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ENGLISH

**Translation of the Swedish connector *och* in
English and of the English connector *and* in
Swedish in fictional and non-fictional texts**

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Title: Translation of the Swedish connector *och* in English and of the English connector *and* in Swedish in fictional and non-fictional texts.

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Abstract: This essay analyzes differences in the translation of the English coordinator *and* and the Swedish coordinator *och*. The primary material consists of eight texts and their translations, four texts in Swedish and four in English. Each language has two fictional and two non-fictional texts. The questions this study raises are in which situations and why *och* and *and* do not translate each other. The approach is both qualitative and quantitative and shows that Swedish language requires more often the use of *och* than English language does with *and*. Clear tendencies concerning the most common situations in which the translation of *and* and *och* is not equivalent are identified.

Key-words: Translation, coordinator, *and*, *och*, contrastive studies, corpus, English, Swedish, translation studies

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1. Introduction

Translation is a complex exercise. The translator has the mission to translate from a source language into a target language keeping the style and the particularities of the original writing, at the same time as he has to conform to the rules of the language he translates into. For Paul Kussmaul translation “is not just an exchange of words and structure, but a communicative process that takes into consideration the reader of the translation within a particular situation within a particular culture” (Kussmaul, 1995:1) It is often a real challenge to keep this balance and the difficulties are not always the ones that are expected. Many contrastive studies that have already been carried out deal with complex structures or specific grammatical phenomena present in one of the languages but not in the other. For example Harriet Otter analyzes in her essay the different ways of translating the Swedish pronoun *man* in English. In her essay she explains that to be able to translate this pronoun, the context and a good understanding of the original meaning are essential. Indeed, the translation strongly differs depending on the situation, the register and the interlocutor (Otter, 2008).

Translation is a question of adaptation. The context may need to be adapted, but most likely the language is what requires some manipulations from the translator. In the case of *man* the translator has to adapt because there is no equivalence in English, but sometimes the translator has to adapt even if there is an equivalent because the languages do not work the same way. The translation of the word *and* to *och* and of the word *och* to *and* seems to be obvious since, isolated, they translate each other perfectly. However, as close as their meaning and use may be, their translation can be a tough task. In some situations *och* can be required in Swedish but *and* is not included in the English translation. The fact that such a common word with a very simple use and function can be a complex element to translate is a very interesting subject to study. These two connectors are our *tertium comparationis* (Krzyszowski, 1990:9), isolated elements in two different languages which have enough in common to be compared but also enough differences to research about, (see 1.2) and their contrastive study leads to unexpected results.

Many reasons can lead to modifications in translations (Chesterman, 1997: 9,108-109) and even if the equivalence of a word exists in both languages it does not mean that

their translation is obvious. Many factors have to be taken into account before translating even the most common word. Every possibility has to be questioned to be able to get the closest translation in relation to the original and what a native speaker of the target language would have written spontaneously. Translation is a subjective exercise and there are no right or wrong answers. The result depends a lot on the translator's choices and the result might have been totally different if someone else had translated or if the translator had taken different decisions.

1.1. Aim

This essay investigates how the connectors *and* and *och* are translated from Swedish into English and from English into Swedish and in which situations they are not equivalent and why.

1.2. Tertium comparationis

T. Krzeszowski considers contrasting languages studies as a process of “noting and describing similarities and differences in languages” (Krzeszowski, 1990:9). This is what this essay is about: comparing two languages and analyzing their similarities and differences. Of course you do not compare the whole languages but a delimited element or phenomenon which has been previously chosen and which will. One of the most important concepts in cross-languages studies is the notion of tertium comparationis. It is the linguistic phenomenon or element which is compared, the common denominator between the two languages compared. The tertium comparationis is a common point between the languages or as K.M. Jaszczolt wrote “a platform of reference” (2003:2). It has to have enough similarities to be compared but also enough differences in order to be suitable for comparison. In this essay, the tertium comparationis is the coordinators *and* and *och*. They are the subject of our study, the two elements from two different languages which are going to be compared and analyzed. They are similar in many ways, they have the same function, nature and, in isolation, they translate each other. However, in many other ways, they are also very different, for example, in the way they are used. There are, consequently, enough similarities and differences between those two elements to qualify them as tertium comparationis and to use them as subject of a contrasting languages study.

To find one of those tertium comparationis a bilingual informant is consulted to determine if two elements are equivalent enough to be compared. This way of deciding which elements can be objects of study might look arbitrary and subjective, but as Krzeszowski says, they have to be “taken for granted”(Krzeszowski,1990:9). *Och* and *and* are very similar but when translations are checked it is easy to see that the use of those two very common coordinators in Swedish and English often differs. This essay focuses on the situations when they are not equivalent to each other.

1.2.1. *And*

In English *and* has a function of coordination, it links two elements which have equal status, it can join “clauses, phrases or words” (Gleitman, 1965:260) . It means that a structure with *and* is a non-headed construction.

[1]. a) I went to Canada and Kelly stayed home.

b) Emma and Kelly live in New York

Each element could stand on its own, they are not dependent on each other even if sometimes two subjects share the same verb, or two verbs share the same subject. Of course the verb may need some adjustments of the agreement.

[2]. a) I went to Canada. Kelly stayed home.

b) Emma lives in New York. Kelly lives in New York.

c) They were born and raised in New York.

It is also possible to reverse the elements without affecting the meaning of the sentence.

[3]. Kelly and Emma live in New York

The two elements coordinated may be syndetic, that is to say that they are linked by a coordinator:

[4]. She was with her students and her colleagues

Or asyndetic, without any coordinators which are willingly omitted:

[5]. Silently, softly, she kisses her sleeping child.

Coordination contrasts with subordination which links elements together but also creates a dependency. We can say that subordination organizes a certain hierarchy between the elements whereas coordination just adds them up, putting them on the same level, giving them the same status.

[6]. a) The man who was with the woman was nice

b) The man and the woman were nice

(Biber et al,1999:113)

1.2.2.Och

Och is a coordinating conjunction, it links elements of the same nature and of equal weight. It means that the two elements linked are independent from each other and are both main elements. Consequently they can be inversed without any change of the meaning and they can be isolated from each other

[7]. a) Maria och Erik är trötta

b) Erik och Maria är trötta.

c) Erik är trött. Maria är trött.

Och links elements of the same nature.

[8]. Ät och drick (verbs)

Han är trevlig och smart (adjectives)

Du sa att du skulle komma och att jag skulle åka hem med dig (subordinate clauses)

When *och* occurs between two verbs it can also be to express simultaneity. Indeed, the coordination value of *och* is used to coordinate actions in time.

[9]. Hon stod och väntade

This sentence does not mean that she stood and then waited but that she was actually standing, waiting at the same time. An ambiguity can be expected but it is not the case (Holmes and Hinchliffe 1997:175). This aspect of *och* and this specific structure will be discussed more in depth further in this essay.

2. Material and method

2.1. Material

The material used for this study is eight texts from the English-Swedish Parallel Corpus. This corpus is used for comparative linguistics studies and translation studies. It is composed of forty English texts and their translation in Swedish and forty Swedish texts and their translation in English. Half of these are fictional texts and the other half is non-fictional. Once the subject was found the material has been delimited and it is composed of eight texts and their translations (Punch, 1998:7).

Four English texts and their Swedish translations:

- *Cat's Eye* by Margaret Atwood, 1988, translated into Swedish by Maria Ekman, *Kattöga*, 1989. Fiction.
- *The Middle Ground* by Margaret Drabble, 1980, translated into Swedish by Elsa Lundgren, *Mellanläge*, 1981. Fiction
- *Henry Miller: A Life* by Robert Ferguson, 1991, translated into Swedish by Nille Lindgren, *Henry Miller: Ett Liv*, 1992. Non-fiction.
- *Essential London* by Susan Grossman, 1994, translated into Swedish by Ragnar Strömberg, *London, Allt du behöver veta*, 1994. Non-fiction.

Four Swedish texts and their English translations:

- *Ronja Rövardotter* by Astrid Lindgren, 1981, translated into English by Patricia Crampton, *Ronja, the robber's daughter*, 1983. Fiction.
- *Vem älskar Yngve Frej?* By Stig Claesson, 1968, translated into English by Irene Scobbie, *Ancient monuments*, 1980. Fiction.
- *Laterna Magica* by Ingmar Bergman, 1987, translated into English by Joan Tate, *The Magic Lantern*, 1988. Non-fiction.

- *Lundaandan. Lund tusenårsstaden* by Jan Mårtensson, 1990, translated into English by Muriel Spalding Larsson, *Lund one thousand years, 1990*.

These eight texts are the main material used in this essay. They have been picked randomly in the corpus and the authors and translators are both men and women. The oldest text is *Vem älskar Yngve Frej?* dating from 1968. The most recent one is *Henry Miller: A Life*, from 1992. There are for each language 2 fictional texts and 2 non-fictional ones. The non-fictional texts are a biography (*Henry Miller: A Life*), an autobiography (*Laterna Magica*), a tourist guide (*Essential London*) and a history text (*Lundaandan*).

Cat's Eye by Margaret Atwood is a novel in which the main character remembers her childhood and the relationship she had with some of her friends. Because of this plot, the story goes back and forth between present and past with flash-backs.

Middle Ground by Margaret Drabble also has a female protagonist and the themes are similar to *Cat's Eye*. Indeed, it deals with a woman who reflects on her life as a young woman to approach age in a better way.

Henry Miller: A life is a biography by Robert Ferguson about the American surrealist writer Henry Miller.

Essential London is a tourist guide of London by Susan Grossman which gives information about places in London tourists tend not to know about.

Ronja Rövardotter is a child book by the very famous Swedish writer Astrid Lindgren. The story is about Ronja, a ten-year-old girl, daughter of a famous and respected robber, and about how she stands up against her father.

Vem älskar Yngve Frej? by Stig Claesson is a novel dealing with the gap between modern (late sixties) and rural Sweden and how people who used to have useful abilities feel then isolated and forgotten.

Laterna Magica is an autobiography of the famous Swedish movie director Ingmar Bergman. He relates events of his childhood, adulthood and career in a non-chronological order.

Lundaandan is a history text written by Jan Mårtensson. It deals with the History of the city of Lund in South-west Sweden.

Only approximately the first 2000 words of the originals and of their translated versions have been taken into account, which means that approximately 4000 to 4500 words are analyzed for each combination text/translation.

2.2. Method

The aim of this essay is to analyze the translation of *and* and *och*. Our approach is both deductive and inductive (Bryman, 2001:711-712) since our hypothesis has been built considering previous research which led us to think that there might be variations in the translation of the two connectors *och* and *and* however our hypothesis preceded our research and our results which have been led out of it. It is also both quantitative (data are numbers) and qualitative (data are words or anything other kind of data but numbers) (Punch, 1998:3 and Bryman, 2001:160).

The aim leading this research has been pre-established and adapted as the background was settled and the study and results, analyzed (Punch, 1998:4). The material also had to be delimited: Four texts were picked first but they were judged not enough after the first results so four more were picked the same way, randomly in the English Swedish Parallel Corpus, and added to form the final material.

Once the material was delimited, the research for data started. All the instances of *and* and *och* were spotted in the texts. This step allowed us to know how many times *och* and *and* occurred in the texts, how many times they are not translated by each other and in what situations. All the instances of *and* and *och* in the electronic version of the texts and in the paper version have been highlighted. The paper version was an easier and a more convenient way to work with than the electronic version, especially to have an overall view of the texts but identifying all the instances of *och* and *and* manually was time-consuming.

After all the words had been highlighted, each of them was analyzed more closely to see in what context they occur and when the translation is the equivalent and when it is not.

Then, the cases when *and* or *och* had not been translated by each other have been analyzed and sorted into categories corresponding to the most common situations. Another fact that has also been checked was the cases when the translation was not equivalent and more precisely which language adds *och* or *and* and which one uses a substitute structure, word or punctuation to these connectors. Afterwards, some tendencies of translation have been noticed and discussed.

3. Previous research

English and Swedish are related languages (Altenberg, 1998:115), ultimately descended from a common Germanic proto-language, English being a West Germanic language and Swedish a North Germanic language (Germanic languages, 2013, Wikipedia [online]). This common origin allows comparisons between them (Krzyszowski, 1990:9). Many contrastive language studies have been carried out analyzing those two languages' similarities and differences thanks to their proximity. Many different approaches and perspectives are possible in the field of language contrastive studies and many of them deal with the same two languages as the current study focuses on, English and Swedish. However, as it is said before, even if the main subject is the same several different approaches are possible when comparing English and Swedish. Three different perspectives are going to be discussed in this part: the learning process of these languages by second language learners, the syntactic and semantic aspect of these languages and, finally, their mutual translation.

3.1. Learning process perspective

An object of study which has been discussed a great deal when it comes to the relationship between English and Swedish is second language learners. Many studies focus on the relationship between the mother tongue and English as a second language in the learning process. For example the article by Terence Odlin and Scott Jarvis (2004), *Same source, different outcomes: A study of Swedish influence on the acquisition of English in Finland*, compares the influence Swedish and Finnish as mother tongues have on the way the learners use English as a second language. They show how the influence of the mother tongue in this case can have a positive or more negative impact on the acquisition of this second language. The authors wonder if Swedish and Finnish are an advantage for a native who learns English or more of an inconvenience which could confuse the learner and mislead him. The study associates

English with both a language to which it is related like Swedish and a language which has very different roots, Finnish. Pia Köhlmyr (2003) adopted another perspective but also dealt with second language learners in her study *To Err is Human ... An investigation of grammatical errors in Swedish 16-year-old learners' written production in English*. The linguist's interest in this case is the written proficiency of teenage English learners whose mother tongue is Swedish. Those research projects focus on the two languages treated in this essay, English and Swedish and even if they have a more psycholinguistic approach dealing with the learning process whereas the current study has no learning process aspect, they are linked in a way. These studies show how close these two languages can be but also how their differences can be an obstacle for their acquisitions just like they can be an obstacle to their mutual translation. In the current study we will see how the closeness of these two languages can be misleading and how their divergences can emerge on points we did not suspect.

3.2. Syntactic and semantic perspective

Other studies focus more on the grammatical aspects and phenomena, with a syntactic and semantic approach. They analyze the structure of the languages or isolated linguistic entities and notice the similarities and differences in their uses, meanings, natures or functions. A contrastive study dealing with English and Swedish similarities and differences is Bengt Altenberg's article (1999) about the equivalence of adverbial connectors in English and in Swedish from a semantic and lexical point of view. He has analyzed the correspondence in the translations of adverbial connectors such as *but/men*, *besides/dessutom* and *and/och*. In the context of Altenberg's study, *and* and *och* are not the main phenomenon treated, they are considered in a larger linguistic pattern, adverbial connectors. His results are interesting for the current study since he found out that even conjuncts which seemed to be perfect equivalent were not pure equivalent (Altenberg, 1999:256). This means that we should be expecting a variation of the translation of *och* into *and* and vice versa in our results. The present study, by focusing only on *och* and *and* will be able to go further in the analysis led by B. Altenberg and its results and to fill in some aspects the linguist could not cover in his study of this grammatical class. The same linguist wrote an article one year earlier entitled *Connectors and sentence openings in English and Swedish* (Altenberg, 1998). This article compares the ways sentences start in both languages, which place conjuncts tend to occupy and the way sentence openings are translated. The author explains that in

English the usual position for conjuncts is “clause-initial” whereas in Swedish it is more “medial” (Altenberg, 1998:122 quoting Quirk et al, 1985:683 and Jørgensen and Svensson, 1986:101). This information may be useful for our study, the position of the coordinators may be a reason why the translator decided to modify or to reformulate a sentence and not to use *och* and *and* as equivalent. This is a criterion which will be taken into account when it comes to the comparison of the conjuncts *och* and *and*. Bengt Altenberg has written several other articles that are very much linked with this study. In “Concessive connectors in English and Swedish” the linguist analyses the translations in Swedish of the English connectors *yet*, *after all*, *anyway* and *at least* and the English equivalent of the Swedish connector *ändå* (Altenberg, 2002). In the article the author explains that conjuncts can be used translated by conjuncts, by connectors or that they can also be omitted or translated by different structures or expressions (Altenberg, 2002:252). This fact tells us that we should be expecting in our results some cases when *och* or *and* would be replaced in the translation by a totally different structure which does not include a connector. All these articles deal with grammatical phenomena or linguistic entities and for many of them with connectors. These studies are a basis for this research since they show a common tendency of connectors to be more complex to translate than they look. It leads us to think that *och* and *and* may not be an exception even if no study so far focused only on their equivalences. Finally, the last article from Bengt Altenberg which will be discussed is “The generic person in English and Swedish: A contrastive study of”. Here, Altenberg checks how Swedish expresses the generic person, using the pronoun *man*, how English behaves in similar situations, using sometimes *one* but adapting to the situation, and finally how much are they equivalent (Altenberg, 2005). The linguist arrived to the conclusion that *man* and *one* cannot be considered as direct equivalent because of a matter of register (*man* is neutral while *one* is more formal) and also because of types of texts (possible equivalence in fictional texts but more problematic in non-fictional texts). These results lead us to think that some variations in the translation of *och* and *and* might be a question of register or of context, that is why these two factors will be taken into account during this analysis.

3.3. Translation studies perspective

Translation studies are also an important background for this essay. It is not a linguistic phenomenon which is analyzed but the translation process itself.

The difference between two kinds of translation is basic in this study. As Jeremy Munday (2001:20) explains in his book *Introducing Translation Studies, Theory and Applications* quoting Saint Jerome, there is the “word-to-word” translation and the “sense-to-sense” translation. The first type of translation gives priority to the literal aspect, each word has a precise equivalent, and the other one puts the emphasis on the meaning and this is what is important to translate no matter the modifications that should be brought to the original formulation. E.Nida and C.Taber (1969:vii) use another terminology to talk about those two kinds of process, “formal correspondence” and “dynamic equivalence” . However, even if those two types of translation seem opposed and distinct they are actually linked and their frontiers are blurred. Indeed, translating is not a matter of “word-to-word” or “sense-to-sense” but of both simultaneously. A translator needs to use both approaches in order to give the most faithful translation. The priority of one or the other depends on the context, the type of text, the sentence, the syntax, etc. Our analysis of the use and translation of *och* and *and* will also lead us to wonder if the translator chose a formal or a dynamic approach and in which situations s/he decided so. There are techniques that are meant to be followed in translation but they remain very flexible and they have to be adapted considering each situation (Molina and Hurtado Albir, 2002:499-500, 502). They are used to be able to match as much as possible the meaning of the original text and to guarantee the reader the closest result from the original as possible. To reach this result, some of these procedures have a more “literal” aspect of translation (ex: borrowing, calque) and others, a more “dynamic” aspect (ex: transposition, equivalence) (Nida and Taber, 1989:vii and Molina and Hurtado Albir, 2002:502). Dynamic translation is what can lead to reformulation, that is to say modifications of the original structure of a sentence or of an expression which may affect the use of connectors in this structure or expression. The translator’s decisions to adapt the target language may be a reason for non-equivalence between the words *och* and *and*. It shows that both approaches are needed to give a close translation. The translator is the one taking the decisions, adapting, manipulating and modifying (Molina and Hurtado Albir, 2002:502). These decisions are consequently very subjective and they would vary with every translator. This subjectivity is influenced by unconscious phenomena and these are noticeable in any translator’s translations. Mats Johansson (1996:31) and Mona Baker (1996:176) looked at some common unconscious translation tendencies such as translationese (the influence of the source language on the target language), normalization, exaggeration of

some typical patterns of the target language, or the fact that translators tend to simplify the message in the target language. These kinds of phenomena are to be taken into account in this essay in order to understand certain tendencies that emerge along this study. They can explain some choices linked to the translation of *och* and *and* the translator made.

The connectors *and* and *och* are very common in both English and Swedish. Nevertheless their translation remains complex and needs to be clarified. Linguists have been focusing on the study of broader linguistic categories and on their translations or on more common difficulties between these two languages such as their mutual acquisition or phrases which are specific to one language only for example. This essay deals with particular and limited objects, the coordinators *and* and *och*, to point out their differences and complexity through translation.

4. Results

In this part the results of the research made out of the material are presented. They are two levels of results. The first ones are the basic results with the numbers of instances of *och* and *and*. Then, out of these first results a second research has sorted them and made some categories of non-equivalence emerge. The second part exposes the results about these categories.

4.1. Use of *and* and *och* in the original texts

Table 1: Use of *and* and *och* in the original texts (absolute numbers)

Use of <i>and</i> in the English texts		Use of <i>och</i> in the Swedish texts	
Henry Miller: A life	70	Laterna Magica	92
Cat's Eye	49	Ronja Rövardotter	111
Essential London	81	Vem älskar Yngve Frej	71
The middle ground	46	Lundaandan	53
Total	246	Total	327

Table 1 shows how many times *and* or *och* are found in the original texts. *Och* occurs more often in the Swedish texts than *and* in the English texts in the majority of the cases. *Essential London* is the English text with the most instances of *and* (81). The text

with the lowest occurrence of *och* is *Lundaandan* and it is still more than the text with the lowest occurrence of *and*, *The middle ground*. A possible tendency already emerges: Swedish seems to use more *och* than English *and* when we look at the totals.

The ways *and* is used in these texts is similar and most of the time *and* has the role of simple coordination. In the texts, this coordinator can be followed by a noun or a pronoun, an adjective, a verb or a clause.

The four Swedish texts are similar concerning the use of *och*. *Och* is often followed by nouns, pronouns, adjectives or verbs, just like *and* in the English texts but this last case occurs more than in English. Indeed *och* seems to be surrounded by verbs more often than *and*.

4.2. Use of *och* and *and* in fictional and non-fictional texts

Table 2: Use of *och* and *and* in fictional and non-fictional texts (absolute numbers)

Fictional texts		<i>Non-fictional texts</i>	
Cat's Eye	49	Henry Miller: A life	70
The middle ground	46	Essential London	81
Ronja Rövardotter	111	Laterna Magica	92
Vem älskar Yngve Frej	71	Lundaandan	53
Total	277	Total	296

Table 2 shows how many times *and* and *och* occur in the fictional and the non-fictional original texts. The results between the two types of texts are close but *och* and *and* occur more often in non-fictional texts (totals). The nature of the text does not seem to have a considerable impact on the use of coordinators. Moreover the results within each category vary a lot between the lowest result and the highest (ex: *Ronja Rövardotter* 111 / *The Middle Ground* 46).

4.3. Use of *and* and *och* in the original texts and their translations

Table 3: Use of *and* and *och* in the original texts and their translations (absolute numbers)

	Originals	Translations
Ronja Rövardotter	111	98
Vem älskar Yngve Frej	71	56
Laterna Magica	92	100
Lundaandan	53	49
Total	327	303
	Originals	Translations
The middle ground	46	55
Cat's Eye	49	51
Henry Miller: A life	70	96
Essential London	81	86
Total	246	288

Table 3 presents the number of instances of *and* and *och* in the original texts and their translations. For the Swedish texts translated into English the results are close (totals: 327 and 303) but we can notice that the original version always has more instances of *och* than the translation has of *and*, except in the case of *Laterna Magica*. For the English texts translated into Swedish the opposite seems to occur; the translation always has more instances of *och* than the original version has of *and* and in this case the difference between the totals is quite clear (totals: 246 and 288).

A tendency comes out: Swedish originals or translations tend to use more *och* than English texts or translations use *and*. It does not seem to be a question of original or translation but of language. However *and* seems to be more used in the English translations than in English original texts (303 instances against only 246). The phenomenon probably leading to these results is called translationese (Johansson M. 1996:31) and will be discussed further.

4.3.1. Number of non-equivalences (Johansson 2007) between the original and the translation concerning the translation of *och* and *and*

Table 4: Non-equivalences (absolute numbers)

Swedish to English		English to Swedish	
Ronja Rövardotter	26	Cat's Eye	7

Vem älskar Yngve Frej	33	The middle ground	18
Lanterna Magica	31	Henry Miller: A life	39
Lundaandan	7	Essential London	15
Total	97	Total	79

Table 4 presents the cases when *and* or *och* in the original version are not translated by *och* or *and* in the translations or, when there is no *and* or *och* in the original version and the translator added *and* or *och* in his/her translation. In other words, it illustrates when *och* and *and* were not equivalent. The results vary depending on the text. As we can see *Cat's eye* includes very few cases of non-equivalence just like *Lundaandan* (7 cases) whereas one is a fiction text originally in English and the other is a non-fiction text written in Swedish. The language and the type of texts do not seem to have any clear relationship with the number of times *och* and *and* are not equivalent.

It may be surprising that the number of cases does not match the difference between the number of *and* and the number of *och* in each combination (for example, The Middle Ground: Original: 46 *and*. Translation: 55 *och*. Difference between the two: 9. Cases of non-equivalence: 18). However, the fact that the non-equivalence goes both ways has to be kept in mind. Sometimes what is expressed with *och* in the Swedish version is not translated by *and* in the English translation and what is expressed in a certain way in Swedish without using *och* in the original requires the use of *and* in the translation. This is why the difference between the number of *och* and *and* in the original and the translation does not match the number of non-equivalence.

Figure 1: Non-equivalence in Ronja Rövardotter

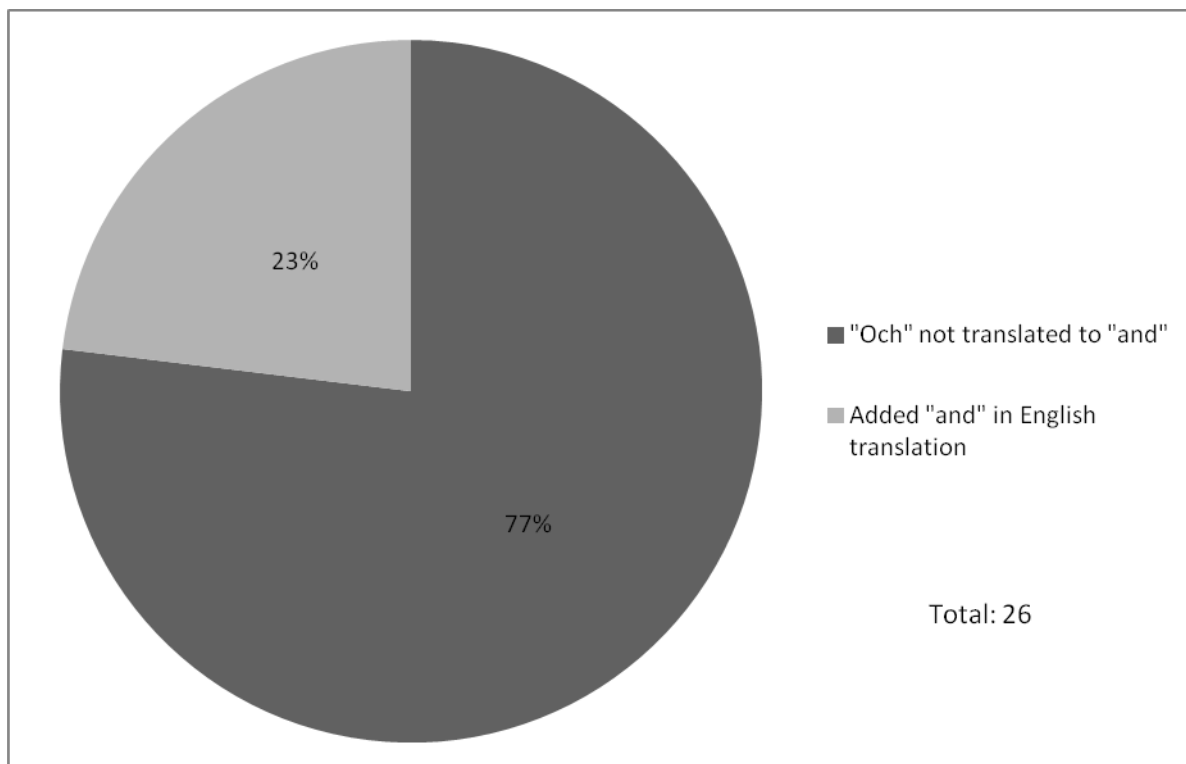


Table 5: Non equivalence in Ronja Rövadotter (absolute numbers)

<i>Och</i> not translated to <i>and</i>	20	77%
Added <i>and</i> in English translation	6	23%

Figure 1 and Table 5 show that in *Ronja Rövadotter* the translator chose to translate *och* with other alternatives than *and* more often than he decided to add *and* where there was no *och* in the original version. The results are very clear since in more than three quarters of the cases it is *och* that is missing in the translation and not *and* that is added.

Figure 2: Non-equivalence in Vem älskar Yngve Frej

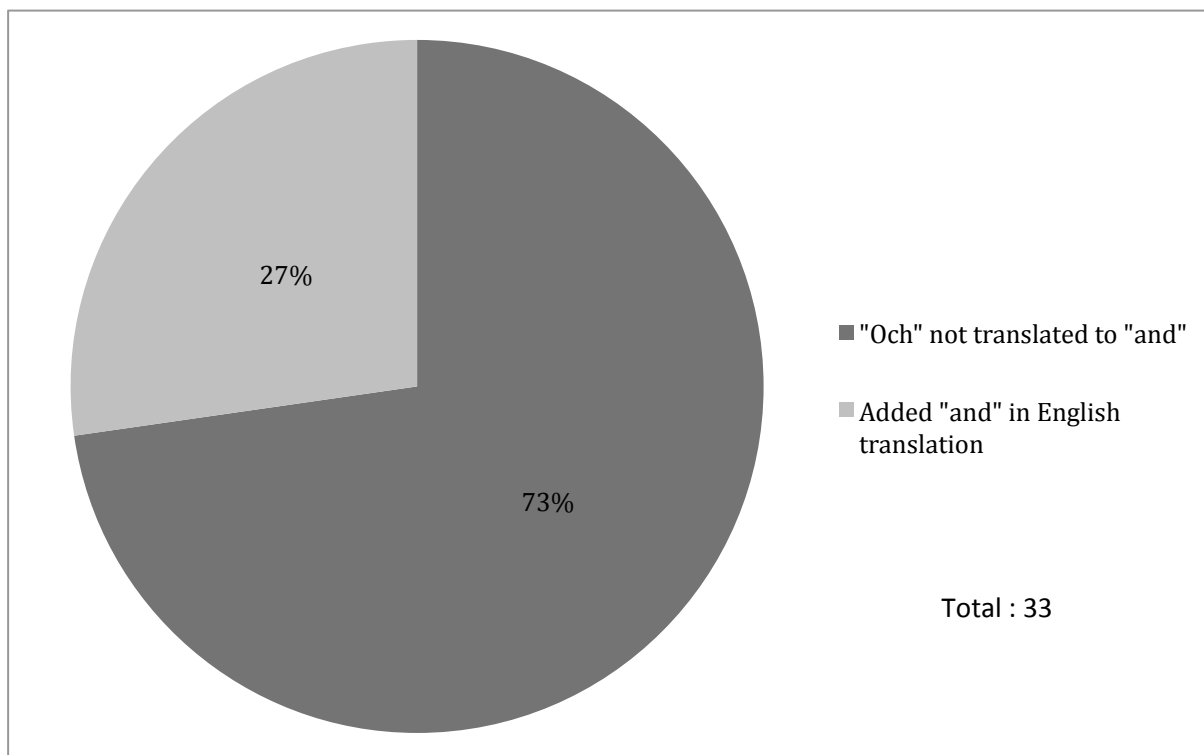


Table 6: Non-equivalence in *Vem älskar Yngve Frej?* (absolute numbers)

<i>Och</i> not translated to <i>and</i>	24	73%
Added <i>and</i> in English translation	9	27%

Figure 2 and Table 6 present the results of non-equivalence in *Vem älskar Yngve Frej*. In the same proportions as *Ronja Rövardotter*, there is a majority of cases when *och* has been translated by other possibilities than *and*.

Figure 3: Non-equivalence in *Laterna Magica*

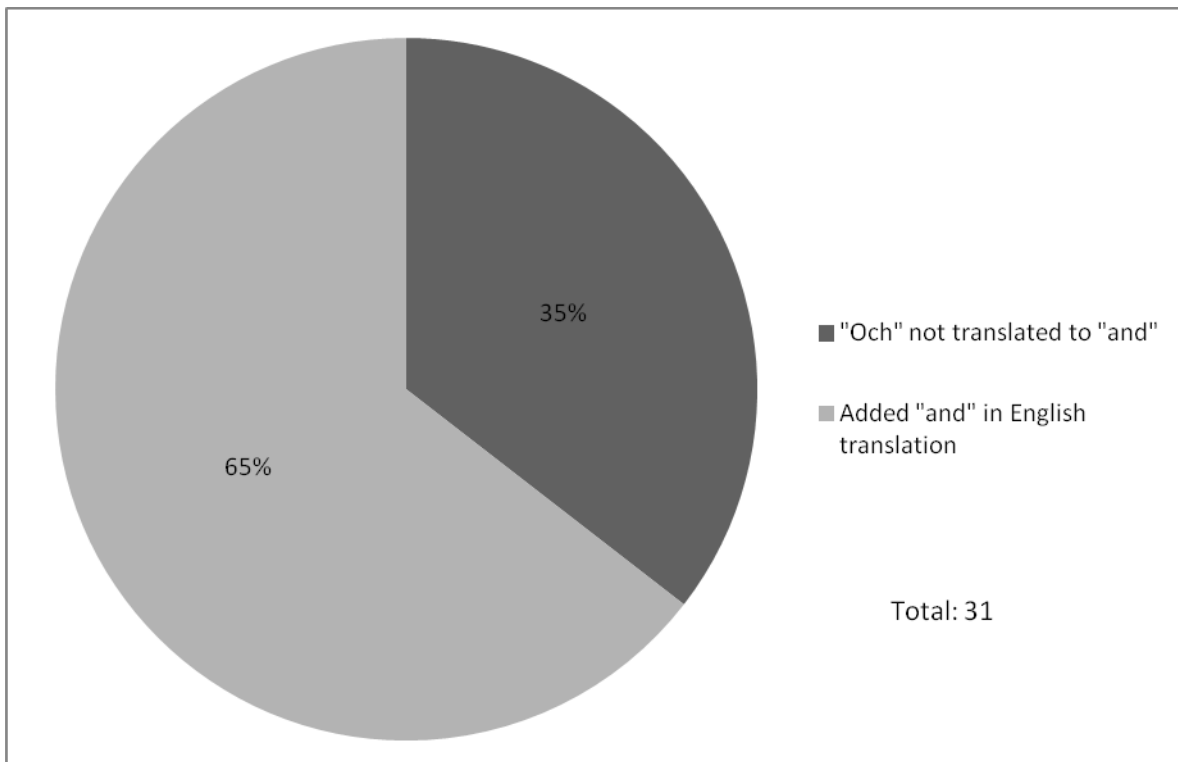


Table 7: Non-equivalence in *Laterna Magica* (absolute numbers)

<i>Och</i> not translated to <i>and</i>	11	35%
Added <i>and</i> in English translation	20	65%

Figure 3 and Table 7 compare the cases of non-equivalence in *Laterna Magica*. In 35% of the cases, the translator decided not to translate *och* by *and* but in 65% of the cases he actually added *and* in his translation when *och* was not in the original text. Compared to *Ronja Rövardotter* and *Vem älskar Yngve Frej?* this text is the first one to get such results, that is to say the opposite tendency. It is also the first non-fictional text.

Figure 4: Non-equivalence in *Lundaandan*

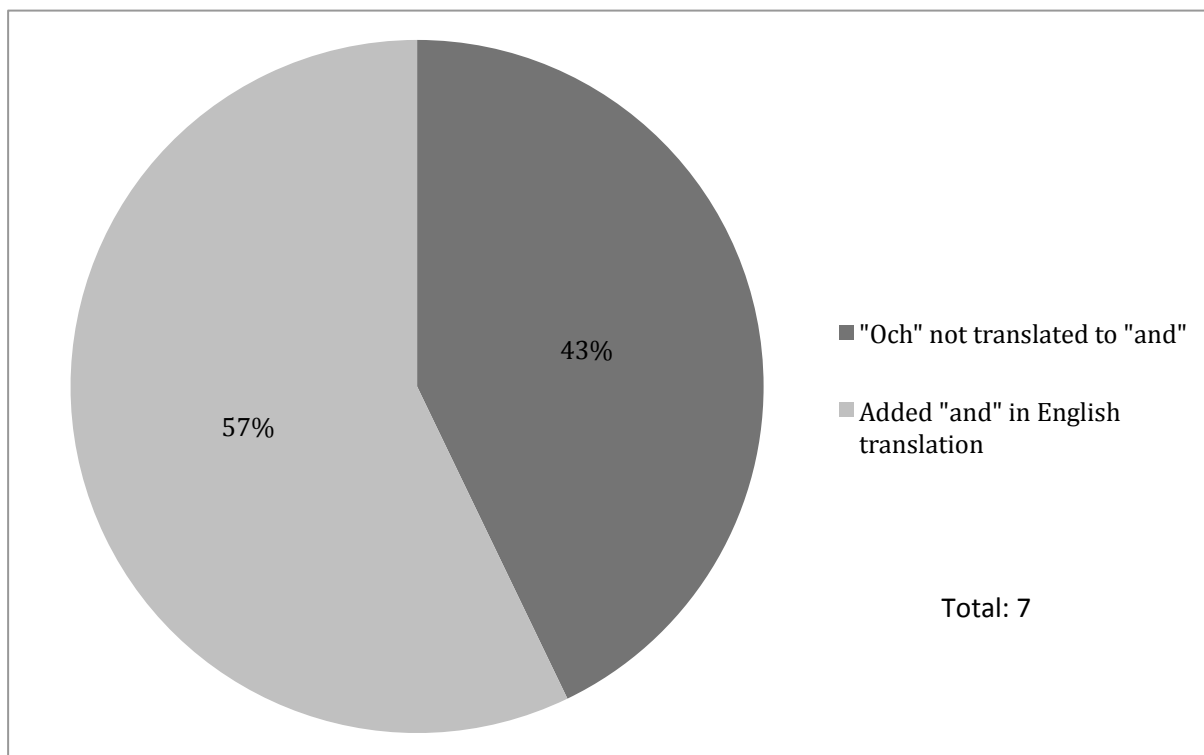


Table 8: Non-equivalence in Lundaandan (absolute numbers)

<i>Och</i> not translated to <i>and</i>	3	43%
Added <i>and</i> in English translation	4	57%

Figure 4 and Table 8 show that in Lundaandan the non-equivalence is balanced between the two texts. The translator decided to find another alternative than *and* to translate *och* almost as many times as she decided to add *and* in some situations where Swedish did not require *och*. Still, the results are closer from the ones of *Laterna Magica* than in *Ronja Rövardotter* and *Vem älskar Yngve Frej?* Both *Laterna magica* and *Lundaadan* are non-fictional texts.

Figure 5: Non-equivalence in Henry Miller: A life

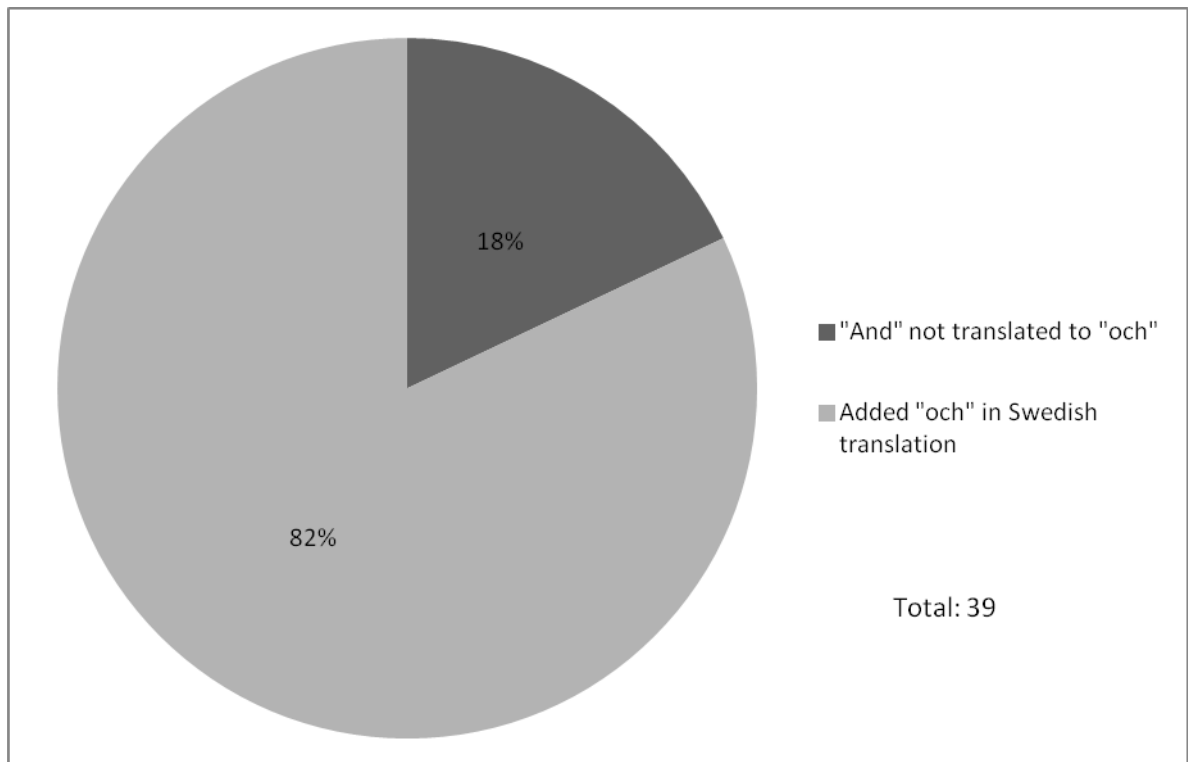


Table 9: Non-equivalence in Henry Miller: A Life (absolute numbers)

<i>And</i> not translated to <i>och</i>	7	18%
Added <i>och</i> in Swedish translation	32	82%

In Figure 5 and Table 9 we can see that in 82% of the cases the translator of Henry Miller: A life decided to add *och* in his Swedish translation where there was no *and* in the original.

Figure 6: Non-equivalence in Essential London

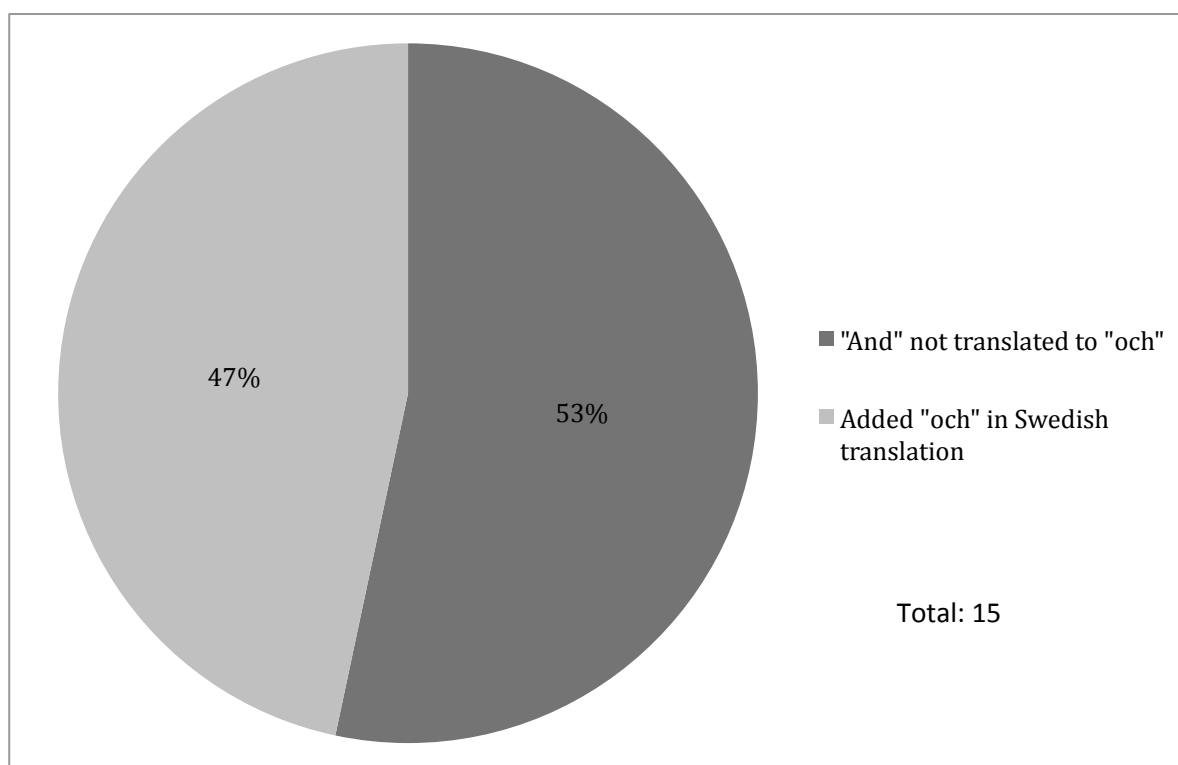


Table 10: Non-equivalence in Essential London (absolute numbers)

<i>And</i> not translated to <i>och</i>	8	53%
Added <i>och</i> in Swedish translation	7	47%

Figure 6 and Table 10 shows, like Figure 4 and Table 8 with *Lundaandan*, that the results concerning the direction in which non-equivalence goes in *Essential London* are balanced. As we can see, in 53% of the cases *and* is not translated by *och* in the translation and in 47% the translator actually added *och* to translate phrases without any *and*. This result is opposed to the one that has been just shown for *Henry Miller: A Life* even if there are both non-fictions written in English.

Figure 7: Non-equivalence in Cat's Eye

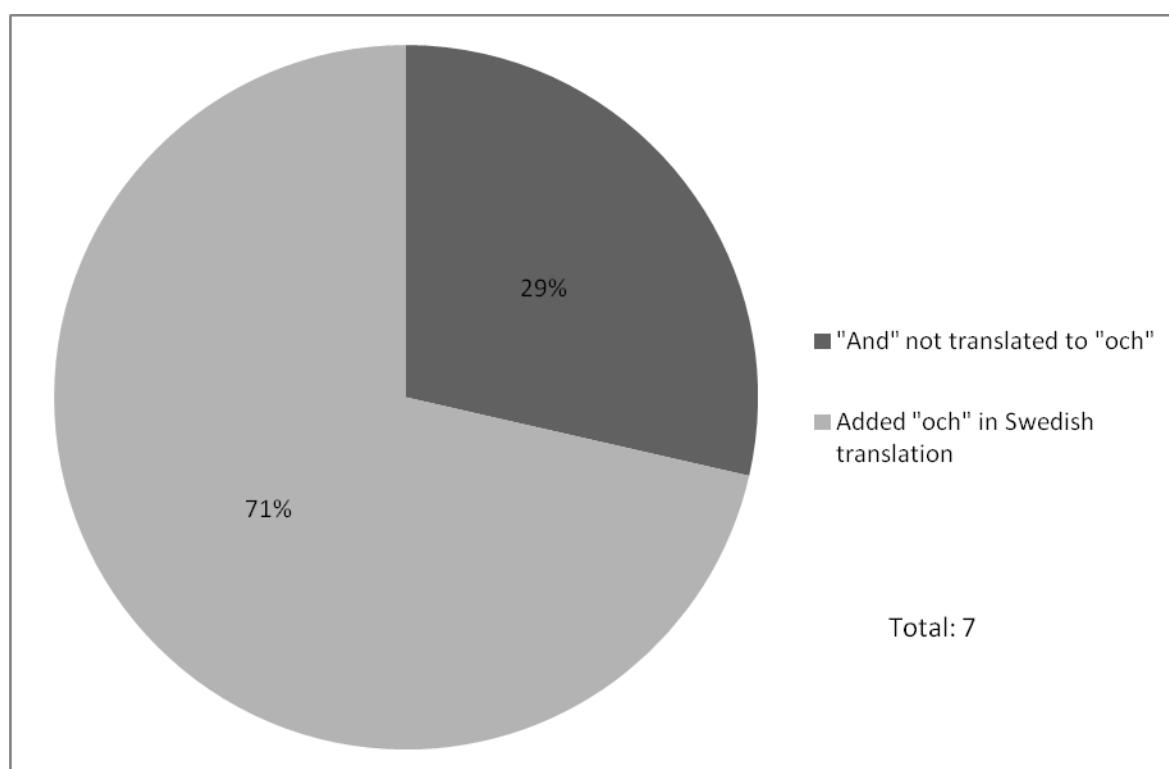


Table 11: Non-equivalence in Cat's Eye (absolute numbers)

<i>And</i> not translated to <i>och</i>	2	29%
Added <i>och</i> in Swedish translation	5	71%

Figure 7 and Table 11 present the results for *Cat's Eye*, a fiction written in English. We see that these results tend to follow the path of *Henry Miller: A life*. The translator decided to add *och* in the translation much more times that she decided to find alternatives to translate *and*. *Cat's Eye* is the text with the fewest amount of non-equivalence of the corpus together with *Lundaandan* (only 7 cases).

Figure 8: Non-equivalence in The middle ground

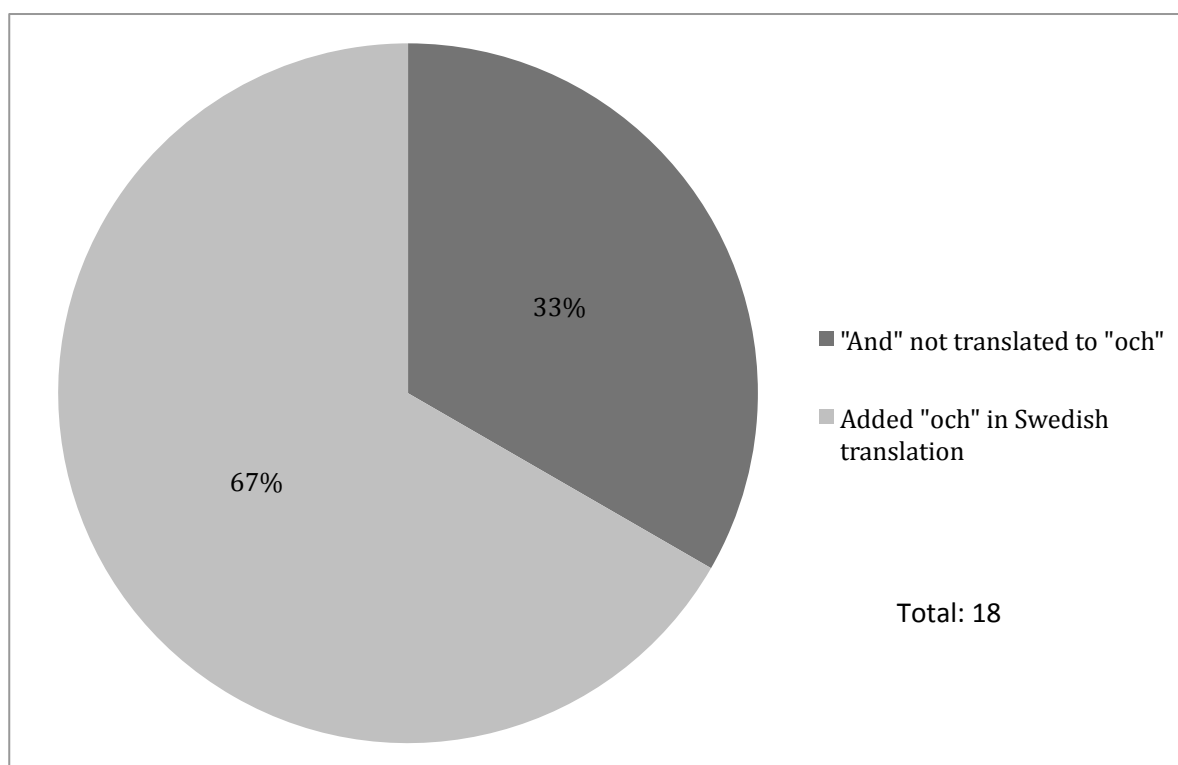


Table 12: Non-equivalence in The middle ground (absolute numbers)

<i>And</i> not translated to <i>och</i>	6	33%
Added <i>och</i> in Swedish translation	12	67%

Figure 8 and Table 12 illustrate the results for *The middle ground*, the second fiction in English. 67% of the results are sorted in the category “added *och* in Swedish translation” which represents two thirds of the cases. It is the biggest category and it shows that the Swedish translator decided to add *och* for different reasons that I will try to identify and explain later in this essay. The results are close from the ones of *Cat’s eye* and both texts are fictional texts written in English.

4.3.2. Categories of non-equivalence between *och* and *and*

After having identified each instance where *och* and *and* do not translate each other, clear tendencies stand out. Our results match the results Bengt Altenberg (1999)

presented, which showed that *och* and *and* were not 100% equivalent. These are the tendencies noticed:

- English *ing* coordination: An *ing* clause which acts like a coordinator describing two actions that are happening simultaneously. The use of *ing* here replaces a phrase like “at the same time” or “while”. It is an implicit *and* however you cannot really replace the *ing* coordination by an explicit *and* because that would give a sequential aspect to the sentence, as if the actions were actually not simultaneous but more sequential. This creates an ambiguity which may be confusing for the reader (Johansson and Lysvåg, 1986:135).

To express two events occurring at the same time Swedish, however, accumulates them. That is to say that Swedish uses a coordinator to link the two actions in process. The structure used is *verb + och + verb*. This structure does not lead to confusion in Swedish though.

[10]. “I sit there wondering whether to pull the tubes out of her arms, the plug out of the wall.” // “Jag sitter där och undrar om jag ska dra ut slangarna ur hennes armar, sladden ur väggkontakten.” (Line 238 to 241 in English version and 237 to 239 in Swedish translation of *Cat's Eye*)

In [10], the English construction *verb + ing* form translates the simultaneity of the actions described by the two verbs (“sit” and “wondering”) while in the Swedish translation the notion of simultaneity results from the coordination of the two verbs (“sitter” and “undrar”) thanks to the word *och*.

- Fixed expressions: Some groups of words, or only words, are considered as fixed expression in this essay. They can be connective words or expressions (ex: even/till och med, from/från och med, it is only because/det beror helt och hållet på att, I och för sig/although or kinds of idioms (ex: tack och lov/thank goodness, time to time/då och då). They are common, in the way that they can be found as such in different texts, and “pre-established”, their composition is not due to the author’s or translator’s choice, these words are invariably associated this way to express this specific notion or idea. However it does not mean that the ideas they express cannot be expressed in other ways. Sometimes an expression will contain *och* in Swedish but the equivalent in English will not

contain *and* and vice versa. For fixed expression the translator clearly focuses on the message carried and not on the words used. This category includes idioms and groups of words that work together to convey a sense which might not be understandable literally. There might be several possibilities to translate those expressions but most of the time a literal translation is impossible.

[11]. a) “[...] a rich, exciting and even mysterious place in which to grow up. // “[...] en rik, spännande och till och med mystisk plats att växa upp på.” (line 177-178 in English version and line 176-177 in Swedish translation of *Henry Miller: A life*)

b) Swedish = “Rövorna hade tack och lov skrålat [...]” // English = “Thank goodness the robbers had been bawling [...]” (line 185 in Swedish version and 184-185 in English translation of *Ronja Rövardotter*)

[11].a) shows that the word “even” in English is translated in Swedish by the group of word “till och med” which includes the connector *och*. As well as [11].b) with the expression “tack och lov” which is translated by “thank goodness”; the Swedish version includes the word *och* whereas the English translation for this expression does not.

- Reformulation: Sometimes, for a sentence to sound natural in the language of translation, the translator needs to reformulate the sentence (Baker, 1996:176,177,178). S/he can change the order of the information, of the clauses, choose to use several words to translate just one or to translate a group of words with just one word, but also remove a word or add one and here the word would be *och* or *and* (Molina and Hurtado, 2002:502). They can be replaced by a totally different formulation where they are not required or by a modification of the punctuation. It also happens that other prepositions or connectors are replaced by *och* or *and* in the translations even if it is a minor tendency (ex: *och* translated by *then* in *Laterna Magica* line 150. *And though* translated by *men* in *Henry Miller: A Life* line 289). In other words, this category gathers the cases when the translator’s choice was to manipulate the original structure of the information or of the sentence in order to make this information clearer or more conform to the standards of the target language (Baker, 1996:176 and Molina

and Hurtado, 2002:502). The decision is to save the meaning sacrificing the original structure in a way (Munday,2001:20). For that purpose s/he may decide about the addition of a coordinator or its removal in the translation compared to the original text. This choice being subjective it could be criticized and other possibilities may be possible.

[12]. “Mormor tog mig då till sommarhuset i Dalarna. Under tågresan som på den tiden varade en dag, matade hon mig med sockerkaka uppblött i vatten.” // “My maternal grandmother took me with her to her summer house in Dalarna, and on the train journey, which in those days took a whole day, she fed me with sponge cake soaked in water.” (Line 5 to 9 Swedish version and English translation of *Laterna magica*)

The previous example shows that the translator decided to create two coordinated clauses instead of following the original structure with two independent clauses separated by a full stop. She actually replaced the full stop by the connector *and* which is a reformulation of the original structure without altering the general meaning of the sentence.

- Synonyms and Composed words: These two categories are very minor but still present in the results. The category of synonyms concern the cases when the translator translated *och* or *and* by another connector which can be considered as synonyms. They fulfill the same function and share the same meaning. In his case it is the Swedish word *samt* which is used as a synonym for *och* and as a translation for *and* and (Norstedts, 2008). Even if it can be considered as an equivalent for *och*, *samt* belongs to a more formal written register whereas *och* can be found both in oral and written productions. The category of composed words includes the words that are composed in one of the languages and which the translator had to translate using *och* or *and*, or the opposite situation when the composed word included *och* or *and* and which the translator translated without *och* or *and*. These two categories include only one case each.

[13]. “The South Bank [...] and the ugly concrete high-level walkways linking them are getting a massive multi-million pound camouflage.” // “South Bank [...], samt de fula gångbroarna av betong som förbinderdem, håller på att

byggas om till enorma kostnader.” (Line 143 to 148 English version and 144 to 148 Swedish translation of *Essential London*)

Here, *samt* is used as an equivalent of *and*, just like *och* would be.

[14]. “ett åskvädersbarn, litet och fult får man tro, hoho!” // “A thunder-and-lightning baby, small and ugly it’ll be, ho, ho!” (Line 26-27 Swedish version and English translation of *Ronja Rövardotter*)

“åskvädersbarn” is a Swedish compound word composed of three distinct words, “åsk”, “väder” and “barn”. This words put together refer to a baby born while the weather was thundery. The translator, here, decided to translate the idea in another way since she described in more details the characteristics of such weather instead of using for example the word “thunderstorm” or “thunder” which could have been a fair translation for “åskväder”. She associated the words “lightning” and “thunder” and used the connector *and* to create a composed word expressing the same general idea.

Figure 9: Categories of non-equivalence in Ronja Rövardotter

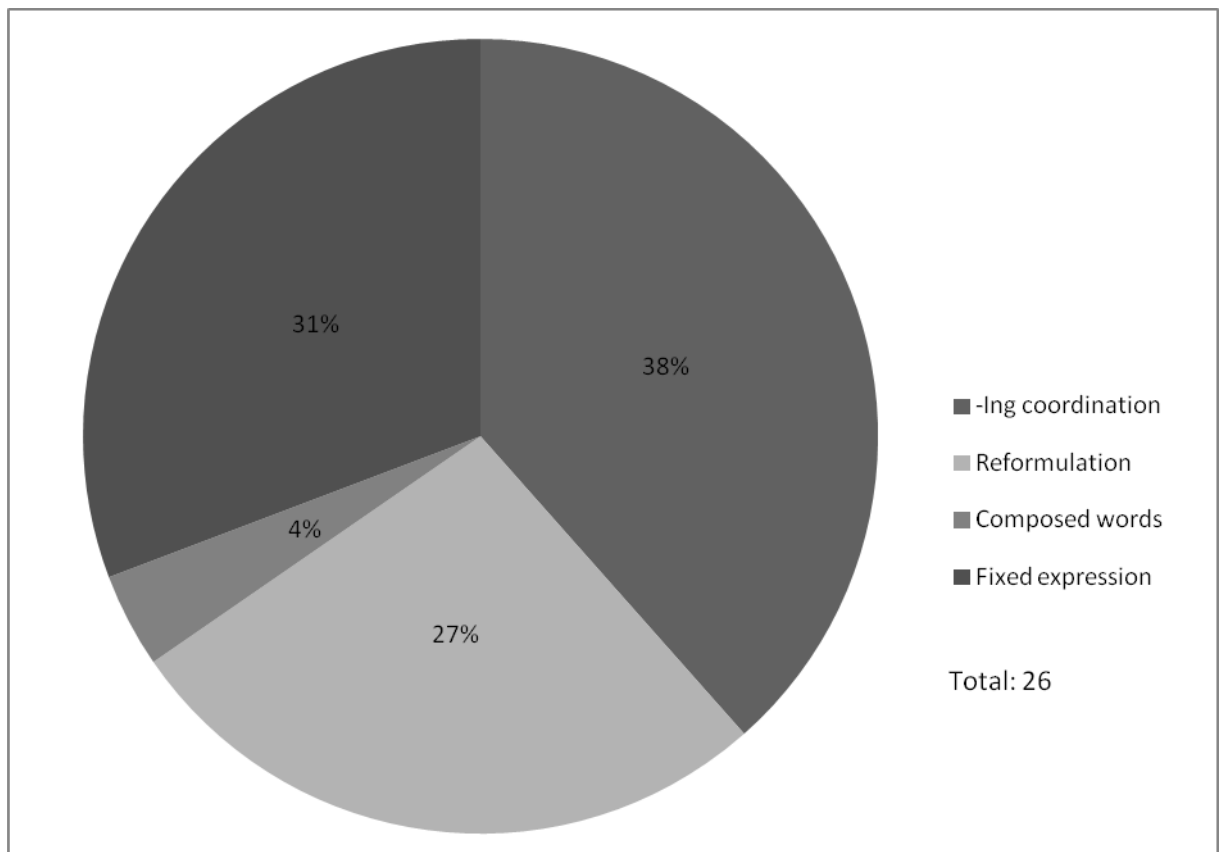


Table 13: Categories of non-equivalence in Ronja Rövadotter (absolute numbers)

Non-equivalence between <i>and/och</i>		26
-Ing structures	10	38%
Reformulation	7	27%
Composed words	1	4%
Fixed expression	8	31%

Figure 9 and Table 13 present the categories of non-equivalence in Ronja Rövadotter. Three categories stand out and include almost all the cases: *ing* coordination, reformulation and fixed expressions. The large majority of the non-equivalence cases are part of these three categories. A balance between these three main categories can be noticed. A small part, 4% correspond to a composed word, more precisely the word “åskvädersbarn” in the Swedish version which became “thunder-and-lightning baby” in the English translation. This word is the only instance found in this corpus in this category.

Figure 10: Categories of non-equivalence in Vem älskar Yngve Frej?

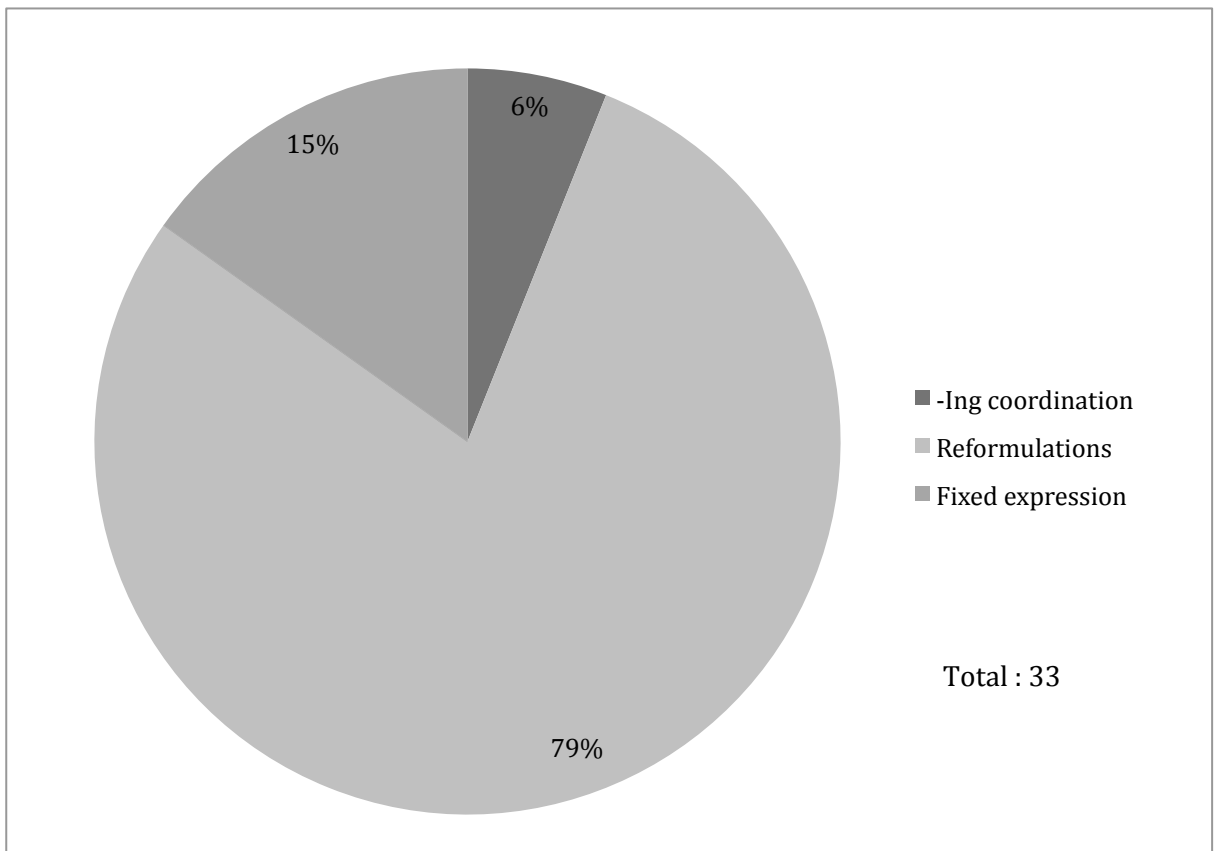


Table 14: Categories of non-equivalence in Vem älskar Yngve Frej? (absolute numbers)

Non-equivalence between <i>and/och</i>	33	
-Ing coordination	2	6%
Reformulations	26	79%
Fixed expression	5	15%

Figure 10 and Table 14 show the cases of non-equivalence occurring in *Vem älskar Yngve Frej?*, a fictional Swedish text. Unlike Ronja Rövardotter, the results are not balanced but the three main categories remain the same: *ing* coordination, reformulation and fixed expression. The largest one is reformulation and it includes the great majority of the cases.

Figure 11: Categories of non-equivalence in Laterna Magica

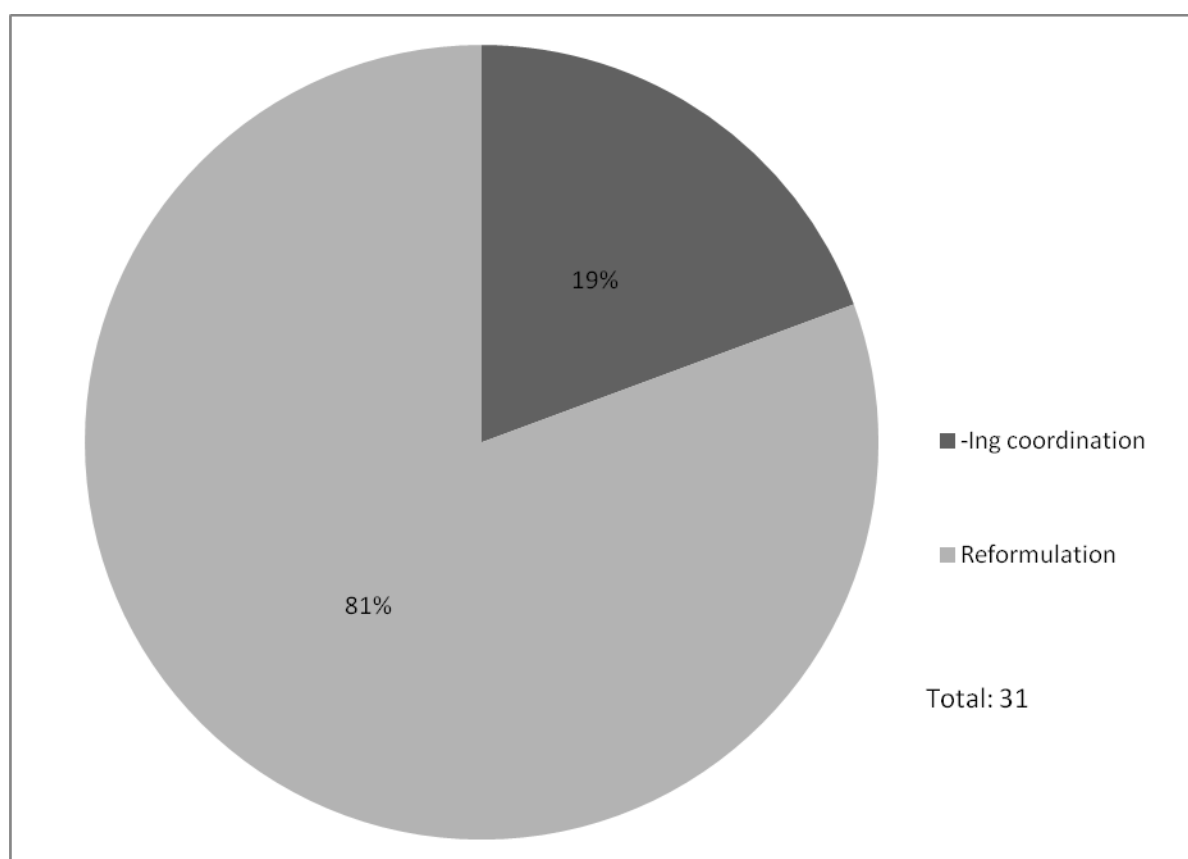


Table 15: Categories of non-equivalence in Laterna Magica (absolute numbers)

Non-equivalence between <i>and/och</i>	31	
-Ing structures	6	19%
Reformulations	25	81%

Figure 11 and Table 15 illustrate the different kinds of non-equivalent cases which can be found in the translation of *Laterna magica*. Only two categories are found, *ing*

coordination and, mostly, reformulation. This last category includes more than the three quarters of the cases. The translator seems to have chosen a more dynamic approach when translating this text since she often felt the need to reformulate the original message (Chesterman, 1997:8).

Figure 12: Categories of non-equivalence in Lundaandan

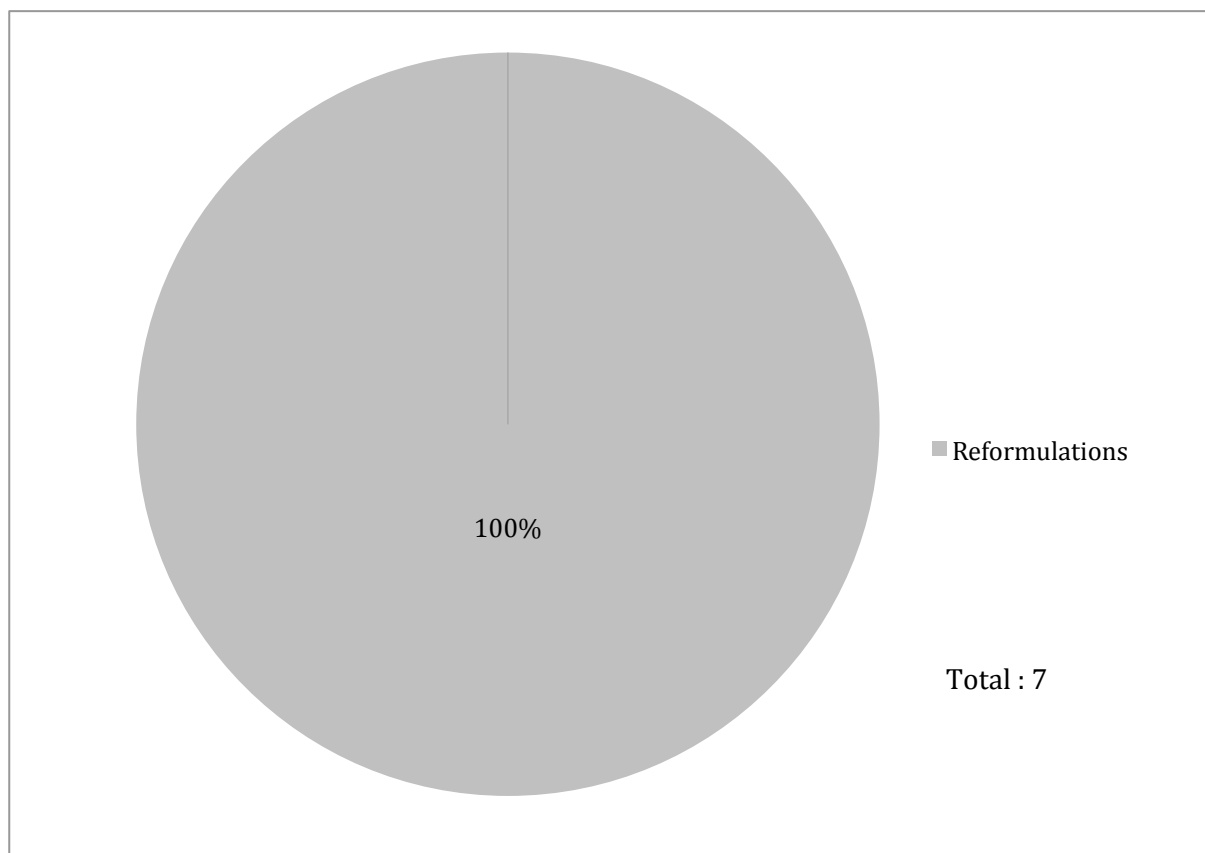


Table 16: Categories of non-equivalence in Lundaandan (absolute numbers)

Non-equivalence between <i>and/och</i>	7	
Reformulations	7	100%

Figure 12 and Table 16 present the only category of non-equivalence which was found in *Lundaandan*. The situations when the translator decided to use an alternative to the coordinator *och* or to add the coordinator *and* in her translation occurred only because the formulation of the original text was problematic. *Lundaandan* is the only text in the corpus whose all cases are gathered in only one category. Together with *Cat's Eye* it is also the text with the fewest cases of non-equivalence, seven cases, however *Cat's Eye's* cases fall into three categories, not just one like *Lundaandan*. The number of non-equivalence instances does not seem to influence the diversity of the cases of non-equivalence in the text.

Figure 13: Categories of non-equivalence in Henry Miller: A life

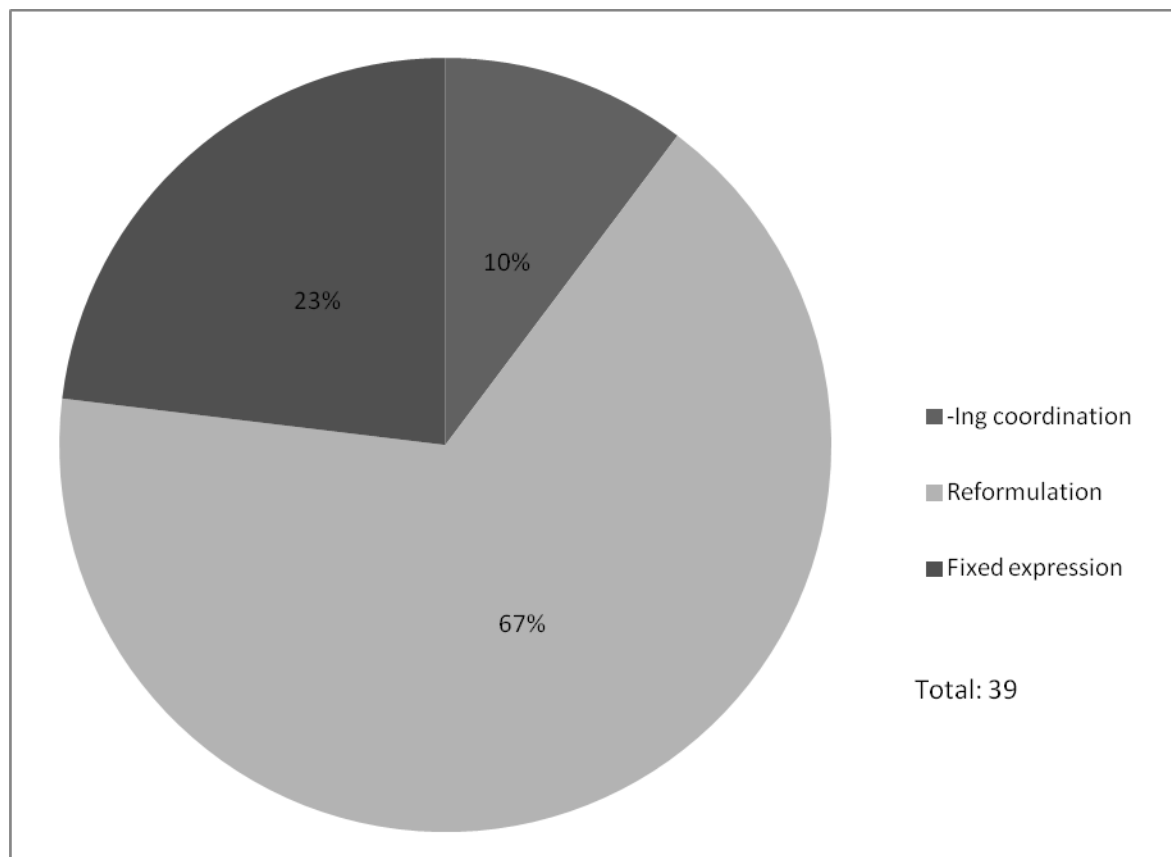


Table 17: Categories of non-equivalence in Henry Miller: A life (absolute numbers)

Non-equivalence between <i>and/och</i>	39	
-Ing structures	4	10%
Reformulations	26	67%
Fixed expression	9	23%

Figure 13 and Table 7 present the categories of non-equivalence between the original version and the translation of *Henry Miller: A life*. Three are identified, *ing* coordination, fixed expressions and, the biggest one, reformulation. Once again reformulation includes the large majority of cases, almost the two thirds of the cases.

Figure 14: Categories of non-equivalence in Essential London

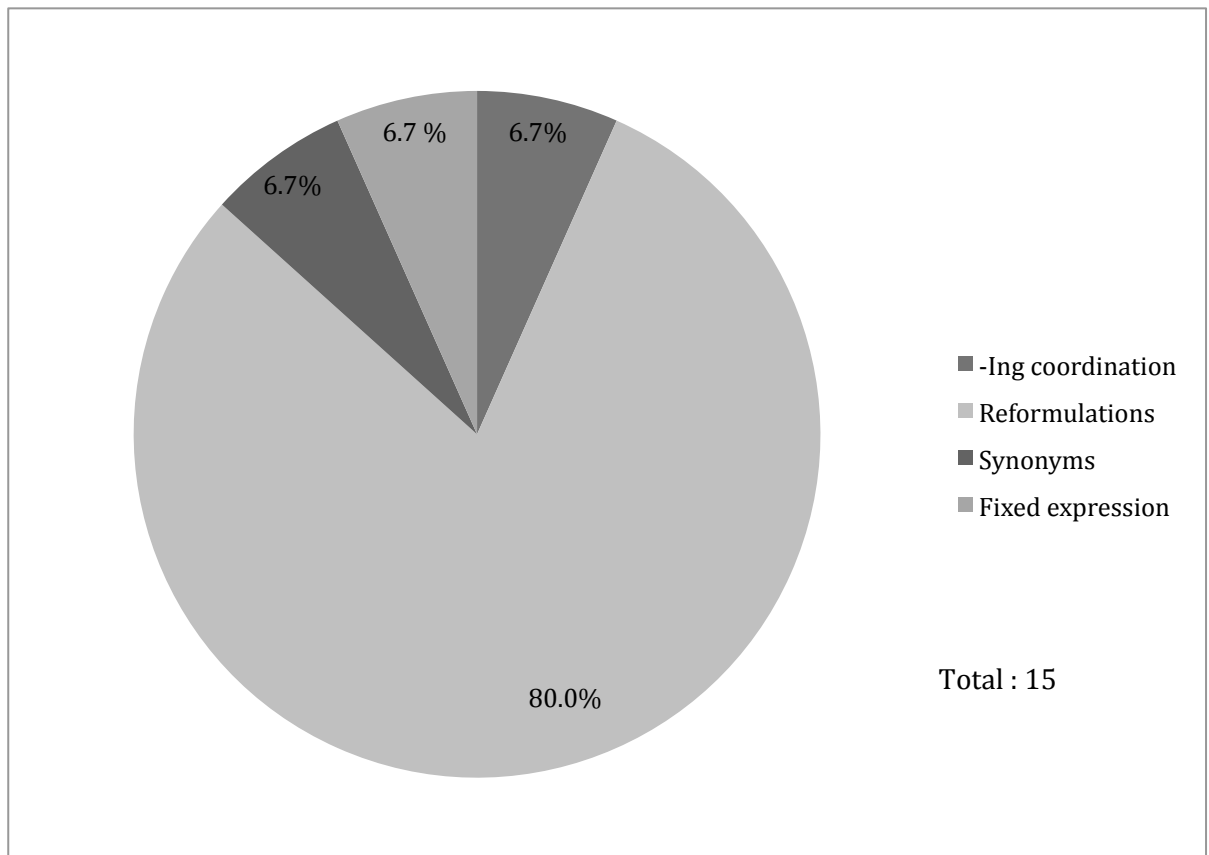


Table 18: Categories of non-equivalence in Essential London (absolute numbers)

Non-equivalence between <i>and/och</i>	15	
-Ing coordination	1	6.7%
Reformulations	12	80.0%
Synonyms	1	6.7%
Fixed expression	1	6.7%

Figure 14 and Table 18 illustrate the categories of non-equivalence in the text *Essential London*. The largest category is reformulation, which seems to be a recurring result, and the three others include an equal number of cases, just one each. One category is Synonym and *Essential London* is the only text for which this category needed to be added. It includes the case when the translator did not translate *and* by *och* but used the word “samt” which can be considered as a synonym for *och*. It is the only case of synonym in the corpus.

Figure 15: Categories of non-equivalence in Cat's Eye

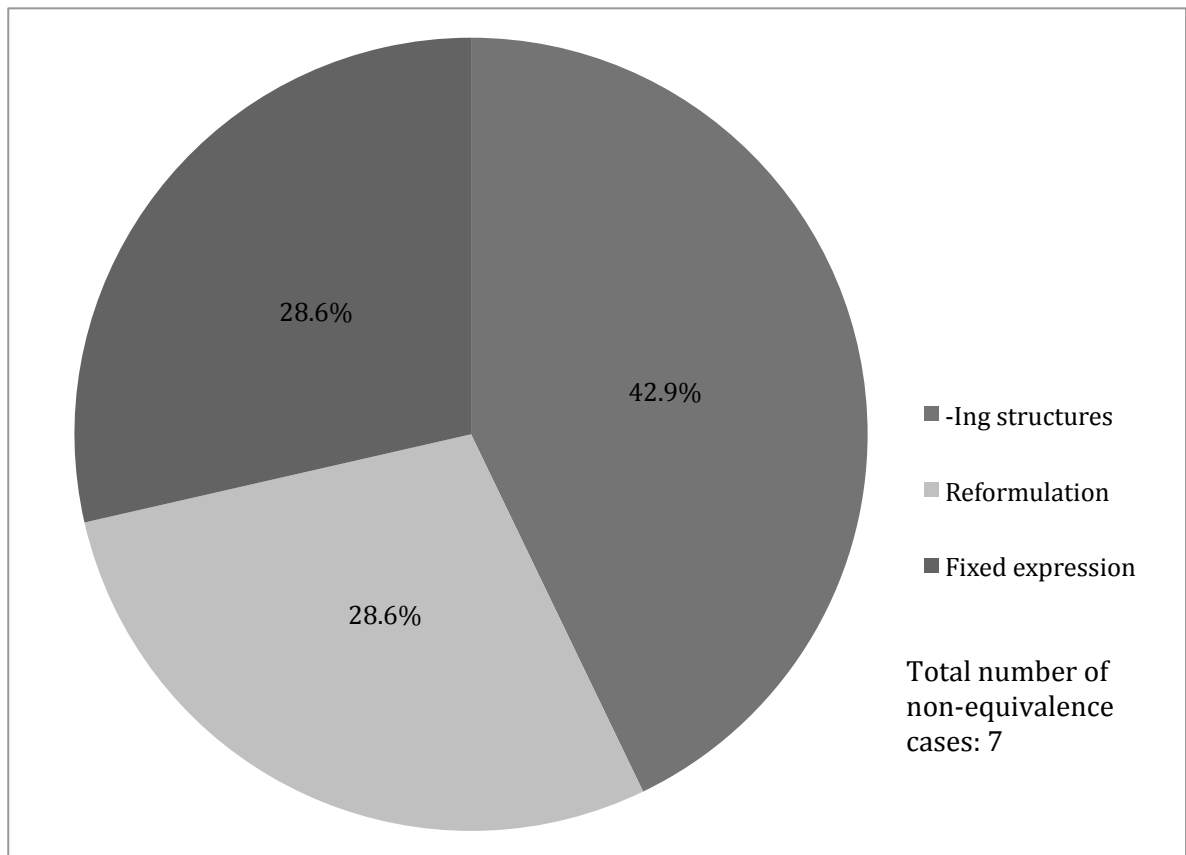


Table 19: Categories of non-equivalence in Cat's Eye (absolute numbers)

Non-equivalence between <i>and/och</i>		7
-Ing structures	3	42.9%
Reformulations	2	28.6%
Fixed expression	2	28.6%

Figure 15 and Table 19 show the division of the case of non-equivalence into the three main categories in the text *Cat's Eye*. The fixed expressions and reformulation categories are equal but the *ing* coordination category includes a little less than half of the cases. It is the only text so far where *ing* coordination is the largest category.

Figure 16: Categories of non-equivalence in The middle ground

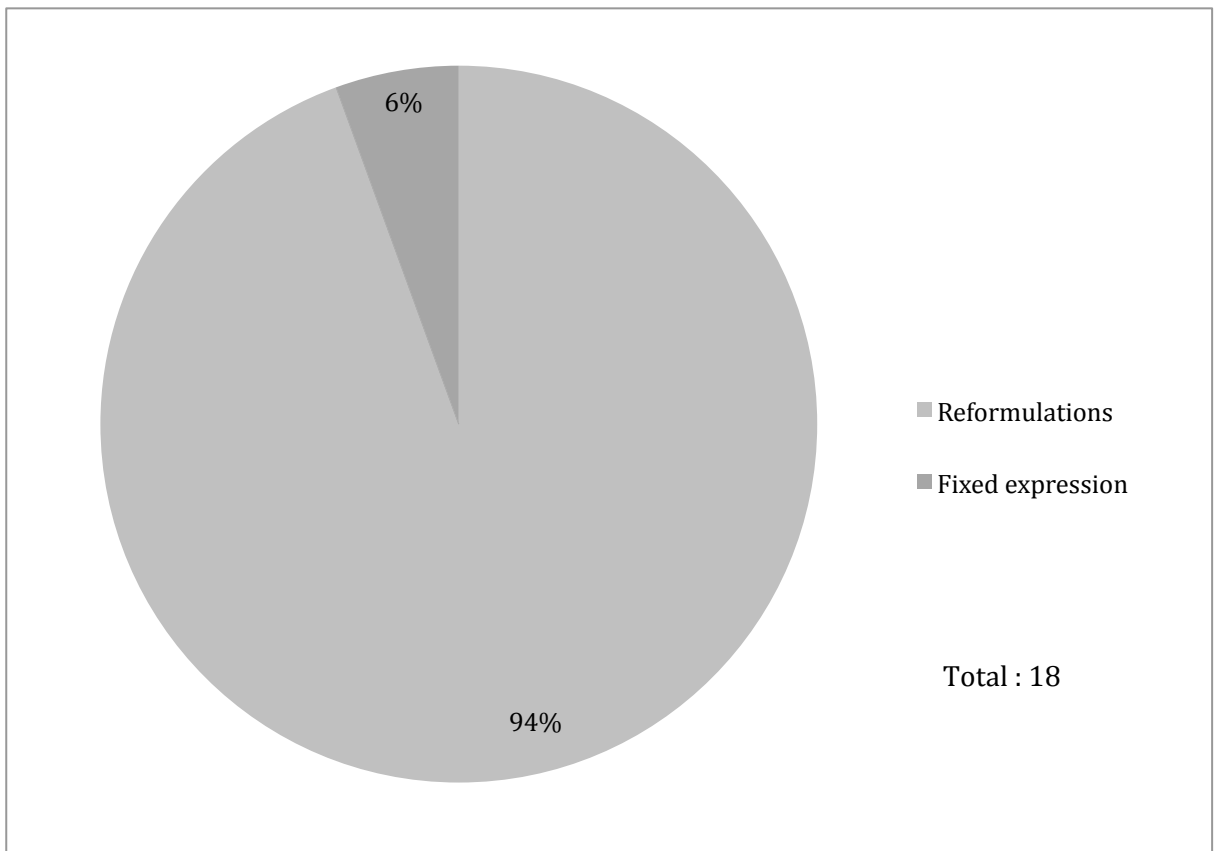


Table 20: Categories of non-equivalence in The middle ground (absolute numbers)

Non-equivalence between <i>and/och</i>	18	
Reformulations	17	94%
Fixed expression	1	6%

Figure 16 and Table 20 illustrate the non-equivalence sorted in *The middle ground*. Reformulation is once again the main category and would have been the only one if there was not one case of fixed expression. Such a high percentage of reformulation is reminiscent of the 100% of reformulation of *Lundaandan*. However these two texts are very different, one is a fiction text written in English and the other one is a non-fiction text written in Swedish. Moreover, *Lundaandan* includes only seven cases of non-equivalence whereas *The Middle Ground* has eighteen. The number of reformulation leading to non-equivalence does not seem to be linked with the total number of cases.

Figure 17: Total of the categories of non-equivalence the eight texts included

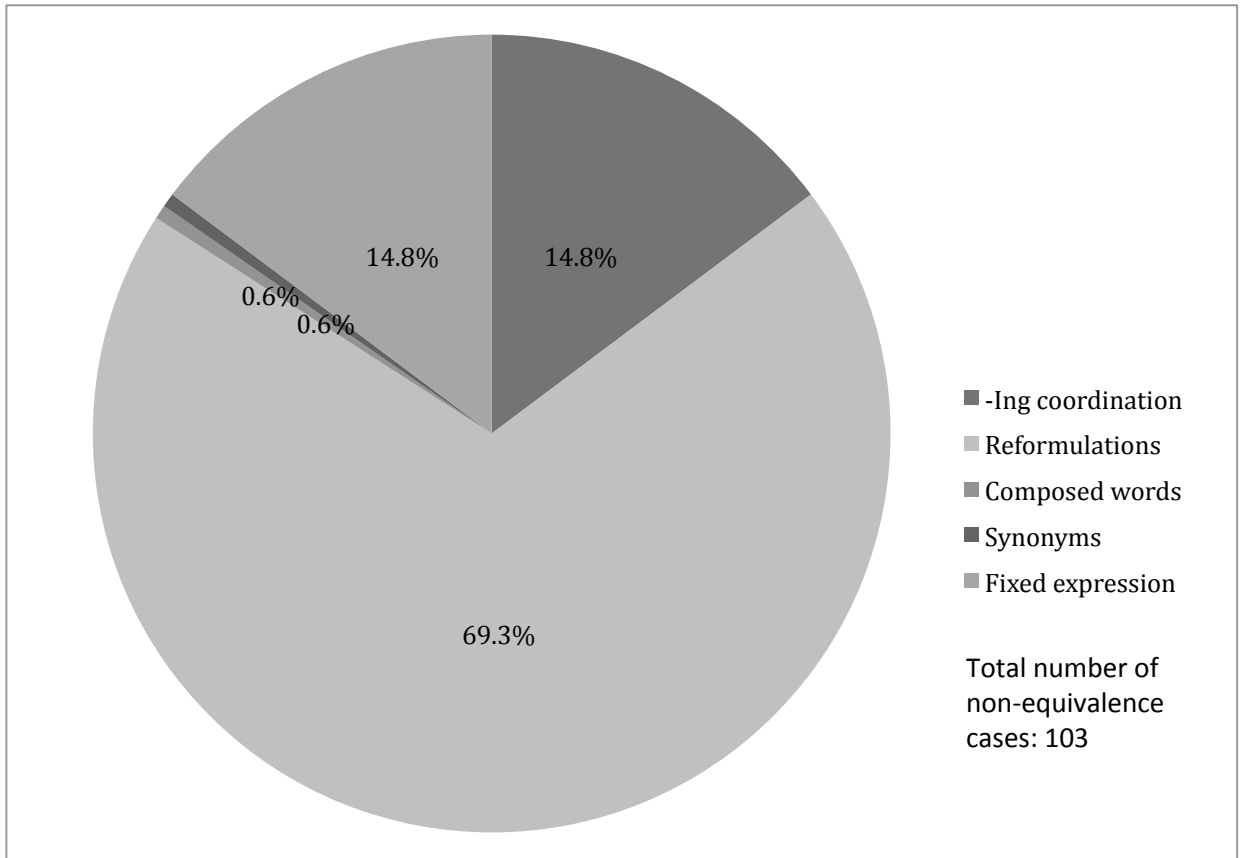


Table 21: Total of the categories of non-equivalence the four texts included

(absolute numbers)

Non-equivalence between <i>and/och</i>		176
-Ing coordination	26	14.8%
Reformulation	122	69.3%
Composed words	1	0.6%
Synonyms	1	0.6%
Fixed expression	26	14.8%

In Figure 17 and Table 21 summarize the results of all the texts. It shows the average tendencies of the non-equivalence. The largest category is reformulation, which is not surprising since this category includes a variety of cases and since the formulation of sentences and ideas is specific to each language and needs very much to be adapted. This category is present in all of the diagrams and it is always the biggest one except in the case of *Ronja Rövardotter* and *Cat's Eye*, two fiction texts. Fixed expressions and *ing* coordination are the two second largest categories and are equal with 14.8% of the non-equivalence being sorted in one of those two categories. Finally, the two smallest

categories are composed word which was mentioned only in Figure 9 and synonym which only instance is found in Figure 14. They both include only one case.

5. Discussion

In this part we will discuss our results in parallel with the theory which has been settled earlier, analyze and compare them. First we will compare the results between the originals and their translations and then the results between the fictional and non-fictional texts.

5.1. Use of *and* and *och* in the original texts and their translations

Except for the last text by Ingmar Bergman, *Laterna magica*, a tendency seems to stand out: The Swedish texts or translations use the connector *och* more times than the English texts or translations use the connector *and*. It happens more often that the Swedish text includes *och* where the English text does not use *and* than the contrary. Table 3 shows that in six out of the eight pairs of original/translation the Swedish text (original or translation) is the one in which *och* occurs most often. The translator deciding to add *och* in the Swedish translation where the English original text does not is the most common case in four out of five English texts translated. Out of these first results we can make the hypothesis that Swedish prose requires the word *och* more often than English requires *and*. Swedish may need *och* in more contexts than English. Moreover, we can notice that when the original text is in Swedish the total of *och* and the total of *and* in the translation is higher than when the original is in English. Swedish may use *och* more spontaneously than English. In his article, Bengt Altenberg (2005) explained that the pronoun *man* was used more spontaneously in Swedish than its possible equivalent in English *one* because it belonged to a neutral register whereas *one* was very formal. This explanation might be right in the case of *och* and *and*. *Och* might be more neutral than *and* and have a broader use than the word *and* but further research on their use in both languages are needed to give the cause of this unbalance. However, when translating from Swedish into English, translators seem to keep this tendency and to use more *and* than they had done if the text would have been originally in English. This translation phenomenon is called translationese (Gellerstam, 1996:53-62, Johansson, 1996:31). The fact that translators are influenced in their translations by

some features of the source language is only natural. Some typical features of the source language, here Swedish, affect the translator's choices in an unconscious way (Baker, 1996:176). In our corpus the fact that English translations include more instances of *and* than the original texts is not always true but it is a phenomenon that has to be taken into account in the results analysis. The amount of *och* and *and* in the texts also depends on the text itself and on the author's style, i.e. characteristics the translator may want to keep in the translation (Landers, 2001:7). For example in *Ronja Rövardotter* there is a lot of dialogue and it is a novel for young readers. Orally, children tend to use an *and*-type coordinator most often, including at the beginning of sentences, which is not very common in formal written style or even in adult discourse (Mouchon et al, 1989:522). In this particular text, *och* is often found at the beginning of sentences even when it is not in a dialogue. Astrid Lindgren probably deliberately tried to make the text easy to read for young readers but also to copy their way of speaking. The structures are not too complex and the style sometimes seems childish. She may have tried to match the children's oral expression. This may be the reason why this text is the one including *och* most times, since children use *och* as the main linking word when they speak, as shown in the study by the French researchers S. Mouchon, M.Fayol and J.E.Gombert (1989). Their results show clearly the fact that "et" (*and* in French) is the connector children between 5 and 8 years-old use the most in their oral narratives.

5.1.1. Non-equivalence

The most telling point of this study is the situations when the translators had to translate *och* or *and* with another word or expression. There are formal correspondences and dynamic equivalences knowing that some cases can be both (Nida and Taber, 1969:vii). The first type deals with the literal aspect or "word-for-word" aspect (*and* being the equivalent of *och*) and implies that the two are the perfect translation of each other. The second one is a more "sense-for-sense" type of equivalence (Munday, 2001:20), the important part is to translate the message carried (for *and* and *och*, the coordination or accumulation). These two types of equivalence seem opposed but they work together and their use depends on the translator's choice and on the type of text among other factors. *Och* and *and* seem to be a perfect example of formal equivalence, being the best and only way to translate each other. However in many cases dynamic equivalence is needed (Molina and Hurtado Albir, 2002:502). In this essay these cases when the usual formal equivalence does not work and a dynamic approach is required

are referred to as “non-equivalence”, that is to say “non usual equivalence relations”. It does not mean that it is not equivalent but just that it is a different kind of equivalence from the one that would be the most expected or that is the most common (Chesterman 1997:9). When there is “non-equivalence” *och* and *and* cannot be translated by each other directly but it is the idea they carry that is translated instead. In the cases that are analyzed in the following parts and examples, the focus is on the reasons why the translator decided to take a dynamic approach instead of the common formal one. As said earlier, some tendencies in these cases have been conspicuous and it has been possible to suggest a classification which helps to understand when and why the translation is problematic and what are the solutions the translators found.

5.1.1.1. *Ing* coordination

English uses the *ing* coordination to express simultaneity. This structure is common and conveys the feeling of simultaneity between events or actions. It expresses an action which is in process and another one happening at the same time (Johansson and Lysvåg, 1986:135).

[15]. “Medan Lovis låg där och födde och sjöng ...” // “While Lovis lay there, giving birth and singing ...” (line 32-33 Swedish version and English translation of *Ronja Rövardotter*)

As we can see Swedish uses another structure to translate this simultaneity, verb+och+verb. Simultaneity is an accumulation of actions and *och* is a coordinating conjunction (Gleitman, 1965:260) so it seems relevant to use it to talk about coordinated actions. English could use a structure like this (ex: She lies and gives birth) but it would create an ambiguity about the chronology of the events; did she first lie and then give birth? Or both at the same time? The use of the *-ing* coordinating clause is more natural and clearer. We can say that to deal with simultaneous actions Swedish has to accumulate the actions using the coordinator *och*. The ambiguity does not exist in Swedish though because when the structure verb+*och*+verb is used it clearly expresses simultaneous actions and when the two actions are not simultaneous but successive some elements in the sentence make it explicit, like “sen” (“then”) or another indication of time case (Holmes and Hinchliffe 1997:175).

[16]. Hon låg där och sen födde hon // She lay there and then she gave birth.

However Swedish does not translate any *ing* form with *och*. It is used to express the idea of simultaneity but every time English uses *ing* it is not a case of action in process, as the following example shows:

[17]. “I wonder why I go on coming here, it’s a terrible restaurant.” // ”Konstigt egentligen att jag fortsätter att gå hit. Det är ett ruskigt ställe”. (line 32-33 English version // 31 to 33 Swedish translation of *The middle ground*)

As we can see, the *ing* form here is not a way to show simultaneity. The *ing* form of the verb “to come” is required here because of the verb before “to go on” which has to be followed by an *ing* form. Swedish translates this use of the *ing* with “fortsätter att gå”, that is to say verb+infinitive. The structures to express those aspects are not the same in each language and that’s why the translator decided to use a dynamic approach to keep the message and not to conform to the literal form of it (Molina and Hurtado Albir, 2002:502). The example of *ing* coordination is a good one to see how literal translation can be wrong sometimes. Indeed as we saw above, if the translator had decided to remain close to the form of the Swedish structure, verb+och+verb, the translation would have been ambiguous and confusing in English.

5.1.1.2. Fixed Expressions

The second case to mention is the expressions. Both languages have fixed expressions, phrases or ways to say things which are proper to the language. In his article “Fixed expressions in English: reference books and the teacher” (1983:128) R.J. Alexander gives example of fixed expressions, they can be idioms, catchphrases, proverbs but in this study the notion of fixed expression has been broadened to fit more possibilities like multi-word verbs, linking words and other expressions which can be composed of one or several words. The translator cannot translate literally because it may make no sense in the target language; s/he has to find the equivalent expression basing his/her choice on the general meaning of the whole expression and not on the words themselves (Molina and Hurtado Albir, 2002:502). S/he has to use a dynamic approach because a formal translation would be wrong. S/he may have several possibilities; some being closer literally to the original language but what is important is the meaning not the words themselves, so as long as the message is respected the choice is once again subjective and depends on the translator.

[18]. a) “Han var till och med nyrakad [...] // ”He had even shaved [...] (line 7-8 Swedish version // line 7-8 English translation of *Vem älskar Yngve Frej?*)

In this example “even” is considered as the equivalent for “till och med” even if the structure is not the same at all; the Swedish expression includes the connector *och* but the English version is composed of only one word “even”, but their meaning is the same, they put an emphasis on the fact that the man also shaved.

b) “It is only because I’m an unfeeling cold-hearted creature.” // “Det beror helt och hållet på att jag är en känslolös och kallsinnig typ. (line 275-276 English version // line 275-276 Swedish translation of *The middle ground*)

The structure of the expression in English and Swedish is different, one including *och* but the other not including *and*, and the literal meaning is not that similar either but the general idea is the same and both expression clearly translate each other.

c) “All four of his grandparents were immigrants” // “Både hans mor-och farföräldrar var invandrare” (line 56 English version // line 56 Swedish translation of *Henry Miller: A Life*)

Here, the translator had to adapt his translation because Swedish must distinguish between the grandparents on the mother’s side and the grandparents on the father’s side. In English the same word can mean both. That is why the Swedish translation required more precisions and specifies they are the grandparents from both sides. Once again that is the decision of this particular translator and others may have decided another way (Baker, 1996:176).

As we can see, fixed expressions depend on the language itself and translators have to adapt them to the target language. Staying too close to the original version would make the translation sound very unnatural or even wrong. This might be a situation when the translator moves away from the original to favor the language s/he is translating into. It is important to be as faithful as possible to the original text but in case of fixed expressions the translator should not pay attention to the literal aspect of the text but to the idea it conveys to be able to stick to the idea and not to the words. The ones we have been dealing with in the essay are the ones including *och* or *and*. The number of times the expression in English does not include *and* but the equivalent in Swedish does include *och* is more than 4 times higher than the contrary (22 times against 5 times).

This may suggest that Swedish requires *och* in the fixed expressions more generally than English requires *and*. Of course the contrary happens also. Here are some examples of English version containing *and* in the formulation chosen by the translator while the Swedish one does not:

[19]. a) “För nu lever Mattisätten vidare, men Borkaätten, den går det rakt åt pipsvängen med.” // “Now Matt’s line will live on, but Borka’s line will be finished and done for” (line 133-134 Swedish version and English translation of *Ronja Rövardotter*)

Here, the structure of the expression in both languages is not the same at all but the translator found an expression which has the same meaning, and that is what is important; that it ends up totally.

b) “Nåja, vi får inte så mycket irrgångar [...]” // “Oh, well, we shan’t have so many twists and turns [...]” (line 172 Swedish version and English translation of *Ronja Rövardotter*)

In [19]. b) the translator had to translate one word with several in English which he added using the connector *and*. Swedish has one word which illustrates the whole idea but English requires a group of words to cover all the whole notion.

5.1.1.3. Reformulation

The next category which should get attention is the category of reformulation. These are the situations when the translator’s choice is to change the formulation of the sentence or of the idea for different reasons which are listed in Molina and Hurtado Albir’s article (2002:502). The translator has to make the idea as clear and natural as in the original for the reader (Venuti, 1995:1) in the target language so sometimes s/he needs to make some changes and some of these changes may imply adding some coordinators and removing some others. The decision to reformulate a sentence in a certain way is subjective and could have been different if taken by another translator (Gavronsky, 1977:53). It is the biggest category, it includes numerous and various non-equivalent cases.

One such situation is when the translator decides to add *och* in an accumulation while the author in English had used a comma to simplify and to adapt to the target language. Indeed, the following example is a non-finite construction which does not exist in Swedish. The translator decided to solve this problem by using the connector *och* to coordinate the clauses instead.

[20]. “We wear long wool coats with tie belts, the collars turned up to look like movie stars ...” // “Vi har långa yllekappor med knytskärp, och kappkragen uppvikt för att se ut som filmstjärnor ...” (line 46 to 48 English version and Swedish translation of *Cat's Eye*)

[21]. “Jag blir förvisad ur min mors säng, min far strålar över det vrålande knytet.” // “I was banished from my mother's bed and my father beamed over this bawling bundle.” (line 54 to 56 Swedish version and English translation of *Laterna Magica*)

Here the Swedish example is a case of a run-on sentence, i.e. two independent clauses linked together without any conjunction. This is actually often considered as a violation of a normative rule even if here the author clearly uses it for stylistic effect. However, the translator decided to translate this sentence in a more conventional way adding the coordinator *and*. This decision to favor a more traditional formulation in English and to overlook the stylistic effect is a case of normalization, “the tendency to conform to patterns and practices which are typical of the target language” (Baker, 1996:176). Run-on sentences are not standard practice, and are thus not recommended in neutral style. This is probably why the translator decided to follow the grammatical standards of the target language instead of keeping the stylistic effect of the author.

Sometimes a single word in one language conveys the idea whereas several are needed in the other language:

[22]. “When she was about thirteen years old, her mother was taken and placed in an insane asylum, ...” // “När Louise var i trettonårsåldern placerades hennes mor på hospital ...” (line 75 English version and 70 Swedish translation of *Henry Miller: A Life*)

The word “placerades” in Swedish covers most of the meaning of the expression “taken and placed”. That is why the translator probably considered that it would have been redundant to translate each word and since translations tend to be simplified, adding extra words that are not really necessary may have been irrelevant even if a literal translation might have been marginally possible.

Sometimes the translator translates other words with *och* or *and* to make it sound more natural. Once again a desire to simplify the structures and phrases may have pushed the

translator to choose two coordinated main clauses rather than a main clause and a sub clause, *som* being a relative pronoun:

[23]. “Hon hade bekymrat anförtrott sig åt en berömd barnläkare, som hade varnat henne i allvarliga ordalag” // She had taken her troubles to a famous paediatrician and he had warned her in solemn terms ...” (line 13 to 133 Swedish version and English translation of *Laterna Magica*)

The reformulation category is very broad but the aim of all these modifications remains the same: to make the translation sound as natural and as clear in the translation as the original version in the original language. We saw with the principles of normalization and of simplification that translators even try to make the message even clearer and more explicit in their translations than it is in the original texts. For that purpose, a translator translating from Swedish into English may need to remove some *och* in her/his translation because *and* would not have been used as much if the original text had been in English. The translator has to wonder after s/he has been translating if the translation is fluent enough to be almost unnoticeable at the same time as it has to be as close as possible from the original (Venuti, 1995:1) has to remain as close as possible to the original text. The decision to reformulate and the modifications brought repose on the translator’s choice.

5.1.1.4. Synonyms and composed words

These last categories are very small, they indeed include only one example each. The only case of synonym found in the corpus in the word “samt” in the Swedish translation of the English non-fictional text *Essential London* (see example [14].). “Samt” is used here to translate *and* just like *och* would have done. Swedish offers an alternative for *och* and has a very close meaning and use. Here, the Swedish translator considered that the word “samt” was more appropriate than *och* and could replace it. Maybe this choice was influenced by the fact that a little before *och* was used and replacing it by “samt” was a way of avoiding repetition. “Samt” being such a close synonym of *och* more of these cases may have been expected (Norstedts, 2008).

The category of composed words includes only one example (see example [13].), “åskvädersbarn” in *Ronja Rövardotter*. In this instance, the original word in Swedish does not include *och*. However, the English translator chose to translate it using *and*,

“thunder-and-lightning baby”. A formal translation of this composed word would have been possible since “åskväder” is translated in English-Swedish dictionary *Norstedts Engelska ordbok* as “thunderstorm” (Norstedts, 2008). The translation could have been “a thunderstorm baby” but here the translator decided to define the word “åskväder” in more detail in her translation, writing more dramatically about lightnings and thunder. It is clearly a choice the translator made and the meaning of the original idea is not altered or modified.

5.2. Use of *and* and *och* in fictional and non-fictional texts

In this part of the discussion, I will first analyze one result which stands out: the text by Ingmar Bergman, *Laterna Magica*. It seems to be a special case concerning the tendencies that have been noticed previously, i.e. Swedish uses more *och* than English uses *and*. Indeed, the translation of this text has more instances of *and* than the original version has *och*. This goes against the tendency just mentioned. However, some reasons can be found. The first fact that should be taken into account is the author himself. Ingmar Bergman was a director in the first place, not a writer. As a director he must have been influenced in his writings by an oral culture; he usually wrote dialogues, texts that are going to be spoken not read (Howarth, 1974:1). Nevertheless he also wrote *Bilder* in 1990 and *Den goda viljan* in 1991 and both were autobiographies just like *Laterna Magica*. It shows that he was not what we could call “a conventional writer”, he wrote about his life, about memories. The way he wrote must have been influenced by the fact that he was actually telling his own story. This may explain the fragmentation of the writing, the short sentences, and the lack of linking words. When he was remembering all these memories they must have come in pieces little by little, not really linked together. The process is not the same when it is a biography, for example *Henry Miller: a Life* by Robert Ferguson. The author in this case is not writing about his life but about the life of someone else. He wrote on the basis of research, testimonies, and interviews. It is a prepared piece of work, the author has time to organize the ideas and his writing whereas for the autobiography it is a more spontaneous type of writing where the author probably writes as the ideas come to his mind. It is this feeling Ingmar Bergman conveys in the way he wrote this text and that is also why there are not so many linking words, including *och*. It would be interesting to compare the two other books he wrote with the one we have been dealing with in this

essay to see if the originals and their translations present the same characteristics as *Laterna magica*. In English, the translator may have had to add more linking words to connect the sentences together. The number of reformulations is very high (see Figure 11) and this shows that the formulation of the original version in Swedish had to be adapted to English standard rules. The phenomena of normalization and simplification once again explain partly this result (Baker, 1996:176). Ingmar Bergman's style is so fragmented and disorganized, just like memories are, that the translator consciously and/or unconsciously had to standardize the formulations to make it clearer and more conventional, to adapt to English rules (see [21]). It was said earlier that some translators had to adapt to the original version to keep the author's style and the atmosphere of the book but in this case it was either too unnatural when the translation was too close to the original version in Swedish or the translator made the decision to leave aside the fragmented atmosphere the author created to write something more structured (Baker, 1996:176). In other words, the style of the author and the nature of the text may be the reason for this result.

Concerning the difference between fictional and non-fictional texts, the results have to be read in two parts. First it does not seem that the number of *och* or *and* has any clear relationship with the type of text. The Swedish fictional text, *Ronja Rövardotter*, includes more *och* than the non-fictional, *Laterna magica*, while it is the contrary with the English texts: *Henry Miller: A life* has more instances of *and* than *Cat's Eye* (see Figure 2). We have been talking earlier about the special case of *Laterna Magica* and we now have an idea of why it includes so few *och* but we can wonder why does *Cat's Eye* have less *and* than *Henry Miller: A Life* in that case. Even if *Cat's Eye* is a novel it is actually mostly flashbacks and memories. It is the protagonist telling her story and reflecting on it, addressing directly the reader and not a narrator telling events, a narrative, like *Ronja Rövardotter*. The writing can be considered closer from the way Bergman wrote his autobiography than how Astrid Lindgren wrote the children's book *Ronja Rövardotter*: fragmented writing with few linking words.

The four fictional texts present more uses of *och* in the original texts or translations than cases of *and* in original texts or translations. *Och* is more present in Swedish texts than *and* in their translations. This same result is noticeable with non-fictional texts except in the case of *Laterna Magica*. However, for three of the four non-fictional texts (*Laterna Magica*, *Lundaandan* and *Essential London*) the translators tended to "favor" *and*, so to

speak. In the case of Swedish originals, the translators added the word *and* in their translations more often than they decided to use an alternative structure or phrase to translate the word *och*. For the English original texts, they translated *and* into Swedish with other words or structures than *och* more often than they added the connector *och* in the translation where there was no *and* (see Figures 3,4 and 6). This result may lead us to think that even if *och* is still the most used of both connectors when it comes to the actual numbers *and* is what translators tend to add when it is missing in the Swedish original versions and what Swedish translators decide to find alternatives for in their work when it comes to non-fictional texts. We may assume that English uses more the connector *and* in non-fictional texts. Even if it is the case, the number of times *och* occurs in all the texts except *Laterna Magica* being always higher than the number of instances of *and*, this tendency is exceeded by the quantity aspect. However the importance of the connector *and* in non-fictional texts over fictions seems clear.

The type of text does not seem to really play an important role in the use of *och* or *and*. Even though some hints can be found, a larger corpus would be necessary to be able to prove if some tendencies are actually generalize.

6. Conclusion

This study focused on the translation of the connector *och* and of the connector *and* when they do not translate each other. It showed that the translation of these two very common linking words was not obvious. They do not always translate each other and in these situations it can be problematic for the translator to find an equivalent. Previous research had already shown that these two conjuncts were not perfect equivalent all the time (Altenberg, 1999:256). The cases of non-equivalence are frequent and it has been possible to sort them into three broad main categories, reformulation, *ing* coordination and fixed expressions. These three categories are situations when the translator may have to translate *och* or *and* in other ways than with each other. Moreover this study also highlighted some patterns in language in both English and Swedish, for instance the tendency of Swedish to often and spontaneously use *och* whereas English uses less *and* in writing. What was also pointed out in this essay was the translator's choice. The subjectivity of translation is often an issue and has a great influence on the final result (Gavronsky, 1977:53). We can imagine that the results would have been different in some ways depending on who the translators are and what kind of decisions they take.

We also know that not only is translation subjective but it is also affected by unconscious phenomena which highly influence the work (Baker, 1996:176). Some of these phenomena are very common and that is why some clear tendencies resulting from these unconscious factors have been noticed in this study. Translation studies show that the translating process is very intuitive and biased by many factors (Gavronsky, 1977:53). It is not a mathematical process with only one possibility. There are rules to guide translators in their work but they constantly need to be adapted to the case, the language, the type of text, etc (Molina and Hurtado Albir, 2002:502) That is why both formal and dynamic equivalence have to be used (Nida and Taber, 1969:vii). They are both necessary to adapt the translation to the source text as well as possible. Formal translation is useful to remain close to the source language and dynamic translation gives the flexibility to adapt to the target language when needed (Munday, 2001:20). The author's style is also an issue in this essay since in some cases we assume that it has had an effect on the occurrence of *och* and *and* in the translations. The style is something that the translator decides to keep or to ignore in favor of the target language. In *Ronja Rövardotter* we can say that the translator decided to keep the style, using a lot of *and* to maintain a childish oral effect. For example, she kept *och* at the beginning of sentences in the English translation even if it is an uncommon phenomenon in writing because of prescriptive rules. Sometimes however the translator does not adapt the style and favors the target language. In *Laterna Magica*, the translator chose to ignore the fragmented style of this autobiography to write a more standard version following the rules and the typical features of the target language, English, and to give a more structured translation.

Even though the two languages studied have common Germanic origins (Germanic languages, 2013, Wikipedia [online]) their mutual translation remains a complicated exercise, including the translation of the most common words. *Och* and *and* are very common and we can assume that they have an equivalent in most languages. Analyzing the translation of *och* or *and* in other languages with a different proto-language, for example Latin-based languages, would be another possible subject for study or the comparison of the translation of *och* and *and* and of two equivalents in two Latin-based languages, French *et* and Spanish *y* for example. Such a study could show if the same categories of non-equivalence emerge. I believe that differences as well as some similarities would be noticed. A study about the style of the original texts written by

Ingmar Bergman and their translations would bring interesting results at the same time as it would clarify some of the results found in the present study. Moreover some research about *ing* coordination and how English expresses simultaneity as well as how Swedish clears up the ambiguity of its verb+och+verb system would be other possible subject of study which would solidify some elements of the current study. There is still a lot to research about to compare and to analyze when it comes to English and Swedish and contrastive language studies and all the different approaches possible.

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8. Appendices

8.1. *Laterna Magica*, Ingmar Bergman

Då jag föddes i juli 1918 hade mor spanska sjukan, jag var i dåligt skick och nöddöptes på sjukhuset. En dag fick familjen besök av den gamla husdoktorn som tittade på mig och sa: Den där håller ju på att dö av undernäring. Mormor tog mig då till sommarhuset i Dalarna. Under tågresan som på den tiden varade en dag, matade hon mig med sockerkaka uppblött i vatten. När vi kom fram var jag nästan död. Mormor hittade likväl en amma — en snäll, ljushårig flicka från en angränsande by, jag tilltog visserligen men kräktes och hade ständigt ont i magen.

Dessutom drabbades jag av en rad odefinierbara sjukdomar och kunde inte riktigt besluta mig för om jag ville leva. Långt inne i mitt medvetande kan jag återkalla själva tillståndet: stanken av kroppens utsöndringar, de fuktiga, skavande kläderna, nattlampans milda sken, dörren som stod på glänt mot ett angränsande rum, barnflickans djupa andetag, tassande steg, viskande röster, solreflexerna i vattenkaraffen. Allt detta kan jag erinra mig men jag minns ingen rädsla. Den kom senare.

When I was born in 1918, my mother had Spanish influenza. I was in a bad way and was baptized as a precaution at the hospital. One day the family was visited by the old house doctor, who looked at me and said: 'He's dying of undernourishment.' My maternal grandmother took me with her to her summer house in Dalarna, and on the train journey, which in those days took a whole day, she fed me with sponge cake soaked in water. By the time we finally arrived, I was practically dead, but Grandmother managed to find a wet nurse — a kindly, fair-haired girl from a neighbouring village. I got better, but was always vomiting and had constant stomach-aches.

I suffered from several indefinable illnesses and could never really decide whether I wanted to live at all. Deep down in my consciousness, I can recall my actual condition, the stench of my body's secretions, the damp chafing clothes, the soft glow of the nightlight, the door into the next room just ajar, the nursemaid's deep breathing, pattering steps, whispering voices, reflections of the sun in the carafe of water. I can recall it all, but I do not remember any fear. That came later,

Matsalen vette mot en mörk bakgård med hög tegelmur, utedass, soptunnor, feta råttor och ett piskstall. Jag satt i någons knä och blev matad med välling. Tallriken stod på en grå vaxduk med röd bård. Emaljen var vit med blå blommor, den speglade det sparsamma ljuset från fönstren. Genom att böja mig åt sidorna och framåt, prövade jag olika blickpunkter. Allteftersom jag rörde huvudet förändrades reflexerna i vällingtallriken och formade nya mönster. Plötsligt kräcktes jag över alltsammans.

Detta är antagligen mitt första minne: familjen bodde en trappa upp i hörnhuset Skeppargatan - Storgatan.

På hösten 1920 flyttade vi till Villagatan 22 på Östermalm. Det doftar av nymålat och bonade parkettgolv. I barnkammaren en solgul korkmatta och ljusa rullgardiner med riddarborg och ängsblommor. Mors händer är mjuka och hon ger sig tid att berätta sagor. Far trampar i pottan, då han en morgon stiger ur sängen och ropar Kyss Karlsson! I köket huserar två dalkullor som sjunger ofta och gärna. Tvärs över farstun finns en jämnårig lekkamrat som heter Tippan. Hon är fantasifull och initiativrik. Vi jämför vår skapnad och finner intressanta olikheter. Någon ertappar oss men säger ingenting.

Min syster föds, jag är fyra år och situationen förändras radikalt: en fet, vanskapt figur spelar plötsligt huvudrollen. Jag blir förvisad ur min mors säng, min far strålar över det vrålände knytet. Svartsjukans dämon har slagit sin klo i mitt hjärta, jag rasar, gråter, skiter på golvet och smetar ner mig. Min äldre bror och jag, vanligtvis dödsfiender, sluter fred och planerar olika sätt att döda det vedervärdiga kräket. Av någon anledning anser min bror att jag är lämpligast att utföra den nödvändiga gärningen. Jag känner mig smickrad och vi söker ett lämpligt tillfälle.

My family lived on the first floor in an apartment house on the corner of Skeppargatan and Storgatan in Stockholm. The dining room faced on to a dark back courtyard with a high brick wall, the outdoor privy, dustbins, fat rats and a carpetbeating stand. I am sitting on someone's knee being fed with gruel. The plate is on grey oilcloth with a red border, the enamel white, with blue flowers on it, and reflecting the sparse light from the window. By bending my head sideways and forwards, I try out various viewpoints. As I move my head, the reflections in the gruel plate change and form new patterns. Suddenly, I vomit over everything.

That is probably my very first memory.

In the autumn of 1920, we moved to Villagatan 22 in the Östermalm district of Stockholm. It smelt of new paint and polished parquet flooring. The nursery had sun-yellow linoleum on the floor and light-coloured blinds with castles and meadow flowers on them. Mother's hands were soft and she made time to tell me stories. Father stepped on the chamber pot one morning when he got out of bed and swore loudly. Two country girls from Dalarna inhabited the kitchen, and they sang often and spontaneously. A playmate of my own age lived on the other side of the landing. She was called Tippan and was imaginative and enterprising. We compared our bodies and found interesting differences. Someone caught us at it but said nothing.

When I was four, my sister was born and the situation changed radically. A fat monstrous creature had suddenly acquired the main role. I was banished from my mother's bed and my father beamed over this bawling bundle. The demon of jealousy fastened its claws into my heart. I raged, wept, crapped on the floor and messed myself. My elder brother and I, usually mortal enemies, made peace and planned various ways of killing this repulsive wretch. For some reason, my brother considered I should do the deed. I was flattered and we looked for a suitable moment.

En tyst, solig eftermiddag tror jag mig ensam i våningen och smyger in i föräldrarnas sängkammare, där varelsen sover i sin skära korg. Jag drar fram en stol och klättrar upp, står och ser på det uppsvällda ansiktet och den dreglande munnen. Min bror hade givit mig klara instruktioner hur jag skulle gå till väga. Men jag hade missuppfattat hans anvisningar. I stället för att pressa samman min systers hals försöker jag trycka ihop hennes bröstorg. Hon vaknar genast med ett genomträngande skrik, jag trycker handen mot hennes mun, de vattniga ljusblå ögonen vindar och stirrar, jag tar ett steg framåt för att få bättre grepp men tappar fotfästet och faller i golvet.

Jag erinrar mig att själva gärningen är förbunden med häftigt välbehag som snabbt förbyts i fasa.

Jag lutar mig över fotografier från barndomen och studerar min mors ansikte genom förstoringsglasat, försöker tränga ner genom multnade känslor. Jo, jag älskade henne och hon är mycket tilldragande där på bilden: det tjocka mittbenade håret över den låga breda pannan, den mjuka ansiktsovalen, den vänligt sinnliga munnen, den varma oförställda blicken under mörka, välformade ögonbryn, de små, starka händerna.

Mitt fyraåriga hjärta förtärdes av hundlik kärlek.

Förhållandet var likväl inte okomplicerat: min hängivenhet störde och irriterade henne, mina ömhetsbetygelser och häftiga utbrott oroade henne. Hon skickade ofta bort mig med kyligt ironiska tonfall. Jag grät av raseri och besvikelse. Hennes relation till min bror var enklare, eftersom hon ständigt måste ta honom i försvar mot far som uppfostrade honom med rigorös hårdhet, där brutal kroppsaga var ett ständigt återkommande argument.

I thought I was alone in the apartment one quiet sunny afternoon and crept into my parents' bedroom, where the creature was asleep in her pink basket. I pulled up a chair, climbed on to it and stood looking at the swollen face and dribbling mouth. My brother had given me perfectly clear instructions, but I had misunderstood. Instead of squeezing my sister's throat, I tried to press her chest in. She woke at once with a penetrating scream. I pressed my hand against her mouth and her watery blue eyes squinted and stared. I took a step forward to get a better grip, lost my footing and fell to the floor.

I recall that the deed itself was associated with acute pleasure that rapidly turned into terror.

Today, as I lean over photographs of my childhood to study my mother's face through a magnifying glass, I try to penetrate long vanished emotions. Yes, I loved her and she is very attractive in the photograph, with her thick centre-parted hair above a broad forehead, her soft oval face, gentle sensual mouth, her warm unaffected gaze below dark shapely eyebrows, her small strong hands.

My four-year-old heart was consumed with doglike devotion.

Nevertheless, our relationship was not uncomplicated. My devotion disturbed and irritated her. My expressions of tenderness and my violent outbursts worried her. She often sent me away with cool ironic words and I wept with rage and disappointment. Her relationship with my brother was simpler, for she was always defending him against Father, who brought him up with rigorous sternness in which brutal flogging was a recurrent argument.

Jag insåg långsamt att min omväxlande blödiga och ursinniga dyrkan hade föga verkan. Jag började alltså mycket tidigt att pröva ut ett beteende som skulle behaga henne och göra henne intresserad. Den som var sjuk framkallade genast hennes deltagande. Eftersom jag var ett sjukligt barn med oändliga krämpor blev detta en visserligen smärtsam men osviklig väg till hennes ömhet. Simuleringar genomskådades däremot snabbt — mor var utbildad sjuksköterska — och bestraffades exemplariskt.

En annan väg till hennes uppmärksamhet var farligare: jag lärde mig att mor inte uthärdade likgiltighet och frånvändhet: det var ju *hennes* vapen. Jag lärde mig alltså att lägga band på min lidelse och började ett besynnerligt spel, vars främsta ingrediens var arrogans och kylig vänlighet. Jag minns inte alls hur jag bar mig åt, men kärleken gör uppfinningsrik och jag lyckades snabbt skapa intresse kring min blödande självkänsla.

Det svåraste problemet var bara att jag aldrig gavs möjlighet att röja mitt spel, kasta masken och låta mig omslutas av besvarad kärlek.

Många år senare, då mor låg på sjukhus med sin andra hjärtinfarkt och slang i näsan, kom vi att tala med varandra om våra liv. Jag berättade om min barndoms lidelse och hon erkände att hon hade plågats av den, men inte så som jag hade trott. Hon hade bekymrat anförtrott sig åt en berömd barnläkare, som hade varnat henne i allvarliga ordalag (begynnande tjugotal). Han hade givit henne rådet att med fasthet avvisa mina som han sade "sjukliga närmanden". Varje eftergivenhet kunde skada mig för livet.

I slowly realized that my adoration, alternately gentle and furious, had little effect, so I soon started to test out behaviour that would please her and arouse her interest. Illness immediately attracted her sympathy. As I was a sickly child with endless ailments, this did indeed become a painful but successful route to her tenderness. On the other hand, as Mother was a trained nurse, shamming was swiftly seen through and punished in public

Another way to gain her attention proved more harmful. I learnt that Mother could not bear indifference and preoccupation. She used them as *her* weapons. I also learnt to subdue my passions, and started on a peculiar game, the primary ingredients of which were arrogance and a cool friendliness. I can remember nothing about what I did, but love makes one enterprising and I quickly succeeded in creating interest in my combination of sensitivity and self-esteem.

My greatest problem was simply that I was never given the opportunity to reveal my game, throw off the mask and allow myself to be enveloped in a love that was reciprocated.

Many years later, when Mother was in hospital with a tube in her nose after her second heart attack, we talked about our lives. I told her about my sufferings in childhood and she admitted she had been distressed by them, but not in the way I had thought. She had taken her troubles to a famous paediatrician and he had warned her in solemn terms to reject firmly what he called my 'sickly approaches'. Every indulgence would damage me for life.

Jag har ett tydligt minne av ett besök hos denne barnläkare. Orsaken var närmast att jag vägrade gå i skolan trots att jag var sex år fyllda. Dag efter dag släpades eller bars jag vrålände av ångest in i klassrummet. Jag kräktes på allt jag såg, svimmade och drabbades av balansrubbingar. Till slut segrade jag och min skolgång sköts på framtiden men besöket hos den framstående barnläkaren kunde inte undvikas.

Doktorn bar stort skägg, hög krage och luktade cigarr. Han drog ner mina byxor, fattade tag i mitt obetydliga organ med den ena handen och drog med andra handens pekfinger en triangel över skrevet och sa till min mor, som satt snett bakom mig i sin pälsbrämade kappa och mörkt gröna sammetshatt med flor: Här ser gossen fortfarande ut som ett barn.

Då vi kom hem från läkarbesöket kläddes jag i mitt blekt gula förkläde med röda bårder, en katt var broderad på fickan. Jag fick varm choklad och smörgås med ost. Sedan steg jag in i barnkammaren, återerövrade, min bror hade scharlakansfeber och bodde på annat håll (jag hoppades givetvis att han skulle dö, det var ju en farlig sjukdom på den tiden). Ur leksaksskåpet tog jag fram en träkärra med röda hjul och gula ekrar och spände en trähäst i skaklarna. Hotet från skolan hade bleknat till ett angenämt minne av en framgång.

En blåsig vinterdag i början av 1965 ringde mor till teatern och berättade att far tagits in på sjukhus och skulle opereras för en elakartad svulst i matstrupen. Hon ville att jag skulle besöka honom. Jag svarade att jag varken hade lust eller tid, att min far och jag inte hade något att säga varandra, att han var en för mig likgiltig person och att jag säkert bara skulle skrämma och genera honom genom ett besök vid den eventuella dödsbädden. Mor blev ond. Hon envisades. Jag blev också upprörd och undanbad mig känslomässig utpressning. Denna eviga utpressning: du kan väl göra det för min skull. Mor blev rasande och började gråta, jag påpekade att tårar aldrig hade gjort något intryck på mig. Varefter jag kastade på luren.

I have a clear memory of a visit to this child specialist. I had refused to go to school, although I was already more than six. Day after day I was dragged or carried, screaming with anguish, into the classroom. I vomited over everything I saw, fainted and lost my sense of balance. In the end, I won the day and school was postponed, but the visit to this famous paediatrician was unavoidable.

He had a large beard, a high collar and smelt of cigars. He pulled down my trousers, seized my insignificant organ in one hand and with the forefinger of his other hand drew a triangle round my crotch, then said to my mother, sitting behind me in her fur-edged coat and dark green velvet hat with a veil, 'The boy still looks like a child here.'

When we got back from doctor's, I was dressed in my faded yellow smock with its red border and a cat embroidered on the pocket. I was given hot chocolate and cheese sandwiches. Then I went into the nursery, now recaptured from the baby. My brother had scarlet fever and was elsewhere. (Naturally I hoped he would die. The disease was dangerous in those days.) Out of the toy cupboard I took a wooden cart with red wheels and yellow spokes and harnessed a wooden horse to the shafts. The threat of school had faded into a pleasing memory of success.

One windy day in early 1965, Mother phoned me at the theatre to tell me Father had been taken to hospital and was to be operated on for a malignant tumour in his gullet. She wanted me to go to see him. I told her that I had neither time nor desire to do so, that my father and I had nothing to say to each other, that he was a person to whom I was indifferent and I would probably only frighten and embarrass him by going to see him on what could be his deathbed. Mother was angry. She persisted. I was upset and refused to be emotionally blackmailed. This eternal blackmail. *Can't you do it for my sake?* Mother was furious and started crying. I pointed out that tears had never made any impression on me, and I slammed down the receiver.

Samma kväll hade jag jour på teatern, jag gick runt till scenerna, talade med skådespelarna och baxade in publik som kommit för sent på grund av ett rasande snöoväder. Mest satt jag på mitt rum och arbetade med sceneri till Peter Weiss' Rannsakingen.

Telefonen ringde, flickan i växeln rapporterade att en fru Bergman stod där nere och krävde att få tala med teaterchefen. Eftersom det fanns några fru Bergman att välja på, frågade jag vresigt vilken jävla fru Bergman. Växelflickan svarade med lätt förskräckelse att det var teaterchefens mor, som ville tala med sin son — *omedelbart*.

Jag hämtade mor som tagit sig till teatern genom snöovädrret. Hon var fortfarande häftigt andfädd både av ansträngning, dåligt hjärta och av vrede. Jag bad henne slå sig ner och frågade om jag fick servera henne en kopp thé. Hon svarade att hon visst inte tänkte slå sig ner och att hon ingalunda önskade dricka the. Hennes ärende var att höra mig upprepa alla de otidigheter, hjärtlösheter och råheter som jag uttalat i telefon samma förmiddag. Hon ville se hur jag såg ut i ansiktet, när jag förnekade och skymfade mina föräldrar.

Snön smälte omkring den pälsklädda lilla personen och bildade mörka fläckar på mattan. Hon var mycket blek, ögonen svarta av vrede och näsan röd.

Jag försökte omfamna och kyssa henne men hon stötte tillbaka mig och gav mig en örfil. (Mors örfilsteknik var oöverträfflig. Slaget utdelades blixtnsnabbt och med vänster hand där två tunga vigselringar gav smärtande eftertryck åt bestraffningen.) Jag skrattade och mor började häftigt gråta. Hon sjönk, med viss skicklighet, ner på en stol vid sammanträdesbordet och dolde ansiktet med högra handen medan hon fumlade efter en näsduk i väskan med den vänstra.

Jag slog mig ner vid hennes sida och försäkrade att jag naturligtvis skulle besöka min far, att jag ångrade vad jag sagt och att jag av hela mitt hjärta bad henne förlåta mig.

That same evening I was on duty at the theatre. I went backstage and talked to the actors. I hustled in members of the audience who had arrived late because of a raging snowstorm. I sat in my room working on the scenery for Peter Weiss' *Die Ermittlung* [*The Investigation*].

The telephone rang and the girl on the switchboard reported that Mrs Bergman was there asking to speak to the theatre manager. As there were several Mrs Bergmans to choose from, I snappily asked which damned Mrs Bergman. The switchboard girl replied with some trepidation that it was the theatre director's mother and she wished to speak to her son — *immediately*.

I went to fetch my mother, who had made her way to the theatre through the snowstorm and was still breathing heavily from the effort, her bad heart and her anger. I asked her to sit down and whether she would like a cup of tea. She replied that she was certainly not going to sit down and neither had she any desire for tea. The purpose of her visit was to hear me repeat the heartless and brutal abuse I had expressed over the telephone that same morning. She wanted to see what I looked like when I rejected and insulted my parents.

The snow melted round the little fur-clad person, making dark patches on the carpet. She was very pale, her eyes black with anger and her nose red.

I tried to embrace her and kiss her, but she pushed me away and slapped my face. (Mother's slapping technique was unsurpassed. The blow was dealt like lightning and with her left hand on which two heavy wedding rings added painful emphasis to the punishment.) I laughed and Mother burst into tears. She sank, with considerable skill, on to a chair at the table and hid her face in her right hand while fumbling for a handkerchief in her bag with the other.

I sat down beside her and assured her that of course I would go to see my father, that I regretted what I had said and that with all my heart I asked her forgiveness.

Hon omfamnade mig häftigt och förklarade att nu skulle hon inte störa mig en minut längre.

Därefter drack vi thé och språkade fredligt till klockan två på natten.

Det nu relaterade inträffade en tisdag. Påföljande söndagsmorgon ringde en bekant till familjen som bodde hos mor under fars sjukhusvistelse och bad mig komma omedelbart, eftersom mor blivit mycket dålig. Mors läkare, professor Nanna Svartz, var på väg och för ögonblicket hade anfallet bedarrat. Jag skyndade mig till Storgatan sju. Professorn öppnade och berättade genast att mor dött några minuter tidigare.

Till min förvåning började jag gråta häftigt och okontrollerat. Det gick snabbt över, den gamla läkaren stod tyst och höll min hand. Då jag lugnat mig, berättade hon att allt gått tämligen fort, i två vågor om tjugo minuter vardera.

En kort stund senare var jag ensam med mor i den tysta våningen.

Hon låg i sin säng, var klädd i ett vitt flannellnattlinne och en stickad blå bäddkofta. Huvudet var vänt lite åt sidan och läpparna lätt åtskilda. Hon var blek med skuggor kring ögonen, det ännu mörka håret var fint kammat — nej håret var inte längre mörkt, det var järngrått och de sista åren var det kortklippt men minnesbilden säger att hennes hår var mörkt, möjligen gråstrimmat. Händerna vilade över bröstet. På vänstra pekfinger satt ett litet plåster.

Rummet fylldes plötsligt av ett starkt vårvinterljus. Den lilla väckarklockan tickade ivrigt på nattduksbordet.

Jag tyckte att mor andades, att bröstet hävdes, att jag hörde en stilla andhämtning, jag tyckte att det ryckte i ögonlocken, jag tyckte att hon sov och just skulle vakna: vanans bedrägliga lek med verkligheten.

She flung her arms round me and said she would not disturb me for a minute longer.

After which we had tea and talked calmly until two o'clock in the morning.

All that happened on a Tuesday. On the following Sunday, an acquaintance of the family, who was staying with Mother while Father was in hospital, telephoned to ask me to come at once as Mother had been taken ill. Her doctor, Professor Nanna Svartz, was on her way and for the moment the attack had abated. I hurried over to Storgatan 7. The professor opened the door and at once told me that Mother had died a few minutes earlier.

To my surprise, I began to weep loudly and uncontrollably. That soon passed and the old doctor stood in silence holding my hand. When I had calmed down, she told me it had all happened quite quickly, in two waves of twenty minutes each.

Not long afterwards, I was alone with Mother in the silent apartment.

She was lying in her bed, wearing a flannel nightgown and a knitted blue bed-jacket. Her head was turned slightly sideways and her lips were parted. She was pale, with shadows round her eyes. Her still dark hair was neatly combed — no, her hair was no longer dark, but iron-grey, and in recent years had been cut short, but the image of her in my memory tells me her hair was dark, possibly streaked with grey. Her hands were resting on her breast. On her left forefinger was a small band aid.

The room was suddenly filled with bright early spring light, the little alarm clock ticking away busily on the bedside table.

I thought that Mother was breathing, that her breast was heaving and that I could hear a quiet indrawn breath. I thought her eyelids twitched. I thought she was asleep and just about to wake, my habitual illusory game with reality.

Jag satt där i flera timmar. Klockorna i Hedvig Eleonora ringde till högmässa, ljuset vandrade, någonstans hördes pianomusik. Jag tror inte att jag sörjde, jag tror inte heller att jag tänkte, jag tror inte ens att jag observerade eller iscensatte mig själv — den yrkessjukdom som nådelöst följt mig genom livet och så ofta stulit eller kluvit mina djupaste upplevelser.

Jag minns inte så mycket från timmarna i mors rum. Det jag minns starkast är plåsterlappen på hennes vänstra pekfinger.

Samma eftermiddag besökte jag far på sjukhuset och berättade om mors död. Han hade klarat operationen och en påföljande lunginflammation. Nu satt han i sjukhusrummets blå länstol iklädd sin gamla morgonrock, han var prydlig och välrakad, den långa knotiga handen stöddes mot käppens krycka. Han betraktade mig oavvänt. Ögonen var klara, lugna, vidöppna. Då jag berättade vad jag visste, nickade han bara och bad mig lämna honom ensam.

I sat there for several hours. The church bells of Hedvig Eleonora rang for morning service, the light shifted and I could hear piano music somewhere. I don't think I was grieving, or that I was thinking, or even that I was observing myself or playing a role — that professional disease which has followed me mercilessly throughout my life and so often robbed or diminished my most profound experiences.

I don't recall much of those hours in Mother's room. What I remember most is the band aid on her left forefinger.

That same afternoon I went to see Father in hospital and told him about Mother's death. He had survived the operation, as well as the consequent pneumonia and was now sitting in the ward's blue armchair in his old dressing gown, shaved and tidy, his long gnarled hand on the handle of his stick. He looked steadily at me, his eyes clear, calm and wide open. When I had told him what I knew, he just nodded and asked me to leave him alone.

8.2. Lundaandan, Jan Mårtensson

Många, inte alla, hävdar med bestämdhet att det är något särskilt med Lund. De kallar det Lundaanda.

Varje stad har en egen melodi, kanske också Malmö. I Lund är den påtaglig — för den som har rätt mottagare.

Lundaandans företrädare sägs ha alldeles speciella egenskaper: en ironisk distans till allt, inklusive sig själva och Lund, en udd mot dumdryg uppblåsthet. Man ler lyckligt snarare än gapflabbar åt utslag av denna anda, som ofta blir en synonym till Lundahumor.

Sven Christer Swahn har betecknat Lundaandan som metafysik och turistreklam i oskiljbar förening. Peter Ortman, skalden som i 60-talets mitt tillhörde studenttidningen *Lundagårds* redaktion, ser samma anda som ett virus. Detta virus framkallar Lundasyndromet: en legering av paranoia, exhibitionism och storhetsvansinne.

Det är omöjligt att skriva om Lundaanda utan att komma in på *Lundagård*, envist utkommande sedan 1920. Än blickar den vita Quatten, tidningens symbol, ut från redaktionslokalen på Akademiska föreningen.

Fortfarande skriver skalden Q (av latinets *quis*, dvs vem, inte en förkortning av Quatten) om studentkårens s k fiffflare. Versfötterna vitalitet varierar; ibland verkar de trötta. Men traditionen från Frans G Bengtsson, Hjalmar Gullberg och Sigfrid Tristan Lindström förs vidare.

Lundaandan sägs innehålla en rejäl dos skepticism. Hos vissa når denna skepticism sådana höjder att de rentav förnekar existensen av en Lundaanda.

Many people - though not all - strongly assert that there is something special about Lund. They call it the Lund spirit.

Every town has its own melody, perhaps even Malmö has one. In Lund it is very tangible - for those who have the right receivers.

Those who possess the Lund spirit are said to have very special qualities: an ironic distance to everything, including themselves and Lund, a barb to deflate pompous self-importance. One smiles happily rather than roaring with laughter at evidence of this spirit, which is often synonymous with Lund humour.

Sven Christer Swahn has characterized the spirit of Lund as metaphysics and a tourist attraction in an indivisible blend. Peter Ortman, the poet. who was on the editorial board of the student magazine *Lundagård* in the mid-sixties, sees that same spirit as a virus. This virus causes the Lund syndrome: a mixture of paranoia, exhibitionism and megalomania.

It is impossible to write about the Lund spirit without bringing up *Lundagård* which has persisted in coming out since 1920. The White Cat (the Quat), symbol of the magazine, gazes out from the editorial offices in the Academic Union.

The poet Q (from the Latin "quis", i.e. "who", not an abbreviation of the Quat) still writes about the wheelers and dealers in student politics. The vitality of the verse metre varies; sometimes it seems fatigued. But the tradition from Frans G Bengtsson, Hjalmar Gullberg and Sigfrid Tristan Lindström is still carried on.

The Lund spirit is supposed to contain a generous dose of scepticism. In some people this scepticism reaches such heights that they even deny the existence of a Lund spirit.

Man måste vara på sin vakt i denna stad. Allt är inte vad det synes eller sägs vara. Lilla Fiskaregatan är t ex den stora och omvänt. Studenternas 30-novemberfest inträffar bara undantagsvis på detta datum. Och Stortorget's konditori återfinns vid Kung Oscars väg.

Jo, visst finns Lundaandan. Den kan spåras till Axel Wallengren (Fakiren) strax innan 1900-talet bröt in — och längre tillbaka än så, till den kvicka kamratkretsen i "Härberget", där bl a Esaias Tegnér höll till. "Härberget" låg i korsningen Paradisgatan-Kyrkogatan.

Lundaandan lever också vidare. Den finns t ex i Hasse Alfredsons texter och i den i alldeles rätt väderstreck orienterade galenskap som exponeras av Helt Apropå-gänget i TV.

Men viss försiktighet (kalla det gärna distans) är av nöden. Det finns något i Oxford som påminner starkt om Lundaanda men som av brittena kallas Oxfordanda. Om något liknande existerar i Uppsala vet jag inte, men en av mina vänner som många ser som urtypen för en lundensare var en gång tillförordnad kårordförande där.

Visst är det något särskilt med Lund! Det är t ex en nästan frustande vital stad. 1970 firade vi Lunds 950-årsjubileum och bara 20 år senare var det dags för 1000 år jämmt.

Jag känner inte till någon stad med snabbare utveckling. Fortsätter det på samma sätt inträder tvåtusenårsjubileet bara 400 år efter tusenårsfesten. Det kan t o m komma tidigare, om stadsantikvarie Claes Wahlöö fortsätter sitt undergrävande mullvadsarbete.

Det var ju arkeologerna under Wahlöös ledning som kom på att Lund med någorlunda gott samvete kunde fira tusenårsjubileum. Nya rön, framgrävda ur stadens förflutna gjorde detta möjligt.

One must be on one's guard in this town. Things are seldom what they seem or are said to be. Little Fisherman's Street (Lilla Fiskaregatan) is the big one and vice versa. The students' celebration of 30th November only occasionally falls on that date. And the patisserie called Stortorget's patisserie is on King Oscar's road.

Of course the Lund spirit exists. It can be traced back to Axel Wallengren (the Fakir) just at the dawn of the 20th century - and even further back than that to the circle of witty friends who met at Härberget, the hostelry frequented by Esaias Tegnér, among others. It was situated on the corner of Paradisgatan and Kyrkogatan.

The Lund spirit also lives on. It is there in Hasse Alfredson's texts and in the satire aimed at exactly the right quarters displayed in the "Helt Apropå" show on TV.

But some caution (call it distance, if you will) is called for. There is something in Oxford highly reminiscent of the Lund spirit, which the British call Oxford wit. Whether something similar exists at Uppsala I do not know but one of my friends whom many consider to be the quintessential Lundensian was once acting President of the Union there.

And of course there is something special about Lund! It is a town almost bursting with vitality. In 1970 we celebrated the 950th anniversary of the town and a mere twenty years later it is time for the thousandth anniversary celebrations.

I know of no other city with a more rapid development. If things continue like this, the two thousandth anniversary will be celebrated only four hundred years after the thousandth. It might fall even earlier, if the city archaeologist Claes Wahlöö continues his digging into the past.

It was the archaeologists led by Claes Wahlöö who discovered that Lund could celebrate its thousandth anniversary with a more or less clear conscience. New finds disinterred from the city's past made this possible.

Det betyder att Sven Tveskägg grundlade Lund, inte som man hittills trott Knut den store. Vid 950-årsjubileet var det Knut som stod i centrum för intresset, och ett par kommunalmän for t o m till England och Winchester för att lägga ner en krans på hans grav. Om denna hyllning kan ses som ett utslag av Lundaanda vill jag låta vara osagt.

Av någon anledning får Knut den store mig alltid att tänka på cyklister, trots att dessa är bannlysta från hans gata mittemot järnvägsstationen. Och cyklister kan man inte bortse från när man avhandlar Lunds särprägel: de är ett oerhört påtagligt inslag i vår stadsbild. Det cyklas i Lund mer, tror jag, än i någon annan stad: var, när och, dessvärre, hur som helst. Någon gång rentav på de särskilt iordningsställda cykelbanorna.

Det finns, vill jag avslutningsvis poängtera, en tolerans i Lund, som är angenäm, och en benägenhet att döma människor efter vad de är och utträttar, inte efter hur de ser ut, hur de är klädda och hur mycket de har i plånboken. Också detta ingår i Lundasyndromet.

Det är inte så konstigt att vi lundabor envist slår vakt om vår stads särdrag och om dess lagomhet. Vi vill inte, som skalden Niklas Törnlund uttryckt saken, låta staden malmöfieras.

Här är några citat från Niklas Törnlunds dikt Londonia (Lund):

<citats>

Jag tror inte det kan sägas bättre. Men helt säker kan jag naturligtvis inte vara.

Det gäller att hålla distans.

I DET DANSKA LUND

Claes Wahlöö

This means that Lund was founded by Sven Forkbeard, not as was previously believed by Canute the Great. During the 950th anniversary of the founding of the city, Canute was the centre of attention, and a couple of city councillors even went to England, to Winchester to lay a wreath on his grave. Whether that tribute is to be taken as a jest in the Lund spirit I would not care to say.

For some reason or other, Canute the Great always makes me think of cyclists, although they are banned from his street opposite the railway station. And cyclists are not to be ignored in discussing the uniqueness of Lund: they are an extremely obvious part of the scene in our city. There must be more cycling in Lund than in any other town I believe: wherever, whenever and - unfortunately - however they please. On occasion they are even on the specially made cycle tracks.

By way of conclusion, I would like to emphasize the tolerance in Lund, which is pleasant, and an inclination to judge people by what they are and do, not by what they look like, how they are dressed, or how much money they have. This too is included in the Lund syndrome.

It is not surprising that we citizens of Lund stubbornly protect our town's special qualities and its moderation. We do not want the town to be "Malmofied" as the poet Niklas Törnlund puts it.

Here are a few quotes from Niklas Törnlund's poem Londonia (Lund):

<poem>

I don't think it could be expressed better than that. But of course I cannot be entirely sure...

One has to keep one's distance.

IN DANISH LUND

Claes Wahlöö

När Lund grundlades i slutet av 900-talet var Skåne en del av det danska rike som Harald Blåtand omkring 960 tagit makten över. Kungamakten behövde stöddepunkter i de olika riksdelarna för utövandet av makten, missionen och det militära försvaret. Det senare var ju en del av riksmaktens åtaganden. Den nyupptäckta borgen i Trelleborg har säkert byggts för att tjäna ovanstående syften. Lund som enligt de senaste forskningsresultaten grundlades under Harald Blåtands son och efterföljare Sven Tveskäggs regeringstid blev snabbt ett kungligt och kyrkligt maktcentrum. Lund fick ett myntverk som blev Danmarks största under medeltiden. En biskop sattes i staden 1060. 1103 kom upphöjelsen till ärkebiskopssäte. Domkyrkan invigdes 1145 som den främsta symbolen för den kyrkliga makten i en stad som var minst sagt kyrktät. Som mest fanns det 27 kyrkor och kloster i Lund. Under senmedeltiden minskade Lunds betydelse som ekonomiskt och politiskt centrum, men som kyrkligt dito fungerade staden fram till reformationen 1536. Kyrkorna och klostren revs då och Lund reducerades till en ganska ordinär dansk småstad. Den forna glansen kunde dock anas i den för Norden ovanligt stora stadsytan innanför vallarnas befästningslinje, i den väldiga Domkyrkan naturligtvis, i Klosterkyrkan och i resterna av Allhelgonaklostret. 1658 efter mer än sex och ett halvt sekel som stad i Danmark blev Lund i och med freden i Roskilde en svensk angelägenhet och under nya herrar randades nya tider.

When Lund was founded at the end of the 10th century, Scania was part of the Danish kingdom of which Harold Bluetooth became king in 960. The sovereign needed support points in the different parts of the realm for the exercise of power, the Christian mission and military defence. This last was one of the undertakings of the king. The recently discovered fort at Trelleborg was certainly built to serve as a defence post. According to the most recent research findings, Lund was founded during the reign of Harold Bluetooth's son and successor Sven Forkbeard, and rapidly became a royal and ecclesiastical centre of power. Lund had a mint which was the largest one in Denmark during the Middle Ages. A bishopric was established in the town in 1060. In 1103 came the elevation to an archbishopric. The cathedral was consecrated in 1145 as the principal symbol of ecclesiastical power in a town that had an abundance of churches, to say the least. At most, there were 27 churches and monasteries in Lund. During the late Middle Ages, Lund declined in importance as an economic and political centre but the town continued to function as an ecclesiastical centre until the Reformation in 1536. The churches and monasteries were destroyed then and Lund was reduced to being a rather ordinary Danish provincial town. Its former glory could still be sensed, however, in the large area - unusually large for Scandinavia - covered by the town inside the fortification lines of the embankments, in the huge cathedral of course, in the Abbey Church and in the remains of All Saints' monastery. In 1658, after being a Danish town for over six and a half centuries, Lund became Swedish

Most of Danish Lund is now concealed in the town centre sometimes rather unsteadily star have revealed a great deal about the medieval should make their way to Kulturen, the muse initiative in excavating Lund in the 1890s an material concerning the history of the town c archives.

Det mesta av det danska Lund ligger numera dolt i den väldiga avskrädeshög som den nutida stadskärnan stundom något ostadigt vilar på. 100 års arkeologi har avslöjat mycket om medeltidsstaden och den som vill veta mera skall ställa stegen till Kulturen, museet som på 1890-talet började gräva ut Lund och fortfarande så gör. Där finns ett mycket omfattande stadshistoriskt material att bekanta sig med — i utställningar och i arkiv.

Gatunätet och stadsvallen

Most of Danish Lund is now concealed in the enormous rubbish tip which the present town centre sometimes rather unsteadily stands upon. A hundred years of archaeology have revealed a great deal ~~about the medieval town~~ and those who wish to know more should make their way to Kulturen, the museum of cultural history, which took the initiative in excavating Lund in the 1890s and continues to do so today. Very extensive material concerning the history of the town can be studied there in the exhibitions and archives.

The street system and the town rampart

Väsentliga delar av den medeltida stadens topografi är — till nutida planerares förtvivlan — bevarad i stadsplanen. En "medeltida" stadsvandring börjar lämpligen på Stortorget, som sedan begynnelsen varit Lunds centrum. Där bedrevs handel ända in på början av 1900-talet. Berömda var en gång Tre Högars Marknad och Laurentii Marknad som på medeltiden och en bra bit in på nyare tid hölls på torget. Tre Högars Marknad anses ha fått sitt namn efter en vikingatida marknadsplats som ursprungligen låg inom det nuvarande Linerområdet öster om staden. På medeltiden var Stortorget bebyggt med små köpmannabodar. Handel bedrevs med varor som fördes in från den omgivande landsbygden, med sådant som stadens hantverkare producerade och i viss utsträckning med utländska varor som textil. Torghandeln hade en viktig funktion för omsättningen av pengarna från myntverket. Torgfreden (*pax portu*)

Essential parts of the medieval town's topography - to the despair of today's town planners - are still preserved in the town plans. A "medieval" town walk might well begin at Stortorget i.e. the main square, which has been the centre of Lund since the beginning. Once upon a time the two markets, the Three Mounds Fair and the St Lawrence Fair, were held in the square. The Three Mounds Fair is thought to have got its name from a Viking market-place which was originally situated in the present-day district of Linero on the east side of town. In the Middle Ages, Stortorget had small tradesmen's booths built on it. Trade was carried on in goods brought in from the outlying rural areas and what the town craftsmen produced, and to some extent in foreign wares such as cloth. Market trade had an important function in the turnover of money from the mint. Peace in the market (*pax portu*) was guaranteed by the king. Although direct evidence is missing, in all

garanterades av kungen. Även om direkta belägg saknas exekverades med all sannolikhet dödsdomar och spöstraff på torget.

probability executions and floggings were carried out here.

Lunds gatunät är en levande påminnelse om medeltiden. Från Stortorget kan vandraren ge sig in i dess vindlingar för att uppsöka platserna för de efter reformationen rivna kyrkorna och klostren. Från Stortorget löper stadens gamla huvudgata mot Södertull. Stora Södergatan är en del av den ursprungliga nordsydliga huvudväg som tillsammans med en väg från Dalby till Lomma bildade den knutpunkt som Lund anlades vid.

The streets of Lund are a living reminder of the Middle Ages. From Stortorget the visitor may stroll into the winding streets to visit sites where churches and monasteries were pulled down after the Reformation. From Stortorget southwards runs the town's old main street towards Södertull, the south gate. Stora Södergatan is part of the original north-south main road which, with a road from Dalby to Lomma, formed the crossroads that Lund was built at.

Vid Stora Södergatans början fanns på medeltiden en portbyggnad i tegel. Utanför löpte vallgraven som passerades på en bro innan man kunde knacka på stadsporten. Portbyggnaden var en del av stadsbefästningen som med sin vallgrav och palissadförsedda jordvall omgärdade hela staden. Vid Södertull, norr om Kulturmejeriet kan man bestiga och vandra vidare på en 460 m lång bevarad del av Lunds fästning. I all sin eroderade anspråkslöshet är detta en unik fornlämning ensam i sitt slag i Sverige. Dess ursprung kan ledas tillbaka till 1134 då Erik Emune enligt Roskildekrönikan lät befästa Lund. Vallen var ursprungligen ca 3 700 m lång och dess sexkantiga sträckning kan fortfarande lätt följas i gatunätet. Detta bortsett från den uppluckring av den medeltida topografien som orsakades av järnvägens och stationsområdets inbrytning 1856. En kontemplativ rundvandring kring staden på dess medeltida gräns kan rekommenderas. I makligt tempo tar det någon timme och förutom den variationsrika överblicken får vandraren ett tydligt intryck av det storvulet tilltagna medeltida stadsområdet. Med sina 40 hektar är det Nordens största. De arkeologiska fynden visar att lundaborna redan i slutet av 1000-talet på olika sätt utnyttjade största delen av stadsområdet.

Drottens museum

At the foot of Stora Södergatan, there was a gateway built of brick in the Middle Ages. Outside ran the moat which was crossed by a bridge before the traveller could knock at the gates of the town. The gateway was part of the town fortifications which, with a moat and earthworks fitted with palisades, surrounded the whole town. At Södertull, north of Kulturmejeriet (The Dairy), one can go up on to and walk along a 460 m long stretch of Lund's fortifications which has been preserved. In all its eroded unpretentiousness, this is a unique ancient monument, the only one of its kind in Sweden. Its origin can be traced back to 1134 when Erik Emune founded Lund according to the Roskilde Chronicle. The earthwork was initially about 3,700 metres long and its six-sided shape can still easily be followed in the network of streets. This is possible despite alterations in the medieval topography caused by the advent of the railway and the station area in 1856. A contemplative walk round the medieval town limits is to be recommended. At an easy pace, it takes about an hour and besides the varied views, the walker gains a clear impression of how extensive the medieval town was. Forty hectares in size, it is the largest in Scandinavia. The archaeological finds show that as early as the end of the 11th century, Lund citizens made use of most of the town's area.

The Drotten Museum

Området kring Kattesund, som inte är en medeltida gata, har visat sig gömma resterna av Lunds äldsta bebyggelse. Sedan 1960-talet har flera stora arkeologiska utgrävningar givit anledning till viktiga omvärderingar av stadens äldsta historia. De nyaste rönen presenteras i det 1987 invigda museet vid Kattesund, under turistbyrån. Till beskådande finns här grundmurarna till Lunds näst största medeltidskyrka — Drotten. Men den är bara slutpunkten i en lång historia som började med att man på Sven Tveskäggs tid uppförde Lunds äldsta kända träkyrka strax norr om stenkyrkan. Stavkyrkan från 900-talets slut var kanske knuten till en missionsbiskop som med stöd av den ganska nymornade danska centralmakten skulle verka för kyrkans och kungamakts intressen i ett hövdingadömenas Skåne som då ännu inte helt insett fördelarna med kung och vite krist. Sven Tveskagg själv hade mottagit dopet 976. Han var inte bland de daner som Harald Blåtand 960 ansåg sig ha kristnat.

Det är en utomordentligt komplicerad bild av det tidigmedeltida Lund som avslöjats av utgrävningarna i Kattesundsområdet. Kalla arkeologiska fakta är en sak — hur de skall samtolkas med övrig mycket bristfällig historisk dokumentation är i många stycken den resandes ensak. Ett närmande till den så kallade historiska verkligheten ger i alla fall museet vid Kattesund, där man kanske enklast kan försjunka i mera allmängiltiga tankar om de väldiga arbetsinsatser som i omgångar krävdes för uppförandet av stenkyrkan. Den uppfördes i mitten av 1000-talet, kanske som katedral för Lunds första biskop Henrik, byggdes omkring 1150 om till klosterkyrka åt premonstratenserna och revs efter ytterligare en ombyggnad vid reformationen 1536. Det blir många namnlösa som genom nästan 600 år fick sträva med det stora stentemplet.

The district round Kattesund, which is not a medieval street, has proved to conceal the remains of Lund's oldest settlement. Since the 1960s, several major archaeological excavations have given grounds for important reassessments of the town's ancient history. The most recent findings are presented in the museum which was opened in Kattesund in 1987 underneath the Tourist Office. Here the foundations of Lund's second largest medieval church, Drotten, can be viewed. But this is merely the final stage in a long history beginning with Lund's oldest known wooden church which was built in Sven Forkbeard's day just north of the stone church. The stave church dating from the end of the 10th century is perhaps to be associated with a missionary bishop who, supported by the newly-awakened central Danish power, was to further the interests of Church and Monarch in a Scania of competing chieftains who had not yet fully realized the advantages of King and Christ. Sven Forkbeard himself had been baptized in 976. He was not one of the Danes that Harold Bluetooth considered he had converted to Christianity in 960. The picture of early medieval Lund disclosed by the excavations in the Kattesund district is extremely complicated. Hard archaeological facts are one thing: how they are to be interpreted when coordinated with other very scanty historical documentation is largely up to the traveller to decide. At all events, the museum in Kattesund gives an approximation of so-called historical reality: it is easy to become absorbed in more generalized reflections on the tremendous amount of work that went into the construction of the stone church at various times. Erected in the middle of the 11th century possibly as a cathedral for the first bishop of Lund, Henrik, it was rebuilt as a Premonstratensian monastery about 1150 and after yet another reconstruction was pulled down during the Reformation in 1536. That makes many anonymous labourers who had to struggle to build the great stone temple over a period of six

hundred years.

De två namnlösa stavkyrkor från ca 1050 som (förutom lämningarna av 990-talskyrkan) framgrävts söder och öster om Drottens stenkyrka är i vissa stycken unika och kommer också att länge ge anledning till frågor som inte har några uppenbara definitiva svar. Den bild som de arkeologiska undersökningarna i Kattesundsområdet ger av det äldsta Lund visar tydligt hur litet vi vet om centrala drag i äldre dansk historia, men också hur förfinat utvecklad samhällsbilden var i övergångsskedet vikingatid/medeltid. Skedet karaktäriseras av städernas uppkomst. Urbaniseringsprocessen är det sammanfattande vetenskapliga begreppet för den genomgripande förändring som det nordiska samhället vid denna tid — påverkat av de utrikiska ofta rovgiriga kontakterna med Europa — genomgår på sin knaggliga väg mot anpassningen. Rik inspiration hämtade Sven Tveskägg och hans efterträdare Knut den store i England, som under några decennier ingick i ett danskt nordsjövälde. Den engelska närvaron i Lund manifesteras genom engelska myntmästarens namn på lundamynten. Att engelska myntmästare faktiskt bodde i staden kan dessutom beläggas i fynden. Det underjordiska museet i Kattesund presenterar flera av de viktiga aspekterna på det äldsta Lund. Närvarande i utställningen är också de medeltida lundaborna själva. Ett urval av deras fossiler/skelett illustrerar det utomordentligt viktiga materialet från

The two stave churches without names (apart from the remains of the church put up in 990) dating from about 1050 which have been excavated south and east of the Drotten stone church are in some ways unique and will also raise questions that do not have any definite answers. The picture of early Lund which the archaeological excavations give shows clearly how little we know about key features of early Danish history, but also how highly cultivated society was during the transition from the Viking period to the Middle Ages. This phase was characterized by the appearance of towns. The urbanization process is the comprehensive scientific concept used for the profound change that the Scandinavian community underwent at that time - influenced by the often predatory contacts with Europe - on its stumbling way to assimilation. England was a rich source of inspiration for Sven Forkbeard and Canute the Great, as she came under the Danish sphere of influence in the North Sea sphere for a few decades. The English presence in Lund is demonstrated by the English name of the master of the mint on the Lund coins. It can also be established from the finds that the mint master resided in the town. The underground museum in Kattesund presents several of the important aspects of early Lund. Citizens of the medieval town are also present in the display. A selection of their fossil skeletons illustrates the considerable importance of the material

kyrkogårdarna i området. Levandet och lidandet i den medeltida staden kommer besökaren nära.

taken from the graveyard in the area. The life and sufferings of the medieval town are brought close to the visitor.

Domkyrkan

Den katedral som helgades åt S:t Laurentius — i dagligt tal Domkyrkan — började troligen byggas 1085, då kung Knut (så småningom "den helige") skapade ekonomiska förutsättningar för bygget. Byggnadstiden blev lång, 1123 invigdes kryptan och först 1145 kunde den färdiga kyrkan invigas. På platsen låg dessförinnan en stenkyrka från 1000-talets mitt. Domkyrkan har byggts om och restaurerats i flera omgångar, mest genomgripande under ledning av Helgo Zettervall 1868-1880. Då revs bl a de medeltida tornen och ersattes med de nuvarande. Zettervall var som han själv sagt inte ute för att restaurera kyrkan utan för att bygga om den efter sin tids idealbild.

The Cathedral

The cathedral dedicated to St Lawrence was probably begun in 1085, when King Canute (later to be called Canute the Holy) created economic conditions for the construction. It took an extremely long time to build; in 1123 the crypt was consecrated and not until 1145 was the whole church consecrated. On the site had stood a stone church from the mid-11th century. The cathedral has been reconstructed and restored several times over, but most drastically by Helgo Zettervall between 1868 and 1880. The medieval towers were demolished and replaced by the present ones. As Zettervall himself said, he did not intend to restore the church but to rebuild it in order to suit the then current ideal picture of what the church ought to look like

8.3. Ronja Rövardotter, Astrid Lindgren

Den natten då Ronja föddes gick åskan över bergen, ja, det var en åsknatt så att allt oknytt som höll till i Mattis skogen förskrämt kröp undan i sina hålor och gömslen, bara de grymma vildvittrorna gillade åskväder mer än alla andra väder och flög med tjut och skrik runt rövarborgen på Mattisberget. Det störde Lovis som låg där inne och skulle föda barn, och hon sa till Mattis:

"Skräm iväg grymvittrorna, så här blir tyst, annars hör jag inte vad jag sjunger!"

Det var så nämligen att Lovis sjöng när hon födde barn. Det gick lättare då, påstod hon, och ungen skulle troligen bli av en gladare sort, om den kom till jorden under sång.

Mattis tog sitt armborst och slängde iväg ett par pilar ut genom skottgluggen.

"Ge er iväg, vildvittror", skrek han. "Jag ska ju ha barn nu i natt, begriper ni det, era maror!"

"Hoho, han ska ha barn nu i natt", tjöt vittrorna, "ett åskvädersbarn, litet och fult får man tro, hoho!"

Då sköt Mattis en gång till rakt mot flocken. Men de bara hånskrattade åt honom och flög med arga tjut bort över trädtopparna.

Medan Lovis låg där och födde och sjöng och medan Mattis efter bästa förmåga tuktrade vildvittrorna, satt hans rövare vid elden nere i stora stensalen och åt och drack och väsnades lika bra som vittrorna. Något måste de ju ta sej för medan de väntade, och väntade gjorde de alla tolv på vad som nu skulle ske där uppe i tornrummet. För i hela deras rövartid hade det inte fötts något barn i Mattisborgen.

Allra mest väntade Skalle-Per.

ON THE NIGHT THAT RONIA WAS BORN A THUNDERSTORM WAS RAGING over the mountains, such a storm that all the goblinfolk in Matt's Forest crept back in terror to their holes and hiding places. Only the fierce harpies preferred stormy weather to any other and flew, shrieking and hooting, around the robbers' stronghold on Matt's mountain. Their noise disturbed Lovis, who was lying within, preparing to give birth, and she said to Matt, "Drive the hell-harpies away and let me have some quiet. Otherwise I can't hear what I'm singing!"

The fact was that Lovis liked to sing while she was having her baby. It made things easier, she insisted, and the baby would probably be all the jollier if it arrived on earth to the sound of a song.

Matt took his crossbow and shot off a few arrows through one of the arrow slits of the fort.

"Be off with you, harpies!" he shouted. "I'm going to have a baby tonight--get that into your heads, you hags!"

"Ho, ho, he's going to have a baby tonight," hooted the harpies. "A thunder-and-lightning baby, small and ugly it'll be, ho, ho!"

Then Matt shot again, straight into the flock, but they simply jeered at him and flew off across the treetops, hooting angrily.

While Lovis lay there, giving birth and singing, and while Matt quelled the wild harpies as best he could, his robbers were sitting by the fire down in the great stone hall, eating and drinking and behaving as rowdily as the harpies themselves. After all, they had to do something while they waited, and all twelve of them were waiting for what was about to happen up there in the tower room. No child had ever been born in Matt's Fort in all their robber days there.

Noddle-Pete was waiting most of all.

"Kommer inte den där rövarungen snart", sa han. "Jag är gammal och skraltig och snart färdig med mitt rövarliv. Det skulle vara bra att få se en ny rövarhövding innan jag tar slut."

Knappt hade han sagt det, så öppnades dörren och in rusade Mattis rent från vettet av glädje. Med höga jubelsprång rände han ett helt varv runt salen och skrek som en galning.

"Jag har fått en unge! Hör ni vad jag säger, jag har fått en unge!"

"Vad blev det för en sort", frågade Skalle-Per borta i sin vrå.

"En rövardotter, jubel och fröjd", skrek Mattis. "En rövardotter, här kommer hon!"

Och över den höga tröskeln klev Lovis med sitt barn i famnen. Då blev det knäpp tyst bland rövarena.

"Nu tror jag ni fick så att ölet for i vrångstrupen", sa Mattis. Han tog flickan från Lovis och bar henne runt bland rövarena.

"Här! Om ni vill se det vackraste barn som nånsin har fötts i en rövarborg!"

Dottern lag där på hans arm och tittade upp mot honom med vakna ögon.

"Den ungen vet och förstår redan lite av varje, det ser man", sa Mattis.

"Vad ska hon heta", undrade Skalle-Per.

"Ronja", sa Lovis. "Som jag ju redan för länge sen har bestämt."

"Men om det hade blivit en pojk då", sa Skalle-Per.

Lovis såg på honom lugnt och strängt.

"Har jag bestämt att mitt barn ska heta Ronja, så *blir* det en Ronja!"

Sedan vände hon sej till Mattis.

"Vill du jag ska ta henne nu?"

Men Mattis ville inte lämna dottern ifrån sej. Han stod där och såg med förundran hennes klara ögon, hennes lilla mun, hennes svarta hårtofsar, hennes hjälplösa händer, och han ryste av kärlek.

"Du barn, i de där små händerna håller du redan mitt rövarhjärta", sa han. "Jag begriper det inte, men så är det."

"That robber baby had better come soon," he said. "I'm old and rickety, and my robbing days will soon be over. It would be fine to see a new robber chief here before I'm finished."

He had scarcely stopped speaking when the door opened and Matt rushed in, quite witless with delight. He raced all the way around the hall, leaping high with joy and shrieking like a madman.

"I've got a child! Do you hear me--I've got a child!"

"That sort of child is it?" asked Noddle-Pete over in his comer.

"A robber's daughter, joy and gladness!" shouted Matt. "A robber's daughter--here she comes!"

And over the high threshold stepped Lovis with her baby in her arms. All the robbers' noise turned off at once.

"I do believe that's made your beer go down the wrong way," said Matt. He took the baby girl from Lovis and carried her around among the robbers.

"Here! Want to see the most beautiful child ever born in a robbers' fort?"

His daughter lay there in his arms, looking up at him with wide, bright eyes.

"That child understands just about everything already--you can see that," said Matt.

"What will you call her?" asked Noddle-Pete.

"Ronia," said Lovis. "I decided that a long time ago."

"What if it had been a boy?" said Noddle-Pete.

Lovis gave him a calm, stern look.

"If I decide my baby is to be called Ronia, it will *be* a Ronia!"

Then she turned to Matt.

"Shall I take her now?"

But Matt did not want to hand over his daughter. He stood there gazing in admiration at her clear eyes, her little mouth, her black tufts of hair, her helpless hands, and he trembled with love.

"You, baby, you're already holding my robber heart in those little hands," he said. "I don't understand it, but that's how it is."

"Kan jag få hålla henne lite", bad Skalle-Per, och Mattis la Ronja i hans armar, som om hon hade varit ett guldägg.

"Här har du den nya rövarhövdingen som du har ordat om så länge. Fast tappa henne inte, vad du gör, för då är din sista stund kommen."

Men Skalle-Per bara log mot Ronja med sin tandlösa mun.

"Det är liksom ingen riktig tyngd i henne", sa han förvånad och lyfte henne upp och ner ett par gånger.

Då blev Mattis arg och ryckte åt sej barnet.

"Vad hade du väntat, fårskalle? En stor fet rövarhövding med pösmage och pipskägg, va?"

Då förstod alla rövorna att det här barnet fick man inte komma och anmärka på, om man ville hålla Mattis vid gott humör. Och det var verkligen inte bra att reta upp honom. Därför satte de genast igång att prisa och berömma den nyfödda. De tömde också många bägare öl till hennes ära och gjorde därmed Mattis glad. Han slog sej ner i högsätet mitt ibland dem och förevisade gång på gång sitt märkvärdiga barn.

"Det här kommer att reta livet ur Borka", sa Mattis. "Där kan han sitta i sin eländiga rövarkula och gnissla tänder av avundsjuka, ja, jämmer och död, det blir ett gnissel så att alla vildvittror och grådvärgar i Borkaskogen måste hålla för örona, tro mej!"

Skalle-Per nickade förnöjt och sa med ett litet fniss:

"Jovars, det kommer att reta livet ur Borka. För nu lever Mattisätten vidare, men Borkaätten, den går det rakt åt pipsvängen med."

"Ja", sa Mattis, "rakt åt pipsvängen, säkert som döden! För mej veterligt har Borka inte lyckats få till nån unge, och ingen lär det bli heller."

"Could I hold her for a bit?"

Noddle-Pete asked, and Matt laid Ronja in his arms as if she were a golden egg.

"I give you the new robber chieftain you've been talking about all this time. Don't drop her, whatever you do, or it will be your last hour!"

But Noddle-Pete just smiled his toothless smile at Ronja.

"There's no real weight to her," he said, surprised, raising and lowering her a couple of times.

That made Matt angry, and he snatched his baby back.

"What did you expect, numskull? A great fat robber chieftain with a bulging belly and a pointed beard, eh?"

All the robbers realized then that there must be no comments about this child if they wanted to keep Matt in a good mood. And it really was not wise to annoy him. So they set to work at once, praising and extolling the newborn baby. They also emptied a great many tankards of beer in her honor, which made Matt happy. He threw himself down on his high seat among them and showed off his remarkable child again and again.

"This is going to plague the life out of Borka," said Matt. "He can sit there in his miserable robbers' den and gnash his teeth with jealousy. Yes, death and destruction! There will be such a gnashing that all the wild harpies and gray dwarfs in Borka's Wood will hold their ears, believe me!"

Noddle-Pete nodded gleefully and said with a little snigger,

"Sure enough, it will plague the life out of Borka. Now Matt's line will live on, but Borka's line will be finished and done for."

"Yes," said Matt, "finished and done for, sure as death! As far as I know, Borka has not managed to get a child, and is not likely to either."

Då kom där en åskknall som aldrig hade hörts maken till i Mattisskogen. Det var så att till och med rövarna bleknade, och Skalle-Per for omkull, svag som han var. Från Ronja kom oväntat en ynkelig liten gråt, och den skakade Mattis värre än åskknallen.

"Mitt barn gråter", skrek han. "Vad gör man, vad gör man?"

Men Lovis stod där lugn. Hon tog barnet ifrån honom och la det till sitt bröst, och sedan var där ingen gråt mer.

"Det där smällde bra", sa Skalle-Per när han också hade lugnat sej lite. "Jag ger mej satan på att den slog ner."

Ja, nog hade åskan slagit ner och det med besked, så mycket såg man när morgonen kom. Den uråldriga Mattisborgen högst uppe på Mattisberget hade rämnat mitt itu. Från översta murkrönet och ner till djupaste källarvalv var borgen nu delad i två halvvar med en avgrund emellan.

"Ronja, ditt barnaliv börjar storslaget", sa Lovis, när hon med barnet i famnen stod vid det krossade murkrönet och såg eländet.

=Mattis rasade som ett vilddjur. Hur kunde något sådant få hända hans faders gamla borg? Men Mattis orkade aldrig rasa länge för en sak, och han kunde alltid hitta på tröstegrunder.

"Nåja, vi får inte så mycket irrgångar och källarhål och skräp att hålla reda på. Och nu behöver kanske ingen mer gå vilse i Mattisborgen. Ni minns hur det var när Skalle-Per gick bort sej och inte kom tillrätta på fyra dar!"

Then came a crack of thunder the like of which had never been heard in Matt's Wood before. It made even the robbers turn pale, and Noddle-Pete fell flat on his back, weak as he was. A piteous little cry came unexpectedly from Ronia, and that shook Matt worse than the thunderclap.

"My child's crying!" he shrieked. "What do we do, what do we do?"

But Lovis was standing by calmly. She took the baby from him and put her to her breast, and there was no more crying.

"That was a good crack," said Noddle-Pete, when he too had calmed down a little. "I'll take my dying oath it struck."

Yes, the lightning had struck and in earnest, too, as they saw when morning came. The ancient fortress high up on Matt's Mountain had been cleft down the middle. From the highest battlements to the deepest vault of the dungeons, the fortress was now split in two halves, with a chasm between them.

"Ronja, your young life has gotten off to a grand start," said Lovis, as she stood by the shattered wall with the baby in her arms, looking at the disaster.

Matt was raging like a wild animal. How could this have been allowed to happen to his forefathers' old fortress? But Matt could not go on being angry about anything for long, and he could always find reasons to take comfort.

"Oh, well, we shan't have so many twists and turns and cellar pits and rubbish to keep track of. And perhaps no one will need to get lost in Matt's Fort any more. Remember what it was like when Noddle-Pete went astray and didn't turn up for four days!"

Det där ville Skalle-Per inte gärna bli påmind om. Kunde han rå för att det gick så illa? Han hade ju bara försökt ta reda på hur stor och kolossal Mattisborgen egentligen var och hade som sagt funnit den stor nog att gå vilse i. Stackarn, han var så gott som halvdöd, innan han äntligen hittade tillbaka till stora stensalen. Rövorna hade tack och lov skrålat och väsnats så att han hörde det på långt håll, annars hade han aldrig kommit rätt.

"Hela borgen har vi ändå aldrig använt", sa Mattis.

"Och vi bor ju kvar i våra salar och kamrar och tornrum, där vi alltid har bott. Det enda som retar mej är att vi har blivit av med vår dasskammare. Ja, jämmet och död, den ligger nu på andra sidan avgrunden, och det blir synd om den som inte kan hålla sej, tills vi hinner inrätta en ny."

Men den saken var snart ordnad, och livet i Mattisborgen gick vidare precis som förut. Med den skillnaden bara att nu fanns där ett barn. Ett litet barn som undan för undan gjorde Mattis och alla hans rövare mer eller mindre fjolliga, ansåg Lovis. Inte för att det skadade dem att bli lite mjukare i nyporna och lite finare i fasonerna, men det fick vara måtta med allting. Och nog var det onaturligt att se tolv rövare och en rövarhövding sitta där fåraktigt mysande och jubla bara för att en liten unge just hade lärt sej krypa runt stensalen, precis som om större underverk aldrig hade skådats på jorden. Visserligen snodde Ronja iväg ovanligt fort, för hon hade ett knep att ta spjärn med vänsterfoten som rövorna fann så rent enastående. Men när allt kom omkring lär sej de flesta barn att krypa, sa Lovis. Utan några höga jubelrop och utan att deras far för den skull behöver glömma allting och rentav försumma sitt arbete.

Noddle-Pete did not enjoy being reminded of this occasion. Was it his fault he had gotten lost? He had only been trying to find out how vast and rambling Matt's Fort really was, and had indeed found it big enough to get lost in. Poor thing, he was almost half dead before he finally found his way back to the great stone hall. Thank goodness the robbers had been bawling and kicking up enough noise for him to hear them a long way off; otherwise he would never have gotten back.

"In any case, we have never used the whole fort," said Matt,

"and we will go on living in our hall and bedrooms and tower rooms where we have always lived. The only thing that annoys me is that we have lost our outhouse. Yes, death and destruction! It's on the other side of the chasm now, and I'm sorry for anyone who can't contain himself until we manage to build a new one."

But that was soon dealt with, and life in Matt's Fort went on exactly as before--except that now there was a child there. A little child, who succeeded bit by bit in sending Matt and all his robbers more or less mad, in Lovis's view. Not that it hurt them to become a little gentler-handed and milder-mannered, but there should be moderation in all things. And it really was strange to see twelve robbers and one robber chieftain sitting there like a lot of sheep, beaming and blissful just because a small child had learned to crawl around the stone hall, as if there had never been a greater miracle on earth. It was true that Ronia scampered about unusually fast because she had a trick of pushing off with her left foot, which the robbers thought absolutely astounding. But, after all, most children do learn to crawl, as Lovis said, *without* loud cheers, and without their father seeing it as a reason to forget everything else and positively neglect his work.

"Är det meningen att Borka ska ta över allt rövande också här i Mattisskogen", undrade hon bistert, när rövarna med Mattis i spetsen kom hemstormande i otid bara för att de måste se Ronja äta sin välling, innan Lovis stoppade ner henne i hängvaggan för natten.

Men Mattis hörde inte på det pratet.

"Ronja mi, min lilla duva", skrek han, när Ronja med hjälp av vänsterfoten kom pilande mot honom tvärs över golvet så fort han klev inom dörren. Och sedan satt han med sin lilla duva i knät och matade henne med välling, medan hans tolv rövare tittade på. Vällingskålen stod på spiselhällen en bit ifrån, och med sina grova rövarnävar var Mattis något fumlig, mycket välling spilldes på golvet, och dessutom knuffade Ronja då och då till skeden, så att också en del välling flög upp i ögonbrynen på Mattis. Första gången det hände skrattade rövarna så våldsamt att Ronja blev rädd och började gråta, men hon förstod snart att hon hade hittat på något roligt och gjorde gärna om det, vilket glädde rövarna mer än det roade Mattis. Fast annars tyckte Mattis att allt vad Ronja tog sej för var makalöst, och själv var hon utan like på jorden.

Till och med Lovis måste skratta när hon såg Mattis sitta där med sin unge i knät och välling i ögonbrynen.

"Käre dej, Mattis, vem kan tro att du är den mäktigaste rövarhövdingen i alla berg och skogar! Om Borka såg dej nu, skulle han skratta så han pinka' på sej."

"Det skulle jag snart vänja honom av med", sa Mattis lugnt.

Borka, det var ärkefienden. Så som Borkas far och farfar hade varit ärkefiender till Mattis far och farfar, ja, långt bortom mannaminne hade Borkaätten och Mattisätten legat i luven på varann. Rövare hade de varit i alla tider och en förskräckelse för hederligt folk som med sina hästar och vagnar och foror måste fram genom de djupa skogarna, där de höll till.

"Do you want Borka to take over all the robbing in Matt's Forest as well?" she asked sharply, when the robbers, with Matt at their head, came storming home early just because they had to see Ronia eating her porridge before Lovis put her into her hanging cradle for the night.

But Matt had no ears for such talk.

"Ronja mine, my little pigeon," he shouted, as Ronia, shoving hard with her left foot, came shooting across the floor toward him as soon as he walked in the door. And he sat with his little pigeon on his knee and fed her her porridge while his twelve robbers looked on. The porridge bowl was standing on the hearth at arm's reach, and as Matt was rather clumsy with his rough robber's fists, a lot of porridge got spilled on the floor, and Ronia knocked the spoon from time to time, so that a good deal of porridge also flew onto Matt's eyebrows. The first time it happened, the robbers laughed so uproariously that Ronia was frightened and began to cry, but she soon realized that she had hit on something amusing to do, and did it again, which delighted the robbers more than it amused Matt. But otherwise Matt thought that everything Ronia did was incomparable and that she herself had not her equal on earth.

Even Lovis had to laugh when she saw Matt sitting there with his child on his knee and porridge on his eyebrows.

"My dear Matt, who would ever think that you were the most powerful robber chieftain in all the woods and mountains! If Borka saw you now, he would split his sides laughing."

"I'd soon put a stop to that," Matt said calmly.

Borka--Borka was the archenemy. Just as Borka's father and grandfather had been the archenemies of Matt's father and grandfather--yes, since time immemorial the Borkas and the Matts had been at loggerheads. They had always been robbers and a terror to decent folk who had to pass with their horses and wagons through the deep forests where the robbers lurked.

"Gud hjälpe den som ska genom Rövärgången", brukade folk säga, och då menade de det trånga bergspasset mellan Borkaskogen och Mattiskogen. Där låg alltid rövare på lur, och om det var Borkarövare eller Mattisrövare, det kunde ju kvitta, det gjorde ingen skillnad för den som blev rövad. Men för Mattis och Borka var skillnaden stor. De slogs för livet om bytet och rövade också friskt från varann när det inte kom tillräckligt många foror genom Rövärgången.

Om allt detta visste Ronja inget, hon var för liten. Inte förstod hon att hennes far var en fruktad rövarhövding. För henne var han bara den där skäggiga snälla Mattis som skrattade och sjöng och skrek och gav henne välling, honom tyckte hon om.

Men hon växte för varje dag och började så smått utforska världen omkring sej. Längre trodde hon att stora stensalen var hela världen. Och där trivdes hon, där satt hon så trygg under det väldiga långbordet och lekte med kottar och stenar som Mattis plockade med sej hem åt henne. Och stensalen var då rakt inget dåligt ställe för ett barn. Mycket roligt kunde man ha där och mycket kunde man lära sej.

=Ronja tyckte om, när rövorna sjöng framför elden om kvällarna. Hon satt tyst under bordet och lyssnade, tills hon kunde alla rövarvisor. Sedan stämde hon in med klaraste röst, och Mattis häpnade över sitt makalösa barn som sjöng så vackert. Dansa lärde hon sej också. För om rövorna kom riktigt i tagen, dansade de och skuttade som tosingar runt salen, och Ronja såg snart hur det skulle gå till. Hon dansade och skuttade och gjorde rövarsprång hon också till Mattis fröjd. Och när rövorna efteråt bänkades vid långbordet för att svalka sej med en bägare öl, skröt han med sin dotter.

"God help anyone whose way lies along Robbers' Walk," people said, talking of the narrow mountain pass between Borka's Wood and Matt's Wood. There were always robbers on the lookout there, and whether they were Borka's robbers or Matt's robbers made little difference, at least to those who were robbed. But to Matt and Borka the difference was enormous. They fought for their lives over the booty and even robbed each other without hesitation if there were not enough merchants passing through Robbers' Walk.

Ronia knew nothing of all this; she was too young. She did not know that her father was a feared robber chieftain. To her, he was just the kind, bearded Matt, who laughed and sang and shouted and gave her porridge, and whom she loved.

But she was growing up every day, and soon she began to explore the world around her. For a long time she had believed that the great stone hall was the whole world. And she liked it there; she was safe sitting under the great long table, playing with pebbles and pinecones that Matt brought home to her. And the stone hall was not a bad place for a child. You could have great fun there, and you could learn a lot.

Ronia liked it when the robbers sang around the fire in the evenings. She sat quietly under the table, listening, until she knew all the robbers' ditties by heart. Then she joined in, her voice clear as a bell, and Matt was astonished at his matchless child, who sang so well. She taught herself to dance, too. If the robbers were in the mood, they would dance and leap around the room like madmen, and Ronia soon saw what to do. She danced and bounded and made robber leaps as well, to Matt's delight, and when afterward the robbers threw themselves down at the long table to slake their thirst with a tankard of beer, he bragged about his daughter.

8.4. Vem älskar Yngve Frej?, *Stig Claesson*

Mannen som hade gjort sitt vandrade sakta i ljusblå skjorta och mörka byxor med hängslen och i nyputsade snörkängor stillsamt ner mot sjön och brevlådan.

Mannen som hade gjort sitt var således ledigt finkladd. Han var till och med nyrakad och det grå håret hade han borstat lätt innan han barhuvad gått ut i solen.

Solen sken från en klar himmel och han skulle bara gå till brevlådan.

Men barhuvad!

En man som har gjort sitt går inte till brevlådan barhuvad. En brevlåda ligger ju vid en landsväg.

Mannen hade också för en stund tvekat mellan sin grå filthatt och sin skärmmössa men gått mitt i valet av huvudbonad.

Han är barhuvad av ren tankspriddhet.

Han har ett problem.

Mannen gick genom skogen. Inte i själva skogen utan på skogsvägen. Den väg han använde då han gick till sjön. Men att gå till sjön, till brevlådan eller till landsvägen var precis samma sak.

Om man såg det som vägsträcka.

Brevlådan låg vid landsvägen och vid landsvägen låg en liten sjö.

Kanske skulle man kunna säga så här: En smal grusad landsväg går från ett samhälle till ett annat samhälle och passerar vid något tillfälle en liten insjö och vid den <pb n=8>sjön går en väg rätt ner från skogen och där den skogsvägen träffar landsvägen hänger det en brevlåda. Låt oss säga att det är sju mil mellan dom båda samhällena. Det är ju inte så långt. Det är i vilket fall en sträcka man kan avverka ganska snabbt med bil även på en grusad landsväg, men eftersom det mellan samhällena bara tycks växa

<pb n=7>The man who had retired strolled slowly towards the lake and the postbox, dressed in a light blue shirt, dark trousers with braces, and newly-polished laced boots.

The man who had retired was dressed in his casual best. He had even shaved and brushed his grey hair before going out bareheaded into the sun.

The sun shone from a clear sky, and he was only going to the postbox.

But bareheaded!

A man who has retired doesn't go to the postbox without a hat — after all, the postbox is on the main road.

True, he had wavered between the grey felt hat and the cap, but he had left the house in the middle of making up his mind.

He was bareheaded from sheer absentmindedness.

He had a problem.

The man walked through the forest. Not into the real forest but along the forest path, the path he would use if he was going down to the lake. But going to the lake or the postbox or the main road was the same thing — if one considered it simply as a stretch of road.

The postbox was on the main road, and by the side of the road was a small lake.

Perhaps we could put it like this: a narrow gravel main road led from one village to another village, passing at some point a small lake; alongside the lake a path came straight out of the forest, and where the forest path met the main road there was a postbox. Let us imagine a distance of forty miles between the two villages. That isn't very far. A distance you could cover quite quickly in a car even on a gravel surface, but since there seems to be nothing between the villages but trees, the motorist would perhaps be

skog blir en bilist kanske uppiggad av att se en liten insjö. Särskilt en sommardag. Kanske ska bilisten stanna till lite, och förvånat lägga märke till att det tycks bo nån även mellan de båda samhällena. Där finns bevisligen en brevlåda.

Det bor nån där.
Just det.
Märkvärdigare än så är det inte. Det bor nån där.
Kanske flera stycken.
Och dom som bor där går antingen till sjön, till brevlådan eller till landsvägen. Det är inte samma sak.

Mannen som har gjort sitt kunde ha gått en annan väg till sin brevlåda. En bättre väg, en väg till och med en bil kunde ta sig fram på, men han gick vid sidan om denna väg. Kanske också detta av tankspriddhet. Han skulle till sin brevlåda. Inte för det att han väntade nåt brev eller någon tidning utan han skulle till brevlådan för att inspektera den och se efter om han skulle behöva bygga en ny. Men det var inte problemet. Mannen som hade gjort sitt skulle med lätthet tillverka sig en ny brevlåda men frågan var hur den skulle placeras.

Brevlådan måste flyttas den saken var säker. Och det bara om några månader. Den tredje september detta år skulle Sverige övergå från vänstertrafik till högertrafik. Mannen som hade gjort sitt skulle bli tvungen att <pb n=9>flytta sin brevlåda från den ena sidan av landsvägen till den andra och det tänkte han också göra, men han tänkte inte göra nåt hastverk av detta arbete.

En brevlåda måste stå stadigt mot väder, vind och snö. Den får inte stå för nära vägen så timmerbilar eller snöskrapor river ner den och den får

cheered up by the sight of a small lake. Especially on a summer day. Perhaps the motorist would stop and be surprised that there even seemed to be somebody living between the two villages. There was certainly a postbox.

<pb n=8>Somebody did live there. Quite right. Nothing more remarkable about it than that. Somebody lived there. Perhaps several people. And the people who lived there walked to the lake, to the postbox or to the main road. It wasn't the same thing.

The man who had retired could have gone to the postbox by another path, a better one, a path that even a car could have negotiated, but he went along the road. Absentmindedness perhaps.

He was on his way to the postbox. It wasn't that he was expecting a letter or a newspaper but because he wanted to inspect the postbox and decide whether he would need to build a new one.

But that wasn't the problem. The man who had retired could have built a new postbox easily enough. The question was, where should he put it?

One thing was certain — the postbox would have to be moved, and soon. On the third of September the Swedish traffic was changing over from left to right.

The man who had retired had to move his postbox from one side of the road to another, and he had every intention of doing just that, but he didn't intend to rush things.

A postbox must stand up to the weather, the wind and the snow. It shouldn't be so near the road that the timber lorries and snow ploughs tear

heller inte stå så långt från vägen att brevbäraren måste besvara sig med att gå ur sin bil då någonting ska lämnas.

Och till mannen som gjort sitt ska åtminstone en gång i månaden pensionen lämnas. Och ortstidningen som kommer ut varannan dag.

Kanske ett vykort, kanske ett brev. Räkningar.

Själv skulle han behöva betala sina räkningar, kanske skrev han själv brev.

Postverket har säkerligen förordningar om hur en brevlåda ska se ut och hur den ska placeras, men Postverkets förordningar rör inte en fri man som gjort sitt.

Detta kommer naturligtvis bara att resultera i att Postverket i sin tur inte bryr sig om mannen som gjort sitt. Härom är inte mycket att säga.

Mannen som är på väg mot sin brevlåda har ett problem och det tänker han lösa.

Eller ska vi, som ännu inte gjort vårt, ta och lösa problemet åt honom?

För det första: Det kan ju inte vara någon konst att flytta en brevlåda från en sida av en landsväg till den andra sidan.

I vilket fall behöver man väl inte i flera månader förbereda ett så enkelt företag. Och om nu den gamla brevlådan verkar vara i så dåligt skick att den måste göras om kan han ju redan nu gå hem och tillverka en ny och ställa på motsatta sidan av vägen. Då har han den gamla <pb n=10>så länge vänstertrafiken varar och den nya kan omedelbart tas i bruk vid trafikomläggningen.

För det andra: Om detta med att flytta en brevlåda blivit ett så stort problem för honom kan han ju fråga brevtköraren hur han ska bära sig åt. Det vet nämligen brevtköraren och han kommer säkert också att

it down, but it mustn't be so far from the road that the postman has to go to the trouble of getting out of his van to deliver things.

The retired man's pension would have to be delivered every month; the local papers came out every other day. There might be a picture postcard, perhaps a letter, bills.

Then he would have to pay his bills, and perhaps write letters himself.

No doubt the postal authorities had regulations governing the appearance and placing of postboxes, but regulations issued by the postal authorities do not worry a free man who has retired.

Admittedly this would probably result in the postal authorities in turn ignoring the man who had retired. There wasn't much to be done about that.

The man on the way to his postbox had a problem, and he <pb n=9>intended to solve it.

Perhaps we who are not yet old age pensioners should solve it for him? In the first place it can't be all that difficult to move a postbox from one side of the road to the other.

One surely doesn't need several months to prepare for such a simple undertaking. If the old postbox was in such poor shape that it had to be rebuilt, then he might just as well have gone straight home to make a new one and put it up on the other side of the road. That way he'd have the old one as long as there was left hand traffic, and the new one could be used as soon as the traffic changed over.

In the second place, if the problem of moving the postbox had become such a great burden to him, he could of course have asked the mailvan driver what he should do, since the van driver knew and would certainly

hjälpa den här mannen som ju redan gjort sitt.

Men vi ska kanske akta oss lite för att ge den här mannen ett råd. Och angående hans brevlåda så är den en skapelse i sig själv, en konstruktion som passerande bilister som saktar farten vid sjön, där skogen ljusnar, brukar säga inte är utav denna världen.

Men det är just vad den är.

Först tror man det är ett vanligt mjölkbord som någon ställt en köksgrönmålad bikupa på och som i sin tur någon ställt en hemmagjord fågelholk på.

På sätt och vis är det också frågan om ett gammalt mjölkbord. Där finns plats för två stora mjölkkrutor och ringar i träet efter sådana krutor, men nån mjölkkruta har inte stått på bordet på nio år.

På lådan som ser ut som en bikupa och har en dörr med trävred hänger i ett snöre en träbit, röd på ena sidan och svart på den andra. Och på fågelholken finns det en utfällbar svart pil.

Det är fågelholken som är den egentliga lådan för post. Pilen faller man ut så brevbäraren ska förstå att lådan innehåller avgående post, i annat fall skulle han kanske behöva stanna i onödan.

Den röda och vita trälapp som hänger på den större lådan betyder när den röda sidan lyser att brevbäraren där ska ta paket som ska åt hans håll. Brevbäraren åker bara åt ett håll. Om den svarta sidan lyser betyder det att grusbilen ska ta paketet. En grusbil kör förbi ett par gånger om dan.

Det läggs kanske sällan in några paket där numera men det händer.

have helped the man who had retired.

Perhaps we should be rather careful about giving this man advice.

His postbox was a creation in itself, a construction which passing motorists, slowing down beside the lake where the forest lightened, usually said belonged to another world. It did.

At first sight one might have thought it was an ordinary milkstand on which somebody had placed a beehive painted in green kitchen-paint and somebody else had topped with a homemade bird shelter.

In a sense it was an old milkstand, with room for two large milk cans and rings on the wood showing where the cans had been, but it was nine years since any milk cans had rested on the stand.

Suspended by a piece of string from the box that looked like a beehive, which had a door with a wooden knob, was a piece of wood, red on one side and black on the other, while on the bird shelter was an arrow that folded outwards

The bird shelter was the real postbox. The arrow folded outwards so the postman would know that the box contained mail to be collected, otherwise he would have had to stop unnecessarily.

The red and black piece of wood hanging on the larger box indicated when the red was showing that the postman had to collect a parcel going in his direction. The postman only went in one direction. If the black side was showing the gravel lorry had to collect the parcel. A gravel lorry went past a couple of times a day.

=There was seldom a parcel nowadays, but it did sometimes happen.

Hela brevlådsanläggningen står visserligen skyddad under en stor gran, men för säkerhets skull är det hela också skyddat av en korrugerad plåt som är spikad just på granen.

Det står inget namn någonstans, men det verkar som om den som äger denna brevlådsbyggnad för en enorm korrespondens.

Hur ska vi nu flytta denna anläggning rätt över vägen? Där börjar sjön och där går dom stora timmerlassen ut.

Jag tror inte vi ska ge bort några råd. Mannen kommer sa småningom att hänga en brevlåda på en pinne på andra sidan vägen.

Vi säger att detta problem är löst.

Men om en man en morgon reser sig ur sin säng och vet med sig att han gjort sitt, så är det möjligt att det känns tillfredställande. Att meddela världen att det verkligen förhåller sig så kanhända känns svårt eller bittert.

Mannen som gjort sitt är nu framme vid sin brevlåda och han fäster med fyra häftstift en lapp på den större lådan: MOTTAGER EJ MERA ARBETE.

I och med detta äger en trakt på sju mils omkrets ingen skomakare mer. Före detta skomakare Emil Nathanael Gustafsson, sjuttiotvå år, ser sig för ett ögonblick omkring och upptäcker att han står på landsvägen utan huvudbonad och han vänder skyndsamt hemåt samma väg han kom.

<pb n=12>Gustafsson har fyrahundra meter att gå för att komma till sin verkstad. Och det kan verka som om han har att gå dessa fyrahundra meter enbart genom skog. I och för sig är det bara skog, men han går förbi en stor egendomlig sten, han passerar en gammal myrstack och en myrväg, han har att gå upp för en kort backe där det brukar vara särskilt halt när

The whole postbox-complex was protected by a large fir-tree, but to be on the safe side the whole contraption was also protected by a piece of corrugated iron nailed to the tree.

There was no name anywhere, but it looked as though the owner of the postbox received an enormous amount of correspondence.

How do we move this contraption over the road — the lake started there, the timber lorries came out there.

I don't think we need give any advice. Eventually the man hung the postbox on a pole on the other side of the road.

So the problem was solved.

The morning a man gets out of bed and knows he has retired he sometimes experiences a feeling of satisfaction. But having to tell the world may be difficult or painful.

The man who had retired was now at his postbox, pinning a sign with four drawing pins to the larger box saying: NO MORE WORK ACCEPTED.

=And with that there was no shoemaker for forty miles.

Emil Nathaniel Gustafsson, shoemaker, retired, seventy-two years of age, looked round for a moment, discovered that he was standing beside the main road with nothing on his head, turned round quickly and went home the way he had come.

Gustafsson had to walk about five hundred yards to his workshop, and it seemed as though the five hundred yards were nothing but forest. But although it was only forest he passed a large peculiar stone, an old ant hill and an ant track, had to climb a short slope which was particularly slippery in icy weather, and went through a break in the hedge where there had once been a gate — the iron hasps

det är halt, sen går han mellan en stengårdsgård där det en gång varit en grind, det finns järnhaspar fortfarande i ena stenstolpen.

could still be seen on one of the stone gateposts.

Och han går ut i det öppna. Han går förbi en ladugård med tre bås och så upp mot bostadshuset. Det öppna är en stor kulle och han ser förutom sitt eget hus taket på ett annat bostadshus. Han ser vedbodan, uthuset. Husen står raka, rödmålade och välsköta.

Then he walked out into the clearing, past a byre with three stalls, and up towards the house.

The clearing was a large hill, and apart from his own roof he could see another house. He could also see the wood-sheds and the outhouses. The houses stood up straight, were painted red and looked well cared for.

Äppelträd växer kring husen. En lönn skuggar brunnen.

<pb n=11>Apple trees grew round the houses and a sycamore tree shaded the well.

=The sun was shining.

Solen skiner. Gräset är slaget och bortkört och igensåningen i stubben börjar återigen grönska. Potatisen blommar.

=The hay had been mown and harvested and the newly-sown crop was beginning to show green through the stubble. The potatoes were in flower.

Två hektar odlad jord. Eftersom solen skiner öppnar sig mitt i skogen en idyll. I denna idyll bor Gustafsson, Gustafssons yngre syster, Eriksson och Öman.

Five acres of cultivated land. Since the sun was shining, a pastoral idyll unfolded itself in the midst of the forest, and in this idyll lived Gustafsson, his younger sister, Eriksson and Oman

Brev till och från dessa personer läggs naturligtvis också i samma låda som Gustafssons post, men det hör för tillfället inte hit.

Letters to and from these people were also put in the same postbox as Gustafsson's letters, of course, but for the moment that needn't bother us.

Vad som hör hit är vad vi ska kalla denna idyll. Eftersom här står en ladugård, ännu underhållen om än tom, så låt oss kalla det en bondgård med fler än ett bostadshus.

What does concern us is what we have just called an idyll. Since there was a byre which was still maintained even though it was empty, we should perhaps call it a farm with more than one farmhouse.

=A farm; perhaps one should call it an abandoned farm, but you can't abandon a farm as long as someone lives there.

Det är en bondgård. En nedlagd bondgård skulle man <pb n=13>kanske kunna säga, men man kan inte lägga ned en bondgård så länge någon bor på gården. Lantbruket kan man lägga ned. Det är för bonden Erikssons del nedlagt. Men han måste ju ändå sköta om det hela.

But you can abandon farm work, and that was what farmer Eriksson had done, though he still had to look after the place.

Två hektar odlad jord var kanske att ta i. Det är fyra tunnland och så stort är det kanske inte. Men någonting ditåt. Kanske är det ett åttondels hemman, kanske bara ett sextondels. Bebott och verksamt.

Tills nu.

Till dess Gustafsson meddelade världen att han gjort sitt.

På pappret heter denna idyll Östentorp men har aldrig kallats annat än för Bråten.

Gustafsson på Bråten har gjort sitt.

Bråten har gjort sitt.

I och med detta isoleras inte den lilla idyllen i skogen. Här finns telefon, television, radio och kylskåp. Till och med tvättmaskin och en liten frysbox. Allt detta tillkommet dom sista tio åren.

Vad som saknas är bil. Men köttbilen kör upp här, fiskbilen då och då och pilsnerbilen.

Vägen mellan Gustafssons brevlåda och hans hus är alltså fyrahundra meter. Den vägen går bland annat förbi en ladugård, en gammal myrstack och en stor sten. Vägen går alltså inte genom en skog. Man kan inte gå vilse.

Lika skenbart går landsvägen mellan de två samhällena genom enbart skog. Den passerar åtminstone tre, fyra vägskäl med hus. I ett av vägskälen finns en bensinstation och en snickerifabrik. I ett annat vägskäl finns en modern lanthandel, ett plåtslageri, en stor brädgård. <pb n=14>Vägen passerar nedrasade torvlador och meningslösa ställningar för torkning av strötorv.

Alltså går landsvägen också bara skenbart genom en skog, men med bil verkar det faktiskt så.

=Five acres of land was a lot to look after, although it wasn't all that big — maybe an eighth of a self-supporting farm, or perhaps only a sixteenth.

Inhabited and active — until now.

=Until Gustafsson announced to the world that he had retired.

On paper the idyll was called Östentorp, but it had never been called anything but The Sticks.

=Gustafsson of The Sticks had retired.

=The Sticks had retired.

But the idyll in the forest wasn't isolated. They had telephone, television, radio and a fridge — even a washing machine and a small freezer, all of which had arrived over the last ten years.

What they didn't have was a car, but the butcher's van went by regularly, the fish van and the van with beer crates occasionally.

So the path between Gustafsson's postbox and his house was five hundred yards long and among other things it passed a byre, an old ant hill and a large stone. The path didn't go through a forest so one couldn't get lost.

The main road between the two villages also seemed to run through nothing but forest, but in fact it passed at least three or four crossroads with houses beside them. At one of these <pb n=12>crossroads was a filling station and a carpenter's workshop, at another a modern country shop, a sheet metal workshop and a large timber yard. The road passed dilapidated peat sheds and broken stands that had once been used for drying peat.

So the main road appeared to go through nothing but forest; but then in a car one wouldn't notice the difference.

Landsvägen mellan de två samhällena går genom en ännu inte helt avfolkad glesbygd. Det är en glesbygd, men här bor ändå folk.

Men någon skomakare har inte denna bygd längre. Och har naturligtvis heller inte längre något behov av en skomakare.

De flesta människorna i bygden har tillgång till bil. Dom kan åka till samhället när dom vill.

Men som vid den lilla sjön där en väg går till Bråten, går på många andra ställen vid landsvägen små dåliga vägar in i skogen.

I allmänhet leder dessa små vägar till hus vari det bor män eller kvinnor som har gjort sitt. Inte bara på grund av ålder, men därför att det för dessa människor, småbönder och småhantverkare, ingenting mer finns att göra.

De är fria män och fria kvinnor som sett denna bygd växa, utvecklas, avfolkas och försvinna.

Men dessa människor är låsta i skogen.

Dom saknar bil. Och dom saknar den längtan som gör att dom flyttar.

Dom är kvarlämnade, ensamma sittande på stolar i ren förvåning över att en egendomlig tystnad sänkt sig över trakten medan dom sov.

Dom begrep inte hur det var meningen att bygden skulle utvecklas till tystnad.

Hur det hela var tänkt.

=The main road between the two villages ran through a sparsely populated area, but one not yet wholly depopulated — a sparsely populated area, true, but people were still living there.

But the district no longer had a shoemaker — then of course it no longer needed one.

Most people in the district had access to a car and could drive into the village when they wanted to.

=But as well as the path beside the small lake leading to The Sticks there are many other places where small paths with poor surfaces lead from the main road into the forest.

Many of these small paths lead to houses in which live men and women who have retired, not just because of their age but because there is nothing more for small farmers and craftsmen to

They are free men and women who have seen this district grow, develop, lose its population and disappear.

=They are locked in the forest.

=They have no car and they lack the feeling of longing that makes people move.

They are abandoned, sitting alone on their chairs in sheer amazement at the strange silence that has descended upon the district while they were asleep.

They can't understand the point of letting the district develop into silence — they can't understand the thought behind it.

8.5. Henry Miller: *A Life*, Robert Ferguson

Childhood and first love

Henry Miller was an unusual person. He began life as a human being, and after a series of surprising and sometimes hazardous adventures succeeded in his self-appointed task of turning himself into a rare hybrid of man and book. To enter the world he created in the commission of this task is a strange, disorienting experience, and one does so with the same pleasantly nervy sense of anticipation Alice must have felt as she stepped through into the looking-glass world. The first impression is of a hall of mirrors, all reflecting the same face. Closer examination reveals that each face is slightly different, for the purpose of the world is myth-making, and the raw-material of myth is an abundant supply of images. The skills necessary for the task were a talent for fabulating, lying, improvising, exaggerating, and for telling and evading harsh truths. He had them all. It is a hilarious, wise, foolish and occasionally cruel and misguided world, but never a sinister one. Every fact within it is at risk and liable to be altered at a moment's notice, whether it be the sex of the phrenologist who felt his head in Union Square in 1912, or the age at which he first read the Tao Te Ching.

=Even in what one might call the official environment of the journalistic interview and the letter, the process of autobiographical reinvention goes on, obeying always a gospel of subjectivity so strong that he frequently proclaims the lie to be truer than the truth - which it is, but only sometimes, and within the context of a general contract of agreement about what truth is which Miller neither signed nor even recognised the existence of. He believed with all his heart that he owned himself, and that owning himself gave him the right to invent himself too.

Barndomen och den första kärleken

1

Henry Miller var en ovanlig person. Han började livet som människa och lyckades, efter en rad häpnadsväckande och ibland riskfyllda äventyr, genomföra den självpåtaga uppgiften att förvandla sig till en sällsynt hybrid mellan människa och bok. Att gå in i den värld han skapade är en förunderlig, desorienterande upplevelse och man gör det med samma kittlande och lätt nervösa förväntan som Alice måste ha upplevt när hon klev in i speglarnas värld. Först får man intryck av att man befinner sig i en spegelsal där alla speglarna återkastar bilden av samma ansikte. Vid en närmare undersökning visar det sig att alla ansiktena företer små olikheter, för meningen med världen är att skapa myter och mytens råmaterial är ett överflöd av bilder. De färdigheter som behövdes för att genomföra uppgiften var en förmåga att fabulera, ljuga, improvisera, överdriva, att berätta och undvika obehagliga sanningar. Miller ägde denna förmåga. Det är en dråplig, klok, dåraktig och ibland grym och omdömeslös värld, men den är aldrig ondskefull. Varje faktum innanför dess gränser löper risk och har en benägenhet att ändras praktiskt taget utan förvarning, vare sig det gäller könet på den frenolog som klämde på hans huvud vid Union Square 1912 eller hans ålder då han första gången läste *Daodejing*.

=Det självbiografiska om- och nyskapandet fortsätter till och med i vad man kanske skulle kunna kalla tidningsintervjuns och brevets officiella miljö, och detta om- och nyskapande lyder alltid ett subjektivitetens evangelium som är så strängt att han ofta hävdar att lögnen är sannare än sanningen — vilket den är, men bara ibland och inom ramarna för en överenskommelse om vad sanning är. Miller skrev aldrig under en sådan överenskommelse, han kändes inte ens vid att det fanns ett dylikt kontrakt. Han trodde fullt och fast att han ägde sig själv och att detta ägande också gav honom rätt att uppfinna sig själv.

Under the circumstances it was a small matter for him to dispense with the background provided for him at birth and by a simple act of literary will "disavow my supposed heritage, and trace it back to very early times. Thereby concluding, in my own mind, that I am a mixture of Mongol, Chinese, Tibetan, and Jewish bloods." His improvements on reality never made it duller than it was, and the "supposed <pb n=2>heritage" he so casually wished himself free of was considerably more prosaic than the one with which he replaced it.

All four of his grandparents were immigrants, among the 1.5 million Germans who journeyed to the United States between 1840 and 1860 in flight from famine, religious and political persecution, and the draft. His maternal grandfather, Valentin Nieting, took a roundabout route, leaving his home in Stessfeld Stessen at the age of sixteen and making his way first to London, where he apprenticed himself to a Savile Row tailor named Isaac Walker. After ten years in London his boss emigrated to New York, and Nieting accompanied him. In 1866 he married Emelie Insel, from Neaglerburg in Prussia, in a Lutheran church on East 6th Street, and in due course they had a family of six girls and one boy. Four of the girls survived. Henry's mother, Louise, was the second of them. When she was about thirteen years old, her mother was taken away and placed in an insane asylum, where she remained until her death in 1891. Another sister, Emelia, suffered the same fate later in life.

Henry's paternal grandfather, Heinrich Mueller, was from Minden in Hanover, where he had worked as a journeyman tailor. He settled in the Yorkville district of New York City and married an immigrant girl from Bavaria named Barbara Krapp. They lived in a house on 85th Street in Manhattan, where Miller's father Henry was born on October 23rd 1865, the only boy in a family of four children. All were baptized with the Americanized form of the family name, Miller.

<pb n=18>Under sådana omständigheter var det ingen större konst för honom att avvara den bakgrund som hans födelse försåg honom med och att med en litterär viljeanstängning "...frånsäga mig mitt förmodade arv och spåra det tillbaka till tidernas gryning. Jag drar därför slutsatsen att jag är en blandning av mongoliskt, kinesiskt, tibetanskt och judiskt blod." Hans förbättringar av verkligheten gjorde den aldrig gråare och tristare än den var och det "förmodade arv" han så nonchalant ville frigöra sig från var betydligt mer prosaiskt än det han ersatte det med.

Både hans mor- och farföräldrar var invandrare och de befann sig bland de en och en halv miljon tyskar som emigrerade till USA mellan 1840 och 1860, på flykt från svält, religiös och politisk förföljelse och värnplikt. Millers morfar Valentin Nieting tog en omväg. Han lämnade sitt hem i Stessfeld Stessen när han var sexton, for till London och fick plats som lärling hos en skräddare på Savile Row som hette Isaac Walker. Efter tio år i London utvandrade Walker till New York och Nieting följde med. 1866 gifte han sig med Emelie Insel från Neaglerburg i Preussen i en lutheransk kyrka på East 6th Street och med tiden fick de sex döttrar och en son. Fyra av flickorna överlevde. Henrys mor Louise var den näst äldsta av dem. När Louise var i trettonårsåldern placerades hennes mor på hospital där hon blev kvar tills hon dog 1891. En av systrarna, Emelia, drabbades av samma öde senare i livet.

Henrys farfar Heinrich Müller kom från Minden i Hannover där han hade arbetat som skräddargesäll. Han slog sig ned i stadsdelen Yorkville i New York City och gifte sig med Barbara Krapp, en invandrarflicka från Bayern. De bodde i ett hus på 85th Street på Manhattan och det var där Millers far Henry föddes den 23 oktober 1865, den ende sonen bland fyra barn. När barnen döptes fick de alla den amerikaniserade formen av efternamnet: Miller.

In 1890, Henry Miller senior and Louise Nieting were married, and shortly after midday on December 26th 1891 at 450 East 85th Street in Manhattan, Louise gave birth to a son, Henry Valentine. Shortly afterwards the family moved across the river to a house at 662 Driggs Avenue in Williamsburg, where they lived for the next eight years.

2

"The development of my environment was practically nil", Miller once wrote to a scholar who had presumed to trace it. "I did not belong to any environment." Perhaps they attached different meanings to the word, for Miller was the product of a very definite environment, the immigrant Brooklyn which he captured with such impressionistic brilliance in *The Rosy Crucifixion*, the three volumes of autobiographical romance which he worked on intermittently throughout his writing life. An impressionistic picture was perhaps all one could ever hope to give of a place like Brooklyn, since it changed character almost from decade to decade during the years in which his family <pb n=3>lived there. It was a place teeming with newly-uprooted people, all of them looking to reinvent themselves under a new nationality and a new name.

Henry Miller senior och Louise Nieting gifte sig 1890 och tidigt på eftermiddagen den 26 december 1891 födde Louise en son, Henry Valentine, i huset på 450 East 85th Street, Manhattan. Strax därefter flyttade familjen över floden till ett hus på 662 Driggs Avenue i Williamsburg där de bodde under de följande åtta åren.

2

"Min miljö genomgick praktiskt taget ingen utveckling", skrev Miller vid ett tillfälle till en forskare som hade dristat sig att försöka spåra <pb n=19>den. "Jag tillhörde ingen miljö."Kanske hade ordet inte samma innebörd för dem, för Miller var en produkt av en mycket väldefinierad miljö, nämligen det invandrarnas Brooklyn som han fångade med sådan impressionistisk briljans i *Den rosenröda korsfästelsen*, de tre självbiografiska romaner han arbetade på under olika perioder av sitt författarliv. Och en impressionistisk bild var kanske det enda man kunde hoppas måla av Brooklyn eftersom det ändrade karaktär nästan med varje årtionde under de år familjen Miller bodde där. Det var en plats som kryllade av människor som nyligen hade ryckts upp ur sin tidigare livsmylla och som nu gjorde sitt bästa för att återuppfinna sig själva under ett nytt namn och en ny nationalitet.

A process like this, taking place on such a massive scale, was bound to be associated with nostalgia. Even the name Brooklyn is a corruption of Breuckelen, the name the first homesick Dutch-Americans of 1645 gave their settlement in memory of their home in the Netherlands. The population cycle thenceforth was one of constant settlement and displacement. The Dutch displaced the Indians and were in their turn displaced by the Yankees. In the nineteenth century the Irish began to arrive in large numbers, to be joined from about the middle of the century onwards by Germans, Swedes and Norwegians. After 1890 settlers began arriving in great numbers from eastern, central and southern Europe, particularly southern Italy. In one generation the mass migration of Jews from Russia, Hungary, Poland and Romania brought to Brooklyn the single largest element in its population, and made it, almost overnight, the largest Jewish centre in the world.

The immigrant Germans, Irish, Dutch, Poles, Syrians, Italians, Scandinavians and Jews settled in enclaves which, like the Irish one near the Navy Yard and Red Hook and the German one at Dutchtown, were often poor and overcrowded ghettos. There were frequent clashes between the various ethnic groups, usually over jobs. The Irish, being native English speakers, had a head start over other groups in establishing themselves in the new country; but the Germans, bringing with them the tradition of the seminar for the training of college teachers, formed an educational elite among the immigrants and were soon challenging the Irish for the leading position behind the long-established Yankees and the Englishmen.

En sådan process kunde inte undgå att genomsyras av nostalgi, i synnerhet om man betänker att den fortgick i mycket stor skala. Själva namnet Brooklyn är en förvanskning av Breuckelen, det namn de första nostalgiska nederländarna 1645 gav sin bosättning till minne av sitt gamla hemland. Befolkningscykeln kom därefter att karakteriseras av ideliga in- och omflyttningar. Nederländarna trängde undan indianerna och trängdes i sin tur undan av engelsktalande invandrare. Under 1800-talet började irländska invandrare anlända i stort antal och från och med cirka 1850 även tyskar, svenskar och norrmän. Efter 1890 kom stora skaror immigranter från Öst-, Mellan- och Sydeuropa, framför allt Syditalien. Inom loppet av en generation kom massinvandringen av judar från Ryssland, Ungern, Polen och Rumänien att bilda den största enskilda folkgruppen i Brooklyn som mer eller mindre över en natt förvandlades till den största judiska bosättningen i världen.

De invandrade tyskarna, irländarna, holländarna, polackerna, syrierna, italienarna och skandinaverna bosatte sig i enklaver som ofta, i likhet med den irländska i närheten av Navy Yard och Red Hook och den tyska i Dutchtown, var föga mer än fattiga och överbefolkade ghetton. Det kom ofta till sammanstötningar mellan de olika etniska grupperna, vanligtvis om arbeten. Irländarna — som ju talade engelska — hade ett försprång framför de andra grupperna när det gällde att etablera sig i det nya landet, men tyskarna hade inte glömt sin tradition att utbilda lärare vid seminarier; de utgjorde en utbildningselit bland invandrarna och kom snart att utmana irländarna om de ledande posterna bakom de sedan länge väletablerade engelsmännen.

By 1890 Brooklyn was America's fourth largest city. With the annexation of Flatbush, Gravesend, North Utrecht and Flatlands in 1894 it grew larger still, but by 1898 its status as an independent city was gone as, in its turn, it was swept up into "Greater New York". The ghetto mentality remained, however, and in the 1890s there were people in the remoter German-speaking areas of Williamsburg, where Miller grew up, who had never seen the Brooklyn Bridge ten years after it had opened. Right on into the 1920s there were people living in Brooklyn who spoke nothing but German.

This was the environment in which Henry Miller grew up, and which left its mark on practically every page of writing he ever produced. It was a threateningly unstable world; but for a boy with a curious and receptive mind it was also a rich, exciting and even mysterious place in which to grow up.

3

<pb n=4>Henry's father followed Valentin Nieting into Isaac Walker's tailoring firm and was able to provide comfortably for his family. Santa could usually be relied on to bring the boy everything he put on his Christmas list, although once he had to substitute a spotted rocking horse for the live pony the young Henry had asked for. This was Henry's favourite toy for a long while, and he gave it the crisp name Dexter. From an early age he was conscious of the fact that he came from a better home than many of his schoolmates at the kindergarten in Fillmore Place. One Christmas when the teacher handed out socks and mittens to the class he refused to accept his, piously explaining that the poor could make better use of them.

1890 var Brooklyn den fjärde största staden i Amerika. Den växte sig ännu större när Flatbush, Gravesend, North Utrecht och Flatlands annekterades 1894, men redan 1898 sveptes den i sin tur upp av Stor-New York och miste därmed sin status som självständig stad. <pb n=20>Ghettomentaliteten levde emellertid vidare och under 1890-talet fanns det människor i de mer avlägsna tysktalande delarna av Williamsburg — där Miller växte upp — som aldrig hade sett Brooklyn Bridge tio år efter det att bron hade öppnats. Långt in på tjugotalet bodde det fortfarande människor i Brooklyn som bara talade tyska.

Det var i denna miljö Henry Miller växte upp och den lämnade avtryck på praktiskt taget varenda sida han någonsin skrev. Det var en hotfullt instabil värld, men för en pojke med ett nyfiket och mottagligt sinnelag var det också en rik, spännande och till och med mystisk plats att växa upp på.

3

Henry's far gjorde gemensam sak med Valentin Nieting och började på Isaac Walkers skrädleri och kunde sörja väl för sin familj. Jultomten kunde i allmänhet uppfylla pojkens önskningar, men vid ett tillfälle tvingades han ge Henry en gunghäst istället för den ponny han hade önskat sig. Gunghästen var Henrys favoritleksak under en lång period och han gav den det kända namnet Dexter. Han var redan från späda ålder medveten om att han kom från ett bättre hem än många av kamraterna i lekskolan vid Fillmore Place. En jul när lärarinnan delade ut strumpor och vantar till klassen vägrade Henry att ta emot gåvorna och förklarade fromt att de fattiga hade bättre användning för dem.

Louise Miller had certain social graces, such as playing the guitar and the zither, but in the main Henry's parents were not cultured people or great readers. Louise had been fond of Marie Corelli in her adolescence, and once confessed to Henry that she had read Edward Creasy's *Fifteen Decisive Battles Of The World* while sitting on the toilet. Henry senior was hardly less original in his choice of reading matter: apart from a book by his son much later in life, the only one he could recall reading was Ruskin's *The Stones of Venice*. Both of them had great respect for education and culture, however, and when Henry showed an early aptitude for reading they encouraged him, showering him with books at Christmas. His earliest favourites were the fairytales of Hans Christian Andersen and the Brothers Grimm. Pinnocchio was another early favourite, and he retained a sympathetic sense of identification with the wooden boy of this pathetic tale for much of his life. He read most of the classics of children's literature, like *Robinson Crusoe*, *Gulliver's Travels*, James Fenimore Cooper's books, *Huckleberry Finn* and *Tom Sawyer*, though he would not have been able to borrow the Twain books from the local Brooklyn Public Library as both were excluded from the Children's Room in the belief that they would corrupt childish minds. G. A. Henty, the English author of historical romances for boys, was another great favourite.

Henry soon developed the habit of reading aloud to his grandfather Nieting as he worked at his tailor's bench in the house on Driggs Avenue. Nieting would try to distract him by urging him to make something that he could show to his father when he came home from work. With uncanny foresight he warned Louise that she might one day regret indulging her son's love of reading so freely. Henry also experimented with reading aloud to his own playmates and made the interesting discovery that while this tended to put the boys to sleep, the girls seemed to enjoy it very much.

Louise Miller var något bevandrad i umgängeskunsten — hon spelade till exempel gitarr och cittra — men på det stora hela var Henrys föräldrar varken särskilt kultiverade eller belästa. Louise hade varit förtjust i Marie Corelli i sin ungdom och vid ett tillfälle avslöjade hon för Henry att hon hade läst Edward Creasys *Fifteen Decisive Battles Of The World* medan hon satt på toaletten. Henry senior var föga mer originell i sitt val av litteratur: den enda bok han kunde erinra sig att han hade läst — bortsett från en som var författad av hans son senare under hans liv — var Ruskins *The Stones of Venice*. Men båda föräldrarna hade stor respekt för bildning och kultur och när Henry redan tidigt visade håg för läsning uppmuntrade de honom och överöste honom med böcker till jul. Hans första favoriter var Hans Christian Andersens och bröderna Grimms sagor. Pinocchio var en annan favorit och han identifierade sig med trämarionetten och hans sorgliga öden under en stor del av sitt liv. Han läste de flesta av barnlitteraturens klassiker: *Robinson Crusoe*, *Gullivers resor*, James Fenimore Coopers böcker, *Huckleberry Finn* och *Tom Sawyer*, men han kan inte ha lånat Twains böcker på biblioteket i Brooklyn — det ansågs nämligen att de kunde ha menlig inverkan på mottagliga sinnen och hade därför plockats bort från barnavdelningens hyllor. En annan stor favorit var engelsmannen G.A. Henty som skrev historiska äventyrsromaner för pojkar.

Henry lade sig snart till med vanan att läsa högt för sin morfar när denne satt och arbetade vid sitt skraddarbord i huset på Driggs Avenue. Morfadern brukade försöka distrahera honom genom att be honom att förfärdiga något som han kunde visa sin far när denne kom hem från jobbet. Med häpnadsväckande förutseende varnade han sin dotter för att hon en vacker dag kanske skulle få ångra att hon hade uppmuntrat sin sons läsning. Henry provade också på att läsa högt för sina lekkamrater och gjorde den intressanta upptäckten att flickorna verkade tycka om det medan pojkarna hade en tendens att somna.

<pb n=5>Most children grow up with the idea that there is something special and unique about them simply because they are who they are. Henry had a particularly strong sense of this: so strong, in fact, that it seems reasonable to speak of a sort of reverse paranoia in which he suspected others of plotting secretly among themselves to find ways of increasing his happiness. It is almost as though he had taken to heart the words of the 23rd Psalm ("The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want") which he was set to memorize, and for which the Sunday School gave him a Bible with his name stamped in gold letters on the front cover.

Louise Miller doted on her son and made sure he was always the best turned-out little boy on the street. She was proud of his intelligence and his fair good looks, yet Henry never felt that she was part of the conspiracy to favour him. The basic trouble was that she was the disciplinarian in his life, and he was an unusually headstrong, wilful boy who did not like to be told what to do. It was a common enough situation, but later in life it got dreadfully out of hand. Henry's later depiction of her as a cold, joyless, undemonstrative woman who never hugged or kissed him may be accurate, or it may be a picture considerably darkened by the bad feeling that later arose between them.

De flesta barn växer upp med en känsla av att de är speciella och unika av den enkla anledningen att de är de<sic> som de är. Henry var begåvad med denna känsla i rikt mått: den var faktiskt så stark att det är rimligt att beskriva den som ett slags omvänd paranoia som fick honom att misstänka att människorna i hans omgivning smidde ränker för att komma på olika sätt att göra honom lyckligare än han var. Det är nästan som om han tog till sig orden i den 23:e psalmen i Psaltaren ("Herren är min herde, mig skall intet fattas") som han fick i uppgift att lära sig utantill vilket söndagsskolan belönade honom för med en Bibel med hans namn i guldskrift på pärmen.

Louise Miller dyrkade sin son och såg alltid till att han var den prydligaste lille gossen på gatan. Trots att hon var stolt över hans intelligens och hans utseende hade Henry aldrig känslan av att hon ingick i den sammansvärjning som tycktes ha till uppgift att favorisera honom. Det grundläggande problemet var att det var hon som upprätthöll disciplinen i hans liv och han var en osedvanligt enviss och självsvåldig pojke som inte tyckte om att man talade om för honom vad han fick och inte fick göra. Detta var ingenting ovanligt, men senare i livet blev problemet näst intill oöverstigligt. Henrys senare beskrivning av sin mor som en kall, glädjelös, reserverad kvinna som <pb n=22>aldrig kramade eller kysste honom kan vara riktig, men det kan också vara en bild som har målats i överdrivet mörka färgtoner på grund av deras dåliga förhållande senare i livet.

Certainly Louise did not have much to be cheerful about. The insanity of her mother and the feeble-mindedness of her elder sister had made her the responsible female in her family while still in her early teens. She was just twenty years old when she married Henry's father, but if she thought marriage might be her means of escape then she was mistaken. Brooklyn had thirty-eight working breweries in 1890, and her husband came from a culture which regarded beerdrinking for breakfast - even beerdrinking on Sundays - as normal. He was a heavy drinker, and though he was also a good tailor he had little ambition or drive. The task of managing the family's affairs, of being the force for sobriety, disapproval, prohibition and caution, fell to Louise. It was she, and not his father, who was responsible for keeping Henry in on Saturday afternoons and making him scrub the woodwork, polish the silver and the glassware before allowing him out to join the other boys in "Nigger Heaven" for the matinée at the Novelty Theatre down the road.

Och Louise hade egentligen inte mycket att glädjas över. Hennes mors sinnessjukdom och den äldre systemens svagsinhet hade lagt ansvaret för familjen på hennes axlar medan hon fortfarande var tonåring. Hon var bara tjugo år gammal när hon gifte sig med Henrys far och om hon hade trott att äktenskapet skulle kunna bli hennes flyktväg trodde hon fel. 1890 fanns det inte mindre än trettioåtta bryggerier i Brooklyn och hennes make kom från en kultur där det betraktades som normalt att dricka öl till frukost — ja, till och med på söndagar. Henry senior var en storsupare men han var också en skicklig skraddare, trots att han saknade ambitioner och framåtanda. Det blev Louise som fick ta på sig uppgiften att sköta familjens affärer och att vara den som var nykter, den som förmanade, förbjöd och sade ifrån. Det var inte Henrys far utan hon som såg till att Henry stannade inne på söndagseftermiddagarna och skurade golv och putsade silver och glas innan han fick gå och sätta sig på "negerhyllan" på Novelty Theatre och titta på matinén tillsammans med de andra pojkarna.

8.6. *Essential London, Susan Grossman*

INTRODUCTION

Although London is changing rapidly, with new things to see and do appearing by the day, it is still a city with a profound and lively sense of history. This guide's aim is to provide the sort of information a Londoner would give to a friend visiting the capital. In it you will find everything from the newest museums to a personal selection of shops, hotels and restaurants. What you will not find is information on where to have an Elizabethan banquet; neither are there pages and pages of historical facts. This book does set out to show you a side of the British capital usually reserved for residents!

Present-day London

London had some 16 million visitors last year, over two times its population. For most, first impressions are not particularly inspiring, whether your approach is by train through the dreary south London suburbs from Gatwick, by coach from Heathrow in the west, or by tube into Piccadilly. Once in the city you may be shocked by the crowds, the traffic, the down-and-outs and the homeless teenagers asking for money at the foot of the escalators on the Underground. As for the litter, every year a pile of rubbish big enough to fill Trafalgar Square to five times the height of Nelson's Column is swept up.

Enough of the negatives. Get your bearings and you will discover a city with more green spaces than most, with enough culture to fill a filofax; culinary offerings that span the globe and an exciting future as whole areas

INLEDNING

Även om London hastigt förändras, och det dagligen dyker upp nya saker att se och göra, förblir London en stad genomsyrad av ett djupt och livligt historiemedvetande. Den här bokens syfte är att förse besökaren med det slags information en londonbo skulle ge en vän på besök i huvudstaden. På dessa sidor kommer du att hitta allt från de nyaste museerna till ett personligt urval butiker, hotell och restauranger. Något du inte kommer att hitta i den här guiden är var man kan bevista en elisabetansk bankett; det finns inte heller sida upp och sida ner med historiska fakta. Avsikten är att visa den sida av den brittiska huvudstaden som vanligtvis är förbehållen dess invånare.

London idag

London tar emot ca 16 miljoner besökare varje år, dvs mer än två gånger invånarantalet. För de flesta blir det första intrycket inte särskilt upplyftande, vare sig man anländer med tåg från Gatwick och passerar genom de trista söderförorterna, med flygbussen från Heathrow västerifrån eller med tunnelbanan till Piccadilly. Väl inne i staden får du kanske en smärre chock av trängseln på gatorna, trafiken, de utslagna och de hemlösa tonåringarna som <pb n=5>tigger pengar vid T-banestationernas rulltrappor. Vad avfallet anbelangar, samlas det varje år ihop ett berg av sopor, stort nog för att fylla hela Trafalgar Square, fem gånger högre än Nelsonmonumentet.

Nog med klander! Ta ut kompassriktningen och du kommer att upptäcka en stad med fler grönområden än de flesta andra storstäder, med kultur nog för att fylla en hel almanacka, kulinariska

of the capital are redeveloped.

London looks its best on a Sunday when the streets are relatively quiet (so long as plans for Sunday shop opening do not go ahead) and the office workers are at home eating roast beef and Yorkshire pudding after a pint in the pub. It looks its best in spring or early summer with the crocuses and daffodils carpeting the parks. And it looks pretty good at night, especially from Waterloo Bridge, with the main monuments lit up along the Embankment.

<pb n=6>**Old London**

Julius Caesar invaded Britain in 55BC, but it took another 100 years for his legions to land on the south coast and transform this site into a major town. It was Edward the Confessor who moved upstream from the City to establish Westminster, rebuilding the Abbey and the Royal Palace. The City retaliated by electing its own mayor; and it also established itself as the centre for trade, which it still is.

Monarchs came and went. The Black Death of 1348 did not stop the expansion and by the time Henry VIII came to power in 1509, London's population was 50,000. <Passage omitted>

In 1665 yet another plague hit the capital and, a year later, a small fire in Pudding Lane triggered off flames that fed the Great Fire of London which destroyed four-fifths of the city. <pb n=8>Rebuilding was soon under way, and for the next few centuries London prospered. But many of the inhabitants lived in squalor, and crime was rife.

lockelser från jordens alla hörn, och som går en spännande framtid till mötes, då hela stadsdelar är under ombyggnad.

London är mest till sin fördel på söndagar när gatorna är relativt fridfulla (så länge som planerna på söndagsöppet inte förverkligas) och tjänstemännen är hemma för att äta rostbiff <pb n=6>och Yorkshirepudding efter en snabb öl på puben. Staden visar sig från sin bästa sida på våren eller försommaren när parkerna rullar ut sina mattor av krokusar och påskliljor. Den ser inte så dum ut om kvällarna heller, speciellt sedd från Waterloo Bridge, när de stora monumenten längs the Embankment är upplysta.

Historiska London

År 55 f Kr invaderade Julius Caesar Storbritannien, men det tog de romerska legionerna ytterligare 100 år att få fotfäste på sydkusten och förvandla London från en liten by till en viktig stad. Det var Edward Bekännaren som flyttade från City uppför floden, för att där anlägga Westminster, en klosterkyrka (the Abbey) och det kungliga slottet. City svarade med att utse sin egen borgmästare, och etablerade sig som det handelscentrum det fortfarande är.

=Kungar <pb n=7>kom och gick. Digerdöden härjningar 1348 hejdade inte expansionen och vid tiden för Henrik VIII:s trontillträde 1509, uppgick Londons befolkning till 50 000. <Passage omitted>

=1665 hemsöktes London av ännu en pest och ett år senare blev en liten eldsvåda i Pudding Lane startskottet för Den stora branden, the Great Fire of London, som <pb n=8>lade fyra femtedelar av staden i ruiner.

Återuppbyggnaden kom snart igång, och under följande sekler blomstrade London. Men trots det kommersiella uppsvinget levde stora delar av

befolkningen i misär och brottsligheten var utbredd.

<Paragraph omitted>

By the 19th century London had expanded enormously, but pockets of the capital were trapped in harsh poverty, vividly described in Charles Dickens' novels.

The first railway appeared during Queen Victoria's reign, as did the first Underground or "tube" line, which first carried passengers in 1890. From then on suburbs began to spread alongside the railway tracks.

New London

They called it the largest building site in the world as the biggest building boom London had seen in 25 years got underway. But unless you base your visit in among the rapidly developing Docklands or in among the banks of the City, you would hardly know that some 20 million square ft (1,800,000 sq m) of new office space is being constructed.

Not all Londoners are happy about what's happening to their city, least of all Prince <pb n=10>Charles, who has complained that post-war architectural clutter has already obscured some of the famous "views". Rather late in the day, the Government finally agreed that views along the river and around the Palace of Westminster should be protected. <Sentence omitted>

Vid 1800-talets början hade London expanderat, men i delar av staden var fattigdomen stor, vilket beskrivits av bl.a. Charles Dickens.

Den första järnvägen kom under drottning Victorias regering, liksom den första tunnelbanelinjen, the Underground, i vardagligt tal "the tube", som sattes i trafik 1890. Då började också förstäder växa fram utmed järnvägs- och tunnelbanespåren.

<pb n=9>**Nya London**

Det kallades världens största byggarbetsplats när den största byggghausen London upplevt på 25 år satte igång. Har du inte upprättat högkvarter i Londons 'Docklands', eller bland bankpalatsen i City, märker du knappast att nya kontorslokaler i storleksordningen 1 800 000 m² ännu är under uppförande.

<pb n=10>Inte alla Londonbor ser med blida ögon på vad som händer med deras stad, allra minst prins Charles, som har klagat över att efterkrigstidens arkitektoniska virrvarr redan nu skymmer några av de mest kända 'vyerna'. Sent omsider har regeringen fastslagit att minnesmärken och utsiktsplatser längs Themsen och runt Parlamentet bör skyddas.

To the east of the city centre, Docklands has already undergone an enormous change as the old warehouses of the West India Dock have been transformed into luxury office buildings and apartments. Of more interest to the visitor is the vast shopping centre at **Wapping's Tobacco Dock** with its specialist shops, restaurants and pirate history ships. There is just one thing that might hinder Docklands' meteoric rise in status, and that is communications.

<Sentence omitted> In the next few years a massive one-third of the part of London known as the City is being redeveloped in order to place it firmly on the "global digital highway". Many of the buildings will be offices, but entertainment and culture have not been forgotten. The Broadgate site of ultra-modern offices already has at its centre, a small open-air skating rink, while at Butler's Wharf, on the south bank of the Thames near **Tower Bridge**, there is a new Conran Foundation Design Museum, and 19th-century warehouses are being turned into shops. The thriving London Bridge City complex includes the impressive glass-domed Hays Galleria shopping centre overlooking the Thames, and by mid-1994 there will be a reconstruction of Shakespeare's Globe Theatre on the Thames opposite St Paul's.

Buildings that went up in the 1960s elsewhere in London are being demolished or getting a facelift. The South Bank (Hayward Gallery, Queen Elizabeth Hall and Royal Festival Hall) and the ugly concrete high-level walkways linking them are getting a massive multi-million pound camouflage. A similarly large amount of money has been spent on turning the old Battersea Power Station into a mammoth shopping

Öster om stadskärnan har Docklands redan omvandlats i grunden, då de gamla packhusen vid West India Dock gjorts om till lyxösa kontor och lägenheter. Av störst intresse för besökaren är kanske nöjeskomplexet vid Limeharbour och det enorma köpcentret vid Wapping's Tobacco Dock med sina specialaffärer, restauranger och sjörövarskepp. Det finns bara en sak som kan hämma Docklands attraktionskraft, och det är kommunikationerna. De närmaste åren kommer dock en dryg tredjedel av City att byggas om i akt och mening att en gång för alla skapa ett effektivt kommunikationsnät. Många av byggnaderna kommer att bli kontor, men nöjesliv och kultur har inte glömts bort. I hjärtat av det ultramoderna kontorskomplexet i Broadgate finns en liten skridskobana, medan Butler's Wharf på Themsens södra strand i närheten av Tower Bridge stoltserar med Conran-stiftelsens nya Design Museum, och de sekelgamla packhusen görs om till butiker. Det redan idag blomstrande London **Bridge City**-komplexet innefattar bl a den imponerande Hays Galleria, det stora affärscentret med sin glaskupol, som blickar ut över Themsen, och 1994 ska rekonstruktionen av Shakespeares teater, Globe Theatre, stå färdig, i närheten av dess ursprungliga plats vid Themsen mittemot St Paul's. Byggnader som uppfördes på andra ställen i London under 1960-talet håller nu på att rivas eller genomgår ansiktslyftningar. South Bank (Hayward Gallery, Queen Elizabeth Hall och Royal Festival Hall), samt de fula gångbroarna av betong som förbinder dem, håller på att byggas om till enorma kostnader. En gigantisk summa pengar har också lagts ned på att göra om Batterseas gamla kraftverksstation, numera

and leisure centre, but plans have faltered and its future is uncertain. Whether or not all these changes will enhance London's already rather haphazard appearance, only time will tell.

THE DIFFERENT AREAS

London is split into different areas, each with a distinctive character of its own, from the centre of commerce — the City — to the political world of Westminster. When you are trying to locate an address, the post code can provide useful information. Places in west, west central and southwest London have W, WC and SW respectively after their address, followed by a low number if they are central locations. Addresses with east (E) and east central (EC) after them are in the City, while northwest London (NW) includes areas like Hampstead. The higher the number, the further into the suburbs the location is. London is divided by the River Thames, and most of the action takes place north of it. Stay anywhere in the West End, Knightsbridge, Bayswater or Victoria and you will easily be able to reach the main shopping areas and places of interest.

Inner London **Bayswater**

Part of Paddington, near Marble Arch and Hyde Park, and full of hotels. The busy Bayswater Road runs past Notting Hill (home of the famous carnival and Portobello Road antique market) and Holland Park to Shepherd's Bush in one direction and along to Marble Arch and Oxford Street in the other. The surrounding streets are quiet, and full of family homes and embassies. Knightsbridge is situated on the other side of Hyde

kallad The Battersea, till ett mastodontiskt affärs- och fritidscenter, men planerna har kommit av sig och just nu är det osäkert hur det hela slutar. Om alla dessa förändringar kommer att förstärka Londons utseende eller inte, kan bara framtiden utvisa.

DE OLIKA STADSDELARNA

London delas in i olika distrikt, vart och ett med en omisskännlig särprägel, från det kommersiella centret — City — till Westminster politiska värld. När man försöker hitta en adress kan postadresskoden vara till stor hjälp. Platser i västra, västra centrala och sydvästra London har W, WC och SW efter gatuadressen, följt av en låg siffra om de är centralt belägna. Postadresser med E (östra) och EC (östra centrala) betecknar gatuadresser i City, medan nordvästra (NW) London innefattar områden som Hampstead Heath. Ju högre siffra, desto längre ut i förorterna är platsen belägen. London delas på mitten av Themsen, och det mesta försiggår norr om floden. Om du inkvarterar dig någonstans i West End, Knightsbridge, Bayswater eller Victoria har du de större shoppingdistrikten och de viktigaste sevärdheterna inom bekvämt räckhåll.

Innerstaden **Bayswater**

Utgör en del av Paddington, nära Marble Arch och Hyde Park, och är fullt av hotell. Den livligt trafikerade Bayswater Road löper förbi Notting Hill (platsen för den berömda karnevalen och Portobello Roads antikvitetsmarknad) och Holland Park till Shepherd's Bush i ena riktningen, och vidare till Marble Arch och Oxford Street i den andra. De omgivande gatorna är tysta och kantade av privatbostäder

Park.

och ambassader. På andra sidan Hyde Park ligger Knightsbridge.

<pb n=16>**Bloomsbury**

Bloomsbury is behind New Oxford Street and Tottenham Court Road (with its hi-fi and furniture shops). It includes quiet squares, the British Museum, the University of London and University College Hospital. Famous residents in the 1920s and 30s were Virginia Woolf, E M Forster, Rupert Brooke, D H Lawrence and Bertrand Russell, all members of the intellectual circle of friends, the "Bloomsbury Group".

Chelsea

Chelsea has upmarket residential properties, many of them small terraced houses in quiet squares, with fashionable addresses like Cheyne Walk on the river. The new Chelsea Harbour development of restaurants, offices and expensive riverside flats overlooks the boats. The King's Road, the "mecca" in the 1960s, is still one of London's fashion streets. Chelsea is a tube or bus ride from the West End's shops, a short way from Knightsbridge, and it runs into Kensington.

The City

The City is both the historic capital and the centre of commerce, with boundaries that have extended west into Holborn and east into Docklands. It is a hive of activity during the week as brokers do business on the foreign exchanges, nipping out to one of the many historic hostelrys for lunch. At weekends it is relatively quiet, as the owners of the pinstripe suits and the occasional bowler hat desert the old Square Mile and head south of the river to the Stockbroker Belt. The younger "yuppies" with their

Bloomsbury

Bloomsbury ligger bakom New Oxford Street och Tottenham Court Road (med de stora skiv- och möbelaffärerna). Här finns tysta små torg, British Museum, University of London och University College Hospital, Universitetssjukhuset. Bland de berömda Bloomsburyborna på 1920- och 30-talen fanns Virginia Woolf, E M Forster, Rupert Brooke, D H Lawrence och Bertrand Russell, samtliga ingick i den intellektuella vänkretsen 'the Bloomsbury Group'.

Chelsea

I Chelsea finns flotta privatbostäder, av vilka många är små radhus vid tysta torg, med fashionabla adresser som Cheyne Walk vid flodstranden, där nybyggnationen Chelsea Harbours alla restauranger, kontor och dyra lägenheter har utsikt över båthamnen. King's Road, sextiotalets 'Mecka', är än idag en av Londons viktigaste modegator. Chelsea ligger en tunnelbane- eller bussresa från butikerna och teatrarna i West End, inte långt från Knightsbridge, och fortsätter en bit in i Kensington.

City

City är samtidigt den historiska huvudstaden och handelscentrum, med gränslinjer som i väst sträcker sig in i Holborn och i öst in i Docklands. Under veckorna är City en surrande bikupa, när börsmäklarna gör sina klipp på de utländska börsmarknaderna och slinker in på något av de många historiska värdshusen för att äta lunch. På helgerna är City ganska fridfullt, för då överger de kritstrecksrändiga kostymernas folk gamla Square Mile och drar sig tillbaka till Stockbroker <pb

Porsches relax in a flat in Fulham, the Docklands or the Barbican. Meanwhile, the cockney heart <pb n=17>(cockneys are Londoners born within the sound of Bow Bells) still throbs among the barrows in the East End markets, the historic centre still lives in the ancient Livery Halls, and wigged barristers still administer justice in the peace and inner sanctum of The Temple. The skyline is ever changing, though familiar landmarks like St Paul's Cathedral, the Bank of England and the Old Bailey are still distinguishable through the cranes. <Passage omitted>

<pb n=18>**Covent Garden**

A compact central area, next to Soho, immortalised in Shaw's *Pygmalion* where the young Eliza Doolittle sold flowers to the ladies and gents emerging from the Royal Opera House. The Opera House is still there, but the vegetable and flower market moved out in 1974. Today Covent Garden is a magnet for visitors, who throng the cobbled piazza to shop in the central market (idiosyncratic shops selling everything from doll's houses to flower perfumes) and watch the free live street entertainment. At weekends there are crafts and antiques sold from the original wrought-iron trading stands. During the week the open-air cafés, restaurants and wine bars, though few of high quality, are full of film and advertising executives from the surrounding offices. Attractions in the area include the London Transport Museum and several theatres, but there are only a few hotels.

<pb n=19>Docklands

n=17>Belt (Börsmäklarbältet) söder om Themsen. Yngre 'finansvalpar' sätter sig i Porschen och flyr till sina våningar i Fulham, Docklands eller Barbican för att njuta sitt otium. Samtidigt hörs än i våra dagar cockneyhjärtat (en 'cockney' är en londonbo född inom hörhåll för Bow Bells-klockorna) bulta bland torgstånden i East End, den historiska stadskärnan lever kvar i de urgamla Livery Halls, och de perukprydda juristerna skipar fortfarande rättvisa i The Temples fridfulla inre. Citys berömda silhuett förändras oupphörligen, även om de välkända inslagen i den, som St Paul's Cathedral, Bank of England och Old Bailey fortfarande skymtar fram bland lyftkranarna.

<pb n=18>**Covent Garden**

Ett hopgyttrat område i centrum, granne med Soho, odödliggjort i Shaws *Pygmalion*; här sålde den unga Eliza Doolittle blommor till de eleganta damer och herrar som kom ut från Kungliga Operan, the Royal Opera House. Operan finns kvar, men grönsaks- och blomstermarknaden flyttade härifrån 1974. Idag är Covent Garden en magnet som drar till sig besökare, som trängs på kullerstenspiazzan för att shoppa i saluhallens butiker (där idiosynkratiska butiker säljer allt från dockskåp till biodynamiska parfym) och låta sig roas av olika (gratis-)uppträdanen. På helgerna säljs här konsthantverk och antikviteter från de ursprungliga torgstånden av gjutjärn. Under veckorna fylls borden på uterserveringarna och vinbarerna med film- och reklamfolk från kontoren i grannskapet. Bland attraktionerna i distriktet finns the London Transport Museum och ett flertal teatrar.

<pb n=19>Docklands

Before World War II, London was the greatest port in the world, and 120,000 dockers handled cargoes of spices, furs, rubber and sugar. By the early 1960s the Docks were in irreversible decline and by 1982 everything had closed. Recently, some £2 billion has been invested in the area; Canary Wharf is set to become the new financial centre and hundreds of companies have already moved in, although it will be a while before the developers move out. The Docklands Light Railway, the London City Airport and some 12,000 new homes are already installed, as is the huge shopping centre at Tobacco Dock. The best way to see what is happening to Docklands is to travel on the Docklands Light Railway from Bank to Island Gardens on the Isle of Dogs. You can then take the old dockers' subway under the Thames across to Greenwich.

Fulham

<Sentence omitted> Fulham is a mix of seedy tenement houses and fashionable squares. Parts of Fulham are on the river. The Knightsbridge end is upmarket, with a good range of restaurants and shopping.

<Sentence omitted>

Kensington

The High Street is now largely occupied by chain stores, but this Royal Borough still has its exclusive areas from the antique shops in Kensington Church Street to Kensington Palace and the surrounding gardens. Holland Park and the Commonwealth Institute are also in Kensington.

Knightsbridge

Före andra världskriget var Londons hamn världens främsta och 120 000 hamnarbetare lossade laster med kryddor, pälsverk, gummi och socker. I början av sextiotalet stod hamnens förfall inte längre att hejda. Nyligen har ca 2 miljarder pund investerats i Docklands; Canary Wharf är avsett att bli det nya finanscentret och hundratals företag har redan flyttat in, trots att det fortfarande dröjer ett tag innan allt är färdigbyggt. Järnvägen (the Docklands Light Railway), flygplatser (London City Airport) och ca 12 000 nya bostäder har redan installerats, liksom det stora köpcentret vid Tobacco Dock. Bästa sättet att se vad som händer med Docklands är att ta järnvägen (endast vardagar t o m sommaren 1990) från Tower Gateway i närheten av Tower till Island Gardens på Isle of Dogs. Därifrån kan man ta hamnarbetarnas gamla T-bana under Themsen till Greenwich på andra sidan.

Fulham

En blandning av sjaskiga hyreshus och fashionabla torg. Delar av Fulham ligger vid floden. De flottare kvarteren finns åt Knightsbridge till, med ett fint urval restauranger och butiker.

Kensington

Kensington High Street domineras numera av snabbköp, men fortfarande finns det i denna kungliga 'Borough' exklusiva områden som sträcker sig från antikvitetsaffärerna på Kensington Church Street till Kensington Palace och de omgivande trädgårdarna. Holland Park och Samväldesinstitutet, Commonwealth Institute, ligger också i Kensington.

Knightsbridge

A very central, exclusive location with some of the more expensive hotels and residences in quiet squares. Home of Harrods, Harvey Nichols, Bonham's auctioneers, quality fashion shops in Sloane Street and Knightsbridge, plus numerous galleries and antique shops. Opposite Hyde Park.

Mayfair and Park Lane

High rents render Mayfair, which includes the West End, Bond Street and Park Lane, one of the most exclusive areas in London. Famous hotels line one side of Park Lane and overlook Hyde Park, and other well-known hotels like Claridges and the Connaught are nearby. Mayfair's village heart is Shepherd Market (home to high-class prostitutes). The area has famous squares like Berkeley and Grosvenor (home of the American Embassy), and includes Bond Street and the *haute couture* fashion houses, as well as Curzon Street's gaming clubs.

Mycket centralt, exklusivt område med några av de dyraste hotellen och privatbostäderna i London som kantar tysta små torg. Hemvist för Harrods, Harvey Nichols, Bonham's auktionskammare, modehus på Sloane Street och i Knightsbridge, plus talrika gallerier och antikvitetsaffärer. Mittemot Hyde Park.

Mayfair och Park Lane

Skyhöga hyror gör Mayfair, som också innefattar West End (se nedan), Bond Street och Hyde Park, till en av Londons mest exklusiva stadsdelar. På ena sidan Park Lane med utsikt över Hyde Park radas de berömda hotellen upp, och strax i närheten ligger andra välkända hotell som Claridge's och Connaught. Mayfairs hjärta är Shepherd Market (hemvist för lyxprostituerade). Stadsdelen har ryktbara platser, som Berkeley Square (där man varje år håller en stor bal) och Grosvenor Square (med USA:s ambassad), och innefattar också Bond Street med sina berömda affärer.

8.7. *Cat's Eye, Margaret Atwood*

Time is not a line but a dimension, like the dimensions of space. If you can bend space you can bend time also, and if you knew enough and could move faster than light you could travel backwards in time and exist in two places at once.

It was my brother Stephen who told me that, when he wore his ravelling maroon sweater to study in and spent a lot of time standing on his head so that the blood would run down into his brain and nourish it. I didn't understand what he meant, but maybe he didn't explain it very well. He was already moving away from the imprecision of words.

But I began then to think of time as having a shape, something you could see, like a series of liquid transparencies, one laid on top of another. You don't look back along time but down through it, like water. Sometimes this comes to the surface, sometimes that, sometimes nothing. Nothing goes away.

"Stephen says time is not a line," I say. Cordelia rolls her eyes, as I knew she would.

"So?" she says. This answer pleases both of us. It puts the nature of time in its place, and also Stephen, who calls us "the teenagers," as if he himself is not one.

Cordelia and I are riding on the streetcar, going downtown, as we do on winter Saturdays. The streetcar is muggy with twice-breathed air and the smell of wool. Cordelia sits with nonchalance, nudging me with her elbow now and then, staring blankly at the other people with her grey-green eyes, opaque and glinting as metal. She can outstare anyone, and I am almost as good. We're impervious, we scintillate, we are thirteen.

Tiden är inte en linje utan en dimension, precis som rummets dimensioner. Kan man kröka rummet så kan man också kröka tiden, och om man bara visste tillräckligt och kunde röra sig fortare än ljuset så kunde man färdas baklänges i tiden och finnas till på två platser samtidigt.

Det var min bror Stephen som berättade det för mig, då när han hade på sig sin utslitna rödbruna tröja medan han pluggade, och tillbringade en massa tid med att stå på huvudet så att blodet skulle strömma ner i hjärnan på honom och ge den näring. Jag begrep inte vad han menade, men kanske förklarade han det inte så bra. Han var redan på väg bort från ordens brist på exakthet.

Men då började jag föreställa mig tiden som om den hade en form, någonting synligt, som en serie genomskinliga diapositiv lagda ovanpå varandra. Man ser inte tillbaka längsmed tiden utan ner genom den, som vatten. Ibland är det ett som kommer upp till ytan, ibland något annat, ibland ingenting. Ingenting försvinner.

"Stephen säger att tiden inte är en linje", säger jag. Cordelia himlar med ögonen, just som jag visste att hon skulle göra.

"Än sen?" säger hon. Detta svar gör oss båda nöjda. Det sätter tingens natur på plats, och likaså Stephen, som kallar oss "tonåringarna", precis som om han själv inte vore en.

Cordelia och jag sitter på spårvagnen, åker in till centrum, som vi brukar på vinterlördagarna. Det är kvavt på spårvagnen av flera gånger andad luft och lukten av ylle. Cordelia sitter där nonchalant, petar till mig med armbågen emellanåt, stirrar tomt på de andra människorna med sina grågröna ögon, ogenomskinliga och blänkande som metall. Hon kan få vem som helst att slå ner blicken, och jag är nästan lika bra på det. Vi är oemottagliga, vi briljerar, vi är tretton år.

We wear long wool coats with tie belts, the collars turned up to look like those of movie stars, and rubber boots with the tops folded down and men's work socks inside. In our pockets are stuffed the kerchiefs our mothers make us wear but that we take off as soon as we're out of their sight. We scorn head-coverings. Our mouths are tough, crayon-red, shiny as nails. We think we are friends.

On the streetcars there are always old ladies, or we think of them as old. They're of various kinds. Some are respectably dressed, in tailored Harris tweed coats and matching gloves and tidy no-nonsense hats with small brisk feathers jauntily at one side. Others are poorer and foreign-looking and have dark shawls wound over their heads and around their shoulders. Others are bulgy, dumpy, with clamped self-righteous mouths, their arms festooned with shopping bags; these we associate with sales, with bargain basements. Cordelia can tell cheap cloth at a glance. "Gabardine," she says. "Ticky-tack."

Then there are the ones who have not resigned themselves, who still try for an effect of glamour. There aren't many of these, but they stand out. They wear scarlet outfits or purple <pb n=5>ones, and dangly earrings, and hats that look like stage props. Their slips show at the bottoms of their skirts, slips of unusual, suggestive colours. Anything other than white is suggestive. They have hair dyed straw-blonde or baby-blue, or, even more startling against their papery skins, a lustreless old-fur-coat black. Their lipstick mouths are too big around their mouths, their rouge blotchy, their eyes drawn screw-jiggy around their real eyes. These are the ones most likely to talk to themselves. There's one who says "mutton, mutton," over and over again like a song, another who pokes at our legs with her umbrella and says "bare naked."

Vi har långa yllekappor med knytskärp, och kappkragen uppvikt för att se ut som filmstjärnor, och gummistövlar med skaften nervikta och raggsöcor inuti. I fickan har vi sjaletterna som våra mödrar tvingar oss att använda men som vi tar av oss så fort vi är utom synhåll för dem. Vi föraktar huvudbonader. Våra munnar är hårda, färgkritisröda, blänkande som naglar. Vi tror att vi är bästa vänner.

På spårvagnarna finns det alltid gamla tanter, åtminstone uppfattar vi dem som gamla. De är av olika slag. En del är respektabelt klädda, i skraddarsydd Harris tweed-kappor och matchande handskar och prydliga präktiga hattar med små muntra fjädrar käckt på sned. Andra är fattigare och ser utländska ut och har mörka sjalar virade om huvudet och axlarna. Andra åter är svällande, rultiga, med hopknipna självgoda munnar, shoppingväskor som girlander kring armarna; dem förknippar vi med lagerrensningar, realisationskällare. Cordelia kan <pb n=13>urskilja billigt tyg med en enda blick. "Gabardin", säger hon. "Tarvligt."

Så finns det de som inte har gett upp hoppet om sig själva, som fortfarande försöker upprätthålla ett romantiskt skimmer. Det är inte så gott om dem, men de syns på långt håll. De klär sig i illrött, eller lila, och har dinglande örhängen, och hattar som ser ut som teaterrekvisita. Underkjolarna hänger nedanför kjolen, underkjolar i ovanliga, oanständiga färger. Allt som inte är vitt är oanständigt. De har håret färgat i halmgult eller babyblått, eller, ännu mer häpnadsväckande mot den pappersaktiga hyn, mattsvart som gammal päls. Läppstiftsmunnen är för stor kring munnen på dem, rouget är fläckigt, ögonen är darrhant ditritade runt deras riktiga ögon. Det är de som oftast pratar för sig själva. Det finns en som säger "fårstek, fårstek", om och om igen som en sång, en annan som petar oss på benen med sitt paraply och säger "spritt naken".

This is the kind we like best. They have a certain gaiety to them, a power of invention, they don't care what people think. They have escaped, though what it is they've escaped from isn't clear to us. We think that their bizarre costumes, their verbal tics, are chosen, and that when the time comes we also will be free to choose.

"That's what I'm going to be like," says Cordelia. "Only I'm going to have a yappy Pekinese, and chase kids off my lawn. I'm going to have a shepherd's crook."

"I'm going to have a pet iguana," I say, "and wear nothing but cerise." It's a word I have recently learned.

Now I think, what if they just couldn't see what they looked like? Maybe it was as simple as that: eye problems. I'm having that trouble myself now: too close to the mirror and I'm a blur, too far back and I can't see the details. Who knows what faces I'm making, what kind of modern art I'm drawing onto myself? Even when I've got the distance adjusted, I vary. I am transitional; some days I look like a worn-out thirty-five, others like a sprightly fifty. So much depends on the light, and the way you squint.

I eat in pink restaurants, which are better for the skin. Yellow ones turn you yellow. I actually spend time thinking about this. Vanity is becoming a nuisance; I can see why women give it up, eventually. But I'm not ready for that yet.

Lately I've caught myself humming out loud, or walking along the street with my mouth slightly open, drooling a little. Only <pb n=6>a little; but it may be the thin edge of the wedge, the crack in the wall that will open, later, onto what? What vistas of shining eccentricity, or madness?

There is no one I would ever tell this to, except Cordelia. But which Cordelia? The one I have conjured up, the one with the roll-top boots and the turned-up collar, or the one before, or the one after? There is never only one, of anyone.

Det är den här sorten vi tycker mest om. De har en särskild feststämning över sig, en uppfinningsförmåga, de bryr sig inte om vad folk tänker. De har kommit undan, fast vad det är de har kommit undan från är vi inte riktigt säkra på. Vi tror att deras bisarra kläder, deras språkliga tics, är fritt valda, och att vi, när den tiden kommer, också kommer att ha frihet att välja.

"Det är så där jag ska se ut", säger Cordelia. "Fast jag ska ha en gläfsande pekingeser, och jaga bort ungar från min gräsmatta. Jag ska ha en herdestav."

"Jag ska ha en tam leguan", säger jag, "och inte klä mig i någonting annat än cerise." Det är ett ord som jag nyligen har lärt mig.

Nu tänker jag: men om de helt enkelt inte kunde se hur de såg ut? Kanske var det just så enkelt — synbesvär. Jag har det bekymret själv numera: för nära spegeln blir jag alldeles suddig, för långt bort ser jag inte detaljerna. Vem vet vilka grimaser jag gör, vilket slags modern konst jag ritar på mig själv? Till och med när jag har avståndet rätt avpassat ser jag olika ut. Jag befinner mig i olika stadier; vissa dagar ser jag ut som en utsliten trettiofemåring, <pb n=14>andra som en pigg femtioåring. Så mycket hänger på ljuset, och hur man kisar.

Jag äter på rosafärgade restauranger, de är bättre för hyn. Gula restauranger gör en gul. Jag ägnar faktiskt tid åt att tänka på det. Fåfängan börjar bli besvärlig; jag kan förstå varför kvinnor avstår från den, med tiden. Men jag är inte redo för det ännu.

På senaste tiden har jag kommit på mig med att gnola högt, eller att gå gatan fram med munnen en aning öppen, medan jag dräglar litet. Bara litet; men det kan vara en försiktig början, sprickan i muren som öppnas, senare, mot vad? Vilka framtidsutsikter av lysande excentricitet, eller galenskap?

Det finns ingen jag någonsin skulle berätta det här för, utom Cordelia. Men vilken Cordelia? Den som jag har frambesvärjt, den med de nerrullade stövlarna och den uppvikta kragen, eller den före, eller den efter? Det finns aldrig bara en enda, inte av någon.

If I were to meet Cordelia again, what would I tell her about myself? The truth, or whatever would make me look good?

Probably the latter. I still have that need.

I haven't seen her for a long time. I wasn't expecting to see her. But now that I'm back here I can hardly walk down a street without a glimpse of her, turning a corner, entering a door. It goes without saying that these fragments of her — a shoulder, beige, camel's-hair, the side of a face, the back of a leg — belong to women who, seen whole, are not Cordelia.

I have no idea what she would look like now. Is she fat, have her breasts sagged, does she have little grey hairs at the corners of her mouth? Unlikely: she would pull them out. Does she wear glasses with fashionable frames, has she had her lids lifted, does she streak or tint? All of these things are possible: we've both reached that borderline age, that buffer zone in which it can still be believed such tricks will work if you avoid bright sunlight.

I think of Cordelia examining the growing pouches under her eyes, the skin, up close, loosened and crinkled like elbows. She sighs, pats in cream, which is the right kind. Cordelia would know the right kind. She takes stock of her hands, which are shrinking a little, warping a little, as mine are. Gnarling has set in, the withering of the mouth; the outlines of dewlaps are beginning to be visible, down towards the chin, in the dark glass of subway windows. Nobody else notices these things yet, unless they look closely; but Cordelia and I are in the habit of looking closely.

Om jag skulle möta Cordelia igen, vad skulle jag berätta för henne om mig själv? Sanningen, eller sådant som skulle få mig att framstå i en bra dager?

Förmodligen det senare. Jag har fortfarande det behovet.

Jag har inte träffat henne på länge. Jag hade inte väntat mig att träffa henne. Men nu när jag är tillbaka här kan jag nästan inte gå på en gata utan att skymta henne, när hon svänger om ett hörn, går in genom en dörr. Det säger sig självt att dessa fragment av henne — en axel, beige, kamelhår, ena sidan av ett ansikte, baksidan av ett ben — tillhör kvinnor vilka, sedda i sin helhet, inte är Cordelia.

Jag har ingen aning om hur hon skulle se ut nu. Är hon tjock, har bröstet blivit slappa, har hon små grå hårstrån vid mungiporna? Osannolikt — hon skulle rycka ut dem. Har hon glasögon med moderiktiga bågar, har hon låtit göra ansiktslyftning, slingar eller tonar hon håret? Alltsammans är möjligt: vi har båda kommit till den gränsålder, den buffertzonen där man ännu kan tro att sådana knep fungerar bara man undviker klart solsken.

<pb n=15>Jag tänker mig Cordelia i färd med att granska de växande påsarna under ögonen, där huden, på nära håll, är förslappad och rynkig som på armbågar. Hon suckar, klappar in kräm, som är av rätta sorten. Cordelia skulle veta vad som är rätta sorten. Hon granskar sina händer, som håller på att krympa en aning, bli en aning förvridna, som mina. Knotigheten har börjat komma, munnens vissnande; konturerna av dubbelhakor börjar synas, ner mot hakan, i det mörka glaset i tunnelbanefönster. Ingen annan lägger märke till det här ännu, om de inte tittar noga; men Cordelia och jag har för vana att titta noga.

She drops the bath towel, which is green, a muted sea-green to match her eyes, looks over her shoulder, sees in the mirror the dog's-neck folds of skin above the waist, the buttocks drooping like wattles, and, turning, the dried fern of hair. I think of her in a sweatsuit, sea-green as well, working out in some gym <pb n=7>or other, sweating like a pig. I know what she would say about this, about all of this. How we giggled, with repugnance and delight, when we found the wax her older sisters used on their legs, congealed in a little pot, stuck full of bristles. The grotesqueries of the body were always of interest to her.

I think of encountering her without warning. Perhaps in a worn coat and a knitted hat like a tea cosy, sitting on a curb, with two plastic bags filled with her only possessions, muttering to herself. *Cordelia! Don't you recognize me?* I say. And she does, but pretends not to. She gets up and shambles away on swollen feet, old socks poking through the holes in her rubber boots, glancing back over her shoulder.

There's some satisfaction in that, more in worse things. I watch from a window, or a balcony so I can see better, as some man chases Cordelia along the sidewalk below me, catches up with her, punches her in the ribs — I can't handle the face — throws her down. But I can't go any farther.

Better to switch to an oxygen tent. Cordelia is unconscious. I have been summoned, too late, to her hospital bedside. There are flowers, sickly-smelling, wilting in a vase, tubes going into her arms and nose, the sound of terminal breathing. I hold her hand. Her face is puffy, white, like an unbaked biscuit, with yellowish circles under the closed eyes. Her eyelids don't flicker but there's a faint twitching of her fingers, or do I imagine it? I sit there wondering whether to pull the tubes out of her arms, the plug out of the wall. No brain activity, the doctors say. Am I crying? And who would have summoned me?

Hon släpper badhandduken, som är grön, en dämpad havsgrön nyans för att passa till ögonen, tittar sig över axeln, ser i spegeln de hundhalsaktiga vecken av hud ovanför midjan, skinkorna som hänger som skägglappar och, när hon vänder sig om, hårets torra ormbunkar. Jag föreställer mig henne i joggingdress, havsgrön den med, när hon tränar på ett eller annat gym och svettas som en gris. Jag vet vad hon skulle säga om det här, om allt det här. Vad vi fnissade, av vämjelse och förtjusning, när vi hittade vaxet som hennes äldre systrar använde till benen, stelnat i en liten burk, fullt av styva hårstrån som hade fastnat. Kroppens groteskerier intresserade henne alltid.

Jag föreställer mig hur det vore att möta henne utan förvarning. Kanske i sliten kappa och tehavsaktig stickad mössa, sittande på en trottoarkant, med två plastkassar fulla av sina enda ägodelar, medan hon muttrade för sig själv. *Cordelia! Känner du inte igen mig?* säger jag. Och hon gör det, men låtsas att hon inte gör det. Hon reser sig och sjarvar iväg på svullna fötter, medan gamla sockor kikar genom hålen i gummistövlarna, och hon kastar en hastig blick över axeln.

Det ligger en viss tillfredsställelse i det, fast mer i värre saker. Jag tittar från ett fönster, eller en balkong så att jag ser bättre, medan någon karl jagar Cordelia längs trottoaren nedanför mig, hinner ifatt henne, klipper till henne mellan revbenen — ansiktet klarar jag inte — vråker omkull henne. Men längre än så kan jag inte gå.

Bättre att koppla över till ett syrgastält. Cordelia är medvetslös. <pb n=16>Jag har blivit kallad, för sent, till hennes sjukbädd. Där i en vas finns vissnande blommor, med en kväljande lukt, slangar som går in i armarna och näsan, ljudet av dödsrosslingar. Jag håller henne i handen. Ansiktet är uppsvullet, som en ogräddad bulle, med gulaktiga ringar under de slutna ögonen. Ögonlocken rör sig inte men det finns en svag ryckning i fingrarna, eller är det som jag inbillar mig? Jag sitter där och undrar om jag ska dra ut slangarna ur hennes armar, sladden ur väggkontakten. Ingen hjärnverksamhet, säger läkarna. Gråter jag? Och vem skulle ha kallat dit mig?

Even better: an iron lung. I've never seen an iron lung, but the newspapers had pictures of children in iron lungs, back when people still got polio. These pictures — the iron lung a cylinder, a gigantic sausage roll of metal, with a head sticking out one end of it, always a girl's head, the hair flowing across the pillow, the eyes large, nocturnal — fascinated me, more than stories about children who went out on thin ice and fell through and were drowned, or children who played on the railroad tracks and had their arms and legs cut off by trains. You could get polio without knowing how or where, end up in an iron lung without knowing why. Something you breathed in or ate, or picked up from the dirty money other people had touched. You never knew.

<pb n=8>The iron lungs were used to frighten us, and as reasons why we couldn't do things we wanted to. No public swimming pools, no crowds in summer. *Do you want to spend the rest of your life in an iron lung?* they would say. A stupid question; though for me such a life, with its inertia and pity, had its secret attractions.

Cordelia in an iron lung, then, being breathed, as an accordion is played. A mechanical wheezing sound comes from around her. She is fully conscious, but unable to move or speak. I come into the room, moving, speaking. Our eyes meet.

Cordelia must be living somewhere. She could be within a mile of me, she could be right on the next block. But finally I have no idea what I would do if I bumped into her by accident, on the subway for instance, sitting across from me, or waiting on the platform reading the ads. We would stand side by side, looking at a large red mouth stretching itself around a chocolate bar, and I would turn to her and say: *Cordelia. It's me, it's Elaine.* Would she turn, give a theatrical shriek? Would she ignore me?

Ännu bättre: en järnlunga. Jag har aldrig sett en järnlunga, men i tidningarna fanns det bilder av barn i järnlungor, på den tiden folk ännu fick polio. De här bilderna — järnlungan en cylinder, en ofantlig korvpriog av metall, med ett huvud utstickande i ena ändan, alltid ett flickhuvud, med håret strömmande över kudden, ögonen stora, nattliga — fascinerade mig, mer än berättelser om barn som gick ut på tunn is och föll i vattnet och drunknade, eller barn som lekte på järnvägsspåret och fick armar och ben avklippta av tåg. Man kunde få polio utan att veta hur eller var, hamna i järnlunga utan att veta varför. Något som man andades in eller åt, eller fick från de smutsiga pengar som andra människor hade tagit i. Man kunde inte veta.

Järnlungorna användes för att skrämja oss, och som skäl till att vi inte kunde göra saker vi ville. Inga offentliga simbassänger, inga folksamlingar på sommaren. *Vill du tillbringa resten av livet i järnlunga?* brukade de fråga. En dum fråga; fast för mig hade ett sådant liv, med dess överksamhet och medlidande, sina hemliga lockelser.

Cordelia i järnlunga, alltså, där hon blev andad, som ett dragspel blir spelat. Ett mekaniskt väsende ljud hörs runtomkring henne. Hon är vid fullt medvetande, men ur stånd att röra sig eller tala. Jag kommer in i rummet, rör mig, talar. Våra blickar möts.

Cordelia måste bo någonstans. Hon skulle kunna finnas mindre än en kilometer ifrån mig, hon skulle kunna finnas i nästa<pb n=17> kvarter. Men i själva verket har jag ingen aning om vad jag skulle göra ifall jag stötte på henne av en slump, på tunnelbanan till exempel, sittande mitt emot mig, eller väntande på perrongen medan hon läste på affischerna. Vi skulle stå sida vid sida, medan vi betraktade en stor röd mun som sträcker sig runt en chokladkaka, och jag skulle vända mig mot henne och säga: *Cordelia. Det är jag, det är Elaine.* Skulle hon vända sig om, ge ifrån sig ett teatraliskt skrik? Skulle hon ignorera mig?

Or would I ignore her, given the chance? Or would I go up to her wordlessly, throw my arms around her? Or take her by the shoulders, and shake and shake.

I've been walking for hours it seems, down the hill to the downtown, where the streetcars no longer run. It's evening, one of those grey watercolour washes, like liquid dust, the city comes up with in fall. The weather at any rate is still familiar.

Now I've reached the place where we used to get off the streetcar, stepping into the curbside mounds of January slush, into the grating wind that cut up from the lake between the flat-roofed dowdy buildings that were for us the closest thing to urbanity. But this part of the city is no longer flat, dowdy, shabby-genteel. Tubular neon in cursive script decorates the restored brick façades, and there's a lot of brass trim, a lot of real estate, a lot of money. Up ahead there are huge oblong towers, all of glass, lit up, like enormous gravestones of cold light. Frozen assets.

I don't look much at the towers though, or the people passing <pb n=9>me in their fashionable get-ups, imports, handcrafted leather, suede, whatever. Instead I look down at the sidewalk, like a tracker.

I can feel my throat tightening, a pain along the jawline. I've started to chew my fingers again. There's blood, a taste I remember. It tastes of orange popsicles, penny gumballs, red licorice, gnawed hair, dirty ice.

Eller skulle jag ignorera henne, om jag hade den möjligheten? Eller skulle jag gå fram till henne ordlöst, slå armarna om henne? Eller gripa henne om axlarna, och ruska och ruska?

Jag har gått omkring i timmar känns det som, nerför backen mot centrum, där spårvagnarna inte längre går. Det är kväll en sådan där grå vattenfärgslavering, likt flytande damm, som staden visar upp om hösten. Vädret är i alla fall fortfarande välbekant.

Nu har jag kommit fram till stället där vi brukade gå av spårvagnen, kliva ner i trottoarhögarna av januarislask, ner i den sträva blåsten som bröt fram från sjön mellan de sjaskiga hus med platta tak som var det mest storstadsmässiga vi kunde tänka oss. Men den här delen av staden är inte längre platt, sjaskig, fattigförnäm. Neonrör i kursivskrift pryder de renoverade tegelfasaderna, och det finns mängder av mässingsdetaljer, mängder av fasta värden, mängder av pengar. Längre fram finns det kolossala rektangulära torn, helt av glas, upplysta, som enorma gravstenar av kallt ljus. Frusna tillgångar.

Fast jag tittar inte så mycket på tornen, eller på människorna som passerar mig i sina modekläder, importvaror, handgjort läder, mocka, vad det nu är. I stället tittar jag ner på trottoaren, som en spårhund.

Jag känner hur strupen snörs åt, en smärta längs käklinjen. Jag har börjat bita mig i fingrarna igen. Det kommer blod, en smak jag minns. Det smakar som isglass med apelsin smak, enpennys tuggummi, röd lakrits, tuggat hår, smutsig is.

8.8. *The middle ground, Margaret Drabble*

Thoughtfully, Kate cut up Hugo's steak and spread each piece with a dab of mustard, then started to turn over her own spinach with her fork, as though inspecting it. Hugo watched her, and then said (for many things that Kate did were little performances, requiring applause, enquiry or comment), "What are you looking for?"

"Ladybirds," said Kate.

"Why?"

"Once I had lunch here and ate a ladybird without noticing it."

"If you didn't notice it, how did you know what it was?"

"Because there was another one, in the spinach. So I thought back, and realised what the crunchy thing was that I'd just eaten. Anyway, I'd kind of half seen it out of the corner of my eye." Satisfied with her investigation she looped up a mouthful, and ate it.

"It was during that ladybird plague year," she said, "do you remember? They were all over the place, swarming on beaches, biting old ladies on the tops of buses. How's your steak?"

"It's fine. But the courgettes taste of chlorine."

Kate leaned over, helped herself to one, ate it.

"Yes, so they do. Funny, isn't it? I wonder why I go on coming here, it's a terrible restaurant. Loyalty, I suppose."

"Did you send the spinach back?"

"No, of course not. Women never send things back in restaurants, didn't you know?"

And she smiled at him her wide, infuriating double-edged smile, her smile full of duplicity.

Omtänksamt skar Kate upp Hugos biff och klickade senap på var bit, och började sedan vända sin egen spenat med gaffeln som om hon kontrollerade den. Hugo iakttog henne och sade sedan (ty mycket av det som Kate gjorde var ett slags enmansteater som krävde bifall, fråga eller kommentar): "Vad letar du efter?"

"Nyckelpigor", sade Kate.

"Varför?"

"En gång när jag åt lunch här stoppade jag i mig en nyckelpiga utan att märka det."

"Om du inte märkte det, hur kunde du då veta vad det var?"

"Därför att jag hittade en till i spenaten. Så jag tänkte efter och förstod vad den knastrande saken var som jag nyss hade ätit. Och jag hade nog på något vis skymtat den." Nöjd med sin inspektion fångade hon upp en klick spenat och stoppade i munnen. "Det var under den där nyckelpigesommaren", sade hon, "minns du? De fanns överallt, kryllade på stränderna, bet gamla damer på taket av bussar. Hur är din biff?"

"Den är bra. Men mina zucchinis smakar klor."

Kate lutade sig fram, tog en och åt.

"Ja, det gör de. Konstigt egentligen att jag fortsätter att gå hit. Det är ett ruskigt ställe. Lojalitet, förmodligen."

"Anmärkte du på spenaten?"

"Nej, det är klart att jag inte gjorde. Kvinnor kommer aldrig med anmärkningar på restauranger, visste du inte det?"

Och hon log emot honom, sitt stora, provocerande, tveeggade leende, ett leende fullt av dubbelmening.

Hugo spiked another piece of steak, and continued to look at her while he ate it. She continued to smile, the smile turning into a sort of bland, mask-like, Medusa defiance, but good natured still, for Kate was after all relentlessly good natured, that was <pb n=2>one of her problems: and how well she looked, how pink and shining with health, although he knew that she was not particularly well at all, but on the contrary had been rather ill and was now rather miserable, with some cause. Kate had often complained, in the past, as a joke, that the worse she felt, the better she looked, and now she did indeed look healthier than ever, her pale-brown hair escaping bouncily from beneath her green head-square, her white teeth munching the spinach; as though the surface of her resolutely refused to acknowledge any interior difficulties, as though the glow on the surface emanated in direct contradiction from within, in order to confuse, perplex, and throw spectators into disarray. Hugo knew her well enough to stare her out, and would have done so, but she came back to the attack without dropping her eyes.

"Look, Hugo," she said, "it's all very well for you, and I'm as bloody sick of bloody women as you are, I'm sick to death of them, I wish I'd never invented them, but they won't just go away because I've got tired of them. Will they?"

"You could switch to industrial relations. Or Middle Eastern affairs, perhaps," said Hugo, for Kate had just been complaining about her latest visitor, a student from Iraq, who had arrived unannounced and seemed to be intending to stay indefinitely.

"Don't be silly, Hugo. I know my limitations," said Kate.

"That's a very unfeminist remark,"

Hugo spetsade en bit biff på gaffeln men släppte henne inte med blicken medan han tuggade den. Hon fortsatte att le och <pb n=8>hennes leende blev till en sorts förbindligt trotsig Medusa-mask, men godlynt trots allt, ty Kate var i alla sammanhang godlynt, det var ett av hennes problem: och så bra hon såg ut, så skär och skinande av hälsa, fastän han visste att hon inte alls var särskilt kry utan tvärtom hade varit ganska sjuk och nu var ganska olycklig, av goda skäl. Kate hade förr, på skämt, ofta klagat över att ju sämre hon mådde desto bättre såg hon ut, och nu formligen strålade hon av hälsa med det ljusbruna håret som ostyrigt tittade fram under den gröna sjaletten och de vita tänderna som tuggade spenaten; det var som om hennes yttre resolut vägrade att erkänna att det existerade inre svårigheter, som om hennes hud fick sin glans i direkt förnekande av det som fanns där innanför, i syfte att förvirra, förbrylla och mystifiera betraktaren. Hugo kände henne tillräckligt väl för att inte ge vika i deras ögons kamp. Hon gick till förnyad attack utan att sänka blicken.

"Det är enkelt för dig, Hugo", sade hon, "och jag är lika jävla trött på jävla fruntimmer som du, jag är dödstrött på kvinnor, jag önskar att jag aldrig hade gett mig på dem, men de försvinner ju inte bara för att jag har tröttnat på dem. Eller gör de det?"

"Du kunde byta till mänskliga relationer inom industrin. Eller till Mellanöstern-politik kanske", sade Hugo, ty Kate hade just beklagat sig över sin senaste inneboende, en student från Irak som hade dykt upp utan förvarning och tycktes ämna stanna på obestämd tid.

"Var inte dum, Hugo. Jag känner min begränsning", sade Kat

"Det var en synnerligen ofeministisk

said Hugo, provocatively.

"Look," said Kate, ignoring this new angle, and returning to an earlier point in their conversation, "look, do you want to see my morning's post? You don't, do you? But you're going to have to, just the same. Here" — and she started to delve around in the large kitsch carpet bag she'd been carrying around on her shoulder for years — "here, take a look at this lot" — and she slammed down on the table a great untidy wad of letters and envelopes and brochures, which, when sorted and expounded, proved to contain:

1 A letter from the American Express, addressed to her ex-husband Stuart, asking him why he didn't give his wife the freedom of an Express Card. The letter was illustrated by a photograph of an expensive-looking woman in a black evening dress and strings of pearls, standing in an expensive hotel foyer with a lot of shining matching luggage. (Kate had been a card-holder for some years: Stuart's credit, as she had no need to explain to Hugo, was not good.)

2 An advertisement for a fire extinguisher, portraying a hysterical woman in a provocative nightdress, shrieking amidst a lot of flames, and asking Do You Protect Your Loved Ones?

3 A life insurance leaflet with much the same message, but less sensationally portraying a happy family sitting over its cornflakes, the wife in a striped apron, the unsuspecting husband with a heart attack just round the corner, despite the fine executive panache with which he was reading his up-market newspaper.

4 An invitation to attend a fashion show.

anmärkning", sade Hugo, provocerande.

"Säg, Hugo", sade Kate, och återvände till ett tidigare samtalsämne utan att låtsas höra denna nya utmaning, "har du lust att se vad jag fick med brevbäraren i morse? Det har du förstås inte. Men det hindrar inte att du ska göra det. Här" — hon grävde i den stora axelremsväska i tras mattsteknik som hon i årtal hade släpat omkring på — "här, ta dig en titt på det här" — och hon slängde fram på bordet en slarvig bunt brev och kuvert och trycksaker som efter sortering visade sig innehålla:

<pb n=9>1. Ett brev från American Express, adresserat till hennes f.d. äkta man Stuart, med förfrågan om han inte borde ge sin hustru det oberoende som ett American Express-kort innebar. Brevets budskap underströks av en bild av en kvinna med dyrbart utseende i svart aftonklänning och pärlhalsband som stod i en flott hotellvestibul omgiven av eleganta matchande resväskor. (Kate hade sedan åtskilliga år ett kort: Stuarts kreditvärdighet var, vilket knappast behövde förklaras för Hugo, inte god.)

2. Reklam för en brandsläckare med bild av hysterisk kvinna i utmanande nattlinne, skrikande och omvärd av lågor, med frågan: Skyddar du dina kära?

3. En trycksak från ett försäkringsbolag med liknande budskap fastän bilden här mindre sensationellt föreställde en lycklig familj kring morgonens cornflakes: hustrun i randigt förkläde och den intet ont anande mannen med en hjärtinfarkt lurande bakom hörnet trots den skärpta direktörsmun med vilken han läste sin finansstidning.

4. En inbjudan till en modevisning.

5 A letter from the Post Office addressed to Stuart requesting his signature on her application for a new telephone extension.
6 An invitation from a Women's Group in Birmingham, asking her to speak to them on the subject of "Women Today".
7 A letter from a BBC producer asking her if she'd ever thought of writing a play about the liberated woman of today, and if not, why not.

8 A pink letter from a militant American feminist announcing the birth of a daughter, and sending good wishes to dear Kate from Sandy, Steve, Baby, Wiggles and Mustapha. (I think calling your cat or dog Mustapha qualifies as racist, don't you? was Kate's comment on this offering; and pink notepaper is certainly sexist, wouldn't you agree?)

9 A brochure for expensive Italian shoes, with under-age models posing in Victorian underwear, offering a Try-at-Home Service for Professional Women.

10 A request that she should appear in a fur coat in an advertisement for fake fur, in aid of wild-life conservation.
"Well," said Kate, having thoroughly displayed this interesting selection. You see what I mean? What else can I do but write *yet another* piece about the image of women in advertising? This was a hit much, all in one post, don't you think?"
<pb n=4>"Was that all the post you got?" asked Hugo, chasing an elusive chip around his plate, and finally cornering it against a lump of fat.

"What do you mean, all? How many letters do you get a day? And this was all home stuff, not counting the

5. Ett brev från telefonbolaget adresserat till Stuart med begäran om hans underskrift på hennes insända ansökan om en sidoapparat.

6. En inbjudan från en kvinnoförening i Birmingham med anhållan om ett föredrag på temat "Dagens kvinnor".

7. Ett brev från en producent på BBC med förfrågan om hon någonsin hade funderat på att skriva en pjäs om dagens frigjorda kvinnor, och om inte, varför inte?

8. Ett brev på rosa papper från en militant amerikansk feminist med tillkännagivande om en dotters lyckliga födelse och de bästa hälsningar till den kära Kate från Sandy, Steve, Baby Wiggles och Mustapha. (Den som kallar sin katt eller hund Mustapha blir nästan rasist, tycker du inte det, Hugo? var Kates kommentar till detta bidrag; och rosa papper är könsdiskriminerande, håller du inte med om det?)

9. Ett reklamblad för dyra italienska skor, där minderåriga <pb n=10>mannekänger poserade i viktorianska underkläder; man erbjöd hemköp för upptagna yrkeskvinnor.

10. En anhållan om att hon skulle låta sig fotograferas i en annons för fuskpälsar, som stöd för strävandena att bevara de vilda djuren.

"Förstår du nu vad jag menar?" sade Kate efter att i detalj ha demonstrerat denna intressanta samling. "Vad annat kan jag göra än att skriva *ytterligare en artikel* om reklamens kvinnobild? Det här var i mesta laget på en enda gång, tycker du inte det?"
"Var det all post du fick?" frågade Hugo. Han jagade en sista strimla pommes frites över sin tallrik och lyckades till sist fånga den mot en bit fett.

"Hur menar du, all post? Hur många brev om dagen får du? Och allt det här kom hem, det fanns mer på

office."

"I meant, don't you get any nice personal post?"

"Well, no, not today, actually." She leaned forward, widening her pale bright blue give-away impenetrable eyes at him. They were full of the hard glitter of deep sympathy, deep interest, deep devouring self. "And you, Hugo, how much personal post do you get?"

"Oh, not so much these days," said Hugo. "But then, I realised I'd finally grown up when all I was interested in getting through the letter box was cheques."

Kate laughed.

"Anyway, Kate," said Hugo, "you ought not to complain about a post like that. It's a tribute to your Social Class B Economic Status."

"I'm not really complaining," said Kate. "I'm perfectly complacent, as you know. But it's my social conscience at work. I ought to be worrying about everyone else, oughtn't I?"

"All those women who didn't have your peculiar advantages?" said Hugo, again provocatively, for Kate's past advantages would have taken some subtlety to discern.

"Oh shut up," said Kate. "You know what I mean."

"No, I don't, as a matter of fact," said Hugh. "But I know we're not likely to agree, on this particular subject."

"Shall we talk about something else? Shall I light you a cigarette?"

"You are so solicitous, dear Kate, you will ruin my health. But yes, please. Have one yourself. Help yourself."

Kate lit a cigarette, and handed it over.

"Did you know the statistics for women smoking have risen by some horrific proportion?" she said.

"Smoking women, violent women,

jobbet."

"Jag menade, får du inga trevliga privatbrev?"

"Nej, faktiskt, inte i dag." Hon lutade sig fram och hennes ljusa glada öppenhjärtiga outgrundliga ögon vidgades mot honom. De var fyllda av den hårda glansen av djup sympati, djupt intresse, djup självupptagenhet. "Och du själv, Hugo, hur många privatbrev får du?"

"Inte många nu för tiden", sade Hugo. "Men faktiskt så insåg jag att jag hade blivit vuxen när jag märkte att det enda som intresserade mig att få i brevlådan var checkar."

Kate skrattade.

"Dessutom borde du inte klaga över en sådan tilldelning av post", sade Hugo. "Den är en tribut till din sociala och ekonomiska status."

"Jag klagar egentligen inte", sade Kate. "Jag finner mig i allt, det vet du. Men det är mitt sociala samvete som väcks. Jag borde bekymra mig för alla andra, eller hur?"

"Alla kvinnor som inte har haft dina egenartade förmåner?" sade Hugo, åter provocerande, ty det krävde en speciell urskiljningsförmåga för att upptäcka Kates tidiga förmåner.

"Tyst med dig", sade Kate. "Du vet vad jag menar."

"Faktiskt så vet jag inte det", sade Hugo. "Men våra åsikter går alltid isär när vi kommer in på det ämnet."

"Ska vi prata om något annat? Ska jag tända en cigarrett åt dig?"

"Du är så omtänksam, kära Kate, du förstör min hälsa. Men ja tack, gärna. Ta en själv. Av mina."

Kate tände en cigarrett och gav honom.

"Vet du att enligt statistiken har antalet kvinnor som röker ökat alldeles förskräckligt?" sade hon.

"Kvinnor som röker, kvinnor som

what is the world coming to?
Freedom is very bad for people." She started to stack up her letters again, casting a look of lingering regret at the fake leopards and mink.
"Anyway, I'm too old and fat to model a fur coat," she said.

"Of course not," said Hugo, gallantly, while thinking that in fact she, marginally, was.
"You know, it's all very well," she said, "but I've been thinking lately, every single bad thing that's happened to me happened to me because I'm a woman. There's no point in pretending it's not so. Even my illnesses. Apart from tonsils when I was ten."

"And colds, and chicken pox, and measles, and mumps, and flu."

"I've never had flu. I don't believe in flu."

"You could argue that all the bad things that have happened to me happened to me because I was a man."

Kate took this suggestion seriously, reflected on it, and nodded, blowing out smoke.

"Well, that all goes to show that I must have been mad to try to pretend that the sexes were much the same. If that's what I used to say. Is that what I used to say?"

"How should I know?"

"I don't suppose I ever had what you might call an ideology. But I certainly used to believe in freedom. And progress."

"Yes, I do seem to remember a few columns of newsprint on those topics. But I hadn't noticed that you'd abandoned them."

slåss, var ska det sluta? Frihet är inte bra för människor. Hon började bunta samman sina brev med en sista saknadens blick på de falska leoparderna och minkarna.

"Dessutom är jag för gammal och tjock för att mannekänga i fuskpälsar", sade hon.

"Inte är du det", sade Hugo artigt fastän han inom sig tänkte att det var det nog inte utan att hon var.

"Det är lätt att säga", sade hon, "men på senare tid har jag tänkt att allt tråkigt som har hänt mig har hänt för att jag är kvinna. Finns ingen anledning att låtsas något annat. Också mina sjukdomar. Utom tonsillerna när jag var tio."

"Och förkylningar och vattkoppor och mässling och påssjuka och influensa."

"Jag har aldrig haft influensa. Jag tror inte på influensa."

"Du skulle lika väl kunna säga att allt tråkigt som har hänt mig har hänt för att jag är man."

Kate tog hans invändning på allvar, funderade över den, medan hon tog ett bloss på cigaretten, och nickade så.

"Tja, det bevisar bara att jag måste ha varit galen när jag har förfäktat att det inte är någon större skillnad mellan könen. Om det nu är vad jag har påstått. Har jag påstått det?"

Hur skulle jag kunna veta det?"

"Jag tror aldrig jag har haft vad man skulle kunna kalla en ideologi", fortsatte Kate. "Men jag har verkligen trott på frihet. Och på framåtskridande."

"Jo då, jag har en känsla av att jag har läst ett antal spalter i de ämnena. Men jag har inte märkt att du har lämnat din ståndpunkt."

"I haven't abandoned them, they've abandoned me. I can't afford to abandon them officially, anyway. I've got to pretend to stick by them." She sighed, heavily. "You know, looking back, I realised I felt as light as air, all these years. I felt as though I was walking on air. I did feel free, I felt so — so undetermined, so unforced, so unpushed in every way. And now I realise it wasn't like that at all. It was all an illusion."

"I don't see why it has to be called an illusion, just because you feel differently now. And you probably only feel different temporarily. It's your age, that's all."

"It's worse than that. Though God knows that's bad enough. Oh dear, what a bore I am these days. How very patient you are, I don't know why you put up with me."
"I don't find you boring."
"Depressing, then?"
"No, I don't find you depressing, either. Perhaps I should, but I don't."

"That's nice of you."
"It's only because I'm an unfeeling cold-hearted creature. I don't really care enough about you to get depressed by you. Anyway, I'm sure you're going to cheer up again one of these days. You're bound to. You can't not."
"That's what I tell myself. But I don't think I believe myself."

"Well, I believe you."
She smiled, dispiritedly, then tried again, and smiled more brightly.

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You know," she said, "I'm beginning to think I feel the same way about women that my father feels about the unions. That it was a good cause in the old days. And that's treachery, isn't it? I've sold out, like my Dad. I

"Jag har inte lämnat min ståndpunkt, den har lämnat mig. Och dessutom har jag inte råd att officiellt lämna den ståndpunkten. Jag måste låtsas hålla fast vid den." Hon suckade tungt. "Vet du, när jag ser tillbaka märker jag att jag alla dessa <pb n=12>år har känt mig lätt som luft. Har känt det som om jag gick på luft. Känt mig fri — jag var så... så föga målinriktad, så utan tvång och krav. Och nu inser jag att det inte alls har varit så. Det var en enda stor illusion."

"Jag fattar inte varför du ska kalla det en illusion bara för att du tycker annorlunda nu. Och antagligen är det rent tillfälligt som du tycker annorlunda. Det är åldern helt enkelt."

"Det är värre än så. Fast gudarna ska veta att *det* är illa nog. Himmel, vad jag låter trist nu för tiden. Du har verkligen tålmod, jag fattar inte att du står ut med mig."
"Jag tycker inte du är trist."
"Deprimerande kanske?"
"Nej, jag tycker inte du är deprimerande heller. Kanske borde jag det, men det gör jag inte."

"Det är rart av dig."
"Det beror helt och hållet på att jag är en känslolös och kallsinnig typ. Jag bryr mig inte tillräckligt mycket om dig för att låta mig deprimeras av dig. Dessutom är jag säker på att du snart får ditt glada humör tillbaka. Det är säkert. Lita på mig."
"Det är vad jag försöker intala mig. Men jag tror mig knappt själv på mina ord."

"Jag tror dig."
Hon log, glädjelöst; försökte sedan igen, och log riktigt

"Vet du, jag börjar tro att jag har samma känslor för kvinnorörelsen", sade hon, "som min far har för fackföreningarna. Att det var en god sak i början. Och det är förräderi, eller hur? Jag har gett upp, liksom

thought I was a revolutionary, but I'm not."

"That really is age, what you're describing. Don't we all feel the same?"

"Maybe we do, but that doesn't make it any better. Yes, you're right, it is age. I used to enjoy the smell of battle, but I've got sick of it, I'm really sick of it. I'm worn out."

"You've done your bit. You can retire."

"What to?"

"I don't think you're tired of fighting, you're bored with finding yourself on the winning side. It's all got too easy for you. That's the real problem."

"Do you think so?" This analysis seemed to cheer her, and she stirred her coffee with a new access of energy. "Do you think I'm just fed up with everyone agreeing with me?"

"You're fed up with them pretending to agree with you. You should find some wonderful new line and annoy them all. Start again, with your back to the wall."

pappa. Jag trodde att jag var revolutionär, men det är jag inte."

"Det är faktiskt åldern, det du nu beskriver. Det drabbar oss alla."

"Det gör det kanske, men det blir inte roligare för det. Ja, du har rätt, det är åldern. Förr njöt jag av stridslarmet, men jag har blivit trött på det, jag är verkligen trött på det. Jag är utsliten."

"Du har gjort ditt. Du kan vila på dina lagrar."

"Och göra vad?"

"Jag tror inte att du är trött på att slåss, du är trött på att alltid vara på den segrande sidan. Det har börjat gå för lätt för dig. Där har du problemet."

<pb n=13>"Tror du det?" Hans analys verkade att smickra henne, och hon rörde om i sitt kaffe med ny energi. "Tror du att jag helt enkelt är utled på att alla håller med mig?"

"Du är utled på att de låtsas hålla med dig. Du borde leta upp någon ny och underbar vinkel och reta gallan på dem allesammans. Börja på nytt, med ryggen mot muren!"