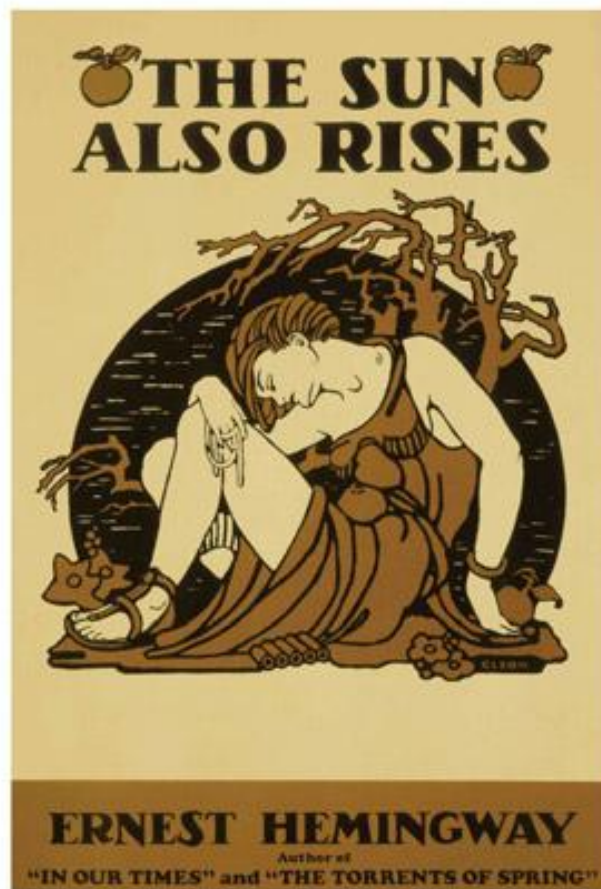


The Importance of Being Like Ernest

A Translation of *Fiesta: The Sun Also Rises*



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Introduction

This thesis is about Ernest Hemingway's novel *Fiesta: The Sun Also Rises*. It will focus on a translation of first two chapters of the book. I will first focus on the writer, the story, the cultural setting, and other relevant subjects, before I will discuss the translation and the difficulties coming with it.

Ernest Hemingway

Ernest Miller Hemingway was born in 1899 in Idaho. When he was a child he joined his father on hunting trips and got his first shotgun when he was ten. He was described as a tall, handsome man and had a passion for boxing. He began his writing career for the *Kansas City Star* and took the paper's guidelines for writing as his standard. These guidelines will be mentioned in the chapter about Hemingway's style.

He went to Italy during the First World War as a member of the Ambulance Corps, and returned home with bullet wounds and a shattered view of the world. It was an invaluable experience nonetheless. By 1920 he worked for the *Toronto Star* as freelancer and staff writer. In 1921 he married and his wife bore a son. He and his wife moved to Paris, where he worked as a foreign correspondent for the newspaper. In 1923 his first book was published in Paris, which was called *Three Stories and Ten Poems*. In Paris Hemingway came into contact with Gertrude Stein and Ezra Pound, who both served as a mentor.

In the summer of 1925 Hemingway and his wife, together with a group of fellow expatriates, went on their annual trip to Pamplona, Spain. It was this vacation that inspired him to write *Fiesta*. It was at a café called *La Closerie des Lilas* that Hemingway wrote it in just six weeks. He preferred to work there because it was close to his rooms, and because it was a very tranquil place, since most of the other artists would go elsewhere.

Fiesta

Fiesta is about expatriate journalist Jake Barnes, who lives in Paris. He is very much in love with Lady Brett Ashley, a strong, independent woman in her thirties, but is incapable of having a love affair with her, because of his impotence due to a war wound. Jake and Brett are surrounded by a group of friends, who are expatriates too, and the book gives a very vivid and lucid description of Paris. Later on, the group heads off to Pamplona, Spain. They travel in groups and reunite at arrival. They start drinking heavily, and that is about really all they do, drinking, eating, attending bullfights, and becoming more and more annoyed with each other. Tensions rise between four men who are all in love with Lady Brett. At the end of the story they all sober up and leave for different places. Jake is staying in San Sebastian, when he receives a message from Brett to come and help her out in Madrid. The story ends with the two of them in the back of a taxi discussing how things could have been between them.

The translation will only deal with first two chapters of the book. The book starts off with the narrator, Jake Barnes, describing Robert Cohn, a friend of his born into a wealthy Jewish family. He describes Cohn as having had a very rough time losing money and his wife, before meeting a girl named Frances, a very manipulative woman. She persuades him to go to Paris to join a group of expatriates. Cohn picks up writing while in Paris and Frances becomes absolutely determined to marry him.

The Lost Generation-

The term 'Lost Generation' was coined by Hemingway's former mentor Gertrude Stein and was meant for the groups of people who were disappointed and disillusioned by the United States and life in general after the First World War and moved to Europe. *Fiesta* can be seen as a description of how life in Paris was to Hemingway and his literary friends, and many

autobiographical events can be found there. Among the 'Lost Generation'-writers were Gertrude Stein, Ezra Pound, F. Scott Fitzgerald, and John Dos Passos. The period between 1900 and the middle 1920's was the bloom of what is now called modernist writing. Ezra Pound was seen as the spokesperson for this movement. Its ideas were to make use of "large ideas and specific details in ways that reflected sharp observation and fresh thought" (Molesworth, 1830). Pound believed that "the artist was, as he put it, the antenna of the race" (Molesworth, 1830) This set the artist apart from the masses, and led to a sense of alienation, which was already there with some of the writers because of their self-imposed exile to Paris. Some writers of the period have said that it was simply impossible to use the standard forms of expression regarding the psychological and mental state they were in at the time (Molesworth, 1830). One thing that has to be mentioned is that although Hemingway is a modernist writer and he was part of the 'Lost Generation', he thoroughly disliked the name.

Paris

Ernest Hemingway once told a friend: "If you are lucky enough to have lived in Paris as a young man, then wherever you go for the rest of your life, it stays with you, for Paris is a moveable feast." (Hemingway, 1964). Paris in the 1920's was a place of freedom, tranquility, and inspiration to Hemingway. This is very much visible in *Fiesta*. He dedicated many sentences to describing what Paris looked and smelled like. The vivid description of the setting also adds very much to the story and the theme of loss, which plays an important role in the book. When Jake Barnes walks through the Latin Quarter he sees quite a lot of statues honoring the bravery of several citizens. An article by David Tomkins deals with the significance of one of these statues to Jake. It is derived from the following passage in the book:

I passed Ney's statue standing among the new-leaved chestnut-trees in the arc-light. There was a faded purple wreath leaning against the base. I stopped and read the inscription: from the Bonapartist Groups, some date; I forget. He looked very fine, Marshal Ney in his top-boots, gesturing with his sword among the green new horsechestnut leaves. My flat was just across the street, a little way down the Boulevard St. Michel. (Hemingway, 1926)

The point here is that Ney is a personification of failure, because he is mostly known for the strategic mistakes of Napoleon, leading him with no other alternative than to retreat. So it is not victory that has given him this statue, it is his bravery despite his loss (Tomkins, 2008). In this way the descriptions of Paris can be seen in a symbolic manner.

Audience

When it first was published *Fiesta* received some criticism on the aimlessness of the characters, but it was in all received relatively well, especially by younger and international readers. It is often regarded as his masterpiece. On October 31, 1926, The New York Times published a review that included:

No amount of analysis can convey the quality of "The Sun Also Rises." It is a truly gripping story, told in a lean, hard, athletic narrative prose that puts more literary English to shame. Mr. Hemingway knows how not only to make words be specific but how to arrange a collection of words which shall betray a great deal more than is to be found in the individual parts. It is magnificent writing, filled with that organic action which gives a compelling picture of character. This novel is unquestionably one of the events of an unusually rich year in literature (NY Times, 1926).

Hemingway's style

When analyzing Hemingway's style of writing it can be interesting to find out what his views on being a writer and what he considered good writing were. Robert C. Hart has written an article called 'Hemingway on Writing', which deals with Hemingway's writing, it features Hemingway's views on writing in his own words. First of all, Hemingway makes the distinction between the creative writer and the journalist. A creative writer is someone who makes a story, because it has not existed before, the journalist describes something that has happened before. Hemingway thinks it is okay to use real life situations in creative writing, because one makes something living out of it. Each time a book is read the characters and the events are alive in the story, in contrast to a news report, which Hemingway sees as being lifeless. A second distinction that Hemingway makes is that between the creative writer and the "faker" as he calls it (Hart, 1957, 315). This faking is writing about something one has not personally experienced directly, but one has heard about. What is of real importance to his writing is truth, which here means something must be possible within this earthly realm. This is very much visible throughout his work. In *Fiesta* no supernatural events occur and the locations truly exist. The difficulty in his work lies within the difference between artistic and journalistic truth. He says that when a real life experience has been completed it dies, just like yesterday's papers, when however something made from inside the writer's experience is completed by writing it down, it is complete within itself, it lives on (Hart, 1957, 316). This view on writing is clearly visible in *Fiesta*. Hemingway has had these real life experiences in Paris and Pamplona, which have passed and are in fact dead, he however draws from these experiences and they live on in his work. Hemingway's insistence on truth also becomes clear in his views on characters. In the article he is quoted defending his characters after an accusation by Aldous Huxley:

When writing a novel a writer should create living people; people not characters. A character is a caricature. ... If the people a writer is making talk of old masters; of music; of modern painting; of letters; or of science then they should talk of these things in the novel. If they do not talk of those subjects and the writer makes them talk of them he is a faker. . . . People in a novel, not skilfully constructed characters, must be projected from the writer's assimilated experience, from his knowledge, from his head, from his heart and from all there is of him (qtd in Hart, 1957, 317).

He also states that a writer must put down the circumstances, the stimuli, the setting, and how characters react to all this, but must not lay down how they feel or what emotion they may have. Hemingway's style is very straightforward, his ambition was to write books without any extra, i.e., unnecessary words in them, and it has been said he would go very far to accomplish this. Hemingway has said that he learned writing thanks to a set of style rules he had to use while working for *The Kansas City Star*. These are some of the rules:

- Use short sentences. Use short first paragraphs. Use vigorous English. Be positive, not negative.
- Never use old slang.
- Eliminate every superfluous word.
- Be careful of the word also. It usually modifies the word it follows closest. "He, also, went" means "He, too, went." "He went also" means he went in addition to taking some other action (Kansas City Star).

In order to translate the work of a writer who sets himself such strict rules, one must keep these things in mind. When one of his sentences does not work the way it does in English the translator cannot just add words to make it work. In fact, the translator must be aware of the author's style and views on writing, and take them as a starting point. One need not go as far

as to experience the experiences of the writer, but one must know where the writer is coming from.

Translating Hemingway

In her essay ‘Tekstanalyse en de moeilijkheidsgraad van een vertaling’, which can be found in the book *Denken over vertalen* (2004), Christiane Nord distinguishes four levels on which translation problems can occur. I will sometimes use these to indicate the problems I had to face. When first reading Hemingway’s *Fiesta* one can be easily fooled into believing that translating the text will be quite easy. It is not. It is really quite difficult to translate Hemingway’s straightforward writing into a foreign language. For instance, he uses sentences that work really well in English and have a very casual air about them, that can become real awkward and formal in Dutch. For instance the fourth sentence of the book reads:

There was a certain inner comfort in knowing he could knock down anybody who was snooty to him, although, being very shy and a thoroughly nice boy, he never fought except in the gym (Hemingway, 1926, 3).

The sentence is rather straightforward, but the mixture of past and present tenses would make a direct translation of this sentence too formal, such as:

Er was een zekere innerlijke voldoening in de gedachte dat hij iedereen tegen de vlakte kon slaan die uit de hoogte tegen hem deed, hoewel hij, een verlegen en buitengewoon aardige jongen zijnde, nooit buiten de sportschool vocht.

In this case it is better to shift the emphasis of the feeling from ‘there’ to ‘him’, because this works better in Dutch. The sentence remains quite long, it is not necessary to split it into two, and one captures the feeling of the original sentence quite well:

Hij voelde een zekere innerlijke voldoening in de wetenschap dat hij iedereen tegen de vlakte kon slaan die uit de hoogte tegen hem deed, hoewel hij als verlegen en buitengewoon aardige jongen nooit buiten de sportschool vocht.”

At any time characters are having a conversation I tried to stay as close to the source text as I could be, retaining its minimalistic features. So when Jakes Barnes says: ‘Don’t be silly.’ The translation is: ‘Doe niet zo gek.’ Nothing more and nothing less.

Besides the sometimes very long and descriptive sentences other difficulties arise when translating *Fiesta*. Jake describes Robert, Frances, and himself drinking *finés*, which I found out is a high quality French brandy. My edition does not state what it is, and leaves the original word without explanation, trusting the reader will either know or assume the context will tell. This is exactly what I did in the translation, leaving the French word and not describing what it is exactly. I also kept in the French district names like Quartier Latin, and I have left in the city names, so it is ‘Strasbourg’ and not ‘Straatsburg’. Mostly because the characters are American, they will refer to it in this manner.

English expressions like ‘hell’, ‘for God’s sake’ and the like are replaced with suitable Dutch equivalents. There is no standard use of certain words to replace these. It depends on the context, and I have dealt with them individually. For instance, Jake says to Robert "Hell," I said, "why go to Strasbourg? We could go up to Bruges, or to the Ardennes." (Hemingway, 1926, 5). The use of “hell” in this context is not at all offensive, so I decided to translate it into: “Joh,” zei ik, “waarom ook eigenlijk naar Strasbourg? We kunnen ook naar Bruges, of naar de Ardennes.” It was obviously meant to show the irrelevance of his remark. "What the hell, Robert," I said. "What the hell." (Hemingway, 1926, 5) is Jake’s reaction to a remark made by Robert on death. Since Dutch language does not have a direct substitute for “what the hell” and I find a response like “wat krijgen we nou” too long and silly, I decide to replace it with “Jezus”. This covers Jake’s surprise to the comment and shows that he finds it very

strange that Robert thinks about such a thing. Other words that needed attention were “by-line” and “manila envelopes”. A by-line gives the name and location of the writer of an article for a newspaper or magazine, and is a profession related term. After searching in all kinds of dictionaries I found the best alternative in “naamregel”. “Manila envelopes” turned out to be quite easy to translate, in Dutch they are known as “manila enveloppen”.

Some of Hemingway’s sentences contain American names and jokes. Chapter 2 has this sentence: “Cohn, I believe, took every word of *The Purple Land* as literally as though it had been an R. G. Dun report.” (Hemingway, 1926, 8) This is obviously a pun of some sort, which brings problems on social-cultural level. I thought it to be inappropriate to change ‘R. G. Dun report’ into a Dutch equivalent, because the main characters are American, they are living in France, so the translation will have to retain the inside jokes. I expect the reader to be able to derive meaning out of the sentence, and possibly look up what is meant.

Another category Nord defines is the ‘source text specific problem’. When translating Hemingway there will be several of these problems, because in his writing Hemingway is very descriptive without stating how a person feels. As a translator you have to keep this in mind and avoid accidentally adding these moods. There are also occasions where Hemingway uses the word ‘and’ three or four times in a sentence, which can look rather awkward in Dutch. However, since I have read how much effort he puts in his writing and his choice of words, I have decided to try and follow him as much as I possibly can. It is the author’s trait, and this must be visible in the translation wherever possible. Other Hemingway sentences are short and still manage to be difficult to translate. When describing Robert was, Jake says: “He had a hard, Jewish, stubborn, streak.” (Hemingway, 1926, 9) In Dutch one hardly ever uses a comma in front of a noun after using adverbs to alter this noun. Still, because I figured it is quite unusual in English too, I ended up with: “Hij had een moeilijke, Joodse, koppige,

karaktertrek.” It gives the same feeling as the original, which is rather harsh, but tranquil at the same time, due to the commas.

The sentence I found hardest to translate is the following:

He was married five years, had three children, lost most of the fifty thousand dollars his father left him, the balance of the estate having gone to his mother, hardened into a rather unattractive mould under domestic unhappiness with a rich wife; and just when he had made up his mind to leave his wife she left him and went off with a miniature-painter (Hemingway, 1926, 4)

This is a summary of things that happened to Robert Cohn over the years. The sentence is very long, and despite of the casual speech delivered here, still grammatically correct in the original. There are some problems here on the socio-cultural level too. It is quite difficult to translate terms such as ‘the balance of the estate’, ‘unattractive mould’, and ‘domestic unhappiness’, the last one sounding rather formal. Eventually I came up with the following:

Hij was vijf jaar getrouwd, kreeg drie kinderen, verloor het grootste deel van de vijftigduizend dollar die zijn vader hem had achtergelaten, aangezien het saldo van de nalatenschap naar zijn moeder was gegaan, was in een behoorlijk onaantrekkelijk karakter veranderd door de huiselijke onvrede van het leven met een rijke vrouw en net op het moment dat hij had besloten zijn vrouw te verlaten, verliet zij hem en ging er vandoor met een miniatuurschilder.

This is the closest I came to the original in the grammatical sense, keeping the sense of a casual summary in one long sentence. As for the terms, it was difficult to come up with a good equivalent for ‘the balance of the estate’. The context shows it is about an inheritance. “Estate” can mean several things, from “landgoed” to “bezitting”. Because the sentence does not tell how ‘estate’ was meant, I started to compare English and Dutch websites on inheritance, and came to the conclusion that “saldo van de nalatenschap” is the right

equivalent. The balance of the deceased' property is made up and given to the rightful heir. The term "unattractive mould" is not easily translated into Dutch as well. "Mould" can mean several things, from fungus to a form you can use to shape clay to dirt. I did, however, also find it can mean "character" or "nature", so I went with that. It might be better to use the option of the form one can use to shape clay, because of the use of "hardened" earlier in the sentence, but there does not seem to be a equivalent in Dutch. I have translated "domestic unhappiness" into "huiselijke onvrede", because "onvrede" is more often used in this context than "ongelukkigheid" and it is a more common Dutch expression.

Conclusion

To sum it all up, *Fiesta* is one of Hemingway's finest works, if not his best, and to translate his writing into a different language is harder than it seems. In order to retain his style and make the story work the translator insight in Hemingway's view on writing is needed, but even then it is quite difficult. In some cases a literal translation works best, in other cases hard work and creativity are needed to get results. It was really helpful to be able to read how Hemingway felt about writing and to view the *The Kansas City Star* style guide that had a such a great influence on him. It enables the translator to have a critical look at his progress and correct himself. Every word must be checked, all unnecessary words left out. To translate Ernest, it is important to be like Ernest.

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Appendix 1: Translation

BOEK 1

HOOFDSTUK 1

Robert Cohn was ooit bokskampioen middengewicht van Princeton University¹. Denk niet dat ik daar als bokstitel erg van onder de indruk ben, maar het betekende veel voor Cohn. Hij gaf niets om boksen, hij had er zelfs een hekel aan, maar hij leerde het op pijnlijke en grondige wijze en gebruikte het om zijn gevoel van minderwaardigheid en zijn verlegenheid weg te werken die hij had gevoeld doordat hij op Princeton als jood werd behandeld. Hij voelde een zekere innerlijke voldoening in de wetenschap dat hij iedereen tegen de vlakte kon slaan die uit de hoogte² tegen hem deed, hoewel hij als verlegen en buitengewoon aardige jongen nooit buiten de sportschool vocht. Hij was Spider Kelly's beste pupil. Spider Kelly leerde al zijn jongens boksen als lichtgewicht, of ze nou honderd vijf of tweehonderd vijf pond wogen. Maar het leek bij Cohn goed te werken. Hij was heel erg snel. Hij was zo goed dat Spider hem al snel overschatte en een te sterke tegenstander hem voorgoed een platte neus bezorgde. Dit verhoogde Cohn's afkeer van het boksen, maar het gaf hem een vreemde voldoening en z'n neus werd er in ieder geval beter op. In zijn laatste jaar op Princeton las hij teveel en ging hij een bril dragen. Ik heb nooit iemand van zijn klas ontmoet die zich hem herinnerde. Ze herinnerden zich niet eens dat hij middengewicht bokskampioen was.

Ik wantrouw alle eerlijke en eenvoudige mensen, zeker wanneer hun verhalen kloppen, en ik heb altijd een vermoeden gehad dat Robert Cohn nooit middengewicht bokskampioen is geweest en dat er misschien een paard op zijn gezicht was gestapt, of dat zijn moeder misschien bang was geweest of iets had gezien, of dat hij, misschien als klein kind ergens

¹ Added 'University' to Princeton one time for the readers' sake.

² English "snooty" does not have a perfect one word equivalent in Dutch, so I chose "uit de hoogte".

tegenaan was gestoten, maar er was uiteindelijk iemand die het verhaal kon bevestigen. Spider Kelly herinnerde zich Cohn niet alleen, hij vroeg zich ook regelmatig af wat er van hem geworden was.

Robert Cohn was via zijn vaderskant lid van een van de rijkste Joodse families in New York en via zijn moeder van een van de oudste. Op de militaire academie die hij voor hij naar Princeton ging bezocht³ en waar hij erg goed speelde in het football team, had niemand hem van zijn ras bewust gemaakt. Niemand had hem ooit het gevoel gegeven dat hij joods was en daarom dus een beetje anders dan anderen, totdat hij naar Princeton ging. Hij was een aardig jongen, een vriendelijke jongen, erg verlegen, en het deed hem verbitterd raken.⁴ Hij reageerde zich af door te boxen en ging van Princeton af met een versplinterd zelfbeeld en die platte neus, en trouwde met het eerste meisje dat aardig tegen hem deed. Hij was vijf jaar getrouwd, kreeg drie kinderen, verloor het grootste deel van de vijftigduizend dollar die zijn vader hem had achtergelaten, aangezien het saldo van de nalatenschap⁵ naar zijn moeder was gegaan, was in een behoorlijk onaantrekkelijk karakter⁶ veranderd door de huiselijk onvrede van het leven met een rijke vrouw en net op het moment dat hij had besloten zijn vrouw te verlaten, verliet zij hem en ging er vandoor met een miniatuurschilder. Waar hij maanden er maanden over had gedacht z'n vrouw te verlaten, maar het niet had gedaan omdat het te wreed zou zijn om haar te ontdoen van hemzelf, was haar vertrek een aangename verrassing.

De scheiding werd geregeld en Robert Cohn vertrok naar de kust. In California begaf hij zich in literair gezelschap en omdat hij nog een beetje van zijn geld over had, ondersteunde

³ Sourcetext uses "prepped for Princeton", no real Dutch equivalent, so I altered the sentence.

⁴ This is the closest I could stay to the original. It is a bit unusual in Dutch, but correct.

⁵ Difficult to translate "balance of the estate", I eventually found this term used on Dutch inheritance websites.

⁶ I was not quite sure how to translate this. A mould can be something one uses to shape clay. This would make sense with Hemingway's use of "hardended". Dutch has no such thing, so I decided to go for the "character" definition of "mould".
<http://www.thefreedictionary.com/mould>

hij al vrij snel een tijdschrift over kunst. De publicatie werd begonnen in Carmel, California en afgemaakt in Provincetown, Massachusetts. Tegen die tijd was Cohn, die altijd als een suikeroom⁷ werd gezien en wiens naam in het colofon alleen werd vermeld als adviseur, enige redacteur geworden. Het was tenslotte zijn geld en hij had ontdekt dat hij het bijkomende gezag leuk vond. Hij vond het spijtig dat het blad te duur werd en hij het uit handen moest geven.

Tegen die tijd had hij overigens wel andere dingen om zich zorgen over te maken. Hij was bij de hand genomen door een vrouw die hoopte met het blad mee te groeien. Ze was erg dwingend en Cohn heeft eigenlijk nooit een kans tegen haar gemaakt. Ook was hij ervan overtuigd dat hij van haar hield. Wanneer ze merkte dat het blad niet aan ging slaan, begon ze een beetje te walgen van Cohn en besloot ze dat maar beter kon pakken wat er te pakken was zolang de mogelijkheid er was, dus drong ze erop aan dat ze naar Europa zouden gaan, waar Cohn zou kunnen schrijven. Ze kwamen naar Europa, waar zij was opgeleid, en bleven er drie jaar. Tijdens deze drie jaar, waarvan ze het eerste jaar hebben gereisd en de laatste twee in Parijs doorbrachten, had Robert Cohn twee vrienden, Braddocks en ik. Braddocks was z'n literaire vriend. Ik z'n tennisvriend.

De vrouw die hem in bezit had, haar naam was Frances, vond tegen het eind van het tweede jaar dat haar schoonheid begon af te nemen en haar houding ten opzichte van Robert veranderde van iemand die hem voor lief nam en uitbuitte naar die van iemand met de absolute overtuiging dat ze zouden moeten trouwen. Gedurende deze tijd had Robert's moeder besloten hem een financiële bijdrage te leveren van ongeveer driehonderd dollar per maand. Ik denk niet dat Robert Cohn gedurende twee en een half jaar ook maar eens naar een andere vrouw heeft gekeken. Hij was redelijk tevreden, ondanks dat hij, net als vele

⁷ Hemingway uses "angel", but using "engel" in this context would be a bit out of place. We usually call a financial supporter a "suikeroom".

Europeanen, hij liever in Amerika had geweest, en hij had het schrijven ontdekt. Hij schreef een roman, die echt niet zo slecht was als de recensenten zouden beweren, hoewel het een zeer zwakke roman was. Hij las veel boeken, speelde bridge, tennis, en bokste bij een lokale sportschool.

Ik werd me voor het eerst bewust van houding van zijn vriendin ten opzichte van hem de nacht nadat we gezamenlijk hadden gegeten. We hadden gedineerd bij l’Avenue’s en gingen naderhand naar het Café de Versailles voor koffie. We dronken meerdere *finés*⁸ na de koffie en ik zei dat ik moest gaan. Cohn had het erover gehad dat we met z’n tweeën een weekendje weg moesten gaan. Hij wilde de stad uit en een mooi wandelgebied in. Ik stelde voor dat we naar Strasbourg⁹ zouden vliegen en naar Saint Odile zouden lopen, of ergens anders in de Alsace. “Ik ken een meisje in Strasbourg die ons rond kan leiden,” zei ik. Iemand schopte me onder de tafel. Ik dacht dat het per ongeluk was en ging verder met vertellen: “Ze is er twee jaar geweest en weet alles wat er te weten valt over de stad. ’t Is een geweldige meid.”

Ik werd weer geschopt en zag, opkijkend, Frances, Robert’s vriendin, haar kin omhoog gaan en haar gezicht strakker trekken.

“Joh¹⁰,” zei ik, “waarom ook eigenlijk naar Strasbourg? We kunnen ook naar Bruges, of naar de Ardennes.”

Cohn keek opgelucht. Ik werd niet meer geschopt. Ik wenste ze een goedenacht en ging naar buiten. Cohn zei dat hij een krant wilde kopen en met me mee zou lopen tot de hoek

⁸ Writing in cursive manner in the original text too. I will not add an explanation for the reader, but it is a French brandy.

⁹ I decided to keep all city names in their original state. Jake is an American in Europe, so I wanted to preserve the idea of being abroad, turning this into Dutch diminishes the effect.

¹⁰ Hemingway uses “hell”. Dutch “hel” however is not appropriate here, because Jake means no offensive and wishes to indicate that it was just an idea. I decided to go with “Joh.”. This covers the emotion.

van de straat. “Godsamme¹¹,” zei hij, “waarom zei je dat over dat meisje in Strasbourg? Zag je Frances niet?”

“Nee, waarom zou ik? Als ik een Amerikaans meisje dat in Strasbourg woont ken, wat gaat dat Frances dan aan?”

“Het maakt geen verschil. Ieder meisje. Ik zou niet kunnen gaan, dat zou alles zijn.”

“Doe niet zo gek.”

“Jij kent Frances niet. Welk meisje dan ook. Zag je niet hoe ze keek?”

“Oh, okee,”¹² zei ik, “laten we maar naar Senlis gaan.”

“Niet pissig¹³ worden.”

“Ik ben niet pissig. Senlis is een goede plek en we kunnen bij de Grand Cerf verblijven, wandelen in de bossen en weer terug.”

“Okee, dat klinkt goed.”

“Nou, ik zie je morgen bij de tennisbanen¹⁴,” zei ik.

“Goedenacht, Jake,” zei hij, en liep terug naar het café.

“Je vergeet je krant mee te nemen,” zei ik.

“Dat is waar.” Hij liep met me mee naar de kiosk op de hoek.

“Je bent niet pissig toch, Jake?” Hij keerde om met de krant in zijn hand.

“Nee, waarom zou ik dat zijn?”

“Zie je bij het tennissen¹⁵,” zei hij. Ik keek hem na terwijl hij terugliep naar het café met zijn krant. Ik mocht hem wel en zij leidde blijkbaar een behoorlijk leven voor hem.

¹¹ Original “For God’s sake,” turns into Dutch “Godsamme”.

¹² Original “Oh, well”. There is no direct Dutch equivalent. I chose “Oh, okee.”

¹³ “Don’t get sore”. “Sore” is translated with “nijdig” or “prikkelbaar”. “Pissig”, however, covers it.

¹⁴ Added “tennis”. Original says “courts”, which is too vague in Dutch.

¹⁵ “See you at tennis”. Impossible in Dutch, so I used the verb.

HOOFDSTUK 2

Die winter ging Robert Cohn met zijn roman naar Amerika en werd het geaccepteerd door een redelijk goede uitgever. Zijn vertrek had voor fikse ruzie gezorgd, hoorde ik, en ik denk dat dit het moment was waarop Frances hem kwijtraakte, omdat verschillende vrouwen aardig tegen hem waren in New York, en toen hij terugkwam was hij behoorlijk veranderd. Hij was enthousiaster dan ooit over Amerika, en hij was niet zo simpel, en niet zo aardig. De uitgevers waren vrij lovend geweest over zijn roman en het steeg hem nogal naar zijn hoofd. Toen waren verschillende vrouwen eropuit om met hem te flirten¹⁶ en werd zijn horizon verbreed. Vier jaar lang was zijn vrouw zijn horizon. Drie jaar lang, of bijna drie jaar lang, had hij nooit verder gekeken dan Frances. Ik ben ervan overtuigd dat hij nog nooit verliefd is geweest in zijn leven.

Hij was getrouwd als een impulsief antwoord¹⁷ op zijn verrotte tijd als student, en Frances nam hem bij de hand toen hij ontdekte dat hij niet alles was voor zijn eerste vrouw. Hij was nog niet verliefd maar realiseerde zich dat hij een aantrekkelijk plaatje¹⁸ was voor vrouwen, en dat het feit dat een vrouw om hem gaf en met hem wilde samenwonen geen hemels geschenk was. Dit veranderde hem zodanig dat hij geen prettig persoon meer was om om je heen te hebben. Hij had ook, voor hogere bedragen spelend dan hij zich kon veroorloven tijdens een aantal nogal buitensporige potjes bridge met zijn connecties in New

¹⁶ “Then several women had put themselves out to be nice to him”. It would be fairly strange to use a literal translation here, so I went with the concept of “flirten”.

¹⁷ “On the rebound”. This was difficult to translate. It is being used in Dutch language, but I thought it would be awkward to use here. “Impulsief antwoord” finally suited me best, because “reactie” alone says too little, the rebound must be impulsive, not thought over.

¹⁸ “Quantity”. A literal translation would be “hoeveelheid”, I went with “plaatje”, because that is used in Dutch and is as impersonal as “quantity”.

York, goede kaarten gehad en enkele duizenden dollars gewonnen. Dit maakte hem redelijk ijdel over zijn bridge kwaliteiten en hij had het meerdere keren over hoe een mens altijd nog zou kunnen leven van bridge als het echt niet anders kon.

En dan was er nog iets anders. Hij had W.H. Hudson zitten lezen. Dat klinkt als een onschuldige bezigheid, maar Cohn had *The Purple Land* over en over gelezen. *The Purple Land*¹⁹ is een erg sinister boek als je het te laat in je leven leest. Het herleeft de prachtige denkbeeldige amoureuze avonturen van een perfecte Engelse gentleman in een buitengewoon romantisch land, waarvan de omgeving heel goed is beschreven. Het is voor een man om dit op je vierendertigste als handboek voor het leven te nemen net zo veilig als het voor een man zou zijn om op dezelfde leeftijd direct vanuit een Frans klooster Wall Street binnen te lopen uitgerust met een complete set van de meer praktische boeken van Alger . Cohn nam, geloof ik, ieder woord van *The Purple Land* zo letterlijk als het een verslag van R.G. Dun. Je begrijpt me wel, hij had er wat bedenkingen bij, maar als geheel was het voor hem een oprecht boek. Het was alles wat nodig was om hem enthousiast te krijgen. Ik had niet door in hoeverre het hem enthousiast had gemaakt tot hij op een dag mijn kantoor binnenkwam.

“Hallo, Robert,” zei ik. “Ben je gekomen om me op te vrolijken?”

“Zou jij naar Zuid-Amerika willen gaan, Jake?” vroeg hij.

“Nee.”

“Waarom niet?”

“Ik weet niet. Ik heb nooit gewild. Te duur. Bovendien kan je in Parijs alle Zuid-Amerikanen zien die je wil zien.”

“Dat zijn niet de echte Zuid-Amerikanen.”

“Ze zien er in mijn ogen verdomd echt uit.”

¹⁹ I decided to leave the American book titles and names in, without footnotes. When the reader wants to find out what they mean, I trust he will.

Ik moest een boottrein halen met voor een week aan verhalen, waarvan nog maar de helft geschreven.

“Ken je wat roddels?” vroeg ik.

“Nee.”

“Geen hoogstaande connecties van je die gaan scheiden?”

“Nee; luister, Jake. Als ik onze kosten nou voor rekening neem, zou je dan naar Zuid-Amerika gaan met me?”

“Waarom ik?”

“Jij spreek Spaans. En het zou leuker zijn met zijn tweeën.”

“Nee,” zei ik, “ik vind het leuk hier en ik ga in de zomer naar Spanje.”

“Heel mijn leven heb ik al zo’n reis willen maken,” zei Cohn. Hij ging zitten. “Ik ben te oud voor ik het ooit kan doen.”

“Doe niet zo gek,” zei ik. “Je kan overal naar toegaan waar je maar wilt. Je hebt geld genoeg.”

“Weet ik. Maar ik blijf het maar uitstellen.”

“Kop op,” zei ik. “Alle landen zien er net zo uit als op film.”

Maar ik vond het zielig voor hem. Hij had het zwaar te pakken.

“Ik kan niet tegen de gedachte dat mijn leven zo snel voorbij gaat en ik het niet echt leef.”

“Niemand leeft zijn leven echt tot het volle, behalve stierenvechters.”

“Ik ben niet geïnteresseerd in stierenvechters. Dat is een abnormaal leven. Ik wil terug naar het platteland in Zuid-Amerika. We zouden een geweldige reis kunnen hebben.”

“Heb je er ooit over gedacht om naar Brits Oost-Afrika te gaan om te jagen?”

“Nee, dat zou ik niet leuk vinden.”

“Ik zou met je meegaan.”

“Nee; dat interesseert me niet.”

“Dat komt omdat je er nog nooit een boek over hebt gelezen. Ga maar eens een boek vol romances met mooie glimmende zwarte prinsessen lezen.”

“Ik wil naar Zuid-Amerika.”

Hij had een moeilijke, Joodse, koppige, karaktertrek.²⁰

“Kom mee naar beneden en drink wat.”

“Ben je niet aan het werk?”

“Nee,” zei ik. We gingen de trap af naar het café op de begane grond. Ik had ontdekt dat het de beste manier was om vrienden af te schudden. Als je eenmaal wat gedronken had, was het enige dat je hoefde te zeggen: “Nou, ik moet weer terug, wat telegrammen verzenden,” en het was voorbij. Het is erg belangrijk stijlvolle exits²¹ als deze te ontdekken in de krantenwereld, waar het een cruciaal onderdeel van de ethiek is dat het nooit lijkt dat je aan het werk bent. Hoe dan ook, we gingen naar beneden naar de bar en dronken een whisky-soda. Cohn keek naar de flessen in de rekken langs de muur. “Dit is een goede zaak,” zei hij.

“Er is veel drank, ja,” stemde ik met hem in.

“Luister, Jake,” zei hij en leunde op de bar. “Heb je nooit het gevoel dat heel je leven voorbij gaat en je er niks mee doet? Realiseer je je dat je al bijna op de helft van je leven zit?”

“Ja, zo nu en dan.”

“Weet je dat we over ongeveer vijfendertig jaar dood zullen zijn?”

“Jezus²², Robert,” zei ik. “Jezus.”

“Ik meen het.”

²⁰ “He had a difficult, Jewish, stubborn, streak.” This use of commas in this sentence is quite extraordinary. I decided to leave it in, although it is not often used in Dutch.

²¹ “Graceful exits”. I decided to stay very close to the original, and have left “exits” in, because it is a term used in Dutch theatre.

²² “What the hell.” There is no perfect Dutch equivalent for this, so I went with Dutch “Jezus,” because it covers Jake’s dismay.

“Dat is één ding waar ik me geen zorgen over maak,” zei ik.

“Zou je wel moeten.”

“Ik heb genoeg gehad om me zorgen over te maken. Ik maak me niet druk meer.”

“Nou, ik wil naar Zuid-Amerika.”

“Luister, Robert, naar een ander land gaan maakt geen verschil. Ik heb het allemaal geprobeerd. Je raakt jezelf niet kwijt door van de ene naar de andere plek te reizen. Dat stelt niets voor.”

“Maar jij bent nog nooit naar Zuid-Amerika geweest.”

“Zuid-Amerika! Mijn God, als je daar naartoe zou gaan zoals je je nu voelt, dan zou het niets uitmaken. Dit is een goede stad. Waarom begin je niet je leven te leiden in Parijs?”

“Ik ben Parijs zat, en ik ben het Quartier zat.”

“Blijf weg bij het Quartier. Ga wat rondrijden en kijk wat er gebeurt.”

“Er gebeurt me niets. Een nacht liep ik helemaal alleen en er gebeurde niets, behalve dat een politieagent te fiets me aanhield en vroeg naar mijn papieren.”

“Vond je de stad niet mooi 's nachts?”

“Parijs kan me niet boeien.”²³

En je was weer terug bij af. Ik vond het zielig voor hem, maar het was niet iets waar je iets aan kon doen, want dan liep je direct tegen twee hardnekkigheden aan: Zuid-Amerika kon het oplossen en hij vond Parijs maar niets. Hij had de eerste gedachte uit een boek, en ik neem aan dat de tweede ook uit een boek kwam.

“Nou,” zei ik, “Ik moet weer naar boven om wat telegrammen te versturen.”

“Moet je echt gaan?”

“Ja, ik moet die telegrammen verzenden.”

“Vind je het erg als ik meega en wat in het kantoor rondhang?”

²³ “I don’t care for Paris.” would literally be “ik geef niet om Parijs.” I found “Parijs kan me niet boeien.” to be better.

“Nee, kom maar mee.”

Hij zat in de buitenkamer en las de krant, en de redacteur, uitgever, en ik werkten twee uur lang hard. Daarna zocht ik het carbonpapier uit, stempelde de naamregel²⁴, stopte de papieren in een paar grote manila enveloppen²⁵ en liet een jongen komen om ze naar Gare St Lazare te brengen. Ik liep de andere kamer in en daar was Robert Cohn, slapend in de grote stoel. Hij sliep met zijn hoofd op zijn armen. Ik vond het niet leuk om hem wakker te maken, maar ik wilde het kantoor afsluiten en wegwezen. Ik legde mijn hand op zijn schouder. Hij schudde zijn hoofd. “Ik doe het niet,” zei hij, en legde zijn hoofd dieper in zijn armen. “Ik doe het niet. Niets kan me overhalen.”

“Robert,” zei ik, en schudde aan zijn schouder. Hij keek op. Hij lachte en knipperde zijn ogen.

“Was ik nou hardop aan het praten?”

“Eventjes. Maar het was niet duidelijk.”

“God, wat een walgelijke droom.”

“Viel je in slaap door de typemachine?”

“Denk het. Ik heb vannacht niet geslapen.”

“Wat was er aan de hand?”

“Woorden,” zei hij.

Ik kon het me inbeelden. Ik heb de walgelijke gewoonte van het inbeelden van slaapkamerscènes van mijn vrienden. We gingen naar het Café Napolitain voor een *apéritif*²⁶ en om de menigte op de Boulevard te bekijken.

²⁴ I had never heard of a Dutch equivalent for “by-line”, although I knew what was meant. Eventually, I found “naamregel”. <http://translate.google.nl/#en|nl|byline>

²⁵ Apparently, “manila envelopes” are a type of envelopes.

²⁶ Written in cursive font like the original.

Appendix 2: Original Text

BOOK 1

CHAPTER 1

Robert Cohn was once middleweight boxing champion of Princeton. Do not think that I am very much impressed by that as a boxing title, but it meant a lot to Cohn. He cared nothing for boxing, in fact he disliked it, but he learned it painfully and thoroughly to counteract the feeling of inferiority and shyness he had felt on being treated as a Jew at Princeton. There was a certain inner comfort in knowing he could knock down anybody who was snooty to him, although, being very shy and a thoroughly nice boy, he never fought except in the gym. He was Spider Kelly's star pupil. Spider Kelly taught all his young gentlemen to box like featherweights, no matter whether they weighed one hundred and five or two hundred and five pounds. But it seemed to fit Cohn. He was really very fast. He was so good that Spider promptly overmatched him and got his nose permanently flattened. This increased Cohn's distaste for boxing, but it gave him a certain satisfaction of some strange sort, and it certainly improved his nose. In his last year at Princeton he read too much and took to wearing spectacles. I never met any one of his class who remembered him. They did not even remember that he was middleweight boxing champion.

I mistrust all frank and simple people, especially when their stories hold together, and I always had a suspicion that perhaps Robert Cohn had never been middleweight boxing champion, and that perhaps a horse had stepped on his face, or that maybe his mother had been frightened or seen something, or that he had, maybe, bumped into something as a young child, but I finally had somebody verify the story from Spider Kelly. Spider Kelly not only remembered Cohn. He had often wondered what had become of him.

Robert Cohn was a member, through his father, of one of the richest Jewish families in New York, and through his mother of one of the oldest. At the military school where he prepped for Princeton, and played a very good end on the football team, no one had made him race-conscious. No one had ever made him feel he was a Jew, and hence any different from anybody else, until he went to Princeton. He was a nice boy, a friendly boy, and very shy, and it made him bitter. He took it out in boxing, and he came out of Princeton with painful self-consciousness and the flattened nose, and was married by the first girl who was nice to him. He was married five years, had three children, lost most of the fifty thousand dollars his father left him, the balance of the estate having gone to his mother, hardened into a rather unattractive mould under domestic unhappiness with a rich wife; and just when he had made up his mind to leave his wife she left him and went off with a miniature-painter. As he had been thinking for months about leaving his wife and had not done it because it would be too cruel to deprive her of himself, her departure was a very healthful shock.

The divorce was arranged and Robert Cohn went out to the Coast. In California he fell among literary people and, as he still had a little of the fifty thousand left, in a short time he was backing a review of the Arts. The review commenced publication in Carmel, California, and finished in Provincetown, Massachusetts. By that time Cohn, who had been regarded purely as an angel, and whose name had appeared on the editorial page merely as a member of the advisory board, had become the sole editor. It was his money and he discovered he liked the authority of editing. He was sorry when the magazine became too expensive and he had to give it up.

By that time, though, he had other things to worry about. He had been taken in hand by a lady who hoped to rise with the magazine. She was very forceful, and Cohn never had a chance of not being taken in hand. Also he was sure that he loved her. When this lady saw that the magazine was not going to rise, she became a little disgusted with Cohn and decided

that she might as well get what there was to get while there was still something available, so she urged that they go to Europe, where Cohn could write. They came to Europe, where the lady had been educated, and stayed three years. During these three years, the first spent in travel, the last two in Paris, Robert Cohn had two friends, Braddock and myself. Braddock was his literary friend. I was his tennis friend.

The lady who had him, her name was Frances, found toward the end of the second year that her looks were going, and her attitude toward Robert changed from one of careless possession and exploitation to the absolute determination that he should marry her. During this time Robert's mother had settled an allowance on him, about three hundred dollars a month. During two years and a half I do not believe that Robert Cohn looked at another woman. He was fairly happy, except that, like many people living in Europe, he would rather have been in America, and he had discovered writing. He wrote a novel, and it was not really such a bad novel as the critics later called it, although it was a very poor novel. He read many books, played bridge, played tennis, and boxed at a local gymnasium.

I first became aware of his lady's attitude toward him one night after the three of us had dined together. We had dined at l'Avenue's and afterward went to the Café de Versailles for coffee. We had several *finés* after the coffee, and I said I must be going. Cohn had been talking about the two of us going off somewhere on a weekend trip. He wanted to get out of town and get in a good walk. I suggested we fly to Strasbourg and walk up to Saint Odile, or somewhere or other in Alsace. "I know a girl in Strasbourg who can show us the town," I said.

Somebody kicked me under the table. I thought it was accidental and went on: "She's been there two years and knows everything there is to know about the town. She's a swell girl."

I was kicked again under the table and, looking, saw Frances, Robert's lady, her chin lifting and her face hardening.

"Hell," I said, "why go to Strasbourg? We could go up to Bruges, or to the Ardennes."

Cohn looked relieved. I was not kicked again. I said good-night and went out. Cohn said he wanted to buy a paper and would walk to the corner with me. "For God's sake," he said, "why did you say that about that girl in Strasbourg for? Didn't you see Frances?"

"No, why should I? If I know an American girl that lives in Strasbourg what the hell is it to Frances?"

"It doesn't make any difference. Any girl. I couldn't go, that would be all."

"Don't be silly."

"You don't know Frances. Any girl at all. Didn't you see the way she looked?"

"Oh, well," I said, "let's go to Senlis."

"Don't get sore."

"I'm not sore. Senlis is a good place and we can stay at the Grand Cerf and take a hike in the woods and come home."

"Good, that will be fine."

"Well, I'll see you to-morrow at the courts," I said.

"Good-night, Jake," he said, and started back to the café.

"You forgot to get your paper," I said.

"That's so." He walked with me up to the kiosk at the corner. "You are not sore, are you, Jake?" He turned with the paper in his hand.

"No, why should I be?"

"See you at tennis," he said. I watched him walk back to the café holding his paper. I rather liked him and evidently she led him quite a life.

2

That winter Robert Cohn went over to America with his novel, and it was accepted by a fairly good publisher. His going made an awful row I heard, and I think that was where Frances lost him, because several women were nice to him in New York, and when he came back he was quite changed. He was more enthusiastic about America than ever, and he was not so simple, and he was not so nice. The publishers had praised his novel pretty highly and it rather went to his head. Then several women had put themselves out to be nice to him, and his horizons had all shifted. For four years his horizon had been absolutely limited to his wife. For three years, or almost three years, he had never seen beyond Frances. I am sure he had never been in love in his life.

He had married on the rebound from the rotten time he had in college, and Frances took him on the rebound from his discovery that he had not been everything to his first wife. He was not in love yet but he realized that he was an attractive quantity to women, and that the fact of a woman caring for him and wanting to live with him was not simply a divine miracle. This changed him so that he was not so pleasant to have around. Also, playing for higher stakes than he could afford in some rather steep bridge games with his New York connections, he had held cards and won several hundred dollars. It made him rather vain of his bridge game, and he talked several times of how a man could always make a living at bridge if he were ever forced to.

Then there was another thing. He had been reading W. H. Hudson. That sounds like an innocent occupation, but Cohn had read and reread "The Purple Land." "The Purple Land" is a very sinister book if read too late in life. It recounts splendid imaginary amorous adventures

of a perfect English gentleman in an intensely romantic land, the scenery of which is very well described. For a man to take it at thirty-four as a guide-book to what life holds is about as safe as it would be for a man of the same age to enter Wall Street direct from a French convent, equipped with a complete set of the more practical Alger books. Cohn, I believe, took every word of "The Purple Land" as literally as though it had been an R. G. Dun report. You understand me, he made some reservations, but on the whole the book to him was sound. It was all that was needed to set him off. I did not realize the extent to which it had set him off until one day he came into my office.

"Hello, Robert," I said. "Did you come in to cheer me up?"

"Would you like to go to South America, Jake?" he asked.

"No."

"Why not?"

"I don't know. I never wanted to go. Too expensive. You can see all the South Americans you want in Paris anyway."

"They're not the real South Americans."

"They look awfully real to me."

I had a boat train to catch with a week's mail stories, and only half of them written.

"Do you know any dirt?" I asked.

"No."

"None of your exalted connections getting divorces?"

"No; listen, Jake. If I handled both our expenses, would you go to South America with me?"

"Why me?"

"You can talk Spanish. And it would be more fun with two of us."

"No," I said, "I like this town and I go to Spain in the summertime."

"All my life I've wanted to go on a trip like that," Cohn said. He sat down. "I'll be too old before I can ever do it."

"Don't be a fool," I said. "You can go anywhere you want. You've got plenty of money."

"I know. But I can't get started."

"Cheer up," I said. "All countries look just like the moving pictures."

But I felt sorry for him. He had it badly.

"I can't stand it to think my life is going so fast and I'm not really living it."

"Nobody ever lives their life all the way up except bullfighters."

"I'm not interested in bull-fighters. That's an abnormal life. I want to go back in the country in South America. We could have a great trip."

"Did you ever think about going to British East Africa to shoot?"

"No, I wouldn't like that."

"I'd go there with you."

"No; that doesn't interest me."

"That's because you never read a book about it. Go on and read a book all full of love affairs with the beautiful shiny black princesses."

"I want to go to South America."

He had a hard, Jewish, stubborn streak.

"Come on down-stairs and have a drink."

"Aren't you working?"

"No," I said. We went down the stairs to the café on the ground floor. I had discovered that was the best way to get rid of friends. Once you had a drink all you had to say was:

"Well, I've got to get back and get off some cables," and it was done. It is very important to discover graceful exits like that in the newspaper business, where it is such an important part

of the ethics that you should never seem to be working. Anyway, we went down-stairs to the bar and had a whiskey and soda. Cohn looked at the bottles in bins around the wall. "This is a good place," he said.

"There's a lot of liquor," I agreed.

"Listen, Jake," he leaned forward on the bar. "Don't you ever get the feeling that all your life is going by and you're not taking advantage of it? Do you realize you've lived nearly half the time you have to live already?"

"Yes, every once in a while."

"Do you know that in about thirty-five years more we'll be dead?"

"What the hell, Robert," I said. "What the hell."

"I'm serious."

"It's one thing I don't worry about," I said.

"You ought to."

"I've had plenty to worry about one time or other. I'm through worrying."

"Well, I want to go to South America."

"Listen, Robert, going to another country doesn't make any difference. I've tried all that. You can't get away from yourself by moving from one place to another. There's nothing to that."

"But you've never been to South America."

"South America hell! If you went there the way you feel now it would be exactly the same. This is a good town. Why don't you start living your life in Paris?"

"I'm sick of Paris, and I'm sick of the Quarter."

"Stay away from the Quarter. Cruise around by yourself and see what happens to you."

"Nothing happens to me. I walked alone all one night and nothing happened except a bicycle cop stopped me and asked to see my papers."

"Wasn't the town nice at night?"

"I don't care for Paris."

So there you were. I was sorry for him, but it was not a thing you could do anything about, because right away you ran up against the two stubbornnesses: South America could fix it and he did not like Paris. He got the first idea out of a book, and I suppose the second came out of a book too.

"Well," I said, "I've got to go up-stairs and get off some cables."

"Do you really have to go?"

"Yes, I've got to get these cables off."

"Do you mind if I come up and sit around the office?"

"No, come on up."

He sat in the outer room and read the papers, and the Editor and Publisher and I worked hard for two hours. Then I sorted out the carbons, stamped on a by-line, put the stuff in a couple of big manila envelopes and rang for a boy to take them to the Gare St. Lazare. I went out into the other room and there was Robert Cohn asleep in the big chair. He was asleep with his head on his arms. I did not like to wake him up, but I wanted to lock the office and shove off. I put my hand on his shoulder. He shook his head. "I can't do it," he said, and put his head deeper into his arms. "I can't do it. Nothing will make me do it."

"Robert," I said, and shook him by the shoulder. He looked up. He smiled and blinked.

"Did I talk out loud just then?"

"Something. But it wasn't clear."

"God, what a rotten dream!"

"Did the typewriter put you to sleep?"

"Guess so. I didn't sleep all last night."

"What was the matter?"

"Talking," he said.

I could picture it. I have a rotten habit of picturing the bedroom scenes of my friends.

We went out to the Café Napolitain to have an _aperitif_ and watch the evening crowd on the Boulevard.