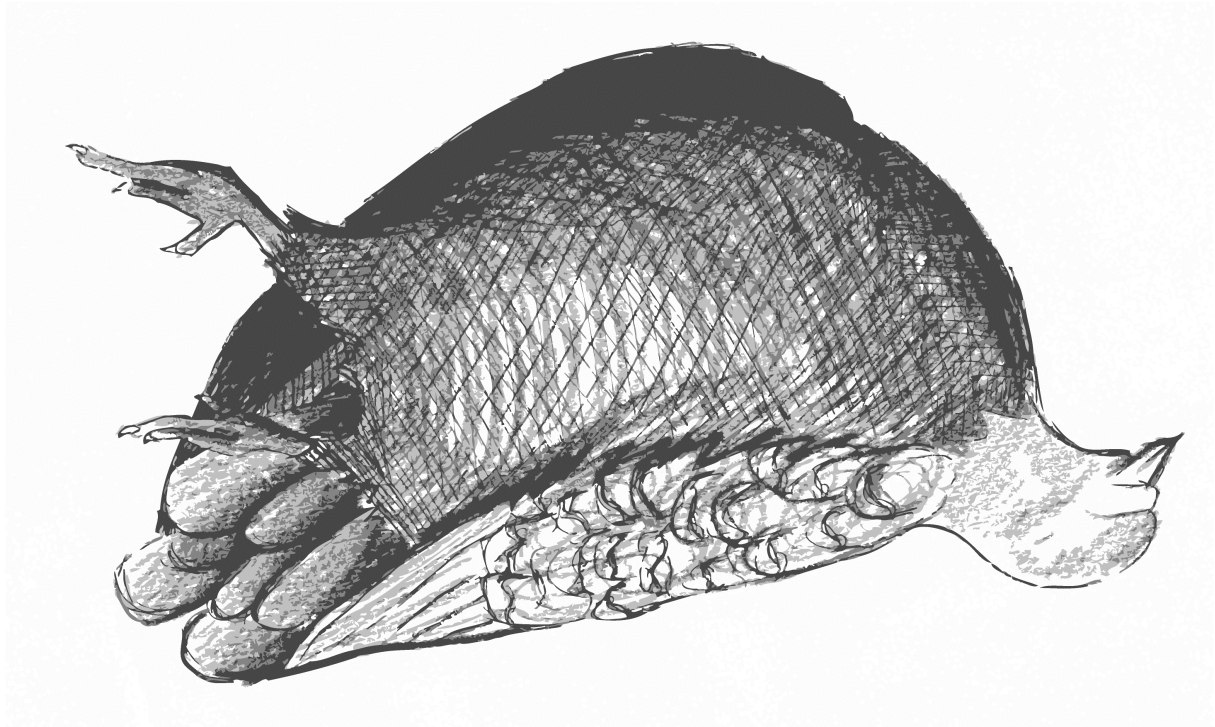


TRANSLATING GREEN

DISSOLVING THE FOG OF *PARTY GOING*



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Contents

Introduction.....	v
Methodology.....	vi
1 Henry Green and modernism.....	1
1.1 The author: life and writing.....	1
1.2 Writing techniques and reception.....	2
1.3 The modernist movement and code.....	4
2 <i>Party Going</i>	7
2.1 In Green's oeuvre.....	7
2.2 Plot and chronological structure.....	8
2.3 Mind style: form and content.....	9
2.4 Themes, symbolism, and metaphors.....	10
2.4.1 Fog (doubt).....	10
2.4.2 Death.....	11
2.4.3 Gossip (deceit).....	14
2.5 Character description and focalisation.....	14
2.6 The role of the narrator.....	15
2.7 Discourse.....	20
2.8 Discrepancies in actions and time.....	24
2.9 Motifs.....	26
2.10 Minimalistic style, grammar, and sentence length.....	29
3 Analyses per translated section.....	35
3.1 Section I: Max, Julia, and the narrator.....	35
3.2 Section II: Max and Julia.....	39
3.3 Section III: Max and Amabel.....	41
4 Contrastive analysis.....	45
4.1 Modality.....	45
4.1.1 Modal auxiliaries.....	46
4.1.2 Pragmatic particles.....	48
4.2 Progressive <i>-ing</i>	49
4.3 Post-modifying verbless clauses.....	51

5	Annotated translations.....	55
5.1	Translation norms.....	55
5.2	Section I: Max, Julia, and the narrator (<i>PG</i> 387-91; appendix III)	57
5.3	Section II: Max and Julia (<i>PG</i> 436-39; appendix IV).....	65
5.4	Section III: Max and Amabel (<i>PG</i> 504-10; appendix V)	69
5.5	Post-evaluation.....	78
	Conclusion.....	79
	Bibliography.....	81
	Appendices	85

Introduction

I write books, but I am not proud of this any more than anyone is of their nails growing.

(Henry Green, *Pack My Bag*, cit. in Stokes 7)

These words are not unexpected coming from a modernist author, as insecurity was one of the main themes of the literary movement. Despite this, Henry Green's work is praised and often mentioned in the same breath as Stein's, Woolf's and even Joyce's. Still, Green is a relatively unknown modernist author and his work is not "required reading" material (Parks, "On 'Party Going'"). His third novel *Party Going* is considered to be one of his best and offers many an unnerving challenge, because, as Frank Kermode explains, "[b]rilliant as it is, *Party Going* cannot be made to make sense as a whole" (cit. in *ibid.*). The question is whether it *should* be made to make sense as a whole, considering that Green himself parallels it to life in general: "life, after all, is one discrepancy after another" (cit. in Hart 190). The novel brings about a high level of alienation and disorientation, which Green achieves through the use of several deviant narratological and stylistic devices.

In translation, one of the first decisions is whether to use a retentive (exoticising and historicising) or re-creative (naturalising and modernising) translation approach, based on the translator's initial norm, which is in turn often influenced by the text's genre and characteristics, as well as the literary norms of the target culture. At the same time, the author's style should be held in high regard. These two translational requirements can sometimes undesirably clash on a linguistic, socio-cultural and inter-textual level (Holmes 49-50). In the case of Henry Green's *Party Going*, the level of inter-textuality is especially interesting, because the novel relies so heavily on form to obtain its alienating effect, its language becoming exceptionally marked. While this markedness can also be achieved in a Dutch translation by using devices similar to those used in the original English text without producing a language more deviant from standard Dutch than the original was deviant from standard English, several devices will not adhere to standards of Dutch modernist literature and hence are unacceptable, as this thesis will show. As a result, the translator has to find different ways to mimic the effect of the source text. Naturally, there are exceptions to the rule: highly deviant language in translations of works by canonical authors like Joyce are more likely to be kindly received than those in works of relatively unknown authors; and even then opinions vary.

Consequently, this thesis aims to answer the following question by means of an in-depth stylistic and narratological analysis of *Party Going* as well as an accompanying annotated Dutch translation:

RESEARCH QUESTION Which narratological and stylistic devices can be used in a Dutch translation of Henry Green's *Party Going* to achieve an alienating and disorienting effect similar to that of the source text?

Methodology

Conducting a translation-oriented text analysis (TOTA) is an approach to translation suggested by Nord for translators to establish a translation strategy appropriate for the target culture. A TOTA can be “enlightening for different text types and genres” (Spies 2); however, due to the fact that she based her model on Vermeer's *skopos* theory, which “downplays the ‘sacredness’ of the source text in favour of the purpose of the target text” and puts “emphasis on extra-textual factors such as sender, place, time, intention and motive” (ibid.), it is “less applicable to literary translation, due to the special status of a literary work of art” (Schäffner, cit. in ibid.). Spies rightfully points out that

while she [Nord] provides examples of analyses of literary texts in Text Analysis, the procedures are unsystematic and lack theoretical underpinnings. What is needed is a model for the analysis of literary texts which is fairly systematic and productive, so that translation should not depend solely on the translator's intuition. (2-3)

Such a model for TOTA would focus on the source text and its literary devices, such as stylistics and narratology, but still take into account sender, place, time, intention, and motive, as proposed by Nord, thus combining both intra-textual and extra-textual influences. It is in this light, that the following structure for my thesis has been established.

In chapter **one**, I will conduct contextual research on Green in order to uncover how extra-textual and intra-textual aspects interact in his writing, followed by an overview of modernist characteristics which may or may not be applicable to the novel.

In chapter **two**, I will then present the narratological and stylistic analysis of *Party Going* on both macro- and micro-level, after which in chapter **three** the selected sections for translation will be further analysed, focussing on specific translation problems.

Chapter **four** will feature a contrastive analysis of English and Dutch, singling out

translation difficulties in *Party Going* caused by the contrast between source and target language.

In chapter **five** I will first focus on translation norms to further establish a translation strategy for *Party Going*, after which the translated sections will be presented, accompanied by annotations discussing translation difficulties that can be linked to either the theoretical framework and the contrast between Dutch and English or aspects that I found particularly mind-boggling.

Abbreviations used in this thesis:

<i>PG</i>	<i>Party Going</i>
ST / TT	source/target text
FID	free indirect discourse
FIS / FIT	free indirect speech/thought
IS / IT	indirect speech/thought
DS / DT	direct speech/thought
FDS / FDT	free direct speech/thought
NRSA / NRTA	narrative report of speech/thought act
IFIS	interrogative free indirect speech

1 Henry Green and modernism

This chapter will provide insight into Henry Green's person, his techniques, opinions on writing, themes, motifs, and obsessions. Examples of his writing technique will be obtained from *PG*. The modernist movement in both Great Britain and the Netherlands will be briefly explored, and the modernist code as described by Fokkema and Ibsch will be discussed.

1.1 The author: life and writing

Henry Green (pseudonym of Henry Vincent Yorke) was born on 29 October 1905 to parents of noble heritage—his mother a lord's daughter and his father an earl's descendant as well as a prosperous businessman (Dettmar 462-3). This enabled him to aspire a literary career in a time when art was generally not stimulated and made little money.

During his life, he wrote nine literary novels and one autobiography, which were published under his pseudonym Henry Green. Additionally, a collection of his short stories, reviews, and articles was published post-mortem in 1992 in Great Britain. It is said that he chose certain lifestyles to be able to apply real life experiences to his writing: his first novel, *Blindness*, for example, was written during his time at Oxford and centred on a boy who lost his sight in college—paralleling the “sensory deprivation” he himself undertook to write it by drinking too much alcohol (Dettmar 462). The main character in his second novel, *Living*, was an iron moulder. Only two years prior to the time of its creation, Green had left Oxford without a degree and started working at his family's foundry, slowly working his way up from ordinary worker to company manager, following the steps of any lower class man (Dennis 83). Green strived to mingle with people of all classes and surround himself with those living an ordinary life in order to be able to create authentic characters, and as a result his “characters [are] drawn from a wider cross-section of society” (Dettmar 463) and he actively sets apart different classes in his novels. Not surprisingly, one of his most widely known opinions was that a writer should “meet as many pedestrian people as possible and listen to the most pedestrian conversation possible” (462) in order to learn art “from people who are not artists” (Dennis 86). Green was not praised for this belief, especially because he said in referral to commoners that only “people who discuss people are intellectuals”, thus depreciating his literary colleagues who supposedly talked of nothing but themselves

(Dennis 86).

This obvious segregation of classes is why Green lived, as Dennis puts it, a double life: primarily as businessman Yorke and, whenever he had time, as novelist Green. He never let his two identities mix and even disliked talking about them; in fact, most of his business relations did not know about his literary ambitions (Dennis 84). He did attend literary parties and became close friends, as well as literary rivals, with Evelyn Waugh and Anthony Powell (Treglown), but he was never proud of his writing. This is emphasised in the opening quote in the introduction of this thesis, which stems from his auto-biography *Pack My Bag*: “I write books, but I am not proud of this any more than anyone is of their nails growing” (Green, cit. in Stokes 7).

At a certain point in his life, Green seemed to “[run] out of fictional resources” and his characters lost their “quirky energy” (Dettmar 465). He acknowledges this when he tells a BBC interviewer in 1962, ten years after the publication of his last novel *Doting*: “I’m out. [...] I don’t sell books anymore, and the critics despair of me. No, I don’t exist” (cit. in Stein). Despite this loss of fictional resources—perhaps due to his incessant love for alcohol—none of the books that were published under his name are considered failures. He died in London eleven years later, in 1973 (Dettmar 465).

1.2 Writing techniques and reception

Green employs a very elaborate writing style, not unlike his contemporaries’, yet he never officially received any acknowledgement for it, neither during his life, nor even today. Some say his books’ “obliqueness”, Green’s use of style, and the “unconventional way he elaborates fictional characters” are what causes this small readership (Dettmar 462). This is odd, considering that Joyce, for example, *is* required reading material—even in secondary education in the Netherlands—and his work can be considered to be even more oblique. Perhaps Green’s small readership was caused by his desire to stay low-profile, or perhaps his work was simply not oblique enough. Nevertheless, Green was relatively well received by his contemporaries. W.H. Auden and T.S. Eliot praised him in their reviews, calling him “the best English novelist alive” (Dennis 85). Even the men in his foundry once put in a penny each to be able to buy one of his novels; when Green asked one of them whether he liked it, however, the answer was: “I didn’t think much of it, Henry” (Dennis 87).

Nowadays his work is categorised under modernism. During his life, however,

despite using the interior monologue technique in his first novel *Living*, Green considered Joyce' stream of consciousness and Woolf's "atoms fall[ing] upon the brain"—two techniques that more or less define the modernist movement (see chapter 1.3)—a rather unsuccessful attempt at portraying characters and an "imposture of modernism's psychological realism" (Dettmar 463) because the authors allowed "the excesses of their styles to hinder communication between author and reader" (Allen):

The self of personality, in Green's view, is created in a social cubicle, not hidden away in a private one; this position puts him wildly at odds with the Romantic strain that runs through nearly every other modernist writer. In Green's novels, characters prove that they exist not because they think but because they act, they talk: *dico ergo sum* ("I talk, therefore I am"). (Dettmar 463)

However, despite the fact that Green does take more distance from the inner workings of his characters as his writing career develops, saying he completely disregards the interior monologue from *Living* onwards would be fallacious. Even in *PG*, his third novel, the reader is often presented with thoughts. A clear example can be found in the opening scene, as Miss Fellowes picks up a dead pigeon:

She **thought** it must be dirty with all that fog and **wondered** if it might not be, now that it was dead, that it had fleas and they would come out of the feathers of its head but she did not like to look for there might be blood. (*PG* 384 [emphasis added])

In this excerpt, the interior focus is made explicit by verbs like "thought" and "wondered". Several pages later, Green employs FIT, the very narrative device he allegedly dismisses in Woolf:

She remembered how her father had shot his dog when she was small and how much they had cried. There was that **poor** boy Cumberland, his uncle had been one of her dancing partners, **what had he died of so young?** (394 [emphasis added])

In this excerpt, Green uses the associative nature of the mind; that and his adding of "poor" creates FIT. It is true, however, that the main focus—even in *PG*—lies on actions and words rather than interior monologue. "[T]he reader is forced to undergo the attrition and puzzlement suffered by the characters" (Hart 190), because Green "has made pioneer explorations of all the ways in which [his characters] can describe themselves, in their own words and their own gestures" (Dennis 85) and "surface is all

the reader gets” (Dettmar 464).

As a result, Green reorganises the writer-reader relationship, somehow giving the reader “the impression that [he or she] know[s] his characters better than [Green] himself did”:

Prose is not to be read aloud but to oneself at night, and it is not quick as poetry but rather a gathering web of insinuations [...] Prose should be a long intimacy between strangers with no direct appeal to what both may have known. It should slowly appeal to feelings unexpressed, it should in the end draw tears out of the stone. (Green, cit. in Faulks, “Caught in the Web”)

Green strived to fix “the reader’s attention on the essential subject and not [to distract] the mind’s eye with unnecessary black marks on the white page”, meaning he left out whatever words he did not deem necessary, e.g., quotation marks, *a*’s and *the*’s (Dennis 84). Despite the fact that Green was not the first author to apply this minimalistic technique (85), by *do* applying it, the reader becomes wrapped up in the novel on a more intimate level. On the other hand, one of the main themes in *PG* is fog (see chapter 2.4.1), and the literal fog seeps into the grammar and syntax, adding to the novel’s obliqueness and making it in turn much less accessible for the reader.

Another interesting aspect of Green’s technique is how he approached writing a novel. He did not work with a pre-established plan (Hart 190), but instead followed “a developing scheme which, with difficulty, he held in his head the whole time while writing” (ibid.):

As to plotting or thinking ahead, I don’t in a novel. I let it come page by page, one a day, and carry it in my head. When I say carry I mean the *proportions*—that is, the length. This is the exhaustion of creating. Towards the end of the book your head is literally bursting. But try and write out a scheme or plan and you will only depart from it. My way you have a chance to set something living. (Green, cit. in Hart 190)

This is most likely the reason why there are so many discrepancies in his novels, which adds another layer of confusion and gives rise to the question whether a translator has to eliminate these discrepancies and correct the story or not (see chapter 2.8).

1.3 The modernist movement and code

Modernism in Great Britain was first and foremost a movement against the earlier

realism and symbolism in which artists strived to accurately portray societal reality and symbols behind this reality respectively. Modernist writers, on the other hand, strived to represent the inner workings of the human mind and consciousness, or in other words, the way in which humans perceive the world right at this moment. In December 1910, a gallery organised by European impressionist artists with paintings that showed scenes as perceived by the eye at the actual moment of painting introduced this way of interpretation to British artists and inspired them (Liebregts 71).

The modernist movement started at the end of the 19th century and lasted well until the second half of the 20th; the effects were noticeable in all of Europe and the USA, though the movement seemed to be centred in France, Germany, and England. Many writers took to Paris to be inspired by contemporaries and the French scenery; however, this international orientation did not entail that the writers did not concern themselves with their home country; in fact, quite the contrary (Bertens 6; see Joyce's *Dubliners*).

Modernist authors considered themselves individual entities that showed the reality of things, paying attention to the negative as well as the positive side of events, institutions, and objects (Literaturgeschichte; again, see Joyce's *Dubliners*).

Fokkema and Ibsch expounded a modernist code to be able to dissect modernist works by using a semantic, syntactical, and pragmatic component. They only briefly discuss the pragmatic component: creators and first recipients of modernist texts form a relatively small semiotic community and the modernist techniques and characteristics were, during the rise of modernism, only used and recognised by this group (35).

The semantic component covers two views that are often expressed in modernist writing: the decline of mankind as a being integrated in a partially known world (43) and the dismissal of the symbolic notion that mankind, and preferably poets, had access to an indisputable, absolute reality. Modernist writers question all relationships mankind has with either other people or events (44), and the only remaining reliability can be found in the critical mind. The individual consciousness observing the world as independently as possible is the focus of the novels (45), key words being consciousness, reserve, sexuality, psychology, and observation (49).

The gradual shift to the inner mind was also caused by a great sense of insecurity when religion was undermined by scientific revolution and Darwin's theory of evolution. This insecurity also functions as one of the bigger themes in modernist works and forms

the syntactical component: both the author and his characters are less self-assured and aware of the temporary nature of their way of thinking (38). Narrator and characters doubt everything, all the time, other characters' intentions and their own. They correct themselves during the thought process. Doubting the certainty of reasoning gives cause for stream of consciousness, a writing technique that defines for example Joyce's *Ulysses*. Woolf perfected the use of FIT, in which narrator text seamlessly overlaps with IT without the use of quotation marks or reporting verbs (see chapter 2.7).

Other more general characteristics that can be ascribed to the modernist novel are:

- the narrative is not so much about action as it is about thought (Literatuurgeschiedenis); and if characters do take action, it is mostly not accounted for, only perhaps within the psychology of the character itself;
- there is no required definite beginning or ending and the story does not have to be chronologically relayed (Fokkema and Ibsch 41);
- the story world is often fragmentary, because the modernist artists believe they cannot create an absolute world: "They are limited to space (*Der Zauberberg*), to time (*Mrs. Dalloway*), or both (*Ulysses*)" (42), and;
- the narrative is always temporary, always demanding closer inspection. Internal coherence is often not necessary. Still, modernist writers strived to mould the unknown realities that caused so much chaos and disorder into an illusory whole (Literatuurgeschiedenis).

In the Netherlands, the first traces of modernism were noticeable in so-called "damesproza", novels written especially to appeal to middle-aged women, which brimmed with female psychoanalysis (Literatuurgeschiedenis). Carry van Bruggen's 1927 novel *Eva* marks the transition into modernism, exploring the doubt and anxiety of the main character. Dutch author Du Perron does the same in *Het land van herkomst* published in 1935. In both their novels, seemingly simple dilemmas require an incredible effort to solve.

Green's writing can be dissected by means of the modernist code discussed above. However, he sometimes opposes the modernist code, which will become clear in the following chapter.

2 Party Going

This chapter will present an in-depth narratological and stylistic analysis on both macro- and micro-level. On the one hand, aspects like *PG*'s place in Green's oeuvre, its plot and chronological structure, as well as form-to-content ratio, focalisation, discourse, the role of the narrator, themes, and motifs will be explored; on the other hand, attention will be given to the more linguistic-based aspects like grammar and sentence length. The published German translation will be used as reference for translation strategies, as well as part of the Italian translation.¹

2.1 In Green's oeuvre

PG is Henry Green's third novel and can be considered his last pre-war work. Nine of his novels were published between 1926 and 1952, including one autobiography, *Pack My Bag*, which he wrote when he was thirty-five. Regarding popularity, *Loving* is considered to be "the peak of Green's achievement to date" (Stokes 93) and *PG* comes in second, perhaps because the former was "the most sympathetic to the contemporary reader" (Faulks). Green's least popular books are considered to be his final two, *Nothing* and *Doting*, because their characters lack genuineness and liveliness. It is said that Green went too far in trying to prove his minimalistic writing technique (Stokes 93; see chapter 2.10). *PG* achieves its high position in part because it marks a change in Green's writing. Regarding narratology and stylistics, it features the longest uninterrupted soliloquy (87); it is his most omniscient novel as well as his most satirical one (86; see chapter 2.6). On the subject of themes, *PG* is the first novel in which Green actively explores "the wealthy" as a character group (Stokes 40), and it is said that while writing *PG*, he faced "the problem of 'creating an abstract situation out of new conditions'" for the first time and "[he] crossed the hazardous divide which separates 'real' fiction from autobiographical" (Dennis 84). Another reason for *PG*'s high position is that "it is a complex work of art which fuses into a unity the diverse elements of allegory, symbolism, poetry and the realistic and comic exposure of futility" (Stokes 14), even the title is an allegory (149):

 | 'Party Going is not a tract... but if a tract were made out of it, it would be a tract,

¹ Unfortunately, the Italian translation was difficult to obtain and only excerpts used by Parks (*A Literary Approach*), stemming from *PG*'s first chapter, can be consulted.

quite simply, on party-going.’ This is true enough, for there seems to be nothing in the bored and futile lives of these people except a monotonous round of parties, from which they have ceased to derive any real pleasure. (143)

This is another way in which Green depreciates contemporary writers and their class, the shallowness and *Gatsby*-like party-spirit being one of the reasons why Green was not keen to move in literary circles.

2.2 Plot and chronological structure

The most obvious difficulty in discussing the work of Henry Green is one which also confronts the critics of Virginia Woolf—that the venerable stand-by of fictional criticism, the plot-summary, serves even less purpose than usual. [...] Story is not eliminated from Green’s work but it is deliberately underplayed. (Stokes 98)

PG is set in a train station in the late 1920s. A group of wealthy people meet at the station to travel to their holiday destination together. It is a foggy evening, however, and as the fog becomes denser, all forms of public transportation come to a halt. The party is invited to stay at the station’s hotel, where they try to make sense of Miss Fellowes’ disease, gossip about each other and the pedestrian life outside, come up with lies to save face, and wonder whether their train will leave, what other people think of them, and what they should do with their time. “It is scarcely an exaggeration to say that nothing happens at all” (Stokes 102).

As opposed to the general expectation that modernist novels do not have to relay a chronological set of events, *PG* does just that, being “confined [...] to a single scene” (Stokes 16). Stokes emphasises this unusually “strict observance of unity of time”, as the novel is written in real time; events in the novel are portrayed at the same rate the reader experiences them (102).

Clive Hart argues that on a superficial level the novel can be divided in two parts. The actual structure is more complex: both parts consist of an introduction and a main sequence, after which the book is wrapped up by a coda (192); and both parts centre on Max: the first on whether he, “[a] seemingly omnipotent figure, the possibility of whose arrival gives the other characters’ lives meaning, will in fact show up” (Dettmar 463) and his relationship with Julia, the second on his taking care of the party and his relationship with Amabel, who joins them uninvited.

The novel consists of large chunks of text—which will be interpreted as unnumbered chapters—seemingly irregularly separated by white lines, and one asterisk on page 430 (in the *Vintage Classics* edition), at the end of the eighth chunk. The use of this asterisk is not entirely clear, though perhaps it marks the end of an introduction, as it separates the arrival at the hotel from Max and Julia’s departure to one of the upper floors.

2.3 Mind style: form and content

Before delving further into *PG*’s narratological and stylistic devices, it is important to establish how content (the fictional world) and form (“*how* the fictional world is apprehended” [Leech and Short 151]) interact. As can be seen from the plot summary, ‘content’ in *PG* seems relatively straight-forward, with only one or two abnormalities, e.g., Miss Fellowes picking up the dead pigeon. The fact that *PG* does cause a strong sense of disorientation can therefore largely be ascribed to the novel’s ‘form’. This is what some would call an author’s writing ‘style’. However, defining the significance of style in literature and more importantly defining *style* itself, has proven difficult. Leech and Short, who have dedicated a study to “style in fiction”, list and put into practice elements contributing to style but at the same time they acknowledge that there is no concise definition.

There are several opposing viewpoints, which support either the separability or inseparability of form and content, or a combination of the two. While all movements are interesting in one way or another, Leech and Short advocate a multilevel approach to style, in which it is important to notice “that some aspects of language have to do with the referential function of language” (29), “that these must be distinguished from those which have to do with stylistic variation” (*ibid.*), and “that there can be alternative conceptualisations of the same event [...] as well as alternative syntactic expressions of the same sense” (*ibid.*). They conclude that “stylistic choice is limited to those aspects of linguistic choice which concern alternative ways of rendering the same subject matter”; however, as they point out themselves, this statement is less applicable to oblique texts, for which “the study of foregrounding and its interpretation is likely to be a better guide to the aesthetic function of language than the study of stylistic variants” (32).

The above statements arguably show that an author can choose one of two ways to create a literary work with an alienating effect. Either the author represents an unlikely

story world in transparent language, or the author represents a relatively normal story world in a way that “deviates from a common-sense version of reality” (151), using deviating language. The way in which a fictional world is apprehended through language is often referred to as an author’s ‘world-view’ or ‘mind style’ (150). Leech and Short explain: “it is commonplace that a writer’s style reveals that particular writer’s habitual way of experiencing and interpreting things” (ibid.). Similarly, the term ‘mind style’ can also be applied to narrative focalisers, in which case stylistic devices are used locally, for one particular character, e.g., in the case of Faulkner’s Benji in *The Sound and the Fury*. Leech and Short further stress that “mind style is essentially a question of semantics”, but “can only be observed through formal construction of language in terms of grammar and lexis” (151).

PG, with its relatively basic plot, is a clear example of a text with a deviant mind style, in which a sense of alienation is created through grammar and semantics. Additionally, Green projects the way he perceives the world onto his novel. His desire to create the most realistic characters as possible is an example of this, as well as his perfection of human dialogue. Allen even points out: “Green’s style [...] often descends into pure mannerism, and it is certain that he has antagonized many readers who ought otherwise to be [favourably] disposed to his work.” Semino and Culpeper argue that cognitive stylistics, which focuses on the relationship between linguistic choices, foregrounding, and their effect, is the way to uncover an author’s mind style (ix). Subsequently, this chapter will explore Green’s mind style by analysing the novel’s literary and linguistic stylistic devices that contribute to its effect.

2.4 Themes, symbolism, and metaphors

In this section, themes that contribute to the alienating effect of the novel will be discussed: fog, death, and gossip.

2.4.1 Fog (doubt)

A literary genre famous for having fog as its main theme is the Victorian gothic novel. Charles Dickens is considered to be the first to apply fog in this sense in his 1852 novel *Bleak House*, after which the theme became inherent to gothic novels and films (Mighall 56-7). In *Bleak House*, fog impairs vision and is used to “image the utterly pervasive and damaging force of [institutional] injustice” (McClure 30). Green, in turn, actively uses fog in *PG* to indeed impair vision and cause general confusion on both intra-textual and

extra-textual level: “Green is using exactly this meteorological commonplace as image and abettor of our disorientation” (Parks, “On ‘Party Going’”). The reader becomes ‘ensconced’ and is paralleled to characters like Julia, obtaining anonymity, “obliging him [Green], and us [the reader], to advance with hands outstretched in constant fear of some unexpected obstacle” (ibid.):

As she [Julia] stepped out into this darkness of fog above and left warm rooms with bells and servants and her uncle who was one of Mr Roberts’ directors – a rich important man – she lost her name and was all at once **anonymous**; if it had not been for her rich coat she might have been a typist making her way home.

Or she might have been a poisoner, anything. [...] As a path she was following turned this way and that round bushes and shrubs **that hid from her what she would find she felt she would next come upon** this fog dropped suddenly down to the ground, when **she would be lost**. (Green, *PG* 388-9 [emphasis added])

In this excerpt, the disorienting effect becomes clear: in the novel, the fog induces doubt and a sense of loss for Julia, adhering to the syntactical component in Fokkema and Ibsch’ modernist code; while for the reader the phrase “that hid from her what she would find she felt she would next come upon” can lead to great confusion. The double ‘would’ as well as the rapid shift from imperfect tense to conditional tense causes this. Parks explains what it most likely means: “that the bushes hid from Julia what she thus discovered (‘would find’) that she had been expecting (‘felt’) to come upon on the other side, but didn’t. At which the reader too appreciates that nothing so much as disorientation will help you discover what you expected but didn’t find” (“On ‘Party Going’”).

2.4.2 Death

A second major theme in *PG* is death. Not only does the novel start with the death of a pigeon—birds are a common theme in Green’s novels (Stokes 143) and image life, sexuality, and flight (147)—and a critically ill Miss Fellowes, Green often uses death imagery. Hart provides the following examples:

The luggage is likened to tombstones; the roof is a ‘vault’; Julia thinks ‘that it would be like that when they were all dead and waiting at the gates’; the station master, lord of all, passes ‘majestically’ among the travellers, suggesting the rule

of Hades [...]; the thwarted activities of the people in the hotel lounge suggest the punishments of the damned [...]. (Hart 193)

Other examples are: “silence fell over them with lifeless wings” (Stokes 494), “the pall of fog”, “the thin wreath or two of blood”, and “two nannies dressed in granite” (145). In other words, everyone within the confines of the hotel or the station seems to be doomed and the “fog-bound railway terminus is ‘death’s dream kingdom” (ibid.).

The theme can also be traced back to the presence of colours in the novel, which is one of the key sensory elements in fictional writing (Burroway 3-7); “Green relies heavily on the appeal to the senses through the creation of images and colour” (Stokes 153). Green’s novel *Doting*, for example, features the least colour words, namely 36 (154), and *PG* comes in second with 57. Compared to Green’s other novels, this concentration seems very low, especially as *PG* scores average on its percentage of description (3.9%), while *Back* for example, with 2.9% description has far more colour references, namely 123. Moreover, 12 out of 57 instances of colour in *PG* concern white; “this is readily explicable,” Stokes says, “for in this fog-bound novel there can be no natural colour” (155); and

[t]he near colourlessness of the novel may be in part due to fidelity of observation and accuracy of description, but it is also in part due to conscious restraint. This “albino” quality undoubtedly contributes greatly to the total effect of the book; any more colour, or any more vivid colour, would have conflicted with the “death’s dream kingdom” atmosphere. (Stokes 156)

Despite this consistently morbid imagery, however, none of Green’s characters “are tormented by [the idea of] damnation” (Stokes 29). In *PG*, Green seems to stress that imminent death and decay brings out liveliness in people. Those who mechanically make their way home from work, come to life when locked up under the ‘vault’; crowds are chanting and swaying, forming a unity, and girls uninhibitedly kiss porters. Additionally, through the characters’ memories, especially Julia’s, “important symbols [...] are introduced, which to some extent counteract the effect of the recurrent images of death and burial” (146). The colour schemes accordingly show that the little vivid colour in *PG* seems to be primarily concentrated around Amabel, feisty and alluring as she is, but is also featured in Julia’s childhood memories (155).

By means of the life versus death juxtaposition, Green adheres to the realistic aspect of modernism: in “this novel Green’s skill as a descriptive writer is most frequently seen

in patterns and contrasts of light and darkness; and of pale and dark" (156). *PG* also underpins the possibility of redemption (Hart 193), seemingly conveying the message that patience is indeed a virtue and that redemption is somehow inherent to it, for in the end, public transportation resumes, everyone is released from under the 'vault', Julia feels "like she [is] **living** again" (Green, *PG* 521 [emphasis added]), and more importantly, Miss Fellowes recovers from her troubling illness. The only creature not to survive the novel is Miss Fellowes' dead pigeon done up in brown paper.

Green has "a belief in the possibility of happy endings which is not shared by most other modern novelists. He ends when he has straightened things out for his characters and given them somewhere to go" (Howard, cit. in Stokes 23). In a way, Green's happy endings can be paralleled to Aristotle's catharsis. Although he does not use suspense or dramatic irony, his writing does give rise to a strong emotional effect, namely that of being able to fully relate to the feelings and emotions of the characters, which is necessary for catharsis to occur (Hendrix 225). Lucas explains that even though Aristotle never fully defined the term catharsis, it is said to give rise to "purification, purgation, and intellectual clarification" (276-79). In regards to purification and purgation, Lessing explains: "[i]n real life, men are sometimes too much addicted to pity or fear, sometimes too little; tragedy brings them back to a virtuous and happy mean" (cit. in Lucas 23).

This feeling of closure in literature—the "falling action" at the end of a novel (Burroway 167)—is what appeals to readers. Burroway explains:

Order is a major value that literature offers us, and order implies that the subject has been brought to closure. In life this never quite happens. Even the natural "happy endings," marriage and birth, leave domesticity and child-rearing to be dealt with; the natural "tragic endings," separation and death, leave trauma and bereavement in their wake. **Literature absolves us of these nuisances.** Whether or not the lives of the characters end, the story does, and **we are left with a satisfying sense of completion.** This is one reason why we enjoy crying or feeling terrified or even nauseated by fiction; we know in advance that it's going to be over, and by contrast with the continual struggle of living, all that ends, ends well. (ibid. [emphasis added])

By ensuring a happy ending for all of *PG*'s characters, Green thus appeals to the reader, who in turn can more easily come to terms with his oblique and disorienting escapades,

even though in doing this Green opposes the notion that modernist literature often does not have a clear beginning or end.

2.4.3 Gossip (deceit)

As Stokes points out, “*Party Going* is almost entirely made up of gossip, intrigues, jealousies, rivalries and complicated amours” of the party going and their acquaintances. Green thought the most intelligent conversation came from people talking about other people (Dennis 86); “[u]nlike literary men factory workers are interested, passionately interested in one subject above all—the lives and habits of other *people*. Get into [a] conversation with any group of workmen—and *other people* is what they talk about” (Green, cit. in Dennis 86). *PG*, in its entirety, parallels this kind of conversation.

Again, Green makes the novel more accessible to the reader: he or she can empathise with the characters due to their authentic tendencies, drawing the reader more and more into the story.

2.5 Character description and focalisation

Character description in *PG* brings about having to unravel personalities by analysing their actions and words or descriptions given by other characters. One of many examples of this approach can be found on page 393:

At first all those two nannies noticed was that Miss Fellowes had gone up to the counter and they did not doubt but what she was ordering tea. They were not surprised when she was not served as they themselves had been kept waiting. But as they watched her they soon saw that thin-lipped flush which, with their experience, told them that for Miss Fellowes all this was getting past all bearing. [...] Then they realized that words were passing, but what shocked them most, when it was over and Miss Fellowes was walking back to her seat, was to see that it was not tea she had ordered, what she was carrying back was whisky. They were sorry to see her order and sorry again for all this had drawn attention to her. One rough-looking customer in particular eyed her rather close. (Green, *PG*)

Instead of relaying the exchange from Miss Fellowes’ perspective, Green describes the event through the nannies’ eyes, and as a result, the reader learns about both Miss Fellowes’ and the two nannies’ personalities.

Another aspect that is of critical influence to the confusing effect of the novel is the

unannounced, swift changes in focalisation, meaning the relationship between the events in the narrative and the focalisor or main consciousness from which these events are perceived (Rigney 184). Rigney discriminates between two types of focalisation: character focalisation, in which all events are described as perceived by one particular character, and narrator focalisation, in which events, scenes, or characters are described as perceived by a narrator (ibid.).

When the focalisation changes, the subject is usually often introduced by the use of his or her name in the first sentence of the new paragraph. Green, however, postpones doing this, by using two or three long pre-modifiers or subordinating clauses referring only to a third person pronoun; or even by keeping this up for two pages before introducing the subject. Again, one of many examples can be found on page 406:

Max was already drinking tea in this bar. After ringing up Amabel he had wondered if it would not be possible for her to trace where he was through the Exchange, so he had paid his bill and left. Then he had not felt up to meeting the other yet, and in any case he did not mind where they were. His feeling was he must get across the Channel and it was better to go with people than alone.

Forcing his way through, meeting half resistance everywhere and that hot smell of tea, cups guarded by elbow and half-turned bodies with ‘mind my tea,’ **Robert** thrust on and on. (Green, *PG* [emphasis added])

Up until “mind my tea”, the subject of the second paragraph could still have been Max. He is, after all, drinking at a bar, and Green never mentions whether he is sitting down or perhaps making his way through a throng of commoners. Despite the fact that the verb “forcing” might indicate that the subject has changed, the reader is still momentarily confused when seeing Robert’s name instead of Max’s.

2.6 The role of the narrator

He [Green] has never used any kind of internal [focalisation]: that is, none of his novels has, as narrator, a character within the novel, whether major or minor, who tells his own or someone else’s story, either accurately or evasively. [...] But if Green generally refuses to adopt the various points of view which limit the author’s knowledge to the content of one mind and consciousness, he does not adopt either the traditional mode of omniscient author narration. (Stokes 24)

The role of narrator is an aspect in *PG* that should be closely observed due to its

misleading qualities and the paradoxical effect this causes. Green is considered to obtain authorial invisibility” (Allen), “withdrawn from the action and personalities of his books” (Hart 185); however, quite the opposite is true, “for there is never a moment, even during Green’s smoothest displays of ventriloquism, when the reader could possibly mistake his work for that of any other author” (Allen).

Green underpins the importance of action and spoken words—thus completely opposing Fokkema and Ibsch’ notion that modernist novels revolve around internal monologue and stream of consciousness.

The reasons [Green] gives are that “communication between humans has come to be almost entirely conducted by conversation”, that “we get experience, which is as much knowledge as we shall ever have, by watching the way people around us behave, after they have spoken”, that “it is only by an aggregate of words over a period followed by an action that we obtain, in life, a glimmering of what is going on in someone, or even ourselves”. Dialogue, however, must be “non-representational (that is, it will not be an exact record of the way people talk)”. (Stokes 67)

In other words, the reader knows as much as the characters and both have to figure out what other characters mean and think through observation. This is also what causes difficulties for translators of *PG*: translation strategies that make the text more explicit should be avoided as the target text should not reveal too much too soon.

Still, among all of Green's work, as Stokes points out, the omniscient perspective figures most prominently in *PG*, because as the characters talk and act, the narrator constantly allows for accompanying thoughts and the reader is made aware of the varying reasons *why* the characters talk and act the way they do (86).

In order to find out how the narrator is appointed a certain role, different techniques of narration in literary novels must be researched. Six narrative approaches for novels with an external focalisation can be established (70-4):

I. Scene:

- a. *Direct scene*: “[t]he novelist makes things happen before the reader’s eyes” (70). Included are (direct) speech, gestures, facial expressions, and movement; excluded is thought.
- b. *Indirect scene*: scenes in which IS is applied. Leech and Short explain that by using IS, “one expresses what was said in one’s own words” (255)

instead of reporting “what someone has said [quoting] the words used verbatim” in case of DS (ibid.). In *PG*, Green swiftly alternates DS and IS, often within the same sentence:

At this moment Mr Wray was telling how his niece Miss Julia Wray and party would be travelling by the boat train and ‘Roberts,’ he said over the telephone, ‘get on to the station master's office, will you, and tell him to look out for her.’ (Green, *PG* 385)

II. Summary: “[s]ummary is that part of a novel in which the novelist says that things are happening, or that they have happened” (Liddel, cit. Stokes 71); it relates “to action without dramatizing it or condenses habitual actions” (ibid.).

III. Description

a. *Description of surroundings and settings.*

b. *Description of characters:* introductory descriptions of their appearance as well as “specific notations of their appearance when they are involved in scenes” (ibid.).

IV. Character exposition and revelation: any information about the “individual temperament or personality of a character, or which indicate his state of mind or emotional condition” (72), etcetera:

a. *Formal character exposition:* the parts of the novel in which the author analyses the personalities of characters, or the thoughts and feelings of a character in certain situations, using coherent sentences.

b. *Informal character exposition:* “an attempt to record thought, impressions, sensation, memories, etc., in their original state” (e.g., stream of consciousness) (ibid.).

V. Commentary:

a. *Particular or interpretative commentary:* direct commentary on any of the characters by the author. “And this was why, **though he did not know it**, he went on about his tea” (Green, *PG* 498 [emphasis added]).

b. *General commentary:* all the author’s observations about life, death, society, men, etcetera.

VI. Focalisation variation: alternating authorial focalisations, for example switching between a limited, character based one and an omniscient narrator one.

Stokes analysed Green's novels according to this scheme, by dissecting a random selection of chapters that made up at least half of the novel of every book. He found that Green's "natural form" is made up of roughly 66% scene, 20% character exposition, and an even distribution of the other techniques over the remaining percentage (78). Still, Green's novels vary greatly in ratio and there is no clear-cut 'Green technique' discernable. For *PG*, Stokes establishes the following percentages.

	I		II	III		IV		V		VI
	a	b		a	b	a	b	a	b	
<i>PG</i>	49	13	3	3	1	3	21	7	—	—

Table 2.1. Analysis of narrative techniques in *PG* (%)

As can be seen in table 2.1, most of *PG* consists of direct scene, which occurs almost four times as often as indirect scene, confirming that Green focuses on actions and words. Character exposition is also an important narrative device in *PG*, as it takes up almost a quarter of the novel.

It is peculiar, however, that Stokes did not find any shifts in focalisation in his analysis of *PG*, especially since he does point out that Green "whenever his material requires it [...] is ready [...] to dip into the minds of his characters and either reproduce or interpret whatever he finds there" (78).

This statement implies that throughout the story there have to be several shifts from a mostly objective narrator to one that also knows what is inside the minds of his characters to one that is fully omniscient, further stressed by *PG* being a third person narrative, as in most cases, third person narrators "stand in the place of the implied author [and] take on his absolute knowledge", obtaining omniscience (214).

In the first few paragraphs of the second chapter of the novel, these shifts are clearly discernable:

The main office district of London centred round this station and now innumerable people, male and female, after thinking about getting home, were yawning, stretching, having another look at their clocks, putting files away and closing books, some were signing their last letters almost without reading what they had dictated and licking the flaps where earlier on they would have wetted their fingers and taken time.

Now they came out in ones and threes and now a flood was coming out and spread into the streets round; but while traffic might be going in any direction there was no one on foot who was not making his way home and that meant for most by way of the station. (387-8)

The above two paragraphs are written from an omniscient perspective, while the following reads:

As pavements swelled out under this dark flood so that if **you** had been ensconced in that pall of fog looking down below at twenty foot deep of night illuminated by street lamps, these crowded pavements would have looked to **you** as if for all the world they might have been conduits. (388 [emphasis added])

The reader is directly addressed through the use of *you*, thus foregoing the notion that Green is an “invisible artist” (Hart 185) and making the role of reader explicit. The *you*'s could easily be filtered: “As pavements swelled out under this dark flood so that if **anyone** had been ensconced in that pall of fog [...] these crowded pavement would have **looked as** if for all the world they might have been conduits.”

Several paragraphs later, the scene turns to Julia leaving her house. The lines are very descriptive and even though Green seems to be focusing on Julia's thoughts (limited, biased narration)—noticeable by the large number of modals (see chapter 4.1.1)—he does refer to people outside Julia's perspective (omniscient narration):

Where hundreds of thousands she could not see were now going home, their day done, she was only starting out [...] What a fuss and trouble it had been, and how terrible it all was she thought of Max, and then it was a stretch of water she was going by and lights still curved overhead as drivers sounded horns and birds, deceived by darkness, woken by these lights, stirred in their sleep, mesmerized in darkness. (389)

Leech and Short observe that “[t]he use of third-person narration generally separates the level of character discourse from that of narrator discourse” (216), but Green lets them mingle instead.

Green does not only address the reader through the use of *you*: “Where, earlier, hundreds had made their way to this station thousands were coming in now, it was the end of the day for them, the beginning of a time for **our party**” (Green, *PG* 402 [emphasis added]). The effect *our party* has in this sentence is quite striking: the narrator seems to be letting the reader in on a secret, mimicking gossip and again paralleling the reader to

the characters. Another instance can be found on page 457: “Again, as between Amabel and Max, as indeed between all of them, there was more, there was her power over him **as we shall see** which see valued not least because [...]”. The narrator is referring to a scene which is yet to come, thus departing from the overall limited omniscience narration of this particular scene, and adding to the disorienting effect.

More examples of full omniscience appear in the form of brief subordinate clauses: “And this was why, **though he did not know it**, he went on about his tea” (498 [emphasis added]). In this scene, the reader is presented with Thomson’s limited character focalisation, who apparently does not know why he goes on about his tea. The only logical conclusion is that an omniscient narrator interrupts Thomson stream of thought to provide additional information.

All in all, it appears that Green contradicts himself in his own writing, and the result can be seen as one of the main contributing factors in the difficulty of being able to understand the novel, the not being able to make it, as Kermode puts it, into a whole.

2.7 Discourse

In *Style in Fiction*, Leech and Short map out thought and speech presentation, investigating the effects of each modes. In *PG*, Green alternates modes of presentation in accordance with the modernist code. This section will focus on speech presentation, as it causes one of the largest translation problems in *PG*, starting with DS and IS:

He said, ‘I’ll come back here to see you again tomorrow.’ (255, DS)

He said that he would return there to see her the following day. (256, IS)

As can be seen from the above examples, to create IS “all features which are directly related to the embedded speech situation” are removed and “the reported speech to the verb of saying in the primary speech situation” is subordinated. The contrast effected by these two types is not unexpected:

[t]he effect that is produced when IS is used to report speech is one whereby the person who is reporting the conversation intervenes as an interpreter between the person he is talking to and the words of the person he is reporting [...] A consequence of this difference is that some of the words of the indirect form can be altered without altering its truth claim at all. (256-7)

As in any novel in which theses modes are alternated, the question *when* Green uses *which* form for *which* character in *PG* arises, and whether he does it to obtain a certain

effect. Before turning to *PG*, however, it is important to note that Leech and Short discern an additional three types of speech presentation. The first is FDS, used to let the characters speak to the reader in a more direct way by omitting either the reporting clause or the inverted comma's (259):

‘I’ll come back here to see you again tomorrow.’

He said I’ll come back here to see you again tomorrow.

The second is FIS, for which in “its most typical manifestation [...] unlike DS, the reporting clause is omitted, but [...] the tense and pronoun selection are those associated with IS” (260-1):

He would return there to see her again tomorrow.

The third and final presentation is NRSA, a mixed between DS and IS (258), in which “only a minimal account of the event is given” (ibid.):

He promised a return.

Green swiftly changes modes of speech presentation, often within the same sentence. Most of the time, this does not pose a problem for translation, except when FIS takes the form of interrogation, introduced by the conjunction ‘and’, which will be called ‘interrogative free indirect speech’ hereafter (IFIS):

So she was going on this trip, too, Miss Fellowes asked [...] and Miss Crevy said she was **and had Miss Fellowes met Mr Robin Adams?** (*PG* 386 [emphasis added])

Bosseaux also comments on this construction in her case of translating Virginia Woolf’s *Mrs. Dalloway* into French. She uses a Patricia Highsmith excerpt as an example:

‘She telephoned the Hilltop Home to ask if there were pills that Albert might take, **and had he had this complaint before?**’ (65 [emphasis added])

Bosseaux argues that the swift transition into IFIS cannot be reconstructed in French and has to be adapted to avoid a stylistic break (ibid.). In the French publication, the translator has replaced IFIS with IS: “Elle téléphona à la direction de Hilltop **pour savoir** s’il existait des pilules qu’Albert aurait pu prendre et **pour demander** s’il avait déjà eu ce problème”² (ibid.). In Dutch, because both clauses modify the verb ‘ask’, the same problem arises but a less radical option is available, namely introducing the second part

² Back-translation: “She telephoned the Hilltop management **to inquire** (beget knowledge) **whether** there were pills that Albert could take and **to ask if** he’d ever had this problem before.”

of the sentence with the Dutch equivalent of conjunction ‘whether’ (‘of’): “Ze belde het Hilltop om **te vragen of** er misschien medicijnen waren die Albert in kon nemen en **of** hij deze klacht al eens eerder had gehad.” In this case, IFIS is also replaced by IS but it is less marked.

The example from *PG*, however, is more complex, because the second clause modifies a different (implied) verb: Miss Fellowes ‘asks’ Miss Crevy whether they are going on the trip, after which Miss Crevy ‘says’ they are and she ‘asks’ whether Miss Fellowes is acquainted with Mr Roberts. Adding ‘of’ in the translation would cause a stylistic break just as much as leaving it out would do, so it is not an option. Replacing ‘had’, past tense third person, with a present tense third person variant might be an alternative: “Dus ze ging ook mee op reis, vroeg Miss Fellowes [...] en Miss Crevy zei dat ze inderdaad meeinging en **heeft** Miss Fellowes Mr. Robin Adams al ontmoet?” This still causes a stylistic break, but it is (again) less marked. Gerhard Vorkamp provides the following German translation: “Sie nehme also auch an dieser Reise teil, fragte Miss Fellowes [...] und Miss Crevy **entgegnete**, ja, gewiß, und **ob** Miss Fellowes schon Mr. Robin Adams kenne”³ (10 [emphasis added]). Vorkamp adds the conjugation ‘ob’, one which cannot normally be used in combination with ‘entgegenen’. Both native Germans and MA Translation Studies students of German language and culture (MATSG) have said not to find anything amiss with the sentence, however, despite the stylistic break.

It is interesting to see how contemporary Dutch translators of modernist novels treat this problem, but considering that there are no Dutch translations available of *PG* or Patricia Highsmith, perhaps other modernist novels which *have* already been translated into Dutch can provide enlightening solutions.

In Virginia Woolf’s *To the Lighthouse*, a similar sentence can be found in chapter 18: “[...] she began turning from one to the other and laughing and drawing Minta’s wrap round her and **saying** she only wished she could come too, **and would they be very late, and had any of them got a watch?**” (136 [emphasis added]).

In the 1980 Dutch version, Jo Fiedeldij Dop translates: “[... ze] wendde zich lachend van de een naar de ander, trok Minta’s omslagdoek om haar heen en **zei**, dat ze wou dat ze mee kon, **of** het laat zou worden en **of** iemand van hen een horloge had” (142

³ Back-translation: “She was also taking part in this journey, asked Miss Fellowes [...] and Miss Crevy **replied**, yes, indeed, and **whether** Miss Fellowes had already met Mr. Robin Adams.”

[emphasis added]). Dop has chosen to disregard the stylistic break, and links conjugation ‘of’ to verb ‘zei’, even though the second part of the sentence requires the verb ‘vroeg’, resulting in a clashing ‘zei [...] of’.

There is one instance of the IS » IFIS construction in Woolf’s *Mrs Dalloway*: “And her mother would come calling to say that a hamper had come from Bourton and **would Miss Kilman like some flowers?**” (111 [emphasis added]). Nini Brunt translates: “En dan kwam haar moeder binnen om **te zeggen dat** er een mand van Bourbon was gekomen en **zou** Miss Kilman wat bloemen willen hebben?” (131 [emphasis added]). This translation remains closer to the ST than any of the other examples, and resembles the alternative suggested for the Green case, namely turning the past tense into a present tense. Despite a minor stylistic break, the translation does resemble the structure of the original and therefore offers a more modernist approach.

Unfortunately, only one existing translating using this approach has been found, which does not necessarily make it an acceptable one. A more thorough research consulting more modernist novels and their Dutch translation, as well as original Dutch modernist works, would be desirable. Still, whatever the chosen translation strategy, it is important to take into account that a translation should not be standardised regarding language, as was done in the published Italian translation of *PG*, because the effect of the novel would disappear. This is exactly what adding a reporting clause (like in the Highsmith example) would do.

In other words, until further research has been conducted, the following options are preferable: if the coordinating IS and IFIS clauses both modify the same verb ‘ask’, Dutch conjunction ‘of’ can be added. If the first clause modifies a different verb, namely ‘say’, the IFIS sentence is transferred to present tense to retain the swift change but cause less of a stylistic break than when using a past tense verb or a non-corresponding conjugation.

It may be of interest to note that Green uses different forms of speech presentation for different characters and couples. Max and Amabel’s conversations, e.g., are presented solely in DS, while conversations between Max and Julia are presented in a mix of DS and IS. There are several reasons that could have caused these different approaches.

The first could be based on how both women are introduced. Amabel makes her first appearance during her telephone call with Max. In this case, Amabel can only be heard

by Max, not seen; arguably, Green opted to do the same for the reader, by only using (F)DS, and because he introduced the reader to their relationship like this, Green might have thought it best to use this presentation throughout the entire novel.

A second reason could be that Green wanted to stress the difference in both women's personalities. Amabel is self-assured, speaks her mind, and all her words and actions are well thought-out and pre-determined; in other words, she has a very *direct* personality, hence the use of DS in her most intimate and persuasive scenes. Julia, on the other hand, is a blabber-mouth (*direct*), but at the same time insecure and over-analysing (*indirect*), explaining the mix between IS and DS.

2.8 Discrepancies in actions and time

Green did not plot out his novels before writing them; instead, he committed what he had already written to memory and fell back on this when writing new chapters. Although Green said he always read back what he had written before continuing, this writing technique has resulted in several discrepancies in *PG*: "time-schemes, sometimes quite complex do not work out; irreconcilable statements are made about what occurs in the action; characters and narrator contradict each other" (Hart 186).

Maria Postema, translator of the *Hunger Games* and *Twilight* series, addressed the point of discrepancies in an author's work in her introductory lecture during a literary translation master course in 2013 organised by Utrecht University and KU Leuven. She discussed the many discrepancies in the *Twilight* series and how a translator or editor is forced to correct the original author to be able to put forward a solid, *acceptable* translation of the novel (see chapter 3). Aspects that needed changing were mistakes in names, number, and even the excessive use of the phrase 'she gasped'. Hart's examples (above) show that the discrepancies in *PG* are of the same kind.

When Adams has returned from throwing away Miss Fellowes' parcel and brings this to her attention, for example, she says: "Oh, did you find somewhere to put it, how very kind of you. I wonder if you could show me which one you put it in,' and when he had shown her she made excuses and broke away" (*PG* 387). Several pages later Adams thinks "what had done it was her ancient friend giving him that parcel to get rid of and then, as soon as he has carried that out, **sending him to get it back for her**" (396 [emphasis added]). Earlier, when Julia reminisces on a small bridge, three seagulls fly under it, which remind her of *two doves* when she first met Max (391), and at the end

they are referred to as pigeons (578). Also, Max tells Julia that he “just arranged **three** men to carry her up the back way where she won’t be seen” (PG 413 [emphasis added]), but several pages later, Julia sees how “Miss Fellowes [is] being carried by **two** hotel porters up the back stairs” (416 [emphasis added]).

These discrepancies are not necessarily of a monumental kind, for all of them can be explained and justified: Adams is incensed at Miss Fellowes for making him show her where he put her package after just sending him to put it away, so perhaps, in his temper, he blows up his account of the story; Julia’s thoughts are practically all over the place throughout the entire novel, so perhaps it is a small mishap on her account and she does not remember correctly what happened when she was on the bridge because her mind is too preoccupied with everything Max; and the missing porter, lastly, might have been caused by a staff shortage at the hotel or perhaps Julia’s view is blocked by the stairs and the third porter ran up ahead to open the door to the room in advance. These discrepancies can therefore not really be categorised as ‘mistakes’.

There are however, as Hart later points out, also a few discrepancies in time that cause paradoxes and have a generally confusing effect, as the reader is led to believe two things are happening at the same time, while the overall chronologically ordered temporal structure of the novel does not allow for it.

The first example can be found in what can also be filed under motifs (see chapter 2.9), as it involves word for word repetition of phrases. Hart summarises:

When the narrator, speaking, it may be, for the assembled characters in the hotel room, recalls the events of the afternoon, he reminds us that ‘one section had begun to chant “we want our train” over and over again [...] The reader may think he also recalls this. But in the previous passage the chant is different: ‘Max said: “Don’t go and let all that in.” and she heard them chanting beneath: “WE WANT TRAINS, WE WANT TRAINS”’ [...] Is it the same moment? Did Julia mishear? Has the narrator forgotten? (189)

A second example can be found when there are two instances a loud roar can be heard from outside the hotel. The first instance interrupts a conversation between the man servants Edwards and Thomson:

At that a huge roar broke from the crowd. They were beginning to adjust that board indicating times of trains which had stood all of two hours behind where it had reached when first the fog came down. (Green, PG 499)

Several pages later, Max and Amabel are lying on the bed in the upstairs room:

They slept and then a huge wild roar broke from the crowd outside. They were beginning to adjust that board indicating times of trains which had stood all of two hours behind where it had reached when first the fog came down. (512)

Stokes rightfully points out that at “first this may seem to indicate an ironic juxtaposition of the two events” (189), considering the paragraphs show roughly a 90% overlap, but the moment on page 512 actually happens later than the moment on page 499; for “while Edwards and Thomson are talking, Max is still in Miss Fellowes’ bedroom [... not anywhere near Amabel and life] on the platform seems to follow a different time-scheme from that in the hotel” (189-90).

Green thus relies on authorial infallibility which can be traced back to his opinion that “[t]he novelist should never forget [...] that everything put forward by him, however definite, is taken by the reader with a grain of salt” (Green, cit. in Hart 186), and as a result, the “reader is forced to undergo the attrition and puzzlement suffered by the characters: ‘And if the novel *is* alive of course the reader will be irritated by discrepancies—life, after all, is one discrepancy after another’” (Green, cit. in *ibid.*).

This last comment already gives an indication of Green’s views on the incongruities and small inconsistencies, which is further confirmed by:

“I can’t change what I’ve printed and don’t want to”, he was [...] implying that they might have some positive aesthetic value. The inconsistencies are undoubtedly in keeping with the tone, atmosphere, and artificial ambience of the novels. (Hart 186)

Through these citations it can be established that Green *is* very much aware of the discrepancies but decidedly does not correct them. The translator is thus in no position to change these aspects; they are as much part of the novel as the characters and only add to its obliqueness. In the current research, discrepancies will not be corrected in the translation, no matter how insignificant, no matter how consequential.

2.9 Motifs

Green uses motifs to stress the “mechanical nature of the world in which the characters live” (Hart 189, 191; Stokes 190-1). There are several that refer back to the death theme: the first is Green’s use of the tunnels through which the characters enter the station, and “a sinister atmosphere is built up” (Hart 190): “[...] at last they too went in under into

one of those tunnels” (PG 385), “Then he went in under into a larger tunnel [...]” (400), “The driver [...] also went in under into one of those tunnels and was gone” (402). This last example also introduces the second death motif, namely that of being “gone” (Hart 191): “[...] and then they were gone” (PG 392), “[...] and then he was gone” (395), “With that she was gone” (397), “She’s a goner” (489).

The characters are, naturally, anxious to leave, to be gone, but the unusual insistence on the word in simple expressions of movement from one part of the platform or hotel to another not only adds to the irony of their being prevented, both by fog and by spiritual emptiness, from going anywhere, but also stresses the prevailing atmosphere of doom and death. (Hart 191)

One of these motifs causes a problem in Dutch. The amount of prepositions used for the tunnels is striking (‘in under into’), and however odd they are in English, it would be simply unacceptable to use as many prepositions simultaneously in Dutch; in fact, the maximum is two: “naar binnen door” (directive *naar binnen* is considered one preposition). This would remove the sense of alienation caused by the English structure.

There is another effect Green achieves in character description by using motif, consequently helping the reader uncover the characters’ personalities: throughout the novel, Green describes locations by having SOMETHING light up over it. At one point he applies the motif in modulated form to Miss Crevy:

Miss Crevy examined her face in a mirror out of her bag like any jeweller with a precious stone, and it was indeed without price, but it has its ticket and this **had Marriage written on it.** (PG 494 [emphasis added])

The beauty of her face is paralleled to illuminated signs, which “reduces her to the level of a physical object” and makes her just as “futile, aimless [and] mechanical” (ibid.).

Additionally, he repeats certain words when referring to different characters: Max is constantly considered to be ‘hopeless’ (even by himself (PG 506)), Angela is often ‘tiresome’, Miss Fellowes’ pigeon is all conjugations of ‘disgusting’, all women ‘fuss’ (Hart 193), and in the third translated section, Max and Amabel continuously consider Max to be ‘mad’:

‘Darling,’ she said at last, ‘you didn’t really mean to do that to me.’
‘I was **mad.**’ (PG 504)

'I'm the only one,' he said, 'I was mad.'

'But why?'

'I don't know. **Mad. Mad.**'

'Don't go on telling me you were **mad**,' and here she raised her voice, 'no one's **mad** these days! What was it?' (505)

'Don't you dare,' she said and gasped. 'Don't you dare,' she said in a small voice she was so angry, 'try and put that over me. It's Julia Wray and I've known it all along.'

'Julia? What do you mean?'

'What do I mean? You are **mad** if you think I'll swallow that,' and she laughed and spoke naturally. (507)

The challenge these character motifs pose to the translator are not necessarily found in the previous examples of 'tiresome', 'hopeless', and 'fuss', but in this last example between Max and Julia, because 'mad' in this scene can denote both 'angry' and 'insane'. Amabel is clearly referring to the latter, but Max could be referring to both; he considers himself 'insane' for misleading Amabel and is at the same 'angry' for having to choose and having to deal with everyone. There is no clear-cut Dutch translation which retains the ambiguity of the original, and the translator has to choose between one of either denotations. In this case, the choice seems relatively simple: in order to be able to say "nobody is mad these days", the translation has to convey the aspect of insanity.

Stokes also mentions several motifs, namely 'water', 'lower forms of life', 'flowers', and geographical metaphors (147). A more interesting one, however, is the appearance of Julia's (lucky) "charms". At first it seems she thinks only of her charms when things go awry, linking them to Julia's superstition, but halfway through the book, the reader can notice that the charms always appear when Max is either in her thoughts or in the room with her:

It was so wrong, so unfair of **Max** not to say whether he was really coming, not to be in when she rang up, leaving that man of his, Edwards, to say he had gone out, leaving it like that to the last so that none of them knew if he was going to come or not. [...] It came to her then that she might not have packed her **charms**, that her maid had left them out and this would explain why things were so wrong. (PG 389-90 [emphasis added])

She thought here was their party laughing and shrieking as though nobody was going travelling; and then no one but her seemed to mind where **Max** was; where could her **charms** be? (405 [emphasis added])

Perhaps **he** [Max] was not lying, which was frightening enough , but if he was then why was he lying? And this time she could not look through her things for **charms**, they had been left behind with her porter. (413 [emphasis added])

It was at this moment that **Max** came in with Amabel, so that Julia knew she would almost at once **forget** about her **charms now he was back**, and all her worries. (520 [emphasis added])

It seems that through her infatuation with his person, she has made Max her lucky charm. Whenever she is near him, her worries are gone (no matter Amabel's presence), and whenever things go wrong and he is not near, she starts worrying about her charms as well as him. In fact, another link is that she says leaving without her charms would be "hopeless" (*PG* 390), the adjective often associated with Max.

The translational problem that Julia's charms pose, is that in the ST 'charms' has a double meaning: Julia's possibly charming character traits on the one hand, and their being lucky charms on the other. When focusing on their main role, possible translations are 'geluksobjecten' (dreadfully abstract), 'amuletten' (wrong shape), and 'talismannen' (possible, but still odd). None of them can be 'misinterpreted' as being character traits. An alternative, though a quite daring one, would be not to translate 'charms', using an exoticising translation technique.

2.10 Minimalistic style, grammar, and sentence length

One of Green's grammatical devices in *PG* is introducing relative clauses with redundant conjunctions, especially 'and': "There it lay and Miss Fellowes looked up to where that pall of fog was twenty foot above **and** out of which it had fallen" (Green, *PG* 384 [emphasis added]). Parks further explains the disorientation caused by the seeming anomaly:

At first the reader expects that the 'and' will add another complement to the subject/verb structure 'the fog was...' (as, for example, that pall of fog was twenty

foot above and very thick). Or perhaps it could add a second verb to ‘Miss Fellowes looked up...’ (as, for example, Miss Fellowes looked up to where that pall of fog was twenty foot above and saw that it...). But instead of such predictable solutions, the syntax deviates into what was perhaps least expected, a relative ‘and out of which’. (*A Literary Approach* 200)

The two Italian translations that Parks discusses both remove the conjunction, as does Gerhard Vorkamp in the German translation. All normalise the translation, removing elements that cause disorientation.

A second characteristic is Green’s tendency to replace articles or possessive pronouns with demonstratives (Stokes 190), contributing “to an identifiable distinctiveness of expression in [his] prose” (191), which Parks in turn deems “generally unsettling” (*A Literary Approach* 198): “Green deploys some very strange focusing and foregrounding. Things rise to prominence that do not seem to deserve it, structures are made more complex than they need be, [and] sometimes the syntax seems discontinuous even ‘wrong’” (199). Kermode explains the difficulties a translator faces in this light:

it is a kind of grammatical assertion of the uniqueness of the text, a hint [...] that it is not easily reducible to something else. [...] A stylistic eccentricity hamper[s] the interpreter, one of whose most useful moves is to see his text in relation to some larger whole [...]. (cit. in Parks, *A Literary Approach* 203)

While Parks poorly argues that any translator of Green’s work faces an insurmountable problem—because Parks fails to uncover the purpose of Green’s writing style in *PG*, something Stokes *did* do many years prior to the appearance of Park’s research—he does pose an interesting question: does the uniqueness addressed by Kermode “mean the translator has a *carte-blanche* to invent the ‘uniqueness’ of his translation as he will, simply in order that uniqueness there shall be?” (*ibid.*; see chapter 5.1).

In addition to replacing articles and pronouns with demonstratives, Green also seems fond of doing quite the opposite by completely leaving out both definite and indefinite articles, and while omitting them can be “disastrous”, it also gives cause for “scenes of great beauty” (Allen). Green said he wants “to make [his prose] as taut and spare as possible [...] to fit the proletarian life” he was leading (cit. in *ibid.*).

Despite the fact that there are other novels in Green’s oeuvre in which the frequency

of these omissions is much higher,⁴ the number of instances in *PG* is still significant, often leading to oddly structured sentences that are hard to decipher. In fact, the very first sentence of the novel features a perfect example: “**Fog** was so dense, **bird** that had been disturbed went flat into a balustrade and slowly fell, dead, at her feet” (*PG* 384 [emphasis added]). This example is not ambiguous but rather one that immediately pushes the reader into unfamiliar and quite unsettling territory (Stokes 201; Parks 198). It is again interesting that both the published Italian and German translation decided not to copy this characteristic and added in definite articles wherever they deemed appropriate. In fact, an Italian translation that had rewritten the opening clause to “**Era nebbia** cosá densa”⁵ (cit. in Parks 199) in order to retain at least part of the structure—for the translator did use an article in “**l’uccello**”⁶ (ibid.)—was rejected by the publisher. The German translation has managed to get past the editors with “**Nebel** lag so dicht”⁷ and “**ein** aufgeschreckter Vogel”⁸ (*Gesellschaftsreise* 5).

A second example, which is particularly interesting for this thesis as it is featured in one of the annotated translations, can be found on page 388: “As she stepped out into **this darkness of fog above** and left warm rooms with bells and servants [...]” ([emphasis added]). At first glance, it might seem trivial, but leaving out the article while still using “above” turns the meaning of the phrase into one of ‘(foggy) darkness caused by fog at eye level’ instead of ‘darkness caused by the blanket of fog at tree-top height’. The German translation settled for the first interpretation: “Als sie in dieses Nebeldunkel rundherum austrat [...]”⁹ (*Gesellschaftsreise* 15), further stressed by the choice of “rundherum” instead of something like ‘oben’ or ‘hinauf’ (both *above*). The fact that the German translation often adds articles in places the ST left them out, can be easily explained by the fact that German is much more reliant on articles than English

⁴ A fun fact: if all omitted articles were restored in Green’s novel *Living*, it would have been five pages longer (Stokes 196).

⁵ Back-translation: “it was such dense fog.”

⁶ Back-translation: “the bird”

⁷ Back-translation: “fog was so dense”

⁸ Back-translation: “a disturbed bird”

⁹ Back-translation: “when she stepped out into this complete fog-darkness around her”

(or Dutch for that matter) because they indicate gender as well as grammatical case. Leaving them out would arguably cause too much confusion for the reader as he or she has to find out whether a noun is object or subject before even beginning to make sense of the sentence as a whole.

The above is an example of Green's desire to fix "the reader's attention on the essential subject and not [to distract] the mind's eye with unnecessary black marks on the white page" (Dennis 84). In addition to omitting articles, he was also apprehensive of punctuation, favouring comma's over full stops and exclamation marks, sometimes leaving out the comma's as well. This results in countless of comma splices and fused sentences, even in dialogue. The difficulty in interpreting these ungrammaticalities is not so much caused by the comma splices, but rather by the fusion, especially in sentences that contain subordinate clauses: "It made the whole trip so much more exciting to begin with a whole three weeks before them to get everything right in" (Green, *PG* 439). At first glance, the phrase "to begin with" seems to form the link between the main and subordinate clauses, as if Julia and Max are 'having a whole three weeks before them as the journey only just started', but at the end, the reader finds out that this does not make sense and "to get everything right in" seems to be dangling. Had Green added a comma, it would have been clear that "a whole three weeks before them to get everything right in" is in its entirety part of the subordinate clause: "It made the whole trip so much more exciting to begin with, a whole three weeks before them to get everything right in." Vorkamp translates: "Das machte die ganze Reise gleich am Anfang so aufregend, und dann volle drei wochen vor sich zu haben, um alles in Gang zu bringen"¹⁰ (113). MATSG have noted that the construction seems slightly deviant from standard German, but still agreed Vorkamp has normalised the phrase, adding a comma and a conjunction, thus removing all ambiguity.

The final linguistic device in Green's writing style that will be dealt with here is one that does not necessarily contribute to the text's alienating effect. It is, however, a very interesting one regarding translation studies: sentence length. Stokes has analysed one hundred sentences of non-dialogue text in all of Green's novels, and again *PG* shows

¹⁰ Back-translation: "It made the entire trip so exciting right from the start, and then having a full three weeks in front of them, to get everything going."

deviant behaviour. Green's novels generally contain 40% of sentences counting ten words or less, and over 70% of all sentences counting 20 words or less (192). *PG*, on the other hand "is the only novel in which the 1–10 word sentence does not predominate [...] and [...] it is the only one in which the largest fraction of the total number of words is to be found not in sentences of 11–20 words, but in sentences of 21–30 words" (201; see table in Stokes 195). This feature stresses the uniformity of the novel and its "stylistic evenness" (ibid.). Stokes notes: "the majority of the sentences in the novel are loose, compound, multiple sentences based on **co-ordination much more than subordination**. Often it is merely the substitution of 'ands' for full-stops" (203 [emphasis added]) that alter the tone and tempo in the novel, which could have become very staccato had full-stops been used. The sentence structure corresponds to

the subject and theme of the novel [...] which preserves unity of time and place, and which concentrates attention on a homogeneous group of people of the same age, social class and attitudes [...] Moreover these sentences, so vague and indefinite in structure, not only directly present the fog of uncertainty and incomprehension, subterfuge and evasion in which the characters have their being [...] but are a sort of syntactic equivalent of the fog which is the dominating force in the novel. (ibid.)

All of this begs the following question in regards to translation studies: does the translator have to take sentence length into account when translating *PG*, as it is such a striking feature of the novel? In any case, the expansion of text inherent to translation from English into Dutch should be taken into account, which is estimated around 15%. A translation strategy following the uniformity in sentence length should therefore ensure that roughly the same percent of Dutch sentences count 24–34 words ($21-30 * 1.14$). The problem in this aspect is that the translator imposes a huge restriction on him- or herself and risks having to make sacrifices regarding the other devices Green uses to create the novel's alienating effect. Additionally, the translator has to decide which sentences will receive such treatment and whether the same sentences that belong to the 21–30 group in the original will be tackled or just random ones. It would require an extensive amount of time to categorise this.

Moreover, the actual significance of the sentence length technique is questionable, as still 75% of the sentences in *PG* are either shorter than 20 words or longer than 30. In the translations for this thesis, sentence length will not be taken into account, but it is

definitely an interesting field of research, should a full Dutch translation of *PG* ever be published.

3 Analyses per translated section

Style, as a choice of a particular mode of expression, is a reflection of the author's intention. The author may explain his (or her) intention after the literary work is finished, but his explanation is no more than an interpretation among many others. Readers have the freedom to interpret the work in their own way because reading is seen as a personalized "constructive activity". The open-endedness of literary discourse and the plurality of readings it allows, however, does not mean that all analyses of the work have equal explanatory power. (Qing 407)

The narratological and stylistic devices and specific translation difficulties of the three different sections will be explored here. The different sections have been selected on the basis of the afore-mentioned devices. Initially, it would have been preferable to translate the opening chapter of *PG*. However, as that particular section had already been translated for a different course earlier in 2013, this was not allowed. This is unfortunate, considering that the opening scene is of extreme importance to the setting of the story and it features almost all of Green's narratological and stylistic devices, giving cause to an interesting amount of elements open for discussion. Nonetheless, the first chapter's ST and TT will be featured as appendices I and II respectively for further investigation.

As a result, the first translated section is the first scene of chapter 2 (*PG* 387-91), interesting for its different narrative techniques. Sections II and III (436-39; 504-10) form a contrastive pair in regards to the two relationships Max has with Julia and Amabel. Both sections cover a scene of the women's respective upstairs rendezvous with Max. Initially, the very first scenes of both meetings were selected, but because Julia's time with Max was scattered across a larger scene in which several other focalisers interrupt from time to time—which, in itself, is of course interesting to explore and defines another aspect of Max and Julia's relationship—the first uninterrupted scene spanning two or more pages was chosen so a solid comparison with Amabel's scene could be drawn.

3.1 Section I: Max, Julia, and the narrator

In this scene Miss Julia Wray makes her first physical appearance. She was referred to as someone who needs to be watched over in chapter one, and in this chapter it becomes more clear why, as the reader is introduced to her anxious nature. She sends a cab to

bring her luggage to the station, but as she herself worries over whether her secret crush Max will show up, she wants to walk off her nerves and sets about her journey on foot.

This is a perfect opportunity to elaborately introduce the fog that affects everything in the novel, as it is the longest of but a few scenes set outside the confines of the station. It is therefore not unexpected that the feeling of damnation and anxiety is very much present in this scene, caused both by the weather and Julia's nature, featuring words like 'gloom', 'obscured', 'pall', 'harsh', 'darkness', 'dreadful', and 'stagnant'.

The scene features a set of swift narrative changes. Some of its paragraphs were already discussed in chapter 2.6, which showed that the reader is first presented with an omniscient narration, after which he or she is addressed explicitly by the narrator through the use of *you*, and finally presented with Julia's character focalisation, in which different forms of thought presentation are used.¹¹ However, both narratological changes and the different forms of thought presentation do not necessarily cause any translation difficulties.

Aspects that do cause translation difficulties are the foggy syntax, the one instance of speech presentation, and the contrast between English and Dutch. Take for example the opening paragraph, which consists of one single sentence featuring a total of nine progressive verb forms:

The main office district of London centred round this station and now innumerable people, male and female, after **thinking** about getting home, were **yawning, stretching, having another look** at their clocks, **putting** files **away** and **closing** books, some **were signing** their last letters almost **without reading** what they had dictated and **licking** the flaps where earlier on they would have wetted their fingers and taken time. (Green, *PG* 387 [emphasis added])

A choice has to be made regarding the purpose of these progressive forms, whether they are used to express "duration (limited, in progress, or incomplete), temporary habits,

¹¹ In chapter two, only speech presentation was discussed, because it posed a severe translation problem in Green's work. However, Leech and Short have provided the same analysis for thought presentation: FDT, DT, FIT, IT, NRTA. Their definition is similar to those of speech presentation; a noteworthy aspect, however, is that in speech presentation the norm is to use DS, while in thought presentation the norm is IT (270-1, 276).

irritation, iteration, or future reference” (Van de Wardt 61; see chapter 4). In this case it is a combination of duration and temporary habits. The problem here is that all *-ing* forms modify the same subject and therefore require a similar construction in Dutch to retain the continuity and uniformity achieved in the ST. It is extremely tempting simply to use a “aan het” construction, as it stresses the continuity of the actions as well as their simultaneous nature; however, a long string of “aan het + infinitive” is often deemed annoying by readers, and also becomes unnecessarily wordy in Dutch, as the phrase “aan het” has to be repeated numerous times in order to retain a grammatical Dutch structure that matches the grammaticality of the ST:

In Londen stonden de meeste kantoorgebouwen in de buurt van dit station en ontelbaar veel mannen en vrouwen – voor wie de reis naar huis al even in het verschiet had gelegen – **waren nu aan het geeuwen, zich uit aan het rekken,** nog eenmaal naar hun klok **aan het kijken,** hun papieren **weg aan het stoppen** en **boeken aan het sluiten,** sommigen **waren** haast zonder te kijken een laatste handtekening onder de brieven **aan het zetten** die ze daarvoor nog gedictieerd hadden en aan enveloppen **aan het likken** die ze eerder nog met hun vingertoppen nat zouden hebben gemaakt er de tijd voor nemend.

This is simply a no go. Choosing different types of Dutch verbs forms indicating the progressive aspect, which is what Vorkamp does in the German translation,¹² is neither an option, because then the uniformity, which so important in *PG*, would be lost. Another possibility is to completely remove the progressive aspect and replacing it with, e.g., a consistent use of past simple to stress the habitual as well as the simultaneous nature of the actions:

In Londen stonden de meeste kantoorgebouwen in de buurt van dit station en ontelbaar veel mannen en vrouwen – voor wie de reis naar huis al even in het verschiet had gelegen – **geeuwden nu, ze rekten zich uit, keken** nog eenmaal naar hun klok, **ze stopten** hun papieren **weg** en **sloten boeken,** sommigen **zetten** haast zonder te kijken een laatste handtekening onder de brieven die ze

¹² “[...] zahllose Männer und Frauen **begannen nun** [...] **zu gähnen, sich zu recken,** sie **blickten** noch einmal auf die Uhr, **räumten** Akten fort [...]” (*Gesellschaftsreise* 13). Back-translation: “[...] countless men and women started [...] yawning, stretching, they glanced at their clocks one last time, put away files [...]”.

daarvoor nog gedictieerd hadden en **likten** aan de envelop die ze eerder nog met hun vingertoppen nat zouden hebben gemaakt, er de tijd voor nemend.

This alternative reduces the translational increase of words from 60% to 40%. The 40% increase is still very high (compared to the average translational increase of 15%), but still preferable over a 60% increase. The additional comma splices in the translated paragraph might seem unfortunate; however, as this is one of the discernibly longer sentences in *PG*, it would be unwise to split it up. Moreover, the comma splices are in line with Green's writing style and therefore adequate. This results in a very pleasantly readable translation, which, however, lacks the uniformity of the ST.

Regarding discourse, this section consists almost entirely of thought presentation. As mentioned before, this does not cause any severe problems. However, there is one instance of DS that proves problematic because of the difference between Dutch and English word order:

'There are hundreds here now, Mr Clarke,' he said, 'in another quarter of an hour these hundreds will be thousands. They tell me no buses are running and **"this must be one of those nights you'll be glad you live over your work,"**' he said. (Green, *PG* 388 [emphasis added])

This is a very nifty example of combining different modes of speech presentation: it is a case of IS turning into DS *within* a frame of DS. This would not pose a problem if English and Dutch word order were similar in these two modes of speech presentation:

He says, "**No buses are running.**" (English DS)

He says (that) **no buses are running.** (English IS)

as opposed to:

Hij zegt, "**Er rijden geen bussen.**" (Dutch DS).

Hij zegt **dat er geen bussen rijden.** (Dutch IS).

As a result, while the swift from IS to DS does not cause a problem in English, as the word order for both forms is *exactly* the same; it does in Dutch, because the main verb is moved to the end of the sentence and the conjunction "dat" has to be inserted. There is no possible Dutch translation in which both (exact) phrases in the above *PG* example can modify the same verb phrase ("tell me" or "ze zeggen") while also retaining the DS structure:

[...] Ze zeggen dat er geen bussen rijden en (dat) "dit zo'n avond is waarop je blij mag zijn dat je naast je werk woont," zei hij.

As the phrase in inverted comma's does not resemble Dutch DS structure, this option has to be dismissed. Choosing a different verb phrases for 'ze zeggen' does not solve anything either,¹³ as the indirect structure "dat + subordinate clause" is still required.

As always, creativity is in order. An option is to rewrite the phrase to standard Dutch DS, adding a modifier to the reporting clause ("zei hij met een stemmetje"). This would, however, alter the story world, and is therefore not favourable. Another option is to delete the DS aspect altogether; this would be a waste, however, considering that Green could have just as easily left out the inverted comma's without changing the grammar or the way Mr. Clarke perceives the information told by Mr. Roberts over the phone. The inverted comma's are thus a solely visual addition to the text, which have to be featured in the TT as well.

To retain the DS structure, it seems that either the phrase in inverted comma's should be rewritten to adhere to standard Dutch word order:

Ze zeggen dat er geen bussen rijden en "dit is (echt) zo'n avond waarop je blij mag zijn dat je naast je werk woont," zei hij.

causing a stylistic break; or the quotation marks should be relocated to include a smaller part of the phrase:

Ze zeggen dat er geen bussen rijden en dat dit zo'n avond is "waarop je blij mag zijn dat je naast je werk woont," zei hij.

Neither are preferable, but because removing the quotation marks and adding a modifier to the reporting clause are non-negotiable, the translator has to content himself with either of the above examples.

Other stylistic translation problems are mostly to do with Green's foggy syntax and repetition of phrases like lights "curving overhead", examples of which will be addressed in the annotations.

3.2 Section II: Max and Julia

This section features the first uninterrupted scene between Max and Julia upstairs that

¹³ Not even when choosing a translation similar to the German of Gerhard Vorkamp: "[...] Wie ich höre, fahren keine Busse, und es ist einer der Abende, da jeder froh ist, wenn er über seinem Arbeitsplatz wohnt < «, sagte er" (*Gesellschaftsreise* 14). BT: "I hear there are no buses and 'it is one of those nights that you are happy to live over your work.'" A similar construction in Dutch would again require inversion: "Ik hoor **dat** [...] **het zo'n avond is** [...]"

lasts longer than two pages. Still, this section (only) takes up the larger part of four pages, which is significantly less than Max and Amabel's first scene upstairs, counting at least eight pages and filling an entire chapter. Whether this disparity can be ascribed to the nature of their respective relationships does not speak for itself; however, one might think that Max has a more solid, more relaxed relationship with Amabel than he does with Julia, whose time with Max is interrupted by other characters' focalisations countless times.

The scene mostly focuses on innocent enquiries by Julia who wants to get to know Max better and a description of the situation outside, which Julia contemplates. The fact that the scene centres on Julia's thoughts, instead of Max's, seems to mark another difference from the scene between Amabel and Max, which focuses more on both characters' thoughts and needs.

With the exception of one paragraph featuring an omniscient narrative, the entire scene is written with Julia as the focaliser and the reader is presented with a large chunk of thought presentation. Green further uses repetition to add to the disorienting effect of the scene. When Julia regards the people in the crowd all turning their heads in the same direction, she is reminded of "lozenges, lozenges, lozenges" (Green, *PG* 437), letting the fairly dated term for a diamond shaped object linger, both visually and audibly (caused by the affricate /dʒ/), and mimicking Julia's worry-wart tendencies. The crowd is constantly referred to as to be chanting and swaying and twice a woman's shrieks can be heard. The effect Green creates using this device is surrealistic in a way; and by presenting the scene almost entirely in Julia's (indirect) thoughts, an unworldly image is created, as if everything is moving in slow motion. This is further stressed by Julia's first DS utterance after describing the events outside: "It's terrifying,' Julia said, 'I didn't know there were so many people in the world'" (ibid.).

Once Julia closes the window in response to Max's request, the tempo of the scene changes to a more up-beat one in which they converse in IS as well as (F)DS, seemingly contrasting with the fact that room seems so much quieter "once the window was shut" (438).

The omniscient narrator's use of paradoxical combinations of words in an almost never-ending sentence that interrupts Julia's account of the events further stresses the unworldly feeling:

| The management had shut the steel doors down because when once before

another fog had come as thick as this hundreds and hundreds of the crowd, unable to get home by train or bus, had **pushed** into this hotel and **quietly clamoured** for rooms, beds, meals, and more and more had **pressed quietly, peaceably** in until, although they had been **most well behaved**, by weight of numbers they has **smashed** everything, furniture, lounges, reception offices, the two bars, doors. (437 [emphasis added]).

Green combines a set of very aggressive verbs with gentle adverbs, even though having a crowd *clamouring quietly* and *smashing* everything while still *acting well-behaved* is highly unlikely. The contents of the paragraph might be paralleled to the contrast between the clamouring and shouting outside Julia's window and the absolute serenity with which is it being relayed to the reader.

However, none of the stylistic devices mentioned above cause any major translation difficulties, except perhaps the use of 'lozenge' as the similar dated term in Dutch for 'ruit' is 'rombus', which does not mimic the auditory effect of the ST.

There are several translation problems on a syntactical level, however, for example in the recurrent description of the position of the swaying crowd: "one section under her window", "that section just below", "she heard them chanting beneath", "from that one section". The Dutch phrases 'onder haar' and 'beneden haar' both seem to connote she is in direct contact with the crowd and not several feet above them. The translation 'daarbeneden' on the other hand is more fit, but 'daaronder' is not an option, as it again connotes a more direct vicinity.

The biggest challenge in translation can be found in the closing sentence, which was discussed in chapter 2.10, and other short phrases that will be elaborated upon in the annotations.

3.3 Section III: Max and Amabel

This section opposes the previous one in many ways. Not only do Max and Amabel get more uninterrupted private time than any of the other characters in the hotel, the scene also consists almost entirely of dialogue in (F)DS. However, because this is the case, little room remains for Green's other narrative and stylistic devices. There is little to none extremely intricate or confusing syntax, as all the longer sentences are simply a number of comma splices and repetitions of phrases.

As a result, it is essential to focus on producing a smooth, natural language when

translating this scene. Green was known for his dialogue for a good reason, and it definitely becomes apparent here. Max and Amabel's dialogue feels like the most natural thing in the world and both know exactly what to say and when to say it to affect one another. In translating dialogue, taking liberties are therefore more often justified and given the green light, though the translator should hold the story world that Green created in high regard.

In a scene which is for the larger part made up of dialogue, it is interesting to take Leech and Short's warning regarding FDS into account:

Without the introductory clauses [in FDS] specifying [who] says what, it becomes difficult to remember [who is whom], so that confusion is gradually produced in the reader's mind. (258-9)

This is true, of course, to a certain extent. Luckily, Green knows how to apply exactly the right amount of confusion, meaning that if the conversation starts to puzzle the reader in the way described above, Green adds a reporting clause. Regarding other narratological devices, there is only one instant of FIS: "He went to kiss her again and she laughed and said no, no, not before he had told her" (507)—though the reason for this slight deviation is not entirely clear. Additionally, an omniscient narrator intrudes just once: "They did not either of them notice the slip she had made" (510); and the rest of the scene is set in alternately Max and Amabel's character focalisation.

The aspect that makes translation this scene even more difficult than translation other kinds of dialogue, is the repetition of certain phrases. The translator will be tempted to adapt spoken words into more natural Dutch to make it more fitting for dialogue, but as a result risks losing the uniformity of the repetitions. Examples are: "why did you do it", "what made you do it", "What d'you mean", and more. The words uttered and repeated say much about both characters' personalities. It becomes clear for example that Amabel is exceptionally manipulative and will stop at nothing until Max gives her the answer she wants to hear, and even then repeats her earlier question (Why did you do what you did when you did?). Her façade is further made clear in her repeating the phrase "Oh, then!" (further marked by the use of an exclamation mark) in response to Max's questions about her time with Embassy Richard, of whom Max is jealous. Max, on the other hand, is under Amabel's spell, and seems not to have a will of his own when he is near her, giving short, curt answers. At one point he slips out of her grasp and becomes slightly rebellious but this is short-lived. When he is with Amabel,

his at other times self-confident and assertive nature disappears and he starts referring to himself again as 'hopeless' and 'mad'.

4 Contrastive analysis

The base element that makes translation so difficult is the contrast between source and target language. While one language allows for certain structures to achieve certain effects, another does not, and the translator faces a challenge in creating a similar effect. This is all the more reason why contrastive studies between languages are required. Unfortunately, most published researches into Dutch and English conducted up until now, though interesting, mainly focus on lexicology and syntax, and there have been no translation-oriented contrastive studies published to date. Such studies would ideally focus on “contrastive lexicon, a contrastive grammar and a contrastive pragmatics” (Spies 12); there have been attempts at such analyses, however, for example in Van de Wardt’s master thesis in which she translated sections from Woolf’s *Mrs. Dalloway*. In order not to repeat every single aspect of the contrast between Dutch and English that make translating difficult, it is important first to establish the major problems a literary text poses. Spies points out: “A more realistic approach would [...] probably be to analyse a text roughly, and subsequently try one’s hand at a provisional translation, after which source text and target text should be compared” (77), quite fitting to Nord’s *looping* model (Nord 34).

However, when using this approach, it must be taken into account that “[i]t can be hard to make a distinction between clear grammatical or stylistic features, because they are often intertwined. As a result, some of these features may overlap” (Van de Wardt 55). In *PG*, the following stylistic and grammatical elements of contrast proved to cause the most difficulty when trying to preserve the effect set by Green in translating *PG*: modality, progressiveness (*-ing*), and post-modifying verbless clauses (PVCs). This chapter will explore these three elements and provide options for translation.

4.1 Modality

Modality is a facet of illocutionary force, signaled [sic] by grammatical devices (that is, moods), that expresses the illocutionary point or general intent of a speaker, or a speaker’s degree of commitment to the expressed proposition’s believability, obligatoriness, desirability, or reality. (SIL)

This section discusses two markers of modality: modal auxiliaries and pragmatic particles.

4.1.1 Modal auxiliaries

Modal auxiliary verbs are essential in FID, “because [they] express a doubt or hesitation that could never be attributed to a narrator” (Van de Wardt 64); consequently, the number of auxiliaries used in a section indicate the interference level of the narrator (ibid.). Because FID is generally written in past tense, Van de Wardt discusses the past tense auxiliaries SHOULD, MIGHT, COULD, and WOULD, as well as ‘tenseless’ MUST in her research. Due to the overlapping qualities of *PG* and *Mrs. Dalloway*, regarding both narrative and stylistic devices, the same modals can be researched for this thesis. However, when analysing the different sections for translation, only the following modals make an appearance in non-dialogue text (also excluding IS): MIGHT, COULD, and WOULD, and MUST. After examining each section, it is interesting to point out that in section one, which is written almost entirely with the uncertain Julia as focalisor, there are 5 instances of MIGHT, 25 instances of WOULD, and 10 instances of COULD, totalling 40 modals. Section two and three, on the other hand, respectively feature 1 MIGHT, 2 WOULD’s, 1 COULD, 1 MUST (totalling 5 modals), and 2 MIGHT’s, 3 WOULD’s, 2 COULD’s (totalling 7 modals), indicating that the narrator is very much present in both scenes with Max.

The different modals are used to express the following tones (Coates 5):

MIGHT	root/epistemic possibility, permission, hypothesis
COULD	root/epistemic possibility, ability, permission
WOULD	prediction, hypothesis
MUST ¹⁴	strong obligation, confident inference

English modals are often open to interpretation. Van de Wardt provides the following example (64):

 | We could go in.

which can be interpreted as (64-5):

 | » We konden naar binnen gaan (ability; we were able to enter);

¹⁴ Because there is only one instance of MUST in the translated sections (“How frightfully rich Max must be.”) and its meaning is straightforward (confident inference), this particular modal will not be discussed.

- » We mochten naar binnen (permission or root possibility: we were allowed to go in);
- » We zouden naar binnen kunnen gaan (hypothesis or epistemic possibility: we are standing outside and may or may not go in).

The way in which the different modal auxiliaries can be translated are thus dependent on context; though it must be said that sometimes the underlying tones are straightforward:

Fog was down to ground level outside London, no cars **could** penetrate there so that if you had been seven thousand feet up and **could** have seen through you **would** have been amused at blocked main roads in solid lines and, on the pavements within two miles of this station, crawling worms on either side. (387 [emphasis added])

The first **COULD** in this paragraph can semantically only be interpreted as the *ability* to drive through the fog, and Dutch modal **KUNNEN** would be the “most unambiguous modal to express ability” (Van de Wardt 65). The same goes for the second **COULD**. **WOULD**, however, is ambiguous and could either be a *prediction* or a *hypothesis*. A prediction would indicate a very high probability which would be odd in this hypothetical situation. However, **WOULD** in this case follows on a hypothetical situation in which the viewer has a certain ability, so that *if* someone was actually up that high, the probability of the viewer being amused is very high. Accordingly, a translation using **ZOUDEN** would suffice (as opposed to **ZOUDEN KUNNEN**):

Mist kwam buiten Londen nu al tot op de grond, auto's **konden** er niet doorheen dus zou je tweeduizend meter hoger zitten en er door heen **kunnen kijken**, dan **zouden** de door solide rijen geblokkeerde hoofdstraten je geamuseerd hebben, met in een straal van drie kilometer rondom het station de kruipende wormen aan beide kanten op de stoep.

Another cluster of modals can be found on pages 390-1, when Max is contemplating whether he can leave Amabel:

[...] wondering if he **would** go after all.

It **would** mean leaving Amabel. [...]

He **would** not leave Amabel. [...]

Well if his bags were ready then he **might** as well leave Amabel. ([emphasis added])

The first WOULD can be either a *prediction* or a *hypothesis*. A prediction, however, would be too strong for the situation, as he is not at all sure whether he will go; therefore, opting for the hypothetical approach is safer. The second WOULD, on the other hand, is clearly a *prediction*, as having to leave Amabel is a direct consequence of his decision to go away. The third WOULD is again a *prediction*, as Max resolves not to leave her. MIGHT can indicate *root* or *epistemic possibility*, *permission*, or *hypothesis*. Both *hypothesis* and *epistemic possibility* are ruled out in this case, leaving *root possibility* and *permission*. Max is contemplating whether or not he can leaving Amabel, making his packed bags an excuse to do so, *permitting* himself to leave her. However, this seems a little far-fetched, considering it is an act of free will, and therefore *root possibility*. The resulting translations are:

[...] vroeg Max zich af of hij toch maar **moest** gaan.

Dat **zou** betekenen dat hij Amabel achter moest laten. [...]

Hij **zou** Amabel niet achterlaten. [...]

Wel, als zijn koffers al gepakt waren dan **kon** hij Amabel even goed achterlaten.

4.1.2 Pragmatic particles

When comparing Dutch and English, one of the most discussed differences is that of pragmatic particles. While in languages like Dutch and German particles indicate tone and underlying meaning, functioning as “sentential markers whose function is to nuance the illocutionary impact of sentences” (Hervey 170), English does not use particles but instead relies on intonation (Spies 15).

[M]odal particles contribute to the communicative effect of an utterance. In Dutch, modal particles can, among other things, express amazement, impatience, suggestions or requests [...] Compare e.g. “kom eens hier” (rather urgent request), “kom maar hier” (suggestion), “kom toch hier” (suggestion), “kom nou hier” (impatience); or “ga weg” (command) and “ga nou weg” (indignation). (14-5)

This causes a very pressing translation difficulty, because in order to create a smooth and fluent Dutch text, pragmatic particles are required—to avoid a text from becoming marked by the lack of them—and by adding them, translators make one of the possible interpretations of the ST more marked, as “[t]heir meaning is pragmatic rather than semantic” (14). Of course, Dutch translators could opt to leave out pragmatic particles in

order to convey the emotionless personality of one of more characters, as Van de Wardt does for *Mrs Dalloway's* Septimus, or do quite the opposite and add as many particles as possible (within boundaries) when characters like Amabel are trying to charm her acquaintances.

4.2 Progressive *-ing*

The use of the present participle or the imperfect tense is a feature of the English language that is widely known for its problematic translation into languages that do not or no longer use a similar construction. Dutch is one of those languages. Progressiveness is used abundantly in every day English. Moreover, it lends itself perfectly for stringing together multiple sentences and creating a stream of thought or simply a very long sentence. Therefore, it is not unexpected that in *PG* there are *-ing* forms galore, even up to nine in the same sentence (see chapter 3.3.1). The Dutch participle is nowadays mostly used “in set expressions like ‘al doende leert men’ [...] and may have an alienating effect on the reader when it is used in a different context” (Van de Wardt 61): “he was reading” » “hij was lezende”. Regarding *PG*, this is a very interesting notion, because one of Green’s main devices is using language to represent the confusion and disorientation felt by the characters. If using the Dutch present participle in the translation has an alienating effect, thus adhering to Green’s stylistic devices, it almost seems a waste not to use it. However, the downside is that, in addition to the tense’s alienating effect, it can also cause annoyance to the reader, and this annoyance should be avoided at all costs. A possible translation strategy is therefore to use the Dutch participle from time to time—perhaps most often in direct scene—and use different strategies for all other instances.

In English, the progressive aspect is mostly used to express “duration (limited, in progress, or incomplete), temporary habits, irritation, iteration, or some cases of future reference” (ibid.). It can also appear as a gerund or an adjective, but these forms do not generally cause any problems in translation.

In addition to the one opted earlier, there are five Dutch alternatives for translating this form that still adhere to the progressive aspect:

1. “[to be] + aan het + infinitive”

Everyone **was yawning**.

» Iedereen **was aan het gapen**.

2. “[verb expressing position] + full infinitive”

Verbs expressing position used are most likely ‘zitten’, ‘staan’, or ‘liggen’.

Everyone **was yawning**.

» Iedereen **stond/zat te gapen**.

3. “[to be] + bezig met + gerund” or “[to be] + bezig + full infinitive”

She was **cooking**.

» Ze was **bezig met eten koken**.

» Ze was bezig **eten te koken**.

4. “terwijl + simple present/past”

Opening the door, he announced his arrival.

Terwijl hij de deur open deed, kondigde hij zijn aankomst aan.

5. Various conjugations: “[t]his may lead to simple past/present, an infinitive verb form, perfect tense, or an interpretation of the meaning through nouns, adjectives or description” (Van de Wardt 61).

Momentarily disregarding the need for uniformity discussed in chapter 3.3.1, the opening paragraph of the second chapter of *PG* provides a nice example for combining different alternatives:

The main office district of London centred round this station and now innumerable people, male and female, after **thinking** about getting home, were **yawning, stretching, having another look** at their clocks, **putting files away** and **closing** books, some **were signing** their last letters almost **without reading** what they had dictated and **licking** the flaps where earlier on they would have wetted their fingers and taken time. (Green, *PG* 387 [emphasis added])

In this excerpt, “thinking” expresses a continuous action in the past, meaning a past tense translation is in order. In this case a past infinitive tense can be used “te hebben gedacht” in order to express the difference in time as well as the continuous aspect. “yawning” and “stretching” would ideally be translated with the “aan + het” construction, as a good yawn or stretch can easily last up to thirty seconds. “putting files away”, “closing books”, “were signing”, and “licking” on the other hand concern actions that take little time. Using a marked progressive Dutch construction would be odd, because, in general, someone will not be closing a book in slow-motion; the preferred translation would thus be in the simple past tense, creating co-ordination. Last but not least “without reading” implies that the signing of letters happens simultaneously with

not reading them. As a result, the “terwijl”-construction springs to mind; however, using “terwijl” in combination with negation, results in a very stiff and awkward Dutch. The construction “adverb + infinitive” can be used with “zonder”, in order to express simultaneity and negation: “zonder te lezen”. A resulting translation reads as follows:

In London stonden de meeste kantoorgebouwen in de buurt van dit station en ontelbaar veel mannen en vrouwen – na al een poos aan hun terugreis **te hebben gedacht** – **waren nu aan het geeuwen, zich uit aan het rekken**, ze **keken** nog eenmaal naar hun klok, **stopten** hun papieren en **sloten** boeken, sommigen **zetten** haast **zonder te kijken** een laatste handtekening onder de die ze daarvoor nog gedictieerd hadden en **likten** aan enveloppen die ze eerder nog met hun vingertoppen nat zouden hebben gemaakt, er de tijd voor nemend.

However, translation is always based on options and their respective weights. In this paragraph, the translator must choose between uniformity (using the same translation strategy for all *-ing* forms) and fluent grammaticality (again, see chapter 3.3.1).

4.3 Post-modifying verbless clauses

PVC, as the name suggests, is a post-modifying clause without any verbs. PVCs are used in abundance in English, and allow for additional, important information to be added in a very condense way, either in a substantive or adjectival construction. Examples are (König 306):

Ron Pall, **a blatant liar**, was expelled from the group. (substantive)

I found George, **unconscious**, a few hours later. (adjectival)

as apposed to their relative clause variant (307):

Ron Pall, **who is/was a blatant liar**, was expelled from the group.

I found George, **who was unconscious**, a few hours later.

Because PVCs are uncommon in Dutch and are even sometimes considered to be grammatically incorrect—though, admittedly, mimicking English grammatical structures in Dutch becomes more popular every day—the structure poses a problem for translation, and often results in making the TT more explicit, as well as an increase in words. König presents four options available for translation into German, most of which can similarly be used in Dutch.

1. Structural analogue (ibid.)

Substantive PVC (apposition)

Ron Pall, a **blatant liar**, was expelled from the group.

» Ron Pall, **een befaamd leugenaar**, werd verbannen uit de groep.

Adjectival PVC

I found George, **unconscious**, a few hours later.

» Ik kwam George een paar uur later **bewusteloos** tegen.

König points out that “while a substantive PVC, which cannot be discerned from an apposition, usually lends itself for translation, a structural analogue in place of an adjectival verbless clause usually causes a grammatical or stylistic break, and a different approach must be used” (ibid. [translated]).

2. Finite relative clause (ibid.)

Substantive PVC (apposition)

Most of them turned to the U.S.A., **already the fabled land of opportunity**.

» De meesten wendden zich tot de V.S., **dat** reeds **bekend stond** als het legendarische land van mogelijkheden.

Adjectival PVC

The cows contentedly chewed the grass, **green and succulent after the rain**.

» De koeien kauwden tevreden op het gras, **dat na de regen groen en sappig was**.

3. Attribute adjective (pre-modifying) (308-9)

Adjectival PVC

I found George, **unconscious**, a few hours later.

» Ik kwam de **bewusteloze** George een paar uur later tegen.

The cows contentedly chewed the grass, **green and succulent after the rain**.

» De koeien kauwden tevreden op het **door de regen groene en sappige gras**.

In case of an indirect object, the rain in the above example, preposition “door” is required in a Dutch construction.

König also offers an option for substantive PVCs, namely a pre-modifying participial phrase that knows almost no boundaries regarding length in languages like German and, e.g., Japanese.¹⁵ In Dutch, however, pre-modifying participial phrases are highly

¹⁵ The German example presented by König for example: “Dein **offensichtlich auf dem Gebiet**

uncommon and sometimes even severely ungrammatical.

4. Independent clause (309)

Substantive PVC

Most of them turned to the U.S.A., **already the fabled land of opportunity.**

» De meesten wendden zich tot de V.S. **Het stond al een poosje bekend als land van vele mogelijkheden.**

Adjectival PVC

The cows contentedly chewed the grass, **green and succulent after the rain.**

» De koeien kauwden tevreden op het gras. **Door de regen was het groen en sappig geworden.**

The downside of this translation strategy is that it turns sub-ordination into co-ordination.

der englischen Grammatik außerordentlich kompetenter Bruder wist in dem Buch, das ich gerade lese, über alle Maßen gelobt." Back-translation (Dutch): "Jouw **op het gebied van Engelse grammatica duidelijk uitzonderlijk competente** broer wordt in het boek dat ik lees bijzonder geprezen." This sentence is not necessarily ungrammatical, just highly uncommon.

5 Annotated translations

In this chapter, the three translated sections are presented. Specific problems will be highlighted by annotations. For the STs, see appendices II-IV. First, however, a small research into the Dutch literary system and its initial translation norm will be conducted in order to further establish a translation technique that can be used for the three sections of *PG*.

5.1 Translation norms

In *A Literary Approach*, Tim Parks analyses the first chapter of *PG* and compares several rejected and one published Italian translation to the original through back-translation. Parks points out that despite the fact renowned publishing houses like Adelphi and Einaudi purchased the Italian language rights to all of Green's works 'many years ago'—Park's book was first published in 1979—many translations have been rejected by the publishers' editors as "unreadable in Italian" (198). Two conclusions can arguably be drawn from this statement: the first is that the translations were unreadable in the target language due to sheer incompetence of the translators; the second is that the translators' respective initial translation norms failed to adhere to the Italian literary norm.

There are two initial norms between which a translator must choose, namely one of *adequacy* and one of *acceptability*. Translation theorist Toury explains that "an *adequate* translation is a translation which [realises] in the target language the textual relationships of a source text with no breach of its own [basic] linguistic system" (56 [emphasis added]), while a translation's *acceptability* is determined by "subscription to norms originating in the target culture" (57).

Presuming that the Italian translators were competent, the rejection of their works could indeed be an example of failing to adhere to the target culture's norms. Taking into account the fact Green's syntax and grammar are highly deviant and therefore difficult to translate, it seems likely that the Italian translators tried to retain this deviance in the target text, choosing an *adequate* approach, while in fact the Italian literary system is more receptive to *acceptable* translations.

In the case of this research, the Dutch translation norm must be established. Norms are, however, often subject to change, as becomes clear from the many retranslations published in the Netherlands in the 1960s (Koster and Naaijken 3-5). Additionally,

different genres embrace different standards. Holmes notes that in the Netherlands

[among] contemporary translators [...] there would seem to be a marked tendency towards modernization and naturalization [re-creative] of the linguistic context, paired with a similar but less clear tendency in the same direction in regard to literary intertext, but an opposing tendency towards exoticizing and historicizing [retentive] in the socio-cultural situation. (49)

Still, those “contemporary” translators lived in the 1980s, when Holmes’ book was published, and times have changed. In her research into shifting norms, Wilmink notes that providing one unambiguous norm for the Dutch translations is difficult, though she does draw a tentative conclusion:

It seems as if the norm for translations from this period [2009-2011] is to be overall retentive rather than re-creative. The most important goal for a translation is to find a balance between creating a convincing Dutch text while honouring the author’s intention. (51)

and she stresses that the Dutch literary critics press for an autonomous text in “smooth Dutch” (50). Based on this tentative conclusion, it seems wise to use a similar retentive approach, thus mostly historicising and exoticising, for translating *PG*; in the light of Green’s intention to disorientate and alienate on all three planes—literary intertext, linguistic context, and socio-culture—this approach seems sensible.

In other words, the devices discussed in chapter 2 will be retained whenever possible, with the exception of those that pose fundamental problems, e.g., the IFIS construction. The fact that Green himself pushed the boundaries of the English language urged the translator to refrain from rewriting every sentence to standard Dutch. This does cause several problems grammatically, considering that fused sentences and comma splices are equally ungrammatical in Dutch and perhaps cause irritation for the reader rather than a sense of alienation, as they might be considered to be more applicable to different types of texts. The anomalies may even lead to a rejection of the translation, like in the Italian cases. However, as they form two of the main elements of disorientation on a linguistic level, it is important that the translator at the very least tries to retain them, like he or she does the lack of articles and the use of the progressive—though in moderated quantities. In the post-evaluation presented in chapter 5.5, it will become clear whether or not this translation strategy could be honoured.

5.2 Section I: Max, Julia, and the narrator (PG 387-91; appendix III)

In Londen stonden de meeste kantoorgebouwen in de buurt van dit station en ontelbaar veel mannen en vrouwen¹⁶ – na al enige tijd naar hun terugreis te hebben uitgekeken – geeuwden nu, rekten zich uit, keken nog eenmaal naar hun klok,¹⁷ ruimden hun ordners op en sloten boeken, sommigen zetten haast zonder te kijken een handtekening onder die paar brieven die ze kort daarvoor nog gedikteerd hadden en likten¹⁸ aan de envelop die ze eerder nog met hun vingertoppen nat hadden gemaakt, toen ze er de tijd voor namen.

Ze kwamen nu alleen of in groepjes naar buiten en nu kwam er een vloed van mensen naar buiten en deze verspreidde zich door de omliggende straten; maar hoewel het verkeer meerdere richtingen inging, was er geen enkele voetganger die niet op weg was naar huis¹⁹ en voor de meesten lag het station dan op de route.

Trottoirs²⁰ deinden zodanig onder deze donkere vloed dat deze samengepakte voetpaden²¹ – als je vanuit²² dat mistkleed neer zou kijken op die zes meter diepe, door

¹⁶ After Vorkamp's translation “[...] und zahllose Männer und Frauen [...]” (13), leaving out “people”.

¹⁷ Based on the fact that these people are all working in offices, I am assuming that Green is referring to the clocks hanging on the walls of offices or the clocks in the corners of computer monitors, instead of (pocket) watches, because people usually search out the clocks at that take the least action/time to look at, and flicking your eyes at the clock on the wall takes less of an effort than lifting your wrist and looking at your watch. Hence I am translating “clocks” with ‘klok’—instead of, e.g., ‘klokjes’ or ‘horloges’—using the singular form because it is more idiomatic.

¹⁸ I have chosen to retain the uniformity of the progressive verb forms by translating them all with a past simple (see chapter 3.1).

¹⁹ I have contemplated removing the double negative in “there was **no one** on foot who **was not** making their way home” but thought the ST feature so striking and even slightly alienating, especially in translation, that instead I opted for a more literal translation.

²⁰ This is an example of the article being omitted. If I had retained the grammatical structure of the ST, by using a Dutch version of “as”, the absence would have been less marked.

²¹ Because the word order in the ST is natural, I wanted to retain a natural Dutch word order in the translation as well. This required placing ‘deze samengepakte [trottoirs]’ in front of the

straatlampen verlichte nacht – als twee druppels water op een pijpleiding zouden lijken.

Terwijl deze anderen allemaal dezelfde richting inliepen, stond het verkeer een lange tijd stil en toen nog langer. Mist kwam nu buiten Londen al tot op de grond, auto's konden er niet binnendringen en als je er van tweeduizend meter hoogte doorheen had kunnen kijken, zou je vermaakt worden door in rechte lijnen opgestopte hoofdstraten en, in een straal van drie kilometer rond het station, kruipende wormen aan beide kanten.

Ze liepen alleen of in groepjes via die tunnels het station binnen om vervolgens uit te komen onder dat grote glazen gewelf.²³ Ze kwamen een voor een binnen en Miss²⁴ Fellowes, die op zoek was naar een kruier om te vragen op welk spoor ze moest zijn, dacht dat alle kruiters het station hadden verlaten. Maar in werkelijkheid gingen degene die er waren gewoon op in de menigte.

Op dit moment keek Mr Roberts vanuit²⁵ zijn kantoor neer op de honderden daar beneden, want zijn raam gaf uitzicht op het station, en hij belde de politie voor

subordinate clause. However, this resulted in both instances of “pavements” being entirely too close together for both to be translated as ‘trottoirs’. Hence, I translated the second instance with ‘voetpaden’.

²² I have knowingly left out a translation of the verb “ensconced” because retaining it in translation caused an unnecessarily confusing sentence, which would result in a disorientation overkill. Instead I have use ‘vanuit’ to stress that the “you” in this sentence is indeed inside the fog, looking down on the world below. I have treated the second instance of “ensconced” similarly, which an additional footnote will point out.

²³ “vault” is part of the death theme (see chapter 2.4.2). I have contemplated using ‘koepel’ (too unmarked) or ‘stolp’ (too marked, literally too breath-taking), but in the end opted for ‘gewelf’, which is not as marked as I would have liked, but does connote the ceiling of a church, which is in turn ironic, seeing as a church offers sanctuary, in accordance to the life versus death theme in the novel.

²⁴ Based on the most recent Dutch translation of Virginia Woolf's *Mrs. Dalloway*, Hemingway's *Babylon Revisited*, and James Joyce's *The Dead*, I will treat titles of different characters as part of their names, thus copying all *Miss's* and *Mr's* and not translating them. Not only does this adhere to my historicising translation strategy, it also adds *couleur locale*.

²⁵ See footnote 22.

versterking. ‘Het zijn er nu al honderden, Mr Clarke,’ zei hij, ‘over een kwartier zijn die honderden er duizenden. Ze zeggen dat er geen bussen rijden en dat dit zo’n avond is “waarop je blij mag zijn dat je naast je werk woont,”’²⁶ zei hij. Ze bespraken kort wie hier allemaal voor op gingen draaien – de spoorwegmaatschappij moest immers over een eigen politie-eenheid beschikken – en ze amuseerden zich door over en weer staatswetten te reciteren.

Toen ze het huis van haar oom verliet, werd Miss Julia Wray deel van de massa en ze verliet haar woning met het excuus dat ze liever te voet ging. Door al deze mist wist ze haast zeker dat ze haar bagage op weg naar het station zou inhalen.

Toen ze de duisternis van mist daarboven²⁷ inliep en zowel warme kamers met belletjes en bedienden als haar oom achterliet, die een manager onder de rijke, invloedrijke Mr Roberts was,²⁸ was ze haar naam kwijt en op slag anoniem; zonder haar dure jas had ze zo door kunnen gaan voor een typiste op weg naar huis.

Of misschien was ze wel een gifmengster, alles was mogelijk. Er waren er maar een paar die haar voorbijliepen en ze keken niet op, alsof zij ook schuldig waren. Ze volgden allemaal hun eigen weg en werden daarbij door deze nevel van elkaar gescheiden en ze waren nerveus.²⁹ Toen ze zelf Green Park inliep was het zo duister dat ze spijt had dat ze niet met de auto was gegaan.

Lucht³⁰ sneed haar de adem af en hier waar er geen lampen waren of waar de paar die er waren³¹ hun licht verder van haar vandaan wierpen, leek het door mist die onder

²⁶ Because Dutch and English have different word orders in DS and IS, the quotation marks in this sentence had to be relocated (see chapter 3.1).

²⁷ Discussed in chapter 3.2. I have decided to leave the TT almost as ambiguous as the ST.

²⁸ A typical example of translating an adjectival PVC in the ST with a finite relative clause.

²⁹ I have decided to split up these two sentences, despite the fact that my translation strategy dictates to retain all instances of comma splices. If I had retained the anomaly, the sentence would have become too confusing, surpassing the aim of the novel. The confusion is caused by “as”, because at first it seems to introduce a reason for which the people are nervous. Instead, it is the start of a new sentence, a time indicator.

³⁰ In this sentence, “air”, “mist” and “tree-tops” are examples of Green leaving out articles, which I have also left out of the TT.

³¹ The ST shows a marked repetition of similar looking and sounding verbs: “here where there

boomtoppen hing en als een plafond de lucht aan het zicht onttrok net nacht.

Daar waar honderdduizenden die ze niet kon zien aan het eind van hun werkdag nu op weg naar huis waren, was zij nog maar net begonnen, maar hoewel ze eerst tegen haar reis en het beginnen ervan op had gezien, waardoor ze had gezegd dat ze liever te voet ging om tot rust komen,³² was ze nu bang. Terwijl een pad onder haar voeten zich in allerlei bochten om bosjes en struiken heen wong die voor haar verborgen hielden wat ze dacht dat ze tegen zou komen, kwam deze mist opeens tot aan de grond en was ze verloren.³³

Na een volgende bocht kwam ze op meer open terrein. Koplampen van auto's boven haar draaiden met een zwaai de straat op, claxonnerden en het licht van hun lampen draaide boven haar hoofd en bescheen het bladerdak.³⁴ Ze ging wat sneller lopen maar

were”, “there were”. I have tried to maintain this visual and auditory repetition in repeatedly using ‘waar’ (‘paar’), ‘waren’, and also the initial labio-dental approximant in ‘wierpen’.

³² This is an example of a sentence in which dashes would have looked and felt better than comma's. However, to stay faithful to Green's long sentences with an abundance of comma's, I have chosen to retain them.

³³ At first glance, interpreting this sentence seems almost impossible, for *when*, truly, is she lost? However, instead of indicating ‘zodra’ or ‘wanneer’—which would definitely clash with the grammatical structure of the sentence—the only logical option seems to be that “when” is used in the sense of ‘although’ (He drives *when* he might walk): ‘ondanks’ or ‘hoewel’. Still, this seems odd. The German translation reads: “So wie ein Weg, den sie entlangging, sich bald hierhin, bald dorthin wand, um Büsche und Gesträuch, die verbargen, was sie erwartete, befürchtete sie, im nächsten Moment von Nebel, der plötzlich zu Boden fiel, eingeschlossen **und ganz verloren zu sein**” (*Gesellschaftsreise* 16; back-translation: “Like a road that she was following, turned this way and that, around bushes and shrubbery that hid from her what she expected, she was afraid that, when in the following moment of fog, which suddenly fell to the ground, she would be enclosed and entirely lost”). Vorkamp has normalised the sentence structure and added a sense of fear—which, admittedly does fit Julia's personality but makes the TT more explicit than the ST. However, it does make clear that ‘as a result of the fog, she would be lost’, which is the interpretation I will use in my translation.

³⁴ In this sentence I think it is important to retain the ST repetition of “swept” as well as the turning imagery in “turning into” and “swept round”. However, retaining the repetition proved to be difficult as ‘zwaaiend licht’ is not desirable, semantically. I have therefore decided to repeat

schrok van elke schallende claxon en ze keek telkens omhoog om er zeker van te zijn dat het geluid ook licht aankondigde en was dan weer gerustgesteld als ze de felgroene bladeren, die door het natte vuil als marmer geaderd waren, op zag lichten en het licht kort door deze aderen gereflecteerd werd en langs haar heen ging om vervolgens weer helemaal verdwenen te zijn en dan kwam er alweer een nieuwe.

Deze lichten kwamen op als gedachten in donkerte, als een stroom; een flits en dan was er weer niets. Ze keek om zich heen en ook constant achterom en af en toe zag ze in de schemering stelletjes twee aan twee; hun huid en al het witte in hun kleding pakten het flitsende licht op dat af en toe van bovenaf op hen werd gereflecteerd.

Wat een gedoe en moeite was het geweest en wat naar allemaal, ze dacht aan Max en toen liep ze een stukje langs het water en lichten draaiden nog steeds langs haar heen en chauffeurs claxonneerden en vogels, die misleid waren door de duisternis en wakker werden van deze lichten, draaiden zich weer om in hun slaap, nog altijd gevangen door de duisternis.³⁵

Het was zo gemeen, zo oneerlijk van Max dat hij niet wilde zeggen of hij daadwerkelijk zou komen, dat hij er juist toen zij belde niet was en die man van hem, Edwards, liet zeggen dat hij weg was en ook dat hij het zo op het laatste nippertje aan liet komen zodat niemand van de groep wist of hij kwam. Ze stelde zich voor dat ze hem hier op dit pad tegen zou komen, dat hij er uitzonderlijk duister uit zou zien en dat ze even zou stoppen om hem te vragen wat hij hier deed, waarom was hij niet op het station?³⁶ Hij zou haar vraag alleen maar terugkaatsen en informeren wat zij hier deed.

conjugations of the verb 'draaien' and added only one 'zwaai', which provides end-rhyme and eye-rhyme.

³⁵ It pains me to eliminate one of two PVC constructions in this sentence, because in doing so, I lose both the density of the ST and the juxtaposition of the birds being simultaneously misled and mesmerised by the darkness. However, I have obliged myself to avoid PVC structures in Dutch, unless, e.g., sentence length requires otherwise, which is the reason for partly reconstructing this sentence. The reconstruction is also loosely based on the German translation: “[...] und Vögel, von der Dunkelheit getäuscht und von diesen Lichtern aufgestört, sich im Schlaf bewegten und gebannt im Dunkeln sitzen blieben” (*Gesellschaftsreise* 17; back-translation: “and birds, deceived by darkness and woken by these lights, stirred in their sleep and stayed mesmerised in darkness”).

³⁶ The comma instead of ‘and’ in the ST solves all difficulty of the IS » IFIS problems (see chapter

Dan zou ze hem niet durven vertellen dat ze bang was want dat zou hij toch alleen maar dwaas vinden. Ze kon aan zichzelf al amper toegeven dat ze te voet was gegaan omdat ze haar gedachten op een rijtje moest krijgen, zo zeker was ze ervan dat hij uiteindelijk helemaal niet op zou komen dagen.

Het was zo raar en zo verschrikkelijk om hier in het donker te lopen terwijl het nog maar net half vijf was, zo ellendig dat ze überhaupt hadden afgesproken om met z'n allen op reis te gaan zelfs al was hij degene geweest die in eerste instantie met het idee gekomen was. Hoe deden mensen dat toch als ze zeiden dat ze iets zouden doen en het vervolgens toch niet deden? En wat stom dat ze zich bij de groep had aangesloten want nu moest ze wel met hen mee, ze kon nu alles al ingepakt was niet meer terug naar huis, dat zouden ze toch niet begrijpen. Maar hoe konden mensen nou zo nonchalant doen over naar het buitenland gaan als er ook paspoorten en een lange reis aan te pas kwamen? Hij had haar hopeloos in zijn ban, hij kon tijdens haar afwezigheid heel Londen afstruinen en met elk willekeurig meisje naar bed gaan.³⁷

Ze merkte dat ze nu best alleen was, er reden geen auto's meer voorbij en ze zag onder bomen in het zwakke licht van een lantaarn ook geen geliefden meer.

Ze besepte toen dat haar amuletten³⁸ misschien wel niet ingepakt waren, dat haar meid ze ernaast had laten liggen en dat zou dan verklaren waarom alles zo misging. Daar

2.6), and a stylistic break does not occur.

³⁷ Again, one of many examples of a comma splice in the ST that I have retained.

³⁸ There are no translations that cover both physical charms and lucky charms. In that case, the term's most important meaning must be retained, for example by using 'talismannen' or 'amuletten'. I tried changing my point of view to Julia's, wondering what a Dutch Julia would call them. It is safe to presume that the term originates from Julia's focalisation, as she literally calls her charms her "charms" in DS and other characters mention in DS that Julia is always going on about her "charms". She even corrects them when they call them anything other than "charms". Based on her simultaneously flippant and shy behaviour throughout the novel, I would not be surprised if she made up a name for them. In Dutch, when having a collection of small objects, *-tje* is often added to the name. This is how I came up with 'charmantjes' and it seems to me that the name is quite fitting to Julia. Actually using this in translation is risky, however, because I would be adding an element to her personality, marking my own interpretation of her character. In the end, I have opted for the more neutral 'amuletten'. It is not a translation I feel entirely comfortable with, but I had to settle for something.

lagen ze, ze kon ze zo zien, op haar nachtkastje, haar ei met de olifantjes erin, haar houten pistool en haar bontgekleurde toletje. Ze wist niet meer of ze in de koffer waren gestopt. Ze keerde om en keek de andere kant op. Ze zocht nu in haar tas ook al zaten ze daar nooit in.³⁹ Zonder de amuletten op reis gaan zou hopeloos⁴⁰ zijn, ze moest snel terug naar huis. Oh, waarom was ze nou niet ook gewoon met de taxi meegegaan, net als haar spullen?

Toen ze rechtsomkeert maakte, kwam Thomson voorbij met haar bagage en licht van zijn taxi draaide langs haar heen. Ze had het niet in de gaten en hij had het niet in de gaten dat zij daar stond, hij kon alleen maar denken aan hoe moeilijk het zou zijn om Miss Henderson te vinden en hoe hij waarschijnlijk het avondeten⁴¹ zou missen.

Ondertussen, terwijl hij de deur naar zijn flat opende, vroeg Max zich af of hij toch maar mee moest gaan. Het zou betekenen dat hij Amabel achter moest laten. De jaloezieën zaten dicht, het vuur in de haard brandde. Hij kon Amabel niet achterlaten. Edwards, zijn dienstknecht, kwam binnen om te melden dat Mrs Hignam had gebeld en of hij haar alstublieft terug kon bellen. Hij wilde Amabel liever niet achterlaten. Hij vroeg Edwards of zijn spullen al ingepakt waren en er werd hem verteld dat ze dat nagenoeg waren. Wel,⁴² als zijn koffers toch al gepakt waren dan kon hij Amabel evengoed achterlaten.

³⁹ I have deliberately not translated the last part of this sentence with ‘meebrengen/meenemen’ to avoid two *ze*’s directly following each other: ‘ook al bracht/nam *ze ze* daar nooit in mee’.

⁴⁰ A more naturally constructed sentence would require omitting “hopeless”, using ‘geen optie’ or something similar instead. However, “hopeless” forms the link between Julia’s charms and Max, and should therefore be featured in de TT as well.

⁴¹ “tea” knows many different usages, indicating different meals or tea-drinking opportunities in every English-speaking country. After a quick search on Google, I found that in London, “tea” refers to the meal the working class eats around half past six. *PG* is set in London, it is half past four (travelling to and fro the station and finding Mrs Henderson can easily take up two hours), Thomson is working class, so it seems only logical to translate “tea” with ‘avondeten’, as opposed to something like ‘tussendoortje’.

⁴² ‘Wel’ is a dated version of ‘nou’, which I deem fitting for the setting of this story. However, too many *wel*’s can become annoying (like in section III), which is why some of them will be filtered from the TT.

Julia, die net een voetgangersbrug overstak, werd zodanig overvallen door misère dat ze even moest blijven staan en ze keek neer op het stille water daarbeneden. Er vlogen drie zeemeeuwen onder de boogbrug door waar ze op stond en dat was eerder tijdens een van hun eerste ontmoetingen ook gebeurd, een stel duiven was onder een brug doorgevlogen waar ze op stond toen ze afgelopen zomer op stap was geweest. Ze dacht dat die meeuwen symbool stonden voor de zee die ze die avond over zouden steken.

5.3 Section II: Max and Julia (PG 436-39; appendix IV)

Boven hadden Max en Julia hun thee op⁴³ en in een moment van stilte was ze naar het raam gelopen en keek ze neer op die menigte daarbeneden. Toen hij haar achterna liep, zei ze dat, nou, die agenten daar wel op hun bagage zouden letten, ze stonden immers vooraan in de Registratiehal opgesteld. En toen ze keek zag ze dat deze menigte op de een of andere manier was veranderd.⁴⁴ Hij kon onmogelijk nog groter zijn geworden aangezien de ruimte dat niet toeliet, maar in een gedeelte onder haar raam leek iedereen te deinen zoals takken wiegen in een briesje en toen ze beter luisterde, leek er een constant gebrom uit hun richting te komen. Toen ze merkte dat er veel mensen naar dat gedeelte daarbeneden keken, trok ze haar raam met een ruk omhoog. Max zei: ‘Laat al die herrie nou niet naar binnen,’ en ze hoorde ze beneden scanderen: ‘WIJ WILLEN TREINEN, WIJ WILLEN TREINEN.’ Ook die gure lucht drong naar binnen, snijdend door mist, en ergens kwam ook etenslucht vandaan, ergens vanuit de menigte klonk er een schreeuw, het leek allemaal heel groots en niet ver boven haar bevond zich dat glazen gewelf dat nu ze hem van dichterbij zag blauw leek in plaats van groen. Ze was vergeten hoe het was om buiten te zijn, de geur en het gevoel, en ze had zich het karakter van de menigte tot dan toe nog niet gerealiseerd, omdat ze hem alleen nog maar van achter glas had gezien. De mensen in dat ene heen-en-weer zwaaiende gedeelte gingen door met het scanderen van WIJ WILLEN TREINEN, WIJ WILLEN TREINEN en weer gilte diezelfde vrouw, twee of drie mannen schreeuwden tegen het scanderen in maar ze kon geen woorden onderscheiden. Ze besepte hoe vreemd het was dat als honderden mensen

⁴³ I am tempted to add ‘net’ to this sentence: ‘Boven hadden Max en Julia **net** hun thee op’; however, it would be unnecessarily marking my interpretation of the sentence, while without ‘net’, the sentence is just as fluent and grammatical.

⁴⁴ The problem with Green’s syntax is that sometimes a sentence does not seem to make sense (especially when translated) and you cannot help but wonder whether the illogicality is Green’s intention or simply a lack of your own ability to unravel it. This is such a sentence, even though it is relatively short and even seems straightforward in English. I had to choose between ‘En toen ze keek zag ze dat deze menigte op de een of ander manier anders was/leek’ and ‘En toen ze keek zag ze dat deze menigte op de een of ander manier was veranderd’, choosing between interpreting the ST as ‘different than other crowds’ or ‘different than before’. I have chosen the latter, in part because the following clause seems to suggest it.

tegelijkertijd dezelfde kant op keken, hun gezichten in vergelijking met hun donkere hoeden zoveel lichter leken, rombussen, rombussen, rombussen.⁴⁵

De directie had de stalen deuren op slot gedaan omdat er toen er eerder een keer bij net zulke dichte mist een menigte van honderden en honderden mensen, die niet met bus of trein naar huis konden, het hotel was binnengedrongen en in alle rust om kamers, bedden, maaltijden had geschreeuwd, en er waren er steeds meer die in alle rust vredig binnendrongen totdat ze, ondanks dat ze zich keurig hadden gedragen, alleen al door hun aantal alles hadden vernield, meubilair, foyers, receptiekantoor, de twee bars, deuren.⁴⁶ Er waren er tweeënvijftig gewond geraakt en gecompenseerd en een van hen was een kleine Tommy Tucker, een weesjongen,⁴⁷ die nu op een school voor kreupelen zat, die net veertien jaar oud was geweest en als gevolg van een uitspraak van de raadsheer de rest van zijn leven door de spoorwegen zou worden onderhouden.

‘Angstaanjagend,’ zei Julia, ‘ik wist niet dat er zoveel mensen op de wereld waren.’

‘Julia, toe, doe het raam dicht.’

‘Maar waarom dan? Er staat daarbeneden een arme vrouw, Max, daar waar dat gedeelte van de menigte aan het deinen is. Hoorde je haar roepen? Kun je haar niet helpen?’

Hij leunde uit het raam.

‘Ik zou niet beneden kunnen komen vrees ik, de deuren zitten op slot,’⁴⁸ zei hij.

⁴⁵ As discussed in chapter 3.2, the /m/ in ‘rombus’, a similarly dated word for ‘diamond shaped’, mimicks the drawn out /dʒ/ in “lozenge” in the ST.

⁴⁶ I have retained the paradox of the original: people clamouring quietly, pressing peaceably. I have also not replaced the comma after ‘vernield’ with a semi colon, for the same reason discussed in footnote 32.

⁴⁷ “little Tommy Tucker” refers to an old English nursery rhyme about an orphan boy Tommy Tucker who had to sing and beg for his supper. The question is whether Dutch readers will recognise this nursery rhyme and find that the boy in *PG* was unfortunate for becoming injured but fortunate for not having to worry about expenses any longer. Replacing this name with ‘Remi’ (*Sans Famille/Nobody’s Boy/Alleen op de wereld*, known world-wide and published prior to *PG*) is possible, but that would remove the ‘begging’ element. I have opted for an explanatory translation, retaining the reference.

⁴⁸ Despite the fact that there is no article before “doors” in the ST, this is not a case of deliberate omission. Max seems to be talking to himself more than to Julia, considering the chance of him

Ze deed daarop het raam dicht en zei dat hij daar best gelijk in had en dat haar voorstel maar dwaas was geweest. Ze zei: 'Je moet in deze wereld tenslotte niet aan al te veel hulpkreten gehoor geven. Als mijn oom alle smeekbrieven die hij krijgt zou beantwoorden, zou hij binnen de kortste keren niets meer over hebben.' Het was wonderbaarlijk hoe stil het in hun kamer was geworden nu het raam weer dicht was. 'Wat doe jij⁴⁹ zoal aan liefdadigheid?' Hij vertelde dat zijn secretaresse daarover ging. Hij had met zijn boekhouders, die zijn financiën voor hem regelden, besloten wat hij per jaar voor het goede doel opzij wilde zetten en daarna had hij aan zijn secretaresse doorgegeven welke instanties hij allemaal wilde steunen en zijn boekhouders moesten het daadwerkelijke bedrag dan eerst goedkeuren voor de betaling de deur uit mocht. Hij legde dit alles nogal onsamenhangend uit en hij maakte aan haar duidelijk dat zijn secretaresse eigenlijk alle knopen voor hem doorhakte.

'En besluiten je boekhouders, of hoe ze ook heten, dan welk bedrag het moet worden?'

'Klopt.'

'Dus je geeft in werkelijkheid minder uit dan je ontvangt?'

'Dat weet ik niet.'

'Maar dat moet je toch haast wel weten.'

'Nee. Want weet je, mijn boekhouders overleggen met mijn managers.'

'En overleggen je managers dan niet met jou?'

'Ze deden een paar jaar geleden even moeilijk toen ze vonden dat ik teveel uitgaf. Toen hebben ze dit systeem bedacht. Ik heb sindsdien niets meer van ze gehoord dus

getting out there, in which case it is easier to omit articles while still being coherent, without causing alienation. In Dutch 'mumbling', however, leaving out the article would cause unnecessary alienation.

⁴⁹ Because Julia is clearly juxtaposing her earlier statement about not hearing too many cries, I have translated "you" with the more marked 'jij' to stress the contrast.

volgens mij zit het wel goed. Kan ik een cocktail of iets voor je inschenken?’⁵⁰

Ze sloeg dit af. Ze begon zich in deze afgesloten ruimte tamelijk ongemakkelijk te voelen. Hij vroeg of ze het goed vond als hij wat whisky liet brengen en belde roomservice.

‘Vraag eens of de treinen binnenkort alweer gaan rijden.’ Hij vertelde dat ze zeiden dat er de komende een of twee uur in ieder geval niets van zou komen, al leek deze mist aan de kust wel wat op te trekken. Ze vroeg zich af wat ze het beste kon doen, of ze niet beter haar oom kon bellen om door te geven dat ze met z’n allen vastzaten in het hotel, of dat niet een veiligere optie zou zijn aangezien hij toch vroeg of laat te weten zou komen dat ze hier uren samen opgesloten hadden gezeten. Hoewel, het was ook weer niet zo dat ze geen deel uitmaakten van een groter gezelschap,⁵¹ redeneerde ze, en alsof er niemand was die wist dat zij en Max hierboven maar met z’n tweeën waren. En als haar oom dan zou zeggen dat ze terug naar huis moest komen, zou ze hun trein kunnen missen als die onverwachts uiteindelijk toch reed. Max moest wel gruwelijk rijk zijn. Nee, het was beter voor haar om te blijven, niets kon haar weerhouden deze reis te ondernemen. Ze had er al weken naar uitgekeken. En daarnaast vroeg ze zich af, ze vroeg zich af wat hij van plan was nu hij haar voor zichzelf had. De reis werd om te beginnen al zo veel spannender met een volle drie weken in het vooruitzicht om alles in voor elkaar te krijgen.⁵²

⁵⁰ Earlier in the novel, Max calls room service to send up cocktail ingredients, stressing that they do not need to send up a ‘man’ as well (Green, *PG* 417), but that the party will do the mixing themselves. Hence, I am translating “Will you have a cocktail or something?” with ‘Kan ik een cocktail of iets voor je inschenken?’ seeing as this is an idiomatic way of asking whether someone wants a drink in Dutch and Max will obviously be doing the mixing himself.

⁵¹ Again, I have decided to preserve the double negative (see footnote 19).

⁵² Discussed in chapter 3.2. I have tried to preserve the ambiguity of the ST in ‘al zoveel spannender met’ (as if the phrase following ‘met’ makes everything more exciting) and ‘met een volle drie weken’.

5.4 Section III: Max and Amabel (PG 504-10; appendix V)

Boven in die kamer waar Julia hem had gevraagd om haar kleding en kapsel niet in de war te brengen, waren Amabels eerste woorden ‘kus me’ en dit benadrukte het verschil tussen de twee meisjes, meer nog dan al het andere, niet zozeer wat betreft temperament maar meer wat betreft hun relatie met hem.

Ze liet hem na een tijdje weer gaan en poederde haar neus. Hij draaide steeds maar om haar heen alsof ze rivier was met een brug eroverheen, die hem het gevoel gaf dat hij naar beneden moest springen om zijn verdrinkingsdood tegemoet te gaan.

‘Doe eens rustig,’ zei ze,⁵³ ‘ontspan.’

Hij ging voor haar staan en ze keek naar hem op, de fonkeling in haar ogen daagde hem uit zoals de schittering dat dertig meter daarbeneden ook deed, en dit maakte dat hij zich haast wel over de rand moest gooien. Hoogtes hadden hem altijd al bekoord en hij wendde zich af, voelde nog steeds die hunkering en dat verlangen om er toch weer een blik op te werpen zoals mensen die de behoefte hebben om te springen dat ook voelen als ze naar beneden kijken. Haar ogen waren leeg en fonkelden.

‘Lieverd,’ zei ze uiteindelijk, ‘je wilde me dat toch niet werkelijk aandoen?’

‘Ik werd gek.’⁵⁴

⁵³ In this section, even more so than in the previous two, it is striking that 99% of the time Green uses “said” as a reporting verb. Sometimes, when translating English literature into Dutch, translators choose to change instances of “said” into more interpretative ones like ‘verzuchtte ze’ or ‘vroeg ze’. I am a big supporter of such techniques; however, I have chosen not to do so in this translation (with a few exception, see footnote 60 and 63) to retain the uniformity presented by Green.

⁵⁴ I believe this is the biggest translation problem in this section. “mad” denotes both ‘angry’ and ‘insane’, but there is no Dutch equivalent, and only one meaning can be retained in the TT, namely ‘insane’, as it is the most prominent one. ‘Ik was gek’ is not an option, as it is not idiomatic in this context. I have considered several different translations, like ‘krankzinnig’ (too strong), ‘radeloos’ (better, but still a little too strong), and ‘bezeten’, but dismissed all of them. In the end, I have opted for ‘Ik **werd** gek’ because it is perfectly idiomatic, and ‘gek’ is a word that can easily be repeated later in the text. Additionally, though it focuses on insanity (‘Ik word helemaal gek!’), it also conveys some of the anger: people easily use the phrase ‘Ik word gek van je!’ when angry at the person they are arguing with.

‘Van jou had ik dat al helemaal niet verwacht.’

‘Ik meende het ook niet.’⁵⁵

‘Wat niet,’ zei ze voorzichtig.

‘Dat ik jou achter zou laten,’ zei hij.

Ze praatten langzaam, fluisterden haast en ze verroerden geen vin.

‘Toen je belde wist ik dat ik op de een of andere manier niet met jou aan het praten was, je klonk anders. Waarom doen we toch altijd zo tegen elkaar?’

‘Het ligt aan mij,’ zei hij, ‘ik werd gek.’

‘Maar waarom dan?’

‘Ik weet het niet. Gek. Gek.’

‘Ga nou niet zeggen dat je gek werd,’ en op dat moment verhief ze haar stem, ‘niemand wordt vandaag de dag nog gek! Wat was er werkelijk aan de hand?’

‘Dit afschuwelijke weer. Ik moest er haast wel tussenuit,’ mompelde hij.

‘Dat is ook naar.’⁵⁶ Maar wat bezielde je om dat allemaal tegen me te zeggen?’⁵⁷

‘Weet ik niet. Echt niet.’

‘En je weet wat mijn dokter heeft gezegd, dat heb ik je verteld. Als je me liever niet mee wil, hoef je het maar te zeggen. Dat maakt onze relatie zo mooi.’

‘Ik wilde je wel mee.’

‘We hebben die afspraak in het begin al gemaakt, als een van ons weg wil kan jij dat of kan ik dat zonder ook maar iets te hoeven zeggen. Wat bezielde je om me zo te bellen?’

‘Maar ik wilde je echt mee, ik zweer het.’

⁵⁵ The translation of these last two lines is based on the German interpretation: “»Das konnte ich mir ausgerechnet von dir nicht vorstellen.« »Ich habe es nicht so gemeint.«” (*Gesellschaftsreise* 242), because a similar construction in Dutch sounds much more natural than a more literal translation: ‘Ik dacht dat uitgerekend jij dat niet zou menen.’ As a result, however, the following couple of lines need to be adapted to ensure smoothness in the conversation.

⁵⁶ In this context “sorry” conveys not regret but rather compassion. In Dutch, a similar use of “sorry” is uncommon and often misinterpreted. I have therefore translated more freely in order to let Amabel express her compassion.

⁵⁷ Amabel uses the “What made you”-construction a total of four times. To retain the uniformity I will translate all instances with a ‘Wat bezielde je’-construction (see chapter 3.3).

‘En om zo tegen me te liegen,’ zei ze nog zachter. ‘Te zeggen dat je me vanavond niet meer wil zien terwijl je eerder juist zei van wel. Ik weet niet precies waardoor ik nou van slag raakte.’

‘Ik was in alle staten,’ zei hij.

‘Juist terwijl de dokter me zei dat ik dit akelige weer en alles achter me moest laten. Maar ik wil het gewoon begrijpen, dat is alles wat ik wil. Lieverd, wat bezielde je toch?’

‘Ik weet het niet.’

‘Wel, we zijn allebei vrij, vrij om te gaan en te staan waar we willen maar wat bezielde je?’

‘Am, lieverd,’ zei hij, ‘denk je niet dat je toch meekan,’ zei hij, niet wetend dat haar spullen al ingepakt waren. ‘Kom toch mee, lieverd, nu direct, als het niet te veel moeite is. Het was altijd al mijn bedoeling dat je meeging.’

‘Maar, schat,’ zei ze, ‘wat moet ik nu geloven? Eerst hoor ik je stem door die akelige telefoon, ik wou dat ie nooit uitgevonden was,⁵⁸ toen zei je dat je me vanavond wilde zien terwijl je van plan was weg te gaan en nog geen twintig minuten later zei je weer dat je niet zou komen.’

‘De eerste keer wist ik niet zeker of ik zou gaan.’

‘Je wist het niet zeker? Maar was het dan wel netjes om me uit te nodigen als je zelf nog geneens wist of je op zou komen dagen? Oh, Max, als je aan onze avonden⁵⁹ samen denkt.’

‘Ik weet het.’

‘Soms vraag ik me af of je het ooit hebt geweten.’

⁵⁸ I could have translated more literally here, using subordination: ‘Eerst hoor ik je stem door die akelige telefoon, waarvan ik wou dat hij nooit was uitgevonden, toen zei je [...]’; however, the subjunctive clause in the ST gives the impression that Amabel quickly adds the bit of information while feigning a rant at Max. In a dialogue in a Dutch setting, I expect that the subjunctive clause above would be much too long and too difficult regarding word order to be added as an afterthought. Using co-ordination and a comma splice, I have tried to retain the rush of Amabel’s utterance.

⁵⁹ “evenings” can refer both to ‘middagen’ or ‘avonden’. On the one hand it seems presumptuous to think that Max and Amabel have spent ‘avonden’ together, what with propriety in the 1920s, but on the other hand earlier Max did invite Amabel over to which she refers with “to-night”, which most definitely means ‘avond’ in this context.

‘Ik ben hopeloos.’

‘Maar waarom dan?’ vroeg⁶⁰ ze en ze frunnikte aan haar zakdoek, ‘kon je me het maar vertellen zodat ik het kon begrijpen.’

Het was even stil. Ze keek over haar schouder, de andere kant op. Hij was verdwaasd maar had ook een hekel aan tranen, hij vond ze nooit oprecht en zodra hij in de gaten had dat ze op het punt stond te gaan huilen, sprak hij feller, nam het initiatief.

‘Lieverd, luister,’ zei hij, ‘het is nu eenmaal zo. Kom met me mee. Je meid kan je spullen pakken en per vliegtuig achter ons aan komen mocht ze de trein niet halen. Vergeet hoe ik me heb gedragen en laten we weer proberen van elkaar te genieten. Is dat geen optie, lieverd?’

‘Wat moeten we dan,’ zei ze terwijl ze nog steeds de andere kant op keek maar nog niet huilde, ‘met al die andere mensen, wie ze ook mogen zijn?’

‘Nou, dat is misschien wat lastig. We kunnen ze ergens afzetten. Evelyn Henderson is eigenlijk de aanleiding. Ik ken haar al jaren en ze heeft het zo zwaar. Eerlijk gezegd heb ik voor haar geregeld dat ze allemaal meekonden, ongeacht of ik nou meeding.’

Ze draaide zich om, ving zijn blik met de hare en stampte met haar voet.

‘Waag het niet,’ zei ze woedend. ‘Waag het niet,’ zei ze zachtjes, zo boos was ze, ‘om me zo voor de gek te houden. Julia Wray is de boosdoener en dat weet ik al heel lang.’

‘Julia? Waar heb je het over?’

‘Waar ik het over heb? Je bent gek⁶¹ als je denkt dat ik dit zomaar allemaal over me heen laat gaan,’ en ze lachte en sprak op normale toon. Pas als ze zichzelf onder controle had, wist ze dat ze de overhand had.

‘Julia heeft hier niets mee te maken... eerlijk waar...’⁶² zei hij, maar hij was niet in staat zijn zin af te maken. Ze had de overhand.

‘Ach, dat was immers ook onze afspraak,’ zei ze fel, ‘we zijn allebei vrij,’ ze had hem

⁶⁰ The question asked by Amabel forces ‘vroeg’ as a reporting verb instead of ‘ask’, despite my earlier comment on having to retain all instances of “say”.

⁶¹ A more idiomatic translation would be: ‘Je bent niet goed wijs’; however, the mad-motif must be preserved, which is why I translated “mad” with ‘gek’.

⁶² In informal British English, ‘I say!’ is used to express incredibility (‘Is het heus?’ / ‘Je meent het!’). Still, this seems contradictory to Max’s submissive behaviour, and ‘honestly’ is a more logical interpretation.

nu in haar macht, ‘we mogen doen wat we niet laten kunnen.’

‘Nee!’

‘Jawel, ik weet wel wanneer ik niet gewenst ben.’

‘Dat ben je wel. Jij was juist de aanleiding voor de reis.’

‘Want weet je, ik ben op het punt aangekomen dat ik wat je zegt niet meer kan vertrouwen. Max, je bent hopeloos en ik weet eigenlijk niet waarom ik hier überhaupt nog ben. Sta even stil bij wat je zegt.’

‘Waar heb je het over?’

‘Doe niet zo onnozel. Aan de telefoon.’

‘Ik zei toch dat ik gek werd.’

‘Maar dat werd je niet, je wist precies wat je deed.’

Hij begon na te denken, los te komen uit haar grip en hij werd ongeduldig. Hij liet het merken door juist niet weg te kijken toen hun ogen elkaar ontmoetten. Ze glimlachte naar hem toen ze dit in de gaten had. Ze wist hem precies te raken. Ze lachte op dezelfde manier als tijdens hun eerste nacht samen, op een manier alsof ze in zijn oor fluisterde en er niets, maar dan ook echt niets was dat hen van elkaar scheidde.

Hij kuste haar weer. Dit keer lachte ze toen ze hem liet gaan.

‘Hoe graag wil je dat ik kom?’ zei ze.

Hij lachte.

‘Nee, toe dan, hoe graag, zeg het me, alsjeblieft, hoe graag,’ drong ze aan⁶³ zoals Julia dat ook had gedaan met haar tolletje. Hij keek haar aan, ze glimlachte stralend, en wederom verloor hij zichzelf en was hij overgeleverd aan haar emoties.

Hij maakte weer aanstalten om haar te kussen en ze lachte en zei nee, nee, niet voordat hij haar antwoord gegeven had.⁶⁴

‘Je weet hoeveel,’ zei hij en zijn verwachtingsvolle blik deed hem haast idioot lijken.

‘Meer nog dan gaan vissen,’ zei ze en refereerde naar een eerdere middag.

‘Absoluut.’

‘Zelfs toen de wind of wat dan ook precies goed was.’

‘Uiteraard.’

⁶³ I have translated “she said” with ‘drong ze aan’, deviating from my own strategy of uniformity to ensure a smooth transition into Julia’s part of the sentence.

⁶⁴ The only instance of FDS in this section.

‘Nee,’ zei ze en keek naar hem alsof hij alles voor haar betekende, ‘dat weet je nog wel, toch, zelfs toen je wekenlang had gewacht op die dingen waar je op wacht bij het vissen?’

‘Dat weet ik inderdaad nog.’

‘Echt? Nee, je mag me niet meer zoenen, ik ben nog lang niet klaar. Meer nog dan Ascot-week,⁶⁵ meer nog dan opblijven of naar bed gaan⁶⁶ en, weet je dat nog, toen op die heuvel toen je niet naar huis wilde?’

‘Genoeg zo.’

‘Goed dan. Waar hadden we het ook alweer over? Oh, verdorie toch, waarom maak je me zo van slag?’ zei ze en ze liet tranen opkomen.

‘Lieverd.’

‘Goed dan, ik wil niet vervelend doen, maar ik weet niet wat ik ooit in je gezien heb,’ en ze boekte vooruitgang,⁶⁷ maakte zich klein.

‘Ik wel,’ zei hij, ‘want er is niemand zoals jij.’

‘Oh, echt?’

‘Niemand zoals jij.’

‘Is dat alles?’ zei ze zachtjes. Hij lachte en kuste haar weer. Ze kuste hem niet terug maar gaf zich er deze keer wel aan over.

Toen hij erachter kwam dat ze er niets onderaan had hield ze hem direct tegen.

‘Nee,’ zei ze, ‘handen thuis, ik heb net een bad genomen, ik heb net een bad genomen, zeg ik je.’

⁶⁵ The Ascot Racecourse in England is famous across the globe for its horse races. Every year, a week-long race meeting is organised, known as (Royal) Ascot week. Due to the world-wide familiarity with this week, the reale can be featured in the TT.

⁶⁶ Translating “going to bed” with ‘naar bed gaan’ is precarious in this sentence, as it connotes Amabel and Max making love, instead of actually going to sleep, even though “staying up” or ‘opblijven’ indicates the latter is probably meant here. Still, ‘gaan slapen’ is less idiomatic, which is why I have switched the positions of both verbs, so the reader’s attention will first be drawn to the concept of staying up, after which ‘of’ and ‘naar bed gaan’ is more likely to refer to actually going to sleep.

⁶⁷ It is not clear whether “made way” means ‘moving away, creating space’ or ‘making progress’. Due to Amabel’s persuasive intentions, I am opting for ‘making progress’.

Hij stond op en draaide weer om haar heen. Hij had zich zodanig op laten winden dat de gevoelens die hij nu voor haar had hem aan zijn wrok deden herinneren.

‘Wat was je gisteravond aan het doen?’ zei hij.

‘Hoe bedoel je?’

‘Toen ik belde.’

‘Oh, toen! Nou, ik ben wel even uit geweest,’ zei ze en bekeek lange tijd haar gezicht in haar spiegeltje.

‘Met wie?’

‘We zijn naar die cocktailbar om de hoek geweest.’

‘Wie is we?’

‘Nee, laat me uitpraten,’ zei ze en ze stiftte haar lippen opnieuw. Haar gezicht kleurde rood op plekken waar hij haar had gekust. ‘Je hebt zo’n rommeltje van mijn gezicht gemaakt. Hier, hou dit eens vast,’ zei ze en ze gaf hem haar spiegeltje. Zijn hand trilde zo hevig dat hij haar niet tot hulp was. ‘Lieverd, je moet je dit soort kleine dingetjes niet zo aantrekken. Het was Richard maar, je kent hem wel.’

‘Ambassadeur Richard?’

‘Ja.’

‘Waarom hem?’

‘Waarom niet, lieverd?’

‘Toen ik belde zei je dat je bij Marjorie was.’

‘Niet. Net zei je nog dat je me niet te pakken kreeg.’

‘Ik bedoel daarna.’

‘Oh, toen! Ik had gewoon geen zin om het te zeggen, meer niet.’

‘Ik laat me door hem niet zo snel kisten,’ zei hij.

‘Wat is er nu dan met je aan de hand?’ zei ze lieflijk.

‘Er is niets aan de hand.’

‘Ik word de laatste tijd geen steek wijzer van je. Kom maar hier met dat spiegeltje.’

Wat moet ik nou?’ zei ze, ‘m’n gezicht⁶⁸ is een rommeltje geworden,’ en ze bekeek haar reflectie dan van links, dan van rechts.

‘Dus?’

‘Over Richard, bedoel je? Nou, niets. Hij zei trouwens wel dat hij dezelfde trein nam.’

‘Je hebt hem toch niet uitgenodigd?’

‘Hoe had ik dat kunnen doen? Ik ga toch niet mee, dat weet je, je hebt mij immers niet uitgenodigd. Wat een absurde gedachte, ik kan toch niet op zo’n korte termijn alles inpakken.’

‘Dan ga ik ook niet mee,’ zei hij en hij liep terug naar het raam.

Ze had het niet in de gaten. ‘Maar, lieverd,’ zei ze, ‘je kan ze toch niet zomaar ergens afzetten als jij degene bent die ze in eerste instantie heeft uitgenodigd?’

‘Jawel. Ik heb Evelyn, de schat,⁶⁹ de tickets gegeven. Het is allemaal geregeld.’

‘Maar dat kan toch niet, het zijn jouw gasten. Denk nou eens niet alleen maar aan jezelf. Dat kan ik niet toelaten. Denk toch eens aan wat iedereen ervan zou zeggen.’

‘Dat maakt me niets uit.’

‘Oh jawel, dat doet het wel, dat moet wel. Wat een compleet absurde gedachte,’ en omdat ze alweer was vergeten dat ze had gezegd dat ze niet mee zou gaan, zei ze, ‘gewoonweg absurd, de enige reden dat je zegt dat we niet meekunnen is omdat Richard ook in het hotel verblijft en dezelfde trein neemt.’

Geen van beiden merkte haar verspreking op.

‘Hoe weet je dat?’ zei hij en hij keek haar aan.

‘Ik weet het niet,’ zei ze en ze ontmoette zijn blik, ‘ik weet alleen dat hij zei dat hij hier zou zijn en als hij zegt dat hij ergens heengaat, heb ik daar meer vertrouwen in dan wanneer jij hetzelfde zegt.’

⁶⁸ Green often uses comma splices (separated by reporting clauses) in dialogue. This time, however, he ends the first utterance by means of a question mark, which gives rise to the expectation that the first following utterance will start with a capital letter. This is not the case, but because I want to stay faithful (overall) to Green’s punctuation, I have not adjusted it. Additionally, I have translated “it” with ‘m’n gezicht’ to avoid using ‘het’.

⁶⁹ “old Evelyn” is obviously an endearing nickname; a literal Dutch translation would be ‘ouwe/oude’, but this is much too rude for endearment. ‘dat oudje’, in turn, is much too distant. Something like ‘lieve’ is too intimate. I have opted for a post-modifier as I deem it more appropriate and a more natural way of expressing endearment.

‘Heb je hem gezien dan?’

‘Max, lieverd, doe niet zo bespottelijk. Ik heb hem sinds gisteren niet meer gezien. Wat dat aangaat zou hij inmiddels al in Timboektoe kunnen zitten en bovendien maakt het ook niet uit, ik weet het niet, lieverd. Ik moet zeggen, schat, dat het je niet veel lijkt te doen dat ik niet meega.’

‘Als jij niet meegaat, ga ik ook niet mee.’

‘Waarom doe je nou weer zo? Ik zeg toch dat je dat niet kunt maken. Niemand zou ooit meer met je op reis gaan.’

‘Dat maakt me niet uit.’ Het was even stil. Hij zei: ‘ik was toch al niet van plan om te gaan.’

‘Waarom zei je dan wat je zei toen je me vanavond belde?’

‘Omdat ik dacht,’ zei hij en hij wist eindelijk waarom, ‘dat het wachten hier door al die mist uren zou gaan duren aangezien er geen treinen reden. Ik moest ze namelijk wel uitzwaaien, begrijp je.’ Hij kwam naar haar toe en glimlachte.

‘Nee, blijf maar daar,’ zei ze, ‘ik moet dit even verwerken.’ Hij kan zo slecht liegen, dacht ze, maar alles voelde al anders. ‘Nee, ik geloof er niets van,’ en ze had al hoop.

‘Het is echt waar,’ zei hij en toen wist ze zeker dat hij loog maar het maakte haar niet meer uit. Het enige wat ze van hem wilde was dat hij haar met een codewoord of iets dergelijks ervan kon overtuigen dat ze gewoon mee kon gaan zonder zich te hoeven schamen, over grenzen heen en naar dat stralende land dat door hun reis samen in hun hart gevormd zou worden zoals ze al had gehoopt, het beloofde land. Niet dat van trouwen maar van een willekeurig soort geluk, niet voor eeuwig maar voor zolang het duurde. Ze wist wel beter dan teveel van een situatie te verwachten en ze had überhaupt ook nooit willen trouwen, al had ze het zich wel vaak voorgesteld, na die eerste drie weken. Ze zou met haast iedereen beter af zijn dan met hem maar dat was dan ook het probleem, hij fascineerde haar en dus moest zij hem nu fascineren.

5.5 Post-evaluation

In chapter 5.1, I established to use a retentive translation strategy, meaning I would be historicising, exoticising, thus retaining the devices discussed in chapter 2 whenever possible. In the end, the macro-level devices (e.g., themes, swift focalisation changes, and narrator interruption) did not seem to cause any major translation difficulty, not even discourse—though this might have been caused by the fact that the IS » IFIS construction did not make a proper appearance. The motifs in the dialogue in section III used as character description were problematic, as retaining them meant natural and smooth, spoken Dutch had to be adjusted into somewhat less natural, yet still smooth Dutch. Still, I believe that it will not hold back the reader, which, in this case, is good as Green's dialogue was considered flawless and perfectly readable, and I have tried to match those qualities. Still, I am still very much in the beginning phase of becoming a proper translator and there is much room for improvement.

Regarding micro-level devices, I was compelled to forfeit some of them. The fused sentences turned out to be a no-go, because in Dutch the two respective verbs often end up next to each other, resulting in a faltering translation. Despite the fact that Green strived to confuse and alienate, preserving this technique would be a disorientation overkill. All comma splices and both omitted articles and demonstratives I was able to retain. Confusing ST grammar has often resulted in equally confusing—but not too confusing—TT grammar.

There were two opportunities to exoticise ('Tommy Tucker' and 'Ascot week'). Because Dutch readers would completely miss out on the underlying meaning of 'Tommy Tucker', I have applied an explanatory translation technique, adding 'een kleine weesjongen'. As for historicising, there were not many opportunities, except in preserving all *Miss's*, *Mr's*, and *Mrs's*.

In the end, despite the fact that my translation is far from perfect and most likely forever under construction, I am quite satisfied with the results. I believe the TT has a similar alienating and confusing effect to that of the ST, though perhaps lessened in places, but compensated again by an infrequent use of the Dutch past participle. I most definitely look back fondly on the endeavour I have made to translate these sections.

Conclusion

The aim of this thesis is to uncover which narratological and stylistic devices in Henry Green's *Party Going* can be used in a Dutch translation to retain the alienating and disorienting effect of the original. My conclusion is tentative as it is largely drawn from my own, still insufficient knowledge of both Dutch and English and inexperience as a translator: it is clear that some, mostly macro-level devices can be easily copied into the Dutch language (e.g., metaphor and focalisation); others, mostly micro-level ones, however, arguably invoke such a high sense of alienation in Dutch that they surpass the aim of the novel and have to be normalised to become eligible for acceptance by the target culture, even when formally corresponding constructions can be considered grammatical. Examples are the use of the modernist free indirect speech interrogation structure and to a certain extent the lack of articles and punctuation—especially the latter as it causes fused sentences and comma splices. The normalisation of these devices subsequently mean that part of the effect of Green's writing style is lost and some of its elements are dismissed. In this case, it appears that target culture norms on the level of inter-textuality can overrule the necessity to stay faithful to the devices the author used.

The research conducted in this thesis gives rise to the question whether a more exoticising translation strategy—in terms of narratological and stylistic devices—is considered acceptable in, e.g., translations of modernist works by more or overly renowned, canonical authors like Joyce, who use similarly marked language. At this moment, it indeed seems more acceptable, but a more in-depth research consulting English source texts, their Dutch target texts and their respective receptions in source and target cultures, from renowned as well as less popular authors is necessary. Woolf's *To the Lighthouse* and *Mrs. Dalloway*, which I have discussed in chapter 2, are exemplary in this case, because the Dutch translations show that even though some devices have been normalised, other devices that I myself find too deviant to use in Dutch have been retained. Additionally, consulting original Dutch modernist works will show to what extent deviant devices are acceptable in Dutch and how they relate to devices used in novels with less marked language, which in turn leads to being able to fine-tune the linguistic intuition of the translator by establishing which shifts need and need not occur on the level of inter-textuality when translating from English into Dutch.

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Illustrations

Weijers, Willemien. Illustration of a dead pigeon (cover). 2013.

Appendices

Appendix I: Chapter 1 (Green, PG 384-7)

Fog was so dense, bird that had been disturbed went flat into a balustrade and slowly fell, dead, at her feet.

There it lay and Miss Fellowes looked up to where that pall of fog was twenty foot above and out of which it had fallen, turning over once. She bent down and took a wing then entered a tunnel in front of her, and this had Departures lit up over it, carrying her dead pigeon.

No one paid attention, all were intent and everyone hurried, nobody looked back. Her dead pigeon then lay sideways, wings outspread as she held it, its dead head down towards the ground. She turned and she went back to where it had fallen and again looked up to where it must have died for it was still warm and, everything unexplained, she turned once more into the tunnel back to the station.

She thought it must be dirty with all that fog and wondered if it might not be, now it was dead, that it had fleas and they would come out on the feathers of its head but she did not like to look as there might have been blood. She remembered she had seen that with rabbits' ears when they had been shot and she remembered that swallows were most verminous of all birds--how could it have died she wondered and then decided that it must be washed.

As Miss Fellowes penetrated through at leisure and at last stepped out under a huge vault of glass--and here people hurriedly crossed her path and shuttled past on either side--Miss Crevy and her young man drove up outside and getting out were at once part of all that movement. And this affected them, for if they also had to engage in one of those tunnels to get to where they were going it was not for them simply to pick up dead birds and then wander through slowly. Miss Crevy had hat-boxes and bags and if her young man was only there to see her off and hate her for going and if Miss Fellowes had no more to do than kiss her niece and wave good-bye, Miss Angela Crevy must find porters and connect with Evelyn Henderson, who was also going and who had all the tickets.

People were gathering everywhere then at this time and making their way to the station.

Of their party two more had also arrived who like Miss Fellowes had only come to wave good-bye; two nannies dressed in granite with black straw hats and white hair.

They were just now going downstairs in the centre of an open space and those stairs had Ladies lit up over them.

Meantime Miss Crevy's young man said: 'This porter here says the fog outside is appalling, Angela darling.' He went on to say it was common knowledge with all the porters that no more trains would go out that evening, it was four-thirty now, it would soon be dark, then so much worse. But she said now they had got a porter it would be silly to go away and certainly she must see the others first. Besides she knew Robin did not want her to go and though she did not mind she wondered how much he wanted her to stay. Anyway, nothing on earth would prevent her going. Their porter then made difficulties and did not want to come with them; he would only offer to put her things in the cloakroom, so her young man, Robin, had to tip him in advance and so at last they too went in under into one of those tunnels.

Descending underground, down fifty steps, these two nannies saw beneath them a quarter-opened door and beyond, in electric light, another old woman who must be the guardian of this place; it might have been one of their sisters, looking upstairs at them. As they came down she looked over behind her and then back at them.

For Miss Fellowes, as they soon saw, had drawn up her sleeves and on the now dirty water with a thin wreath or two of blood, feathers puffed up and its head sideways, drowned along one wing, lay her dead pigeon. Air just above it was dizzy with a little steam, for she was doing what she felt must be done with hot water, turning her fingers to the colour of its legs and blood.

No word passed. The attendant watched the two nannies who stood in a corner. In one hand she gripped her Lysol bottle, her other was in her pocket and held a two-shilling piece that Miss Fellowes had slipped her. She whispered to them: 'She won't be long,' and turning she watched her stairs again, uneasy lest there should be more witnesses.

At this moment Mr Wray was telling bow his niece Miss Julia Wray and party would be travelling by the boat train and 'Roberts,' he said over the telephone, 'get on to the station master's office, will you, and tell him to look out for her.' Mr Wray was a director of the line. Mr Roberts said they would be delighted to look out for Miss Wray and that they were only too glad to be of service to Mr Wray at any time. Mr Wray said 'So that's all right then,' and rang off just when Mr Roberts was going on to explain how thick the fog was, not down to the ground right here but two miles out it was as bad as any could

remember: 'impenetrable, Mr Wray--why he must have hung up on me.'

'What I want now is some brown paper and a piece of string,' Miss Fellowes quite firmly said and all that attendant could get out was, 'Well, I never did.' Not so loud though that Miss Fellowes could hear; it was on account of those two nannies that she minded, not realizing that they knew Miss Fellowes, sister to one of their employers. They did not say anything to this. They did not care to retire as that might seem as if they were embarrassed by what they were seeing, speak they could not as they had not been spoken to, nor could they pass remarks with this attendant out of loyalty to homes they were pensioners of and of which Miss Fellowes was a part.

And as Miss Fellowes considered it was a private act she was performing and thought it was a bore their being there, for she saw who they were, when she went out she ignored them and it was not their place to look up at her.

Now Miss Fellowes did not feel well, so, when she got to the top of those steps she rested there leaning on a handrail. Miss Crevy and her young man came by, Miss Fellowes saw them and they saw her, they hesitated and then greeted each other, Miss Crevy being extremely sweet. So was she going on this trip, too, Miss Fellowes asked, wondering if she were going to faint after all, and Miss Crevy said she was and had Miss Fellowes met Mr Robin Adams? Miss Fellowes said which was the platform, did she know, on which Miss Crevy's young man broke in with 'I shouldn't bother about that, there'll be no train for hours with this fog.'

'Then aren't you going with them all?' and saying this she took an extra grip on that handrail and said to herself that it was coming over her now and when it did come would she fall over backwards and down those stairs and she smiled vaguely over clenched teeth. 'O what a pity,' she said. Below those two nannies poked out their heads together to see if all was clear but when they saw her still there they withdrew. And now Miss Crevy was telling her who was coming with them. 'The Hignams,' she pronounced Hinnem, 'Robert and your niece Claire, Evelyn Henderson, who has all our tickets, Julia, Alex Alexander and Max Adey.'

'Is that the young man I hear so much about nowadays?' she said and then felt worse. She felt that if she were going to faint then she would not do it in front of this rude young man and in despair she turned to him and said: 'I wonder if you would mind throwing this parcel away in the first wastepaper basket.' He took it and went off. She felt better at once, it began to go off and relief came over her in a glow following out her weakness.

'Do you mean Max?' Miss Crevy asked self-consciously.

'Yes, he goes about a great deal, doesn't he?'

She was reviving and her eyes moved away from a fixed spot just beyond Miss Crevy and, taking in what was round about, spotted Mr Adams coming back.

'How kind of him,' she said and to herself she thought how wonderful it's gone, I feel quite strong again, what an awful day it's been and how idiotic to be here. 'Then you won't be even numbers, dear, will you?'

'No, you see no one quite knew whether Max would come or not.'

As she had not thanked him yet Adams thought he would try to get something out of this old woman, so he said: 'I put your parcel away for you.'

'Oh, did you find somewhere to put it, how very kind of you. I wonder if you would show me which one you put it in,' and when he had shown her she made excuses and broke away, asking Miss Crevy to tell Julia, she would be on the platform later. Once free of them she went to where he had shown her and, partly because she felt so much better now, she retrieved her dead pigeon done up in brown paper.

Appendix II: Chapter one, Dutch translation [in progress] by Tamar van Steenberg
2013

Mist was zo dicht dat opgeschrikte vogel regelrecht tegen een balustrade vloog en langzaam, dood, voor haar voeten viel.

Daar lag hij dan en Miss Fellowes keek naar waar dat mistige doodskleed zich zes meter boven haar bevond en waaruit hij met een enkele omwenteling gevallen was. Ze boog zich voorover en pakte hem bij een vleugel om vervolgens een tunnel voor haar in te lopen en boven deze tunnel lichtte VERTREK op, ze hield haar dode duif vast.

Niemand lette op, iedereen was doelgericht en allemaal maakten ze haast, niemand keek terug. Haar dode duif hing op zijn kant, vleugels gespreid terwijl ze hem vasthield, zijn dode kop richting de grond gedraaid. Ze draaide om en ze liep terug naar de plek waar hij was neergekomen en keek weer omhoog naar de plek waar hij gestorven moest zijn want hij was nog steeds warm en hoewel alles nog onverklaard was, draaide ze zich nogmaals om en liep de tunnel in terug naar het station.

Ze dacht dat hij wel vies moest zijn met al die mist en vroeg zich af of hij dat niet was, dood en al, of hij geen vlooien had en of deze niet tussen de veren op zijn kop vandaan zouden komen maar ze keek liever niet aangezien er misschien bloed aan zat. Ze wist

nog hoe ze dat bij konijnenoren had gezien nadat ze geschoten waren en ze wist nog dat van alle vogels vooral zwaluwen vol ongedierte zaten – hoe was het mogelijk dat hij gestorven was, vroeg ze zich af en ze besloot dat hij gewassen moest worden.

Terwijl Miss Fellowes zich op haar gemak een weg baande en uiteindelijk uitkwam onder een gigantisch glazen gewelf – en hier kruisten mensen haastig haar pad en snelden haar aan beide kanten voorbij – werden Miss Crevy en haar jongeman buiten voorgereden en zodra ze uitstapten, maakten ze direct deel uit van al die beweging. En dit raakte hen, want als zij zich ook in zouden laten met een van die tunnels om bij hun bestemming te komen, was het oprapen van dode vogels en het vervolgens op hun gemak verder dwalen niet voor hen weggelegd. Miss Crevy had hoedendozen en koffers meegenomen en als haar jongeman er alleen bij was om haar uitgeleide te doen en haar vanwege haar vertrek te verafschuwen en als Miss Fellowes niets anders te doen had dan alleen haar nichtje vaarwel zoenen en afscheid nemen, zou Miss Angela Crevy kruiers moeten regelen en Evelyn Henderson moeten opsporen, die ook meeging en die alle tickets had.

Er verzamelden zich toen op dat moment overal mensen en samen liepen ze naar het station.

Van hun gezelschap waren er nog eens twee gearriveerd en ze kwamen net als Miss Fellowes enkel om afscheid te nemen; twee oude dametjes in granietgrijze kleding, zwarte strohoeden en wit haar. Ze liepen momenteel de trap af in het midden van een open ruimte en boven die trap lichtte DAMES op.

Ondertussen zei de jongeman van Miss Crevy: 'Deze kruier hier zegt dat de mist buiten ontzettend is, Angela lieverd.' Hij vertelde verder dat alle kruiers wisten dat er die avond geen treinen meer zouden rijden, het was nu half vijf, het zou snel donker zijn, daarna werd het alleen maar erger. Maar zij zei dat het dwaas zou zijn om weg te gaan nu ze toch al een kruier hadden en ze wilde absoluut eerst de anderen zien. Bovendien wist ze dat Robin haar liever niet zag vertrekken en ook al deed dat haar niet veel, ze vroeg zich toch af hoe graag hij wilde dat ze bleef. In ieder geval kon niets haar vertrek in de weg staan. Toen deed hun kruier moeilijk en wilde verder niet helpen; hij bood alleen aan haar eigendommen naar de garderobe te brengen, dus moest Robin, haar jongeman, hem vooraf een fooi geven en liepen ook zij uiteindelijk een van die tunnels binnen.

Terwijl ze onder de grond afdaalden, vijftig treden omlaag, zagen deze twee oude

dametjes beneden een deur die op een kier stond en daarachter, in kunstlicht, nog een oude dame die hier waarschijnlijk de toezichthouder was; het zou een zus van ze geweest kunnen zijn die hen aankeek vanaf onderaan de trap. Tijdens hun afdaling keek ze over haar schouder en daarna terug naar hen.

Want Miss Fellowes, zo zagen ze kort daarop, had haar mouwen opgerold en in het inmiddels vieze water met daarin een paar kringen bloed lag haar dode duif met opgezette veren en zijn kop zijdelings, verdronken langs een vleugel. De damp maakte de lucht erboven nevelig, want ze deed wat volgens haar met heet water gedaan moest worden en dat gaf haar vingers de kleur van zijn poten en bloed.

Er werd geen woord gewisseld. De beheerder keek naar de twee oude dametjes in de hoek. Ze klemde haar ene hand om een fles Lysol, de andere zat in haar zak en hield de tien cent vast die Miss Fellowes haar toegestopt had. Ze fluisterde tegen hen: 'Nog eventjes,' en ze draaide zich weer naar de trap om deze in de gaten te houden, ze voelde zich ongemakkelijk bij het vooruitzicht van nog meer getuigen.

Op dat moment vertelde Mr. Wray hoe zijn nichtje Miss Julia Wray met het gezelschap per boottrein zou reizen en 'Roberts,' zei hij door de telefoon, 'neem contact op met het kantoor van de stationschef, wil je, en vraag hem of hij naar haar uitkijkt.' Mr. Wray was een spoormanager. Mr. Roberts zei dat ze graag naar Miss Wray uitkeken en dat ze Mr. Wray ook maar al te graag ten alle tijden van dienst waren. Mr. Wray zei 'Dat is dan geregeld,' en hing op juist toen Mr. Roberts hem uit ging leggen hoe dicht de mist wel niet was, hier misschien niet tot op de grond maar drie kilometer verderop was de situatie sinds mensenheugenis nog niet zo slecht geweest: 'ondoordringbaar, Mr. Wray – wel, hij heeft zeker opgehangen.'

'Wat ik nu nodig heb is wat bruin papier en wat touw,' zei Miss Fellowes tamelijk ferm en alles wat die beheerder kon zeggen was: 'Wel, heb ik ooit.' Niet zo hard echter dat Miss Fellowes het kon horen; het kwam door die twee oude vrouwtjes dat ze zich niet op haar gemak voelde, want ze wist niet dat ze Miss Fellowes, die de zus van een van hun werkgevers was, al kenden. Ze zeiden hier niets op. Ze konden zich niet terugtrekken omdat het dan misschien zou lijken alsof ze in verlegenheid gebracht waren door wat ze zagen, spreken konden ze niet omdat ze zelf niet aangesproken werden, noch konden ze commentaar uitwisselen met de beheerder uit loyaliteit aan de tehuizen waar ze gepensioneerd waren en waar Miss Fellowes ook deel van uitmaakte.

En omdat Miss Fellowes haar handelingen beschouwde als een privéaangelegenheid

en ze hun aanwezigheid vervelend vond, want ze wist wel wie ze waren, negeerde ze hen terwijl ze naar buiten liep en het was niet hun plaats om haar aan te kijken.

Op dat moment voelde Miss Fellowes zich niet zo goed, dus, toen ze bovenaan de trap kwam, rustte ze even tegen de leuning. Miss Crevy en haar jongeman kwamen langs, Miss Fellowes zag hen en zij zagen haar, ze aarzelden en zeiden elkaar vervolgens gedag, Miss Crevy was alleraardigst. Dus zij ging ook mee op reis, informeerde Miss Fellowes en ze vroeg zich af of ze toch flauw ging vallen en Miss Crevy bevestigde met ja, ze ging ook mee en of Miss Fellowes al kennis had gemaakt met Mr. Robin Adams. Miss Fellowes vroeg op welk perron ze moest zijn, wist ze dat, toen Miss Crevy's jongeman haar in de rede viel met 'Maakt u zich daar maar niet druk om, met deze mist rijden er de komende uren toch geen treinen.'

'Gaat u dan niet met iedereen mee?' en terwijl ze dit zei, greep ze de leuning extra stevig vast en zei tegen zichzelf dat het nu echt zover was en als het zover was dat ze dan achterover zou vallen en zo via de trap naar beneden en ze glimlachte flauwtjes met op elkaar geklemde tanden. 'Och wat jammerlijk,' zei ze. Beneden staken de twee oude vrouwtjes samen hun hoofd naar buiten om te kijken of de kust veilig was maar zodra ze Miss Fellowes daar zagen, trokken ze zich weer terug. En nu vertelde Miss Crevy haar wie er allemaal wel meegingen. 'De familie Hignam,' ze sprak het uit als Hinum, 'Robert en uw nichtje Claire, Evelyn Henderson, die al onze kaartjes heeft, Julia, Alex Alexander en Max Adey.'

'Is dat die jongeman waar ik tegenwoordig zoveel over hoor?' vroeg ze en voelde zich toen nog slechter. Ze realiseerde zich dat als ze flauw zou vallen ze dat niet voor de ogen van deze onbeschofte jongeman wilde doen en ze draaide zich uit wanhoop naar hem toe en zei: 'Ik vraag me af of u even dit pakje in de dichtstbijzijnde prullenbak wilt deponeren.' Hij nam het aan en ging weg. Ze voelde zich terstond beter, het gevoel begon weg te trekken en opluchting kwam als een gloed over haar heen in navolging van haar beroerdheid.

'U bedoelt Max?' vroeg Miss Crevy ongemakkelijk.

'Ja, hij zit niet bepaald stil, of wel?'

Ze kwam op krachten en haar ogen lieten een oriëntatiepunt vlak achter Miss Crevy los en, terwijl ze de omgeving in zich opnam, zag ze Mr. Adams terugkomen.

'Wat vriendelijk van hem,' zei ze en ze dacht hoe heerlijk is het dat ik hem kwijt ben, ik voel me stukken sterker zo, wat is dit een afgrijselijke dag en wat bespottelijk dat ik

hier überhaupt ben. 'Dan bent u niet met even aantal, of wel, lieve?'

'Nee, want weet u, niemand wist of Max nou wel zou komen.'

Omdat ze hem nog niet bedankt had, wilde Adams toch proberen iets uit dit oude mens los te krijgen, dus hij zei: 'Ik heb uw pakje weggegooid.'

'Oh, u heeft een plek gevonden om het weg te gooien, wat alleraardigst van u. Ik vraag me af of u me aan kunt wijzen in welke u hem precies heeft gedeponerd,' en toen hij dat had aangewezen, excuseerde ze zich en maakte aanstalten, maar niet voordat ze Miss Crevy had gevraagd om Julia te vertellen dat ze wat later op het perron zou zijn. Eenmaal van hen verwijderd, liep ze naar de plek die hij had aangewezen en ze haalde, deels omdat ze zich nu zoveel beter voelde haar dode, in bruin papier gewikkelde duif weer op.

Appendix III: Section I (ST) Julia, Max, and the narrator (Green, PG 387-91)

The main office district of London centred round this station and now innumerable people, male and female, after thinking about getting home, were yawning, stretching, having another look at their clocks, putting files away and closing books, some were signing their last letters almost without reading what they had dictated and licking the flaps where earlier on they would have wetted their fingers and taken time.

Now they came out in ones and threes and now a flood was coming out and spread into the streets round; but while traffic might be going in any direction there was no one on foot who was not making his way home and that meant for most by way of the station.

As pavements swelled out under this dark flood so that if you had been ensconced in that pall of fog looking down below at twenty foot deep of night illuminated by street lamps, these crowded pavements would have looked to you as if for all the world they might have been conduits.

While these others walked all in one direction the traffic was motionless for long and then longer periods. Fog was down to ground level outside London, no cars could penetrate there so that if you had been seven thousand feet up and could have seen through you would have been amused at blocked main roads in solid lines and, on the pavements within two miles of this station, crawling worms on either side.

In ones and threes they came into the station by way of those tunnels, then out under that huge vault of glass. As they filed in, Miss Fellowes, who was looking round for a

porter to ask him which platform was hers, thought every porter had deserted. But as it happened what few there were had been obscured.

At this moment Mr Roberts, ensconced in his office where he could see hundreds below, for his windows overlooked the station, was telephoning for police reinforcements. 'There are hundreds here now, Mr Clarke,' he said, 'in another quarter of an hour these hundreds will be thousands. They tell me no buses are running and "this must be one of those nights you'll be glad you live over your work,"' he said. They talked for some time about who was to pay for all this – as railways have to keep their own police – and they enjoyed quoting Acts of Parliament to each other.

One then of legion when she had left her uncle's house, Miss Julia Wray left where she lived saying she would rather walk. With all this fog she felt certain she would get to the station before her luggage.

As she stepped out into this darkness of fog above and left warm rooms with bells and servants and her uncle who was one of Mr Roberts' directors – a rich important man – she lost her name and was all at once anonymous; if it had not been for her rich coat she might have been a typist making her way home.

Or she might have been a poisoner, anything. Few people passed her and they did not look up, as if they also were guilty. As each and every one went about their business they were divided by this gloom and were nervous, as she herself turned into Green Park it was so dim she was sorry she had not gone by car.

Air she breathed was harsh, and here where there were no lamps or what few there were shone at greater distances, it was like night with fog as a ceiling shutting out the sky, lying below tops of trees.

Where hundreds of thousands she could not see were now going home, their day done, she was only starting out and there was this difference that where she had been nervous of her journey and of starting, so that she had said she would rather go on foot to the station to walk it off, she was frightened now. As a path she was following turned this way and that round bushes and shrubs that hid from her what she would find she felt she would next come upon this fog dropped suddenly down to the ground, when she would be lost.

Then at another turn she was on more open ground. Headlights of cars above turning into a road as they swept round hooting swept their light above where she walked, illuminating lower branches of trees. As she hurried she started at each blaring horn and

each time she would look up to make sure that noise heralded a light and then was reassured to see leaves brilliantly green veined like marble with wet dirt and these veins reflecting each light back for a moment then it would be gone out beyond her and then was altogether gone and there was another.

These lights would come like thoughts in darkness, in a stream; a flash and then each was away. Looking round, and she was always glancing back, she would now and then see loving couples dimly two by two; in flashes their faces and anything white in their clothes picked up what light was at moments reflected down on them.

What a fuss and trouble it had been, and how terrible it all was she thought of Max, and then it was a stretch of water she was going by and lights still curved overhead as drivers sounded horns and birds, deceived by darkness, woken by these lights, stirred in their sleep, mesmerized in darkness.

It was so wrong, so unfair of Max not to say whether he was really coming, not to be in when she rang up, leaving that man of his, Edwards, to say he had gone out, leaving it like that to the last so that none of them knew if he was going to come or not. She imagined she met him now on this path looking particularly dark and how she would stop him and ask him why he was here, why wasn't he at the station? He would only ask her what she was doing herself. Then she would not be able to tell him she was frightened because he would think it silly. She would hardly admit to herself that she was only walking to try and calm herself, she was so certain he would not come after all.

It was so strange and dreadful to be walking here in darkness when it was only half-past four, so unlucky they had ever discussed all going off together though he had been the first to suggest it. How did people manage when they said they would do something and then did not do it? How silly she had been ever to say she would be of this party for now she would have to go with them, she could not go home now she was packed, they would not understand. But how could people be vague about going abroad what with passports and travelling? He had her at a hopeless disadvantage, he could gad about London with her gone and go to bed with every girl.

She realized that she was quite alone, no cars were passing and by the faint glow of a lamp she was near she could see no lovers, even, under trees.

It came to her then that she might not have packed her charms, that her maid had left them out and this would explain why things were so wrong. There they were, she could see them, on the table by her bed, her egg with the elephants in it, her wooden pistol and

her little painted top. She could not remember them being put in. She turned round, facing the other way. She looked in her bag though she never carried them there. It would be hopeless to go without them, she must hurry back. Oh why had she not gone in the taxi with her things?

And as she turned back Thomson went by with her luggage, light from his taxi curving over her head. She did not know, and he did not know she was there, he was taken up in his mind with how difficult it was going to be for him to find Miss Henderson and how most likely he would miss his tea.

Meantime, as he was letting himself into his flat, Max was wondering if he would go after all. It would mean leaving Amabel. Blinds were drawn, there was a fire. He would not leave Amabel. Edwards, his manservant, came in to say that Mrs Hignam had rung up and would he please ring her back. He did not like to leave Amabel. He asked Edwards if his things were packed and he was told they nearly were. Well if his bags were ready then he might as well leave Amabel.

Julia, crossing a footbridge, was so struck by misery she had to stand still, and she looked down at stagnant water beneath. Then three seagulls flew through that span on which she stood and that is what had happened one of the first times she met him, doves had flown under a bridge where she had been standing when she had stayed away last summer. She thought those gulls were for the sea they were to cross that evening.

Appendix IV: Section II (ST) Max and Julia (Green, PG 436-39)

Upstairs Max and Julia had finished their tea and, in an interval of silence, she had gone over to the window and was looking down on that crowd below. As he came over to join her she said well, anyway those police over there would protect their luggage, as they were drawn up in front of the Registration Hall. And as she watched she saw this crowd was in some way different. It could not be larger as there was no room, but in one section under her window it seemed to be swaying like branches rock in a light wind and, paying greater attention, she seemed to hear a continuous murmur coming from it. When she noticed heads everywhere turned towards that section just below she flung her window up. Max said: 'Don't go and let all that in,' and she heard them chanting beneath: 'WE WANT TRAINS, WE WANT TRAINS.' Also that raw air came in, harsh with fog and from somewhere a smell of cooking, there was a shriek from somewhere in the crowd, it was all on a vast scale and not far above her was that vault of glass which was

blue now instead of green, now that she was closer to it. She had forgotten what it was to be outside, what it smelled and felt like, and she had not realized what this crowd was, just seeing it through glass. It went on chanting WE WANT TRAINS, WE WANT TRAINS from that one section which surged to and fro and again that same woman shrieked, two or three men were shouting against the chant but she could not distinguish words. She thought how strange it was when hundreds of people turned their heads all in one direction, their faces so much lighter than their dark hats, lozenges, lozenges, lozenges.

The management had shut the steel doors down because when once before another fog had come as thick as this hundreds and hundreds of the crowd, unable to get home by train or bus, had pushed into this hotel and quietly clamoured for rooms, beds, meals, and more and more had pressed quietly, peaceably in until, although they had been most well behaved, by weight of numbers they had smashed everything, furniture, lounges, reception offices, the two bars, doors. Fifty-two had been injured and compensated and one of them was a little Tommy Tucker, now in a school for cripples, only fourteen years of age, and to be supported all his life at the railway company's expense by order of a High Court Judge.

'It's terrifying,' Julia said, 'I didn't know there were so many people in the world.'

'Do shut the window, Julia.'

'But why? Max, there's a poor woman down there where that end of the crowd's swaying. Did you hear her call? Couldn't you do something about it?'

He leaned out of the window.

'Couldn't get down there I'm afraid, doors are shut,' he said.

At that she closed this window and said he was quite right and that it was silly of her to suggest it. 'After all,' she said, 'one must not hear too many cries for help in this world. If my uncle answered every begging letter he received he would have nothing left in no time.' It was extraordinary how quiet their room became once that window was shut. 'What do you do with your appeals and things?' He answered that everything was in the hands of his secretary. He decided with his accountants, who managed his affairs for him, what he would set aside for charities during the year and then he told his secretary which ones he wanted to support and his accountants had to approve the actual amount before it was paid. He explained this rather disjointedly and gave her to understand that it was his secretary who really decided everything for him.

'And your accountants, or whatever you call them, decide how much it is to be?'

'That's right.'

'Then do you actually spend less than you receive?'

'I don't know.'

'But you must know.'

'No, I don't. You see my accountants report to my trustees.'

'Then don't your trustees tell you?'

'They've made a bit of a stink years ago when they said I'd spent too much. It was then that they fixed up this system. They haven't said anything since so I suppose it's all right. Will you have a cocktail or something?'

She refused. She began to feel rather uncomfortable in this closed room. He asked if she would mind his sending for some whisky and telephoned down for it.

'Ask them if there is any chance of there being some trains running soon.' He reported that they said not for another hour or two, although this fog seemed to be lifting along the coast. She wondered what she had better do, whether her best plan was not to ring up her uncle to say they were all stuck in this hotel, whether it would not be safer supposing he found out they had spent hours penned up alone in here. But the, she argued, it was not as if they were not a party and no one knew she was up here with Max. And if her uncle told her to come back home then she might not catch their train if it did in the end go off rather unexpectedly. How frightfully rich Max must be. No, it would be better if she stayed where she was, she was not going to miss this trip for anything. She had been looking forward to it for weeks. And besides she wondered, she wondered what he was going to do now that he had her all alone. It made the whole trip so much more exciting to begin with a whole three weeks before them to get everything right in.

Appendix V: Section III (ST) Max and Amabel (Green, PG 504-10)

When they were in that room upstairs where Julia had asked him not to muss about, Amabel's first words were 'kiss me' and this more than anything showed the difference between these two girls, not so much in temperament as in their relations with him.

After some time she drew back and powdered her nose. He walked round and round where she was sitting as though she were a river and a bridge of which he felt impelled to jump to drown.

'Be quiet,' she said, 'sit back.'

He stood in front of her and she fixed him with her eyes which drew him like the glint a hundred feet beneath and called on him to throw himself over. He had always been drugged by heights and turned away experiencing that longing and demand to see again as they feel who want to jump when they look down. Her eyes were expressionless and brilliant.

'Darling,' she said at last, 'you didn't really mean to do that to me.'

'I was mad.'

'I thought you of all people couldn't mean it.'

'I didn't.'

'Didn't what?' she said, feeling her way.

'Mean it,' he said.

They spoke slowly in soft voices and both of them now kept entirely still.

'When you rang up I knew it wasn't you speaking somehow, you sounded different. Why do we always have to be like this to one another?'

'I'm the only one,' he said, 'I was mad.'

'But why?'

'I don't know. Mad. Mad.'

'Don't go on telling me you were mad,' and here she raised her voice, 'no one's mad these days! What was it?'

'This awful weather. Felt I had to get away,' he mumbled.

'I'm sorry. But then what came between us to make you speak the way you did?'

'I don't know. I don't.'

'And you knew what my doctor said, I told you. If you didn't want me to come you'd only to say so. That's been the wonderful thing about us.'

'I did want you to.'

'We've had that pact from the every beginning, if one of us wanted to go away you could or I could without saying a word. What made you ring up like that?'

'But I swear I wanted you to come.'

'And to lie to me like you did,' she said, even softer. 'To say just that you wouldn't come out to-night after you'd said you would. I'm not sure now what you did really say you upset me so.'

'I was in an awful state,' he said.

'Just when the doctor told me I ought to get away from this frightful weather and

everything else. But all I want to do is understand. Darling, what made you do it.'

'I don't know.'

'Well, we're both of us free, we can do as we want but what made you do it?'

'Am, darling,' he said, 'don't you think you could come along,' he said, not knowing her things were packed. 'Do, darling, now, if it isn't too much. I always meant you to come.'

'But, dear,' she said, 'what am I to believe? There's your voice over that beastly phone I wish it had never been invented, saying first that you would meet me to-night when you knew you were going and then again within twenty minutes saying you wouldn't be there.'

'The first time I didn't know whether I was going or not.'

'Didn't you? But then was it nice to invite me when you didn't know if you would turn up? Oh, Max, when you think of what our evenings have been.'

'I know.'

'I sometimes wonder if you have ever known at all.'

'I'm hopeless.'

'But why,' she said, and pulled at her handkerchief, 'if you would only tell me so I could understand.'

There was a pause. She was looking over her shoulder away from him. He had been dazed but he hated tears, he never found them genuine and as he thought she might be going to cry he spoke more sharply, taking the initiative.

'Look, darling,' he said, 'it's this way. Come away with me now. Your maid can pack and follow on by aeroplane if she doesn't catch the train. Forget what I've been and let's have our lovely times over again. Darling, couldn't we?'

'What,' she said, still looking away but not crying, 'with all these other people, whoever they are?'

'Well, it's a bit awkward about them. We could leave them somewhere. It's really Evelyn Henderson. She's a very old friend and she's terribly badly off. I fixed it so they could all go for her really, whether I went or not.'

She turned round, caught his eyes in the glare of hers and stamped.

'Don't you dare,' she said and gasped. 'Don't you dare,' she said in a small voice she was so angry, 'try and put that over me. It's Julia Wray and I've known it all along.'

'Julia? What do you mean?'

'What do I mean? You are mad if you think I'll swallow that,' and she laughed and spoke naturally. It was when she had herself under control that she could rule him.

'There's nothing about Julia. . . . I say . . . ' he said and could not finish. He was under her command.

'Well, we had the arrangement,' she said in her hard tone of voice, 'we're both free,' she was absolutely certain of him now, 'we can both do as we like.'

'Oh, no!'

'Yes, I know when I'm not wanted.'

'You are. You're the point of the whole trip.'

'You see I've come to know I can't trust a single thing you say. Max, you're hopeless and I don't know why I'm here. Try and think what you're saying.'

'How d'you mean?'

'Don't play the innocent. The telephone.'

'I tell you I was mad.'

'But you weren't, you'd thought it out.'

He began to think, to slip out of her control and be impatient. He showed it by not looking away when they met each other's eyes. As soon as she saw this she smiled at him. It was wonderfully done. She smiled in just the way she had done when they first became intimate, in such a way that she might have been talking to him almost under her breath when they had nothing, nothing between them.

He kissed her again. This time when she drew back she laughed.

'How much do you really want me to come?' she said.

He laughed.

'No, go on, how much, tell me, you must, how much,' she said, as Julia had about her top. He looked at her, she was radiantly smiling, and again he felt lost and given over before her moods.

He went to kiss her again and she laughed and said no, no, not before he had told her.

'You know how much,' he said and looked so expectant as to be idiotic.

'More than to go fishing,' she said, calling on another afternoon.

'Yes.'

'Even when the wind or whatever it was was just right.'

'Of course.'

'No,' she said and looked at him as though he meant everything to her, ' you

remember, don't you, even if you had been waiting for whatever you have to wait for fishing even for weeks?'

'I do.'

'Do you? No, you mustn't kiss me again, I haven't nearly finished. More than Ascot week, more than going to bed or staying up and, d'you remember, on that hill when you didn't want to go home?'

'Don't.'

'Very well. What were we talking about before? Oh, blast you, why do you make me feel so sad?' she said and made her eyes cloud over.

'Darling.'

'All right, I'm not going to be tiresome or anything like that, but I can't think what I was doing when I fell for you,' and she made way before him, making herself small.

'I do,' he said, 'because there's nobody like you.'

'Isn't there?'

'Nobody like you.'

'Is that all?' she said in her small voice. He laughed and kissed her again. This time she did not kiss him back but handed herself over.

When he found she had nothing on underneath she stopped him at once.

'No,' she said, 'hands off, I've just had my bath, I've just had my bath I tell you.'

He got up and began walking round and round where she sat again. She had so wound him up that in his feeling for her as it was now he was thrown back on his grievance.

'What were you doing last night?' he said.

'How d'you mean?'

'When I rang up?'

'Oh, then! Well, I did pop out for a moment,' she said, looking long at her face in her glass.

'Who with?'

'We went to that cocktail club round the corner.'

'Who's we?'

'No, let me finish,' she said, putting more red on her lips. Her face blushed in spots where he had kissed her. 'You've made such a mess of my face. Here, hold this,' she said and gave him her mirror. His hand shook so he was no use to her. 'Darling, you mustn't

get upset about little things like that. It was only Richard and you know what he is.'

'Embassy Richard?'

'Yes.'

'Why him?'

'Why not, darling?'

'When I rang up you said Marjorie was with you.'

'No, I didn't. You said you couldn't get on to me.'

'I meant afterwards.'

'Oh, then! I didn't want to tell you, that's all.'

'It would take more than him to upset me,' he said.

'Then what's the matter with you now?' she said sweetly.

'Nothing's the matter.'

'I can't understand you these days at all. Here, give me back my mirror. What shall I do?' she said, 'it's a mess,' tilting and turning her face from side to side.

'Well, what about it?'

'About Richard you mean? Why, nothing. By the way, he said he was coming on your train.'

'You didn't invite him by any chance?'

'How could I? I'm not coming, you know, you didn't invite me. It's absurd, I can't just get packed like that at a moment's notice.'

'Then I shan't go,' he said, turning away and going back to the window.

She did not take much notice of this. 'But, darling,' she said, 'you can't just leave them like that when you asked them.'

'I can. I've given old Evelyn the tickets. It's arranged.'

'But you can't, they're your guests. You mustn't be so independent. I won't let you. Think what they'll say.'

'I don't care.'

'Oh, yes, you do, you must care. The whole thing's absurd,' and, forgetting she had just said she was not coming, 'it's absurd,' she said, 'you say we can't go because Richard is in the hotel and travelling on the same train.'

They did not either of them notice the slip she had made.

'How d'you know?' he said, turning round.

'I don't know,' she said, looking at him, 'only he said he would be here and when he

says he will be going somewhere, I believe him more than when you tell me the same thing.'

'You've seen him?'

'Max, darling, don't be so ridiculous. I haven't set eyes on him since last night. He might be in Timbuctoo for all I care and anyway I don't know, darling. I must say, my dear, you don't seem very upset at my not coming.'

'If you don't come, then I don't.'

'Why must you be like this? I tell you you can't behave like that. You'll never be able to get anyone to go abroad with you again.'

'I don't care.' There was a pause. 'In any case,' he said, 'I wasn't going to go.'

'Then why did you say you what you did when you rang me up the last time?'

'Because,' he said, finding it at last, 'because I saw with all this fog I might be with them for hours as the trains weren't running. I had to see them off, you know.' He came up to her smiling.

'No, keep away,' she said, 'I've got to think this out.' He's such an awful liar, she thought, but already everything seemed different. 'No, I don't believe it,' and she began to hope.

'It's true,' he said and then she knew he was lying and did not care. All she wanted from him was something reasonable like a passport which would take her along without humiliation past frontiers and into that smiling country their journey together would open in their hearts as she hoped, the promised land. Not of marriage but of any kind of happiness, not for ever but while it lasted. She knew better than to want too much of any situation and marriage she had never wanted, though often imagined, after the first three weeks. It would have been better with almost anyone else but there it was, he fascinated her and so it was for her to fascinate him.