2

Chapter 2

After the horrible winter of frost¹², flood,¹³ and many people's death, the summer came. Orlando went to his big house in the country and there he lived alone. One June morning, it was Saturday the 18th, he did not get up at his usual hour, and when his groom¹⁴ went to call him, he found him sleeping and could not wake him up. For seven days Orlando did not eat and did not show any sign of life. After seven days, he woke up at his usual time, dressed and sent for his horse as if nothing had happened. However, there was one change, he was perfectly rational and seemed braver and calmer than before. He did not remember a lot from his past. He listened when people spoke about the great frost or the carnival, but he never said a word. Doctors tried to help him but they were not any wiser then than they are today. They did not know what to do, so they told him to rest and then to do some exercise, be on a diet and then eat a lot of food. Nothing seemed to help, so they just said that he had been sleeping for seven days.

Because Orlando felt embarrassed after the incident in the Court and he was heartbroken, he started to live a lonely and isolated life. Nobody knew how he spent his time. The servants continued their usual work, they had to dust the empty rooms and clean the beds but he never slept in them. Since the house was dark and empty, many people believed that it was haunted and for that reason they never followed their master when they saw him.

One day Mrs Grimsditch, the housekeeper, said to Mr Dupper, the priest: "I hope his Lordship has not had a bad accident."

¹² mráz

¹³ potopa

¹⁴ komorník

Kapitola 2

Po strašné zimě a mrazu, potopě a smrti mnoha lidí přišlo léto. Orlando odjel do svého velkého domu na venkově a žil tam sám. Jednoho červnového rána – byla to sobota osmnáctého – nevstal ve svou obvyklou hodinu, a když jej šel jeho komorník volat, našel ho spát a nedokázal jej probudit. Po sedm dní Orlando nejedl a neprojevoval žádné známky života. Po sedmi dnech se probudil v obvyklý čas, oblékl se a nechal si poslat pro koně, jako by se nic nestalo. Došlo ale k jedné změně: byl dokonale rozumný a zdál se odvážnější a klidnější než dříve. Spoustu ze své minulosti si nepamatoval. Poslouchal, když lidé mluvili o velkém mrazu a o karnevalu, ale neřekl ani slovo. Lékaři mu zkoušeli pomoct, ale nebyli o nic moudřejší, než jsou dnes. Nevěděli, co si počít, a tak mu řekli, aby odpočíval a pak si zacvičil, aby držel hladovku a pak snědl hodně jídla. Zdálo se, že nic nepomáhá, a proto zkrátka řekli, že sedm dní spal.

Protože se Orlando po příhodě u dvora cítil v rozpacích a měl zlomené srdce, začal žít osamělý a odloučený život. Nikdo nevěděl, jak tráví čas. Sloužící pokračovali ve své obvyklé práci, utírali prach v prázdných pokojích a uklízeli postele, ale on v nich nikdy nespal. Jelikož byl dům tmavý a prázdný, mnoho lidí věřilo, že v něm straší, a z toho důvodu nikdy nešli za svým pánem, když ho spatřili.

Jednoho dne hospodyně, paní Grimsditchová, řekla knězi, panu Dupperovi: "Doufám, že jeho lordstvo nemělo nějakou ošklivou nehodu."

Mr Dupper replied, "His Lordship is probably praying among the crypts¹⁵ of his ancestors in the Chapel."

Mr Dupper was right. Orlando was now very interested in history, his own past and death. Orlando looked into the crypt and took the bones from the grave.

"Nothing remained of all these Princes," Orlando said. So, Orlando took his candle, returned down to the galleries, and then he forgot about his ancestors and started thinking about the woman in Russian trousers – his Russian princess. He stood there in tears because she had gone, she had left him and he would never see her again. And so he cried and went back to his room.

Mrs Grimsditch, who saw the light in the window, said to herself: "Thank God his Lordship is safe in his room again." She had been thinking all this time that he had been murdered.

During these days Orlando's feelings changed quickly, he sat alone, only by himself at the windowsill with a book. He would often read for six hours during the night; and when his servants came to him for orders, he looked as if he did not understand what was said to him. This behaviour broke the hearts of all servants, of Giles, the groom, of Mrs Grimsditch, the housekeeper, and of Mr Dupper, the priest.

"A fine gentleman like that," they said, "should not need books but he should leave books to the people who are sick or dying" they continued.

Orlando would give every penny he had to write one little book and become famous, yet all the gold in Peru would not buy him the treasure of a well-written line.

¹⁵ hrobka

Pan Dupper odpověděl: "Jeho lordstvo se nejspíš modlí v hrobce svých předků v kapli."

Pan Dupper měl pravdu. Orlando se nyní velmi zajímal o historii, svou minulost a smrt. Orlando se podíval do hrobky a vzal z hrobu kosti.

"Ze všech těch princů nic nezbylo," řekl Orlando. A tak vzal svíci, vrátil se dolů do obrazáren, a pak na své předky zapomněl a začal myslet na ženu v ruských kamaších – na svou ruskou princeznu. Stál tam v slzách, protože byla pryč, opustila ho a on ji nikdy znovu nespatří. A tak plakal a šel zpět do svého pokoje.

Paní Grimsditchová, která viděla světlo v okně, si pomyslela: "Jeho lordstvo je díkybohu zase v bezpečí ve svém pokoji." Celou tu dobu si myslela, že byl zavražděn.

Během těch dní se Orlandovy pocity rychle měnily, seděl sám, osamělý s knihou u okenního parapetu. Často za noci čítával šest hodin, a když k němu služebnictvo přišlo pro rozkazy, vypadal, jako by nerozuměl, co se mu říkalo. Takové chování lámalo srdce všem sloužícím, komorníkovi Gilesovi, hospodyni Grimsditchové a knězi Dupperovi.

"Takový ušlechtilý kavalír," říkali si, "by neměl potřebovat knihy; knihy by měl nechat nemocným či umírajícím."

Orlando by dal každou penci, co měl, za napsání jedné malé knížky, která by mu přinesla slávu, a přesto by mu ani všechno zlato z Peru nepřineslo poklad v podobě dobře napsaného řádku.

It was night already and everybody was asleep when he crossed the room, took a silver key from his pocket and unlocked the doors of a cabinet in the corner. There were papers written in Orlando's handwriting. Each paper had the name of some mythological character inside at a crisis of his career. Orlando was not even twenty-five and he had already written forty-seven plays, histories, romances and poems. Some of his works were in prose, some were in verse; some in French, some in Italian; but all of them were romantic, and all were long. Even though he extremely liked writing, he never had enough courage to show his works even to his mother. He knew too well that writing, much more to publishing, was a disgrace of a nobleman.

Now, however, it was midnight and he was alone, he took a thin paper called simply "The Oak Tree" and then he started writing. But after a while, he paused and saw the face of the lost Princess that brought anger into him. So immediately he tried to think about a different face. And he imagined a man's face in front of him.

"But whose face was it?" he asked himself.

It was the face of that rather fat, untidy man who sat in Twitchett's room so many years ago when old Queen Elizabeth came here for dinner.

"But who the devil was he?" Orlando asked. "Not a Nobleman, not one of us. Maybe a poet, I would say," said Orlando. But Orlando paused and remembered his old promise to become the most famous poet.

The next day he realized that the battles which Sir Miles and the rest had fought against armed knights to win a kingdom, were not as hard as his fight with the English language. At first his writing and his style seemed good; but then he read it again and tore it up¹⁷. He changed the style of his writing every minute and could not decide whether he was a genius or the greatest fool in the world. After many months of such hard work, he com-

¹⁶ ostuda

¹⁷ roztrhat

Byla už noc a všichni spali, když přešel po pokoji, vyndal z kapsy stříbrný klíč a odemkl dvířka skříňky v rohu. Byly tam listy popsané Orlandovým písmem. Na každém listu bylo jméno nějaké mytologické postavy uprostřed krize jejich životní dráhy. Orlandovi ještě nebylo ani dvacet pět, a už napsal čtyřicet sedm her, historických dramat, romancí a básní. Některé z jeho prací byly v próze, některé ve verších; některé ve francouzštině, jiné v italštině; ale každá z nich byla romantická a dlouhá. I když měl psaní ohromně rád, nikdy neměl dostatek kuráže ukázat své práce dokonce ani své matce. Až příliš dobře věděl, že psaní – a ne tak ještě vydávání – bylo pro šlechtice ostuda.

Nyní však byla půlnoc a on byl sám, vyndal tenký spis nazvaný jednoduše "Dub" a začal psát. Po chvíli se ale zarazil a vybavil si tvář ztracené princezny, která jej naplnila hněvem. Ihned se tedy pokusil myslet na jinou tvář. Představil si před sebou mužský obličej.

"Čí obličej to ale je?" ptal se sám sebe.

Byla to tvář toho obtloustlého, neupraveného muže, který seděl v Twitchettově pokoji před tolika lety, když stará královna Alžběta přišla na večeři.

"Kdo to ale, k čertu, byl?" ptal se Orlando. "Šlechtic to nebyl, nebyl to jeden z nás. Možná básník, řekl bych," pomyslel si. Orlando se ale zarazil a vzpomněl si na svůj starý slib, že se stane nejslavnějším básníkem.

Druhého dne si uvědomil, že bitvy, v nichž sir Miles a ostatní bojovali proti ozbrojeným rytířům, aby získali království, nebyly tak obtížné jako jeho boj s anglickým jazykem. Nejprve se jeho psaní a styl zdály dobré, pak je ale přečetl znova a roztrhal. Měnil styl psaní každou minutu a nedokázal se rozhodnout, zdali byl génius, nebo ten největší hlupák na světě. Po mnoha měsících této dřiny začal mluvit s vnějším světem. Měl přítele v Londýně,

municated with the outer world. He had a friend in London, Giles Isham, of Norfolk, who knew many writers and could introduce him to some poets. For the first time since the night of the great flood he was happy.

Since Nick Greene was a very famous writer at that time, Orlando asked Mr Isham of Norfolk to deliver a letter to Mr Nicholas Greene. In this letter Orlando wrote about his respect for Greene's works and an invitation to his house. Soon, Mr Greene wrote back and accepted Orlando's invitation. He arrived by coach at seven o'clock on Monday, April 21st. Many Kings, Queens, and Ambassadors had come too. Orlando was counting every minute to Nicholas Greene's arrival, but when he entered the door, the poet was short, dressed in plain clothes, which were a bit disappointing for Orlando; but they went for dinner.

During the dinner, Greene spoke about his play, another poet, another critic, and about the nature of poetry.

"It is harder to sell poetry than prose" he complained, "and the lines are shorter and take longer in the writing," he added. He had only sold five hundred copies of his poem, but that of course was largely because of the conspiracy against him.

"All I could say is that the art of poetry is dead in England," he said. "Now all young writers are paid by the booksellers and they write any trash that sells." He could not see anything good in the present and had no hope for the future.

Orlando was shocked by the poet's words but the more he spoke about his own time, the more satisfied he became.

"So, my dear Lord," he continued, "We must respect the past and honour those who take Rome and Greece for their model and write, not for money but for fame. If I had a pension of three hundred pounds, I would live only for fame. I would lie in bed every morning reading Shakespeare. I would imitate his style so that you couldn't tell the difference between us. That's what I call fine writing", said Greene; "that's what I call fame but it's necessary to have money to do it."

Gilese Ishama z Norfolku, který znal mnoho spisovatelů a mohl ho představit několika básníkům. Poprvé od noci velké potopy byl šťastný.

Protože byl Nick Greene v té době velmi slavný spisovatel, Orlando požádal pana Ishama z Norfolku, aby doručil dopis panu Nicholasi Greenovi. V tomto dopise psal Orlando o své úctě ke Greenovým dílům a pozval ho do svého domu. Pan Greene brzy odepsal a Orlandovo pozvání přijal. Přijel dostavníkem v sedm hodin v pondělí 21. dubna. Mnoho králů, královen a velvyslanců přijelo také. Orlando počítal každou minutu do příjezdu Nicholase Greena, ale když vstoupil do dveří, básník byl malé postavy, oblečen v prostých šatech, což Orlanda poněkud zklamalo; šli ale na večeři.

Při večeři mluvil Greene o své hře, o tom básníkovi, tamtom kritikovi a o povaze poezie.

"Je těžší prodat poezii než prózu," stěžoval si. "A řádky jsou kratší a trvá déle je napsat," dodal. Prodal jen pět set výtisků své básně, ale samozřejmě to bylo do velké míry kvůli spiknutí vůči němu.

"Mohu říct jen tolik, že poezie v Anglii je umění mrtvé," prohlásil. "Všechny mladé spisovatele teď platí knihkupci, aby psali jakékoli zmetky, co se prodají." V přítomnosti nedokázal spatřit nic dobrého a neměl žádnou naději v budoucnost.

Orlanda básníkova slova zaskočila, ale čím víc mluvil o vlastní době, tím víc jej to uspokojovalo.

"Takže, milý pane," pokračoval, "musíme respektovat minulost a ctít ty, kteří považují Řím a Řecko za své vzory a píší nikoli pro peníze, ale pro slávu. Kdybych měl důchod tři sta liber, žil bych jen pro slávu. Každé ráno bych ležel v posteli a četl Shakespeara. Napodoboval bych jeho styl, že by mezi námi jeden neviděl rozdíl. Tomu říkám skvělé psaní," řekl Greene. "Tomu říkám sláva, ale je k tomu třeba mít peníze."

By this time, Orlando had stopped hoping of discussing his own work with the poet, but this did not matter because the talk now was about the lives and characters of Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, and the rest, all of whom Greene had known intimately and about whom he had a thousand funny stories. Orlando had never laughed so much in his life. These people were his gods! Half were drunk and all were in love. Most of them argued with their wives, not one of them had a life without a lie or an intrigue.

As time passed, and Orlando felt a strange mixture of liking and contempt¹⁸, of admiration and pity, as well as something too indefinite – fear in it and something of a fascination for his guest. Greene talked only about himself, but he was such good company that one could listen to his stories forever. Then he was so funny that it did not matter, he could make salad in three hundred different ways, knew all that could be known of the mixing of wines, played six musical instruments and was the first person, and perhaps the last, to toast cheese in the great Italian fireplace.

One day Orlando realized that Greene had brought a spirit of unrest to his house that would never allow him to sleep again. At the same moment, Nick Greene came to the same conclusion.

"If this goes on much longer," he thought, "I shall fall asleep and die in sleep."

So he found Orlando in his room, and explained that he had not been able to sleep all night because of the silence. Silence is of all things the most depressing to my nerves," he said. He would end his visit that very morning. Orlando felt some relief at this, yet also much reluctance¹⁹ to let him go. The house, he thought, would seem very boring without him. Orlando promised to pay the pension and Greene jumped into the coach and was gone.

¹⁸ opovržení

¹⁹ zdráhání

V tu dobu už Orlando přestal doufat, že by mohl s básníkem probrat svou vlastní práci, ale to nevadilo, protože rozhovor byl nyní o životech a náturách Shakespeara, Bena Jonsona a ostatních, které Greene důvěrně znal a o nichž měl tisíc zábavných historek. Orlando se nikdy v životě tolik nenasmál. Ti lidé byli jeho bohové! Polovina z nich byli opilci a všichni byli zamilovaní. Většina z nich se hádala se svými ženami, ani jeden nevedl život bez lži nebo intrik.

Jak čas ubíhal, Orlando cítil podivnou směsici náklonnosti a opovržení, obdivu a lítosti, stejně jako cosi příliš neurčitého – byl v tom strach a jakási fascinace jeho hostem. Greene mluvil jen o sobě, ale byl to tak dobrý společník, že člověk mohl jeho historky poslouchat donekonečna. A byl tak zábavný, že to nevadilo; uměl připravit salát na tři sta různých způsobů, věděl vše myslitelné o míchání vín, hrál na šest hudebních nástrojů a byl prvním člověkem – a možná posledním –, který opékal sýr ve velkém italském ohništi.

Jednoho dne si Orlando uvědomil, že Greene přinesl do jeho domu atmosféru neklidu, která mu už nikdy nedovolí spát. V ten samý okamžik došel Nick Greene ke stejnému závěru.

"Pokud to tak půjde dál," pomyslel si, "usnu a zemřu ve spánku."

Vyhledal proto Orlanda v jeho pokoji a vysvětlil mu, že nespal celou noc kvůli tichu. "Ticho je na mé nervy nejvíce skličující," řekl. Ukončil svou návštěvu ještě toho rána. Orlando cítil trochu úlevy, ale také velké zdráhání nechat ho odejít. Dům, pomyslel si, se bez něj bude zdát tak nudný. Orlando slíbil platit mu důchod a Greene naskočil do dostavníku a byl pryč.

When Nick Greene arrived home, he found things going on more or less as he had left them. Mrs Greene was giving birth to a baby in one room; Tom Fletcher was drinking gin in another. Books were on the floor; where the children had been making mud pies²⁰. But this, Greene felt, was the atmosphere for writing, here he could write, and he did write. The subject became a noble Lord at home. A visit to a Nobleman in the country – "this will be the new title to my poem," he said.

Greene wrote a very open satire that everybody knew that the young Lord was Orlando. Greene described Orlando's most private dreams and habits. Greene's book became very popular and soon had several editions.

The night after reading Greene's *Visit to a Nobleman in the Country*, Orlando said "I am finished with men" and he burnt fifty-seven books he had written. The only one left was "The Oak Tree", which was his boyish dream and a very short one. And he asked his servants to bring him dogs to keep him company. Now there were only two things he trusted: dogs and nature.

"I'll write, from this day on, only for myself," Orlando promised to himself.

Orlando was alone. "What a lovely life this is," he thought for himself, stretching his hands and feet under the oak tree. He looked at his house, which had never looked nobler. However, the roof was leaking²¹; the trees and walls were falling, and the floor had holes. He decided to start repairing the mansion and this news brought tears to the eyes of good old Mrs Grimsditch. Redecorating all 365 rooms cost him millions of our money, however, the house was furnished. Everything was ready. Only one thing was missing – the people.

²⁰ bábovičky

²¹ zatékat

Když Nick Greene dorazil domů, našel věci běžet víceméně tak, jak je nechal. Paní Greenová rodila v jednom pokoji, Tom Fletcher pil gin ve druhém. Knihy byly na podlaze, kde děti plácaly bábovičky. Tohle ale, cítil Greene, byla atmosféra pro psaní; tady mohl psát a opravdu psal. Předmětem se stal ušlechtilý lord ve svém domově. Návštěva u šlechtice na venkově: "To bude název mé básně," pomyslel si.

Greene napsal velmi otevřenou satiru a každý věděl, že mladý lord byl Orlando. Greene popsal Orlandovy nejtajnější sny a zvyklosti. Greenova kniha se stala velmi populární a brzy měla několik vydání.

Večer poté, co přečetl Greenovu "Návštěvu u šlechtice na venkově", si Orlando řekl: "S lidmi jsem skončil," a spálil padesát sedm knih, které napsal. Jediná zbývající byla "Dub", jeho chlapecký sen a velmi krátká. Přikázal sloužícím přivést mu psy, aby mu dělali společnost. Teď už zbyly jen dvě věci, kterým důvěřoval: psi a příroda.

"Psát budu ode dneška jen pro sebe," slíbil si Orlando.

Orlando byl sám. "Takový krásný život to je," pomyslel si, když si protahoval ruce a nohy pod dubem. Pohlédl na svůj dům, který nikdy nevypadal vznešeněji. Střechou ale zatékalo, stromy a zdi padaly, v podlaze byly díry. Rozhodl se začít sídlo opravovat a tato zpráva vehnala staré dobré paní Grimsditchové slzy do očí. Znovu zařídit všech tři sta šedesát pět pokojů ho stálo na naše peníze miliony, ale dům byl vybaven. Vše bylo připraveno. Chybělo jen jediné: lidé.

That was the reason why Orlando began a series of parties for the noblemen in the neighbourhood. All bedrooms were full for a month at a time and 300 servants prepared food almost every night. But when the parties were at their height, he went to his private room and took out an old writing book named "The Oak Tree, A Poem". He would write the book till midnight and long after.

One day he was writing when he saw a figure of a very tall lady. Orlando was surprised how she had got there and three days later she came again, and, on Wednesday noon she came once more. This time, Orlando followed her.

"Please, forgive me," she said. "I am the Archduchess Harriet Griselda of Finster-Aarhorn and Scand-op-Boom in the Romanian territory. I only wanted to make friendship with your Lordship," she said. "I was visiting the English court. The Queen is my Cousin."

"Let's go inside for a glass of wine," Orlando offered.

Indoors, her manners were again the manners of a Romanian Archduchess. After a while he changed his mind, ran away from the room and sent the footman to see Archduchess Harriet to her carriage. However, the Archduchess continued to live at the Baker's, but Orlando was haunted every day and night by phantoms of the most horrible kind. It seemed she would always return to his house and sit on his writing table. When he chased her out, she came back. Thus realizing that his home was no longer his home, he did what any other young man would have done in his place, and asked King Charles to send him as Ambassador to Constantinople.

"It was a thousand pities," the Archduchess sighed, "that such a pair of legs should leave the country."

But she could do no more than give him one kiss over her shoulder before Orlando sailed away.

To byl důvod, proč Orlando začal s řadou večírků pro šlechtice v okolí. Všechny komnaty byly v jednu chvíli měsíc plné a tři sta sloužících připravovalo jídlo téměř noc co noc. Když ale byly večírky v nejlepším, odešel do své soukromé komnaty a vyndal svůj starý zápisník nazvaný "Dub: Báseň". Psal knihu až do půlnoci a dlouho poté.

Jednoho dne zrovna psal, když spatřil postavu velmi vysoké dámy. Orlanda překvapilo, jak se tam dostala, a o tři dny později přišla znova a ve středu v poledne zas. Tentokrát ji Orlando následoval.

"Prosím, odpusťte mi," řekla. "Jsem velkovévodkyně Harriet Griselda z Finster-Aahornu a Scand-op-Boomu v rumunském území. Chtěla jsem s vaším lordstvem jen navázat přátelství," řekla. "Byla jsem na návštěvě u anglického dvora. Královna je má sestřenice."

"Pojďme dovnitř a dejme si sklenici vína," nabídl Orlando.

Uvnitř byly její manýry opět manýry rumunské velkovévodkyně. Po chvíli si to rozmyslel, utekl z pokoje a poslal lokaje vyprovodit velkovévodkyni Harriet k jejímu kočáru. Velkovévodkyně dále žila v pekařství, ovšem Orlanda ve dne v noci pronásledovaly ty nejstrašnější přeludy. Zdálo se, že se stále vracela do jeho domu a sedávala si na jeho psací stůl. Když ji vyhnal, vrátila se. Tak mu došlo, že jeho domov už není jeho domovem, a udělal to, co by na jeho místě udělal kterýkoli jiný mladý muž: požádal krále Karla, aby ho jako velvyslance poslal do Konstantinopole.

"Věčná škoda," povzdechla si velkovévodkyně, "že takové nohy opouštějí zemi."

Nemohla však nic víc než poslat mu polibek přes rameno, než Orlando odplul pryč.



Now, however, it was midnight and he was alone, he took a thin paper called simply "The Oak Tree" and then he started writing.