and he went one no trump, if you please. What, my dear, you don't mean to say you're paying for my coffee again? Oh, but my dear, it is simply too sweet of you! Now tomorrow I shall simply insist upon paying for yours. And just look at dear little Toto sitting up and looking such a clever little man with his little black nose wiggling, and he would, would he, the darling duck, he would, he would, and his mother would give him a lump of sugar, she would, she would. There, Toto!”

Here Orwell gives us a little window to the mind of the rector, and how he sees the “*upper-middle-class*” women that are gathering daily in *Ye Olde Tea Shoppe*, who he bitterly calls “*the coffee brigade*”. I want to point out three things here.

At the very beginning of the passage, the ladies are clearly talking about some sort of card game. The expressions *nine spades to the ace-queen* and *one no trump* confirm that they are talking about a hand of *bridge*. *Bridge* is popular in England, however in Slovakia translating this passage while preserving the original *bridge* terminology would say nothing to the reader,

and even confuse them. Instead, I adapted this short sentence to fit a game of *žolíky*, known in English as *continental rummy*. The translated part looks like this:

Translation: “*Moja drahá, mal postupku a nevyložil sa, verila by si tomu?*”

Literal meaning: “*My dear, he had a straight (or a run) and did not lay down the cards, would you believe that?*”

This brings the text closer to the reader, who does not need to be familiar with the rules of *bridge*, but is probably familiar with the rules of *žolíky*, and allows them to focus on reading the text further instead of stopping and wondering what game the ladies are referring to and how it works. Also, no important context is lost. If playing *bridge* was crucial for the plot in some way I would solve this differently, perhaps by explaining the rules to some extent.

Second, as can be seen now, in the original some words are highlighted in cursive. They are those words the affectionate ladies stress in their affected speech. Due to my edit of the first sentence, and the nature of the target language, I kept some words highlighted, but they do not necessarily match the highlighted words in the source text one to one, as the stress would be put on different words in Slovak.

The last point of this chapter is the way the lady talks to the dog *Toto*. While some of the expressions work just as well in Slovak (*and just look at dear little Toto as no len pozri na zlatého malého Tota*), in some cases a cultural equivalent had to be found, so that this affectionate quality of the speech was not lost. For the *darling duck* I decided to use *drahocenné srdiečko* (*precious sweetheart*) and I substituted the *lump of sugar* that *Toto*’s owner would provide for him for a *maškrтка* (*little treat*), all in the attempt to keep the tone affectionate and bring the text closer to the target reader without losing anything important from the original.

7.4.4 TRANSLATING MEAL TIMES AND THEIR NAMES

In this last chapter, I want to describe one more specific issue I stumbled upon. On pages 24 and 25 we find this dialogue between Dorothy and her father:

“‘*We’ve simply nothing to live on for the next month. I don’t even know where the meat’s coming from for today’s dinner.*’

‘*Luncheon, Dorothy, luncheon!*’ said the Rector with a touch of irritation. ‘*I do wish you would drop that abominable lower-class habit of calling the midday meal dinner!*’

'For luncheon, then. Where are we to get the meat from?'”

The problem here lies in the words *dinner* and *luncheon*. These words are easily translated into Slovak as *večera* and *obed*. However, they do not necessarily describe the exact same thing. In the case of the Slovak word *večera*, it describes a meal that is eaten usually in the evening (from the word *večer* – evening, *večera* – evening meal). When translating this bit for the first time, it did not sit right with me that the meal in the middle of the day would be called *večera* by anyone, as it refers to an evening meal in Slovak. However, in English *dinner* was not always associated with evening, but rather with the biggest meal of the day. *Dinner* was the meal that was eaten some time in the afternoon, however with artificial daylight-saving time the time of this meal got pushed later and later into the evening. Knowing this, I chose to shift the point of the argument between Dorothy and her father a bit, so it makes sense in the target Slovak language. In the translated version, the rector is admonishing Dorothy for suggesting that *dinner* is the main meal of the day, as he sees that custom coming from the “lower-class” people, who the rector does not associate with.

Translated: “*‘Ďalší mesiac jednoducho nemáme z čoho žiť. Ani neviem z kadiaľ zoberiem mäso na dnešnú večeru.’*”

‘Obed, Dorothy, obed!’ povedal farár s náznakom iritácie. ‘Želám si, aby si prestala s tým otravným zvykom nižšej triedy považovať večeru za hlavné jedlo!’

‘Tak teda na obed. Odkiaľ zoženieme mäso?’”

Literal meaning: “*‘We’ve simply nothing to live on for the next month. I don’t even know where the meat’s coming from for today’s dinner.’*”

‘Luncheon, Dorothy, luncheon!’ said the Rector with a touch of irritation. ‘I do wish you would drop that abominable lower-class habit of considering dinner the main meal of the day!’

‘For luncheon, then. Where are we to get the meat from?’”

8 CONCLUSION

The goal of this master’s thesis was to create the English to Slovak translation of George Orwell’s novel *A Clergyman’s Daughter*, analyse it, and comment on it. The aim was also to

introduce the field of literary translation, summarize the knowledge about the field, describe the process of creating a work of literary translation, as well as the challenges and problems that might appear when creating a work of literary translation and provide vital background to both the author of the source text and the source text itself.

In “the current state of the topic at home and abroad” part of the master’s thesis I have provided a brief introduction to the field of literary translation. This field is complex, and a successful literary translator needs to possess a variety of skills. A literary translator takes on a very specific role. That is a role in the chain that connects the author and the target reader. Because of this, a literary translator is both the reader and author, and sits in the space between cultures, with the aim of bridging the two cultures together. Apart from this, a translator is also responsible for consciously making choices about the strategy of solving the specific challenges of the source text. The two main questions asked in the theoretical field of literary translation are about faithfulness or freedom of the translation, and about if literary works of art are translatable at all. As for the first question, it is often proposed that the target text should be as faithful to the source text as possible. However, literary translation functions as a bridge from the source language to the audience in the target language, that has often different background, traditions, ways of viewing the world, ideologies, and experience, all of which make the audience interpret the translated text differently. This means that a literary translator does not just transcribe a text from one language to another, but rather acts as mediator between cultures, helping bridge the language gaps between the author and the reader. While it is possible that some aspects of a literary work are not translatable, the complete literary work as a whole is always translatable. I felt the role of a literary translator as someone who bridges different cultures first hand when working on a translation of this novel. I tried my best to give the potential reader of the translation the same literary experience as if they were reading the original Orwell’s work, while also not being distracted by the foreign origin of the text. Some cultural clues, that were not completely essential to the plot of the novel are naturalised or explained in the text in a natural sounding way in order not to disturb the reader from the reading experience.

Later in the master’s thesis I describe the process of creating a work of literary translation. I outline some basic steps adapted from the literature, with the aim of later relating my own steps in my process to them and comparing them. The described steps go as follows:

Step 1: Reading the entire text at least twice.

Step 2: Determining the voice of the author.

Step 3: Constructing the first draft, capturing the essence of the text, and highlighting troublesome passages.

Step 4: Consulting vague points with a native speaker or an author. This step should also include research into the specific topics discussed in the source text.

Step 5: Going over the manuscript again.

Step 6: Leaving the finished text to rest for a few days, and going over it one more time with fresh mind.

A very specific challenge is translating the title of the work. Translators in various languages deal with translating titles for their domestic market differently. In the master's thesis I discuss the view that translation is becoming a commercial item, and its purpose is to sell the work of art as best as possible. Since title is often the first thing that the reader comes to contact with, it needs special attention. French, Spanish, or German translations more often than not use the substitution while translating, in some way shielding their culture and identity from the foreign, while in Slovak, the dominant strategy is for the foreign aspects to carry over. Some authors mentioned that when it comes to the title, it should be changed only when it cannot be left unchanged. However, even this is at the discretion of the literary translator. There are different strategies when approaching the translation of a title such as transference, naturalisation, literality, and shift. The titles in their nature can be of a low or high cultural bias, and even with the translated titles we can talk about title of low or high cultural bias, oriented either at the source or the target language.

After the challenges, I provided some techniques that help literary translators deal with them. There are many different outlooks. Some strategies might be divided into groups as unbiased and biased. Unbiased strategies are more conservative, keeping the original structures intact, transliterating cultural words and realia, and breaking norms of the target language. The case of using an unbiased strategy in my translation is for example the fact that the name of the characters and locations are kept the same as in the original, even with their original spelling. Biased strategies help the reader, and provide additional context to the original source text. For

example, when dealing with idioms, a biased strategy might be the best. Literal translation of idioms should be avoided. Idioms should be treated carefully, with the literary translator grasping the meaning of the idiom first, and then conveying its meaning to the target language in a natural sounding way. In general, however, literal translation should not be avoided as it is the most basic procedure. Transference, which can also be called a loan word, should be used when there is no other term appropriate in the target language. Thanks to naturalization a translator can adapt the words from the source language to the pronunciation and morphology of the target language. In my translation, this was used for example when dealing with the fabric called *bombazine*. As there was no equivalent, it is simply naturalized as *bombazín* and explained later. Cultural equivalent is useful when there is a cultural concept in the target language, similar or close to the concept in the source language. Again, this was useful when working on my translation too. There is a very brief mention of a hand of the card game *bridge* in the text. For the sake a fluent flow of the text, as well keeping the reader engaged with the text and not disturbed, I substituted *bridge* for *continental rummy*, a game much more popular in Slovakia. Reader does not lose any important context in this particular case and the image in their mind will be the same as when reading the original. Description is then helpful when a cultural equivalent does not exist. Transposition is another invaluable technique. It involves modifying multiple characteristics, such as syntax, grammar, vocabulary, or flow and adjusting them to fit the conventions of the target language. Both description and transposition were heavily used when producing my translation. Modulation allows translators to change the point of view of the original language, while maintaining the main idea of the text. The usage of all of these tools and techniques is up to the author, and each source text will have a need for them in different degrees, while some might not be used at all.

Having knowledge about the background and life of the author helps greatly when creating a literary translation, as it helps us understand the author better, and so I provide a biography of George Orwell, outlining his life-story which shaped his motivation as well as writing style. There are two periods to Orwell's writing. It was only after his experience of taking part in the Spanish Civil War conflict when his writing became focused on politics. Power, language, propaganda, and similar themes are part of each of his novels from *Homage to Catalonia* onward. *A Clergyman's Daughter* belongs to Orwell's earlier works. Orwell, according to his own essays which I discuss in more detail in the chapter about the specifics of translating Orwell,

was not too fond of *A Clergyman's Daughter* as well as of *Keep the Aspidistra Flying*, describing them as being written purely for money. Orwell even tried to prevent more copies of *A Clergyman's Daughter* being published during his lifetime. Despite his views, I think there is some value in the novel. Most of all because as in majority of his novels, Orwell was drawing upon his own experiences, something I find extremely admirable. Be it living as a tramp in cheap lodging houses in *Down and Out in Paris and London*, experiencing the dismal working conditions of miners in *The Road to Wigan Pier*, or fighting in the Spanish Civil War conflict in *Homage to Catalonia*. In *A Clergyman's Daughter* we can see he once again used his experience of living as a tramp, but also his experienced as a manual labour worker, or school teacher. The theme of religion in the novel likely also comes from Orwell's own experience, as according to his essays he himself became more and more distant from Christianity, mainly because of the hypocrisy of the people who preached the Christian faith to him.

Orwell's essays in general provide an invaluable asset to anyone trying to translate his work, and so I discussed two of them (*Why I Write* and *Politics and the English Language*) in the chapter about literary translation of George Orwell. In *Politics and the English Language* Orwell outlined his problems with the style of English used by his contemporaries, and even provided a loose guidelines to follow when using the English language. Those were never using a metaphor or another figure of speech which you are used to seeing in print, never using a long word where a short can be used, always cutting a word out when possible, never using the passive voice instead of the active voice, never using foreign words or jargons where there exist an English equivalent, and breaking these rules sooner than writing anything barbarous. These essays were published after *A Clergyman's Daughter* but where possible in the translation I tried to implement them, hopefully creating not only a faithful translation of Orwell, but perhaps even an improved one, enhanced by his own insights he gained later.

I also provide background for the novel *A Clergyman's Daughter*. It is a story about a loss of faith of Dorothy Hare, daughter of a rector Charles Hare. Dorothy is tasked with handling all the chores that surround the parish, from writing father's sermons to preparing costumes for a charity theatre play. After an attempted rape Dorothy suffers from amnesia and wakes up in London. Each subsequent chapter then introduces new characters that Dorothy gains experience from, as well as a new problem she has to face. Each chapter is also inspired by Orwell's own experience. Dorothy first joins a group of workers to go hop-picking, lives with tramps in

Trafalgar Square (a part which is written experimentally as a play, a nod to James Joyce's *Ulysses*), gets arrested, teaches in a school and gets fired, and after all find her way back home, where despite losing her faith along the way she still sees the value of helping people, turns down a marriage proposal and stay working at the parish.

In the practical part, I begin with comparing the process of translation I went through to that outlined in the theoretical part. I found out that I have followed all the steps in some way, with the most useful being the first and last step, that being reading the source text at least twice and then at the very end let it sit alone for a few days. In the first step, reading the source text multiple times helped me understand it better and better each time, making uncertain areas clear as well as making me determine the authorial voice Orwell was using. When it came to the last step, letting the finished translation sit alone for a few days helped me come back to it with a fresh mind, and in my case even redo entire passages that I now viewed differently. In general, following the steps described in the thesis helped the target text to flow naturally, keeping the original message and voice while bringing it close to the target readers and making it understandable to them without issue.

Then I have turned to the specific challenges that I had to deal with when translating this particular novel, starting with the title. The title does not have a strong cultural bias in the source text, and gains a slight cultural bias in the target language, as I did not translate *clergyman* as *duchovní* but rather as a *farár*. My reasoning for this is that *duchovní* added a positive connotation to Dorothy's father which he does not possess, and *farár* best describes the work of Dorothy's father who was a *rector* whose job it was to run a parish, which is precisely the work of a *farár* as well. Further there were challenges when it came to the vocabulary used in the novel. There was a lot of terminology, mainly from the field of religion, but also from the field of fashion. I provide my translations and explanations for the most problematic terms. Some terms had an easy literal translation such as *Holy Communion* and *sväté prijímanie* (the same action), some needed a help of a cultural equivalent as *General Confession* and *sviatosť zmierenia* (the act of confession works differently in the Anglican church, and this term brings it closer to the target reader without confusing it the custom of *svätá spoveď* where people confess their sins privately to a priest – *General Confession* is done together and the priest gives absolution to everyone at once), in some cases a part of the term was omitted as in *rural dean* and *dekan* (the same function – the head of a group of parishes). Each of the terms was

approached individually with the target reader in mind but also with the attempt to preserve the original tone, setting and voice as well as possible. When it came to the fashion terms *astrakhan* was translated as *karakul*, with both words being the name for the same fabric, in the case of *pork-pie hat* I opted to drop the hat type (because *pork-pie hats* are called *klobúky typu pork pie* in Slovak, and I did not want to have English terms in the target text) and instead translating it as *plstený klobúk* substituting the shape for the material of the hat. I was not able to find an equivalent for *bombasine*, and because it is described in the source text as a legendary fabric, I chose to transliterate it in the target text as *bombazín*. Further issues appeared with the figures of speech and literary devices used in the text. For some, an equivalent has been found (*awake with a start* – strhnúť sa zo sna, *have nothing to live on* – nemať z čoho žiť) while others had to be creatively altered, such as for example *she was crossing herself so elaborately that one might have imagined that she was sketching a series of braid frogs on the front of her coat* which was translated as *prežehnávala sa tak starostlivo, že si človek mohol myslieť, že si na kabáte zapína stovky gombíkov*. When it came to the proper names, the characters keep their original English names. Same goes for geographical locations, with a few minor adjustments. In the target text there is *mestečko Knype Hill*, or *grófstvo Suffolk* explaining to the reader what sort of an administrative units the source text is talking about. *High Street*, an arbitrary name for the street in Knype Hill, is simply translated as *hlavná ulica*, just for the sake of clarity in the target text. Specific was also the issue with Latin phrases used throughout the text, while in some places understandable (such as when the rector is blessing the food on his plate in Latin), in others I would argue they violate using Orwell's own rule of using English when an equivalent is readily present. These phrases are translated in the target text, such as *Mrs Tawney (...) lived in partibus infidelium* which was translated as *Pani Tawneyová (...) žila v pohanskej štvrti*. Some part of the text needed an adaptation to the target language and culture. At some point in the novel, a group of older ladies are recalling a game of *bridge* especially one hand and how a certain person played it. Translating it would require at least a brief explanation of the game of *bridge* as it is not as popular in Slovakia, and because it is only a once sentence in the source text, I decided to replace *bridge* for *continental rummy* or *žolíky* in Slovak, something that will be immediately clear to the Slovak reader, while not taking away any important context. In some cases, I have shied away from bringing the text too much into the target culture, as that was not my intention and I do not think the text would benefit from that. An example of this is translating the *harevst*

festival as festival žatvy instead of *dožinky*, which would inevitably set the text in some Slavic country rather than in East Anglia. There was also a misunderstanding between Dorothy and her father about the use of the words *dinner* and *luncheon*. *Dinner* used to describe the main, biggest meal of the day while the Slovak equivalent *večera* has its roots in the time of day it is eaten (*večer* – evening). Because of this, the point of the argument had to be altered slightly but the end result is perfectly understandable to the target reader, while it preserves the main point of the argument which was that the rector was angry that Dorothy referred to the meal as a lower-class person would. The trouble with inconsistency of Dorothy addressing the rector in the source text as a once as a *father* and then as a *Father* was solved by using a diminutive *ocko* or *otecko* in casual conversations, and for the title used in a clergy *Otče* when Dorothy had a serious tone, was asking for something, or apologizing.

To conclude, I believe this thesis would be useful for anyone looking to create a work of literary translation, namely a translation of George Orwell, or even a translation of a English literary work that deals with a Christian theme. Apart from this, writing this thesis has helped me immensely in developing my skills as an aspiring future translator, as well as helped me notice some of my mistakes and bad habits, as for example often adhering to closely to the original text and copying its structure in the target language, which was apparent in the first draft but fixed in the finished translation.

9 RESUMÉ

Cieľom tejto diplomovej práce bolo vytvoriť preklad románu Georga Orwella *A Clergyman's Daughter* do slovenčiny, a potom ho analyzovať a komentovať. Cieľom bolo tiež predstaviť oblasť umeleckého prekladu, zhrnúť poznatky o tejto oblasti, opísať proces tvorby diela umeleckého prekladu, ako aj výzvy a problémy, ktoré sa môžu pri tvorbe umeleckého prekladu objaviť, a poskytnúť dôležité informácie o autorovi východiskového textu ako aj o východiskovom texte samotnom.

V časti teoretickej časti som poskytol stručný úvod do oblasti umeleckého prekladu. Táto oblasť je komplexná a úspešný umelecký prekladateľ musí disponovať rôznymi zručnosťami. Umelecký prekladateľ zastáva veľmi špecifickú úlohu. Je to úloha na priamke, ktorá spája

autora a cieľového čitateľa. Z tohto dôvodu je umelecký prekladateľ zároveň čitateľom aj autorom a nachádza sa v priestore medzi kultúrami s cieľom spojiť tieto dve kultúry. Okrem toho je prekladateľ zodpovedný aj za rozhodovanie o stratégii riešenia špecifických problémov východiskového textu. V teoretickej oblasti umeleckého prekladu existujú dve hlavné otázky. Sú to otázky o vernosti alebo voľnosti v preklade a o tom, či sa literárne diela vôbec dajú prekladať. Pokiaľ ide o prvú otázku, existuje častý argument, že cieľový text by mal byť čo najvernejší východiskovému textu. Umelecký preklad však funguje ako most od východiskového jazyka k publiku v cieľovom jazyku, ktoré má často odlišné pozadie, tradície, spôsob vnímania sveta, ideológie a skúsenosti, čo všetko spôsobuje, že publikum interpretuje prekladaný text odlišne. To znamená, že umelecký prekladateľ nielen prepisuje text z jedného jazyka do druhého, ale pôsobí aj ako sprostredkovateľ medzi kultúrami, ktorý pomáha preklenúť jazykové a kultúrne rozdiely medzi autorom a čitateľom. Aj keď je možné, že niektoré aspekty literárneho diela sa preložiť nedajú, literárne dielo ako celok je teda vždy preložiteľné. Pri práci na preklade tohto románu som na vlastnej koži pocítil úlohu literárneho prekladateľa ako človeka, ktorý spája rôzne kultúry. Snažil som sa, aby som potenciálnym čitateľom prekladu poskytol rovnaký umelecký zážitok, ako keby čítali Orwellovo dielo v origináli, a zároveň aby ich nerozptyľoval cudzí pôvod textu. Niektoré kultúrne reálie, ktoré neboli pre dej románu úplne podstatné, sú v texte naturalizované alebo vysvetlené prirodzene znejúcim spôsobom, aby čitateľa nerušili od zážitku z čítania.

V ďalšej časti diplomovej práce opisujem proces tvorby umeleckého prekladu. Uvádžam tam niekoľko základných krokov prevzatých z literatúry s cieľom neskôr ich porovnať s mojim procesom. Spomínané kroky sú nasledovné:

Krok 1: Prečítať si celý text aspoň dvakrát.

Krok 2: Určenie autorského hlasu.

Krok 3: Zostavenie prvého návrhu prekladu, zachytenie podstaty textu a zvýraznenie problematických častí.

Krok 4: Konzultácia nejasných bodov s rodeným hovoriacim alebo autorom. Tento krok by mal zahŕňať aj zisťovanie si vecí o konkrétnych témach, ktoré sa spomínajú vo východiskovom texte.

Krok 5: Opätovné prechádzanie návrhu.

Krok 6: Prestávka od hotového textu na niekoľko dní a potom jeho opätovné prečítanie s čistou myšliou.

Veľmi špecifickou výzvou je preklad názvu diela. Prekladatelia z rôznych jazykov riešia preklad názvov pre svoj domáci trh rôzne. V diplomovej práci rozoberám pohľad, že preklad sa stáva komerčným artiklom a jeho cieľom je čo najlepšie predat' dielo. Keďže názov je často to prvé, s čím čitateľ prichádza do kontaktu, treba mu venovať osobitnú pozornosť. Francúzske, španielske či nemecké preklady častejšie pri preklade názvov zamieňajú, čím istým spôsobom chránia svoju kultúru a identitu pred cudzím, zatiaľ čo v slovenčine prevláda stratégia, aby sa cudzie aspekty preniesli a zanechali. Niektorí autori spomínali, že pokiaľ ide o názov, mal by sa meniť len vtedy, keď ho nemožno ponechať bez zmeny. Aj to je však na zvážení umeleckého prekladateľa. Pri prístupe k prekladu názvu existujú rôzne stratégie, ako napríklad prenesenie, naturalizácia, doslovnosť a posun. Názvy môžu mať nízku alebo vysokú kultúrnu zaujatosť a aj pri preložených tituloch môžeme hovoriť o titule s nízkou alebo vysokou kultúrnou zaujatosťou, orientovanou buď na východiskový, alebo na cieľový jazyk. Po výzvach som uviedol niekoľko techník, ktoré pomáhajú umeleckým prekladateľom vyrovnáť sa s nimi. Niektoré stratégie by sme mohli rozdeliť do skupín ako nezaujaté a zaujaté. Nezaujaté stratégie sú konzervatívnejšie, zachovávajú pôvodné štruktúry, prepisujú kultúrne slová a reálie a porušujú normy cieľového jazyka. Príkladom použitia nezaujatej stratégie v mojom preklade je napríklad to, že mená postáv a miest sú zachované rovnaké ako v origináli, a to aj s ich pôvodným hláskovaním. Zaujaté stratégie pomáhajú čitateľovi a poskytujú dodatočný kontext k pôvodnému východiskovému textu. Napríklad pri práci s idiómami to môže byť najlepšia stratégia. Treba sa vyhnúť doslovnému prekladu idiómov. S idiómami by sa malo zaobchádzať opatrne, pričom umelecký prekladateľ by mal najprv uchopiť význam idiómu a potom jeho význam prirodzene znejúcim spôsobom preniesť do cieľového jazyka. Vo všeobecnosti by sme sa však doslovnému prekladu nemali vyhýbať, pretože je to ten najviac základný postup prekladu. Prenos by sa mal použiť vtedy, keď v cieľovom jazyku neexistuje iný vhodný výraz. Vďaka naturalizácii môže prekladateľ prispôbiť slová z východiskového jazyka výslovnosti a morfológii cieľového jazyka. V mojom preklade sa to použilo napríklad pri látke s názvom *bombazine*. Keďže neexistoval ekvivalent, je jednoducho naturalizovaná ako *bombazín* a vysvetlená neskôr. Kultúrny ekvivalent je užitočný vtedy, keď v cieľovom jazyku existuje kultúrny pojem, ktorý je podobný alebo blízky pojmu vo východiskovom jazyku. Kultúrny ekvivalent bol užitočný aj

pri práci na mojom preklade. V texte je veľmi krátka zmienka o partičke kartovej hry *bridge*. V záujme plynulého toku textu, ako aj toho, aby sa čitateľ mohol venovať textu a nebol ničím vyrušený, som *bridge* nahradil *žolíkmi*, hrou, ktorá je na Slovensku oveľa populárnejšia. Čitateľ v tomto konkrétnom prípade nestratí žiadne dôležité súvislosti a obraz v jeho mysli bude rovnaký ako pri čítaní originálu. Opis je potom užitočný v prípade, že kultúrny ekvivalent neexistuje. Ďalšou neoceniteľnou technikou je transpozícia. Pri tvorbe môjho prekladu som vo veľkej miere využíval opis aj transpozíciu. Tá zahŕňa úpravu viacerých charakteristík, ako je syntax, gramatika, slovná zásoba alebo priebeh, a ich prispôbenie konvenciám cieľového jazyka. Modulácia umožňuje prekladateľom zmeniť pohľad v pôvodnom jazyku, pričom sa zachováva hlavná myšlienka textu. Použitie všetkých týchto nástrojov a techník závisí od autora a v každom východiskovom texte budú potrebné v rôznej miere, pričom niektoré sa nemusia použiť vôbec.

Pri tvorbe umeleckého prekladu nám veľmi pomáhajú poznatky o pozadí a živote autora, pretože nám pomáhajú lepšie pochopiť autora, a preto v teoretickej časti uvádzam životopis Georgea Orwella, a načrtávam jeho životný príbeh, ktorý formoval jeho motiváciu, ako aj štýl písania. Orwellovo písanie sa delí na dve obdobia. Až po jeho skúsenosti s účasťou v konflikte Španielskej občianskej vojny sa jeho písanie začalo zameriavať na politiku. Moc, jazyk, propaganda a podobné témy sú súčasťou každého jeho románu od *Homage to Catalonia*. *A Clergyman's Daughter* patrí k Orwellovým skorším dielam. Orwell podľa svojich vlastných esejí, ktoré podrobnejšie rozoberám v kapitole o špecifikách prekladu Orwella, nemal *A Clergyman's Daughter*, ako aj román *Keep the Aspidistra Flying* v lete príliš v láske a označil ich za napísané čisto pre peniaze. Orwell sa dokonca snažil zabrániť tomu, aby počas jeho života vyšli ďalšie výtlačky *A Clergyman's Daughter*. Napriek jeho názorom si myslím, že román má svoju hodnotu. Predovšetkým preto, že Orwell, tak ako vo väčšine svojich románov, čerpal z vlastných skúseností, čo považujem za mimoriadne obdivuhodné. Či už to bol život tuláka v lacných podnájmoch v románe *Down and Out in Paris and London*, skúsenosti so strašnými pracovnými podmienkami baníkov v románe *The Road to Wigan Pier* alebo boj v konflikte Španielskej občianskej vojny v románe *Homage to Catalonia*. V *A Clergyman's Daughter* môžeme vidieť, že opäť využil svoje skúsenosti zo života tuláka, ale aj skúsenosti z manuálnej práce či učiteľa. Téma náboženstva v románe pravdepodobne vychádza aj z Orwellových vlastných skúseností, keďže podľa jeho esejí sa on sám čoraz viac vzdŕoval kresťanstvu, a to

najmä kvôli pokrytectvu ľudí, ktorí mu hlásali kresťanskú vieru. Orwellove eseje sú vo všeobecnosti neoceniteľným prínosom pre každého, kto sa pokúša preložiť jeho dielo, a preto som dve z nich (*Why I Write* a *Politics and the English Language*) rozobral v kapitole o literárnom preklade Georgea Orwella. V eseji *Politics and the English Language* Orwell načrtol svoje problémy so štýlom angličtiny, ktorý používali jeho súčasníci, a dokonca poskytol usmernenia alebo pravidlá, ktorými sa treba riadiť pri používaní anglického jazyka. Sú to: nikdy nepoužívať metaforu alebo inž umelecký prostriedok, ktorú ste zvyknutí často vidieť v tlači, nikdy nepoužívať dlhé slovo tam, kde sa dá použiť krátke, vždy vyškrtnúť slovo, keď je to možné, nikdy nepoužívať pasívny hlas namiesto aktívneho, nikdy nepoužívať cudzie slová alebo žargón tam, kde existuje anglický ekvivalent, a skôr porušiť tieto pravidlá, ako napísať niečo barbarské. Tieto eseje vyšli až po knihe *A Clergyman's Daughter*, ale tam, kde to bolo možné, som sa ich v preklade snažil uplatniť, čím som, dúfam, vytvoril nielen verný Orwellov preklad, ale možno aj preklad vylepšený o jeho vlastné poznatky, ktoré získal neskôr.

Poskytujem tiež pozadie pre román *A Clergyman's Daughter*. Je to príbeh o strate viery Dorothy Hareovej, dcéry farára Charlesa Harea. Dorothy má za úlohu zvládnuť všetky povinnosti, ktoré sa týkajú farnosti, od písania otcových kázni až po prípravu kostýmov pre charitatívnu divadelnú hru. Po pokuse o znásilnenie Dorothy utrpí amnéziu a prebudí sa v Londýne. Každá ďalšia kapitola potom predstavuje nové postavy, od ktorých Dorothy získava skúsenosti, ako aj nový problém, ktorému musí čeliť. Každá kapitola je inšpirovaná aj Orwellovými vlastnými skúsenosťami. Dorothy sa najprv pridá k skupine robotníkov, aby mohla ísť zbierať chmeľ, žije s tulákmi na Trafalgarskom námestí (táto časť je experimentálne napísaná ako hra, hold dielu *Ulysses* od Jamea Joycea), zatknú ju, učí v škole a vyhodia ju, a po tom všetkom nájde cestu späť domov, kde napriek tomu, že cestou stratí vieru, stále vidí hodnotu pomoci ľuďom, odmietne ponuku na sobáš a zostane pracovať na fare. V praktickej časti začínam porovnaním procesu prekladu, ktorý som absolvoval, s procesom načrtnutým v teoretickej časti. Zistil som, že som istým spôsobom dodržal všetky kroky, pričom najužitočnejší bol prvý a posledný krok, teda prečítať si východiskový text aspoň dvakrát a na samom konci ho nechať niekoľko dní "odstáť". V prvom kroku mi viacnásobné prečítanie východiskového textu pomohlo zakaždým ho lepšie a lepšie pochopiť, pričom sa mi vyjasnili neurčité oblasti, ako aj určiť autorský hlas, ktorý Orwell používal. Keď prišlo na posledný krok, pomohol mi vrátiť sa k nemu s novou myslou a v mojom prípade dokonca prepracovať celé časti, ktoré som

teraz vnímal inak. Vo všeobecnosti platí, že dodržiavanie krokov opísaných v práci pomohlo cieľovému textu prirodzene plynúť, zachovať pôvodné posolstvo a hlas a zároveň ho bez problémov priblížiť cieľovým čitateľom a urobiť ho pre nich zrozumiteľným.

Potom som sa venoval konkrétnym výzvam, s ktorými som sa musel vyrovnáť pri preklade tohto konkrétneho románu, počnúc názvom. Názov nemá vo východiskovom texte silnú kultúrnu predpojatosť a v cieľovom jazyku získava miernu kultúrnu predpojatosť, keďže som slovo *clergyman* nepreložil ako *duchovný*, ale ako *farár*. Odôvodnil som to tým, že *duchovný* dodal otcovi Dorothy pozitívnu konotáciu, ktorú nemá, a *farár* najlepšie vystihuje prácu otca Dorothy, ktorého úlohou bolo viesť farnosť, čo je tiež presne práca *farára*. Ďalej sa vyskytli problémy, pokiaľ ide o slovnú zásobu používanú v románe. Nachádza sa v ňom veľa terminológie, najmä z oblasti náboženstva, ale aj z oblasti módy. Ďalej uvádzam svoje preklady a vysvetlenia najproblematickejších pojmov. Niektoré termíny mali jednoduchý doslovný preklad, ako napríklad *Holy Communion* a *svätosť prijímania* (ten istý úkon), niektoré si vyžadovali pomoc kultúrneho ekvivalentu ako *General Confession* a *sviatosť zmierenia* (úkon spovede funguje v anglikánskej cirkvi inak, a tento termín ho približuje cieľovému čitateľovi bez toho, aby si ho zamenil za *svätú spoveď*, pri ktorej sa ľudia spovedajú zo svojich hriechov tajne kňazovi – *General Confession* sa vykonáva spoločne a kňaz dáva rozhrešenie všetkým naraz), v niektorých prípadoch bola vynechaná časť termínu ako pri *rural dean* a *dekanovi* (rovnaká funkcia - hlava skupiny farností). Ku každému z termínov sa pristupovalo individuálne s ohľadom na cieľového čitateľa, ale aj so snahou čo najlepšie zachovať pôvodný tón, prostredie a hlas autora. Pokiaľ ide o módné termíny, *astrakhan* bol preložený ako *karakul*, pričom obe slová sú pomenovaním pre tú istú látku, v prípade *pork-pie hat* som sa rozhodol vypustiť typ klobúka (pretože *pork-pie hat* sa v slovenčine nazývajú *klobúky typu pork pie* a ja som nechcel mať v cieľovom texte anglické termíny) a namiesto toho som ho preložil ako *plstený klobúk*, pričom som tvar klobúka nahradil jeho materiálom. Nepodarilo sa mi nájsť ekvivalent pre slovo *bombasine*, a keďže je v zdrojovom texte opísaný ako legendárna látka, rozhodol som sa ho v cieľovom texte preložiť ako *bombazín*. Ďalšie problémy sa objavili pri literárnych prostriedkoch použitých v texte. Pre niektoré sa našiel ekvivalent (*awake with a start* - strhnúť sa zo sna, *have nothing to live on* - nemať z čoho žiť), iné bolo potrebné tvorivo upraviť, ako napríklad *she was crossing herself so elaborately that one might have imagined that she was sketching a series of braid frogs on the front of her coat*, čo sa preložilo ako *prežehnávala sa tak starostlivo, že si*

človek mohol myslieť, že si na kabáte zapína stovky gombíkov. Pokiaľ ide o vlastné mená, postavy si ponechávajú svoje pôvodné anglické mená. To isté platí aj pre geografické lokality s niekoľkými drobnými úpravami. V cieľovom texte sa nachádza *mestečko Knype Hill*, alebo *grófstvo Suffolk*, čo čitateľovi vysvetľuje, o akú územnú jednotku sa jedná. *High Street*, arbitrárný názov pre ulicu v Knype Hill, je v cieľovom texte preložený jednoducho ako *hlavná ulica*, hlavne kvôli prehľadnosti. Špecifický bol aj problém s latinskými frázami používanými v celom texte, ktoré sú síce na niektorých miestach pochopiteľné (napríklad keď farár požehnáva jedlo na tanieri po latinsky), ale na iných by som tvrdil, že porušujú používanie Orwellovho vlastného pravidla používať angličtinu, vždy keď je to možné. Tieto frázy sú v cieľovom texte preložené z latinčiny do slovenčiny. Napríklad: *Mrs Tawney (...) lived in partibus infidelium*, čo bolo preložené ako *pani Tawneyová (...) žila v pohanskej štvrti*. Niektoré časti textu bolo potrebné prispôbiť cieľovému jazyku a kultúre. V istom bode románu skupina starších dám spomína na partiu bridžu, najmä na to, ako ho hrala istá osoba. Preklad by si vyžadoval aspoň stručné vysvetlenie hry bridž, a keďže na Slovensku nie je až taká populárna, a keďže vo východiskovom texte sa jedná iba o jednu vetu, rozhodol som sa bridž nahradiť žolíkmi, čo bude slovenskému čitateľovi hneď jasné, a zároveň mu to neuberie žiadny dôležitý kontext. V niektorých prípadoch som sa vyhol prílišnému vnášaniu textu do cieľovej kultúry, pretože to nebolo mojím zámerom, a nemyslím si, že by to textu prospelo. Príkladom je preklad *harvest festival* ako *festival žatvy* namiesto *dožiniek*, čo by nevyhnutne zasadilo text do niektorej slovanskej krajiny, a nie do Anglicka. K nedorozumeniu medzi Dorothy a jej otcom došlo aj pri používaní slov *dinner* a *luncheon*. *Dinner* sa používa na označenie hlavného, najväčšieho jedla dňa, kým slovenský ekvivalent večera má svoj pôvod v dennej dobe, v ktorej sa konzumuje. Z tohto dôvodu bolo potrebné pointu ich malej hádky mierne pozmeniť, ale konečný výsledok je pre cieľového čitateľa úplne zrozumiteľný, pričom zachováva hlavnú podstatu nedorozumenia, ktorou bolo, že farára nahnevalo, že Dorothy označila jedlo ako by to urobil človek z nižšej vrstvy. Problém s nekonzistentnosťou oslovenia otca Dorothy vo východiskovom texte raz ako *father* a potom ako *Father* sa vyriešil používaním zdobneniny *ocko* alebo *otecko* v bežných rozhovoroch a pre titul používaný v duchovnom svete *Otče*, keď Dorothy používala vážny tón, o niečo žiadala alebo sa ospravedľovala.

Na záver by som chcel povedať, že táto práca by mala byť užitočná pre každého, kto chce vytvoriť umelecký preklad, konkrétne preklad Georgea Orwella, alebo dokonca preklad

anglického literárneho diela, ktoré sa zaoberá kresťanskou tematikou. Okrem toho mi písanie tejto diplomovej práce nesmierne pomohlo pri rozvíjaní mojich schopností ako začínajúceho budúceho prekladateľa, ako mi aj pomohlo všimnúť si niektoré moje chyby a zlovyky, ako napríklad časté pridržiavanie sa príliš blízko originálneho textu a kopírovanie jeho štruktúry v cieľovom jazyku, čo bolo zjavné v prvom návrhu prekladu, čo sa ale napravilo vo finálnej verzii.

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11 ATTACHMENTS

11.1 Attachment 1 – The Source Text

CHAPTER 1

1

As the alarm clock on the chest of drawers exploded like a horrid little bomb of bell metal, Dorothy, wrenched from the depths of some complex, troubling dream, awoke with a start and lay on her back looking into the darkness in extreme exhaustion.

The alarm clock continued its nagging, feminine clamour, which would go on for five minutes or thereabouts if you did not stop it. Dorothy was aching from head to foot, and an insidious and contemptible self-pity, which usually seized upon her when it was time to get up in the morning, caused her to bury her head under the bedclothes and try to shut the hateful noise out of her ears. She struggled against her fatigue, however, and, according to her custom, exhorted herself sharply in the second person plural. Come on, Dorothy, up you get! No snoozing, please! Proverbs vi, 9. Then she remembered that if the noise went on any longer it would wake her father, and with a hurried movement she bounded out of bed, seized the clock from the chest of drawers, and turned off the alarm. It was kept on the chest of drawers precisely in order that she should have to get out of bed to silence it. Still in darkness, she knelt down at her bedside and repeated the Lord's Prayer, but rather distractedly, her feet being troubled by the cold.

It was just half past five, and coldish for an August morning. Dorothy (her name was Dorothy Hare, and she was the only child of the Reverend Charles Hare, Rector of St Athelstan's, Knype Hill, Suffolk) put on her aged flannelette dressing-gown and felt her way downstairs. There was a chill morning smell of dust, damp plaster, and the fried dabs from yesterday's supper, and from either side of the passage on the second floor she could hear the antiphonal snoring of her father and of Ellen, the maid of all work. With care—for the kitchen table had a nasty trick of reaching out of the darkness and banging you on the hip-bone—Dorothy felt her way into the kitchen, lighted the candle on the mantelpiece, and, still aching with fatigue, knelt down and raked the ashes out of the range.

The kitchen fire was a 'beast' to light. The chimney was crooked and therefore perpetually half choked, and the fire, before it would light, expected to be dosed with a cupful of kerosene, like a drunkard's morning nip of gin. Having set the kettle to boil for her father's shaving-water, Dorothy went upstairs and turned on her bath. Ellen was still snoring, with heavy youthful snores. She was a good hard-working servant once she was awake, but she was one of those girls whom the Devil and all his angels cannot get out of bed before seven in the morning.

Dorothy filled the bath as slowly as possible—the splashing always woke her father if she turned on the tap too fast—and stood for a moment regarding the pale, unappetizing pool of water. Her body had gone goose-flesh all over. She detested cold baths; it was for that very reason that she made it a rule to take all her baths cold from April to November. Putting a tentative hand into the water—and it was horribly cold—she drove herself forward with her usual exhortations. Come on, Dorothy! In you go! No funking, please! Then she stepped resolutely into the bath, sat down and let the icy girdle of water slide up her body and immerse her all except her hair, which she had twisted up behind her head. The next moment she came to the surface gasping and wriggling, and had no sooner got her breath back than she remembered her 'memo list', which she had brought down in her dressing-gown pocket and intended to read. She reached out for it, and, leaning over the side of the bath, waist deep in icy water, read through the 'memo list' by the light of the candle on the chair.

It ran:

7 oc. H.C.

Mrs T baby? Must visit.

BREAKFAST. Bacon. MUST ask father money. (P)

Ask Ellen what stuff kitchen father's tonic NB. to ask about stuff for curtains at Solepipe's.

Visiting call on Mrs P cutting from Daily M angelica tea good for rheumatism Mrs L's

cornplaster.

12 oc. Rehearsal Charles I. NB. to order ½ lb glue 1 pot aluminium paint.

DINNER (crossed out) LUNCHEON...?

Take round Parish Mag NB. Mrs F owes 3/6d.

4.30 pm Mothers' U tea don't forget 2½ yards casement cloth.

Flowers for church NB. 1 tin Brasso.

SUPPER. Scrambled eggs.

Type Father's sermon what about new ribbon typewriter?

NB. to fork between peas bindweed awful.

Dorothy got out of her bath, and as she dried herself with a towel hardly bigger than a table napkin—they could never afford decent-sized towels at the Rectory—her hair came unpinned and fell down over her collar-bones in two heavy strands. It was thick, fine, exceedingly pale hair, and it was perhaps as well that her father had forbidden her to bob it, for it was her only positive beauty. For the rest, she was a girl of middle height, rather thin, but strong and shapely, and her face was her weak point. It was a thin, blonde, unremarkable kind of face, with pale eyes and a nose just a shade too long; if you looked closely you could see crow's feet round the eyes, and the mouth, when it was in repose, looked tired. Not definitely a spinsterish face as yet, but it certainly would be so in a few years' time. Nevertheless, strangers commonly took her to be several years younger than her real age (she was not quite twenty-eight) because of the expression of almost childish earnestness in her eyes. Her left forearm was spotted with tiny red marks like insect bites.

Dorothy put on her nightdress again and cleaned her teeth—plain water, of course; better not to use toothpaste before H.C. After all, either you are fasting or you aren't. The R.C.s are quite right there—and, even as she did so, suddenly faltered and stopped. She put her toothbrush down. A deadly pang, an actual physical pang, had gone through her viscera.

She had remembered, with the ugly shock with which one remembers something disagreeable for the first time in the morning, the bill at Cargill's, the butcher's, which had been owing for seven months. That dreadful bill—it might be nineteen pounds or even twenty, and there was hardly the remotest hope of paying it—was one of the chief torments of her life. At all hours of the night or day it was waiting just round the corner of her consciousness, ready to spring upon her and agonize her; and with it came the memory of a score of lesser bills, mounting up to a figure of which she dared not even think. Almost involuntarily she began to pray, 'Please God, let not Cargill send in his bill again today!' but the next moment she decided that this prayer was worldly and blasphemous, and she asked forgiveness for it. Then she put on her dressing-gown and ran down to the kitchen in hopes of putting the bill out of mind.

The fire had gone out, as usual. Dorothy relaid it, dirtying her hands with coal-dust, dosed it afresh with kerosene and hung about anxiously until the kettle boiled. Father expected his shaving-water to be ready at a quarter past six. Just seven minutes late, Dorothy took the can upstairs and knocked at her father's door.

'Come in, come in!' said a muffled, irritable voice.

The room, heavily curtained, was stuffy, with a masculine smell. The Rector had lighted the candle on his bed-table, and was lying on his side, looking at his gold watch, which he had just drawn from beneath his pillow. His hair was as white and thick as thistledown. One dark bright eye glanced irritably over his shoulder at Dorothy.

'Good morning, father.'

'I do wish, Dorothy,' said the Rector indistinctly—his voice always sounded muffled and senile until he put his false teeth in—'you would make some effort to get Ellen out of bed in the mornings. Or else be a little more punctual yourself.'

'I'm so sorry, Father. The kitchen fire kept going out.'

'Very well! Put it down on the dressing-table. Put it down and draw those curtains.'

It was daylight now, but a dull, clouded morning. Dorothy hastened up to her room and dressed herself with the lightning speed which she found necessary six mornings out of seven. There was only a tiny square of mirror in the room, and even that she did not use. She simply hung her gold cross about her neck—plain gold cross; no crucifixes, please!—twisted her hair into a knot behind, stuck a number of hairpins rather sketchily into it, and threw her clothes (grey jersey, threadbare Irish tweed coat and skirt, stockings not quite matching the coat and skirt, and much-worn brown shoes) on to herself in the space of about three minutes. She had got to 'do out' the dining-room and her father's study before church, besides saying her prayers in preparation for Holy Communion, which took her not less than twenty minutes.

When she wheeled her bicycle out of the front gate the morning was still overcast, and the grass sodden with heavy dew. Through the mist that wreathed the hillside St Athelstan's Church loomed dimly, like a leaden sphinx, its single bell tolling funereally boom! boom! boom! Only one of the bells was now in active use; the other seven had been unswung from their cage and had lain silent these three years past, slowly splintering the floor of the belfry beneath their weight. In the distance, from the mists below, you could hear the offensive clatter of the bell in the R.C. church—a nasty, cheap, tinny little thing which the Rector of St Athelstan's used to compare with a muffin-bell.

Dorothy mounted her bicycle and rode swiftly up the hill, leaning over her handlebars. The bridge of her thin nose was pink in the morning cold. A redshank whistled overhead, invisible against the clouded sky. Early in the morning my song shall rise to Thee! Dorothy propped her bicycle against the lychgate, and, finding her hands still grey with coal-dust, knelt down and scrubbed them clean in the long wet grass between the graves. Then the bell stopped ringing, and she jumped up and hastened into church, just as Progett, the sexton, in ragged cassock and vast labourer's boots, was clumping up the aisle to take his place at the side altar.

The church was very cold, with a scent of candle-wax and ancient dust. It was a large church, much too large for its congregation, and ruinous and more than half empty. The three

narrow islands of pews stretched barely half-way down the nave, and beyond them were great wastes of bare stone floor in which a few worn inscriptions marked the sites of ancient graves. The roof over the chancel was sagging visibly; beside the Church Expenses box two fragments of riddled beam explained mutely that this was due to that mortal foe of Christendom, the death-watch beetle. The light filtered, pale-coloured, through windows of anaemic glass. Through the open south door you could see a ragged cypress and the boughs of a lime-tree, greyish in the sunless air and swaying faintly.

As usual, there was only one other communicant—old Miss Mayfill, of The Grange. The attendance at Holy Communion was so bad that the Rector could not even get any boys to serve him, except on Sunday mornings, when the boys liked showing off in front of the congregation in their cassocks and surplices. Dorothy went into the pew behind Miss Mayfill, and, in penance for some sin of yesterday, pushed away the hassock and knelt on the bare stones. The service was beginning. The Rector, in cassock and short linen surplice, was reciting the prayers in a swift practised voice, clear enough now that his teeth were in, and curiously ungenial. In his fastidious, aged face, pale as a silver coin, there was an expression of aloofness, almost of contempt. 'This is a valid sacrament,' he seemed to be saying, 'and it is my duty to administer it to you. But remember that I am only your priest, not your friend. As a human being I dislike you and despise you.' Progett, the sexton, a man of forty with curly grey hair and a red, harassed face, stood patiently by, uncomprehending but reverent, fiddling with the little communion bell which was lost in his huge red hands.

Dorothy pressed her fingers against her eyes. She had not yet succeeded in concentrating her thoughts—indeed, the memory of Cargill's bill was still worrying her intermittently. The prayers, which she knew by heart, were flowing through her head unheeded. She raised her eyes for a moment, and they began immediately to stray. First upwards, to the headless roof-angels on whose necks you could still see the sawcuts of the Puritan soldiers, then back again, to Miss Mayfill's black, quasi-pork-pie hat and tremulous jet ear-rings. Miss Mayfill wore a long musty black overcoat, with a little collar of greasy-looking astrakhan, which had been the same ever since Dorothy could remember. It was of some very peculiar stuff, like watered silk but coarser, with rivulets of black piping wandering all over it in no discoverable pattern. It might even have been that legendary and proverbial substance, black bombazine. Miss Mayfill was very old, so

old that no one remembered her as anything but an old woman. A faint scent radiated from her—an ethereal scent, analysable as eau-de-Cologne, mothballs, and a sub-flavour of gin.

Dorothy drew a long glass-headed pin from the lapel of her coat, and furtively, under cover of Miss Mayfill's back, pressed the point against her forearm. Her flesh tingled apprehensively. She made it a rule, whenever she caught herself not attending to her prayers, to prick her arm hard enough to make blood come. It was her chosen form of self-discipline, her guard against irreverence and sacrilegious thoughts.

With the pin poised in readiness she managed for several moments to pray more collectedly. Her father had turned one dark eye disapprovingly upon Miss Mayfill, who was crossing herself at intervals, a practice he disliked. A starling chattered outside. With a shock Dorothy discovered that she was looking vaingloriously at the pleats of her father's surplice, which she herself had sewn two years ago. She set her teeth and drove the pin an eighth of an inch into her arm.

They were kneeling again. It was the General Confession. Dorothy recalled her eyes—wandering, alas! yet again, this time to the stained-glass window on her right, designed by Sir Warde Tooke, A.R.A., in 1851 and representing St Athelstan's welcome at the gate of heaven by Gabriel and a legion of angels all remarkably like one another and the Prince Consort—and pressed the pinpoint against a different part of her arm. She began to meditate conscientiously upon the meaning of each phrase of the prayer, and so brought her mind back to a more attentive state. But even so she was all but obliged to use the pin again when Progett tinkled the bell in the middle of 'Therefore with Angels and Archangels'—being visited, as always, by a dreadful temptation to begin laughing at that passage. It was because of a story her father had told her once, of how when he was a little boy, and serving the priest at the altar, the communion bell had a screw-on clapper, which had come loose; and so the priest had said: 'Therefore with Angels and Archangels, and with all the company of Heaven, we laud and magnify Thy glorious name; evermore praising Thee, and saying, Screw it up, you little fat-head, screw it up!'

As the Rector finished the consecration Miss Mayfill began to struggle to her feet with extreme difficulty and slowness, like some disjointed wooden creature picking itself up by sections, and disengaging at each movement a powerful whiff of mothballs. There was an

extraordinary creaking sound—from her stays, presumably, but it was a noise as of bones grating against one another. You could have imagined that there was only a dry skeleton inside that black overcoat.

Dorothy remained on her feet a moment longer. Miss Mayfill was creeping towards the altar with slow, tottering steps. She could barely walk, but she took bitter offence if you offered to help her. In her ancient, bloodless face her mouth was surprisingly large, loose, and wet. The underlip, pendulous with age, slobbered forward, exposing a strip of gum and a row of false teeth as yellow as the keys of an old piano. On the upper lip was a fringe of dark, dewy moustache. It was not an appetizing mouth; not the kind of mouth that you would like to see drinking out of your cup. Suddenly, spontaneously, as though the Devil himself had put it there, the prayer slipped from Dorothy's lips: O God, let me not have to take the chalice after Miss Mayfill!

The next moment, in self-horror, she grasped the meaning of what she had said, and wished that she had bitten her tongue in two rather than utter that deadly blasphemy upon the altar steps. She drew the pin again from her lapel and drove it into her arm so hard that it was all she could do to suppress a cry of pain. Then she stepped to the altar and knelt down meekly on Miss Mayfill's left, so as to make quite sure of taking the chalice after her.

Kneeling, with head bent and hands clasped against her knees, she set herself swiftly to pray for forgiveness before her father should reach her with the wafer. But the current of her thoughts had been broken. Suddenly it was quite useless attempting to pray; her lips moved, but there was neither heart nor meaning in her prayers. She could hear Progett's boots shuffling and her father's clear low voice murmuring 'Take and eat', she could see the worn strip of red carpet beneath her knees, she could smell dust and eau-de-Cologne and mothballs; but of the Body and Blood of Christ, of the purpose for which she had come here, she was as though deprived of the power to think. A deadly blankness had descended upon her mind. It seemed to her that actually she *could* not pray. She struggled, collected her thoughts, uttered mechanically the opening phrases of a prayer; but they were useless, meaningless—nothing but the dead shells of words. Her father was holding the wafer before her in his shapely, aged hand. He held it between finger and thumb, fastidiously, somehow distastefully, as though it had been a spoon

of medicine. His eye was upon Miss Mayfill, who was doubling herself up like a geometrid caterpillar, with many creakings and crossing herself so elaborately that one might have imagined that she was sketching a series of braid frogs on the front of her coat. For several seconds Dorothy hesitated and did not take the wafer. She dared not take it. Better, far better to step down from the altar than to accept the sacrament with such chaos in her heart!

Then it happened that she glanced sidelong, through the open south door. A momentary spear of sunlight had pierced the clouds. It struck downwards through the leaves of the limes, and a spray of leaves in the doorway gleamed with a transient, matchless green, greener than jade or emerald or Atlantic waters. It was as though some jewel of unimaginable splendour had flashed for an instant, filling the doorway with green light, and then faded. A flood of joy ran through Dorothy's heart. The flash of living colour had brought back to her, by a process deeper than reason, her peace of mind, her love of God, her power to worship. Somehow, because of the greenness of the leaves, it was again possible to pray. O all ye green things upon the earth, praise ye the Lord! She began to pray, ardently, joyfully, thankfully. The wafer melted upon her tongue. She took the chalice from her father, and tasted with repulsion, even with an added joy in this small act of self-abasement, the wet imprint of Miss Mayfill's lips on its silver rim.

2

St Athelstan's Church stood at the highest point of Knype Hill, and if you chose to climb the tower you could see ten miles or so across the surrounding country. Not that there was anything worth looking at—only the low, barely undulating East Anglian landscape, intolerably dull in summer, but redeemed in winter by the recurring patterns of the elms, naked and fanshaped against leaden skies.

Immediately below you lay the town, with the High Street running east and west and dividing unequally. The southern section of the town was the ancient, agricultural, and respectable section. On the northern side were the buildings of the Blifil-Gordon sugar-beet refinery, and all round and leading up to them were higgledy-piggledy rows of vile yellow brick cottages, mostly inhabited by the employees of the factory. The factory employees, who made up more than half of the town's two thousand inhabitants, were newcomers, townfolk, and godless almost to a man.

The two pivots, or foci, about which the social life of the town moved were Knype Hill Conservative Club (fully licensed), from whose bow window, any time after the bar was open, the large, rosy-gilled faces of the town's elite were to be seen gazing like chubby goldfish from an aquarium pane; and Ye Olde Tea Shoppe, a little farther down the High Street, the principal rendezvous of the Knype Hill ladies. Not to be present at Ye Olde Tea Shoppe between ten and eleven every morning, to drink your 'morning coffee' and spend your half-hour or so in that agreeable twitter of upper-middle-class voices ('My dear, he had *nine* spades to the ace-queen and he went one no trump, if you please. What, my dear, you don't mean to say you're paying for my coffee *again*? Oh, but my dear, it is simply *too* sweet of you! Now tomorrow I shall *simply insist* upon paying for yours. And just *look* at dear little Toto sitting up and looking such a *clever* little man with his little black nose wiggling, and he would, would he, the darling duck, he would, he would, and his mother would give him a lump of sugar, she would, she would. *There, Toto!*'), was to be definitely out of Knype Hill society. The Rector in his acid way nicknamed these ladies 'the coffee brigade'. Close to the colony of sham-picturesque villas inhabited by the coffee brigade, but cut off from them by its larger grounds, was The Grange, Miss Mayfill's house. It was a curious, machicolated, imitation castle of dark red brick—somebody's Folly, built about 1870—and fortunately almost hidden among dense shrubberies.

The Rectory stood half way up the hill, with its face to the church and its back to the High Street. It was a house of the wrong age, inconveniently large, and faced with chronically peeling yellow plaster. Some earlier Rector had added, at one side, a large greenhouse which Dorothy used as a workroom, but which was constantly out of repair. The front garden was choked with ragged fir-trees and a great spreading ash which shadowed the front rooms and made it impossible to grow any flowers. There was a large vegetable garden at the back. Progett did the heavy digging of the garden in the spring and autumn, and Dorothy did the sowing, planting, and weeding in such spare time as she could command; in spite of which the vegetable garden was usually an impenetrable jungle of weeds.

Dorothy jumped off her bicycle at the front gate, upon which some officious person had stuck a poster inscribed 'Vote for Blifil-Gordon and Higher Wages!' (There was a by-election going on, and Mr Blifil-Gordon was standing in the Conservative interest.) As Dorothy opened the front door she saw two letters lying on the worn coconut mat. One was from the Rural Dean,

and the other was a nasty, thin-looking letter from Catkin & Palm, her father's clerical tailors. It was a bill undoubtedly. The Rector had followed his usual practice of collecting the letters that interested him and leaving the others. Dorothy was just bending down to pick up the letters, when she saw, with a horrid shock of dismay, an unstamped envelope sticking to the letter flap.

It was a bill—for certain it was a bill! Moreover, as soon as she set eyes on it she 'knew' that it was that horrible bill from Cargill's, the butcher's. A sinking feeling passed through her entrails. For a moment she actually began to pray that it might not be Cargill's bill—that it might only be the bill for three and nine from Solepipe's, the draper's, or the bill from the International or the baker's or the dairy—anything except Cargill's bill! Then, mastering her panic, she took the envelope from the letter-flap and tore it open with a convulsive movement.

'To account rendered: £21 7s. 9d.'

This was written in the innocuous handwriting of Mr Cargill's accountant. But underneath, in thick, accusing-looking letters, was added and heavily underlined:

'Shd. like to bring to your notice that this bill has been owing a VERY LONG TIME. The EARLIEST POSSIBLE settlement will oblige, S. Cargill.'

Dorothy had turned a shade paler, and was conscious of not wanting any breakfast. She thrust the bill into her pocket and went into the dining-room. It was a smallish, dark room, badly in need of repapering, and, like every other room in the Rectory, it had the air of having been furnished from the sweepings of an antique shop. The furniture was 'good', but battered beyond repair, and the chairs were so worm-eaten that you could only sit on them in safety if you knew their individual foibles. There were old, dark, defaced steel engravings hanging on the walls, one of them—an engraving of Van Dyck's portrait of Charles I—probably of some value if it had not been ruined by damp.

The Rector was standing before the empty grate, warming himself at an imaginary fire and reading a letter that came from a long blue envelope. He was still wearing his cassock of black watered silk, which set off to perfection his thick white hair and his pale, fine, none too

amiable face. As Dorothy came in he laid the letter aside, drew out his gold watch and scrutinized it significantly.

'I'm afraid I'm a bit late, Father.'

'Yes, Dorothy, you are *a bit late*,' said the Rector, repeating her words with delicate but marked emphasis. 'You are twelve minutes late, to be exact. Don't you think, Dorothy, that when I have to get up at a quarter past six to celebrate Holy Communion, and come home exceedingly tired and hungry, it would be better if you could manage to come to breakfast without being *a bit late*?'

It was clear that the Rector was in what Dorothy called, euphemistically, his 'uncomfortable mood'. He had one of those weary, cultivated voices which are never definitely angry and never anywhere near good humour—one of those voices which seem all the while to be saying, 'I really *cannot* see what you are making all this fuss about!' The impression he gave was of suffering perpetually from other people's stupidity and tiresomeness.

'I'm so sorry, Father! I simply had to go and ask after Mrs Tawney.' (Mrs Tawney was the 'Mrs T' of the 'memo list'.) 'Her baby was born last night, and you know she promised me she'd come and be churched after it was born. But of course she won't if she thinks we aren't taking any interest in her. You know what these women are—they seem so to hate being churched. They'll never come unless I coax them into it.'

The Rector did not actually grunt, but he uttered a small dissatisfied sound as he moved towards the breakfast table. It was intended to mean, first, that it was Mrs Tawney's duty to come and be churched without Dorothy's coaxing; secondly, that Dorothy had no business to waste her time visiting all the riffraff of the town, especially before breakfast. Mrs Tawney was a labourer's wife and lived in *partibus infidelium*, north of the High Street. The Rector laid his hand on the back of his chair, and, without speaking, cast Dorothy a glance which meant: 'Are we ready *now*? Or are there to be any *more* delays?'

'I think everything's here, Father,' said Dorothy. 'Perhaps if you'd just say grace—'

'Benedictus benedicat,' said the Rector, lifting the worn silver coverlet off the breakfast dish. The silver coverlet, like the silver-gilt marmalade spoon, was a family heirloom; the knives and forks, and most of the crockery, came from Woolworths. 'Bacon again, I see,' the Rector added, eyeing the three minute rashers that lay curled up on squares of fried bread.

'It's all we've got in the house, I'm afraid,' Dorothy said.

The Rector picked up his fork between finger and thumb, and with a very delicate movement, as though playing at spillikins, turned one of the rashers over.

'I know, of course,' he said, 'that bacon for breakfast is an English institution almost as old as parliamentary government. But still, don't you think we might *occasionally* have a change, Dorothy?'

'Bacon's so cheap now,' said Dorothy regretfully. 'It seems a sin not to buy it. This was only fivepence a pound, and I saw some quite decent-looking bacon as low as threepence.'

'Ah, Danish, I suppose? What a variety of Danish invasions we have had in this country! First with fire and sword, and now with their abominable cheap bacon. Which has been responsible for the more deaths, I wonder?'

Feeling a little better after this witticism, the Rector settled himself in his chair and made a fairly good breakfast off the despised bacon, while Dorothy (she was not having any bacon this morning—a penance she had set herself yesterday for saying 'Damn' and idling for half an hour after lunch) meditated upon a good conversational opening.

There was an unspeakably hateful job in front of her—a demand for money. At the very best of times getting money out of her father was next door to impossible, and it was obvious that this morning he was going to be even more 'difficult' than usual. 'Difficult' was another of her euphemisms. He's had bad news, I suppose, she thought despondently, looking at the blue envelope.

Probably no one who had ever spoken to the Rector for as long as ten minutes would have denied that he was a 'difficult' kind of man. The secret of his almost unfailing ill humour really

lay in the fact that he was an anachronism. He ought never to have been born into the modern world; its whole atmosphere disgusted and infuriated him. A couple of centuries earlier, a happy pluralist writing poems or collecting fossils while curates at 40 pounds a year administered his parishes, he would have been perfectly at home. Even now, if he had been a richer man, he might have consoled himself by shutting the twentieth century out of his consciousness. But to live in past ages is very expensive; you can't do it on less than two thousand a year. The Rector, tethered by his poverty to the age of Lenin and the Daily Mail, was kept in a state of chronic exasperation which it was only natural that he should work off on the person nearest to him—usually, that is, on Dorothy.

He had been born in 1871, the younger son of the younger son of a baronet, and had gone into the Church for the outmoded reason that the Church is the traditional profession for younger sons. His first cure had been in a large, slummy parish in East London—a nasty, hooliganish place it had been, and he looked back on it with loathing. Even in those days the lower class (as he made a point of calling them) were getting decidedly out of hand. It was a little better when he was curate-in-charge at some remote place in Kent (Dorothy had been born in Kent), where the decently down-trodden villagers still touched their hats to 'parson'. But by that time he had married, and his marriage had been diabolically unhappy; moreover, because clergymen must not quarrel with their wives, its unhappiness had been secret and therefore ten times worse. He had come to Knype Hill in 1908, aged thirty-seven and with a temper incurably soured—a temper which had ended by alienating every man, woman, and child in the parish.

It was not that he was a bad priest, merely *as* a priest. In his purely clerical duties he was scrupulously correct—perhaps a little too correct for a Low Church East Anglian parish. He conducted his services with perfect taste, preached admirable sermons, and got up at uncomfortable hours of the morning to celebrate Holy Communion every Wednesday and Friday. But that a clergyman has any duties outside the four walls of the church was a thing that had never seriously occurred to him. Unable to afford a curate, he left the dirty work of the parish entirely to his wife, and after her death (she died in 1921) to Dorothy. People used to say, spitefully and untruly, that he would have let Dorothy preach his sermons for him if it had been possible. The 'lower classes' had grasped from the first what was his attitude towards them, and if he had been a rich man they would probably have licked his boots, according to their custom;

as it was, they merely hated him. Not that he cared whether they hated him or not, for he was largely unaware of their existence. But even with the upper classes he had got on no better. With the County he had quarrelled one by one, and as for the petty gentry of the town, as the grandson of a baronet he despised them, and was at no pains to hide it. In twenty-three years he had succeeded in reducing the congregation of St Athelstan's from six hundred to something under two hundred.

This was not solely due to personal reasons. It was also because the old-fashioned High Anglicanism to which the Rector obstinately clung was of a kind to annoy all parties in the parish about equally. Nowadays, a clergyman who wants to keep his congregation has only two courses open to him. Either it must be Anglo-Catholicism pure and simple—or rather, pure and not simple; or he must be daringly modern and broad-minded and preach comforting sermons proving that there is no Hell and all good religions are the same. The Rector did neither. On the one hand, he had the deepest contempt for the Anglo-Catholic movement. It had passed over his head, leaving him absolutely untouched; 'Roman Fever' was his name for it. On the other hand, he was too 'high' for the older members of his congregation. From time to time he scared them almost out of their wits by the use of the fatal word 'Catholic', not only in its sanctified place in the Creeds, but also from the pulpit. Naturally the congregation dwindled year by year, and it was the Best People who were the first to go. Lord Pockthorne of Pockthorne Court, who owned a fifth of the county, Mr Leavis, the retired leather merchant, Sir Edward Huson of Crabtree Hall, and such of the petty gentry as owned motor-cars, had all deserted St Athelstan's. Most of them drove over on Sunday mornings to Millborough, five miles away. Millborough was a town of five thousand inhabitants, and you had your choice of two churches, St Edmund's and St Wedekind's. St Edmund's was Modernist—text from Blake's 'Jerusalem' blazoned over the altar, and communion wine out of liqueur glasses—and St Wedekind's was Anglo-Catholic and in a state of perpetual guerrilla warfare with the Bishop. But Mr Cameron, the secretary of the Knype Hill Conservative Club, was a Roman Catholic convert, and his children were in the thick of the Roman Catholic literary movement. They were said to have a parrot which they were teaching to say 'Extra ecclesiam nulla salus'. In effect, no one of any standing remained true to St Athelstan's, except Miss Mayfill, of The Grange. Most of Miss Mayfill's money was bequeathed to the Church—so she said; meanwhile, she had never been known to put more than sixpence in the collection bag, and she seemed likely to go on living for ever.

The first ten minutes of breakfast passed in complete silence. Dorothy was trying to summon up courage to speak—obviously she had got to start *some* kind of conversation before raising the money-question—but her father was not an easy man with whom to make small talk. At times he would fall into such deep fits of abstraction that you could hardly get him to listen to you; at other times he was all too attentive, listened carefully to what you said and then pointed out, rather wearily, that it was not worth saying. Polite platitudes—the weather, and so forth—generally moved him to sarcasm. Nevertheless, Dorothy decided to try the weather first.

'It's a funny kind of day, isn't it?' she said—aware, even as she made it, of the inanity of this remark.

'*What* is funny?' inquired the Rector.

'Well, I mean, it was so cold and misty this morning, and now the sun's come out and it's turned quite fine.'

'*Is* there anything particularly funny about that?'

That was no good, obviously. He *must* have had bad news, she thought. She tried again.

'I do wish you'd come out and have a look at the things in the back garden some time, Father. The runner beans are doing so splendidly! The pods are going to be over a foot long. I'm going to keep all the best of them for the Harvest Festival, of course. I thought it would look so nice if we decorated the pulpit with festoons of runner beans and a few tomatoes hanging in among them.'

This was a faux pas. The Rector looked up from his plate with an expression of profound distaste.

'My dear Dorothy,' he said sharply, '*Is* it necessary to begin worrying me about the Harvest Festival already?'

'I'm sorry, Father!' said Dorothy, disconcerted. 'I didn't mean to worry you. I just thought—'

'Do you suppose', proceeded the Rector, 'it is any pleasure to me to have to preach my sermon among festoons of runner beans? I am not a greengrocer. It quite puts me off my breakfast to think of it. When is the wretched thing due to happen?'

'It's September the sixteenth, Father.'

'That's nearly a month hence. For Heaven's sake let me forget it a little longer! I suppose we must have this ridiculous business once a year to tickle the vanity of every amateur gardener in the parish. But don't let's think of it more than is absolutely necessary.'

The Rector had, as Dorothy ought to have remembered, a perfect abhorrence of Harvest Festivals. He had even lost a valuable parishioner—a Mr Toagis, a surly retired market gardener—through his dislike, as he said, of seeing his church dressed up to imitate a coster's stall. Mr Toagis, *anima naturaliter Nonconformistica*, had been kept 'Church' solely by the privilege, at Harvest Festival time, of decorating the side altar with a sort of Stonehenge composed of gigantic vegetable marrows. The previous summer he had succeeded in growing a perfect leviathan of a pumpkin, a fiery red thing so enormous that it took two men to lift it. This monstrous object had been placed in the chancel, where it dwarfed the altar and took all the colour out of the east window. In no matter what part of the church you were standing, the pumpkin, as the saying goes, hit you in the eye. Mr Toagis was in raptures. He hung about the church at all hours, unable to tear himself away from his adored pumpkin, and even bringing relays of friends in to admire it. From the expression of his face you would have thought that he was quoting Wordsworth on Westminster Bridge:

Earth has not any thing to show more fair:
Dull would he be of soul who could pass by
A sight so touching in its majesty!

Dorothy even had hopes, after this, of getting him to come to Holy Communion. But when the Rector saw the pumpkin he was seriously angry, and ordered 'that revolting thing' to be removed at once. Mr Toagis had instantly 'gone chapel', and he and his heirs were lost to the Church for ever.

Dorothy decided to make one final attempt at conversation.

'We're getting on with the costumes for Charles I,' she said. (The Church School children were rehearsing a play entitled Charles I in aid of the organ fund.) 'But I do wish we'd chosen something a bit easier. The armour is a dreadful job to make, and I'm afraid the jackboots are going to be worse. I think next time we must really have a Roman or Greek play. Something where they only have to wear togas.'

This elicited only another muted grunt from the Rector. School plays, pageants, bazaars, jumble sales, and concerts in aid of were not quite so bad in his eyes as Harvest Festivals, but he did not pretend to be interested in them. They were necessary evils, he used to say. At this moment Ellen, the maidservant, pushed open the door and came gauchely into the room with one large, scaly hand holding her sacking apron against her belly. She was a tall, round-shouldered girl with mouse-coloured hair, a plaintive voice, and a bad complexion, and she suffered chronically from eczema. Her eyes flitted apprehensively towards the Rector, but she addressed herself to Dorothy, for she was too much afraid of the Rector to speak to him directly.

'Please, Miss—' she began.

'Yes, Ellen?'

'Please, Miss,' went on Ellen plaintively, 'Mr Porter's in the kitchen, and he says, please could the Rector come round and baptize Mrs Porter's baby? Because they don't think as it's going to live the day out, and it ain't been baptized yet, Miss.'

Dorothy stood up. 'Sit down,' said the Rector promptly, with his mouth full.

'What do they think is the matter with the baby?' said Dorothy.

'Well, Miss, it's turning quite black. And it's had diarrhoea something cruel.'

The Rector emptied his mouth with an effort. 'Must I have these disgusting details while I am eating my breakfast?' he exclaimed. He turned on Ellen: 'Send Porter about his business and tell him I'll be round at his house at twelve o'clock. I really cannot think why it is that the

lower classes always seem to choose mealtimes to come pestering one,' he added, casting another irritated glance at Dorothy as she sat down.

Mr Porter was a labouring man—a bricklayer, to be exact. The Rector's views on baptism were entirely sound. If it had been urgently necessary he would have walked twenty miles through snow to baptize a dying baby. But he did not like to see Dorothy proposing to leave the breakfast table at the call of a common bricklayer.

There was no further conversation during breakfast. Dorothy's heart was sinking lower and lower. The demand for money had got to be made, and yet it was perfectly obvious that it was foredoomed to failure. His breakfast finished, the Rector got up from the table and began to fill his pipe from the tobacco-jar on the mantelpiece. Dorothy uttered a short prayer for courage, and then pinched herself. Go on, Dorothy! Out with it! No funking, please! With an effort she mastered her voice and said:

'Father—'

'What is it?' said the Rector, pausing with the match in his hand.

'Father, I've something I want to ask you. Something important.'

The expression of the Rector's face changed. He had divined instantly what she was going to say; and, curiously enough, he now looked less irritable than before. A stony calm had settled upon his face. He looked like a rather exceptionally aloof and unhelpful sphinx.

'Now, my dear Dorothy, I know very well what you are going to say. I suppose you are going to ask me for money again. Is that it?'

'Yes, Father. Because—'

'Well, I may as well save you the trouble. I have no money at all—absolutely no money at all until next quarter. You have had your allowance, and I can't give you a halfpenny more. It's quite useless to come worrying me now.'

'But, Father—'

Dorothy's heart sank yet lower. What was worst of all when she came to him for money was the terrible, unhelpful calmness of his attitude. He was never so unmoved as when you were reminding him that he was up to his eyes in debt. Apparently he could not understand that tradesmen occasionally want to be paid, and that no house can be kept going without an adequate supply of money. He allowed Dorothy eighteen pounds a month for all the household expenses, including Ellen's wages, and at the same time he was 'dainty' about his food and instantly detected any falling off in its quality. The result was, of course, that the household was perennially in debt. But the Rector paid not the smallest attention to his debts—indeed, he was hardly even aware of them. When he lost money over an investment, he was deeply agitated; but as for a debt to a mere tradesman—well, it was the kind of thing that he simply could not bother his head about.

A peaceful plume of smoke floated upwards from the Rector's pipe. He was gazing with a meditative eye at the steel engraving of Charles I and had probably forgotten already about Dorothy's demand for money. Seeing him so unconcerned, a pang of desperation went through Dorothy, and her courage came back to her. She said more sharply than before:

'Father, please listen to me! I *must* have some money soon! I simply *must*! We can't go on as we're doing. We owe money to nearly every tradesman in the town. It's got so that some mornings I can hardly bear to go down the street and think of all the bills that are owing. Do you know that we owe Cargill nearly twenty-two pounds?'

'What of it?' said the Rector between puffs of smoke.

'But the bill's been mounting up for over seven months! He's sent it in over and over again. We *must* pay it! It's so unfair to him to keep him waiting for his money like that!'

'Nonsense, my dear child! These people expect to be kept waiting for their money. They like it. It brings them more in the end. Goodness knows how much I owe to Catkin & Palm—I should hardly care to inquire. They are dunning me by every post. But you don't hear *me* complaining, do you?'

'But, Father, I can't look at it as you do, I can't! It's so dreadful to be always in debt! Even if it isn't actually wrong, it's so *hateful*. It makes me so ashamed! When I go into Cargill's shop to order the joint, he speaks to me so shortly and makes me wait after the other customers, all because our bill's mounting up the whole time. And yet I daren't stop ordering from him. I believe he'd run us in if I did.'

The Rector frowned. 'What! Do you mean to say the fellow has been impertinent to you?'

'I didn't say he'd been impertinent, Father. But you can't blame him if he's angry when his bill's not paid.'

'I most certainly can blame him! It is simply abominable how these people take it upon themselves to behave nowadays—abominable! But there you are, you see. That is the kind of thing that we are exposed to in this delightful century. That is democracy—*progress*, as they are pleased to call it. Don't order from the fellow again. Tell him at once that you are taking your account elsewhere. That's the only way to treat these people.'

'But, Father, that doesn't settle anything. Really and truly, don't you think we ought to pay him? Surely we can get hold of the money somehow? Couldn't you sell out some shares, or something?'

'My dear child, don't talk to me about selling out shares! I have just had the most disagreeable news from my broker. He tells me that my Sumatra Tin shares have dropped from seven and fourpence to six and a penny. It means a loss of nearly sixty pounds. I am telling him to sell out at once before they drop any further.'

'Then if you sell out you'll have some ready money, won't you? Don't you think it would be better to get out of debt once and for all?'

'Nonsense, nonsense,' said the Rector more calmly, putting his pipe back in his mouth. 'You know nothing whatever about these matters. I shall have to reinvest at once in something more hopeful—it's the only way of getting my money back.'

With one thumb in the belt of his cassock he frowned abstractedly at the steel engraving. His broker had advised United Celanese. Here—in Sumatra Tin, United Celanese, and numberless other remote and dimly imagined companies—was the central cause of the Rector's money troubles. He was an inveterate gambler. Not, of course, that he thought of it as gambling; it was merely a lifelong search for a 'good investment'. On coming of age he had inherited four thousand pounds, which had gradually dwindled, thanks to his 'investments', to about twelve hundred. What was worse, every year he managed to scrape together, out of his miserable income, another fifty pounds which vanished by the same road. It is a curious fact that the lure of a 'good investment' seems to haunt clergymen more persistently than any other class of man. Perhaps it is the modern equivalent of the demons in female shape who used to haunt the anchorites of the Dark Ages.

'I shall buy five hundred United Celanese,' said the Rector finally.

Dorothy began to give up hope. Her father was now thinking of his 'investments' (she knew nothing whatever about these 'investments', except that they went wrong with phenomenal regularity), and in another moment the question of the shop-debts would have slipped entirely out of his mind. She made a final effort.

'Father, let's get this settled, please. Do you think you'll be able to let me have some extra money fairly soon? Not this moment, perhaps—but in the next month or two?'

'No, my dear, I don't. About Christmas time, possibly—it's very unlikely even then. But for the present, certainly not. I haven't a halfpenny I can spare.'

'But, Father, it's so horrible to feel we can't pay our debts! It disgraces us so! Last time Mr Welwyn-Foster was here' (Mr Welwyn-Foster was the Rural Dean) 'Mrs Welwyn-Foster was going all round the town asking everyone the most personal questions about us—asking how we spent our time, and how much money we had, and how many tons of coal we used in a year, and everything. She's always trying to pry into our affairs. Suppose she found out that we were badly in debt!'

'Surely it is our own business? I fail entirely to see what it has to do with Mrs Welwyn-Foster or anyone else.'

'But she'd repeat it all over the place—and she'd exaggerate it too! You know what Mrs Welwyn-Foster is. In every parish she goes to she tries to find out something disgraceful about the clergyman, and then she repeats every word of it to the Bishop. I don't want to be uncharitable about her, but really she—'

Realizing that she *did* want to be uncharitable, Dorothy was silent.

'She is a detestable woman,' said the Rector evenly. 'What of it? Who ever heard of a Rural Dean's wife who wasn't detestable?'

'But, Father, I don't seem to be able to get you to see how serious things are! We've simply nothing to live on for the next month. I don't even know where the meat's coming from for today's dinner.'

'Luncheon, Dorothy, luncheon!' said the Rector with a touch of irritation. 'I do wish you would drop that abominable lower-class habit of calling the midday meal *dinner*!'

'For luncheon, then. Where are we to get the meat from? I daren't ask Cargill for another joint.'

'Go to the other butcher—what's his name? Salter—and take no notice of Cargill. He knows he'll be paid sooner or later. Good gracious, I don't know what all this fuss is about! Doesn't everyone owe money to his tradesmen? I distinctly remember'—the Rector straightened his shoulders a little, and, putting his pipe back into his mouth, looked into the distance; his voice became reminiscent and perceptibly more agreeable—'I distinctly remember that when I was up at Oxford, my father had still not paid some of his own Oxford bills of thirty years earlier. Tom' (Tom was the Rector's cousin, the Baronet) 'owed seven thousand before he came into his money. He told me so himself.'

At that, Dorothy's last hope vanished. When her father began to talk about his cousin Tom, and about things that had happened 'when I was up at Oxford', there was nothing more to be

done with him. It meant that he had slipped into an imaginary golden past in which such vulgar things as butchers' bills simply did not exist. There were long periods together when he seemed actually to forget that he was only a poverty-stricken country Rector—that he was not a young man of family with estates and reversions at his back. The aristocratic, the expensive attitude was the one that in all circumstances came the most naturally to him. And of course while he lived, not uncomfortably, in the world of his imagination, it was Dorothy who had to fight the tradesmen and make a leg of mutton last from Sunday to Wednesday. But she knew the complete uselessness of arguing with him any longer. It would only end in making him angry. She got up from the table and began to pile the breakfast things on to the tray.

'You're absolutely certain you can't let me have any money, Father?' she said for the last time, at the door; with the tray in her arms.

The Rector, gazing into the middle distance, amid comfortable wreaths of smoke, did not hear her. He was thinking, perhaps, of his golden Oxford days. Dorothy went out of the room distressed almost to the point of tears. The miserable question of the debts was once more shelved, as it had been shelved a thousand times before, with no prospect of final solution.

11.2 Attachment 2 – The Target Text

1. KAPITOLA

1

Dorothy sa strhla z hlbín nejakého zauzleného, znepokojujúceho sna, keď budík na komode vybuchol do príšerného rinčania. Absolútne vyčerpaná zostala ležať na chrbte, s pohľadom upreným do tmy.

Otravný, babský krik budíku pokračoval, a pokiaľ by ho nezastavila, pokračoval by ešte zhruba tak päť minút. Dorothy bola ubolená od hlavy až po päty. Zákerná, opovrhnutia hodná sebaľútosť, ktorá sa jej väčšinou zmocnila ráno keď bolo treba vstávať, ju prinútila schovať si hlavu pod perinu, a vytesniť ten nenávistný vreskot z jej uší. Bojovala s vyčerpaním, no podľa zvyku sa prísne napomenula v druhej osobe. „No tak, Dorothy, hore sa! Žiadne vyspávanie, prosím! Kniha prísloví, 6. kapitola, 9. verš.“ Potom si spomenula, že ak bude zvuk pokračovať čo i len o chvíľu dlhšie, zobudí jej otca. Urýchlene vyskočila z postele, schmatla budík

z komody a vypla ho. Na komode ho mala práve preto, aby musela vstať z postele keď ho chcela vypnúť. Stále potme si kľakla k posteli a opakovala Otčenáš. Bola ale roztržitá, keďže jej nohy otravovala zima.

Bolo iba pol piatej, a na augustové ráno celkom chladno. Dorothy (jej meno bolo Dorothy Hare, a bola jediným dieťaťom reverenda Charlesa Harea, farára farnosti sv. Athelstana v mestečku Knype Hill v grófstve Suffolk) si obliekla starý flanelový župan a pobrala sa dole schodmi. Cítila chladný ranný pach prachu, vlhkej omietky a vyprážanej platesy zo včerajšej večere. Z oboch strán chodby na druhom poschodí počula striedavo chrápať otca a slúžku Ellen. Dorothy sa opatrne – keďže kuchynský stôl mal škaredý zvyk udrieť ju pod rúškom tmy do bedier – dostala do kuchyne, zapálila sviečku na rímse nad krbom, a stále ubolená únavou si kľakla a vyzametala z neho popol.

Zapáliť oheň v kuchyni bola fuška. Komín bol krivý a tak neustále trochu dusil oheň, ktorý očakával vzpruhu v podobne hrnčeka petroleja ako opilec raňajšiu dávku džinu. Po tom, čo nechala v kanvici zovrieť otcovi vodu na holenie vyšla Dorothy hore a napustila si vaňu. Ellen stále chrápala tuhým mladíckym chrapotom. Keď bola hore, bola dobrou, tvrdo pracujúcou slúžkou, no bola jedným z tých dievčat, ktoré by z postele pred siedmou nedostal ani Diabol so všetkými jeho anjelmi.

Dorothy napúšťala vaňu tak pomaly ako sa dalo, keďže šplechot vody vždy zobudil jej otca ak otočila kohútik prirýchlo. Chvíľu tam stála a pozorovala bledú, protivnú kaluž vody. Dostala zimomriavky po celkom tele. Neznášala studené kúpele. Práve preto si stanovila ako pravidlo, že sa bude od apríla do novembra kúpať jedine v studenej vode. Neistú ruku vložila do otrasne studenej vody, a popohnala sa tak ako mala vo zvyku. „Do toho, Dorothy! Šup dnu! Žiadny strach, prosím!“ Rozhodne vstúpila do vane, sadla si a sklzla pod ľadovú hladinu vody, ktorá ju ponorila celú okrem vlasov, ktoré si predtým zvinula. V ďalšom momente sa vynorila nad hladinu, lapala po dychu a klepala sa. Sotva sa jej vrátil dych, spomenula si na svoj „zoznam poznámok“, ktorý si priniesla vo vrecku županu a chcela si ho prečítať. Natiahla sa poň a po pás v ľadovej vode, naklonená cez okraj vane, si pri svetle sviečky na stoličke „zoznam poznámok“ prečítala.

Stálo tam:

o 7 sväté prijímanie

Dieťa pani T? Treba navštíviť!

RAŇAJKY. Slanina. MUSÍM poprosiť ocka o peniaze. (P)

Spýtať sa Ellen aké veci – kuchyňa – otcov sirup. NEZABUDNÚŤ vypýtať u Solepipea materiál na záclony

Zájsť k pani P o porezaní. noviny. čaj z archangeliky dobrý na reumu – pani L náplast na kurie oko

o 12 nacvičovanie Karla I. NEZABUDNÚŤ objednať štvrt kila lepidla a 1 nádobu hliníkovej farby

VEČERA (prečiarknutá) OBED...?

Rozniesť far. časopis – NEZABUDNÚŤ. Pani F dlží 3/6 pencí.

16:30 čaj u matky U, nezabudnúť 2 metre plátna.

NEZABUDNÚŤ kvety pre kostol. 1 plechovka leštidla na kovy.

VEČERA. Praženica.

Napísať otcovu kázeň, čo tak nový písací stroj?

NEZABUDNÚŤ okopať hrášok hrozná burina

Dorothy vstala z vane. Na fare si nikdy nemohli dovoliť uteráky normálnej veľkosti, a ako sa osušovala uterákom sotva väčším ako stolová servítka, jej vlasy sa rozpustili a v dvoch ťažkých prameňoch jej padli cez kľúčne kosti. Možno bolo dobre, že jej otec zakázal skrátiť si ich. Husté, jemné a mimoriadne svetlé vlasy bola totiž jej jediná prednosť. Čo sa týka zvyšku, bola priemerne vysoké dievča, pomerne chudá, ale silná a tvarovaná, a jej tvár krásou nevynikala. Bola to štíhla, blond'avá, nevýrazná tvár s bledými očami a trochu pridlhým nosom. Ak ste sa pozreli pozorne, mohli ste si všimnúť vrásky okolo jej očí, a keď boli v pokoji, jej ústa vyzerali unavene. Zatiaľ to ešte rozhodne nebola tvár starej dievky, no o pár rokov ňou určite bude. Nemala ani dvadsaťosem rokov, no aj napriek tomu ju kvôli vážnemu detskému výrazu v jej očiach neznámi ľudia bežne považovali za o niekoľko rokov mladšiu. Jej ľavé predlaktie bolo posiate malinkými červenými škvrnami, akoby ju uštipol hmyz.

Dorothy si opäť obliekla nočnú košeľu a vyčistila si zuby. Čistou vodou, samozrejme. Pred svätým prijímaním radšej nepoužívala zubnú pastu. Koniec koncov, buď sa postíte alebo nie. Rímskokatolíci v tom majú vsutku pravdu. Napriek tomu, že sa postila, sa zrazu zarazila a prestala si čistiť zuby. Odložila zubnú kefku. Smrteľná bolesť, skutočná fyzická bolesť jej prešla vnútornosťami.

Tak ako si hneď ráno človek vydesene spomenie na niečo nepríjemné, ona si spomenula na dlh u mäsiara Cargilla, ktorému dlžili už sedem mesiacov. Ten hrozný dlh – mohlo to byť devätnásť libier, možno aj dvadsať, bez ani len vzdialenej nádeje na to, že ho zaplatia – bol jednou z vecí, ktoré ju v živote mučili najviac. Vo dne v noci čakal hneď za rohom v jej podvedomí, pripravený skočiť na ňu a trápiť ju. Spolu s ním prišla spomienka na množstvo menších účtov, ktoré sa kopili do sumy, o ktorej sa ani len neodvážila rozmýšľať. Takmer nedobrovoľne sa začala modliť. „Prosím, Bože, nech Cargill dnes znovu nepošle svoj účet.“ Hneď v ďalšom momente sa ale rozhodla, že táto modlitba bola svetská a rúhavá, a poprosila o odpustenie. Potom si obliekla župan a zbehla dolu do kuchyne. Dúfala, že sa jej podarí dlh dostať z hlavy.

Oheň vyhasol ako zvyčajne. Dorothy ho znovu zapálila, čím si zašpinila ruky popolom. Znovu doplnila petrolej a úzkostlivo čakala, kým v kanvici zovrela voda. Otec očakával vodu na holenie pripravenú o štvrt' na sedem. Len so sedemminútovým meškaním Dorothy zobrala kanvicu hore a zaklopala na otcove dvere.

„Ďalej!“ povedal stlmený, podráždený hlas.

V miestnosti bola tma, dusno, a bolo v nej cítiť pánsku vôňu. Farár mal zapálenú sviečku na nočnom stolíku a ležal na boku. Pozeral sa na zlaté hodinky, ktoré práve vytiahol spod svojho vankúša. Vlasy mal biele a husté ako odkvitnutý bodliak. Zlovestnými očami cez plece zagánil priamo na Dorothy.

„Dobré ráno, ocko!“

„Želám si, Dorothy,“ povedal farár nezrozumiteľne. Jeho hlas znel vždy tlmene a slabo dokým si nenasadil zubnú protézu, „aby si sa posnažila dostať Ellen ráno z postele. Alebo buď sama viac dochvíľna.“

„Veľmi ma to mrzí, Otče. Oheň v kuchyni stále vyhasínal.“

„Dobre teda! Polož to na toaletný stolík. Polož to a rozťahni tie závesy.“

Vonku už bolo svetlo, no jednotvárne, zamračené ráno. Dorothy sa poponáhľala do izby a obliekla sa bleskovou rýchlosťou, ktorú musela vynaložiť šesťkrát za týždeň. V izbe bolo len malinké štvorcové zrkadlo, no ani to nepoužívala. Jednoducho si zavesila na krk svoj zlatý kríž - jednoduchý zlatý kríž, žiadny krucifix, prosím - zavinula si vlasy do uzla, viac-menej ledabolo si do neho vopchala pár sponiek, a nahádzala na seba šaty (sivý pulóver, ošúchaný írsky tvídový kabát a sukňu, pančuchy, ktoré s kabátom a sukňou nie celkom ladili, a dosť obnosené hnedé topánky) v rozmedzí asi troch minút. Pred omšou musela „dať dokopy“ jedáleň a otcovu pracovňu. Okrem toho sa musela modlitbou pripraviť na sväté prijímanie, čo jej zabralo aspoň dvadsať minút.

Keď vyťahla bicykel pred bránu, ráno bolo stále zamračené, a tráva nasiata ťažkou rosou. Cez hmlu, ktorá zahalila úbočie, sa kostol sv. Athelstana len matne črtal. Vyzeral ako olovená sfinga a jeho jediný zvon smútočne odbíjal bim! bam! bum! Iba jeden zo zvonov sa teraz aktívne používal. Zvyšných sedem bolo odmontovaných zo svojho miesta a posledné tri roky ticho a pomaly svojou váhou ničili drevenú podlahu zvonice. V diaľke zahalenej hmlou bolo z rímskokatolíckeho kostola počuť nepríjemný dunenie zvona. Tú hnusnú, lacnú, plechovú malú vec zvykol farár farnosti sv. Athelstana prirovnávať k zvončeku pouličných predavačov pečiva.

Dorothy nasadla na bicykel a naklonená nad riadidlá rýchlo vyšla na kopec. Jej tenký nos bol z ranného chladu ružový. Nad jej hlavou spievala červienka, neviditeľná na zamračenej oblohe. Zavčas rána chválu vzdávam Tebe Pane! Dorothy oprela bicykel o bránku. Zistila, že ruky má ešte stále sivé od popola. Kľakla si teda a vydrhla si ich v dlhej mokrej tráve medzi hrobmi. Zvon prestal zvonieť, a tak vyskočila a poponáhľala sa ku kostolu, práve vo chvíli, keď kostolník Progett v otrhanej sutane a veľkých robotníckych čižmách prechádzal kostolom, aby zaujal miesto pri bočnom oltári.

Kostol bol veľmi starý. Voňal voskom a prastarým prachom. Bol to veľký kostol. Priveľký na túto farnosť. Bol schátraný a viac ako poloprázdny. Tri úzke ostrovčeky lavíc sa tiahli sotva do polovice lode, a za nimi nasledovali obrovské pustatiny holej kamennej podlahy. Niekoľko opotrebovaných nápisov v nej označovalo miesta starých hrobov. Strecha nad presbytériom viditeľne previsala. Dva úlomky rozštiepeného trámu vedľa schránky na príspevky na výdavky kostola ticho vysvetľovali, že sa to môže úhlavný nepriateľ kresťanstva - červotoč. Cez okná z

anemického skla prenikalo filtrované, bledé svetlo, a cez otvorené južné dvere bolo vidieť ošarpaný cyprus a sivasté, v bezslnečnom vzduchu slabo sa kývajúce konáre lipy.

Ako zvyčajne tam bola iba jedna ďalšia obyvateľka - stará pani Mayfillová z Grange. Účasť na svätom prijímaní bola taká biedna, že farár ani nemohol zohnať žiadnych miništrantov. Jedine v nedeľné rána sa chlapci radi predvádzali pred zhromaždením v sutanách a kamžiach. Dorothy si sadla do lavice za pani Mayfillovú, na znak pokánia za nejaký hriech zo včerajška odhnrula podušku a kľakla si na holú dlažbu. Bohoslužba začínala. Farár v sutane a krátkej plátennej kamži odriekal modlitby rýchlo, a nacvičeným hlasom. Teraz keď už mal v ústach protézu, bol jeho hlas dosť jasný a zvláštne nevtieravý. Úzkostlivým výrazom na zostarnutej tvári bielej ako stena dával najavo svoju odmeranosť až pohrdanie. „Toto je platná sviatosť,“ zdalo sa, že povedal, „a je mojou povinnosťou ti ju udeliť. Ale pamätaj, že som len tvoj kňaz a nie tvoj priateľ. Ako človek ťa nemám rád a pohrdam tebou.“ Kostolník Progett, štyridsiatnik so šedými kučeravými vlasmi a červenou utrápenou tvárou, stál trpezlivo vedľa. Vyzeral nechápavo ale úctivo, a pohrával sa s malým omšovým zvončekom, ktorý sa mu strácal v obrovských červených rukách.

Dorothy si pritlačila prsty na oči. Stále sa jej nepodarilo sústrediť. Spomienka na dlh u Cargilla ju skutočne stále občas znepokojovala. Modlitby, ktoré poznala naspamäť, sa jej prehánali hlavou bez toho, aby im venovala pozornosť. Na chvíľu zdvihla oči, a okamžite začala putovať pohľadom. Najprv hore, k bezhlavým strešným anjelom, na krkoch ktorých bolo ešte stále vidieť stopy píly puritánskych vojakov. Potom späť, k čiernemu plstenému klobúku pani Mayfillovej a k jej hojdajúcim sa náušniciam z čierneho jantáru Pani Mayfillová mala na sebe dlhý, zatuchnutý čierny kabát, ktorý mal malý golierik z mastne vyzerajúceho karakulu, ktorý bol rovnaký jakživ si Dorothy pamätala. Ten kabát bol z akéhosi zvláštneho materiálu. Podobal sa na hodvábne moaré, ale bol hrubší, a po celej jeho ploche sa v podivuhodnom vzore tiahli potôčiky čierneho lemovania. Mohol to byť dokonca ten povestný a legendárny bombazín – hustá bavlnená tkanina, ktorá sa používala na smútočné odevy. Pani Mayfillová bola veľmi stará. Tak stará, že si ju nikto nepamätal inak ako starú ženu. Vyžarovala z nej jemná, éterická vôňa. Niečo ako zmes kolínskej, naftalínových guličiek a džinu.

Z klopky kabáta Dorothy vytiahla špendlík so sklenenou hlavičkou, a krytá pani Mayfillovou si ho potajomky pritlačila na predlaktie. Jej telo sa desivo chvelo. Stanovila si

pravidlo, že hocikedy sa pristihne, že nedáva pri modlení pozor, pichne si do ruky dost' na to, aby začala krváčať. Toto si vybrala ako formu sebadisciplíny a obranu proti neúctivým a svätokrádežným myšlienkam.

S pripraveným špendlíkom sa jej na chvíľu darilo sústrediť sa na modlitbu lepšie. Jej otec nesúhlasne uprel jedno tmavé oko na pani Mayfillovú. Pravidelne sa prežehnávala, čo on nemal rád. Vonku zaštebotal škorec. Dorothy šokovane zistila, že márnomyseľne pozerala na otcovu kamžu, ktorú sama pred dvoma rokmi ušila. Zaťala zuby a zabodla si pár milimetrov špendlíka do ruky.

Opäť kľáčali. Práve prebiehala sviatosť zmierenia. Dorothy si uvedomila, že jej oči opäť blúdili. Znovu! Tentokrát na vitrážové okno po jej pravej ruke. Navrhol ho Sir Warde Tooke, člen Kráľovskej akadémie umení v roku 1851. Zobrazovalo privítanie sv. Athelstana pri nebeskej bráne Gabrielom, zástupom anjelov, ktorý sa jeden na druhého náramne podobali, a princom. Zabodla si špendlík do inej časti ruky. Začala svedomito rozjímať nad každou jednou vetou modlitby. Mysel' tak dostala do pozornejšieho stavu. Aj tak však bola donútená použiť špendlík znovu, keď Progett zacinkal zvončekom počas „preto s anjelmi a archanjelmi.“ Ako zvyčajne sa k nej dostavilo pokušenie začať sa na tejto časti smiať. Bolo to kvôli príbehu, ktorý jej raz povedal otec. Keď bol malý chlapec a miništroval, omšový zvonček mal skrutkovaciu klapku, ktorá sa uvoľnila, a tak kňaz povedal: „Preto s anjelmi a archanjelmi a celým nebeským spoločenstvom chválime a velebíme Tvoje slávne meno, navždy Ťa chválime a hovoríme: „Zaskrutkuj to, ty malý tučniak, zaskrutkuj to!““

Keď farár dokončil posvätenie, pani Mayfillová sa začali veľmi ťažko a pomaly dvíhať na nohy. Bola ako nejaký rozpadnutý drevený tvor, ktorý sa dvíhal po častiach, a každým pohybom uvoľňuje silný závan naftalínových guľčiek. Ozvalo sa nezvyčajné vízganie. Pravdepodobne to bolo od jej opierky, no bol to zvuk akoby sa treli dve kosti jedna o druhú. Človek by si mohol mysliet, že v tom čiernom plášti je len suchá kostra.

Dorothy ostala ešte chvíľu stáť. Pani Mayfillová sa ťahala k oltáru pomalými a kolísavými krokmi. Ledva chodila, no aj tak sa trpko urazila ak ste jej ponúkli pomoc. Na jej zostarnutej, odkrvenej tvári boli jej ústa prekvapivo veľké, uvoľnené a vlhké. Jej vekom zvädnutá spodná pera, vysunutá dopredu, odhaľovala pásik d'asien a rad umelých zubov, ktoré boli žlté ako klávesy na starom klavíri. Hornú peru lemovali tmavé, orosené fúzy. Nebol to pekný pohľad.

Neboli to ústa, ktoré by ste chceli vidieť piť z vášho pohára. Zrazu, spontánne, akoby ju tam vložil sám Diabol vyšla z úst Dorothy modlitba: „Bože daj, aby som nemusela piť z kalicha po pani Mayfillovej!“

Hneď v ďalšom okamihu, zhrozená sama sebou, si uvedomila význam toho, čo povedala. Želala si, aby si radšej odhryzla z jazyka, než aby vyslovila toto smrteľné rúhanie na schodoch oltára. Znovu vytiahla z kľopy špendlík, a do ruky si ho zabodla takou silou, že sa mohla sústrediť len na to, aby v sebe udržala výkrik bolesti. Pristúpila k oltáru a pokorne si kľakla po ľavici pani Mayfillovej, aby si bola úplne istá, že sa napije až po nej.

Ako si kľakla, sklonila hlavu, ruky si oprela o kolená, a rýchlo sa modlila za odpustenie pokiaľ k nej nepríde otec s oblátkou. Jej prúd myšlienok sa ale prerušil. Zrazu bolo úplne zbytočné pokúšať sa modliť. Jej pery sa pohybovali, no jej modlitby nemali ani srdce ani zmysel. Počula šuchot Progettových topánok a otcov jasný tichý hlas, ktorý šepkal: „Vezmi a jedz.“ Videla ošúchaný pás červeného koberca pod jej kolenami, cítila prach, kolínsku a naftalín, ale nie Telo a Krv Kristovu. Preto sem predsa prišla, no zrazu bola akoby zbavená schopnosti myslieť. Smrteľná prázdnota sa zniesla na jej myseľ. Zdalo sa jej, že sa vlastne nemôže modliť. Snažila sa, zorad'ovala si myšlienky, mechanicky vyslovovala úvodné vety modlitby, no bolo to zbytočné a bezvýznamné. Boli to len mŕtve stránky slov. Jej otec držal oblátku v láskavej, starej ruke. Držal ju medzi prstom a palcom. Prísne, zdalo sa, že s odporom, akoby to bola lyžica lieku. Jej pohľad sa upieral na pani Mayfillovú. Mrvila sa ako húsenica, vydávala vŕzgavé zvuky, a prežehnávala sa tak dômyselne, že si človek mohol myslieť, že si na kabáte zapína stovky gombíkov. Dorothy pár sekúnd váhala, a napokon si oblátku nevzala. Neodvážila sa. Je lepšie, oveľa lepšie, odstúpiť od oltára než prijať sviatosť s takým zmätkom v srdci!

Potom sa náhodou pozrela bokom, cez otvorené južné dvere. Lúč slnečného svetla nachvíľu prebodol mračná. Dopadol nadol cez listy lipy, a sprška listov vo dverách sa rozžiarila pominuteľnou, neopakovateľnou zelenou, zelenšou ako nefrit, smaragd alebo vody Atlantiku. Bolo to akoby sa nejaký drahý kameň nepredstaviteľnej nádhery na moment zablyš'al, naplnil vchod zeleným svetlom, a potom sa vytratil. Záplava radosti zaliala Dorothino srdce. Spôsobom, ktorý presahoval rozum, jej ten záblesk živej farby vrátil pokoj do duše, lásku k Bohu. a silu uctievať ho. Nejakým spôsobom bolo vďaka tej zeleni listov možné opäť sa modliť. Ó, všetky zelené veci na zemi, chváľte Pána! Začala sa vrúcne, radostne a vďačne modliť. Oblátka sa jej

roztopila na jazyku. Vzala si od otca kalich, a s radosťou z tohto malého aktu seba pokánia aj napriek odporu ochutnala mokrý odtlačok pier pani Mayfillovej na jeho striebornom okraji.

2

Kostol sv. Athelstana stál na najvyššom bode mestečka Knype Hill. Ak ste vyliezli na jeho vežu, mohli ste vidieť zhruba pätnásť kilometrov priľahlej krajiny. Niežeby sa bolo na čo pozeráť. Iba ak na nízku, ledva zvlnenú východoanglickú krajinu. V lete bola neznesiteľne nudná, no v zime ju vykúpili opakujúce sa obrazce brestov, ktoré holé vyzerali ako vejáre na pozadí olovenej oblohy.

Hneď pod vami ležalo mesto, ktoré z východu na západ nerovnomerne rozdeľovala hlavná ulic. Južná časť mesta bola starobylá, poľnohospodárska a vážena. Na severnej strane boli budovy cukrovaru Blifil-Gordon, a až k nim sa všade dookola tiahli rady náhodne rozhádzaných hnusných žltých tehlových domčekov, v ktorých väčšinou bývali zamestnanci továrne. Zamestnanci továrne, ktorí tvorili takmer polovicu dvojtisícovej populácie mestečka, boli novo prisťahovalci, mešťania, a takmer všetci do jedného bezbožníci.

Ohniskami, kde sa spoločenský život mesta sústreďoval boli dve miesta. Bar Konzervatívneho klubu Knype Hill (s kompletnou licenciou), z ktorého okna vždy keď bol bar otvorený vykúkali veľké ružové tváre mestskej elity, ako bacuľaté zlaté rybky v akváriu, a kaviareň Ye Olde Tea Shoppe, trochu ďalej na hlavnej ulici. Tá bola popredným miestom stretnutí dám z Knype Hill. Nebyť medzi desiatou a jedenástou ráno v Ye Old Tea Shoppe, nevypiť si tam „rannú kávu“ a nestráviť polhodinku v tom príjemnom štebotaní hlasou vyššej strednej triedy („Moja drahá, mal *postupku* a nevyložil sa, verila by si tomu? Moja drahá, chceš mi povedať, že mi *znovu* zaplatíš za kávu? Ale, zlatko, to je od teba *tak veľmi milé!* Zajtra budem *trvať* na tom, aby som za teba zaplatila *ja*. A len sa *pozrime* na malého milého Tota. Sedká a pozerá ako *šikovný* mladý muž a krúti tým malým čiernym noštekcom. Drahocenné srdiečko. Nože no, nože no. Jeho panička by mu isto dala maškrtku, že áno, že áno? *Pod' sem* Toto!“), znamenalo vôbec nebyť súčasťou spoločnosti v Knype Hill. Farár mal svoj vlastný, uštipačný spôsob, ako tieto dámy označovať. Volal ich „kávový prápor.“ Blízko kolónie obydlí hrajúcich sa na malebné vilky, ktoré obýval káfový prápor, ale oddelený väčším pozemkom, stál dom pani Mayfillovej zvaný The Grange. Bola to zvláštna, strojená imitácia hradu z tmavočervených

tehál - niekoho bláznovstvo postavené okolo roku 1870. Našťastie bol dom takmer celý skrytý medzi hustými kríkmi.

Fara stála v strede kopca, čelom ku kostolu a chrbtom k hlavnej ulici. Bol to nepohodlne veľký dom zlej doby, ktorý bojoval s chronicky odlupujúcou sa žltou omietkou. Nejaký z predchádzajúcich farárov k jednej strane pristavil veľký skleník, ktorý Dorothy používala ako pracovňu, no bol stále v dezolátnom stave. Záhradu vpredu dusili ošarpaný jedle a veľký, rozkošatený jaseň, ktorý tienil predné izby, a robil pestovanie akýchkoľvek kvetov nemožným. Za domom bola veľká zeleninová záhrada. Proggett sa na jar a jeseň venoval ťažkému okopávaniu záhrady, a Dorothy zasievala, sadila a plela, keď sa jej podarilo nájsť voľný čas. Napriek tomu bola zvyčajne zeleninová záhrada nepreniknuteľnou džungľou buriny.

Dorothy zoskočila z bicykla pri vstupnej bráne. Nejaký príliš zaniatený človek na ňu nalepil plagát s textom „Hlasujte za Blifil-Gordona a vyššie mzdy!“ (Konali sa doplňujúce voľby a pán Bilfil-Gordon kandidoval za konzervatívnu stranu.) Keď Dorothy otvorila vchodové dvere, všimla si ležať na opotrebovanej kokosovej rohoži dva listy. Jeden bol od dekana a ten druhý bol neprijemný, tenký list of firmy Catkin & Palm, otcových cirkevných krajčírrov. Nepochybne to bol účet. Farár sa pri pošte riadil svojim zvyčajným postupom. Zobral si listy, ktorého zaujímali a ostatné nechal tak. Dorothy sa zohla, aby listy zdvihla, a vtedy so strašným, zdeseným šokom zbadala neopečiatkovanú obálku zachytenú v otvore na listy.

Musel to byť účet. Určite to bol účet! Ba čo viac, hneď ako ho zočila *vedela*, že je to ten hrozný účet od mäsiara Cargilla. Stislo jej srdce. Na okamih sa dokonca začala modliť, aby to nebol Cargillov účet. Keby to tak bol len účet za tri šterlingy a deväť pencí od krajčírstva Solepipe, alebo účet z the International alebo pekárne alebo mliekarne. Hocičo len nie účet od Cargilla! Po tom, čo dostala svoju paniku pod kontrolu, zobrala list, a kľčovito ho otvorila.

„Dlh na účte: 21 libier, 7 šterlingov, 9 pencí.“

Toto bolo napísané neškodným rukopisom Cargillovho účtovníka. Pod tým, napísané tučnými, hrubo podčiarknutými písmenami, ktoré vyzerali ako by Dorohy obviňovali stálo:

„Rád by som vám pripomenul, že tento účet dlžíte UŽ VEĽMI DLHO. Žiadam o ČO NAJSKORŠIE vyrovnanie. S. Cargill.“

Dorohy zbelela o jeden celý odtieň a prešla ju chuť na raňajky. Účet si vložila do vrečka a vošla do jedálne. Bola to celkom malá, tmavá miestnosť, ktorá už naozaj potrebovala opravu. Ako každá iná miestnosť fary, aj táto pôsobila, že bola zariadená z výpredaja starožitností. Nábytok bol „dobrý,“ no pootĺkaný bez možnosti opravy. Stoličky boli tak prežrané červami, že bezpečne ste na nich mohli sedieť jedine ak ste poznali slabosti každej jednej z nich. Na stenách boli staré, tmavé, poškodené kovové rytiny. Jednou z nich bola Van Dyckova rytina portrétu Karola I., ktorá mohla mať nejakú hodnotu, keby ju nezničila vlhkosť.

Farár stál pred prázdny krbom, zohrieval sa pri pomyselnom ohni, a čítal si list, ktorý vybral z dlhej modrej obálky. Stále mal na sebe čiernu hodvábnu sutanu, ktorá dokonale zvýrazňovala jeho husté biele vlasy a bledú, jemnú, nie príliš prívetivú tvár. Keď prišla Dorohy list odložila, vybral svoje zlaté hodinky a pozorne ich sledoval.

„Bojím sa, že trochu meškám otecko.“

„Áno Dorohy. *Trochu* meškáš,“ povedal farár, opakujúc jej slová jemne, ale s výrazným dôrazom. „Meškáš dvanásť minút, aby som bol presný. Nemyslíš si, Dorothy, že ak ja mám čas na to vstať o štvrt na sedem, sláviť sväté prijímanie, and prísť domov mimoriadne unavený a hladný, že by nebolo lepšie keby si bola schopná prísť na raňajky bez toho, aby si *trochu* meškala?“

Bolo jasné, že farár mal „zlú náladu“ ako to Dorothy taktne nazývala. Mal jeden z tých unavených, kultivovaných hlasov, ktoré nikdy nezneli úplne nahnevane, no nemali ani blízko k dobrej nálađe. Akoby celý čas hovoril: „Naozaj nechápem, o čom je celý tento rozruch!“ Pôsobil dojmom, že neustále trpí tým, akí sú iní ľudia hlúpi a únavní.

„Naozaj ma to mrzí Otče! Musela som ísť za pani Tawneyovou.“ (Pani Tawneyová bola tá „pani T“ zo „zoznamu poznámok.“ „Včera sa jej narodilo dieťa, a ako viete sľúbila, že keď sa narodí, príde s ním do kostola. Ale samozrejme to neurobí, ak si bude mysliet, že sa o ňu nezaujímame. Viete aké sú tieto ženy. Vyzerá to tak, že neznášajú návštevy kostola. Nikdy neprídu, ak ich o tom nepresvedčím.“

Farár nepovzdychol, no vydal tichý nespokojný zvuk, a pobral sa k stolu s raňajkami. Ten zvuk mal znamenať dve veci. Za prvé bola povinnosť pani Tawneyovej prísť do kostola aj bez toho, aby ju o tom presvedčala Dorohy. Za druhé Dorothy nemala prečo márnit svoj čas navštevovaním kadejakej mestskej zberby, a to hlavne pred raňajkami. Pani Tawneyová bola

žena robotníka a žila v pohanskej štvrti severne od hlavnej ulice. Farár položil ruku na operadlo stoličky, a bez slova vrhol na Dorothy pohľad, ktorý znamenal: „Teraz sme už pripravení? Alebo budú ešte *nejaké* odklady?“

„Myslím, že všetko je pripravené, ocko,“ povedala Dorothy. „Možno keby ste už len vyslovili vďaku-“

„Benedictus benedicat,“ povedal farár, a zdvihol ošúchanú striebornú prikrývku z raňajkovej misy. Strieborná prikrývka, rovnako ako strieborno-pozlátená lyžička na džem, bola rodinným dedičstvom. Nože, vidličky, a väčšina riadku pochádzali od Woolworthovcov. „Ako vidím, znovu slanina,“ dodal farár, pozerajúc na tri malé plátky slaniny, ktoré ležali stočené na štvorčekoch opečeného chleba.

„Bojím sa, že to je všetko, čo v dome máme,“ povedala Dorothy.

Farár chytil vidličku medzi ukazovák a palec, a veľmi jemným pohybom, akoby hral mikádo, otočil jeden z plátkov.

„Viem, samozrejme,“ povedal, „že slanina na raňajky je britskou tradíciou, skoro tak starou ako parlament. Ale aj tak nemyslíš, Dorothy, že by sme *niekedy* mohli mať niečo iné?“

„Slanina je teraz lacná,“ s ľútosťou povedala Dorothy. „Bolo by hriechom nekupovať ju. Táto bola iba po päť pencí za pol kila, a dobrú slaninu som videla dokonca už aj za tri pence.“

„Ach, bude asi dánska? Koľko dánskych invázií sme už mali v tejto krajine. Najprv ohňom a mečom, teraz v podobe ich odpornej, lacnej slaniny. Zaujímalo by ma, čo z toho zabilo viac ľudí.“

Jeho vtipná poznámka mu zlepšila náladu. Usalašil sa na stoličke, a aj napriek nenávidenej slanine sa dobre naraňajkoval. Dorothy (toto ráno si nedala žiadnu slaninu ako pokánie za to, že včera povedala „do čerta,“ a za to, že sa po obede pol hodinu flákala) zatiaľ rozmýšľala nad tým, ako čo najlepšie začať rozhovor.

Stála pred ňou nevysloviteľne nevďačná práca – žiadosť o peniaze. Aj v tých najlepších časoch bolo takmer nemožné dostať od otca peniaze. Toto ráno bolo očividné, že to bude ešte „zložitejšie“ ako zvyčajne. „Zložité“ bol ďalší z jej takných výrazov. Pri pohľade na modrú obálku si so zúfalstvom pomyslela, že asi dostal zlé správy.

Asi nikto, kto sa s farárom rozprával aspoň desať minút by nepoprel, že je to muž s ťažkou povahou. Tajomstvom jeho spoľahlivo zlej nálady spočívalo v tom, že bol anachronizmom. Nikdy sa nemal narodiť do moderného sveta, ktorého celá atmosféra ho znechucovala a štvla. Ako šťastný pluralista, ktorý píše básne alebo zbiera skameneliny, zatiaľ čo by vikár za štyridsať libier ročne spravoval jeho farnosť, by sa cítil pár storočí dozadu úplne ako doma. Aj teraz, keby bol býval bohatší, mohol by sa utešiť tým, že by dvadsiate storočie vytesnil zo svojho vedomia. Žiť v minulosti je ale veľmi nákladné, pod dvetisíc ročne sa to nedá. Chudoba spôsobila, že farár uviazol v dobe Lenina a Daily Mail, kvôli čomu bol neustále rozčúlený. To si prirodzene vybíjal na najbližšej osobe, čiže zvyčajne na Dorothy.

Narodil sa v roku 1871. Bol mladším synom mladšieho syna baroneta, a do cirkvi sa pridala kvôli staromódnej tradícii, že cirkev je profesiou pre mladších synov. Jeho prvým pôsobiskom bola veľká, chudobná farnosť vo východnom Londýne. Odporné, chuligánske miesto to bolo. Pozeral naň s odporom. Už v tých časom sa nižšia trieda (dal si záležať, aby ich volal takto) rozhodne začínala vymykať kontrole. O niečo lepšie bolo keď bol vikárom na nejakom odľahlom mieste v Kente (Dorothy sa v Kente narodila). Slušní dedičania sa tu ešte vždy dotýkali klobúkov na pozdrav farárovi. V tom čase už bol ženatý, a jeho manželstvo bolo čertovsky nešťastné. Ešte k tomu sa duchovní nesmú so svojimi manželkami hádať, takže jeho nešťastie bolo tajné, a tým pádom desaťkrát horšie. Do Knype Hill prišiel v roku 1908 ako tridsaťsedemročný a s nevyliciteľne mrzkou povahou. To skončilo tým, že si znepriatelil každého muža, ženu a dieťa vo farnosti.

Niežeby bol zlým kňazom, no ako kňaz bol zlý. Jeho čisto cirkevných povinnosti si plnil korektne. Na puritánsku východoanglickú faru možno až priveľmi. Bohoslužby viedol dokonale, mal obdivuhodné kázne a každú stretu a piatok vstával v nekresťanskú hodinu, aby slávil sväté prijímanie. Nikdy mu ale nedošlo, že farár má povinnosti aj mimo štyroch stien kostola. Keďže si nemohol dovoliť vikára, nechal špinavú prácu fary celkom úplne na svoju ženu, a po jej smrti (umrela v roku 1921) na Dorothy. Ľudia zvykli zlomyseľne a nepravdivo hovoriť, že keby mohol, aj vedenie omší by nechal na Dorothy. „Nižšie triedy“ hneď od začiatku pochopili, aký je jeho postoj k nim. Ak by bol bohatý, pravdepodobne by mu podľa svojho zvyku aj oblizovali topánky, no v tomto prípade ho len nenávideli. Niežeby ho trápilo, či ho neznášajú alebo nie, keďže si viac-menej nevšimával ich existenciu. No aj u vyšších tried na tom nebol lepšie. S grófstvom sa pohádal jeden po druhom. Čo sa týkalo drobnej mestskej šľachty,

ako vnuk baróna ňou opovrhoval, a ani sa nesnažil to skrývať. Za dvadsaťtri rokov sa mu podarilo znížiť počet veriacich vo farnosti sv. Athelstana zo šesťsto na menej ako dvesto.

Nebolo to iba z osobných dôvodov. Bolo to aj kvôli staromódnemu konzervatívne typu anglo-katolicizmu, ktorého sa farár tvrdohlavo držal, a ktorý štvá všetkých členov farnosti približne rovnako. V dnešnej dobe má farár, ktorý si chce svojich veriacich udržať iba dve možnosti. Buď musí byť jeho anglo-katolicizmus rýdzy a čistý, alebo musí byť odvážny, moderný, otvorený, kázať utešujúce kázne, ktoré dokazujú, že peklo neexistuje, a že všetky dobré náboženstvá sú rovnaké. Farár nerobil ani jedno. Na jednej strane mal ten najväčší odpor k anglo-katolíckemu hnutiu. Úplne ho obišlo, vôbec sa ho nedotklo. Nazýval ho „rímskou horúčkou.“ Na druhej strane bol pre starších členov farnosti až priveľmi konzervatívny. Raz za čas ich na smrť vystrašil použitím smrteľného slova „katolícky“ nielen na posvätnom mieste vo vyznaní viery, ale aj z kazateľnice. Prirodzene, návštevníkov kostola rok čo rok ubúdalo, a tí najlepší ľudia odišli ako prví. Lord Pockthorne z Pockthorne, ktorý vlastnil päťtinu grófstva, pán Leavis, vyslúžilý obchodník s kožou, Sir Edward Huson z Crabtree Hall, a tí z drobnej šľachty, ktorí vlastnili motorové vozidlá, všetci opustili kostol sv. Athelstana. Väčšina z nich v nedele jazdila do Millborough, pár kilometrov ďalej. Millborough bolo mesto s päť tisíc obyvateľmi, a mohli ste si vybrať z dvoch kostolov sv. Edmunda a sv. Wedekinda. Kostol sv. Edmunda bol modernistický. Nad jeho oltárom visel text z Blakeovho *Jeruzalema*, a víno sa pri svätom prijímaní pilo z pohárov na likér. Kostol sv. Wedekinda bol anglo-katolícky, a neustále viedol partizánsky boj s biskupom. Pán Cameron, tajomník Konzervatívneho klubu Knype Hill, bol konvertovaný rímsky katolík, a jeho deti boli v popredí rímskokatolíckeho literárneho hnutia. Vraj mali papagája, ktorého učili hovoriť „extra ecclesiam nulla salus.“ – mimo cirkvi niet spásy. “ V podstate nikto nezostal verný kostolu sv. Athelstana, okrem pani Mayfillovej z The Grange. Väčšina jej peňazí bola odkázaná kostolu. Aspoň tak hovorila, aj keď ju nikdy nikto nevidel dať do zvončeka viac ako šesť pencí, a vyzeralo to, že bude žiť naveky.

Prvých desať minút pri raňajkách prebehlo v kompletom tichu. Dorothy sa snažila pozbierať odvalu na to, aby prehovorila. Očividne musela začať *nejakú* konverzáciu pred tým, ako začala hovoriť o peniazoch. Jej otec ale nebol niekto, s kým sa dal jednoducho viesť bežný rozhovor. Niekedy upadol do svojich myšlienok tak hlboko, že bolo ťažké prinútiť ho, aby vás počúval. Inokedy vás počúval až príliš. Pozorne počúval, čo ste mu hovorili, a potom dost

unavene poznamenal, že plytváte slovami. Zdvorilostné frázy o počasí a tak ďalej do zvyčajne vyprovokovali jeho sarkazmus. Tak či onak, Dorothy sa rozhodla vyskúšať počasie ako prvé.

„Dnes je zvláštny deň, že?“ povedala, aj keď si uvedomovala nezmyselnosť tejto poznámky keď ju vyslovovala.

„Čo *presne* je na ňom zaujímavé?“ opýtal sa farár.

„No, chcela som povedať, že ráno bolo tak chladno a hmlisto, a teraz vyšlo slnko a napokon sa celkom vyjasnilo.“

„Na tom *je* niečo mimoriadne zaujímavé?“

Toto očividne nefungovalo. *Musel* dostať zlé správy, pomyslela si. Skúsila to znovu.

„Bola by som rada, keby ste mohli ísť von a prísť pozrieť na záhradu vzadu, ocko. Ťahavej fazuli sa tak úžasne darí! Struky budú viac ako meter dlhé. Samozrejme tie najlepšie odložím na Festival žatvy. Myslela som, že by bolo pekné, keby sme vyzdobili kazateľnicu strapcami fazule s pár paradajkami zavesenými medzi nimi.“

To bolo faux pas. Farár zdvihol oči od taniera s výrazom hlbokého znechutenia.

„Moja drahá Dorothy,“ povedal ostro, „je *nutné*, aby si ma znepokojovala Festivalom žatvy už teraz?“

„Prepáčte Otče!“ povedala Dorothy znepokojene. „Nechcela som vás znepokojovať. Len som myslela-“

„Máš pocit,“ pokračoval farár, „že by pre mňa bolo potešením kázať medzi strukmi ťahavej fazule? Nie som zeleninár. Keď nad tým premýšľam, prechádza ma chuť na raňajky. Kedyže sa má udiat táto nešťastná vec?“

„Šestnásteho septembra, ocko.“

„To je takmer o mesiac. Pre Boha nechaj ma nemyslieť na to ešte o chvíľu dlhšie! Asi musíme organizovať túto smiešnu záležitosť raz za rok, aby sme poštekli márnivosť každého amatérskeho záhradníka vo farnosti. No nemyslime na to viac ako je absolútne nutné.“

Dorothy si mala pamätať, že farár cítiťoval úplný odpor k Festivalu žatvy. Dokonca tým, že povedal, že sa mu nepáči, že jeho kostol vyzerá ako stánok obchodníka, stratil cenného

návštevníka kostola, pána Toagisa, nevrleho záhradníka na dôchodku. Pán Toagis, ktorému od modlitby trpeli zuby, chodil do kostola len výmenou za privilegium, že počas Festivalu žatvy mohol ozdobiť oltár niečím, čo pripomínalo Stonehenge z gigantických dužín zeleniny. Minulé leto sa mu podarilo vypestovať perfektnú, gigantickú tekvicu. Tá ohnivočervená bola tak monštruózna, že bolo treba dvoch chlapov aby ju zdvihli. No a tento monštruózny objekt bol umiestnený v presbytériu, kde zatieňoval oltár a z východného okna vysával všetky farby. Nezáležalo na tom, v ktorej časti kostola ste stáli, tá tekvica, ako sa hovorí, vám udrela do očí. Pán Toagis bol vo vytržení. Stále sa zdržiaval v kostole, od svojej zbožňovanej tekvice sa nevedel odtrhnúť. Dokonca privádzal zástupy priateľov, aby ju obdivovali. Z výrazu jeho tváre by ste si mohli myslieť, že cituje Wordswortha na Westminsterskom moste:

Zem nemá nič čo krajšie ukázať

unudená by bola duša toho, kto by sa vyhol

pohľadu, ktorý tak dojíma svojou majestátnosťou!

Dorothy po tomto dokonca dúfala, že by mohol prísť na sväté prijímanie. No keď farár tekvicu zočil, naozaj sa nahneval, a nariadil „tú odpornú vec“ okamžite odnieť. Pána Toagisa okamžite „opustila viera“ a on i jeho dedičia boli pre cirkev navždy stratení.

Dorothy sa rozhodla urobiť jeden posledný pokus o začiatok rozhovoru.

„Kostýmy pre *Karola I.* sú takmer hotové,“ povedala. (Deti z cirkevnej školy nacvičovali divadelnú hru s názvom *Karol I.*, na podporu zbierky na organ.) „No želim si, aby sme si boli bývali vybrali niečo jednoduchšie. To brnenie je strašná práca a bojím sa, že tie čižmy budú ešte horšie. Myslím, že nabudúce by sme mali mať rímske alebo grécke predstavenie. Niečo, kde by nosili iba tógy.“

Toto vyvolalo iba ďalší tlmený povzdych farára. Školské predstavenia, prehliadky, bazáre, blšie trhy, a benefičné koncerty v jeho očiach neboli až tak zlé ako Festival žatvy, no netváril sa, že ho zaujímali. Boli nutným zlom, ako zvykol hovoriť. V tomto momente slúžka Ellen otvorila dvere a nemotorne vošla do miestnosti, pridržiavajúc si svojou veľkou, šupinatou rukou vrecovitú zásteru na bruchu. Bolo to vysoké dievča, s okrúhlymi ramenami, myšou farbou vlasou, žalostným hlasom a zlou pleťou, ktorá chronicky trpela ekzémom. Jej oči vystrašene

blúdili smerom k farárovi, no obrátila sa na Dorothy. Farára sa príliš bála, aby s ním hovorila priamo.

„Prosím, pani-“ začala.

„Áno, Ellen?“

„Prosím, pani,“ nariekala Ellen ďalej, „pán Porter je v kuchyni a pýta sa, či by farár nemohol prísť a pokrstiť dieťa pani Porterovej. Nemyslí, že dieťa prežije deň, a ešte nebolo pokrstené, pani.“

Dorothy sa postavila. „Sadni si.“ Povedal jej rýchlo s plnými ústami farár.

„Čo si myslia, že je zlé s tým dieťaťom?“ spýtala sa Dorothy.

„No, pani, celkom černie. Má tiež škaredú hnačku.“

Farár s námahou vyplul svoje sústo. „Je mi treba počuť tieto nechutné detaily kým raňajkujem?“ vykrikol. Obrátil sa na Ellen: „Pošlite Portera preč a povedzte mu, že k nemu prídem o dvanásť. Naozaj netuším, prečo sa tieto nižšie vrstvy vždy rozhodnú otravovať vtedy, keď sedíme za stolom,“ pridal, a vrhol ďalší iritovaný pohľad na Dorothy, ktorá si sadla.

Pán Porter bol robotník, konkrétne murár. Farárovo názory na krst boli úplne jasné. Keby to bolo naliehavé, prešiel by tridsať kilometrov snehom, aby pokrstil umierajúce dieťa. Ale nepáčilo sa mi, že Dorothy chce odísť od raňajok kvôli obyčajnému murárovi.

Ďalší rozhovor sa počas raňajok nekonal. Dorothy srdce stískalo stále viac a viac. Musela predložiť žiadosť o peniaze, aj keď bolo úplne jasné, že je odsúdená na neúspech. Po raňajkách farár vstal od stola a začal si plniť fajku z krabičky tabaku odloženej na rímse kozubu. Dorothy sa krátko pomodlila za odvahu a potom sa uštipla. No tak, Dorothy! Von s tým! Žiadne okolky prosím! S námahou ovládla svoj hlas a povedala:

„Otče-“

„Čo?“ povedal farár a zastavil sa so zápalkou v ruke.

„Otče, o niečo vás musím požiadať. O niečo dôležité.“

Výraz farárovej tváre sa zmenil. Hneď sa dovtípil, čo sa Dorothy spýta. Prekvapivo teraz vyzeral menej iritovaný ako predtým. Na jeho tvári sa usadil kamenný pokoj. Vyzeral ako výnimočne odmeraná, neochotná sfinga.

„Tak teda moja milá Dorothy, veľmi dobre viem, čo chceš žiadať. Predpokladám, že ma znovu požiadaš o peniaze. Je tak?“

„Áno, ocko. Pretože-“

„Asi ti môžem ušetriť námahu. Nemám vôbec žiadne peniaze. Absolútne vôbec žiadne peniaze až do budúceho štvrt'roka. Vreckové si už dostala a ja ti nemôžem dať ani pol pence navyše. Je zbytočné, aby si ma tým teraz znepokojovala.“

„Ale ocko-“

Dorothy stislo srdce ešte viac. Čo bolo najhoršie na tom, keď ho prišla žiadať o peniaze bol jeho neochotný postoj, vyjadrený neochvejným pokojom. Nikdy nebol tak pokojný, ako keď ste mu pripomenuli, že je po uši zadlžený. Zrejme nechápal, že remeselníci chcú sem-tam dostať zaplatené, a že žiadna domácnosť nemôže fungovať bez dostatočného príjmu peňazí. Dorothy dával vreckové osemnásť libier mesačne na všetky výdavky domácnosti, vrátane platu Ellen, a zároveň bol „vyberavý“ čo sa týkalo jedla, a okamžite si všimol akýkoľvek pokles jeho kvality. Výsledkom samozrejme bolo, že domácnosť bola neustále zadlžená. Ale farára jeho dlhy ani prinajmenšom nezaujímali. Vlastne o nich takmer ani nevedel. Keď prišiel o peniaze kvôli investícii, bol veľmi rozrušený, no čo sa týkalo dlhov bežných remeselníkov, nuž, bola to taká vec ktorou si proste nedokázal lámať hlavu.

Pokojný obláčik dymu sa vzniesol z farárovej fajky. Zamyslene hľadel na oceľovú rytinu Karola I. a pravdepodobne už aj zabudol na požiadavku Dorothy o peniaze. Keď ho videla takého ľahostajného, Dorothy prešiel zákaz zúfalstva, vrátila sa jej odvaha, a zopakovala ostrejšie ako predtým:

„Otče, prosím počúvajte ma! Ja už čoskoro *nejaké* peniaze potrebovať budem! Proste ich *potrebujem!* Nemôžeme takto pokračovať. Dlížime peniaze takmer každému remeselníkovi v meste. Došlo to do takého stavu, že niektoré rána ani nezvládam vyjsť na ulicu, keď mám na mysli naše dlhy. Viete, že Cargillovi dlžíme takmer dvadsaťdva libier?“

„No a čo?“ povedal farár pomedzi potiahnutiami z fajky.

„Ale ten dlh sa nám tam zbiera už viac ako sedem mesiacov! Posiela nám ho znova a znova. *Musíme* ho zaplatiť! Je nefér, že ho takto nechávame čakať na jeho peniaze!“

„Nezmysel, moje drahé dieťa! Títo ľudia chcú, aby na svoje peniaze čakali. Páči sa im to. V konečnom dôsledku dostanú viac. Kto vie koľko dlžíme Catkin & Palm. Vôbec ma nezaujíma sa na to vôbec pýtať. Všade ma oblbujú. Ale *ja* sa nesťažujem. Nie je tak?“

„Ale, ocko, ja sa na to nemôžem dívať tak ako vy. Nemôžem! Je tak hrozné byť stále zadlžený. Aj keď to nie je v skutočnosti zlé, je to tak nepríjemné. Tak veľmi sa za to hanbím! Vždy keď idem do Cargillovho mäsiarstva objednať pliecko, ledva so mnou hovorí a necháva ma čakať za ostatnými zákazníkmi. To všetko preto, že nám celý čas rastie dlh. Napriek tomu sa neodvážim prestať u neho objednávať. Myslím, že by nás udal, keby som to urobila.“

Farár sa zamračil. „Čo? Chceš povedať, že bol tento pán na teba drzý?“

„Nepovedala som, že bol drzý, otecko. Ale nemôžete ho viniť za to, že je nahnevaný ak jeho účet nebol ešte stále vyplatený.“

„Určite ho za to viniť môžem! Je jednoducho odporné, ako sa v dnešnej dobe ľudia správajú – odporné! Ale ako vidíš, je to tak. Takýmto veciam sme v tomto úžasnom storočí vystavení. To je demokracia – progres, ako to s obľubou nazývajú. Od toho pána už znova neobjednávajú. Hneď mu povedz, že budeš nakupovať inde. To je jediný spôsob ako s týmito ľuďmi zaobchádzať.“

„Ale ocko, toto nič nevyrieši. Naozaj, skutočne nemyslíte, že by sme mu mali zaplatiť? Nemohli by ste predat' nejaké akcie alebo podobne?“

„Moje drahé dieťa, nehovor mi o predávaní akcií! Od svojho agenta som práve dostal nepríjemné správy. Povedal mi, že moje akcie v Sumatra Tin padli zo sedem šterlingov a štyroch pencí na šesť šterlingov a jednu pencu. Znamená to stratu skoro šesťdesiat libier. Povedal som mu, aby všetko okamžite predal, kým cena klesne ešte viac.“

„Takže keď ich predáte, budete mať nejaké peniaze, áno? Nemyslíte, že by bolo lepšie raz a navždy sa dostať z dlhov?“

„Nezmysel, úplný nezmysel,“ povedal farár pokojnejšie, a znova si vložil fajku do úst. „Nevieš vôbec nič o týchto veciach. Hneď musím reinvestovať peniaze do niečoho sľubnejšieho. Iba tak môžem dostať svoje peniaze späť.“

S jedným palcom za opaskom sutany sa mimovoľne zamračil na oceľovú rytinu. Jeho agent mu poradil United Celanese. V tom – v Sumatra Tin, United Celanese, a nespočetnom množstve iných vzdialeným a matne predstaviteľných spoločností – ležal hlavný problém farárových financií. Bol náruživý gambler. On o tom, samozrejme, nerozmýšľal ako o hazarde. Pre neho to bolo iba celoživotné hľadanie „dobrej investície.“ Keď dospel, zdedil štyritisíc libier, z ktorých vďaka jeho „investíciám“ postupne ubúdalo, kým ich nebolo asi tisíc dvesto. Čo bolo horšie, každý rok sa mu podarilo z jeho mizerného príjmu nazbierať ďalších päťdesiat libier, ktoré zmizli rovnakou cestou. Bolo zaujímavé, že vábenie „dobrej investície“ postihovalo cirkevníkov častejšie ako hociktorú inú triedu. Možno to bol moderný ekvivalent démonov v ženskej podobe, ktorý zvykli mátať pustovníkov v stredoveku.

„Kúpim päťsto akcií United Celanese,“ povedal napokon farár.

Dorothy začala strácať nádej. Jej otec teraz rozmýšľal o „investíciách“ (vôbec nič o týchto „investíciách“ nevedela, okrem toho, že z nich obdivuhodne často nič nebolo) a v ďalšom okamihu mu otázka dlhu remeselníkom určite úplne vypadne z hlavy. Vyvinula posledné úsilie.

„Ocko, vyriešme to, prosím. Myslíte, že by ste mi boli schopný nechať pár peňazí navyiac v blízkej dobe? Nie hneď teraz, ale možno v ďalšom mesiaci, dvoch?“

„Nie, moja milá. Nemohol. Možno okolo Vianoc, a aj to je málo pravdepodobné. Ale teraz určite nie. Nemám ani pol pence nazvyš.“

„Ale, otecko, je tak hrozný pocit nemôcť splatiť naše dlhy! Tak veľmi nás to zneuct'uje! Naposledy keď tu bol pán Welwyn-Foster (pán Welwyn-Foster bol dekan), pani Welwyn-Fosterová chodila po meste a pýtala sa každého tie najosobnejšie otázky o nás. Pýtala sa ako trávime čas, koľko máme peňazí, koľko ton uhlia spálime za rok a podobne. Stále sa snažila vopchať nos do našich záležitostí. Predpokladajme, že by zistila, že mám veľké dlhy!“

„A nie je to len naša vec? Vôbec nechápem, čo je do toho pani Welwyn-Fosterovej alebo hocikomu inému.“

„Ale ona by to všetkým povedala. Okrem toho by aj prehánala! Poznáte pani Welwyn-Fosterovú. V každej fare kam vkročí sa snaží nájsť niečo hanebné o farárovi, a potom zopakuje každé slovo biskupovi. Nechcem k nej byť bezcitná, ale ona je naozaj –“

Dorothy si uvedomila, že *chcela* byť bezcitná, a ostala ticho.

„Je to hnusná žena,“ povedal farár pokojne. „No a čo? Kto kedy počul o manželke dekana, ktorá by nebola odporná?“

„Ale, ocko, nedokážem vás prinútiť vidieť aké vážna je situácia! Ďalší mesiac nemáme z čoho žiť. Ani neviem, kde zoženieme mäso na dnešnú večeru.“

„Obed, Dorothy, obed!“ povedal farár s náznakom iritácie. „Želám si, aby si prestala s tým otrasným zvykom nižšej triedy považovať večeru za hlavné jedlo!“

„Tak teda na obed. Odkiaľ zoženieme mäso? Neodvážim sa požiadať Cargilla o ďalšie pliecko.“

„Chod' k inému mäsiarovi. Ako sa to volal? Salter? O Cargilla sa nestaraj. Vie, že mu skôr či neskôr zaplatíme. Preboha, neviem, o čom je tento rozruch! Nedlhuje azda každý svojim remeselníkom peniaze? Jasne si pamätám,“ farár si trochu narovnal plecيا, vložil si fajku do úst a zahľadel sa do diaľky, hlas mu vplyvom spomienok zmäkol, „že keď som bol na Oxforde, môj otec ešte stále nesplatil niektoré svoje oxfordské účty spreď tridsiatich rokov. Tom“ (Tom bol farárov bratranec, barón) „dlhoval sedemtisíc, kým prišiel k peniazom. Sám mi to povedal.“

S tým sa vytratila posledná nádej Dorothy. Keď jej otec začal hovoriť o svojom bratrancovi Tomovi, a o veciach, čo sa stali „keď som bol na Oxforde,“ nemohla s ním už urobiť nič. Znamenalo to, že unikol do imaginárnej zlatej minulosti, kde také vulgárne veci ako dlh u mäsiara proste neexistovali. Boli dlhé obdobia, keď to vyzeralo, že naozaj zabudol na to, že je iba chudobný vidiecky farár, a že nebol mladý muž z rodiny s majetkom a dedičstvom za chrbtom. Aristokratický, nákladný postoj bol pre neho za každých okolností najprirodzenejší. Samozrejme, kým on žil, a nie nepohodlne, vo svete svojich predstáv, bola to Dorothy, ktorá musela s remeselníkmi bojovať a zabezpečiť, aby baranie stehno vydržalo od nedeľe do stredy. Vedela ale, že je úplne zbytočné sa s ním teraz ďalej hádať. Skončilo by to jedine tak, že by ho nahnevala. Vstala od stola a začala nakladať riad z raňajok na tácku.

„Ste si úplne istý, že mi nemôžete dať žiadne peniaze Otče?“ povedala posledný krát, vo dverách, s táckou v rukách.

Farár, hľadiac do prázdna, ju medzi príjemnými obláčikmi dymu nepočul. Rozmýšľal možno o svojich zlatých dňoch na Oxforde. Dorothy vyšla z izby utrápená, so slzami na

krajičku. Mizerná otázka dlhov sa znovu odložila, ako už tisíckrát predtým, bez vyhliadky na konečné riešenie.