Terugkeer naar Babylon

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Motivation and Communicative Situation

My motivation for choosing to translate *Babylon Revisited* by F. Scott Fitzgerald, is that, although Fitzgerald is a celebrated and well-known writer, his short stories are nowadays more or less overshadowed by his novels. I do not think this was in any way unjust, and I am not trying to make any sort of statement or make up for that with this translation, but in the 1920s and 1930s, Fitzgerald produced many good short stories that most people nowadays familiar with his work are not familiar with. I believe these short stories could offer many readers acquainted with his work some fresh and exciting new material. Since many Modernist writers mainly took a job writing short stories for newspapers and magazines to earn some extra money (Fitzgerald, About F. Scott Fitzgerald), not all stories are of the same quality (Fitzgerald wrote over a hundred and seventy short stories (Prigozy)). *Babylon Revisited* however, was written during a personal low point in Fitzgerald's life and has a very personal and honest quality to it. It is more dark and sinister than his earlier short stories, and when looking at his biography during the time of writing, it is not difficult to see why. Readers impressed with F. Scott Fitzgerald 's novels would be able to appreciate *Babylon Revisited* for the beautifully honest, personal and almost testimonial story that it is.

A translation of *Babylon Revisited* would most likely be made for an anthology, a collection of translations of the best or most intriguing short stories Fitzgerald has written during his brilliant career. The communicative situation would in this case be different from when the story was published in the *Saturday Evening Post* in 1931. The story was meant as entertainment for the

subscribers of the *Post*, and was read by a wide audience. According to Kathleen Morgan Drowne and Patrick Huber in *The 1920s*, the *Post* was "ranked as a national and international institution and has since been considered by many readers and historians to be an accurate reflection of the pro-business and consumerist values of white middle-class Americans," and it enjoyed a circulation of 2.5 million (Greenberg and Watts). The communicative situation of the anthology would mean a different and mainly less wide readership. Although the average *Post* readers were (and still are for that matter (saturdayeveningpost.com)) 45+ and middle-class Americans, they did not have to have any particular affiliation with American literature to read F. Scott Fitzgeralds short stories. With an anthology of Fitzgerald's short stories, however, the target audience would have to have some affilliation with literature in general or Fitzgerald as a writer to be interested in a collection of his short stories. This means the target audience has most likely enjoyed higher education, making it unnecessary to modify or simplify the story's use of language or register to make it more comprehendable for the target audience.

Translation Analysis

In *Denken over Vertalen,* Christiane Nord's essay on text analysis stresses that, prior to any act of translating, the translator should make an analysis of the source text in which he or she determines the type of text, the genre, the channel and the target audience. This analysis can be seen as a guarantee for a thorough comprehension of the text, which will then help set the course of the translation process. The foundation for Nord's source text analysis formula is the so called Lasswell formula: 'Who says what in which channel to whom with what effect?'. Using this formula as the basis for her own analysis formula, Nord added 4 non-text elements: the place (where?) and time (when?), the cause for communication (why?) and the intention of the sender (to which end?) resulting in the question: "Who writes with what goal to whom through what medium where when why a text with which function?" (page 146; own translation). To answer these questions, the text must first be viewed in its historical framework. This way the questions 'where?' and 'when?' can be answered and it will give an idea of the communicative situation in which the text is embedded. Subsequently, the writer's personal life, and his personal life in relation to the story, must be taken into consideration in order to find out who writes and with what goal, to whom, why, and to what purpose.

Babylon Revisited was written December 1930 (Hall Petry) by the American writer F. Scott Fitzgerald, and published February 1931 by the American magazine *the Saturday Evening Post.* Fitzgerald, like contemporaries such as Hemingway and Dos Passos, was part of the so-called 'Lost Generation', a term coined by Gertrude Stein, suggesting the lost moral sense of the "young

people who served in the war". According to Hemingway in a 1964 magazine article, Stein had said "You have no respect for anything, you drink yourselves to death," capturing, although somewhat blunt, the essence of the lost generation: the horrors of World War I had left them disillusioned and disappointed, which resulted in a split with the traditional Protestant/Christian values, and gave way to a movement of moral experimenting and excessive partying and money spending. One of Hemingway's quotes on war seems to perfectly capture this feeling of disillusionment and disappointment: "They wrote in the old days that it is sweet and fitting to die for one's country. But in modern war there is nothing sweet nor fitting in you dying. You will die like a dog for no good reason." (Meredith) This period of breaking with former conventions and artistic experimenting would be known as the Modernist movement, or the Modern Period, during which America achieved great economic prosperity. The Modernist movement saw its birth in Europe and many Modernist American artists – as well as European artists – migrated to Paris or London to be close to the artistic fire. Especially Paris, accommodating artists like Hemingway, Picasso, Dos Passos, Joyce as well as Fitzgerald, was flourishing and was considered the artistic capital of the world. However, the seemingly endless economic prosperity of the 1920s ended with the stock market crash of 1929, resulting in the Great Depression, a major economic recession that affected the entire western world (Hall and Ferguson).

Although F. Scott Fitzgerald nowadays is chiefly celebrated for his novels, and particularly his 1925 novel *The Great Gatsby*, in the 1920's, he was best known as a writer of short stories. He has written over a hundred and seventy short stories, published mainly in the *Saturday Evening Post* and *Esquire* (Bryer).

Despite the fact that these short stories functioned primarily as a source of income to support his extravagant lifestyle with (Fitzgerald), they should not be simply dismissed as products of "whoring", as Hemingway called it. In fact, *Babylon Revisited* (1931), for which he was paid $4.000, is regarded as one of his most powerful works (Meyers) and is deemed "one of the finest short stories in the English language" by *the Telegraph* (Churchwell). This can be attributed to the fact that with *Babylon Revisited,* Fitzgerald perfectly voiced the sate of depression (literally and figuratively) that had hit the entire western world, including himself. In fact, Fitzgerald's personal life proves to be the perfect metaphor for America from the economic boom until the Great depression.

Fitzgerald's career began with the publication of his book *This Side of Paradise*, which became a bestseller, right when America was entering the booming economic years of the twenties, or the 'jazz age' as Fitzgerald liked to call it. He and his wife Zelda had money to burn and were known for their recklessness and profligacy. In 1924 they moved to Paris with their three-year-old daughter, Scottie. With the Great Crash of 1929, the Fitzgeralds also crashed: they had financial problems, they both suffered from alcoholism and Zelda's mental health was deteriorating. By this time, Fitzgerald also suffered from depression and was possibly going to lose custody over his daughter to his sister-in-law.

The parallels with Fitzgerald's personal life are undisputable. After Zelda was hospitalized in April 1930 after having a nervous breakdown, her sister, Rosalind Sayre, tried to get custody over Scottie because she felt Fitzgerald was unfit as a father. Although ultimately Fitzgerald remained in charge of her, the fear of losing his daughter seems to have weighed heavily on his mind. Shortly

after her breakdown, Zelda was diagnosed with schizophrenia. It would seem this event is represented by Charlie's dead wife, Helen, who in the story died of heart disease. Although Zelda obviously was not actually dead, it is not impossible to imagine Fitzgerald felt like he was losing or maybe had already lost his wife. Less significant parts of his personal life were also depicted in *Babylon Revisited*: Lorraine's reminiscence about the stolen tricycle, for example, is an anecdote taken straight from Fitzgerald's personal life. In 1929, he indeed stole a baker's tricycle and drove it through Paris, "thumping the Russian doormen with a long loaf of bread" as he went along (Mellow).

Babylon Revisited was clearly written during a very low point in Fitzgerald's life and proves to be very autobiographical. He had dealt with the issue of the economic depression in earlier short stories, but with *Babylon Revisited*, there is a notable difference in the overall tone of the story. It is more raw and threatening; the strange and portentous stillness in the Ritz, the past glory of Montmartre, the overall darkness and stillness in Paris. This answers Nord's questions of who writes with what goal to whom why and with what function: Although *Babylon Revisited* is in fact fiction, the fictional veil covering Fitzgerald's personal life is very thin, and at times not even present. It is therefore not unimaginable to view *Babylon Revisited* as Fitzgerald's confession, reflection, and testimony of remorse. Although the function and goal of the story initially might have been entertainment for the *Saturday Evening Post* and perhaps income for Fitzgerald, it seems to have been of personal value as well. As a translator it is important to know the writer behind a text and to take in consideration the biographical elements in the translation process. Fully comprehending the text can help the translator translate thoughts, feelings,

relation dynamics better to a target language, gives him an idea of the communicative situation, makes it less likely to interpret things the wrong way, and makes it possible to add to what the writer is trying convey to his audience. By answering Nord's 'where?' and 'when?' questions, the historical context can give a translator important information regarding the interpretation and comprehension of a text. For example, when Alix asks Charlie how he finds conditions in America, a translator has to be able to interpret what Alix is referring to, and then consider how one would ask that in the target language. Depending on the historical context, Alix could be referring to a hurricane or a civil war, among other things. The answer to Nord's question 'through what medium?' is dealt with in the chapter Motivation and Communicative Situation.

Translational Problems

In her essay on text analysis, Nord also identifies the translational problems that can occur during the translation process. These translational obstacles are divided in two categories: subjective translational difficulties and objective translational difficulties. Subjective difficulties have to do with the problems the translator as an individual can experience: a starting, inexperienced translator, strict deadlines, poor reference works, etc. Objective difficulties are the difficulties any translator experiences upon translating the text. Whether an experienced professional who handles difficulties automatically and instinctively, or a beginner who struggles with basic difficulties: both have to overcome the same translational hurdles. With regard to personal difficulties, I have to consider my inexperience as primary problem. My lack of experience can stand in the way of finding obvious solutions that an experienced translator could be able to see instinctively. The lack of practice in my target language due to the nature of my study may also be an obstacle: past years I have been trained more in English writing and vocabulary than that of my mother tongue. Although reference works are not a considerable obstacle because of the Internet, I am working under a deadline. With regard to objective difficulties, Nord recognizes 4 categories: pragmatic problems, social-cultural problems, linguistic problems and source text-specific problems.

Pragmatic-level problems are problems due to differences in the communicative situations in which the source text and target text are embedded. For example, problems due to difference in place and time and differences in culturally predetermined knowledge and understanding. In his essay

"Vertaalstrategieën: een classificatie", Andrew Chesterman argues that when choosing a strategy for a pragmatic problems, the translator should be led by what he knows about his target audience (page 167). Based on this principle, he proposes a substantial number of possible strategies to solve a variety of problems. In *Babylon Revisited*, for example, Charlie buys a woman 'some eggs and coffee' after she approaches him on the street. In English, if a person buys another person coffee (e.g. 'Can I buy you coffee?'), those persons generally go to a diner or café or other establishment to drink a cup of coffee together while the first person pays. This is also the case with 'some eggs', or breakfast or dinner etc. (e.g. 'can I buy you dinner?'). This implication in English is not implied in Dutch, and a translator would have to use Chesterman's PR2 strategy to make the implication explicit in the target text. Translating 'buy' with the Dutch word 'trakteren', and adding 'kop' to 'koffie' would explicitly show the reader the implied act of going to an establishment and buying someone coffee, lunch dinner, etc.

The social-cultural problems are a result of differences in customs and conventions between the source and target cultures, for example, etiquette, units of measure and differences in educational systems or government institutions. To deal with these types of problems, Diederik Grit has developed two questions a translator should ask himself before choosing strategy. First of all, he needs to establish whether or not the connotation in relation to the denotation is of importance to the target audience. Secondly, he needs to ask himself how to bring across this denotation and/or connotation as adequately as possible. For instance, 'football', in the sentence "He woke up one a fine fall day – football weather". Football, in Dutch, is known as American football because it is

pronounced exactly the same as 'voetbal', meaning soccer. Because voetbal is the cultural equivalent of football, a translator could choose to use Grit's translational method f: Adaption. Grit argues that this type of strategy often provokes vexation with readers with prior knowledge. Indeed, this strategy can undermine experience and meaning of the original text, but the question is whether or not the function of the word in the source text is important for the experience or meaning in the target text. In this case, the narrator merely conveys that it is nice weather to be outside, so using the word 'voetbal' does not have a significant effect on the experience or the meaning of the story.

Linguistic-level problems are problems that occur due to structural or lexical differences in the source and target language. For example, translating the Spanish gerund into German, or translating the German modal particles into languages that use fewer particles. For these types of problems, Andrew Chesterman has developed a number of translation strategies, which he divides into two categories: syntactic strategies, and semantic strategies. Chesterman's strategies essentially encourage translators to "change something", which is, as he says in "Vertaalstrategieën: een classificatie", essentially the principle of the different strategies, though this is not something that only holds for this kind of problems. The frequent use of the '-ing' affix with verbs allows English sentences to become very long without being unclear or incomprehensible. In Dutch, however there is no such affix, and a translator would to either have to cut the sentence in two, or creatively alter it – without altering the actual information or meaning – to make it clear and comprehendible in the target language. For example, the sentence "Listening abstractly to Lorraine, Charlie watched Honoria's eyes leave their table, and followed them wistfully about the room,

wondering what they saw," can prove to be a difficult task to translate because of the different '-ing' affixes. In Dutch, in order to maintain the structure of the sentence, the conjunction 'en' has to be used multiple times after one another, which disturbs the flow of the sentence and makes it seem unnatural. Translating 'wondering' with 'zich afvragend', can also help maintain the structure but seems contrived and is not proper Dutch. In this particular situation and situations alike, the question is whether or not it is important to the flow of the story to maintain the structure of the sentence, or if it is justified to cut the sentence in two in the target text. Also, the personal pronoun 'you', in English, can be both singular and plural while in Dutch it is translated with either 'jullie' (plural) of 'jij' (singular). For example, when Charlie meets Duncan and Lorraine, he says "Give me your address and let me call you", making 'you' an ambiguous pronoun. Because he is conversing with both Lorraine and Duncan simultaneously, the claim could be made he means 'you' plural. However, since there is no reason to assume Duncan and Lorraine are staying at the same address, which is supported by the fact Lorraine is married to another man, it is more likely that he means 'you' singular, indicating Lorraine, who's question he's answering.

Source text specific problems are problems that are unique for the specific assignment. These problems cannot be solved with taxonomy, and solutions depend on the specific situation. In *Babylon Revisited*, the narrator uses occasional French vocabulary, and a Parisian waiter speaks a complete sentence in French: *"Qu'elle est mignonne la petite? Elle parle exactement comme une Française."* Since this story was originally printed in an American magazine, it is safe to assume that the average reader would not be able to understand French,

yet Fitzgerald did not add any translations. It could be a form of snobbery, to show off his knowledge of French, but it is more likely that it comes natural to him to use French in between English. Although Fitzgerald is the author of the story, and the fact that he lived in Paris a considerable number of years supports that theory, one cannot assume Fitzgerald is in fact the narrator of the story (Rimmon Kenan), so there is no way of knowing why the narrator chose to use French vocabulary. Whatever the reason may be, the use of French in *Babylon Revisited* feeds the reader's imagination and adds to the experience of the Parisian setting. Translating the foreign language to make it understandable for the target audience is therefore not an option, however an additional translation of the French by use of an asterisk is. This solution preserves the French ambiance and setting of the story, while making it understandable for the reader. Taking into consideration that this translation is meant for a Dutch anthology of Fitzgerald's finest short stories, the reader should not be bothered with the task of translating the part of the text himself or herself.

Terugkeer naar Babylon

F. Scott Fitzgerald

"En waar is meneer Campbell?" vroeg Charlie

"Naar Zwitserland vertrokken. Meneer Campbell is behoorlijk ziek, meneer Wales."

"Dat spijt me te horen. En George Hardt?" informeerde Charlie.

"Terug naar Amerika, voor zijn werk[1]."

"En waar is de Sneeuwvogel?"

"Die was hier vorige week nog. Hoe dan ook, zijn vriend, meneer Schaeffer, die is in Parijs."

Twee bekende namen uit de lange lijst van anderhalf jaar geleden. Charlie krabbelde een adres in zijn notitieboekje en scheurde het blaadje eruit.

"Als je meneer Schaeffer ziet, geef hem dan dit", zei hij. "Het is het adres van mijn zwager. Ik weet nog niet in welk hotel ik zal verblijven."

Erg teleurgesteld om Parijs zo leeg te vinden was hij niet. Maar de stilte in de bar van de Ritz was vreemd en onheilspellend. Het was geen Amerikaanse bar meer – hij voelde zich er beleefd en te gast[2]. De bar was weer Frans geworden. Hij voelde de stilte vanaf het moment dat hij uit de taxi stapte en de portier, die gewoonlijk rond deze tijd handen te kort kwam, zag kletsen met een *chasseur** bij de personeelsingang.

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*Piccolo

[1] Translating 'gone to work' with 'voor werk', which was my reflex-translation, would be an ambiguous translation. It can imply either that Mr. Hardt's gone to America on business, or that he has gone to America to *look* for work. Adding 'zijn' eliminates the latter possible interpretation, because there is no reason to assume Mr. Hardt is unemployed.

[2] Instead of translating 'and not as if he owned it' with 'en niet alsof hij er de baas was', I chose to use Andrew Chesterman's S2 translation strategy, since when one does not own an establishment, he is a guest. To me this seemed more natural in the target text. The suggestion that Charlie *did* feel like he and his companions owned the place is this way kept intact.

Terwijl hij door de gang liep, hoorde hij slechts één enkele, verveelde stem uit het ooit zo rumoerige vrouwenvertrek komen. Hij liep de bar binnen en legde als vanouds de zes meter groen tapijt af met zijn blik strak vooruit; vervolgens, met zijn voet stevig op de stang, draaide hij zich om, keek de ruimte rond en ontmoette één enkel paar ogen dat vluchtig opkeek van een krant in de hoek[3]. Charlie vroeg naar de gerant, Paul, die in de nadagen van de zeepbel in zijn speciaal voor hem aangepaste auto naar het werk kwam, maar met gepast fatsoen uitstapte op de dichtstbijzijnde hoek. Maar Paul was vandaag in zijn buitenverblijf en Alix lichtte hem in.

"Nee, dank je[4]", zei Charlie, "Ik doe rustig aan tegenwoordig."

Alix feliciteerde hem: "Dat was een paar jaar terug wel anders."

"Ik hou het vol, hoor," verzekerde Charlie hem. "Ik heb het nu al ruim anderhalf jaar volgehouden."

"Hoe is het in Amerika?[5]"

"Ik ben al maanden niet meer in Amerika geweest. Ik doe zaken in Praag, ik vertegenwoordig daar een aantal firma's. Ze weten daar niets van mij."

Alix glimlachte.

"Herinner je je de avond van George Hardts vrijgezellendiner hier nog?"

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[3] My translational reflex was to turn this one long sentence into two because it seemed unnatural and contrived, partly because of the use of the 'ing' suffix, for which in Dutch there is no similar solution. However, I chose to maintain the original punctuation and form of the sentence, to preserve the 'feel' of it. This particular sentence is very imagery, and it almost feels like a scene from a movie, shot from one angle. I tried to preserve that feel, by preserving the length of the sentence.

[4] The question here is not entirely obvious, but based on the fact that near the end of the story Alix looks questioningly at his whiskey glass, and Charlie answers with "No, no more" again, chances are Alix also here asks him whether or not he wants another drink (or indeed looks at his glass questioningly). Since "Nee, niet meer", is an answer to a different question than whether or not Charlie wants another drink, I chose to use "Nee, dank je", which in Dutch is the correct and polite to tell someone 'no, I don't want another drink.'

[5] Since it is already been made clear by the lack of customers and the silence in the Ritz etc. that this story is set during the depression, translating 'how do you find conditions in America' with 'hoe is het in Amerika' is sufficient, because even though is less specific in the target text, Alix still clearly asks about the economic conditions in America.

vroeg Charlie. “Trouwens, wat is er geworden van Claude Fessenden?”

Alix dempte vertrouwelijk zijn stem: “Hij is in Parijs, maar hier komt hij niet meer. Paul wilt het niet hebben. Hij had een rekening van dertig duizend franc opgebouwd**,** al zijn drank en lunches, en meestal ook zijn diners, voor meer dan een jaar laten opschrijven. En toen Paul uiteindelijk zei dat hij moest betalen gaf hij hem een ongedekte cheque.”

Alix schudde bedroefd zijn hoofd

“Ik begrijp het niet, zo’n puike vent. Hij is nu helemaal opgeblazen—“ Hij vormde met zijn handen een flinke appel.

Charlie keek hoe een groep lawaaierige nachtvlinders[6] zich in een hoek installeerden.

“Niets deert hen,” dacht hij. “Aandelen stijgen en dalen, mensen lanterfanten of werken, maar zij zullen altijd voortbestaan.” De bar maakte hem somber. Hij vroeg om de stenen[7] en dobbelde met Alix om het drankje.

“Blijft u hier lang, meneer Wales?”

“Ik ben hier voor vier of vijf dagen om mijn dochtertje te zien.”

“Oh-h! U heeft een dochtertje?”

Buiten schenen de vuurrode, gasblauwe, spookachtig-groene uithangborden nevelig door de zachte regen. Het was laat in de middag en de

[6] “queens” in the source text (ST), is most likely an abbreviation for ‘queens of the night’, which is a euphemism for prostitutes. Of course, in the Dutch translation, ideally, this subtlety would be preserved, as well as the certain sense of elegance: however noisy they are, they *are* at the Ritz, and they are called queens. ‘Courtisane’ in Dutch is a word for prostitutes with an upper-class clientele, but it is a bit too direct. ‘Nachtvlinder’ seems to perfectly preserve the subtlety of the ST while also preserving the sense of elegance of ‘queens’.

[7] Dice, according to van Dale means ‘dobbelstenen’. However, two times ‘dobbel’ that shortly after one another rather disturbs the flow of the sentence. According to De Dikke van Dale, ‘stenen’ is a recognized and well-known abbreviation for ‘dobbelstenen’. Also the fact that Charlie uses the ‘stenen’ to roll for the drink gives the reader enough context to deduct these are dice instead of rocks.

straten waren in beweging[8]; de bistro's[9] glansden. Op de hoek van Boulevard des Capucines nam hij een taxi. De Place de la Concorde trok in roze grootsheid voorbij; ze staken de vanzelfsprekende Seine over en Charlie werd overvallen door de plotselinge provinciale hoedanigheid van de linkeroever[10].

Charlie stuurde zijn chauffeur naar Avenue de l'Opera, wat niet op zijn route lag. Maar hij wilde zien hoe het blauwe uur[11] op de majestueuze façade zou neerdalen en zich inbeelden dat de claxonnerende taxi's, die eindeloos de eerste paar maten van *La Plus que Lent* speelde, het klaroengeschal was van het Tweede Keizerrijk. Het ijzeren hek voor Brentano's Bookstore werd naar beneden gelaten, en er zaten al mensen te dineren achter de keurige, kleine, burgerlijke heg van Duval's. Hij had in Parijs nooit in een echt goedkoop restaurant gegeten. Vijfgangendiner, vier franc vijftig, achttien cent, inclusief wijn. Om een of andere reden wilde hij dat hij dat wel had gedaan.

Terwijl ze richting de linkeroever reden en hij werd overvallen door haar plotselinge provincialisme, dacht hij "Ik heb deze stad voor mijzelf verpest. Ik had het niet in de gaten, maar de dagen kwamen achter elkaar voorbij, en toen waren twee jaar verdwenen, en was alles verdwenen, en was ik verdwenen."

Hij was vijfendertig en zag er niet onaangenaam uit. De Ierse onrust van zijn gezicht werd bedaard door een diepe rimpel tussen zijn ogen. Toen hij in de Rue Palatine bij zijn zwager aanbelde werden zijn wenkbrauwen naar beneden getrokken door de dieper wordende frons; hij had een onaangenaam gevoel in

[8] The original 'the streets were in movement' is no colloquial English, so I did not attempt to translate it Dutch colloquial.
[9] 'Bistro in French means the same as 'bistro' in Dutch, namely a small, French restaurant. Since it is not a foreign word in Dutch, I chose to simply not to put it in Italics.
[10] Although the Left Bank has capitals in both French and English, in Dutch it does not.
[11] 'The blue hour' is the period of time between sunset and darkness. This phenomenon is called 'het blauwe uur' in Dutch.

zijn buik. Vanachter de dienstmeid die de deur opende, schoot een beeldig meisje van negen vandaan dat "Papa!" gilde en spartelend als een vis in zijn armen sprong. Ze trok zijn hoofd aan één oor naar zich toe en drukte haar wang tegen de zijne.

"Mijn snoepje[12]," zei hij

"Oh, pappie, pappie, pappie, pappie, paps, paps, paps!"

Ze trok hem mee naar de salon, waar de familie wachtte, een jongen en meisje van zijn dochters leeftijd, zijn schoonzus en haar man. Bij het begroeten van Marion lette hij zorgvuldig op zijn toon om zowel geveinsd enthousiasme als afkeer te vermijden, maar zij beantwoordde hem duidelijker lauwtjes, hoewel ze haar blik van onveranderbaar wantrouwen wist te matigen door haar aandacht op zijn kind te richten. De twee mannen drukten elkaar vriendschappelijk de hand en Lincoln Peters liet de zijne voor een moment op Charlies schouder rusten.

De kamer was warm en aangenaam Amerikaans. De drie kinderen scharrelden vertrouwelijk rond en speelden in de geelgekleurde gangen die naar andere kamers leidden; de stemming van zes uur was hoorbaar in het gretig knetteren van het vuur en de geluiden van Franse bedrijvigheid in de keuken. Maar Charlie ontspande niet; zijn hart zat stug in zijn lijf en hij putte zelfvertrouwen uit zijn dochter, die van tijd tot tijd bij hem kwam, met in haar armen de pop die hij voor haar had meegenomen.

"Echt heel erg goed", antwoordde hij op Lincolns vraag. "Er is daar een

[12] In American English 'old', is often used to indicate a person one is familiar with (I think I'll pay ole' Jim a visit). This has nothing to do with their age, but merely suggests a prior relationship. In this context 'old pie' probably is a pet name for his daughter. Maybe a private joke between Charlie and his daughter, but there is no of knowing. Since 'old pie' is not a known pet name or anything of the sorts, I translated it with 'snoepje, because 'taart' has rather negative connotation when used to address a person ('ouwe taart').

hoop handel waar geen enkele beweging in zit, maar wij doen het beter dan ooit. Sterker nog, verdomd goed. Volgende maand laat ik mijn zus uit Amerika overkomen om het huishouden voor me te doen. Mijn inkomen was vorig jaar hoger dan toen ik nog geld had. Zie je, de Tsjechen--"

Zijn opscheppen had een specifieke bedoeling; maar na een tijdje, toen hij een licht ongeduld in Lincolns blik zag, veranderde hij van onderwerp:

"Het zijn prima kinderen die je daar hebt, goed opgevoed, goede manieren."

"Wij vinden Honoria ook een geweldige kleine meid."

Marion Peters kwam terug uit de keuken. Ze was een lange vrouw met een zorgelijke blik, die ooit een frisse Amerikaanse lieftalligheid had gehad. Charlie was er nooit gevoelig voor geweest en was altijd verbaasd als mensen spraken over hoe mooi ze was geweest. Vanaf het begin was er een instinctieve antipathie tussen hen geweest.

"En, hoe vind je Honoria geworden?" vroeg ze.

"Geweldig. Ik stond versteld van hoeveel ze in tien maanden is gegroeid. Alle kinderen zien er goed uit."

"We hebben al een jaar geen dokter langs gehad. Hoe vind je het om terug in Parijs te zijn?"

"Het is vreemd zo weinig Amerikanen te zien."

"Ik vind het heerlijk," zei Marion fel. "Nu kun je tenminste een winkel binnengaan zonder dat ze denken dat je miljonair bent. We hebben geleden, net als iedereen, maar over het algemeen is het een flink stuk aangenamer."

"Maar het was leuk zo lang het duurde", zei Charlie. "We waren een soort van adel, bijna onfeilbaar, met een soort magie om ons heen. Vanmiddag in de

bar"—hij struikelde over zijn woorden, zich bewust van zijn fout—"kende ik helemaal niemand."

Ze keek hem doordringend aan. "Ik zou denken dat je genoeg van bars zou hebben."

"Ik was er maar even. Ik neem elke middag één borrel, niet meer."

"Wil je geen aperitief voor het eten?" vroeg Lincoln.

"Ik neem elke middag enkel één borrel, en die heb ik gehad."

"Ik hoop dat je je eraan houdt." zei Marion.

Haar afkeer was merkbaar aan de kilte waarmee ze sprak, maar Charlie glimlachte slechts; hij had grotere plannen. Haar agressiviteit gaf hem een voordeel, hij wist dat hij nu moest afwachten. Hij wilde dat zij begonnen over waar zij van wisten dat de reden was voor zijn komst naar Parijs.

Tijdens het eten kon hij maar niet besluiten of Honoria meer op hem of op haar moeder leek. Met geluk combineerde ze niet de eigenschappen van beiden die hen ten gronde hadden gericht. Hij werd overvallen door een sterke vlaag van beschermingsdrang. Hij dacht dat hij wist wat ze nodig had. Hij geloofde in karakter; hij wilde een hele generatie terugspringen en weer in karakter vertrouwen als het eeuwig waardevolle element. Alles raakte versleten.

Hij ging kort na het diner al weg, maar niet om naar huis te gaan. Hij was benieuwd naar nachtelijk Parijs door helderder en kritischer ogen dan die uit andere tijden. Hij kocht een *strapontin** voor de Casino en keek toe hoe Josephine Baker haar chocolade arabesken[13] uitvoerde.

*Second-rate ticket. Although *the Heath Anthology of American Literature* claims that 'strapontin' simply means 'folding chair', according to the van Dale dictionary, 'strapontin' also has the figurative meaning of a second-rate seat in a theater or other venue. Since the Casino was a popular theater in Paris in the 1920's (and still is an active theater), I figured it was save to assume this was in fact not a folding chair, but a seat for the theater.

Na een uur ging hij weg en struinde richting Montmartre, door de Rue Pigalle naar het Place Blanche. Het was gestopt met regenen en er waren een aantal mensen in avondkledij die voor theaters uit taxi's stapten, en *cocottes** op rooftocht, alleen of in paren, en vele negers. Hij passeerde een verlichte deur waaruit muziek klonk en bleef staan met het gevoel van vertrouwdheid; het was Bricktop's, waar hij zich had ontdaan van zoveel uren en zoveel geld. Een paar deuren verderop trof hij nog een eeuwenoude ontmoetingsplaats aan, en wipte zonder na te denken even naar binnen. Onmiddellijk barstte een gretig orkest in geluid uit, sprongen een paar professionele dansers op en vloog een maître d'hôtel op hem af, "Gasten komen er aan, meneer!" Maar hij ging er gauw vandoor.

"Je zou wel verdomd dronken moeten zijn," dacht hij.

Zelli's was dicht, de sombere en onheilspellende armoedige hotels rondom waren donker; in de Rue Blanche was er meer verlichting en bevonden zich lokale, alledaagse Franse lui. The Poet's Cave was verdwenen, maar de twee machtige muilen van de Café of Heaven en de Café of Hell[14] gaapten nog steeds – verslonden zelfs, terwijl hij keek, de magere inhoud van een reisbus – een Duitser, een Japanner en een Amerikaans echtpaar dat hem met geschrokken ogen een vluchtige blik toewierp.

Zie hier de geestdrift en fantasie van Montmartre. Alle voorzieningen voor ondeugd en verspilling waren van een volslagen kinderachtig niveau, en hij

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[13] An arabesque is not only some sort of ornament, but also a dance move. Since Josephine Baker was a famous black dancer from the 1920s, I believe it's save to assume that 'chocolate arabesques' can be translated with 'chocolade arabesken', chocolate referring to the color of her skin.

* Prostitutes.

[14] Although the Poet's Cave, The Café of Heaven and Café of Hell are American English translations for the original French names of the cafés, I chose not to translate the names to Dutch because they were the names Americans such as Charlie knew them by. This way it is more authentic, because the reader experiences the perception of the character as he would in the ST.

realiseerde zich plotseling de betekenis van het woord 'opgaan' – in rook opgaan; om van iets niets te maken. In de kleine uurtjes van de nacht was elke stap van plaats naar plaats een enorme menselijke sprong, een toeslag op de prijs voor het privilege van langzamer en langzamer beweging.

Hij herinnerde zich briefjes van duizend franc, aan een orkest gegeven voor het spelen van een enkel nummer, briefjes van honderd franc naar een portier gegooid voor het roepen van een taxi.

Maar het was niet voor niets gegeven.

Het was gegeven, zelfs het meest roekeloos verkwiste bedrag, als een offer aan het lot, opdat hij de dingen die het meest waard waren te worden herinnerd, zich niet zou herinneren, de dingen die hij zich nu voor altijd zou herinneren – zijn kind dat hem was ontnomen, zijn vrouw die was gevlucht naar een graf in Vermont.

In het schijnsel van een brasserie[15] sprak een vrouw hem aan. Hij trakteerde[16] haar op eieren en een kop koffie, en gaf haar, om te ontsnappen aan haar vragende blik, een briefje van twintig franc en nam een taxi naar zijn hotel.

II

Toen hij ontwaakte was het een heerlijke herfstdag – football weer. De depressie van gisteren was verdwenen en de mensen op straat zag hij met graagte. Tegen het middaguur zat hij tegenover Honoria in Le Grand Vatel, het

[15] 'Brasserie' in French means the same as 'brasserie' in Dutch, namely cafe-restaurant. Since it is not a foreign word in Dutch, I chose to simply not to put it in Italics.
[16] The English word 'buy', in this sentence, can have two meanings. One: that Charlie buys her the products 'eggs' and 'coffee' in a grocery store, and two: that he buys her a cup of coffee and a plate of eggs in a diner or something alike. Since Fitzgerald specifically mentions the *brasserie* in this context, I think it is save to assume the latter meaning. In Dutch, 'to buy' someone dinner/breakfast/a drink etc. is 'trakteren op diner/ontbijt/een drankje'.

enige restaurant dat hij kon bedenken waarbij hij niet geplaagd werd door herinneringen aan champagnediners en lange lunches die begonnen om twee en eindigden in een onduidelijk en vaag schemerlicht.

"Goed, wat dacht je van groenten? Zou je niet wat groenten moeten eten?"

"Nou, ja."

"Hier staat *épinards* en *chou-fleur* en wortelen en *haricots*."*

"Ik wil wel *chou-fleur*."

"Wil je niet twee groenten?"

"Ik heb er meestal maar één bij de lunch."

De ober deed alsof hij bijzonder dol op kinderen was. *"Qu'elle est mignonne la petite? Elle parle exactement comme une francaise."***

"Wat dacht je van een toetje? Of zullen we nog maar even wachten?"

De ober verdween. Honoria keek haar vader verwachtingsvol aan.

"Wat gaan we doen?"

"Eerst gaan we naar die speelgoedwinkel in de Rue Saint-Honoré en mag je uitzoeken wat je wilt. En dan gaan we naar de vaudeville[17] in de Empire."

Ze aarzelde. "Ik vind het van de vaudeville leuk, maar de speelgoedwinkel niet."

"Waarom niet?"

"Nou, je hebt deze pop voor me meegenomen." Ze had hem bij zich. "En ik heb al van alles. En we zijn niet meer rijk, of wel?

"Dat zijn we nooit geweest. Maar vandaag mag je alles wat je wilt."

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* Spinach, cauliflower, beans.
** "Who is this darling little one? She speaks exactly like a French girl."
[17] 'Vaudeville', is a commonly used word in Dutch, as well as in English (meaning "luchtig muzikaal toneelstuk met vrolijke melodieën en komische liedjes, vaak van satirische inhoud" according to van Dale). That is also the reason why it is not in italics in the ST.

"Oke", stemde ze gelaten in.

Toen er nog sprake was van haar moeder en een Frans kindermeisje was hij geneigd streng te zijn; nu keek hij verder dan wat hij kende, stak zijn hand uit naar een nieuwe verdraagzaamheid; hij moet beide ouders voor haar zijn en niets van haar buitensluiten.

"Ik wil je leren kennen", zei hij gewichtig. "Laat ik mij eerst even voorstellen. Mijn naam is Charles J. Wales, van Praag."

"Oh, papa!" Haar stem sloeg over van het lachen.

"En wie mag u zijn?" hield hij vol, en ze nam meteen een rol aan: "Honoria Wales, Rue Palatine, Parijs."

"Getrouwd of ongehuwd?"

"Nee, niet getrouwd. Vrijgezel."

Hij wees op de pop. "Maar ik zie dat u een kind heeft, mevrouw"

Niet bereid de pop[18] te onterven, drukte ze hem tegen haar hart en dacht vlug na: "Ja, ik ben getrouwd geweest, maar ik ben nu niet getrouwd. Mijn man is dood."

Hij ging vlug door: "En de naam van uw kind?"

"Simone. Naar mijn beste vriendin op school."

"Ik ben erg blij dat het zo goed op school gaat."

"Ik ben derde deze maand," pochte ze. "Elsie" – dat was haar nichtje – "is maar iets van achttiende, en Richard staat ongeveer onderaan."

"Je vindt Richard en Elsie aardig, toch?"

"Oh, ja. Ik vind Richard erg aardig, en ik vind haar wel oké."

[18] In this context, the Dutch reference word for 'doll' is 'hem', since in Dutch, it is not a neutral word. Instead of using a reference word, I chose 'de pop' because 'hem' is a bit ambiguous and two times 'hem' that shortly after one another seemed to interfere with the flow of the sentence.

“Behoedzaam en nonchalant vroeg hij: “En tante Marion en oom Lincoln—wie vind je het leukst?”

“Oh, oom Lincoln, denk ik.”

Hij werd zich steeds bewuster van haar voorkomen. Toen ze binnenkwamen werden ze gevolgd door een gemompel van “…beelderig”, en nu wijdde de mensen aan de tafel naast hen al hun stiltes aan haar, haar aanstarend alsof ze niet meer bewust was dan een bloem.

“Waarom woon ik niet bij jou?” vroeg ze plotseling. “Omdat mama dood is?”

“Je moet hier blijven en meer Frans leren. Het zou moeilijk zijn geweest voor papa om zo goed voor je te zorgen.”

“Ik heb helemaal niet zo veel zorg meer nodig. Ik doe alles zelf.”

Toen hij uit het restaurant kwam werd hij onverwacht begroet door een man en een vrouw.

“Wel, de oude Wales!”

“Hallo daar, Lorraine…. Dunc.”

Plotselinge spoken uit het verleden: Duncan Schaeffer, een vriend van de universiteit. Lorraine Quarrles, een mooie, bleke blondine van dertig; één uit een gezelschap dat hen had geholpen van maanden dagen te maken in de weelderige tijden van drie jaar geleden.

“Mijn man kon dit jaar niet komen,” zei ze, in antwoord op zijn vraag. “We zijn verdomde arm. Dus hij heeft me tweehonderd per maand gegeven en zei me dat ik mijn gang er mee mocht gaan… Is dit je kleine meid?”

“Wat dacht je ervan terug te gaan en even te gaan zitten?” vroeg Duncan.

“Ik kan niet.” Hij was dankbaar voor een excuus. Zoals gewoonlijk voelde

hij Lorraines vurige, verleidelijke[19] aantrekkelijkheid, maar zijn eigen stramien was nu anders.

"Nou, dineren dan?" vroeg ze.

"Ik heb geen tijd. Geef me je adres en laat me je bellen."

"Charlie, volgens mij ben je nuchter," zei ze. "Ik denk werkelijk waar dat hij nuchter is, Dunc. Knijp hem eens, en kijk of hij nuchter is."

Charlie wees met zijn hoofd op Honoria. Zij lachten beiden.

"Wat is je adres?" vroeg Duncan sceptisch.

Hij aarzelde, voelde er niets voor hen de naam van zijn hotel te geven.

"Ik heb me nog niet gevestigd. Ik kan beter jullie bellen. Wij gaan naar de vaudeville in de Empire."

"Kijk! Dat wil ik doen," zei Lorraine. "Ik wil wat clowns en acrobaten en jongleerders zien. Dat gaan we nou doen, Dunc."

"Wij moeten eerst nog even een boodschap doen," zei Charlie. "Misschien zien we jullie daar."

"Oke, jij snob… Tot ziens, mooi meisje."

"Tot ziens."

Honoria maakte beleefd een buiging.

Op een of andere manier een onwelkome ontmoeting. Ze vonden hem interessant omdat hij functioneerde, omdat hij serieus was; zij wilden met hem afspreken, omdat hij sterker was dan zij nu waren, omdat zij levenskracht uit zijn kracht wilden trekken[20].

[19] The original 'passionate, provocative' has a nice alliteration, which I wanted to preserve in the translation. Instead of translating 'provocative' literally, I found a more or less similar term – 'verleidelijk' – to keep the alliteration.

[20] 'Trekken' seemed appropriate here because of the leech-like character of both Duncan and Lorraine. Also the use of the word 'sustenance' adds to this quality.

In de Empire weigerde Honoria trots om op haar vaders opgevouwen jas te zitten. Ze was al echt een individu met een eigen manier van doen, en Charlie raakte meer en meer vervuld met het verlangen wat van hemzelf aan haar over te brengen voordat ze volledig was gekristalliseerd. Het was hopeloos haar proberen te leren kennen in zo een korte tijd.

Tussen de aktes kwamen ze Duncan en Lorraine tegen in de lobby waar de band aan het spelen was.

“Drankje doen?”

“Is goed, maar niet aan de bar. We nemen een tafel.”

“De perfecte vader.”

Terwijl hij afwezig naar Lorraine luisterde, keek Charlie hoe Honorias ogen de tafel verlieten. Hij volgde ze weemoedig door de ruimte en vroeg zich af wat ze zagen. Hij ontmoette haar blik en ze glimlachte.

“Die limonade was lekker,” zei ze.

Wat had ze gezegd? Wat had ze verwacht? Na afloop, in een taxi onderweg naar huis, trok hij haar naar zich toe tot ze met haar hoofd tegen zijn borst lag.

“Lieverd, denk je wel eens aan je moeder?”

“Ja, soms,” antwoordde ze vaag.

“Ik wil niet dat je haar vergeet. Heb je een foto van haar?”

“Ja, ik denk het wel. Tante Marion sowieso wel. Waarom wil je niet dat ik haar vergeet?”

“Ze hield erg veel van je.”

“Ik hield ook van haar.”

Ze zwegen even.

“Papa, ik wil bij jou komen wonen,” zei ze opeens.

Zijn hart maakte een sprong van geluk; hij had gewild dat het zo zou gebeuren.

“Ben je dan niet volmaakt gelukkig?”

“Jawel, maar ik hou meer van jou dan van wie dan ook. En jij houdt meer van mij dan van wie dan ook, toch, nu dat mama dood is?”

“Natuurlijk doe ik dat. Maar jij zult mij niet altijd het leukst vinden, lieverd. Je zult opgroeien en iemand van je eigen leeftijd ontmoeten en met hem trouwen en vergeten dat je ooit een papa had. “

“Ja, dat is waar,” beaamde ze rustig.

Hij ging niet mee naar binnen. Hij zou om negen uur terugkomen en hij wilde fris en helder blijven voor wat hij dan moest zeggen.

“Als je veilig binnen bent, laat jezelf dan even in dat raam zien.”

“Oke. Dag, paps, paps, paps, paps.”

Hij wachtte in de donkere straat tot ze in het bovenraam verscheen, warm en gloeiend, en kuste haar vingers vanuit het duister van de nacht.

Babylon Revisited

F. Scott Fitzgerald

"And where's Mr. Campbell?" Charlie asked.

"Gone to Switzerland. Mr. Campbell's a pretty sick man, Mr. Wales."

"I'm sorry to hear that. And George Hardt?" Charlie inquired.

"Back in America, gone to work."

"And where is the Snow Bird?"

"He was in here last week. Anyway, his friend, Mr. Schaeffer, is in Paris."

Two familiar names from the long list of a year and a half ago. Charlie scribbled an address in his notebook and tore out the page.

"If you see Mr. Schaeffer, give him this," he said. "It's my brother-in-law's address. I haven't settled on a hotel yet."

He was not really disappointed to find Paris was so empty. But the stillness in the Ritz bar was strange and portentous. It was not an American bar any more — he felt polite in it, and not as if he owned it. It had gone back into France. He felt the stillness from the moment he got out of the taxi and saw the doorman, usually in a frenzy of activity at this hour, gossiping with a *chasseur* by the servants' entrance.

Passing through the corridor, he heard only a single, bored voice in the once-clamorous women's room. When he turned into the bar he travelled the twenty feet of green carpet with his eyes fixed straight ahead by old habit; and then, with his foot firmly on the rail, he turned and surveyed the room,

encountering only a single pair of eyes that fluttered up from a newspaper in the corner. Charlie asked for the head barman, Paul, who in the latter days of the bull market had come to work in his own custom-built car — disembarking, however, with due nicety at the nearest corner. But Paul was at his country house today and Alix giving him information.

"No, no more," Charlie said, "I'm going slow these days."

Alix congratulated him: "You were going pretty strong a couple of years ago."

"I'll stick to it all right," Charlie assured him. "I've stuck to it for over a year and a half now."

"How do you find conditions in America?"

"I haven't been to America for months. I'm in business in Prague, representing a couple of concerns there. They don't know about me down there."

Alix smiled.

"Remember the night of George Hardt's bachelor dinner here?" said Charlie. "By the way, what's become of Claude Fessenden?"

Alix lowered his voice confidentially: "He's in Paris, but he doesn't come here any more. Paul doesn't allow it. He ran up a bill of thirty thousand francs, charging all his drinks and his lunches, and usually his dinner, for more than a year. And when Paul finally told him he had to pay, he gave him a bad check."

Alix shook his head sadly.

"I don't understand it, such a dandy fellow. Now he's all bloated up —" He made a plump apple of his hands.

Charlie watched a group of strident queens installing themselves in a

corner.

"Nothing affects them," he thought. "Stocks rise and fall, people loaf or work, but they go on forever." The place oppressed him. He called for the dice and shook with Alix for the drink.

"Here for long, Mr. Wales?"

"I'm here for four or five days to see my little girl."

"Oh-h! You have a little girl?"

Outside, the fire-red, gas-blue, ghost-green signs shone smokily through the tranquil rain. It was late afternoon and the streets were in movement; the *bistros* gleamed. At the corner of the Boulevard des Capucines he took a taxi. The Place de la Concorde moved by in pink majesty; they crossed the logical Seine, and Charlie felt the sudden provincial quality of the Left Bank.

Charlie directed his taxi to the Avenue de l'Opera, which was out of his way. But he wanted to see the blue hour spread over the magnificent façade, and imagine that the cab horns, playing endlessly the first few bars of *La Plus que Lent,* were the trumpets of the Second Empire. They were closing the iron grill in front of Brentano's Book-store, and people were already at dinner behind the trim little bourgeois hedge of Duval's. He had never eaten at a really cheap restaurant in Paris. Five-course dinner, four francs fifty, eighteen cents, wine included. For some odd reason he wished that he had.

As they rolled on to the Left Bank and he felt its sudden provincialism, he thought, "I spoiled this city for myself. I didn't realize it, but the days came along one after another, and then two years were gone, and everything was gone, and I was gone."

He was thirty-five, and good to look at. The Irish mobility of his face was sobered by a deep wrinkle between his eyes. As he rang his brother-in-law's bell in the Rue Palatine, the wrinkle deepened till it pulled down his brows; he felt a cramping sensation in his belly. From behind the maid who opened the door darted a lovely little girl of nine who shrieked "Daddy!" and flew up, struggling like a fish, into his arms. She pulled his head around by one ear and set her cheek against his.

"My old pie," he said.

"Oh, daddy, daddy, daddy, daddy, dads, dads, dads!"

She drew him into the salon, where the family waited, a boy and girl his daughter's age, his sister-in-law and her husband. He greeted Marion with his voice pitched carefully to avoid either feigned enthusiasm or dislike, but her response was more frankly tepid, though she minimized her expression of unalterable distrust by directing her regard toward his child. The two men clasped hands in a friendly way and Lincoln Peters rested his for a moment on Charlie's shoulder.

The room was warm and comfortably American. The three children moved intimately about, playing through the yellow oblongs that led to other rooms; the cheer of six o'clock spoke in the eager smacks of the fire and the sounds of French activity in the kitchen. But Charlie did not relax; his heart sat up rigidly in his body and he drew confidence from his daughter, who from time to time came close to him, holding in her arms the doll he had brought.

"Really extremely well," he declared in answer to Lincoln's question. "There's a lot of business there that isn't moving at all, but we're doing even

better than ever. In fact, damn well. I'm bringing my sister over from America next month to keep house for me. My income last year was bigger than it was when I had money. You see, the Czechs —"

His boasting was for a specific purpose; but after a moment, seeing a faint restiveness in Lincoln's eye, he changed the subject:

"Those are fine children of yours, well brought up, good manners."

"We think Honoria's a great little girl too."

Marion Peters came back from the kitchen. She was a tall woman with worried eyes, who had once possessed a fresh American loveliness. Charlie had never been sensitive to it and was always surprised when people spoke of how pretty she had been. From the first there had been an instinctive antipathy between them.

"Well, how do you find Honoria?" she asked.

"Wonderful. I was astonished how much she's grown in ten months. All the children are looking well."

"We haven't had a doctor for a year. How do you like being back in Paris?"

"It seems very funny to see so few Americans around."

"I'm delighted," Marion said vehemently. "Now at least you can go into a store without their assuming you're a millionaire. We've suffered like everybody, but on the whole it's a good deal pleasanter."

"But it was nice while it lasted," Charlie said. "We were a sort of royalty, almost infallible, with a sort of magic around us. In the bar this afternoon"— he stumbled, seeing his mistake —"there wasn't a man I knew."

She looked at him keenly. "I should think you'd have had enough of bars."

"I only stayed a minute. I take one drink every afternoon, and no more."

"Don't you want a cocktail before dinner?" Lincoln asked.

"I take only one drink every afternoon, and I've had that."

"I hope you keep to it," said Marion.

Her dislike was evident in the coldness with which she spoke, but Charlie only smiled; he had larger plans. Her very aggressiveness gave him an advantage, and he knew enough to wait. He wanted them to initiate the discussion of what they knew had brought him to Paris.

At dinner he couldn't decide whether Honoria was most like him or her mother. Fortunate if she didn't combine the traits of both that had brought them to disaster. A great wave of protectiveness went over him. He thought he knew what to do for her. He believed in character; he wanted to jump back a whole generation and trust in character again as the eternally valuable element. Everything wore out.

He left soon after dinner, but not to go home. He was curious to see Paris by night with clearer and more judicious eyes than those of other days. He bought a *strapontin* for the Casino and watched Josephine Baker go through her chocolate arabesques.

After an hour he left and strolled toward Montmartre, up the Rue Pigalle into the Place Blanche. The rain had stopped and there were a few people in evening clothes disembarking from taxis in front of cabarets, and *cocottes* prowling singly or in pairs, and many Negroes. He passed a lighted door from which issued music, and stopped with the sense of familiarity; it was Bricktop's, where he had parted with so many hours and so much money. A few doors

farther on he found another ancient rendezvous and incautiously put his head inside. Immediately an eager orchestra burst into sound, a pair of professional dancers leaped to their feet and a maître d'hôtel swooped toward him, crying, "Crowd just arriving, sir!" But he withdrew quickly.

"You have to be damn drunk," he thought.

Zelli's was closed, the bleak and sinister cheap hotels surrounding it were dark; up in the Rue Blanche there was more light and a local, colloquial French crowd. The Poet's Cave had disappeared, but the two great mouths of the Café of Heaven and the Café of Hell still yawned — even devoured, as he watched, the meager contents of a tourist bus — a German, a Japanese, and an American couple who glanced at him with frightened eyes.

So much for the effort and ingenuity of Montmartre. All the catering to vice and waste was on an utterly childish scale, and he suddenly realized the meaning of the word "dissipate"— to dissipate into thin air; to make nothing out of something. In the little hours of the night every move from place to place was an enormous human jump, an increase of paying for the privilege of slower and slower motion.

He remembered thousand-franc notes given to an orchestra for playing a single number, hundred-franc notes tossed to a doorman for calling a cab.

But it hadn't been given for nothing.

It had been given, even the most wildly squandered sum, as an offering to destiny that he might not remember the things most worth remembering, the things that now he would always remember — his child taken from his control, his wife escaped to a grave in Vermont.

In the glare of a *brasserie* a woman spoke to him. He bought her some eggs and coffee, and then, eluding her encouraging stare, gave her a twenty-franc note and took a taxi to his hotel.

II

He woke upon a fine fall day — football weather. The depression of yesterday was gone and he liked the people on the streets. At noon he sat opposite Honoria at Le Grand Vatel, the only restaurant he could think of not reminiscent of champagne dinners and long luncheons that began at two and ended in a blurred and vague twilight.

"Now, how about vegetables? Oughtn't you to have some vegetables?"

"Well, yes."

"Here's *épinards* and *chou-fleur* and carrots and *haricots*."

"I'd like *chou-fleur*."

"Wouldn't you like to have two vegetables?"

"I usually only have one at lunch."

The waiter was pretending to be inordinately fond of children. *"Qu'elle est mignonne la petite? Elle parle exactement comme une Française."*

"How about dessert? Shall we wait and see?"

The waiter disappeared. Honoria looked at her father expectantly.

"What are we going to do?"

"First, we're going to that toy store in the Rue Saint-Honoré and buy you anything you like. And then we're going to the vaudeville at the Empire."

She hesitated. "I like it about the vaudeville, but not the toy store."

"Why not?"

"Well, you brought me this doll." She had it with her. "And I've got lots of things. And we're not rich any more, are we?"

"We never were. But today you are to have anything you want."

"All right," she agreed resignedly.

When there had been her mother and a French nurse he had been inclined to be strict; now he extended himself, reached out for a new tolerance; he must be both parents to her and not shut any of her out of communication.

"I want to get to know you," he said gravely. "First let me introduce myself. My name is Charles J. Wales, of Prague."

"Oh, daddy!" her voice cracked with laughter.

"And who are you, please?" he persisted, and she accepted a role immediately: "Honoria Wales, Rue Palatine, Paris."

"Married or single?"

"No, not married. Single."

He indicated the doll. "But I see you have a child, madame."

Unwilling to disinherit it, she took it to her heart and thought quickly: "Yes, I've been married, but I'm not married now. My husband is dead."

He went on quickly, "And the child's name?"

"Simone. That's after my best friend at school."

"I'm very pleased that you're doing so well at school."

"I'm third this month," she boasted. "Elsie"— that was her cousin —"is only about eighteenth, and Richard is about at the bottom."

"You like Richard and Elsie, don't you?"

"Oh, yes. I like Richard quite well and I like her all right."

Cautiously and casually he asked: "And Aunt Marion and Uncle Lincoln — which do you like best?"

"Oh, Uncle Lincoln, I guess."

He was increasingly aware of her presence. As they came in, a murmur of " . . . adorable" followed them, and now the people at the next table bent all their silences upon her, staring as if she were something no more conscious than a flower.

"Why don't I live with you?" she asked suddenly. "Because mamma's dead?"

"You must stay here and learn more French. It would have been hard for daddy to take care of you so well."

"I don't really need much taking care of any more. I do everything for myself."

Going out of the restaurant, a man and a woman unexpectedly hailed him.

"Well, the old Wales!"

"Hello there, Lorraine. . . . Dunc."

Sudden ghosts out of the past: Duncan Schaeffer, a friend from college. Lorraine Quarrles, a lovely, pale blonde of thirty; one of a crowd who had helped them make months into days in the lavish times of three years ago.

"My husband couldn't come this year," she said, in answer to his question. "We're poor as hell. So he gave me two hundred a month and told me I could do my worst on that. . . . This your little girl?"

"What about coming back and sitting down?" Duncan asked.

"Can't do it." He was glad for an excuse. As always, he felt Lorraine's passionate, provocative attraction, but his own rhythm was different now.

"Well, how about dinner?" she asked.

"I'm not free. Give me your address and let me call you."

"Charlie, I believe you're sober," she said judicially. "I honestly believe he's sober, Dunc. Pinch him and see if he's sober."

Charlie indicated Honoria with his head. They both laughed.

"What's your address?" said Duncan sceptically.

He hesitated, unwilling to give the name of his hotel.

"I'm not settled yet. I'd better call you. We're going to see the vaudeville at the Empire."

"There! That's what I want to do," Lorraine said. "I want to see some clowns and acrobats and jugglers. That's just what we'll do, Dunc."

"We've got to do an errand first," said Charlie. "Perhaps we'll see you there."

"All right, you snob. . . . Good-by, beautiful little girl."

"Good-by."

Honoria bobbed politely.

Somehow, an unwelcome encounter. They liked him because he was functioning, because he was serious; they wanted to see him, because he was stronger than they were now, because they wanted to draw a certain sustenance from his strength.

At the Empire, Honoria proudly refused to sit upon her father's folded coat. She was already an individual with a code of her own, and Charlie was more and more absorbed by the desire of putting a little of himself into her before she crystallized utterly. It was hopeless to try to know her in so short a time.

Between the acts they came upon Duncan and Lorraine in the lobby where the band was playing.

"Have a drink?"

"All right, but not up at the bar. We'll take a table."

"The perfect father."

Listening abstractedly to Lorraine, Charlie watched Honoria's eyes leave their table, and he followed them wistfully about the room, wondering what they saw. He met her glance and she smiled.

"I liked that lemonade," she said.

What had she said? What had he expected? Going home in a taxi afterward, he pulled her over until her head rested against his chest.

"Darling, do you ever think about your mother?"

"Yes, sometimes," she answered vaguely.

"I don't want you to forget her. Have you got a picture of her?"

"Yes, I think so. Anyhow, Aunt Marion has. Why don't you want me to forget her?"

"She loved you very much."

"I loved her too."

They were silent for a moment.

“Daddy, I want to come and live with you,” she said suddenly.

His heart leaped; he had wanted it to come like this.

“Aren’t you perfectly happy?”

“Yes, but I love you better than anybody. And you love me better than anybody, don’t you, now that mummy’s dead?”

“Of course I do. But you won’t always like me best, honey. You’ll grow up and meet somebody your own age and go marry him and forget you ever had a daddy.”

“Yes, that’s true,” she agreed tranquilly.

He didn’t go in. He was coming back at nine o’clock and he wanted to keep himself fresh and new for the thing he must say then.

“When you’re safe inside, just show yourself in that window.”

“All right. Good-by, dads, dads, dads, dads.”

He waited in the dark street until she appeared, all warm and glowing, in the window above and kissed her fingers out into the night.

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