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Translating Features of Short Stories: A Case Study of Ernest
Hemingway's *The Capital of the World*

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Abstract

This paper deals with the analysis of my own translation of the story “*The Capital of the World*”, taken from the collection *The Complete Short Stories* by Ernest Hemingway. During the process of translation from English into Croatian we have dealt with certain linguistic and cultural issues which may present obstacles or challenges when translated in the target language. We have presented several methods of literary translation and strategies dealing with non-equivalence in the source and the target language, as well as ambiguity in translation. The most frequently used translation strategies in this paper are translation by cultural substitution, translation by paraphrase using a related word, and translation by omission. Taking into account the setting of Hemingway’s short story, as well as the introduction of the third language (Spanish), the paper has proved that dealing with culture in translation is of the same importance as the content and the message being translated. By introducing the reader to the general elements of the short story and Hemingway’s specific style of writing, it becomes noticeable that Hemingway’s use of adjectives and long sentences are the aspects that have been found most challenging in translating into Croatian. We have mostly focused on the challenges in translation of physical appearance, the usage of compound adjectives (animal-related adjectives) and their function in the target language, as well as comparison, and dealing with long sentences. This paper also focuses on literal translation and exploring the methods and strategies of translation that make as few changes as possible to the author’s style in the target language, in this case, Croatian.

Key words: short story, Hemingway, translation, non-equivalence, compound adjectives, cultural substitution, translation by omission, third language, long sentences.

Table of Contents

1. Introduction	5
1.2. Aim of the paper.....	5
2.1. Methods of (literary) translation.....	7
2.2. Cultural aspects in translation	9
2.3. Strategies for dealing with non-equivalence	9
3.1. The Capital of the World as a short story.....	11
4. The Influence of Hemingway's life and work on his motives	14
4.1. Journalistic lifestyle and work.....	14
4.2. Motives and atmosphere in Hemingway's work	14
5. Analysis of Hemingway's <i>The Capital of the World</i>	16
5.1. Translation of physical appearance	16
5.1.1. Translation of compound adjectives.....	18
5.2. Translating comparison into Croatian	20
5.2.1. Translation of animal-related adjectives.....	21
5.2.2. Translation of conjunctions in comparisons	22
5.3. Long sentences and challenges in translation.....	22
5.4. Ambiguity in translation.....	23
5.5. Dealing with the third language in translation	24
6. Conclusion	27
APPENDIX	29
The Capital of the World by E. Hemingway	29
Translation of <i>The Capital of the World</i>	35
7. Bibliography	41

1. Introduction

For a thousand years Latin was the language of educated people in Europe. And what was true about Latin in medieval Europe is true about English today, but on the world-scale. In 2010 there were approximately 360 million native English speakers in the world, plus over 380 million people who spoke English as their second language, in all “it is estimated that over two billion persons now use English” (Crystal & Potter, 2010). English is the language of modern science, and what is more, the language of a whole information society. Today the generations of computer users connected via Internet are dependent on the new forms of media, building this multicultural community in which everything is accessible to everyone in a matter of seconds. The key of this accessibility is to understand the message you are sending as well as the one you are receiving. However, one can only understand it if one knows the language in which it is transferred.

However, one cannot claim to speak or even to know a language by reading only a bunch of tutorials and user manuals. The meaningful encounter must happen in the field where a language truly shines – and by that encounter we mean reading the literature written by native speakers. The argument for that lies in the fact that language is not just a carrier of raw information, but an expression of the personality of every speaker, the style of every writer, his or her worldview and the culture the writer comes from.

1.2. Aim of the paper

The aim of this paper is to introduce the reader to the challenges that can be encountered in translating short stories from English into Croatian and to propose certain methods to deal with those challenges. We will introduce several methods of literary translation and strategies dealing with non-equivalence in source and target language, as well as ambiguity in translation. This paper will also discuss the cultural influence in translation. While dealing with specific examples, we have focused on translating physical appearance and comparisons. Furthermore, we will introduce the readers to the general elements of the short story so that they can easily follow us while we attempt to analyze and to recognize them in Hemingway's text. On the basis of understanding the unique characteristics of literary translation, we will try to give an appropriate translation of this short story. We will also try to prove that literal translation in its strict sense is not always possible – at least in the context of short stories. In the following chapter we will try to get closer to Hemingway's personality, his style and the culture he comes from just by carefully reading and analyzing *The Capital of the World*. We will try to convince

the reader that the power of words does not lie in their great number but in their right choice and order in the sentence itself.

2. Characteristics of literary translation

In the linguistic sense of the word translation is a process of transferring meaning from one language (source language, SL) into another (target language, TL). So, in the simplest words, translation transfers the meaning of a text from one system of signs into another. But a text consists of many distinguishing parts and different levels of language (phonetic, grammatical, semantic, and pragmatic) play a role in the overall meaning. Therefore, translation must take all of them into consideration.

There are different types of meaning as well: a) referential/denotative – when it relates language to events or entities; b) attitudinal/connotative/expressive – when it relates language to the mental state of the speaker; c) contextual/functional/interpersonal/situational – when extra-linguistic situation affects the interpretation of a text (see Abdulhassan Hassan, 2011: 3), and a good translation has to unlock them in the SL and then transfer them into TL in a manner understandable to the target audience.

Simply said, there are two main kinds of translations. One of them is mainly about accuracy. The translator's main goal is a faithful representation of the original text in the TL, no matter how rough or awkward it may sound. Another kind is concerned mainly with the aesthetic representation of the original text that would be pleasant to read in the TL. Newmark rightly noticed: “If Truth stands for the literal translation and Beauty for the elegant version in the translator's idiom, Truth is ugly and Beauty is always a lie” (1988: 166). If we relate Newmark's statement to the first texts, where stress is put only on accuracy and closeness to the original meaning from the SL, we can say that Beauty must be often sacrificed for the sake of Truth. However, in a translation of this kind some sort of compromise must exist between the expressive and aesthetic characteristics. As a result, we do not agree with Bahaa-eddin Abdulhassan Hassan when he states that “translations are either faithful without being beautiful or beautiful without being faithful” (2011: 19), because those two do not have to exclude one another entirely. Of course, that is the hardest thing to achieve, and admittedly rarely so.

2.1. Methods of (literary) translation

Free translation, which is defined as a transfer of meaning “in the spirit of target language”, often omits the voice of the author, and produces something that can hardly be recognized and identified as an original. Free translation reproduces the matter without the manner, or the content without the form of the original. Usually, it is a paraphrase much longer than the original (see Newmark, 1988: 40). However, cognitive translation from SL into TL (the transfer of “cold information”) is neither useful nor desirable in dealing with serious literature. In

addition to dealing with communicating certain information, a literary text can often be metaphorical or connotative. It might be putting emphasis on the form as well as the content of the message, on the sound of words and the role of punctuation in expressive and rhythmic features of the language (see Newmark, 1988: 162). To simplify, sometimes it is not all about what you say/write, but the way you do it that is of crucial importance. The method that is shown to be the right choice in translating *The Capital of the Word* is a combination of communicative and semantic translation. Why? Newmark states that “communicative translation attempts to render the exact contextual meaning of the original in such a way that both content and language are readily acceptable and comprehensible to the readership.” However, semantic translation must be taken into account because of its flexibility and allows for the translator’s intuitive empathy with the original. While semantic translation is personal and individual, follows the thought processes of the author, tends to over-translate, communicative translation is social, concentrates on the message and the main force of the text, tends to under-translate, to be simple, clear and brief, and is always written in a natural and resourceful style (see Newmark, 1988: 63-65).

The three general forms of literature are poetry, prose and drama. According to their characteristics, there are significant differences in the way they should be translated. Many would say right away that poetry is the hardest to translate. Why is that? Because it is the most personal and relies very much on the way some things can (or cannot) be expressed in TL. It also relies on the musicality of the source as well as the target language, on the figurative meaning of the words, on idioms and pronouns, on the rhythm of the verses etc.

Translation of a short story is the second most difficult. A translator of a short story “is released from the obvious constraints of poetry – meter and rhyme – whilst the varieties of sound-effect are likely to play a minor role” (Newmark, 1988: 170). The line is no longer the main holder of the meaning as in the poetry, so a descriptive translation of problematic thoughts put in words is possible. However, the short story is a kind of a short and compressed novel with a strong theme. This is why translators must be very careful not to change the author’s style of writing and expressing himself, so as not to lose any of its complex meaning, or their readers’ attention. This is often a very challenging task, as translators make their alterations and then the text in the TL is no longer a translation, but becomes an entirely new piece of work. It is exactly in the translation of a short story that Truth and Beauty have to stay together all the way to get the effect that the short story needs – the writer’s intention cannot be lost and the reader’s expectations must be met.

Newmark states that, when it comes to translating novels and short stories, “there is no advantage in making generalizations about the translation of serious novels. The obvious problems; the relative importance of the SL culture and the author’s moral purpose to the reader – it may be exemplified in the translations of proper names; of the SL conventions and the author’s idiolect; the translation of dialect; the distinction between personal style, literary convention of period and/or movement; and the norms of the SL – these problems have to be settled for each text” (1988: 111). While faithful translation attempts to reproduce the precise contextual meaning of the original within the constraints of the TL grammatical structures, semantic translation must take more into account the aesthetic value. (1988: 46).

2.2. Cultural aspects in translation

Dealing with culture in translation is of the same importance as is the content and the message being translated. When we talk about culture, we mean both culture of SL as well the culture of TL. According to Newmark, the translator’s ultimate consideration should be recognition of the cultural achievements referred to in the SL text, and respect for all foreign countries and their cultures. He states that there are two translation procedures which are at opposite ends of the scale and those are transference and componential analysis. Transference, usually in literary texts, on the one hand offers local color and atmosphere. On the other hand, though it is brief and concise, transference blocks comprehension, emphasizes the culture and excludes the message, does not communicate. Some would argue it is not a translation procedure at all. However, Newmark stresses componential analysis as the most accurate translation procedure, which excludes the culture and highlights the message. Componential analysis is based on a component common to the SL and the TL (1988: 96).

2.3. Strategies for dealing with non-equivalence

In her *(A) Coursebook on Translation*, Mona Baker describes in detail many strategies for dealing with non-equivalence. One of the translation issues she describes are so called culture-specific words (1992: 21). The source-language word may express a concept which is totally unknown in the target culture. This, as well as the following three cases, is what we found while translating *The Capital of the World* and what we dealt with in more detail in Chapter 5. The first strategy is when the target language lacks a superordinate. Languages tend to have general words (superordinates) but lack specific ones (hyponyms), since each language makes only those distinctions in meaning which seem relevant to its particular environment (1992: 23). In *The Capital of the World* one of the examples of translating into Croatian and lacking hyponyms was

a compound adjective “*gray-headed*” and “*gray-haired*”. Both of the given expressions can only be translated into Croatian as “*sijed*” or “*sjedokos*” and there is no real difference in meaning. One of the translation strategies we will use in this paragraph is translation by cultural substitution. “This strategy involves replacing a culture-specific item or expression with a target-language item which does not have the same propositional meaning but is likely to have a similar impact on the target reader. The main advantage of using this strategy is that it gives the reader a concept with which s/he can identify, something familiar and appealing.” (1992: 31) In *The Capital of the World* we find an example of a commonly used word “*bullfighter*”, which could easily be translated as “*borac s bikovima*”. However, a term in Croatian specifically related to a bullfighter is “*toreador*”. This is a French word for Spanish “*torero*”, yet adapted in Croatian as a term for person who fights with bulls (“*borac s bikovima*”). We did not use “*borac s bikovima*” because of the word economy and in other cases we are using “*matador*” (for a person who is fighting the bull and kills it afterwards), so the goal was to stay faithful to the given style.

Translation by omission is a strategy we will use in some cases and Baker explained why this strategy is not as drastic as it may sound. “If the meaning conveyed by a particular item or expression is not vital enough to the development of the text to justify distracting the reader with lengthy explanations, translators can and often do simply omit translating the word or expression in question.”(1992: 31) Translation by paraphrase is a strategy that is commonly used – either by using related or unrelated words. In cases of paraphrasing with using related words the strategy is used when the concept expressed by the source item is lexicalized in the target language but in a different form, and when the frequency with which a certain form is used in the source text is significantly higher than would be natural in the target language. (1992: 37) One of the examples where we used this strategy is the description of the “*birthmarked-faced auctioneer*” in Chapter 5.1.1.

The last strategy was called upon while dealing with weather to translate some of the Spanish words in the text or to leave them as Hemingway did, is translation by using a loan word or a loan word plus explanation. This is particularly common in dealing with culture-specific items and modern concepts. Following the loan word with an explanation is very useful when the word in question is repeated several times in the text. Once explained, the loan word can then be used on its own; the reader can understand it and is not distracted by further lengthy explanations. (1992: 34)

3. General elements of short stories

A short story, as its name states, is a shorter literary form written in narrative prose. The length of a short story is not strictly defined, although it usually ranges from 5 to 20 pages (or up to 20,000 characters). *The Capital of the World*, with around 24,500 characters, is slightly longer than that, but it surely can be read in one sitting. As a literary form, the short story historically affirmed itself in Renaissance. An author of the short story has the freedom to choose a theme – there are no restrictions. However, for a short story to be defined as such, several conditions must be met: the author must be able to fully capture the reader's attention, the way of telling the story has to be brief and clear at the same time, and the told event should be interesting. In this way the reader gets the impression of having read the complete story (my translation: Solar, 1986: 171).

3.1. The Capital of the World as a short story

Hemingway did it beautifully in his short story *The Capital of the World*. He describes the essential, final part of Paco's life, but he does it in such a way that everything that preceded this tragic event is also included in the story. He presented the characters that were all connected with that cheap hotel in Madrid which is, yet, “a capital of the world”. One may think that the entire story revolves around just one character. However, every little thing that the author describes, however minor it may seem at first, is there with a specific reason and is full of meaning – e.g. the second-rate place where the game between illusion and disillusionment is played. The story is really a picture of the entire condition in people's minds, the places they visit or work in, and the country they live in.

At the beginning, *The Capital of the World* describes the environment or context in which the plot takes place: Spain, Madrid, Pension Luarca, the world of bullfighting; and then proceeds to introduce the characters. This is where the author meets the requirements of the setting and characterization which are essential for every short story. In the previous paragraph the important role of Pension Luarca for the story has been acknowledged. This Spanish hotel is, in a traditional sense, a place where the plot is developing, but it is also a setting in broader terms. It is the cause of, or a trigger for encounters, relations and relationships, and even the thoughts of the various characters. On the other hand, these characters all form a certain cheap, easy-going, bitter, and stubborn atmosphere that characterizes Luarca itself. Apart from the place, the time in which the story takes place also belongs to the category of setting, and near the end of the *Capital* we can indirectly read the exact time of the told events.

The five essential elements of the plot are the same in short stories and novels. Yet a short story, due to its length, could be missing some of these elements. The first element is introduction – the beginning of the story where the characters and the setting are introduced to the reader. In *The Capital of the World* the introduction is a bit long, because Hemingway tends to give the reader the entire and detailed description of the characters and the environment where the plot takes place. Then comes the rising action – where the events of the story become complicated by introducing some motives, and the conflict of the story is revealed. The action rises at the beginning of the dialogue between the main protagonist Paco and Enrique, a middle-aged dishwasher who does not believe in Paco's capabilities as a potential bullfighter. The climax (culmination) is the part where the tension in the story reaches its highest level, but it is still not clear what happens next. In Hemingway's short story the culmination is, of course, the deadly game the two characters play with meat knives attached to the chair (where Enrique proves to Paco what it means to be confronted with razor-sharp horns of a dangerous and raging bull), which ends tragically. The falling action - where the events began to resolve themselves – seems to be missing in the story, because there is only one page left for denouement – the final outcome or resolving of the events in the story (see Solar, 1986: 195-196), in which bleeding Paco does not even have time to say a few words of contrition, because “a severed femoral artery empties itself faster than you could believe” (37).

As far as narrative perspective is concerned, there are different angles from which a short story can be written. *The Capital of the World* is written in the third person point of view, with a mix of subjective and objective type of telling the story. The subjective type of writing is the part where the author tends to make the narrator “all-knowing”. He moves from one scene to another and by doing so Hemingway stresses the importance of the stream of consciousness that the narrator has of every character (it includes thoughts, emotions, motivations, moral standards etc.). Even though the story is told from the third person point of view, the narrator possesses all information and he can introduce them at any moment he wants. On the other hand, in the objective type the narrator does not have access to inner or private lives of his characters, and he only records what he sees and hears. The reader is placed in a position of a spectator without any help of the narrator to explain what is happening (almost like in the movies). The actions of the characters are rarely explained in this short story, but they do exist (the best examples are the coward matador's nervous breakdown, and Paco's thoughts before the tragic accident).

A short story usually ends in expressing some point (in which the purpose of telling the event is told). In *The Capital of the World* the author states his view of the event, or, in some cases, he even implies his view of human life in general. There was a moment in the short story

when Hemingway says: "*He died... full of illusions. He had not have time in his life to lose any of them, nor even, at the end, to complete an act of contrition*" (38). Here he states the clear message and wants to make sure that the reader can read it too: life is all about losing illusions one had in his/hers younger days; everything that at first looks shiny, bright and worth struggling for, in the end shows its darker and meaningless side (Hemingway's gloomy atmosphere). What is left in the end? An act of contrition, because every human being did something in his/hers life that he or she regrets - we all make mistakes and remorse is natural and inevitable. So Paco, still full of illusions, has not really lived in a true sense of the word. His life ended, but he has not reached the true meaning of life. Hemingway wants the reader to see Paco's tragic demise without having really gotten the chance to live.

4. The Influence of Hemingway's life and work on his motives

4.1. Journalistic lifestyle and work

Although there is no place (or need) in this thesis for presenting the whole of Hemingway's biography, we will mention some of the facts of his life that influenced his choice of themes and motives, and also his style of writing. Ernest Miller Hemingway was born on July 21, 1899, in Oak Park, Illinois, near Chicago. He began his career not as a writer of novels, but as a journalist. The sentences in his works are often very brief, their message is direct and straightforward, and his style in general is described as economical. All of that was, of course, necessary for writing newspaper articles. "Hemingway, who spent his childhood in Illinois and Michigan, began his writing career as a newspaper reporter on *The Kansas City Star*, and described the precepts he learned there as 'the best rules I ever learned for the business of writing'. Among the 110 rules in the paper's style-sheet were the following: (1) Use short sentences. Use short first paragraphs. Use vigorous English. (9) Eliminate every superfluous word. (21) Avoid the use of adjectives, especially such extravagant ones as splendid, gorgeous, grand, magnificent etc. (64) Try to preserve the atmosphere of speech in your quotation. The rules about brevity and concision are particularly germane to the short story, and the emphasis on anti-adjectival plainness and colloquial dialogue is also abundantly borne out in Hemingway's writing" (Scofield, 2006: 139-140).

When describing a newspaper and the journalistic way of writing, we must be aware that there is always a kind of economy of space in which the whole information about some event must be transferred to the reader. If an editor orders a text with a certain number of words, there is no freedom of lengthy descriptions of places, psychological analysis of characters involved in a story and detailed personal expressions and views on the reported event. All of that is present particularly in Hemingway's short stories – the precise literary form he became famous for. Also, Hemingway was not just any kind of journalist, but a war reporter. His career included "service as an ambulance driver for the Italians in World War I (with an honorable wound); activity as a war correspondent in the Greek-Turkish War (1922), the Spanish Civil War (1937–39), the Chinese-Japanese War (1941) and the War against Hitler in Europe (1944–45)" (Bloom 2005: 5). His wartime experiences formed the basis for two of his famous novels, *A Farewell to Arms* (1929), and *For Whom the Bell Tolls* (1940).

4.2. Motives and atmosphere in Hemingway's work

Ernest Hemingway ended his life on July 2nd, 1961. He shot himself with his favorite shotgun in Idaho. The motive of suicide is not present in this particular story. It is perfectly

natural for his characters to take the opportunity of self-sacrifice for personal ideals or goals (for example, Paco against the knives in *The Capital of the World*). Hemingway is also well known for his strictness in recording facts without interpreting them. In most of his works Hemingway describes events that happen to “second-rate” people: not rich and famous, not the very best and in any way special, but ordinary men not living too exciting lives. He was choosing these second-rate and very often problematic personalities, mostly disappointed men who were angry at the world surrounding them – they were drunks, bullfighters, hunters, etc. Through them, Hemingway is expressing his own world-view, and also a world-view of the entire post-war “lost generation”¹ of writers he belonged to. The short story *The Capital of the World*, with its list of outcasts and survivors, testifies to the above-mentioned elements.

Hemingway's works have a certain kind of smoky, dark grey atmosphere. Such an atmosphere can easily be found in this short story as well. It has been pointed out earlier that his journalist roots had a major effect on his brief, direct and straight-to-the-point writing. This is especially evident in his short stories. Short sentences, quick dialogues in which many things left unsaid are still implied from his famous style. Yet one thing that cannot be omitted when we analyze Hemingway's work is his innovation called “the iceberg theory”, or “theory of omission”. Hemingway described this new literary theory in a novel *Death in the Afternoon*: “If a writer of prose knows enough of what he is writing about he may omit things that he knows and the reader, if the writer is writing truly enough, will have a feeling of those things as strongly as though the writer had stated them. The dignity of movement of an ice-berg is due to only one-eighth of it being above water. A writer who omits things because he does not know them only makes hollow places in his writing” (Hemingway, 1932: 192). Unfortunately, Hemingway was not using his new theory in *The Capital of the World* – everything here is clearly and realistically stated. However, he still managed to achieve the effect of a true and well-written novel on just a few pages by using cross-cutting technique – shifting from one character, dialogue, or scene to the other, but in the end managing to keep the completeness and making a clear point.

¹ “Hemingway himself in *The Sun Also Rises*, 1926, had given the picture of the dislocated life of young English and American expatriates in the bars of Paris, the ‘lost generation’, as Gertrude Stein defined them” (Penn Warren, 2005: 26).

5. Analysis of Hemingway's *The Capital of the World*

In this chapter we will analyze the vocabulary Hemingway used to describe his characters, events and places, and its translation. We will describe and explain why we translated certain parts of *The Capital of the World* the way we did and what would be different in terms of connotation and style if we had done it differently. Hemingway's use of adjectives and long sentences (which is quite atypical of his general style) are the aspects that have been found most challenging in translating into Croatian. In an attempt to stay true to the author's style of writing and at the same time to translate the message from English into Croatian in the spirit of the TL, we have tried to omit as little information as possible.

The usage of conjunctions in Hemingway's way of writing did not make translation into Croatian any simpler. We have made an effort to make the translated text credible; therefore, the long sentences as well as the conjunctions were at times broken into smaller parts. In this short story the author also used the third language, Spanish. There are several words, as well as entire sentences that are written in Spanish (not translated into English). Those words and sentences have been left in the original language, only to retain that Spanish tone of the story (time and place of the short story) that Hemingway wanted the reader to feel. Firstly, we will deal with the description of characters in *The Capital of the World*, where Hemingway often used compound adjectives.

5.1. Translation of physical appearance

Hemingway introduces the reader to the main character, Paco. He is a young boy coming from a small village "*in a part of Extramadura where conditions were incredibly primitive, food scarce, and comforts unknown and he had worked hard ever since he could remember*" (29)². He works in Pension Luarca as an ordinary waiter, dreaming of becoming a bullfighter. Hemingway describes Paco as having "*a ready and unpuzzled smile*". It was a challenge to translate what the author wanted to say in just two words: ready and unpuzzled. We did not resort to the basic, literal translation which would be "*spreman i nezbujujuć osmijeh*", but rather "*širok i iskren osmijeh*", which gives the reader a broader picture and therefore, one can more easily imagine Paco as a character. We used cultural substitution here because we simply cannot say in Croatian that someone has a "*spreman i nezbujujuć osmijeh*".

Hemingway's description of the third matador, "*the coward*" (literal translation "*kukavica*"), was that he "*had an intelligent, very open face and he carried himself with much*

² "The Capital of the World" in *The Complete Short Stories of Ernest Hemingway* (Hemingway, 1998: 29-38).

style.” By describing the matador as having “*an open face*”, Hemingway wanted to create an image of an honest man; therefore, Croatian translation is simply “*iskreno lice*”. Again, the strategy used here is translation by cultural substitution because the term “*otvoreno lice*” would be very unnatural in the Croatian. A more challenging example in the same sentence that describes the matador is that “*he carried himself with much style.*” To carry oneself with style does not refer only to the behaviour of a person, but also to the entire appearance of one. So for a translator to use “*ponašao se s mnogo stila*”, does not describe the tone that the author wanted to achieve. A more suitable translation, where the strategy of translation by paraphrase using a related word was used, would be “*imao je puno stila*”, which is also more in the spirit of the Croatian language.

Some sections offered a description of the physical appearance of the characters and others of the events that needed to be reported in detail. The description of the characters is shown beautifully in the following sentence that we previously mentioned in the Chapter 5.1.1. and 5.2.: “*Of the picadors one was a thin, hawk-faced, gray-haired man lightly built but with legs and arms like iron, who always wore cattlemen’s boots under his trousers, drank too much every evening and gazed amorously at any woman in the pension*”. This shows an excellent example of what Hemingway does in a single sentence – from the description of the picador’s appearance to his behavior and habits. At first, this particular sentence may not seem challenging to translate. Yet its length is enough to make the translator ask himself whether it should be translated as two (or more) sentences or whether the original form should be retained. Hemingway uses numerous conjunctions to blend sentences together, although sometimes it makes it difficult for the reader to remember the message from the beginning of the sentence. As in English, the same use of conjunctions in Croatian may be possible and the effect is the same. A sentence that is too long could confuse the reader and the message in the TL can easily be very different from the one in SL. For the purpose of creating sentences that are more easily understandable to the reader in Croatian, we have decided to break one long sentence into two on more than one occasion. Therefore, our translation of this sentence is the following: “*Jedan od pikadora bio je mršav, orlovskog lica, sijede kose, sitnije građe, ali nogu i ruku poput željeza. Uvijek je ispod hlača nosio kaubojske čizme, svake večeri previše pio i zaljubljen gledao u svaku ženu u pansionu.*”

Another example is the description of the owner of Luarca. In a single sentence the author manages to retell the majority of her life and depict a picture for the reader who this woman really was: “*The woman who owned Luarca was already asleep in her bed, where she lay on her back with the bolster between her legs; big, fat, honest, clean, easy-going, very*

religious and never having ceased to miss or pray daily for her husband, dead, now, twenty years.” Hemingway managed to do this in English. To do the same in Croatian was a challenge and that is why we decided to break the sentence up into two, while still trying to depict the character in the same way Hemingway did. So we did not omit any of the adjectives or alter their meaning. “*Vlasnica Luarce već je spavala u svom krevetu, ležeći na leđima s jastukom između nogu. Bila je velika, debela, poštena, uredna, opuštena, vrlo religiozna žena kojoj je nedostajao pokojni muž, za kojeg je molila svih dvadeset godina otkad je umro.*”

Another interesting example is Hemingway’s description of the way his characters do something and how they look while doing it. “*The dishwasher, whose name was Enrique, watched him critically and sneeringly.*” The Croatian translation of “*to do something sneeringly*” could be “*činiti nešto s podsmijehom*”, “*s ismijavanjem*” or “*podrugljivo*”. Even though the three have a similar meaning, there is still a difference. So “*podrugljivo*” seemed the most appropriate when combined with “*critically*”, or “*kritički*” in Croatian. Our translation of the entire sentence is “*Perač suđa Enrique promatrao ga je kritički i podrugljivo.*”

5.1.1. Translation of compound adjectives

Description of one of the picadors shows Hemingway’s love for compound adjectives, as well as the usage of comparison. One of the more simple compound adjectives that Hemingway used to describe a person was an example of the “*birthmarked-faced auctioneer*”. This is also one of the few characters he described with a single (compound) adjective. Since in Croatian there is no compound adjective to simply transmit the message of the “*birthmarked-faced auctioneer*”, we used a broader description and a strategy of translation by paraphrase using a related word, “*voditelj dražbe s madežom na licu*”. In the following sentence Hemingway uses two compound adjectives as well as a comparison. “*The other one was huge, dark, brown-faced, good-looking, with black hair like an Indian and enormous hands.*” This was one of the sentences that posed a great challenge in translation, where the same thing could be translated in two ways or words, e.g. “*dark, brown-faced*”. In Croatian we would simply say “*tamnoput*” which already implies “*brown-faced*” and/or “*dark*”. Yes, “*dark*” could also simply be used to describe the person’s hair; yet Hemingway states that the picador has “*black hair like an Indian*”. There is no need to say in Croatian “*tamnoput, smeđeg lica*”, so we omitted (strategy of translation by omission) the “*dark*” part in translation and concentrated on the specific – “*tamnoput*” in Croatian. Hemingway’s love for comparisons is seen in the description of picador’s hair which also implies that the picador was “*dark*” (“*black hair like an Indian*”). More examples will be given in the next sub-chapter.

In the description of prostitutes Hemingway uses a simple term, “*houseworn-looking*”. When reading it in English, the message is simple. One compound adjective transmits so much, draws a picture for the reader. Yet when translating into Croatian we have been faced with a challenge of how to transmit the same message with a single adjective. Croatian term “*iznošene*” or “*istrošene*” would be perfect if we were not describing people, but items. Since women cannot be “*iznošene*”, we used a strategy of translation by cultural substitution, and came up with an appropriate informal term in Croatian, “*ofucane*”.

When describing his characters Hemingway mixes the description of their physical appearance and their attitude or behavior. The following part of a sentence is special because it contains four compound adjectives “*gray-jacketed*”, “*trim-waisted*”, “*bow-legged*”, “*high-heeled*”. “... *walked out of the dining room, gray-jacketed, trim-waisted, bow-legged, in tight breeches over his high-heeled cattlemen’s boots...*”. This is just a part of a long Hemingway sentence, yet it is obvious how easy it is to imagine the character and how vivid he looks. In order to try to achieve the same in Croatian (without compound adjectives), we did not break this long sentence into two or more parts and we used adjectives and descriptions that are as similar as possible. The Croatian translation is the following: “...*izašao iz blagovaonice u svojoj svojoj strukiranoj jakni, krivih nogu u uskim hlačama preko svojih visokih čizama...*”.

Another question that arose during the translation of physical appearance of Hemingway’s characters was: what to do when Hemingway uses a different (compound) adjective to describe the same thing that he previously described with a similar one? Do we try to do the same in Croatian? What if there is no adjective that suits the description like the first one? If we use the same translation as we did with the first adjective the message will remain the same, but are we staying true to the author’s style? The following example shows how we dealt with this challenge. Hemingway first describes one of the picadors as a “*gray-haired man*” at the beginning of the novel; a few pages later the same picador is described as “*gray-headed*”. The “*gray-haired*” part can be translated “*sjedokos*” or “*sijede kose*” – the two really do not make any difference in connotation. Even though “*gray-headed*” can imply that the picador’s entire head was gray (“*gray-haired*” can refer to most of the hair, yet not all), we translated the two in (almost) the same way – “*sijed*” and “*sijede kose*” (translation by paraphrase using a related word), and not “*sjedoglavi*” (literal translation of “*gray-headed*”) because the term does not exist in Croatian. Hemingway was describing the same person by using both adjectives, so the appearance has not changed with using the second compound adjective.

When describing the danger of a situation, Hemingway did not fall short of using as many (compound) adjectives as he needed and putting them all in one sentence. In some of these

examples it was not only difficult to stay true to Hemingway's style, but sometimes it was challenging to even transmit the given message from English into Croatian, e.g. "... *and how he sighted along the point-dipping blade at the place in the top of the shoulders where it was dusty in the short-haired black hump of muscle above the wide, wood-knocking, splintered-tipped horns that lowered as he went for the kill...*". This was one of the sentences we had to break into two in order to make sense of the Croatian translation, which is the following: "...*kako bi usmjerio tanku oštricu pri vrhu ramena, na prašnjavu, kratkodlaku crnu grbu mišića iznad širokih, čvrstih rogova oštećenih vrhova koji su se spuštali dok se on spremao na ubod.*" Neither of the compounds were challenging on their own; however, putting "*short-haired black hump of muscle*" in the same sentence with "*the wide, wood-knocking, splintered-tipped horns*" was something that might sound natural in Croatian, but by using only two adjectives one after another, not three or more. Therefore, the appropriate way of dealing with it was to use the strategy of translation by omission, where "*the wide*" part was not translated into Croatian.

The description of Enrique attacking Paco, pretending to be a bull, is another example of how Hemingway stresses the danger of a situation by describing the appearance of the character, in this case, an imaginary bull. "... *it was the hot, blood-flanked mass of the bull that thudded by...*". Again, one can notice that "*the hot, blood-flanked*" part, a combination of an adjective and a compound adjective with a similar meaning would be a challenge to translate into Croatian. A simple description in Croatian "*vreli, veliki bik uzavrele krvi*" is an apparent pleonasm. In Croatian we do not need to state "*vreli*" and "*uzavrele krvi*", because one implies the other. So we simply omitted "*mass of the bull*" as well as the "*hot*" part and translated it as "*pored njega je projurio veliki bik uzavrele krvi*". Croatian would not tolerate a translation "*vruća masa bika*" because "*masa nečega*" is commonly used for food or inanimate things.

5.2. Translating comparison into Croatian

In the previous chapter we have already given some examples of translating comparison from English into Croatian (e.g. "*black hair like an Indian*"). In this chapter we will try to illustrate the logic of translating comparison from English into Croatian. "*The hawk-faced, gray-haired man*" was also described by Hemingway as someone who is not a big person, yet he is strong. Hemingway stated that he was "*lightly built but with legs and arms like iron*". This was not an easy picture to imagine. What does it mean to be lightly built, but to have legs and arms like iron? In Croatian that could mean that the person is not physically strong, but is tough or, "*žilav*", as we would say in Croatian. Yet we came to the conclusion that "*the hawk-faced, gray-haired man*" did not have strong or very developed musculature, so this description was

translated as “*sitnije građe*” (translation by cultural substitution). However, Hemingway’s description of “*legs and arms like iron*” states that the character had strong arms and legs, iron strong. In Croatian we could say “*željezne ruke i noge*”, but that would imply that the arms and legs were made out of iron; so the translation was literal: “*nogu i ruku poput željeza*”.

5.2.1. Translation of animal-related adjectives

In certain parts of this short story, Hemingway uses animal-related adjectives to describe the appearance or behavior of the character. Some of them are “*cat-quick*” and “*hawk-faced*”. For example, one picador is described as a “*thin, hawk-faced*”. When it comes to the adjective “*hawk-faced*”, a literal translation transmits the message completely – “*orlovskog lica*”. To alter the adjective into a description in Croatian “*lica poput orla*”, we add more words and word economy is not satisfied as it is in the SL. Hemingway also used a compound adjective to describe a way of doing something. By describing one character “*cat quick in spite of his years*”, the author gave comparison by using a compound. We simply translated the given part as “*okretan poput mačke unatoč svojim godinama*”. Why not translate “*usprkost svojim godinama*”? The common mistake in translating prepositions “*despite*” or “*in spite of*” into Croatian is that of mixing “*usprkos*” and “*unatoč*”. Although “*despite*” or “*in spite of*” in English have the same meaning, it is not the case in Croatian. The preposition “*usprkos*” is used in the case of a conscious act, where one can influence something, whereas “*unatoč*” is commonly used in cases where one has no influence over the outcome (e.g. weather) and when referring to items, events and other non-living things.³

Hemingway also used animal comparison for a fast move and it was again the cat. This time the same message was not transmitted with a compound adjective “*cat-quick*”, but with a direct description of the move and comparison with the animal – “*then he turned like a cat*”. The translation was almost the same as “*cat-quick*” because the message was clear, “*zatim se okrenuo poput mačke*”. The conclusion in translating compound adjectives that refer to an appearance as well as description by comparison into Croatian is that, most of the time, Croatian language tolerates only the comparison (“*mačkasto brz*” or “*mačka-brz*” is simply not an option), so using a strategy of translation by paraphrase using a related word seemed natural.

³ For more information see web-portal on the Internet Zbirka jezičnih savjeta Instituta za hrvatski jezik i jezikoslovlje (<http://savjetnik.ihji.hr/index.php>)

5.2.2. Translation of conjunctions in comparisons

In the previous chapter we have given examples of compound adjectives used to emphasize danger. The same is done with comparisons. In the dialogue between Paco and Enrique, the strength of the bull is described by three comparisons: “*The bull has such force that the horns rip like a knife, they stab like a bayonet, and they kill like a club.*” The translation was more or less literal: “*Bik je toliko snažan da rogovima reže poput noža, bode poput bajoneta i ubijaja poput palice.*”

The author paints a vivid and realistic picture for the reader when Hemingway states Paco’s condition and him “*feeling his life go out of him as dirty water empties from a bathtub when the plug is drawn.*” To give the entire picture a genuine feeling in Croatian that Hemingway gave the reader in English, we translated the part “*feeling his life go out of him*” in a bit poetical way: “*osjećao je kako ga život napušta*”. Another idea was to say “*osjećao je kako život istječe iz njega*”, which is also a bit poetical, or just to say it literally, “*osjećao je da život izlazi iz njega*”. This would be a combination of translation by cultural substitution and by paraphrase using a related word. The second part of the sentence that contains a comparison was translated into Croatian literally: “*kao što prljava voda istječe iz kade kada se čep izvuče.*”

One can easily notice that in English there are two commonly used conjunctions with comparisons, *like* and *as*. Even though *like* is a preposition and *as* is a conjunction, we can see them both almost equally used in comparisons. In Croatian we use “*poput*” or “*kao*” to express comparison. In all the examples stated in this chapter each comparison with the conjunction/preposition *like* was translated into Croatian by using “*poput*”. Only the last example, which is also the only one with the conjunction *as*, was translated into Croatian by using “*kao*”.

5.3. Long sentences and challenges in translation

Even though Hemingway is famous for his short sentences and dialogues when making a clear point, in *The Capital of the World* he used long descriptive sentences to make a vivid and believable picture for the reader. There are also several examples where Hemingway describes not only physical appearance of the characters, but also their habits and manners – all in a single sentence.

In the attempt to describe the certain scene or event as naturally and realistically as possible, Hemingway tends to overdo it with the descriptive sentences. In other words, some long sentences can be read in a single breath, while others make it difficult for the reader to focus on the message being transmitted. They represented a real challenge for the translator (we have

already given some examples in the Chapter 5.1.1., pages 16 and 17). When faced with such an example, we had to break sentences into two or more in order for the translation to stay true to the original. When describing Paco's frequent images of bullfighting, Hemingway tried to do it in a single sentence. "*Too many times he had seen the horns, seen the bull's wet muzzle, the ear twitching, then the head go down and the charge, the hoofs thudding and the hot bull pass him as he swung the cape, to re-charge as he swung the cape again, then again, and again, and again, to end winding the bull around him in his great media-veronica, and walk swingingly away, with bull hairs caught in the gold ornaments of the jacket from the close passes...*" Yet the description and the sentence does not end there. Therefore, we will simply illustrate the quoted part and our translation. "*Previše je puta vidio rogove, bikovu vlažnu njušku, uho kako trza, spuštanje glave i napad, topot kopita i kako zajapureni bik prolazi pokraj njega, dok je zamahnuo plaštem i tako iznova i iznova. Završio bi tako da bi namamio bika oko sebe u svojoj velikoj media-veronici i odšetao bi dalje s dlakama bika koje su mu se uhvatile na zlatnim ukrasima jakne od bliskih prolazaka.*" As one can easily notice, we have broken this very long descriptive sentence into two long sentences in Croatian. If we had translated the above sentences into Croatian while retaining the original form, we would have ended up using more conjunctions and the message would not be as clear. We tried to stay faithful to the Hemingway's style and the atmosphere, e.g. notice how Hemingway stressed the repetition of action in the given part of the text "... *he swung the cape again, then again, and again, and again...*" He wanted the reader to understand and imagine the passion with which Paco faced the bull. The simple "*again*" would not do, so it was only logical for us to use "... *I tako iznova i iznova...*" Yet we felt it would be useless to stress the repetition of the act four times as in the original text because it would not sound as natural in Croatian as it does in English (translation by omission). The goal is to make the translation reader-friendly, so that the reader cannot feel that the TL was not the language the original text was written in.

5.4. Ambiguity in translation

In certain parts of the story Hemingway's language may seem rather ambiguous. If the reader does not go deeper into the meaning and takes what he or she reads literally, the true meaning can be lost. For example, the author describes the stream of thoughts of a matador in the following way: "...*and what did any whore know about what he went through before he fought? And what had they been through that laughed at him? They are all whores...*" The given section describes the feelings of anger of a former matador towards Paco's sister who rejected him. He calls her a whore and states that she cannot understand what he goes through when fighting a

bull (the one time he was injured left him feeling terrified in the ring). This is clear. However, in the question “*And what had they been through that laughed at him?*” the conjunction “*And*” does not relate to “*the whore*” (Paco’s sister) not knowing what the others went through as well. The matador justifies himself in the eyes of others in the way that they did not get injured in the ring as he did. So when he says “*They are all whores*”, he does not mean all women (which could be easily understood that way because of his anger when Paco’s sister rejects him), but all that do not understand him and laugh at him. The resulting translation reads as follows “*...i što neka tamo kurva zna o tome kroz što je on prošao prije nego bi se borio? A kroz što su prošli oni koji su mu se smijali? Svi su oni kurve...*”

Hemingway’s journalistic style made certain parts of *The Capital of the World* more difficult and challenging to translate into Croatian; e.g. the following description of the third matador, “*the coward*”: “*He had, when successful, been very addicted to practical jokes, but he had given them up now. They took an assurance that he did not feel.*” These two relatively simple sentences may seem, at first glance, easy to translate into Croatian. However, one must keep in mind that the message must be transmitted, but without changing the style and without excessive omission. The message must remain equally clear and understandable, non-ambiguous to the reader (especially if the message is not ambiguous in SL). Our translated description is the following: “*Kada je bio uspješan bio je ovisan o šalama na tuđi račun, ali sada je s njima prestao. Šale su dolazile iz sigurnosti u sebe koju on više nije imao.*” Here we used translation by paraphrase.

5.5. Dealing with the third language in translation

In order to make the reader feel the time and place where the story is being set and told, Hemingway used several Spanish expressions which he did not translate into English. In fact, in this chapter, we will mention entire sentences that were left in the original Spanish language. One of the most obvious words in the story is “*torero*” (e.g. “*A torero, said one priest to the other.*”). As one can notice, Hemingway left the word in Spanish, although “*bullfighter*” is an adequate synonym and would satisfy the context and transmit the message into English. Another reason why this was not translated may be that Hemingway wanted to make a difference between the narrator and dialogues of the characters. In the narrator’s part the reader can clearly find word “*bullfighter*” and not “*torero*”. The Spanish word is, therefore, left to the conversation between the characters to make it easier for the reader to imagine the genuine Spanish bullfighters. In order to stay true to Hemingway’s specific style, we did the same; in general, most of the words written in Spanish were not translated into Croatian. Therefore, “*torero*”,

“*miedo*”, “*torito*” can all be translated into Croatian as “*toreador*”, “*strah*” and “*mali bik*” (but the Spanish tone that the author wanted to achieve would be disrupted).

Another word that is often used in the story is “*banderillero*”; not translated or even explained in English, Hemingway gives yet another Spanish word to give the reader that specific Spanish feeling. However, the term “*banderillero*” does have a translation in Croatian, so we decided to go with the given Croatian word, “*banderiljero*” (translation by using a loan word). Each time we came across a word that has a suitable translation or synonym in Croatian and does not affect the author’s style or message, we translated it.

On the other hand, there were Spanish words that Hemingway used which did not have a simple (word-for-word) synonym in Croatian, such as “*media-veronica*”. Therefore, we were left with two options: either to describe the given Spanish words in Croatian or simply leave them in Spanish. The choice was to leave them in Spanish as Hemingway did; if we were to describe them in Croatian, the word economy would not be satisfied as it is in the SL and the message could be altered. Another argument for not translating these two Spanish words was because they repeatedly appear in the short story and describing them every time would disrupt the author’s style. So the first time “*media-veronica*” appears in the text we simply stated that the narrator is referring to a pass in bullfighting, so that once the term appears later in text, no further explanation for the reader is necessary (translation using loan word or loan plus explanation). However, Hemingway did not stop only at Spanish words. He wrote several sentences entirely in Spanish. “*Mejor si me falta eso que el otro,*’ *said the older waiter (meaning it is better to lack that than work).*” The given example is interesting due to the author’s semi-translation or description in the brackets. We did the same thing in Croatian so the translation is as follows: „*Mejor me falta eso que el otro,*’ *reče stariji konobar (mислеći, bolje je da manjka toga nego posla).*” In another example of an entire Spanish sentence Hemingway does not explain it in English (probably due to the length of the sentence): “*Pues, me voy,*’ *said the tall waiter.*” The translation into Croatian is literal: “*Pues, me voy*’ *odgovori visoki konobar.*”

In the dialogue between two waiters there was another instance where literal translation was dismissed. “*You are a good comrade,*’ *said the tall waiter. But you lack all ideology.*” The first part of the translated sentence is more or less literal, but “*comrade*” was another Spanish word we translated into Croatian simply because an equivalent exists and transmits the message and tone completely: “*Dobar si drug*”. However, the last part has been translated as “*Ali za tebe je ideologija nepoznanica*” which is more of a free translation.

Notice that Hemingway used “*all ideology*”. He did not write “*But you lack ideology*”. Drawing on the presumption that each Hemingway’s word was selected and put in the certain place for a particular reason, it was impossible not to notice the word “*all*” in the sentence.

Hemingway wanted to stress that the waiter wanted to say that the other waiter is not familiar with the term and does not understand it. To transmit that tone and message across to Croatian we felt it was necessary to use “*nepoznanica*”. It is clear that the strategy used here was translation by paraphrase using a related word.

6. Conclusion

Being the second most difficult literary form to translate (after poetry), translation of a short story, in this case *The Capital of the World*, has been shown to be challenging due to three different cultural aspects: English (SL), Croatian (TL) and Spanish (third language). We have found ourselves dealing with examples where the TL lacks a specific hyponym (“*gray-headed*” and “*gray-haired*” both can only be translated as “*sijed*” or “*sjedokos*”) and using translation by cultural substitution (“*toreador*”, “*borac*”), as well as dealing and explaining loan words (“*media-veronica*”). Hemingway’s journalistic style of writing did not make translation into Croatian any easier. Shorter sentences (and the longer ones blended with numerous conjunctions), no usage of superfluous words as well as adjectives challenged us to find the appropriate choice of words and word order so that the translation would be in the spirit of Croatian language, but with minimum impact on the author’s original style. We have mostly focused on the challenges in translation of physical appearance, compound adjectives (animal-related adjectives), as well as comparison and dealing with long sentences. The issue of translating Spanish words (that Hemingway left purposely without the given English translation) was something we dealt with in two ways: some were translated into Croatian (e.g. “*banderiljero*”), if the translation did not affect the author’s style or message, and others were left in Spanish (e.g. “*miedo*”, “*torito*”) due to the impact on the reader. In this paper we have not been dealing with *The Capital of the World* as a literary work, that is, we have not analyzed the characters, motives and themes. We have looked upon this short story as a translation piece and tried to give the best possible translation into Croatian, while remaining faithful to the original text in TL and the author’s style.

By using Mona Baker’s strategies for dealing with non-equivalence, we disagreed with Bahaa-eddin Abdulhassan Hassan and his statement that translations are either faithful without being beautiful or beautiful without being faithful. By stressing that free translation, which reproduces the matter without the manner, and cognitive translation (transferring “cold information”) are simply not suitable for a literary text, which can often be metaphorical or connotative, we tend to lean more towards a combination of semantic and communicative translations as the methods of choice. The translation strategies we have used the most in this paper are translation by cultural substitution, translation by paraphrase using a related word and translation by omission. Therefore, the conclusion is that each literary work must be approached individually and without generalization. Not all strategies work in all cases. However, the three strategies mentioned above have proven to be the right tool if used in a correct way in translation of short stories. These strategies have shown to be most effective when it comes to transferring

the message to the TL and making the message not only understandable, but also adjusting it to be in the spirit of Croatian language.

APPENDIX

The Capital of the World by E. Hemingway

The Capital of the World⁴

MADRID IS FULL OF BOYS NAMED PACO, which is the diminutive of the name Francisco, and there is a Madrid joke about a father who came to Madrid and inserted an advertisement in the personal columns of *El Liberal* which said: PACO MEET ME AT HOTEL MONTANA NOON TUESDAY ALL IS FORGIVEN PAPA and how a squadron of Guardia Civil had to be called out to disperse the eight hundred young men who answered the advertisement. But this Paco, who waited on table at the Pension Luarca, had no father to forgive him, nor anything for the father to forgive. He had two older sisters who were chambermaids at the Luarca, who had gotten their place through coming from the same small village as a former Luarca chambermaid who had proven hardworking and honest and hence given her village and its products a good name; and these sisters had paid his way on the auto-bus to Madrid and gotten him his job as an apprentice waiter. He came from a village in a part of Extramadura where conditions were incredibly primitive, food scarce, and comforts unknown and he had worked hard ever since he could remember.

He was a well built boy with very black, rather curly hair, good teeth and a skin that his sisters envied, and he had a ready and unpuzzled smile. He was fast on his feet and did his work well and he loved his sisters, who seemed beautiful and sophisticated; he loved Madrid, which was still an unbelievable place, and he loved his work which, done under bright lights, with clean linen, the wearing of evening clothes, and abundant food in the kitchen, seemed romantically beautiful.

There were from eight to a dozen other people who lived at the Luarca and ate in the dining room but for Paco, the youngest of the three waiters who served at table, the only ones who really existed were the bullfighters.

Second-rate matadors lived at that pension because the address in the Calle San Jeronimo was good, the food was excellent and the room and board was cheap. It is necessary for a bull fighter to give the appearance, if not of prosperity, at least of respectability, since decorum and dignity rank above courage as the virtues most highly prized in Spain, and bullfighters stayed at the Luarca until their last pesetas were gone. There is no record of any bullfighter having left the Luarca for a better or more expensive hotel; second-rate bullfighters never became first rate; but the descent from the Luarca was swift since any one could stay there who was making anything at all and a bill was never presented to a guest unasked until the woman who ran the place knew that the case was hopeless.

At this time there were three full matadors living at the Luarca as well as two very good picadors, and one excellent *banderillero*. The Luarca was luxury for the picadors and the *banderilleros* who, with their families in Seville, required lodging in Madrid during the Spring season; but they were well paid and in the fixed employ of fighters who were heavily contracted during the coming season and the three of these subalterns would probably make much more apiece than any of the three matadors. Of the three matadors one was ill and trying to conceal it; one had passed his short vogue as a novelty; and the third was a coward.

The coward had at one time, until he had received a peculiarly atrocious horn wound in the lower abdomen at the start of his first season as a full matador, been exceptionally brave and remarkably skillful and he still had many of the hearty mannerisms of his days of success. He was jovial to excess and laughed constantly with and without provocation. He had, when successful, been very addicted to practical jokes but he had given them up now. They took an assurance that he did not feel. This matador had an intelligent, very open face and he carried himself with much style.

The matador who was ill was careful never to show it and was meticulous about eating a little of all the dishes that were presented at the table. He had a great many handkerchiefs which he laundered himself in his room and, lately, he had been selling his fighting suits. He had sold one, cheaply, before Christmas and another in the first week of April. They had been very expensive suits, had always been well kept and he had one more. Before he had become ill he had been a very promising, even a

⁴ PDBooks.ca: [The Capital of the World](#)

sensational, fighter and, while he himself could not read, he had clippings which said that in his debut in Madrid he had been better than Belmonte. He ate alone at a small table and looked up very little.

The matador who had once been a novelty was very short and brown and very dignified. He also ate alone at a separate table and he smiled very rarely and never laughed. He came from Valladolid, where the people are extremely serious, and he was a capable matador; but his style had become old-fashioned before he had ever succeeded in endearing himself to the public through his virtues, which were courage and a calm capability, and his name on a poster would draw no one to a bull ring. His novelty had been that he was so short that he could barely see over the bull's withers, but there were other short fighters, and he had never succeeded in imposing himself on the public's fancy.

Of the picadors one was a thin, hawk-faced, gray-haired man, lightly built but with legs and arms like iron, who always wore cattlemen's boots under his trousers, drank too much every evening and gazed amorously at any woman in the pension. The other was huge, dark, brown-faced, good-looking, with black hair like an Indian and enormous hands. Both were great picadors although the first was reputed to have lost much of his ability through drink and dissipation, and the second was said to be too headstrong and quarrelsome to stay with any matador more than a single season.

The *banderillero* was middle-aged, gray, cat-quick in spite of his years and, sitting at the table he looked a moderately prosperous business man. His legs were still good for this season, and when they should go he was intelligent and experienced enough to keep regularly employed for a long time. The difference would be that when his speed of foot would be gone he would always be frightened where now he was assured and calm in the ring and out of it.

On this evening every one had left the dining room except the hawk-faced picador who drank too much, the birthmarked-faced auctioneer of watches at the fairs and festivals of Spain, who also drank too much, and two priests from Galicia who were sitting at a corner table and drinking if not too much certainly enough. At that time wine was included in the price of the room and board at the Luarda and the waiters had just brought fresh bottles of Valdepeñas to the tables of the auctioneer, then to the picador and, finally, to the two priests.

The three waiters stood at the end of the room. It was the rule of the house that they should all remain on duty until the diners whose tables they were responsible for should all have left, but the one who served the table of the two priests had an appointment to go to an Anarcho-Syndicalist meeting and Paco had agreed to take over his table for him.

Upstairs the matador who was ill was lying face down on his bed alone. The matador who was no longer a novelty was sitting looking out of his window preparatory to walking out to the café. The matador who was a coward had the older sister of Paco in his room with him and was trying to get her to do something which she was laughingly refusing to do. This matador was saying "Come on, little savage."

"No," said the sister. "Why should I?"

"For a favor."

"You've eaten and now you want me for dessert."

"Just once. What harm can it do?"

"Leave me alone. Leave me alone, I tell you."

"It is a very little thing to do."

"Leave me alone, I tell you."

Down in the dining room the tallest of the waiters, who was overdue at the meeting, said "Look at those black pigs drink."

"That's no way to speak," said the second waiter. "They are decent clients. They do not drink too much."

"For me it is a good way to speak," said the tall one. "There are the two curses of Spain, the bulls and the priests."

"Certainly not the individual bull and the individual priest," said the second waiter.

"Yes," said the tall waiter. "Only through the individual can you attack the class. It is necessary to kill the individual bull and the individual priest. All of them. Then there are no more."

"Save it for the meeting," said the other waiter.

"Look at the barbarity of Madrid," said the tall waiter. "It is now half-past eleven o'clock and these are still guzzling."

"They only started to eat at ten," said the other waiter. "As you know there are many dishes. That wine is cheap and these have paid for it. It is not a strong wine."

"How can there be solidarity of workers with fools like you?" asked the tall waiter.

"Look," said the second waiter who was a man of fifty. "I have worked all my life. In all that remains of my life I must work. I have no complaints against work. To work is normal."

"Yes, but the lack of work kills."

"I have always worked," said the older waiter. "Go on to the meeting. There is no necessity to stay."

"You are a good comrade," said the tall waiter. "But you lack all ideology."

"*Mejor si me falta eso que el otro,*" said the older waiter (meaning it is better to lack that than work). "Go on to the *mitin*."

Paco had said nothing. He did not yet understand politics but it always gave him a thrill to hear the tall waiter speak of the necessity for killing the priests and the Guardia Civil. The tall waiter represented to him revolution and revolution also was romantic. He himself would like to be a good Catholic, a revolutionary, and have a steady job like this, while, at the same time, being a bullfighter.

"Go on to the meeting, Ignacio," he said. "I will respond for your work."

"The two of us," said the older waiter.

"There isn't enough for one," said Paco. "Go on to the meeting."

"*Pues, me voy,*" said the tall waiter. "And thanks."

In the meantime, upstairs, the sister of Paco had gotten out of the embrace of the matador as skilfully as a wrestler breaking a hold and said, now angry, "These are the hungry people. A failed bullfighter. With your ton-load of fear. If you have so much of that, use it in the ring."

"That is the way a whore talks."

"A whore is also a woman, but I am not a whore."

"You'll be one."

"Not through you."

"Leave me," said the matador who, now, repulsed and refused, felt the nakedness of his cowardice returning.

"Leave you? What hasn't left you?" said the sister. "Don't you want me to make up the bed? I'm paid to do that."

"Leave me," said the matador, his broad good-looking face wrinkled into a contortion that was like crying. "You whore. You dirty little whore."

"Matador," she said, shutting the door. "My matador."

Inside the room the matador sat on the bed. His face still had the contortion which, in the ring, he made into a constant smile which frightened those people in the first rows of seats who knew what they were watching. "And this," he was saying aloud. "And this. And this."

He could remember when he had been good and it had only been three years before. He could remember the weight of the heavy gold-brocaded fighting jacket on his shoulders on that hot afternoon in May when his voice had still been the same in the ring as in the cafe, and how he sighted along the point-dipping blade at the place in the top of the shoulders where it was dusty in the short-haired black hump of muscle above the wide, wood-knocking, splintered-tipped horns that lowered as he went in to kill, and how the sword pushed in as easy as into a mound of stiff butter with the palm of his hand pushing the pommel, his left arm crossed low, his left shoulder forward, his weight on his left leg, and then his weight wasn't on his leg. His weight was on his lower belly and as the bull raised his head the horn was out of sight in him and he swung over on it twice before they pulled him off it. So now when he went into kill, and it was seldom, he could not look at the horns and what did any whore know about what he went through before he fought? And what had they been through that laughed at him? They were all whores and they knew what they could do with it.

Down in the dining room the picador sat looking at the priests. If there were women in the room he stared at them. If there were no women he would stare with enjoyment at a foreigner, *un inglés*, but lacking women or strangers, he now stared

with enjoyment and insolence at the two priests. While he stared the birth-marked auctioneer rose and folding his napkin went out, leaving over half the wine in the last bottle he had ordered. If his accounts had been paid up at the Luarca he would have finished the bottle.

The two priests did not stare back at the picador. One of them was saying, "It is ten days since I have been here waiting to see him and all day I sit in the ante-chamber and he will not receive me."

"What is there to do?"

"Nothing. What can one do? One cannot go against authority."

"I have been here for two weeks and nothing. I wait and they will not see me."

"We are from the abandoned country. When the money runs out we can return."

"To the abandoned country. What does Madrid care about Galicia? We are a poor province."

"One understands the action of our brother Basilio."

"Still I have no real confidence in the integrity of Basilio Alvarez."

"Madrid is where one learns to understand. Madrid kills Spain."

"If they would simply see one and refuse."

"No. You must be broken and worn out by waiting."

"Well, we shall see. I can wait as well as another."

At this moment the picador got to his feet, walked over to the priests' table and stood, gray-headed and hawk-faced, staring at them and smiling.

"A *torero*," said one priest to the other.

"And a good one," said the picador and walked out of the dining room, gray-jacketed, trim-waisted, bow-legged, in tight breeches over his high-heeled cattlemen's boots that clicked on the floor as he swaggered quite steadily, smiling to himself. He lived in a small, tight, professional world of personal efficiency, nightly alcoholic triumph, and insolence. Now he lit a cigar and tilting his hat at an angle in the hallway went out to the café.

The priests left immediately after the picador, hurriedly conscious of being the last people in the dining room, and there was no one in the room now but Paco and the middle-aged waiter. They cleared the tables and carried the bottles into the kitchen.

In the kitchen was the boy who washed the dishes. He was three years older than Paco and was very cynical and bitter.

"Take this," the middle-aged waiter said, and poured out a glass of the Valdepeñas and handed it to him.

"Why not?" the boy took the glass.

"*Tu*, Paco?" the older waiter asked.

"Thank you," said Paco. The three of them drank.

"I will be going," said the middle-aged waiter.

"Good night," they told him.

He went out and they were alone. Paco took a napkin one of the priests had used and standing straight, his heels planted, lowered the napkin and with head following the movement, swung his arms in the motion of a slow sweeping *verónica*. He turned, and advancing his right foot slightly, made the second pass, gained a little terrain on the imaginary bull and made a third pass, slow, perfectly timed and suave, then gathered the napkin to his waist and swung his hips away from the bull in a *media-verónica*.

The dishwasher, whose name was Enrique, watched him critically and sneeringly.

"How is the bull?" he said.

"Very brave," said Paco. "Look."

Standing slim and straight he made four more perfect passes, smooth, elegant and graceful.

"And the bull?" asked Enrique standing against the sink, holding his wine glass and wearing his apron.

"Still has lots of gas," said Paco.

"You make me sick," said Enrique.

"Why?"

“Look.”

Enrique removed his apron and citing the imaginary bull he sculptured four perfect, languid gypsy *verónicas* and ended up with a *rebolera* that made the apron swing in a stiff arc past the bull’s nose as he walked away from him.

“Look at that,” he said. “And I wash dishes.”

“Why?”

“Fear,” said Enrique. “*Miedo*. The same fear you would have in a ring with a bull.”

“No,” said Paco. “I wouldn’t be afraid.”

“*Leche!*” said Enrique. “Every one is afraid. But a *torero* can control his fear so that he can work the bull. I went in an amateur fight and I was so afraid I couldn’t keep from running. Every one thought it was very funny. So would you be afraid. If it wasn’t for fear every bootblack in Spain would be a bullfighter. You, a country boy, would be frightened worse than I was.”

“No,” said Paco.

He had done it too many times in his imagination. Too many times he had seen the horns, seen the bull’s wet muzzle, the ear twitching, then the head go down and the charge, the hoofs thudding and the hot bull pass him as he swung the cape, to recharge as he swung the cape again, then again, and again, and again, to end winding the bull around him in his great *media-verónica*, and walk swingingly away, with bull hairs caught in the gold ornaments of his jacket from the close passes; the bull standing hypnotized and the crowd applauding. No, he would not be afraid. Others, yes. Not he. He knew he would not be afraid. Even if he ever was afraid he knew that he could do it anyway. He had confidence. “I wouldn’t be afraid,” he said.

Enrique said, “*Leche*,” again.

Then he said, “If we should try it?”

“How?”

“Look,” said Enrique. “You think of the bull but you do not think of the horns. The bull has such force that the horns rip like a knife, they stab like a bayonet, and they kill like a club. Look,” he opened a table drawer and took out two meat knives. “I will bind these to the legs of a chair. Then I will play bull for you with the chair held before my head. The knives are the horns. If you make those passes then they mean something.”

“Lend me your apron,” said Paco. “We’ll do it in the dining room.”

“No,” said Enrique, suddenly not bitter. “Don’t do it, Paco.”

“Yes,” said Paco. “I’m not afraid.”

“You will be when you see the knives come.”

“We’ll see,” said Paco. “Give me the apron.”

At this time, while Enrique was binding the two heavy-bladed razor-sharp meat knives fast to the legs of the chair with two soiled napkins holding the half of each knife, wrapping them tight and then knotting them, the two chambermaids, Paco’s sisters, were on their way to the cinema to see Greta Garbo in *Anna Christie*. Of the two priests, one was sitting in his underwear reading his breviary and the other was wearing a nightshirt and saying the rosary. All the bullfighters except the one who was ill had made their evening appearance at the Café Fornos, where the big, dark-haired picador was playing billiards, the short, serious matador was sitting at a crowded table before a coffee and milk, along with the middle-aged *banderillero* and other serious workmen.

The drinking, gray-headed picador was sitting with a glass of *cazalas* brandy before him staring with pleasure at a table where the matador whose courage was gone sat with another matador who had renounced the sword to become a *banderillero* again, and two very houseworn-looking prostitutes.

The auctioneer stood on the street corner talking with friends. The tall waiter was at the Anarcho-syndicalist meeting waiting for an opportunity to speak. The middle-aged waiter was seated on the terrace of the Café Alvarez drinking a small beer. The woman who owned the Luarca was already asleep in her bed, where she lay on her back with the bolster between her legs; big, fat, honest, clean, easy-going, very religious and never having ceased to miss or pray daily for her husband, dead, now, twenty years. In his room, alone, the matador who was ill lay face down on his bed with his mouth against a handkerchief.

Now, in the deserted dining room, Enrique tied the last knot in the napkins that bound the knives to the chair legs and lifted the chair. He pointed the legs with the knives on them forward and held the chair over his head with the two knives pointing straight ahead, one on each side of his head.

"It's heavy," he said. "Look, Paco. It is very dangerous. Don't do it." He was sweating.

Paco stood facing him, holding the apron spread, holding a fold of it bunched in each hand, thumbs up, first finger down, spread to catch the eye of the bull.

"Charge straight," he said. "Turn like a bull. Charge as many times as you want."

"How will you know when to cut the pass?" asked Enrique. "It's better to do three and then a *media*."

"All right," said Paco. "But come straight. Huh, *torito*! Come on, little bull!"

Running with head down Enrique came toward him and Paco swung the apron just ahead of the knife blade as it passed close in front of his belly and as it went by it was, to him, the real horn, white-tipped, black, smooth, and as Enrique passed him and turned to rush again it was the hot, blood-flanked mass of the bull that thudded by, then turned like a cat and came again as he swung the cape slowly. Then the bull turned and came again and, as he watched the onrushing point, he stepped his left foot two inches too far forward and the knife did not pass, but had slipped in as easily as into a wineskin and there was a hot scalding rush above and around the sudden inner rigidity of steel and Enrique shouting. "Ay! Ay! Let me get it out! Let me get it out!" and Paco slipped forward on the chair, the apron cape still held, Enrique pulling on the chair as the knife turned in him, in him, Paco.

The knife was out now and he sat on the floor in the widening warm pool.

"Put the napkin over it. Hold it!" said Enrique. "Hold it tight. I will run for the doctor. You must hold in the hemorrhage."

"There should be a rubber cup," said Paco. He had seen that used in the ring.

"I came straight," said Enrique, crying. "All I wanted was to show the danger."

"Don't worry," said Paco, his voice sounding far away. "But bring the doctor."

In the ring they lifted you and carried you, running with you, to the operating room. If the femoral artery emptied itself before you reached there they called the priest.

"Advise one of the priests," said Paco, holding the napkin tight against his lower abdomen. He could not believe that this had happened to him.

But Enrique was running down the Calle San Jerónimo to the all-night first-aid station and Paco was alone, first sitting up, then huddled over, then slumped on the floor, until it was over, feeling his life go out of him as dirty water empties from a bathtub when the plug is drawn. He was frightened and he felt faint and he tried to say an act of contrition and he remembered how it started but before he had said, as fast as he could, "Oh, my God, I am heartily sorry for having offended Thee who art worthy of all my love and I firmly resolve ...," he felt too faint and he was lying face down on the floor and it was over very quickly. A severed femoral artery empties itself faster than you can believe.

As the doctor from the first-aid station came up the stairs accompanied by a policeman who held on to Enrique by the arm, the two sisters of Paco were still in the moving-picture palace of the Gran Via, where they were intensely disappointed in the Garbo film, which showed the great star in miserable low surroundings when they had been accustomed to see her surrounded by great luxury and brilliance. The audience disliked the film thoroughly and were protesting by whistling and stamping their feet. All the other people from the hotel were doing almost what they had been doing when the accident happened, except that the two priests had finished their devotions and were preparing for sleep, and the gray-haired picador had moved his drink over to the table with the two houseworn prostitutes. A little later he went out of the café with one of them. It was the one for whom the matador who had lost his nerve had been buying drinks.

The boy Paco had never known about any of this nor about what all these people would be doing on the next day and on other days to come. He had no idea how they really lived nor how they ended. He did not even realize they ended. He died, as the Spanish phrase has it, full of illusions. He had not had time in his life to lose any of them, nor even, at the end, to complete an act of contrition. He had not even had time to be disappointed in the Garbo picture which disappointed all Madrid for a week.

Translation of *The Capital of the World*

Prijestolnica svijeta

U Madridu živi puno dječaka imena Paco, što je umanjena imena Francisco, i poznata je šala u Madridu o ocu, koji je došao u grad i stavio oglas u novine El Liberal koji je glasio ovako: PACO NAĐI SE SA MNOM U HOTELU MONTANA U UTORAK U PODNE SVE TI OPRAŠTAM PAPA. Poslana je divizija Civilne garde kako bi rastjerala osamsto mladića koji su se odazvali na oglas. No, taj Paco, koji je konobar u pansionu Luarca, nije imao oca da mu išta oprost, kao ni nešto što bi mu otac trebao oprostiti. Imao je dvije starije sestre koje su, radeći kao sobarice u Luarci, dospjele ondje iz istog malog sela kao bivša sobarica Luarce koja se dokazala kao radišna i poštena žena i tako pridonijela dobrom ugledu svoga sela i njegovih proizvoda. Sestre su Pacu platile autobusnu kartu do Madrida i pronašle mu posao konobara početnika. On je došao iz sela koje se nalazi u Ekstremaduri, gdje su životni uvjeti iznimno primitivni, vlada nestašica hrane, udobnost je nepoznanica, a on je naporno radio otkad zna za sebe.

Bio je lijepo građen mladić, vrlo crne, prilično kovčave kose, dobrih zubi i kože na kojoj su mu sestre zavidjele, i imao je širok i iskren osmijeh. Bio je spretan, dobro je obavljao svoj posao i volio je svoje sestre, koje su bile lijepe i profinjene; volio je Madrid, koji je i dalje bio nevjerovatan grad, kao i svoj posao koji je pod jasnim svjetlom, s čistim ubrusima, odjeven u odjeću za izlazak i uz obilje hrane u kuhinji, djelovao romantično i lijepo.

Postojalo je još između osam i dvanaest drugih ljudi koji su živjeli u Luarci i jeli u blagovaonici, ali za Paca, najmlađeg od tri konobara, postojali su samo toreadori.

Drugorazredni matadori živjeli su u tom pansionu zato što je bio na dobroj adresi u Calle San Jeronimo, hrana je bila odlična, a smještaj i obroci jeftini. Ako već ne izgleda kao da je uspješan, za toreadora je važno da odaje dojam da je cijenjen, jer se pristojnost i dostojanstvo u Španjolskoj cijene više od hrabrosti. Toreadori bi ostajali u Luarci dok ne potroše i posljednju pezetu). Ne postoje podaci o tome da je toreador ikada napustio Luarcu i otišao u bolji ili skuplji hotel. Drugorazredni toreadori nikada nisu postajali prvorazrednim, ali odlazak iz Luarce bio je brz, jer tamo je mogao odsjesti svatko tko je nešto zarađivao, a račun se gostima nikada nije izdavao bez pitanja, sve dok upraviteljica pansiona nije shvatila da se radi o beznađnom slučaju.

U to su vrijeme u Luarci živjela tri prava matadora, kao i dva jako dobra pikadora i jedan banderiljero. Luarca je bila luksuz za pikadore i banderiljerosi, koji su, dok bi im obitelji ostajale u Seville, tražili smještaj u Madridu tijekom proljetne sezone. No bili su dobro plaćeni i imali su stalni posao radeći za toreadore koji su bili često angažirani za vrijeme nadolazeće sezone i svaki od tih trojice pomoćnika zaradit će vjerojatno više od ta tri matadora zajedno. Jedan od tri matadora bio je bolestan i pokušavao je to sakriti; jednom je prošlo njegovih pet minuta slave, a treći je bio kukavica.

Kukavica je jedno vrijeme, dok nije zadobio prilično ozbiljnu ozljedu od uboda rogovima u donjem dijelu trbuha na početku svoje prve sezone radeći kao matador, bio iznimno hrabar i vrlo vješt i još uvijek je posjedovao većinu izvrsnih stilskih osobitosti iz vremena kada je bio uspješan. Bio je izrazito veseo i stalno se smijao, kada je za to imao razlog i kada nije. Kada je bio uspješan bio je ovisan o šalama na tuđi račun, ali sada je s njima prestao. Šale su dolazile iz sigurnosti u sebe koju više nije imao. Taj je matador imao inteligentno, iskreno lice i imao je puno stila.

Bolesni se matador uvijek trudio sakriti svoju bolest i pažljivo bi kušao sva jela koja su bila poslužena na stolu. Imao je mnogo ubrusa koje je sam prao u svojoj sobi, a u zadnje je vrijeme prodavao svoja odijela za borbu. Jedno je prije Božića prodao za malo novaca, a drugo u prvom tjednu travnja. Bila su to skupa i očuvana odijela i ostalo mu je još jedno. Prije nego što se razbolio, puno je obećavao, bio je čak senzacionalan borac. Iako nije znao čitati, čuvao je članke u kojima je pisalo da je u svom prvom nastupu bio bolji od Belmontea. Objedovao je sam za malim stolom i vrlo je rijetko podizao pogled.

Matador koji je nekoć bio novost, bio je vrlo nizak i tamnopusat te vrlo dostojanstven. I on je objedovao sam za posebnim stolom, rijetko se smješкао i nikad se nije zapravo smijao. Porijeklom je iz Valladolida, gdje su ljudi iznimno ozbiljni. Bio je sposoban matador, ali njegov je stil zastario prije nego što je svojim vrlinama – hrabrošću i staloženošću – uspio postati omiljen publici. Njegovo ime na plakatu nikoga nije privlačilo u arenu. Bio je poseban po tome što je bio toliko nizak da je jedva vidio preko bikovih leđa. No bilo je i drugih niskih boraca pa se on nikada nije uspio dojmiti publici.

Jedan od pikadora bio je mršav, orlovskog lica, sijede kose, sitnije građe, ali nogu i ruku poput željeza. Uvijek je ispod hlača nosio kaubojske čizme, svake večeri previše pio i zaljubljen gledao u svaku ženu u pansionu. Drugi je bio ogroman, tamnopus, zgodan, crne kose nalik na indijansku i golemih ruku. Obojica su bili jako dobri pikadori, iako se za prvoga govorilo da je izgubio svoj talenat zbog alkohola i rasipanja, dok je drugi bio na glasu kao tvrdoglav i svadljiv te zato nije mogao ostati ni s jednim matadorom duže od jedne sezone.

Banderiljero je bio srednjih godina, sijed, okretan poput mačke unatoč svojim godinama, a za stolom je izgledao kao donekle uspješan poslovni čovjek. Noge bi ga poslužile i ovu sezonu, a ako bi mu otkazale, on je bio dovoljno inteligentan i iskusan da ostane zaposlen na duže vrijeme. Razlika je bila u tome što kada bi hitrost njegovih nogu nestala, uvijek bi se uplašio, dok je sada bio siguran i smiren u areni i izvan nje.

Te su večeri svi otišli iz blagovaonice osim pikadora orlovska lica koji je previše pio, voditelja dražbe satova na sajmovima i festivalima u Španjolskoj s madežom na licu, koji je također previše pio te dvojica svećenika iz Galicije koji su sjedili za stolom u kutu i pili, ako ne previše onda svakako dovoljno. U to je vrijeme vino bilo uključeno u cijenu smještaja s obrocima u Luarci, a konobari su tek donijeli nove boce iz Valdepenasa na stolove voditelja dražbe, zatim pikadorima i na kraju dvojici svećenika.

Trojica konobara stajali su na kraju prostorije. Pravilo kuće bilo je da svi moraju ostati na poslu dok gosti, čije stolove oni služe, ne odu. Međutim, konobar koji je služio dvojicu svećenika imao je dogovor da ode na sastanak anarhosindikalista i Paco je pristao preuzeti njegov stol.

Na katu je bolesni matador potrbuške ležao sam na svom krevetu. Matador koji više nije bio novost sjedio je i gledao kroz prozor pripremajući se da odšeta do kafića. Matador koji je bio kukavica bio je s Pacovom starijom sestrom u svojoj sobi i nagovarao ju je na nešto što je ona uz smijeh odbijala učiniti. Matador je govorio „Hajde, malena divljakušo.”

„Ne”, rekla je sestra. „Zašto bih?”

„Učini mi to kao uslugu.”

„Jeo si i sada želiš mene za desert.”

„Samo jednom. Što se loše može dogoditi?”

„Ostavi me na miru. Kažem ti da me ostaviš na miru.”

„To je samo jedna mala stvar.”

„Rekla sam ti da me ostaviš na miru.”

U blagovaonici je najviši konobar, koji je kasnio na sastanak, rekao, „Pogledaj te crne svinje kako piju.”

„Nemoj tako ružno govoriti”, rekao je drugi konobar. „Oni su pristojni klijenti. Ne piju previše.”

„Ja mislim da ne govorim ništa loše”, rekao je visoki. „Postoje dva prokletstva Španjolske, bikovi i svećenici.”

„Sigurno ne misliš na pojedinačnog bika i pojedinačnog svećenika”, rekao je drugi konobar.

„Da”, odgovori visoki konobar. „Samo preko pojedinca možeš napasti stalež. Treba ubiti pojedinačnog bika i pojedinačnog svećenika. Sve njih. Onda ih više nema.”

„Sačuvaj to za sastanak”, odgovorio je drugi konobar.

„Pogledajte divljaštvo Madrida”, reče visoki konobar. „Polu dvanaest je, a oni se i dalje opijaju.”

„Počeli su jesti tek u deset”, odgovori drugi konobar. „Kao što znaš, ima puno jela. To vino je jeftino i oni su ga platili. Nije jako.”

„Kako može biti solidarnosti za radnike s budalama poput tebe?”, upitao je visoki konobar.

„Gledaj”, reče drugi konobar koji je imao oko pedeset godina. „Radim cijeli svoj život. I ostatak svog života morat ću raditi. Ne žalim se na rad. Raditi je normalno.”

„Da, ali nedostatak rada ubija.”

„Ja oduvijek radim”, reče stariji konobar. „Idi na sastanak. Nema potrebe da ostaneš.”

„Dobar si drug”, odgovori visoki konobar. „Ali za tebe je ideologija nepoznanica.”

„*Mejor me falta eso que el otro*”, reče stariji konobar (misleći, bolje je da manjka toga nego posla). „Idi na sastanak.”

Paco nije rekao ništa. Još se nije razumio u politiku, ali uvijek je s uzbuđenjem slušao visokog konobara dok je pričao o potrebi za ubijanjem svećenika i Civilne garde. Za njega je visoki konobar predstavljao revoluciju, a revolucija je također bila romantična. On bi htio biti dobar katolik, revolucionar i imati stalan posao poput ovog, a istovremeno biti i toreador.

„Otiđi na sastanak, Ignacio”, rekao je. „Ja ću se pobrinuti za tvoj posao.”

„Obojica ćemo”, reče stariji konobar.

„Nema dovoljno ni za jednog”, kaže Paco. „Otiđi na sastanak.”

„Pues, me voy”, odgovori visoki konobar. „I hvala.”

U međuvremenu, na katu, Pacova se sestra otela iz matadorovog naručja vješto poput hrvača iz klinča i sada već ljuta rekla, „Ovo su gladni ljudi. Propali toreador. S hrpom straha. Ako ga već toliko imaš, iskoristi ga u areni.”

„Tako kurve govore.”

„I kurva je žena, ali ja nisam kurva.”

„Ali ćeš postati.”

„Ne zbog tebe.”

„Ostavi me”, rekao je matador koji je, zgađen i odbačen, osjetio kako se vraća njegov kukavičluk.

„Da te ostavim? Što tebe sve nije ostavilo?” pitala je sestra. „Ne želiš li da namjestim krevet? Za to sam plaćena.”

„Ostavi me”, odgovorio je matador dok mu se široko privlačno lice naboralo i iskrivilo kao da će zaplakati. „Kurvo.

Prjjava mala kurvo.”

„Matadore”, rekla je zatvarajući vrata. „Moj matadore.”

U sobi je matador sjedio na krevetu. Njegovo je lice i dalje bilo iskrivljeno u osmijeh kojim bi, u areni, plašio ljude u prvim redovima koji su znali što gledaju.

„I ovo”, govorio je naglas. „I ovo. I ovo.”

Sjećao se vremena kada je bio dobar, a to je bilo prije samo tri godine. Sjećao se težine zlatnog i brokatnog borbenog kaputa koji je nosio na ramenima tog vrućeg poslijepodneva u svibnju, kada je njegov glas bio isti u areni i u kaficu, te kako bi usmjerio tanku oštricu pri vrhu ramena, na prašnjavu, kratkodlaku crnu grbu mišića iznad širokih, čvrstih rogova oštećenih vrhova koji su se spuštali dok se on spremao na ubod. Sjećao se kako je mač prošao glatko kao kroz maslac dok je dlanom gurao držak, ljevicom je prešao ispod, lijevim ramenom naprijed, težinu je prebacio na lijevu nogu i tada mu težina više nije bila u nozi. Bila mu je u donjem dijelu trbuha i kada je bik podigao glavu, rog je bio u njemu. Dvapat se okrenuo na njemu prije nego što su ga uspjeli skinuti. I zato sad kada se sada sprema na ubod, što je rijetko, ne može gledati u rogove i što neka tamo kurva zna o tome kroz što je on prošao prije nego bi se borio? A kroz što su prošli oni koji su mu se smijali? Svi su oni kurve i neka im bude.

Dolje u blagovaonici pikador je sjedio i promatrao svećenike. Da je bilo žena u prostoriji, promatrao bi njih. Kada nema žena u prostoriji, s užitkom bi promatrao stranca, *un ingles*, ali u nedostatku žena ili stranaca, s užitkom i drskošću buljio u dvojicu svećenika. Dok je buljio, voditelj dražbe s madežom na licu se ustao, složio svoju maramicu i izašao, ostavljajući za sobom napola punu posljednju bocu vina koju je naručio. Da je platio svoje račune u Luarci, tu bi bocu vina ispraznio.

Dvojica svećenika nisu promatrala pikadora. Jedan od njih je rekao, „Prošlo je deset dana kako ovdje čekam da ga vidim. Cijeli dan sjedim u predsoblju, a on me neće primiti.”

„Što se tu može?”

„Ništa. Što mogu učiniti? Ne može se protiv autoriteta.”

„Ja sam ovdje dva tjedna i ništa. Čekam, a oni me neće primiti.”

„Mi smo iz napuštene zemlje. Kada nestane novca, možemo se vratiti.”

„U napuštenu zemlju. Zašto bi Madrid mario za Galiciju? Mi smo siromašna provincija.”

„Ne treba podcjenjivati djela našeg brata Basilia.”

„Ipak, ne vjerujem u poštenje Basilia Alvareza.”

„U Madridu se uči razumjeti. Madrid ubija Španjolsku.”

„Kada bi se čovjeka samo moglo primiti i odbiti.”

„Ne. Treba ga slomiti i iscrpiti od čekanja.”

„Pa, vidjet ćemo. I ja mogu čekati kao i ostali.”

Tog je trenutka pikador ustao i prišao stolu za kojim su sjedili svećenici. Gledao ih je i smješkao se takav sijed i orlovskog lica.

„Toreador?“, rekao je jedan svećenik drugome.

„I to dobar“, odgovorio je pikador i izašao iz blagovaonice u svojoj sivoj strukiranoj jakni, krivih nogu u uskim hlačama preko svojih kaubojskih čizama s visokom petom koje su odzvanjale dok je teturao i prilično samouvjereno smiješio se sam sebi. Živio je u malom, skućenom, profesionalnom svijetu osobne učinkovitosti, noćnih alkoholnih pobjeda i drskosti. Zapalio je cigaru i nakrivio šešir na glavi u hodniku i otišao u kafić.

Svećenici su otišli odmah nakon pikadora, svjesni da su ostali jedini u blagovaonici i sada su ondje ostali samo Paco i sredovječni konobar. Očistili su stolove i odnijeli boce u kuhinju.

U kuhinji je bio dječak koji je prao suđe. Bio je tri godine stariji od Paca, vrlo ciničan i ogorčen.

„Popij ovo“, rekao je sredovječni konobar, natočio čašu Valdepenasa i pružio mu je.

„Zašto ne?“ dječak je uzeo čašu.

„Tu, Paco?“ upitao je stariji konobar.

„Hvala ti“, rekao je Paco. Njih trojica su pila.

„Idem sada“, rekao je srednjovječni konobar.

„Laku noć“, odgovorili su mu.

Izašao je i oni su ostali sami. Paco je uzeo ubrus koji je koristio jedan od svećenika i stojeći uspravno, čvrsto ukopanih peta, spustio je ubrus i prateći glavom taj pokret zamahnuo rukama kao da polako zamahuje plaštom. Okrenuo se i lagano koraknuvši desnim stopalom drugi puta je spustio ubrus, približio se zamišljenom biku i treći puta je spustio ubrus. Polako, u savršenom trenutku i ugladeno. Zatim je podignuo ubrus do struka i zamahu bokovima dalje od bika u *media-veronici*, pokretu borbe s bikovima.

Perač suđa Enrique promatrao ga je kritički i podrugljivo.

„Kako je bik?“ pitao je.

„Vrlo je hrabar“, rekao je Paco. „Gledaj.”

Stajao je vitak i uspravan, napravio je još četiri savršena pokreta, lijepa, elegantna i graciozna.

„A bik?“ pitao je Enrique, stojeći uz sudoper u pregači i s čašom vina u ruci.

„Ima još dosta energije“, kaže Paco.

„Muka mi je od tebe“, kaže Enrique.

„Zašto?“

„Gledaj.”

Enrique je skinuo pregaču i navodeći zamišljenog bika izveo je svoje četiri savršene, trome ciganske *veronike* i završio s *rebolerom*, zbog koje se pregača zavijorila u krutom luku pokraj bikova nosa dok se odmicao od njega.

„Vidiš“, rekao je. „A ja perem suđe.”

„Zašto?“

„Strah“, rekao je Enrique. „*Miedo*. Isti strah koji bi osjećao u areni s bikom.”

„Ne“, rekao je Paco. „Ja se ne bih bojao.”

„*Leche!*“ reče Enrique. „Svi se boje. Ali *torero* može kontrolirati svoj strah kako bi mogao manipulirati bikom. Sudjelovao sam u amaterskoj borbi i toliko sam se bojao da sam stalno bježao. Svi su to smatrali smiješnim. Tako bi se i ti bojao. Da nije straha, svaki čistač cipela u Španjolskoj bio bi toreador. Ti, seoski dječak, više bi se bojao od mene.”

„Ne bih“, odgovorio je Paco.

Previše je to puta izveo u svojoj mašti. Previše je puta vidio rogove, bikovu vlažnu njušku, uho kako trza, spuštanje glave i napad, topot kopita i kako zajapureni bik prolazi pokraj njega, dok je zamahnuo plaštem i tako iznova i iznova. Završio bi tako da bi namamio bika oko sebe u svojoj velikoj *media-veronici* i odšetao bi dalje s dlakama bika koje su mu se uhvatile na zlatnim ukrasima jakne od bliskih prolazaka. Bik bi stajao hipnotiziran, a publika bi pljeskala. Ne, ne bi se bojao. Drugi, da. Ali

ne i on. Znao je da se ne bi bojao. Čak i kada bi se nekada i bojao, znao je da bi svejedno to mogao učiniti. Imao je samopouzdanja. „Ne bih se bojao”, rekao je.

Enrique je ponovno odgovorio „*Leche*.”

Onda je rekao, „A da isprobamo?”

„Kako?”

„Gledaj”, rekao je Enrique. „Razmišljaš o biku, ali ne i o rogovima. Bik je toliko snažan da rogovima reže poput noža, bode poput bajoneta i ubija poput palice. Pogledaj”, otvorio je ladicu u stolu i izvadio dva noža za meso. „Zavezat ću ih za noge stolice. Tada ću glumiti bika držeći stolicu iznad glave. Noževi su rogovi. Ako ti uspiju ti pokreti, onda i vrijede.”

„Posudi mi svoju pregaču”, rekao je Paco. „Napravit ćemo to u blagovaonici.”

„Ne”, reče Enrique, odjednom ne s toliko gorčine. „Nemoj to učiniti, Paco.”

„Hoću”, rekao je Paco. „Ne bojim se.”

„Bojat ćeš se kada vidiš noževe kako ti se približavaju.”

„Vidjet ćemo”, kaže Paco. „Daj mi pregaču.”

Dok je Enrique ubrusima vezao dva velika oštra noža za meso za noge stolice, dvije spremačice, Pacove sestre, išle su u kino gledati Gretu Garbu u *Anni Christie*. Jedan od dvojice svećenika sjedio je u donjem rublju i čitao svoj molitvenik, a drugi je u spavaćici molio kronicu. Svi toreadori, osim onoga koji je bio bolestan, pojavili su se navečer u kafe baru Fornos, gdje je visoki, tamnokosi pikador igrao bilijar, niski, ozbiljni matador sjedio za stolom uz kavu i mlijeko, sa sredovječnim banderiljerom i ostalim ozbiljnim radnicima.

Sjedokosi pikador koji je pio sjedio je s čašom rakije *cazalas* ispred sebe i sa zadovoljstvom promatrao stol za kojim matador koji je izgubio svoju hrabrost sjedio s matadorom koji se odrekao mača kako bi opet postao banderiljerom, i dvjema vrlo ofucanim prostitutkama.

Voditelj dražbe stajao je na uglu ulice i razgovarao s prijateljima. Visoki je konobar bio na sastanku anarhosindikalista, gdje je čekao svoju priliku da govori. Sredovječni je konobar sjedio na terasi kafića Alvarez i pio malo pivo. Vlasnica Luarce već je spavala u svom krevetu, ležeći na leđima s jastukom između nogu. Bila je velika, debela, poštena, uredna, opuštena, vrlo religiozna žena kojoj je nedostajao pokojni muž, za kojeg je molila svih dvadeset godina otkad je umro. Bolesni matador ležao je u svojoj sobi potrbuške s maramicom pod ustima.

Enrique je u praznoj blagovaonici zavezao zadnji čvor na ubrusima kojima je pričvrstio noževe za noge stolice i podignuo je. Usmjerio je noževe na nogama stolice naprijed i držao je stolicu iznad svoje glave, dok su dva noža bila usmjerena ravno prema naprijed, po jedan sa svake strane glave.

„Teško je”, rekao je. „Gledaj, Paco. Vrlo je opasno. Nemoj to učiniti.” Znojio se.

Paco je stajao ispred njega, u ruci je držao raširenu pregaču, a krajeve je zgužvao u svakoj ruci, s palčevima prema gore, spuštenim kažiprstima kako bi uhvatio bikov pogled.

„Napadaj ravno”, rekao je. „Okreni se kao bik. Napadaj koliko god puta želiš.”

„Kako ćeš znati kada mi trebaš presjeći put?” pitao je Enrique. „Bolje je da napravimo tri i onda *mediu*.”

„U redu”, rekao je Paco. „Ali napadni ravno. Hajde, *torito*! Hajde, biće mali!”

Enrique je pojurio prema njemu pognute glave i Paco je zamahnuo pregačom odmah ispred oštrice noža, koja je prošla vrlo blizu njegovog trbuha; dok ga je mimoilazila, za njega je oštrica bila pravi rog s bijelim vrhom, crn, gladak. Kada ga je Enrique obišao i okrenuo se da pojuri ponovno, pored njega je projurio veliki bik uzavrele krvi, zatim se okrenuo poput mačke i ponovno napao kada je on polako spustio pregaču. Bik se okrenuo i napao ponovno, dok je on gledao u oštar vrh i lijevim stopalom zakoračio pet centimetara predaleko. Nož ga nije promašio, već je ušao lako kao u mješinu od vina. Krenula je vruća bujica krvi iznad rane stvrđnute poput čelika i Enrique je vikao.

„Ay! Ay! Daj mi da ga izvadim! Daj mi da ga izvadim!” I Paco je kliznuo naprijed na stolicu, i dalje držeći pregaču u ruci, a Enrique je povlačio stolicu dok je nož još bio u njemu. U njemu, Pacu.

Nož je sada bio vani, a on je sjedio na podu u toploj lokvi krvi koja se širila.

„Stavi maramicu na ranu. Drži je!” rekao je Enrique. „Drži je čvrsto. Idem po liječnika. Moraš je držati na mjestu krvarenja.”

„Tu bi trebala biti i gumena čaša”, rekao je Paco. Vidio je da se to koristi u areni.

„Išao sam ravno”, rekao je Enrique kroz plač. „Samo sam htio pokazati koliko je opasno.”

„Ne brini se”, rekao je Paco glasom koji je zvučao kao da dopire izdaleka. „Ali dovedi liječnika.”

U areni bi te podigli i odnijeli te, trčeći s tobom do operacijske sale. Ako je bedrena arterija iskrvarila prije nego što dođeš do tamo, zvali bi svećenika.

„Reci jednom od svećenika”, rekao je Paco dok je čvrsto držao maramicu prislonjenu na donji dio trbuha. Nije mogao vjerovati da mu se to dogodilo.

Ali Enrique je trčao niz Calle San Jeronimo do stanice za prvu pomoć koja je radila cijelu noć. Paco je bio sam, prvo je sjedio, zatim se nagnuo naprijed, pa se spustio na pod, dok nije bilo gotovo; osjećao je kako ga život napušta kao što prljava voda istječe iz kade kada se čep izvuče. Bojao se, osjećao je slabost i pokušao je izreći čin pokajanja i sjetio se kako počinje, ali prije nego je to izrekao najbrže što je mogao, „Moj Bože, kajem se i žalim od sveg srca, što grijesima uvrijedih Tvoju neizrecivu dobrotu...”, osjećao se preslabim dok je ležao licem okrenut prema podu i onda je brzo završilo. Presječena bedrena arterija iskrvari brže nego što možete povjerovati.

Kada se liječnik iz stanice prve pomoći popeo stepenicama u pratnji policajca koji je držao Enriquea pod ruku, obje Pacove sestre još su bile u kinu Gran Via, gdje su se gorko razočarale filmom Grete Garbo koji je prikazivao zvijezdu u očajnom okruženju, a one su navikle gledati je okruženu luksuzom i bogatstvom. Publici se film uopće nije svidio i negodovali su zviždeći i udarajući nogama od pod. Svi ostali ljudi u hotelu činili su ono što su činili i kad se nesreća dogodila, osim dvojice svećenika, koji su završili s molitvom i pripremali se za spavanje, i sijedog pikadora koji je premjestio svoje piće na stol za kojim su sjedile dvije ofucane prostitutke.

Nešto kasnije izašao je iz kafića s jednom od njih. Bila je to prostitutka koju je častio pićem matador koji je izgubio hrabrost.

Mladić Paco nije znao ni za što od ovoga niti je znao što će ti ljudi raditi sljedeći dan ili u dane koji dolaze. Nije imao pojma kako su oni živjeli ni kako će umrijeti. Nije ni znao da su umrli. On je umro, kako španjolska izreka kaže, prepun iluzija. Nije imao vremena tijekom života napustiti niti jednu od njih, pa čak ni da na kraju dovrši čin pokajanja. Nije imao vremena ni biti razočaran filmom Grete Garbo zbog kojega je cijeli Madrid bio razočaran cijeli tjedan.

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