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# A Rollercoaster of Swearwords:

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*How to translate Salinger's *The Catcher in the Rye* without compromising its impact.*

## Table of Contents

1. Introduction .....	3
2. Analysis of the Novel .....	4
2.1 Literary Translation .....	5
2.1.1 Style.....	5
2.1.2 Real Author versus Narrator.....	9
2.1.3 Underlying Theme.....	11
2.2 Target Audience and Translation Strategy .....	12
2.3 Conclusion.....	15
3. Problem Identification and Discussion.....	16
3.1 Style.....	16
3.1.1 Mind Style .....	17
3.1.2 Time Difference .....	19
3.1.3 Spoken Language .....	23
3.2 Narrative Situation .....	35
3.2.1 CSI's: Culture Specific Phenomena .....	36
3.2.2 CSI's: Culture Specific Expressions .....	38
3.3 Conclusion.....	39
4. Conclusion.....	41
5. Choice of Translation Passages .....	43
6. My Translation .....	45
Annex I: Translation Johan Hos .....	58
Annex III: Source Passages .....	66
Works Cited.....	74

## 1. Introduction

In this thesis I will discuss the challenges that the translation of J.D. Salinger's classic novel *The Catcher in the Rye* poses. The main emphasis will be on the use of language in the novel. More specifically: how this language, in light of Holden's personality and the significance of the novel's style, should be transferred in a translation.

In the second chapter I will contextualize the novel: firstly I will give a short outline of the novel's content, followed by an assessment of literary translation in general leading to a short analysis of the novel's style, its implied author and reader and the underlying theme. The final portion of this chapter will focus on my target audience and translation strategy.

The third chapter of this thesis will look into the specific problems that can be encountered when translating *The Catcher in the Rye* and compare my take on these problems with Johan Hos'. Firstly, I will address the problems that the novel's style pose, followed by an assessment of the novel's narrative situation. The subject of the novel's style will be divided into two separate parts: one regarding time difference and one regarding the novel's 'written speech'. The part on the narrative situation will revolve mainly around CSI's and what their implications are. I will discuss my translations, the problems I encountered and what Dutch translator Johan Hos has done about them.

In chapter 4, I will draw my general conclusions, then, in chapter 5 I will explain my choice in translation passages. I have translated four passages from the novel, which have been selected on the ground that they show a diverse spectrum of the protagonist's personality, his gentle side when speaking of or to his sister, his anti-establishment mentality when dealing with adult culture and the way in which he looks at and thinks about women. Lastly, in chapter 6 my translation can be found, accompanied by footnotes explaining my specific choices. Johan Hos' translation and the source fragments can be found in the annexes at the end of this thesis.

All of this will lead to an assessment of my thesis question:

In light of Holden's persona, what are the options for a translation of *The Catcher in the Rye*?

## 2. Analysis of the Novel

J.D. Salinger's passing away in January 2010 was one of the few instances in which the media had heard from him in decades. Salinger shunned publicity and gave his last interview in 1980. *The Catcher in the Rye* is his most famous work. It tells the story of Holden Caulfield, a young man from New York city, who is telling his psychoanalyst about the time he just got kicked out of Pencey prep and how he left for New York, checked into a hotel to put off having to tell his parents he has been kicked out of yet another school (his third) and what he did to kill time. He despises everything that has to do with the adult world and worships his little sister, Phoebe, who is only ten and to him epitomizes youth and innocence. He speaks of his roommates at Pencey, of the girls he has dated and is dating and how he feels about all that is happening around him.

Following its publication in 1951, *The Catcher in the Rye* has caused quite a stir. J.D. Salinger bombarded his protagonist Holden Caulfield on to the literary scene and as it turned out, Holden represented the feelings of his generation perfectly. As Lingdi Chen says in an article, published in 2009, concerning Holden's adolescence entitled 'An Analysis of the Adolescent Problems in *The Catcher in the Rye*': 'Holden represents a social type of adolescence growing up in a corrupt and decadent world and serves as a mirror for his peers. There is a lot in him with which the young can identify.' (p.146) The language Salinger uses in *The Catcher in the Rye* is one of the reasons the book was added to the 'banned books list' on many schools in the United States and Australia and has caused the book to still be considered 'controversial'. In his essay 'Cherished and Cursed, Toward a Social History of *The Catcher in the Rye*', Stephen J. Whitfield tells us that 'Salinger's novel does not appear to have been kept off the shelves in Concord but did cause enough of a stir to make the short list of the most banned books in school libraries, curricula, and public libraries. In 1973 the *American School Board Journal* called this monster best-seller "the most widely censored book in the United States.' (Whitfield, 68) The book is filled with ungrammatical structures and odd sentences, due to the fact that it is 'written speech'; the whole novel is written as if the reader were listening to Holden speak.

Critics and scientists alike have turned the book upside down and inside out to investigate every possible reading of it and its underlying themes and motives have been subject to many, many essays and books. The opinions in these essays and books are as divided as they are plenty. According to the critics, *The Catcher in the Rye* contains many

more layers than meets the eye. Add to that the challenge of carrying the language, which in the 40's, when the novel was written, and the 50's, when the novel was published, was considered obscene and rude, into the 21<sup>st</sup> century and the translator brave enough to embark on the journey that is translating *The Catcher in the Rye* will soon discover this is not a task to take lightly.

## 2.1 Literary Translation

Literary translation always poses other problems than a translation concerning a specialist subject. Whereas in for instance medical texts the emphasis lays on the content of the article and the conventions of medical writing in the target culture, in literature, and therefore also in literary translation, not only does it matter what is being said, but it is equally important how it is being said.

The first and foremost problem that rears its head is how to maintain the style in which the novel was written. Every writer has his own unique style and the translator has to find a way to maintain this style in his translation. Secondly there is the factor of how to deal with underlying themes, motives, metaphors and other uses of language and literary conventions that are specific to a certain culture or language.

### 2.1.1 Style

The most noticeable quality of a novel is its style. In the first chapter of their book *Style in Fiction*, Geoffrey Leech and Mick Short give the following description of style in its most basic form: 'In its most general interpretation, the word *'style'* has a fairly uncontroversial meaning: it refers to the way in which language is used in a given context, by a given person, for a given purpose, and so on.' (p.9) They continue by differentiating between 'langue', which is the code or system of rules for speakers of a language and 'parole', the particular uses of the aforementioned language system (based on Leech and Short). Thus, although the rules for the use of any particular language are the same for every speaker and writer, the way they choose to apply them may vary. In the conclusion to the first chapter of their book, Leech and Short observe : 'We come finally to a statement which is controversial, ...

(vii) Stylistic choice is limited to those aspects of linguistic choice which concern alternative ways of rendering the same subject matter' (p.31).

They continue by saying: 'We have argued in favour of the tenet that underlies (vii), namely that it is possible to distinguish between what the writer chooses to talk about and how he chooses to talk about it' (p.32).

For example, where one writer may create complicated sentences in which he uses as many adjectives as possible and elaborate on every subject or description, others try to keep their use of language as minimal as possible. This also leads to a very diverse spectrum of books and novels and their respective styles: a Harlequin novel has a romantic, light content and it has a style to match. In order to keep the Harlequin novel in its same state, the novel's style should be translated accordingly. The same holds for a Jane Austen-novel: when a person wants to emerge themselves in the long lost era in which Austen's novels take place, it would be odd if the characters in them all of the sudden spoke in everyday language: this would take the entire novel out of its context and create a strange mixture of old behavioral pattern and modern day speech. When deciding upon a Hemingway novel, the reader is most likely aware that Hemingway's style is a concise one, in which he does not waste any words or space on the page. He says a lot by not saying very much. If a translator were to take it upon themselves to for instance embellish his style a little, this would transform the novel: it would no longer be a novel written in Hemingway's style, it would become a novel written in what the translator believes *should* be Hemingway's style.

Leech and Short also provide a checklist in their book to help aid the analysis of style in any given novel. Armed with this checklist and their last statement regarding style, I have chosen two sentences from a short story written by Ernest Hemingway entitled 'A Very Short Story' and two others from the novel *Frankenstein* by Mary Shelley to briefly illustrate the significance of style,.

'On the train from Padua to Milan they quarrelled about her not being willing to come home at once. When they had to say good-bye, in the station at Milan, they kissed good-bye, but were not finished with the quarrel'. (Hemingway, p.1)

'Nothing could equal my delight on seeing Clerval; his presence brought back to my thoughts my father, Elizabeth, and all those scenes of home so dear to my recollection. I grasped his hand, and in a moment forgot all my horror and misfortune; I felt

suddenly, and for the first time during many months calm and serene joy.’(Shelley, p.36)

The difference in style between these two fragments is very distinct. Mary Shelley lets her sentences run on much longer than Hemingway does, who only relies on the bare minimum amount of words. When we reach for the checklist provided by Leech and Short, in chapter 3 on page 61-64, we see that they have divided their list into four categories: Lexical Categories, Grammatical Categories, Figures of Speech etc. and Context and Cohesion (based on Leech and Short). Only the first two apply to this case. On lexical level, it becomes obvious that Mary Shelley, in comparison to Ernest Hemingway, seems to use a more complex vocabulary. She uses nouns that seem more abstract than Hemingway’s nouns, referring to perception and recollection. On the grammatical side, her sentences have a more complex structure to them. Of course this is also due to the fact that Hemingway wrote his short story a century after Shelley wrote hers, but the difference in style remains nonetheless.

When we take a short, random fragment from one of the translated fragments in this paper and take a look at it, according to Leech and Short’s checklist, we can (very briefly) unveil Salinger’s style.

‘I started giving the three witches at the next table the eye again. That is, the blonde one. The other two were strictly from hunger. I didn’t do it crudely, though. I just gave all three of them this very cool glance and all.’ (p.70)

When we have a look at this fragment, on a lexical level it can be seen that the language used in it is very colloquial and not very complex. The nouns in the sentence are concrete. We know exactly what Holden is trying to describe to us. What is noticeable in this fragment, is the addition of ‘though’ at the end of the fourth sentence and the affix ‘and all’ at the end of the fifth sentence. These occurrences are something to monitor in the translation process: does Holden use ‘though’ or ‘and all’ on many occasions? Do these affixes serve a purpose and what does this mean in terms of the novel’s style? I will elaborate on this subject in the next chapter, but in short I can reveal that ‘though’ and ‘and all’ appear consistently throughout the novel and make up a vital part of the protagonist’s choice of words. On the level that deals with figures of speech, we can detect that Holden also refers to the women at the table next to his as ‘witches’, which seems to imply a certain lack of beauty in their physical appearance and he says that only one of them was interesting enough, while the others are ‘strictly from hunger’ and he ‘gives them the eye’. These are colloquialisms and

they indicate that Holden expresses himself rather crudely with regard to these ladies, he seems to feel like he is above them and this appears to be part of his persona. The translator needs to take notice of these specific expressions and try to find a means through which to express Holden's slightly arrogant and rude manner of expressing himself. Grammatically speaking, the striking feature of these sentences is that many explicative short sentences are added. Apart from this explicative sentences however the sentence structure is not at all complex. The sentences are all statements, and their average length adds up to 8.8 words per sentence. In other words: short and concise. When it comes to context and cohesion, on a context level Holden is the one doing the talking and he seems to address the reader directly, but in reality he is talking to his psychoanalyst. He utters his thoughts through 'direct speech'. We can determine that it is Holden speaking by the fact that he refers to himself ('I started giving...'). When we take a look at the cohesion in this fragment, Holden's thoughts seem to be linked together logically. He goes from the observation that these ladies are not particularly pretty to telling us that as a result, he is eying the prettiest one in the bunch and that he does this in a cool way. From his point of view, the fragment makes sense and since the reader begins to understand his thought patterns, the fragment appears to be rather cohesive.

In the case of this particular novel, I believe the translator should take the liberty of carrying the language into this time. The novel was hugely progressive in its time; people thought it to be crude, the continuing flow of swearwords caused a nationwide outrage and the novel's protagonist has accidentally become the face of teenage 1950. The exact struggles that teenagers face, differ from generation to generation. The gist, however, is always the same. Or, as Lingdi Chen puts it: 'Holden represents a social type of adolescents growing up in a corrupt and decadent world and serves as a mirror for his peers. There is a lot in him with which the young can identify. Much of Holden's candid outlook on life, on people around him, on society is still relevant to the youth of today and contains a truth of an eternal nature' (p.146). Teenagers see the adult world coming at them and they fear what lies ahead. They want to stay young, but at the same time are aware that they cannot avoid ageing and becoming part of the adult world they fear. They want to rebel against society and often do so in the form of strong language and swimming against the curve. In order to maintain the novel's effect, the translator has to carry the upset, struggling teenager that is Holden Caulfield into this day and age. Teenagers need to feel when they read the novel, as they did in the 50's, that they have a companion in Holden, they need to be able to relate to him. Adults on the other hand, have to experience the slight form of recognition they would have



had in the novel's era as well; a slight form of recognition at the feelings and thought patterns Holden expresses which are similar to how they once felt, and a form of recognition of Holden in teenagers around them in this present day. This is why I believe it is justified to change Salinger's language ever so slightly, in order to allow the novel to have the same impact now that it had 60 years ago.

In the case of *The Catcher in the Rye*, the style not only shapes the novel, it shapes the protagonist as well, because he is the narrator. It is therefore very important to pay attention to the little things Salinger does in his use of language to create Holden's personality. In short: the translator has to honor the author's style. In his essay entitled 'The Language in *The Catcher in the Rye*', Donald P. Costello emphasizes the authenticity of the use of adolescent language J.D. Salinger busies. 'Most critics who looked at *The Catcher in the Rye* at the time of its publication thought that its language was a true and authentic rendering of teenage colloquial speech. ... An examination of the reviews of *The Catcher in the Rye* proves that the language of Holden Caulfield, the book's sixteen-year-old narrator, struck the ear of the contemporary reader as an accurate rendering of the informal speech of an intelligent, educated, Northeastern American adolescent.' (p. 172-3) Donatello claims that Salinger hits 1940's slang and prep school language spot on and if a translator chooses to try and transfer Holden to this current day and age, he needs to live up to this 'spot-onness' by diving into teen speech to see what kind of words, grammar and expressions have taken the place of the ones used in the novel and which of these would, as a result, create the most relatable persona, because choosing to neutralize the colloquialisms that can be found in the novel would mean ignoring an enormously vital part of the protagonist's personality, not to mention the impact it would have on the novel's style.

### 2.1.2 Real Author versus Narrator

In his article 'Narratology meets Translation Studies, or, The Voice of the Translator in Children's Literature', Emer O'Sullivan makes a distinction between the real author and the implied author of a novel as well as between the implied reader and the real reader and the narrator and the narratee.

In the case of *The Catcher in the Rye*, this could be explained as follows: The real author of the text is J.D. Salinger, who conjured up the protagonist's (Holden's) persona and

the story line. Then, as soon as the book is printed, he is taken out of the equation and we are dealing with the implied author, or, in O'Sullivan's words: 'The implied author, an agency contained in every fiction, is the all-informing authorial presence, the idea of the author carried away by the real reader after reading the book' (O'Sullivan, 199).

Then, on the other side of the spectrum, the implied reader comes into play. 'The implied reader is the implied author's counterpart, "the audience presupposed by the narrative itself (Chatman, 1978, 149f), the reader generated by the implied author and inscribed in the text' (O'Sullivan, p.199). Christopher Brookman claims, in his essay 'Pencey Preppy: Cultural Codes in *The Catcher in the Rye*' that Salinger has chosen a very distinct side to American life: prep school life. Holden represents American teenage rebellion in the 40's, but according to Brookman:

'By turning Holden into a symptom of a general cultural malaise, critics have failed to give attention to the fact that Salinger locates Holden's story within a very specific social world in which the most significant influence is not some generalized concept of American culture or society, but the codes and practices of a particular instrument of social control – the American prep school. Even when the action moves to New York, Holden stays, in the main, within a finely tuned collegiate culture of dates and moviegoing.' (p.58)

In this lies, perhaps, Salinger's implied reader. Since Holden is fully emerged in this society in which it is custom to be in the position to finish one's education and knowing that money is not really an issue, the reader needs to at least be slightly familiar with the cultural codes that accompany this lifestyle.

In between these two types of authors and two types of readers that accompany a text, within the novel, there are the narrator and the narratee. The narrator in this particular case is Holden Caulfield, Salinger's creation, who narrates the novel. Then there is the narratee: 'The narratee, in the words of Barbara Wall, is the "more or less shadowy being within the story whom ... the narrator addresses" (1994,4)' (O'Sullivan, p.199). In the case of *The Catcher in the Rye*, we can determine based on this description that the narratee in this novel is Holden's psychoanalyst. On occasion, it feels as if Holden directly addresses the reader, when in fact within the story he is talking to his psychoanalyst.

Lastly, there is the distinction between an overt and a covert narrator, respectively the narrator who is actually part of the text and the narrator who does not serve as a figure in the story, but is more of an ‘authorial presence’ (based on O’Sullivan). We can determine that Holden is an example of an overt narrator, since as the protagonist, he plays a vital role in the novel and does not merely serve as a framing device.

### 2.1.3 Underlying Theme

Holden chooses to alienate himself from everything: he is not inclined to make friends, he shuns away from adult society and he is very bad at expressing his emotions, resulting in denial of even having any. But I believe, and on that front I fully agree with Edwin Haviland Miller, that aside from the fact that Holden is indeed a teenager and deals with teenage problems, his brother’s death is a very important element of the novel. In fact, the most prominent underlying theme in this particular novel would be the fact that Holden has never been able to let go of his deceased younger brother Allie. Just as Miller describes in his essay ‘In Memoriam: Allie Caulfield in *The Catcher in the Rye*’, I believe this is the motivation behind most of Holden’s actions and emotional issues that cannot be ascribed to his adolescence. Miller also says that since Holden was hospitalized when Allie was buried, he has never been able to truly say goodbye. When Holden feels alone or lost, he speaks to Allie as if he were there with him, perhaps this serves as another sign that Holden is unable to let go of his deceased brother.

Holden uses phrases or manners in which to express himself which reveal his state of sadness at his brother’s death. Miller says on this subject:

‘So too is Holden’s vocabulary an index to his disturbed emotional state – for all that it might seem to reflect the influence of the movies or his attempts to imitate the diction of his older brother D.B. At least fifty times, something or somebody *depresses* him – an emotion which he frequently equates with a sense of isolation: “It makes you feel so lonesome and depressed” (p.81) . Although the reiteration of the world reveals the true nature of his state, no one in the novel recognizes the signal, perceiving the boy as a kind of adolescent clown rather than as a seriously troubled youth.’ (p.88)

This becomes apparent as well in the constant reoccurrence of ‘she killed me’ or ‘that killed me’, meaning Holden either finds something very funny, or wants nothing to do with it.

Again, Miller connects these occurrences with Allie's death: 'In turn, the significance of his repeated use of variations on the phrase "that killed me" becomes almost self-evident: reflecting his obsession with death, it tells the unsuspecting world that he wishes himself dead, punished and reunited with Allie' (p.89). In the fragments under scrutiny in this paper, the occurrences of 'she killed me' are all positive. However, when Holden tells us that Allie, his deceased brother, liked his little sister Phoebe just as much as Holden himself does, he chooses to express this by saying: 'She killed Allie too' (p.68). Somehow, this makes for an odd combination, considering Allie is already dead and as becomes obvious in the novel, he died of leukemia. Even though this is just a figure of speech, Miller points out that there may be more to this one remark than meets the eye: 'Life stopped for Holden on July 18, 1946, the day his brother died of leukemia' (p.87). He suggests that Holden may be suffering from a form of survivor's guilt, his erratic behavior may be partially due to his adolescence, '... but it also reflects his uncontrollable anger, at himself for wishing Allie dead and at his brother for leaving him alone and burdened with feelings of guilt' (p.88). When Holden is telling stories about his little sister and how much fun she, Allie and himself used to have and he utters the phrase: 'she killed Allie too', this is given a whole new feel when reading it in this context.

Every language has certain words or other elements that can contain double meaning and it is not always possible to translate both these meanings into another language. A translation of these embedded aspects often means that certain elements of the book will be lost. In this case, this is reflected in Holden's use of the verb 'to kill', which points to the underlying theme of the novel on several occasions. In order to maintain this double meaning, the translator has to find a way to translate the fragment containing elements of both dying and pleasure. After a long deliberation, I settled on 'Allie bleef er ook altijd in', because this can either mean he enjoyed it thoroughly, or that he died while laughing because of her, thus combining the two meanings.

## 2.2 Target Audience and Translation Strategy

Christiane Nord says that the assignment is often the first thing that is present when preparing for a translation. After this she says it is important to establish a target audience and analyze the source text before embarking on a translation because in her view, a translation needs to fulfill a certain purpose and that purpose helps to establish the correct way to translate the text (based on Nord).

The assignment I have determined for myself is to translate the novel according to a model contract for literary translation: ‘Article 1 Translation. 1. The translator commits himself to delivering a translation true to content and style in impeccable Dutch directly from the original work’<sup>1</sup> (<<http://www.vvl.nu/content/68/47/modelcontracten.html>>).

Next, my target audience needs to be established. The target audience for my translation will be made up of people who are (at least somewhat) familiar with the novel and its reputation. This is somewhat broader than Salinger’s audience. My target audience is broader for two reasons: the first is that the novel has obtained a place in the literary canon and the second is that nowadays, knowledge of the American prep school culture will be (at least slightly) more widespread than it was in those days.

*The Catcher in the Rye* has obtained a place in the literary canon. When the novel came out, it became quite a hype, which led to enormous sales. Although many novels that have been hyped also disappear from the limelight after a while, *The Catcher in the Rye* has remained a well-read novel and has acquired a place in the literary canon. This canonization of the novel most likely means that the audience picking up the novel has become more widespread since people not only want to read the novel for its content, but perhaps also because of its staying power or the controversy that has surrounded the novel.

The second reason my audience is broader than Salinger’s most likely was, is that due to the American influence on television, many more people will be familiar with American cultural phenomena than would have been the case over 50 years ago and therefore more people will be aware of prep schools and the society surrounding these schools. This leads to a broader audience, but at the same time an audience which is similar to Salinger’s, since they too will have acquainted themselves with American prep school customs.

The fact that my target audience coincides at least partially with Salinger’s target audience, implies that it is appropriate to aim for a translation as close as possible to the source text. My target audience does differ from Salinger’s in time and place, however. The translation will have to ensure that this does not cause problems for the reader. It may, in fact, be cause to deviate from the source text.

This leads to a translation strategy that is both source text compliant and somewhat liberal, since I want to do the source text as much justice as I can by translating very closely,

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<sup>1</sup> Artikel 1 Vertaling. 1. De vertaler verbindt zich tot het leveren van een naar inhoud en stijl getrouwe en onberispelijke Nederlandse vertaling rechtstreek uit het oorspronkelijke werk.  
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and yet times have changed enormously since the novel's first publication. I will aim to make the novel understandable both for the reader that is aware of prep school culture – be it because they saw it on television or because they are actively aware of it – and the reader that wants to read the book because it is such a well known literary work.

Taking into consideration Nord's opinion that a text should serve a certain function, my strategy should take into account the text's literary status. As I mentioned, in a literary work, not only is the content of importance, the style is also vital to the novel's perception. The novel is not just a means of transferring information. It is important to honor as many of the layers in a literary work as possible: style, underlying themes and perhaps even a certain message. In his letter to a friend, Hieronymus already stated, centuries ago, that translation is not simply a word-for-word process. He says that to translate word-for-word is to not do justice to the source text, because the important thing is the 'weight' of a translation: it needs to convey the same images, thoughts and opinions that were uttered in the source text. (based on Hieronymus) This is also one of the things I had in mind for my translation: a big concern in my translation process was to make Holden as realistic a teenager as possible. By translating word-for-word, many of the imagery in the novel and the thought patterns that make Holden the literary character he is, would be lost.

Andrew Chesterman, in his essay on translation strategies, proposes a classification of all the problems that can be encountered in the translation process. All of these problems indicate that a 'straight forward' translation is impossible, and that a translator needs to decide what to alter in his translation in order to solve these translational problems. Since there are so many problems that a translator can encounter on so many different levels, he says that a classification in its simplest form can be formulated as follows: 'Change something' (Chesterman, p.243).

As we seem to have determined in this analysis of the novel, in the case of *The Catcher in the Rye*, a straight forward translation of Holden does not seem to be possible. When working on a translation of *The Catcher in the Rye*, the translator needs to make a choice as to whether the novel's 1940's language should be kept in place, or should whether he should choose to carry the novel into the timeframe of 2010? Personally, I believe that in general, the translation of a novel should be as true to the source text as possible. If that means alienating some of the readers in the process due to outdated language, so be it. However, in the case of this novel, as I will explain in the next chapter, the translator may

take it upon himself to carry Holden into this time. But more generally speaking, when we take Chesterman's advice and 'change something', we can alter this wisdom to the following observation: the translator has to adapt Holden's use of language to maintain his personality.

### 2.3 Conclusion

In short, this chapter can be summarized as follows: the style of a novel is its most prominent feature. It makes up a huge part of the novel's perception and a short analysis of the style of *The Catcher in the Rye* reveals that this novel is made up of short, concise sentences without much fuss. The phrasing of these sentences is slightly crude and adds fillers and perhaps some unusual word choices, but it is very clear and to the point.

These elements of the novel's style can be ascribed to J.D. Salinger, the real author of the text. However, by using his style in such a manner, he has created a certain persona in Holden, his protagonist and the novel's narrator, who is actually talking to his psychoanalyst. Holden is an overt narrator, because he actually plays a part in the story, he is not simply used as a framing device. Then there is the novel's primary underlying theme: the death of Holden's younger brother Allie. This has left him with some big emotional scars and an inability (or perhaps an unwillingness) to attach himself to people: Holden has a tendency to alienate himself and is not likely to make friends. He also has trouble discussing death and matters of feeling and some of his issues can be traced back to his brother's passing away.

Lastly, there is the issue of my assignment and my translation audience and strategy. I have chosen to take on the assignment as formulated in a standard contract for literary translators and have decided to make up my target audience of people who are at least somewhat familiar with the novel, ranging in age from teenager to adult, but who make up a broader audience than Salinger most likely had in mind upon writing the novel. I have adapted my strategy to the text's status as a literary work, since in this genre, every aspect of the novel needs to be taken into account, from style to underlying theme to the setting in which the novel takes place, it all plays a vital part.

### 3. Problem Identification and Discussion

Two main factors need to be taken into account when embarking on a translation of *The Catcher in the Rye*. The first and most obvious of which is the novel's style. The novel's style can be subdivided into three main categories: Holden's mind style, the differences between the 40's and 2010, and the novel's 'written speech'. Secondly, there is the issue of the novel's narrative situation. The problems that arose on these levels and the discussion of these problems will be the subject of this chapter.

I will also address Johan Hos' translation of the passages I chose to translate. The choices he has made in his translation process may serve as a useful tool for an analysis of the options a translator has in the process of translating *The Catcher in the Rye*. I will provide some concrete examples of the differences and similarities between the two translations in order to determine the effect our different translational choices have had on Holden's persona.

#### 3.1 Style

What does Holden's personality mean for the novel's style? The answer is: short, concise sentences, containing many swearwords and many additions such as 'I'm serious', to prove that even though the adult world may be phony and full of liars, he is not (yet) a part of that and we as reader may lay our trust on him. As Chen observes in her article: "'Phoniness'", probably the most famous phrase from *The Catcher in the Rye*, is one of Holden's favorite concepts. It is a phrase Holden often uses for describing the superficiality, hypocrisy, pretention, and shallowness. He feels surrounded by dishonesty and false pretenses.' (p.144) She informs the reader that the adolescent problems that Holden faces in the novel, make up an enormous part of the novel's content. She also points out that his issues are the same issues that teenagers these day find themselves struggling with, and because of that, the novel still carries a significant importance.

Holden appears to be dealing with some mental demons. He despises everything that has even the slightest thing to do with maturity – this is very easily proven by his incessant swearing, his rebellious tone and his need to fight everything that might indicate that he is becoming part of the adult world. He also worships his little sister, Phoebe, aged ten, and his little brother Allie who has sadly passed away.



### 3.1.1 Mind Style

In *Style in Fiction*, Geoffrey Leech and Mick Short dedicate a chapter to ‘mind style’. In the case of *The Catcher in the Rye*, this is a very important subject, since Holden’s personality and the way in which he looks at the world and the people around him, are our windows to the events in the novel. Leech and Short provide a reasonably wide definition of ‘mind style’ because mind style is part of many aspects of a novel. They claim that mind style is how the fictional world presented in a novel is conceptualized. In the case of this novel, mind style and style are closely related, because the style of the novel is J.D. Salinger’s, but through his use of style, he creates Holden’s mind style, since Holden is the novel’s narrator. So, Salinger based his stylistic choices on how he wants Holden to be perceived and how we as readers get to experience the world according to Holden’s points of view. As Leech and Short say: ‘The need to separate fictional world from mind style becomes more obvious to the extent that a writer’s way of representing the world deviates from a common-sense version of reality. ... But even in apparently normal pieces of writing, the writer slants us towards a particular ‘mental set’: there is no kind of writing that can be regarded as perfectly neutral and objective’ (Leech and Short, p.151). In the case of this novel, Holden’s mental set guides us towards a view of the world as one big, fake, unfair place in which the innocent (children) need to be protected. Leech and Short continue by saying: ‘The term ‘mind style’ is particularly appropriate where the choices are made consistently through a text or part of a text’ (Leech and Short, p.153). Holden’s rebellious tone and choice of words are very consistently used throughout the novel. His hatred of everything he sees as ‘phony’ about the adult world is consistent and voiced in similar ways. Holden’s language becomes more harsh when he is referring to a member of the phony world he so despises. The ultimate example of this, which can be found on page 16 of the novel, the passage in which he talks about Ossenburger, a former student at Pencey Prep who had a wing of the new dorms named after him: ‘It was named after this guy Ossenburger that went to Pencey. He made a pot of dough in the undertaking business after he got out of Pencey. What he did, he started these undertaking parlors all over the country that you could get members of your family buried for about five bucks apiece. You should see old Ossenburger. He probably just shoves them in a sack and dumps them in the river.’ (p.16) This displays a harsh tone, even more obvious because of the use of phrases such as ‘he made a pot of dough’, ‘shoves them in a sack’ and ‘dumps them in a river’. This way, he emphasizes his dislike of the way in which this adult

handles his business and distances himself from it too. Ossenburger may be rich, but he cannot count on Holden's respect, and Holden wants to make that as clear as possible.

Another example of Holden's mind style is the way in which he looks at women. He does not truly seem to be able to talk about or to them in a normal way and he discards them as 'idiots' very quickly while putting a lot of emphasis on their physical appearance, ironically enough exactly a tendency he despises in others. Lingdi Chen has also noticed Holden's hypocrisy: 'But although Holden spends so much energy searching for phoniness in others, we should point out, he never directly observes his own phoniness' (p.144). In an analysis of a short passage from one of my translated passages, when Holden spots the three ladies at the table next to his in the Lavender Room, he notes: 'At the table right next to me, there were these three girls around thirty or so. The whole three of them were pretty ugly, and they all had on the kind of hats that you knew they didn't really live in New York, but one of them, the blonde one, wasn't too bad' (p.69). At first sight, this may seem to be pretty straight-forward description of the situation. However, upon closer inspection, it may be determined that even though Holden displays a preference for using state verbs ('The whole three of them were pretty ugly' (my emphasis)) and presents certain observations as factual ('...', and they all had on the kind of hats that you knew they didn't really live in New York'), this description of the girls at the next table is, in fact, very colored. Instead of saying that he believes the girls to be rather ugly, he presents it as a fact, whereas another person might actually find all of them rather pretty. The hats he mentions, are only a give away of their not living in New York to people who are familiar with New York and the people that inhabit the city. The side to Holden's mind style that we can discover in this short passage, may be his teenage arrogance, his unwillingness (or perhaps teenage inability) to put his observations into perspective and immediately presenting them as 'true'. It also shows some hypocrisy on his part, since throughout the novel he displays a deep hatred of the 'superficiality' that he sees in the world around him. However, by simply writing these ladies off bases solely on their looks and choice of fashion, he himself is guilty of the very same superficiality he so deeply seems to despise.

In stark contrast to this consistently voiced dislike of the phony adult world, is the way in which his love for his little sister Phoebe and his deceased brother Allie, who embody youth and innocence for him, is voiced. This element of Holden's mind style differs greatly from his opinions on adult matters. Consistently throughout the novel, Holden's tone softens

when he tells stories about his little sister and brother, the use of swearwords is immediately minimized, and there is an enormous increase in words such as 'like' 'love' and other utterances of tenderness. For instance, when referring to Phoebe, he constantly tells his narratee (the psychoanalyst) that 'you'd like her'. He does this multiple times in the novel and only when referring to Phoebe. In the passage on page 164, he does swear in her presence, but only to express his dislike of his sell-out brother who works in the phoniest place of all that is phony: Hollywood. When it is strictly about Phoebe or in Phoebe's presence, however, he softens: 'You should see her. You never saw a little kid so pretty and smart in your whole life. She's really smart' (p.67). This shows a very different side to Holden: his soft, caring side. He is obviously very proud of her and cannot imagine anyone else feeling any differently about her ('[y]ou never saw a little kid so pretty and smart in your whole life'). This does, however, once again display his teenager unwillingness to put things into perspective: even though he might think Phoebe is the most amazing little child ever, other people may not agree. It seems that, no matter how soft Holden's tone becomes, his tendency to express his opinions and observations as factually never fades.

Holden is a consistent teenager in his dislike of anything fake, phony and adult, but he also has a soft side that surfaces when he mentions his younger siblings. He does however, consistently present his views as 'true' and as a result, upon reading the novel the reader gets sucked into his frame of mind and mental state.

### 3.1.2 Time Difference

Any writer working on a novel is influenced by the time he lives in. It is impossible to write a novel without incorporating, if only by accident, some of the conventions of one's time. Salinger's *Catcher in the Rye* is no exception. Holden goes to see movies that are no longer familiar to modern-day readers, such as *39 Steps*, he wears clothing that has long since become outdated, such as his red hunting cap, and he says things no teenager in this day and age would ever say, if only from fear of being called 'stuffy'.

Even though the novel was published in the 50's, it is mostly embedded in the 40's the time in which the novel was, for the most part, conceived. The 1940's were a time of 'nothingness', according to John Seelye in his essay 'Holden in the Museum'. Seelye says

that Holden identifies with movie stars, for instance when at a certain point in the novel he is standing in front of a mirror, smoking a cigarette, comparing himself to Humphrey Bogart:

‘...the Bogart-connection reinforces the extent to which Salinger’s is a novel deeply embedded with forties materials and attitudes. Like the Bogart hero, moreover, the forties was a decade without a distinctive milieu, with very little to call its own, except the Second World War and the Willis Jeep. Cars, costumes, dances, furniture, movies, all were aftereffects of the thirties, furnishing out a long wait for the second explosion of popular culture in the fifties. Salinger’s book, I think, draws terrific power from the emptiness of the forties, and if as a decade it was an afterimage of the thirties, then *Catcher* can be read as the ultimate thirties after-story, bereft of the usual social consciousness that characterizes so much fiction of the previous period. Rather than being sustained by some W.P.A.-nourished vision of noble but starving farmers or by the proletarian-novel skeleton that sustains the urban context of a James Farrell or Nelson Algren, Salinger’s is a story sustained by the movies of the thirties and early forties, most especially the kind of movie that pitted a noble-hearted detective against the filth and corruption of modern city life or transformed a dying gangster into a religious icon of social inequity.’ (p.28-9)

The novel portrays the feelings of an adolescent who feels lost, he cannot relate to the adult world, nor does he feel like he fits in with his peers. The claim that this era was for the most part the result of the remains of the thirties adds even more to the theme of ‘feeling lost’: it created a very relatable persona in Holden for the generation of the 40’s that almost felt as if they were simply dangling in an era of merely cleaning the mess the World War had left.

Morals have changed over the last decades. Especially in the 60’s and 70’s did the world become a less rigid place, thanks to the babyboom generation. Religion became a choice instead of a given, sexual morals changed and were no longer confined to marriage and women began earning equal rights. Due to these massive changes in society, language became more loose as well. Where, for instance, using ‘goddamn’ as a swearword was completely not done in the 40’s and 50’s, nowadays it has mostly lost all its meaning. This poses a major problem for the translator, because the implications and impact of the novel’s language shifted, along with the rest of the world.

This time difference is a translational problem in that the novel displays the 40's very accurately and is in itself a small time capsule. The translator then finds himself in the difficult position of having to decide to which extent to leave the novel in its original, historical context and to which extent to modernize. If the novel were to be fully historicized (Holmes p.276), it would, to a certain extent lose its appeal because one of the novel's strengths was that it captured Holden as a struggling teenager so well that he was completely relatable for the American teen in the 40's and the adult of those days who was confronted with his behavior. The translator could choose to leave the novel completely in its context and translate it accordingly, leaving all cultural references in tact and using words from the era. This would completely keep the novel in its context and it is the translational option that will lead to a translation very close and true to the source text. This way, the time capsule that is *The Catcher in the Rye* will remain in tact and the novel will serve not only as a novel, but also as a document of life in a well to do circle in the 1940's.

However, this would lead to a kind of alienation of the reading audience: the teenager picking up this novel will not be grasped by it the same way his peer in the 50's – when the novel came out – was, because while he might be able to relate to Holden's sense of feeling lost and the other issues he struggles with, the outdated language will still strike him as 'stuffy' and as a result, he will not be able to connect with Holden the same way teenagers were when the novel was published. The same might hold for the adult. Even though they might recognize more in terms of cultural references and use of language, the novel might not strike them as it did adults in the time the novel first appeared, as they will have grown accustomed to the changes that have taken place since then.

Another option would be to fully modernize (Holmes p.276) the novel, taking it completely out of its 1940's context and updating cultural references and language accordingly. This might appeal to the contemporary teenager, because he would be fully able to relate to everything in the novel, as he would have been in the time the novel was published, but it would also mean the alienation of the adult reader. The adult reader will no longer recognize the novel as *The Catcher in the Rye*, since it would no longer take place in the same places, discuss different phenomena and deal with different issues. The adult reader would most likely get the feeling of alienation they would have had in the 40's, reading about an upset teenager and being confronted with his issues, but the element of the novel's portrayal of life in the 40's would be fully lost.

Since the novel contains both life in the 40's and a truthful representation of a struggling teenager, fully relatable to his peers and the adults of his time, it might be the best option to try and find a way in which to keep Holden in his 40's bubble to keep the novel in context, while at the same time updating him slightly to appeal to the present day reading crowd. Both young and old have to experience a similar feeling when reading the novel as they would have had in the early 50's: for the teenager that means a protagonist he understands and can relate to. For the adult this means a faint feeling of recognition at the teenager described in the novel – they need to be reminded of themselves at that age by recognizing the struggles, but need to feel as though they are listening to a current day teenager speak. Guy Rooryck, in 'Hoe snel veroudert een vertaling?' says that translations provide a glimpse into what people in a certain era deem important in a text. 'What does the Dutch translation tell us about our time? That literary texts are often approached in a normative manner and that we want to transfer them into the target language as 'readable' as possible ... Language serves its purpose when it does not stand out, when it does not form a communicative obstacle'<sup>2</sup> (p.49). This is partially what I have in mind for my translation of *The Catcher in the Rye*, the novel should not lose impact on account of the language feeling 'outdated' when it was so strikingly spot on in the source text. Rooryck continues by saying: 'In literary texts, however, the individual style offers resistance: language in itself is no longer transparent. The words, the phrasing are given a certain degree of autonomy and attribute to the global meaning of the text. Authors deviate from the norm, they create their own language and that causes an alienating effect. It is, by the way, exactly that deviating use of language that is difficult to transfer into another language'<sup>3</sup>. (p.49) I fully agree with Rooryck on this point, as Salinger deviates from the norm quite a bit, both in his colloquial use of language and in his grammatical choices. However, I feel in the case of this novel, while it is necessary to maintain the grammatical 'errors', it actually benefits the translation when it is updated to current day teen colloquialisms.

My translation strategy thus lies somewhere in the middle between modernization and historization, it would update Holden's use of language in order to make him a little more

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<sup>2</sup> Wat vertelt de Nederlandse vertaling nu over onze tijd? Dat literaire teksten vaak normatief worden behandeld en dat we ze graag zo 'leesbaar' mogelijk in de doeltaal overbrengen. ... Taal is doeltreffend wanneer ze niet opvalt, wanneer ze geen obstakel vormt voor de communicatie.

<sup>3</sup> In literaire teksten echter biedt de vormgeving weerstand: de taal als materie is niet zo doorzichtig meer. De woorden, de formuleringen krijgen namelijk een bepaalde graad van autonomie en dragen bij tot de globale tekstbetekenis. Schrijver wijken af van de norm, ze creëren een eigen taal, en dat brengt een vervreemdend effect teweeg. Het is trouwens precies dat afwijkend taalgebruik dat zo moeilijk over te brengen is in een andere taal.

modern, while at the same time keeping the novel's 1940's background in tact. This way, the novel does not lose its significance as a document of 40's culture and customs while making Holden a little more appealing to the present day reader.

### 3.1.3 Spoken Language

*The Catcher in the Rye* is largely written as if it is a spoken monologue. Holden is talking to his psychoanalyst and when he recounts conversations he has had with people, this becomes even more evident, with instances of mimicking spoken language not only through fluency and choice of words, but also through spelling and emphasis by italicizing certain words or parts of words.

Teen speech is constantly changing and as a result, it is impossible to translate a novel made up of such language in a way that will never go stale. For instance, whereas 'groovy' was a popular uttering of enthusiasm in the 70's, nowadays no self-respecting teen would be caught dead saying it. However, it is not simply the teenage language used in the novel that causes problems; all other indications that the novel mimics spoken language pose problems in themselves such as whether to transfer ungrammaticalities into the translation or whether or not to italicize certain parts of words.

In general, my policy has been to maintain any grammatical errors or unusual phrasings, or to at least attempt to make my Dutch translation equally ungrammatical, because the unusual use of language and grammar is an important part of the novel's style. Johan Hos in his translation seems to have done the same on many occasions, but our opinions on how to handle these style issues differ.

In order to display these differences and what they mean for Holden's personality, I have subdivided this subparagraph into three subjects: slang, grammar and other.

#### 3.1.3.1 Slang

When dealing with a novel such as *The Catcher in the Rye*, which is embedded in 1940's teen culture, the translation of slang and swearwords causes major language problems. When a translator decides to carry this book into current time, it is crucial they know a thing or two about the language young people occupy and the context that calls for certain

expressions. Salinger seems to have done a very accurate job at representing teen language in the 1940's, and if Holden then uses words in Dutch that no teenager in his right mind would ever utter, it changes not only Holden's persona, because he becomes more obviously fictional instead of a believable teenager, it changes the accuracy of the novel.

One of Holden's all time favorite words to add is 'goddamn'. I have tried to maintain this swearword wherever possible and suitable, as it is still one of the favorites among young people. Nowadays, 'goddamn' is simply an utterance mostly devoid of meaning. However, it is still a favorite among young people, if only because of this meaninglessness. The generation above the current generation were the ones who fought to rid themselves of the religion that had been laid on them and out of sheer rebellion, 'goddamn' became their swearword of choice. Wherever possible, I have used 'godverdomme' in my translation where it said 'goddamn' or 'damn' in the source text, because even though it may have lost some of its meaning, everybody still recognizes it as a cussword. However, in cases where Holden uses 'damn' in a context in which I felt a Dutch teenager would not ordinarily use 'godverdomme' or 'verdomde', I have chosen to allow myself some freedom in my translation and use a different expression. For instance in the fragment on page 164, where Holden says: 'That goddamn Hollywood.' (p.164) I have chosen to translate this by 'Dat klote-Hollywood'. However, as I mentioned earlier, 'godverdomme' has lost most of its meaning and has become simply an everyday uttering of annoyance or anger. In order to convey the extent of Holden's true dislike of Hollywood, I felt therefore that it was justified to choose a swearword that still carries more strength than 'godverdomme', or something similar. Were I to translate 'Dat verdomde Hollywood', it would have given off an entirely different vibe that I feel does not suit a teenager anymore. It feels slightly outdated, and I think given the circumstances (Holden is speaking to his little sister and they are discussing his brother, who Holden feels has sold out and as a result he is genuinely annoyed) I think a regular teenager would choose a stronger term than 'verdomde', hence my choice 'klote-'. Hos agrees with me on this subject, both our translations display Holden's complete and utter dislike of the phony world of the glitter and glamour in Hollywood.

Another example of how a translation of 'goddamn' can influence Holden's personality can be found in the translation of: 'She knows the whole goddam movie by heart, because I've taken her to see it about ten times' (p.67). Hos has translated this by: 'Ze kent die hele film godbetert uit haar hoofd, want ik ben hem al een keer of tien met haar gaan



zien.’ (p.96) This gets the message across. However, I feel ‘godbetert’ has become slightly outdated. Now this may very well be a result of the difference in era’s, since I know nothing of teen speech in the 80’s, but I think this makes Holden a little more sedated than he is in the source text. Considering the progressive nature of the novel and Holden’s rebellious tone, a harsher swearword would most likely keep Holden as similar as possible to his personality in the source text. I suggest: ‘Ze kent de hele godvergeten film uit haar hoofd omdat ik haar er al iets van tien keer mee naar toe heb genomen’. This way, by adding ‘godvergeten’, the translation becomes a little harsher and as such, it matches the source text.

Another instance of a swearword that called for some creativity in the translation process, can be found in the last part of this sentence from page 66: ‘What I thought I’d do, I thought I’d go downstairs and see what the hell was going on in the Lavender Room’ (p.66). Holden’s ‘the hell’ is placed there for a reason, he swears constantly and I believe that, whenever possible this should be maintained in a translation. Johan Hos has translated this sentence as follows: ‘Wat ik bedacht had was om naar beneden te gaan om eens te kijken of er in de Lavender Room nog wat te beleven viel’ (p.95). This brings across exactly the message that the sentence has in the source text, but I believe it might be too mildly phrased. By allowing ‘the hell’ to become lost in translation, Holden’s opinions become less outspoken than they are in the source text, he thinks the Lavender Room is also phony and corny, but since he has nothing better to do, he decided to venture there anyway. He continues to express his annoyance by adding ‘the hell’ to his sentence. He becomes less harsh when ‘the hell’ is not a part of the sentence, it softens his spirits. Holden swears for a reason and in modern day teen speech, it is a serious option to insert ‘de fuck’, since this has crossed over from America and has become embedded in teen speech nowadays. This way, the sentence keeps its strength: ‘Wat ik van plan was te gaan doen, ik was van plan naar beneden te gaan en te kijken wat de fuck er allemaal gebeurde in de Lavender Room.’

Holden frequently uses ‘fillers’ in his speech: words or phrases that he uses very, very often. Since fillers are often part of a way of speaking occupied by a certain group of people, it tells you something about the people who use them. These fillers depend hugely on place and time and vary greatly accordingly. ‘And all’ is one of Holden’s favorites, as is ‘though’. In the passages I have selected, ‘and all’ occurs 11 times, and ‘though’ can be found in 12 sentences. My translated passages have been selected on the grounds of the different points of view they contain regarding Holden’s opinions of people, not purely on the basis of certain

linguistic elements. The fact that these fillers occur so often in these small passages, suggests that they are equally plentiful in the rest of the novel. Since there seems to be such an abundance of these fillers, the translator needs to determine how to cope with them. Holden mostly seems to use ‘though’ when he is trying to undermine something he has said earlier on, in other words: to emphasize a contradiction. This can be detected for instance when he is describing his little sister to the psychoanalyst on pages 66-68 of the novel: ‘But you ought to see old Phoebe. She has this sort of red hair, a little bit like Allie’s was, that’s very short in the summertime. In the summertime, she sticks it behind her ears. She has nice, pretty little ears. In the wintertime, it’s pretty long, though. Sometimes my mother braids it and sometimes she doesn’t. It’s really nice, though’ (p.67, my emphases). Holden tells the psychoanalyst something and then immediately seems to want to rectify his statement to make it more accurate. His need to rectify certain claims or to at least make them more accurate is also noticeable in the following sentences: ‘I started giving the three witches at the next table the eye again. That is, the blonde one. The other two were strictly from hunger. I didn’t do it crudely, though’ (p.70, my emphasis). It appears that he realizes how harsh his statement sounds, referring to the girls as ‘witches’ and giving off the impression he feels he is above them, and tries to rectify this statement by adding ‘I didn’t do it crudely, though’. Holden seems to want to offer some sort of apology to show that he is not as rude and mean as he comes across. If the translator were to leave ‘though’ out of the equation, this rectification would be lost in translation. The translated sentence would become something along the lines of ‘ik deed het niet bot’. This, however, despite bringing the message across, does not display any form of an attempt at an apology because of the lack of an indicator of his contradiction of his earlier statement. The second translation option – trying to keep ‘though’ at the end of the sentence in order to try and hold on as much as possible to the source sentence’s order – would make for a credible sentence, since it would most likely run along the lines of: ‘Ik deed het niet bot, hoor’. This immediately gives the reader the impression that Holden is trying to make up for his earlier ‘witches’ statement. However, ‘though’ carries more weight than this sentence reflects. ‘Though’ indicates not only Holden’s immediate attempt to distance himself from his previous statement, but also his attempt at a rectification of said statement. Then there is a third option, namely to put emphasis solely on the fact that Holden distances himself from his previous statement by translating this sentence by: ‘Maar ik deed het niet bot’, as Johan Hos has done. This translation brings the message across, but only focuses on the contradiction between the two sentences and does not imply a sort of apology. Because of

this, I think another option needs to be explored; an option that draws focus to both elements of the sentence. First, he rudely speaks of these women, realizes what he has said, and wants to take it back because it seems he does not like this side of own personality and does not want other people to see this either. ‘Maar ik deed het niet bot, hoor’ carries both his attempt at distancing himself and the attempted apology: ‘Maar’ indicates a direct contrast between this sentence and the one before it and ‘, hoor’ transfers the hidden apology or rectification.

In most cases, however, ‘maar’ will be a fully sufficient translation of Holden’s ‘though’, because it shows the immediate contrast between his current statement and his previous one, as is the case in the following passage where Holden is speaking of taking his little sister to the movies: ‘If you take her to see a pretty good movie, she knows it’s a pretty good movie. D.B. and I took her to see this French movie, *The Baker’s Wife*, with Raimu in it. It killed her. Her favorite is *The 39 Steps*, though, with Robert Donat’ (p. 67, my emphasis). Here, adding ‘hoor’ as well as ‘maar’, for instance, (‘Maar haar lievelingsfilm is *The 39 Steps*, met Robert Donat, hoor’) would lead to an over-explicative translation, because Holden is not trying to apologize, he simply realizes that his observations can be described slightly more accurately and need to be slightly more specific. Choosing to leave ‘though’ out of the translation however, would have consequences in the form of losing the contrast between the first statement and the more specific explanation of that statement. He explains that he and his sister have seen a particular movie together, but then specifies his statement by explaining that her favorite movie is another movie than the one he mentioned earlier. Therefore, leaving ‘though’ out of the equation and for instance simply translating ‘Haar lievelingsfilm is *The 39 Steps*, met Robert Donat’ would turn his specification into a mere statement instead of connecting it to the rest of what he is saying. Since in this instance ‘maar’ carries the same weight in Dutch as ‘though’ does in English, namely to display a contradiction between two statements, the following translation suffices: ‘Maar haar lievelingsfilm is *The 39 Steps*, met Robert Donat’. Johan Hos and I seem to share this opinion, since he has chosen the same option.

Holden often adds ‘and all’ to the end of his sentences. This way of generalizing his observations and opinions seems to also be a vital part of his adolescent personality. As Donatello mentions:

‘Holden’s ‘and all’ and its twins, ‘or something’, ‘or anything’, serve no real, consistent linguistic function. They simply give a sense of looseness of expression and

looseness of thought. Often they signify that Holden knows there is more that could be said about the issue at hand, but he is not going to bother going into it:

... how my parents were occupied and all before they had me (5.)

... they're *nice* and all (5.) '(p.173-4).

Since 'and all', as opposed to 'though', does not seem to fulfill a certain purpose, it is easily translated by 'en zo', since this gives off a similar vibe of being willing to engage on a deeper level. If these 'and all's were to be left out, Holden would lose his boyish nonchalance. This loss would make him a less rebellious and struggling teenager, since not wanting to share details of a given situation is another form of Holden to alienate himself from the people around him. Chen has also noticed this tendency in the novel's protagonist: 'As the novel progresses, we begin to perceive that Holden's alienation is his way of protecting himself. ..., he uses his isolation as proof that he is better than everyone else around him and therefore above interacting with them. The truth is that interactions with other people usually confuse and overwhelm him, and his cynical sense of superiority serves as a type of self-protection' (p.145). This only strengthens the notion that 'and all' and other utterings of this kind of detachment Holden is trying to achieve, need to be kept in place in order to keep Holden in his role of struggling, rebellious teenager. Johan Hos and I seem agree on this, since we have both incorporated 'en zo' in our translations where it said 'and all' in the source text wherever we deemed possible.

'I'm serious', 'It really did', 'I really mean it'. All of these are related fillers that Holden uses in his speech. He seems to want to emphasize that he is not to be taken lightly, that he would not lie like the fake adults he sees himself surrounded by. In his article, Costello quotes some other opinions on this matter when he addresses these affixes:

'Heiserman and Miller, in the *Western Humanities Review*, comment specifically upon Holden's second most obvious idiosyncrasy: 'In a phony world Holden feels compelled to reenforce his sincerity and truthfulness constantly with, "It really is" or "It really did."' S.N. Behrman, in the *New Yorker*, finds a double function in these 'perpetual insistencies of Holden's.' Behrman thinks they 'reveal his age, even when he is thinking much older,' and, more important, 'he is so aware of the danger of slipping into phoniness himself that he has to repeat over and over "I really mean it,"

“It really does.” Holden uses this idiosyncrasy of insistence almost every time that he makes an affirmation’ (p.174).

These expressions of affirmation are apparently an important part of Holden’s adolescent mind and another uttering of his way of rebelling against the phony society he despises so much. Thus, if a translator were to choose to eliminate these affixes from his translation, Holden would become more of a flat character, since his rebellion would have one less way of surfacing. Both Johan Hos and I have decided to keep these insistences in tact in our translations. We have, however, on occasion done this in a different manner. In the passages I selected, Holden utters affirmations of this kind 6 times. Let us take a look at the first two occurrences of this kind of affirmation: on page 68, he proclaims: ‘Old Phoebe, I swear to God you’d like her’ (p.68). In this case, it is important to Holden that the extent to which his sister is amazing be fully understood by the psychoanalyst. Hos has chosen to translate this by: ‘Ongelogen, je zou haar heel leuk vinden’ (p.97). This is a rather neutral translation and it gets across what needs to be obvious to the reader; the fact that Holden emphasizes his own credibility. I do believe, however, that a teenage boy would not be quick to utter the phrase ‘ongelogen’. So while this translation honors Holden’s psychological need to separate himself from the fake adults, it somewhat disregards his age. To bring across Holden’s emphasis while at the same time having him speak in teenage language, I have translated this by: ‘... , ik zweer je dat je haar zou mogen’, because ‘ik zweer (het) je’ seems to be making a comeback in teenage colloquial language.

On page 69, Holden tells his listener: ‘In New York, boy, money really talks – I’m not kidding’ (p.69). Hos has translated this occurrence of ‘I’m not kidding’ with ‘ongelogen’ as well. I do however, wonder – as I mentioned above – if this conveys Holden’s teenage colloquialism. Because I wanted to, once again, give Holden credibility as a modern day teenager as well as emphasizing his ‘seriousness’ I have chosen as my translation of ‘I’m not kidding’ ‘serieus’. This is a phrase uttered by many a teenager in a similar situation and I felt it honored both Holden’s need to draw attention to the truthfulness of his claim and his age.

The last filler I would like to address is ‘old’. ‘Old’ is one of Holden’s favorite words. He attaches it to anybody he considers familiar: Phoebe, his teacher, his brother, etc. Johan Hos and I have treated this constant recurrence of ‘old’ vastly different. Hos has chosen not to translate these occurrences at all, and I can only assume he did so because it is virtually impossible to come up with a Dutch equivalent for it. I have struggled with this intensely as

well. I did want to translate this word, because it is such a distinct feature of Holden's use of language. When left out, this means Holden has one less 'filler' in his, to his own admission already reasonably limited, vocabulary. Since the fillers in the novel are vital to the style, leaving 'old' out of the equation means compromising on the novel's style.

### 3.1.3.2 Grammar

In his essay on the subject, 'The Language of *The Catcher in the Rye*', Donald P. Costello also discusses the colloquialisms and grammar issues I have encountered. Costello attributes these to the character Salinger was trying to portray through Holden: 'Holden is a typical enough teenager to violate grammar rules, even though he knows of their social importance.' (p.180) From this, we can deduct that Costello believes the ungrammaticalities in the novel to contribute to the protagonist's personality. If we were to take this into account, the translator needs to be very careful about his solutions to these grammatical translation problems, because choosing to translate these ungrammaticalities grammatically has an impact on Holden's personality.

Because the use of language in the novel mimics speech, the grammatical structures in the novel are not always what one might expect. Johan Hos and I seem to differ in opinion on how to handle this unusual grammatical structure, and I will have a look at how the choices Hos and I have made help to shape Holden, as well as what other options might have meant for Holden's persona.

The most general example of difference in opinion between Mr. Hos and myself on how to deal with the style of this novel, can be found in our different treatment of the English ' , and'. In English, allowing a comma to be followed by 'and' is fully grammatical and not at all unusual; it provides a connection between two sentences. In Dutch however, placing a comma before 'en' is not grammatical and is referred to as an English comma. Hos has decided to maintain this English comma's in his translation where I have chosen to eliminate them. His choice to maintain these commas in their original place might have had something to do with maintaining the novel's style. Perhaps Johan Hos wanted to give the reader the impression they were reading a spoken novel: every speaker needs to occasionally pause what he is saying in order to take a breath. This causes a small hold up in the sentence and I think that perhaps by leaving these comma's in place, Hos was trying to mimic this short pause. An

example of this can be found on several occasions, for instance in Hos' translation of 'I watched her once from the window when she was crossing over Fifth Avenue to go to the park, and that's what she is, roller-skate skinny.' (p.67). The translation reads as follows: 'Ik heb een keer uit het raam naar haar staan kijken toen ze onderweg naar het park Fifth Avenue overstak, en dat is ze: rolschaatsmager.' This ', en' is not necessary because the 'en' itself combines the two sentences. The comma might have been kept in place to assure a small 'breathing space' between the two sentences to add to the feeling of listening to spoken word.

I on the other hand have chosen not to maintain these commas, except when they serve a function in Dutch. My reasoning behind this was that simply because the novel is written as a monologue does not mean that the comma needs to be there. In English placing a comma before 'and' is a grammatical use of this device. Since the English source text is not ungrammatical in this respect, I believe it does not need to be ungrammatical in Dutch. Furthermore, even though the novel is written in the form of a monologue, this does not mean the writing is odd. For instance, the structure of the sentences is sometimes off, but the novel is only truly written as if it were a live conversation when Holden is giving account of a conversation, with expressions such as 'Wudga say?' (p.71), a truthful rendering of the pronunciation of this fragment. In other cases, it seems to be a report of spoken monologue, but it is more subtle. As Donatello mentions in his essay: 'There are other indications that Holden's speech is vocal. In many places Salinger mildly imitates spoken speech. Sentences such as 'You could tell old Spencer'd got a bang out of buying it' (10) and 'I'd've killed him' (42) are repeated throughout the book. Yet it is impossible to imagine Holden taking pen in hand and actually writing 'Spencer'd' or 'I'd've'.' (p.180) As a result, I think it is unnecessary to maintain the English comma.

However, when a statement needs to be separated from the main sentence in order to provide a little more information, as one would do in face to face conversation as well, I believe an ', en'-construction to be allowed, if not necessary, because even though it might look like an English comma at first sight, in fact it is not. For instance, when Holden is talking about flirting slightly with the three girls at the table next to his, he says: 'She was sort of cute, she blonde one, and I started giving her the old eye a little bit, but just then the waiter came up for my order.' (p.69) In this case, I left ', en' in place, because Holden provides his listener with some additional information aside from what he is actually trying to say. Therefore, I have translated this as follows: 'Ze was nog best wel leuk, de blonde, en ik begon

een beetje flirterig naar haar te kijken, maar precies op dat moment kwam de ober om mijn bestelling op te nemen.’ This is just one of a number of occasions on which I felt it to be alright, if not necessary to maintain the ‘, en’-construction of the sentence, since in these cases it is not an official English comma. Another example can be found in the translation of ‘I’m very fond of dancing, sometimes, and that was one of the times’ (p.70). Here, the ‘and’ follows an occasion of added information and as such, is simply the continuing of the sentence. My translation, as such, resulted in the following sentence: ‘Ik hou heel erg van dansen, soms, en dit was één van die keren’.

In the passage found on page 16 in the novel, Holden utters the sentence ‘Where I lived at Pencey, I lived in the Ossenburger Memorial Wing of the new dorms’ (p.16). This is not a grammatically correct sentence, since the first part of the sentence is never truly finished before the second part of the sentence begins. It seems to be written as speech: as if the therapist Holden is addressing asked him a quick question to help guide the conversation and Holden incorporates this question into his story. This kind of phrasing is used three times in the passages I selected and it contributes to the feeling of listening to Holden talk. It occurs once again 5 sentences after the previous quotation: ‘What he did, he started these undertaking parlors all over the country that you could get members of your family buried for about five bucks apiece’ (p.16) and again in the passage found on page 164 of the novel, where Holden is visiting his sister and he notices a piece of adhesive tape on her arm: ‘The reason I noticed it, her pajama’s didn’t have any sleeves’ (p.164). If the translator were to eliminate these oddly structured sentences, they diminish the effect of reading written speech, because the sentence immediately becomes more grammatical. However, the translator can choose to add a word that indicates spoken language in order to try and maintain the effect slightly, as Johan Hos decided to do in his translation of the first instance of the occurrence of this device: ‘Ik woonde op Pencey dus in de Ossenburger Memorial-vleugel van de nieuwe woongebouwen’ (p.27). Hos has inserted ‘dus’ to keep the sentence flowing as normal speech might. However, here too the sentence becomes more grammatical than it was in the source text, and as a result, the recurrence of this phrasing is lost. But since it occurs three times in my selected fragments alone, it appears to have been a well thought out choice to phrase the sentence in such a way. In order to keep the effect of this sentence, I have attempted to translate it as literally as possible by: ‘Waar ik woonde op Pencey, ik woonde in de *Ossenburger Memorial*-vleugel van de nieuwe gebouwen’, because otherwise some of the elements of Holden’s way of speaking disappear.



The last sentence of the passage on page 16 ‘Very big deal’ (p.16) is also an ungrammatical expression because it is not a full sentence, but rather a fragment. This is an uttering of a kind of contempt towards the man showing off and yet trying to be a ‘regular guy’ and as a result, I have tried to maintain this fragment posing as a sentence as well, by translating it by: ‘Heel erg belangrijk’. Hos however, seems to disagree with me on what this fragment refers to. Hos has chosen as his translation: ‘O, wat interessant’. This indicates that Holden is referring to his disdain of the visitor and what he has to say, while my translation ‘Heel erg belangrijk’ implies that it is apparently very important to Ossenburger to be considered a regular Joe, and Holden acknowledges this, while at the same time displaying his hatred of Ossenburger’s phony attitude. Our two translations display two different readings of the novel: Hos draws focus to Holden’s tendency to distance himself from things he finds uninteresting by sarcastically referring to this as ‘interessant’ when he clearly does not find it interesting at all, while my translation draws more attention to the side of Holden that despises the phony adult Ossenburger serves as an example for.

### 3.1.3.3 Other

Salinger places emphasis on certain words or parts of words. He italicizes certain elements in order to make the novel felt more as if you were actually listening to someone speak. Or, in Donatello’s words: ‘Sometimes, too, emphasized words, or even parts, are italicized, as in ‘Now *shut up* Holden. God damn it – I’m *warning ya*’ (42). This is often done with good effect, imitating quite perfectly the rhythms of speech,...’(p.180-1). I believe that these emphases need to be maintained. That does, quite logically, allow the translator the freedom to move the emphasis to the location of the sentence where the emphasis would naturally lie in Dutch speech, because otherwise the italicization would miss its entire point: to make the novel read as if you were listening to it. The following sentence and its translation are just one of many instances where Hos has left out the emphasis that Salinger placed on it: ‘I’m not interested. *Annapolis*, for God’s sake. What’s D.B. know about *Annapolis*, for God’s sake?’ I said. (p.164) Hos has left out the italicization of the syllable ‘na’ in Annapolis and as a result, the sentence becomes a little more flat: ‘Dat kan me niets schelen. Annapolis. Jezus Christus. Wat weet D.B. nou van Annapolis?’ (p.223) This translation disregards the effect that the italics serve, namely to give the reader the impression that they are actually listening to Holden. This sense of being Holden’s live audience is a vital part of the novel’s

style and choosing to leave the italics out of the translation diminishes this important stylistic element. The emphasis is there for a reason, and should therefore be maintained in a translation. It gives the sentence a little more life and in order to try and recreate the same imitation of spoken language, I translated the sentence as follows: “Annapolis interesseert me niks, verdomme. Wat weet D.B. nou van Annapolis, verdomme?” I have put emphasis on the elements in the sentence on which the emphasis would lay if these sentences were uttered verbally. In this case, the emphasis happens to lie on the same syllable as in the English sentence, but in other occasions the exact place of the emphasis might differ. Such an example can be found in the translation of: “Can’tcha stick a little rum in it or something?” I asked him very nicely and all. “I can’t sit in a corny place like this cold *sober*. Can’tcha stick a little rum in it or something?” (pp. 69-70) Holden is trying to emphasize to the waiter that the Lavender Room is such a corny place that he must have liquor in order to be able to stand it. He therefore emphasizes that he cannot sit there cold *sober*. The option of leaving the emphasis out of the equation, as Johan Hos has chosen to do, leads to the following translation: “Kan je er niet een beetje rum in doen of zo?” vroeg ik. Heel vriendelijk en zo. ‘Ik kan niet hartstikke nuchter in zo’n lullige tent zitten. Kan je er niet een beetje rum in doen of zo?’ (p. 99) ‘Hartstikke’ does give emphasis to the element of soberness in the sentence, which is of vital importance to Holden’s persona. However, by leaving the italics out, the verbal effect of the italicized portion of the sentence is lost. Even more important than the element of alcohol and Holden’s need to drink to handle the corniness of the situation, is the fact that this is a report of live conversation and it should be experienced by the reader as such. In order to do so, the emphasis in the translation must be maintained. However, simply placing this emphasis on the syllable it would most likely be on in Dutch (‘Ik kan toch niet *broodnuchter* in een tent zitten die zo cliché is als deze?’) would give of a different emphasis than the source text has, because then the emphasis would be slightly drawn away from the element of soberness, which is the most important element of this statement. The translator must therefore be careful to place the emphasis on the syllable a Dutch speaker would place it on in order to keep the emphasis on the same element: ‘Ik kan toch niet *broodnuchter* in een tent zitten die zo cliché is als deze?’

On page 16, when Holden talks about Ossenburger, a former student at Pencey Prep, and says that he wanted to display ‘what a regular guy he was’ Holden means that Ossenburger is trying to show the boys that despite his enormous amount of money, he has not changed at all. Here, Hos and I once again express what we read differently, because

Hos's translation reads: 'wat een goeie vent hij wel niet was'. I chose the translation: 'wat voor doodgewone jongen hij was' because I think that is what Holden is trying to say; I think he wants to emphasize the phoniness he sees in Ossenburger, because he is driving a huge Cadillac and is filthy rich, but still wants everyone else to think he is just a regular Joe. I assume Hos had almost the same opinion, but I think he believed this uttering to emphasize another hypocrisy, namely Ossenburger's assumed backhanded way to make money (by shoving innocent dead people in sacks and dump them in the river) and the way he tries to portray himself as a good guy. Personally, I think Holden wants to display the phony 'look at me being ever so normal despite the fact that I'm living the American dream' more than draw attention to the evil ways of Ossenburger's business. This difference in translation affects Holden's personality: in Hos' translation, it almost seems as if he is, very subtly, standing up for the innocent dead people, making him a little more morally just than he is in the source text, while my translation has him displaying his dislike of the phoniness of the adult world; my focus is on his teenage hate towards adults. These are two different sides to Holden and I personally think, considering the rest of the novel and its emphasis on Holden's rejection of the adult world, that Holden wants to draw focus to how fake he finds Ossenburger.

### 3.2 Narrative Situation

The novel's setting, as was discussed earlier in this chapter, is a time that is no longer familiar to most current readers. Many references in the novel are very culturally bound or dependent on the era in which the novel takes place. Javier Aixela would refer to these references as 'CSI's', or Culture Specific Items. A CSI is an element closely related to a certain culture that poses problems in the translation process (based on Aixela). These CSI's and their translational problems can be found in, for instance, references to movies and actors that are no longer a vital part of today's cinematic experiences, as well as in expressions and words that have long since become obsolete. In this part of the chapter, I will discuss the presence of CSI's in the novel, divided into phenomena and expressions, and have a look at how their presence helps shape the novel.

Generally, my translation strategy for these references has been to maintain cultural phenomena as much as possible to ensure the story is not removed from its context of 1940's America. However, there is never a rule that knows no exceptions. I have naturalized a few

instances of CSI occurrences, in order to make the novel more relatable for the Dutch reader, mostly when the CSI's in question are language related.

To display my strategy, I have divided the CSI's I encountered into two groups: 'culture specific phenomena' and 'culture specific expressions'.

### 3.2.1 CSI's: Culture Specific Phenomena

When Holden takes Phoebe to see the movie *The 39 Steps*, she knows this movie by heart, acting out several scenes as they take place and speaking along with the dialogue. At a certain point she says, right as the main character, played by Robert Donat, utters the same phrase: 'Can you eat the herring?' (p. 67). Both Johan Hos and I have chosen to leave this sentence in English. My thoughts behind this approach were that this movie is in English and it would be very odd if he took his little sister to see an English movie and she uttered a Dutch phrase. Little children pick up sounds and mimic them, so I think it is not at all unbelievable that Phoebe would utter this. Perhaps this can be part of the Dutch reader's 'willing suspension of disbelief', because Holden would know exactly what Donat says and informs the reader of this, while Phoebe perhaps pronounces it differently. If this quote were to be translated, it would unnecessarily stretch the reader's willing suspension of disbelief, since the movie aired in English and it would make it less natural that the novel takes place in New York, since it is very unlikely that an English movie star would express himself in Dutch.

Other examples of CSI's in the translated passages include the mentioning of the paper *Saturday Evening Post*, in the fragment found on page 124, and the Lavender Room in the hotel Holden is staying at when residing in New York away from his parental home. All of these references I have maintained, with one exception, in my translation because they help define the picture of the novel's era. Although many of these cultural phenomena are outdated, some have even been forgotten, they help paint a more vivid picture of the novel's background, a frame of reference. I have however, chosen to take on the French title of the film *The Baker's Wife*, because of this same frame of reference, and Johan Hos has done the same. I think the odds of a Dutch reader to be familiar with the French title *La Femme du Boulanger* is slightly bigger than the chance of them knowing it under its English title, since the movie aired here in French<sup>4</sup>. So even though the movie did not air in its French form in

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<sup>4</sup> [http://nl.wikipedia.org/wiki/Jean\\_Giono](http://nl.wikipedia.org/wiki/Jean_Giono)

America, as a matter of creating a relatable background for the reader, I felt it was justified to give the movie its original French title. If a translator were to keep the English title in his translation, it would make New York as a background a little more vivid, but no reader would be able to relate to the scene. The French title only interferes slightly with the frame of New York, while it does create a more vivid picture of the 40's because the odds of the movie being recognized by the Dutch reader are greater this way.

Another element that is culturally bound, can be found in the building where Holden lives at Pencey Prep, the 'Ossenburger Memorial Wing' (p.16). Since the novel takes place in America, and the protagonist is enrolled in a prep school, it is natural for this wing of the school to have an English name. Because of this, I have maintained the name. I have put it in italics to emphasize to the reader that they are indeed dealing with an American situation. Hos has also chosen to leave the wing's name in place, but has not italicized it. This allows the phenomenon to blend into the background a little more, to not be emphasized as being 'foreign', it actually makes it a little more natural. However, by putting it in italics, I draw a little more attention to the name, which I think contributes to the importance of the name short-term; the wing is named after this old student, Ossenburger, and this man comes to the school to celebrate his success. It also helps to actively remind the reader that the novel takes place in America, without inferring with the rest of the novel.

A CSI that helps the reader place the novel in a decade and a place with which they are not familiar, is the fact that Holden asks one of the girls from Seattle if she is up for a little 'jitterbugging'. To increase the influence of the 40's on the novel, this is another CSI I have maintained, since in the 40's the jitterbug virus also reached the Netherlands and will be easily recognized as part of that particular era. Another option would be to neutralize this element, by simply referring to it as 'dancing fast' or something of the sort. This would, however, completely remove the scenario from its context as 'dancing fast' is such a neutral expression that it can be ascribed to all ages and does not specifically belong to the 40's, thus taking the novel out of its time capsule and ignoring a vital part of the novel.

### 3.2.2 CSI's: Culture Specific Expressions

Not only can the novel be placed in 1940's America due to the phenomena it refers to, the way in which Holden expresses himself also helps a great deal. Here, I will have a look at these expressions and what their translation means for the novel.

On page 16, for instance, the first exception to my general translation strategy of keeping as many CSI's as possible in place can be detected. When Holden tells the reader what grade he and his roommate are in, he says: 'I was a junior. My roommate was a senior.' (p.16) This is a culture specific phenomenon which in this case expresses itself through a culture specific expression. The educational system in America differs vastly from the one the Dutch occupy and despite the enormous exposure to American culture the Dutch experience through the American dominance of commercial television channels, I have chosen to translate 'junior' and 'senior' in terms of the Dutch educational system, namely by 'derde klas' and 'vierde klas'. I believe that by choosing to use the Dutch terms, I have made Holden more relatable to Dutch readers. Since in this case it is not so much the school system in itself that plays a part in the story, but rather this expression of this school system – Holden and his roommate's position within it – I think any teenager in his position would refer to himself as being 'in de derde', not by 'derdejaars' or by 'junior'. Even an American teenager whose parents decided to move to the Netherlands might start off by referring to himself as a 'junior', but as soon as he has come into contact with Dutch teenagers who have asked him to tell them what grade he is in, he would turn 'I'm a junior' into 'ik zit in de derde'. This does not, in my eyes, interfere with the novel's credibility as an American 40's novel, because in this case it is not important how it is expressed, as long as it becomes clear to the reader how old Holden is.

It is, however, less common in Dutch to add 'ouwe' or 'goeie ouwe' when not referring to an old person, but it most certainly does occur. In Amsterdam, this is a very common way for teenagers to refer to one another or to a third party. Because teen language is constantly changing and shifting from one place to another, I assume any teenager would understand the circumstances in which this 'ouwe' is being uttered. However, it felt odd to add 'ouwe' to my translation, because it is so limited to the city of Amsterdam, that I feared it would miss its goal.

After hours of deliberating, asking peers how they would refer to people in a similar manner and many, many wasted pieces of scrap paper, I finally settled on 'goeie' for most of

‘old’s appearances, except when the person being referred to is in fact old. It is slightly outdated to refer to someone as ‘goeie’, but considering the amount of times ‘old’ appears in the novel, I felt it was better to translate slightly off than to leave it out all together. ‘Goeie’ also carries the same level of acquaintance that ‘old’ carries, is it a term of endearment of sorts and I believe that when Holden is referring to Phoebe, it is important to maintain that level of affection that he lacks when speaking of other women in order to display, as Salinger did, the many different sides to his personality.

In cases where ‘old’ really does refer to an older individual however, I have chosen to translate ‘goeie ouwe’, because this is a term of endearment that is not uncommon when referring to an older person, as opposed to referring to 10-year old Phoebe as ‘ouwe’. When Holden mentions ‘old Donat’, I have translated this by ‘goeie ouwe Donat’, because this way, I got to maintain the occurrence of ‘old’ while still managing to make it a true term of endearment: Holden is fondly remembering the times he took Phoebe to see a certain movie and therefore, he thinks of the actor in the movie as an old acquaintance.

### 3.3 Conclusion

An analysis of the novel’s style and narrative situation shows that both these issues are cause for translational difficulties.

The novel’s style can be divided into mind style, time difference and spoken language. Holden’s mind style is of vital importance to the perception of the novel, because the reader experiences the world through Holden’s eyes. He presents his views as ‘true’ and is not willing to put his observations into perspective. His tone becomes more harsh when he displays his dislike of a certain situation or person and he portrays women as somehow ‘lesser’ beings. When he mentions his little sister however, his tone softens and the way in which he expresses himself differs greatly from when he refers to the phony adult world. For the translator, these are some key points to take into account because when for instance Holden’s different tones that accompany different subjects are minimized or evened out, this changes his personality and his point of view.

When time difference comes into play, this means incorporating an era that has long been over into a translation for a current day reader. His clothes are no longer familiar to us, his language has become stuffy, but his struggles remain relatable. The 40’s were an era of

‘nothingness’, which added to Holden’s adolescent feelings of being lost and not fitting in. However, morals changed and so did language and so Holden’s era and his language lost their appeal. This confronts the translator with a choice between several different strategies. The first is a full modernization of the novel, which would lead to a loss in authenticity as a time capsule and true representation of life in the 40’s. The second would be a full historization of the novel, which would mean alienating some of the younger reading crowd who can not relate to Holden and the time he lives in because it has become outdated to them and alienating an adult reader because they too have become familiar with new developments. The third and final option is a combination of the two in which the novel is left in its original 1940’s setting in America, while at the same time updating Holden’s use of language in order to turn him into a more realistic teenager for readers in 2010. In order to do this, the translator could for instance maintain cultural phenomena such as movies and such, while updating certain swearwords and expressions. The latter has been the strategy of my choice.

Then the translator finds himself confronted with the issue of how to handle the novel’s written speech. Since we seem to be presented with a truthful account of what Holden is telling his psychoanalyst, this needs to be carried into the Dutch translation in order to keep Holden’s personality in check. By maintaining, or at least finding equivalents for, Holden’s ungrammatical sentence structures, the translator keeps the teenager in Holden alive – who is rebelling against set grammar rules – while also honoring the novel’s written speech. The same goes for, for instance, the emphasis that is placed on certain words or syllables. This adds to the feeling or actually listening to Holden speak and this also honors the novel’s mimicking of spoken language.

All of these changes, however, need to focus on the same goal: to allow *The Catcher in the Rye* to remain in its own era and at the same time allowing Holden to maintain the personality and frustrations Salinger provided him with.



#### 4. Conclusion

In conclusion, the findings of this thesis can be summarized as follows: since in literary translation, every aspect of the novel plays a vital part in its content and perception, all of these aspects need to be honored in a translation. In the case of *The Catcher in the Rye*, that means that on the most basic level, the novel's style, Holden's mind style, the underlying theme to the novel and the ways in which these different elements play a role in the novel need to be honored.

The novel's style is made up of short, concise sentences that do not contain a complex vocabulary. This has to do with Holden's mind style: J.D. Salinger wrote the novel, but he has created Holden as the narrator and we as readers get to experience the world through his eyes. Holden's mental state, a state of rebellion against 1940's society's established values and the phoniness he detects in these values, is portrayed in the way he uses his language to emphasize how he feels about the fake adult world he sees around him: the more he seems to despise something, the more his tone seems to grow harsher. However, this tone immediately softens when he is talking about something, or someone, he loves. When Holden mentions his deceased brother Allie or his ten year-old sister Phoebe, he expresses affection in his own way, by leaving out the harshness and emphasizing how amazing these children are or were. He is a typical teenager in that he chooses to use swearwords to emphasize things he dislikes and in that his sentences often do not comply with standard grammar rules. Since these elements make up a big part of Holden's personality, this means that the translator needs to maintain Holden's rebellious tone by trying to find Dutch equivalents for Holden's use of language, and his ungrammatical sentence structures.

The translator finds himself confronted with the issue of how to handle the novel's written speech. Since we seem to be presented with a truthful account of what Holden is telling his psychoanalyst, this is of vital importance to the novel's style and Holden's mind style. Maintaining, or at least finding equivalents for, Holden's ungrammatical sentence structures and, for instance, the emphasis that is placed on certain words or syllables, adds to the truthful representation of spoken word and Holden's mind set as a rebelling teenager who is dealing with many mental demons.

The novel's narrative situation is where CSI's come into play. With regard to CSI's, there are a few options of how to deal with them. The first option is to leave them all in place – which would have an alienating effect on the translation – the second is to naturalize them

all to accommodate the target audience and the third is the option of translating only those CSI's that the translator considers to interfere with the novel's impact. Both Johan Hos and I have chosen the latter strategy by leaving the novel in its 40's timeframe while updating Holden's language.

The time difference between the novel and the present time poses the problem of how to incorporate a long lost era into a translation. While the difficulties Holden faces remain relatable, the era is no longer familiar. As time progressed, this meant the world was moving away from the circumstances in which *The Catcher in the Rye* takes place. This poses three optional strategies for the translator: The first of which is a full modernization of the novel, causing the novel to lose its authenticity as well as its encapsulated 40's society. The second translation strategy would be a full historization of the novel. This would, however, lead to an alienation of younger readers, since they would no longer be able to fully relate to Holden, as they cannot fully grasp the novel's era, as well as an alienation of the older reading crowd who have grown accustomed to the changes society has undergone. The third and final option is a combination of the two aforementioned strategies. In this case, the novel is left in its original 1940's setting in America, but Holden's use of language is adapted to fit modern day teenage colloquialism in order to turn him into a more realistic teenager for readers in 2010. In order to do this, the translator could for instance maintain cultural phenomena such as movies and such, while updating certain swearwords and expressions. The latter has been the strategy of my choice. Johan Hos seems to have chosen the same strategy in his translation, which was published in 1989. Although our strategy is comparable, the exact way in which we chose to apply this strategy differs.

This brings me back to my thesis question: in light of Holden's persona, what are the options for a translation of *The Catcher in the Rye*? My answer is that generally speaking, there are three options for the translation of this novel: historization, modernization and a combination of the two. Of these three options I chose the latter and with this choice I allowed *The Catcher in the Rye* to remain in its own place and era, at the same time allowing Holden to maintain the personality and frustrations Salinger provided him with.

## 5. Choice of Translation Passages

This chapter contains an explanation of why I selected the passages I did from the source text. Johan Hos' translations of the same passages and the source passages themselves can be found in the annexes at the end of this thesis.

I have selected four passages on the grounds of their content: I chose as many different sides to Holden as I could, to see how a translation should reflect these sides.

The first fragment displays a side of Holden that despises all that is fake: Pencey prep, Ossenburger coming by to show off his riches, but at the same time wanting to seem like a loveable, normal guy. I chose this fragment to see how his attitude towards phoniness affects the translation choices I had to make. As it turned out, this fragment called for more swearwords and harshness than for instance the next fragment, because Holden has a strong aversion towards these fake elements of society.

The second fragment I chose, was chosen on the grounds of the enormous differences in tone between this and the previous fragment. When Holden speaks of his little sister, he lovingly remembers small things, like her walking with him and his brother looking like a little lady. However, when he speaks of his deceased brother, his tone hardens. This has to be reflected in the translation. Then, when he enters the corny Lavender Room and detects some not too attractive women, his tone changes again. When he speaks of these girls, it sounds very condescending. His tone becomes more distant and he actually feels too good for their company; he only bothers with them because he really wants to dance. In this fragment Holden's tone goes from one extreme to another.

The third fragment I translated, I chose because here too Holden has a harsh tone and refers to Sally, the girls he is supposed to meet, as if there is almost nothing more to her than her appearance. As if she represents everything that is wrong with society. Sanford Pinsker, in his essay entitled 'Go West, My Son', has the following opinion on this subject:

'Sally represents the fashionable Manhattan of Broadway, Rockefeller Center, and upscale apartments, everything Holden is rebelling against and confused about.

Salinger provides plenty of testimony to her conventional, phony values – for instance, when they meet for a date, in chapter 17, she immediately gushes, "It's marvelous to see you! It's been *ages*." Holden comments that she has "one of those very loud, embarrassing voices when you met her somewhere. She got away with it because she

was so damn good-looking, but she always gave me a pain in the ass.” This scene demonstrates nicely Holden’s unpredictable behavior, because he can describe her as looking so good “I felt like I was in love with her and wanted to marry her” the line after he states “I didn’t even like her much” (124).’ (p.38)

Because Sally stands for everything Holden despises, and because he becomes a contradiction in himself when he meets up with her, by saying, for instance, that he felt as if he loves her, but yet does not even like her, I felt this was a fragment that deserved attention, if only to draw attention to this odd way in which Holden speaks of a girl he seems to have a crush on to a certain extent.

The fourth and final fragment was selected on the basis of the actual presence of his little sister Phoebe. She discovers that he has been kicked out of school yet again and he tries to protect her feelings. He is very caring, wondering what happened to her arm, wanting to advise her on Curtis Weintraub who probably has a little crush on her: this fragment represents the nurturing, big brother-side to Holden’s personality. He used a few swearwords, but only in the context of what he considers to be ultimate phoniness: when he speaks of his brother D.B. who is ‘prostituting’ himself and his writing skills in Hollywood. Otherwise, his choice of words is rather soft in this fragment, he is sincerely glad to be by his sister’s side and this has to be reflected in the translation.

## 6. My Translation

### p.16

Ik ben echt de allerergste<sup>5</sup> leugenaar die je ooit hebt gezien. Het is vreselijk. Zelfs als ik op weg ben naar de winkel om een tijdschrift te kopen en iemand me vraagt waar ik heen ga, ben ik in staat te zeggen dat ik naar de opera ga. Het is vreselijk. Dus toen ik die ouwe<sup>6</sup> Spencer vertelde dat ik naar de gymzaal<sup>7</sup> ging om mijn spullen te halen en zo, was dat een regelrechte leugen. Mijn spullen liggen verdomme niet eens in de gymzaal<sup>8</sup>. Waar ik woonde op Pencey, ik woonde in de *Ossenburger Memorial*-vleugel van de nieuwe gebouwen. Die was alleen voor mensen uit de derde en de vierde. Ik zat in de derde<sup>9</sup>. Mijn kamergenoot zat in de vierde. De vleugel was vernoemd naar ene Ossenburger die op Pencey had gezeten. Hij had een sloot geld verdiend in de begrafenisondernemersbusiness nadat hij van Pencey af was. Wat hij had gedaan, hij was allemaal uitvaartcentra begonnen door het hele land waar je je familieleden kon laten begraven voor ongeveer vijf dollar per stuk<sup>10</sup>. Je zou die ouwe Ossenburger moeten zien<sup>11</sup>. Hij propt<sup>12</sup> ze waarschijnlijk gewoon in zakken en pleurt ze in de rivier. Hoe dan ook,

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<sup>5</sup> Johan Hos chose to translate this by 'ontzettendste'. I chose 'allerergste' because I believe a Dutch teenager in this day and age would never utter the word 'ontzettendste'.

<sup>6</sup> See 3.1.3.1, page 29.

<sup>7</sup> Hos and I differ in opinion over the translation of this word. He has chosen to use 'sportzaal', where I believe 'gymzaal' is more appropriate. The thing is, schools in the Netherlands always refer to this particular classroom as 'gymzaal' and as a result every teenager (and parent alike) knows what is being referred to. A 'sportzaal' implies a room with weights, a treadmill or similar equipment. To make the situation more recognizable for a Dutch reader, I have chosen to translate 'gym' by 'gymzaal'.

<sup>8</sup> In this instance, I have tried to be as source text compliant as possible, while still maintaining believable Dutch. Hos has chosen a more liberal approach in his translation of this particular sentence by translating it by: 'Ik heb die stomme troep daar niet eens liggen.' I believe that when an almost literal translation causes no serious problems in Dutch, such as Dungleish or odd grammatical structure, it is unnecessary to be liberal in one's translation. As a result, I have translated this sentence as close to the source text as possible.

<sup>9</sup> See 3.2.2, page 38

<sup>10</sup> I have chosen to translate 'apiece' by 'per stuk', because this emphasizes the crude manner in which Holden refers to the deceased people of which he speaks. This is also a very important part of his personality. As Miller points out in his essay: '...I propose to read *Catcher in the Rye* as the chronicle of a four-year period in the life of an adolescent whose rebelliousness is his only means of dealing with his inability to come to terms with his brother's death' (p.87).

<sup>11</sup> Johan Hos and I have different opinions on what is meant by this sentence. I think Holden is just saying that by looking at Ossenburger, you could tell he probably made his money in a dishonest way, which is why I decided to chose 'je zou die ouwe Ossenburger moeten zien.' It's almost literally what it says in the source text and I think it implies the same in Dutch as it does in English. Hos however, thinks Ossenburger's visit to the school is an annual happening and as a result his translation implies that Holden knows Ossenburger a little. Seen in this light, 'moest je net die ouwe Ossenburger hebben' is a good option. However, I have not discovered in the novel that Ossenburger pays a yearly visit to Pencey.

<sup>12</sup> I have translated 'shoves' with 'propt' because this is once again a very unsubtle way for Holden to express a thought regarding a deceased person. Hos has chosen to translate this by 'stopt', but I decided not to because it decreases the level of 'heartlessness' in Holden's uttering.

hij heeft Pencey een enorme smak geld gegeven en toen<sup>13</sup> hebben ze een vleugel naar hem vernoemd<sup>14</sup>. Bij de eerste footballwedstrijd van het jaar kwam hij naar de school in zo'n enorme godvergeten Cadillac en we moesten allemaal opstaan op de tribunes en een *locomotive*<sup>15</sup> voor hem doen – dat is een manier van juichen. Toen, de volgende ochtend, in de kapel, gaf hij een speech die ongeveer tien uur duurde. Hij begon met zo'n beetje vijftig flauwe grappen, gewoon om ons te laten zien wat voor doodgewone jongen<sup>16</sup> hij was. Heel erg belangrijk.

## p.66

Het was nog best wel vroeg. Ik weet niet precies hoe laat het was, maar het was nog niet zo laat. Als ik ergens een hekel aan heb, is het wel aan naar bed gaan als ik nog niet moe ben. Dus<sup>17</sup> deed ik mijn koffers open en haalde er een schoon overhemd uit en toen ging ik naar de badkamer en waste me en trok een schoon overhemd aan<sup>18</sup>. Wat ik van plan was te gaan doen, ik was van plan naar beneden te gaan en te kijken wat de fuck er allemaal gebeurde in de Lavender Room. Er was zo'n nachtclub, de Lavender Room, in het hotel<sup>19</sup>.

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<sup>13</sup> In this one instant, I decided to add 'toen'. In the English source text, the causality of the whole situation is very evident. In Dutch however, it seems a bit more random when there is no specific word to show this causality. To add to that, I tried saying this out loud and it sounded like 'written speech'. Salinger's entire novel can be read out loud without sounding like it was not really uttered by someone, it is completely fluent and I wanted to maintain that rhythm of spoken words in my translation. In order to make it more believable, I chose to add 'toen'.

<sup>14</sup> In this instance, Johan Hos and I once again differ in translation strategy. For some reason, Hos has decided to turn this active sentence (in which Ossenburger actively gave Pencey money) into a passive one. He turns it into: 'Pencey had een stoot geld van hem gekregen'. I on the other hand, chose to make this sentence active in Dutch, as it was in English. Firstly because it is active in English as well, and translating it actively into Dutch does not cause any serious problems, and secondly because Ossenburger does something (actively) and as a result, Pencey does something in return (also actively) by naming a wing after him. I wanted to maintain this construction where an action causes a reaction by keeping both sentences active. In Hos's translation, Pencey gets something (passively) and then does something in return (actively).

<sup>15</sup> Because there is no Dutch substitute for this phenomenon, I have chosen to leave this in place and emphasize the foreign quality of the element by putting it in italics. This way, the reader will be aware that they are dealing with the actual name of this cheer.

<sup>16</sup> See 3.1.3.3, page 35

<sup>17</sup> I have chosen to maintain the placement of 'So' ('dus') because in English it is slightly unusual, it goes against the rules of good penmanship, to begin a sentence with 'so' and as a result, I think the Dutch translation should be unusual, and perhaps even go against the rules of 'proper writing', by starting with 'dus' as well.

<sup>18</sup> The structure of this sentence seems slightly odd with the 'en...en...en' construction, but the source text has a similar structure containing 'and...and...and' which also appears slightly unusual and so, I tried to maintain this structure.

<sup>19</sup> This sentence is oddly structured in the source text ('They had this nightclub, the Lavender Room, in the hotel.' (p.66)) and so I decided to try and maintain the odd structure, in order to create the same let-me-provide-you-with-some-additional-information-quickly-sense.

Terwijl ik een ander overhemd aan het aantrekken was, heb ik toch godverdomme bijna mijn kleine zusje Phoebe gebeld. Ik had echt zin om met haar te praten aan de telefoon. Iemand met verstand, en zo. Maar ik kon het risico niet nemen haar te bellen, omdat ze nog maar een klein meisje was en ze zou niet meer op zijn geweest, laat staan ergens in de buurt van de telefoon<sup>20</sup>. Ik dacht erover om misschien op te hangen als mijn ouders opnamen, maar dat zou ook niet gewerkt hebben. Ze zouden weten dat ik het was. Mijn moeder weet altijd dat ik het ben. Ze is helderziend<sup>21</sup>. Maar ik zou het zeker niet erg gevonden hebben om even met die goeie Phoebe te ouwehoeren<sup>22</sup>.

Je zou haar moeten zien. Je hebt nog nooit in je hele leven een klein meisje gezien dat zo mooi en slim is. Ze is heel slim. Ik bedoel, ze heeft alleen maar tieners gehaald sinds ze op school zit. Het is zelfs zo dat ik de enige domme ben van het gezin. Mijn broer D.B. is schrijver en zo en mijn broer Allie, die ene die dood is gegaan<sup>23</sup>, waarover ik je verteld heb, was een genie. Ik ben de enige echte domme. Maar je zou die goeie Phoebe moeten zien. Ze heeft van dat rooiige haar<sup>24</sup>, een beetje zoals dat van Allie was, dat in de zomer heel kort is. In de zomer doet ze het achter haar oren. Ze heeft leuke, mooie kleine oortjes. In de winter is het best lang, trouwens<sup>25</sup>. Soms vlecht mijn moeder het en soms niet. Maar het is toch heel leuk. Ze is pas tien. Ze is best dun<sup>26</sup>, net als ik, maar leuk dun. Rolschaats-dun. Ik bekeek haar een keer vanuit het raam toen ze Fifth Avenue overstak om naar het park te gaan en dat is ze, rolschaats-dun. Je zou haar mogen. Ik bedoel, als je Phoebe iets vertelt, weet ze precies waar je het verdomme over hebt. Ik bedoel, je kunt haar echt overal mee naar toe nemen. Als je

<sup>20</sup> This sentence is a good example of my opinion that, whenever possible, the translator should stay as true to the source text as possible. I have maintained the order of the sentence, because it did not create any problems and I have stayed as close to a literal translation on word level as well.

<sup>21</sup> For these sentences, see note 16 as well.

<sup>22</sup> The translation of 'shooting the crap' posed some problems, but eventually I settled on 'ouwehoeren' because nowadays, this is a somewhat nonchalant, yet provocative way to express 'having a general conversation'. The phrase is a little outdated, but in these circumstances I felt it suited Holden perfectly, since he comes from a certain background, but still wants to push people's buttons.

<sup>23</sup> I have translated 'the one who died' with 'die ene die dood is gegaan' because I wanted to maintain the crude way in which Holden speaks of Allie's passing. I felt it seems to be a coping mechanism for him: by putting it in this crude manner, he seems to distance himself from the actual death by pretending it does not affect his feelings and therefore I have not chosen the more subtle 'die ene die is overleden.'

<sup>24</sup> 'She has this sort of red hair' is not easily translated. In Dutch, as in English, it needed to be a description that seems rather nonchalant, and I felt 'rooiig' brought that across, since it is a word usually only uttered in speech.

<sup>25</sup> Officially, 'though' would mean 'daarentegen'. But in speech, 'though' is often used in a slightly more general manner and I felt that in this case, Holden is not posing two opposites, he is simply associating one thing with another: her hair is short in summertime, but long in the winter. I believe that here, 'though' is not so much 'maar' or 'daarentegen' but simply more of a filler.

<sup>26</sup> In translating this occurrence of 'skinny' I have had to choose between 'mager' and 'dun'. I think 'mager' has the nasty connotation that implies she is *too* skinny, whereas 'skinny' seems a little less skinny than 'mager'. 'Dun' however, simply informs the reader that she has a very slender build, and therefore I chose 'dun'.

haar meeneemt naar een slechte film, bijvoorbeeld, weet ze dat het een slechte film is. Als je haar meeneemt naar een behoorlijk goede film, weet ze dat het een behoorlijk goede film is. D.B. en ik hadden haar meegenomen naar zo'n Franse film, *La Femme du Boulanger*<sup>27</sup>, Raimu speelde erin. Ze bleef erin. Maar haar lievelingsfilm is *The 39 Steps*, met Robert Donat. Ze kent de hele godvergeten film uit haar hoofd omdat ik haar er al iets van tien keer mee naar toe heb genomen. Als die goeie ouwe Donat naar zo'n Schotse boerderij toeloopt, bijvoorbeeld, als hij op de vlucht is voor de politie en zo, zegt Phoebe hardop in de bioscoop – precies op het moment dat die Schotse gast in de film het zegt – “Can you eat the herring?”<sup>28</sup> Ze kent alle dialogen uit haar hoofd. En als zo'n professor in de film, die eigenlijk een Duitse spion is, zijn pink opsteekt waarvan een deel van het middelste kootje ontbreekt om aan Robert Donat te laten zien, is die goeie Phoebe hem voor – ze steekt *haar*<sup>29</sup> pink naar me op in het donker, recht voor mijn gezicht. Ze is best leuk. Je zou haar mogen. Het enige probleem is dat ze soms een beetje te aanhankelijk is. Ze is heel emotioneel, voor een kind. Echt waar. Nog iets wat ze doet, is dat ze de hele tijd boeken schrijft. Alleen, ze maakt ze nooit af. Ze gaan allemaal over een kind dat Hazel Weatherfield heet – alleen spelt die goeie Phoebe het “Hazle”. Die goeie Hazle Weatherfield is een detectivemeisje<sup>30</sup>. Ze zou zogenaamd wees zijn, maar haar vader duikt steeds weer op. Haar vader is altijd een “lange, aantrekkelijke heer van ongeveer 20 jaar oud.” Daar blijf ik altijd in. Die goeie Phoebe, ik zweer je dat je haar zou mogen. Ze was al slim toen ze nog een heel erg klein meisje was. Toen ze nog een heel erg klein meisje was, namen ik en Allie<sup>31</sup> haar altijd mee naar het park, vooral op zondag. Allie had een zeilbootje<sup>32</sup> waar hij graag op zondag mee klootte en we namen die goeie Phoebe met ons mee. Dan droeg ze witte handschoentjes en liep precies tussen ons in, net als een dametje

<sup>27</sup> In the source text, Salinger uses the English name for this movie. However, because he states that it is a French film and because here, the movie most likely played under its original French name, I felt it was allowed to change the English title into the French title in my translation.

<sup>28</sup> See 3.2.1, page 36

<sup>29</sup> Salinger often adds emphasis to Holden utterings by italicizing whole words or parts of the words. I wanted to maintain this, since it adds to the experience of reading the novel as a monologue. When emphasis was in order, I have sought to find the place in which that emphasis would naturally occur in the Dutch sentence and as a result, I have often moved the emphasis around a little, but I have always tried to maintain the emphasis.

<sup>30</sup> In the translation process, I have doubted my translation of this element endlessly. My two options were ‘detectivemeisje’ and ‘meisjesdetective’. I finally settled on ‘detectivemeisje’ because I felt ‘meisjesdetective’ implied that Hazel only either tracks girls down or only works for girls, whereas ‘detectivemeisje’ tells the reader they’re dealing with a girl who happens to also be a detective.

<sup>31</sup> ‘Ik en Allie’ is not the proper way to put it, Holden should say: ‘Allie en ik namen...’. However, in English this rule is exactly the same: first you name the other person, then yourself. Salinger has chosen not to do so and as a result, the source text does not follow its language’s rules. I think that when the source text deliberately disobeys the rules, the target text should do so as well.

<sup>32</sup> Since I assume Allie is not in possession of a life-size sailboat, I decided to translate this by ‘zeilbootje’, in order to make it a little more believable.



en zo. En als Allie en ik een gesprek hadden over dingen in het algemeen, luisterde die goeie Phoebe. Soms vergat je dat ze er was, omdat ze zo'n klein meisje<sup>33</sup> was, maar dan liet *zij*<sup>34</sup> je dat wel weten. Dan onderbrak ze je de hele tijd. Of ze gaf Allie een duw of zo en zei: “*Wie*<sup>35</sup>? *Wie* zei dat? Bobby of de mevrouw?” En dan vertelden we haar wie het gezegd had en dan zei ze: “Oh,” en dan ging ze meteen weer door met luisteren en zo. Allie bleef er ook altijd in<sup>36</sup>. Ik bedoel, hij mocht haar ook. Nu is ze tien en niet zo'n klein meisje meer, maar iedereen ligt nog steeds dubbel om haar – iedereen met ook maar een beetje verstand, in ieder geval.

Hoe dan ook, zij was zo iemand waar je altijd zin had om mee te praten aan de telefoon. Maar ik was te bang dat mijn ouders zouden opnemen en dan zouden ze er achter komen dat ik in New York was en van Pencey was afgetrapt en zo. Dus deed ik gewoon mijn overhemd aan. Toen was ik helemaal klaar en ging met de lift naar beneden naar de lobby om te kijken wat daar gaande was.

Op een paar pooierachtige mannen en een paar hoerige<sup>37</sup> blondjes na was de lobby behoorlijk leeg. Maar je kon de band horen spelen in de Lavender Room en dus ging ik daar naar binnen. Het was niet zo druk, maar ze gaven me toch een slechte tafel – helemaal achterin. Ik had een dollar onder de neus van de hoofdober moeten houden. Jezus, in New York krijg je met geld alles voor elkaar – serieus<sup>38</sup>.

De band was waardeloos. Buddy Singer. Heel pretentius<sup>39</sup>, maar niet goed pretentius – cliché<sup>40</sup> pretentius. Ook waren er heel weinig mensen van rond mijn leeftijd. Eigenlijk was

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<sup>33</sup> In the source text, Holden refers to Phoebe as a ‘little kid’. This is quite common in American speech, but in Dutch, it is more common to refer to the sex of the child. I think, considering the amount of love that Holden displays when he speaks of his little sister, in Dutch he would refer to her as a ‘klein meisje’, because this displays more love than ‘klein kind’.

<sup>34</sup> See footnote 30

<sup>35</sup> See footnote 30

<sup>36</sup> See 2.1.3 page 12

<sup>37</sup> I have chosen to simply translate ‘whory-looking’ by ‘hoerige’. I think ‘hoerig uitziende’ is too much in this case, because ‘hoerige’ alone also implies that they are wearing skimpy outfits. It could also be an assessment of their behavior, but Holden is simply looking around the lobby quickly and so I think ‘hoerige’ alone suffices.

<sup>38</sup> Here, I translated ‘money really talks’ by ‘krijg je met geld alles voor elkaar’ because I wanted to translate the meaning of what Holden is telling us, more so than I wanted to use another saying. Also, my translation ‘serieus’ for ‘I’m not kidding’ is mostly based on expressing what he means, rather than the way he said it, in order to create a believable teenager. I could have also have gone with the more literal ‘Ik maak geen grapje’, but I felt it unnatural. I think today’s teenager would validate what he just said by saying ‘serieus’.

<sup>39</sup> ‘Brassy’ can also refer to the band’s instruments, but I think that in this case, considering Holden’s disposition and his hatred of anything ‘phony’, self-important and considering the context, ‘pretentius’ is the right choice of word. It implies that the band believe themselves to be very good, and Holden does not approve of this attitude.

<sup>40</sup> In the novel, ‘phoney’ is an important word. It indicates Holden’s dislike of everything that he believes to be insincere about the adult world. In this context, ‘corny’ is ‘phony’s’ sister. It displays Holden’s dislike of the Hilda Kruithof

niemand rond mijn leeftijd. Het waren voornamelijk oude, patsverige kerels met hun dates<sup>41</sup>. Behalve aan de tafel naast me<sup>42</sup>. Aan de tafel naast me zaten drie meiden van rond de dertig of zo. Alle drie waren ze behoorlijk lelijk en ze droegen het soort hoed waaraan je kon zien dat ze niet echt uit New York kwamen, maar eentje, de blonde, was zo erg nog niet<sup>43</sup>. Ze was nog best wel leuk, de blonde, en<sup>44</sup> ik begon een beetje flirterig naar haar te kijken, maar precies op dat moment kwam de ober om mijn bestelling op te nemen. Ik bestelde een whisky-soda en zei dat hij hem niet moest mixen – ik zei het supersnel want als je er ellenlang over doet, denken ze dat je onder de eenentwintig bent en dan verkopen ze je geen alcoholische drank. En toch kreeg ik problemen met hem. “Het spijt me meneer,” zei hij “Maar heeft u misschien iets waarmee u uw leeftijd kunt aantonen? Uw rijbewijs, misschien?”

Ik staaarde hem heel koel aan, alsof hij me vreselijk had beledigd en vroeg hem: “Zie ik eruit alsof ik onder de eenentwintig ben?”

“Het spijt me, meneer, maar we hebben...”

“Oké, oké,” zei ik. Ik dacht ‘laat ook maar’. “Geef me een cola.” Hij begon weg te lopen, maar ik riep hem terug. “Kun je er echt niet een beetje rum in doen, of zo?” Ik vroeg het hem heel vriendelijk en zo. “Ik kan toch niet broodnuchter<sup>45</sup> in een tent zitten die zo cliché is als deze. Kun je er niet een beetje rum in doen<sup>46?</sup>”

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scene: all the fake adult people having fake adult fun. I have sought high and low for the perfect translation and I believe to have found it in ‘cliché’. ‘Cliché’ tells the reader Holden finds something stale, fake, and I believe that this ‘cliché’ covers the grounds of having been done to death and representing everything that is wrong with the adult world.

<sup>41</sup> I would like to address two issues in this sentence: the first is ‘patsverige kerels’. I chose this translation because ‘show-offy-looking guys’ are guys that flaunt what they have and can; they ‘pats’. The reason I have translated ‘and their dates’ by ‘en hun dates’ is that nowadays, teenagers no longer refer to a date as an ‘afspraakje’, but as a ‘date’, the English term has replaced the Dutch one.

<sup>42</sup> The source text says ‘the table right next to me’ (my emphasis), but I think that in Dutch, when a table is ‘naast je’, it means it is the table right next to you. This rendered ‘precies naast me’ unnecessary.

<sup>43</sup> I have played with the thought of cutting this sentence in half because it goes on a little too long and there is no logic to the order, but in order to stay as true to the source text (and the feeling of reading a written down monologue), I chose to leave the sentence as long as it is in the source text.

<sup>44</sup> This is one of the very rare instances where I have left ‘, en’ in place, but only because ‘de blonde’ is simply an interruption of the sentence in order to provide some additional information; the ‘, en’ is not part of the running sentence.

<sup>45</sup> See footnote 30

<sup>46</sup> When reporting an actual conversation, Salinger on occasion writes things down the way one would pronounce a word when spoken. In the source text, this sentence reads: ‘Can’tcha stick a little rum in it or something?’ (p.70) I have chosen, however, to not incorporate this in my translation for the simple reason that it’s very difficult to incorporate this way of written speech in this particular Dutch sentence without giving Holden a strange accent.

“Het spijt me vreselijk, meneer...” zei hij en nam de benen. Maar ik nam het hem niet kwalijk. Ze raken hun baan kwijt als ze betrappt worden als ze drank verkopen aan een minderjarige.

Ik begon weer flirterig te kijken<sup>47</sup> naar de drie heksen aan de tafel naast me. Nou ja, de blonde. De andere twee alleen uit pure wanhoop<sup>48</sup>. Maar ik deed het niet lomp, hoor. Ik keek gewoon heel cool naar ze alle drie, en zo. Maar wat ze deden, alle drie, toen ik dat deed, ze begonnen als idioten<sup>49</sup> te giechelen. Ze dachten waarschijnlijk dat ik te jong was om zo naar ze te kijken. Dat irriteerde me mateloos – je zou bijna denken dat ik met ze wilde trouwen, of zo. Ik had ze moeten negeren nadat ze dat deden, maar het probleem was dat ik heel erg zin had om te dansen. Ik hou heel erg van dansen, soms, en dit was één van die keren. Dus opeens leunde ik soort van hun kant op en zei: “Heeft één van jullie dames misschien zin om te dansen?” Ik vroeg het ze niet lomp of zo. Heel soepel<sup>50</sup> zelfs. Maar godverdomme, *dat*<sup>51</sup> vonden ze ook hilarisch. Ze begonnen weer te giechelen. Serieus, het waren drie echte idioten. “Kom op,” zei ik. “Ik zal één voor één met jullie dansen. Oké? Wat zeg je ervan? Kom op!” Ik had echt zin om te dansen.

Uiteindelijk stond de blonde op om met me te dansen, want je kon zien dat ik eigenlijk tegen *haar* aan het praten was, en<sup>52</sup> we liepen naar de dansvloer. De andere twee trollen werden bijna hysterisch toen we dat deden. Ik moet wel erg wanhopig geweest zijn om ook maar een beetje moeite te doen voor welke van hen dan ook.

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<sup>47</sup> ‘To give someone the eye’ means to look someone over in a flirtatious manner. In Dutch, this is easier explained than translated, but I think ‘flirterig kijken’ is an accurate choice.

<sup>48</sup> The source text goes: ‘the other two were strictly from hunger’ by which I believe he means that if he had only been in the bar to sit and listen to music, he would not have approached any of them, but now that he is in the mood to dance, he simply *must* have one of them. Hence my translation: ‘De andere twee alleen uit pure wanhoop’.

<sup>49</sup> The source text says ‘morons’. This left me with two options: ‘idiot’ or ‘malloot’. At first, I thought ‘malloot’, because the source text does not say ‘idiot’, but then I got to thinking. ‘Moron’ is a much stronger word in English than ‘idiot’. In Dutch, ‘idiot’ trumps ‘malloot’. As a result, I decided on ‘idiot’ for my translation of ‘moron’.

<sup>50</sup> ‘Suave’ means Holden feels he approaches these ladies as a real Casanova. I believe that ‘soepel’ has the same meaning in modern day teen speech. When a person is ‘soepel’, it means they are cool as a cucumber, and have a way about them that appeals to other people; similar to ‘suave’.

<sup>51</sup> See footnote 30

<sup>52</sup> This is another example of one of the few occasions where I have maintained the ‘, and’ structure. Once again, this ‘, en’-structure is not part of the running sentence because the sentence is being cut off halfway through in order to provide some additional information to the reader.

Maar het was de moeite waard. De blonde kon echt goed dansen<sup>53</sup>. Ze was een van de besten waar ik ooit mee gedanst heb. Serieus, sommige van die domme meiden kunnen echt heel goed dansen. Als je met een heel slim meisje danst, probeert ze *jou*<sup>54</sup> de helft van de tijd te leiden, of anders kan ze zo slecht dansen dat je maar beter aan het tafeltje kunt blijven zitten en gewoon dronken met haar kan worden.

“Jij kan echt goed dansen,” zei ik tegen de blonde. “Je zou professional moeten worden. Ik meen het. Ik heb ooit met een professional gedanst en jij bent twee keer zo goed als zij. Heb je wel eens van Marco en Miranda gehoord?”

“Wat?” zei ze. Ze luisterde niet eens naar me. Ze was uitgebreid rond aan het kijken.

“Ik zei heb je wel eens van Marco en Miranda gehoord?”

“Geen idee. Nee. Geen idee.”

“Nou, dat zijn dansers, zij is danseres. Maar ze is niet zo goed. Ze doet alles wat ze *moet* doen, maar toch is ze niet zo goed. Weet je wanneer een meisje geweldig kan dansen?”

“Zeggie<sup>55</sup>?” zei ze. Ze luisterde zelfs niet naar me. Haar gedachten waren steeds ergens anders.

“Ik zei weet je wanneer een meisje geweldig kan dansen?”

“Hm-hm.”

“Nou – daar waar ik mijn hand op je rug heb. Als ik denk dat er niets onder mijn hand zit – geen kont, geen benen, geen voeten, *niets*<sup>56</sup> – dan kan het meisje echt geweldig dansen.”

Maar ze luisterde niet. Dus negeerde ik haar een tijdje. We dansten alleen maar. Jezus, wat kon dat gansje dansen. Buddy Singer en die kutband van hem speelden “Just One of Those Things” en zelfs *zij*<sup>57</sup> konden dat niet helemaal verpesten. Het is een gaaf nummer. Ik probeerde niets ingewikkelds toen we aan het dansen waren – ik heb echt een hekel aan van

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<sup>53</sup> I have slightly paraphrased this sentence in my translation. The source text reads: ‘The blonde was some dancer.’ (p.70) But because in Dutch it seems unnatural to say: ‘De blonde was echt een goede danser’, I have chosen to adapt my translation to ensure it is said like a true Dutchman would also put it.

<sup>54</sup> See footnote 30

<sup>55</sup> In this instance, I have maintained the conversation-written speech Salinger uses in his writing, because in this case the girl pronounces it slightly differently than usual in the source text as well, so by having her say ‘Zeggie?’ I am simply maintaining the slightly arrogant manner in which Holden perceives her.

<sup>56</sup> See footnote 30

<sup>57</sup> See footnote 30

die mannen die veel patserig ingewikkelde dingen doen op de dansvloer – maar ik bewoog haar flink in het rond en ze kon me bijhouden. Het grappige is dat ik dacht dat zij het ook leuk vond, totdat ze opeens met een domme opmerking kwam. “Ik en mijn vriendinnen<sup>58</sup> zagen Peter Lorre gisteravond,” zei ze. “De acteur. In levende lijve. Hij kocht een krant. Hij is *leuk*<sup>59</sup>.”

“Heb jij even geluk gehad,” zei ik. “Je hebt echt geluk gehad, wist je dat?” Ze was echt een idioot. Maar wat kon ze dansen. Ik kon mezelf bijna niet tegenhouden haar een soort van kus op haar dommige hoofd te geven – je weet wel – precies waar de scheiding zit, en zo. Ze werd boos toen ik dat deed.

“Hé! Wat moet dat?”

“Niks, moet niks. Je kunt echt dansen,” zei ik. “Ik heb een klein zusje dat godverdomme pas in groep zes<sup>60</sup> zit. Jij bent bijna net zo goed als zij en zij kan beter dansen dan wie dan ook, dood of levend.”

“Let op je taalgebruik, alsjeblieft.”

Wat een dame, Jezus. Een echte *koningin*<sup>61</sup>, godsamme.

“Waar komen jullie dames vandaan?” vroeg ik haar.

Maar ze gaf geen antwoord. Ze was te druk bezig met rondkijken of Peter Lorre binnenkwam, denk ik.

“Waar komen jullie dames vandaan?” vroeg ik haar weer.

“Wat?” zei ze.

“Waar komen jullie dames vandaan? Je hoeft geen antwoord te geven als je er geen zin in hebt. Ik wil niet dat je teveel van jezelf vergt.”

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<sup>58</sup> In both English and Dutch, one is supposed to refer to the other person first: ‘my friends and I’. This girl does not use this order and I believe it is part of her persona. As a result, this order should be maintained in translation.

<sup>59</sup> See footnote 30

<sup>60</sup> I have naturalized ‘fourth grade’ to ‘groep zes’ because I believe this created a better frame of reference for the reader. Had I said ‘vierde klas van de basisschool’, it would have brought the message across, but it would have been un-Dutch, since nowadays the grades in primary school are referred to as ‘groep’.

<sup>61</sup> See footnote 30

“Seattle, in Washington<sup>62</sup>.” zei ze. Ze verleende me een grote gunst door het te vertellen.

“Je bent echt een goede conversatiepartner,” zei ik tegen haar. “Wist je dat?”

“Wat?”

Ik liet het maar schieten. Het ging haar pet toch te boven. “Heb je zin om een beetje te jitterbuggen als ze een snelle spelen? Niet cliché jitterbuggen, niet springen of zo – gewoon een beetje relaxed. Iedereen gaat zitten als ze een snelle spelen, behalve de oude mannen en de dikkerds en dan hebben we ruimte genoeg. Oké?”

“Het is me om het even.” zei ze. “Hé, hoe oud ben je eigenlijk?”

Dat irriteerde me, om de één of andere reden. “Oh, Jezus Christus<sup>63</sup>. Verpest het nou niet.” Zei ik. “Ik ben twaalf, godsamme. Ik ben groot voor mijn leeftijd.”

“*Luister*<sup>64</sup>. Ik zei toch, ik hou niet van dat soort taal.” Zei ze. “Als je dat soort taal gaat gebruiken, kan ik ook gewoon bij mijn vriendinnen gaan zitten, weet je.”

Ik bood als een gek mijn excuses aan, want de band begon een snelle te spelen. Ze begon met me te jitterbuggen – maar gewoon heel relaxed, niet cliché. Ze was echt goed. Je hoefde haar alleen maar aan te raken. En als ze draaide, wiebelde haar mooie kleine kontje zo leuk en zo. Ik was onder de indruk, serieus. Ik was half verliefd op haar toen we gingen zitten. Dat is het met meisjes. Iedere keer als ze iets leuks doen, zelfs als ze niet zo mooi zijn om te zien, of zelfs als ze dommig zijn, wordt je half verliefd op ze en dan weet je niet meer *waar* je aan toe bent. Meiden. Jezus Christus. Je wordt er gek van. Echt waar.

## **p.124**

Eindelijk kwam die goeie Sally de trap op en ik begon naar beneden te lopen om haar te treffen. Ze zag er geweldig uit. Echt waar. Ze had een zwarte jas aan en een soort van

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<sup>62</sup> It is very American to name the city you're from and then to add the state that city is located in. Because I did want to maintain that American feeling somewhat, I chose to also add the state in my translation, but I added 'in' to make it a little less American.

<sup>63</sup> In the source text, Holden exclaims: 'Christ.' I decided to add 'Jezus' to that because nowadays, 'Christus' alone as a cuss is hardly ever used, but 'Jezus Christus' on the other hand, is still a big part of everyday language.

<sup>64</sup> See footnote 30

zwarte baret. Ze droeg bijna nooit een hoed, maar die baret zag er leuk uit. Het grappige is dat ik op het moment dat ik haar zag meteen met haar wilde trouwen. Ik ben gek. Ik vond haar niet eens echt *aardig*<sup>65</sup> en toch voelde het opeens alsof ik verliefd op haar was en met haar wilde trouwen. Ik zweer het je<sup>66</sup>, ik ben gek. Ik geef het toe.

“Holden!” zei ze. “Wat super om je te zien! Het is al zo<sup>67</sup> lang geleden.” Ze had zo’n harde, gênante stem als je haar ergens trof. Ze kwam ermee weg omdat ze zo verdomd mooi was, maar ik ergerde me er altijd kapot aan.

“Super om *jou*<sup>68</sup> te zien,” zei ik. Ik meende het nog ook. “Hoe’s<sup>69</sup> eigenlijk met je?”

“Helemaal super. Ben ik laat?”

Ik zei van niet, maar ze was ongeveer tien minuten te laat. Maar dat kon me geen ruk schelen. Al die onzin die je tegenkomt in die stripjes in de *Saturday Evening Post* en zo met mannen op de hoek van een straat die er helemaal chagrijnig uitzien omdat hun date te laat is – dat is bullshit. Als een meisje er geweldig uitziet als ze je treft, wie kan het dan iets schelen als ze te laat is? Niemand. “We moeten opschieten,” zei ik. “De voorstelling begint om tien over half drie.” We begonnen de trap af te lopen naar waar de taxi’s staan.

## **p.164**

“Annapolis<sup>70</sup> interesseert me niks, verdomme<sup>71</sup>. Wat weet D.B. nou van Annapolis, verdomme?” Wat heeft dat te maken met het soort verhalen dat hij schrijft?” zei ik. Jezus, ik word gek van dat soort dingen. Dat klote-Hollywood. “Wat heb je met je arm gedaan?” vroeg

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<sup>65</sup> See footnote 30

<sup>66</sup> Where ‘I swear to God’ is a very strong way to emphasize that you are telling the truth, hardly anybody says ‘ik zweer het bij God’ anymore, unless they are religious. However, ‘ik zweer het’ has become a very common expression that still gets the same message across, so I chose to leave God out of the equation and simply go with ‘ik zweer het’.

<sup>67</sup> See footnote 30

<sup>68</sup> See footnote 30

<sup>69</sup> On this occasion, I felt it appropriate to maintain the way in which Salinger sometimes reports live conversations because I felt that in this case it would not change Holden personality. When pronouncing ‘hoe is het met je’, it often comes out a little muffled and ends up sounding somewhat like ‘hoe’s<sup>t</sup> met je’.

<sup>70</sup> See footnote 30

<sup>71</sup> I have reversed the order of this sentence and turned the two separate sentences into one, because I felt this way it sounded more natural.

ik haar. Ik merkte op dat ze een groot stuk pleister op haar elleboog had. De reden dat ik het zag, is dat haar pyjama geen mouwen had<sup>72</sup>.

“Zo’n jongen uit mijn klas, Curtis Weintraub, duwde me toen ik de trap af ging in het park.” zei ze. “Wil je het zien?” Ze begon de gekke pleister van haar arm af te halen.

“Blijf er af. Waarom duwde hij je van de trap?”

“Weet ik niet. Ik denk dat hij me haat.” zei die goeie Phoebe. “Een ander meisje, Selma Atterbury, en ik hebben inkt en zo over zijn windjack gegooid.”

“Dat is niet lief. Wat ben je: een klein kind, verdomme?”

“Nee, maar iedere keer als ik in het park ben volgt hij me overal naar toe. Hij volgt me altijd. Hij werkt op mijn zenuwen.”

“Hij is vast verliefd op je<sup>73</sup>. Dat is geen reden om inkt over...”

“Ik wil helemaal niet dat hij verliefd op me is.” zei ze. Toen keek ze me opeens raar aan.

“Holden,” zei ze. “Waarom kom je niet *woensdag*<sup>74</sup> thuis<sup>75</sup>?”

“Wat?”

Jezus, je moet haar iedere seconde in de gaten houden. Als je niet denkt dat ze slim is, ben je gek.

“Waarom kom je niet *woensdag*<sup>76</sup> thuis?” vroeg ze. “Je bent toch niet van school getrapt of zo hè?”

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<sup>72</sup> I have made this sentence a little more fluent in my translation than it is in English. The source text goes: ‘the reason I noticed it, her pajamas didn’t have any sleeves.’ In Dutch, this could very well pass for spoken language, but considering the fact that Holden is actually very well read and articulate, and because it would sound more odd in Dutch than in English, I translated ‘de reden dat ik het zag, is dat haar pyjama geen mouwen had.’

<sup>73</sup> ‘He probably likes you’ can have two meanings: either he thinks you are a nice person or he has a little crush on you. Because in this case Holden is speaking to his little sister, and people always tell their children that when little boys tease little girls, they often have crushes on them, I chose the option ‘verliefd’.

<sup>74</sup> See footnote 30

<sup>75</sup> This sentence is difficult to translate, because in English, the time of the verb is slightly undecided ‘Holden, how come you’re not home *Wednesday*?’. However, the reader of the novel is aware that when she says this, it is not yet Wednesday. Therefore, the translation has to reflect this odd timeframe, while still being slightly vague because the source text is too. So I have chosen to translate: ‘Holden, waarom kom je niet op *woensdag* thuis?’.



“Ik zei toch al. Ze hebben ons eerder vrij gegeven. Ze hebben de hele...”

“Je bent er wel afgetrapt! Jawel<sup>77</sup>!” zei die goeie Phoebe. Toen stompte ze me op mijn been met haar vuist. Ze wordt heel erg vuisterig als ze er zin in heeft. “Jawel! Oh *Holden!*<sup>78</sup>” Ze had zelfs haar hand voor haar mond en alles. Ze kan heel emotioneel worden, ik zweer het je.

“Wie zegt dat ik er afgetrapt ben? Niemand zei dat...”

“Jawel, jawel,<sup>79</sup>” zei ze. Toen stompte ze me weer met haar vuist. Als je niet denkt dat dat pijn doet, ben je gek. “Papa gaat je vermoorden!”<sup>80</sup> zei ze. Toen ging ze op haar buik op het bed liggen en deed het fucking kussen over haar hoofd. Dat doet ze vrij regelmatig. Ze is soms echt een idioot.

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<sup>76</sup> See footnote 30

<sup>77</sup> ‘You did’ was quite a challenge, because the almost literal translation ‘dat ben je wel’, felt unnatural in this context, especially since a few lines down, she repeats this. I find it hard to believe that a child would exclaim ‘Dat ben je wel, dat ben je wel!’, rather than simply ‘jawel’. We are dealing with a young girl and as a result, I have to create a believable young girl in my translation and I think a real ten-year old would exclaim: ‘jawel!’ in this case.

<sup>78</sup> See footnote 30

<sup>79</sup> See footnote 30

<sup>80</sup> See footnote 30

## Annex I: Translation Johan Hos

### p.16 (27)

Ik ben de ontzettendste leugenaar die je ooit van je leven bent tegengekomen. Het is vreselijk. Als ik alleen maar naar de winkel ga om een tijdschrift te kopen, en iemand vraagt me waar ik heen ga, zit het er dik in dat ik zeg dat ik naar de opera ga. Verschrikkelijk. Dus toen ik tegen Spencer zei dat ik naar de sportzaal moest om mijn spullen op te halen, was dat puur gelogen. Ik heb die stomme troep daar niet eens liggen.

Ik woonde op Pencey dus in de Ossenburger Memorial-vleugel van de nieuwe woongebouwen. Die was alleen voor derde- en vierdejaars. Ik was derdejaars. Mijn kamergenoot vierdejaars. De vleugel was genoemd naar een zekere Ossenburger die op Pencey had gezeten. Hij had toen hij van Pencey af was een stoot geld verdiend als begrafenisondernemer. Wat hij namelijk deed, was door het hele land van die uitvaartcentra beginnen waar je je familie voor iets van vijf dollar de man kon laten begraven. Moest je net die ouwe Ossenburger hebben. Waarschijnlijk stopte hij ze gewoon in een zak en dumpte ze in de rivier. Maar goed, Pencey had een stoot geld van hem gekregen, en ze hadden onze vleugel naar hem vernoemd. Bij de eerste footballwedstrijd van het jaar kwam hij altijd in zo'n gigantische bal van een Cadillac naar school, en dan moesten wij op de tribune allemaal gaan staan en een locomotief voor hem doen – dat is een yell. En daarna, de volgende morgen, hield hij in de kapel een toespraak van zowat tien uur. Hij begon altijd met een stuk of vijftig melige grappen, alleen maar om ons te laten zien wat een goeie vent hij wel niet was. O, wat interessant.

### p.66 (95)

Het was nog steeds behoorlijk vroeg. Hoe laat het precies was weet ik niet meer, maar erg laat was het nog niet. Als ik ergens de pest aan heb is het om naar bed te gaan als ik nog helemaal niet moe ben. En dus deed ik mijn koffers open, haalde er een schoon overhemd uit en ging daarna naar de badkamer om me te wassen en trok het schone overhemd aan. Wat ik bedacht had was om naar beneden te gaan om eens te kijken of er in de Lavender Room nog wat te beleven viel. Het hotel had een nachtclub, de Lavender Room.

Maar terwijl ik het schone overhemd aantrok had ik bijna mijn zusje Phoebe gebeld. Ik had verdomd veel zin om haar te bellen. Iemand die tenminste dingen snapte. Maar ik kon het risico niet nemen om haar te bellen, want ze was nog maar klein en ze zou zeker niet meer op

zijn, laat staan in de buurt van de telefoon. Ik bedacht dat ik kon ophangen als mijn ouders opnamen, maar dat had ook geen zin. Ze zouden weten dat ik het was. Mijn moeder weet altijd dat ik het ben. Daar is ze helderziende in. Maar ik had verdomd veel zin om een tijdje met Phoebe te lullen.

Je zou haar moeten zien. Je hebt van je leven nog nooit zo'n mooi en slim kind gezien. Ze is echt slim. Ik bedoel, zolang ze al op school zit heeft ze alleen maar tienen gehaald. Ik ben trouwens de enige stommeling bij ons thuis. Mijn broer D.B. is dus schrijver en zo, en Allie, mijn broer die dood is, was geniaal. Ik ben de enige die echt stom is. Maar Phoebe zou je moeten zien. Ze heeft zo'n beetje rood haar, min of meer zoals Allie had, en draagt het 's zomers heel kort. 's Zomers doet ze het achter haar oren. Ze heeft hele leuke mooie oortjes. Maar 's winters is het behoorlijk lang. Soms maakt mijn moeder er een vlecht in, en soms niet. Maar het is echt heel mooi. Ze is pas tien. Ze is heel mager, net als ik, maar mooi mager. Rolschaatsmager. Ik heb een keer uit het raam naar haar staan kijken toen ze onderweg naar het park Fifth Avenue overstak, en dat is ze: rolschaatsmager. Je zou haar leuk vinden. Ik bedoel, als je Phoebe iets vertelt weet ze precies waar je het over hebt. Ik bedoel, je kunt haar zelfs overal mee naar toe nemen. Als je bijvoorbeeld met haar naar een waardeloze film gaat, dan weet ze dat het een waardeloze film is. Als je met haar naar een behoorlijk goede film gaat, weet ze dat het een behoorlijk goede film is. D.B. en ik hebben haar eens meegenomen naar een Franse film, *La Femme du Boulanger*, met Raimu. Ze bleef er zowat in. Maar haar favoriete film is *The 39 Steps*, met Robert Donat. Ze kent die hele film godbetert uit haar hoofd, want ik ben hem al een keer of tien met haar gaan zien. Als Donat bijvoorbeeld bij die Schotse boerderij komt, als hij op de vlucht is voor de politie en zo, dan zegt Phoebe hardop in de film – precies op hetzelfde moment als die Schotse kerel in de film het zegt – ‘*Can you eat the herring?*’ Ze kent de hele dialoog uit haar hoofd. En als die professor in de film, die eigenlijk een Duitse spion is, zijn pink, waarvan een stuk van het middelste kootje ontbreekt, opsteekt om aan Donat te laten zien, dan is Phoebe hem voor – dan houdt ze haar pink in het donker voor mijn gezicht. Het is een goed kind. Je zou haar zeker leuk vinden. Het enige is dat ze soms een beetje te aanhankelijk doet. Ze is heel emotioneel, voor een kind. Dat is echt zo. En nog iets anders wat ze doet is dat ze de hele tijd boeken schrijft. Alleen maakt ze ze niet af: Ze gaan allemaal over een meisje dat ze Hazel Weatherfield heeft genoemd – alleen spelt Phoebe het ‘Hazle’. Hazle Weatherfield is een vrouwelijke detective. Ze is zogenaamd wees, maar haar pa duikt voortdurend op. Haar pa is altijd ‘een lange, aantrekkelijke heer van ongeveer twintig jaar’. Daar blijf ik zowat in. Die Phoebe. Ongelogen, je zou haar heel leuk

vinden. Ze was al slim toen ze nog maar heel klein was. Toen ze nog maar heel klein was namen Allie en ik haar altijd mee naar het park, vooral op zondag. Allie had een modelboot waarmee hij 's zondags altijd ging klooien, en dan namen we Phoebe mee. Ze had dan witte handschoenen aan, en liep tussen ons in, echt als een dametje en zo. En als Allie en ik over iets algemeen in gesprek waren luisterde Phoebe mee. Soms vergat je dat ze erbij was, omdat ze nog maar zo klein was, maar daar stak ze altijd gauw een stokje voor. Ze viel je de hele tijd in de rede. Dan gaf ze Allie een duw of zo, en vroeg: 'Wie? Wie zei dat? Bobby of de mevrouw?' En dan zeiden wij wie het gezegd had, en zei ze: 'O,' en ging meteen weer door met luisteren. Allie bleef er ook altijd zowat in. Ik bedoel dat hij haar ook schitterend vond. Ze is nu tien, en niet meer zo heel klein, maar iedereen vindt haar nog steeds schitterend – iedereen die snapt waar het om gaat tenminste.

Maar goed, met haar had je dus altijd zin om te bellen. Maar ik was te bang dat mijn ouders zouden opnemen, en er dan achter zouden komen dat ik in New York was en van Pencey was afgetrapt enzovoorts. En dus trok ik gewoon mijn overhemd aan. Toen de rest, en ging met de lift naar de lobby om te kijken wat er te beleven viel.

Afgezien van een paar pooierachtige kerels en een paar hoerig uitziende blondines was de lobby behoorlijk leeg. Maar je kon de band horen spelen in de Lavender Room, en dus ging ik daar naar binnen. Het was niet erg vol, maar ik kreeg evengoed een waardeloze tafel – helemaal achterin. Ik had een dollarbiljet onder de neus van de ober moeten houden. In New York draait echt alles om geld – ongelogen.

De band was klote. Buddy Singer. Heel hard, maar niet goed hard – lullig hard. Bovendien waren er maar heel weinig mensen van mijn leeftijd. Het waren meest oude uitsloverige kerels met hun vriendinnen. Behalve aan de tafel naast me. Aan de tafel naast me zaten drie meisjes van een jaar of dertig of zo. Ze waren alle drie behoorlijk lelijk en ze hadden het soort hoeden op waaraan je meteen zag dat ze niet echt in New York woonden, maar een van hen, de blonde, viel wel mee. Ze was ergens wel leuk, de blonde, en ik begon af en toe lekker in haar richting te kijken maar op dat moment kwam de ober vragen wat ik wilde drinken. Ik bestelde een whiskysoda, en zei dat ik de soda apart wilde – ik zei het ontzettend snel, want als je gaat zitten hakkelen denken ze dat je nog geen eenentwintig bent en geven ze je geen alcohol. Maar ik kreeg evengoed problemen met hem. 'Neemt u me niet kwalijk,' zei hij. 'Maar kunt u me laten zien hoe oud u bent? Hebt u misschien een rijbewijs bij u?'

Ik keek hem ontzettend kil aan, alsof hij me alle Jezus beledigd had, en vroeg: ‘Zie ik eruit alsof ik nog geen eenentwintig ben?’

‘Het spijt me, maar we moeten...’

‘Oké, oké,’ zei ik. Ik bedacht dat het me ook niet kon schelen. ‘Geef me maar een cola.’ Hij draaide zich om, maar ik riep hem terug. ‘Kan je er niet een beetje rum in doen of zo?’ vroeg ik. Heel vriendelijk en zo. ‘Ik kan niet hartstikke nuchter in zo’n lullige tent zitten. Kan je er niet een beetje rum in doen of zo?’

‘Het spijt me zeer...’ zei hij en was verdwenen. Maar ik verweet hem niets. Ze zijn hun baan kwijt als ze betrapt worden dat ze een minderjarige alcohol schenken. En ik ben godverdomme zo’n minderjarige.

Ik begon weer naar de drie heksen aan de tafel naast me te kijken. Dat wil zeggen, naar de blonde. Bij de andere twee was het puur uit honger. Maar ik deed het niet grof. Ik wierp alleen maar een hele koele blik in hun richting en zo. Maat wat ze alle drie deden, toen ik dat deed, was dat ze begonnen te giechelen als een stel imbecielen. Ze dachten waarschijnlijk dat ik te jong was om iemand te versieren. Daar baalde ik ontzettend van – het leek wel of ik met ze wilde *trouwen* of zoiets. Ik had ze verder moeten laten barsten, maar de moeilijkheid was dat ik echt zin had om te dansen. Ik hou soms erg van dansen, en dat was een van die keren. En dus leunde ik opeens zo’n beetje naar ze toe en zei: ‘Heeft een van jullie misschien zin om te dansen?’ Ik vroeg het niet lomp of zoiets. Heel beminlijk zelfs. Maar godverdomme, *dat* vonden ze ook al een giller. Ze begonnen nog meer te giechelen. Ongelogen, het waren drie echte imbecielen. ‘Kom op,’ zei ik. ‘Ik dans om beurten met jullie. Goed? Doen we dat? Kom op.’ Ik had echt zin om te dansen.

Uiteindelijk stond de blonde op om met me te dansen, want het was duidelijk dat ik eigenlijk *haar* bedoelde, en we liepen naar de dansvloer. Die twee andere idioten lagen zowat onder tafel toen we wegliepen. Ik moet behoorlijk wanhopig zijn geweest dat ik ze zelfs maar aangesproken heb.

Maar het was de moeite waard. Die blonde danste ongelooflijk goed. Ze danste zowat het beste van iedereen waar ik oor mee gedanst heb. Ongelogen, soms is zo’n ontzettend domme meid op de dansvloer het absolute einde. Met een echt slim meisje heb je de helft van de tijd dat zij jou over de dansvloer probeert te leiden, of anders danst ze zo waardeloos dat je het beste maar gewoon kunt blijven zitten en je met zijn tweeën laten vollopen.

‘Jij kunt echt dansen,’ zei ik tegen de blonde. ‘Jij zou beroeps moeten worden. Serieus. Ik heb een keer met een beroeps gedanst en jij bent twee keer zo goed als zij. Heb je ooit gehoord van Marco en Miranda?’

‘Wat?’ zei ze. Ze luisterde niet eens naar me. Ze keek de hele tijd om zich heen.

‘Ik zei, heb je ooit van Marco en Miranda gehoord?’

‘Ik weet niet. Nee. Geen idee.’

‘Dat is een danspaar. Zij is danseres. Maar erg goed is ze niet. Ze doet alles wat ze *moet* doen, maar goed is ze niet. Weet je wanneer een meisje echt ontzettend goed danst?’

‘Wat?’ vroeg ze. Ze hoorde geen woord van wat ik zei. Ze was met haar gedachten overal en nergens.

‘Ik zei, weet je wanneer een meisje echt ontzettend goed danst?’

‘Nee.’

‘Nou – als ik mijn hand nou zo op je rug heb. Als ik denk dat ik niets voel – geen kontje, geen benen, geen voeten, helemaal *niets* – dan danst een meisje echt ontzettend goed.’

Maar ze luisterde niet. En dus negeerde ik haar een tijdje. We dansten alleen maar. Jezus, wat kon dat stomme kind dansen. Buddy Singer en zijn rotband speelden ‘Just One of Those Things’ en zelfs zij konden dat nummer niet helemaal verpesten. Het is een prachtig nummer. Ik probeerde niets ingewikkelds terwijl we dansten – ik heb een bloedhekel aan kerels die zich altijd uitsloven op de dansvloer – maar ik leidde haar over de hele dansvloer en ze volgde me perfect. Het gekke was dat ik dacht dat zij er ook van genoot, totdat ze opeens een ontzettend stomme opmerking maakte. ‘Mijn vriendinnen en ik zagen Peter Lorre gisteravond,’ zei ze. ‘De filmster. In eigen persoon. Hij kocht een krant. Hij is *enig*.’

‘Dan heb je geboft,’ zei ik. ‘Dan heb je echt geboft. Weet je dat?’ Ze was echt imbeciel. Maar wat kon ze dansen. Ik kon mezelf zowat niet weerhouden om haar even boven op haar stomme kop te zoenen – je weet wel – precies waar de scheiding zit en zo. Ze werd nijdig toen ik het deed.

‘Hé! Wat moet dat?’

‘Niks. Geen idee. Je danst echt fantastisch,’ zei ik.

‘Ik heb een zusje die godbetert nog maar in de vierde van de lagere school zit. Jij bent ongeveer net zo goed als zij, en er is niemand, dood of levend, die beter kan dansen dan zij.’

‘Je moet niet zo vloeken.’

Wat een dame. Jezus. *Fantastisch* gewoon.

‘Waar komen jullie vandaan?’ vroeg ik.

Maar ze gaf geen antwoord. Ze was zeker druk bezig met kijken of Peter Lorre er al was.

‘Waar komen jullie vandaan?’ vroeg ik nog een keer.

‘Wat?’ zei ze.

‘Waar komen jullie vandaan? Je hoeft het niet te zeggen, hoor. Span je vooral niet teveel in.

‘Seattle, Washington,’ zei ze. En ik mocht mijn handen dichtknijpen dat ze het zei.

‘Je converseert briljant,’ zei ik. ‘Wist je dat?’

‘Wat?’

Ik ging er niet op door. Het was toch te hoog gegrepen voor haar. ‘Zullen we een beetje jitterbuggen als ze een snel nummer spelen? Niet overdreven, niet springen of zoiets – gewoon lekker los. Als ze een snel nummer spelen gaat iedereen zitten, behalve de oude en de dikke kerels, en dan hebben we de ruimte. Oké?’

‘Het is mij om het even,’ zei ze. ‘Hé, hoe oud ben je eigenlijk?’

Dat vond ik vervelend, om de een of andere reden. ‘O, jezus. Verpest het nou niet,’ zei ik. ‘Ik ben twaalf, nou goed? Ik ben groot voor mijn leeftijd.’

‘Luister ‘s. Ik zeg net dat ik niet van dat soort taal hou,’ zei ze. ‘Als je per se dat soort taal moet uitslaan zit ik zo weer bij mijn vriendinnen.’

Ik bood als een gek mijn verontschuldigen aan, want de band zette een snel nummer in. Ze begon met me te jitterbuggen – maar gewoon lekker los, niet overdreven. Ze was echt goed. Je hoefde haar alleen maar aan te raken. En als ze draaide ging haar mooie

kontje zo lekker heen en weer. Ik vond haar het einde. Serieus. Tegen de tijd dat we gingen zitten was ik half verliefd op haar. Dat heb je altijd met meisjes. Elke keer als ze iets moois doen, ook al stellen ze uiterlijk eigenlijk niet veel voor, en zelfs als ze ergens gewoon stom zijn, word je half verliefd op ze, en dan weet je helemaal niet meer waar je aan toe bent. Meisjes. Jezus Christus. Je kan er horendol van worden. Maar echt.

**p.124 (170)**

Uiteindelijk kwam Sally de trap op, en ik ging haar tegemoet. Ze zag er schitterend uit. Maar echt. Ze had een zwarte jas aan, en zo'n soort zwarte baret op. Ze droeg zowat nooit hoeden, maar die baret stond haar goed. Het gekke was dat ik, op het moment dat ik haar zag, zin had om met haar te trouwen. Ik ben echt gek. Ik *mocht* haar eigenlijk niet eens, en toch had ik ineens het gevoel dat ik verliefd op haar was en met haar wilde trouwen. Ongelogen, ik ben echt gek. Ik geef het toe.

‘Holden!’ zei ze. ‘Wat fantastisch om je weer te zien! Het lijkt wel *eeuwen* geleden.’ Ze had zo'n hele harde, genante stem als je ergens met haar had afgesproken. Ze kon het maken omdat ze zo verdomd knap was, maar ik baalde er altijd ontzettend van.

‘Leuk om jou ook weer te zien,’ zei ik. En ik meende het ook. ‘En, hoe gaat het met je?’

‘Fantastisch gewoon. Ben ik te laat?’

Ik zei van niet, maar ze was wel ongeveer tien minuten te laat. Maar het kon me geen barst schelen. Al die onzin in die cartoons in de *Saturday Evening Post* en zo, met van die kerels die op de hoek van de straat ontzettend kwaad staan te kijken omdat hun afspraak te laat is – dat is flauwekul. Als een meisje er schitterend uitziet als ze er eenmaal is, wat kan het je dan schelen of ze te laat is? Niets dus. ‘We moeten opschieten,’ zei ik. ‘Het begint om tien over half.’ We liepen de trap af naar de taxi's.

**p. 164 (223)**

‘Dat kan me niets schelen. Annapolis. Jezus Christus. Wat weet D.B. nou van Annapolis? Wat heeft dat nou te maken met het soort verhalen dat hij schrijft?’ zei ik. Jezus, ik word gestoord van die dingen. Dat klote-Hollywood. ‘Wat heb je met je arm gedaan?’ vroeg ik. Ik zag dat ze een grote pleister op haar elleboog had. Ik kon het zien omdat er geen mouwen aan haar pyjama zaten.



‘Een jongen uit mijn klas, Curtis Weintraub, heeft me in het park van de trap geduwd,’ zei ze. ‘Wil je ’t zien?’ Ze begon die maffe pleister van haar arm af te trekken.

‘Laat maar zitten.’ Waarom heeft hij je van de trap geduwd?’

‘Ik weet het niet. Ik denk dat hij de pest aan me heeft,’ zei Phoebe. ‘Een ander meisje en ik, Selma Atterbury, hebben allemaal inkt en zo over zijn windjack gegoooid.’

‘Dat is niet aardig. Waarom doe je dat – ben je een klein kind of zoiets?’

‘Nee, maar altijd als ik in het park ben loopt hij *overal* achter me aan. Hij loopt altijd achter me aan. Hij werkt op mijn zenuwen.’

‘Waarschijnlijk vindt hij je *aardig*. Dat is nog geen reden om inkt op zijn windjack...’

‘Ik wil niet dat hij me aardig vindt,’ zei ze. Toen begon ze vreemd naar me te kijken. ‘Holden,’ zei ze ‘Waarom ben je niet *woensdag* thuisgekomen?’

‘Wat?’ Jezus, je moet haar voortdurend in de gaten houden.

Als je soms denkt dat ze niet slim is ben je goed gek.

‘Waarom ben je niet *woensdag* thuisgekomen?’ vroeg ze. ‘Je bent toch niet van school getrapt of zo, hè?’

‘Dat heb ik al gezegd. We hadden eerder vrij. De hele school...’

‘Je bent *wel* van school getrapt! *Wel!*’ zei Phoebe. Toen gaf ze me een stomp op mijn been. Ze kan ontzettend stompen als ze wil.

‘*Wel!* O, *Holden!*’ Ze sloeg zelfs haar hand voor haar mond. Ze kan heel emotioneel worden, ongelogen.

‘Wie zegt dat ik van school getrapt ben? Ik ben helemaal...’

‘Je bent *wel* van school getrapt! *Wel!*’ zei ze. En ze gaf me nog een stomp. En als je denkt dat zoiets geen pijn doet ben je goed gek. ‘Papa *vermoordt* je!’ zei ze. Toen dook ze op haar buik op het bed en trok het kussen over haar hoofd. Dat doet ze regelmatig. Ze kan soms behoorlijk gestoord doen.

### Annex III: Source Passages

#### p.16

I'm the most terrific liar you ever saw in your life. It's awful. If I'm on my way to the store to buy a magazine, even, and somebody asks me where I'm going, I'm liable to say I'm going to the opera. It's terrible. So when I told old Spencer I had to go to the gym to get my equipment and stuff, that was a sheer lie. I don't even keep my goddam equipment at the gym. Where I lived at Pencey, I lived in the Ossenburger Memorial Wing of the new dorms. It was only for juniors and seniors. I was a junior. My roommate was a senior. It was named after this guy Ossenburger that went to Pencey. He made a pot of dough in the undertaking business after he got out of Pencey. What he did, he started these undertaking parlors all over the country that you could get members of your family buried for about five bucks apiece. You should see old Ossenburger. He probably just shoves them in a sack and dumps them in the river. Anyway, he gave Pencey a pile of dough and they named a wing after him. The first football game of the year, he came up to school in this big goddam Cadillac, and we all had to stand up in the grandstand and give him a locomotive – that's a cheer. Then, the next morning, in chapel, he made a speech that lasted about ten hours. He started off with about fifty corny jokes, just to show us what a regular guy he was. Very big deal.

#### p. 66

It was still pretty early. I'm not sure what time it was, but it wasn't too late. The one thing I hate to do is go to bed when I'm not even tired. So I opened my suitcases and took out a clean shirt, and then I went in the bathroom and washed and changed my shirt. What I thought I'd do, I thought I'd go downstairs and see what the hell was going on in the Lavender Room. They had this night club, the Lavender Room, in the hotel.

While I was changing my shirt, I damn near gave my kid sister Phoebe a buzz, though. I certainly felt like talking to her on the phone. Somebody with sense and all. But I couldn't take a chance on giving her a buzz, because she was only a little kid and she wouldn't have been up, let alone somewhere near the phone. I thought of maybe hanging up if my parents answered, but that wouldn't've worked, either. They'd know it was me. My mother always knows it's me. She's psychic. But I certainly wouldn't have minded shooting the crap with old Phoebe for a while.

You should see her. You never saw a little kid so pretty and smart in your whole life. She's really smart. I mean she's had all A's ever since she started school. As a matter of fact, I'm the only dumb one in the family. My brother D.B.'s a writer and all, and my brother Allie, the one that died, that I told you about, was a wizard. I'm the only really dumb one. But you ought to see old Phoebe. She has this sort of red hair, a little bit like Allie's was, that's very short in the summertime. In the summertime, she sticks it behind her ears. She has nice, pretty little ears. In the wintertime, it's pretty long, though. Sometimes my mother braids it and sometimes she doesn't. It's really nice, though. She's only ten. She's quite skinny, like me, but nice skinny. Roller-skate skinny. I watched her once from the window when she was crossing over Fifth Avenue to go to the park, and that's what she is, roller-skate skinny. You'd like her. I mean if you tell old Phoebe something, she knows exactly what the hell you're talking about. I mean you can even take her anywhere with you. If you take her to a lousy movie, for instance, she knows it's a lousy movie. If you take her to a pretty good movie, she knows it's a pretty good movie. D.B. and I took her to see this French movie, *The Baker's Wife*, with Raimu in it. It killed her. Her favorite is *The 39 Steps*, though, with Robert Donat. She knows the whole goddam movie by heart, because I've taken her to see it about ten times. When old Donat comes up to this Scotch farmhouse, for instance, when he's running away from the cops and all, Phoebe'll say right out loud in the movie – right when the Scotch guy in the picture says it – “Can you eat the herring?” She knows all the talk by heart. And when this professor in the picture, that's really a German spy, sticks up his little finger with part of the middle joint missing, to show Robert Donat, old Phoebe beats him to it – she holds up *her* little finger at me in the dark, right in front of my face. She's all right. You'd like her. The only trouble is, she's a little too affectionate sometimes. She's very emotional, for a child. She really is. Something else she does, she writes books all the time. Only, she doesn't finish them. They're all about some kid named Hazel Weatherfield – only old Phoebe spells it “Hazle”. Old Hazle Weatherfield is a girl detective. She's supposed to be an orphan, but her old man keeps showing up. Her old man's always a “tall, attractive gentleman about 20 years of age.” That kills me. Old Phoebe, I swear to God you'd like her. She was smart even when she was a very tiny little kid. When she was a very tiny little kid, I and Allie used to take her to the park with us, especially on Sundays. Allie had this sailboat he used to like to fool around with on Sundays, and we used to take old Phoebe with us. She'd wear white gloves and walk right between us, like a lady and all. And when Allie and I were having some conversation about things in general, old Phoebe'd be listening. Sometimes you'd forget she

was around, because she was such a little kid, but *she's* let you know. She'd interrupt you all the time. She'd give Allie a push or something, and say, "*Who?* Who said that? Bobby or the lady?" And we'd tell her who said it, and she'd say, "Oh," and then go right on listening and all. She killed Allie, too. I mean he liked her, too. She's ten now, and not such a tiny little kid anymore, but she still kills everybody – everybody with any sense, anyway.

Anyway, she was somebody you always felt like talking to on the phone. But I was too afraid my parents would answer, and then they'd find out I was in New York and kicked out of Pencey and all. So I just finished putting on my shirt. The I got all ready and went down in the elevator to the lobby to see what was going on.

Except for a few pimply-looking guys, and a few whory-looking blondes, the lobby was pretty empty. But you could hear the band playing in the Lavender Room, and so I went in there. It wasn't very crowded, but they gave me a lousy table anyway – way in the back. I should've waved a buck under the head-waiter's nose. In New York, boy, money really talks – I'm not kidding.

The band was putrid. Buddy Singer. Very brassy, but not the good brassy – corny brassy. Also there were very few people around my age in the place. In fact, nobody was around my age. They were mostly old, show-offy-looking guys with their dates. Except at the table right next to me. At the table right next to me, there were these three girls around thirty or so. The whole three of them were pretty ugly, and they all had on the kind of hats that you knew they didn't really live in New York, but one of them, the blonde one, wasn't too bad. She was sort of cute, she blonde one, and I started giving her the old eye a little bit, but just then the waiter came up for my order. I ordered a Scotch and soda, and told him not to mix it – I said it fast as hell, because if you hem and haw, they think you're under twenty-one and won't sell you any intoxicating liquor. I had trouble with him anyway, though. "I'm sorry sir," he said, "but do you have some verification of your age? Your driver's license, perhaps?"

I gave him this very cold stare, like he'd insulted the hell out of me and asked him, "Do I look like I'm under twenty-one?"

"I'm sorry, sir, but we have our – "

"Okay, okay," I said. I figured the hell with it. "Bring me a coke." He started to go away, but I called him back. "Can'tcha stick a little rum in it or something?" I asked him very

nicely and all. “I can’t sit in a corny place like this cold *sober*. Can’tcha stick a little rum in it or something?”

“I’m very sorry, sir ...” he said, and beat it on me. I didn’t hold it against him, though. Hey lose their jobs if they get caught selling to a minor.

I started giving the three witches at the next table the eye again. That is, the blonde one. The other two were strictly from hunger. I didn’t do it crudely, though. I just gave all three of them this very cool glance and all. What they did, though, the three of them, when I did it, they started giggling like morons. They probably thought I was too young to give anybody the once-over. That annoyed the hell out of me – you’d’ve thought I wanted to marry them or something. I should’ve given them the freeze, after they did that, but the trouble was, I really felt like dancing. I’m very fond of dancing, sometimes, and that was one of the times. So all of a sudden, I sort of leaned over and said, “Would any of you girls care to dance?” I didn’t ask them crudely or anything. Very suave, in fact. But God damn it, they thought *that* was a panic, too. They started giggling some more. I’m not kidding, they were three real morons. “C’mon,” I said. “I’ll dance with you one at a time. All right? How ‘bout it? C’mon!” I really felt like dancing.

Finally, the blonde one got up to dance with me, because you could tell I was really talking to *her*, and we walked out to the dance floor. The other two grools nearly had hysterics when we did. I certainly must’ve been very hard up to even bother with any of them.

But it was worth it. The blonde was some dancer. She was one of the best dancers I ever danced with. I’m not kidding, some of these very stupid girls can really knock you out on a dance floor. You take a really smart girl, and half the time she’s trying to lead *you* around the dance floor, or else she’s such a lousy dancer, the best thing to do is stay at the table and just get drunk with her.

“You really can dance,” I told the blonde one. “You oughta be a pro. I mean it. I danced with a pro once, and you’re twice as good as she was. Did you ever hear of Marco and Miranda?”

“What?” she said. She wasn’t even listening to me. She was looking all around the place.

“I said did you ever hear of Marco and Miranda?”

“I don’t know. No. I don’t know.”

“Well, they’re dancers, she’s a dancer. She not too hot, though. She does everything she’s *supposed* to do, but she’s not s hot anyway. You know when a girl’s really a terrific dancer?”

“Wudga say?” she said. She wasn’t listening to me, even. Her mind was wandering all over the place.

“I said do you know when a girl’s really a terrific dancer?”

“Uh-uh.”

“Well – where I have my hand on your back. If I think there isn’t anything underneath my hand – no can, no legs, no feet, no *anything* – then the girl’s really a terrific dancer.”

She wasn’t listening though. So I ignored her for a while. We just danced. God, could that dopey girl dance. Buddy Singer and his stinking band was playing “Just one of Those Things” and even *they* couldn’t ruin it entirely. It’s a swell song. I didn’t try any trick stuff while we danced – I hate a guy that does a lot of show-off tricky stuff on the dance floor – but I was moving her around plenty, and she stayed with me. The funny thing is, I thought she was enjoying it, too, till all of a sudden she came out with this very dumb remark. “I and my girl friends saw Peter Lorre last night,” she said. “The movie actor. In person. He was buyin’ a newspaper. He’s *cute*.”

“You’re lucky,” I told her. “You’re really lucky. You know that?” She was really a moron. But what a dancer. I could hardly stop myself from sort of giving her a kiss on the top of her dopey head – you know – right where the part is, and all. She got sore when I did it.

“Hey! What’s the idea?”

“Nothing. No idea. You really can dance,” I said. “I have a kid sister that’s only in the goddam fourth grade. You’re about as good as she is, and she can dance better than anybody living or dead.”

“Watch your language, if you don’t mind.”

What a lady, boy. A *queen*, for Chrissake.

“Where you girls from?” I asked her.

She didn't answer me, though. She was busy looking around for old Peter Lorre to show up, I guess.

"Where you girls from?" I asked her again.

"What?" she said.

"Where you girls from? Don't answer if you don't feel like it. I don't want you to strain yourself."

"Seattle, Washington," she said. She was doing me a big favor to tell me.

"You're a very good conversationalist," I told her. "You know that?"

"What?"

I let it drop. It was over her head, anyway. "Do you feel like jitterbugging a little bit, if they play a fast one? Not corny jitterbug, not jump or anything – just nice and easy. Everybody'll sit down when they play a fast one, except the old guys and the fat guys, and we'll have plenty of room. Okay?"

"It's immaterial to me," she said. "Hey – how old are you, anyhow?"

That annoyed me, for some reason. "Oh, Christ. Don't spoil it," I said. "I'm twelve for Chrissake. I'm big for my age."

"*Listen*. I toleja about that. I don't like that type language," she said. "If you're gonna use that type language, I can go sit down with my girl friends, you know."

I apologized like a madman, because the band was starting a fast one. She started jitterbugging with me – but just very nice and easy, not corny. She was really good. All you had to do was touch her. And when she turned around, her pretty little butt twitched so nice and all. She knocked me out, I mean it. I was half in love with her by the time we sat down. That's the thing about girls. Every time they do something pretty, even if they're not much to look at, or even if they're sort of stupid, you fall half in love with them, and then you never know *where* the hell you are. Girls. Jesus Christ. They can drive you crazy. They really can.

## **p. 124**

Finally, old Sally started coming up the stairs, and I started down to meet her. She looked terrific. She really did. She had on this black coat and sort of a black beret. She hardly ever wore a hat, but that beret looked nice. The funny part is, I felt like marrying her the minute I saw her. I'm crazy. I didn't even *like* her much, and yet all of the sudden I felt like I was in love with her and wanted to marry her. I swear to God I'm crazy. I admit it.

"Holden!" she said. "It's marvelous to see you! It's been *ages*." She had one of these loud, embarrassing voices when you met her somewhere. She got away with it because she was so damn good-looking, but it always gave me a pain in the ass.

"Swell to see *you*," I said. I meant it too. "How are ya, anyway?"

"Absolutely marvelous. Am I late?"

I told her no, but she was around ten minutes late, as a matter of fact. I didn't give a damn, though. All that crap they have in cartoons in the *Saturday Evening Post* and all, showing guys on street corners looking sore as hell because their dates are late – that's bunk. If a girl looks swell when she meets you, who gives a damn if she's late? Nobody. "We better hurry," I said. "The show starts at two-forty." We started going down the stairs to where the taxis are.

### **p. 164**

"I'm not interested. *Annapolis*, for God's sake. What's D.B. know about *Annapolis*, for God's sake? What's that got to do with the kind of stories he writes?" I said. Boy, that stuff drives me crazy. That goddam Hollywood. "What'd you do to your arm?" I asked her. I noticed she had this big hunk of adhesive tape on her elbow. The reason I noticed it, her pajamas didn't have any sleeves.

"This boy, Curtis Weintraub, that's in my class, pushed me while I was going down the stairs in the park," she said. "Wanna see?" She started taking the crazy adhesive tape off her arm.

"Leave it alone. Why'd he push you down the stairs?"

"I don't know. I think he hates me," old Phoebe said. "This other girl and me, Selma Atterbury, put ink and stuff all over his windbreaker."



“That isn’t nice. What are you – a child for God’s sake?”

“No, nut every time I’m in the park he follows me everywhere. He’s always following me. He gets on my nerves.”

“He probably likes you. That’s no reason to put ink all –“

“I don’t want him to like me,” she said. Then she started looking at me funny.

“Holden,” she said, “how come you’re not home *Wednesday*?”

“What?”

Boy, you have to watch her every minute. If you don’t think she’s smart, you’re mad.

“How come you’re not home *Wednesday*?” she asked me. “You didn’t get kicked out or something did you?”

“I told you. They let us out early. They let the whole –“

“You did get kicked out! You did!” old Phoebe said. Then she hit me on the leg with her fist. She gets very fisty when she feels like it. “You *did*! Oh, *Holden*!” She had her hand on her mouth and all. She gets very emotional, I swear to God.

“Who said I got kicked out? Nobody said I –“

“You *did*. You *did*,” she said. Then she smacked me again with her fist. If you don’t think that hurts, you’re crazy. “Daddy’ll *kill* you!” she said. The she flopped on her stomach on the bed and put the goddam pillow over her head. She does that quite frequently. She’s a true madman sometimes.

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