

# Komiks a alegorie

Neil Gaiman, John Bolton: The Flowers of Romance

# Identifikace alegorie

- tři podmínky nutné (Barbara Stern):
  - metafora
  - personifikace
  - morální konflikt

# Návrat k alegorii

- Tom Robbins: Parfém bláznivého tance (1984)
- Pan jako protiklad a oběť moderní racionality
- dionýský princip a kultura hippie
- “Smrdím, tedy jsem.”

FOR HUNDREDS OF YEARS, OR LONGER, THE LITTLE GOAT-FOOTED MAN HAD LIVED IN THE HILLS ON THE ISLAND.

HE WAS A CREATURE OF THE MOMENT, LIKE ALL OF HIS KIND, AND HIS MEMORIES WERE LIMITED, ALTHOUGH HE COULD CALL UP THE SCENT AND TOUCH OF A HUNDRED HUNDRED WOMEN AND NYMPHS AND DRYADS AND NAIADS, IN HIS MIND, WHEN HE NEEDED THEM.

HIS OWN STINK WAS GOATISH, TOO, AND HE WAS SMALL AND CROOKED, WITH A WICKED SMILE AND HAIR TIGHT-CURLED, AND THE MOST BECOMING BROWN HORNS WHICH HE OILED WITH OLIVE OIL AND BEESWAX, TO PREVENT THEM FROM CRACKING.

# THE FLOWERS ROMANCE

NEIL GAIMAN  
— writer —  
JOHN BOLTON  
— artist —  
TODD KLEIN  
— letterer —  
KAREN BERGER &  
SHELLY ROEBERG  
— editors —



**I**N THE SPRING, HE RUTTED, AND THERE WAS NEVER A WOMAN, OF ANY BREED OR KIND, WHO COULD REFUSE THE GOATISH STENCH OF HIM, OR THE GRIN, OR THE HORNS.



**B**UT THAT HAD ALL BEEN MANY SPRINGS AGO. THERE WERE NO LONGER DRYAD GIRLS IN THE TREES, THEIR SKINS SMOOTH AS FIG TREES, OR FLAKING LIKE PLANE TREES. THERE WERE NO LONGER NAIADS BY THE SEA SHORE, THEIR FLANKS SLIMY AND GENTLE AS WAVING FRONDS OF SEA-WEED, THEIR BRINY KISSES TASTING OF THE OCEAN.



**A**ND THERE WERE NO LONGER HUMAN WOMEN IN THE HILLS, TO BE DRAWN TO HIM (WHETHER THEY WOULD OR NOT) BY THE HAUNTING TUNES OF HIS PIPE.



**A**ND, AFTER THEY HAD RUTTED, TO TWINE RED FLOWERS ABOUT HIS HORNS AND IN HIS HAIR.



**T**HERE WERE NO LOVERS LEFT FOR HIM.



THE LAST OF THE OLIVE GROVES  
WITHERED AND DIED, AND  
WITHOUT OIL HIS HORNS BECAME  
CRACKED AND ROUGH.



AND ONE DAY THE LITTLE  
GOAT-FOOTED MAN  
LOOKED INTO THE WATER  
OF A POOL AND SAW SNOW  
IN THE HAIR AND THE  
BEARD, AND DEEPLINES  
IN THE FACE THAT STARED  
UP AT HIM.



SO THE GOAT-FOOTED MAN LAUGHED, AND  
MOCKED THE LYING REFLECTION, AND  
PISSED A SPRAY OF RANK GOATISH PIGS ON ITS  
FACE, BREAKING AND DISTORTING IT, FOR HE  
TOLD HIMSELF THAT HE WAS A YOUNG THING,  
STILL, IN THE YOUNG AGES OF THE WORLD.



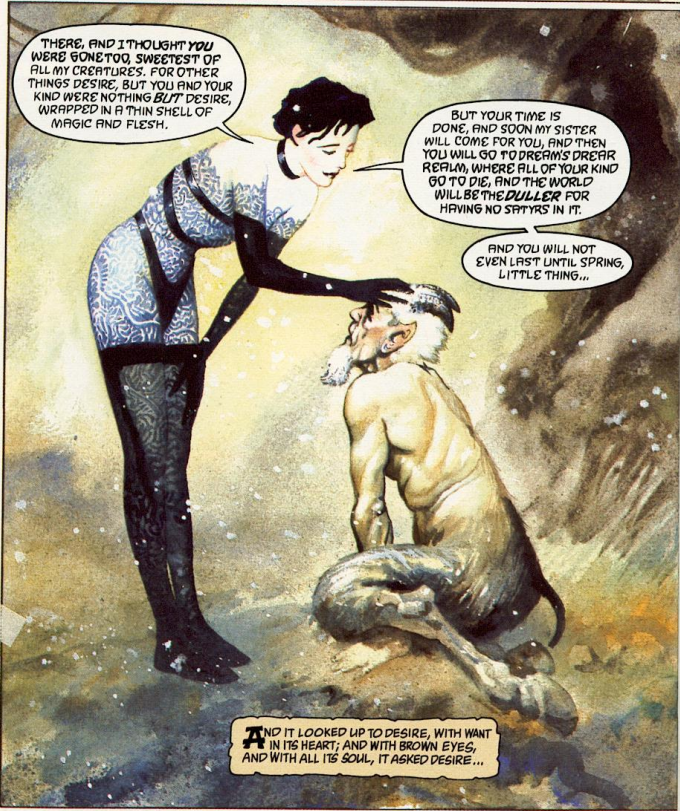
HE REMEMBERED WHEN THE WEATHER HAD  
ALWAYS BEEN WARM, BUT NOW THE ISLAND  
WAS COLD AND BARREN, AND NOTHING LIVED,  
AND NOTHING MOVED.

AND WHEN THE FIRST FLAKES OF  
SNOW BEGAN TO FALL ON THE  
ISLAND THE SHIVERING GOAT-FOOT  
CLAMBERED TO A HIGH PLACE, AND IT  
SPOKE TO ITS HEART, INVOKING A  
PROMISE ITS KIND HAD BEEN GIVEN,  
IN EXCHANGE FOR A GIFT, AT A  
WEDDING, IN THE DAWN OF THE  
WORLD...



AND ITS PLEA WAS  
ANSWERED.

THERE, AND I THOUGHT YOU  
WERE GONE TOO, SWEETEST OF  
ALL MY CREATURES. FOR OTHER  
THINGS DESIRE, BUT YOU AND YOUR  
KIND WERE NOTHING *BUT* DESIRE,  
WRAPPED IN A THIN SHELL OF  
MAGIC AND FLESH.

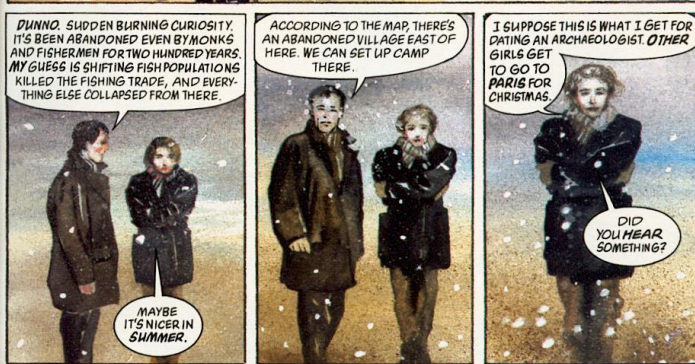
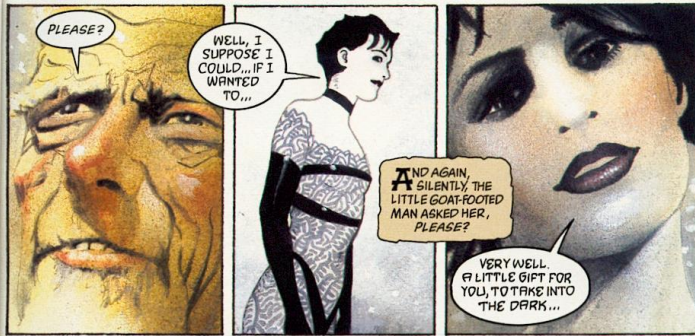


BUT YOUR TIME IS  
DONE, AND SOON MY SISTER  
WILL COME FOR YOU, AND THEN  
YOU WILL GO TO DREAMS DESIRE  
REALM, WHERE ALL OF YOUR KIND  
GO TO DIE, AND THE WORLD  
WILL BE THE *DULLER* FOR  
HAVING NO SATYRS IN IT.

AND YOU WILL NOT  
EVEN LAST UNTIL SPRING,  
LITTLE THING...

AND IT LOOKED UP TO DESIRE, WITH WANT  
IN ITS HEART, AND WITH BROWN EYES,  
AND WITH ALL ITS SOUL, IT ASKED DESIRE...











# Závěr

- postmoderní prolínání tradičních obrazů, ošklivé i krásné současně
- literatura jako zdroj kulturních kódů pro estetické hodnocení (kozla apod.)