
TRANSLATING LASKI

FEAR IN *THE VICTORIAN CHAISE-LONGUE*



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TABLE OF CONTENTS

ABSTRACT	3
INTRODUCTION AND METHODOLOGY.....	4
1. THE VICTORIAN CHAISE-LONGUE AND NEO-VICTORIAN GOTHIC	7
1.1 THEME AND GENRE.....	7
1.2 STYLISTIC FEATURES OF THE GOTHIC.....	10
1.3 STYLISTIC FEATURES THAT MAINTAIN THE FRIGHTENING ATMOSPHERE IN <i>THE VICTORIAN CHAISE-LONGUE</i>	13
1.3.1 Focalizer.....	13
1.3.2. Stream-of-consciousness.....	19
1.3.3. Enumerations and repetition.....	22
1.3.4. Transitivity.....	23
1.3.5. Vocabulary.....	25
1.3.6. Summary.....	27
2. ANALYSIS ACCORDING TO NORD	28
2.1 PRAGMATIC.....	28
2.2 CULTURALLY SPECIFIC.....	29
2.3 LINGUISTIC	30
2.3.1 Progressive aspect and other –ing forms.....	30
2.3.2. Long sentences	32
2.3.3. Punctuation	33
2.3.4 Word order & syntax.....	34
2.3.5. Modal auxiliaries.....	36
2.3.6. Personification	37
2.3.7. Modal particles.....	38
2.3.8 Rhythm.....	40
3. TRANSLATION STRATEGY	41
4. ANNOTATED TRANSLATION.....	42
4.1 FRAGMENT A	42
4.2 FRAGMENT B	47
4.3 FRAGMENT C.....	50
CONCLUSION	54
SUGGESTIONS FOR FURTHER RESEARCH	55
BIBLIOGRAPHY	56
WORKS CONSULTED.....	57
REFERENCE WORKS	57
APPENDIX: SOURCETEXT	59
FRAGMENT A.....	59
FRAGMENT B.....	61
FRAGMENT C.....	64

ABSTRACT

This thesis looks at how fear is stylistically brought about in *The Victorian Chaise-longue*. It discusses the novella within the Gothic genre and then goes on to explain through what stylistic means the sense of fear instilled in the main character as well as the reader is achieved. Hereafter an analysis of translation problems that arise is performed according to Nord's categories. This is followed by an annotated Dutch translation of three different fragments from the novella.

INTRODUCTION AND METHODOLOGY

'Will you give me your word of honour,' said Melanie, 'that I am not going to die?'

– The first line of Laski's *The Victorian Chaise-longue*

In this thesis I will provide an analysis and translation of (fragments of) *The Victorian Chaise-Longue* published in 1953 by Marghanita Laski (1915-1988). Laski was an English journalist, writer, critic and broadcaster. She was an avid reader and is mostly known because of her contribution to the *Oxford English Dictionary*; she contributed about a quarter of a million quotations to the revised Supplement to the *Dictionary*. She was also very active as a literary critic who wrote books on authors such as Jane Austen and George Elliot.

The Victorian Chaise-Longue is a novella that describes the experience of a woman called Melanie in the 1950s, suffering from tuberculosis, who wakes up in the body of her alter ego, Milly, ninety years previously, during the Victorian age. The novella is characterised by the sense of fear. Melanie is not only trapped in another woman's body, she is also trapped in another time and surrounded by abusive people. In the preface to the Persephone Books edition, P.D. James argues that Laski has succeeded in writing such a frightening novella by 'involv[ing] the reader in that most atavistic of human horror, confusion of identity and the realisation that one is inexorable trapped by circumstances which one can neither influence nor understand' (Laski v). Considering fear is so prominent in this novella I will attempt to answer the following research question in this thesis:

What are the stylistic parameters that help establish and emphasize the frightening atmosphere in *The Victorian Chaise-longue*, and how can that particular atmosphere be maintained in a translation into Dutch?

As the question already implies I will first have to look at how the source text achieves this effect; what devices are used. Firstly, I will briefly discuss the theme and genre of the novella, as they play a big part in how fear is generated in the novella. After this a stylistic analysis will be performed to take a closer look at the stylistic devices that bring about this sense of fear.

The importance of literary stylistics is well accepted in the field of translation, for example Dan Shen and Jean Boase-Beier emphasize the importance of analysing a source text stylistically to find out what kind of effect is achieved, how this is done and how this same

effect can be achieved in the target text. Jean Boase-Beier explains how translation is traditionally viewed as the transfer of meaning into another language. However, the question of what the meaning of a text is, is not a straightforward one. In literary texts especially, style is often a crucial element of what makes the text literary and thus what gives it meaning as well. Thus many stylisticians, including Leech and Short, believe that style cannot be completely separated from meaning or content (Boase-Beier 393). This is especially true for *The Victorian Chaise-longue* as this frightening atmosphere is at the core of the novella.

Dan Shen, too, expresses how valuable stylistics is to translation. She believes that the incorporation of literary stylistics into translation studies will result in translations that are of a higher quality. She says how this will help a translator achieve 'functional equivalence or expressive identity' (Shen 1987: 8). It is clear that in literary translation it is not simply about translating *what* it says but, perhaps more importantly so, about *how* it is said and what kind of effect is achieved. The job of the literary translator is then to achieve a similar effect in the target text. This is where stylistics comes in to place because it studies the 'explicitness or precision of the linguistic description and the resultant literary effects' (Shen 1987: 3).

I will perform this stylistic analysis by means of the mild approach as described by Dan Shen in 'How Stylisticians Draw on Narratology: Approaches, Advantages and Disadvantages'. With this approach I will not be carrying out a complete narratological investigation, but I will use narratological concepts and models as frameworks for the investigation of style.

Shen explains how in narratology there is a distinction between *story*, the underlying event structure, and the *narrative discourse*, the representation of events. This term *narrative discourse* seems to be quite similar to style, as both are concerned with how a story is told (Shen 2005: 381). The difference, however, is that discourse operates on the macro level while style operates on the micro level: style is concerned with linguistic choices whereas discourse is concerned with structural choices (Shen 2005: 382). Shen also explains how the two areas where narratology and stylistics tend to overlap are modes of speech representation and focalization, which consequently will be the only narratological concepts I will be referring to in this thesis (Shen 2005: 383). The goal of this analysis is to uncover why certain linguistic choices are made, what effect they bring about, so that I can use this information in my translation of the novella. I will need to achieve the same effect in another language so it is important to now what linguistic devices are available to me.

After having performed a stylistic analysis of *The Victorian Chaise-longue* the translation problems that arise will be discussed according to the classification by Nord. Some solutions to these problems will be offered after which a translation strategy will be established. The final chapter is the translation of the chosen fragments, annotated where needed. I have chosen three passages, each at a different point of the second part of the novella. The first is when Melanie is figuring out where she is, the second is when she is trying to find a way out and the last fragment is the ending of the novel.

1. THE VICTORIAN CHAISE-LONGUE AND NEO-VICTORIAN GOTHIC

1.1 THEME AND GENRE

The Victorian Chaise-longue is about a woman, Melanie, in the 1950s who is ill with tuberculosis. Because she has improved somewhat her doctor allows her to move to another room and lie on a chaise-longue that she bought from an antique shop. When she goes to lie on this sofa, she experiences ecstasy and wakes up in the body of Milly, ninety years previously. It is in the second part of the novella where the horror begins as Melanie is trapped in another body, in another time and is even confined to the room she finds herself in. She experiences what it is like to be a woman in the Victorian era and it is not a pretty picture. Milly has transgressed sexually which resulted in an illegitimate child for which she is being punished by her sister Adelaide. Adelaide abuses her physically as well as mentally and on top of that the doctor also assaults Milly. Like Melanie she suffers from tuberculosis but in her time the treatment to tuberculosis was not discovered yet and so she is a dying woman. In many ways Milly is Melanie's double and it is from this double motif that we can find the theme of the novella.

It is not hard to find similarities between the two women: both women have recently given birth, both women suffer from tuberculosis and in both cases their doctors seem to be fond of them, maybe even fancy them. Both doctors are jealous of the men who impregnated them. Dr. Gregory finds himself feeling jealous of Guy but brushes those feelings aside. Milly's doctor, Philip Blundell, does not have such control and assaults Milly (and Melanie in her body) out of anger because she has slept with another man.

This motif of doubles is related to what Freud calls the 'uncanny', which is something that instills fear. He explains how the uncanny is nothing new or foreign but rather something familiar that has been repressed (Freud 13). This is related to doubles as they can represent what one has repressed. Freud argues that in early childhood people produce projections of multiple selves as a way to ensure their immortality. This comes from the primary narcissism of the child. However, when one encounters a double later in life, when this childhood narcissism has been overcome, the double invokes a sensation of the uncanny as it now represents a return to a primitive state, it becomes 'the ghastly harbinger of death' (Freud 9). We can see this quite literally in *The Victorian Chaise-longue* as Melanie seems to die in the body of her double (as readers we are not sure if Melanie dies with Milly or if she enters her

own body again after Milly has passed). Another reason why the double is uncanny is because it represents everything that has been suppressed, such as certain negative traits.

Milly in the novella represents the oppressed and 'silly' Victorian woman and Melanie feels for her, however she does not realize how similar their lives truly are (Laski 1999: 83). Melanie, too, is in fact quite silly and dependent on the men in her life. The difference here is that Melanie is these things by choice.

Spooner explains how doubles are usually interpreted as performing a complex psychological function (292). She argues that in contemporary Gothic texts the Doppelgänger trope can be interpreted through the prescriptive femininity and the politics of individual fulfillment that are expressed in women's fashion magazines. I would, however, say that doubles could be interpreted through prescriptive femininity full stop; not necessarily the type that is only expressed in magazines. Spooner's view on doubles is in my view too superficial in that a lot of the focus is on external similarities between doubles. In the case of *The Victorian Chaise-longue* we do not really get to know if they look familiar, instead we can find many similarities in their situations, character and also their names (Melanie was sometimes called Melly, which is close to Milly). Melanie is thus not confronted with an ideal of beauty but rather with her own shortcomings as a woman in contemporary times as she finds (or actually the reader does, as Melanie herself seems to be unaware of this) that she is very similar to women in the Victorian era despite having gained more rights.

In a 1967 issue of *Punch* Marghanita Laski expresses her views on women's plight. She says that 'among the dispossessed', women are not doing that badly. 'We are, after all, house pets, a privilege shared among these groups only by children, though once available to a few American negroes. But as against these last two groups, we at least share the comforts, if comforts there be, and the trivial social advantages, such as they be, of our protecting males' (Laski 1967b: 209). Laski argues that considering women's position in society is not as bad as other 'underdogs' such as people of colour that the fight for women should go on the backburner, granted that the rights already obtained shall in all cases be granted. She also emphasizes that women must not themselves 'betray the revolution' (ibid: 210). She believes it to be a woman's duty 'to be as well-educated as they can be, as well-informed and as responsible as they can be' (ibid).

In that same year Laski also wrote an article on the female virtues in *Punch*. There she observes how the virtue of chastity mostly falls on women and as a consequence only women

are held accountable for bringing an illegitimate child in the world, something to be considered as one of the worst social sins. Because of this Laski is of the belief that anyone who tries to prevent bringing unwanted children into this world by limiting access to birth control or abortion are in the wrong (Laski 1967a).

Knowing these views on feminism that Laski has, we can better interpret the purpose of the double in *The Victorian Chaise-longue*. On the one hand we see that there has indeed been some progress in those ninety years, but at the same time it is very easy to revert to old times. Melanie observes that, even though she has committed the same sin as Milly, she in her time is not being punished for it like Milly is. Unfortunately, though, Melanie does not truly take advantage of being more liberated than Milly as she still dumbs herself down, evident from her interactions with Guy, and she willingly lets her life revolve around the men in her life and, like Milly, she has been restricted to bed rest. She does not follow women's duty to be to be as well-educated as they can be, as well-informed and as responsible as she can be.

Kohlke mentions some critics who argued that the goal of using historical settings in Gothic fiction was to ameliorate the depicted horrors by comforting us that we have come a long way since then and that these horrors no longer pose a threat to us (2012: 234). What we see in Laski's Neo-Victorian Gothic, however, is that there is no such comfort. The modern woman and the Victorian woman are fused into one, meaning that the horrors the Victorian woman faced are over yet. The ending illustrates this as we never see Melanie return as a modern woman who has learnt her lesson, in fact we're not sure if she even returns at all: '...and at last there was nothing but darkness, and in the darkness the ecstasy, and after the ecstasy, death and life.' (Laski 1999: 99)

This motif of the double is a popular one in Gothic fiction (Spooner 2001: 292). There are many Gothic aspects of this novella but the main thing to remember is that its goal is to inspire fear in the reader. Ellen Moers (1978) explains how the most straightforward definition of the Gothic is that it has to do with fear and this fear can be achieved in a number of ways.

Another genre aspect of *The Victorian Chaise-longue* is Neo-Victorianism. In 'Using the Victorians: the Victorian Age in Contemporary Fiction', Robin Gilmour investigates the use contemporary novelists have made use of the Victorian period and its products in fiction written in the last third of the twentieth century. He explains how these novels are distinctly different from the straightforward historical novel with a period setting. Rather, novelists 'using the Victorians' are familiar with the period and the conventions of its literature and they

draw on the meanings which these have come to have for people at the time they wrote these Neo-Victorian novels. Gilmour calls *The Victorian Chaise-longue* an early example of such a novel that uses the Victorians (189).

Robin Gilmour has attempted to find an explanation for why there seemed to be such a sudden interest in the Victorian period. He argues that it might have been a reaction to the public ideology of the period and its values and that writers explored these values and the society that produced them. He says that '[u]sing the Victorians has offered a sophisticated way to get back to the unsophisticated or at least to certain powerful narrative simplicities that the contemporary novel has been wary of' (Gilmour 198). Gilmour also emphasizes that even though there is great variety of forms in Neo-Victorian novels, they all have one feature in common. In these novels the past is not treated as another country; it exists in dynamic relation to the present, which it both interprets and is interpreted by. Evoking the Victorians was not a way to simply look at the past but it was a means of getting a fresh perspective on the present (Gilmour 200). In the discussion of doubles we saw how *the Victorian Chaise-longue* interacts with the Victorian era. The past is indeed not another country; it is inextricably linked to the present. This is symbolized by the chaise-longue, which seems to be the vehicle that causes Melanie to travel back in time.

1.2 STYLISTIC FEATURES OF THE GOTHIC

Unfortunately, not much research has been done to describe the style in which Gothic novels are written. This is partly due to the reason that it is very hard to define the genre. As Moers said, the one thing Gothic texts do all have in common is that they inspire fear. Many articles that claim to discuss the style of a Gothic novel actually look at narratological aspects of the novels, such as William Hughes' discussion of *Dracula* where he focuses on the narrative structure of the novel as well as the intermingling of different dialects spoken by the characters. He does discuss several characteristics of the Gothic novel, which can be found in *Dracula* as well, however these characteristics are not stylistic. For example, he mentions how in Victorian Gothic the distinction between conventional opposites such as self and other, good and evil etc. collapsed (Hughes 11). This is something that can also be found in *The Victorian Chaise-longue*, as discussed above. Themes like this can be brought about in a wide variety of manners which is evident from the variety we find in the Gothic genre, from Romantic Gothic texts such as *Wuthering Heights* to Gothic texts leaning towards science fiction such as *Frankenstein*.

Allan Graham has performed a similar analysis of *Frankenstein*, where he touches upon the antiquated use of language employed by the characters in *Frankenstein*. He also argues that Shelley's intensified and hyperbolic use of language relates her novel to the Gothic tradition (Graham 17). He explains how Gothic novels are 'full of the improbable, the implausible, and the downright irrational' and the characters express themselves in 'excessive, hyperbolic language' (Graham 23). This can be seen in *The Victorian Chaise-longue* as well, in the many dramatic almost climatic enumerations, especially in the occasions where Melanie is desperately crying out for Guy to come and save her from her predicament. Melanie finds herself in a truly improbable, implausible and irrational situation and she expresses her desperation in intense and hyperbolic language. In the next chapter I will go into more detail.

Other than the mention of this excessive language, however, Graham does not mention any other stylistic elements that are characteristic of the Gothic genre. Instead he, like Hughes, focuses more on narrative structure. So while both authors analyse the novels in the framework of the Gothic genre, they do not or barely touch upon stylistic (and thus linguistic) elements that are characteristic to this genre. They are concerned more with literary investigation rather than stylistic investigation. This is partly due to the fact that the Gothic genre is mainly defined by its themes rather than by how these themes are brought about stylistically.

Stephanie Jones did attempt to find stylistic elements that Gothic texts have in common with the method of corpus analysis. Her aim was 'to describe the genre of Gothic Fiction through its language use' (Jones 51). She used a keyword analysis and found that there are four categories of words to be important to the genre. The first one is pronouns, especially first and second person pronouns. Jones explains how this is an indicator of the importance of first person narrative structures within the genre. It also 'speaks to the idea that readers are meant to experience the novels through the narrator, feeling the same emotions of the narrator rather than being told what the narrator is feeling' (Jones 51). In the next chapter we will see how this is certainly true in the case of *The Victorian Chaise-longue*.

The second category was vocatives, especially in the form of character names. The third category Jones calls 'Gothic Words' and she found that words corresponding to Gothic elements (i.e. 'strange', 'terror' 'beast' etc.) actually did not occur as frequently as one might have expected. She did find many instances of verbs like 'seemed' and 'looked (as if)'. Jones explains how this suggests that things are said implicitly rather than explicitly. The Gothic

atmosphere might thus have more to do with feelings elicited through the writing than explicit Gothic-like words (Jones 23). Words such as 'seemed' and 'looked as if' cause uncertainty, which in turn can create feelings associated with Gothic elements (such as fear) in both the reader and narrator (52). This also hints at uncertainty or obscurity as an important element to Gothic fiction. As Edmund Burke put so eloquently in his essay 'A Philosophical Inquiry into the Origin of Our Ideas of The Sublime and Beautiful':

To make anything very terrible, obscurity seems in general to be necessary. When we know the full extent of any danger, when we can accustom our eyes to it, a great deal of the apprehension vanishes. Every one will be sensible of this, who considers how greatly night adds to our dread, in all cases of danger, and how much the notions of ghosts and goblins, of which none can form clear ideas, affect minds which give credit to the popular tales concerning such sorts of beings. Those despotic governments, which are founded on the passions of men, and principally upon the passion of fear, keep their chief as much as may be from the public eye. The policy has been the same in many cases of religion. Almost all the heathen temples were dark. Even in the barbarous temples of the Americans at this day, they keep their idol in a dark part of the hut, which is consecrated to his worship. For this purpose too the Druids performed all their ceremonies in the bosom of the darkest woods, and in the shade of the oldest and most spreading oaks. (Burke 99-100)

This obscurity is definitely a factor contributing to the frightening atmosphere in *The Victorian Chaise-Longue*. Melanie does not know where she is and in how much danger she truly is; we only find out near the end about the illegitimate child and the abuse Milly suffers. Not having everything spelled out and not understanding everything, makes the threat even more frightening.

The last category of words Jones found to occur often in Gothic texts was body parts. She found that words for different body parts were frequently used and that they were often described using words and actions that could easily apply to the entire body than just a part (Jones 52). It could also imply that personifications, in the form of metonymy, are common in Gothic texts. This could lead to a sense of having no control over one's body, as if the body parts are moving separately from you. The most often-used body part was the eyes, which highlights the duality of individual characters (52). Jones explains how in a genre that has a focus on the supernatural, the use of eyes is important in determining what is real and what is not. However, Jones found in the concordances that these eyes cannot always be trusted. This is not surprising considering the prevalence of dreams and hallucinations in Gothic fiction.

According to Jones this further adds to the uncertainty and the discomfort of the characters (39).

Now the limitation of Jones' research is that it primarily focused on the type of words used within the Gothic genre and ignored many other stylistic elements such as sentence length, syntax, punctuation and so on. In the following section I will look at how fear is brought about in *The Victorian Chaise-longue* not only through its vocabulary but also through other stylistic means.

1.3 STYLISTIC FEATURES THAT MAINTAIN THE FRIGHTENING ATMOSPHERE IN *THE VICTORIAN CHAISE-LONGUE*

Before we saw how the events Melanie lives through are fearful, but not how this fear is transferred to the reader. Kohlke explains that this is done by blurring the lines between Melanie and reader, just like the lines between Melanie and Milly are blurred:

For the protagonist's time-travel imitates the reader's vicarious immersion in the recreated nineteenth century, eager to encounter the period 'first-hand' in its full sensual immediacy. Yet in this case the fantasy of physically reliving or 'inhabiting' the past turns out to be horrific rather than exotic and exhilarating, as Melanie, acting as the reader's stand-in, becomes literally trapped in Milly's dying body. (Kohlke 2012: 227)

To accomplish this the narrator has to bring the reader close to the character, which is done by focalizing on Melanie.

1.3.1 FOCALIZER

In both parts of the novel there is an extra-diegetic narrator: a narrator who is not a character in the novel. The extra-diegetic narrator acts as a third person narrative with a limited perspective, but only in the second part of the novel. In the first part the narrator also reports on thoughts and feelings of other characters, such as the doctor. In the short quote below the narrator gets inside both Melanie's and the doctor's head:

But Melanie felt safer now, she in her nest and he with a smile on his face. She smiled back, meaning to say only that she loved and trusted him, and the doctor wondered again how it was that Melanie's smile seemed always to invite delights he was sure she had never known. (Laski 1999: 1)

The narrator reports on Melanie's feelings as well as on the doctor's thoughts. In the second part of the novel the narrator exclusively focalises on Melanie. This change in focalization is what sets the two chapters apart. As Melanie is in Milly's body, this focalization also includes Milly's thoughts as they sometimes intrude those of Melanie. For example, in fragment A Melanie recalls a memory that is actually not hers, but Milly's:

– anyway, said the tiring brain, I do dream colours, I dreamt Adelaide's brooch, the horrid red-brown like poor meat, I've always hated that brooch, it was Gilbert who said it looked like meat, not Adelaide's, he wouldn't be so impolite, those brooches ladies are wearing now, he said, you're really getting better, he said, you're really getting better, he said, said Guy and Gilbert. (Laski 1999: 28)

Adelaide and Gilbert are people from Milly's life, people Melanie has yet to be introduced to. Guy on the other hand is Melanie's lover, so here we see how memories from both women are fused together. Below are examples where this fusion of thoughts happens more explicitly:

I know her, came the instant thought in words, came, but as instantly vanished, for Melanie did not know the woman, had never seen her before. She looked about fifty, was the next thought, with the knowledge that the word 'looks' was used because the woman was not in fact fifty, but many years younger. (Laski 1999: 26)

A glass was set down on the tatted cover of the small round table by her head – 'How do I know it's a tatted cover, a small round table?' cried Melanie to herself, and she must open her eyes, and by her head was the glass tumbler on the tatted cover on the small round table, and besides it still stood the woman. (Laski 1999: 27)

The quotes above show how Melanie seems to recognize objects and people around her, even though she is seeing them for the first time. Situations like these occur often in the novella as the border between Melanie and Milly fades more and more. Because the reader only reads Melanie's thoughts, interspersed with Milly's, the reader is just as much left in the dark. He/she experiences the same obscurity that Melanie does because the reader is brought so close to Melanie.

The way speech and thought are represented also play an important role in minimizing the distance between reader and character. Both free indirect thought and free direct thought are used, blurring the border between narrator and character and by extension also between reader and character.

Leech & Short argue that both in speech and thought representation there is a norm of how it is represented. These norms are presented in the figure below.

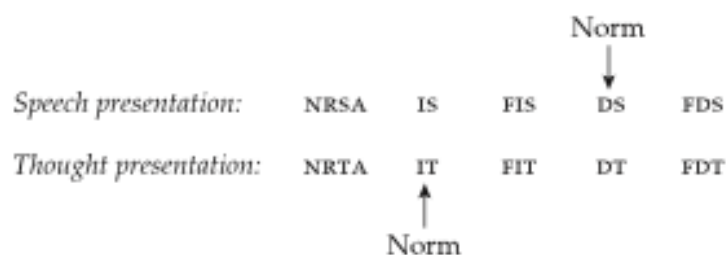


Figure 1 (Leech & Short 276)

The norm in speech representation is direct speech, as that is what the character actually says. In thought representation, however, the norm is indirect thought. Leech and Short explain why the norms are different in speech and thought representation: direct speech is possible because it is the mode that represents speech in the form in which it is directly manifest to a listener. Direct thought, however, is different because we can never actually have direct access to a person's thoughts and, more importantly, to how they are formulated. Thought is generally not verbally formulated, so it cannot be reported verbatim like speech (Leech & Short 276). This is why the norm in thought representation is indirect thought.

Leech & Short further explain how a move to the right from the norm will produce an effect of liberty; as if the narrator has left the stage and let the characters do the speaking. Any move to the left of the norm can then be seen as interference from the narrator (Leech & Short 268). Thus free indirect thought and free direct thought minimize the distance between character and reader. This is also true for free direct speech.

In the second part of the novella the reader becomes closer and closer to Melanie through the use of free indirect and free direct thought, both moves to right of the norm on Leech and Short's scale. Below we can see both these thought representations in one paragraph:

Again she looked at the conglomeration of crowded, tasteless, worthless objects on the overmantel, and now the comment came that these were junk, what you'd see in a junk-shop, a real junk-shop, jostled in an open tray on the pavement on Saturday morning, anything for half-a-crown. (Laski 1999: 30)

These value judgments about the objects on the overmantel are not the narrator's but Melanie's, even though they are not necessarily presented as Melanie's thoughts. From the

following comment that these objects are junk according to Melanie, we can derive that the above judgments are hers. Also the sentence 'what you'd see in a junk-shop' seems to be a direct representation of Melanie's comment in her head. Below is an even clearer example of free indirect thought:

'You must stop,' said the woman, not imperiously now, but with a weary – could it be tenderness? Hands were pressing on Melanie's shoulders, forcing her head back against the pillow, letting air again into the choked windpipe. One hand shifted a little, and its flesh bruised Melanie's neck. (Laski 1999: 32)

The question 'could it be tenderness' is something that Melanie wonders, not the narrator. It is Melanie who is trying to interpret Adelaide's tone; the narrator presumably knows this and does not need to ask such a question. Something similar happens in "Their conversation should have been significant, but it was only boring" (Laski 1999: 57). This sentence is presented as if the narrator is talking, but the added judgment of 'boring' makes us believe that the narrator is actually representing Melanie's thoughts there.

Free indirect thought and free direct thought can be distinguished from each other by the tense that is used. When using free direct thought, Laski mostly uses the present tense:

'You're mad,' said Melanie, thinking quickly, That's what she is, mad, somehow she's kidnapped me, why doesn't Guy come and find me, save me, take me away? (Laski 1999: 33)

Here we can see Melanie's thought directly represented, without much interference from the narrator. There is an introductory clause, but no quotation marks are used. Melanie's direct thought also often start with a capital letter even though it is not the beginning of a new sentence. This is the most frequent way to represent free direct thought in *The Victorian Chaise-longue*, though there are also instance of direct thought where quotation marks are used (without an introductory clause) and also of free direct thought without quotation marks and an introductory clause:

It was hard to be sure from a single hair. It looks darker than mine – but then mine had had camomile rinses and hot sun shining on it, of course mine would lighter than Milly's. I must have a looking-glass, she thought desperately, and then rejected this in terror. A glass could be too sure, too, wrongly sure, corrupted and lying because it came from here, not there. Better to proceed slowly, nearly sure on the side of safety and right, than wrongly sure and lost. (Laski: 1999 95)

Almost this entire paragraph is free direct thought except for one interruption of the narrator ('she thought desperately, and then rejected this in terror') after which the free direct thought continues without any cues that Melanie's actual thoughts are represented. We can, however, recognize the free direct thought by the use of the present tense.

Near the end of the novella, however, we can see how the distance between reader and character widens again. There is significantly less free direct thought compared to the previous pages. As soon as Melanie finds out that Milly, too, has given birth to a baby this distance becomes bigger. The scene where Melanie is panicking and Adelaide is hitting her (fragment C) is not focalized on one character specifically. Rather the narrator relays the events and gives us a direct speech representation when the characters speak. During this scene we are not given a look into Melanie's thoughts. The reader has become a helpless observer of the violent scene. Only after this scene do we enter Melanie's thoughts again, though free direct thought is still scarce.

It is thus mainly through the way Melanie's thoughts are represent to us as readers that we become with Melanie just like she is becoming one with Milly. Her thoughts are intruded by Milly's thoughts while the reader's thoughts are intruded by those of Melanie.

Another way the reader is brought closer to the character is because by relating events in the order that Melanie witnesses them:

The footsteps came swiftly, down the stairs, along the hall, the handle violently turned, the woman sweeping into the room, to stand, erect and menacing, by her head. 'Is that his name?' she panted, her eyes glittering, fixed horribly on Melanie's face. Venomously, full of menace, she repeated, 'Is that his name? demanding, insisting upon an answer. (Laski 1999: 31)

Like Melanie, we first hear footsteps and see the handle getting turned, before we even know who it is that is on her way. The word order thus plays an important role in the reader following Melanie's train of thought.

The use of the progressive also requires some explanation here. Susan Ehrlich explains how the progressive can be used to create coherence between two sentences in terms of point of view, even though they might not be textually cohesive (1990: 81). Ehrlich demonstrates this with an example from Woolf's *Mrs Dalloway*:

But what an extraordinary night! She felt somehow very like him – the young man who had killed himself. She felt glad that he had done it; thrown it away while they went on living. *The clock was striking.* (Woolf in Ehrlich 81, italicization hers)

The italicized sentence shows no referential, semantic connector, or temporal linking with previous discourse, yet it is still coherent with the rest of the passage in terms of the point of view represented. All the previous sentences are interpreted as reflecting Mrs. Dalloway's thoughts and perceptions and so the interpret this passage as coherent the italicized sentence should be interpreted as Mrs. Dalloway's perception. In this case semantics also contribute to the coherence of the passage as the clock striking twelve can possibly be something that happens in the narrative present and be perceived by the character. However, Ehrlich emphasizes how the progressive plays a crucial role in this. If you were to put a sentence there that does not semantically make sense in the progressive it can still be interpreted as an event interpreted by the character in the narrative present. If such a sentence were to be in the simple or perfect aspect, such an interpretation is not possible. Its lack of coherence is then harder to resolve (Ehrlich 82). Ehrlich argues that such incohesive sentences can be interpreted as (implicitly) coherent with previous representation of thought or speech if the sentence is appropriate in content and if it occurs in the progressive aspect (ibid).

In the text quoted above we see this use of the progressive in 'her eyes were glittering'. There are no referential, temporal or semantic markers that connect this phrase to the previous discourse. However, considering the passage is written from the point of view of Melanie and that the phrase is in the progressive aspect we can interpret this as an observation of Melanie's. It is also semantically logical that Adelaide's eyes would be glittering in this situation. The progressive aspect can thus be used to indicate from what point of view the events are related. If the sentence were in the simple or perfect aspect (i.e. her eyes glittered) it should be interpreted as something the narrator relays to the reader. The same can be said of the sentence 'demanding, insisting upon an answer'. This phrase expresses the tone with which Adelaide's words are said, but because they are in the progressive it can be read as Melanie's interpretation of Adelaide's tone. If it had said 'she demanded, insisted upon an answer' it would reflect the point of view from the narrator. This same use of the progressive occurs quite often in the novella, which fits the argument that I, and Kohlke, made that fear is generated in the reader by bringing him/her as close as possible to the character. Below are a few more examples:

‘That will be Mr. Charters,’ said the Vicar. He had risen clumsily from his knees and was smiling down at her benignly. ‘Told him to call for us here.’ (Laski 1990: 70)

These words, thought Melanie, are meant. Now he is speaking not as Mr. Endworthy the Victorian clergyman but out of timelessness. He is telling me that it will be all right and that I shall go home again. (Laski 1999: 71)

The first quote it would have been quite possible to use the simple aspect and say: ‘and he smiled down at her benignly’. However, by using the progressive it shows that this is told from the point of view from Melanie and is not a fact reported by the narrator. In the second quote there are already clear indicators that we are reading from Melanie’s point of view (‘thought Melanie’, ‘me’) and the progressive that follows reinforces the interpretation that it is Melanie’s thought that is represented. This is also the only logical explanation why a progressive would be used here, as it does not reflect a continuing action here: the words have already been spoken; the Vicar is not speaking or telling at the time when Melanie is thinking this.

1.3.2. STREAM-OF-CONSCIOUSNESS

The main way the reader is brought closer to Melanie is thus to follow her train of thought with her. This is also done by a style that is reminiscent of stream-of-consciousness. This phrase was originally coined by William James ‘to characterize the continuous flow of thought and sensation in the human mind’ (quoted in Lodge 42). David Lodge explains how stream-of-consciousness offers the reader imaginative access to the inner lives of other (fictional) human beings (42). Humphrey also explains how stream-of-consciousness novels are most easily identified by its essential subject matter being the consciousness. In such novels ‘the depicted consciousness serves as a screen on which the material in these novels is presented’ (2). Now I am not sure if we can call *The Victorian Chaise-longue* a stream-of-consciousness novel but there are definitely elements of this style present in Laski’s style. In order for the reader to also feel the fear Melanie fear, all the events in the novel are presented on the screen of Melanie’s consciousness.

Lodge and Humphrey both mention interior monologue as one of the techniques to accomplish a stream-of-consciousness style. Humphrey explains how interior monologue is ‘the technique used in fiction for representing the psychic content and processes of character, partly or entirely unuttered, just as these processes exist at various levels of conscious control before they are formulated for deliberate speech’ (24). The most important part is that this

thought is partly or completely unuttered 'for it represents the content of consciousness in its inchoate stage before it is formulated for deliberate speech' (ibid).

Humphrey also distinguishes between direct and indirect interior monologue, which brings us back to the discussion of direct and indirect thought representation. The direct interior monologue is thus presented with little to none authorial interference. Another thing that Humphrey emphasizes is that the character is not speaking to anyone, not to another character nor to the reader. This is also why I hesitate to call this novella a stream-of-consciousness novel because we do in fact see a lot of authorial interference in the form of introductory clauses like 'she said' and 'she thought'. However, the way these thoughts are represented in an often incoherent but fluid way does remind one of the stream-of-consciousness style and we do in fact experience all the events through Melanie's consciousness. The following passage illustrates this well:

Now to sleep, she said, sleep, sleep, sleep, her eyes closed, but her mind still alive. Funny about the table, said her brain, I must have dreamt of here before and forgotten, why the filthy smell still, they say you can't dream colours but I've not dreamt smell before, it's probably the canal and the hot day and the smell got into my room – anyway, said the tiring brain, I do dream colours, I dreamt Adelaide's brooch, the horrid red-brown like poor meat, I've always hated that brooch, it was Gilbert who said it looked like meat, not Adelaide's, he wouldn't be so impolite, those brooches ladies are wearing now, he said, you're really getting better, he said, you're really getting better, he said, said Guy and Gilbert, today it was or a long time ago when I could walk and go out, not shut in with the smell of nasty meat, the brown meat and the brown fog and the pain that makes me cough with a rough rough cough which don't rhyme but ought to, blankets pale and grey and rough, tuck my hands in a little grey muff, puff away, puff, little grey muff – and Melanie's conscious brain had relaxed its control and she slept or dozed, and once she opened her eyes, seeing, or thinking she saw, the open window and through it the blue sky and the briar, and rustling away through the door she heard Sister Smith's starched skirt, and again she closed her eyes, whether really or as part of her dream, but safely now, sleeping and all her brain asleep. (Laski 1999: 28)

Here we see an interior monologue and as readers we are following Melanie's train of thought that hops from one thing to another. Another interesting thing here is that we actually see two consciousnesses mixed together. Adelaide and Gilbert are people from Milly's life whereas Guy and Sister Smith are people from Melanie's. In stream-of-consciousness authors often try to mimic the flow of thought by making sentences that may not be completely coherent but do have some fluidity. It is also characterized by making associations one after another that are

not necessarily logical. This we can clearly see in the passage above. The passage is essentially one long sentence, however, there is no one main clause to be detected. It is a string of associations that Melanie's brain makes. The fluidity comes from a rhythm in the sentences brought about through repetition ('dream', 'brown', 'meat'), enumerations ('the nasty meat, the brown meat and the brown fog') and rhyme ('rough cough', 'muff, puff away'). Such long, sometimes (grammatically) incoherent sentences can be found many times in the novella, especially in fragment A.

This similar stream-of-consciousness style can be seen in the quote below:

But to notice these things, to bring observation so close to herself who lay or seemed to lie there, was not yet possible. Again she looked at the conglomeration of crowded, tasteless, worthless objects on the overmantel, and now the comment came that these were junk, what you'd see in a junk-shop, a real junk-shop, jostled in an open tray on the pavement on Saturday morning, anything for half-a-crown. 'You won't find anything there,' he said, amused and loving, and she half played the foolish little woman, the man knowing better, but she still pleading for her charming little feminine-childish ways. 'Just let me look,' she begged. 'You never know – there just may be something –' and she gazed up at him, miming the playful but obedient kitten. 'Please, Guy,' she begged, 'please, Guy –' and to Melanie looking at the overmantel came full terrible horror, and she screamed aloud: 'Guy! Guy!' and again, gasping in hysterical panic: 'Guy! Guy!' – She coughed, and choked with coughing, and stopped to call, 'Guy! Guy! Guy!' and choked again, and screamed again. (Laski 1999:30-31)

Unlike the previously discussed passage, there is no interior monologue here. Rather, here we see the other staple technique of stream-of-consciousness: free indirect style (Lodge 43). Lodge explains how in this style 'renders thought as reported speech (in the third person, past tense) but keeps to the kind of vocabulary that is appropriate to the character and also deletes some of the tags like 'she said' or 'she thought' (Lodge 43). In the passage above this happens from 'and now the comment came' on. The narrator reports the comment that came to Melanie's mind, however, the words used are words that Melanie would use: 'junk', 'a real junk-shop'. Also the speech of a vendor of such a junk-shop, or a sign in front of one, is mimicked: 'anything for half-a-crown'. After this we follow Melanie's train of thought back to the past. Seeing these object made her think of junk shop, which in turn made her think of that one time she visited one with Guy. After this we are snapped back to the present where Melanie is in panic, crying out for Guy and choking while she screams. Here, too, we see much repetition like in the previously quoted passage: 'junk', 'Guy', 'scream', 'cough', 'choke' are words that are used several times close to each other. What is also important is that the

punctuation does not help the reader to distinguish between all these different associates. There are only comma's stringing all these thoughts together. This is something that happens regularly in the novel; many commas are used even though one would expect a colon, semi-colon or even a period.

This style of writing is also what contributes to the obscurity in the novel. The reader's view of this fictional world is filtered through Melanie's thoughts, which are not always coherent. Especially in fragment A, Melanie does not yet fully grasp the situation she finds herself in and this is reflected in these long, sometimes confusing, sentences where she hops from one thought to another.

1.3.3. ENUMERATIONS AND REPETITION

Another characteristic of this novella is the prevalence of many enumerations and repetitions. Above I already mentioned how in this stream-of-consciousness style there are a lot of repetitions like the repetition of the words 'dream', 'brown' and 'meat' in the beginning of fragment A. Another example of such a repetition can be seen in the sentence: 'for the hand fell too heavily, and was too rough in its rough mitten to soothe as it moved awkwardly to and fro' (Laski 1999: 32). Here the word 'rough' is repeated.

There are also many things such as clauses or adjectives that come in three (I will refer to these as enumerations even though they are not all technically enumerations). This adds a certain flow and rhythm to the text. Below are some examples; the sets of three are in bold.

and now there were only those things close to herself to observe, the things **that clothed and supported and touched her**. (Laski 1999: 30)

Again she looked at the conglomeration of **crowded, tasteless, worthless** objects on the overmantel (Laski 1999: 30)

'You're mad,' said Melanie, thinking quickly, That's what she is, mad, somehow she's kidnapped me, why doesn't Guy **come and find me, save me, take me away?** (Laski 1999: 33)

And then she looked behind Adelaide and she saw Mr. Charters, and a shiver, a **strange desirous urgent** shiver ran through her body, and everything was changed because she had seen Mr. Charters again. (Laski 1999: 72)

and I shivered with wanting that he should **touch me, kiss me, take me again**. (Laski 1999: 73)

But if he is Guy, **why won't he look at me, why is he so careful not to look at me, so frightened of looking at me?** (Laski 1999: 73)

These are whiter than mine, she said, smaller, sadder than mine, and in a convulsive movement she laid her hands beneath them and they did not rot, small hot living breasts, and, pulsing through them, the too fastly beating heart. (Laski 1999: 97)

Her hands **were among the clothes, pulling them together, covering the revealing fecund breasts.** (Laski 1999: 97)

and suddenly her mouth was full of hot metallic blood that gushed out, over the punishing hands, **over the clothes and the covers and the roses on the chaise-longue,** and the head fell sideways over the edge and the body twitched and then lay limp. (Laski 1999: 98)

What is also noteworthy is that there is often a climax in these enumerations: the shiver goes from being strange to urgent, Melanie's desire for Guy begins with touching and ends with taking, Guy is first careful to not look at Melanie but later he is frightened. These climaxes also emphasize Melanie's desperation, especially those times when she longs for Guy and longs for him to come save her. There are also several repetitions here again: 'These are whiter **than mine**, she said, smaller, sadder, **than mine**' and also the repetition of 'look at me' is striking. These emphasize Melanie's desperate and frantic state of mind. The use of so many enumerations and repetitions can also be described as excessive and hyperbolic language which, as Allan Graham noted, is used often in Gothic fiction.

1.3.4. TRANSITIVITY

Another thing that is worth noting is that Melanie is rarely an active participant in the second part of the novel, especially in the beginning (fragment A) where she does not know where she is yet. In the sentences she is rarely an active agent. Instead things either happen to her or a body part of hers performs the action instead of herself. We can see several examples of this below (all from fragment A):

[...] sleep and all her brain asleep.

Slowly it awoke, and it awoke first to the knowledge of the same foetid smell. Still there! Said the nose to the brain, and instantaneously Melanie was awake and her eyes open. (Laski 1999: 29)

Melanie's gaze passed beyond it.... (Laski 1999: 29)

[B]ut her thudding brain could only observe, not comment or deduce. (Laski 1999: 29-30)

But to notice these things, to bring observation so close to herself who lay or seemed to lie here, was not yet possible. (Laski 1999: 30)

[...] and to Melanie looking at the overmantel came full terrible horror, and she screamed aloud: 'Guy! Guy!' and again, gasping in hysterical panic: 'Guy! Guy!' - She coughed, and choked with coughing, and stopped to call, 'Guy! Guy! Guy!' and choked again, and screamed again. (Laski 1999: 31)

To Melanie, choking and screaming on the sofa, there came a new dread, or an old fear long known and endured, of the purple-faced woman who stood quivering above her. (Laski 1999: 31)

But Melanie could not stop. The breath would not come; it was not possible to breathe. Tears broke from her closed lids, her body shook, and before the vision of her brain there was only blood-red blur. (Laski 1999:31)

Patricia Canning, in her article 'Functionalist Stylistics', explains how transitivity can help analyze a text. Canning does not refer to the grammatical category that determines whether a verb takes an object or not; she refers to Halliday's transitivity system which distinguishes several different process types. In the figure below is a summary of these processes with their participants.

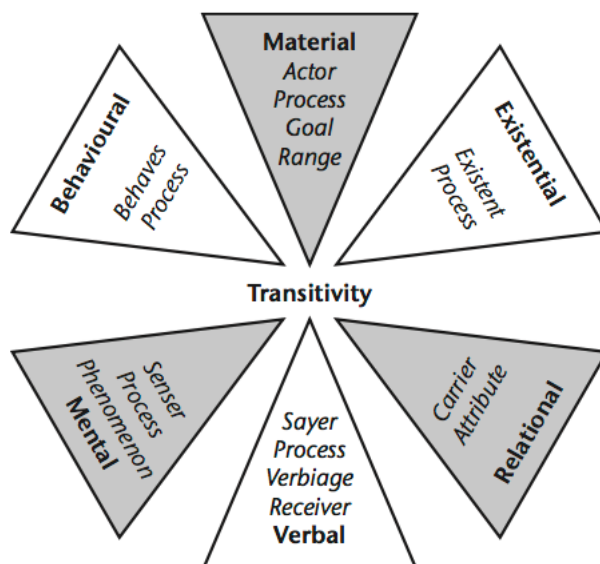


Figure 2: Summary of process types and constituents (Canning 55)

All these processes have different participant roles. The material process is the most active process because it has an actor. It is possible, however, to remove this active agency from material processes by making the sentence passive and removing the original subject. The other processes are mental, relational, behavioural, verbal and existential which by definition are already less active than material ones.

In the first fragment and the examples from it which I gave above we can see that Melanie seems to be only the subject in mental, verbal, behavioural and relational process. Her position is thus restricted to that of a senser, sayers, behavior or carrier. She is rarely an actor. In none of these sentences, Melanie is an active agent. Horror and dread come to her and her brain is the one observing, her gaze is the one looking and her tears are coming down. At other times when there is an active sentence ('to bring observation so close to herself') it is still not Melanie who is the subject. Rather the action itself is the subject, and that action is still impossible to be performed. In fact this is a relational process ('was not possible'). The only thing Melanie seems to be able to actively do is scream, choke, cough and at times to look and talk, all verbal or behavioural processes. This reinforces the fact that she is stuck in a sick woman's body, that she is stuck on the sofa and not able to do much else but suffer on that sofa. The personification of the body parts also reinforce the fact that this body is not hers, her brain (or mind) is in another body, a body that shakes, where tears break free from her lids, and whose nose talks to her brain.

1.3.5. VOCABULARY

Another way the atmosphere of fear is brought about is through the use of vocabulary. I will try and show this through a comparison of the first part of the novel and the second part. There is nothing horrifying about the first part of the novel as it simply describes Melanie's current life, a happy one if it were not for her disease. As soon as she wakes up in the Victorian era we can see a clear rift in atmosphere:

And as she lay there, so nearly, so very nearly asleep, she was unthinkingly aware of the sky and the flowers and the music, of the sun-warmed air on her body that was at last sure of happiness to come. Time died away, the solitary burden of human life was transformed in glory, and Melanie, withdrawn in ecstasy, fell asleep. (Laski 1999: 22)

She opened her eyes and it was dark. I am still asleep, she thought, and she shut her eyes again; but soon she realised that it was not now the delightful chaos of sleep still imposed on her brain. Now, this time, I am really awake, she said, and again she

opened her eyes and again it was dark, darkness charged with a faint foul smell. (Laski 1999: 23)

First off, there is a clear difference in atmosphere that is created. At first there are flowers, music, sun-warmed air, happiness and glory but once Melanie wakes up ninety years earlier there is darkness and a faint foul smell. The atmosphere is mainly created through vocabulary. The reader is also brought closer to the character by appealing to the senses. Melanie sees nothing but darkness and smells something foul. We also saw this appeal to the senses in the larger passages quoted above (under 'stream-of-consciousness'), the emphasis on colour and smell. Also in the description of the room Melanie finds herself in we as readers follow her gaze, and see what she sees: 'she saw', 'Melanie's gaze passed beyond it', 'Melanie looked down again', 'one by one she saw the objects in the room' (Laski 1999:30). The reader follows her gaze and also sees the objects 'one by one'. The objects she sees in the room also create the Victorian atmosphere of the novella: 'lace-hung plush-draped window', 'a brown wooden mantel, built up with little pillars, little mirrors', 'the ceiling papered with huge white formalised flowers', 'brown photographs in clumsy silver or plush frames', 'embossed green velvet', 'bobble-fringed green plush cloth' (Laski 1999: 29-30). These are all things you can expect to see in a Victorian room. The atmosphere is further set by using judgment words such as 'dirty', 'ugly', 'coarse', 'worthless' and 'tasteless' (Laski 1999: 30) whereas in the beginning of the novella there is 'the pretty bedroom' with 'creamy silky paper', 'shiny cream curtains printed with huge pink roses', and a 'lace-frilled dressing-table' (Laski 1999: 3).

Vocabulary also plays a big role in characterizing Adelaide as the evil sister who abuses her. The second introduction of Adelaide paints a clear picture of what she is like:

The footsteps came swiftly, down the stairs, along the hall, the handle violently turned, the woman sweeping into the room, to stand, erect and menacing, by her head. 'Is that his name?' she panted, her eyes glittering, fixed horribly on Melanie's face. Venomously, full of menace, she repeated, 'Is that his name? demanding, insisting upon an answer. (Laski 1999: 31)

The words 'violently', 'menacing', 'horribly', 'venomously', 'full of menace' all show what a threatening person Adelaide is. Her skin, too, is 'rough' (Laski 1999: 32) and she has a 'harsh, broken laugh' (Laski 1999: 33). Near the end, in the last fragment I will be translating, she also whispers 'slowly' and 'cruelly' (Laski 1999: 98).

1.3.6. SUMMARY

The sense of fear instilled in the reader is achieved in two ways. Firstly, by minimizing the distance between reader and character. Secondly, by the way Melanie's thoughts are represented. The style in which this is done resembles the stream-of-consciousness style: long, jumbled sentences that jump from one thought to another. These sentences often lack grammatical coherence; they are just clauses followed after each other, separated by comma's. A certain flow and rhythm is created in these sentences by many enumerations and repetitions, which often come in threes. These repetitions also emphasize Melanie's fear and inability to do anything. Fear is also instilled by the inability to do anything, the feeling of being stuck, which is emphasized stylistically by the fact that Melanie is rarely an active agent. Lastly, the vocabulary used also contributes to the frightening atmosphere; everything around Melanie is dark, grim and ugly and the people are cruel.

2. ANALYSIS ACCORDING TO NORD

I will now discuss the translation problems that arise from what I have discussed previously. I will be using the categories that Nord distinguishes: Pragmatic, culturally specific, language-pair specific and text-pair specific. I will, however, group the last two together under the category of linguistic problems. I am doing this because many text-specific problems, such as the use of the progressive, are actually also language-pair specific but considering how often they are used here I consider them to be text-specific as well.

2.1 PRAGMATIC

The title already hints at the first pragmatic problem, namely the depiction of the Victorian era. This era is specific to England, as its name derives from Queen Victoria. In the novel, Melanie travels back in time and ends up in the Victorian era. This era is alienating to Melanie and the English reader as well, though not as alienating as to a Dutch reader. English readers will be familiar with the history of their own country and there are a great deal of novels that take place in Victorian times, be it written during that time or later.

Thankfully this pragmatic translation problem does actually not pose a big problem, as the goal of the novel is to create some alienation between the reader/Melanie and this past. Besides the only way this Victorianism comes to the fore is in the description of the physical surroundings. The Victorian era itself does not play that big of a role in the novella, and what one needs to know about this era emerges from the novel itself. No additional information would be needed to overcome this problem.

Another pragmatic translation problem is intertextuality. The first line of fragment B ('Time had been blotted out while he listened to the lark') is a line taken from J.M. Barrie's lecture 'Courage'. J.M. Barrie is mainly known for thinking of the character Peter Pan. Dutch readers would not be familiar with this lecture, but I also doubt whether most English readers would be familiar with it. Thankfully, this problem is also not that big of a problem as in the text it is explained that this is a line from a story about a monk who went to hear the lark only to find upon return that a hundred years had gone by: 'she had recalled the story that ended with those words' (Laski 1999: 69). The intertextuality is thus already explained in the novella.

Another case of intertextuality is when Mr. Charters is praying for Melanie/Milly: 'We humbly commend the soul of this Thy servant, our dear sister –' (Laski 1999: 99). This prayer is

cut off as the full sentence is: 'We humbly commend the soul of this thy servant, our dear sister, into thy hands, as into the hands of a faithful Creator and most merciful Saviour'. This prayer comes from the Book of Common Prayer of the Church of England and it is a 'Commendatory Prayer for a Sick Person at the point of Departure'. I was hoping there would be a Dutch translation, but considering it is from the Anglican Church it is not so surprising that I could not find one. This does pose somewhat of a problem as to Dutch readers this will not be a familiar prayer. On the other hand, I also do not think the reader should be underestimated and I believe that Dutch readers are aware of the Anglican Church and can derive that if they do not recognize this prayer that it is one from that church. The most important thing is to make it seem like a credible prayer in Dutch. It is also made explicit in the novella that Mr. Charters is praying.

2.2 CULTURALLY SPECIFIC

There are also a few culturally specific problems in the fragments that I will be translating. The first is the use of honorifics such as Lady, Mr., and miss. These can be translated to Dutch to for example 'meneer' and 'mevrouw', however I opted to keep the original English honorifics. I did this because there is such an English and Victorian atmosphere in the novel and I feel that these honorifics contribute to that atmosphere.

A similar problem is the use of 'vicar', which is a type of parish priest specific to the Church of England. This can be translated as 'dominee', however, there is no term for a priest that is specific to the Anglican Church in Dutch.

Another small problem is the currency. In the first fragment 'half-a-crown' is mentioned. The British crown was a currency in England since 1707. During the 19th and 20th century, however, the crown declined from being a real means of exchange to being a coin rarely spent. It is thus not so surprising that 'junk' would be sold for 'half-a-crown' (Laski 1999:30). There is a Dutch translation ('halve kroon') which is also the translation I decided to use. I saw no cause to use Dutch currency as the atmosphere should remain English. From the context it is also clear that this is a currency and that it is not worth much money.

Lastly, there is also the issue of pronouns. In Dutch there is a distinction between 'u' and 'jij/je' with the former being the polite way to address someone. In English there is no such distinction; there is only word 'you'. When translating it is important to establish the kind of relationship between two characters before deciding which form to use. For example,

Adelaide would use 'jij/je' when talking to Melanie/Milly because they are sisters. However, Melanie would use 'u' when talking to the vicar as this is a more polite way to address him and shows respect.

2.3 LINGUISTIC

2.3.1 PROGRESSIVE ASPECT AND OTHER –ING FORMS

The English –ing form, or the progressive, is a notorious translation problem when translating from English to Dutch. In *The Victorian Chaise-longue* these –ing forms are abundant. They allow for long sentences, as they are easy to string one after the other. In the discussion of the stream-of-consciousness style many examples were given.

There is no one way to translate these –ing forms. We do have an equivalent in Dutch (the present participle), however, it is rarely used and will thus cause an alienating effect if used too often in a text. There is some alienating effect in the novella but this alienation is between Melanie/ the reader and her surroundings. The reader should not be alienated from the text itself. It would thus not be appropriate to continually translate these –ing forms with a Dutch present participle. In some situations, it might fit to do so but they should be sparse. Other ways to express the progressive aspect of the –ing form would be to use an 'aan het + infinitive' construction. Another option is a 'te + infinitive' construction. Other times it can also be translated as a subordinate clause. The disadvantage of this is that you would need to add some interpretation to decide what word to start the clause with. In most cases 'terwijl' can be used to express the simultaneity of two actions, other times 'toen' can be used and other times a more explicit interpretation might be more appropriate such as 'omdat'. Another way to translate it that also requires some form of interpretation is to use a finite verb instead. Here it is important to keep in mind what tense would be appropriate in the context.

The most important thing to keep in mind is the function of the –ing form when translating it. There is no equivalence in Dutch that can be used in all situations. Below I will outline a few of the different functions the ing-form has in *The Victorian Chaise-longue* and what would be the most appropriate way to translate them.

In the stylistic analysis we saw that the –ing form can be used to express point of view. It can also be used to show Melanie's interpretation of her surroundings, such as the tone in which other characters speak:

Venomously, full of menace, she repeated, 'Is that his name?' demanding, insisting upon an answer. (Laski 1999: 31)

Here Adelaide is using a demanding tone and through this tone expresses her insistence upon an answer. The use of the –ing form, however, expresses that this is an interpretation made by Melanie, not by the narrator. In Dutch this can for example be translated by adding 'in een toon', however, this does not express anything about point of view. I am not sure if it is possible to express point of view through the verb alone, like it is possible in English according to Susan Ehrlich.

In the quote below we see several –ing forms. The first indicates simultaneity, the act of 'seeing' or 'thinking' is not necessarily an action that takes a lot of time. Rather than expressing duration, the ing-form here is used to express that when she opened her eyes she saw, or thought she saw, the open window.

[...] and once she opened her eyes, seeing, or thinking she saw, the open window and through it the blue sky and the briar, and rustling away through the door she heard Sister Smith's starched skirt, and again she closed her eyes, whether really or as part of her dream, but safely now, sleeping and all her brain asleep. (Laski 1999: 28)

In this case I have opted to translate the -ing form with a finite verb as it would not be appropriate here to use a participle. The sentence 'en toen ze haar ogen open deed, het open raam ziend, of denkend te zien,' just does not make much sense in Dutch as there is no reason as to why a participle should be used here. Another reason this sentence is hard to translate is because there is no one main clause; it is just a string of clauses one behind the other. One would expect a finite verb after the phrase 'once she opened her eyes', but instead there is an –ing form. This is also why I have chosen to translate it with a finite verb. The other ing-form 'rustling' I have translated as a participle as its use resembles that of an adjective and is thus not so alienating to readers. The third ing-form 'sleeping' I have translated with an 'aan het + infinitive' construction because here the durative aspect is emphasized. She is safe because she is sleeping. In this one paragraph we already see three different solutions to translating the ing-form. My translation is here below:

en toen ze haar ogen open deed, zag ze het open raam, of dacht ze het te zien, met daarachter de blauwe lucht en de doornstruik, en ritselend door de deur hoorde ze Zuster Smiths verstijfde rok, en weer deed ze haar ogen dicht, of het nu echt was of een deel van haar droom, maar ze was veilig nu, aan het slapen en haar hele brein in slaap.

2.3.2. LONG SENTENCES

Another big linguistic problem we encounter in this text are the extremely long sentences, enabled by the many –ing forms. Not only are they long, they also lack a clear syntactic structure. Often times they are just a string of thoughts put together with no clear main clause. The problem is that in Dutch it is hard to maintain coherence in such long sentences. It would seem that this would be easily solved by splitting up these sentences, however, they are an important feature of the text that contribute to the sense of fear that is created. In the discussion of –ing forms above we already encountered such a sentence (‘and once she opened.... Her brain asleep’). In that case I tried to create more coherence by changing the syntax a little by adding a finite verb.

Other times I did chose to split up a sentence. Very long sentences are alienating to Dutch readers and as I have said before, the alienation should take place between the reader and the events and surroundings of Melanie, not between the reader and the text. Below is an example where I have split the sentence:

So Milly is dying, explained the voice in Melanie’s brain, knowing that the body had been carried to the bed behind the double-doors and that around the bed were Adelaide and Mr. Charters and the doctor, Mr. Charters on his knees, his hands covering the tears that fell, the intensity of his muttered prayers hiding the sobs that shook him. (Laski 1999: 99)

Dus Milly is stervende, legde de stem in Melanies brein uit, in de wetenschap dat het lichaam naar het bed achter de dubbele deuren was gedragen en dat Adelaide en Mr. Charters en de dokter rond het bed stonden. Mr. Charters zat op zijn knieën, zijn handen verborgen de tranen die vielen, de intensiteit van zijn gemompelde gebeden verborg de snikken die hem deden trillen.

In this sentence there is also the problem that in Dutch the people around Melanie’s bed cannot be at the end of the clause, which would make it even more incoherent that the next clause about Mr. Charters praying is placed directly after and only separated by a comma. I have thus chosen to start a new sentence when it is described what Mr. Charters is doing. To do this I again had to add a finite verb instead of a participle otherwise it would not have been grammatically correct.

Such long sentences are abundant in *The Victorian Chaise-longue*, especially in fragment A. Sometimes I have split up sentences or adjusted the verbs as in the examples

above. Other times it was enough to add or change punctuation marks, which brings us to the next translation problem: punctuation

2.3.3. PUNCTUATION

As mentioned many times, there are many long sentences that consist of clauses with –ing forms strung together and separated by comma’s. Instead of starting a new sentence, Laski often opts for a comma instead. An example of such a long example is the following:

Melanie looked down again to the overmantel, which carried so many small objects that she had only a confused impression of worthless trash, brown photographs in clumsy silver or plush frames, two painted vases with bulrushes stuck in them, a bulbous urn plastered over with postage-stamps, two ebony elephants, a chased brass bell – it’s familiar, I know it, know it all, said Melanie, but her thudding brain could only observe, not comment or deduce. (Laski 1999: 29)

Aside from the one dash, only comma’s are used. In my translation I have chosen to replace the comma after ‘trash’ with a colon to indicate that an enumeration is about to follow. This makes the sentence a little bit more coherent for Dutch readers. I have done the same in the following sentence:

‘Why do you call me Milly?’ whispered Melanie, thinking, Perhaps this is the explanation, she lives somewhere near, perhaps the slums at the back, she heard Guy calling me Melly one day, and someone she knew, someone called Milly, had died, and so perhaps she came – but where was Sister Smith? she cried despairingly to herself, and how could she get into the house, the front door’s never left open, Nanny’s so frightened of burglars. (Laski 1999: 33)

Again, there a main clause is lacking in this sentence. Instead it is a string of associations that Melanie makes, separating by comma’s. Considering these long associative sentences are such a characteristic element of the text, I did not want to split it up for the sake of cohesion. Instead I added a colon after ‘explanation’ to create a larger break in the sentence. It is also a logical place for a colon, as what follows is what Melanie believes to be the explanation.

What is also striking is the text’s lack of exclamation marks. In many instances where Melanie is clearly screaming, the sentence does not end with an exclamation mark. I found this odd but then I saw that for other characters exclamation marks are used. I thus interpreted this as Laski trying to convey that even though Melanie/Milly is screaming, she is not able to reach a high volume due to her illness. So despite my inclination to add exclamation marks, I

have not done so. However, in the sentence below I have added an exclamation mark after 'anything for half-a-crown'.

Again she looked at the conglomeration of crowded, tasteless, worthless objects on the overmantel, and now the comment came that these were junk, what you'd see in a junk-shop, a real junk-shop, jostled in an open tray on the pavement on Saturday morning, anything for half-a-crown. (Laski 1999: 30)

As discussed in the stylistic analysis 'anything for half-a-crown' seems to mimic the vendor shouting this or a sign with these words written on it. To emphasize this I have added the exclamation mark in Dutch, especially because such a long sentence is already harder for a Dutch reader than an English one. A small change like adding an exclamation mark makes the sentence a bit more comprehensive.

As mentioned before, Laski uses capitalization to indicate that free direct thought is presented. Even though unusual in Dutch, I have chosen to do to this in the Dutch translation as well because it is a clear characteristic of this text. It is also a small indication that a direct thought is represented which helps the reader.

2.3.4 WORD ORDER & SYNTAX

Under the heading 'long sentences' I have already touched upon the not always comprehensive syntax of Laski's long sentences. In some cases I had to adjust the syntax a little to make the sentences more readable. An example is the following:

And then she looked behind Adelaide and she saw Mr. Charters, and a shiver, a strange desirous urgent shiver ran through her body, and everything was changed because she had seen Mr. Charters again. (Laski 1999: 72)

If I would translate this with the same syntax, with short sentences strung together with 'and' it would read very choppy in Dutch:

En toen keek ze achter Adelaide en ze zag Mr. Charters, en een rilling, een vreemde, verlangende, dringende rilling liep door haar lichaam, en alles was anders omdat ze Mr. Charters weer gezien had.

Especially 'en ze zag Mr Charters' on its own like this is quite strange. I have thus changed the word order a little so that the sentence would read smoother:

En toen ze achter Adelaide keek en ze Mr. Charters zag, liep een rilling, een vreemde, verlangende, dringende rilling door haar lichaam, en alles was anders omdat ze Mr. Charters weer gezien had.

The disadvantage of what I have done here is that the causal relation between seeing Mr. Charters and the shiver is now made explicit. However, I found that it was more important that the sentence was fluid. This causal relation is also already very clear in English, even though it is not made explicit in textual terms.

Another example where I changed the word order is the following:

To Melanie, choking and screaming on the sofa, there came a new dread, or an old fear long known and endured, of the purple-faced woman who stood quivering above her. (Laski 1999: 31)

By placing Melanie at the front of the sentence the emphasis is put on her rather than the dread. Melanie is already choking and screaming and yet another dread comes to her. In Dutch, however, this effect was hard to reproduce because no preposition like 'to' is used. When the sentence would start with 'Melanie, stikkend en schreeuwend op de sofa' one expects her to be the subject of the sentence. This is, however, not the case as the subject is 'een nieuwe angst'. I have thus placed 'een nieuwe angst' at the front of the sentence:

Een nieuwe angst overkwam Melanie, stikkend en schreeuwend op de sofa, of was het een oude angst die ze allang kende en doorstaan had, van de paarsgekleurde vrouw die trillend boven haar stond.

Because I made this change, I had to split up the new and old dread. I have added 'of was het' to make the sentence more coherent.

I have also had to change the word order of the bold sentence in the passage below:

From the text she looked down to the carpet, dirty scarlet background and heavy ugly pattern in black and green and a vivid electric blue; then up again to the known round table covered with tatting, the coarse tumbler filled with barley-water, **and what was behind her head was invisible but known to be the heavy brown-stained door**, and now there were only those things close to herself to observe, the things that clothed and supported and touched her. (Laski 1999: 30)

A construction like 'wat achter haar hoofd was, was onzichtbaar maar..' sounds very unnatural in Dutch. Besides it would also be hard to translate 'known' with a past participle like 'geweten' as that would not make any sense. One could then opt for 'was onzichtbaar maar

bekend' but that also sounds very unnatural. I have thus brought 'invisible' to the beginning of the phrase and translated 'known' as a finite verb:

en ook al was die onzichtbaar, ze wist dat achter haar de zware bruingekleurde deur was

The following sentence also posed a problem:

But to notice these things, to bring observation so close to herself who lay or seemed to lie there, was not yet possible. (Laski 1999: 30)

Because of the word order rules in Dutch, it is not possible to end this second clause with 'zichzelf'. As a result it would be unclear what 'die hier lag' would refer to. I have just added 'diegene' and repeated 'naar' to clarify who it refers to:

Maar om deze spullen op te merken, om de waarneming zo dichtbij naar zichzelf te trekken, naar diegene die hier lag, of leek te liggen, was nog niet mogelijk.

2.3.5. MODAL AUXILIARIES

There are also several modal auxiliary verb that pose translation problems. An example is the following:

[...] Melanie gazed on Mr. Charters, demanding that her mind or Milly's should tell her why he should affect her with such powerful longing and pain. (Laski 1999: 72-73)

This is the narrator using indirect thought to represent what Melanie is demanding of Milly. The first 'should' is used as a subjunctive; to express something desired or imagined. In this case Melanie wants Milly to tell her why she has these feelings for Gilbert. The second 'should' is more ambiguous as it does not express a desire, obligation, probability, expectation or a recommendation. Rather, here 'should' expresses Melanie's desperation.

'Should' can quite often be translated as 'zou' or 'zou moeten', however, I am not sure if this would be the correct interpretation in the second use of 'should' in this sentence.

Another option would be using the present tense, but that would result in a strange combination of free direct and free indirect thought that is not present in the source text. I have opted for the simple past, however I am not convinced that this covers the full extent of 'should affect'.

Other cases where modal auxiliaries are used are quite straightforward as they usually are conditionals (i.e. 'If only he would understand' (Laski 1999: 71)). In these cases it could easily be translated with the Dutch equivalent 'zou' (als hij het zou begrijpen).

In other cases it was more appropriate to use a simple past in Dutch as the modal auxiliaries were actually just a future past:

'Stop it!' commanded the woman. 'Stop it and answer me!' But Melanie could not stop. The breath would not come; it was not possible to breathe. (Laski 1999: 31)

In these sentences I used the simple past: Maar Melanie kon niet stoppen. Haar adem kwam maar niet.

2.3.6. PERSONIFICATION

The stylistic analysis showed that there are quite a few personifications. Especially Melanie's body parts are often personified. According to Paul Claes, who compiled a list of commonly made mistakes when translating from English to Dutch, personifications are usually avoided in Dutch. It is more common to use these in English than in Dutch. He says that the use of personifications sounds too animistic in Dutch (Claes 37). Especially body parts appearing as subjects are common personifications in English, however, not in Dutch. My issue with Claes' guideline of no personifications in Dutch is that in literature personifications can be used as part of the style of the text. There is a difference between textual features and linguistic features. Claes assumes that personification is simply a linguistic feature of the English language. I, however, argue that in this novel some personifications actually serve a stylistic purpose and should thus be preserved in Dutch. We can clearly see this in the first fragment, where Melanie's brain is personified:

[...] and again she closed her eyes, whether really or as part of her dream, but safely now, sleeping and all her brain asleep.

Slowly it awoke, and it awoke first to the knowledge of the same foetid smell. Still there! said the nose to the brain, and instantaneously Melanie was awake and her eyes open. (Laski 1999: 29).

Considering that this personification happens so deliberately it is in this case a textual feature, a stylistic device that Laski uses. This personification should thus be kept. There are also other examples where body parts are personified:

‘You must stop,’ said the woman, not imperiously now, but with a weary – could it be tenderness? Hands were pressing on Melanie’s shoulders, forcing her head back against the pillow, letting air again into the choked windpipe. One hand shifted a little, and its flesh bruised Melanie’s neck. (Laski 1999: 32)

Here, too, I consider the personification of the hand and its flesh a stylistic device: it is a metonymy. The use of this metonymy makes the violent action less explicit. This also happens to Melanie’s eyes, which is not surprising considering Jones’ research. In cases where personification is a linguistic feature, I have done what Claes recommends and avoided a personification in Dutch.

2.3.7. MODAL PARTICLES

One large difference between the Dutch and English language is that in Dutch the use of modal particles is very common. Modal particles are small, unstressed words that relate to the entire sentence and change it very subtly. It is, however, nearly impossible to put into words what the exact meaning of such particles are. Despite this difficulty to describe their meaning, they do play an important role in communication. Ton van der Wouden mentions how Dutch is ‘terribly stiff’ without the use of particles (Van der Wouden 16, my translation). I found that in the translation quite a few of these particles needed to be added, especially when speech or thought was represented. Particles make these representations more believable and natural.

An example is my translation of the following sentence:

From the text she looked down to the carpet, dirty scarlet background and heavy ugly pattern in black and green and a vivid electric blue; then up again to the known round table covered with tatting, the coarse tumbler filled with barley-water, and what was behind her head was invisible but known to be the heavy brown-stained door, and now there were only those things close to herself to observe, the things that clothed and supported and touched her. (Laski 1999: 30)

This is yet again an immensely long sentence, which would be hard to keep track of in Dutch if kept this long without any adjustments. The particles also help create more clarity in the sentence. In my translation I have added the particles ‘ook al’ and ‘nog maar’:

Van de tekst keek ze naar beneden naar het tapijt, een vies scharlaken achtergrond met een heel lelijk patroon in zwart en groen en een levendig elektrisch blauw; toen keek ze weer naar boven naar de bekende ronde tafel bedekt met frivolité, de goedkope tumbler gevuld met gerstwater, en **ook al** was die onzichtbaar, ze wist dat achter haar de zware bruingekleurde deur was, en nu waren er alleen **nog maar** die

spullen dichtbij haar over om te observeren, de spullen die ze aanhad, waarop ze steunde en die haar aanraakten.

The addition of 'ook al' was also necessary because I changed the word order here, as discussed earlier. I added 'nog' so that the sentence would be more fluid. In my translation of the following sentence I have also added a particle:

'Stop it!' commanded the woman. 'Stop it and answer me!' But Melanie could not stop. The breath would not come; it was not possible to breathe. (Laski 1999: 31)

'Stop daarmee!' beval de vrouw. 'Stop daarmee en geef me een antwoord!' Maar Melanie kon niet stoppen. Haar adem kwam **maar** niet; het was niet mogelijk om te ademen.

Here the particle 'maar' is mainly added to prevent the sentence from becoming stiff, but it also emphasizes Melanie's inability to catch her breath. Such small particles often add a certain emphasis. It does this in my translation of this sentence, too:

'What name?' asked Melanie. 'What name would you thank God for?' She's a religious maniac, she told herself, I must be careful, Guy will be looking for me, he will surely come soon. (Laski 1999: 33)

'Welke naam?' vroeg Melanie. 'Voor welke naam zou je God moeten bedanken?' Ze is een gelovige maniak, zei ze tegen zichzelf. Ik moet voorzichtig zijn, Guy zal me zoeken, hij zal vast binnenkort **al** komen.

Here, the particle is a temporal particle as it emphasizes 'binnenkort'. Again, the sentence would also be a little stiff without this addition.

In the sentence below the particle 'wel' emphasizes what in English is emphasized by using the verb 'did':

Now Mr. Endworthy did turn to Melanie to say with quick reassurance (Laski 1999: 71)

Nu draaide Mr. Endworthy zich **wel** naar Melanie toe om haar vluchtig gerust te stellen

In English, the addition of the verb 'to do' can add a contrast. Here it is used to emphasize that Mr. Endworthy is turning now, while he did not earlier. The Dutch language does not have such a construction but the same emphasis can be achieved by adding the particle 'wel'.

2.3.8 RHYTHM

As discussed in the stylistic analysis, a certain rhythm and flow is created in the long sentences, mainly by using repetitions and climatic enumerations. In the beginning of fragment A, however, rhyme is also used which causes a translation problem.

[T]oday it was or a long time ago when I could walk and go out, not shut in with the smell of nasty meat, the brown meat and the brown fog and the pain that makes me cough with a rough rough cough which don't rhyme but ought to, blankets pale and grey and rough, tuck my hands in a little grey muff, puff away, puff, little grey muff (Laski 1999: 28)

The words 'cough', 'rough', 'muff' and 'puff' all rhyme. This creates a certain flow in the sentence, especially considering there is little grammatical coherence. It is also because of this rhyme that the associations that Melanie makes from the cough to the muff make sense. It would thus be ideal to preserve this rhyme in the Dutch translation, however it is also important that it does not sound too forced as that would take away from the flow of the sentence. In Dutch the same words do not rhyme; 'hoest' does not rhyme with 'mof'. Also in Dutch we cannot use the same word to describe a cough and a blanket, like the English 'rough'. I was unfortunately only able to preserve part of the rhyme. I did not want the meaning to get lost in favor of the rhyme. My translation reads as follows:

Dat was vandaag of een lange tijd geleden, toen ik kon lopen en naar buiten kon gaan, toen ik niet opgesloten zat met de geur van vies vlees, het bruine vlees en de bruine mist en de pijn waardoor ik hoest met een woeste woeste hoest die niet rijmt maar dat wel moet, dekens dof en grijs en ruw, mijn handen in een kleine grijze mof gestopt, puf puf, kleine grijze mof

I was also doubting whether to translate 'ought to' with 'zou moeten' or 'moeten'. I opted for the latter as to create a half rhyme with 'hoest', which creates a better flow in the sentence.

3. TRANSLATION STRATEGY

When translating we have to take into account translation norms. Gideon Toury named two, namely adequacy and acceptability: 'Thus, whereas adherence to source norms determines a translation's adequacy as compared to the source text, subscription to norms originating in the target culture determines its acceptability' (Toury 201). Marieke Wilmink has done research on translation norms in the Netherlands and she found that in the 1960s, critics mainly looked at acceptability, namely how the text functions in the literary tradition of the Netherlands. It was most important for a translation to function as a good Dutch literary text. In the 2000s though this view has changed and people now find it more important to honour the author's intent, though it is still crucial that the translation is 'a smooth reading Dutch text' (Wilmink 50). Keeping this in mind my main goal will be to create an adequate translation, though of course in well-written Dutch. This is also why I have sometimes split up long sentences as described above and made other minor changes to make them more comprehensible.

Secondly, I have also opted for an exoticizing strategy. The original has a certain alienating effect between the reader and the world presented and this should be preserved in the translation. The Victorian era is also an important element in the novella, which is responsible for this alienating effect. I thus tried to preserve the English Victorian atmosphere in the novella by among others keeping the English honorifics.

Lastly, my main goal was to preserve the frightening atmosphere of the novella. I have done this by trying to stay true to the stream-of-consciousness style that Laski adopted. As much as possible I have tried to preserve these long, sometimes confusing, sentences. It was hard to find the balance between staying true to this style and creating coherent Dutch sentence. Especially the first part is supposed to be a little bit alienating for the reader, but not so much so that it becomes too hard to read and understand.

4. ANNOTATED TRANSLATION

4.1 FRAGMENT A

Nu slapen, zei ze, slapen, slapen, slapen, haar ogen dicht, maar haar geest nog wakker. Wat gek van die tafel, zei haar brein, ik zal wel eerder over deze plek gedroomd hebben, maar het zijn vergeten. Waarom die smerige lucht nog steeds, ze zeggen dat je geen kleuren kan dromen maar ik heb nog nooit geur gedroomd, het komt waarschijnlijk door het kanaal en de hete dag en de geur moet de kamer binnengedrongen zijn. Maar goed, zei het vermoeide brein, ik droom wél kleuren, ik droomde over Adelaides broche, verschrikkelijk roodbruin net als slecht vlees, ik heb die broche altijd gehaat, het was Gilbert die zei dat die op vlees leek, niet die broche¹ van Adelaide, hij zou nooit zo onbeleefd zijn, die broches die dames tegenwoordig dragen, zei hij, je bent echt beter aan het worden, zei hij, je bent echt beter aan het worden, zei hij, zeiden Guy en Gilbert. Dat was vandaag of een lange tijd geleden, toen ik kon lopen en naar buiten kon gaan, toen ik niet opgesloten zat met de geur van vies vlees, het bruine vlees en de bruine mist en de pijn waardoor ik hoest met een woeste woeste hoest die niet rijmt maar dat wel moet, dekens dof en grijs en ruw, mijn handen in een kleine grijze mof gestopt, puf puf, kleine grijze mof – en Melanies bewuste brein had zijn controle verslapt en ze viel in slaap of dommelde eventjes weg, en toen ze haar ogen open deed, zag ze het open raam, of dacht ze het te zien, met daarachter de blauwe lucht en de doornstruik, en ritselend door de deur hoorde ze Zuster Smiths verstijfde rok, en weer deed ze haar ogen dicht, of het nu echt was of een deel van haar droom, maar ze was veilig nu, aan het slapen en haar hele brein in slaap.

Langzaam werd het wakker, en eerst werd het wakker door de wetenschap van diezelfde riekende geur. Nog steeds hier! Zei de neus tegen het brein, en meteen was Melanie wakker en waren haar ogen open.

Ineengekrompen van angst, zag ze de kamer waarin ze zich bevond.

Ze had zich omgedraaid in haar slaap, en, wetende dat het raam met kanten en pluchen gedrapeerde gordijnen aan haar rechterkant was, zag ze voorbij de voet van de bank

¹ I have chosen to repeat 'broche' because otherwise it was not very clear what 'die' was referring to.

² 'Hearth' would also translate as 'haard' and I wanted to avoid the repetition of 'open haard met in zijn
IRINA FOMICHEV

een ronde zwarte ijzeren open haard met daarin² alleen een roze papieren waaier. Eroverheen stond een bruine houten schouw, steunend op kleine pilaren, en versierd³ met kleine spiegels, die bijna tot het plafond reikte. Melanies blik ging verder naar boven, naar het plafond behangen met grote witte gestileerde bloemen gedrukt op glad en glanzend papier; op één manier leek het alsof de bloemblaadjes schitterden en de achtergrond glad was, en als de hoek van de blik⁴ maar een beetje veranderde, leek het alsof de bloemblaadjes glad waren en de achtergrond schitterde. Melanie keek weer naar de schouw, waarop zo veel kleine voorwerpen stonden dat ze alleen een verwarde indruk kreeg van waardeloze troep: bruine foto's in lompe⁵ zilveren of pluchen fotolijsten, twee beschilderde vazen met biesjes erin gestoken, een bolvormige urn onder geplakt met postzegels, twee ebbenhouten olifanten, een gedreven koperen bel – het komt me allemaal bekend voor, ik ken het, ik ken het allemaal, zei Melanie, maar haar bonzende brein kon alleen observeren, geen commentaar geven of conclusies trekken⁶. Ze keek naar het zware rode behangpapier, versierd net als het plafond met texturen die patronen⁷ vormden en dan veranderden terwijl ze ernaar keek, naar de stuntelige zwarte stoel tegenover de haard, zijn leuning en rug en zitplaats gestoffeerd met versierd groen fluweel dat was vastgemaakt met doffe koperen spijkers. Een voor een zag ze de voorwerpen in de kamer: de zwarte plumpe kolenbak met een⁸ schop in een gleuf erachter, de ronde tafel in de erker bedekt met een groen kleed omzoomd met wollen bolletjes, de tekst in zijn rustieke houten omlijsting aan de muur bij de schouw, die luidde, in handgeschreven gotische letters – kon ze het lezen, of wist ze dat er stond: 'GOD ZEGENE ONS HUIS'? Van de tekst keek ze naar beneden naar het tapijt, een vies scharlaken achtergrond met een heel⁹

² 'Hearth' would also translate as 'haard' and I wanted to avoid the repetition of 'open haard met in zijn open haard...'

³ The mantel is not built of mirrors but it is decorated with it. In the source text 'built up' can also be interpreted as decorated but a Dutch equivalent such as 'opbouwen' would not have such a double meaning. I have thus chosen to use two separate verbs.

⁴ Here the -ing form is used so that no subject is needed. It is can also be read as more of a general statement, as if anyone would see the same change in patterns as Melanie. Unfortunately this cannot be accomplished in Dutch with a participle. I opted for a subordinate clause starting with 'als'.

⁵ A picture frame cannot be 'onhandig' or something like that in Dutch. 'Clumsy' also means that it is not an elegant frame, which is why I used 'lomp'.

⁶ I considered using 'afleiden' here but it is a transitive verb and would need an object. This is why I have opted for 'conclusies trekken' as it has a similar meaning and I can easily add the object 'conclusies' in this sentence. I cannot add an object to 'afleiden' as it would have to be some long sentence about how she has to deduce that she shares her mind with Milly, which at this time is not revealed yet.

⁷ I translated 'shapes' as 'patronen' to avoid the repetition of 'vormen vormden'.

⁸ I decided to use an indefinite article here because if I would translate 'its' to 'zijn' it would almost sound like the shovel belongs to a person when in reality it is just a shovel that comes with the fire-scuttle.

⁹ 'zwaar lelijk' very much sounds like slang. Youth often uses 'zwaar' as a replacement for 'erg'

lelijk patroon in zwart en groen en een levendig elektrisch blauw; toen keek ze weer naar boven naar de bekende ronde tafel bedekt met frivolité, de goedkope¹⁰ tumbler gevuld met gerstwater, en ook al was die onzichtbaar, ze wist dat achter haar de zware bruingekleurde deur was, en nu waren er alleen nog maar die spullen dichtbij haar over om te observeren, de spullen die ze aanhad, waarop ze steunde en die haar aanraakten¹¹.

Maar om deze spullen op te merken, om de waarneming zo dichtbij naar zichzelf te trekken, naar diegene die hier lag, of leek te liggen, was nog niet mogelijk. Opnieuw keek ze naar de overvolle¹² verzameling van smakeloze en waardeloze voorwerpen op de schouw, en nu kwam de opmerking dat dit allemaal rommel was, het soort dat je zou vinden in een rommelwinkel, een echte rommelwinkel, bij elkaar gegooid in een open bakje op de stoep op zaterdagmorgen, alles voor een halve kroon! 'Je zult hier niets vinden,' zei hij, geamuseerd en liefdevol, en ze speelde half de dwaze kleine vrouw, de man wist wel beter, maar zij pleitte nog steeds voor haar charmante kleine vrouwelijke kinderlijke gewoontes. 'Laat me gewoon eventjes¹³ kijken,' smeekte ze. 'Je weet maar nooit – misschien zit er wel iets tussen –' en ze keek naar hem, als¹⁴ een speelse maar gehoorzame kitten. 'Alsjeblieft, Guy,' smeekte ze, 'alsjeblieft, Guy –' en een compleet gruwelijke verschrikking overkwam Melanie die naar de schouw keek, en ze schreeuwde hardop: 'Guy! Guy!' en alweer, naar lucht happend¹⁵ in een hysterische paniek: 'Guy! Guy!' – Ze hoestte, en stikte van het hoesten, en stopte om te roepen, 'Guy! Guy! Guy!' en verstikte zich weer, en schreeuwde weer.

De voetstappen kwamen snel, naar beneden, langs de gang, de deurknop werd wild opengedraaid, en de vrouw snelde de kamer binnen, om rechtop en dreigend bij haar hoofd te staan. 'Is dat zijn naam?' hijgde ze, haar ogen glinsterden, ijzingwekkend op Melanies gezicht gericht. Venijnig, vol dreiging, herhaalde ze, 'Is dat zijn naam?' eiste ze, in een toon die op een antwoord aandrong.

¹⁰ 'coarse' indicates that the tumbler is of a low quality. In Dutch this is usually indicated with the word 'goedkoop'

¹¹ I had to change the make Melanie the subject rather than the things as in Dutch we do not say that something clothes you, rather you are wearing something.

¹² I have moved 'crowded' to the front here as in Dutch stuff cannot be crowded but something can be crowded with stuff, or the conglomeration can be crowded. I could perhaps also have written 'verzameling van samengepakte, smakeloze en waardeloze voorwerpen' but I am not satisfied with the word 'samengepakt' as it does not quite indicate how messy it must look.

¹³ I have added 'eventjes' to make it sound more like colloquial speech.

¹⁴ Here I have avoided the problem of the ing-form by translating it as if she looks at him like a kitten, which is close to what it says in English. She is miming the kitten by the way she gazes up at him.

¹⁵ This is an example of where a present participle does work in Dutch. Translating it with a clause that starts with 'terwijl' would make the sentence too long and not mimic the hysterical gasping of Melanie.

Een nieuwe angst overkwam Melanie, stikkend en schreeuwend¹⁶ op de sofa, of was het een oude angst die ze allang kende en doorstaan had, van de paarsgekleurde vrouw die trillend boven haar stond. Hoesten, hoesten totdat ze stikte, was haar enige bescherming, en Melanie stopte met schreeuwen om Guy, om haar wakker te komen maken, om haar te komen redden, en ze liet haar kin op haar borst vallen, stikkend en snakkend naar adem.

‘Stop daarmee!’ beval de vrouw. ‘Stop daarmee en geef me een antwoord!’ Maar Melanie kon niet stoppen. Haar adem kwam maar niet; het was niet mogelijk om te ademen. Tranen braken uit haar gesloten oogleden, haar lichaam schudde, en voor de visie van haar brein was alleen maar een bloedrode waas.

‘Je moet stoppen,’ zei de vrouw, niet meer dwingend, maar met een vermoede – zou het tederheid kunnen zijn? Handen drukten op Melanies schouders, dwongen haar hoofd terug tegen het kussen om lucht in de verstikte luchtpijp te laten. Eén hand verschoof een beetje, en zijn pezen¹⁷ kneusden Melanies nek.

Het was echt, die aanraking van huid¹⁸. Er was geen denkbare droomsfeer waar de aanraking van ruwe droge huid een deel van kon zijn. Melanie was gestopt met hoesten¹⁹ en ze opende haar ogen en keek in die van de vrouw. ‘Jij bent hier,’ zei Melanie, ‘en ik ben hier, niet daar. Dit is echt – hoe kan dit echt zijn?’ Haar kaken klemden op elkaar, ze staarde naar de donkerbruine ogen, aandringend, net zoals de vrouw zelf zojuist had aangedrongen, op een antwoord²⁰.

Maar de vrouw reageerde niet zoals Melanie, herkende de urgentie niet en evenaarde of ontweek het niet. ‘Natuurlijk zijn we allebei hier,’ zei ze terwijl ze zich rechtte, en toen boog ze zich weer voorover en legde een hand op Melanies voorhoofd met een duidelijk onervaren tederheid, want de hand viel te zwaar en was te ruw in zijn ruwe want om te sussen terwijl het

¹⁶ Here the present participle is appropriate because it functions as an adjective.

¹⁷ I really wanted to avoid using ‘vlees’ as in Dutch you immediately think of meat rather than flesh. This distinction does not exist in the Dutch language so here I have opted for another internal body part in the hand, namely the tendons. I have chosen tendons because there are a lot of them and also because they are (partly) responsible for transmitting force to the muscles.

¹⁸ Considering it is about touch here I could not use ‘pezen’ again so I opted for skin, as that is what touched her.

¹⁹ The personification here I treated as a linguistic feature so I avoided it in Dutch.

²⁰ The fact that the –ing form is in a collocation with ‘upon an answer’/‘op een antwoord’ complicates things. I was not able to find a suitable subordinate clause to avoid using the present participle here so I settled for using it here. I do not think it is the best solution but using a subordinate clause makes it look like a narrative report of speech act, where Melanie actually demands a question but that the narrator does not report it verbatim.

ongemakkelijk heen en weer bewoog. Melanie rilde onder zijn beweging en de hand werd snel teruggetrokken. Ze keek naar ogen die nu iets bevatten als – was het pijn door de afwijzing? – iets waardoor Melanie te alle tijde het instinctieve ‘Raak me niet aan’ zou zeggen. Ze is net zo echt als ik, wist ze, en ze vroeg zich wild af, Hoe kan ik hier zijn? ‘Ben ik ontvoerd?’ zei ze langzaam, terwijl ze indringend naar de ogen staarde, een antwoord eisend²¹.

‘Dat zou niet kunnen,’ zei de vrouw vlug. ‘Dat zou geen goed verhaal geweest zijn. Wat het ook is dat je gedaan hebt, je hebt het uit je eigen vrije wil gedaan, je hebt me bedrogen, mijn vertrouwen misbruikt.’ Ze draaide half weg, en haar stem werd emotioneel. ‘Milly, ik geloofde elk woord dat je zei. Ik dacht dat ik wist waar je elke minuut van de dag was, en al die tijd heb je me bedrogen.’

‘Je bent boos,’ zei Melanie, en vlug dacht ze, Dat is wat ze is, boos, op de een of andere manier heeft ze me ontvoerd, waarom komt Guy me niet vinden, me redden, me hier weghalen?

De vrouw lachte wrang en gebroken. ‘Ik ben niet degene die boos is, mevrouw,’ zei ze, en vervolgens in een vermoeide en wanhopige stem, ‘O, Milly, Milly, waarom ben je niet eerlijk tegen me?’

‘Waarom noem je me Milly?’ fluisterde Melanie, terwijl ze dacht²², Misschien is dit de verklaring: ze woont ergens in de buurt, misschien wel bij de sloppenwijken achter, ze hoorde Guy mij eens Melly noemen en iemand die ze kende, iemand die Milly heet, was gestorven en kwam ze dus misschien – maar waar was zuster Smith? schreeuwde ze wanhopig in zichzelf, en hoe kon ze het huis binnenkomen, de voordeur is altijd op slot, Nanny is zo bang voor inbrekers. Maar het moest haast wel dat dit gebeurd is, zei ze tegen zichzelf, terwijl de vrouw antwoordde, ‘Hoe zou ik je anders moeten noemen, Milly Baines? Niet dat ik God niet op mijn gebogen knieën zou bedanken als ik je een andere naam kon geven.’

‘Welke naam?’ vroeg Melanie. ‘Voor welke naam zou je God moeten bedanken?’ Ze is een gelovige maniak, zei ze tegen zichzelf. Ik moet voorzichtig zijn, Guy zal me zoeken, hij zal vast binnenkort al komen.

²¹ I encountered the same problem here as in footnote 20.

²² In this case it was possible to translate the –ing form with a subordinate clause starting with ‘terwijl’ as the thinking happens almost simultaneously with the whispering.

‘Alleen jij kan die vraag beantwoorden,’ zei de vrouw grimmig, en toen, met die kleine hapering in haar schouders weer, liep ze weg en ging ze in de stoel bij het vuur zitten, haar armen langs de leuning, haar rug stijf, zonder de achterkant aan te raken.

4.2 FRAGMENT B

De tijd was weggevaagd terwijl hij naar de leeuwerik luisterde. Dat was wat haar geest in deze ellende zei en op het moment dat de Dominee stond te wachten, herinnerde ze zich het verhaal dat met die woorden eindigde. De monnik die naar de kloostertuin dwaalde om naar de leeuwerik te luisteren en ondervond dat toen hij was teruggekomen honderd jaar voorbij was gegaan. En ik nam de lente in me op²³, herinnerde ze zich. Ik was in extase toen ik in slaap viel; een mens ervaart misschien een, twee, een half dozijn keer extase, wanneer het niet een eenzame verschrikking is om een mens te zijn maar iets glorieus, wanneer de tijd door perfectie wordt weggevaagd. Extase is tijdloos. Is dat misschien de aanwijzing? zei ze; is extase het bestaan in alle tijden en in geen, en is de terugkeer in de tijd een willekeurig toeval, een moment in de duur van de tijd net zo waarschijnlijk als elk ander moment?

Maar gebed moet extase zijn, dacht ze, religieuze extase, en ze antwoordde zelf dat ze dit maal niet in staat was om via religie extase te bereiken, dat de nabootsing van extase die ze probeerde te bereiken terwijl de dominee bad, een totale onttrekking van de zelf en de tijd²⁴, de transfiguratie van de last van de zelf in zijn apotheose, dit allemaal, hoe oprecht ook, geveinsd was. Dus wanneer het gebed zijn magie werkt in de boeken, zijn niet de woorden van het gebed, niet eens het gebed zelf, het instrument maar de extase – het moet de extase zijn, want als het gebed of de woorden van het gebed het instrument zijn, dan heb ik die magie geprobeerd en die herstelde het patroon niet, een nutteloze magie, een magie die mislukte.

Ik heb extase nooit vertrouwd, zei ze. Ik wist dat het kwaadaardig was, dat zei ik tegen Guy – nou, niet zo stellig als dat, maar ik was benieuwd, ik vroeg het hem. Het was de eerste keer dat we met elkaar naar bed waren gegaan – nee, niet de eerste keer, dat was helemaal verkeerd, gaf ze toe, maar de tweede keer, en ze herinnerde zich het sjofele hemelbed in het hotel in het Forest of Dean. Dit kan niet goed zijn, het is niet mogelijk dat we zo’n

²³ The verb ‘opnemen’ by itself already has a durative aspect; translating it with an ‘aan het + infinitive’ construction would be excessive.

²⁴ With selflessness is meant a situation without the self, not the opposite of selfish. When I translate this word into Dutch (onzelfzuchtigheid, onbaatzuchtigheid etc.) it only has the one interpretation of the opposite of selfishness. To solve this I avoided using a construction of ‘into + noun’.

gelukzaligheid²⁵ ervaren, en hij viel bijna in slaap, en hij lachte en zei dat ik in mijn hart een puritein was. Ik vroeg hem of gelovige mensen zeiden of het goed was om extase via God te voelen, en hij zei van wel, dat was de enige soort extase waarvan ze meenden dat die goed was. Toen ging hij slapen, en buiten was het een grijze regenachtige ochtend en ik herinnerde me die keer toen ik zestien was en alleen op South Audley Street liep en de kapel inging. Er was niemand anders binnen en het orgel werd bespeeld. Ik ging zitten en mijn gedachten werden overspoeld met God, extatisch met God, en die keer voelde terugkomen ook als weer tot leven komen, precies hetzelfde als toen ik met Guy lag, de extase identiek, zij het van man of van God.

Het is de extase die gevreesd moet worden, zei ze met huiverige zekerheid, het is een scheiding en verbreking van de werkelijkheid en de tijd, en het is niet veilig. Het enige wat veilig is, is om slechts een beetje te voelen, je²⁶ vast te houden aan de tijd, en niets je laten meeslepen zoals ik ben meegesleept – en misschien is dat hoe, alleen hoe, ik teruggeworpen kan worden.

Ze had de voetstappen naar de voordeur niet gehoord, maar ze hoorde de val van de klopper, en de bel die beneden in de kelder klonk. ‘Dat zal Mr. Charters wel zijn,’ zei de dominee. Hij was klunzig van zijn knieën opgestaan en lachte attent naar haar. ‘Ik zei dat hij ons hier moest bezoeken.’ Lizzies voeten stompten op de stenen trap en de dominee draaide zich naar de deur. Met wanhopige kracht greep Melanie hem bij zijn jas en hield hem vast. ‘Ik kan het bewijzen,’ jammerde ze. ‘Wacht en luister naar me, ik kan je vertellen wat er zal gebeuren in de toekomst, machines en rijtuigen zonder paarden en prachtige materialen –’ maar de woorden kwamen er maar niet goed uit, de woorden die koelkast en plastic en atombom zouden moeten zeggen – ‘Als je maar luistert, ik kan het bewijzen,’ smeekte ze, want als hij het zou begrijpen en geloven dan zal het gebed zeker effectief zijn. Maar zonder zelfs naar haar te kijken zei hij afwezig, ‘Je hebt Old Mother Shipton zitten lezen, zie ik,’ en met een verwachtende glimlach draaide hij zijn hoofd richting de deur, luisterend naar Lizzies voetstappen in de gang gevolgd door die van Adelaide, die niet van boven of beneden kwamen – nu luisterde Melanie ook ingespannen – maar van de slaapkamer achter de gedeelde deuren.

²⁵ I considered using words as ‘genot’ or ‘verrukking’ but felt they had too much of a sexual connotation, especially in this context. Ecstasy is not an erotic feeling, though it can be triggered by sexual love, there is nothing sexual about it.

²⁶ I doubted about the use of ‘je’ here but considering the distance between character and reader is minimized in this novel I find that it actually works quite well. Also, in Dutch ‘vasthouden’ in this context needs an object, you need to hold something to time. I could not simply write ‘vast te houden aan de tijd’.

Nu draaide Mr. Endworthy zich wel naar Melanie toe om haar vluchtig gerust te stellen: ‘Dit huis is zeer stevig gebouwd. Ik denk niet dat iemand ons heeft kunnen horen,’ en toen, schijnbaar verrast door de wanhoop op haar gezicht, zei hij met oprechte vriendelijkheid, ‘Er is niks om bang voor te zijn, Miss Milly.’

Deze woorden, dacht Melanie, zijn oprecht. Nu spreekt hij niet als Mr. Endworthy de Victoriaanse predikant, maar uit tijdloosheid. Hij vertelt me dat alles goed zal komen en dat ik weer thuis zal komen. Dus uit bijna onverdraagzame opluchting lachte ze naar hem en liet ze haar hevige greep op zijn jas los. Hij lachte terug en zei speels, ‘Miss Milly, je bent nog steeds een heel mooi meisje wanneer je lacht.’ Beide hadden, tijdens deze woordenwisseling, de stemmen in de gang gehoord, die van Lizzie en Adelaide en de sterke jonge stem van Mr. Charters – een stem waarop Melanies hart plotseling oversloeg, en zich dan weer herstelde, waar ze vreemd van opkeek. ‘Gaat het goed nu?’ zei Mr. Endworthy gauw tegen Melanie, en beiden glimlachten toen de deur open ging en Adelaide kwam binnen met Mr. Charters achter haar.

Verrast merkte Melanie op dat Adelaide zich had omgekleed, ze had nu een soort mantel²⁷ over haar schouders hangen en een brede zwarte bonnet omljnd met witte ruiten op haar golvende haar. En toen ze achter Adelaide keek en ze Mr. Charters zag, liep een rilling, een vreemde, verlangende, dringende rilling door haar lichaam, en alles was anders omdat ze Mr. Charters weer gezien had.

Hij moet op zijn minst mijn hand aanraken, zei ze gretig tegen zichzelf, hij kan niet anders dan mijn hand aan te raken en ze keek naar hem en wilde dat hij dichterbij kwam en haar aanraakte. Maar hij liet zijn ogen voor maar een seconde toe haar recht aan te kijken. ‘Goedemiddag, Miss Milly,’ zei hij en hij maakte een kleine buiging, maar hij keek weg zodra hij begon te praten en ging snel door terwijl hij zich naar de Dominee toe draaide, ‘Ik vertrouw erop dat ik niet te laat ben, meneer. Ik werd vastgehouden door die oude Graves.

De Dominee trok een gouden savonethorloge uit een binnenzak. ‘Je bent maar vijf minuten te laat,’ zei hij joviaal, ‘en Miss Milly en ik hebben goed gebruik gemaakt van die vijf minuten.’

Waarom schrokken zowel Adelaide als Mr. Charters een beetje op toen hij sprak, ze schrokken, en keken snel rond alsof ze zeker wilden weten dat niemand het had opgemerkt, zelfs niet de ander? ‘Weet je of Miss Rampole komt?’ vroeg de Dominee, en terwijl Adelaide

²⁷ Both cloak and mantle would translate as ‘mantel’ so it seems silly to use the word twice.
IRINA FOMICHEV

en Mr. Charters informatie en vermoedens als antwoord gaven, keek Melanie naar Mr. Charters, en eiste dat haar geest of die van Milly haar zou vertellen waarom hij zo een krachtig verlangen en pijn bij haar opriep.

Ik heb hem nog nooit eerder zien, zei Melanie tegen zichzelf, terwijl ze keek naar zijn lichtbruin krullend haar en baard, zijn rozige gelaat, de zachte, lieve mond. Ik weet zeker dat ik hem nooit eerder heb gezien, en ik wil hem meer dan elke man die ik ooit heb ontmoet – nee, zei ze, denkend aan Guy, niet meer dan Guy. Ik wil hem zoals ik Guy vroeger wilde, tijdens die zondige week in Gloucestershire voordat we getrouwd waren. Toen ik elke keer dat ik gedurende de dag naar hem keek, in de eetkamer van het hotel met andere mensen daar, waar dan ook, dacht aan zijn handen op mijn lichaam²⁸, zijn mond op de mijne, en ik rilde met verlangen dat hij me zou aanraken, me zou kussen, me weer zou nemen. Gilbert, kom terug²⁹, jammerde een stem door haar gedachten, en Melanie vroeg, Wat zei ik, welke naam zei ik? Ik kan niet zo naar hem verlangen als dit de eerste keer is dat ik hem heb ontmoet, jammerde ze, terwijl om haar heen de sociale praatjes³⁰ doorgingen. Als ik voor hem voel wat ik voor Guy voelde en voor geen enkele andere man, dan is hij misschien wel Guy. Misschien is hij Guy, herhaalde ze, Guy in het verleden of Guy in mijn dromen, misschien zijn we eerder samen geweest, of misschien, omdat we zoveel van elkaar houden, zijn we zelfs in onze dromen samen. Maar als hij Guy is, waarom kijkt hij me dan niet aan, waarom doet hij dan zo zijn best om me niet aan te kijken, waarom is hij zo bang om me aan te kijken? Zou Guy er zo uit kunnen zien, zo uit hebben gezien? vroeg ze zich af, hetzelfde kleur haar, Guys mond is niet zo zacht, maar als hij de enige zoon van een weduwe was, verwend en vertroeteld, dan was die misschien ook zo zacht geweest. Ik denk dat hij Guy is, maar ik weet het niet zeker. Hoe kan ik dit voelen voor een vreemde als ik dit alleen heb gevoeld voor Guy?

4.3 FRAGMENT C

De test van moed is nog steeds geldig, zei haar geweten, je moet het weten, je moet kijken. Dus ze tilde haar hoofd op en ze keek naar haar lichaam.

²⁸ 'Handen op mij' does not sound idiomatic to me so I added 'mijn lichaam'.

²⁹ I feel like 'kom terug' would be a natural way for a Dutch person to express her/his desire for someone to return to them. 'Kom weer naar me toe' sounds very artificial.

³⁰ The word 'petty' in the meaning of 'trivial' is already implied in 'praatjes' and I felt it would be too much to also add something like 'triviale'.

Daar, omgeven door de verfrommelde kleding, op ribben nauwelijks bedekt met huid, rezen twee kleine borsten op. Mijn borsten? jammerde Melanie, of toch niet mijn borsten? Durf ik ze aan te raken, deze borsten die levend en van mij kunnen zijn, of zullen ze afbrokkelen, zullen ze rotten zodra ik ze aanraak met mijn levende handen, mijn handen op allang dode borsten? Deze zijn witter dan die van mij, zei ze, kleiner, zieliger dan die van mij, en in een convulsieve beweging legde ze haar handen onder hen en ze rotten niet, kleine hete levende borsten, en erdoorheen pulseerde het te snel kloppende hart.

Ik denk dat ze van mij zijn, zei ze, mijn handen passen ze alsof ze van mij zijn – of zoals Milly's handen die van haar pasten? O, ik zou mijn eigen lichaam moeten kennen, riep ze, maar hoe zou ik het moeten herkennen? Ik hield ervan omdat het perfect en onbevlekt was, er was geen vlekje of litteken waaraan ik het zou moeten herkennen. Kijk goed, kijk goed, riep ze, en daar, vanaf het borstbeen naar elke tepel liep de nieuwe blauwe gezwollen ader.

Dit lichaam heeft een kind gebaard, mijn kind. Melanie schreeuwde en buiten de deur versnelden de trage geluiden in een haastige opschudding. 'Waar is mijn baby?' schreeuwde ze. 'Geef me mijn baby, ik wil mijn baby,' schreeuwde ze om haar baby terwijl ze terugviel op de chaise-longue, haar kleren opengescheurd en haar naakte borsten beefden terwijl ze schreeuwde.

'Je bent krankzinnig,' schreeuwde Adelaide. 'Je bent vuil, je bent krankzinnig!' haar handen waren tussen de kleren, trokken die samen, bedekten de blote vruchtbare borsten³¹.

'Wat heb je met mijn baby gedaan?' brulde Melanie, terwijl ze omhoog reikte en naar Adelaide greep, klauwend aan Adelaides borst alsof ook haar kleding van die schrale boezem gescheurd zou moeten worden.

'Je hebt het beloofd,' hijgde Adelaide. 'Je hebt gezworen dat je het nooit zal vragen, nooit een woord zal zeggen als ik voor je zou zorgen. Je hebt het gezworen,' en nog steeds schreeuwde Melanie, 'Geef me mijn baby, ik wil mijn baby.'

Adelaide scheurde zichzelf vrij van de klauwende handen, en, verfrommeld en slordig, viel Melanie terug in een hulpeloze rommelige hoop.

³¹ I considered translating this as: 'trok ze samen, om de blote vruchtbare borsten te bedekken' but I decided against it. It explicates the relation between the clauses but more importantly it takes away from the frenzy with which Adelaide attempts to cover Melanie's breasts. I opted for using finite verbs as translations of the -ing forms but I refrained from adding any connecting words such as 'and' and kept the comma's to try and retain the frantic effect.

‘ik wil mijn baby,’ kreunde ze, ‘Ik wil mijn baby,’ en Adelaide bekeek haar en ze ademde zwaar terwijl ze keek en haar ogen schitterden.³²

Plotseling leunde ze naar voren, haar mond dichtbij Melanies hoofd dat zijwaarts op het kussen lag gedraaid. ‘Zou je je baby willen zien?’ fluisterde ze, langzaam, wreed, en toen Melanie stopte met kreunen om te luisteren, ‘Je zal je baby zien als je me vertelt wie hij was,’ en ze rechtte zich en ze zei, op een toon die gehoorzaamheid eiste³³, ‘Zeg me zijn naam en je zult je baby zien.’

Terwijl Melanie hijgend haar hysterische snikken onder controle probeerde te houden, keek ze haar aan. ‘Ik kan je dat niet vertellen,’ zei ze, ‘want ik weet het niet.’

Adelaide sloeg haar gezicht, met de rechterhand en met de linker. ‘Slet!’ schreeuwde ze. ‘Slet! Vuile slet!’ Ze trok haar kleren weer open, sloeg Melanie op het hoofd, de borst, niet in staat te stoppen totdat Melanies hoofd met een ruk naar boven kwam en ze hoestte en weer hoestte en plotseling zat haar mond vol heet metallisch bloed dat uitgutste over de mishandelende³⁴ handen, over de kleren en de dekens en de rozen van de chaise-longue, en het hoofd viel zijwaarts over de rand en het lichaam vertrok en toen lag het daar³⁵ verslapt.

Dus Milly is stervende, legde de stem in Melanies brein uit, in de wetenschap dat het lichaam naar het bed achter de dubbele deuren was gedragen en dat Adelaide en Mr. Charters en de dokter rond het bed stonden. Mr. Charters zat op zijn knieën, zijn handen verborgen de tranen die vielen, de intensiteit van zijn gemompelde gebeden verborg de snikken die hem deden trillen. ‘Nederig vertrouwen wij deze ziel van Uw dienaar, onze lieve zuster – ’ hoorde ze, en het gemompel werd harder en zachter, soms waren het woorden, soms was het een dof hopeloos gebrom en in stilte stonden Adelaide en de dokter toe te kijken.

³² There is no clear relationship between the watching and the glittering eyes here, the participle simply says how her eyes look at the moment that Adelaide is watching Melanie. I have chosen to turn it into a coordinating clause because I did not want to create a relation between the two sentences that is not present in the source text.

³³ ‘Ordering compliance’ here refers to the tone in which Adelaide is speaking. I added this in Dutch to be able to translate the –ing form. The ‘ordering’ is not something done alongside the saying, it denotes how she says it.

³⁴ A literal translation for ‘punishing’ would be ‘straffende’, however I found this to be very unnatural so I opted for abusive hands, ‘mishandelende’.

³⁵ I added ‘daar’ because the Dutch word ‘liggen’ requires a location. You cannot just lay in Dutch, you have to lay on something. Van Dale’s definition is: ‘in horizontale positie *op een vlak rusten*’

Wie is er stervende? Jammerde de verzwakte stem, alleen Milly, het kan alleen Milly zijn. Ik ben niet in dat lichaam, aan het zinken en buiten bewustzijn, we zijn alleen aan het wachten op verlossing, Milly in de dood en ik in het leven. Ik zie ze om me heen, Adelaide en Mr. Charters en de dokter – ‘haar ogen zijn open,’ fluisterde Adelaide, en de dokter, ‘Ze kan niets zien nu, wees gerust, ze kan niets zien nu’ – en achter hen kon ze de zitkamer aan de overkant van het kanaal zien, Dr. Gregory en Zuster Smith en Guy, hun ruggen naar haar gekeerd, gebogen over de chaise-longue. Waren ze in pijn terwijl ze daar stonden, bang en zeker dat ze haar zullen verliezen of waren ze aan het lachen en kalm en vol vertrouwen op voortgang? Ze kon het niet weten, er was geen manier om erachter te komen, maar daar stonden ze, Dr. Gregory en Zuster Smith en Guy, Adelaide en Mr. Charters en de dokter. En nu verduisterden en vervaagden ze, schitterden een ogenblik in het verdwijnende beeld, en uiteindelijk was er niets anders dan duisternis, en in de duisternis de extase, en na de extase, dood en leven.

CONCLUSION

The aim of this thesis was to find out what stylistic parameters help establish and emphasize the frightening atmosphere in *The Victorian Chaise-longue* and how that particular atmosphere could be maintained in a Dutch translation. My thesis started with a discussion of what themes created the sense of fear in the novella and how the novella relates to the Gothic and Neo-Victorian genre. The fear mainly stems from the motif of the double, which causes feelings associated with the uncanny. This is because the double represents women's poor position in society in Victorian times and, more importantly, represents how easy it is for Melanie, and by extension, contemporary women to revert to this position of horror where violence towards women is commonplace.

This, however, did not answer how this fearful atmosphere was achieved stylistically. Unfortunately, not much research has been done into the stylistic means characteristic to Gothic fiction. After analyzing *The Victorian Chaise-longue*, mainly the fragments to be translated, I found that there are several ways this is achieved. The first step was to minimize the distance between reader and character (Melanie). This is done by focalizing on Melanie and using free direct and indirect thought to represent her thoughts. The second step was to convey a sense of fear in Melanie's thoughts, which is then transferred to the reader. To accomplish this, Laski used a style reminiscent of stream-of-consciousness. This style is characterized by long sentences full of associations and abundant use of –ing forms. As a result these sentences often lack clear grammatical coherence. Also the rhythm of these sentences created by repetition and climatic enumerations played a large part in maintaining the frightening atmosphere. The feeling of helplessness, which contributes to the sense of fear, is also emphasized by the fact that Melanie is rarely an active agent. Lastly, vocabulary contributed much to the grim atmosphere created. There is a clear contrast in vocabulary between the first part where Melanie is in her own time and the second part where Melanie wakes up in the horrible past.

The biggest translation problem arose from this stream-of-consciousness style, from those long sentences. It proved to be hard to find the balance between preserving these lengthy confusing sentences and creating a text that was still readable in Dutch. The biggest challenge was that in Dutch it is already easy to lose track when using many long sentences and a lack of grammatical coherence and conventional punctuation would only make it harder. This is why I sometimes split up sentences, added or changed punctuation, or changed the

sentence structure to create more coherence in the text. However, I tried to not make too many changes either as these long sentences, especially in fragment A, do need to convey a sense of confusion.

SUGGESTIONS FOR FURTHER RESEARCH

For further research it would for example be useful to extend Jones' research describing the genre of Gothic fiction through its language terms to other stylistic elements than vocabulary such as sentence length, repetition etc. For translators it would be useful to know what stylistic elements are characteristic to the genre.

For Dutch translators specifically, it would also be useful to look at Dutch translations of Gothic texts and originally Dutch Gothic texts to see what typically Gothic stylistic elements are used in Dutch. Once we know what stylistic devices are used in Dutch literature to achieve an effect of fear we can more easily translate fearful novels knowing what devices are available to us and what devices are used in the Dutch tradition.

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APPENDIX: SOURCETEXT

FRAGMENT A

Now to sleep, she said, sleep, sleep, sleep, her eyes closed, but her mind still alive. Funny about the table, said her brain, I must have dreamt of here before and forgotten, why the filthy smell still, they say you can't dream colours but I've not dreamt smell before, it's probably the canal and the hot day and the smell got into my room – anyway, said the tiring brain, I do dream colours, I dreamt Adelaide's brooch, the horrid red-brown like poor meat, I've always hated that brooch, it was Gilbert who said it looked like meat, not Adelaide's, he wouldn't be so impolite, those brooches ladies are wearing now, he said, you're really getting better, he said, you're really getting better, he said, said Guy and Gilbert, today it was or a long time ago when I could walk and go out, not shut in with the smell of nasty meat, the brown meat and the brown fog and the pain that makes me cough with a rough rough cough which don't rhyme but ought to, blankets pale and grey and rough, tuck my hands in a little grey muff, puff away, puff, little grey muff – and Melanie's conscious brain had relaxed its control and she slept or dozed, and once she opened her eyes, seeing, or thinking she saw, the open window and through it the blue sky and the briar, and rustling away through the door she heard Sister Smith's starched skirt, and again she closed her eyes, whether really or as part of her dream, but safely now, sleeping and all her brain asleep.

Slowly it awoke, and it awoke first to the knowledge of the same foetid smell. Still there! said the nose to the brain, and instantaneously Melanie was awake and her eyes open.

Shrunk with fear, she saw the room she was in.

She had turned over in her sleep, and, knowing the lace-hung plush-draped window to be away to her right, she saw beyond her couch's foot a round black iron fireplace, and in its empty hearth a pink paper fan. Over it was a brown wooden mantel, built up with little pillars, little mirrors, till it rose almost to the ceiling. Melanie's gaze passed beyond it, up to the ceiling papered with huge white formalized flowers patterned in smooth and shiny paper; one way the petals seemed shiny, the background smooth, and, the angle of the gaze changing ever so slightly, it was the petals that were smooth and the background gleaming. Melanie looked down again to the overmantel, which carried so many small objects that she had only a confused impression of worthless trash, brown photographs in clumsy silver or plush frames, two painted vases with bulrushes stuck in them, a bulbous urn plastered over with postage-stamps, two ebony elephants, a chased brass bell – it's familiar, I know it, know it all, said Melanie, but her thudding brain could only observe, not comment or deduce. She looked at the heavy red wallpaper, patterned like the ceiling in textures that formed shapes and then shifted as she looked, at the clumsy black chair on the opposite side of the fireplace, its arms and back and seat padded in embossed green velvet that was studded with dull brass nails. One by one she saw the objects in the room, the black squat fire-scuttle with its shovel in a slot behind, the round table in the window-bay covered with a bobble-fringed green plush cloth, the text in its rustic-wood frame on the wall by the overmantel, reading, in hand-drawn Gothic

letters – could she read it, or did she know that it read ‘GOD BLESS OUR HOME’? From the text she looked down to the carpet, dirty scarlet background and heavy ugly pattern in black and green and a vivid electric blue; then up again to the known round table covered with tatting, the coarse tumbler filled with barley-water, and what was behind her head was invisible but known to be the heavy brown-stained door, and now there were only those things close to herself to observe, the things that clothed and supported and touched her.

But to notice these things, to bring observation so close to herself who lay or seemed to lie there, was not yet possible. Again she looked at the conglomeration of crowded, tasteless, worthless objects on the overmantel, and now the comment came that these were junk, what you’d see in a junk-shop, a real junk-shop, jostled in an open tray on the pavement on Saturday morning, anything for half-a-crown. ‘You won’t find anything there,’ he said, amused and loving, and she half played the foolish little woman, the man knowing better, but she still pleading for her charming little feminine-childish ways. ‘Just let me look,’ she begged. ‘You never know – there just may be something –’ and she gazed up at him, miming the playful but obedient kitten. ‘Please, Guy,’ she begged, ‘please, Guy –’ and to Melanie looking at the overmantel came full terrible horror, and she screamed aloud: ‘Guy! Guy!’ and again, gasping in hysterical panic: ‘Guy! Guy!’ – She coughed, and choked with coughing, and stopped to call, ‘Guy! Guy! Guy!’ and choked again, and screamed again.

The footsteps came swiftly, down the stairs, along the hall, the handle violently turned, the woman sweeping into the room, to stand, erect and menacing, by her head. ‘Is that his name?’ she panted, her eyes glittering, fixed horribly on Melanie’s face. Venomously, full of menace, she repeated, ‘Is that his name?’ demanding, insisting upon an answer.

To Melanie, choking and screaming on the sofa, there came a new dread, or an old fear long known and endured, of the purple-faced woman who stood quivering above her. Coughing, coughing until she choked, was the only protection, and Melanie stopped screaming for Guy to come and wake her, come and save her, and dropped her chin on her breast, choking and gasping for breath.

‘Stop it!’ commanded the woman. ‘Stop it and answer me!’ But Melanie could not stop. The breath would not come; it was not possible to breathe. Tears broke from her closed lids, her body shook, and before the vision of her brain there was only a blood-red blur.

‘You must stop,’ said the woman, not imperiously now, but with a weary – could it be tenderness? Hands were pressing on Melanie’s shoulders, forcing her head back against the pillow, letting air into the choked windpipe. One hand shifted a little, and its flesh bruised Melanie’s neck.

It was real, that touch of flesh. There was no conceivable atmosphere of dream of which that touch of rough dry flesh could be a part. Melanie’s cough had stopped, and she opened her eyes and looked into the woman’s. ‘You are here,’ Melanie said, ‘and I am here, not there. This is real – how can it be real?’ Her jaw clenched, she stared at the dark brown eyes, insisting, as the woman herself had just insisted, upon an answer.

But the woman did not respond as Melanie had, did not recognize urgency and then match it or evade it. ‘Of course we’re both here,’ she said, straightening herself, and then she bent again and put a hand on Melanie’s forehead with a tenderness obviously unpractised, for the hand fell too heavily, and was too rough in its rough mitten to soothe as it moved awkwardly to and fro. Melanie shuddered under its movement and quickly it was withdrawn.

She looked up into eyes that now held something of – was it pain at the rebuff? – something at all events that made Melanie bite back the instinctive ‘Don’t touch me’. She is as real as I am, she knew, and wondered wildly, How can I be here? ‘Have I been kidnapped?’ she said slowly, staring into the eyes, willing an answer.

‘You couldn’t have been,’ said the woman quickly. ‘That won’t do for a story. Whatever you did, you did of your own free will, deceiving me, abusing me trust.’ She half turned away, and her voice grew thick with emotion. ‘Milly, I believed every word you said. I thought I knew where you were every minute of the day, and all the while you were deceiving me.’

‘You’re mad,’ said Melanie, thinking quickly, That’s what she is, mad, somehow she’s kidnapped me, why doesn’t Guy come and find me, save me, take me away?

The woman gave a harsh, broken laugh. ‘I’m not the one that’s mad, my lady,’ she said, and then in a voice of utter weariness and despair, ‘O, Milly, Milly, why won’t you be open and true with me?’

‘Why do you call me Milly?’ whispered Melanie, thinking, Perhaps this is the explanation, she lives somewhere near, perhaps the slums at the back, she heard Guy calling me Melly one day, and someone she knew, someone called Milly, had died, and so perhaps she came – but where was Sister Smith? she cried despairingly to herself, and how could she get into the house, the front door’s never left open, Nanny’s so frightened of burglars. But it must be what happened, she told herself, as the woman answered, ‘What else should I call you, Milly Baines? Not but what I wouldn’t thank God on my bended knees if there was another name I could give.’

‘What name?’ asked Melanie. ‘What name would you thank God for?’ She’s a religious maniac, she told herself, I must be careful, Guy will be looking for me, he will surely come soon.

‘Only you can answer that,’ said the woman sternly, and then, with that little hitch of the shoulders again, she turned away and sat in the chair by the fire, her arms along its arms, her back rigid, not touching its back.

(Laski 1999: 28-33)

FRAGMENT B

Time had been blotted out while he listened to the lark. That was what her mind said in the desolation, and in the instant while the Vicar stood waiting, she had recalled the story that ended with those words, the monk wandering out into the cloister garden to hear the lark, and returning to find that a hundred years had gone by. And I was perceiving the spring, she remembered. I was in ecstasy as I fell asleep, ecstasy one experiences perhaps once, twice, half a dozen times, when to be human is no longer a lonely terror but a glory, when time is blotted out by perfection. Ecstasy is timeless. Is that perhaps the clue? she said; is ecstasy

existence in all time and none and the return into time a random chance, one moment in time's duration as likely as another?

But prayer should be ecstasy, she thought, religious ecstasy, and she answered herself that this time she had failed to achieve ecstasy through religion, that the simulacrum of ecstasy she was trying to achieve while the Vicar prayed, a total withdrawal into timeless selflessness, the transfiguration of the burden of self into its apotheosis, all this, though sincerely sought, had been feigned. So when prayer works the magic in the books, it is not the words of the prayer, it is not even the prayer, but the ecstasy that is the instrument – it must be the ecstasy, for if it is the prayer or the words of the prayer, then I have tried that magic and it would not restore the pattern, a useless magic, a magic that failed.

I always suspected ecstasy, she said. I knew that it was evil, I said so to Guy – well, not quite so surely as that, but I wondered, I asked him. It was the first time we slept together – no, not the first time, that was all wrong, she admitted, but the second time, remembering the shabby four-poster bed in the hotel in the Forest of Dean. And afterwards, it was like coming back to life from death, and I said to Guy, It can't be right, we can't be meant to endure such bliss, and he was nearly asleep, and he laughed and said I was a puritan at heart. And I asked him if religious people said it was all right to feel ecstasy through God, and he said yes, that was the only kind they thought was right. Then he went to sleep, and outside it was a grey rainy dawn, and I remembered that time when I was sixteen and I was walking alone down South Audley Street and I went into the chapel. There was no else there and the organ was playing. I sat down and my mind became flooded with God, ecstatic with God, and that time, too, coming back was like coming back to life, exactly the same as when I lay with Guy, the ecstasy identical, whether from man or from God.

It is the ecstasy that is to be feared, she said with shuddering assurance, it is a separation and a severance from reality and time, and it is not safe. The only thing that is safe is to feel only a little, hold tight to time, and never let anything sweep you away as I have been swept – and perhaps that is how, only how I can be swept back.

She had not head the steps coming up to the front door, but she heard the fall of the knocker, and the bell clanging down in the basement. 'That will be Mr. Charters,' said the Vicar. He had risen clumsily from his knees and was smiling down at her benignly. 'I told him to call for us here.' Lizzie's feet were thumping up the stone stairs, the Vicar was turning to the door. With desperate strength Melanie caught at his coat and held him. 'I can prove it to you,' she cried. 'Only wait and listen to me, I can tell you what will happen in the future, machines and horseless carriages and wonderful materials –' If only the words would come out right, the words that should say refrigerator and plastics and atom-bomb – 'If you will only listen, I can prove it to you,' she entreated, for if only he would understand and believe, then, surely then, the prayer would be efficacious. But he only said absently, not even turning to look at her, 'You've been reading Old Mother Shipton, I see,' and with an expectant smile he cocked his head towards the door, listening to Lizzie's footsteps along the hall that were joined by Adelaide's, coming – now Melanie strained to listen too – coming not from up or down the stairs but from the bedroom behind the communicating-doors.

Now Mr. Endworthy did turn to Melanie to say with quick reassurance, 'This house is very stoutly built. I do not think that anything could have been overheard,' and then,

seemingly caught by the despair on her face, he said to her with sincere kindness, 'There is nothing to be afraid of, Miss Milly.'

These words, thought Melanie, are meant. Now he is speaking not as Mr. Endworthy the Victorian clergyman but out of timelessness. He is telling me that it will be all right and that I shall go home again. So in relief almost beyond bearing she smiled at him and loosened her frenzied grip on his coat, and he smiled back and said playfully, 'Miss Milly, you are still a very pretty little girl when you smile.' They had both heard, though this interchange, the voices in the hall, Lizzie's and Adelaide's and the strong young voice of Mr. Charters – a voice at whose sound Melanie's heart suddenly leapt, and then recovered itself, leaving her wondering. 'All right now?' said Mr. Endworthy quickly to Melanie, and they were both smiling when the door opened, and Adelaide came in with Mr. Charters behind her.

Melanie noticed with surprise that Adelaide was differently dressed now, with some sort of cloak or mantle over her shoulders and a wide black bonnet lined with white set on her looped dark hair. And then she looked behind Adelaide and she saw Mr. Charters, and a shiver, a strange desirous urgent shiver ran through her body, and everything was changed because she had seen Mr. Charters again.

He must at least touch my hand, she said avidly to herself, he cannot help but touch my hand, and she gazed at him, willing him to come nearer and touch her. But it was only for a second that he allowed his eyes to meet hers. 'Good afternoon, Miss Milly,' he said and bowed, but he looked away from her as soon as he had started to speak, and hurriedly continued, turning to the Vicar, 'I do trust that I am not late, sir. I was detained by old Graves.'

The Vicar pulled a gold half-hunter from an inner pocket. 'You are only five minutes past the appointed time,' he said jovially, 'and Miss Milly and I have made good use of those five minutes.'

Why did both Adelaide and Mr. Charters start slightly as he spoke, start, and then look round quickly as if to be sure that no one else had noticed, not even the other? 'Do you know if Miss Rampole will be coming?' the Vicar asked, and while Adelaide and Mr. Charters offered information and surmises in reply, Melanie gazed on Mr. Charters, demanding that her mind or Milly's should tell her why he should affect her with such powerful longing and pain.

I have never seen him before, Melanie told herself, looking at the light brown curly hair and beard, the ruddy complexion, the soft sweet mouth. I am sure I have never seen him before, and I want him more than any man I have ever met – no, she said, remembering, not more than Guy. I want him as I used to want Guy that wicked week in Gloucestershire before we were married, when everytime I looked at him in the day time, in the hotel dining-room with other people there, anywhere at all, I used to remember his hands on me, his mouth on mine, and I shivered with wanting that he should touch me, kiss me, take me again. Gilbert, come to me again, cried a voice through her mind, and Melanie demanded of herself, what did I say, what name did I say? I cannot want him like this if it is the first time I've met him, she cried, while around her the petty social chat went on; if I feel to him as I did to Guy and to no other man, perhaps he is Guy. Perhaps he is Guy, she repeated, Guy in the past or Guy in my dreams, perhaps we have been together before, or perhaps, because we love each other so much, even in our dreams we are together. But if he is Guy, why won't he look at me, why is he so careful not to look at me, so frightened of looking at me? Could Guy look, have looked like that? she wondered, the same colour hair, Guy's mouth isn't soft like that, but if he'd been

the only son of a widow, spoiled and petted, it might have been like that. I don't think he's Guy, but I can't be sure. How can I feel like this to a stranger when I have felt like this only to Guy?

(Laski 1999: 69-73)

FRAGMENT C

The test of courage is still valid, said her conscience, you must know, you must look. So she lifted her head and looked down at her body.

There, fanned by the crumpled clothes, set on ribs barely covered with skin, rose two small breasts. My breasts? cried Melanie, or not my breasts? Dare I touch them, these breasts that may be mine and alive, or will they crumble, will they rot if I touch them with my living hands, my hands on long-dead breasts? These are whiter than mine, she said, smaller, sadder than mine, and in a convulsive movement she laid her hands beneath them and they did not rot, small hot living breasts, and, pulsing through them, the too fastly beating heart.

I think they are mine, she said, my hands fit them as if they were mine – or as Milly's hands fitted hers? Oh, I should know my body, she cried, but how should I know it? I loved it because it was perfect and unstained, there was no mark or scar by which I should know it. Look closely, look closely, she cried, and there, running down from the breast-bone to each nipple, was the new blue swollen vein.

This body has borne a child, my child. Melanie screamed, and outside the door the slow noises quickened into a scurrying convulsion. 'Where is my baby?' she screamed. 'Give me my baby, I want my baby,' screaming for her baby as she fell back on the chaise-longue, her clothes torn aside and her naked breasts shaking as she screamed.

'You are mad,' shouted Adelaide. 'You are foul, you are mad.' Her hands were among the clothes, pulling them together, covering the revealing fecund breasts.

'What have you done with my baby?' screamed Melanie, reaching up, clutching at Adelaide, clawing at Adelaide's breast as if her clothes, too, should be torn from that arid bosom.

'You promised,' panted Adelaide. 'You swore you would never ask, never say a word if I kept you and looked after you. You swore,' and still Melanie screamed, 'Give me my baby, I want my baby.'

Adelaide tore herself from the clawing hands, and, crumpled and dishevelled, Melanie dropped back in a helpless untidy heap.

'I want my baby,' she moaned, 'I want my baby,' and Adelaide watched her, breathing heavily as she watched, her eyes glittering.

Suddenly she leant forward, her mouth close to Melanie's head that was twisted sideways on the pillow. 'Would you like to see your baby?' she whispered, slowly, cruelly, and then, as Melanie ceased her moaning to listen, 'You shall see your baby if you tell me who he was,' and, straightening herself, she said, ordering compliance, 'Tell me his name and you shall see your baby.'

Gasping, trying to control her hysterical sobs, Melanie looked up at her. 'I cannot tell you,' she said, 'for I do not know.'

Adelaide smacked her face, with the right hand and with the left. 'Slut!' she screamed. 'Slut! Filthy slut!' pulling the clothes aside again, beating Melanie on the head, the breast, unable to stop until Melanie's head jerked up and forward and she coughed and then coughed again, and suddenly her mouth was full of hot metallic blood that gushed out, over the punishing hands, over the clothes and the covers and the roses on the chaise-longue, and the head fell sideways over the edge and the body twitched and then lay limp.

So Milly is dying, explained the voice in Melanie's brain, knowing that the body had been carried to the bed behind the double-doors and that around the bed were Adelaide and Mr. Charters and the doctor, Mr. Charters on his knees, his hands covering the tears that fell, the intensity of his muttered prayers hiding the sobs that shook him. 'We humbly commend the soul of this Thy servant, our dear sister –' she heard, and the muttering rose and fell, sometimes words, sometimes a dull hopeless hum, and in silence Adelaide and the doctor stood and watched.

Who is dying? cried the fainting voice, only Milly, it can only be Milly. I am not in that body, sinking and unconscious, we are only waiting for release, Milly to death and I to life. I can see them around me, Adelaide and Mr. Charters and the doctor – 'Her eyes are open,' whispered Adelaide, and the doctor, 'She can see nothing now, rest assured, she can see nothing now' – and beyond them she could see the drawing-room over the canal, Dr. Gregory and Sister Smith and Guy, their backs to her, bending over the chaise-longue. Was there agony in them as they stood there, terror and certainty of loss, or were they smiling and untroubled and confident of continuance? She could not know, there was no way to tell, but there they stood, Dr. Gregory and Sister Smith and Guy, Adelaide and Mr. Charters and the doctor, and now they dimmed and faded, shimmering an instant in the fading vision, and at last there was nothing but darkness, and in the darkness the ecstasy, after the ecstasy, death and life.

(Laski 1999: 96-99)