

**Západočeská univerzita v Plzni**

**Fakulta filozofická**

**Bakalářská práce**

**The comparison of Czech translations  
of a selected literary text**

**Lucie Šťastná**

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**Západočeská univerzita v Plzni**

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Prohlášení:

Prohlašuji, že jsem práci zpracovala samostatně a použila jen uvedených pramenů a literatury.

*Plzeň, duben 2015*

.....

Lucie Šťastná

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# 1 INTRODUCTION

The comparison of a chosen chapter of the novel *The Picture of Dorian Gray* was chosen as the subject of this bachelor thesis. The reason for the choice is admiring the work of translators, their ability to understand the original text in a foreign language and the creation of the new in another language which is equivalent to the original.

Literature develops and some translations which were published years ago sometimes do not correspond to the requirements of readers today. In older translations there can be seen many archaic words and facts that can be strange to a reader.

The novel *The Picture of Dorian Gray* was being translated into Czech since 1905. There are 7 Czech translations together made by different translators. Some of these translations were published again with editions. In this thesis three translations will be examined.

The aim of the bachelor thesis is to compare three translations of one chapter of the novel *The Picture of Dorian Gray*. The oldest translation made by Bořivoj Prusík is from the year 1915, the next one from the year 1958 is by Jiří Zdeněk Novák and the newest translation from the year 2011 is by Kateřina Hilská.

There will be examined the differences among the mentioned translations and the quality will be evaluated. It is expected that the Czech language will be outdated at the older translations, there could also be found mistakes in spelling and one of these three translations could be considered as weaker than the others.

The thesis is divided into three main chapters. The first two chapters are theoretical. The first chapter deals with translation, its history, types, procedures that are used when translating. The theory is based on the books written by authors such as Levý, Hrehovčík and Knittlová.

In the second chapter there will be examined the life of the author of the book, Oscar Wilde, the historical-political context and its literature and the lives of the translators. There will be outlined the plot of the story and the compared chapter.

The goal of the last chapter is to make a comparative analysis of the chosen translations. The translations will be evaluated by its linguistic level. First the focus will be on the lexical level where the individual words will be compared. There can be observed archaic and literary words, omission or adding words. The morphological level follows. There will be observed the grammatical structure of the texts – transgressives, outdated suffixes or declension. The syntactic level examines the changes in the use of

parts of speech or different word order. Then there will be checked the spelling and its changes given by the time.

In the end of the chapter, all the three translations will be evaluated as a whole and separately. In the conclusion the translations will be commented on the basis of the gained information. The work with translations and comparison will be remarked. All sources which were used to achieve all the information will be mentioned in the last part of this thesis.



## **2 THEORY OF TRANSLATION**

### **2.1 Translation – in general**

According to the lecturer Teodor Hrehovčík, the word translation has at least three meanings:

1<sup>st</sup> the process of transfer from the original language into the target language

2<sup>nd</sup> the result of translation in the target language

3<sup>rd</sup> an abstract concept which includes both, the process of translation and the result

“The translation is considered as a science, an art and an ability. It is a science because the translator must have the knowledge of the linguistic structure of at least two languages. The term art is used because the translator creates the text in another language and the reader should not be able to recognise it from the original text. Translating is also a kind of ability, the translator needs to train it and to adopt some habits by that. It is science of linguistics, philosophy, psychology and also sociology.

The translation is a subjective art for its understanding of the differences between different people (a writer, a translator). This is the rule especially for the non-scientific texts.

The goal of the translation is to reach the equivalency between the original and the target text with taking account of context, grammar, set phrases, etc..” [1]

### **2.2 Development of translator’s role in history**

“During the time the contact between the author and the audience was developing. The first stage was the replacement of the author by his troubadour. The next stage of the enstrangement of the author from the public is the replacement of author’s words with translator’s words. This second type of enstrangement is a consequence of the increasing universalism of the modern culture.

In the Middle Ages, most of the literature was written in Latin or in another respected language. The Bible, chivalric novels, and oriental literature represented the main subject of literature. All those subjects were popular for the main reason- Christianity. There was a direct contact between the author and the reader because of this thematic, linguistic and ideological universalism which reigned. A Latin writer was writing for Latin speakers of different nations, an English writer was writing English speakers, a French writer for French speakers.

Modern literature is based on the exchanges of cultures. Nowadays, the writer whose books are translated into many languages, is considered as popular. That means the less of the original text is read by readers, the more the text is popular.

In the Middle Ages, Renaissance and Classicism, the translator was translating to people as an individual person to his audience.

During the 19<sup>th</sup> and 20<sup>th</sup> century, the translator becomes more anonymous for readers who do not speak the language of the original text. That is how the translator becomes an impersonal mediator of foreign languages. The readers do not read the words of the author, they read the words of the translator. Based on those facts, the translation can be defined as a form of the mass media.

Analyses show that translators reduce the characteristic features of the authors and put their own features there. That could lead to monotony, however there are many different translators, some of them are more distinctive some of them less. Nowadays, in many cases, the book's translation rating is summarized into one or two sentences, the translators are underestimated.“ [2]

### **2.3 Types of translations**

“On the linguistic aspects, according to Mr. Jakobson, we distinguish 3 types of translation:

1<sup>st</sup> intralingual translation

2<sup>nd</sup> interlingual translation

3<sup>rd</sup> intersemiotic translation

Intralingual translation is an explanation of definitions in one language. (eg.: in Czech *sofistikovaný - promyšlený, propracovaný, využívá složitých metod*)

Interlingual translation is the translation as most people know it - from one language into another. (eg.: from Czech into English - *kočka - a cat*)

Intersemiotic translation - this translation interprets the symbols of one semiotic system with symbols of another semiotic system. (eg.: interpreting of a picture with words)“ [3]

There are several types that translators use:

- **1<sup>st</sup> translation word-for-word**

This type of translation can be good for students of the original language because the translation is equivalent also in grammar. On the other hand, it is not translation for those who are interested in content of the text.

- **2<sup>nd</sup> Faithful translation**

This translation's task is to translate the content in way to be the most similar to the original text. The translator expresses the aims and style of the author faithfully here.

- **3<sup>rd</sup> Semantic translation**

There is a slight difference between the faithful and semantic translations. A person who makes a semantic translation has to pay attention to the aesthetical appearance. For example, he should avoid the translations of set phrases so his work is readable. This kind of translations is more flexible than the faithful translations.

- **4<sup>th</sup> Communicative translation**

Concerning this translation, the translator should provide a comprehensible text to the reader with the most possible preservation of content to the original.

- **5<sup>th</sup> Idiomatic translation**

Idiomatic translation should have the original content but in a very readable way, it does not have to maintain the construction in the grammatical field, neither in the lexical field. The reader should not recognize it as a translation.

- **6<sup>th</sup> Free translation**

The main task of free translation is to express the main thought of the original. Sometimes it is longer than the original. It is considered as a paraphrase.

- **7<sup>th</sup> Adaptation**

This is the most free form of translation. This translation is mostly used for translating of poetry and plays. The theme, characters and the plot is preserved but the whole text is adapted into the translated text.

The translations that are translated too freely are not accepted, as well as the translations whose contents of originals disappear or if some historical events are changed.

[4]

## 2.4 Translation procedures

“There exist many classifications of translation procedures. American theorist Gerard Vázquez-Ayora distinguishes 8 types (transposition, modulation, equivalence, adaptation, amplification, explicitation, compensation, reduction). Another American theorist of linguistics distinguishes 9 types (equality, substitution, divergence, convergence, amplification, reduction, diffusion, condensation, reordering). We will take a look at the classification used by French and Canadian authors Vinaye and Darbelnet who use those main procedures as a solution for a lack of equivalence in the translated text.

- **1<sup>st</sup> transcription**

Transcription of a form of word which is less or more adapted to the target language. There is also transliteration which is a transcription from one alphabet to another one.

- **2<sup>nd</sup> calque**

Calque is a literal translation. (eg.: hard disc - pevný disk)

- **3<sup>rd</sup> substitution**

Substitution means the replacement of one part of speech by another one in the target language. For example, replacement of an adjective by a noun. (eg.: countless museums - bezpočet muzeí)

- **4<sup>th</sup> Transposition**

According to this procedure, the translator should admit necessary grammatical changes. (eg.: can also be found - naleznete)

- **5<sup>th</sup> Modulation**

Change of the point of view. (eg.: romantic breaks - romantické zážitky)

- **6<sup>th</sup> Equivalence**

In this case, the translated term should be changed by a different stylistic or structural tool. (eg.: sweet girl - děvenka)

- **7<sup>th</sup> Adaptation**

It is a substitution of not existing term in the target language. It is concerning mainly proverbs, wordplays, etc.“ [5]

## 2.5 Three main phases of translator's job

Based on the Levý's statements, there are three main phases when translating. The translator should –

1<sup>st</sup> understand the draft

2<sup>nd</sup> interpret the draft

3<sup>rd</sup> formulate the draft

### The 1<sup>st</sup> - Comprehension of text

“A good translator must be a good reader. His comprehension of the text he got has three levels:

- **comprehension filological.** The translator does not have to be endowed with a special talent. He needs to be professionally trained and he needs to practise. Polysemy and wrong association can lead to bad comprehension.

Example :

Translation of poem *Spain* 1937 by Ivan Jelínek:

*Nenalezli jste město – sytého cizopasníka,*

*Jak staví obrovské ozbrojené říše žraloka*

*A tygra, založit chrabrý kraj červenky?*

Original:

*Did you not found the city state of sponge,*

*Raise the vast of military empires of the shark*

*And the tiger, establish the robin's plucky canton?*

Correct translation:

*Nezaložili jste kdysi velkoměstský houbovitý stát,*

*Nevybudovali jste obrovská ozbrojená impéria žraločí*

*A tygří, nevystavěli jste odvážný kanton červenky?*

- The translator should be **able to interpret the aesthetical impressions of the author** – irony, tragic air, dry statements, etc., to the reader. A common reader does not have to recognize this but the translator should be able to and should use linguistic tools in the target language to reach the main thought of the author. A kind of cognition of the original text by the translator is necessary. Expressing tools sometimes have their task and it is not possible to cut them out.

In Shakespeare's Macbeth in IV. Act:

*Thrice brinded cat mewed.*

*Thrice and once the hedge-pig whined.*

Four Czech translators made a translation of this text and only one of them, Otokar Fischer, had made it correct:

*Třikrát pestrý kocour mňouk.*

*Ježek třikrát a jednou kvik.*

J.J. Kolár made uncorrect translation with four hedge-pigs and he also translated it with imperfective aspect:

*Třikrát pestrý kocour vzlykal.*

*Tři a jeden ježek kvikal*

- After the translator understands the language tools and motives, understanding of art units follows- characters, their relationships, and the environment of the plot. This level of comprehension is the most difficult one. The translator **should be endowed with imagination**. There are two factors that influence the incomprehension. It comes out when the translator cannot imagine the thought of the author and when there is a wrong understanding of the original language (eg.: ambiguous words)

Two different types of translators:

- **Creative** – can really penetrate through the plot, situations, ideas..
- **Mechanical** – translates words only

Of course, the mechanical translation is more comfortable because the reconstruction requires enough of imagination and reflection for the text.

### **The 2<sup>nd</sup> -Interpretation of the text**

After the translator understands the text well, he must interpret it. In many cases, the translator has to specify some words because of the multiple meaning in the original language. For example, the English language. One word can have more meanings and the person who translates the text has to understand the context.

Eg.: *foppish* – in English it has two meanings – *fintivý, pošetilý*

Readers demand the right interpretation of a text. We should mention three important moments in the case of interpreting:

- **seeking of the objective idea of text**

Every translation is more or less an interpretation. A good interpretation means when the main characteristics of the book are mentioned there. The translator's job is not to connect the story with his own life (as many readers do). The aim of the translator should be to repress his own intervention to the text and to get closer to the objective validity. As an example of a wrong interpretation is Whitman's *Leaves of grass* that does not sound nicely, it is not botanically right. Instead of blades of grass or spears of grass, he used *Leaves of grass* because it is not so widespread. However, it was translated *Stébla trávy*, not *Listy trávy* into Czech.

- it is important for the translator to **determine his main aim** and then abide it. He knows what he wants to say with his translation to the reader.

- **Translator's approach**

From the opinion on the book and knowing the target group of readers, the concept of draft, translator's approach is born. The translator cannot put his own subjective opinions to his translation. However, he can show a new point of view on some aspects of the book.

**The 3<sup>rd</sup> step** that translator has to do is to **formulate the draft**. Readers demand an artistic translation. The translator can use his talent for the language stylistics that is why he needs the talent for stylistics.

Relation of two language systems:

The languages of the target and original text are not symmetrical. Language tools are not equivalent and that is why the translator cannot translate just mechanically. The more artistic text, the more difficult translation will it be. That is concerning mainly poetry.

We can notice even bigger non symmetry in the respect of semantics.

noc			ráno	dopoledne				odpoledne		večer		noc	
0	2	4	6	8	10	12	14	16	18	20	22	24	
night			morning				afternoon		evening		night		

West European languages have categorized the time nicely and the Czech language has a category of verbal aspect. English has 8 tenses, so when translating to Czech, it has to be limited on three tenses. Czech on the other hand has diminutives, and

another thing is that our language is flexible and from one word we can make many other words with suffixes and prefixes. (*lehký, lehounký, lehoučký, nadlehčený, lehoulinký*).

The original language also influences the translation. It can influence it in a direct and an indirect way. Indirectly, the translator tries to reduce some stylistic features of the original. As an example, Levý mentioned a Czech direct and indirect translation from the Russian language. **Direct:** *v nevelikém domku, A vaše žena je krásná? A hle, před ním oslnivý oheň, Válka skončí, Vráti se muž.* But many translators would prefer an **indirect** way which does not remind Russian: *V malém domku, A máte hezkou ženu? A v tom před ním vyšlehl oslnivý oheň, Válka skončí, Muž se vrátí.* The reason why a translation can be wrong is not always shallowness. It is the fact that even a very good translator, does not translate with the exact word equivalency, and that is why he misses the value of a part which can be very important to the reader.

## 2.6 Analysis of translation

Translation is not a separate piece of art unlike an original book. Translation is a reproduction of a foreign book and a relation to the pattern is one of the most important features. We evaluate translation's relation to the original, the whole process between the basis and the result can be very interesting. Traces of the translator's work are not as visible as the author's, also the translator's work can be edited by the publisher or editor. Translators sometimes rely on some older translations of the same book. For a good analysis of the translation it is beneficial to have little knowledge of the time-period and lives of the authors and translators.“ [6]



### 3 THE HISTORY BEHIND THE NOVEL

#### 3.1 Oscar Wilde

Oscar Wilde was an Irish writer, born on October 16, 1854 in Dublin. His father was a famous doctor and his mother was a poet, she had a big influence on her son later. Oscar loved the student's life, he had a passion for Greek and Roman studies, drawing and writing poems. He studied Portora Royal at Enniskillen and later he received a scholarship so he could study at Trinity College in Dublin. He graduated in 1874 where he got the Gold Medal for being the best student in Greek and again received a scholarship, for Magdalen College in Oxford. In the year of his graduation, 1878, his poem *Ravenna* won the Prize for the best English verse composition by an Oxford undergraduate. [7]

Upon his graduation, he moved to London where he published his first collection *Poems* in 1881 but this book did not make him popular. In 1882, he traveled for nine months to New York city for the American lecture tour. He was requested professor. Then he came back to England and he had lecture through the whole England and Ireland. In 1884 Wilde married Constance Lloyd, she was a daughter of a king's secretary so Wilde and his new family were financially well secured. In two years they had two sons, Cyril and Vyvyan. In society, he showed himself as a self-confident man, also his clothes looked lavish, he was wearing velvet trousers of a length to knees, silk stockings, and his jacket was decorated with a noticeable flower. With his natural charm and interesting personality he impressed the English society. His next career was for English magazine *The Lady's world* where he worked as an editor. [8]

While working as an editor, he published a book for kids and 1891 he wrote *Intentions*, an essay about aestheticism. In the same year he wrote his only novel *The Picture of Dorian Gray*. The book was regarded as eccentric with the lack of morals but also admired and it increased demand for his work, especially plays. In the next few years he wrote great plays – *A Woman Of No Importance* (1893), *And Ideal Husband* (1895), *The Importance of Being Earnest* (1895), which is his most famous play. [9]

In 1895 father of Lord Alfred Douglas, who was Oscar's lover, denounced Oscar and proved his love for the same gender by letters addressed to his son. Oscar immediately sued him for defamation but he lost the case and had to spend two years in prison with hard labour. That was the then law by which homosexuals were condemned. Those two

years in prison left marks on his physical and mental health. Also the society that admired him started to disrespect him. Before he was imprisoned, his wife left him and changed her and sons' surnames and Oscar went bankrupted. After his unarrest from prison, he had problems with his health, did not write much and spent rest of his life mostly in France. Oscar Wilde moved to France where he lived in cheap hotels and at his friends. He was back with Lord Alfred Douglas who left him in 1900, he died alone of meningitidis at the age of 46 in Paris. He was buried there, on the cemetery Père Lachaise. [10]

Sometimes we can find the author's biographic characteristics. This is the case. The book tells us about love, beauty, homosexual tension and admiration, art, controversial style of life. All of those things were somehow connected to Wilde's life.

### **3.2 Bořivoj Prusík**

“Translator who made the second translation (1915) of the book *The Picture Of Dorian Gray* into Czech was born in 1872 in Příbram. He was the main librarian of the University library, a diplomat, a prose writer, and a translator from English, French, German, Russian and Polish. He had a big passion for the Russian writer Anton Pavlovič Čechov, so he went to visit him in 1899 and right after that he translated his plays. In our country, these were some of the first translations of Čechov and Prusík with the help of his friend, the director of the Pilsen theatre, Vendelín Budil, got those plays to the theatre stages. In the museum of Čechov we can find a portrait of Bořivoj Prusík. Except Čechov's books, Prusík translated: *Inspector* by Gogol, *Golem* by Meyrink and many other books, especially belles-lettres. He died in 1928 in Prague.” [11]

### **3.3 Jiří Zdeněk Novák**

“Jiří Zdeněk Novák was a Czech scriptwriter, editor, writer and translator from English and French, born in 1912 in Prague. He studied at a grammar school and in 1937 he graduated at the Charles University on the law faculty. Despite the fact that he graduated at the law school, he did not work as a lawyer, he devoted to the cultural fields. For 6 years he worked as an editor at the publishing house Melantrich, during that time he wrote 2 books for the youth and for 4 years he worked as a script editor at the film studio Barrandov. Since 1951 he worked on his own as a writer, a script writer but mainly as a translator. He translated mostly plays and detective stories, sometimes he added his own lyrics to the plays he translated. Except *Dorian Gray*, he was translat-

ing such authors as Watkyn, Molière, Klapka Jerome and many others. He died in 2001 in Prague.” [12]

### **3.4 Kateřina Hilská**

The third translation examined in this bachelor thesis is made by Kateřina Hilská. “She is a Czech translator from and into English. Hilská was born in 1949 in Prague. She studied at a grammar school and after that at the Charles University, English and Spanish. In 1985 she got a Ph.D. degree. She worked as a teacher at a language school, then as an assistant at the department of foreign languages at the Academy of Performing Arts in Prague and today she translates and teaches at the University of South Bohemia in České Budějovice. Her husband Martin Hilský is famous for his translation of William Shakespeare and in 2001 he became a holder of the Order of the British Empire. Hilská translates mostly novels, plays and books for children. As a translator she cooperates with television. She translated authors as Virginia Woolf, George Orwell, Arthur Miller.” [13]

### **3.5 The Picture of Dorian Gray**

Dorian Gray is a young, handsome man. He visits his friend, an artist, Basil Hallward who is amazed by his beauty and pure soul. Basil’s friend Henry comes and he talks to Dorian. Dorian is curious about the adult’s life full of parties, alcohol and sex. Henry makes compliments to Dorian and highlights that beauty will not stay forever. Dorian makes a wish that he never wants to be old and ugly and wishes his portrait to grow older instead of him with all wrinkles of time and sins.

One day Dorian informs Basil and Henry that he will marry a girl, an actress, Sybila Vane. She has the role of Juliet at a not very good theatre. Her brother is suspicious about the wedding because Sybila has never said Dorian’s name. She just calls him *Prince charming*. Her mother knows, *Prince charming* is rich that is why she is quite calm. The same night Dorian invites his friends to the theatre but Sybila has a very poor acting, she cannot express herself loving Romeo because now she really is in love and pretending makes her problems. Audience leaves the theatre and after the play Dorian comes to see Sybila and tells her how dissapointed he is by her playing. He insults her and tells her that he is going to left her. She cannot believe it but he is serious. After this Dorian sees the first change on his portrait. He thinks about his bad behaviour, he

wants to marry Sybilla. In that moment Henry comes, telling him that Sybilla has killed herself. Dorian is not sad about that and considers it as an act of love.

He does not want his portrait to be seen so he hides it in a room. He is very famous for some years but after some time people start to lose respect to him, women who were with him are not respected anymore and men come out of the room when Dorian comes in. One day Basil wants to say goodbye because he leaves to Paris. He is terrified by the gossips he heard of Dorian. Dorian does not admit it. Basil believes him until he sees the portrait. He thinks it is not the portrait that he has made but he can see his own signature and he is very shocked. Basil wants to pray for Dorian but Dorian knows that nobody can help him anymore. He gets very angry, he stabs Basil to his neck with a knife that he left on a table and Basil dies.

Dorian writes a letter to an old friend Alan Campbell who is a chemist and a biologist. Alan is very cold to Dorian who asks him for help. He needs him to let the dead body disappear and he says that Basil has killed himself. Alan does not believe, he promises he will not tell to anybody about this dead body but he does not want to help him. Dorian admits that he murdered Basil and now he threatens to Alan so Alan helps him and with the help of chemistry he destroys the dead body of the artist Basil.

That night Dorian goes to a bar where he can find opium. A woman flirts with him but he refuses her and she says that he is a devil's bargain, he gets mad for that and she shouts at him "*Prince charming*". A man hears that and starts to follow him. Dorian plays innocent, when the man, James Vane, talks angrily about his sister and her suicide and wants to kill Dorian. Dorian asks when that did happen and after his reply 18 years ago, he explains that he could not do it because he is too young for that. James can see that he is really young and leaves him. After Dorian runs away, the woman from the bar comes and explains that Dorian is still young because he sold his soul to a devil for a young face.

One day Dorian, Henry and their friends talk in Dorian's house. Dorian still has to think about the night when he met James Vane. He is very anxious about it so he goes outside to get some fresh air. Then he sees face of James Vane and he passes out. He does not know if it is a reality or not. He is so scared that he decides not to go outside at all. With his friends they go to the forest for hunting. His friend wants to shoot a hare but Dorian feels that it is bad. He shoots to a bush and they hear screams of the hare but also of a person. Later they find out that the person was James Vane and he had a revolver. So Dorian is safe again and happy.

Dorian wants to be good again and he leaves a girl without ruining her life. He tells Henry that he made something good finally but Henry only laughs at him. Dorian wants to start again, he has not done anything too bad, he thinks. Basil deserved his death because the whole life of Dorian is his fault. He gets angry and comes to the room where the portrait is hidden, he locks the door and decides to destroy the painting. He stabs the painting with the same knife that he killed Basil with and he shouts a lot. His servant and other people get in the room and see a beautiful painting on the wall and a dead body of an old, ugly man lying on the floor. After a while they recognize Dorian because of his rings. [14]

### **3.6 Historical – political context**

If we tend to understand the book and the author's final intentions, we should subjugate the period of time and its historical and political context which was reflected in the late Victorian's culture, then mentality and also in art and literary production.

“The Victorian era is defined as a period of time when the queen Victoria reigned (1837-1901). In the beginning of the 19<sup>th</sup> century, England was marked by the Napoleonic wars. Even though they were on the side of winners, in the years 1816-1821, the country was affected by an economic crisis. Also the technology was developing and it was the reason why people were losing their employments, they were being replaced by machines. People were demonstrating by attacking factories but England did not have proper powers to suppress the rebellion so the army had to assist but that caused bloodsheds.” [15]

“The Tories were weakened by a new political party, the Radicals. Thanks to a new foreign minister, George Canning, the market possibilities in foreign countries were open for British people. In 1828, the political party of Whigs replaced the Tories. They tended to an electoral reform and wanted to give the voice to the nonconformist citizens and radical reformers. Anyway, the big changes did not show because the wealthy families still were in power.” [16]

“The new government enforced the law of the legal slavery in the year 1833 with an amendment of the allowance for the poor in the country. The lives of the labourers were really miserable. Their children were wearing only ragged clothes, people had starvation wages. English government established work houses where people in any age, physically healthy could work. For the poorest, this was the only way to have a legal paid job. Poor and rich people did not meet each other.” [17]

“Labourers were diseased by cholera and other illnesses but in 1840’s the Great Potato Famine came. Potatoe was a basic and necessary raw material. That is why the Irish people started to migrate to England and America, they were so desperate that they were working for a wage below the subsistence level, and so they were a cheap working force. Ireland was not content with the thrall of England and so they started to strive for their own government.”[18]

“In the half of 19<sup>th</sup> century, the radical invention of a locomotive came and it was a breakthrough for the continental transport. The locomotive was integral to the British trade. Because of the technological progress, the interest for the technological fields was growing on the contrary of the agricultural fields of studies and professions. Urbanization was growing and the society was changing. The liberals proclaimed that the poor, unemployed and destitute people did not have the right to vote. That was until 1884, when only servants and sons living at their parent’s house and all women did not have the right to vote. The expansion of primary schools caused the expansion of literacy. England was on the top with its economy in 1850-1870.” [19]

“Industrial success had awoken the national pride and superiority. The Victorian society was affected by the social materialism. In the second half of 19<sup>th</sup> century it came up to the decline of the agriculture and because of the urbanization, villages and cities grew. The decline of agriculture caused the decrease of the prices of estates and so it was easier for the rich to buy one for their manors.” [20]

“The mentality of people was puritan and very conservative. The idol was the royal family - serious, proclaiming power, morality and reserve. This characteristic was presented in arts and literature. The literature then was refusing all the indulgences and the crime. A person living actively in the society was shallow – the marriages of convenience, the man was the one earning money, the woman was lonely, taking care of the house and family. Women craved for more freedom, some of them were useful in charities, churches, local politics, and in arts, especially in music. They could study in Oxford, Cambridge and London.” [21]

“Favourite hobby of that time was football that was a mark of nationalism and citizenship. Labourers who had higher wage in the cities could start with playing football as well.

In the half of the 19<sup>th</sup> century, Britain had become the world power. The British market took control over the whole world and its royal fleet extended from Ceylon, Singapore to Hong Kong assured the safety.“ [22]

“Australia was a colony of England since 1738 and so England reigned over a huge empire. Since the 50s’, the weakening of the England’s authority had grown stronger because of the conflict of Turkey with Russia where England and France were involved. This conflict had shown a certain weaknesses of England.” [23]

“Another colony of England was India, for the strengthening of influence, Queen Victoria was named as the Empress of India.” [24]

“The decline of the British Empire was bounced during the Boer wars. Conflicts in the British colonies in South Africa lead to the self-government in Traansval and in Orange Free State under the supervision of Britain in 1881.” [25]

“In the end of 90s’, there was another conflict, as a result of the new sources of gold and diamonds and it lasted until 1902.

The Boer war was expensive for England and it did not destroy the Boers but it ruined the financial system and the expenses of England were not low as before again. This conflict ended one year after the death of the Queen Victoria as a symbol of the end of the famous Victorian era.“[26]

### **3.7 Literature in the time of Oscar Wilde**

“Towards the end of 19<sup>th</sup> century, there were literary genres where the artistic beauty was emphasised and put into the contrast with the ugliness of the capitalistic industrialization, the violence of the imperialistic expansionism and the hypocrisy of the reigning society. Artists of that period of time were inspired by the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood, as well as by the authors like Ruskin and Morris but they were influenced by the French slogan: L’art pour l’art (Art for art’s sake) which tells: “The art should serve to art’s own, not to social and public interest. Its only goal is to arouse the feelings of beauty, pleasure and joy.” Although, it showed that the art understood in this way leads to the mood of disillusion, demoralization and decadence. One of the main representatives of this decadent movement was Oscar Wilde, as well as Walter Pater or Artur Symons.

Regarding the theatre and plays, England was in a stage of stagnation because of the tightening of the censoring law in 1843. A breakthrough came together with G.B. Shaw and O. Wilde who revived the British drama with their famous comedies. Their plays were extraordinary with their satirical and distinctive performance of then society’s issues.” [27]

### 3.8 The Picture Of Dorian Gray published

The book *The Picture of Dorian Gray* was first published in *Lippincott's Monthly magazine* in 1890. The novel was admired by some people but it provoked some inimical reactions of the British press, despite the fact that the text was already censored. The editor, J.M. Stoddart guaranteed to Lippincott that he will cut the extracts that are inappropriate, especially for young women. He cut extracts bearing on expressing of strong feelings of Basil to Dorian, especially the homoerotic parts but also illicit heterosexuality or promiscuity, mistresses of Dorian.

Oscar first saw his copy in *Lippincott's* and it was cut without his permission, or at least knowing. He said about British press and the censure that it had been discreditable and sham. In 1988, Richard Ellmann published the biography of Wilde, bringing a new respectability to Wilde studies. In the same year Donald Lawler edited the text of the 1890 *Lippincott's* version of the novel beside the more known version. It was the first time, when the English-speaking readers could see the differences between the two versions published in Wilde's lifetime. Lawler remarked in the text that the corrected version represented Wilde's final purposes. Lawler included to the text some of the Stoddart's censoring. In 1983 Jerome McGann published his distinguished *Critique of Modern Textual Criticism*, a book that marked a change in modern editorial theory. McGann deals with the ideology of the final intentions and the problem of the textual authority in editing, talking about what had become the social theory of the textual editing, going with the social prejudging that are in the publication of an author's work.

[28]



## **4 COMPARISON OF CZECH TRANSLATIONS**

### **4.1 Chapter compared**

For the analysis of translations was chosen the chapter thirteen where Dorian showed the portrait to the author, artist Basil. Basil is unpleasantly surprised and Dorian is very mad because he is the first one who knows his secret. Then Dorian kills Basil.

The reason why this chapter was chosen is a well described dialogue between the two main characters, Dorian wants to share his change at the portrait but after the reaction of Basil he gets furious and at the moment of the biggest madness he blames Basil for everything and kills him. There is also an action how he kills him and how he thinks about the dead body after all. There can be seen a little moment of hope of Dorian's change back to a good man but his ego does not let him do it and instead of that he kills Basil.

### **4.2 Comparison**

The text will be compared on the basis of the language levels of translation, such as lexical, morphological and syntactical. The thesis will be focused also on the differences in grammar of the words and afterwards the translations will be commented individually on the basis of our comparison.

In every subchapter attention will be paid to the individual phenomenon and distinctions among the texts. Each example will be connected with a specific extract and an extract from the original text. Every example will be marked with a letter A, B, C, aligned chronologically by the year of its publication

Translation A (B. Pursík)

Translation B ( J. Z. Novák)

Translaton C (K. Hilská)

#### **4.2.1 Lexical level**

First of all, the lexical level of the extracts will be compared. There can be found many differences among these three translations because they were published within many years which is reflected in the choice of equivalents. This is significant especially in the older translations where there is a big amount of archaisms and outdated words. Translators usually select different equivalents because the Czech language has a rich vocabulary, they also sometimes omit or add some words extra.

a) different use of equivalents for the same expression will be examined.

### Example no. 1

Original: They walked softly, as men do instinctively at night. [29]

Translation A: Vystupovali tiše, jak to bývá v noci obyčejem. [30]

Translation B: Kráčeli zlehka, jak si lidé instiktivně počínají v noci. [31]

Translation C: Šli mlčky, jak lidé ostatně bezděky v noci chodí. [32]

Commentary: Translation B is considered as the best equivalent for *walking softly*.

Translation C would be a better translation for: *They walked without saying a word*.

Translation A could also be used but the original would be closer if it was: *They went up softly*.

### Example no. 2

Original: A faded Flemish tapestry, a curtained picture, an old italian cassone, and an almost empty bookcase – that was all that it seemed to contain, besides a chair and a table. [33]

Translation A: Vybledlý flámský koberec na stěně, zakrytý obraz, stará vlašská skříň – to bylo vše, co se tam kromě stolu a židle nalézalo. [34]

Translation B: Vybledlý vlámský gobelín, obraz zakrytý závěsem, stará italská cassone a skoro prázdná skříňka na knihy – víc toho tu zřejmě nebylo, jen ještě jedna židle a stůl. [35]

Translation C: Vybledlý vlámský gobelín, obraz zahalený závěsem, nějaká starodávná italská truhlice a téměř prázdná knihovna – jako by ani nic jiného neobsahoval, s výjimkou židle a stolu. [36]

Commentary: In this case, translation B, Novák left the Italian word *cassone*. For the readers who do not understand the words from a foreign language, there is an explanatory note in the end of the book.

Translation C is equal to A because *cassone* means *truhlice* in the Czech language. However, Hilská used *starodávná* instead of *stará* (*starodávný* is better old-time or ancient). And in translation A there is *skříň* instead of *truhlice* and *vlašská* which not many people know that it means Italian.

Wilde uses many of the foreign words for some specific objects and expressions. Especially from French. That is the reason why we can find added dictionary or explanatory notes of various expressions concerning art, history etc. in some publications.

### Example no. 3

Original : There was still some gold in the thinning hair and some scarlet on the sensual mouth. [37]

Translation A: Bylo ještě něco zlaté záře v řídkých vlasech, ještě zbytek purpuru na smyslných rtech. [38]

Translation B: V prořídých vlasech je stále ještě trochu zlata a na smyslných ústech trochu šarlátu. [39]

Translation C: V prořídých vlasech ještě pableskovalo zlato a na smyslných rtech se udržely stopy červeně. [40]

Commentary: The translation of Prusík would be determined as imprecise – *zbytek purpuru*. The colour is not identical with scarlet. *Purpurový* – expresses more violet colour, whereas *scarlet* is red.

The use in translation B *šarlátu* is archaic and we do not use it very much today.

### Example no. 4

Original: There was neither real sorrow in it nor real joy. [41]

Translation A: Nebylo v něm ani skutečného bolu, ani skutečné radosti. [42]

Translation B: V tom výrazu nebyl ani skutečný žal, ani skutečná radost. [43]

Translation C: Nebyl v něm ani skutečný zármutek, ani skutečná radost. [44]

Commentary: All the three translations are considered as proper.[45]

### Example no. 5

Original: “It is the face of my soul.” [46]

Translation A: “To je obličej mé duše.” [47]

Translation B: “To je tvář mé duše.” [48]

Translation C: “Je to výraz mé duše.” [49]

Commentary: Because the original is *face of my soul*, the translation B or C would be chosen. In the translation A – the expression *obličej* is too concrete - for a human face, it should not be used as a metaphor.

### Example no. 6

Original: The rotting of a corpse in a watery grave was not so fearful. [50]

Translation A: Hniloba mrtvoly ve vlhkém hrobě nebyla tak příšernou. [51]

Translation B: Tak děsivé není ani zahnívání mrtvoly ve vlhkém hrobě. [52]

Translation C: Hnití mrtvoly ve vlhkém hrobě by nebylo takhle strašné. [53]

Commentary: All the three translations are considered as proper.

### Example no. 7

Original: It was a knife that he had brought up, some days before, to cut a piece of cord, and had forgotten to take away with him. [54]

Translation A: Byl to nůž, který si sem asi před několika dny přinesl , chtěje jím přerézati šňůru a pak jej tam nechal ležeti. [55]

Translation B: To je nůž, který si sem před několika dny přinesl, když si chtěl uříznout kus provazu, a který zapomněl odnést. [56]

Translation C: Ten nůž si sem donesl před několika dny, aby uřízl kousek provázku, a zapomněl ho tady. [57]

Commentary: In this case, the proper translation would be A or B. Hilská used a diminutive of *provaz* and from the context we can judge that Dorian would not have to use a knife for cutting a tiny cord. He would have probably use scissors to cut it.

### Example no. 8

Original: A woman in a fluttering shawl was creeping slowly by the railings, staggering as she went. [58]

Translation A: Jakási žena s vlající šálou plížila se potácivě kolem mříží zahrádek před domy. [59]

Translation B: Nějaká žena s poletující šálou se pomalu a potácivě ploužila podél plotu. [60]

Translation C: Nějaká žena v třepotajícím se šálu se ploužila podél zábradlí a povážlivě vrávorala. [61]

Commentary: Hilská chose a masculine gender for the *shawl*.

### Example no. 9

Original: It was twenty minutes to two. [62]

Translation A: Byly dvě hodiny bez dvaceti minut. [63]

Translation B: Za pět minut tři čtvrti na dvě. [64]

Translation C: Bylo za deset minut dvě. [65]

Commentary: The translation A is considered as the most proper one. Hilská made a mistake in the time and the translation of Novák is too archaic.

### Example no. 10

Original: He could hear nothing but the drip, drip on a threadbare carpet. [66]

Translation A: Neslyšel nic jiného, leč „cvak-cvak“ na chatrný koberec. [67]

Translation B: Neslyšel nic, jen to kap kap na potrháný koberec. [68]

Translation C: Neslyšel nic jiného než kapku za kapkou padající na prodřený koberec. [69]

Commentary: In the translation A, the interjection *cvak-cvak* is considered as a wrong equivalent because the sound of blood dropping on the floor is not the same as the clicking which would be expressed by *cvak-cvak*. Hilská used substantives instead of an interjection.

- b) There are some extra words added in some translations than there are in the original.

### Example no. 1

Original: There had been a madness of murder in the air. [70]

Translation A: Skutečná vražedná manie ležela ve vzduchu. [71]

Translation B: Ve vzduchu visí šílenství vraždy. [72]

Translation C: Zdejší povětrí jako by plodilo šílené vražedné myšlenky. [73]

Commentary: In the translation C Hilská used a free translation, modulation. That is also the reason why she added an extra word – *myšlenky*, it is also a collocation for a more detailed description. Prusík added *skutečná* to emphasise the strength of the word.

### Example no. 2

Original: “Ten minutes past two, sir,” answered the man looking at the clock and blinking”. [74]

Translation A: „Dvě hodiny a deset minut, pane,“ odpověděl sluha, dívaje se na hodinky. [75]

Translation B: „Za pět minut čtvrt na tři, pane,“ odpověděl sluha, dívaje se s ospalým pomrkáváním na hodinky. [76]

Translation C: „Za pět minut čtvrt na tři, pane,“ odpověděl sluha, když se podíval na hodiny a zamrkal. [77]

Commentary: Novák added a word *ospalým* to modify the action of checking the time at the late night and to express the fatigue of the servant. Prusík unlike Novák omits the word expressing *the blinking*.

### Example no. 3

Original: Lead us not into temptation. Forgive us our sins. Wash away our iniquities. [78]

Translation A: Neuved' nás v pokušení, ale zbav nás od všeho zlého. Odpusť nám naše viny. Očisti nás od našich provinění. [79]

Translation B: Neuved' nás v pokušení. Odpusť nám naše viny. Zbav nás od zlého. [80]

Translation C: Neuved' nás v pokušení. Odpusť nám naše viny. Zbav nás od zlého. [81]

Commentary: This is the translation of a prayer when Prusík translates the last sentence literally which is not a set phrase in the Lord's Prayer and in the other translations it can be observed that translators follow the set phrases of the Czech prayer.

c) There are words or word phrases omitted.

### Example no. 1

Original: In the left-hand corner was his own name, traced in long letters of bright vermilion. [82]

Translation A: V levém rohu dole bylo jeho vlastní jméno jasně červeně napsáno. [83]

Translation B: V levém rohu je jeho jméno, napsané dlouhými světle rumělkovými písmeny. [84]

Translation C: V levém spodním rohu uviděl své jméno vyvedené jasnou rumělkou. [85]

Commentary: Only in the translation B the image of long letters is expressed.

### Example no. 2

Original: It was rather curious one of Moorish workmanship, made of dull silver inlaid with arabesques of burnished steel, and studded with coarse turquoises. [86]

Translation A: Byl to skvostný exemplář maurského umění z matného stříbra, s arabeskami z hlazené ocele a tyrkysy vykládaný. [87]

Translation B: Byla to dosti zvláštní lampa, maurské umělecké dílo z matného stříbra, vykládané arabeskami z lesklé oceli a posázené nebroušenými tyrkysy. [88]

Translation C: Byla dost neobvyklá, zhotovil ji jakýsi maurský řemeslník z matného stříbra vykládaného arabeskami z leštěné oceli a byla posetá neopracovanými tyrkysy. [89]

Commentary: Prusík omits the word *coarse* expressing the condition of turquoises.

### Example no. 3

Original: For a few seconds he stood bending over the balustrade, and peering down into the black seething well of darkness. [90]

Translation A: Několik sekund stál, nahýbaje se přes zábradlí a hledě dolů. [91]

Translation B: Stál tu několik vteřin, nakláněl se přes zábradlí a hleděl do černé, vzkypělé studně temnoty. [92]

Translation C: Pár vteřin stál a nakloněn přes balustrádu, mžoural do černé hlubiny pod sebou. [93]

Commentary: The most descriptive and precise translation is made by Novák. Hilská omitted the word expressing seething and Prusík did not write the description of the well. The omitting of words or phrases is not considered as correct.

### Example no. 4

Original: Now and then she stopped, and peered back. [94]

Translation A: Chvílemi se zastavovala a ohlížela. [95]

Translation B: Co chvíli se zastavovala a pokukovala za sebe. [96]

Translation C: Čas od času se zastavila a pátravě se ohlédla. [97]

Commentary: Only in the translation B there is expressed the word *back*, the direction she peered. But in Czech it can be expressed with only one word and it has the same meaning *ohlédnout se* and that is used in the translations A and C.

### Example no. 5

Original: The wind had blown the fog away, and the sky was like a monstrous peacock's tail, starred with myriads of golden eyes. [98]

Translation A: Vítr rozehnal mlhu a nebe bylo poseté myriádami hvězd. [99]

Translation B: Vítr odvál mlhu a nebe bylo jako obrovský paví ocas, posázený myriádami zlatých ok. [100]

Translation C: Mlhu odvál vítr a obloha připomínala paví ocas posetý myriádami zlatých oček. [101]

Commentary: Again, in the translation A the whole phrase about *the sky looking like a peacock's tail* is missing. In the translation C the word *monstrous* is not mentioned. And again, Hilská tends to use a diminutive *oček* for the word *eyes* while Novák uses just *ok*.

- d) In the translations published longer ago, some archaic words or literary expressions can be registered. It can be observed especially in the translations of Prusík (A) and Novák (B).

**Example no. 1**

Original: curtain [102]

Translation A: záslonu [103]

Translation B: závěš [104]

Translation C: závěš [105]

Commentary: Today the word *záslona* is not used, letter *s* was changed to *c*, *záclona*.

**Example no. 2**

Original: mildew [106]

Translation A: pliseň [107]

Translation B: plíseň [108]

Translation C: plíseň [109]

Commentary: *Pliseň* with *i* is considered as an archaic expression today.

**Example no. 3**

Original: beam [110]

Translation A: paprslek [111]

Translation B: paprskem [112]

Translation C: paprskem [113]

Commentary: *Paprslek* is an old expression of the word *paprsek*.

**Example no. 4**

Original: coat [114]

Translation A: převlečník [115]

Translation B: plášť [116]

Translation C: kabát [117]

Commentary: In the translation from year 1915 we can notice a word *převlečník* which was used years ago and the readers today would not probably understand what it means.

**Example no. 5**

Original: began to think [118]

Translation A: přemítal [119]



Translation B: zamyslí se [120]

Translation C: začal uvažovat [121]

Commentary: Prusík used the word *přemítal* which is incorrect in the verbal aspect. He should have used a perfective aspect. In the translation of Novák, there is the word *zamyslí se* which is considered as archaic today - the vowel *i* is replaced by *e* *zamyslet se*.

#### **Example no. 6**

Original: the door [122]

Translation A: dvěře [123]

Translation B: dveře [124]

Translation C: -

Commentary: The word *dvěře* is regarded as archaic. Today *dveře* is used, which Novák used. Hilská decided to change the sentence and so there is not a literal translation of the word in her version.

#### **Example no. 7**

Original: Thought [125]

Translation A: myšlénka [126]

Translation B: nápad [127]

Translation C: -

Commentary: Hilská omitted the word again and replaced it with the verb *napadnout* which is derived from the word *nápad*. The word *myšlénka* is not used today.

#### **Example no. 8**

Original: cup [128]

Translation A: koflík [129]

Translation B: šálek [130]

Translation C: šálek [131]

Commentary: The word *koflík* is archaic, not used currently.

#### **Example no. 9**

Original: what a lesson [132]

Translation A: jaké to naučení [133]

Translation B: jaká je tohle lekce [134]

Translation C: to je strašlivé poučení [135]

Commentary: In the translation A there is a phrase which would be considered as outdated today.

#### **Example no. 10**

Original: portrait [136]

Translation A: podobizna [137]

Translation B: portrét [138]

Translation C: portrét [139]

Commentary: Prusík uses the word podobizna which is considered as an old expression in the Czech language nowadays.

### **4.2.2 Morphological level**

The next field for the comparison is the morphological level. Again some archaic and outdated words can be observed in some translations. Attention will be paid to a suffix *-ti*, and the usage of transgressives, in some cases there can be registered a different declension, conjugation, or change of the number at nouns.

- a) In some older translations, the use of suffix *-ti* is very common because the infinitive of a verb in the active voice is created by adding the suffix *-ti* to the infinitive stem in the old Czech language. The occurrence of this suffix is not desired for the readers today.

#### **Example no. 1**

Original: to know [140]

Translation A: věděti [141]

Translation B: vědět [142]

Translation C: dozvědět [143]

#### **Example no. 2**

Original: Then I must do it myself. [144]

Translation A: "Pak to musím sám učiniti." [145]

Translation B: "Tak to musím udělat sám." [146]

Translation C: "Tak to musím udělat sám." [147]

Commentary: In the translation A the verb with suffix *-ti* can be observed. Also the word *učinit* would not be used as an equivalent translation today.

### Example no. 3

Original: "You were to me such and ideal as I shall never meet again." [148]

Translation A: "Byl jste mně ideálem, jaký se již nedá nalézt." [149]

Translation B: "Vy jste pro mě znamenal takový ideál, s jakým už se nikdy nesetkám." [150]

Translation C: "Byl jsi pro mě ideálem, s jakým už se nesetkám." [151]

Commentary: Again, in the eldest translation there is the suffix *-ti*.

### Example no. 4

Original: It was from within, apparently, that the foulness and horror had come. [152]

Translation A: Strašlivá zkáza musela přijíti z vnitřku. [153]

Translation B: To zřejmě z vnitřku vyvstalo to odporné a hrůzné. [154]

Translation C: Ta špatnost a hrůza zřejmě vycházely zevnitř. [155]

Commentary: It can be observed that the translation B which is from year 1958 does not contain the suffix *-ti* anymore. This translation was published 43 years after the Prusík's translation.

### Example no. 5

Original: to cut a piece of cord [156]

Translation A: přeříznouti šňůru [157]

Translation B: uříznout kus provazu [158]

Translation C: aby si uřízl kousek provázku [159]

### Example no. 6

Original: As if he was going to rise [160]

Translation A: jakoby chtěl povstati [161]

Translation B: jako by chtěl vstát [162]

Translation C: jako by se chtěl zvednout [163]

### Example no. 7

Original: Once she began to sing in a hoarse voice. [164]

Translation A: Pojednou začala zpívati chraplavým hlasem. [165]

Translation B: Tu začala ochraptělým hlasem zpívat. [166]

Translation C: Jednu chvíli si začala ochraptělým hlasem prozpěvovat. [167]

- b) In some translations, transgressives can be seen. The translations where the transgressives appear were actively used in the period of time when they were published and so it met the requirements and it was a proper translation. Today, transgressives are not used in the spoken Czech language and they are considered as archaic. “The Czech language recognizes past, future and present transgressives. Transgressives are used to condensate the content of a sentence. It is possible to use transgressives only if the subject of the main plot/state is the same with the accompanying plot/state.” [168]

#### **Example no. 1**

Original: taking out the key [169]

Translation A: vzav klíč [170]

Translation B: vyňal klíč [171]

Translation C: vytáhl klíč [172]

Commentary: In this example, the developing of the Czech language can be observed. The present transgressive can be seen in the translation A, the word *vyňal* is outdated and the third word would be used today.

#### **Example no. 2**

Original: he opened the door and went in [173]

Translation A: otevřev, vstoupil do světnice [174]

Translation B: otevřel dveře a vstoupil do místnosti [175]

Translation C: otevřel dveře a vešel [176]

#### **Example no. 3**

Original: muttered Hallward, frowning [177]

Translation A: blabolil Hallward, vraště čelo [178]

Translation B: zahučel Hallward a zamračil se [179]

Translation C: zamumlal Hallward a zamračil se [180]

#### **Example no. 4**

Original: he turned [181]

Translation A: odvrátiv se [182]

Translation B: otočil se [183]

Translation C: otočil se [184]

### Example no. 5

Original: Then he took out the key [185]

Translation A: Potom vytáhnuv klíč [186]

Translation B: Pak vytáhl klíč [187]

Translation C: Pak vytáhl klíč [188]

### Example no. 6

Original: He walked up and down and thinking [189]

Translation A: chodil sem a tam, přemýšleje [190]

Translation B: chodil sem a tam a přemýšlel [191]

Translation C: přecházel po místnosti sem a tam [192]

Commentary: As it can be seen, Prusík uses transgressives quite often, but only the present transgressives. Novák almost does not use them. As the time passed the use of transgressives was lower and lower.

### Example no. 7

Original: He moved slowly towards it, passing Hallward as he did so. [193]

Translation A: Blížil se pomalu k němu, musel jíti kolem Hallwarda. [194]

Translation B: Zvolna se k němu blížil, obcházeje při tom Hallwarda. [195]

Translation C: Zvolna se vydal k němu a společníka minul. [196]

Commentary: Novák used a transgressive. Hilská's translation is similar to Novák's.

c) There can be observed a different declension of substantives.

### Example no. 1

Original: That will do, Francis. [197]

Translation A: Dobře, Francise. [198]

Translation B: Dobře, Francisi. [199]

Translation C: To stačí, Francisi. [200]

“Names ending with *-s*, *-z*, *-x* (except some ancient names) are declined according to the pattern „muž“. It used to be declined with the suffix *-e* according to the pattern „pán“ but these suffixes are considered as archaic today. (*Aloise* ->*Aloisi*, *Krause* -> *Krausi..*)” [201]

### Example no. 2

Original: seeing the flash of the bull's-eye reflected in the window [202]

Translation A: okny viděl záři svítilny [203]

Translation B: v okně zahlédl odraz záblesku jeho svítilny [204]

Translation C: v okně zahlédl odraz záblesku jeho svítilny [205]

Commentary: Not only that Pursík uses plural, the right version of the translation today would be *v okně* that Novák and Hilská use. Pursík expresses seeing *through the window*, (through ->skrz okna) in his translation.

- d) At some translations, there can be seen a change of the number of substantives. In most of the cases, translators used a method of translation called modulation and so they did not have to think of using the singular or plural.

### Example no. 1

Original: There had been a madness of murder in the air. [206]

Translation A: Skutečná vražedná manie ležela ve vzduchu. [207]

Translation B: Ve vzduchu visí šílenství vraždy. [208]

Translation C: Zdejší povětrí jako by plodilo šílené vražedné myšlenky. [209]

Commentary: This extract was already mentioned as an example of extra added words. Anyway, Hilská changed the singular into plural because of the modulation which she uses for her translation.

### Example no. 2

Original: now and then [210]

Translation A: chvílemi [211]

Translation B: co chvíli [212]

Translation C: čas od času [213]

Commentary: The most equivalent translation is made by Hilská. Prusík used plural for the substantive expressing whiles and Novák used singular. All the translation are acceptable.

### Example no. 3

Original: the leprosy of sin [214]

Translation A: neřesti hříchu [215]

Translation B: malomocensví hříchu [216]

Translation C: lepra hříchu [217]

Commentary: Wilde uses plural of the noun *leprosy*. The only translator who uses plural is Prusík but his translation is not equal. Novák and Hilská, they both used the terms expressing the word *leprosy* but in singular.

#### **Example no. 4**

Original: long letters of bright vermilion [218]

Translation A: jasně červěně napsáno [219]

Translation B: dlouhými světle rumělkovými písmeny [220]

Translation C: jasnou rumělkou [221]

Commentary: Novák made a literal translation. Prusík used modulation and his translation is changed into the adverbial of manner. Hilská used transposition of a part of speech and that is why she used singular.

#### **Example no. 5**

Original: Everything could be destroyed [222]

Translation A: Každá stopa vraždy by mohla býti zahlazena [223]

Translation B: To může být všechno už dávno odstraněno [224]

Translation C: Dají se všechny důkazy zničit [225]

Commentary: It can be seen here again that the most literal translation is made by Novák. The word *everything* is translated by Prusík in singular *každá stopa* and by Hilská in plural *všechny důkazy*. Both could be correct.

### **4.2.3 Syntactic level**

Now the syntactic level will be targeted. A different word order or a different position of some parts of a sentence can be observed.

- a) There are some differences in the word order in the translations.

#### **Example no. 1**

Original: Once she began to sing in a hoarse voice. [226]

Translation A: Pojednou začala zpívati chraplavým hlasem. [227]

Translation B: Tu začala ochraptělým hlasem zpívat. [228]

Translation C: Jednu chvíli si začala ochraptělým hlasem prozpěvovat. [229]

Commentary: In this case, there is a change of the position of the adverbial. In the original, first there is a verb + infinitive - adverbial of manner. Prusík follows the original pattern while Novák and Hilská put the adverbial between the verb and the infinitive.

### Example no. 2

Original: An exclamation of horror broke from the painter's lips. [230]

Translation A: Výkřik zděšení vyrval se z úst malíře. [231]

Translation B: Malíři se vydral ze rtů výkřik zděšení. [232]

Translation C: Z malířových rtů se vydral výkřik hrůzy. [233]

Commentary: Prusík chose to follow the original and he placed first the subject and second the verb. Novák and Hilská placed first the verb and second the subject. In the Czech language the word order is flexible but the basic pattern of the word order is subject – verb - object. New exclamations are usually placed at the end of the sentence which Novák and Hilská follows. In emotional exclamations it is possible to place the new information – rheme at the beginning of the sentence so Prusík's version is also correct. [234]

### Example no. 3

Original: Hallward turned again to the portrait. [235]

Translation A: Hallward přistoupil opět k obrazu. [236]

Translation B: Hallward se znovu obrátil k portrétu. [237]

Translation C: Hallward se znovu obrátil k portrétu. [238]

Commentary: In the second and the third translation, a change of the position of the adverb can be seen. Prusík follows the original with the word order in contrast to the second and the third translation that are identical.

b) The different composition of sentences is observed.

### Example no. 1

Original: ...you flattered me, and taught me to be vain of my good looks... [239]

Translation A: ...tenkrát jste mě lichotil a naučil mě býti marnivým na svoji krásu... [240]

Translation B: ...lichotil jste mi a naučil jste mě být domýšlivým na to, jak jsem hezký... [241]

Translation C: ...lichotil jsi mi a naučil jsi mě být ješitný na svůj vzhled... [242]

Commentary: The marked part of the original text is the object of the sentence. In the translation A and C, the structure is followed but in the translation B, the translator chose to add a dependent nominal clause in the function of object.



### **Example no. 2**

Original: "You insist on knowing, Basil?" [243]

Translation A: "Trváte na svém, věděti, nač jste se ptal?" [244]

Translation B: "Tak vy chcete znát pravdu. Na tom trváte, Basile?" [245]

Translation C: "Určitě se to chceš dozvědět, Basile?" [246]

Commentary: Wilde uses one sentence. Prusík and Hilská followed the pattern and Novák divided it into two phrases. It emphasises the question.

### **.Example no. 3**

Original: Good heavens! It was Dorian Gray's own face that he was looking at! [247]

Translation A: Bože na nebi, to byl skutečně Dorianův obličej, jež viděl před sebou! [248]

Translation B: Pane na nebi! Vždyť se dívá na tvář Doriana Graye! [249]

Translation C: Proboha! Vždyť se dívá na tvář Doriana Graye! [250]

Commentary: In the original text there are two sentences. The first one is a collocation which is used as an expression of surprise. And the second one is a complex sentence. Prusík connected the collocation with the second sentence where he follows the structure of the complex sentence. Novák translated it with the first collocation as a sentence and on the contrary to the original, he made the second sentence as a simple sentence. Hilská translated that in the same way as Novák.

c) There can be observed a different use of cases.

### **Example no. 1**

Original: Every year – every month, almost - men were strangled for what he had done. [251]

Translation A: Každého roku, ba každého měsíce byli v Anglii lidé, kteří se těch podobných věcí dopustili, oběšení. [252]

Translation B: Každý rok – ba, každý měsíc – je v Anglii někdo pověšen za to, co on ted' spáchal. [253]

Translation C: Každý rok – skoro každý měsíc v Anglii oběsili někoho za to, co právě spáchal. [254]

Commentary: Prusík uses a genitive while Novák and Hilská a nominative. It does not affect the meaning but the use of genitive in this case is more poetic and it is not used in the spoken Czech language.

### Example no. 2

Original: "...try if we cannot remember a prayer.."[255]

Translation A: "...pokusíme se, zda nám ještě nějaká modlitba nenapadne.." [256]

Translation B: "... hled'me si vzpomenout na nějakou modlitbu.." [257]

Translation C: "... zkusme si vzpomenout na slova modlitby.." [258]

Commentary: In this case Prusík used a dative which is not correct use of case connected with a verb napadnout. Novák and Hilská used another way how to translate the phrase.

### 4.2.4 Comparison of spelling

There can be seen many different changes in the spelling which was developing in the translations. The change in the diacritics of nouns was already mentioned before (*pliseň, dvěře..*)

"In 1902 Jan Gebauer published the first Codification of Czech grammar where the summary of morphology was presented. This codification specified many different pairs both correct according to these rules (*dveře/dvěře, leto/léto, déšť, dešť..*). Sometimes only one possibility was correct. Teachers could see a sort of weakness and inconsequence in these pairs and writers were loose in the use." [259]

### Example no. 1

Original: Flemish tapestry [260]

Translation A: flámský koberec na stěně [261]

Translation B: vlámský gobelín [262]

Translation C: vlámský gobelín [263]

Commentary: *Vlámský, Flemish* in English that is the reason why Prusík uses the letter *F* because it is a borrowing.

### Example no. 2

Original: he tore the curtain from its rod [264]

Translation A: strhnuv záslonu s tyče [265]

Translation B: strhl závěs s tyče [266]

Translation C: strhl závěz z tyče [267]

Commentary: "The use of a preposition is determined by the case. In the Czech language there are seven cases. With the 2<sup>nd</sup> case, the preposition *z* is connected. The use of the preposition *S* is very archaic and not used today." [268]

### Example no. 3

Original: "You told me you had destroyed it." [269]

Translation A: "Řekl jste mně, že jste obraz zničil." [270]

Translation B: "Vždyť jste mi řekl, že jste ten portrét zničil." [271]

Translation C: "Řekl jsi mi, žes ho zničil." [272]

Commentary: Prusík and Novák use the polite form of address. There is not a difference in English in the use of T-V distinction. Hilská used the T distinction because she considers Basil and Dorian as friends. And friends do not call one another with the polite form of address today. Also Hilská used *žes* the shortened form of *že jsi* which is correct.

### Example no. 4

Original: "You are mad, Dorian, or playing a part. " [273]

Translation A: "Nejste při smyslech, Doriane, nebo hrajete komedii." [274]

Translation B: "Vy jste zešílel, Doriane, nebo hrajete nějakou komedii. " [275]

Translation C: "Bud' jsi zešílel. Doriane, nebo si tu na něco hraješ. " [276]

Commentary: Again there can be observed that Hilská does not use the polite form of address. "The polite form of address means to address one person by using the plural number of the 2nd person in some languages. This form of address expresses the respect to a person. It is also used when speaking to an unknown person - if not, it could be considered as disrespectful to that person." [277]

### Example no. 5

Original: He placed his foot on it and put it out. [278]

Translation A: Zašlápl ji nohou, aby šhasla úplně. [279]

Translation B: Šlápl na ni a zhasil ji. [280]

Translation C: Uhasil ji botou. [281]

Commentary: In today's spelling it is written *zhasnout* with the prefix *-z* because the verb expresses a finishing of an action.

### Example no. 6

Original: "Don't forget to call me at nine tomorrow." "No, sir." [282]

Translation A: "Nezapomeňte mě v devět hodin vzbuditi." "Ne, pane." [283]

Translation B: "Nezapomeňte mě ráno v devět vzbudit." "Ne, pane." [284]

Translation C: "Nezapomeňte mě vzbudit ráno v devět." "Jistě, pane." [285]

Commentary: The marked part is a reply of Dorian's servant. He makes Dorian sure that he will wake him up. Novák and Prusík translated that part literally and the meaning does not express the positive reply that the author meant.

### 4.3 Comparison of individual translations

In this chapter, the final comparison will be examined. First, the lexical level will be targeted, after that the morphological and the syntactic one and then the changes in grammar. There will also be a conclusion and an evaluation of all the three translations.

#### 4.3.1 Comparison of lexical level

There can be seen many archaic words in the examination of the lexical level of the translations. Especially in the translation made by Prusík which is not surprising because his translation is from 1915. Anyway, he sometimes uses words which are not correct equivalents to the original text, e.g. he translated Italian "*cassone*" as "*skříň*" which is not correct, he incorrectly uses the equivalent for a colour, a wrong interjection – of blood dropping on the floor he uses "*cvak-cvak*" [286]. Many times, it can be seen that he omits even whole phrases describing the background: "For a few seconds he stood bending over the balustrade, and peering down into the black seething well of darkness." [287]. "Několik sekund stál, nahýbaje se přes zábradlí a hledě dolů." [288]

There is nothing about the lexical level that could be reproached in the translation of Novák. Most of the time his translations are precise, sometimes even literal. He never omits anything. There can be seen archaic words but in the view of the fact that the translation is from year 1958 it is normal.

In the last examined translation of Hilská, there can be observed some small mistakes that do not influence the essential meaning. For example, she uses a diminutive when she should not, e.g. Dorian saw the knife with what he actually killed his friend Basil. This knife was on the table because he forgot it few days ago to cut a piece of cord. She translates this word "*cord*" [289] as "*provázek*" [290]– diminutive. Why would Dorian use a knife to cut a tiny cord instead of scissors? It is not logical. Then she made a mistake in one translation of time: "It was twenty minutes to two." [291]

She translates it as "Bylo za deset minut dvě." [292] It is only 10 minutes – but it is not correct. Probably it is caused because of her incaution. Many times, Hilská used a process of translation like modulation or she transpose word class which can make the text more readable.

### 4.3.2 Comparison of morphological level

Concerning the morphological level, there can be mentioned for example the differences of the using of the suffix *-ti* which was very common when creating infinitives and Prusík uses that suffix very often. There is also a widespread use of transgressives in Prusík's translation but only the present transgressives. There can be found some in the translation of Novák but this is rare: "He moved slowly towards it, passing Hallward as he did so." [293] "Zvolna se k němu blížil, obcházeje při tom Hallwarda." [294] Because of the different processes of translation, there can be seen changes in the number of substantives, especially in the translation of Hilská who often uses modulation and the change of number is interwoven with this process.

### 4.3.3 Comparison of syntactic level

In Prusík's translation there can be seen that he follows the pattern of the word order but Hilská and Novák do not. Their translations are sometimes very similar, even the same. Concerning the syntactic level, Novák is being more free, sometimes he divides one phrase into two phrases to emphasise the meaning or he translates an object with a dependent clause: "...you flattered me, and taught me to be vain of my good looks." [295] "...lichotil jste mi a naučil jste mě být domýšlivým na to, jak jsem hezký." [296]

There can be observed a different use of the cases in the translation of Prusík. It is considered as archaic or poetic, not used in the spoken Czech language today: "...try if we cannot remember a prayer.." [297] "...pokusíme se, zda nám ještě nějaká modlitba nenapadne." [298]

### 4.3.4 Comparison of spelling

In the older translations there were mentioned changes in the use of prepositions or changes in prefixes. Especially in translations of Prusík and Novák: „he tore the curtain from its rod“ [299] Prusík: "strhnuv záslonu ś tyče" [300] Novák: "strhl závěs ś tyče". [301] Today another preposition *-z* is used in this case. In another case there can be seen that the prefix has changed from *-s* to *-z*.. : Prusík: "Zašlápl ji nohou, aby śhasla úplně." [302] "Šlápl na ni a zhasil ji." [303]

There must be mentioned the change of use of polite form of address which Hilská does not use.

### **4.3.5 Translation of Bořivoj Prusík**

This is the second translation into Czech ever. It was translated in 1915 and so there are many archaic words that the reader today would not have to understand. Prusík often omits some words, even whole phrases – his vocabulary can be considered as mediocre. He deprives the readers of some important equivalents mentioned in the original text. The word order is the same with the original, Prusík does not substitute it at all. His translation can look overcomplicated or unintelligible for the readers. He often uses transgressives and the suffix *-ti*. There can be met some spelling phenomena that could be considered as a mistake today. Also there is a different use of the declension which is unknown for the today's readers. The translation is not regarded as suitable for somebody who intends to read *The Picture of Dorian Gray* today because it is obsolete.

### **4.3.6 Translation of Jiří Zdeněk Novák**

It can be considered as the best of these three translations for many reasons. Novák has a wide range of vocabulary - he uses varied synonyms, chooses suitable equivalents and never omits a word. The language what he is writing in is not so old. It is the most precise translation. He does not use the transgressives as much as Prusík does. There can be found some differences considered as mistakes today but they are rare. His translation is precise but not literal and it is readable. It matches the original.

### **4.3.7 Translation of Kateřina Hilská**

Hilská sometimes makes mistakes in the use of equivalents. She omits some words. Her translation is readable because she uses the colloquial Czech language which is spoken today. She rarely uses old words or transgressives. With her effort not to be archaic, the translation can seem too modern and does not give the impression of the original. With its vocabulary and stylistic adaptation it can be the most suitable edition for the readers, especially for young students who need to know this book for the graduation at high schools.

## 5 CONCLUSION

The bachelor thesis dealt with the comparison of three different translations. It was divided into three parts: the theory of translations, the life of Oscar Wilde and the historical-political context of the period of time when he lived, and the main aim of the bachelor was to compare the three selected translations of the book *The Picture of Dorian Gray*. In the first part, history, theory and the processes of the translation are examined. The second part contains mainly historical facts, about the life of Oscar Wilde, the lives of the translators, the historical-political context of the time when Oscar Wilde lived and also the reaction to the publication of this book. The third part was aimed to compare the three translations applied on the selected chapter.

The result of the comparison of the three translations was not unexpected. In the older translations there were found archaic words, differences in spelling, the use of old suffixes. In the newest translation there could be seen modern language, omission of too descriptive parts that could seem not amusing for today's reader. This translation is adapted to nowadays language and it has got the correct spelling and grammar. The translators also changed the word order to preserve the rheme and the theme of the sentence. In addition, the translators used many translation methods, such as modulation, transposition, etc. Prusík followed the word order of the original, but sometimes omitted some words. Novák was usually changing the word order but he never omitted a word. Hilská used modulation most of the times so she necessarily changed the word order. In her translation there is not a use of the polite form of address.

The book (in the thesis called original) *The Picture of Dorian Gray* was written by Oscar Wilde in 1891. For the comparison I did not use the first edition from 1891 but from 2012. There are also some differences between nowadays and old English. It could be interesting to use more editions in English to compare them all together.

First, the translations by Prusík and Novák which were edited were used for the comparison. The book translated by Prusík was edited once - in 2015 and the differences in the language were not so detectable so I had to replace the edition from 2015 by the edition from 1915 which was found in a second-hand book store. The same happened with the translation by Novák. His translation was edited 6 times. [304]

Hilská's translation can be the closest to the readers today. But the edited translations by Novák and Prusík are readable too and much closer to the original than the translation of Hilská.

## 6 ENDNOTES

- [1] HREHOVČÍK T.: *Prekladačel'ské minimum*, p. 10.
- [2] LEVÝ J.: *Umění překladačel*, p. 194-197.
- [3] Ibid, p. 28/29.
- [4] HREHOVČÍK T.: *Prekladačel'ské minimum*, p. 20-22.
- [5] KNITTLOVÁ D.: *K teorii i praxi překladačel*, p. 14.
- [6] LEVÝ J.: *Umění překladačel*, p. 50-63.
- [7] BIOGRAPHY. People. *Biography* [online].
- [8] STŘÍBRNÝ Z.: *Dějiny anglické literatury 2*, p. 567.
- [9] BIOGRAPHY. People. *Biography* [online].
- [10] STŘÍBRNÝ Z.: *Dějiny anglické literatury 2*, p. 567.
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## **8 ABSTRACT**

This thesis deals with the comparison of three Czech translations of the book *The Picture of Dorian Gray* by Oscar Wilde. The translations which are analysed here were made by Bořivoj Prusík (1915), Jiří Zdeněk Novák (1958) and by Kateřina Hilská (2011). The reason why these translations were chosen is the time of their publication which is varied by tens of years. The thesis is divided into three parts. In the first part, the theory, history, types and methods of translation will be examined. The second part is focused on the life of the author, Oscar Wilde and the lives of the selected translators. There is a short comment on the Victorian era of England, when this book was published and also on the not very favourable reaction on this book of the then society. The last part of the thesis is practical and it is devoted to the comparison of the Czech translations itself in these three levels – lexical, morphological and syntactic. Few differences in the spelling are mentioned there. Finally there is a summary and an analysis of the three translations from all the points of view. In the appendix there can be found the original version of the compared chapter and its three translations.

## 9 RESUMÉ

Tato práce se zabývá srovnáním třech českých překladů knihy *Obraz Doriana Graye* od Oscara Wilda. Analyzovány jsou překlady od Bořivoje Prusíka (1915), Jiřího Zdeňka Nováka (1958) a od Kateřiny Hilské (2011). Tyto překlady byly zvoleny na základě jejich roku vydání, které se liší desítkami let. Práce je rozdělena do třech částí. V první části se pojednává o teorii překladu, o historii překladu, o různých typech a metodách překladu. Druhá část se zabývá životem autora knihy, tedy Oscarem Wildem a životy vybraných překladatelů. Dále se stručně zabývá obdobím Viktoriánské éry Anglie, kdy byla tato kniha publikována a také ne příliš příznivou reakcí tehdejší společnosti na tuto knihu. Poslední část práce je praktická a je věnována samotnému porovnání českých překladů ze třech hledisek – lexikálního, morfologického a syntaktického. Je uvedeno i pár změn v pravopise. Nakonec zbývá shrnutí a analýza daných překladů ze všech hledisek. V příloze je k naleznutí kapitola v originálním znění i její tři překlady, ze které byly příklady k porovnání čerpány.

## 10 APPENDICES

### 10.1 The Picture of Dorian Gray, Oscar Wilde - Chapter Thirteen

He passed out of the room, and began the ascent, Basil Hallward following close behind. They walked softly, as men do instinctively at night. The lamp cast fantastic shadows on the wall and staircase. A rising wind made some of the windows rattle.

When they reached the top landing, Dorian set the lamp down on the floor, and taking out the key turned it in the lock. "You insist on knowing, Basil?" he asked in a low voice.

"Yes."

"I am delighted," he answered, smiling. Then he added, somewhat harshly, "you are the one man in the world who is entitled to know everything about me. You have had more to do with my life than you think." And, taking up the lamp, he opened the door and went in. A cold current of air passed them, and the light shot up for a moment in a flame of murky orange. He shuddered. "Shut the door behind you," he whispered, as he placed the lamp on the table.

Hallward glanced round him, with a puzzled expression. The room looked as if it had not been lived in for years. A faded Flemish tapestry, a curtained picture, an old Italian *cassone*, and an almost empty bookcase – that was all that it seemed to contain, besides a chair and a table. As Dorian Gray was lighting a half-burned candle that was standing on the mantelshelf, he saw that the whole place was covered with dust, and that the carpet was in holes. A mouse ran scuffling behind the wainscoting. There was a damp odour of mildew.

"So you think that it is only God who sees the soul, Basil? Draw that curtain back, and you will see mine."

The voice that spoke was cold and cruel. "You are mad, Dorian, or playing a part," muttered Hallward, frowning.

"You won't? Then I must do it myself," said the young man; and he tore the curtain from its rod, and flung it on the ground.

An exclamation of horror broke from painter's lips as he saw in the dim light the hideous face on the canvas grinning at him. There was something in its expression that filled him with disgust and loathing. Good heavens! It was Dorian Gray's own face that he was looking at! The horror, whatever it was, had not yet entirely spoiled that marvel-

ous beauty. There was still some gold in the thinning hair and some scarlet on the sensual mouth. The sodden eyes had kept something of the loveliness of their blue, the noble curves had not yet completely passed away from chiselled nostrils and from plastic throat. Yes, it was Dorian himself. But who had done it? He seemed to recognize his own brush-work, and the frame was his own design. The idea was monstrous, yet he felt afraid. He seized the lighted candle, and held it to the picture. In the left-hand corner was his own name, traced in long letters of bright vermilion.

It was some foul parody, some infamous, ignoble satire. He had never done that. Still, it was his own picture. He knew it, and he felt as if his blood had changed in a moment from fire to sluggish ice. His own picture! What did it mean? Why had it altered? He turned, and looked at Dorian Gray with the eyes of a sick man. His mouth twitched, and his parched tongue seemed unable to articulate. He passed his hand across his forehead. It was dank with clammy sweat.

The young man was leaning against the mantelshelf, watching him with that strange expression that one sees on the faces of those who are absorbed in a play when some great artist is acting. There was neither real sorrow in it nor real joy. There was simply the passion of the spectator, with perhaps a flicker of triumph in his eyes. He had taken the flower out of his coat, and was smelling it, or pretending to do so.

“What does this mean?” cried Hallward, at last. His own voice sounded shrill and curious in his ears. “Years ago, when I was a boy,” said Dorian Gray, crushing the flower in his hand, “you met me, flattered me, and taught me to be vain of my good looks. One day you introduced me to a friend of yours, who explained to me the wonder of youth, and you finished a portrait of me that revealed to me the wonder of beauty. In a mad moment, that, even now, I don’t know whether I regret or not, I made a wish, perhaps you would call it a prayer...”

“I remember it! Oh, how well I remember it! No! the thing is impossible. The room is damp. Mildew has got into the canvas. The paints I used had some wretched mineral poison in them. I tell you the thing is impossible.”

“Ah, what is impossible?” Murred the young man, going over to the window, and leaning his forehead against the cold, mist-stained glass.

“You told me you had destroyed it.”

“I was wrong. It has destroyed me.”

“I don’t believe it is my picture.”

“Can’t you see your ideal in it?” said Dorian, bitterly.

“My ideal, as you call it...”

“As you called it.”

“There was nothing evil in it, nothing shameful. You were to me such an ideal as I shall never meet again. This is the face of a satyr.”

“It is the face of my soul.”

“Christ! What a thing I must have worshipped! It has the eyes of a devil!”

“Each of us has Heaven and Hell in him, Basil,” cried Dorian, with a wild gesture of despair.

Hallward turned again to the portrait, and gazed at it. “My God! If it is true,” he exclaimed, “and this is what you have done with your life, why, you must be worse even than those who talk against you dance you to be!” He held the light up to the canvas, and examined it. The surface seemed to be quite undisturbed, and as he had left it. It was from within, apparently, that the foulness and horror had come. Through some strange quickening of inner life the leprosy of sin were slowly eating the thing away. The rotting of a corpse in a watery grave was not so fearful.

His hand shook, and the candle fell from its socket on the floor, and lay there spluttering. He placed his foot on it and put it out. Then he flung himself into the rickety chair that was standing by the table and buried his face and his hands.

“Good God, Dorian, what a lesson! What an awful lesson!” There was no answer, but he could hear the young man sobbing at the window. “Pray, Dorian, pray, he murmured. “What is it that one was taught to say in one’s boyhood? Lead us not into temptation. Forgive us our sins. Wash away our iniquities. Let us say that together. The prayer of your pride has been answered also. I worshipped you too much. I am punished for it. You worshipped yourself too much. We are both punished.”

Dorian Gray turned slowly around, and he looked at him with tear-dimmed eyes. “It is too late, Basil”, he faltered.

“It is never too late, Dorian. Let us kneel down and try if we cannot remember a prayer. Isn’t there a verse somewhere, though your sins be as scarlet, yet I will make them as white as snow?”

“Those words mean nothing to me now.”

“Hush! Don’t say that. You have done enough evil in your life. My God! Don’t you see that accursed thing leering at us?”

Dorian Gray glanced at the picture, and suddenly an uncontrollable feeling of hatred for Basil Hallward came over him, as though it had been suggested to him by the



image of the canvas, whispered into his ear by those grinning lips. The mad passions of a hunted animal stirred within him, and he loathed the man who was seated at the table, more than in his whole life he had ever loathed anything. He glanced wildly around. Something glimmered on the top of the painted chest that faced him. His eye fell on it. He knew what it was. It was a knife that he had brought up, some days before, to cut a piece of cord, and had forgotten to take away with him. He moved slowly towards it, passing Hallward as he did so. As soon as he got behind him, he seized it, and turned round. Hallward stirred in his chair as if he was going to rise. He rushed at him, and dug the knife into the great vein that is behind the ear, crushing on the man's head down on the table, and stabbing again and again.

There was a stifled groan, and the horrible sound of some one choking with blood. Three times the outstretched arms shot up convulsively, waving grotesque stiff-fingered hands in the air. He stabbed him twice more, but the man did not move. Something began to trickle on the floor. He waited for a moment, still pressing the head down. Then he threw the knife on the table, and listened.

He could hear nothing, but the drip, drip on the threadbare carpet. He opened the door and went out on the landing. The house was absolutely quiet. No one was about. For a few seconds he stood bending over the balustrade, and peering down into the black seething well of darkness. Then he took out the key and returned to the room, locking himself in as he did so.

The thing was still seated in the chair, straining over the table with bowed head, and humped back, and long fantastic arms. Had it not been for the red jagged tear in the neck, and the clotted black pool that was slowly widening on the table, one would have said that the man was simply asleep.

How quickly it all had been done! He felt strangely calm, and, walking over to the window, opened it, and stepped out on the balcony. The wind had blown the fog away, and the sky was like a monstrous peacock's tail, starred with myriads of golden eyes. He looked down, and saw the policeman going his rounds and flashing the long beam of his lantern on the doors of the silent houses. The crimson spot of a prowling hansom gleamed at the corner, and then vanished. A woman in a fluttering shawl was creeping slowly by the railings, staggering as she went. Now and then she stopped, and peered back. Once, she began to sing in a hoarse voice. The policeman strolled over and said something to her. She stumbled away, laughing. A bitter blast swept across the Square.

The gas-lamps flickered, and became blue, and the leafless trees shook their black iron branches to and fro. He shivered and went back, closing the window behind him.

Having reached the door, he turned the key, and opened it. He did not even glance at the murdered man. He felt that the secret of the whole thing was not to realize the situation. The friend who had painted the fatal portrait to which all his mystery had been due, had gone out of his life. That was enough.

Then he remembered the lamp. It was a rather curious one of Moorish workmanship, made of dull silver inlaid with arabesques of burnished steel, and studded with coarse turquoises. Perhaps it might be missed by his servant, and questions would be asked. He hesitated for a moment, then he turned back and took it from the table. He could not help seeing the dead thing. How still it was! How horribly white the long hands looked! It was like a dreadful wax image.

Having locked the door behind him, he crept quietly downstairs. The woodwork creaked, and seemed to cry out as if in pain. He stopped several times, and waited. No, everything was still. It was merely the sound of his own footsteps.

When he reached the library, he saw the bag and coat in the corner. They must be hidden away somewhere. He unlocked a secret press that was in the wainscoting, a press in which he kept his own curious disguises, and put them into it. He could easily burn them afterwards. Then he pulled out his watch. It was twenty minutes to two.

He sat down, and began to think. Every year – every month, almost – men were strangled in England for what he had done. There had been a madness of murder in the air. Some red star had come too close to the earth... And yet what evidence was there against him? Basil Hallward had left the house at eleven. No one had seen him come in again. Most of the servants were at Selby Royal. His valet had gone to bed... Paris! Yes. It was to Paris that Basil had gone, and by the midnight train, as he had intended. With his curious reserved habits, it would be months before any suspicious would be aroused. Months! Everything could be destroyed long before then.

A sudden thought struck him. He put on his fur coat and hat, and went out into the hall. There he paused, hearing the slow heavy tread of the policeman on the pavement outside, and seeing the flash of the bull's-eye reflected in the window. He waited, and held his breath.

After a few moments he drew back the latch, and slipped out, shutting the door very gently behind him. Then he began ringing the bell. In about five minutes his valet appeared, half dressed, and looking very drowsy.

“I am sorry to have had wake you up, Francis”, he said, stepping in; “but I had forgotten my latch-key. What time is it?”

“Ten minutes past two, sir”, answered the man, looking at the clock and blinking.

“Ten minutes past two? How horribly late! You must wake me at nine tomorrow. I have some work to do.”

“All right, sir.”

“Did anyone call this evening?”

“Mr Hallward, sir. He stayed here till eleven, and the he went away to catch his train.”

“Oh! I am sorry I didn’t see him. Did he leave any message?”

“No, sir, except that he would write to you from Paris, if he did not find you at the club.”

“That will do, Francis. Don’t forget to call me at nine tomorrow.”

“No, sir.”

The man shambled down the passage in his slippers. Dorian Gray threw his hat and coat upon the table, and passed into the library. For a quarter of an hour he walked up and down the room biting his lip, and thinking. The he took down the Blue Book from one of the shelves and began to turn over the leaves. ‘Alan Campbell, 152, Hertford Street, Mayfair’. Yes; that was the man he wanted.

## 10.2 Obraz Doriana Graye, Oscar Wilde, přeloženo B. Prusíkem – kapitola třináct

Vyšel z pokoje a šel pomalu nahoru, Basil Hallward jej následoval. Vystupovali tiše, jak to bývá v noci obyčejem. Lampa vrhala na stěnu a schodiště fantastické stíny. Vítr třásl okenními tabulkami.

Když vstoupili, postavil Dorian lampu na zemi a vzav klíč z kapsy, otočil jím v zámku, aniž otevřel. „Trváte na svém, věděti, nač jste se ptal?“ řekl tiše.

„Ano.“

„Těší mě,“ odvětil Dorian se smíchem. Potom pokračoval poněkud příkřeji: „Jste jediným člověkem na světě, jenž má nárok na to vše o mně věděti. Zasáhl jste hloub v můj život, než tušíte.“ S těmi slovy vzal lampu se země, a otevřev, vstoupil do světnice. Chladný vzduch mu vál tak vstříc, že plamen lampy se zakmital. Mrazilo jej.

„Zavřete za sebou dvěře,“ šeptal Hallwardovi, stavě lampu na stůl.

Hallward se zmateně ohlížel po pokoji. Na místnosti bylo viděti, že nebyla dávno obývána. Vybledlý, flámský koberec na stěně, zakrytý obraz, stará vlašská skříň – to bylo vše, co se tam kromě židle a stolu nalézalo. Když Dorian Gray rozsvítil na krbu do polovice ohořelou svíčku, zpozoroval Hallward, že je vše prachem pokryto a koberec, že je děravý cáry. Myš se úzkostlivě mihla za dřevěným vykládáním. Bylo tam cítiti zápach plisně.

„Myslíte tedy, že pouze Bůh může naší duši viděti, Basile? Odtáhněte tuhle záslonu a uvidíte moji duši.“

Jeho hlas zněl chladně a krutě.

„Nejste při smyslech, Doriane, nebo hrajete komedii.“ blabolil Hallward, vraště čelo.

„Nechcete? Pak to musím sám učiniti,“ odvětil Dorian a strhnuv záslonu s tyče, hodil ji na zemi.

Výkřik zděšení vydral se z úst malíře, když v uzřel matně ozářený příšerný zjev na plátně, jenž se na něj šklebil. Ve výrazu této příšery bylo cosi, co vzbudovalo odpor a hnus. Bože na nebi, to byl skutečně Dorianův obličej, jež viděl před sebou! To strašné, ať už to bylo cokoliv, nedovedlo dočista zničiti onu báječnou krásu obrazu. Bylo ještě něco zlaté záře v řídkých vlasech, ještě zbytek purpuru na smyslných rtech. Vodnaté oči zachovaly si ještě zbytek modré své krásy, ušlechtilý tvar nosu a plastický krk byly ještě znatelný. Ano, byl to Dorian sám. Ale kdo to maloval? Domníval se, že poznává dílo

svého štětce, také rám sám navrhl. Byla to strašná myšlénka a neurčitý strach se jej zmocnil. Uchopil hořící svíci a držel ji před obrazem. V levém rohu dole bylo jeho vlastní jméno jasně červeně napsáno.

Byla to sprostá parodie, ničemná satyra. To on nemaloval. A přece to byl jeho vlastní obraz. Věděl to, a bylo mu tak, jako by se mu krev měnila v tuhý led. Jeho vlastní obraz? Co to znamenalo? Proč se tak změnil? Odvrátiv se od obrazu, díval se na Doriana Graye s takovým výrazem v očích, jakoby byl pojednou postižen těžkou nemocí. Jeho ústa se chvěla a vyschlý jazyk nebyl s to slova pronést. Přejel si rukou čelo. Bylo vlhké mazlavým potem.

Dorian stál opřen o krb a pozoroval jej s oním zvláštním výrazem, jež vídáme na obličejích těch, kdo jsou zcela zaujati velkolepým divadlem. Nebylo v něm ani skutečného bolu, ani skutečné radosti. Byl to pouze zájem diváka, snad smíšený vítězným zábleskem. Vzal do ruky květinu z knoflíkové dirky, aby si k ní přivoněl, alespoň se tak tvářil.

„Co to znamená?“ zvolal Hallward konečně. Jeho hlas zněl rezavě a cize.

„Když jste se před léty se mnou seznámil, byl jsem ještě takřka hochem,“ řekl Dorian Gray, rozškubávaje květinu ve své ruce, „tenkrát jste mně lichotil a naučil mě býti marnivým na svoji krásu. Jednoho dne jste mě představil svému příteli, který mně vysvětlil zázrak mládí, maloval jste moji podobiznu, která mně zjevila zázrak mé krásy. V návalu svévole jsem vyslovil – nevím zda toho dnes lituji či ne - přání, vy snad to jmenujete modlitbou.“

„Pamatuji se na to! O, jak dobře se na to pamatuji! Ale ne, to není možné. Pokoj je vlhký plíseň povlekla obraz. K barvám, kterých jsem upotřebil, byl asi přimísen ničemný minerální jed. Všechno ostatní je nemožné.“

„Co je nemožné?“ mumlal Dorian a přistoupiv k oknu, opřel čelo o chladnou okenní tabuli.

„řekl jste mně, že jste ten obraz zničil.“

„To nebylo pravdou, on zničil mě.“

„Nevěřím, že je to mé dílo.“

„Nemůžete poznati svůj ideál?“ ptal se trpce Dorian.

„Můj ideál, jak jej jmenujete...“

„Tak jste jej jmenoval.“

„Nebyl sprostým, kletbou stíženým. Byl jste pro mě ideálem, jaký se již nedá nalézt. Toto zde je obličej satyra.“

„To je obličej mé duše.“

„Můj spasiteli! Jakou to věc jsem zbožňoval! Má to oči ďábla!“

„Každý z nás nosí v sobě peklo i nebe, Basile!“ zvolal Dorian s divokým a zoufalým pohybem.

Hallward přistoupil opět k obrazu a díval se na něj. „Můj Bože, je tomu skutečně tak,“ zvolal.

„A tohle jste učinil se svým životem! jste horším, než mohou tušiti ti, kteří o vás tak špatně mluví.“

A opět držel světlo těsně u obrazu a zkoumal jej. Jak se zdálo, zůstal povrch tak neporušen, jak jej sem poslal. Strašlivá zkáza musela přijít z vnitřku. Nevysvětlitelným postupem sdělil se vnitřní život toho, koho obraz představoval, obrazu, a poskvnil jej až k nepoznání neřestmi hříchu. Hniloba mrtvoly ve vlhkém hrobě nebyla tak příšernou.

Jeho ruka se chvěla a svíčka mu vypadla ze svícnu na zemi, kde syčíc, shasínala. Zašlápl ji nohou, aby shasla úplně a vrhl se do chatrné lenošky, zakrýváje si rukama obličej.

„Dobrý Bože! Doriane, jaké je tohle naučení! Jaká to strašné naučení, Doriane.“

Odpověď nenásledovala, ale Hallward slyšel, jak Dorian u okna vzlykal. „Modlete se, Doriane, modlete.“ šeptal. „Jak nás to v dětství učili modlit? ‚Neuved’ nás v pokušení, ale zbav nás od zlého. Opušť, nám naše viny. Očisti nás od našich provinění.‘ Modleme se spolu! Modlitba vaše bude vyslyšena. Modlitba kajícího dojde vyslyšení. Zbožňoval jsem vás kdysi. Jsme oba potrestáni.“

Dorian Gray se pomalu obrátil a díval se na něj uplakanýma očima.

„Je již pozdě, Basile,“ šeptal.

„Nikdy není pozdě, Doriane, klekneme si a pokusíme se, zda nám ještě nějaká modlitba nenapadne. Není někde psáno v bibli: ‚A kdyby byly hříchové vaši červení jako šarlat, zbledí jako sníh‘?“

„Tato slova nemají pro mne více významu.“

„Tiše! Nemluvte tak. Učinil jste v životě svém mnoho zla. Můj bože, což nevidíte, jak ta prokletá věc po nás šilhá?“

Dorian Gray tam pohlédl – a tu se ho pojednou zmocnil neodolatelný pocit nenávisti k Basilu Hallwardovi, jako by mu byl obrázkem na plátně vsugerován, jakoby to šeptaly tyto šklebivé rty. Pojal jej divoký vztek štvané zvěře a začal tak nenáviděti onoho muže, jenž tam seděl u stolu, jak dosud nikoho nenáviděl. Ohlédl se divoce kolem sebe. Tam na pomalované truhle ležel lesknoucí se předmět. Jeho zrak na něm

spočinul. Byl to nůž, který si sem asi před několika dny přinesl, chtěje jím přeříznouti šňůru a pak jej tam nechal ležeti. Blížil se pomalu k němu, musel jíti kolem Hallwarda. Když byl za ním, chopil se nože a rychle se otočil. Hallward sebou v lenošce pohnul, jakoby chtěl povstati. Dorian vrhnuv se na něho, vrazil mu nůž do hlavní tepny na krku, za uchem a tlačel mu hlavu k stolu, bodal, bodal neustále.

Bylo slyšeti potlačený vzdech, ošklivý zvuk, jaký vydává člověk, jenž se dusí ve vlastní krvi. Třikráte se zvedly rozpražené ruce do výše a hmataly ve vzduchu. bodl ještě dvakráte, ale tělo se již nehýbalo. Teď počalo cosi kapati na zem. Čekal ještě okamžik, ale tlačil hlavu neustále dolů. Potom hodil nůž na stůl a naslouchal.

Neslyšel nic jiného, leč „cvak-cvak“ na chatrný koberec. Potom otevřel dvéře a šel dolů po schodech. Dům byl úplně tichý. Nikdo ničeho nepozoroval. Několik sekund stál, nahýbaje se přes zábradlí, hledě dolů. Potom vytáhnuv klíč, vrátil se do pokoje a zavřel z vnitřku dvéře.

Ona věc tam ještě seděla v lenošce, sehnuta nad stolem, se skloněnou hlavou, sehnutými zády a fantasticky rozpráhnutýma rukama. Kdyby nebylo bývalo rudého řezu v tylé a tmavé louže na stole, která se ponenáhlu zvětšovala, bylo by se mělo za to, že ten člověk spí.

Jak se to rychle událo! Zvláštní jakýsi klid se ho zmocnil, otevřel balkónové dvéře a vyšel ven. Vítr rozehnal mlhu a nebe bylo poseto myriádami hvězd. Podíval se dolů a pozoroval strážníka, konajícího obhlídku a vrhajícího podlouhlý paprsek své lampičky na domovní dvéře.

Červené světlo drožky mihlo se na rohu ulice a zmizelo. Jakási žena s vlající šálou plížila se potácivě kolem mříží zahrádek před domy. Chvillemi se zastavovala a ohlížela. Pojednou začala zpívati chraplavým hlasem. Strážník k ní přistoupil a něco jí povídal. Potácěla se dále a smála se. Ostrý vítr vál přes ulici. Plynová světla se míhala a bezlisté stromy potřásaly svými tmavými, jako ze železa ukovanými větvemi sem a tam. Mrazilo jej. Ustoupil do pokoje, zavřel balkónové dvéře na klíč. Došel ku dveřím světnice, otočil klíčem a otevřel je. Přitom se na zavražděného muže ani nepodíval. Cítil, že tajemství celé věci v tom spočívá, aby se to, co se stalo, neprozradilo. Přítel, tvůrce osudného obrazu, od něhož všechno zlo na něho přišlo, opustil svět. To muselo stačiti.

Potom si vzpomněl na lampu. Byl to dosti skvostný exemplář maurského umění, z matného stříbra, s arabeskami hlazené ocele a tyrkysy vykládaný. Snad ji sluha pohřeší a bude se po ní ptáti. Váhal okamžik, pak se vrátil a vzal ji se stolu. Při

tom musel jeho zrak zavaditi o mrtvolu. Jak tiše tu seděla! A jak příšerně bílé byly ty její dlouhé ruce! Jakoby náležely šeredné voskové figuře.

Když zavřel za sebou dvěře, plížil se tiše po schodech dolů. Dřevěné schody skřípaly, jakoby bolestí křičely. Zastavil se několikrát a naslouchal. Ne, všechno bylo tiché. Slyšel pouze ohlas svých kroků.

Když se vrátil do knihovny, zpozoroval cestovní brašnu a převlečnick v rohu pokoje. Tyto věci musel někam ukrýti. Otevřel tajnou skrýš ve zdi, v níž měl také své zvláštní šatstvo, a hodil tam ty věci. Později bude mít snad příležitost je spáliti. Pak se podíval na hodinky. Byly dvě hodiny bez dvaceti minut.

Posadil se a přemítal. Každého roku, ba každého měsíce byli v Anglii lidé, kteří se podobných věcí dopustili, oběšeni. Skutečná vražedná manie ležela ve vzduchu. Nějaká krvavě červená hvězda se asi příliš přiblížila naší zemi... Ale co se mu mohlo dokázati? Basil Hallward opustil v jedenáct hodin jeho dům. Nikdo jej neviděl opětně do něj vstoupiti. Většina sluhů byla v Selby Royalu. Jeho komorník byl již v posteli... Paříž! Ano, Basil odjel do Paříže a sice půlnočním vlakem, jak to bylo jeho úmyslem. Při jeho samotářském způsobu života mohly uplynouti měsíce, než by se pojalo podezření. Do té doby by mohla být každá stopa vraždy zahlazena.

Pojednou mu napadla myšlénka. Obléknul na sebe kožich, posadil si na hlavu klobouk a vyšel na chodbu. Zde se zastavil a naslouchal zdlouhavému těžkému kroku stážníka venku na dláždění. Okny domovních dveří viděl záři svítily se míhati. Zadržel dech.

Za několik okamžiků odstrčil závoru a vyšel ven zavřev tiše za sebou dvěře. Potom zazvonil. Asi za deset minut objevil se komorník, polooblečený a rozespalý.

„je mně líto, že jsem vás musel vzbuditi, Francise,“ řekl vstoupiv do domu, „ale zapomněl jsem domovní klíč. Jak je pozdě?“

„Dvě hodiny a deset minut, pane,“ odpověděl sluha, dívaje se na hodinky.

„Dvě hodiny a deset minut. Jak strašně pozdě! Musíte mě ráno vzbuditi v devět hodin. Mám nutnou práci.“

„Prosím, pane.“

„Byl zde někdo dnes večer?“

„Mr. Hallward, pane. Zůstal zde až do jedenácti hodin, potom musel pryč, aby nezmeškal vlak.“

„O. To je mně líto, že jsem ho už neviděl. Nechal tu něco?“

„Ne, pane. Řekl, že bude psáti z Paříže, nezastihne-li vás v klubu.“



„Dobře, Francise. Nezapomeňte mě v devět hodin vzbuditi.“

„Ne, pane.“

Sluha se ve svých trepkách odplížil.

Dorian Gray odhodil klobouk a kožich na stůl a šel do knihovny. Čtvrt hodiny chodil sem a tam, a přemýšleje kousal se do rtů. Potom vzal adresář z police na stěně a začal v něm listovati. „Alan Campbell, 152 Hertford Street, Mayfair.“ Ano, to byl muž, jehož potřeboval.

### 10.3 Obraz Doriana Graye, Oscar Wilde, přeloženo J. Z. Novákem – kapitola třináct

Vyšel z pokoje a začal stoupat po schodech a Basil Hallward šel těsně za ním. Kráčeli zlehka, jak si lidé instinktivně počínají v noci. Lampa vrhala fantastické stíny na zed' a schodiště. Některá okna se rozdrnčela ve zvedajícím se větru.

Když došli až na hořejší chodbu, postavil Dorian lampu na podlahu, vyňal klíč a otočil jím v zámku. „Tak vy chcete znát pravdu. Na tom trváte, Basile?“ ptal se tiše.

„Ano.“

„To mě těší,“ odpověděl Dorian s úsměvem. Pak dodal poněkud chraptivě: „Jste jediný člověk na světě, kdo má právo vědět se o mně všechno. Vy máte s mým víc společného, než si myslíte.“ Zvedl lampu, otevřel dveře a vstoupil do místnosti. Ovanul je proud studeného vzduchu a světlo se na okamžik rozhořelo temněoranžovým plamenem. Dorian se zachvěl. „Zavřete za sebou,“ zašeptal, když postavil lampu na stůl.

Hallward se rozhlédl s nechápavým výrazem. Místnost budila dojem, jako by v ní už dlouhá léta nikdo nebydlil. Vybledlý vlámský gobelin, obraz zakrytý závěsem, stará italská *cassone* a skoro prázdná skříňka na knihy – víc toho tu zřejmě nebylo, jen ještě jedna židle a stůl. Když Dorian Gray rozsvěcoval zpola ohořelou svíčku, jež stála na římsě krbu, všiml si Hallward, že na všem je prach a z koberce, že jsou cáry. Za dřevěné obložení se o překot hnala myš. Vlhce tu páchla plíseň.

„Tak vy si myslíte, Basile, že duši vidí jen Bůh? Stáhněte tenhle závěs a uvidíte moji duši.“

Hlas, kterým to pronesl, byl chladný a krutý.

„Vy jste zešílel, Doriane, nebo hrajete nějakou komedii.“ Zahučel Hallward a zamračil se.

„Nechcete? Tak to musím udělat sám,“ řekl mladý muž, strhl závěs s tyče a hodil ho na podlahu.

Malíři se vydral ze rtů výkřik zděšení, když v matném světle spatřil ohavnou tvář šklebící se na něj s plátna. V jejím výrazu bylo cosi, co ho naplnilo ošklivostí a odporem. Pane na nebi! Vždyť se dívá na tvář Doriana Graye! Ta hrůza, ať už jakákoli, nezničila dosud úplně tu jeho úžasnou krásu. V prořidlých vlasech je stále ještě trochu zlata a na smyslných ústech trochu šarlatu. Vodnaté oči si uchovaly něco ze své líbezných modří, jemně utvářené chřípí a vymodelovaný krk neztratily dosud zcela své ušlechtilé křivky. Ano, je to opravdu Dorian. Ale kdo to namaloval? Měl dojem, že poznává tahy

vlastního štětce, a ten rám, přece navrhl on. Myšlenka, která v něm vyvstala, byla nesmyslná, ale přesto pocítil strach. Uchopil rozžatou svíci a posvítil si na obraz. V levém rohu je jeho, napsané dlouhými světle rumělkovými písmeny.

To je nějaká ohavná parodie, nějaká ničemná a sprostá karikatura. Nic takového nikdy nenamaloval. A přece je ten obraz od něho. Poznával to a měl pocit, jako by se mu krev v okamžení proměnila z ohně v nehybný led. Jeho obraz! Co to znamená? Proč se změnil? Otočil se a pohlédl na Doriana Graye očima nemocného člověka. Ústy mu to škubalo a vyprahlý jazyk jako by nebyl schopen vydat hlásku. Otřel si rukou čelo. Zvlhlo mu lepkavým potem.

Mladý muž se opíral o křbovou římsu a pozoroval ho s tím s zvláštním výrazem, jaký vidáme ve tvářích lidí zaujatých hrou, když má právě výstup nějaký veliký umělec. V tom výrazu nebyl ani skutečný žal, ani skutečná radost. Bylo v něm pouze vášnivé zaujetí diváka, jen v očích se snad zableskla vítězosláva. Vytáhl si z klopky květinu a čichal k ní, nebo to aspoň předstíral.

„Co tohle znamená?“ zvolal konečně Hallward. Vlastní hlas zněl pronikavě a nezvykle.

„Před lety, když jsem byl ještě chlapec,“ pravil Dorian Gray a drtil květ v ruce, „jste se se mnou seznámil, lichotil jste mi a naučil jste mě být domýšlivým na to, jak jsem hezký. Jednoho dne jste mě představil svému příteli, který mi vysvětlil jaký zázrak mládí, a pak jste domaloval můj portrét a ten mi zjevil zázrak té krásy. V šíleném okamžiku – dodnes vlastně nevím, jestli ho lituji nebo ne - jsem vyslovil přání, vy byste možná řekl, že to byla modlitba...“

„pamatuji se na to! Ach, jak dobře se na to pamatuji! Ne, to není možné. V té místnosti je vlhko. Na plátně se usadila plíseň. V barvách, kterými jsem to maloval, byla nějaká ničemná nerostná žíravina. Říkám vám, že tohle není možné.“

„Ach, co není možné?“ zamumlal mladý muž, šel k oknu a přitiskl čelo na studené, mlhou zkalené sklo.

„Vždyť jste mi řekl, že jste ten portrét zničil.“

„Mýlil jsem se. Ten portrét zničil mě.“

„Nevěřím, že je to můj obraz.“

„Nepoznáváte v něm svůj ideál?“ řekl trpce Dorian.

„Můj ideál, jak tomu říkáte...“

„Jak vy sám jste tomu říkal.“

„V tom nebylo nic špatného, nic hanebného. Vy jste pro mě znamenal takový ideál, s jakým už se nikdy nesetkám. Tohle je tvář nějakého satyra.“

„To je tvář mé duše.“

„Kriste pane! Co jsem to jenom zbožňoval! Vždyť to má oči d'áblovy!“

„Každý z nás má v sobě nebe i peklo, Basile!“ zvolal Dorian s divokým gestem zoufalství.

Hallward se znovu obrátil k portrétu a zíral na něj. „Bože můj! Je-li to pravda,“ křičel, „jestli jste ze sebe udělal tohle, pak, pak musíte být dokonce ještě horší, než jak si představují ti, kteří mluví proti vám.“ Znovu si posvítil na plátno a zkoumal je. Povrch, zdá se, je zcela neporušen, takový, jak ho zanechal. To zřejmě z vnitřku vyvstalo to odporné a hrůzné. To je dílo jakéhosi vnitřního životního pochodu, že tu podobu pomalu rozežírá malomocenství hříchu. Tak děsivé není ani zahrávání mrtvoly ve vlhkém hrobě.

Hallwardovi se roztřásla ruka, takže svíce vypadla ze svícnu na podlahu a prskala tam. Šlápl na ni a zhasil ji. Pak sklesl na vratkou židli, jež stála u stolu a skryl tvář do dlaní.

„Dobrý Bože, Doriane, jaká je tohle lekce! Jaká je to strašlivá lekce!“ Odpověď se neozvala, ale Hallward slyšel, jak mladý muž u okna vzlyká. „Modlete se, Doriane, modlete se.“ šeptal. „Co nás to učili říkat, když jsme byli děti? ‚Neuved' nás v pokušení. Odpuť nám naše viny. Zbav nás od zlého.‘ Říkejme to spolu! Modlitba vaší pýchy byla vyslyšena. Stejně bude vyslyšena i modlitba vašeho pokání. Přespříliš jsem se vám klaněl. Jsem za to potrestán. Vy jste se klaněl sám sobě. Oba jsme za to potrestáni.“

Dorian Gray se zvolna otočil a pohlédl na něho usazenýma očima. „Je příliš pozdě, Basile,“ zakoktal.

„Nikdy není příliš pozdě, Doriane. Klekněme si a hled'me si vzpomenout na nějakou modlitbu. Což není v Bibli tento verš: ‚Budou-li hříchové vaši byly jako šarlat, jako sníh zbělejší?‘“

„Tahle slova už pro mě nemají žádný význam.“

„Tiše! To neříkejte. Už jste se v životě napáchal dost špatností. Bože můj! Copak nevidíte, jak po nás ta zlořečená věc pokukuje?“

Dorian Gray pohlédl na obraz a najednou ho zaplavila neovladatelná nenávist k Basilu Hallwardovi, jako kdyby mu ji našeptaly do ucha ty sešklebené rty. Vzbouřil se v něm šílený vztek štvaného zvířete a v tu chvíli nenáviděl muže sedícího u stolu víc, než kdy v celém životě nenáviděl cokoli jiného. Zuřivě se rozhlédl. Cosi se zalesklo na

víku malované truhlice, jež stála proti němu. Utkvěl na tom pohledem. Věděl, co to je. To je nůž, který si sem před několika dny přinesl, když si chtěl uříznout kus provazu, a který zapomněl odnést. Zvolna se k němu přiblížil, obcházíje při tom Hallwarda. Jakmile byl za jeho zády, uchopil nůž a otočil se. Hallward se na židli pohnul, jako by chtěl vstát. Vrhel se k němu a zaryl mu nůž do široké cévy za uchem. Srazil mu tak hlavu na stůl a pak znovu a znovu bodal. Ozval se dušený sten a hrozný zvuk, jaký vydává člověk zalykající se krví. Vztažené paže sebou třikrát křečovitě škubly a ruce s groteskně ztuhlými prsty máchly po vzduchu. Dorian ho bodl ještě dvakrát, ale muž se již nepohnul. Cosi počalo kapat na podlahu. Chvilku čekal a tiskl tu hlavu dolů. Pak odhodil nůž na stůl a naslouchal.

Neslyšel nic, jen to kap kap na potrhaný koberec. Otevřel dveře a vyšel na chodbu. V domě byl naprostý klid. Nikde nikdo. Stál tu několik vteřin, nakláněl se přes zábradlí a hleděl do černé, vzkypělé studně temnoty. Pak vytáhl klíč, vrátil se do místnosti a zamkl se v ní.

Ta postava seděla stále na židli, záda měla nahrbená a skloněnou hlavou a dlouhýma nepřirozenýma rukama se natahovala přes stůl. Nebýt rudé klikaté trhlíny v krku a srážející se černavé kaluže, jež se zvolna rozrůstala na desce, řekl by člověk, že ten muž prostě usnul.

Jak rychle to bylo všechno odbyto! Dorian byl podivuhodně klidný. Šel k oknu, otevřel je a vykročil na balkon. Vítr odvál mlhu a nebe bylo jako obrovský paví ocas, posázený myriádami zlatých ok. Pohlédl dolů a spatřil strážníka na obchůzce, šlehaajícího dlouhým paprskem lucerny po dveřích tichých domů. Na nároží zazářilo karmínkové světélko drožky slídící po pasažérech a zase zaniklo. Nějaká žena s poletující šálou se pomalu a potácivě ploužila podél plotu. Co cvílí se zastavila a pokukovala za sebe. Tu začala ochraptělým hlasem zpívat. Strážník zamířil k ní a cosi jí řekl. Se smíchem odklopýtala. Přes náměstí se přehnal drsný závan větru. Plynové lampy zamrkaly a zmodraly a bezlisté stromy zakývaly sem a tam železně černými větvemi. Dorian se zachvěl, vrátil se do místnosti a zavřel okno.

Došel ke dveřím, otočil klíčem a otevřel. Na mrtvého muže ani nepohlédl. Cítil, že si nesmí připouštět, v jakém je postavení, jen tak se s tím vším vyrovná. Přítel, který namaloval ten neblahý portrét zodpovědný za všechno jeho neštěstí, prostě zmizel z jeho života. Tím je to vyřízeno.

Pak si vzpomněl na lampu. Byla to dosti zvláštní lampa, maurské umělecké dílo z matného stříbra vykládaného arabeskami z lesklé oceli a posázené neobroušenými

tyrkysy. Třeba by ji mohl pohřešit sluha a začalo by vyptávání. Cvhilku váhal, pak se obrátil a vzal lampu ze stolu. Nemohl se ubránit pohledu na mrtvé tělo. Jak je tiché! A jak příšerně bílé se zdají ty dlouhé ruce! Vypadá to jako strašlivá vosková figurína.

Zamkl za sebou dveře a nehlučně se plížil po schodech dolů. Dřevo vrzalo a zdálo se, že sténá jakoby bolestí. Několikrát se zastavil a vyčkával. Ne: všude je ticho. To byly jen zvuky jeho kroků.

Když se dostal do knihovny, spatřil v koutě brašnu a plášť. To musí někam odklidit. Otevřel tajnou skřín v dřevěném obložení, skrýš, kde ukrýval své podivné převleky, a tam Hallwardovy věci uložil. Později je může snadno spálit. Potom vytáhl hodinky. Za pět minut tři čtvrti na dvě.

Usedl se a zamyslel se. Každý rok – ba, každý měsíc - je v Anglii někdo pověšen za to, co on teď spáchal. Ve vzduchu visí šílenství vraždy. Nějaká rudá hvězda slétla příliš blízko k zemi... Ale co je mu možno dokázat? Basil Hallward odtud odešel v jedenáct. Nikdo ho neviděl, když se vrátil. Většina sluhů je v Selby Royal. Komorník dávno spí... Paříž! Ano. Vždyť Basil odjel půlnočním vlakem do Paříže, jak to měl v úmyslu. Měl tak podivínsky samotářské zvyky, že uplyne řada měsíců, než vznikne nějaké podezření. Řada měsíců! To může být všechno už dávno odsraněno.

Náhle dostal nápad. Vzal si kožišiový plášť a klobouk a vyšel do haly. Tam stanul, protože zaslechl, jak venku po chodníku jde pomalým těžkým krokem stážník, a v okně zahlédl odraz záblesku jeho svítilny. Čekal a zadržoval dech.

Za několik okamžiků odtáhl závoru, vyklouzl ven a velmi opatrně zavřel dveře. Pak začal zvonit. Asi za pět minut se objevil komorník, jen napolo oblečený a velmi rozespálý.

„je mi líto, že jsem vás musel vzbudit, Francisi,“ řekl Dorian a vešel do domu, „ale zapomněl jsem si vzít klíč od domu. Kolik je hodin?“

„Za pět minut čtvrt na tři, pane,“ odvětil sluha, dívaje se na hodinky s ospalým pomrkáváním.

„Za pět minut čtvrt na tři? To je hrozně pozdě! Ráno mě musíte vzbudit v devět. Mám nějakou práci.“

„Prosím, pane.“

„Byl tu někdo večer?“

„Pan Hallward, pane. Zdržel se tu až do jedenácti a pak odešel, aby nezmeškal vlak.“

„Ach. To je mi líto, že jsem se s ním nesešel. Vzkázal mi něco?“

„Ne, pane, jen to, že když vás nezastihne v klubu, tak vám napíše z Paříže.“

„Dobře, Francisi. Nezapomeňte mě ráno vzbudit v devět.“

„Ne, pane.“

Sluha se v trepkách odšoural chodbou.

Dorian Gray odhodil klobouk a plášť na stůl a vešel do knihovny. Čtvrt hodiny chodil sem a tam, kousal se do rtu a přemýšlel. Pak vyňal z jedné přihrádky knihovny diplomatický adresář a začal v něm listovat. „Alan Campbell, Mayfair, Hertford Street 152.“ Ano, to je muž, kterého potřebuje.

## 10.4 Obraz Doriana Graye, Oscar Wilde, přeloženo K. Hilskou – kapitola třináct

Vyšel z místnosti a začal stoupat po schodech, s Basilem Hallwardem v patách. Šli mlčky, jak lidé ostatně bezděky v noci chodí. Lampa vrhala neuvěřitelné stíny na zed' i na schodiště. Zvedl se vítr a zarachotil několika okny.

Když došli až na poslední odpočívadlo, postavil Dorian lampu na podlahu, vytáhl klíč a otočil jím v zámku. „Určitě se to chceš dozvědět, Basile?“ zeptal se tiše.

„Ano.“

„To jsem moc ráda,“ odpověděl s úsměvem hostitel. Pak poněkud drsně dodal : „Jsi jediný člověk na světě, který má právo dozvědět se o mně všechno. Měl jsi s mým životem do činění víc, než si myslíš.“ Uchopil lampu, otevřel dveře a vešel. Ovanul je závan studeného vzduchu a světlo na okamžik vzplálo čadivým oranžovým plamenem. Zachvěl se. „Zavři za sebou,“ vybídl šeptem společníka a postavil lampu na stůl.

Hallward se s tázavým výrazem rozhlížel kolem sebe. Pokoj vyhlížel, jako by v něm už léta nikdo nebydlel. Vybledlý vlámský gobelín, obraz zahalený závěsem, nějaká starodávná italská truhlice a téměř prázdná knihovna – jako by ani nic jiného neobsahoval, s výjimkou židle a stolu. Když Dorian Gray zapaloval zpola vyhořelou svíčku na krbové římse, povšiml si malíř, že na všem spočívá vrstva prachu a koberec je samá díra. Za ostěním zaslechl proběhnout myš. Byla tu cítit plíseň.

„Takže ty se domníváš, Basile, že jedině Bůh nám vidí do duše? Tak odhrň ten závěs, a uvidíš tu mou.“

Hlas, kterým pán domu promluvil, byl chladný a krutý.

„Buď jsi zešílel, Doriane, nebo si tu na něco hraješ.“ Zamumlal Hallward a zamračil se.

„Nechceš? Tak to musím udělat sám,“ pronesl mladík, strhl závěs z tyče a hodil ho na zem.

Z malířových rtů se vydral výkřik hrůzy, když v chabém světle uviděl ohavnou tvář šklebící se na něj z obrazu. V jejím výrazu bylo cosi, co v něm vzbuzovalo znechucení a opovržení. Proboha! Vždyť se dívá na tvář Doriana Graye! Ta hrůza, nebo co to bylo, dosud úplně nezničila tu úžasnou krásu. V prořídlych vlasech ještě pableskovalo zlato a na smyslných rtech se udržely stopy červeně. Vodnaté oči si uchovaly něco z nádhery té modři, vznešené křivky dosud úplně neopustily vycizelované chřípí a pružné hrdlo. Ano, byl to opravdu Dorian. Ale kdo to udělal? Jako by



poznával vlastní malířský rukopis i rám, který navrhoval. Ta myšlenka byla k nevíře, a přece se bál. Uchopil zapálenou svíčku a přidržel ji u plátna. V levém spodním rohu uviděl své jméno vyvedené jasnou rumělkou.

Byla to nějaká zlovlná parodie, nějaká neblahá, nečestná parodie. Tohle přece nenamaloval. Nicméně to byl jeho obraz. Poznal ho a měl pocit, jako by mu krev tuhla v žilách. Jeho obraz! Co to má být? Proč se takhle změnil? Otočil se a vyslal k Dorianu Grayovi pohled nemocného člověka, jemuž cukají ústa a vysušený jazyk jako by nedokázal pronést jedinou hlásku. Rukou si přejel čelo. Bylo vlhké lepkavým potem.

Mladík se opíral o krbovou římsu a díval se na staršího muže s oním podivným výrazem, který člověk vídá na tvářích těch, kdo zaujatě sledují představení, když zrovna hraje nějaký slovatný umělec. Nebyl v něm ani zármutek, ani skutečná radost. Obsahoval pouzevášeň diváka, možná s jiskřičkou triumfu v očích. Vytáhl si květinu z klopky a přivoněl k ní, nebo to alespoň předstíral.

„Co to má znamenat?“ zvolal konečně Hallward. Slyšel, jak jeho hlas zní pronikavě a nepřírozeně.

„Před mnoha roky, když jsem byl ještě hoch,“ vysvětloval Dorian Gray a mačkal květinu v ruce, „jsi mě potkal, lichotil jsi mi a naučil jsi mě být ješitný na svůj vzhled. Jednoho dne jsi mě seznámil s jistým přítelem, který mi vysvětlil, jaký zázrak je vlastně mládí, a navíc jsi zrovna domaloval můj portrét, který mi odhaloval zázrak té krásy. V jednom šíleném okamžiku, a dodnes nevím, jestli toho mám litovat, nebo ne, jsem si v duchu něco přál, možná bys dokonce mohl říct – za něco se modlil...“

„Na to si vzpomínám! Až moc dobře! Ne, to je vyloučené. Místnost je vlhká. Do plátna se dostala plíseň. Barvy, které jsem použil nejspíš obsahovaly nějaký mizerný nerostný jed. Říkám ti, tohle je vyloučené!“

„Co je vyloučené?“ zašeptal mladík, přešel k oknu a opřel se čelem o studené, mírně orosené sklo.

„Řekl jsi mi, žeš ho zničil.“

„Lhal jsem. On zničil mě.“

„Nechce se mi věřit, že je to můj obraz.“

„Nevidíš v něm svůj ideál?“ Otázal se Dorian trpce.

„Můj ideál, jak tomu říkáš...“

„Jak jsi tomu říkal ty.“

„Nebylo v něm nic zlého, nic hanebného. Byl jsi pro mě ideálem, s jakým už se nikdy nesetkám. Tohle je tvář satyra.“

„Je to výraz mé duše.“

„Proboha! Co jsem to zbožňoval! Má oči d'ábla.“

„Každý z nás má v sobě nebe i peklo, Basile!“ vyhrkl Dorian s nesmírným zoufalstvím.

Hallward se znovu obrátil k portrétu a upřeně na něj hleděl. „Bože! Jestli je to pravda,“ vykřikl, „a jestli jsi tohle udělal se svým životem, musíš být ještě horší, než vykládají ti, kdo tě pomlouvají!“ Pozvedl světlo, aby líp viděl, a zkoumal plátno. Povrch vypadal celkem nedotčeně, stejně, jako když dílo dokončil. Ta špatnost a hrůza zjevně vycházely zevnitř. Následkem nějakého podivného zrychleného vnitřního života tu malbu zvolna rozežírala lepra hříchu. Hnití mrtvoly ve vlhkém hrobě by nebylo takhle strašné.

Roztřásla se mu ruka a svíčka vypadla z prohlubně svícnu na zem. Ležela tam a prskala. Uhasil ji botou. Pak se vrhl do vratkého křesla u stolu a zabořil tvář do dlaní.

„Bože, Doriane, to je poučení. To je strašlivé poučení!“ Odpověď nepřicházela, zato zaslechl, jak mladík u okna vzlyká. „Modli se, Doriane, modli se.“ Zamumlal. „Jak nás to učili, když jsme byli malí? ‚Neuved' nás v pokušení. Odpusť nám naše viny. Zbav nás od zlého.‘ Pojd'me to odříkat spolu. Modlitba tvé pýchy byla vyslyšena. Modlitba tvého pokání bude rovněž vyslyšena. Uctíval jsem tě příliš. Jsem za to potrestán. Oba za to pykáme.“

Dorian Gray se zvolna otočil a pohlédl na něj usazenými očima. „Je příliš pozdě, Basile,“ vykoktal.

„Nikdy není příliš pozdě, Doriane. Pojd'me pokleknout a zkusme si vzpomenout na slova modlitby. Není tam někde verš: ‚I kdyby vaše hříchy byly jako šarlat, zbělejí jako sníh‘?“

„Ta slova pro mě teď už nic neznamenají.“

„Pst! Nerouhej se. Už jsi v životě natropil dost zla. Bože – nevidíš, jak po nás ta prokletá věc pošilhává?“

Dorian Gray pohlédl na obraz a náhle ho zachvátila nezvladatelná nenávist vůči Basilu Hallwardovi, jako by mu ji vnukla ta postava na plátně, našeptala mu ji do ucha těmi rozšklebenými rty. Nepřičetně se kolem sebe rozhlédl. Na víku malované truhly proti němu se cosi zatřpytilo. Spočinul na té věci pohledem. Už věděl, co to je. Ten nůž si sem donesl před několika dny, aby si uřízl kousek provázku a zapomněl ho tady. Zvolna se vydal k němu a společníka minul. Jakmile se dostal za křeslo, popadl zbraň a otočil se. Hallward se zavrtěl, jako by se chtěl zvednout. Vtom se na něj Dorian vrhl a

nůž mu vrazil do žíly, která probíhá za uchem, čímž srazil malířovu hlavu na stůl, a bodal ho pak znovu a znovu. Ozvalo se přidušené zasténání a potom děsivý zvuk člověka zalykajícího se krví. Rozpražené paže se třikrát křečovitě pozvedly a bezvládně máchly dlaněmi s groteskně tuhými prsty. Dorian ho ještě dvakrát bodl, ale malíř už se nehýbal. Così začalo odkapávat na podlahu. Počkal chvíli a ještě mu přimáčkkl hlavu. Pak odhodil nůž na stůl a naslouchal.

Neslyšel nic než kapku za kapkou padající na prodřený koberec. Otevřel dveře a vyšel na odpočívadlo. V domě panovalo naprosté ticho. Nikde nikdo. Pár vteřin stál a nakloněn přes balustrádu mžoural do černé hlubiny pod sebou. Pak vytáhl klíč, vrátil se do místnosti a zamkl za sebou.

Ta věc stále seděla v křesle, napůl natažená na stole se skloněnou hlavou, s vystrčenými zády a dlouhými, nepřírozeně rozhozenými pažemi. Nebýt té rudé roztřepené trhliny v šíji a černé louže sražené krve, která se pozvolně šířila po stole, člověk by usoudil, že ten muž prostě spí.

Jak překotně se ten čin seběhl! Dorian se cítil podivně klidný, a když přešel k oknu otevřel je a vystoupil ven na balkon. Mlhu odvál vítr a obloha připomínala paví ocas posetý myriádami zlatých oček. Pohlédl na ulici a uviděl policistu na obchůzce, jak dlouhým paprskem svítlny ohledává dveře ztichlých domů. Na rohu červeně zazářila plížící se drožka a poté zmizela. Nějaká žena v třepotajícím se šálu se ploužila podél zábradlí a povážlivě vrávorala. Čas od času se zastavila a pátravě se ohlédla. Jednu chvíli si ochraptělým hlasem začala prozpěvovat. Policista přešel k ní a k něčemu ji nabádal. Se smíchem se odpotácela. Náměstím se prohnal prudký závan. Plynové lampy zablikaly a zmodraly, holé stromy mávaly kovově černými větvemi sem a tam. Zachvěl se, vrátil se do místnosti a zavřel okno.

Došel ke dveřím, otočil klíčem a otevřel. Na zavražděného ani nepohlédl. Měl pocit, že teď jde hlavně o to neuvědomovat si situaci. Přítel, který namaloval ten osudný portrét, z něhož pramenila veškerá jeho mizérie, z jeho života odešel. To stačilo.

Pak si Dorian vzpomněl na lampu. Byla dost neobvyklá, zhotovil ji jakýsi maurský řemeslník z matného stříbra vykládaného arabeskami z leštěné oceli a byla posetá neopracovanými tyrkysy. Třeba by ji mohl postrádat sluha a následovalo by vyptávání. Na okamžik zaváhal, pak se vrátil a sebral lampu ze stolu. V tu chvíli se nemohl mrtvolu nevšimnout. Byla tak nehybná! Jak děsivě bledě vyhlížely ty dlouhé ruce! Připomínala hrůznou voskovou figurínu.

Znovu za sebou zamkl a tiše se kradl dolů. Dřevěné schody skřípěly, jako by sténaly bolestí. Několikrát se zastavil a čekal. Nic, všude klid. Ozývaly se jen jeho kročeje.

Jakmile došel do knihovny, všiml si tašky a kabátu v koutě. Musí je někam schovat. Odemkl tajnou skřín v ostění, kde přechovával své kuriozní převleky, a strčil věci tam. Později je může snadno spálit. Pak vytáhl hodinky – bylo za deset minut dvě.

Posadil se a začal překotně uvažovat. Každý rok – skoro každý měsíc v Anglii oběsili někoho za to, co právě spáchal. Zdejší povětrí jako by plodilo šílené vražedné myšlenky. Nějaká rudá hvězda se nejspíš přiblížila k Zemi... Ale jaké jsou proti němu důkazy? Basil Hallward odešel z tohoto domu v jedenáct. Nikdo ho neviděl znovu vejít. Většina služebnictva byla v Dorianově venkovském sídle. Komorník spal... Paříž! Ano. Basil přece odjel půlnočním vlakem do Paříže, jak zamýšlel. Vzhledem k jeho zvláštní zdrženlivosti uběhnou měsíce, než vznikne nějaké podezření. Celé měsíce! Než nastane ta doba, dají se všechny důkazy zničit.

Vtom ho cosi napadlo. Oblékl si kožich, nasadil klobouk a vyšel do haly. Tam se zarazil, když zaslechl pomalý, těžký krok policisty na chodníku a v okně zahlédl odraz záblesku jeho svítilny. Se zatajeným dechem čekal.

Po chvíli otevřel západku, vyklouzl ven a opatrně za sebou zavřel. Pak začal zvonit. Za hodnou chvíli se objevil jeho komorník jen zpola oblečený a s krajně rozespalým výrazem.

„Moc mě mrzí, že jsem vás musel vzbudit, Francisi,“ omlouval se pán domu, když vcházel dovnitř, „ale zapomněl jsem si klíč. Kolik je hodin?“

„Za pět minut čtvrt na tři, pane,“ odvětil sluha, když se podíval na hodiny a zamrkal.

„Za pět minut čtvrt na tři? To je ale strašná hodina! Musíte mě ráno vzbudit v devět. Mám nějakou práci.“

„Dobře, pane.“

„Stavil se tu někdo večer?“

„Pan Hallward, pane. Vydržel až do jedenácti a pak musel na vlak.“

„Aha. To mě mrzí, že jsem ho nezastihl. Nechal nějaký vzkaz?“

„Ne, pane, jen řekl, že vám napíše z Paříže, pokud vás nenajde v klubu.“

„To stačí, Francisi. Nezapomeňte mě vzbudit ráno v devět.“

„Jistě, pane.“

Muž se v trepkách odšoural chodbou.

Dorian Gray odhodil klobouk i kožich na křeslo a přešel do knihovny. Čtvrt hodiny přecházel po místnosti sem a tam, kousal se do rtu a usilovně přemýšlel. Pak z jedné police vzal adresář a zalistoval v něm. „Alan Campbell, Hertford Street 152, Mayfair.“ Ano, právě toho člověka potřebuje.