Paul Solanges: Soldier, Industrialist, Translator

A Biographical Study
and
Critical Edition of His Correspondence with
Antonio Fogazzaro and Henry Handel Richardson

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the requirements for the degree of
Doctor of Philosophy

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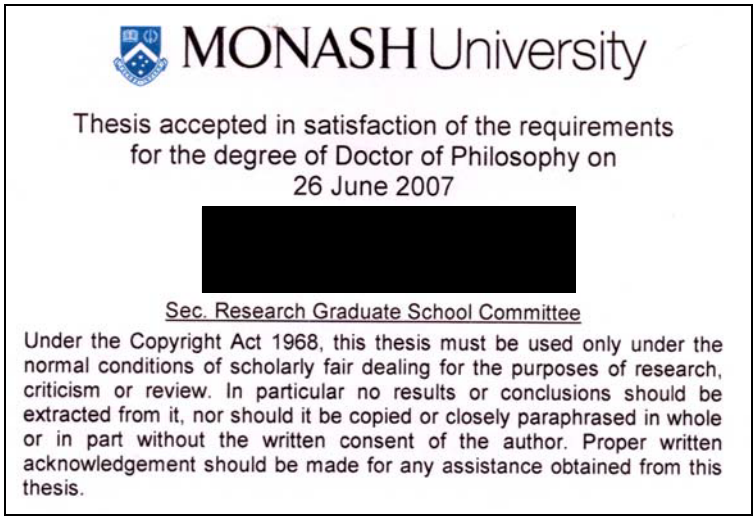
Figure 1: Paul Solanges's bookplate

(Image courtesy of Signora Francesca Astaldi del Torre, Rome)



Figure 2: Paul Solanges

(Image courtesy of Signora Francesca Astaldi del Torre, Rome)



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Summary

Paul Solanges was one of the most prolific (in correspondence) and enthusiastic fans of Australian author Henry Handel Richardson (HHR). What was it about him that made HHR invest so much time in his translation of her novel, and to what extent can credence be given to the self-portrait in his letters? This thesis reveals his illegitimate royal background, considers his early career as a cavalry officer in North Africa and in the Franco-Prussian War, and describes his long career as manager of the gasworks in Milan. It also portrays in detail his other life as a translator of songs, short stories and operas from Italian to French. Finally, it compares his relationship with Italian novelist Antonio Fogazzaro to his relationship with HHR. A critical edition of Solanges's correspondence with Fogazzaro and HHR offers the reader a privileged insight into the life and character of this Franco-Italian *littérateur*.

Statement of Originality

I declare that this thesis contains no material which has previously been submitted for a degree or diploma in any university and, to the best of my knowledge and belief, this thesis contains no material which has previously been published or written by another person, except when due reference is made in the text of the thesis.



1 December 2006

Abbreviations

AF	Antonio Fogazzaro
ALS	Autograph letter (signed)
AMS	Autograph manuscript
APCS	Autograph postcard (signed)
ASB	Archivio Solanges (Braidense): Cartolina Solanges, held by Biblioteca Nazionale Braidense, Milan. For the key, see the Bibliography.
ASF	Archivio Solanges (Famiglia): Solanges correspondence held by his surviving family in Italy.
Cortis	Fogazzaro, Antonio. *Daniel Cortis*. Trans. Paul Solanges. Paris: Calmann-Lévy, 1896.
CUGC	Continental Union Gas Company
HHR	Henry Handel Richardson
HHRTL	*Henry Handel Richardson: the letters*. Edited by Clive Probyn and Bruce Steele with Rachel Solomon and Patrick O'Neill. Vol. 1: 1874–1915. Vol. 2: 1917–1933. Vol. 3: 1934–1946. Carlton, Vic.: Miegunyah Press, 2000.
MG P&S	Henry Handel Richardson. *Maurice Guest*. Eds. Clive Probyn and Bruce Steele. St Lucia: University of Queensland Press, 1998.
MG	Henry Handel Richardson. *Maurice Guest*. London: Heinemann, 1908, as reprinted to 1950.
NLA	National Library of Australia
PS	Paul Solanges
UdG	Union des Gaz

Textual Note

Notes about the translation exchanged by HHR and Solanges: This edition includes all surviving notes sent by Solanges to HHR. These are generally reproduced with Solanges's queries on the left, HHR's replies on the right, and occasional subsequent textual decisions by Solanges also on the right, below HHR's replies.

Also included in this thesis are two sets of corrections by HHR: those included in her letters of 25 January and 12 February 1912. The latter two sets are included because Solanges annotated them and returned them to HHR for further comment, thus making them part of their conversation. HHR's other corrections of Solanges's translation—which were typewritten and not annotated by Solanges but simply used in his revision—are not included in this edition, nor are the notes that Marthe Solanges prepared on the three chapters that Solanges left unrevised at his death.[1]

Where Solanges's numbering system has been used to justify the dating of a particular set of notes, this is indicated in a footnote that typically reads:

> Solanges No. 10. Sent to HHR on 23 November 1910, returned by her on 30 November (letter = Solanges No. 9), and acknowledged by Solanges on 5 December.

This means that the notes in question were numbered by Solanges as No. 10, and that HHR's letter of 30 November was numbered by him as No. 9. A timeline of the exchange of letters and notes is set out at Appendix III.

Letters from Fogazzaro to Solanges are numbered with an –a (for example, 18a), due to their late inclusion in this edition.

In the Introduction, **quotations** of letters written in French are reproduced in the original language, whereas Italian text is mostly paraphrased and reproduced in footnotes; translations of letters between Solanges and Fogazzaro or letters from Solanges to HHR are available in the body of the edited letters.

Postcards are accompanied by a footnote reproducing the caption of the postcard.

Misspellings by Solanges are signalled either in the text: *Calman*[*n*] instead of *Calman*, or in the footnotes: *intuitif* instead of *intituif*; however, variants from current spelling are retained without remark: *tutoyent* instead of *tutoient*, *guères* instead of *guère*. Obvious grammatical and other errors such as failure to make noun and verb agree in number, or mistakes in dating of letters (*1910* for *1911*), are corrected and footnoted.

---

[1] HHR's January–February 1912 corrections are at NLA MS 133/12/575–79 (manuscript) and 600–02 (typescript), and are reproduced as §144–45 in this thesis. HHR's remaining typescript corrections are most of the documents at NLA MS 133/12/599–666. Marthe Solanges's manuscript notes on *MG*, Part II, Chapters 11–13—effecting HHR's corrections of those chapters—are at NLA MS 133/12/594, 631–32, 634–35, 637, 595 [these documents are slightly disordered in their numbering].

Deletions are not normally recorded unless their content is necessary to understand the final text—this occurs occasionally in the notes exchanged between HHR and Solanges.

Addresses: unless otherwise noted, all Solanges's letters were addressed to 90 Regent's Park Road, London. Where Solanges used his letterhead (up to October 1912), his address is reproduced in italics *in the French original*, but not in the translation. **Dates** are reproduced in both texts, the English version being standardised.

All **accentuation** in Solanges's text follows today's French usage.

Abbreviations: Periods are occasionally added to indicate abbreviations, or the missing text is completed within square brackets where appropriate:
chap = chap. ex[emple]

Punctuation: Periods are added at the end of sentences where lacking, except at the end of letters, where the farewell salutation often does not end with a period. Solanges's habit of separating a parenthetical phrase with a comma at the beginning but not at the end of the parenthesis may be noted as his principal grammatical idiosyncrasy.

Hyphens: Solanges usually follows current French practice in inserting hyphens between inverted verbs/nouns, with prefixes/suffixes such as *-ci* and *-là*, with emphatic pronouns such as *moi-même*, *lui-même*, and with the adverbial *peut-être*; omissions of these hyphens are silently corrected, as are occasional words where the hyphen is important in aiding understanding, such as *à-propos* (noun). However, words which were not necessarily hyphenated in Solanges's time are left as he wrote them, though his practice sometimes varied: thus *chef d'œuvre* or *chef-d'œuvre*, *grand chose* or *grand'chose*, *contre-sens* or *contre sens*, *fac similé*, *avant dernier*, *non sens*, *trente cinq*, *amour propre*.

Capitalisation: Solanges usually begins names of months with lower-case, and this practice has been adopted for all names of months, in line with current practice. In translated text, dates are standardised. Other matters of capitalisation, such as nationality, are left uncorrected in original text. In my own text, however, and in translations, the MLA style is applied to French titles of works: only the first word and all proper nouns are capitalised. The titles of Italian works are treated similarly.

Italian and German words in the original letters are reproduced *tel quel* within the English translation, to keep the exotic tenor of the original; the words are translated in footnotes.

Footnote references relating to textual readings or to specifics of the French text are inserted in the original text; all other footnote references are inserted into the text of the translation. Index references are to the original French text, or to the footnotes where appropriate.

Text and translations from **Dante's *Divina Commedia*** are taken from these translations:

Robert M. Durling, ed. and trans. *The Divine Comedy of Dante Alighieri.* Vol. 1: *Inferno*. New York: Oxford UP, 1996.

Charles S. Singleton, ed. *The Divine Comedy: Purgatorio, I: Italian Text and Translation*. / *Paradiso, I: Italian Text and Translation*. Princeton UP, 1975.

Quotations from **Shakespeare** are cited according to this edition:

William Shakespeare. *The Complete Works*. Compact Edition. Eds. Stanley Wells and Gary Taylor. Oxford: Clarendon, 1988.

References to ***Maurice Guest*** are to the 1909 edition, as reprinted in 1950; these references enable the reader to follow Solanges's own references exactly. References to parts and chapters are in the format I.1.

Within the body of the edited letters, since the footnotes contain the commentary, sources are perforce referenced using (in this case) the Modern Language Association's parenthetical documentation system, it being impossible to insert footnotes within footnotes. In the Introduction, however, footnotes are used to indicate sources, in the style of the *MLA Handbook for Writers of Research Papers*, fifth edition, New York, 1999, Appendix B. For matters other than those noted in this Textual Note, the *MLA Handbook* is the style guide used in this thesis.

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A long research project such as this could not be completed without help from many people, especially when it involves research at such a distance from the location of the subject. My thanks are due above all to the step-family of Paul Solanges's daughter, for their generous provision of copies of Solanges's letters and photographs, and to my supervisor and mentors at Monash University, Brian Nelson, Bruce Steele and Clive Probyn, for their encouragement and support.

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Comtesse Elisabeth de Noüe, Geneva

Preface

Serendipity brought me into the Manuscripts Reading Room of the National Library of Australia one afternoon in November 1995, where I overheard Bruce Steele and Clive Probyn trying to decipher a letter from Paul Solanges to Henry Handel Richardson—Letter 91 in fact. Having recently arrived in Canberra after spending some years in France, where among other interests I studied French palaeography in the hope of becoming an archivist there, I was ready to be invited to join the Henry Handel Richardson Project as the editor and translator of the entire corpus of letters from Solanges to HHR. The beautiful smile of Bruce's niece Sarah did nothing to diminish my attraction to the task!

Serendipity also brought me the key to resolve the mystery of Paul Solanges's origins. In October 2001, thinking that I was near the end of my research on Solanges, I emailed Professor Pierluigi Petrobelli, director of the Istituto nazionale di studi Verdiani in Parma, with a query about Solanges's supposed translation of Boito's *Mefistofele*. It was quite a surprise to receive a reply in January 2002, with the news that the President of the Fondazione Giuseppe Verdi in Milan was married to a descendant of Paul Solanges, and that the family was prepared to reveal the true story of Solanges's origins. Thus I gained access to Solanges's surviving archives, held now in both private and public hands, and my project, which began as an attempt to compare Solanges's relationships with HHR and with Italian novelist Antonio Fogazzaro, expanded to become a much more rounded biographical enterprise.

Meanwhile, of course, my own life has become much fuller in every sense, and along with my love, my thanks are due to my wife Kate, my daughter Emily and my son Joseph, for their forbearance in the many late nights it has taken to complete this thesis. Let it be recorded here that I was trying to complete my thesis the night before Emily was born in 2000, and that I am in fact completing it the day after her sixth birthday!

Chronology

1846	Paul Solanges is born in Paris, 15 November.
1850	Half-brother Raoul Toché is born in Paris, 7 October.
1863	Volunteers for military service, 16 December.
1867	Posted to Africa with the Chasseurs d'Afrique, 10 April.
1870	Promoted to second lieutenant, July. Participates in Franco-Prussian War from 6 August. Prisoner-of-war at the Battle of Sedan, 2 September.
1871	Released by Germany, 12 April. Posted back to Africa, 17 April–8 December.
1874	Posted to the 12th Regiment of Cuirassiers, at Rouen.
1875	Resigns from the army, 25 April. Marries Mathilde Le Bel at Rouen, 10 May. Moves to Milan to work for Union des Gaz, by August.
1876	Daughter, Marthe, born, 13 May.
1877	Son, Pierre, born, 17 December..
1881	Poetical drama *La séance* published.
1882	Resigns from French Territorial Army, 11 November.
1884	Translates Giovanni Verga's play *Cavalleria Rusticana*.
1886	Receives Spanish knighthood, Order of Carlos III.
1887	Translates Arrigo Boito's libretto *La gioconda*. Cooperates on translation of Verdi's *Otello*. Begins translation of Antonio Fogazzaro's novel *Daniele Cortis*, September. Refuses promotion to Rome.
1889	Translates Giuseppe Giacosa's play *I tristi amori*.
1890	Father, the Duc de Montpensier dies, 4 February. Spends a month in Paris.
1893	Translates Verdi's *Falstaff* with Arrigo Boito.
1895	Half-brother Raoul Toché commits suicide, 18 January. Serialised version of *Daniel Cortis* published, September–November. Mother, Madame de Beausire, dies, 2 November.
1896	Accompanies son, Pierre, to military service in France, January. *Daniel Cortis* published in book form, April. Appointed manager of the Milan gas factory, June.
1902	Visits London with daughter, Marthe. Approaches Fogazzaro for permission to translate plays, April.
1905	Retires from Union des Gaz position.
1906	Receives Italian knighthood, Order of the Crown of Italy, May.
1909	Renews friendship with Christine de Noüe, February. Moves permanently to Multedo, near Genoa, July. Translation of *Cavalleria Rusticana* performed in Paris, September. Renews friendship with old comrades Paul de Gontaut-Biron and Count Amaury de Carné, December.
1910	Proofreads French content in Giuseppe Gallavresi's edition of Manzoni's correspondence, April–October. Begins translation of Henry Handel Richardson's novel *Maurice Guest*, November.
1912	Collapses from overwork, June.
1914	Solanges dies with only three chapters left to revise, 7 February. HHR's correspondence is returned to her, April.

1915	Solanges's son Pierre dies in German captivity, of war wounds, 28 October.
1916	Solanges's daughter Marthe marries widower Pietro Primo Bianchi, 5 September.
1929	Solanges's wife Mathilde dies, 28 September.
1931	HHR submits the translation of *Maurice Guest* to Librairie Stock in Paris, January.
1946	HHR dies, 20 March.
1947	Solanges's translation of *Maurice Guest* is passed to Professor Edna Purdie, June.
1970	Solanges's daughter Marthe dies, 22 June.
1982	HHR's executrix, Olga Roncoroni, dies, 19 May, aged 88.
1983	National Library of Australia acquires both sides of Solanges–HHR correspondence, May.
1995	Biblioteca Nazionale Braidense, Milan, purchases part of Solanges's archives, mostly letters from Italian cultural figures, 25 November.
1996	HHR papers become available for open access at the National Library of Australia, 20 March—except the Solanges correspondence, restricted until publication of *HHRTL* in 2000.
2002	Patrick O'Neill makes contact with the family of Marthe Solanges's step-daughters, is told the story of Solanges's birth and gains access to Solanges's archives.

Introduction

On 10 January 1983 Margaret Capon wrote from East Sussex to the National Library of Australia:

> I have here a complete correspondence between H.H.R. and a M. Paul Solanges a translator, living in Italy, from 1910 to 1914 during which time he was working on translating Maurice Guest into French. There are also numerous sheets of notes and comments.[2]

So it was that Miss Capon opened to the world of scholarship a trove of letters that had probably lain untouched since Australian author Henry Handel Richardson (HHR) had last tried to have Solanges's French version of *Maurice Guest* published, in January 1931.[3] Miss Capon had been since 1958 the companion of Olga Roncoroni (1893–1982), who in her turn had been the companion of HHR from 1919 until the latter's death in 1946.

The letters between HHR and Paul Solanges fill most of the first volume of her published correspondence,[4] and they are unusual in that both sides of the correspondence have been preserved almost in their entirety. Who then was Paul Solanges? And why did this Australian author, working quietly behind her green baize door in London, put in so much effort to respond to his 159 letters and 42 notes—totalling some 90,000 words in just over four years—with some 150 letters and 48,000 words of her own?

Anyone who has read the first volume of HHR's published correspondence will be familiar with how she hid from Solanges for four years the fact that she was a woman. This considerable deception was perhaps more feasible in an age where distance posed more barriers than it does now, but aside from the question of how successful HHR was in her deception, there arises a much greater question about Paul Solanges: how truthful was the picture he gave of himself to HHR? The scope for *him* to misrepresent himself was just as great as that available to HHR. Always lurking in the back of my mind when reading his letters was the niggling question as to how far I could trust his own self-caricature. Was he giving himself airs as to his literary and social connections, and had he bitten off more than he could chew in taking on such a substantial project as the translation of *Maurice Guest*? Indeed, was

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2 NLA file 203/18/00065-05, folio 22.
3 *HHRTL* 2: 239.

his ability to play the game of masks greater than HHR's? Finally, was it part of the attraction to HHR that Solanges could give as good as he got in the game of misrepresentation by correspondence?

Be all that as it may, there is a more important task called for by their correspondence, and that is to evaluate Solanges in his own right, rather than simply in relation to HHR. Their correspondence reveals a fascinating character, with a diverse career, living in an exciting intellectual milieu. What can be known of his life that is not revealed in his correspondence with HHR, and does it change our understanding of him? Was his literary friendship with HHR a natural end to his literary life, or was it unusual for him?

This thesis attempts to answer these questions, by presenting the person of Paul Solanges, as much as possible in his own words, in more detail than was possible in the Miegunyah Press edition of HHR's correspondence. There are three main groups of sources for this thesis. First, of course, there is the HHR correspondence, now preserved in the National Library of Australia. Second, there is a set of correspondence that illuminates Solanges's relationship with another author, this time an Italian novelist, Antonio Fogazzaro, providing a sort of autobiography for the 23 years before he contacted HHR, and also providing both a parallel and a contrast to his relationship with her. Third, there are Solanges's personal archives, now preserved partly by his family and partly by the Biblioteca Nazionale Braidense in Milan. A minor remaining group of sources is the other archival material I have managed to discover during my research.

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[4] Abbreviated as *HHRTL* in this thesis.

Chapter 1: Origins and Early Life

Birth and Background: The Cover Story

Marie Paul Solange—as his birth record names him—was born at 4 rue de Navarin, Paris, on 15 November 1846. The occupation of his mother Marie, born at Blois in the Loire Valley, and then aged 22, was given on his birth record as *rentière*, or person of independent means. His father's name was not declared on his birth certificate, and nothing more is known of his parents.[5]

One of the witnesses to this birth was Amédée Achard (1814–1875), who lived not far away, at 14 rue de Navarin. He also became the boy's godfather, according to Solanges's obituary in *Le Figaro*.[6] Achard was a prolific writer of articles, novels, plays and travel stories—and a Protestant, as *Le Figaro* noted at his death. He was also estimated to be second only to Alexandre Dumas *père* in the number of newspapers in which his writings had appeared: some 1042, both French and abroad.[7] One critic said of him however that he "might be defined as a Dumas revised and chastened for the use of boarding-schools."[8] Another critic called him "a fashionable chronicler of fêtes, whose talent for small talk has made his prose welcome in every French lady's boudoir."[9]

Whatever the quality of Achard's prose, his links with Marie Solanges can only be guessed at, since Paul Solanges never refers to Achard in his letters to either Fogazzaro or HHR. Achard's family had however been involved in commerce,[10] and this may have counted when Paul's career was settled on.

The other official witness to the birth was Charles-Hippolyte Aubry (1811–1877), then living at No. 40 in the same street, and giving his occupation as *dessinateur* (draughtsman). Aubry later became a pioneer photographer: in 1864 he gave up his life as a designer of carpets and wallpapers and founded a photographic studio. In 1865, he declared himself bankrupt, but continued to work on photography.

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5 See Appendix II.1 for a copy of the birth record.
6 E. Delaroche, "Deuil," *Le Figaro*, 13 February 1914: 3. See Appendix II.4.
7 "Amédée Achard", *Le Figaro*, 27 March 1875: 1.
8 Evelyn Jerrold, "Edgar Quinet and Amédée Achard," *Academy* 7 (3 April 1875): 348–49.
9 "Literature of the Italian War," *North American Review* 90/1 (Jan. 1860): 224.
10 Jerrold 349.

In 1867, he received imperial permission to photograph the collection of tapestries at the national textile factory, the Manufacture nationale des Gobelins.[11]

Despite the mystery surrounding his father in this birth record, one might nevertheless conclude from the type of witnesses present that Solanges was born into some sort of literary and artistic ambience.

Birth and Background: The Real Story

There our knowledge of Solanges's origins might have ended, but for my serendipitous contact with the descendants of his daughter's husband. In 1916, Solanges's daughter Marthe married Primo Pietro Bianchi, who had been widowed 19 months previously, and who had been left with three young daughters. These daughters were brought up by Marthe Solanges as if they were her own, and having lived into their nineties, they have now passed on the true story of Solanges's origins, as well as paintings, photographs and letters. Here is the story as told by them:

> Paul was the unique son of the Prince de Montpensier (first son of King Louis Philippe) and Mme. de Beausir. (I don't know the right spelling of this name as I never saw it written (could be Bosire, Beausire, Beaucir, Beau Sir. In French the pronunciation is exactly the same)
> Mme. de Beausir was orphan and went married very young to an old and rich uncle, who died soon after. At eighteen she was widow. She met the Prince de Montpensier at the court and they fell madly in love. Two years later Paul came into life.
> Le Prince de Montpensier was obliged for diplomatic reasons to marry a Spanish princess from whom he had only daughters. He was still very in love with Mme. de BeauSir and did his best to see her and his son Paul as often as he could. He used to call Paul mon "seul ange" (my only angel), which became his family name a bit modified into Solanges.
> Also very old the Prince de Montpensier used to come twice a year to visit Paul and his family in Milan. My grandmother remembers him as an old grand father sitting near the fire place with a plaid on his knees and always with an hand-warmer; she and her brother Pierre had to keep more [quiet than] usual.
> As you know, Paul Solanges after a career in the army as his father, was send to Milan to direct the "Société du Gaz" but he was a good pianist and very cultivated musicologue and collaborate with great musicians and artists like Verdi, Boito, Giacosa etc., translating operas and books into French.
> Mr. Paul Solanges and his family were living in the milanese high society, a small bunch of families, they had a box in La Scala and were always guests in the great balls and in the country houses of these friends.
> As I [told] you they were exceptionally cultivated and strictly educated. My [granny] could speak and write fluently in French, Italian, English and German. Although she did not like germans that she calles "les Bosches" as they were responsible for her beloved brother Pierre's death.

[11] Bibliothèque nationale, *Des photographes pour l'empereur: Les albums de Napoléon III*, online exhibition, 2004, 17 February 2005 <http://expositions.bnf.fr/napol/grand118.htm>.

> She was a great reader and having a good memory she could quote lot of interesting and witty sentences from most of the classic or famous writters. She was acquainted with all what was going on either in art, politics or topical events, so all the man of our big family used to go to speak with her, asking advices and suggestions.[12]

This was the story as told to her stepdaughters by Marthe Solanges, "who was anyhow very reticent over this matter." The documentary evidence for this tradition of Paul Solanges's true parentage must now be examined.

Madame de Beausire

Honorine Aurélie Lemercier was born at Blois, a town on the River Loire, some 60 km southwest of Orleans, on 15 April 1822. The witnesses to her birth were a tapestry-maker or upholsterer (*tapissier*) and a tailor (*tailleur d'habits*), both the same age as her parents, while her father professed himself to be an employee. Curiously, Paul Solanges's death record provides indirect evidence that she was known as Aurélie: he was initially recorded as being the son of Paolo and Aurelia Le Mercier, but days later this information was corrected, and it was declared that Paul was the son of an unknown father and of Maria Solanges.[13]

Her father, Jean François Hypolite Lemercier, was born in Paris in 1798, son of a *rentier* from Tours. The birth of her mother Sophie, born in Blois of unknown parents in 1796, had been registered by the matron of the Blois hospital. When Jean Lemercier married Sophie at Blois on 21 June 1821, he had listed himself as a glover (*gantier*). The marriage was witnessed by friends who included a lawyer (*avoué*), a cousin who was a tile maker (*tuilier*), and another glover. Only the tile maker was unable to sign the marriage certificate.

On 27 August 1838, aged 16, Aurélie Lemercier married Marie Ludovic Alfred Beaussire, who signed himself Ludovic de Beaussire. He was a resident of Blois, born in Paris in 1812—therefore ten years older than Honorine—and bore the title *Garde général des forêts*. De Beaussire appears in the *Annuaire du Loir-et-Cher* in the years 1838–39, is replaced in 1840, reappears in 1841, and then is absent from

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12 Francesca Astaldi del Torre, letter to the author (reproduced without editing), 25 February 2002. The spelling Beausire has been used for Solanges's mother. This was used by Solanges's close friend Edouard Blau in many of his letters to Solanges, and occurs on her burial record. On her marriage and death records, however, the spelling is Beaussire.

13 Roberto Cabanelli (Genoa), email to the author, 11 December 2001. The typed death certificate supplied to me at the beginning of my research, in 1996, did not include this information.

1842 onwards. He was one of three *Gardes généraux* in the forest administration for the *département* of Loir-et-Cher, and therefore held a relatively important position.[14]

On his daughter's marriage record, Aurélie's father, Jean Lemercier, gave his occupation as employee of the taxation administration. He may already have been in this position since 1822, when he gave his occupation simply as employee. This would indicate that, having been born into a fairly well-off family, he was not a glover—as indicated in 1821—for long, but soon became a public servant.

The witnesses to Aurélie's marriage included an elderly employee of the Prefecture at Blois (no doubt a co-employee of her father), a retired soldier, a property owner, and a second lieutenant from the Blois garrison.

These three documents—Aurélie's birth and marriage records and her parent's marriage record—disprove some parts of the family tradition about Madame de Beausire (p. 30 above), and confirm other parts: she was not an orphan, but her mother was; she did indeed marry at 16, and so could well have been a widow by the age of 18. Her husband, however, was not a rich old uncle: he may well have been rich, but he was older than *her*, rather than old *per se*; and to judge by the surnames of the spouse's parents, the groom was not an uncle, though he may have been related. The documents also indicate that she was reasonably well-off, with both her father and husband in the bureaucracy, and her father's father a property-owner from Tours.

The Duc de Montpensier

The Prince de Montpensier, identified by family tradition as Solanges's father, was Antoine-Marie-Philippe-Louis d'Orleans, fifth son of King Louis-Philippe, more commonly known as the Duc de Montpensier. Montpensier was born at Neuilly-sur-Seine on 31 July 1824. Educated at the Collège Henri IV in Paris, he entered the 3rd Artillery Regiment as an 18-year-old *sous-lieutenant* in 1842. In 1843 he transferred to the 4th Artillery Regiment as a captain, commanding the 7th Battery. In February 1844 he went to Algeria, where he took part in Marshal Bugeaud's expedition against the town of Biskra, some 300 km south-west of Algiers. This was an episode in the French conquest of Algeria, which had only begun in 1830. In Montpensier's baptism of fire, he took part with his brother, the Duc d'Aumale, in an assault on an Arab

[14] Ghislaine Le Mauff, Cercle généalogique de Loir-et-Cher, email to the author, 3 March 2005.

strongpoint, was slightly wounded near his left eye, and was awarded the decoration *chevalier de la Légion d'Honneur*.



Figure 3: The Duc de Montpensier

(Arnaud Chaffanjon, *Histoire de familles royales: impératrice Joséphine–Louis-Philippe et leurs descendances de 1800 à nos jours* (Paris: Ramsay, 1980) 155)

In October 1844 Montpensier accompanied King Louis-Philippe to England on a visit to Queen Victoria. After being promoted lieutenant colonel in March 1845, he returned to North Africa, where he took part in hand-to-hand combat near the Ouarsenis mountains, some 100 km south-west of Algiers, cementing his military reputation. He then was authorised by Louis-Philippe to do the grand tour of the western Mediterranean, visiting Tunis, Constantinople, Alexandria, Cairo, Memphis, Rhodes, Smyrna and Athens. He returned to France and was awarded the *grand-croix de la Légion d'Honneur*, in November 1845. In April 1846, he was promoted colonel of the 5th Artillery Regiment, and in September 1846, field marshal, commanding the artillery school at Vincennes.[15]

Into this public time-frame must be placed the opportunity for Montpensier to have fallen in love with the young widow from Blois, Madame Honorine de Beausire. From November 1845, Montpensier was in France, and so it is quite feasible that he met Madame de Beausire around then, in time for the conception of Paul Solanges around mid-February 1846.

However deeply they may have loved each other, however, Montpensier and de Beausire were not destined to spend much time together, for even before

[15] Many of the biographical details of the Duc de Montpensier in this section are drawn from the (sometimes-conflicting) nineteenth-century biographical dictionaries in the microfiche *Archives biographiques françaises*, Part I, fiche 759, pp. 218–68 and part II, fiche 475, p. 130.

Solanges's birth, Montpensier was married to a Spanish princess, to embody an alliance between Louis-Philippe and Queen Isabella II of Spain—an alliance which caused the breakdown of friendly relations between England and France. On 10 October 1846, the marriage of Montpensier and Princess Luisa-Fernanda de Bourbon, the extremely devout sister of Isabella II, was celebrated in Madrid, together with the marriage of Queen Isabella to her cousin Francisco de Asís de Bourbon. The Montpensier couple returned to France shortly afterwards, and lived in the Palais des Tuileries. It is possible, then, that Montpensier was in Paris around the time of Solanges's birth.

In February 1848, however, the fall of King Louis-Philippe and the proclamation of the Second Republic put an end to Montpensier's life in France. He and his pregnant wife escaped separately into exile in England, spent some time in Holland, and finally moved to Seville, where they lived in the palace of San Telmo. Montpensier became a Spanish citizen without having to renounce his rights to the French throne. There is no need here to recount in detail the convoluted history of nineteenth-century Spain, but it will be necessary to sketch Montpensier's part in that history, and to examine the slender documentary evidence for Montpensier's relationship with Paul Solanges.

For the next two decades, Montpensier bided his time while waiting for an opportunity to ascend to the throne of Spain. He carefully tended his estate, becoming known contemptuously as "the orange merchant" because he exported his oranges to England. At the same time, he allowed his house to become "a centre for the dissemination of liberal ideas."[16] In 1858–59 he received the title Infante of Spain and was appointed captain-general in the Spanish artillery. However, his liberal tendencies meant that his relations with the autocratic Queen Isabella were not cordial: in 1866, he sent his wife Luisa to the Queen to, in his own words, "give liberal counsels[,] and obtained only an order not to return to talk about politics."[17]

By 1868, Isabella's personal rule of Spain was being undercut by her political interference and her scandalous private life, and Montpensier was financing the opposition, with a view to succeeding Isabella on the throne. On 7 July 1868, Montpensier and his wife were ordered to leave Spain, on the grounds that their

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16 Theo Aronson, *Royal Vendetta: the Crown of Spain 1829–1965* (London: Oldbourne, 1965) 80–81.

17 Joseph. A. Brandt, *Toward the New Spain* (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1933) 102–03.

presence was encouraging revolutionary sentiment. The captain of the warship that was to take them to Portugal offered to go instead to the Canary Islands to collect the liberal generals already exiled there, but Montpensier preferred to go to Lisbon, from where he issued a protest that clearly admitted his opposition to Isabella's regime.[18]

When a revolution against Isabella was finally launched in September 1868, by Admiral Juan Bautista Topete, Montpensier was within a hair's-breadth of winning the throne. Topete was dissuaded from proclaiming Montpensier's wife Luisa Queen of Spain, however, on the artful advice that the decision should be left to the *Cortes Constituyentes* (constituent assembly), and Montpensier's moment thus passed, for the Cortes was not to meet for over two years.

As the revolution ran its course, Montpensier was discovered and detained at Córdoba, in the midst of a republican revolt. He claimed that he had come from Lisbon to aid the government, not knowing that it was a republican revolt; his claims were interpreted as a bid for the throne, just after the announcement in October 1868 of elections for the Cortes. Montpensier returned to Lisbon and in November 1868 issued a long letter defending his loyalty to Spain, in effect putting the case for liberal support for his candidacy for the throne.

Soon, however, events occurred that put Montpensier's candidature out of the question. Montpensier had long overshadowed the Infante Enrique de Borbón, the brother of Queen Isabella's husband, in his ambitions to be king. The overthrow of Isabella brought Enrique's rivalry to life, and in January 1870 he issued an open letter attacking Montpensier's ambition. He repeated the attack on 7 March 1870, calling Montpensier "a puffed-up French pastry-cook". This prompted Montpensier to challenge Enrique to a duel, which took place on 12 March 1870. Taking turns, each man fired twice: Enrique missed each time, but on his second shot, Montpensier hit Enrique's pistol-case. Despite Montpensier's urging to the contrary, the duel went to a third round, and this time Montpensier, again firing second, hit Enrique in the head, and he died instantly.

Despite the provocation, this incident effectively ended Montpensier's chances of winning the throne: how could a French prince who had just killed a Spanish prince become king of Spain? Montpensier was sentenced by court-martial to a month's banishment from Madrid and payment of a fine to Enrique's family.

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[18] Brandt 91; Aronson 94.

It is at this juncture that was written one of the two pieces of documentary evidence indirectly linking Paul Solanges with his reputed father, the Duc de Montpensier. In Montpensier's archives are preserved two letters from Solanges's godfather, Amédée Achard, the man who was also present at his birth and who witnessed his birth record. Two days after the duel, Achard wrote to Montpensier:

> Monseigneur,
> La nouvelle que votre altesse avait la vie sauve nous est arrivée avec celle du terrible duel auquel les abominables diatribes de votre indigne adversaire vous ont réduit. Quelque soit le chagrin que puisse vous laisser l'issue fatale de cette rencontre vous n'avez rien à regretter. Vous avez l'honneur du nom à garder, vous êtes Prince et […]
> Ce que vous avez fait vous deviez le faire et l'opinion de tous ici est pour vous. Elle est unanime et chacun s'exprime hautement sur la justice de votre cause. Pour moi je suis heureux d'apprendre qu'en défendant le bon droit et le besoin de votre royale famille, votre altesse est sorti saine et sauve d'une lutte qui la grandit dans le respect et l'estime de tous.
> Je saisis cette occasion pour renouveler à votre altesse l'expression d'un dévouement dont, j'espère, elle n'a jamais douté.
> Amédée Achard
> Paris, 14 mars 1870[19]

Although this letter mentions neither Madame de Beausire nor Paul Solanges, it is at least evidence of a close link between the two men.

The next surviving letter from Achard to Montpensier was written on 16 November 1870, after the drama and suffering of the Franco-Prussian War. For the purposes of this narrative, it should be noted that the main event precipitating the war was the candidature of a German prince to the Spanish throne, much to the displeasure of France. At the same time, however, Napoleon III was also opposed to Montpensier's candidature to the throne: Napoleon had, after all, come to power after Montpensier's father was ousted from the French throne. The war itself will be mentioned again later, in the context of Solanges's military career.

Montpensier's second child, Marie-Amélie, had died in Seville on 11 November 1870. Achard then wrote to him:

> Monseigneur,
> Je tiens à vous dire l'émotion profonde avec laquelle j'ai appris la nouvelle du coup affreux qui vient de frapper cruellement votre altesse. C'est à se demander si la providence ne se lassera pas d'éprouver votre maison qui [sic] fatalement atteinte déjà et dans tant d'occasions.[20] C'est encore une souffrance sans nom, ajoutée à tant d'autres souffrances imméritées; mais je connais trop

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[19] Amédée Achard, letter to the Duc de Montpensier, 14 March 1870, Item 35, 300 AP(III) 144, Archives de la Maison de France, Archives Nationales, Paris. Transcription by a research agent.

[20] Three of Montpensier's children had already died, including one stillborn in 1857.

> l'élévation de vos sentiments pour n'être pas connaissant que vous supporterez cette blessure qui touche au sein avec la résignation d'un chrétien et le courage d'un soldat.
> Tout s'accumule aujourd'hui pour [surcroitre?] et multiplier les malheurs. Ils arrivent au niveau de ces catastrophes dont l'histoire garde le souvenir. Chaque jour m'apporte un contingent inattendu. On ne peut pas espérer qu'ils s'apaisent [illegible] aisément. Il y a des ténèbres devant nous, mais quelque soit le dénouement que Dieu nous réserve, Paris du moins aura fait son devoir et si le […] tombe, la grande ville pourra dire, Tout est perdu hors l'honneur.[21]
> L'Europe nous regarde, attristée peut-être, mais immobile. Le […] descendu il y aura dans le monde une grande lumière de moins. Ce sera une diminution universelle. On s'en apercevra trop tard.
> [Je n'espère pas] la fin de cette crise qui a commencé par l'étourderie et qui se continue dans le sang. Et cependant il me semble que l'issue en pourrait être trouvée par les princes qui portent le grand nom de Bourbon.
> Bien d'autres avec moi voient là le salut. Si l'heure de cette résurrection est sonnée la Providence leur en indiquera les […].
> Je ne parle pas à votre altesse des evenemens qui me font me trouver à Bordeaux quand je voudrais être à Paris où mon fils porte le fusil du soldat; [illegible] trop pris de place dans l'ensemble des faits qui nous écrasent, mais je veux lui répéter qu'ici comme ailleurs mon dévouement à sa personne et à sa famille reste plein et entier.
> Daignez, Monseigneur, […] l'expression nouvelle des [desin…] que j'aurais à [dépr...ter?] à votre altesse et l'hommage de mon profond respect.
> Amédée Achard
> Bordeaux, 16 9bre 1870[22]

The letter was written at the height of the siege of Paris by the Prussian army. Like the earlier letter, while it conveys the tumult of the times, it does not provide more than evidence of a close but subordinate relationship between Achard and Montpensier, though the *dévouement à sa famille* may well have in mind Madame de Beausire and Paul Solanges more than Montpensier's Spanish family.[23]

Meanwhile, the search for a new monarch for Spain had concluded. On 30 October 1870, the Italian prince Amadeo of Savoy telegraphed his acceptance of the throne. The formal election of the new king by the Cortes took place on 13 November 1870. Amadeo received 191 votes, though only requiring 173 for election. There were 63 votes for a republic, 27 for Montpensier, one for his wife, and ten other votes.[24]

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21 The popularization of a saying from a letter from Francis I, captured at the Battle of Pavia in 1525, to his mother. The actual text of the letter written by Francis reads in part: "De toutes choses ne m'est demeuré que l'honneur et la vie qui est saulve." ("Francis I," *Concise Oxford Dictionary of Quotations*, 2003 ed.)

22 Amédée Achard, Letter to the Duc de Montpensier, 16 November 1870, Item 34, 300 AP(III) 144, Archives de la Maison de France, Archives Nationales, Paris. Transcription by a research agent.

23 The relationship between Achard and Madame de Beausire is illustrated in a letter from Achard to Solanges, written on 17 October 1870, and dealt with in the later section on Solanges's military career.

24 Aronson 107; Brandt 146.

The remainder of Montpensier's life may be summarised in somewhat less detail. In February 1871, having resigned from his post of marshal in the Spanish army, he was exiled to the Balearic Islands. He was elected a member of the Cortes for the city of Cadiz in 1871, but sat for only a few days in October 1871. After the abdication of Amadeo in February 1873, Montpensier refused any call for him to be king, in favour of his nephew Alfonso (son of Isabella), who, after a short-lived republic, eventually became Alfonso XII in 1875.

In 1878, Montpensier's daughter Maria de las Mercedes, born in 1860, married her first cousin King Alfonso, but she died within six months, having given Montpensier only a brief interlude as father-in-law of the king. Alfonso married Maria Christina of Austria in 1879.

Montpensier and Luisa de Bourbon had ten children between 1848 and 1867, but only three lived beyond 1879. The eldest daughter Marie-Isabelle, born in 1848, married the Comte de Paris in 1864, had four children (including the grandmother of the present King Juan Carlos of Spain), and lived till 1919. Maria de Regla lived from 1856 to 1961. Antoine, who lived from 1866 to 1930, married his cousin Princess Eulalie, sister of Alfonso XII, and continued the line of the Dukes of Galliera. Eulalie was "dragooned" into marrying him in March 1886, three months after Alfonso's death, in order to "hold Montpensier's interest to the throne by marrying his son," lest Montpensier start another revolution. Eulalie wept throughout the wedding ceremony.[25]

The high mortality rate of Montpensier's children by Luisa de Bourbon would have meant that, if Montpensier is accepted as Solanges's father, by 1878 Paul Solanges was one of Montpensier's two surviving sons, out of eleven children including four sons. This would endear any surviving son to a father, even apart from any feelings of royal (if illegitimate) blood, and would make quite understandable Montpensier's desire to visit Milan twice a year to visit the Solanges family. These visits could have taken place between 1873 and 1890.

From 1875, Montpensier lived in Paris and Seville. He died suddenly on 4 February 1890 at his country seat of San Lucar, near Seville. His death "gave his wife, the pious Luisa, the opportunity of flinging herself into an orgy of mourning," but otherwise, his death "broke very few hearts in Spain":

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[25] Aronson 152.

> Other than his wife and family, the Infanta Eulalia was the only one to regret Montpensier's passing. The death of the Duke, she says, "deprived me of one of the few dear friends I had in the world and broke the last of the few sympathies that had made life with my husband possible."[26]

Another indication of the possible link between Montpensier and Solanges is that Solanges spent a month in Paris on business in March 1890, and wrote three letters to Antonio Fogazzaro on black-bordered paper during April. Letter 13 (4 April 1890) begins:

> Mon cher ami, L'année n'a pas été bonne pour moi. J'ai eu pas mal d'ennuis et des tristesses. Pardonnez-moi donc si je parais vous avoir négligé. J'ai dû aussi aller passer un mois à Paris pour affaires et suis de retour depuis peu. […]

As to Montpensier's character, he was said to be charming, urbane—and cynical; in order to please his wife—who took her piety to extremes—he conformed in matters of religion, but, for example, he would not permit the Mass to last more than exactly twenty minutes.[27] More than one source refers to him as the great conspirator—son of a king, father-in-law of a king, brother-in-law of a queen, but never king himself.[28]

A final piece of evidence of the relationship between Montpensier and Solanges is the award to Solanges of a knighthood in the Order of Carlos III. On 13 December 1886, a person named R. Esquivel wrote to Solanges on the letterhead of the Duc de Montpensier as follows:

> Mon cher ami, J'ai le plaisir de vous envoyer par ordre du Prince votre nomination de Chevalier de l'ordre de Charles III dont je vous enverrai le diplôme dans quelque temps car à cause des longueurs de la Chancellerie l'expédition ne se fait que plus tard. Recevez avec mes félicitations mes meilleurs souhaits pour la prochaine année et croyez à ma sincère amitié.[29]

The Order of Carlos III was established in 1771, and is the highest civilian decoration in Spain, awarded for distinguished service to the nation. The knighthood is the lowest rank in the Order. The certificate of knighthood for Paul Solanges was dated 19 February 1887.

In concluding the consideration of the Duc de Montpensier's paternity of Solanges, it may be noted that there are no contra-indications, but several indications in support:

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26 Aronson 152.
27 Aronson 80.
28 Chaffanjon 160; José Calvo Poyato, *La Aventura de la Historia* 6, 11 June 2002 <http://www.elmundo.es/ladh/numero6/montpensier.html>.
29 R. Esquivel, letter to PS, 13 December 1886, ASF.

- the presence of Montpensier in France at the time of Solanges's conception (an *argumentum ex silentio*, at least)
- a strong family tradition, including a plausible explanation for Solanges's unique surname[30]
- close links between Montpensier and Solanges's godfather Amédée Achard


D. ALFONSO XIII
POR LA GRACIA DE DIOS Y LA CONSTITUCION
REY DE ESPAÑA
y en su nombre y durante su menor edad
Dª MARIA CRISTINA
REINA REGENTE

Por cuanto queriendo dar una prueba de Mi Real aprecio á vos Monsieur Paul Marie Solanges, He tenido á bien nombraros, por Mi Decreto de seis de Diciembre último, Caballero de la Real y distinguida Orden de Carlos tercero, libre de todo gaeto por vuestra calidad de estrangero.

Por tanto os concede los honores distinciones y uso de las insignias que os corresponden al tenor de los Estatutos confiando por las cualidades que os distinguen en que os esmeraréis en contribuir al mayor lustre de la Orden. Y de este título refrendado por el Secretario de la Orden y firmado por el Gran Canciller se tomará razon en la Contaduria de la misma. Dado en Palacio á Diez y nueve de Febrero de mil ochocientos ochenta y siete

Yo la Reina Regente

Yo Don Mariano del Prado, Marqués de Acapulco, Ministro Secretario de esta Real Orden, lo hice escribir por Su Mandado.

Por el Gran Canciller

Título de Caballero de la Distinguida Orden Española de Carlos III. á favor de Monsieur Paul Marie Solanges.

Figure 4: Certificate of the Spanish Order of Charles III, 1887[31]

30 It is difficult to find the surname Solanges in the online French telephone directory, and there is only one occurrence of the surname in the International Genealogical Index.

31 Transcription: "D. Alfonso XIII Por la Gracia de Dios y la Constitución Rey de España y en su nombre y durante su menor edad Donna Maria Cristina Reina Regente, Por cuanto queriendo dar una prueba de Mi Real aprecio á vos Monsieur Paul Marie Solanges, He, tenido á bien nombraros, par Mi Decreto de seis de Diciembre último, Caballero de la Real y distinguida Orden de Carlos tercero, libre de todo gaeto por vuestra calidad de estrangero. Por tanto os concede los honores distinciones y uso de las insignias que os corresponden al tenor de los Estatutos confiando por las

(Image courtesy of Signora Francesca Astaldi del Torre, Rome)

- the knighthood sent by Montpensier's secretary directly to Solanges, and
- Solanges in mourning, and his business trip to Paris, after Montpensier's death in 1890.

The link cannot be proven, but the indications are that the family tradition should be believed.

Raoul Toché



Figure 5: Raoul Toché

(Image courtesy of Madame Geneviève du Tillet (a descendant of Raoul Toché's aunt), La Hallière, Digny, Eure-et-Loir)

The interesting story of Madame de Beausire does not end at her relationship with the Duc de Montpensier. In the obituary of Solanges written by *Le Figaro*'s society columnist in 1914, there is a laconic note that "son demi-frère était le pauvre Raoul Toché".[32] This information is not noted in any of the other obituaries, and was unknown to Solanges's family until communicated to them by the author in 2002.

(François Frédéric) Raoul Toché was born at Bougival (Seine-et-Oise, now Yvelines)—a holiday destination for Parisians during the nineteenth century—on 7 October 1850, four years after the birth of Paul Solanges. He was born at his father's

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cualidades que os distinguen en que os esmerareis en contribuir al mayor lustre de la Orden. Y de este titulo refrendado por el Secretario de la Orden y firmado por el Gran Canciller se tomará razon en la Contaduria de la misma. Dado en Palacio á diez y nueve de Febrero de mil ochocientos ochenta y siete. Yo la Reina Regente. Yo Don Mariano del Prado, Marques de Acapulco, Ministro Secretario de este Real Orden, lo hice escribir por Su mandado. Por el Gran Canciller, [… … … …] Joaquin Miguel. Titulo de Caballero de Distinguida Orden Española de Carlos III á favor de Monsieur Paul Marie Solanges."

[32] Delaroche.

house at Le Vert-Bois, in the commune of Rueil; his father, (François) Frédéric Toché, was recorded as a *rentier*, or person of independent means, and his mother was "unknown"! One may deduce from these circumstances that the father's name in this case was indeed real, and that the mother was not married to the father, but that the father was able on the public record to accept paternity—the inverse of the case with Paul Solanges.



Figure 6: Family tree of Madame de Beausire

Raoul Toché began writing for the *Gazette* in 1874, and wrote constantly as a drama critic and journalist in various newspapers thereafter. Operettas and variety shows flowed from his pen, often in collaborations, such as with Ernest Blum, and he was renowned for his gaiety and wit. About 1890 Toché received from his father an inheritance of some 800,000 francs, as well as a property at Croissy, near Paris. His annual income from his writings was estimated at 40–50,000 francs. Toché's wife, Anne Justine Angèle Delva de Dalmarie, was the daughter of a diplomat from the Antilles, and was known as "la Négresse";[33] she had a daughter by a previous marriage, and one son by Toché: René, born about 1884. They lived at 4, rue Chauveau-Lagarde, in the eighth *arrondissement* of Paris.

This comfortable life in Paris high society came to an abrupt end in January 1895. Toché admitted to his wife that for five years he had been hiding from her his mounting gambling debts, for which he was paying exorbitant interest; he had even mortgaged a joint family property, and had given to one creditor a document stating that he was single, thus opening himself to blackmail by his main creditor. After revealing the truth to his wife, Toché took the train to Chantilly, posted letters to his wife and to the police, telling them where to find his body and denouncing his creditors, then shot himself, falling under the ice of the Étang de la Reine-Blanche.[34] The Archbishop of Paris gave permission for a religious ceremony, since the suicide

[33] Geneviève du Tillet, letter to the author, 30 June 2003.
[34] Lagarde, "M. Raoul Toché," *Le Figaro* 19 January 1895: 1.

was judged to have taken place "in a bout of hot fever." The body was brought back to Paris to be buried from the church of La Madeleine, just near the family home, and was buried in the cemetery of Montmartre on 21 January 1895.

Paul Solanges is just as discreet about Toché as he is about Achard, but the obituary mention is not the only evidence of the link between them. Among Solanges's archives is a single scrawly letter from Toché:

> 14.7.94
> Tu es gentil, mon cher Paul, de ne pas me gronder plus fort. Je sais bien que je suis un affreux paresseux et un vilain réplique, mais sois tranquille, je vais t'envoyer ton [affaire?]! Tu la recevras avant la fin du mois avec les intérêts du […].
> Je […] Pierrot qui va très bien. Hier soir, je l'ai emmené avec moi, en garçon, à la première du *Juif* […]. Il a été très gentil, comme toujours, c'est un charmant petit compagnon.
> *Falstaff* fait des recettes folles et Roger m'a dit qu'il a très bien réglé tes intérêts.[35]
> Là dessus, je vous embrasse tous bien fort.
> Raoul

As well as the familiar tone, there are several items in this brief letter that show close links with Solanges (and that will be examined in due course later in this narrative): a loan from Solanges to Toché, the presence of Solanges's son Pierre ("Pierrot") with Toché in Paris, and the mention of Solanges's translation of Verdi's *Falstaff*.

Another confirmation of the link between Madame de Beausire, Solanges and Toché is provided by the fact that Madame de Beausire and Toché were buried in the same plot in the cemetery of Montmartre, a plot that had been purchased by a certain Pierre Toché in 1858.[36]

Another piece of evidence of the link between Toché and Solanges is a letter from Solanges's close friend, the playwright Edouard Blau,[37] in 1903, where he says:

> Maintenant je réponds aux quelques questions posées dans la 2^{e} partie de ta lettre.
> 1° Je crois pouvoir affirmer que c'est en 1857 (presque hier) que nous nous sommes connus.—Je suis venu habiter Paris en mai 1856—et c'est l'année suivante que Alfred de Laistre, de passage à Paris, m'a présenté à M^{me} de Beausire.—Vous n'étiez pas à la campagne, alors, car je me rappelle parfaitement, que ce jour-là, ou quelques jours après—(un dimanche, car je n'avais que les dimanches de libre) que Alfred et moi avons fait une

35 Roger was Solanges's agent for the royalties from the translation of Verdi's *Falstaff* in 1894.

36 Jean Demorand, Chef du service des cimetières, Mairie de Paris, email to the author, 17 January 2003.

37 Aside from his lifelong friendship with Paul Solanges, Blau had cooperated with Toché and Ernest Blum in writing the opéra-comique *Belle lurette* in 1880.

> promenade, en voiture, avec Raoul et toi.—Vous m'appeliez *le* percepteur au lieu de précepteur, et cela paraissait très drôle. …[38]

"You were not in the country, then …": one can only wonder where the two sons of Madame de Beausire were brought up: were both with her at Tochè *père*'s property at Croissy, with Raoul also welcome at the Du Tillet property La Hallière? That would explain why there is no trace nor memory of Solanges at La Hallière, whereas Raoul is both remembered and evidenced.

Over a year later, in 1904, Blau was hoping that Solanges would visit Paris soon:

> J'ai le grand désir d'aller au lieu funèbre où reposent la chère marraine et le pauvre Raoul. Je ne les oublie pas, je songe souvent aux jours passés, et j'aurais une triste douceur à faire avec toi cette triste et pieuse visite.[39]

This euphemistic reference to Madame de Beausire as *la marraine* occurs five other times in the letters of Edouard Blau, and may well have been the public explanation of the relationship between her and Solanges.

It has been noted that the surviving Solanges family—in Italy—was unaware until recently of the Toché connection. The same may be said of the Toché family in France: they were unaware until recently of the Solanges connection. But the consequences of illegitimacy were quite different for Solanges and for Toché. Whereas Solanges was obliged to be secretive about both his father and his mother, Raoul Toché was openly recognized from birth in the wider Toché family (although he is now remembered mostly for the manner of his death). Even today, in the Château de la Hallière—country seat of the Du Tillet family, into which Raoul's aunt married—there are preserved ivory serviette-holders bearing the names of Raoul and his father.[40]

It is as well to conclude discussion of Toché with consideration of the relationship between Paul Solanges and Raoul Toché's wife and son *after* Raoul's death. On 27 January 1896, the *acte de succession*, or grant of probate to Toché's estate, recorded that Madame Toché had renounced her young son's rights to the estate in July 1895, and the estate was then declared vacant. For a widow and son to renounce their inheritance rights would even today be regarded as unusual, but the subsequent relations outlined below indicate that this move must be taken as a sign of

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38 Edouard Blau, letter to PS, 19 August 1903, ASF.
39 Edouard Blau, letter to PS, 18 October 1904, ASF.

ill will between the widow and the relatives. One contributory reason for the ill will may have been the writing-off of a debt of 85,000 francs owed to Toché's estate by M. De La Piedra, sharebroker son-in-law of Madame Toché through her daughter by her first marriage.[41]

In June 1896, Edouard Blau wrote:

> Quant au scandale que pourrait faire cette misérable femme, je ne vois pas que, de Milan, tu puisse redouter l'ennui pour toi. En outre, que pourrait-elle faire? Attaquer la chère mémoire dont tu parles, ne servirait en rien à sa cause; elle pourrait, si elle était à Paris, faire une sorte de chantage moral à son égard. Mais quel profit retirerait son avocat d'une attaque tout à fait étrangère à la question de savoir si M^{lle} Tartes—je ne puis prononcer ou écrire ce nom sans un frisson et une répugnance extrême) a apporté 200.000^{fr} en dot. Je pense donc, sans te donner de conseil absolu, que tu aurais avantage à intervenir comme on te le demande.[42]

Blau implies that Madame Toché was unlikely to reveal a secret about Madame de Beausire ("la chère mémoire") and Solanges—a secret that was most likely to be about Solanges's illegitimacy. Relations between the widow and the Toché family were clearly inimical.

Time did not bridge the barrier. In September 1909, Raoul's cousin Christine de Noüe, who had probably known Solanges since their childhood, wrote of Madame Toché:

> Jehan [her brother] est persuadé qu'il a rencontré l'horrible négresse à Deauville cet été. Vaine illusion. Elle vit et aura la vie dure comme pour tous les monstres quoique son fils ait fait un appel à Gab [Du Tillet, her cousin] pour l'aider à payer les frais d'enterrement de sa mère. N'est-ce pas fantastique de cynisme.[43]

In May 1911, she remembered Raoul:

> Croiriez vous que la vie Parisienne est reconstituée aux Variétés et fait courir tout Paris. C'est un écho du passé pour vous. Pauvre Raoul, comme il répond à cet écho. Allons, ne nous attendrissons pas sur les disparus. Vivons, défendons nous. Et ne nous oublions pas.[44]

Several weeks later, she again made derogatory allusions to *la négresse* and her son:

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40 Geneviève du Tillet, letter to the author, 31 March 2003.

41 Déclaration de succession après le décès de Raoul Toché, 27 janvier 1896, et complément, 13 mai 1897, Archives de Paris DQ7/12276 et DQ7/12289.

42 Edouard Blau, letter to PS, 30 June 1896, ASF

43 Christine de Noüe, letter to PS, 29 September 1909, ASF.

44 Christine de Noüe, letter to PS, 15 May [1911], ASF.

> Gab a entendu parler de la négresse qui est dans une misère *noire* sans feu de mots, quant à son fils je tremble toujours de voir son nom paraître dans un journal. Sans cette préoccupation je ne penserais jamais à ces sales gens.[45]

In December 1911, she recalled one of Raoul's works, as well as speaking of diets:

> Nous avons dîné avec Gab [Du Tillet, her cousin] et la vieille institutrice des du Tillet, *Noël de vieux* comme disait drôlement Gab en buvant à nos santés respectives avec de l'eau de Vittel, car les «vieux flacons qui réjouissaient nos pères et que le pauvre Raoul évoquait dans «La Chanson» ont dit leur dernier mot à notre table! Gab, hypnotisé par la crainte de l'appendicite, ne sort pas du régime, et Jehan [de Noüe, her brother] repousse *la goutte* qui le guette en se traitant comme un Chartreux.[46]

At the end of 1912 she spoke again of *la négresse* and her criminal son:

> Figurez vous que la Négresse vient de se rappeler à nous (horreur!). […] Dans cette longue lettre elle implore ma *protection* pour délivrer son fils de sa condamnation qui l'empêche de refaire sa vie et, ayant entendu dire que je connaissais le Président M[r] Hubert du Puy, me supplie de m'adresser à lui!![47] […] Elle invoque le souvenir de Raoul!! (cramponnez vous), et me demande de sauver son fils pour qu'il ne fasse pas comme son malheureux père. Il y a aussi la […] maternelle. Pauvre mère désespérée. […] Cette lettre m'a indignée et bien entendu je n'y répondrai pas. […] J'espère qu'elle n'aura pas l'audace de venir chez moi. Son fils s'était déjà adressé à moi en pure perte naturellement. Quand le diable rappellera-t-il cette créature infâme? Je comprends que le bon Dieu n'en veuille pas.[48]

Finally, at Christmas 1912, she wrote: "Cette négresse de malheur nous enterrera. Vous […] au moins ne plus en entendre parler."[49]

Christine de Noüe clearly expects her feelings towards Madame Toché and her son to be reciprocated by Solanges. The antipathy evidenced in 1896 had not in the least diminished.

In summary, then, it would seem that Paul Solanges spent at least some of his youth with Raoul Toché, was on cordial terms with him in 1894, and lent him money, but that his relations with Raoul's wife and son were quite inimical. The process of settling Toché's estate will be mentioned further below in relation to Edouard Blau (p. 145).

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45 Christine de Noüe, letter to PS, 22 June [1911], ASF. A scandalous event relating to the son had been published in a Venice newspaper.

46 Christine de Noüe, letter to PS, 27 December [1911], ASF.

47 Hubert du Puy published a few works between 1877 and 1899, including an article in the *Revue politique et parlementaire* and a work on *Vagabondage et mendicité*, but was never President of France, nor senator, nor member of the *Assemblée nationale*.

48 Christine de Noüe, letter to PS, 5 December [1912], ASF.

49 Christine de Noüe, letter to PS, 26 December [1912], ASF.

Madame de Beausire: Sequel

Of Madame de Beausire's life after the birth of Raoul Toché in 1850, only glimpses can be seen, from letters preserved in Solanges's archive—and from two photographs.

In October 1870, some six weeks after the French defeat at the Battle of Sedan, with Solanges a prisoner-of-war, his godfather Amédée Achard wrote to him from the Orléans region:

> Mon cher Paul, C'est hier seulement que j'ai appris par Mme de B[eausire] où tu étais. … Mme de B[eausire] est à Bordeaux. Nous nous sommes dispersés.[50]

The rest of this letter will be quoted at more length below (p. 54) in dealing with Solanges's military career, but this extract shows that Achard was still in close touch with Madame de Beausire, that she was reasonably able to travel, and that she and Solanges were regarded as family by Achard—as indeed they probably were: "Nous nous sommes dispersés."



Figure 7: The young Madame de Beausire

(Image courtesy of Signora Francesca Astaldi del Torre, Rome; from Marthe Solanges Bianchi's bedroom at Guello, on Lake Como)

Several letters from Solanges's close friend Edouard Blau provide glimpses of Madame de Beausire's later years. In July 1882, Blau wrote:

> J'ai vu, quelques instants, Mme de Beausire depuis son retour. Elle a été enchantée de son voyage, de son séjour à Milan, de vous tous, au delà de toute expression. Je te promets le secret absolu demandé.[51]

"Le secret absolu" could be the revelation to Blau of Solanges's true relationship with Madame de Beausire.

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[50] Amédée Achard, letter to PS, 17 October 1870, ASF.
[51] Edouard Blau, letter to PS, 3 July 1882, ASF.

Another allusion to a visit by Madame de Beausire to Italy (perhaps the same visit as mentioned by Blau) comes from Emilio Gola (1852–1923), a painter, engraver and engineer. In an undated letter, he recounts a dinner with the society hostess Donna Vittoria Cima in Olgiata:

> J'ai dîné hier chez Vittoria, en face d'elle, ayant à mon côté Mme B. à qui je donnais le bras.
> Ma première conversation de table, m'adressant à très haute voix "alla padrona di casa" a été pour lui dire tout le plaisir que j'ai en me trouvant avec toi à Olgiata. Alors, bien naturellement, la conversation générale s'est portée sur ton séjour ici, et Me. B., avec des yeux flamboyants, m'a demandé les stades de ton arrivée, tes projets etc etc.[52]

In February 1893, Blau described his weekly visits to Madame de Beausire, and the weekly letters from her son Paul Solanges:

> Bien que ta dernière lettre, cher ami, n'appelât pas forcément une réponse, il y a bien longtemps que je te voulais écrire. Nous demeurons, tous les deux, de si longs mois, sans nous donner de nos nouvelles! Il est vrai que, moi, j'ai des tiennes par Mme de Beausire, et je suis même presque toujours là, quand, vers 9 heures, tes lettres lui arrivent, car c'est surtout le mardi soir, que le facteur les remet rue Taitbout… Je vais dîner ce soir, comme à peu près tous les mardis, rue Taitbout, mais avec Fernand cette fois.[53]

In May 1894, Blau reports Madame de Beausire as accompanying Solanges's son Pierre (by then 17 years old) to the theatre:

> J'ai envoyé Piero (et non Pierrot, parait-il) à Carmen, en matinée, dimanche dernier; Mme de Beausire, qui l'accompagnait, m'a dit qu'il s'y était plu.[54]

Madame de Beausire died at her home (80 rue Taitbout in the 9th arrondissement of Paris) on 2 November 1895, aged 73. The witnesses to her death record were Edouard Blau, 59, playwright, and André Achard, 32, manager of the *Cercle des deux mondes*.[55] She was buried in Montmartre cemetery on 5 November 1895, alongside her son Raoul Toché, who had been buried ten months earlier.[56]

There is no mention of Madame de Beausire's death in Solanges's correspondence with the novelist Antonio Fogazzaro (they were then finalising the French translation of the novel *Daniel Cortis*), but two letters to Fogazzaro (Letters 18–19) are written on black-edged paper as a sign of mourning for her.

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52 Emilio Gola, letter to PS, n.d., ASB 8.5.
53 Edouard Blau, letter to PS, 21 February 1893, ASF.
54 Edouard Blau, letter to PS, 26 May 1894, ASF.
55 Presumably André Achard was a son of Amédée Achard.
56 The remains of both were recovered according to the usual custom and transferred to an ossuary in 1984.



Figure 8: Madame de Beausire, post-1879

(C*arte de visite* photograph by Chalot, 48, rue Vivienne, Paris.[57] Image courtesy of Signora Francesca Astaldi del Torre, Rome)

Two months after her death, Edouard Blau sent Solanges his thanks for a bronze of Madame de Beausire:

> C'est moi qui craignais, par mon silence, de t'avoir contrarié. Après avoir reçu ton petit bronze, souvenir que je garderai précieusement et qui me sera doublement cher, étant offert par toi, au nom de la chère regrettée, je voulais t'écrire immédiatement; car, si je ne t'avais revu avant ton départ, comme je l'espérais, je comprenais bien que le temps t'avait absolument manqué. […] Je pense bien souvent à la pauvre marraine,[58] et il m'arrive, quand je lis quelque chose, dans les journaux qui l'aurait contristée, de me dire: il ne faudra pas parler de cela mardi!—Du reste, nous ne parlerons plus guère de grand chose, depuis le mois sinistre, tout pouvant être une allusion douloureuse, et tu sais que la pauvre marraine en demeurait là où [elle n'en] voulait pas mettre. Enfin, son souvenir restera doux et charmant, quand même; elle avait des qualités de cœur qui primaient et effaçaient tout.[59]

There is no further mention of Madame de Beausire in Solanges's archives until the period 1910–13, when he was corresponding with Christine de Noüe about the upkeep of the tomb at Montmartre. Christine de Noüe was a first cousin of Raoul Toché (her mother and Toché's father were siblings), and one could almost say that she and Solanges were half-cousins. In six letters during this period, she spoke of visiting the tomb on Solanges's behalf, placing flowers on it, and ensuring that the custodians of the cemetery looked after it; each year she visited the cemetery on about All Souls' Day (2 November):

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57 A. Chalot was a member of the Société française de photographie from 1879 to 1890 (*La photographie du XIXe siècle: Biographie des photographes*, 2001, Institut de France, 14 Sept. 2005 <http://www.institut-de-france.fr/patrimoine/chantilly/bio_photographes.htm>).

58 *marraine*: as noted previously (p. 44), this is a circumlocution for Madame de Beausire; Blau only met Solanges in 1857, by which time Solanges was 11 (see letter of 19 August 1903 reproduced above, p. 43); therefore Madame de Beausire was unlikely to be Blau's godmother, and it is shown in this section that she was not Solanges's godmother but his mother.

59 Edouard Blau, letter to PS, 28 December 1895, ASF.

> Je serai trop contente d'être l'interprète de votre souvenir à Montmartre et irai au premier beau jour (la pluie n'arrête pas en ce moment nous faisant craindre le retour des inondations) accomplir votre pieuse commission—mais ne croyez-vous pas qu'il vaudrait mieux pour la somme que vous m'autorisez à dépenser mettre une couronne en celluloïd ou perlée qui au moins vous représentera d'une manière durable? Je ne le ferai néanmoins que si cela répond à vos idées et compte sur un mot de vous à ce sujet.[60]

In fact, de Noüe and Solanges took turns in paying for the upkeep of the tomb:

> Nous avons payé cette année l'entretien de la tombe à Montmartre. Les années paires vous sont dévolues, ainsi votre tour sera pour l'année prochaine. Après le jour de l'an, j'irai faire une visite au cimetière et constater si la tombe est bien entretenue et bien garnie. Sur ce dernier point j'ai trouvé un ralentissement lors de ma dernière visite et en ai fait l'observation. Nous verrons si elle a produit ses fruits.[61]

The relationship between Paul Solanges and Madame de Beausire is well attested, sufficiently well for us to give full credit to the family tradition that she—rather than the fictional Marie Solanges of his birth record—was his mother. The shadowy clues about his origins do not confirm his illegitimate birth, nor do they indicate what may have been the effects of illegitimacy on his later life. They perhaps provide an additional reason—on top of the discretion of the era—why Solanges was so circumspect about his family origins, which he never alludes to in the two sets of correspondence edited in this thesis, and which are not mentioned—certainly not openly—in the letters preserved in his archives.

Early Years

The photograph of the young Paul Solanges on the next page provides the best evidence of his youth: the boy looks perhaps 8–10 years old, and his French military uniform indicates that he may have been destined to a military career from an early age, following in the footsteps of his father, the Duc de Montpensier.

Precious little else can be said about Solanges's early years or his education. Edouard Blau's allusion to meeting Madame de Beausire, Solanges and Raoul Toché in 1857 (p. 43 above) gives a hint of a country life and a private tutor (Blau himself) at some stage. Delaroche reports that Solanges had been a pupil of composer Camille Saint-Saëns, who taught at the École Niedermeyer (a school for sacred music) in Paris from 1861 to 1865, and was organist at the church of the Madeleine in Paris (from where Raoul Toché was buried in 1895) from 1858 to 1877. But there is

[60] Christine de Noüe, letter to PS, 5 November [1910], ASF.

understandably no record of Solanges in the surviving papers of the École Niedermeyer[62]—Solanges was in the army during that period—nor is there apparently any mention of Solanges in the surviving correspondence of Saint-Saëns.[63]



Figure 9: Paul Solanges as a boy

(Image courtesy of Signora Francesca Astaldi del Torre, Rome)

Solanges did not mention his earliest years to HHR, but he did tell her that he was familiar with technical musical terms (§55, Notes on I.4, 14 January 1911), that he had learnt the violin for a while (§220, Notes on I.8, I.10–11, 24 July 1913),and he also wrote to her:

> Vous ai-je dit jadis que j'ai fait quelques études d'harmonie et que j'ai beaucoup vécu avec des musiciens français: Bizet, Massenet, Mutel, Mermet et d'autres? Vous n'avez donc pas à craindre que je me serve mal à propos de mots techniques. (Letter 211, 7 May 1913)

This is not to say that Solanges actually knew or studied with these musicians. Bizet, Massenet and Mermet are well enough known, but the name Mutel is not. Alfred Mutel wrote to congratulate Solanges on the birth of his son Pierre in 1877, and continued:

> Ma femme et moi, nous donnons toujours des leçons de musique, piano, chant et harmonie; nous n'avons pas à nous plaindre et ma foi, nous vieillissons assez paisiblement, je ne demande pas autre chose.[64]

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61 Christine de Noüe, letter to PS, 27 December [1911], ASF.

62 Dossier Niedermeyer, Département de la Musique, Bibliothèque nationale de France.

63 Preserved in the Musée Saint-Saëns at Dieppe, and in the process of being edited for publication: David Bancroft (Centre Parisien d'Etudes et de Documentation pour l'Enseignement et le Rayonnement du Français), email to the author, 8 September 1999.

Solanges made his knowledge of music very clear to HHR, early in their correspondence, by including bars of music in questions to her (Letter 62, 19 February 1911), and the family tradition is that he was a good pianist.[65]

As for Solanges's knowledge of literature, the letters edited in this thesis are replete with quotations from and allusions to Dante, Dickens, Dostoevsky, Dumas, Flaubert, Anatole France, Goethe, Shakespeare, and other literary authors, attesting to Solanges's great knowledge in this field. His interest in literature continued to his last years, with his reading of Romain Rolland, Friedrich Nietzsche and Henri Bergson, to name but a few. Note also that his godfather Amédée Achard was a literary man, and André Achard (witness to Madame de Beausire's death) was manager of the *Cercle des deux mondes*:—whatever the connection between the Achard family and Solanges, he was born not far from a literary milieu.

On 12 June 1859, Pentecost Sunday, in the parish church of Saint-Brice-sous-Forêt—a commune near Montmorency, some 15 kilometres north of the centre of Paris—"Paul de Solanges" made his first communion.[66] He was then aged thirteen, not an unusual age to take this step in the years before 1905 (when Pope St Pius X began to promote the reception of communion by children). Three things are to be noted from this event: the Catholic upbringing, the country location, and the noble *de* prefixed to his surname—the only known occasion on which this occurs.

It can safely be said that Solanges grew up in a literary and musical milieu and that he received an excellent education, and thus it is no surprise to find revealed in the letters edited here a man who loved and breathed literature, even though he eventually "laid literature aside, to my great regret" (Letter 50, 29 December 1910).

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64 Alfred Mutel, letter to PS, 28 December 1877, ASF.

65 See p. 30.

66 First Communion Certificate, Parish of Saint-Brice-sous-Forêt, Diocese of Versailles, ASF. Issued on 14 April 1875, a few weeks before Solanges's wedding.

Chapter 2: Soldier

Solanges entered the army a month after his seventeenth birthday, and from this point the story of his life is somewhat better documented than his earlier years.

On 15 December 1863, Marie-Paul Solange[67] was enrolled in the ranks of the Second Regiment of Chasseurs.[68] This was at a time when conscription was not in force in France, and so it appears that he—or someone for him—had decided on a military career. His paybook places him at Rouen from Christmas Day 1863.[69] He was promoted to corporal (*brigadier*) on 14 October 1864, and to sergeant (*maréchal des logis*) on 5 July 1865.

On 6 April 1867 Solanges was posted to the Fourth Regiment of the Chasseurs d'Afrique, a light-cavalry regiment originally recruited in 1831 for service in Algeria. For the next four years he was based "in Africa," or more precisely, in the province of Oran. A note on his own copy of his service record states that he took part in an expedition to Ouedghir with General de Wimpffen,[70] from 15 March to 13 May 1870, and was involved in battles at Aïn Chaïr and El Bahariat.[71]

On 19 July 1870 France declared war on Prussia, as a result of a diplomatic contretemps over a German prince's candidature for the Spanish throne. (It is somewhat ironic that Solanges's own father should have been a rival candidate to the same throne: see p. 35 above). Solanges had been promoted to squadron sergeant major (*maréchal des logis chef*) in Algeria on 6 July, and was again promoted, to second lieutenant (*sous-lieutenant*), on 26 July. From 6 August to 2 September 1870 he fought in the campaign against Prussia. Colombo describes Solanges as having been at the command post of General Margueritte[72] at the Battle of Sedan, the decisive defeat of the war for the French, which took place on 1–2 September. Delaroche says that he took part in "la fameuse charge du général Margueritte."

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67 The spelling of Solange mirrors the spelling on his birth record; the fact that he later spelt his name Solanges may be another indication of the artificiality of his surname. The earliest attested spelling "Solanges" is his signature on his resignation from the Territorial Army in 1882.

68 Etat des services concernant un sous-lieutenant Marie Paul Solanges né en 1846 (27758/N), Service Historique de l'Armée de Terre, Vincennes. See Appendix II.2 for a reproduction of this military record.

69 Livret d'homme de troupe, 2e Régiment de Chasseurs, ASF.

70 Emmanuel-Félix de Wimpffen (1811–84), general who served at Crimea, and whose career ended with the French defeat at the Battle of Sedan in 1870.

71 Etats de services de Paul Marie Solanges né à Paris le 15 Novembre 1846, ASF.

72 Jean Auguste Margueritte (1823–70).

Thereafter Solanges was a prisoner-of-war at Erfurt until 12 April 1871, a month before the Treaty of Frankfurt officially ended the war.

Six weeks after Solanges's capture, his godfather Amédée Achard wrote to him:

> Mon cher Paul
> C'est hier seulement que j'ai appris par Mme de B[eausire] où tu étais. Je savais déjà que tu avais la vie sauve et qu'après l'épouvantable catastrophe de Sédan [sic] tu étais de ceux qui n'avaient pas voulu signer la capitulation. Je t'en félicite hautement. Il y a des malheurs qu'on ne saurait éviter mais on en sort tout entier quand on n'a rien fait qui atteigne l'honneur.
> […]
> Comment supportes-tu ta captivité, mon pauvre garçon? Es-tu relativement passablement bien? As-tu de l'argent? Ta santé est-elle bonne?
> Le chagrin d'être sans nouvelles de René après cet horrible Sédan a rendu ma femme malade; je l'ai emmenée hors de Paris et n'ai jamais pu y rentrer. Je donnerais la moitié de mon sang pour y être et verser le reste pour sa défense. Là je ne puis rien!
> Quand te reverrai-je? Qui le sait! Cette épouvantable guerre peut durer long tem[p]s et chaque jour en augmente les malheurs. Oh! les Bonapartes! La France saura-t-elle un jour ce qu'ils lui coûtent de désastres et d'humiliations? …[73]

In January 1871, Solanges received a letter from his former colonel, de Guélen[?], writing from his own captivity in Wiesbaden, and thanking him for his New Year greetings. The colonel asked after Amédée Achard, whose article he had seen in the *Moniteur Universel*, and said:

> […] j'ai été vivement touché de ce témoignage d'affection que vous m'avez donné et je vous en suis fort reconnaissant. […] Je suis toujours à Wiesbaden attendant les événements avec une grande anxiété; il me tarde bien de rentrer en France. Adieu, mon cher Solange, donnez signe de vie à votre ancien colonel qui vous assure de toute son amitié.[74]

Although this letter does not add much to our factual knowledge, it is worth noting as an early witness to Solanges's enduring quality of friendship, a quality that would make its mark in his literary friendship with HHR some forty years later.

There are few references in Solanges's correspondence to this period of his life, but he does allude fleetingly to his military career in writing to HHR. "I was in the army for a long time," he says, vouching for his time spent in Germany and his proficiency in resolving the translation of *tu/vous*; he fails to mention that he was a prisoner-of-war at the time (Letter 44, 13–14 November 1910). Shortly after,

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73 Amédée Achard, letter to PS, 17 October 1870, ASF; previously quoted on p. 47.
74 Colonel de Guélen, letter to PS, 7 January 1871, ASF.

explaining his knowledge of German accents, he says in a similar aside, "I have lived in Erfurt" (§46, Notes on I.1, 23 November 1910).

In his eighth letter to her, during her cruise to Morocco and the Canary Islands, he says, "Many years ago I was in the south of Morocco near Tafilet when I was in Algeria" (Letter 50, 29 December 1910). He is completely silent as to his reason for being there.

Ten months later, having settled into the correspondence with HHR, he is more expansive about his experience and more generous with his advice. Firstly he offers his views on Italy's Libyan War against Turkey:

> J'ai été longtemps officier aux Chasseurs d'Afrique, je connais le pays et les Arabes. Il faut contre eux du courage, mais surtout de la ténacité et de la patience. (Letter 116, 31 October 1911)

Then he offers HHR some paternal advice on looking after her health, recounting the personal consequences of his desert warfare:

> Avant tout je veux vous dire que je vous trouve bien imprudent. Quand on a une certaine tendance aux douleurs rhumatismales on ne doit pas se laisser mouiller. Soignez votre santé: à votre âge on ne sait pas encore combien la santé est précieuse, au mien si. J'ai beaucoup joué avec la mienne dans ma jeunesse et ma longue vie militaire en Afrique m'a obligé à supporter bien des bourrasques. Je n'ai donc de remords que pour mes imprudences consenties mais j'en ai de gros. J'ai la chance d'être d'une constitution résistante et je vais en somme très bien, mais il faut que je me surveille et je me dis que si j'avais été plus sage, mon estomac par exemple serait encore excellent au lieu d'être seulement passable. (Letter 122, 18 November 1911)

The war against Germany and his period of captivity, not surprisingly, left a deep impression on Solanges. Witness this almost incredulous question posed to HHR:

> En voilà une lettre pour le jour de Pâques! Et pourtant je vais vous faire encore une question, brutale chez un Français en général, simple chez un Français qui ne manque pas de philosophie naturelle et a toujours manqué du temps et du courage nécessaires pour s'en faire une … artificielle. Aimez-vous vraiment beaucoup l'Allemagne et les Allemands? (Letter 76, 16 April 1911)

His attitude towards Germany and Germans was not one of blind hatred, however, but more one of general nationalist loathing combined with appreciation of German culture:

> Pour les Allemands je pense comme vous pour ce que je sais. J'aime leur musique cela va de soi, j'aime en partie leur peinture. Leur littérature, je ne la connais pas. J'ai trouvé des gens excellents, des âmes très nobles, des natures très fines, sous une grosse enveloppe, chez les Allemands. En masse je les exècre. Si vous voyiez ce flot d'Allemands odieux qui se répand sur l'Italie! D'ailleurs ils ont bien changé. Je les ai vus de près dans de tristes

> circonstances, il y a très longtemps, ils valaient mieux malgré les bonnes raisons que je pouvais avoir de les voir en mal. (Letter 79, 30 April 1911)

Richard Wagner, Friedrich Nietzsche and Richard Strauss are the figures who stand out amongst Solanges's German favourites: he either listened to or read them with avid interest. Of Wagner, for example, he said: "I love Wagner's music passionately" (Letter 118, 1 November 1911). At the same time he is capable of disarming honesty about his general feeling towards Germans:

> Je me suis fait une idée de l'homme [Wagner], satisfaisante en somme et comme je me sens disposé à l'aimer, quoique Allemand, je me réjouis et j'ouvre son livre avec l'idée qu'il va donner définitivement corps à mon idéal à ma création. (Letter 116, 1 November 1911)

Occasionally anti-German prejudice goes hand-in-hand with misogyny, or at least a certain disdain towards women:

> Pendant que je vous écris vous êtes sans doute dans la jolie ville de Dresde—Kunst und Natur, disait la dame qui apprenait l'allemand à ma fille et à laquelle cette ville avait donné le jour. En dehors de cette synthèse je n'ai jamais pu tirer d'elle n'importe quel renseignement sur Dresde. C'était bien la créature la plus stupide qu'il m'ait été donné de connaître. Elle est cause que ni ma fille ni moi n'avons jamais rien appris, car j'ai tenté de prendre part aux leçons. (Letter 134, 31 December 1911)

The most touching revelation of Solanges's feelings towards Germany, however, comes not from him but from his daughter Marthe, shortly after the beginning of the First World War:

> La pensée de mon père ne me quitte pas et je sens et j'éprouve ce qu'il aurait éprouvé. Les souvenirs de '70 étaient pour lui une plaie toujours ouverte et depuis mon enfance j'ai partagé avec lui la tristesse de ces souvenirs et les espérances qui l'accompagnaient. Mon père que tant de choses décourageaient dans la France de ces dernières années, avait pourtant dans son pays une confiance que les événements ont justifiée. Il est parti sans avoir vu ce beau réveil qui, quoi qu'il arrive, rend la France digne de vaincre. Il aurait été heureux aussi de voir son pays si loin du cruel isolement de '70, se battre aux côtés de l'Angleterre dont l'opiniâtre volonté n'admettra pas qu'on n'aille jusqu'au bout. Que de tristesses pourtant à côté de cela; notre pays piétiné par ces hordes, tant de malheurs que rien ne réparera jamais, nos belles églises détruites, des joyaux d'architecture anéantis en France et en Belgique et quelle chose douloureuse que l'écrasement même momentané de ce vaillant petit peuple pour lequel nous avons pu faire si peu! Gare si l'on n'avait confiance dans la fin! (Letter 258, 16 October 1914)

A week after his release by the Germans in April 1871, Solanges was back in North Africa with his regiment, staying there until December of the same year. He was then transferred to the 3rd Regiment of Cuirassiers, where he remained until October 1874. This regiment was stationed successively at Versailles (September

1871–March 1872), Paris (March 1872–October 1873), and Maubeuge, on the Belgian border (November 1873–1882).[75] Solanges however is listed (as Solange, reflecting the spelling on his military record) amongst the second lieutenants in the depot at Hesdin, near Étaples on the Channel coast, in 1873.[76]

In 1912, Raoul Toché's cousin Christine de Noüe remembered the period 1871–72, when Solanges was stationed at Versailles:

> Que d'événements, que de changements, que d'orages, de brisements depuis Versailles où je vous vois en uniforme venant rue de Satory et qui aurait pu faire supposer que votre barque irait vous faire échouer à Pegli.[77]

Rue de Satory was the address of Anna Du Tillet, an aunt of both Raoul Toché and Christine de Noüe. Here is another indication of the familiar—if not to say familial—relationship between Solanges and Raoul Toché.

On 12 October 1874, Solanges was transferred to the 12th Regiment of Chasseurs, which was stationed at Rouen.[78] This posting was not to last long, however. On 29 April 1875, a letter was sent to him accepting his resignation from active service, effective from 25 April.[79] He had been in the army for eleven and a half years, and was now aged twenty-nine. Solanges was to marry a fortnight later, but that will be dealt with in the next section.

Solanges's retirement from active service was not to end his involvement with the French army. On 20 June 1876, already resident in Milan, he was informed of his appointment to the 16th Territorial Cavalry Regiment, and his simultaneous attachment to the 17th Territorial Cavalry Regiment.[80] In August 1877, he was informed of his transfer from the 1st Squadron of Chasseurs in the same regiment; in case of mobilisation, he was to arrive at Auch (in the *département* of Gers, west of Toulouse) on the sixth day after mobilisation was declared.[81] (Coincidentally, Auch is about 80 kilometres from the birthplace of Solanges's wife, at Montauban.) On 30

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75 Charles-Gustave-Vincent Maumené, *Histoire du 3e régiment de cuirassiers* (Paris: Boussod-Valadon, 1893) 361–62.

76 Maumené 375.

77 Christine de Noüe, letter to PS, 26 April [1912], ASF.

78 Ministère de la Guerre, Direction générale du Personnel et du Matériel, 2e Service, Bureau de la Cavalerie, letter of appointment, 12 October 1874, ASF.

79 Ministère de la Guerre, Direction générale du Personnel et du Matériel, 2e Service, Bureau de la Cavalerie, letter of acceptance of resignation, 29 April 1875, ASF.

80 Ministère de la Guerre, Direction générale du Personnel et du Matériel, 2e Service, Bureau de la Cavalerie, letter of appointment, 20 June 1876, ASF.

81 Ministère de la Guerre, Direction générale du Personnel et du Matériel, 2e Service, Bureau de la Cavalerie, letter of appointment, 2 August 1877, ASF

March 1879, Solanges was sent a summons from Montauban to rejoin his unit at Auch on 15 April, for a period of exercises.[82]

Finally, on 31 October 1882, a letter was sent from Bordeaux containing a form for requesting resignation,[83] and Solanges wrote his letter of resignation from the Territorial Army on 11 December 1882.[84] His resignation was accepted in Paris on 18 December 1882.[85]

In 1900, Solanges appears to have requested the award to himself of the Médaille Coloniale, which had been instituted in 1893. He received the medal, with the clasp 'Algeria', through the French Embassy in Rome on 26 July 1900.[86] In 1912, he received the commemorative medal for the fortieth anniversary of the campaign of 1870–71.[87]

Towards the end of his life, Solanges took pains to contact some of his old comrades-in-arms; see the sections on Paul de Gontaut-Biron and Count Amaury de Carné in Chapter 7.

An indication of the life-long psychological effect of his military experiences is contained in the first extant letter to him from Raoul Toché's cousin Christine de Noüe, after he has apparently sent her some memoirs about the Franco-Prussian War:

> […] votre amitié ne laisse échapper aucune occasion de se rappeler à nous, celle-là est unique dans son genre, et grâce à vous, je peux juger exactement de l'horreur de cette catastrophe—merci mille fois, c'est plein d'intérêt et très émotionnant—vous devez être encore hanté par toutes ces visions, car les choses vues à distance ne sont pas atténuées, au contraire on les regarde en général avec des verres grossissants.[88]

These memoirs were perhaps prompted by Bianca Belinzaghi's suggestion in January 1909 (see p. 160)

One may wonder how suited was a sensitive person such as Solanges to a life in the military, but he spent a significant part of his early life there, and formed the strong friendships that soldiers do. He was also marked by the shame of the French

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82 17e Corps d'Armée, Etat-Major Général, ordre de convocation, 30 March 1879, ASF.

83 17e Corps d'Armée, 17e Régiment territorial de Cavalerie, letter to PS, 31 October 1882, ASF.

84 Etat des services concernant un sous-lieutenant Marie Paul Solanges né en 1846 (27758/N), Service Historique de l'Armée de Terre, Vincennes.

85 Ministère de la Guerre, 2e Direction (Cavalerie), Bureau de la Cavalerie, acceptance of resignation, 18 December 1882, ASF.

86 Ministère de la Guerre, Grande Chancellerie de la Légion d'Honneur, letter to PS, 3 July 1900, ASF; French Embassy, Rome, letter to PS, 26 July 1900, ASF.

87 Ministère de la Guerre, Grande Chancellerie de la Légion d'Honneur, letter to PS, 17 July 1912, ASF.

88 Christine de Noüe, letter to PS, 3 February 1909, ASF.

defeat of 1870, and his French nationalism was fervent, although it did not prevent him from appreciating aspects of German culture.

Chapter 3: Journalist and Married Man

Journalist

At some stage between his military career and his eventual move to Milan in 1875, Solanges apparently spent some time involved in journalism in Paris. In the *Le Figaro* obituary, Delaroche reports on the aftermath of Solanges's period as a prisoner of war in 1870–71:

> Rentré en France, il démissionna et se prit d'un grand amour pour la littérature et la musique. Il a travaillé par-ci, par-là, entre autres à la *Vie Parisienne*.[89]

There is no mention of this in Giuseppe Colombo's obituary in *Corriere della sera*, but the report should not be discounted, since Delaroche was otherwise quite well-informed, and later events were to show that Solanges was indeed familiar with the literary and musical scene in Paris. In fact, Solanges's old comrade Amaury de Carné spoke to Georges Vallée about Solanges's writings:

> Laissez-moi aussi vous demander un renseignement qui m'intéresse. Amaury m'avait dit que vous aviez publié jadis de très spirituelles et intéressantes chroniques, parues d'abord dans la *Vie Parisienne*. Ces choses anciennes, ces souvenirs d'une époque si intéressante pour l'histoire, ont pour moi un grand attrait, et je les collectionne soigneusement. Serait-il indiscret de vous demander quand et chez quel éditeur vous les avez publiés? Je vous serai fort reconnaissant de ce renseignement.[90]

It is quite possible that Solanges became involved in journalism while still an officer, perhaps during his postings to Versailles and Paris in 1871–73. This would have given him an opportunity to meet a theatre-singer from the south of France: he must have met his future wife Mathilde while he was still in the army, since he resigned from the army in order to marry her.

An alternative scenario is that Solanges spent a short period as a journalist *after* his resignation from the army, between May and August 1875. Or both scenarios may have been played out: he may have contributed some articles while still an officer, and continued after his marriage. *La vie parisienne* was an illustrated weekly founded in 1863, which gives a rather vague *terminus a quo* for any articles written by Solanges. At any rate, there is no easily available evidence of what he may

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89 The full obituary is reproduced at Appendix.II.4.
90 Georges Vallée, letter to PS, 22 December 1910, ASF.

have written during this brief journalistic career, since he himself preserved no copies.[91]

There is some evidence that Solanges continued—or attempted to continue—his journalistic activity after his move to Milan, perhaps building on the contacts he had made in the 1870s. In 1882, the editor of the daily *Le clairon* wrote to him from Paris:

> Le meilleur éloge à faire de votre article sur Massenet était de l'insérer et de vous en demander d'autres.
> Vous avez raison de vouloir être sobre en fait de télégrammes mais il faut toutefois ne pas hésiter à vous servir du fil quand l'événement en vaut la peine. Ainsi pour les divers événements Milanais dont vous me parlez envoyez-moi des dépêches.[92]

This looks like the beginning of a correspondence, and a response to a preliminary offering of cultural news from Milan, but there is no evidence that it resulted in later articles—this is the only such letter in Solanges's archives.

Marriage and Move to Milan

After mentioning Solanges's journalistic career, Delaroche continued his obituary of Solanges with these words:

> Son mariage avec une excellente femme qui chantait au théâtre et sa démission de la carrière militaire déplurent au chef de sa famille et il accepta du père de Raoul Toché une place à l'Union des Gas (société franco-anglaise), à Milan.

On Monday, 10 May 1875—a few weeks after obtaining a copy of his first communion certificate[93]—Paul Solanges married Lucie Mathilde Marie Le Bel (or Lebel), in a civil ceremony at the town hall of Rouen, followed by a religious ceremony at 11.30 the same day at the church of St Paul.[94] Mathilde had been born at Montauban (Tarn-et-Garonne, some 50 km north of Toulouse) on 3 July 1843, and was therefore 3½ years older than Solanges. Family tradition has it that she was from a very religious noble background.[95] The invitations to the wedding were expressed as being from the parents of Mademoiselle Le Bel and from Monsieur Paul

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91 Unfortunately, my researcher in Paris browsed only the years 1890–92, but she did find many of the articles written in those years were not signed with full names.

92 Jean Morras[?], letter to PS, 20 January 1882, ASF.

93 See footnote 66 above.

94 Civil wedding certificate, annotated by the curé of St. Paul's Church, 10 May 1875, ASF; wedding invitations, 1 May 1875, ASF.

95 "Di famiglia nobile molto religiosa." Francesca Astaldi del Torre, letter to the author, 23 May 2002.

Solanges—the bridegroom's parentage is conveniently omitted.[96] Despite his resignation from the army, Solanges was still under some form of military authority, since he had received a pass to leave Rouen for Auch on 5 May 1875, and eight days leave at Rouen from 7 May 1875.[97] After the wedding, he was granted a month in Paris.[98]

Delaroche is quite specific that Solanges's marriage to a singer and his resignation displeased "the head of his family," and that "the father of Raoul Toché" offered Solanges a way out. The clear distinction between the two men mentioned makes it clear that Toché—Solanges's stepfather—was not the man indicated as head of the family. This must mean that it was the Duc de Montpensier who was displeased with Solanges's marriage and resignation from the military. It also at least shows that Montpensier was playing some role in Solanges's life. One could imagine that a military career would have had Solanges following very much in his father's footsteps—and in a career fitting for the son of a prince. A journalistic career could easily have been much less acceptable to Montpensier.

This statement by Delaroche also shows that Madame de Beausire's "third man," Frédéric Toché—the father of Solanges's half-brother Raoul—was influential in Solanges's life: he effectively is filling the role of step-father to Solanges.

Confirmation of the role Frédéric Toché played in the Union des Gaz comes from the diary of his sister Clémentine de Noüe. She was the mother of Christine de Noüe, a close friend of Paul Solanges who renewed her correspondence with him in 1909. Clémentine inherited a fortune from an old aunt in 1874, which may have had some connection with this diary entry:

> Il y a une séance immense à l'Union des Gaz pour la transformation de cette société. Frédéric a travaillé comme un forcené depuis bien des semaines. Il a été admirable d'éloquence et de lucidité.[99]

Another family link to the Union des Gaz is the holding by Raoul Toché of sixty shares in the Union des Gaz, valued in 1896 at 91,800 francs.[100]

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96 Wedding invitations, 1 May 1875, ASF.

97 Feuille de route d'officier, 4 May 1875, ASF. General commanding the Sixth Infantry Division, letter granting leave, Rouen, 7 May 1875, ASF.

98 General commanding the 20th Military Division, détail des visa et des mandats délivrés, 20 May 1875, ASF.

99 Clémentine de Noüe (née Toché, sister of Frédéric Toché), diary entry, 1 October 1874, transcribed in a fax from Genevieve du Tillet to the author, 30 June 2003.

100 Déclaration de succession après le décès de Raoul Toché, 27 janvier 1896.

Chapter 3: Journalist and Married Man

By 4 August 1875, a year after Frédéric Toché's important company meeting, and less than three months after his wedding, Paul Solanges was in Milan: on that date, he wrote to the registry in Rouen requesting the originals of the documents annexed to his wedding record, possibly because he needed them in order to obtain Italian identity documents.[101]

It is Delaroche again who provides the only information on Solanges's entry into Milan society:

> C'est Saint-Saëns, à sa première venue à Milan, qui le présenta comme son ancien élève. Peu de temps après, Solanges était reçu et aimé dans la meilleure société milanaise, se faisant de solides amitiés dans les milieux artistiques et littéraires.

As mentioned previously (p. 50 above), there is no documentary evidence of a relationship between Saint-Saëns and Solanges. The first visit by Saint-Saëns to Milan, however, appears to have been in May 1879.[102] Yet Delaroche's description fits well with this memory handed down by Solanges's family:

> Mr. Paul Solanges and his family were living in the milanese [sic] high society, a small bunch of families, they had a box in La Scala and were always guests in the great balls and in the country houses of these friends.[103]

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[101] Chef des Bureaux de l'État-Civil, Mairie de Rouen, letter to PS, 9 August 1987, ASF. (The request was declined, and he was offered copies only.) Giuseppe Colombo mistakenly places Solanges's arrival in Milan in 1873.

[102] J. Bonnerot, *C. Saint-Saens: sa vie et son œuvre* (Paris, 1922).

[103] Francesca Astaldi del Torre, cited above, footnote 12.

Chapter 4: Industrialist

Union des Gaz 1875–1905

To put in context the story of Paul Solanges's career in the Milan gasworks, some background is necessary.

Early experiments in the use of gas for lighting and power were made in the late eighteenth century, there were demonstrations of street lighting by gas in London in 1807, and the first commercial gas company was established there between 1807 and 1812. By 1819 there was gas lighting in more than seven British cities.[104] In Paris, the first regulations for gas supply were made in 1821, the number of streets lit by gas was first tabulated in 1833, and the city was divided into six concessions in 1839. In 1846, an agreement between the six Parisian companies and the city laid the foundation for the growth of a city-wide supply network; the concession was initially to run until 1863, but in 1855 it was extended until 1905, when the city was to take over the network.[105]

In Italy, there were private experiments in gas lighting by 1818, and Naples authorised the signing of a gas concession in 1837, but the first contract for a gas plant was in fact signed by Turin in the same year; by 1865 there were 57 gas plants throughout Italy, and by 1891 there were 147. French entrepreneurs and investors were prominent in establishing the gas industry in Italy, especially in its initial stages. The city of Milan granted a gas concession to the Lyons-based company Guillard in 1843, but the high price of gas so impeded its adoption by private consumers that the company ran into financial difficulties. A new contract was signed in 1851, extending the concession by twenty years, until 1890. Dissatisfaction and complaints at the poor quality of the lighting and the high price of gas continued, however, and in 1859 the Union des Gaz took over the concession.[106]

The Union des Gaz (UdG) had been established on 18 November 1854.[107] The company signed its own contract with Milan in 1864, gaining a monopoly on the

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104 Trevor. I. Williams, *History of the British gas industry* (Oxford, New York: Oxford University Press, 1981) 6–9.

105 J.-P. Williot, "Naissance d'un réseau gazier à Paris au XIXème siècle: distribution gazière et éclairage," *Histoire, économie et société* 8.4 (1989): 569–91.

106 Rossella Franco. "Industrializzazione e servizi: Le origini dell'industria del gas in Italia," *Italia contemporanea* 171 (1988): 17, 24–26.

107 Thibaut Girard (archivist, EdF-GdF Archives, Paris), email to the author, 16 August 1999.

provision of gas lighting and power within the confines of the municipality; this contract, scheduled to expire in 1910, was said to be particularly favourable to the UdG.[108] The city of Genoa granted the UdG a 67-year concession in 1857, which would not therefore expire until 1924. By 1864, UdG controlled 13 gas stations in France (Albi, Beaucaire, Nîmes, Roanne, Rueil, Nanterre, Sète, Strasbourg and Vienne) and Italy (Alessandria, Genoa, Milan and Modena), but its most important installations in Europe were in fact those in Milan.[109]

In 1864–65, an English company, the Continental Union Gas Company (CUGC), issued a prospectus, with a capital of £400,000, in shares of £20, to carry on the business of the UdG in France and Italy, at cities including Strasbourg, Sète, Nîmes, Milan, Genoa, Parma, Modena and Alessandria. The CUGC was to lease the existing gasworks for twenty years, after which the property was to be shared with the UdG. *The Times* reported that "by bringing the best modern system to bear upon the working of the undertaking the receipts may year by year be augmented in an almost uninterrupted proportion."[110] Indeed, the CUGC was founded as a way of gaining capital for the UdG, as the Annual General Meeting of the CUGC was told in 1900:

> …it was originally to find the money that was necessary to enlarge the works at the various cities of the Union des Gaz that the Continental Union Gas Company was started, and that they received payment in shares of the former Company for the monies that they advanced to carry on those works.[111]

Or more precisely, the CUGC was founded to rescue UdG from its financial problems, and after the UdG was reconstructed as a limited company (Société Anonyme), it ceased to manage its own affairs.[112]

By 1882, the CUGC held 37,000 of the total 50,000 shares of the UdG, and in 1907, it held 40,850 of 70,000 shares, giving the London company ample control of its subsidiary.[113] Ownership of the UdG shares constituted the major asset of the CUGC, since apart from these shares, it owned only two small gasworks in its own

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[108] Giuseppe Paletta and Giorgio Perego, "Organizzazione operaia e innovazioni tecnologiche: La Lega gasisti di Milano 1900–1915," *Annali* (Fondazione Giangiacomo Feltrinelli) 22 (1982): 49.

[109] Lesley Richmond and Bridget Stockford, *Company Archives: a survey of the records of 1000 of the first registered companies in England and Wales* (Aldershot: Gower, 1984): 38; Franco 26.

[110] "Money-Market and City Intelligence," *The Times* 18 April 1864: 7.

[111] "Continental Union Gas Company, Limited," *Journal of Gas Lighting, Water Supply, &c* 18 December 1900: 1526.

[112] Richmond, *Company Archives* 38. This may explain the paucity of the UdG records now preserved in France (see footnote 122).

[113] "Railway and Other Companies," *The Times* 13 December 1882: 11. "The Continental Union Gas Company (Limited), *The Times* 13 December 1907: 4.

right, those at Montargis (some 90 km south of Paris) and Messina in Sicily, and so "it was mainly on [the UdG] that their prosperity depended."[114] By 1910, 87% of the capital of the CUGC was in UdG shares.[115]

Some idea of the growth of the gas industry can be gained from these facts: between 1891 and 1896, the UdG opened five new gasworks, the number of consumers it served increased from 82,170 in 1896 to 184,564 in 1904, and its annual dividend ranged from 16% in 1891 to 8.5% in 1894. The CUGC dividend ranged from 13% in 1894–96 to 6% in 1904, and the CUGC net profit ranged from £86,122 in 1882 to between £60–70,000 in 1903–06.[116]

Finally, it is worth noting the conditions of work that prevailed in a gasworks, where the whole object of the factory was to burn coal in order to produce the gas. In the 1830s, a French visitor in London wrote that

> the dusky servants of the English furnaces were joyless, silent and benumbed. […] The foreman told me that stokers were selected from among the strongest, but that nevertheless they all became consumptive after seven or eight years of toil and died of pulmonary consumption. That explained the sadness and apathy in the faces and every movement of the hapless men."[117]

Seventy years later in Milan, not much had changed in the method of production. The socialist engineer Petrini in 1902 wrote of the putrid air, rich with carbonic acid and sulphurated hydrogen, heavy with gases released when the furnaces were opened for loading or unloading; the heat near the furnaces was 60–70ºC, the stokers worked half-naked, and during loading and unloading, had to approach within 20 cm of the open furnaces; the coal was loaded by means of a semi-cylindrical shovel weighing 200–300 kg, lifted by three men.[118]

This overview shows that, in moving from the military to the gas industry, Paul Solanges was playing a role in one of the key industries of the late nineteenth century, when gas and electricity rivalled each other to be the engines of industrialization. Solanges was also taking on a task of leadership much greater than he had known in the military: as a *sous-lieutenant* in the French cavalry for nearly five

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[114] "Continental Union Gas Company: A Reduced Dividend, and the Explanation," *Journal of Gas Lighting, Water Supply, &c* 22 December 1903: 761.

[115] Richmond, *Company Archives* 38.

[116] Sources for these statistics are listed in the Bibliography under the heading "Union des Gaz / Continental Union Gas Company documentation".

[117] Flora Tristan, *Flora Tristan's London Journal, 1840*, trans. Dennis Palmer and Giselle Pincetl (Boston: Charles River Books, 1980) 67.

[118] G. Petrini, "Relazione sul deperimento degli addetti alle officine: il congresso dei gasisti italiani," *Il Gasista* 2.14 (15 November 1902), qtd. in Paletta 55.

years, he would have commanded a unit of 15–30 men,[119] whereas in the gasworks, even as deputy manager, he was responsible for "some hundreds of men,"[120] and a 1901 estimate surmised that if the gas supply had failed, it would have put 20,000 Milanese out of work.[121] Given the extreme working conditions that prevailed in a gasworks, it is also not surprising that industrial relations figure prominently in what little is known of Solanges's career.

Original documentation of Solanges's role and performance at the Milan gasworks is non-existent, and a provisional assessment can only be based on four sources: the brief allusions in his correspondence, his obituaries, the reports of the Annual General Meetings of the CUGC, and the single academic article on labour relations at the Milan gasworks.[122] It is not known when Solanges became Deputy Manager of the Milan gasworks: it may have been on his arrival in 1875, or at any time between then and 1887, when he told Antonio Fogazzaro that he had been urged to take a promotion to Rome, which he obviously declined (Letter 5, 19 December 1887). The only other pieces of evidence are that in 1894 the city councillor Giuseppe Vigoni spoke approvingly of Solanges, it would seem, at a city council meeting, and that conservation architect Luca Beltrami addressed him as Deputy Manager (*Vice Direttore*) in thanking him for a company donation for the restoration of the Castello Sforzesco.[123]

In August 1895, the music critic Aldo Noseda (1852–1916)—who had known Solanges for nearly twenty years, and who wrote to Solanges in order to borrow money from him rather than rely on borrowings from his own family—wrote to Solanges about his business worries:

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[119] Typically, a *sous-lieutenant* would command thirty men, but in the cavalry, half that number would be more likely (Peter Rixon, military adviser, Parliamentary Library, advice to the author, February 2006).

[120] "Continental Union Gas Company: A Reduced Dividend, and the Explanation" 762.

[121] Paletta 50.

[122] The archives of the company Gaz de France contain only 10cm of material from the Union des Gaz (Thibaut Girard, email to the author, 16 August 1999), and there is no Union des Gaz archival material in Milan—the article by Paletta and Perego (footnote 108 above) is based on research of "newspapers, Milan's Municipal acts, labour press and the few leaflet[s] on industrial regulations of UdG conserved in Milan's libraries" (Giuseppe Paletta, email to the author, 18 August 1999).

[123] "Le poche parole che ho pronunciate in Consiglio Comunale non erano che l'espressione sincera di quanto sentiva il mio cuore, & dei sentimenti che devono nutrire tutti gli italiani nei quali non è spento il senso dell'affetto e della riconoscenza. Sono lieto che quelle mie espressioni siano state interpretate nel loro giusto significato e La ringrazio di avermene date l'assicurazione colla sua lettera buona e cortese."
Giuseppe Vigoni, letter to PS, 6 July 1894, ASB 19.1.
Also Luca Beltrami, letter to PS, 10 December 1894, ASB 2.2.

> Je crois que tu ne dois pas trop te préoccuper de l'affaire *gas*: tous les journaux sont maintenant liés à la Edison: et il y a là-dessous bien sûr quelque coup monté par elle: je crois que la Compagnie ferait bien de faire quelque sensible sacrifice—elle s'en trouvera bien à la longue, ayant de la marge et elle apaisera la tempête. C'est une doublure de la montatura *Anonima*.[124]

This is the only reference in Solanges's archives to the competition between UdG and their major competitor, the Edison electricity company, whose power-station in Milan, built in 1884, was one of the first in Europe.[125] This was a competition that Edison ultimately won: by 1891, 3922 of 6188 burners for public lighting were normally inactive due to the presence of electric lights, and between 1893–1911 the number of electric engines in Milan grew from 18 to over 12,000, whereas the number of gas engines fell from 547 in 1904 to only 99 in 1911.[126] During the second half of 1895, there was a lively campaign in Milan, led by the Chamber of Commerce (*Federazione esercenti*), to compel the UdG to lower its prices. Noseda's references to a frame-up and an anonymous stunt ("doublure de la montatura *Anonima*") may be taken to indicate that he thought the Edison company was behind this campaign. Noseda's reassurances also imply that Solanges was feeling the pressure of his position.

In March 1896, Solanges wrote to Fogazzaro:

> Je suis accablé de travail et aux prises avec les difficultés les plus graves que m'ait fournies ma carrière de gazier. (Letter 24, 26 March 1896)

The only mention of the UdG in the Milan newspaper *La perseveranza* during March–April 1896 relates to further negotiations over the price of gas, rather than industrial strikes.[127] The CUGC annual report noted that

> … the chief reason for the decline [in profits] had been certain very costly arrangements which had been made by the company with the city of Milan. These however, would be advantageous to the company in the future.[128]

Later in 1896 the pressure on Solanges was to increase: not only was he promoted, but labour troubles featured for the first time in the company's history. In his obituary, Delaroche states simply:

> Il […] devint le directeur très apprécié après plusieurs années de labeur assidu.

Solanges's old friend Edouard Blau wrote to him about this promotion in June 1896:

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124 Aldo Noseda, letter to PS, 20 August 1895, ASB 11.1.
125 Guiliano Procacci, *History of the Italian People* (London: Penguin, 1973): 347.
126 Rossella 33; Paletta 51.
127 Julia McLaren (CPEDERF researcher), email to the author, 16 November 2000.
128 "Railway and other Companies," *The Times* 15 December 1897: 4.

> La nouvelle que Pierre [Solanges's son] m'avait apprise m'avait fait grand plaisir, et j'avais l'intention de t'écrire immédiatement pour te féliciter, d'autant que nos dernières lettres s'étaient croisées sur la route de Milan à Paris. Merci de m'avoir prévenu; tu dois être content malgré le surcroît de travail que cela t'a apporté—et tu sais que le chiffre des appointements grossira et s'arrondira encore. Courage donc, et ne te plains pas trop—ce qui est naturel cependant—d'avoir obtenu ce que tu désirais, et ce qui t'était si légitimement dû.[129]

In a letter to Fogazzaro, however, Solanges relates how he himself felt about his promotion:

> Depuis ma dernière lettre beaucoup de choses se sont passées. Mon directeur a été mis à la retraite et j'ai été nommé à sa place. De là une somme de travail qui dépasse toute imagination, car si la Compagnie a trouvé bon de remplacer mon directeur par votre ami Solanges, elle n'a remplacé ce dernier par personne sous prétexte qu'il a l'illusion d'être encore jeune. (Letter 27, 20 July 1896)

In 1910, when telling HHR about this promotion, Solanges wrote of this period as a time when he had to choose between literature and family security, as he no longer had the leisure for both careers:

> Je vous dirai qu'il y a une quinzaine d'années j'avais tout en main et que j'aurais pu jouer le rôle qu'Hérelle joue aujourd'hui, comme traducteur. J'étais alors Sous Directeur des Usines à Gaz de Milan pour une Compagnie Anglo-Française qui a son Comité Drapers' Garden W.C. J'avais des loisirs et pouvais mener deux choses de front. Le Directeur étant mort, la Compagnie m'offrit la Direction Générale des Usines à Gaz de Milan.[130] Il fallait faire un choix. Comme j'ai une famille, j'ai choisi le plus certain, la Direction, et j'ai mis de côté la littérature, à mon grand regret. (Letter 50, 29 December 1910)

At the end of 1896, a mutual help society was founded among the gasworkers of Milan, which succeeded in obtaining "conspicuous improvements" for some categories of the workers, but not for the unskilled workers.[131]

An indication of the life Solanges led as manager is given in a letter to Fogazzaro in 1899, a few years after Solanges had completed his only novel-length translation for Fogazzaro:

> Vous me demandez ce que je fais. Hélas! la vie la plus monotone et la plus incolore. Je travaille de 8 heures du matin à 6 h du soir par devoir et par affection pour mes enfants. Je ne vois plus personne ou à peu près, je ne vais plus nulle part ou à peu près. (Letter 31, 22 November 1899)

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129 Edouard Blau, letter to PS, 30 June 1896, ASF.

130 Note that in Letter 27 cited above, PS says the Director has been "mis à la retraite," not that he had died.

131 Paletta 60.

The only other detail known of Solanges's first years as manager is a comment in 1900 that "the management of [CUGC's] business in that city had been for some years very difficult."[132] His last years in the position, 1899–1905, were marked by difficulties with the municipality of Milan as well as by industrial troubles on a grand scale.

In 1899, a dispute arose with the municipality over the right of the UdG to raise the price of gas once the quoted prices of coal went above a fixed amount named in the contract. This dispute went as far as the Court of Cassation, the final court of appeal in Italy. It was not settled until 1902, by a reduction in the illuminating power of gas in exchange for a reduction in its selling price. The UdG felt that it "had to pay heavily for peace," but the settlement of the dispute did involve a renegotiation and extension of the concession that gave the UdG its contract to supply gas lighting to Milan: originally due to expire in 1910, it was extended to 1925.[133]

The period 1901–02 was especially turbulent in Italian industrial relations: the number of strikes in Italy soared from a modest number to over 1000 in 1901, involving 189,271 workers, and in 1902 there were 80 strikes involving 196,699 workers. In previous years rarely more than a few thousand workers had gone on strike.[134] Milan and the UdG were no strangers to this social movement. Demands were made in 1900 for increased wages and other improved conditions, only some of which the company found reasonable. In the UdG's eyes, it was paying above-norm wages, it was providing a pension scheme, and it had made generous concessions. It appears, however, to have granted a pay-rise this year.[135]

However, in 1901 a gasworkers' league was formed in Milan, encompassing a much wider membership than the mutual society formed in 1896. The league's membership increased from 146 in June 1901 to 1266 in December 1902.[136] In November 1901, after coordinating its approach with workers in Genoa and

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132 *Journal of Gas Lighting, Water Supply, &c* 1900: 1526.

133 *Journal of Gas Lighting, Water Supply, &c* 1900: 1526; *Report of Proceedings at the Ordinary General Meeting of the Continental Union Gas Company, reprinted from the Journal of Gas Lighting*, 16 December 1902: 2, 4 (ASF); *Journal of Gas Lighting, Water Supply, &c* 1903: 761; "Continental Union Gas Company, Limited," *Journal of Gas Lighting, Water Supply, &c* 18 December 1906: 832.

134 Procacci 374.

135 *Journal of Gas Lighting, Water Supply, &c* 1900: 1526. "Continental Union Gas Company, Limited: The Strike at the Italian Stations," *Journal of Gas Lighting, Water Supply, &c* 17 December 1901: 1610.

136 The League's official title was *Lega di miglioramento fra gli addetti al gaz di Milano e provincia (Sezione di Milano)* (Paletta 61).

Alessandria, the League presented to the CUGC a printed pamphlet containing its demands for a *regolamento organico*, a company regulation that would stipulate a minimum wage, reduced working hours, increased pay, and union recognition.[137] The UdG was given six days to respond to these demands, and a three-day strike occurred, throwing the affected cities into darkness. Solanges is said to have met with the workers representatives, the mayor and the prefect, and advised them that the presidents of the UdG and CUGC were on their way from Paris and London respectively, to give favourable consideration to the demands. At this, an agreement was made to resume work, but an agitator once more stirred the men to keep on striking. During the strike, the UdG managers—i.e. in Milan, Solanges—"brought in men from the surrounding country," and provided an imperfect night-time supply of gas for lighting. At the same time, the League paid out 6,000 lira to these strikebreakers "to send them back where they had come from."[138]

The final result of this strike was a complete victory for the employees: a 22–page agreement was made on 29 November 1901: Verbale delle nuove condizioni di servizio e dei miglioramenti accordati il 29 novembre 1901 dalla Società "L'Union des gaz" al personale operaio.[139] The cost to the company was an increase in its expenditure of about £10,000 per annum, and this despite the company's complaints that "the amount of work done by an Italian stoker was ridiculously small as compared with that of an Englishman."[140]

These tumultuous events brought the first known mention of Solanges in the annual reports of the CUGC:

> […] special mention of the services recently rendered by the Managers at Milan […] no thanks could compensate [the Managers] for the exertions they had made on behalf of the Company. The Directors would take care that they were substantially rewarded for the risk, trouble and anxiety they had undergone.[141]

A year later, Solanges was again "mentioned in despatches":

> With regard to the Italian stations […] they had men in charge who were absolutely devoted to the interests of the Company. On M. Solanges, their Manager at Milan, a great burden had fallen—not only in dealing with the men, but in dealing with the Bill that had been brought into the Chamber by the Minister of the Interior (M. Gioletti). M. Solanges was still in Rome in

137 Paletta 61.
138 Paletta 61–2; *Journal of Gas Lighting, Water Supply, &c* 1901: 1610.
139 Library catalogue of the Archivio della Fondazione Giangiacomo Feltrinelli, Milan.
140 *Report of Proceedings* 16 December 1902: 3 (ASF).
141 *Journal of Gas Lighting, Water Supply, &c* 1901: 1610.

> connection with this matter; and he had rendered the Company the greatest service. He had given valuable assistance in the effort made to enable the Italian Government to see the full bearing of the Bill, and to see that full justice was done to foreign enterprise in Italy.[142]

During 1902–03, Solanges spent a month in London with his daughter Marthe, probably principally to meet the directors of the CUGC and to attend the annual general meeting:

> Le séjour d'un mois que j'ai fait alors à Londres, m'est resté comme un des plus amusants et plus intéressants de ma vie, et tout ce qui s'y rattache m'intéresse encore (Letter 243, 11 December 1913).[143]

An indication of the responsibility held by Solanges during 1902 is that £120,000 was to be spent on improvements to the Milan gasworks during 1902.[144]

During 1903, the *organico* between the workers and the company was finally settled:

> … the "organico" […] an exceedingly difficult and complicated arrangement with the workmen. […] it was a number of little rules, which went so much to define the men's actual duties. […] It had been a year of strain in Milan and Genoa; and he also wished to publicly thank the Engineers and other officers there for the excellent work they had done. Everything with the workmen had gone on well lately, and without a hitch; and this was due entirely to the action of their officers.[145]

The final document of the organico was 75 pages long: Organico regolamento disciplinare e disposizioni generali riguardanti il personale operaio stabile addetto alle officine del gas di Milano; this was more than three times longer than the agreement reached in 1901.[146]

In September 1904 a general strike was proclaimed in many cities in Italy, and Milan was thrown into darkness for three nights: "all the shops were closed, and the city was practically in the hands of the strikers."[147] The strike caused losses to the UdG, and also caused one of the major shareholders of the CUGC to make a trip of

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142 *Report of Proceedings* 16 December 1902: 6 (ASF). The Bill in question enabled the expropriation and municipalisation of public services, including water, public and private lighting, tramways, telephone networks, pharmacies, mills and bakeries: it became Law No. 103 of 29 March 1903, *Legge sull'assunzione diretta dei pubblici servizi da parte dei Comuni*. The first municipalisations of gas companies had however already taken place, at La Spezia in 1877, Como in 1894, Padua in 1896, and Bologna in 1900: some of the earliest Italian examples of municipalities becoming actively involved in providing public utilities (Rossella 35–36).

143 References to the play *The Admirable Crichton* in Letter 313 (20 October 1913) date this visit to London to the period after 4 November 1902.

144 *Report of Proceedings* 16 December 1902: 4 (ASF).

145 "Continental Union Gas Company: A Reduced Dividend, and the Explanation" 762.

146 Library catalogue of the Archivio della Fondazione Giangiacomo Feltrinelli, Milan.

inspection to Italy, where his host in Milan was Solanges. This shareholder was concerned that business had doubled but that profits had halved, that enormous dividends had been taken in previous years but the workmen of Italy had been badly treated, that "the workmen of Italy in years gone by did not trust the Company," and above all, that in Milan "no preparation was apparently made […] for what was obviously coming—an enormous increase in the production and sale of gas, together with a reduction in its price."[148]

At the CUGC Annual General Meeting in 1904, special mention was made of the Managers at Milan and Genoa (Messrs. Solanges and Henry), and "how they had behaved with extraordinary tact in dealing with difficult circumstances."[149] It is unclear whether this refers to tact in dealing with the strikers or with the visiting shareholder.

By the second half of 1905, Solanges had been with the UdG for thirty years, and was a year from his sixtieth birthday. As he later wrote to HHR:

> Après dix ans de direction, dix ans émaillés de grèves, d'émeutes etc etc—c'était à Milan—j'ai pris ma retraite. (Letter 50, 29 December 1910)

Around this time, Solanges's friend Giulio Ricordi—a prominent music publisher, among whose clients was Giuseppe Verdi—sent him two poems in Milanese dialect; one of them is dated 9 April 1905, while the other bears the mock-heroic title "Cronache delli gassi milanesi."[150] These letters may be related to Solanges's retirement, but other indications are that the event did not happen until near the end of 1905: Edouard Blau for example wrote of Solanges's "retraite prochaine" in July.[151]

A clipping from the *Journal of Gas Lighting, Water Supply, etc* confirms that he retired near the end of 1905 and gives a contemporary summation of his career:

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147 *Report of Proceedings at the Ordinary General Meeting of the Continental Union Gas Company, reprinted from the Journal of Gas Lighting*, 20 December 1904: 6 (ASF).
148 *Report of Proceedings* 20 December 1904: 9–10 (ASF).
149 *Report of Proceedings* 20 December 1904: 13 (ASF).
150 Giulio Ricordi, letters to PS, 9 April 1905 and undated, ASB 14.2 and 14.3.
151 Edouard Blau, letter to PS, 13 July 1905, ASF. See also the end of Letter 33 (1 January 1906).

We understand that M. PAUL SOLANGES has retired from the position he has held for so long as Manager of the Milan gas undertaking belonging to the Union des Gaz. The local papers refer to this voluntary retirement, after a connection of some thirty years, with much regret, with which all who know M. Solanges will heartily desire to associate themselves. His literary work is also referred to appreciatingly—such as his own verse, translations into French of Boito's operas "Mefistofele" and "Falstaff," and other books. We sincerely wish M. Solanges every happiness in his well-earned leisure, and trust that his literary output will be further increased. The vacant position has, it is reported, been filled by appointing M. Lacombe, who is an Engineer of the Ecole Polytechnique of Paris, and who but a short time ago was, we believe, an officer in the French army.

Figure 10: Solanges's retirement notice

(*Journal of Gas Lighting, Water Supply, etc*, 30 January 1906, p. 279)

In May 1906 Solanges was awarded the rank of Commander (*Commendatore*) in the Order of the Crown of Italy (*Ordine della Corona d'Italia*).[152] This knighthood, on the nomination of the foreign minister, probably marked Solanges's retirement from his post as director. It joins the Spanish knighthood he had received in 1887, making him a knight in two countries but not in his own.

There is no mention of Solanges's retirement in the 1905 or 1906 reports of the CUGC,[153] and the fulsome praise heaped upon his successor, M. Lacombe, at the 1906 meeting might lead one to surmise that the directors of the CUGC were relieved at his retirement—after all, the obvious contrast is with the previous manager:

> Speaking of M. Lacombe, the Chairman said that his was one of the names that must be cherished in connection with the Union des Gaz. If *the Company were now going on a better course*, and if they were to make way with all the present difficulties ahead of them, it would be due to the strenuous efforts the Board had made to get a more experienced class of carbonizers, and, if anything, *more powerful men* at the head of affairs than they had hitherto had. If there was any fault to be found with Mr. Garey and himself, it was that *they had held a little too tightly to the men they knew in former days*. The difficulties were so great that they must have first-rate technical men for the carbonising, and especially at the great stations. M. Lacombe was a first-rate man in every way, both for negotiation and management; and it was most fortunate they had got his services.
>
> Mr. Birchenough […] described him as a man of great courage, of great steadfastness of character, a born negotiator, and a hard and devoted worker. The Board felt remarkable satisfaction that they had secured a man who had *taken off their shoulders so much of the detail work*, and on whom they could rely to *relieve them of so much anxiety* […] (emphasis added)[154]

These magniloquent encomiums for his successor—even given the possibility of a certain self-serving hyperbole on the part of the directors—might well have been

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[152] Decree of nomination to the rank of *Commendatore* in the *Ordine della Corona d'Italia*, Rome, 6 May/25 August 1906, ASF.

[153] "Continental Union Gas Company, Limited," *Journal of Gas Lighting, Water Supply, &c* 19 December 1905: 841–3; *Journal of Gas Lighting* 1906: 831–32.

[154] *Journal of Gas Lighting, Water Supply, &c* 1906: 832.

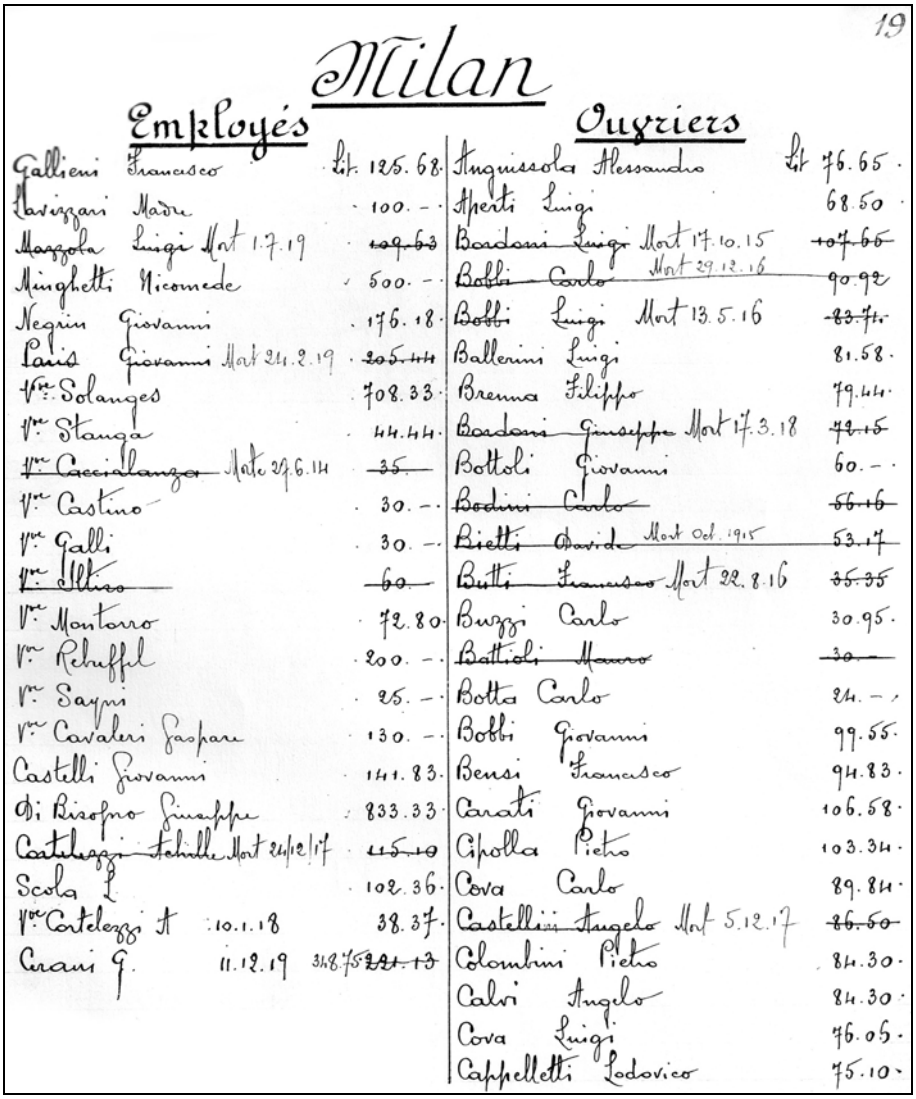
taken as an indirect put-down by Solanges. There has been no consideration of Solanges's character as yet in this narrative, and it is premature to go into it in much detail—the best sources for judging his character are his own letters, namely those to Antonio Fogazzaro and those to HHR, and these are yet to be considered. However, it shall simply be noted here that this post-retirement treatment of Solanges by his company is consistent with an interpretation of Solanges as not entirely suited for high office.[155]

Solanges's move from Milan to the seaside town of Multedo will be dealt with after consideration of his literary career.[156] To complete the story of his association with the gas works, the sole surviving UdG document dealing with Solanges should be noted. In a register of UdG pensions dating from 1914, there is an entry for the Widow Solanges, to whom the sum of 708.33 lira was payable.[157] This was the second-highest pension payable to employees or workers at the Milan factory, and most of the pensions for workers were less than 100 lira.

[155] For consideration of Solanges's nervousness and lack of self-confidence, see especially Chapters 7 and 8.

[156] See p. 166.

[157] "Pensions, Union des Gaz," c. 1914–19, 695837, Archives historiques d'EdF–Gaz de France, Blois.



19

Milan

Employés

Gallieni	Francesco	Lt. 125.68
Lavizzari	Madre	100.–
~~Marzola~~	~~Luigi Mort 1.7.19~~	~~109.63~~
Minghetti	Nicomede	500.–
Negrin	Giovanni	176.18
~~Lavis~~	~~Giovanni Mort 24.2.19~~	~~205.44~~
Vve Solanges		708.33
Vve Stanga		44.44
~~Vve Cacialanza~~	~~Morte 29.6.14~~	~~35.–~~
Vve Castino		30.–
Vve Galli		30.–
~~Vve Altino~~		~~60.–~~
Vve Montorro		72.80
Vve Rehuffel		200.–
Vve Sayni		25.–
Vve Cavaleri Gaspare		130.–
Castelli	Giovanni	141.83
Di Bisogno	Giuseppe	833.33
~~Castelazzi~~	~~Estelle Mort 24/12/17~~	~~115.10~~
Scola	L	102.36
Vve Castelazzi	A 10.1.18	38.37
Grani	G. 11.12.19	~~318.75 221.13~~

Ouvriers

Anguissola	Alessandro	Lt 76.65
Aperti	Luigi	68.50
~~Bordoni~~	~~Luigi Mort 17.10.15~~	~~107.66~~
~~Bobbi~~	~~Carlo Mort 29.12.16~~	~~90.92~~
~~Bobbi~~	~~Luigi Mort 13.5.16~~	~~83.71~~
Ballerini	Luigi	81.58
Brenna	Filippo	79.44
~~Bordoni~~	~~Giuseppe Mort 17.3.18~~	~~72.15~~
Bottoli	Giovanni	60.–
~~Bodini~~	~~Carlo~~	~~56.16~~
~~Bietti~~	~~David Mort Oct. 1915~~	~~53.17~~
~~Butti~~	~~Francesco Mort 22.8.16~~	~~35.35~~
Buzzi	Carlo	30.95
~~Battioli~~	~~Mauro~~	~~30.–~~
Botta	Carlo	24.–
Bobbi	Giovanni	99.55
Bensi	Francesco	94.83
Carati	Giovanni	106.58
Cipolla	Pietro	103.34
Cova	Carlo	89.84
~~Castelli~~	~~Angelo Mort 5.12.17~~	~~86.50~~
Colombini	Pietro	84.30
Calvi	Angelo	84.30
Cova	Luigi	76.05
Cappelletti	Lodovico	75.10

Figure 11: Union des Gaz pension list, c. 1914

(Widow Solanges's name appears seventh.
Image courtesy of Archives historiques d'EdF-Gaz de France, Blois)

The later history of the Milan gasworks, the UdG and the CUGC can be summarised quickly: the UdG sold the gasworks in Milan in the 1920s, and UdG was itself purchased—perhaps in the same transaction—on 7 March 1929 by the *Société lyonnaise des eaux et de l'éclairage*. The latter was nationalised in 1946, eventually becoming part of *Gaz de France*, which has since been merged with *Electricité de France* (EdF–GdF).[158] After selling UdG, the CUGC changed its name to Continental Union Trust Company Limited, becoming an investment company; in 1982 it decided to concentrate on North America, and changed its name to TR North America Investment Trust PLC, managed by Touche Remnant. In 1988, TR North America Investment Trust PLC was liquidated and the shareholders were offered a rollover

into a new offshore fund domiciled in Luxembourg, whereas the fund manager Touche Remnant was acquired in 1992 by Henderson Administration Group PLC (now Henderson Global Investors (Holdings) PLC). The archives of CUGC, known to have been extant in 1984, were probably destroyed after the liquidation of TR North America Investment Trust PLC in 1988.[159]

A few points may be mentioned in summary in relation to Solanges's business career:

- Solanges received his first posting to Milan, in 1875, through the influence of Frédéric Toché, father of his half-brother Raoul, and this new career saw him in a much more responsible position than he had held in the military
- he held the position of Deputy Manager from an unknown date until 1896, when he became Manager
- he held the position of Manager through a turbulent period in Italian history, fraught with strikes and agitation, until his retirement in 1905
- although the available documentation shows him in a good light, there are indications that the CUGC may have been glad to replace him with a more qualified and better-suited person.

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158 Thibaut Girard (archivist, EdF-GdF Archives, Paris), email to the author, 16 August 1999; Giuseppe Paletta, email to the author, 18 August 1999.

159 Richmond, *Company Archives* 38; "City of London Investment Trust plc," 8 February 2006 <www.itshenderson.com/its.cityoflondon/trustinformation/profile.asp#>; James de Sausmarez, Head of Investment Trusts, Henderson Global Investors, email to the author, 10 March 2006; Michael Denison, Funds Practice, PriceWaterhouseCoopers, London, email to the author, 20 April 2006.

Chapter 5: Author and Translator

The story of Paul Solanges as author and translator brings the reader closer to the man himself, for it is here that the archival record—principally Solanges's own correspondence—becomes much fuller and begins to reveal his character, rather than just the facts of his life. In this chapter, Solanges will be revealed principally as seen by others, through letters written *to* him. It is only with the Fogazzaro correspondence, in the next chapter, that Solanges himself will speak.

Firstly, however, there are a few occasions on which Solanges himself summarised his literary life, and Solanges's daughter Marthe also summarised his literary output, so it is worth using these summaries to place in context the detail that follows.

In 1887, in his first letter to Antonio Fogazzaro, requesting permission to translate a short story, Solanges wrote:

> Si vous désirez savoir comment je comprends la traduction, Giacosa[,] Arrigo et Camillo Boito, Verga pourront vous renseigner à cet égard. (Letter 1, 15 May 1887)

This is a very brief attestation of his abilities as a translator, but Solanges was probably well aware of the longstanding friendship between the dramatist Giuseppe Giacosa and the composer Arrigo Boito, who had known each other since 1873,[160] as well as that between Giacosa and the novelist Fogazzaro, who had met in 1883.[161] In the small world of Milanese high society, he was justified in expecting Fogazzaro to make personal enquiries about his capabilities. And that is what Fogazzaro may have done, to positive effect, judging from the fact that it was August 1887 before Solanges received permission to translate not a short story but a novel by Fogazzaro.

In 1910, when making an approach to Henry Handel Richardson similar to the one he had made to Fogazzaro in 1887, Solanges cited at first only his translation of Fogazzaro's novel, which was indeed his only book-length translation:

> J'ai fait plusieurs versions dont les auteurs n'ont été mécontents à aucun point de vue. Je vous citerai, entre autres, le *Daniel Cortis* d'Antonio Fogazzaro qui a été publié d'abord dans la *Revue de Paris* et a eu depuis une quinzaine d'éditions chez Calman[n] Lévy. (Letter 41, 27 October 1910)

He followed this a few days later with more name-dropping:

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[160] Piero Nardi, *Vita di Arrigo Boito* (Milan: Mondadori, 1942) 347.
[161] Nardi, *Boito* 439.

> […] j'ai l'habitude de partager tous les bénéfices résultant de mon travail avec les auteurs qui veulent bien me confier leurs œuvres. C'est ainsi que j'ai fait avec Fogazzaro (Daniel Cortis) avec Arrigo Boito et Verdi (Falstaff), avec G. Verga (Cavalleria rusticana—le drame qui se donne en ce moment à Paris, à l'Odéon) avec Giacosa (Novelle Valdostane) avec Maude Valerie White etc etc. (Letter 42, 1 November 1910)

The most substantial addition to the list between Letter 41 and Letter 42 is Verdi's *Falstaff* (1894), but the vague mention of other translations gives a perhaps deliberate impression of a large output—which cannot but help in the first stages of an author-translator relationship.

Finally, in his tenth letter to HHR, Solanges makes the claim (reproduced above, p. 70) that in about 1895 he could have attained the role of the pre-eminent translator Georges Hérelle, had he not laid literature aside for the security of his managerial career. He also refers to his unsuccessful post-retirement efforts to renew his career as a translator.

One noteworthy aspect of these autobiographical snippets is that not once does Solanges refer to anything written by himself, and he refers only very obliquely ("avec Maude Valerie White etc etc") to his numerous translations of songs, which might well have interested HHR as the author of such an intensely musical novel as *MG*.

After Solanges's death, when HHR was trying unsuccessfully to place Solanges's translation of *Maurice Guest* with a French publisher, she obviously asked Marthe Solanges for a list of his translations that she could use to push her claims to publication. Marthe provided this list:

> Mon père n'a eu de publié à Paris que Daniel Cortis de Fogazzaro chez Calmann Lévy. Tout le reste a été édité par Ricordi […].
> Libretti: Falstaff avec Boito, Mefistofeles [ditto] , Gioconda [ditto]
> Albums de vers avec musique et dessins: Le livre des Sérénades, Le bal de la Poupée, Le livre des Histoires, Rosette, Les Amoureux de Colombine. Différentes pièces de vers mises en musique par Tosti et d'autres. (Letter 256, 15 May 1914)

Marthe's list provides a reasonably full view of Solanges's output as a translator, with the exception of any reference to *Cavalleria rusticana*, but she too omits mention of Solanges's own writing—perhaps it was irrelevant to HHR's request.

These snippets provide three underlying themes for Solanges's career as a translator: songs, libretti, and the novels of Fogazzaro and HHR. The main sources for fleshing out the story are the letters Solanges received from various authors, the

published correspondence of some of these authors, and the various national library catalogues that contain details of his publications. In this and successive chapters, the narrative will focus on particular works or groups of works according to the opportunities afforded by the sources. This will inevitably involve some chronological overlap—especially in the consideration of the 1880s, when most of Solanges's output was concentrated.

La séance, 1881

In April 1880, Solanges completed his only original literary work, which was published in 1881 by Dumolard Frères in Milan. *La séance* is a 23-page poetical drama, the story of the meeting between a painter and his beloved model, who is (of course) married to a boor ("butor"). The painter admits his love for Sylvia, who responds by aspiring to be like the women of old, who were both lovers and muses. Today, she says, she is afraid, and must leave; tomorrow, his wish will be her wish, and they shall have complete trust and friendship. In an effort to get to know him, she asks to see the painting that is hidden on his easel, and when he refuses, she calls it a clear refusal of their communion of heart and mind, a lack of trust that is the only thing she cannot suffer. The painter gives in and shows her the painting, in which Sylvia is pictured as a nude Veritas rising to the clouds. Sylvia is immediately ashamed, and refuses to pose nude to complete the painting, comparing herself to a prostitute if she would do so. The painter then gets angry:

> J'ai compris. Allons, va, mon beau songe menteur !
> Tout est dit, quittons-nous. Les rêves sont des rêves !
> Tu t'ébauchais, charmant, amoureux, enchanteur,
> Prosäique et plat tu t'achèves. […]
> —Madame, croyez-moi, pour vous mieux vaut rester
> Ce que Dieu vous a fait: une belle bourgeoise.

Whereupon Sylvia takes up the challenge, and goes briefly behind the curtain. These are the last lines:

> Que penses-tu, pauvre amoureuse,
> Alors que de ta main fiévreuse,
> Tu fais se coucher tout en rond
> A tes pieds, comme un chien qui rêve,
> Tes falbalas ? Ton sein se lève
> Tout gonflé d'un orgeuil profond.
>
> Ton flanc tressaille avec délice,
> Tu crois en ce grand sacrifice

> Que réclament l'amour et l'art.
> Dévoile-toi, pauvre amoureuse,
> Viens, apparais, belle peureuse,
> Pour te dédire il est trop tard !
>
> Quand elle s'avança, sur son épaule ronde
> Ses cheveux ondulés flottaient comme un manteau—
> C'était Ève ou Vénus, Armide ou Rosemonde,
> Ce que tous les siècles du monde
> Ont imaginé de plus beau !
>
> Et lui blême, haletant, adorait en silence,
> Les yeux troublés devant cette chaste impudeur,
> Honteux de son défi devant cette vaillance,
> Honteux de ses désirs devant cette splendeur.
> Tout près d'elle il se mit à genoux et son âme
> Se noyait dans un flot montant de passion
> Pour ce bon cœur d'enfant, pour ce beau corps de femme.
> Les mains jointes il dit : Je t'aime, ô Vision !

La séance is a mixture of reasonable verse ("Allons ! C'est aujourd'hui comme hier ! … à demain… / Demain … hélas ! je sens que je m'efforce en vain ;") and rather prosaic language ("Un grand porte-manteau, / Un vieux fauteuil avec un dessus de ficelle / Le meublaient seuls. On y trouvait le pot à l'eau"), with a moving finale, inspired by a scene from Théophile Gautier's *Mademoiselle de Maupin* (published in 1836). It is dedicated to Solanges's childhood friend, Edouard Blau, "en témoignage d'une vieille et constante amitié."

Only twice does Solanges write indirectly about this little work in his correspondence. In March 1911, when sending to HHR the first completed chapter of *MG* for her to review, he wrote of his doubts about the quality of his translation:

> Car pour vous dire la vérité, je ne sais plus moi-même que penser de ces premières pages: le matin je les trouve bien, le soir je les trouve infectes. Voilà où j'en suis et voilà pourquoi je n'ai presque rien publié de moi. À un moment donné, je ne sais plus. (Letter 66, 1 March 1911)

Two years later, towards the end of his translation work, he was having misgivings about making textual suggestions to HHR, and again expressed doubts about the quality of his own work:

> Ce doute vous expliquera pourquoi je n'ai presque rien écrit d'original, sauf des vers. Je suis plein de doutes et vous vous en serez convaincu depuis longtemps. Dans les vers la pensée est nettement condensée. Si le vers sonne bien, l'idée doit être frappée comme une médaille. Il n'y a qu'une façon de bien dire en vers une chose juste. (Letter 241, 26 November 1913)

Self-doubt is indeed one of the most characteristic of Solanges's traits, and this being so, it is understandable that he did not persist in his efforts to become a writer, but

quickly decided to concentrate on translation, an occupation that well suited his literary and musical education, his flair for language, and his available leisure. This he obviously did reasonably quickly: in April 1881, he received a letter from Paolo Ferrari (1822–1889, dramatist, and professor of history in Milan since 1861). Ferrari says that he must defer to Solanges's opinion of the Paris public and the exigencies it creates for translators. He avows that Solanges's adaptations of Ferrari's 1868 comedy *Amore senza stima* are done "con grandissimo ingegno e sentimento di scena," but he leaves it up to Solanges to find a Paris theatre whose doors will be open to him.[162] This problem of finding an outlet for his translations would dog Solanges until the end.

Songs, 1880–95

The annotated bibliography of Solanges's works at Appendix 1 contains the bibliographical details of twenty-four separately published songs and eight collections of songs. These range in date from 1880 to 1895, with a concentration in the years 1883–89. Although it is not clear how much one should rely on the catalogue records, it seems that *twenty-one* of the thirty-two works involve original composition of songs by Solanges.

By far the most prominent of Solanges's collaborations is that with Giulio Ricordi (1840–1912), the grandson of the founder of the Milanese music publishing firm of the same name. Giulio Ricordi composed many piano pieces and songs, as well as some orchestral music and stage works, usually under the pseudonym J. Burgmein. He dealt regularly with composer Giuseppe Verdi (1813–1901) on the firm's behalf from 1875, directed the Ricordi firm from 1888 to 1912, and also dealt with composer Giacomo Puccini (1858–1924).

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[162] "Non sono pratico del pubblico di Parigi e debbo riportami a ciò ch'Ella mi dice sulle necessità che i [di Lui gusti?] creano per les *adaptions* delle produzioni tradotte. Date queste necessità, le ripeto che le sue adaptations dell'*amore senza stima* mi [pajano?] fatte con grandissimo ingegno e sentimento di scena. Resta ora ch'Ella riesca e trovare fra i teatri parigini uno di cui almeno una porta non sia atturata dalla solita siepe d'autori che fanno a pugni per passare e tengono indietro chi arriva tardi." Paolo Ferrari, letter to PS, April 1881, ASF.

Chapter 5: Author and Translator

Ricordi and Solanges produced four separately published songs and seven collections of songs between 1880 and 1895: the songs were *L'épousée* (undated), *Bonne nuit, poupée!* (1884), *Malgré a!* and *Pourquoi rire?* (1885). The collections of songs were *Le livre des sérénades* (1882, 171 pages), *Le bal de la poupée* (1885, 33/65 pages), *Paysages au fusain* (1885, 15 pages), *Serenatelle spagnuole* (1886, 8 pages), *Le livre des histoires* (1887, 109 pages), *Rosette* (1888, 59 pages), and finally *Les amoureux de Colombine* (1895, 63 pages). There was also *Le rêve de l'odalisque* (1885), a "scène dramatique pour piano," which sounds not unlike *La séance* in format.

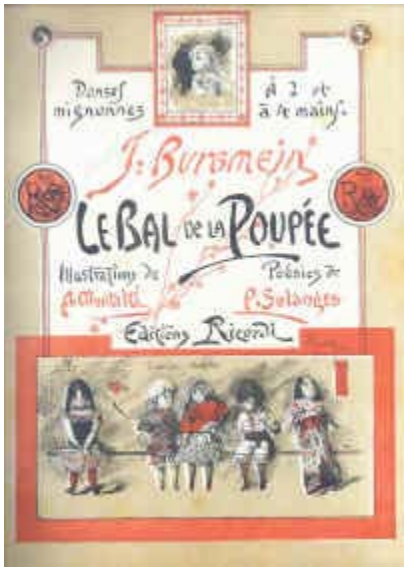


Figure 12: Cover of *Le bal de la poupée*, 1885

Only one song from all these collaborations with Ricordi appears to have been composed by someone other than Solanges (*Serenatelle spagnuole* is clearly marked as "Parole italiane di F. Fontana ed A. Zanardini"). This suggests that Solanges's original output of poetry is much more substantial, at least in number, than he had implied to HHR, with his offhand comment "je n'ai presque rien écrit d'original, sauf des vers" (Letter 241, 26 November 1913). The fact that Giulio Ricordi should have relied on him over a span of fifteen years to put words to his music is also a mark of the respect in which Solanges's poetry was held.

There is very little other direct documentation of these collaborations with Ricordi, not even in the archives of the Ricordi firm.[163] *The Times* reviewed *Le livre des sérénades* at some length in 1884, but concentrated on how well the fifteen serenades reflected the fifteen countries that were to be musically depicted, leaving

[163] Maria Pia Ferraris, Archivio Storico Ricordi, email to the author, 27 August 1997.

room for only a brief mention of the poetry. The extract below includes a reference to Burgmein (Ricordi's pseudonym) for local colour:

> Of the identity or even the nationality of M. Burgmein we confess ourselves ignorant. The name—probably a pseudonym—suggests a German; but this suggestion is contradicted by internal evidence, for the character of the music is the reverse of Teutonic. […] The weakest part of the volume is the poetic commentary added to the music, a fact for which M. Solanges, its author, is not wholly responsible. The music and the drawings having probably been finished before he put pen to paper, his muse had to accommodate herself to circumstances not altogether favourable to genuine inspiration.[164]

In 1899, *The Times* commented very briefly on *Rosette*, some eleven years after the publication date suggested by the music catalogues:

> A set of well-written duets by J. Burgmein, under the title of "Rosette" (Ricordi and Co.), presents a melancholy Dutch legend of the sea in very attractive form. The album is illustrated with some admirable drawings by A. Montalti, and the poem, by P. Solanges, is given in full.[165]

Supplementary evidence of some of Solanges's poetic endeavours with Ricordi does come, however, from two letters he received from the poet Théodore de Banville (1823–91), known as "roi des rimes" for his versatility. The first, datable to 1882, gives a different view on *Le livre des sérénades* from that of *The Times*:

> Monsieur et cher poète, Mille circonstances invraisemblables m'ont empêché de vous remercier plus tost pour vos délicieuses sérénades. Les petits poèmes sont excellents, d'un art extrêmement ingénieux et raffiné et j'admire comment dans des poèmes si courts dont la forme vous est presque toujours imposée vous avez pu fixer d'une manière si délicate à la fois et si décisive l'âme, la couleur, l'inspiration particulière de chaque pays. Je ne vous dis rien de la musique; je ne la connais pas encore, ayant été long-temps souffrant et depuis des mois n'ayant pas eu en même temps chez moi un musicien et un piano; mais j'ai souvent relu vos vers si bien écrites dans leurs belles rimes, et je vous en adresse mes compliments les plus fraternels.[166]

Such praise from a distinguished poet and master of the techniques of poetry should certainly have reassured Solanges as to the quality of his own work, but at the same time, it is also evidence of Solanges's *need* for either help or reassurance, a trait that has been mentioned previously.[167]

In 1885, Banville again wrote to Solanges, this time in relation to the second collection of songs with Ricordi, *Le bal de la poupée*:

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164 "A Book of Serenades," *The Times* 23 February 1884: 3.
165 "New Pianoforte Music," *The Times* 23 January 1899: 4.
166 Théodore de Banville, letter to PS, [1882], ASF.
167 See p. 82.

> […] certes, il ne faut pas mettre le mot *Poupées* au milieu d'un vers, car c'est, non seulement contraire à l'honnêteté et à toutes les règles, mais encore parfaitement inutile. Cherchez un peu; il y a cent façons d'arranger vos vers autrement, et en voici une, au hasard: […] Bien entendu, mon cher poète, je ne vous conseille pas plus cette forme-là qu'une autre. C'est seulement pour vous dire à quel point la chose est possible.[168]

This encouragement to self-reliance was probably well placed in the case of Solanges.

Excluding for the moment Solanges's later operatic involvement with Verdi, Boito and Ricordi, the only other reference to Ricordi in Solanges's correspondence is in a letter from Solanges to Fogazzaro, and refers either to *Le livre des histoires: suite de 9 contes musicaux* (1887) or to *Rosette* (1888):

> Enfin j'ai dû faire, pour la fin d'année, dix petits poèmes pour lesquels je m'étais engagé avec la maison Ricordi. (Letter 5, 19 December 1887)

The only evidence of a link between Solanges and Giulio Ricordi that is held by the Ricordi firm itself is a *carte de visite* photograph of Solanges. Until contact was made with Solanges's family during the research for this thesis, this was the only available photograph of Solanges, probably taken in the 1880s.



Figure 13: Paul Solanges in mid-life

(Image courtesy of Archivio Storico Ricordi, Milan)

After Ricordi, Solanges collaborated most on songs with Francesco Paolo Tosti (1846–1916), an Italian-born British composer of many popular songs, who was knighted in 1908. This collaboration produced one song in 1880, one song and a collection of songs in 1883, and finally four songs in 1888–89. In four of these cases,

[168] Théodore de Banville, letter to PS, 4 October 1885, ASF.

Solanges is clearly a translator or imitator of songs composed in Italian, whereas in the other cases he may be composing the words himself. There are two letters from Tosti in Solanges's archives, both written in 1883. In one of them Tosti informs Solanges that he has sent four manuscripts to Giulio Ricordi, probably for the collection *20 mélodies pour chant et piano*;[169] in the other, Tosti asks Solanges to do a free translation of a poem by Gabriele D'Annunzio.[170]

The third of Solanges's collaborators, in importance, was Maude Valérie White (1855–1937), a composer and gifted linguist who wrote some 200 songs, mostly drawing-room ballads. This was not, however, a long collaboration. In 1885–86, Solanges translated for her one poem by Shelley, one by Heinrich Heine and one by Lord Lytton. White wrote two very chatty letters to Solanges in 1886. The first was a thankyou to Solanges for re-translating Lord Lytton's poem:

> Je vous remercie mil [sic] fois pour votre aimable lettre; c'était à contre cœur, que je vous demandai de refaire les paroles. J'ai fait presque toutes les traductions anglais [sic] dans mon petit album, et je sais comme c'est ennuyeux de changer une traduction quand on l'a une fois regardée comme finie et hors de main. Je n'ai pas encore vu la nouvelle edition de "Absent yet Present" mais je laisserai ouverte ma lettre pour vous dire ce que j'en pense. […]
> P.S. J'ai vu la nouvelle traduction et j'en suis *tout à fait* satisfaite. Je vous remercie mil fois de toute la peine.[171]

A few weeks later, she requests a little translation from Spanish, and chats about her feelings for Heine's poetry:

> Voulez vous me faire un *bien* grand plaisir? Vous connaissez bien ma petite mélodie "Die Himmelsangen" dont vous avez fait une traduction française. Eh bien j'aimerais *tant* que vous me traduisiez les vers espagnoles [sic] qui sont sur la première page de la mélodie: je vous envoie la partie vocale, avec les paroles espagnoles. Je tiens *beaucoup* a avoir cette traduction—car j'ai une sympathie spéciale pour cette poésie et je crois qu'il sera plus facile de faire une traduction sympathique de l'Espagnol que de l'Allemand; du reste, Monsieur, je suis bien convaincue que vous verrez, comme moi j'ai vu, qu'il y a quelque chose de plus *humain* de plus […] dans la poésie Espagnole. La poésie de Heine est de toute beauté, il n'y a pas à dire—mais en composant

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169 Paolo Tosti, letter to PS, 19 February 1883, ASB 17.1.

170 "Ed ora, brevemente, ho bisogno di voi, di un *gran favore*, e *di un segreto*, almeno fino alla mia venuta costà che sarà fin dieci giorni al piú. Vi mando delle parole adattate ad un Walzer di Burgmein. Neppure una parola *a lui* ne *ad altri*. Vorrei fargli una sorpresa—Potete voi in due o tre giorni fare di quelle parole una traduzione *liberissima*? Dovreste conservare il metro, e il titolo, *Una donna* che *rêve en Hamak*! Fatele due tutti le piú gentili cose di questo mondo e sopratutto fatele avere molti desiderî *gentili* in sogno ad acchi aperti!!!
Le parole italiane sono di d'Annunzio. Se mi [donate?] delle vostre belle parole francesi garantisco a la canzone un successo di popolarità *colossale* a Parigi pure. Dunque. Se potrete rendermi i due favori ve ne sarò riconoscentissimo" (Paolo Tosti, letter to PS, 27 March [1883], ASB 17.2).

171 Maude Valérie White, letter to PS, 11 February 1886, ASF.

> cette mélodie, j'ai tant pensé a "una noche clara y pura" et puis un jour je l'ai essayé avec la mélodie et voilà que cela allait parfaitement avec la musique! Comprenez vous ce que cela veut dire "Hechoza" c'est un mot à peu près impossible à traduire—mais cela signifie "charmer", mais *non* dans le sens ordinaire du mot mais dans le sens mystique (comme *charment* les Orientales) Comme je m'explique mal! Au lieu de faire une explication je vous embrouille, pour sûr! Enfin Monsieur, j'attends une réponse avec impatience. Je ne sais vraiment pas comment vous remercier de la charmante lettre que vous m'avez écrite, il y a quelques semaines. J'aimerais bien me croire digne de toutes les jolies choses que vous me dites! Mais—mais—mais! Nous avons un proverbe anglais qui dit "Distance lends enchantment to the view"! Je vous salue très cordialement.[172]

These two letters are refreshingly easygoing, quite different in tone from most of the letters in Solanges's archive, and it is no wonder that he recalled White in 1910 when introducing himself to HHR (Letter 42, 1 November 1910)—but it is also true that in mentioning her name, he probably gave HHR an exaggerated view of his own importance as a translator.

The remaining dozen bibliographic items in Appendix 1 that can be classed as songs include nine in which Solanges is named as the composer of the words. Since most of these involve one song with each composer, a few notes on these composers, the songs, and their relationship with Solanges will be enough to deal with them:

- Luigi Denza (1846–1922), a composer and conductor, best known for his composition of the song *Funiculì Funiculà*, settled in London about 1887. Solanges composed three songs for him (*J'aime; valse chantée*, 1885, 22 pp.; *Souvenir de Quisisana; serenade*, 1888, 14 pp.; *Fête du village; stornello*, 1889, 14 pp.) but there is no surviving correspondence.
- Spyridon Filiskos Samaras (1861–1917) was the first Greek composer to achieve international recognition, at one stage almost eclipsing Mascagni's operas. He came to Italy in 1885, and in a note to Solanges in 1887, he says, "Merci mon cher ami, j'ai reçu la partie; ça va bien—Mais y il aurait une petite modification à faire. Je te prie donc de me donner un rendez-vous car [Lonzagno?] est de retour et je suis occupé."[173] This suggests that the song they collaborated on (*La chanson de l'espadachin*, 6 pp.), dated 1883 by some library catalogues, is probably better dated nearer to 1890—as surmised by the *New Grove Dictionary of Music and Musicians* ("Samaras, Spyridon").

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[172] Maude Valérie White, letter to PS, 25 March [1886], ASF.
[173] Spyridon Filiskos Samaras, letter to PS, [September 1887 (date added by Solanges)], ASB 16.1.

- Gaetano Braga (1829–1907), a cellist and composer, and a friend of Antonio Fogazzaro, collaborated with Solanges on one song (*La prière du soir*, 1884, 5 pp.). In 1906, a year before his death, Braga sent a very brief note to Solanges which shows the enduring warmth of their relationship, but not much else.[174]
- Luigi Caracciolo (1847–87) composed hundreds of songs. Solanges composed the words to *Le voyage de Suzon* for him in 1884, but there is no mention of Caracciolo in his archives.
- Angelo Mariani (1821–73), a renowned conductor, and a collaborator of Verdi, was based in Genoa from 1852–73. Solanges probably translated a song by Mariani (*Reviens hirondelle*, 1889), rather than composing words to his music (the bibliographic entry says the *French* words are by Solanges). There is no mention of Mariani in his archives.
- Tito Mattei (1841–1914) composed many songs from 1865. Solanges translated one English song by G. Clifton Bingham (*Reste avec moi!*, 1889), with music by Mattei, but there is no mention of Mattei in his archives.
- Marco Sala (1842–1901), a good friend of Arrigo Boito, composed at least thirty songs between 1875 and 1887. In 1886 Sala composed the music for a libretto by Solanges, which was to be performed, along with Giuseppe Giacosa's play *La tardi ravveduta*, at a summer-holiday spectacle near Lake Como, the brainchild of Duchess Ida Visconti di Modrone. Solanges's opera would last at least an hour when put to music, according to Giacosa.[175] This libretto was probably the one-act comic opera, *La chanson de Johanna* (1887), the published version of which, dedicated to Madame Anita Bozzotti Baseri, was only five pages long. Two undated notes from Sala to Solanges probably discuss this opera.[176]

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174 "Mon bien cher ami, Je suis très reconnaissant de vous tous. Car je sais très bien que vos souhaits sortent de votre bon cœur. Je redouble pour tous les v[o]eux, et je vous remercie de mon jeune cœur de 77 ans et demi." (Gaetano Braga, letter to PS, [December 1906], ASF).

175 "Ma l'opera di Solanges è già lunghetta e con la musica non potrà durare meno di un'ora." Giuseppe Giacosa, letter to Duchess Ida Visconti di Modrone, 16 August 1886, qtd. in P. Nardi, *Vita e tempo di Giuseppe Giacosa* (Milan: Mondadori, 1949) 538–41.

176 1) "Tengo il denaro a tua disposizione. Devo spedirlo costì? Con che mezzo. Devo invece spedirtelo a Milano? Attendo un tuo cenno. La Rivale è a buon punto. Le due canzoni di Rose. Il duetto e la canzone di Piedagneau, tutto ciò è pronto. Sto ora lavorando al preludio. Ma non so se i Bozzotti vogliono o non vogliono farla rappresentare."
2) "Ricevo la tua gentile e vi ringrazio. Io sono di parere che se l'operetta si dà val meglio lasciarla andare com'è. Salvo ripassarla veco quando si tratti della pubblicazzione. Ti pare? Intanto come metto in queste note, questo verso: C'est un rêve une extase ? ! ! ! !"
(Marco Sala, letters to PS, c. 1886?, ASF).

- Ciro Pinsuti (1829–88), a composer and singing teacher, settled in London in 1848, was on the staff of the Royal Academy of Music from 1856, and composed some 250 songs—including one to words by Solanges (*Le livre saint*, 1889). There is nothing about it in Solanges's archives.
- Arthur Goring Thomas (1850–92) composed one song to words by Solanges (*Amours villageoises*, 1890?), accompanied by a translation by Clifton Bingham: the only case where a work by Solanges appears to have been translated into English. Note that Solanges had translated Bingham's song to music by Mattei (see earlier paragraph).

In summary, in relation to Solanges's work as a composer and translator of songs, it may be stated that he was perhaps too self-effacing—or self-doubting—about his abilities: although he is not a "lost genius", he did receive the respect and cooperation of a dozen contemporary composers—and this is not to mention his operatic collaborations, to be considered below.

Literary Salons: the Dandolos and Donna Vittoria Cima

Before an examination of Solanges's relationships with individual writers and musicians, it is appropriate to note his relationship with two prominent literary salons in Milan, those of the Dandolo family and of Donna Vittoria Cima.

The salon of the Dandolo family—originally a noble Venetian family from as far back as the twelfth century—was a place of literary and nationalistic gathering by the early 1870s.[177] In 1911, Solanges told HHR the story of a dinner attended by a Dandolo in 1893, when Verdi's *Falstaff* was first being performed in Milan (Letter 88, 31 May–1 June 1911).

More significant than the Dandolo salon, however, is that of Donna Vittoria Cima (1834–1930), whose artistic and literary salon was prominent in Milan from the 1860s until the first decades of the twentieth century. Her salon was also frequented by Giovanni Verga, Giuseppe Giacosa, and the historian Giuseppe Gallavresi (all of whom will be considered in this thesis). Furthermore, in a letter written to Donna

[177] Nardi, *Boito* 337–38.

Vittoria in 1907, Gallavresi called Arrigo Boito "the star of your salon," and indeed Boito had known Donna Vittoria since before 1870.[178]

Solanges knew Donna Vittoria from at least 1890 (Letter 16), and stayed at her summer residence at Cernobbio as late as September 1913 (Letter 226, 6 September 1913). References to her are scattered through his correspondence, and four letters from Solanges to Donna Vittoria confirm how highly he valued her friendship. In 1902 Solanges sent Donna Vittoria a note from his future obituarist, Senator Giuseppe Colombo (1836–1921):

> Colombo m'écrit sur vous et votre cercle intime des choses que je ne puis que transcrire et auxquelles je ne puis que souscrire au moins pour la première partie. […] "Je me propose de la voir bien plus fréquemment car elle d'abord, puis les amis qui l'entourent font de sa maison le rendez vous le plus charmant et le plus agréable de Milan."[179]

In 1904, he praised her for the type of friendship for which he himself was esteemed in life and praised in his obituaries:

> Ma bien chère et bonne amie, Votre petit mot me fait beaucoup de bien. D'ailleurs, je savais, je *sentais*. En somme j'ai besoin d'être compris et soutenu par vous qui est—ce qui est si rare—une amie vraie, c'est à dire qui sait et applique vraiment l'amitié. Je baragouine, mais vous me comprendrez. […] De près ou de loin ne doutez jamais de la force de mon affection pour vous.[180]

The salons of the Dandolo family and of Donna Vittoria Cima would have been prime locations where Solanges would have mixed with Boito, Verga, and Giacosa, along with many of the other persons who feature in this thesis. Indeed, the obituary in *La perseveranza* puts Solanges in the circle of favourites ("cenacolo

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178 "l'astro del vostro salotto"; Giuseppe Gallavresi, letter to Donna Vittoria Cima, 26 July 1907, qtd. in Rossana Melis, "Lettere di scrittori e artisti nell'Archivio Cima: Il carteggio tra Giovanni Verga e Vittoria Cima," *Giornale storico della letteratura italiana* 172.545 (1995): 233, 235.

179 PS, letter to Donna Vittoria Cima, 21 November 1902, Civiche Raccolte Storiche, Comune di Milano.

180 PS, letter to Donna Vittoria Cima, 22 February 1905, Civiche Raccolte Storiche, Comune di Milano.

prediletto") of Donna Vittoria—an ideal place from which to pursue his career as a translator.[181]

Giovanni Verga and *Cavalleria rusticana*

[181] See Appendix II.4.

Giovanni Verga and *Cavalleria rusticana*

Giovanni Verga (1840–1922) has been described as Italy's greatest 19th-century narrator after Manzoni,[182] finding

> his true vocation in novels and short stories set in his native land, Sicily. Verga's south, with its haughty, penniless noblemen, its rapacious *nouveaux riches* of peasant origin, and its fatalistic common folk, has all the hallmarks of authenticity, or rather of that internal truth of things that can be revealed only by a literary representation both authentic and truly felt.[183]



Figure 14: Giovanni Verga

(Image from Liber Liber, www.liberliber.it/biblioteca/v/verga)

Originally from Sicily, Verga settled in Milan in the 1870s, and remained there until he returned to Sicily in 1894. Verga's (very brief) short story 'Cavalleria rusticana' was published in 1880 in the collection *Vita dei campi*, but little notice was taken of it. In 1883 Verga wrote a play based on the short story, which was first performed in Turin on 14 January 1884, with actress Eleonora Duse insisting on playing the title role. The play was well received with the Duse performing: "*Cavalleria* belongs more to you than to me," Verga said impulsively to her; without her, however, the play made less headway. In 1890 Pietro Mascagni (1863–1945), then a struggling composer, won an operatic competition with his music to a libretto, based on Verga's short story, by Giovanni Targioni-Tozzetti and Guido Menasci. The one-act operetta was a brilliant success, and was soon performed throughout the world—at one stage it was claimed that it had been performed over 13,000 times. It is Mascagni's operetta that is still well known, while Verga's play has rarely been performed since 1890.[184]

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182 "Verga, Giovanni," *DAI: dizionario degli autori italiani*.

183 Procacci 353.

184 John. W. Klein, "Pietro Mascagni and Giovanni Verga," *Music and Letters* 44.4 (1963): 350–57 *passim*.

Chapter 5: Author and Translator

Living in Milan, Verga was a friend of Arrigo Boito and Giuseppe Giacosa, and therefore it is not surprising that he would also have known Paul Solanges. It is the 1884 drama version of *Cavalleria rusticana* that links Verga with Solanges, and some of the best evidence for the link comes from Verga's correspondence with his French "agent" and translator, Édouard Rod, and with Emile Zola.

On 22 May 1884, Verga wrote to Emile Zola—with whom he had previously spent time at Médan—sending him a copy of *Cavalleria rusticana* as well as a copy of Paul Solanges's translation:

> Veuillez donc agréer, cher maître, l'hommage d'un exemplaire de *Cavalleria Rusticana*, et comme plus qu'aux bravos des foules je tiens à en avoir votre jugement, je me permets de vous envoyer la traduction que Mr. Paul Solanges a bien voulu faire de ma pièce, un véritable tour de force, car je m'étais proposé une rude franchise de coloris, une rigoureuse simplicité de dessin, la sincère observation de la vérité humaine, qui tôt ou tard doit triompher complètement sur le conventionnel au théâtre.[185]

Zola wrote back to Verga on 3 June 1884, suggesting some revision and some campaigning by Rod:

> J'ai goûté bien vivement la belle simplicité de votre œuvre, la sincérité émue de ce petit drame dont je m'imagine parfaitement l'effet pathétique sur un public italien qui peut en sentir tout le côté vécu. Et c'est pourquoi je crains qu'un public français, qui ne pourra en juger la vérité vraie, la franchise, l'observation délicate et profonde, ne fasse pas la différence avec les lamentables Graziellas dont nous sommes inondés depuis Lamartine. […]
> Pourtant, je ne dis pas qu'il faille renoncer à l'idée de la faire représenter à Paris. […] Mais avant tout, il faudrait revoir la traduction de M. Solanges, la mettre au point pour notre scène: elle est très bonne comme traduction littéraire, seulement elle sent trop son fruit pour notre public, elle étonnerait trop.[186]

Verga responded on 10 June to Zola's appraisal:

> Merci, mon cher ami, de votre bonne lettre et de l'intérêt que vous me témoignez. Nous attendons donc notre ami Rod pour voir s'il y a quelque chose à faire. Peu m'importe maintenant que ma pièce soit acceptée ou non, car rien ne pourrait me donner le plaisir que me fait votre jugement favorable.[187]

A few days before, Verga had written to Rod:

> Dear Rod, Do you know that you are wanted as a co-conspirator? It's about presenting *Cavalleria rusticana* in Paris. Zola has read the very successful

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185 Giovanni Verga, letter to Emile Zola, 22 May 1884, letter 234, *Lettere sparse*, ed. Giovanna Finocchiaro Chimirri (Rome: Bulzoni, 1980) 163.

186 E. Zola, *Correspondance*, ed. B. H. Bakker (Montreal: Presses de l'Université de Montréal, 1978–95) vol. 5, 123. Graziella, the daughter of a fisherman, was a character in Alphonse de Lamartine's *Confidences* (1849), and had become the classic example of a pure romantic heroine.

187 Giovanni Verga, letter to Emile Zola, 10 June 1884, letter 235, *Lettere sparse* 163.

> French translation done by M. Paul Solanges, here in Milan, and he likes it. Only he finds *qu'elle sent trop son fruit*, which makes him fear the theatrical outcome in front of a Paris audience. I certainly do not underestimate the great difficulties in having my play accepted, and above all its genre, and above all in Paris. But I think if it is to be performed, it would need to keep *its colour and its flavour*, an arduous difficulty that M. Solanges has ably overcome in his translation. Enough, you will read it and see for yourself, you who know our country and its genre a little. Zola is awaiting you in Paris when you return from England, to send you to the *Odeon* with a letter from him as my herald, messenger and advocate. I know I am in good hands. […] Come to an agreement with Zola, who has had the kindness to be interested in my work. I would be happy even to have a fine flop in Paris.[188]

Édouard Rod appears to have agreed with Zola about the translation, and to have suggested a collaborative revision of the text. Verga went to Paris at the end of June to meet Zola and Rod, and insisted on not changing Solanges's translation.[189] Early in July, however, Verga wrote again to Rod:

> Dearest Rod, Thank you for your kind and amicable proposal, but I regret that I cannot accept it without doing a grave injustice to M. Solanges. The question of money is completely secondary; but the literary question, which appears first of all, is so thorny and delicate that I would not know how to broach it with M. Solanges. He had me read his translation: as far as I could judge, I thought that *Cavalleria* in its French version had retained the flavour and colour that I had wanted to give to it; and recognising the almost insurmountable difficulties of the task, I was happy with it. But even supposing that I could have easily been mistaken in my judgment, I would not know now how to back out without deeply offending the translator's just self-esteem.
> This being so, I see I will need to simply renounce the project. And I am quite resigned to this, since there is nothing else to be done. I am sure that you too will approve of this once you have thought it over.[190]

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188 "Caro Rod, Sapete che vi si vuole fare entrare in un complotto? Si tratterebbe di far rappresentare *Cavalleria rusticana* a Parigi. Zola ha letto la traduzione francese, riescitissima, che ne ha fatto il sig. Paul Solanges, qui a Milano, e gli piace. Soltanto trova *qu'elle sent trop son fruit*, ciò che gli fa temere dell'esito teatrale davanti a un pubblico parigino. Certo io non mi dissimulo le difficoltà grandi per fare accettare la mia commedia, e il genere di essa sopratutto, e sopratutto a Parigi. Ma parmi che se essa dovrebbe darsi bisognerebbe presentarla col suo *colore e col suo sapore*, difficoltà ardua che il sig. Solanges ha abilmente superato nella sua traduzione. Basta, la leggerete, e vedrete anche voi, che conoscete un po' il nostro paese e il suo genere. Zola vi aspetta a Parigi quando tornerete dall'Inghilterra, per mandarvi con una sua lettera araldo e messaggiero e avvocato mio all'*Odeon*. Io so di essere in buone mani. […] mettetevi d'accordo con Zola che ha avuto la bontà di interessarsi al mio lavoro. Io sarei contento anche di fare un bel fiasco a Parigi." Giovanni Verga, letter to Édouard Rod, 7 June 1884, letter XXIX, *Lettere al suo traduttore,* ed. Fredi Chiapelli (Firenze: Le Monnier, 1954) 85–86 (author's translation).

189 E. Zola, *Correspondance* vol. 5, 124.

190 "Carissimo Rod, Vi ringrazio della vostra buona e amichevole proposta, ma mi duole di non potere accettarla senza far torto gravissimo al Sig. Solanges. La quistione di denaro è affatto secondaria; ma quella letteraria, che s'affaccia in prima linea, è talmente spinosa e delicata, che io non saprei come affrontarla di faccia al sig. Solanges. Egli mi ha fatto leggere la sua traduzione: a me, per quanto poco sia competente a guidicarne, mi parve che *Cavalleria* conservasse ancora nella forma francese che gli ha dato il sig. Solanges il sapore e il colore che avevo voluto darvi io; e riconoscendo le quasi insuperabili difficoltà dell'impresa, ne fui contento. Ma pure ammettendo che abbia potuto facilmente ingannarmi nel mio guidizio, non saprei ora come disdirmi senza ferire profondamente il giusto amor proprio del traduttore."

Chapter 5: Author and Translator

In a short time Verga had moved from plotting his stage début in Paris to abandoning the idea for fear of wounding Solanges's self-esteem by questioning the quality of the translation.

In September 1884, in replying to a repetition of Rod's offer, Verga went into more detail about his reasons for abandoning the project:

> I will repeat here the reasons that caused me to hesitate—and still do—over your kind and amicable proposal in regard to *Cavalleria*. As I said to you, I am linked to M. Solanges by personal considerations, and I do not wish to wound his feelings. I fear that he would take your proposal of collaboration as proof of lack of confidence in his ability as a translator, and as an indirect censure of his translation. I think he would prefer to withdraw his work. I would certainly be glad of your collaboration, and I would have everything to gain by it; but the obstacle is only in the commitment I already have with Solanges. If our mutual friend [Luigi] Gualdo was here, and I could get him to speak to M. Solanges, or ask his advice on what to do, I would be very happy, because you will understand that, on the other hand, I regret renouncing the probability of having my play performed in Paris (and this probability is there) in order to be friends with Solanges, who for his part will perhaps not succeed in having our work performed.
>
> I confess to you that I am very hesitant and embarrassed as to what to do. I would not wish to show disrespect to Solanges, nor lack of confidence in you, nor to lose the hope of seeing *Cavalleria* performed in Paris. If it was only a question of money with Solanges, it would be easily arranged, thanks to your kind and disinterested offer. But I know Solanges, and I know how sensitive his feelings are. You who are more practical in these matters, see if you can get me out of this trouble. Do you think that, if M. Solanges does not succeed in getting his translation accepted within a year, I would have the right to absolve myself of any commitment to him? Am I following the law of gentlemen and not the law of the land?[191]

"Così essendo vedo che bisognerà rinunziare a ogni cosa pur troppo. E mi ci rassegno piuttosto giacché non si può fare altrimenti."
Giovanni Verga, letter to Édouard Rod, 4 July 1884, letter XXXII, *Lettere al suo traduttore* 88–89 (author's translation).

[191] "Vi replico qui i motivi che mi facevano esitare, e mi fanno ancora, sulla vostra gentile e amichevole proposta riguardo alla *Cavalleria rusticana*. Come vi dissi io sono legato da riguardi personali verso il Sig. Solanges, di cui non vorrei ferire la suscettibilità, e temo che egli non prenda la vostra proposta di collaborazione come una prova di sfiducia all sua abilità di traduttore, e come un biasimo indiretto alla sua traduzione. Io credo che egli preferirebbe ritirare il suo lavore. Certo io sarei lieto della vostra collaborazione, e avrei tutto a guadagnarci; ma l'ostacolo è solo nell'impegno che ho già col Solanges. Se fosse qui Gualdo, amico comune, e potrei far parlare al Sig. Solanges, o domandargli consigli sul da fare, io sarei contentissimo, perchè capirete che dall'altro canto mi duole di rinunciare alla probabilità di far rappresentare la mia commedia a Parigi (e questa probabilità vi è) per essere legato col Solanges, il quale forse non arriverà dal canto suo a fare accettare il nostro lavoro."
"Vi confesso che sono molto esitante e imbarazzato sul da fare. Io non vorrei mancare di riguardo verso il Solanges, né di fiducia verso di voi, né perdere la speranza di dare la *Cavalleria* a Parigi. Se fosse solo quistione di denari col Solanges sarebbe presto accomodata, mercé la vostra amichevole e disinteressata offerta. Ma io conosco il sig. Solanges, e so quanto il suo amor proprio sia suscettibile. Vedete voi che siete più pratico di questi affari di trarmi d'impiccio. Credete che se il Sig. Solanges non riesce a far accettare fra un anno la sua traduzione io abbia il diritto di sciogliermi da ogni impegno con lui? Dico il diritto da galantuomo e non legalmente?"

Verga eventually met with Solanges in October, and came away confirmed in his decision to abandon the project of a revised translation:

> Dearest Rod, I have seen M. Solanges, and I fear, after my meeting with him, I have some regret in this matter of the translation of *Cavalleria rusticana*. The question, as far as I see it, is rather delicate because of M. Solanges's legitimate sensitivity at seeing his work corrected and reshaped by whatever collaboration, and on the other hand I am afraid of causing you to complain about me if I make you waste your time on this translation. Instead, I am renouncing any possibility of seeing my work reproduced in France, and I prefer that no one should have cause to complain about me, especially two friends, of whom you, my dear Rod, have been the best and most disinterested of those I have in the literary arena. I thank you therefore, with all my heart, for the kindness that you have demonstrated in this matter also. I ask you accordingly to send back to me by registered mail M. Solanges's translation, so that I can return it to him; or to get it back from M. Zola, if he still has it.[192]

Verga then returned the translation to Solanges, informing him that he was giving him a certain time to try to have it either performed or printed; if Solanges did not succeed in that time, Verga would ask Solanges to return his liberty of action as to a French translation.[193] There the matter rested, until in January 1886 Verga told Rod that he had heard nothing from Solanges, and he thought that after all this time he had the right to try a translation with someone else.[194] At one stage Luigi Gualdo, a mutual friend of Verga and Donna Vittoria Cima, wrote to Donna Vittoria from Paris informing her of the possibility of a performance on the Paris stage and inviting her to refer to Solanges for more information.[195] Eventually, Emile Zola succeeded in persuading the famous producer André Antoine to stage Solanges's translation, in

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Giovanni Verga, letter to Édouard Rod, 9 September 1884, letter XXXIII, *Lettere al suo traduttore* 90–92 (author's translation).

192 "Carissimo Rod, Ho visto il Sig. Solanges e temo, dall'abboccamento che ho avuto con lui, di aver qualche dispiacere per quell'affare della traduzione di *Cavalleria rusticana*. La quistione, a quel che vedo, è delicata assai per la leg[g]ittima suscettibilità del Sig. Solanges a veder corretto e rimaneggiato il suo lavoro da una qualsiasi collaborazione, e temo dall'altro canto di darvi occasione di lagnarvi di me se vi facessi perdere il tempo inutilmente con questa traduzione. Rinunzio piuttosto alla qualunque siavi possibilità di veder riprodotto in Francia il mio lavoro, e preferisco che nessuno abbia a dolersi di me, e specialmente pei due amici, dei quali voi, mio caro Rod, siete stato il migliore e più disinteressato fra quanti ne ho nel campo letterario, e vi ringrazio perciò, di tutto cuore, della benevolenza che anche in questa occasione mi avete dimostrata. Vi prego quindi di rimandarmi raccomandata la traduzione del Sig. Solanges, perché io possa restituirgliela; o di farvela dare dal Sig. Zola, se la copia è ancora presso di lui."
Giovanni Verga, letter to Édouard Rod, 19 October 1884, letter XXXIV, *Lettere al suo traduttore* 92–93 (author's translation).

193 Giovanni Verga, letter to Édouard Rod, 7 December 1884, letter XXXV, *Lettere al suo traduttore* 93–95.

194 Giovanni Verga, letter to Édouard Rod, 20 January 1886, letter XXXVIII, *Lettere al suo traduttore* 99–100.

195 Melis 233.

Paris on 19 October 1888;[196] it failed to make a favourable impression on either the audience or the critics—indeed, Klein reports that it was brutally hissed.[197] Another historian has called it "une médiocre version française trop littèrale, et sans succès, le régionalisme du romancier vériste n'éveillant chez les Parisiens aucun écho."[198]

In the following twenty years there was little mention of Solanges's translation. On 1 August 1897, Verga sent to his fellow Sicilian, writer Federico De Roberto, some costume notes on the play, asking De Roberto to colour the sketches that accompanied them and forward them to Solanges. Two days later, De Roberto sent a note to Solanges informing him of Verga's address. Presumably Solanges was making another attempt to have his translation performed.[199] In 1899, Verga wrote to Rod that Solanges's translation had at one time been requested for performance by the actress Gabrielle-Charlotte Réjane (1856–1920).[200] In 1906, Verga conditionally promised to Solanges the right to translate into French his novel *Dal tuo al mio*. The condition was that André Lecuyer must fail to produce his promised translation within a year. Verga also undertook to refer Solanges to Rod for publication in the *Revue hebdomadaire*.[201] The promise came to nothing, however, as Lecuyer did produce his translation, and it began its serialisation in the *Revue bleue* in the first half of 1907.[202] A little later, Solanges was in touch with René Doumic (1860–1937), editor of *Lectures pour tous*, who by July 1907 had submitted Solanges's translation of a short story by Verga to the *Journal des débats*.[203]

In the years 1907–09, however, there was renewed interest in the play of *Cavalleria rusticana* (as distinct from the by-then famous operetta by Mascagni).

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196 Alexander 112.

197 Matteo Sansone, "Verga and Mascagni: the Critics' Response to 'Cavalleria rusticana'," *Music and Letters* 71.2 (1990): 207; Klein 351.

198 Anne-Christine Faitrop-Porta, "Giuseppe Giacosa et Paul Alexis, de "Tristi Amori" à "La Provinciale"," *Revue de littérature comparée* 68.4 (1994) 446.

199 Giovanni Verga, letter to Federico De Roberto, 1 August 1897, letter 455, *Lettere sparse* 326; Federico De Roberto, letter to PS, 3 August 1897, ASF.

200 Giovanni Verga, letter to Édouard Rod, 5 June 1899, letter LIV, *Lettere al suo traduttore* 124.

201 "Pel *Dal tuo al mio* sono ancora impegnato con M. Lecuyer, como sapete; ma egli non si è fatto più vivo, e se dentro l'anno corrente non riesce a darlo, sarò libero di disporne a mio modo, e ho già promesso all'amico M. Paul Solanges, che voi forse conoscerete e tradusse già in francese la mia *Cavalleria*, di affidarne a lui la traduzione francese. In tal caso, se M. Solanges non ha altri impegni dal canto suo, ben volontieri ve lo indirizzerò per proporre la sua traduzione alla *Revue hebdomadaire* per la Svizzera."
Giovanni Verga, letter to Édouard Rod, 5 November 1906, letter CXXIX, *Lettere al suo traduttore* 228–29.

202 Giovanni Verga, "Autour d'une soufrière," trans. A. Lecuyer, *Revue Bleue* 5th ser. 7 (1907): 178 ff.

203 René Doumic, letters to PS, 25 September 1906, 4 February and 25 July 1907, ASF.

Between March 1907 and October 1909, Verga and his translator Édouard Rod discussed a proposal by a certain Madame Giulia Dombowska to arrange a revival of the play at the Théâtre national de l'Odéon, France's second state-subsidised theatre (after the Comédie-Française).[204] After some initial misunderstanding between Rod and Dombowska as to the translation, three performances eventually took place: on 29 September, 4 and 11 October 1909. Two performances were paired with Molière's three-act play *George Dandin*, and the other with Racine's *Andromaque*. The archives of the Odéon indicate that the translation was by "M. Paul Solanges & Mlle Darsenne."[205] Jeanne Darsenne was a member of the Odéon's troupe in 1906, and adapted five other works for the stage between 1909 and 1913; it would seem that she and Madame Dombowksa were one and the same person.[206]

Solanges's citation of his relationship with Verga at the beginning of his relationships with both Fogazzaro and HHR has already been noted (pp. 79 ff.). In his eighth letter to HHR, Solanges went into more detail on the 1909 performance:

> Après dix ans de direction, dix ans émaillés de grèves, d'émeutes etc etc—c'était à Milan—j'ai pris ma retraite. J'ai alors essayé de renouer le fil rompu, mais cela m'a été difficile, la place étant prise, car pendant dix ans je n'ai rien fait que la traduction du livret du Falstaff de Verdi avec Arrigo Boito. Je n'ai donc pu réussir qu'à faire jouer dernièrement à Paris ma traduction du *drame* Cavalleria Rusticana à l'Odéon. —Bien de la musique de Mascagni! (Letter 50, 29 December 1910)

Although this could be taken to mean that this was the first performance of his translation, rather than a revival, the alternative interpretation must be adopted, that this was the first fruits of his attempts to "pick up the broken threads": in favour of this interpretation are Verga's allusion to a revival,[207] and the statement by Alexander that the 1888 performance in Paris used Solanges's translation.[208] This also explains the sentence "Bien de la musique de Mascagni!" If the performance had been of

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[204] "La Sig.a Dombowska avrebbe combinato con M. Antoine une ripresa di *Cavalleria Rusticana* all'Odéon.—L'Antoine vorrebbe il privilegio esclusivo per tutta la Francia […]"
Giovanni Verga, letter to Édouard Rod, early March 1907, letter CXXXI, *Lettere al suo traduttore* 232.

[205] Théâtre national de l'Odéon, "Registre: rapports, lectures des pièces," 29 September 1909, item 55AJ*/22, Archives Nationales, Paris. The joint authorship of the translation is also noted in "Courrier des Théâtres", *Le Figaro* 29 September 1909.

[206] The other works were: Giacosa's *Come le foglie* (1909), Antona-Traversi's *Les plus beaux jours* (1910), Amélie Rosselli's *Le coup de vent* (1912), Paul Géraldy's *Les ficelles* (1913), and Carlo Goldoni's *La locandiera* (1913). See the catalogue of the Bibliothèque nationale de France, and Christian Genty, *Histoire du Théâtre National de l'Odéon (journal de bord) 1782-1982* (Paris: Fischbacher, 1982) 101, 115, 116, 118, 125, 154.

[207] Footnote 204 above.

[208] Alexander 112.

Mascagni's operetta, this sentence would have been quite superfluous; instead, it tells us that it was the play that was performed, but Mascagni's music also featured.[209]

Finally, it should be mentioned that, when summarising his career as a translator so that Heinemann could publicise the German and French translations of *Maurice Guest*, Solanges ranked his translation of *Cavalleria rusticana* among his three most important works (Letter 157, 31 March 1912).

A few points in conclusion should be made about Solanges and Verga:

- The friendship between them lasted from at least 1884 to 1906, and Verga did not let his own action—abandoning hope of having his play *Cavalleria rusticana* performed in Paris, so as not to injure Solanges's feelings—prevent him from allowing Solanges to translate more of his works. This is a tribute to the value they both placed on the importance of friendship.
- The fact that Zola and Rod both supported a revision of the translation of *Cavalleria rusticana* need not be taken as a slight upon the quality of Solanges's work as a translator: Verga himself acknowledged the difficulty of translating his Sicilian prose into a form that Parisians would understand, and the difficulty may have been just as much dramatic as linguistic.
- The episode does however offer the first example of how Solanges could be somewhat sensitive—or touchy—on the subject of his translations, and is thus an example of the self-doubt, or lack of self-confidence, that has already been mentioned (p. 82).

Arrigo Boito, *Mefistofele* and *La gioconda*

[209] Solanges's old friend Christine de Noüe commented briefly on the Odéon performances: "Étant tous absents nous n'avons pu aller à l'Odéon mais si cela se redonne en matinée j'irai certainement. Je comprends tout le souci que vous a donné cette œuvre de dévouement."
Christine de Noüe, letter to PS, 19 November 1909, ASF.

Arrigo Boito, *Mefistofele* and *La gioconda*

Arrigo Boito (1842–1918) was at different times a music critic, librettist, and composer, who lived mostly in Milan from 1862. Three friendships may be used to summarise Boito's life. Firstly, one of his closest friends was the dramatist Giuseppe Giacosa, whom he met in 1873, and with whom, for example, he served on the *Commissione drammatica e musicale* (supervising music education in Italy) in 1883.[210] Secondly, Boito first met Giuseppe Verdi in Paris in 1860–61, and Boito's librettos for Verdi's operas *Otello* (1887) and *Falstaff* (1893) are what he is most remembered for. Thirdly, Boito had a passionate love for the actress Eleonora Duse, beginning at the premiere of *Otello* in 1887; later, after Duse ended a ten-year affair with Gabriele D'Annunzio (1894–1904), they maintained a strong friendship by correspondence. The following description of the Boito–Duse relationship sums up both their characters:

> Arrigo Boito was not only an artist, but a scholar, and not only a scholar, but a man of high ideals and deep spiritual fervor. He was seventeen years older than Duse, and became her guide, her mentor, her 'Saint'. She not only loved him, she revered him. [...] He was gentle and unselfish, modest and discreet. Unlike D'Annunzio, he loved her more for what he could give her than for what she could give him. From him she gained her knowledge of poetry and music, of great literature and philosophy. [...] She seldom spoke of Boito—her feelings for him were too deep. But years later she confided [...] that she had loved him more than any other human being; she felt he had preserved and developed in her that innate integrity of character and spirit which, without his sustaining goodness, she might so easily have lost. Though life separated them—and she went on to other, lesser loves—their friendship endured until his death in 1918.[211]

Three elements of Paul Solanges's relationship with Boito will be considered in this section: the French translations of *Mefistofele* and *La gioconda*, and Solanges's anecdotes of Boito and Duse. *Otello* and *Falstaff* will be considered in a separate section about Giuseppe Verdi. In passing it may also be noted again that Arrigo Boito frequented the salons of the Dandolo family and Donna Vittoria Cima, with which Solanges is also connected.

Boito's opera *Mefistofele*—for which he had written both the libretto and the music—received a literally riotous reception in Milan on 5 March 1868, and lasted for only one full performance. A number of factors contributed to this failure: it was blamed for being too long and too intellectual; the music was called too Wagnerian;

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[210] Nardi, *Boito* 437.

[211] E. Le Gallienne, *The Mystic in the Theatre: Eleonora Duse* (New York: Farrar, Straus and Giroux, 1966) 164–65, qtd. in. H. Busch, ed. and trans., *Verdi's* Otello *and* Simon Boccanegra *(Revised Version) in Letters and Documents* (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1988) 825.

Boito was inexperienced as a conductor; and he had also expressed forthright opinions on the state of Italian music. A revised version of the opera was finally received with acclaim in Milan in 1875. It was performed at Venice in 1876, Rome and Trieste in 1877, Genoa in 1879, Padua and Milan in 1881, Vienna and Arezzo in 1882, and Madrid in 1883.[212]



Figure 15: Giuseppe Giacosa and Arrigo Boito, c. 1898
(Raul Radice, ed., *Eleonora Duse–Arrigo Boito: Lettere d'amore* (Milan: Il Saggiatore, 1979) between pp. 482–83)

In mid-July 1882, Boito wrote to his friend Giacosa that he was alone in Milan and working on a French translation of *Mefistofele*. This translation was completed by August 1882. In September the same year, Boito told Giulio Ricordi that the management of the Théâtre de la Monnaie in Brussels had asked Paul Milliet (1848–1924, a prolific translator and librettist who published some 25 works from 1870 onwards) to obtain the French translation as their main attraction in the coming winter, and that he had been delighted to give it to them.[213] In January 1883, Boito was in Brussels, where he worked "like a galley-slave" to add extra instructions to the score for the Belgian orchestra.[214] The opera was performed on 17 January 1883, and was a clamorous success.[215] The French version was then published by Ricordi, with

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212 H. Busch, ed. and trans., *Verdi's* Falstaff *in Letters and Contemporary Reviews* (Bloomington: Indiana UP, 1997) 570–72.

213 Nardi, *Boito* 435, 484. In 1893, Paul Milliet collaborated with Solanges's childhood friend Edouard Blau and Georges Hartmann on the libretto for Jules Massenet's opera *Werther*. Other biographical details on Paul Milliet are drawn from the catalogue of the Bibliothèque Nationale de France, and from *Qui êtes-vous? Annuaire des contemporains* (Paris, 1924).

214 Arrigo Boito, letter to Giulio Ricordi, January 1883, qtd. in Nardi, *Boito* 484.

215 Nardi, *Boito* 484.

the translation attributed to Paul Milliet. The first performance in France was given at Nantes on 23 April 1887, and the first complete performance in Paris was in 1912.[216]

Paul Solanges's involvement in or authorship of a French translation of Boito's *Mefistofele* is not well documented, being mentioned overtly in only four places: in Marthe Solanges's 1914 list,[217] in Solanges's retirement notice,[218] in the obituary of Solanges in *Le Figaro*, [219] and in Hans Busch's edition of Verdi's *Falstaff* correspondence.[220] Solanges himself never mentioned it to either Fogazzaro or HHR. There is one letter in his archives, however, that provides strong evidence of his involvement in a translation.

In early July 1882—exactly the same month that Boito wrote to Giacosa that he was working on a French translation of *Mefistofele*, and not long after the publication of *La séance*—Solanges received technical advice from his childhood friend, the dramatist Edouard Blau, about an opera he was translating from Italian. Blau assured Solanges that his work was very good:

> Je ne puis pas juger de l'exactitude de ta traduction, mais elle doit être bonne; cela se sent; la forme, du moins, en est excellente et aussi élégante que peut être une version très rigoureuse. […] Nous allons voyager *bientôt* / … à mi *Faust*. *Faust* rimant avec *bientôt* me paraît dur à avaler, Faust ne se prononçant pas *Faut*. […] Tu sais que, rigoureusement, deux vers masculins ne doivent se trouver à côté d'autres également masculins sans rimer ensemble. Mais j'ajoute qu'en fait d'opéra on n'est pas si sévère […] Je ne te signale cela que parce que tu ne l'as fait nulle part ailleurs, et pour te montrer aussi que j'ai lu attentivement ta scène. Je conclus en te répétant que cette scène est de très bonne allure et que ton travail est très bon.

Blau declined, however, to collaborate with Solanges, unless there was to be sure recompense at the end (something of a recurring theme for Solanges the translator).[221]

The evidence justifies the conclusion that Solanges and Boito cooperated to some extent on a translation of *Mefistofele*, but leaves unclear its relationship with the work performed and published under Paul Milliet's name. One could conclude that

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216 This long delay before a full Parisian performance was due to the disastrous benefit performance of an *extract* from the opera in Paris in April 1883, which made Boito insist on nothing but the best from Paris in future (Nardi, *Boito* 485–88).

217 See p. 80 above.

218 See Figure 10, p. 75.

219 See Appendix II.4.

220 "[Paul Solanges was a] French cavalry officer (1846–1914) who moved to Milan in 1873 and became a journalist and translator. He collaborated on the French versions of *Mefistofele*, *La Gioconda*, *Falstaff*, *Cavalleria rusticana*, and many Italian songs" (Busch, *Falstaff* 351). The details of Solanges's military career revealed earlier in this thesis indicate that the date 1873 given here by Busch should be read as 1875.

221 Edouard Blau, letter to PS, 3 July 1882, ASF.

Solanges had made a translation which lost out to Milliet's translation. A better alternative is to consider the possibility that Solanges and Milliet worked on the *same* translation. In a letter to Verdi in August 1882, Boito refers to his French translator, who is identified in the footnotes as Paul Milliet.[222] Given that Milliet was not based in Milan but in Paris, it is quite possible that Solanges collaborated with Boito in *reviewing* Milliet's translation—or that Boito and Solanges did the first version, which was revised by Milliet (and again by Boito in Brussels). (An initial Boito–Solanges translation would have been very similar to what happened with the translation of Verdi's *Falstaff*.) Solanges had already published one song by Tosti, in 1880, and his own *La séance*, in 1881. The collaboration on *Mefistofele* would therefore have been almost at the beginning of his career as a translator, but perhaps a natural move after his (relatively unknown) involvement in journalism. If Solanges collaborated with Boito on a translation, or on Milliet's translation, he would have had no cause to mention it amongst his own works. And since it was so early in his career as a translator, he could also have easily omitted any mention of it.[223]

The year 1887 has already been shown to have been a very busy one for Solanges in terms of his output of songs: in that same year, he was also busy on three librettos, two by Arrigo Boito. The third may be mentioned here in passing, since so little is known of it. Karl Goldmark's celebrated opera *La reine de Saba* (libretto by Salomon Hermann Mosenthal [1821–77]) was first performed in Vienna in 1875. Solanges's French translation was published by Ricordi in Milan in 1887, in a 46-page edition, but there is no mention of this work, nor of Goldmark nor Mosenthal, in his archives nor in Marthe Solanges's list of his works.

Boito's libretto *La gioconda*, based on Victor Hugo's *Angelo tyran de Padoue*,

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222 Marcello Conati and Mario Medici, *The Verdi-Boito Correspondence*, ed. William Weaver (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1994) 64.

223 The difficulty of reconciling the sources referring to Solanges's translation of *Mefistofele* with the much more attested fact that Paul Milliet's translation had been performed at Brussels led the author in 2002 to seek advice from Professor Pierluigi Petrobelli, of the Istituto Nazionale di Studi Verdiani in Parma. This led serendipitously to contact with Solanges's family and access to his personal archives … but did not resolve the question about *Mefistofele*!
Ironically, Paul Milliet also published, in 1891, a translation of the operetta of *Cavalleria rusticana*, whereas Solanges had translated the play of the same name in 1884. (Milliet's edition was: *Chevalerie rustique; drame lyrique en un acte* de J. Targiono-Tozzetti et G. Menasci. Musique de Pierre Mascagni. Version francaise de Paul Milliet. Réduction pour chant et piano de Léopold Mugnone. Milan, E. Sonzogno, 1891).

was written between 1870 and 1875,[224] and the opera by Amilcare Ponchielli (1834–86, teacher of Pietro Mascagni and Giacomo Puccini) was performed on 8 April 1876. Solanges did not mention his authorship of the French translation in his correspondence with Fogazzaro or HHR, but his daughter Marthe did so in her list in 1914.[225] It was published by Ricordi in 1887, and re-published in 1978, both times with acknowledgment of Solanges as the translator.[226] Otherwise however, the only evidentiary trace of it comes from Camille Bellaigue, the literary critic of the *Revue des deux mondes*. Bellaigue was in Milan for the première of Verdi's *Otello* in February 1887, and in the next few months he wrote three letters to Solanges. In March, he thanked Solanges and Ricordi for the copy of the translation of *La gioconda*—an indication that Giulio Ricordi was involved in promoting the opera.[227] In May, Bellaigue gave his opinion:

> J'ai lu *Gioconda*. L'ouvrage m'a paru mouvementé scénique, mais souvent bien vulgaire; je voudrais, pour en juger, l'entendre au théâtre. Peut-être le donnera-t-on pendant mon séjour à Venise. Quant à votre traduction, je l'approuve d'être très littérale; avec l'école d'opéra actuelle, il faut suivre le texte le plus rigoureusement possible; c'est le seul moyen de rendre les intentions du compositeur, et peut-être est-il permis de sacrifier pour cela un peu de l'élégance littéraire.[228]

Bellaigue's attitude may have something to do with the fact that the French version of *La gioconda* was not performed in Paris. His comment on Solanges's literal translation style is interesting, but its significance is difficult to assess without a detailed study of the text, which is beyond the scope of this thesis. When Bellaigue came to review the Brussels performance, which took place almost a year later, in early 1888, he was not especially impressed by the opera, and made no mention of the quality of the translation, although he named Solanges as the translator:

> […] la forme y est, ou plutôt la formule; mais le fond manque […] musique facile et lâchée […] Rien à dire des exécutants […][229]

After such a review, perhaps Solanges concluded that a veil of silence might well be drawn over the work …

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224 Nardi, *Boito* 374; Busch, *Falstaff* 568, 570.

225 See p. 80 above.

226 Arrigo Boito, *Gioconda: drame lyrique en quatre actes*, traduction ryt[h]mique de Paul Solanges (Milan: Ricordi, 1887), 57 pp.
Arrigo Boito, *Gioconda: drame lyrique en quatre actes*, paroles françaises de Paul Solanges (Paris: Librairie théâtrale, Billaudot, 1978), 72 pp.

227 Camille Bellaigue, letter to PS, 7 March 1887, ASF.

228 Camille Bellaigue, letter to PS, 10 May 1887, ASF.

A consideration of the relationship between Solanges and Arrigo Boito would not be complete without mention of the three anecdotes about Boito that Solanges recounted to HHR in 1911. The first two anecdotes are in Letter 88 (31 May–1 June 1911); one is about a reading of *The Lady of Challant* at Giacosa's house in 1891, the other about a dinner in 1893, when Verdi's *Falstaff* was first being performed. Solanges calls Boito and Giacosa "two of my close friends," and the fact that Solanges attended the reading with the addition of only Eleonora Duse "and perhaps one other" justifies his statement. Solanges's study wall also shows how important Boito and Giacosa were to him: their portraits hung above his desk, and he asked Fogazzaro's permission to add a picture of Fogazzaro as well, calling the three of them "my three masters and, if you will allow me to say so, my three friends" (Letter 9, 20 April 1889).

The third anecdote, "a little private in nature" (Letter 88), was about the Boito–Duse relationship (Letter 89, 11 June 1911), and can be dated to either 1887, when Solanges and Boito were working on *Otello*, or 1893, when they were working on *Falstaff*. Solanges's anecdote is about an apparently unwelcome visit by Duse to Boito, with Duse waiting patiently for Solanges to leave. Significantly, Solanges's family have preserved by oral tradition the following similar tale told to them by his daughter Marthe:

> Another time Mr. Solanges and Marthe went to see Boito, who was living in an apartment at the ground floor looking at the street. While the two gentlemen were discussing, my grandmother saw Eleonora Duse, leaning against a headlight [sic], waiting to join Boito. Marthe approached the window and her father looking at her, understood immediately the matter and they politely left.[230]

The remarkable similarities between these two stories suggest that they refer to the same event, or at least the same period; it is difficult to say whether they took place in 1893, when Marthe was 17, or in 1887, when she was only 11.

Finally, in relation to Boito and Solanges, consideration should be given to their correspondence. In fact, there is only one surviving note, from Boito to Solanges, dated 12 January 1914, less than a month before Solanges's death:

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[229] Camille Bellaigue, *L'année musicale: octobre 1887 à octobre 1888* (Paris: Librairie Charles Delagrave, 1889) 99–105.

[230] Signora Francesca Astaldi del Torre, letter to the author, 27 February 2002.

> Received from Advocate Augusto Ferrari, the volume entitled *Roma nell'anno MDCCCXXXVIII* by Antonio Nibby,[231] previously owned by Henri Beyle [the real name of the writer Stendhal] and handed to Advocate A. Ferrari in order to be passed on to me.[232]

Giuseppe Colombo's obituary of Solanges states that, only a few days before his death, Solanges had donated to the Braidense Library in Milan a manuscript of Stendhal and a book annotated by him.[233] The Braidense Library, however, has no manuscripts by Stendhal, though it does have his book *Rome, Naples et Florence en 1817* with marginal pencil notes ascribed by Carlo Cordiè to Giuseppe Vismara, a friend of Stendhal.[234] It is possible that Colombo has been slightly misinformed in his statement, but it is also possible that Boito, in Milan, was acting as Solanges's go-between with the Braidense.

In summarising the significance of Solanges's relationship with Boito, it may be said that their close friendship lasted at least from the early 1880s until Solanges's death, placing Solanges at the centre of literary life in Milan, and that their collaboration was important in bringing two of Boito's operas to the stage in France. The section on Verdi in this chapter will further explore Solanges's relationship with Boito.

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231 Antonio Nibby (1792–1839), *Roma nell'anno 1838* (Roma: Tip. Belle Arti, 1838–41).

232 "Ricevo dall'Avv. Augusto Ferrari il volume intitolato *Roma nell'anno MDCCCXXXVIII* di Antonio Nibby già posseduto da Enrico Beyle e consegnato all'Avv. A. Ferrari dal Sig. Paolo Solanges per essermi recapitato." Arrigo Boito, letter to PS, 12 January 1914, ASB 3.1. According to Professor Petrobelli, there are no Solanges letters in Boito's archive (Professor Pierluigi Petrobelli, letter to the author, 24 July 1997.

233 See Appendix II.4.

234 Paris: Delaunay-Pelicier, 1817; call number AB.XII.68 (Carla Giunchedi, Biblioteca Nazionale Braidense, email to the author, 7 September 2001). Stendhal lived in Milan from 1814 to 1821, and this travel book was the first published under his pseudonym. Without the original correspondence between Solanges and the Braidense, it is impossible to confirm this statement by Colombo, and yet it should not be lightly dismissed.

Giuseppe Giacosa

The playwright Giuseppe Giacosa (1847–1906) was born and died near Turin, but lived mainly in Milan from 1888. After studying and working in the law, he turned to writing in 1873, and wrote many plays and other works. He also taught in Turin and Milan, and directed *La lettura*, a monthly supplement to the *Corriere della sera*. Giacosa's work lives on outside Italy above all through the libretti he wrote for Giacomo Puccini in cooperation with Luigi Illica: *La Bohème* (1896), *Tosca* (1900) and *Madame Butterfly* (1904). Illica would write a prose version, which Giacosa would then polish and versify. This collaboration was initiated by Giulio Ricordi.

The difficulty in avoiding repetition when detailing Solanges's friendships with Boito, Verga, Fogazzaro and now Giacosa is an illustration of how intertwined their lives were. Giacosa's friendships with Arrigo Boito (from 1873), Giovanni Verga and Antonio Fogazzaro (from 1883) have already been mentioned.[235] The subject of this section—Giacosa's friendship and collaboration with Paul Solanges—is evident in letters from Solanges to Fogazzaro and HHR, in letters from Giacosa himself to Solanges, as well as in letters to Solanges from palaeographer Etienne Charavay and historian Giuseppe Gallavresi. In addition, Solanges translated at least one play and two short stories by Giacosa, who is mentioned in one of Solanges's obituaries. All these will now be treated in detail.

In introducing himself to Fogazzaro in 1887, Solanges made a brief reference to Giacosa as a referee for the quality of his translations.[236] Some months later, when suggesting changes in the first chapter of Fogazzaro's novel *Daniel Cortis*, Solanges mentioned that he and Giacosa had discussed the changes, and that Giacosa had then spoken to Fogazzaro about them (Letter 7, 22 March 1888). And nearly two years after Solanges had first written to Fogazzaro, he asked Fogazzaro for a photograph to hang beside those of Boito and Giacosa in his study (Letter 9, 20 April 1889).[237]

In introducing himself to HHR in 1910, Solanges again made a brief reference to Giacosa, this time more specifically referring to *Novelle e paesi valdostani* (Letter 42, 1 November 1910). The only other reference to Giacosa in Solanges's letters to HHR is the anecdote of the reading of *The Lady of Challant* at Giacosa's house in

[235] See pp. 79 and 94.
[236] See p. 79.
[237] Previously mentioned on p. 106.

1891.[238] This play was written in French for Sarah Bernhardt, and then translated into Italian for Eleonora Duse.[239] The reason for Solanges's presence at such a private dinner is made clear in this letter from Giacosa to Fogazzaro:

> I am now beginning to write. I will even write in French, apart from putting down in Italian those ideas that do not come to me clearly in a language that is not my own. Then the work of tidying it up will be done with Solanges. And God help me and give me talent and speed, because the opportunity is such that woe is me if I don't make use of it.[240]

In commenting on this collaboration between Giacosa and Solanges, Nardi says that Solanges is "the French translator of so much of our late nineteenth-century production."[241]

The allusions to Giacosa in letters from Solanges to Fogazzaro and HHR are all very well, but there is much more immediacy in the letters Solanges received from Giacosa himself. The ten letters in Solanges's archives, covering the period 1888–1905, show Giacosa as a lively and humorous correspondent who appreciated Solanges's translations. In February 1888 Giacosa received Solanges's translation of his short story "La concorrenza"; the latter had appeared in the collection *Novelle e paesi valdostani* in 1886. Giacosa commented:

> Thanks then and well done. The translation of *La concorrenza* is perfect. I have taken the liberty of making two remarks—two very minute remarks—on the text, but I assure you that I felt a truly lively pleasure in finding every true idea expressed with such elegant evidence in your language. I don't know if love of the original has drawn a veil over my eyes, but I think your prose, in its literary amplifications and turn of phrase, is fresher and more lively than the prose of the French short-story writers before whom everyone bows down these days, too easily.[242]

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238 Previously mentioned on p. 104; see Letter 88 (31 May–1 June 1911).

239 Giuseppe Giacosa, *Pagine piemontese*, ed. G. De Rienzo (Bologna: Capelli, 1972) 31.

240 "Ora comincio a scrivere. Scriverò addirittura in francese, salvo a metter giù in italiano quelle idée che no mi venissero nette nella lingua non mia. Poi col Solanges si farà il lavoro di lima. E che il Signore me la mandi buona e mi dia ingegno e prontezza, perché l'occasione é tale che guai per me se non me ne giovo."
Giuseppe Giacosa, letter to Antonio Fogazzaro, 19 April 1889, qtd. in Nardi, *Giacosa* 630-31. The play was first performed by Duse in Turin on 14 October 1891, and by Bernhardt in New York on 4 December 1891.

241 "il traduttore francese di tanta produzione nostra del tardo ottocento." Nardi, *Giacosa* 631.

242 "Dunque grazie e bravo. La traduzione della Concorrenza è perfetta. Mi permisi di segnare sul testo due osservazioni, due minutissime osservazioni, ma vi assicuro che provai un vivo e vero piacere trovando espressa con tanta elegante evidenza ogni [vera?] idea nella vostra lingua. Io non so se l'amore dell'originale mi fa velo agli occhi, ma mi pare che la vostra prosa n'a più fresca e vivace che non n'a oramai la prosa dei novellatori francesi a quali cadono tutti oramai, troppo facilmente, nelle amplificazioni letterarie e nella frase fatta."
Giuseppe Giacosa, letter to PS, 8 February 1888, ASB 7.1.

Giacosa went on to describe a possible deal between his publisher Casanova and the publisher Torelli Viollier for a luxury edition of *Novelle e paesi valdostani*, which might include translation rights. Giacosa assured Solanges however, that "… I want no other translator but you."[243] Some weeks later, Giacosa wrote about the translation of another short story, "Storia di due cacciatori," from the same collection:

> Excellent, excellent, excellent. And while re-reading, I understood the great difficulty in the translation. … I have just marked two points for the day when we go over it all together.[244]

Solanges's translation of the first story, "La concurrence: nouvelle italienne," appeared in the *Supplément littéraire* of *Le Figaro* on 10 November 1888. On 1 June 1889, "Dans la vallée d'Aoste: histoire de deux chasseurs" appeared in the same publication. Payment for these two translations was only received from *Le Figaro* in September 1889: 1347 lines paid at 30 centesimi per line, for a total sum of 404.10 lira, shared equally between author and translator; Giacosa commented that the sum came at just the right time for him, increasing his gratitude to Solanges.[245]



Figure 16: Giacosa bows down before his translator

(Giuseppe Giacosa, letter to PS, 14 August 1889, ASB 7.3)

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243 "… non voglio nessun altro traduttore che voi."
Giuseppe Giacosa, letter to PS, 8 February 1888, ASB 7.1.

244 "Benissimo, benissimo, benissimo. E rileggendo ho capito la grande difficoltà della traduzione. … Ho però segnato due punti per quel giorno che rivedremo il tutto insieme." In the same letter, Giacosa says that his mooted move to Milan is in danger, and he will not come unless he is offered a government job.
Giuseppe Giacosa, letter to PS, 21 March 1888, ASB 7.2.

245 "… la [somma] per me giunge molto a proposito e che accresce la mia riconoscenza verso di te."
Giuseppe Giacosa, letter to PS, 26 September 1889, ASB 7.5.

In the meantime, however, a new project had come into being. In August 1889 Giacosa had sent Solanges a delightful verse invitation to join him in the mountains, complete with a sketch of himself kneeling in awe. "Your translation looks splendid," he wrote, "but I should like to suggest a few amendments."[246] A fortnight later Giacosa wrote, "we shall revise and tighten up a few statements by Ranetti in the second act. The third is a masterpiece of translation."[247] On 26 September, the work was finished: "I am sending *I tristi amori* to Paolo Alessio without further ado."[248] There the matter rested for some time. In December Giacosa wrote: "Not a word from Paris on *I tristi amori*. Speaking of which, you must still have the original manuscript; please send it back as soon as possible because I need to extract a script from it."[249] Giacosa's *I tristi amori* was a three-act play first performed in 1887. It is regarded by some as his masterpiece: dealing with a love triangle in a provincial town, it was soon performed to acclaim in Italy, Germany and Sweden.

The next phase of this story does not occur until 6 October 1893, when the play *La provinciale* was performed in Paris. Even at the time, opinions were divided as to whether the work represented a translation, an adaptation or a collaboration of Giuseppe Giacosa and Paul Alexis. The press leaned towards collaboration, though some considered that Alexis had transformed the subject. The published version of the play attributed authorship to both Alexis and Giacosa.[250] In her 1994 study of the two plays, Anne-Christine Faitrop-Porta notes that Alexis admitted he did not know

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246 The letter reads in full: "Eccomi genuflesso innanzi a te / Gridando in caro liquor mio merc / Volgi al pentito misero uno sguardo / Perdona il lungo epistolar ritardo / La tua traduzion parmi stupenda / Però vorrei proporre qualche emenda / Questa la causa fu del mio tardare / Perocchè ho molto ma molto da fare. / Vieni delc vieni al Monte ov'io dimoro / E dove ti darò letto e ristoro / Manda alla tua saluti la mia sposa / Ed io mi dico / Tuo sempre / Giacosa."
Giuseppe Giacosa, letter to PS, 14 August 1889, ASB 7.3.

247 "E rivedremo per inasprirla qualche proposizione del Ranetti nel 2° atto. Il terzo è un capo lavoro di traduzione."
Giuseppe Giacosa, letter to PS, 27 August 1889, ASB 7.4. Ranetti is the name of the attorney in *I tristi amori*.

248 "Mando senz'altro i tristi amori a Paolo Alessio."
Giuseppe Giacosa, letter to PS, 27 August 1889, ASB 7.5. Paul Alexis (1847–1901, Paolo Alessio in Italian) was a writer and friend of Zola; he published plays, novels and other pieces, as well as a memoir of Zola in 1882.

249 "Da Parigi pas un mot des tristi amori. Dei quali tristi amori tu devi avere ancora il manoscritto originale che ti prego di mandarmi il piú presto che potrai perché mi occorre estrarne un copione."
Giuseppe Giacosa, letter to PS, 5 December 1889, ASB 7.6. A book on the original manuscript was published recently: Federica Mazzocchi, ed., *Tristi amori: il manoscritto originario* (Genoa: Costa & Nolan, 1999).

250 Paul Alexis and Giuseppe Giacosa, *La provinciale, pièce en trois actes* (Paris: C. Lévy, 1894).

Italian; but she then goes on to show how well his translation adapts *I tristi amori* for the French stage.[251]

The letters already cited above strongly suggest that the original author of the translation was Paul Solanges. Faitrop-Porta even quotes a letter from Giacosa in which he states that the idea of a collaboration with Alexis was a lie, the only way of getting the play performed in Paris:

> Ce qui m'humilie c'est l'effacement presque complet de ma personnalité. Je vous donne ma parole d'honneur que pas un mot n'a été change ni ajouté par M. Alexis à ma pièce: *Tristi Amori*. J'ai accepté le mensonge de la collaboration parce qu'il fallait passer par là pour arriver à être représenté, mais je comptais sur un partage plus équitable et j'aurais espéré que mon collaborateur lui-même aurait revendiqué en ma faveur une partie au moins du mérite, non seulement dans l'invention, mais dans la facture. Je passe pour l'auteur d'une pièce dont Alexis aurait pris l'idée de *La Provinciale*: voilà tout, et je m'attends à ce qu'on me reproche d'avoir été indiscret en signant ma comédie a côté d'Alexis.[252]

To Faitrop-Porta, this means that Giacosa was probably unaware of the additions, omissions and amendments made by Alexis. Another undated letter from Giacosa to Solanges should clinch the case for Solanges's authorship of the original translation:

> My dear Solanges, you are most discreet, and even the superlative is not sufficient. I will write at once to Alessio, who I do not doubt will welcome your offer—which I consider an act of great friendship towards me—with haste and gratitude. As for retranslating it, for the moment I cannot begin.[253]

This letter is probably to be dated to early 1889, and probably shows Giacosa responding to an offer by Solanges to provide him with a French translation of *I tristi amori*, which Alexis might either adapt or put his name to. Whether Solanges and Giacosa really expected Alexis to adapt the translation may be doubted, given Giacosa's word of honour quoted above, but it seems certain that the translation was indeed adapted.[254]

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[251] Faitrop-Porta 447–48. In a letter to his friend Maurice Guillemot in late 1892, Alexis states that he has not replied to an Italian correspondent because he could not fully understand it, and he did not have his Italian dictionary with him (Jean de Palacio, ed., "Lettres de Paul Alexis à Maurice Guillemot," *Les cahiers naturalistes* 61 (1987): 153).

[252] Giuseppe Giacosa, letter to Édouard Rod, 12 October 1893, qtd. in Faitrop-Porta 447.

[253] The letter reads in full: "Carissimo, Sei discretissimo ed anzi il superlativo non basta. Scrivo subito subito all'Alexis il quale non ne dubito accoglierci con premura e riconoscenza la tua proposta che io considero quale atto di buona amicizia verso di me. Quanto al ritradurrci, per ora non mi ci posso mettere. Ho rimandato a piú tardi la lettura a Gineva. Sono occupatissimo. Grazie. Tuo aff°, Giuseppe Giacosa."
Giuseppe Giacosa, letter to PS, n.d., ASB 7.10.

[254] Faitrop-Porta is the same author who called Solanges's translation of Verga's *Cavalleria Rusticana* mediocre (see p. 98). It is a nice irony that she should unwittingly be commenting on another work by Solanges—though her opinion of the original translation in this case might have been equally

In his obituary of Solanges, Eugenio Bermani states "He translated plays by Giacosa, and if I am not mistaken, *Come le foglie*, which enjoyed memorable success in Paris."[255] There is no other evidence for this reference to *Come le foglie*, and it is possible that Bermani was really thinking of *I tristi amori*.

Two more letters from Giacosa are preserved in Solanges's archives. In 1902 Giacosa and the playwright Gerolamo Rovetta asked Solanges to stand in for them at a meeting of the committee for the centenary of the birth of Victor Hugo.[256] And in 1905 Giacosa responded favourably to Solanges's intercession on behalf of historian Giuseppe Gallavresi for the publication of an article by the latter.[257]

Another example of the friendship between Boito, Giacosa and Solanges is revealed in a letter to Solanges from Etienne Charavay, the handwriting expert who was famous for reversing his testimony in the successive trials of Alfred Dreyfus:

> J'ai conservé le meilleur souvenir de la délicieuse soirée que vous m'avez fait passer. Quels charmants esprits que vos amis Boïto, Giacosa et Noseda! Je vous prie de me rappeler à leur mémoire et de les assurer de mes meilleurs sentiments.[258]

A number of other links between Solanges and Giacosa are recorded in Piero Nardi's biography of Giacosa: on 20 June 1888 Antonio Fogazzaro wrote to Giacosa that he had met Solanges, who told Fogazzaro that Giacosa's Milanese friends feared Giacosa's post at the Accademia dei Filodrammatici would distract him from his writing; Giacosa's family dined at Solanges's on Christmas Day 1888, just a few months after the Giacosa family had moved from Turin to Milan; on 14 January 1889 Solanges was among the guests invited by Giacosa to welcome the writer Edmondo De Amicis to Milan. Finally, it may be noted that Giacosa moved from Turin to 26 via San Damiano in Milan in 1888, and that Solanges moved to 22 via San Damiano some time between 1890 and 1902.[259]

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poor.
For an indication that Solanges might have been familiar with Paul Alexis's *Emile Zola: Notes d'un ami*, see p. 350, footnote 806.

255 "Di Giacosa tradusse alcuni drammi, e, se non erro, *Come le foglie*, che ebbe a Parigi un successo memorabile." See Appendix II.4.

256 Giuseppe Giacosa and Gerolamo Rovetta, letter to PS, 5 March 1902, ASB 7.8. Victor Hugo was born on 26 February 1802.

257 Giuseppe Giacosa, letter to PS, 7 April 1905. Gallavresi will be dealt with more fully in Chapter 7.

258 Etienne Charavay, letter to PS, ASF, 20 June 1899. For more on Charavay and the Dreyfus Affair, see p. 420, footnote 921. Aldo Noseda (1852–1916) was a music critic.

259 Nardi, *Giacosa* 602, 606, 610. For Solanges's successive addresses, see his letters to Antonio Fogazzaro.

Solanges's comment to HHR in 1911 about Boito and Giacosa may be taken as a good summary of his relationship with Giacosa: "… two of my close friends: Arrigo Boito and Giuseppe Giacosa. The latter is dead as you perhaps know" (Letter 88, 31 May–1 June 1911). There is an unspoken touch of sadness in the comment that Giacosa is dead. The literary fruits of their friendship included translations of two short stories (1888–89), the original translation of *I tristi amori* for the French stage (1889), and collaboration on the original French version of *The Lady of Challant* (1889–91). This friendship probably began with Giacosa's move from Turin to Milan in late 1888, and ended with Giacosa's death in 1906. The literary salon of Donna Vittoria Cima would have been the place for many of their meetings.

Verdi's *Otello* and *Falstaff*

Composer Giuseppe Verdi (1813–1901) needs little introduction. Suffice it to say that his first opera was performed in 1839, and by the 1850s he was the most famous Italian composer in Europe. He composed some 25 operas (excluding revised versions) in the years to 1870, but after *Aïda* in 1871, there was to be no new opera by him until *Otello* in 1887 and *Falstaff* in 1893. The librettos for both *Otello* and *Falstaff* were written by Arrigo Boito, and Solanges was associated with the translation into French of both of them. In fact, two of Solanges's obituaries mention them:

> For Ricordi he translated into French Boito's librettos of *Otello* and *Falstaff*. Giuseppe Verdi held him dear and honoured him with all his trust (Bermani in *La perseveranza*).
> […] il mit en beaux vers français, en collaboration avec Boito, les livrets des deux derniers opéras de Verdi, *Othello* et *Falstaff* (Delaroche in *Le Figaro*).[260]

Solanges himself described to HHR how he became involved in these translations:

> Ma traduction de Cortis était à peine finie que Calmann Lévy la demandait à Fogazzaro et mes traductions d'opéras m'ont été commandées par Ricordi. (Letter 248, 28 January 1914)

As far as *Falstaff* is concerned, the statements of the obituarists are quite justified, but as for *Otello*, nowhere else is Solanges so baldly stated to have been its translator. Indeed, the published record has barely a mention of his involvement. It is also noteworthy that Solanges himself never mentioned any such involvement in his

[260] See Appendix II.4.

surviving correspondence, nor did his daughter Marthe include *Otello* in the list of works that she sent to HHR in 1914.[261]

To return to the beginning of the story, however: the idea of an operatic version of Shakespeare's *Othello* was first put to Verdi by Giulio Ricordi and Arrigo Boito in June 1879. On 18 November 1879 Verdi received the finished libretto from Boito.[262] There followed some years of inactivity on Verdi's part, and he even offered to return the libretto so that Boito could set it to music, but finally, on 1 November 1886, Verdi wrote the last note, and sent a message to Boito: "It's finished! Good health to us … (and also to *Him*!!)[i.e., Otello]."[263] The first performance took place to a rapturous reception at La Scala in Milan on 5 February 1887. Boito took the stage with Verdi, and Giacosa and Fogazzaro were among the spectators, as well as Jules Massenet and Tosti.[264] Boito first met the Paris music critic Camille Bellaigue on that evening.[265] More importantly, the première marked the beginning of Boito's relationship with Eleonora Duse.[266] Some idea of the excitement engendered by *Otello* may be gathered from Bellaigue's letter to Solanges a fortnight after the première:

> Je crois bien qu'il faudrait peu de chose pour me faire retourner à Milan! J'ai fini mon article sur *Otello* et il semble qu'un lien de plus soit rompu. J'ai vécu encore quinze jours dans l'intimité du chef d'œuvre et je l'ai toujours plus aimé. Hélas! on ne peut parler dignement de choses pareilles et ce n'est pas sans crainte qu'on ose le faire. Il vaudrait mieux dire tout simplement, c'est admirable, allez y. Pourtant j'espère que la mobile opinion des Parisiens sera crédule à mon enthousiasme et qu'ils ne me soupçonneront pas d'exagération. Je suis, […] en dehors de mon article, l'apôtre d'*Otello* à Paris; je le sais par cœur et le joue partout où je vais. […] Je ne parle qu'*Otello*, je ne chante qu'*Otello*, chez moi, hors de chez moi. En général on se rend quand on a entendu.[267]

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261 See p. 80.
262 Conati and Medici, *Correspondence* lxiii.
263 Conati and Medici, *Correspondence* 112.
264 Conati and Medici, *Correspondence* 115.
265 Nardi, *Boito* 503-04.
266 Joseph Wechsberg, *Verdi* (London: Weidenfeld and Nicolson, 1974) 222.
267 Camille Bellaigue, letter to PS, 25 [26] February 1887, ASF.

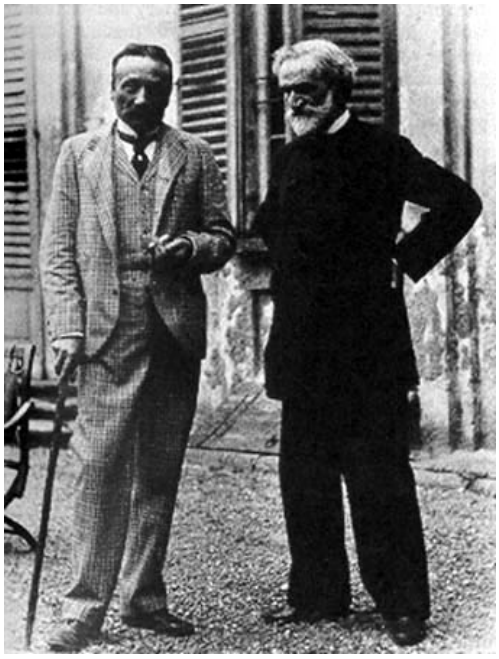


Figure 17: Arrigo Boito and Giuseppe Verdi

(Image available online, and also in *The New Grove Dictionary of Music and Musicians*, second edition)

A French translation of *Otello* had been mooted as early as August 1882, when Boito tried to prod Verdi into action with news that the critic Blaze de Bury had requested the translation rights.[268] Verdi responded that "translating an opera from Italian into French [was] an even more arduous job than from French into Italian."[269] The translation was actually begun about November 1886, with Boito himself translating the third and fourth acts, while Camille Du Locle (a close friend of Verdi since 1867, and manager of the Paris Opéra-Comique 1870–76) translated the first and second acts.[270] In March–April, Boito and Du Locle spent some time at Nervi completing the translation, and in May 1887 they shared an advance of 5,000 francs on the librettist's and translators' royalties from future French performances.[271]

In all this activity there is only one fleeting but significant reference to Solanges, which indicates that there is some substance to the statements by his obituarists. On 26 March 1887, Giulio Ricordi wrote to Verdi:

> Boito asks me to tell you that he must stay in Milan only 4 more days, or 5 at the most; he will then again be at your disposal in Genoa. He lets you know *in confidence* that he is working; he did not succeed with Du Locle in translating two phrases he considers very important; he wanted to translate them together with Solanges, who happened to be ill; but today he went back to work. When

[268] Henri Blaze de Bury (1813–88) was music critic for the *Revue des deux mondes* 1834–82.
[269] Conati and Medici, *Correspondence* 63.
[270] Conati and Medici, *Correspondence* 112–13, 213; Busch, *Falstaff* 581.
[271] Conati and Medici, *Correspondence* 116–17; Nardi, *Boito* 505; Busch, *Otello* 798.

> he goes to Genoa he will compare these two phrases with the translation that has already been made, and he hopes that you will be pleased.[272]

This points to some degree of cooperation with Solanges by Boito on the French version of *Otello*—presumably, however, in the light of Solanges's silence, cooperation of a lesser magnitude than on the French *Falstaff*.

The French *Otello* was finally performed at the Opéra in Paris on 12 October 1894, but not without some revision of the translation. In January 1894 Boito wrote to Verdi that he did not object to the revision; he went on:

> The recitative and the Willow Song really are *detestable* (they were the first lines, the first attempts, in collaboration with Solanges), and they must be redone. I like to be correct. The interest of a work of art must come first. If the variant offered by Gailhard [director of the Opéra] is good, so much the better; if it's bad, Solanges and I will do another one and will say once more: *So much the better*.[273]

This confirms the fact of collaboration without casting any more light on how much collaboration there was. The statements of the obituarists are not to be dismissed lightly. In passing, it may be noted here that Solanges's familiarity with Shakespeare's *Othello* may arise from this collaboration: he quotes three times from *Othello* in writing to Fogazzaro and HHR.[274]

In contrast to the case with *Otello*, Solanges's half-authorship of the French translation of Verdi's opera *Falstaff* is proclaimed on the cover of the publication itself, as well as being mentioned in his correspondence and his obituaries, in contemporary and recent works about *Falstaff*, and displayed in a dedication from Verdi.

Boito sent an outline of *Falstaff* to Verdi in July 1889, and began work on the libretto in August 1889, completing it early in 1890.[275] Verdi had composed the first act by March 1890, and completed the work in late 1892, at the age of seventy-nine. The première took place at La Scala on 9 February 1893, and was "the musical event of the 1890s, just as *Otello* had been for the 1880s."[276] Boito summed up the première to Camille Bellaigue:

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[272] Busch, *Otello* 297.
[273] Busch, *Otello* 393; Conati and Medici, *Correspondence* 213.
[274] Letters 38 (30 December 1910), 64 (20 February 1911), and 146 (16 February 1912). Two of the quotations, however, are identical.
[275] Conati and Medici, *Correspondence* 146; Wechsberg 228.
[276] Wechsberg 235.

> what you cannot imagine is the immense intellectual pleasure that this Latin lyric comedy produces on the stage. … Come, come dear friend, to hear this masterpiece; come to spend two hours in the gardens of the *Decameron*.[277]



Figure 18: Cover of the French *Falstaff*

showing Boito and Solanges as translators
(*L'avant-scène opéra-opérette* 87/88 (1986): 4)

Work began on the French translation of *Falstaff* within a month of the Italian première. Boito wrote to Verdi on 19 March 1893 that "The translation proceeds well, much better than in the first act."[278] Boito and Solanges worked together on the translation through the summer of 1893.[279] A letter to Solanges from his old friend Edouard Blau gives some idea of the hard work—or anguish?—that was involved:

> Je comprends quelle peine et quel terrible travail doit te causer cette traduction. J'ai, jadis, transmis en Français des romances Italiennes,—musique de Salvagni—et je me souviens avec effroi du mal que cela m'a imposé, encore pour n'arriver à rien de bon.
> Mais il y aura pour toi une belle compensation. On nous dit, et nous croyons ici, que la comédie lyrique de Verdi a eu un succès énorme, et en faisant son tour du monde elle sera représentée à Paris l'hiver prochain ou le suivant. Ce n'est pas que, pour ma part, je m'applaudisse fort de voir Verdi installé à l'opéra comique, comme l'opéra […] par Wagner; ça ne fait pas trop les affaires des librettistes français mais je reconnais que c'est […], et, si c'est toujours toi qui es chargé de la traduction de Boito, je désire vivement que Verdi nous soit donné le plus tôt possible. Il paraît que les vers de Boito sont

277 Qtd. in Wechsberg 235.
278 Nardi, *Boito* 594; Conati and Medici, *Correspondence* 206.
279 Busch, *Falstaff* 350; Nardi, *Boito* 595.

> charmants, très soignés, de forme très originale; cela triplera ton travail, mais […], du coup, en place éminente. Quand tu auras un instant, tiens-moi donc, cher ami, au courant de tes labeurs et de tes espérances.[280]

But the best report of the work of translation comes from Solanges, after the anecdotes about Eleonora Duse that he told to HHR:

> All this takes me back to the time when I was translating the libretto of Verdi's Falstaff with Arrigo Boito. We worked on it for eight months at the rate of four hours per day, (from eight in the evening till midnight—I was in business then), with Shakespeare in our hands. If it would amuse you, I will send you the libretto. It could also interest you as a musician. (Letter 88, 1 June 1911)

In September 1893, Verdi and Boito spent a week going over the translation. On 6 December, Giulio Ricordi sent Solanges a note of thanks in verse, which may well mark the conclusion of his participation in the project.[281] At Boito's request, a further revision was then undertaken by the music critic Camille Bellaigue—a strong supporter of Verdi—and revisions were still being done in February and March 1894.[282] On 16 March, Boito mentioned Solanges in a letter to Verdi about the Paris rehearsals:

> I hear (Solanges told me about it; he heard it from someone who was present at the rehearsals), I hear that the preparations for *Falstaff* are proceeding very well from a musical, purely musical, point of view, but that the interpretation of the comedy is totally absent. And it is understandable that it should be so.[283]

Verdi was eventually persuaded to go to Paris for the event; he left Genoa on 4 April, and the French première of *Falstaff* took place at the Opéra-Comique on 18 April 1894. As in Milan, the opera was "an immense success," received with an "astonishing outburst of delight," as *The Times* put it.[284]

As to the translation itself, a few contemporary comments are available about it. *Le Figaro* did not comment directly on it, but did allude to the fact of translation:

> Quand on a appris que Verdi venait à Paris pour diriger les études finales de *Falstaff*, on a pu craindre qu'il y rencontrât quelque désillusion et que

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280 Edouard Blau, letter to PS, 21 February 1893, ASF. Blau's handwriting is minute, hence the gaps in the transcription.

281 "Ricevuto garnitura / Molto bella, tutta in nacro: / Io volea venir in fiacro / Per poter voi remersiar. / Ma son qua nel mio burroto / Al travaglio oggi obbligato: / Questa mia vi ho mandato / Per poter voi remersiar. / Spero presto aver l'onore / Veder voi personalmente, / Ed allora gentilmente / Io potrò voi remersiar. / Infrattanto una psagnata / Io do a voi di man cordiale: / Anche questa per me vale / Come a nuovo remersiar. GR"
Giulio Ricordi, letter to PS, 6 December 1893, ASB 14.1.

282 Conati and Medici, *Correspondence* 206; Busch, *Falstaff* 453.

283 Busch, *Falstaff* 473; Conati and Medici, *Correspondence* 217; Nardi, Boito 595. Nardi states that Solanges was present at the rehearsals, but the letter itself does not state this.

284 "Verdi's 'Falstaff' in Paris," *The Times* 19 April 1894: 12.

> l'exécution de l'Opéra-Comique ne le satisfît pas au même point que celle de la Scala.
> *Falstaff* passant dans une autre langue et le peu de comédie que possèdent actuellement nos acteurs lyriques permettaient toutes les appréhensions. Mais la présence de Verdi, son autorité, sa fiévreuse activité ont porté leurs fruits, et le maëstro pourra emporter de Paris une impression toute différente que celle de la Scala.[285]

The Times, on the other hand, commented very favourably on the quality of the translation:

> Any analysis of the opera, any comparison of it with the source from which Boïto has drawn his libretto, is needless. The success of the opera in Milan last February made its fame worldwide, and the details of its construction familiar to all who care for music. But it is important not to forget, in estimating the success of *Falstaff* here tonight, that the libretto was not the original Italian one, but a French version prepared with the aid of M. Paul Solanges by Boïto himself. This version was not completed until the end of February. […] The French version is certainly an admirable *tour de force*. There has been no lapse in the care with which the very difficult task of translation has been managed; and it seemed as if the music might have been written for the French version.[286]

Victor Maurel, the baritone who played the first Falstaff in both Milan and Paris, also had a few words to say about the translation, in his description of the "unforgettable" première in Paris:

> Dès la première de Milan, M. Carvalho, enthousiasmé, avait demandé *Falstaff* pour son théâtre. Restait le grave problème de la traduction en français. Il a été résolu par Arrigo Boïto en collaboration avec M. Paul Solanges. Cette traduction est aussi bonne que possible. Est-ce à dire qu'elle vaille le texte italien? Nous répondrons résolument: Non! La structure de la langue française et, partant, son génie particulier, ne lui permet pas de valoir l'italien, pour le théâtre chanté. […] Nous sommes aussi fiers que personne de la beauté de notre langue maternelle; nous reconnaissons sa supériorité dans bien des genres; nous la nions dans celui-là. […] La traduction de *Falstaff* en est une preuve de plus.[287]

Solanges himself was obviously proud of the translation, and when he sent a copy to HHR in November 1911—having offered it to her of his own accord in June 1911, but not having received a reply—he described it in some detail:

> Je voulais en commençant vous parler de Falstaff et surtout de Verdi, ce sera pour une autre fois. —Un mot seulement sur ce livret. Vous avez fait de la musique, vous saurez donc en étudier la coupe. Observez que les grands *ensembles* ne sont pas faits pour être chantés ensemble, mais conjointement. Remarquez que les rythmes et les mélodies sont dessinés de façon à obliger le compositeur dans les tableaux en vers libres et que le compositeur ne retrouve sa liberté que dans les grandes scènes dialoguées. C'est un faiseur d'opéras qui a fait ce livret. —Pour la traduction, en dehors de la question littéraire, la

[285] "Opéra-Comique: Première représentation de Falstaff," *Le Figaro* 19 April 1894: 2.
[286] "Verdi's 'Falstaff' in Paris," *The Times* 19 April 1894: 12.
[287] Victor Maurel, *Dix ans de carrière 1887–1897* (Paris: Dupont, 1897) 194–95.

> grande difficulté était de conserver la forme. Tous les vers français sont de la mesure des vers italiens. Pour le rythme cela va de soi à cause de l'accent nécessaire. —On considère cette partition, la dernière de Verdi faite à l'âge de 81 ans comme son chef d'œuvre, et je crois qu'on a raison. —Nous avons cherché aussi à ne pas trop maltraiter Shakespeare. Avons-nous réussi? Je compte *absolument* sur votre franchise *la plus complète*. (Letter 122, 18 November 1911)

HHR responded:

> But my writing is growing illegible & I must stop. Oh, & I had still much to say to you about your *Falstaff* (I love both this & the *Otello* of that surprising old genius, Verdi.) I have read the booklet with the deepest interest & admiration for the way you have done it: it seems to me quite masterly to have kept as close to the original as you have, and yet have fulfilled all other considerations as well. I think there can be nothing more difficult than such work. One is 'cribbed, cabin'd, confined,' indeed![288]


FALSTAFF

COMÉDIE LYRIQUE EN TROIS ACTES

DE

ARRIGO BOÏTO

MUSIQUE DE

GIUSEPPE VERDI

Version française de M.M. PAUL SOLANGES et ARRIGO BOÏTO

PARTITION POUR CHANT ET PIANO

ARRANGEMENT DE C. CARIGNANI

EDITEURS - G. RICORDI & C. - EDITEURS

12, Rue de Lisbonne —○ PARIS ○— Rue de Lisbonne, 12

Figure 19: Title page of the limited edition of *Falstaff*

(Image courtesy of Antonio Magnocavallo, Milan)

The work of translation was not entirely selfless, and Solanges used his old friend, the playwright Edouard Blau, as his intermediary with the literary agent Roger. Blau commented on the royalties:

> Je n'ai pas encore été chez Roger user de ta procuration, et, à moins de contre idée de ta part, j'ai l'intention de n'y aller que le mois prochain, après le 10, date à laquelle on peut toucher.
> Il n'y aurait que cinq à six représentations de Falstaff pour lesquelles tes droits ont été versés, et la 1ère ne compte pas, toutes les places étant de faveur. Il vaut mieux il me semble t'envoyer réunis, les […] de Avril et de Mai 1894.

[288] HHR, letter to PS, 28 November 1911, *HHRTL* 1:265.

> Les recettes restent superbes—on fait le maximum tous les soirs, c'est à dire 8.000[f], dit-on. Je ne sais si cela vient de Ricordi ou du théâtre, tout a été vendu à des agences, on ne trouve rien au bureau de location, et on est obligé de payer le double aux intermédiaires. Le bénéfice ne va pas dans la poche des auteurs, puisque le 12[e] n'est touché que sur la recette présumée, encaissée aux bureaux, mais comme on paie sur le prix de la location, c'est à dire le maximum, tu n'as pas lieu de te plaindre.[289]

Ticket-scalping was obviously a new phenomenon to Solanges. The percentage payable to the co-translator in the case of an opera is also obviously much less than the fifty per cent share normally received in the case of a literary translation of a short story or novel, as had happened, for example, with Giacosa's short stories.[290] Solanges's half-brother Raoul Toché also commented—in his only surviving letter to Solanges—that "Falstaff fait des recettes folles et Roger m'a dit qu'il a très bien réglé tes intérêts."[291] In 1901, Edouard Blau forwarded the sum of 1096 francs in royalties to Solanges, probably from the Société des Auteurs.[292]

It is well known in Verdi studies that Verdi and Boito worked very closely on *Falstaff*, and it may be presumed that Boito—rather than Solanges—did most of the communication with Verdi over the translation. However, it is also clear from a few sources that Solanges himself knew Verdi: he wrote to HHR in 1911, saying "I will also give you details on Verdi—whom I knew well—which I hope will interest you" (Letter 121, 17 November 1911). That promise was never fulfilled, unfortunately, but two items of family history deserve to be mentioned here. Firstly, a story that has been handed down by the still-living stepdaughters of Marthe Solanges:

> Mr. Paul Solanges was very fond of his daughter Marthe and used to take her at the rendez-vous with his musician friends. Once he took her to meet Verdi at the "Grand Hotel de Milan" where he was living. As they entered, a chair was flying in the air, smashing against a wall. Verdi was somehow temperamental! But when he realized he had guests he laughed and greeted them warmly and began to work with Mr. Solanges to solve problems of Falstaff's translation.[293]

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289 Edouard Blau, letter to PS, 26 May 1894, ASF.
290 See p. 110.
291 Raoul Toché, letter to PS, 14 July 1894, ASF.
292 Edouard Blau, letter to PS, 27 December 1901, ASF.
293 Francesca Astaldi del Torre, letter to the author (reproduced without editing), 25 February 2002.

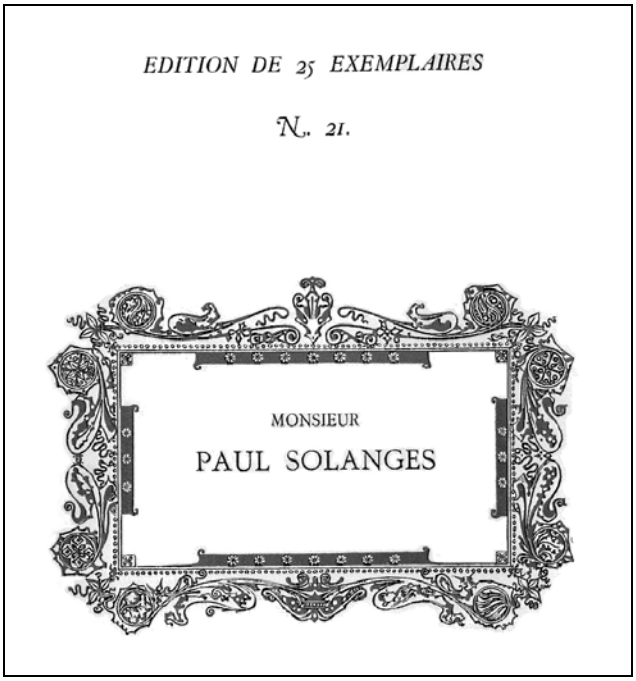


Figure 20: Bookplate in the limited edition of *Falstaff*

(Image courtesy of Antonio Magnocavallo, Milan)

Secondly, Solanges received from Verdi one of 25 copies of a limited edition of *Falstaff*, which is still treasured by Nora Magnocavallo, daughter of Marthe Solanges's stepdaughter Emilia. The inscription from Verdi is a generous recognition of Solanges's contribution to the French *Falstaff*:

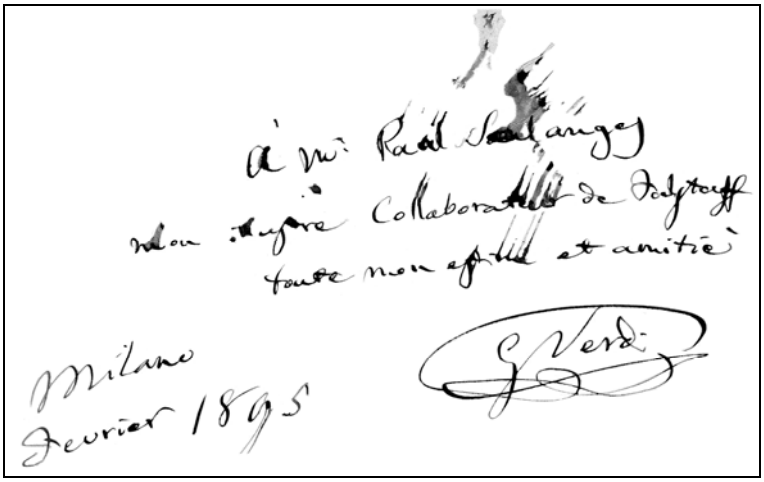


Figure 21: Verdi's dedication to Solanges in the limited edition of *Falstaff*

À Mr Paul Solanges / Mon illustre collaborateur de Falstaff / Toute mon estime et amitié
G. Verdi / Milano / Février 1895
(Image courtesy of Antonio Magnocavallo, Milan)[294]

[294] This image was supplied to the author in electronic form; it has been digitally cleaned to remove the effect of what is probably the yellowed paper on which it is written.

It is not surprising that little scholarly attention has been paid to Solanges's involvement in the French *Falstaff*: there has been so little source material on it. A modern scholar of *Falstaff* studies, James Hepokoski, wrote in 1983 that:

> The French *Falstaff*, far from being a simple translation, was to be a work of art to rival the Italian original. Boito was quite at home in French, but for assistance in translating this word-rich libretto he found a collaborator, Paul Solanges, a Parisian poet then residing in Milan. We currently know nothing about the Boito-Solanges collaboration, but the correspondence of Verdi, Boito and Ricordi in 1893–4 suggests that Boito was the principal translator and that ultimately Verdi was the final judge of the translation.[295]

From what has been revealed above, especially in relation to the amount of time Solanges and Boito spent on the translation, it might be more just to accord Solanges a greater degree of recognition for his role. Verdi may well have had the final say—no one could doubt that the Maestro would—but like any foreigner, he would have done well to rely on a native speaker for the translation.

Solanges's partial involvement in the French translation of *Otello* and his heavy involvement in the French translation of *Falstaff* put him at the centre of cultural life in Milan—not to mention Italy and France—in those two decades. As a translator, one could hardly hope for more, and he had every right to reminisce proudly about this work.

* * *

This chapter on Solanges's activity as author and translator has seen him move from lightweight poetry in 1881, to translator of many songs in the 1880s, to involvement in two major cultural events of the 1880s and 1890s, Verdi's two masterpieces. Along the way, he also translated short stories, a play and operas. There is a concentration of activity around 1887, but the climax can be said to have been *Falstaff* in 1894 (and Fogazzaro's *Cortis* in 1896; see next chapter). Solanges's summation of his career has already been quoted,[296] but now it can be judged to have been a reasonable claim, although perhaps needing to be taken with just a grain of salt:

> Je vous dirai qu'il y a une quinzaine d'années j'avais tout en main et que j'aurais pu jouer le rôle qu'Hérelle joue aujourd'hui, comme traducteur. J'étais alors Sous Directeur des Usines à Gaz de Milan pour une Compagnie Anglo-Française qui a son Comité Drapers' Garden W.C. J'avais des loisirs et

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[295] James A. Hepokoski, *Giuseppe Verdi: Falstaff* (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1983) 77.

[296] See p. 70.

> pouvais mener deux choses de front. Le Directeur étant mort, la Compagnie m'offrit la Direction Générale des Usines à Gaz de Milan. Il fallait faire un choix. Comme j'ai une famille, j'ai choisi le plus certain, la Direction, et j'ai mis de côté la littérature, à mon grand regret. (Letter 50, 29 December 1910)

It is certainly true that Solanges's translation activity virtually ended in 1896, when he became Director of the Milan factory of the Union des Gaz.

Chapter 6: Antonio Fogazzaro

Background

Antonio Fogazzaro has already been referred to more than twenty times in this Introduction, but this chapter will focus on Solanges's relationship with him. For the first time in this biographical study, the resources available are principally the letters exchanged between the two men, and thus the picture that can be gained will be all the more human and revealing, and will permit an evaluation of Solanges's character based on his own writing. The letters are edited and translated, with some annotation, in Part I below, but this chapter will attempt to flesh out the story and provide both background and general commentary.



Figure 22: Antonio Fogazzaro

(Image from Liber Liber, www.liberliber.it/biblioteca/f/fogazzaro/)

Fogazzaro was born at Vicenza in 1842, and graduated in law from the University of Turin in 1864, but he was interested only in a career as a poet and novelist, a career which did not begin to bear fruit until the publication of the verse novel *Miranda* in 1874. In 1876 he published *Valsolda*, a collection of lyric poems, and his novel, *Malombra*, appeared in 1881.

More importantly, however, 1873 marked Fogazzaro's re-conversion to the Catholic faith after a decade of scepticism. Thereafter he was a committed Catholic who sought to reconcile science with faith and to promote both reform of the Catholic Church and lay involvement in the Church. This path was not to be without its

vicissitudes, in the era of Papal resistance to science and to the movement eventually condemned as Modernism.

Fogazzaro attained success with the publication of his novel *Daniele Cortis* in 1885, and reinforced his position as Italy's leading novelist with *Piccolo mondo antico* (1895), *Piccolo mondo moderno* (1900), *Il santo* (1906) and *Leila* (1911). He knew and corresponded with many of the literary figures who have already appeared in these pages. To take but a few examples, he was in the audience for the disastrous premiere of Boito's *Mefistofele* in 1868, but the two men did not become friends until perhaps 1883, when Giuseppe Giacosa first met Fogazzaro and came under his influence.[297] In 1888, Fogazzaro made a loan of 1000 lira to Giacosa to cover his moving expenses from Milan to Turin.[298] Boito ultimately attended Fogazzaro's funeral in Vicenza in 1911.[299]

Fogazzaro's novels, set in Vicenza and in the Valsolda region around Lake Lugano, address themes of "love, morality and politics,"[300] but they would probably strike the majority of modern readers above all as very Catholic, because of the prominence of religion in the stories, and the way the principal characters place their Catholic religion first in their motivations, and follow Church teaching, in Cortis's case, for example, even to the renunciation of their deepest love.

An appreciation of the spirit of Fogazzaro's novels can be gained from the words of his friend and first biographer, Tommaso Gallarati-Scotti, who, during the Austrian offensive into Trentino in May 1916, came across the abandoned villa where *Daniele Cortis* had been set:

> The wind alone rushing down with the rivers from the two valleys and bringing with it the dry, metallic click of rifle firing, tore through the empty house, banging the doors and windows of the spacious, lonely rooms. […] For an instant it seemed to me—the solitary spectator, the only being who remembered—that I was witnessing, as in a dream, the closing episodes of that life upon which death was placing a second seal. This was the downfall of Fogazzaro's world. Not only the houses […] but the spiritual world of his romanticism, of his faith that placed its trust in progress and science, of his all-embracing human love of beauty, of wisdom whereof each race has its allotted heritage, of his Christianity that was not vague humanitarianism but true charity and brotherly love—this world also was vanishing before my very eyes in that dark hour. It was no time for meditation; but with the same rapidity with which my eye grasped every detail of the landscape, my mind asked itself

297 Nardi, *Boito* 264–66, 439.
298 Nardi, *Giacosa* 602.
299 Nardi, *Boito* 673.
300 Robert A. Hall, *Antonio Fogazzaro* (Boston: Twayne, 1978) 35.

> whether something of the life and labours I had studied, would not survive in the new world.
> It is only to-day, now that the tempest is past, that, looking back, I again find myself in the presence of that doubt and seek to answer my own question. Certainly everything that in Fogazzaro was destined to perish is dead and, like the Montanina, is already disappearing beneath the ivy and the silent growths of oblivion. But to my amazement I perceive that there is a side of him that is of the present, that still speaks to the spirits of men, still moves them, makes them shed tears and consoles them. […] Other writers have become prominent; others have attempted by every means to win public esteem, and have made of novel-writing an easy and lucrative trade. But as yet no one can boast of having surpassed Fogazzaro in weaving the spell of suggestive fascination he knew so well how to cast over the hearts of his readers (and this not by any appeal to morbid curiosity and the lower instincts), or can maintain that he is superior to Fogazzaro in his capacity for creating human types, not according to the flesh but to the spirit.[301]

In his preface, Gallarat-Scotti summed up in a few words what was important to Fogazzaro:

> But to those who live by a faith, be it even another faith; to those, though they be adversaries, who esteem more highly than base indifference the travail and anxieties of a harassed conscience, it will not seem inopportune that, at a time when materialistic preoccupations threaten to become all-engrossing, even among such believers as take but a feeble interest in the hereafter, the memory should be revived of one who—albeit amidst certain bewilderments—sought ever and alone the kingdom of the Spirit.[302]

Daniele Cortis

Daniele Cortis was published in January 1885, and the collection of short stories *Fedele ed altri racconti* in January 1887. In May 1887, Solanges approached Fogazzaro with a proposal to include one of the short stories in a translated collection, and perhaps to translate *Daniele Cortis* thereafter. He relied on his former work for Giacosa, Boito and Verga to recommend himself to Fogazzaro, and Fogazzaro may well have enquired of these friends of his about Solanges's credentials as a translator, for he dispensed with the smaller request and granted permission for a translation of *Daniele Cortis*. In embarking on the translation of a long novel (432 pages in the French edition), Solanges was commencing a work that far exceeded in length

[301] Tommaso Gallarati-Scotti, *The Life of Antonio Fogazzaro*, trans. Mary Prichard Agnetti (New York: Doran, 1922) 310–11.
[302] Gallarati-Scotti vi.

anything he had translated before. How well he handled the challenge is the subject of this section.

Daniele Cortis is the story of the love between the senator Daniel Cortis and Baroness Elena Carrè, who is married to the loutish Baron of Santa Giulia. It is also a novel of political ideas, Cortis being the embodiment of Fogazzaro's ideal high-minded politician for the recently united Italy—the novel apparently contains the first use of the words *democrazia cristiana*.[303] Cortis and Elena ultimately renounce their love, Elena remaining faithful to her religion and her marriage vows and going overseas with her husband, while Cortis re-committed himself to political life. Their love is to live forever, but to be a spiritual love. The motto, *Hieme et aetate, et prope et procul, usque dum vivam et ultra*,[304] is used as a dedication in the author's 1913 copy of Solanges's translation, an illustration of the romantic power of the novel. The novel is not unlike Richardson's *Maurice Guest* in its focus on love-crossed hearts, but with Elena's self-sacrifice, motivated by fidelity to her marriage vows, and Daniel's similar dedication of himself to his political life, it is quite different in its spirit and its message: where *Daniele Cortis* has spiritual and political themes, *Maurice Guest* focuses on psychological insight.

Solanges admitted in his second letter to Fogazzaro that he had very slight connections in Paris (Letter 2, 22 August 1887), which might lead one to wonder as to the realism of his initial proposal for a collection of short stories, but when one considers the amount of translating Solanges was doing in that period, and the authors with whom he was working, it is quite possible that he could have succeeded with his proposal.

Having received permission in August 1887, Solanges completed the first two of twenty-three chapters by October. In November–December he was preoccupied with business matters and other translations, but by February he had completed the fifth chapter. It is at this stage that he became "profoundly discouraged" with the literalness and Italian flavour of his translation, asking Fogazzaro to allow him some latitude in rewriting the French as if he were himself the author (Letter 6, 25 February 1888). He followed this with a request to add sentences here and there in the first chapter, to enlighten readers about who was who—something of a liberty on the part

[303] Hall 40; the phrase is used twice in the novel, in Chapters 8 and 21.
[304] Winter and summer, near and far, as long as I live and beyond (Latin).

of a translator.[305] By now he was hoping to have half the book translated before mid-year (Letter 7, 22 March 1888).[306]

It is possible that the first draft of the translation was completed by the end of 1888, but at this stage, Solanges's lack of a sense of urgency was becoming apparent, along with his incertitude and perfectionism:

> Je recommence Cortis ou plutôt je le recopie en y introduisant les corrections que je juge indispensables. *Vous n'êtes pas* dans la traduction et il faut que vous y soyez. La version est trop mot à mot et ressemble moins au texte que si elle était plus libre. Quand aurai-je fini ce travail de Pénélope, cela importe peu s'il est bien fait n'est-ce pas? J'aimerais mieux renoncer à l'honneur de vous traduire que de vous donner tel que vous êtes actuellement. Votre livre est devenu pour moi une sorte d'Évangile et je ne veux pas qu'il sorte de mes mains plus imparfait que je ne le puis faire. (Letter 8, 29 November 1888)

A certain distraction from the task is also apparent, with Solanges stating in the same letter that he had sent a translation of the short story *Eden Anto* to *Le Figaro*, in response to its request for "des choses qui amusent les femmes." It is not known if this was ever published—in 1898, he stated that he had commenced *Eden Anto*, implying that it was never finished (Letter 29, 17 March 1898).

The revised first chapter was sent to Fogazzaro in April 1889, soon followed by the second, and the fifth by June 1889 (Letters 9, 10 and 11). Solanges now wrote some revealing words about his concept of the translator's role, or at least of his role as translator:

> Voulez-vous me faire un grand plaisir? Vous savez qu'au dessus de ma table de travail j'ai le portrait de Boito. À sa gauche se trouve Giacosa, voulez-vous faire en sorte que je vous puisse mettre à sa droite. Je serai heureux de travailler sous les yeux de mes trois maîtres et, permettez-moi de le dire, de mes trois amis. (Letter 9, 20 April 1889)[307]

In calling them his masters, as well as his friends, Solanges is placing himself in a subordinate relationship to the authors whom he translates. He reinforced this impression in 1890 when he recognised Fogazzaro's moral and spiritual strength with these words:

> C'est un grand malheur pour moi de ne pas vous avoir connu plus tôt et de ne pas vivre dans la même ville que vous. J'ai souvent besoin de conseils et de force, vous m'auriez donné les uns et soufflé l'autre.

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[305] For treatment of Solanges's similar dealings with HHR, see the section on "Translator or Author?" in Chapter 8.

[306] One of the reviewers of the French translation in 1896 felt the same way: see Henri Rabusson's review at footnote 681, p. 262.

[307] This passage was previously briefly quoted in the section on Boito in Chapter 5.

> J'ai toujours espéré passer deux ou trois jours avec vous pour vous demander *la règle*. Je suis maintenant bien vieux pour me refaire, qui sait pourtant si je n'en aurais pas le courage? (Letter 14, 10 April 1890)

These glimpses of lack of self-confidence recall the question raised earlier about Solanges's suitability for his managerial position at the Union des Gaz, and whether that company was happy to replace him when the time came.[308]

From July 1889 to April 1890, little progress seems to have been made, and only partly because of the death of Solanges's father the Duc de Montpensier in February 1890. Fogazzaro appears to have treated this delay gently, but nonetheless prompted Solanges to write to Paris in April 1890, possibly in order to find a publisher (this was typically the translator's business). Then silence reigned until January 1892, when Fogazzaro again inquired about progress, and elicited the promise that all would be finished within five months (Letter 17, 12 January 1892).

No letters have survived for the period January 1892–October 1895, but the translation was finally completed, and published in abridged form in five fortnightly issues of the *Revue de Paris* between 15 September and 15 November 1895, filling some 240 pages in all. The abridgement was made without being reviewed by the author or translator, and Fogazzaro declared to Solanges that he would accept no cuts for the publication in book form. At the same time he warned Solanges of a critical review of the translation in an Italian periodical, but pointed out that the passage criticised was drawn from Chateaubriand (Letter 18b, 7 October 1895). This warning brings to mind the touchiness spoken of by Giovanni Verga in relation to Solanges—Fogazzaro was probably moving to pre-empt any possibility that the criticism might affect Solanges.[309]

However, when publisher Calmann-Lévy attempted to persuade Fogazzaro to allow the abridgement to be published in book form, Fogazzaro was inclined to accept it. When one remembers that the original novel had been published nearly eleven years previously, one could easily understand his feelings: "you cannot believe how indifferent I am to it" (Letter 18c, 3 December 1895). Solanges may have played a part in firming Fogazzaro's resolve, for he worked hard at restoring all the cuts, and dealt with two sets of proofs by February 1896, despite a trip to Paris to deliver his volunteer son Pierre to the army.

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[308] See p. 75.
[309] For Verga on Solanges's touchiness, see p. 96.

Daniel Cortis was finally published in book form at the beginning of April 1896. This was some eight and a half years after Fogazzaro had offered Solanges the translation rights. Fogazzaro would have had every right to be displeased with Solanges's slowness, but he seems to have remained the perfect gentleman and the true friend, living by the values he espoused in his novels: Solanges speaks of his "excellente lettre et si franchement affectueuse" (Letter 22, 10 February 1896). Among the later letters from Fogazzaro are warm invitations to Solanges to join Fogazzaro in the mountains (Letter 27a, 30 August 1896; Letter 29a, 19 September 1898). It is noteworthy however that five of Fogazzaro's later novels were translated into French by two successive translators: André Gladès (pseudonym of Mlle. Nancy Marie Vuille, a friend of Édouard Rod), and—after the death of Gladès in 1901—Georges Hérelle, whom Solanges regarded as his competitor. These other translations appeared much sooner after the publication of the original novels, and one could understand why Fogazzaro would have been much better satisfied with such speed.[310]

It seems clear that at least three factors delayed Solanges's translation. Firstly, although he later told HHR that he had the leisure to pursue two careers until his appointment as director of the gasworks in mid-1896 (Letter 50, 29 December 1910), his career with the Union des Gaz must have taken priority.[311] Secondly, other, shorter translations took priority over *Daniel Cortis*: in 1888–89, there were two short stories and *I tristi amori* for Giuseppe Giacosa, in 1893 there was Verdi's *Falstaff*, and in 1895 there was Giulio Ricordi's *Les amoureux de Colombine*. Ultimately, however, the delay must be attributed to Solanges's character, and above all to the lack of self-confidence that resulted in doubts about the quality of his translation. This is a theme throughout the letters to Fogazzaro, as a few quotations will demonstrate: "my clumsiness" (Letter 4, 25 October 1887), "quite maltreating" (Letter 5, 19 December 1887), "profoundly discouraged […] adhered too closely to the text and Italianised my French too much" (Letter 6, 25 February 1888), "too word for word" (Letter 8, 29 November 1888), "otherwise I will begin all over again" (Letter 9, 20 April 1889), "tempted to redo it once again" (Letter 17, 12 January 1892).

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[310] Gladès translated: *Le mystère du poète* (Paris: Perrin, 1893; original: *Il mistero del poeta*, 1888) and *Un petit monde d'autrefois* (Paris, 1906; original: *Piccolo mondo antico*, 1895). Hérelle translated: *Un petit monde d'aujourd'hui* (Paris: P. Ollendorff, 1903; original: *Piccolo mondo moderno*, 1900–01), *Le saint* (Paris: Hachette, 1906; original: *Il santo*, 1906) and *Leila* (Paris: Hachette, 1911; original: *Leila*, 1911).

Chapter 6: Antonio Fogazzaro

Eight reviews of *Daniel Cortis* were published, the most important of which were by Charles Dejob and André Hallays; others were by Paul Monceaux and Henri Rabusson.[312] Only one of these, however, refers to the quality of the translation in any way. Dejob focuses on the politics in *Daniel Cortis* and other novels, while decrying the irresponsibility of an author who pretends that a man and woman can deliberately walk beside the abyss of adultery without falling in.[313] Monceaux compares the novel to the work of Corneille, with its themes of the effort for greatness, the struggle between love and duty, and love sacrificed to politics.[314] Henri Rabusson, however, while being most complimentary about the novel—"one of the best novels of recent years"—also takes the trouble to conclude with a salute to the translator:

> Mais que ce roman a dû donner de mal à son traducteur! Ce dialogue haché, ces séries de petites scènes précipitées, c'est la vie même; et la vie, déjà difficile à représenter avec des mots, comment la faire passer d'une langue dans une autre?[315]

This favourable judgment accords well with the view of *The Times* on the translation of *Falstaff*, and would justify the overall view that Solanges's translation was of a reasonably high quality—perhaps with a tendency to literalness—and that his main problem was his slowness. This view is supported by the number of leading authors who used him as a translator—and by the quality of the prose revealed in his letters.

Two friends also commented on the quality of the translation in letters to Solanges, but their opinions must of course be taken with a grain of salt because of their closeness to the translator. Edouard Blau, who received a copy from Solanges, wrote:

> J'ai commencé la lecture de Daniel Cortis, et j'ai pu constater que la traduction, que je suppose, en outre, très fidèle, est d'une langue poétique, élégante et claire—ce qui ne m'a pas étonné, étant la tienne. J'espère que tu as retiré au […] de ce travail une rémunération légitime; car cela demande beaucoup de peine et de temps, sans pouvoir, cependant, entrer en comparaison avec le

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311 In March 1896, for example, he was "accablé de travail" (Letter 24, 26 March 1896).

312 Attilio Agnoletto, Enzo Noè Girardi, and Carlo Marcora, eds., *Antonio Fogazzaro* (Milan: Franco Angeli, 1984) 478. The other four reviews have not been identified.

313 Charles Dejob, "Le roman politique dans l'Italie contemporaine," *Revue internationale de l'enseignement* XXXII (1896): 529–47.

314 Paul Monceaux, "Causerie littéraire: un roman cornélien," *Revue politique et littéraire* (*Revue bleue*) 5.5 (4th series; 1 February 1896): 148–51.

315 H. Rabusson, "Causerie littéraire: littérature étrangère," *L'univers illustré* 18 April 1896: 5. This review is cited in full at footnote 681, p. 262.

> labeur qu'a exigé de toi la traduction de Falstaff. En tout cas, je lirai cet ouvrage avec un vif intérêt, m'imaginant qu'il est de toi seul.[316]

Much later, the former parliamentarian Georges Vallée also commented on both *Daniel Cortis* and *Falstaff*:

> Permettez-moi de vous féliciter sincèrement. Je connaissais depuis longtemps ces traductions vraiment fort belles et qui rendent si admirablement la pensée, le style, la vie même, des originaux. Mais, j'ignorais que l'élégant et fidèle traducteur de Daniel Cortis et le poète inspiré de Falstaff était aussi l'ami dont mon pauvre beau frère m'avait parlé souvent. Merci mille fois de ce précieux souvenir.[317]

By 1923 *Daniel Cortis* had been reprinted 28 times. The last reprint seems to have been made in 1947.[318] Fogazzaro sent Solanges his share of the royalties for the serial abridgment in December 1895 (Letter 18d), and for the book edition in April 1896, 1899, 1906 and 1908 (Letters 25, 31, 36 and 36a). His literary heirs sent royalties to Solanges's widow in 1915 and 1923 (Letter 40a).[319]

1896–1911

After the publication of *Daniel Cortis*, the friendship between Solanges and Fogazzaro continued until Fogazzaro's death. If one judges by the surviving correspondence, with Solanges's letters much longer than Fogazzaro's brief notes, it would be justifiable to say that they reinforce the impression of a subordinate or client relationship on Solanges's part—which is not to say that there was any lack of warmth in their friendship. They also provide valuable biographical evidence about Solanges.

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316 Edouard Blau, letter to PS, 18 April 1896, ASF.

317 Georges Vallée, letter to PS, 18 January [1911], ASF. For more on Georges Vallée, see the section on Count Amaury de Carné in Chapter 7.

318 Agnoletto 485.

319 The archives of the publishing house Calmann-Lévy would have been a valuable source for the relationship between Fogazzaro and Solanges, but these archives disappeared during the Second World War (David Bancroft, CPEDERF, email to the author, 9 June 1999).

Chapter 6: Antonio Fogazzaro

In 1898, after Fogazzaro had been feted on a visit to Paris, Solanges offered to translate a short story for *Le Figaro*, but the result of this offer is unknown (Letter 29, 17 March 1898).[320] In 1899, an instalment of royalties from Fogazzaro prompted a complaint that Solanges was leading a monotonous life (Letter 31). In 1902, Solanges was obviously interested in resuming his career as a translator, but was disappointed and bitterly discouraged when he found no publisher interested in Fogazzaro's recent plays (Letter 32).

By the time Fogazzaro's novel *Il santo* was published in November 1905, Solanges was "plus rien qu'un vieux philosophe retiré des affaires" (Letter 33). The novel's implicit call for a renewal of Christian spirit in the Catholic Church seems to have aroused both admiration and turmoil in Solanges, but also led him to revisit the possibility of translating two short stories by Fogazzaro, for which Fogazzaro readily gave permission (Letter 33a). After the Church put *Il santo* on the Index of Forbidden Books in April 1906, and Fogazzaro submitted obediently to this act, Solanges supported him in this free act of conscience (Letter 35).

Later in 1906, Solanges told Fogazzaro that he was translating speeches given at conferences, and other works, but was hoping for better: an indication that he had not given up on the attempt to re-start his career as a literary translator. He was also happy to receive income from royalties, to supplement his pension—a reminder that translation is not an entirely altruistic activity (Letter 36, 30 October 1906). In this letter Solanges also offers some gratuitous advice to Fogazzaro, with apologies for his forwardness. In suggesting that Fogazzaro write another novel such as *Daniel Cortis*, a novel to console, encourage, and awaken the desire to do good and to think well, he was suggesting that Fogazzaro avoid the controversial area of reform within the Church. Such a move may well have suited Solanges's more timid character, but was hardly likely to suit Fogazzaro, whose firmness of conscience permitted him to tread on controversial ground without wavering in his essential loyalty and obedience to the Church.

When Solanges received an instalment of royalties from Fogazzaro in 1908, he wrote of his attempts to renew his career as a translator, and characterised his previous

[320] No publication of this short story has been located in *Le Figaro*, but once the electronic archive of *Le Figaro* 1826-1944 becomes available online through the Bibliothèque nationale de France, by 2009, answers to questions such as this will become readily available.

work along lines that have already been suggested in this Introduction, namely lack of speed and lack of self-confidence:

> Que n'ai-je été toujours libre comme je le suis maintenant! Peut-être aurais-je continué à être votre collaborateur, plus sûr de lui-même et plus rapide dans l'exécution. Regrets superflus, la destinée voulait que je suivisse ma voie.
> Aujourd'hui que j'ai terminé ma carrière industrielle, j'ai voulu tenter de me remettre en carrière et j'ai l'idée qu'ayant beaucoup travaillé j'ai plutôt gagné en valeur et en sûreté. Mais j'ai trouvé les portes fermées et les places prises. (Letter 31, 11 November 1908)

While asking for Fogazzaro's support in opening closed doors, he nevertheless recognised his own lack of effort to open these doors: "toutes mes démarches […] ne représentent qu'un piteux zéro."

The publication of Fogazzaro's last novel, *Leila*, in November 1910, brought forth Solanges's longest letter to Fogazzaro, some six weeks after Solanges had begun the translation of *Maurice Guest* for HHR. Solanges applauds the "atmosphère de tendresse mystérieuse" in the novel, and describes his affective reactions towards the characters in the book, then remarks that Hérelle is to translate *Leila*, and that he hopes *Daniel Cortis* will receive added publicity from the new novel (Letter 38, 30 December 1910). This letter is slightly formal, and certainly written in a respectful tone, although it closes with words of friendship. It was now 14 years since *Daniel Cortis* had been published, and the two men had not had much contact in recent years.

Fogazzaro managed only a very brief reply to this letter, offering thanks and affection (Letter 38a, 2 January 1911). Solanges replied with medical advice and a new note of appreciation for *Leila* (Letter 39, 4 January 1911). The final letter from Solanges was written just a few days before Fogazzaro's final operation on 4 March 1911. It is always difficult to write to someone who may be at death's door, but this letter succeeds well in complimenting Fogazzaro on his serenity, offering sympathy to his family, with best wishes for a speedy recovery; it also contained a relatively rare mention of God (apart from formulaic phrases). It is possible that Fogazzaro never read this final letter, as he died on 7 March 1911. On 8 May 1911, *Leila* was in its turn placed on the Index of Forbidden Books (along with all the works of Gabriele D'Annunzio).[321]

A memorial service was held for Fogazzaro in Paris, and Solanges was proud of the fact that an excerpt from *Daniel Cortis* was read rather than an excerpt from

[321] "The Vatican and D'Annunzio," *The Times* 16 May 1911: 5.

one of the translations done by his competitor Georges Hérelle (Letter 79, 30 April 1911).

Solanges and Catholicism

It has previously been noted that Solanges received his First Holy Communion in 1859, and that he was married in a religious as well as a civil ceremony in 1874.[322] He also received the sacraments of absolution and extreme unction before his death, and he was buried according to the rites of the Catholic Church.[323] It may be accepted, then, that Solanges was a Catholic. Before this chapter is concluded, however, this is an appropriate place in which to examine what can be known of Solanges's religion and spirituality. Fogazzaro's Catholicity prompted Solanges to speak to him of these matters much more than he did with HHR, and there are a number of passages in the Fogazzaro correspondence which give an insight into his underlying world view. Furthermore, in the years 1906–08 Solanges was clearly interested in the Modernist movement of which Fogazzaro was one element, and he was in contact with acquaintances of some of the leading 'Modernist' thinkers.

Dealing with the question of Solanges's spiritual outlook, one may allude firstly to the passage where Solanges acknowledges that he does not have the moral and spiritual strength of Fogazzaro, and would like to ask him for his rule of life (Letter 14, 10 April 1890, quoted at p. 131). He repeated these ideas in 1896:

> Tout ce que je vois et apprends de la vie est de jour en jour plus triste. J'aurais besoin de vous voir pour savoir de vous comment on peut concilier toutes les bassesses et toutes les platitudes de la vie (sans parler de sa profonde stupidité) avec un idéal semblable à celui qui brille devant vous. Vous m'en parlerez *le premier* quand nous nous verrons. Déjà chez vous j'avais senti la bonne influence, mais *chez vous* c'est l'exception et comment faire pour en déduire une règle. (Letter 24, 26 March 1896)

Secondly, Solanges reveals a melancholic outlook in this passage:

> […] je n'ai pas d'autre temps libre que mon mois de vacances et je l'emploie à me remplir les poumons de l'air des Alpes du St Gothard et à oublier en face des splendeurs de Dieu la misère de la vie qu'il nous a faite. (Letter 31, 22 November 1899)

He directly alludes to melancholy and folly in 1896, again wishing for Fogazzaro's support: "tant de tristesse, de deuil, de vanité, de folie […] Ma mélancolie se trouverait bien à l'ombre de votre tristesse" (Letter 23, 19 March 1896). But he does

[322] See pages 52 and 62.

not have the resoluteness of Fogazzaro's faith, and this prevents him from offering his own assessment of the religious matters dealt with in *Il santo* and in *Leila*:

> Je dois à votre *Santo* beaucoup de joie et beaucoup de trouble. Saurai-je vous dire pourquoi? Je doute que j'en sois capable. J'essaierai peut-être. (Letter 33, 1 January 1906)
> Je me garderai de vous parler de ce qui, dans Leila, a trait à la question religieuse. Je ne la connais pas assez pour m'y risquer et c'est là un terrain qui m'effraie, moi qui suis toujours à la recherche d'un lieu solide où me reposer et qui trouve seulement un Dieu que je sens, que je prie, mais que les yeux de mon âme ne savent pas voir clairement. (Letter 38, 30 December 1910)

So Solanges considered himself Catholic but was not necessarily spiritually sure of himself, and with a rather melancholy view of the world (which did not prevent him of course from having a refined sense of humour). The following passage, however, written to HHR barely two months after the previous quotation, implies a much more sceptical spirituality:

> Je vous ai envoyé *Cortis* et suis curieux de savoir ce que vous en penserez. Vous me le direz franchement. Je n'ai pas les idées de Fogazzaro et j'aurai la faiblesse d'avouer que je le regrette presque. Les dernières années de la vie aimeraient à être consolées. Mais on fait et on croit ce qu'on peut. En somme mon oreiller est celui de Montaigne, mais j'y dors mal. Pour en revenir à Cortis, je trouve que c'est un beau livre, toute question de croyance à part. Et c'est le livre d'un poète … comme le vôtre d'ailleurs. En cela je ne vous apprends rien, n'est-ce pas? (Letter 64, 20 February 1911)

One may wonder here if Solanges was adjusting his opinions to suit his reader, since he was always keen to show HHR how similar to her he was in, for example, his musical and literary tastes.[324] Two months later, when dissociating himself from any leanings towards Nietzsche, he described himself as "moi, qui crois en Dieu, *malgré tout*" (Letter 88, 31 May–1 June 1911).

No friend of Fogazzaro in the years after the publication of *Il santo* could have avoided being interested in the movement known to history as Modernism, which attempted to reconcile Church doctrine with the scientific thought of the nineteenth century. Evidence of Solanges's active interest in Modernism comes not, however, from his correspondence with Fogazzaro, but with three others: professor of the history of religion Umberto Pestalozza, French diplomat Georges d'Anglade, and professor of history Giuseppe Gallavresi.

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[323] Atto di morte, Parrocchia di Multedo, Foglio n. 117, N. 8, 18 February 1914.
[324] See, for example, Letter 201, 23 February 1913.

Chapter 6: Antonio Fogazzaro

In mid-1907, Solanges borrowed copies of the works of Modernist theologian Alfred Loisy (1857–1940) from Umberto Pestalozza.[325] Pestalozza was associated with the journal *Rinnovamento*,[326] and he also worked with Gallavresi on welfare for Italian emigrants in Europe.[327]

Georges d'Anglade (b. 1858) had spent seven years on a posting in Milan before becoming French consul-general in Warsaw from 1905 to 1909. In mid-1907, just before the papal encyclical *Pascendi* condemned Modernism (on 8 September), d'Anglade wrote to Solanges:

> Votre dernière lettre était fort intéressante, mais j'avoue que le mouvement néocatholique ne me tente pas. Il faudrait consacrer à ces matières une vie d'homme, c'est un peu tard pour nous. J'aime mieux cultiver mon jardin selon la vieille méthode qui m'a toujours donné de si grandes satisfactions.[328]

This seems to imply that Modernism does in fact tempt Solanges, which would not be surprising in a friend of Fogazzaro who kept a lively interest in scientific knowledge.[329]

Historian Giuseppe Gallavresi (1879–1937), who wrote 59 letters to Solanges between 1904 and 1913, was an admirer of Modernist theologian George Tyrell (1861–1909) and an acquaintance of Tyrell's friend Baron Friedrich von Hügel (1852–1925), but he did not support their forthright methods nor their robust reaction to papal censure.[330] In October 1907, a month after *Pascendi*, Gallavresi wrote at length to Solanges in response to a letter which must have revealed some disillusionment with Modernism on Solanges's part:

> Votre lettre m'a infiniment touché et, si c'est possible, peiné encore davantage. Est-ce que vous me permettez de vous dire que j'avais *compris* que vous marchiez vers une désillusion? Les deux ou trois *dernières* fois que j'ai causé avec vous je vous ai trouvé sous ce charme du *Rinnovamento* à un point qui me surprenait chez un esprit aussi libre et éveillé que le vôtre. Non pas que je

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325 Umberto Pestalozza, letter to PS, Monday 17 [June 1907?], ASB 12.2.

326 The Modernist-leaning journal *Il rinnovamento: rivista critica di idee e di fatti* was published in Milan from January 1907 to June 1909.

327 Giuseppe Gallavresi, letter to PS, 7 August 1910, ASB 6.50.

328 Georges d'Anglade, letter to PS, 30 July 1907, ASF.

329 As examples of this interest, one might note his mentions of Einstein and Alfred Russel Wallace to HHR (Letter 150, 3 March 1912, and Letter 241, 26 November 1913).

330 "Nous aurions parlé de la situation religieuse de plus en plus grave. Vous savez mon admiration pour le Père Tyrell, mais vous comprenez aussi (je suis sûr de ne pas me tromper là-dessus) que sa lettre de feu au *Giornale d'Italia* m'a beaucoup chagriné. Si l'autorité a eu tort de descendre à des polémiques avec les fidèles qui ne sont pas à son gré, le P. Tyrell à son tour a grand tort de suivre les aînés sur ce terrain, d'autant plus qu'il n'a pas la main légère et qu'il prend de suite des allures de révolte. Je ne m'y attendais pas de la part du philosophe calme et recueilli que j'ai eu l'honneur d'entrevoir en Angleterre, chez le baron de Hügel."
Giuseppe Gallavresi, letter to PS, 1 October 1907, ASB 6.17.

> veuille diminuer le rôle de mes amis, qui sont si nobles et sincères même dans leurs actes les plus risqués, mais vous savez mes réserves vis-à-vis d'une initiative peu claire, marquée au coin d'une inconséquence de plus en plus déconcertante, et beaucoup trop belliqueuse pour un terrain aussi sacré. Si je n'avais que le *Rinnovamento* comme raison de croire, je crains fort que je ne croirais pas. Dieu merci, la foi catholique est pour moi la seule explication possible de l'*enorme mister dell'universo*, la condition de ma vie morale, l'origine des efforts et des impulsions qui constituent ma vie; et la justification intellectuelle que je me donne de cet état de choses est relativement secondaire. Vous devriez demander à Donna Vittoria de vous montrer dans l'album où elle inscrit les pensées qui la frappent et la captivent, le fameux passage de Guizot. C'est à peu près comme ça: Depuis que j'ai renoncé aux prétentions de mon intelligence, je marche en paix quoique dans des nuages … , ou quelque chose de semblable. Ce n'est pas la foi du charbonnier, mais ce n'est pas non plus l'application complexe des méthodes de l'observation scientifique, du raisonnement mathématique à des réalités qui les dépassent, telles que la vie religieuse.[331]

In early 1908, Solanges was still interested enough to receive copies of *Rinnovamento* from Pestalozza, who stated that the journal had abandoned its polemical (that is, Modernist) stance and had become purely scientific.[332] About the same time, Solanges was keeping d'Anglade informed of Modernist activities in Milan.[333] There is no mention of Modernism in Solanges's archives after 1908.

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Paul Solanges's relationship with Antonio Fogazzaro lasted some 24 years, and is captured in the correspondence that they exchanged. The availability of both sides of this correspondence turns this biographical study from a recounting of facts into a meeting with two men. Their correspondence shows how long the process of translating *Daniel Cortis* was, a process that Solanges called "la seule note artistique de ma vie" (Letter 17, 12 January 1892—before he became involved with the *Falstaff* translation, but even then an understatement). It also shows Solanges's painstaking but ultimately persevering approach to translation, his lack of self-confidence, his attitude that Fogazzaro and other authors were "masters" from whom he could learn,

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331 Giuseppe Gallavresi, letter to PS, 6 October 1907, ASB 6.18. For more on Gallavresi, see the section on him in Chapter 7.

332 "La Rivista ha abbandonato ogni atteggiamento polemico ed è divenuta puramente scientifica. E come tale, gode in Europa d'un credito, di cui si può credere orgogliosi."
Umberto Pestalozza, letter to PS, 30 April 1908, ASB 12.1.

333 "Je continue à suivre avec soin ce qui se passe en Italie, c'est vous dire que vos renseignements sur le groupe moderniste de Milan étaient pour moi très intéressants. Vous savez à ce sujet mon opinion par avance: le catholicisme ne peut résister que groupé autour de Rome, le dissident est donc plus dangereux qu'un véritable ennemi. Je trouve d'ailleurs que ces jeunes gens auraient bien des choses à faire en dehors de ces questions si difficiles à approcher."
Georges d'Anglade, letter to PS, 14 March 1908, ASF.

as well as friends in whom he could confide. Perhaps most importantly, it gives the first and longest glimpse into his heart and his soul.

Chapter 7: Correspondents, 1895–1914

The preceding three chapters have each covered some aspect of Solanges's later life (Chapter 5 his industrial career to 1905, Chapter 6 his major translations to 1894, and Chapter 6 his relationship with Antonio Fogazzaro to 1911). The major remaining source of information about Solanges's life that needs to be examined before any consideration of Solanges's relationship with HHR is his other correspondence for the period 1895–1914, which in the author's typescript transcription amounts to some 200 pages.[334] This chapter will therefore consider these correspondents and the light they cast on Solanges's life. Most of the surviving letters from each correspondent cover periods short enough to allow a semi-chronological organization of the chapter. The depth of discussion will vary according to the biographical information they contain, and may not reflect the number of letters preserved or the prominence of the writer.

Some of the themes that will become apparent are: attempts to re-enter the field of literary translation, decisions about where to spend the years of retirement, and renewal of old friendships such as with former comrades-in-arms.

Aldo Noseda, 1895–1906

The music critic Aldo Noseda (1852–1916) was apparently one of Solanges's earliest friends in Italy, since they knew each other probably from shortly after Solanges's arrival in 1875.[335] The six surviving letters in Solanges's archives, covering the years 1895–1906, are remarkable both for the depth of the friendship they reveal and for the loans that Solanges made to Noseda. In August 1895, Noseda apologised for annoying Solanges after the troublesome winter he had had—perhaps a reference to Raoul Toché's death and Solanges's accompanying financial losses—but went on to request a *further* loan of 2000, or if possible 5000, lira, which would free him from money worries for some years. Noseda preferred to take loans from Solanges rather than have recourse to his father:

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[334] Transcriptions available from the author on request. The transcription of letters now held at the Biblioteca Nazionale Braidense amounts to 79 pages, while the transcription of letters still held by the Solanges family amounts to 127 pages.

[335] "voilà ce que c'est que d'être un bon ami … d'à peu près 20 ans"
Aldo Noseda, letter to PS, 20 August 1895, ASB 11.1.

> Je me reproche de ne t'avoir jamais fait une proposition. Après ce qui t'est arrivé cet hiver il se pourrait que tu eusses le désir ou le besoin du petit capital que tu as confié à mon honnêteté. Je n'ai guère besoin de te dire que ce ne serait pas chose *amusante* pour moi de te le donner maintenant et ce que je vais te demander dans une minute te le prouvera à l'évidence. Mais je *t'assure* que si tu en avais le moindre besoin, a costo d'aller une bonne fois chez mon Père, je n'hésiterais pas un instant et je ne permettrais pas qu'à cause de moi et de la preuve de bonne amitié que tu m'as donnée tu fusses le moins du monde embarrassé. Siamo intesi, caro amico? […] Je t'avoue que je suis passablement embêté, car à mon âge je ne veux absolument recourir à des moyens de fils de famille de 20 ans—et d'autre part bien peu nombreux sont les amis auxquels j'aime à demander de tels services. Tu vas dire: merci de la préférence!!!?[336]

It is also worth mentioning that these letters show the culling to which Solanges subjected his own archives shortly before he retired. A note written by Solanges on an undated letter from Noseda requesting help shows that the loans were repaid in due course:

> Mon ami Aldo Noseda ne me doit plus rien depuis très longtemps. Il m'a tout remboursé et m'a toujours versé on ne peut plus régulièrement les intérêts. J'ai gardé cette lettre comme un témoignage à sa vieille amitié pour moi. P. Solanges, 1 Janvier 1905.[337]

At about the same time as this note, Noseda was among those who were urging Solanges not to move back to France after his retirement:

> Je regrette que nous nous soyons si peu vus ces temps derniers, mais la faute en est à nos absences réciproques: il faut espérer que ta retraite nous laisse plus de marge, surtout si tu seras assez sage pour ne pas penser de si tôt à redevenir un boulevardier. Pense qu'au fond tout ce qui t'entoure te crie, «reste ici» et les amis font chorus![338]

Edouard Blau, 1896–1905

Edouard Blau (1836–1906) has been mentioned previously as having known Paul Solanges since 1857, and in connection with Madame de Beausire and Raoul Toché. Blau was a prolific librettist, being involved in over twenty operas or lyric dramas between 1866 and 1899, including Jules Massenet's *Le Cid* (1885) and *Werther* (1892). The Solanges–Blau correspondence ranges from 1881 to 1905, and a number of Blau's pre-1896 letters have already been quoted.

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336 Aldo Noseda, letter to PS, 20 August 1895, ASB 11.1.
337 Paul Solanges, note on an undated letter from Aldo Noseda, ASB 11.3.
338 Aldo Noseda, letter to PS, 6 July 1905, ASB 11.4.

Edouard Blau, 1896–1905



Figure 23: Edouard Blau, 1866

by Frédéric Bazille (National Gallery of Art, Washington, DC)

One of the major topics of Solanges's correspondence with Edouard Blau during 1896–97 was the settlement of the estate of Solanges's half-brother Raoul Toché, who had committed suicide in December 1895 because of his gambling debts. Blau appears to have acted as Solanges's intermediary with the liquidator, as well as himself being a creditor of the estate. In April and June 1896 he noted that Toché's country house at Croissy was for auction at a quarter of its purchase price, and that Solanges was owed a large amount.[339] In May 1897 he wrote in support of an amicable settlement, even if only 40% of the debts were recovered.[340]

Eventually, in September 1897, Toché's literary collaborator Ernest Blum (1836–1907) wrote to Solanges reporting the closure of the probate process and requesting his support for the final settlement:

> La note ci-jointe vous dira de quoi il s'agit—je crois vous prier de dire oui à la requête si juste de M. Luthereau, nous avons tous souscrit—il y a peut-être pour vous de cent à cent cinquante francs—au plus! Envoyez-moi votre acquiescement ou envoyez-le directement à M. Trangue curateur de la succession, 22 rue Chauchat car il paraît que votre avoué soulève volontiers les difficultés. La succession est close et nous allons enfin pouvoir toucher![341]

In 1904 Solanges broached the possibility of translating Blau's play *Corinne*, but Blau declined the offer, preferring the possibility of finding a publisher in Paris than the prospect of losing control of his work to a foreign publisher for small recompense—a revealing commentary on the fate of translated works submitted to 19th-century publishers.[342]

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339 Edouard Blau, letters to PS, 18 April and 30 June 1896, ASF.

340 Edouard Blau, letter to PS, 1 May 1897, ASF.

341 Ernest Blum, letter to PS, 15 September 1897, ASF.

342 "D'après ce que tu m'as dit, pour lui faire un sort, à cette pièce, il faudrait renoncer à toute espèce de paternité, le laisser traduire, remanier, livrer à un compositeur inconnu, à un éditeur souverain en acte de ses destinées, risquer fort de ne le voir jamais représenter à Paris, avec la seule compensation d'un prix de vente, peu élevé probablement, et dont je puis me passer encore. Bref,

Blau's letters touch on meetings with Solanges's son Pierre, by then a volunteer soldier in Paris, on rainy holidays, and on encounters with Solanges and his family in Milan and Paris. They reveal, in sum, a close friendship that lasted nearly fifty years:

> Les jours, les mois vont-ils donc passer, sans que nous échangions un souvenir? Il n'y a pourtant plus, il me semble, de rivage entre nous. Il ne reste que la distance, ce qui est déjà trop, mais qu'on peut éluder. J'ai grand désir d'avoir des nouvelles de vous tous, de votre santé, de votre existence commune, de tout enfin ce qui vous concerne, et m'intéresse.[343]

Gaetano Negri, 1898–1901

Gaetano Negri (1838–1902) had changed from a military career to a political and literary one. He was on the city council in Milan from 1873, was mayor 1884–89, and published works on Bismarck (1884) and George Eliot (1891). Only four letters from Negri to Solanges have survived, but they are important for showing Solanges's literary activity in the period shortly after he became manager of the UdG—and also as an example of the sort of setback that Solanges was wont to let himself in for.

In 1898 Negri, who described himself as "un écrivain nouveau," wrote an article on Anatole France in the journal *Antologia*. Solanges appears to have taken the initiative of offering to translate this article for the *Revue de Paris*, despite Negri's warnings that the article would need to be reworked for a French audience, and that Negri did not have enough cachet as a writer to be accepted by the *Revue de Paris*.[344] Solanges appears to have done the translation without following this process. On 1 April 1898, Edouard Blau asked to be told when Solanges's "étude philosophique"

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pour le moment je garde Corinne; je n'ai pas perdu toute chance de trouver un compositeur, un peu moins dans les idées modernes que la plupart de ceux auxquels je me suis adressé. Il y a quelques années, mon livret aurait été sollicité, je veux garder la pensée que je pourrai encore l'utiliser autrement qu'en Italie. Es-tu de mon avis, ou penses-tu , qu'avec ta collaboration, je pourrais tirer un véritable avantage de mon sacrifice? Tu me diras cela bien franchement, quand tes multiples et énervantes occupations t'en laisseront le loisir."
Edouard Blau, letter to PS, 1 May 1897, ASF.

343 Edouard Blau, letter to PS, 13 March 1901, ASF.

344 "Je serais bien flatté de voir mon article sur A. France publié dans la *R. de Paris*. Mais je doute qu'il soit accepté, car il contient des citations trop longues, nécessaires pour des lecteurs italiens, inutiles pour des lecteurs français. Il faudrait le remanier en partie, chose qui, du reste, serait facile à faire. Mais il faudrait auparavant qu'il eût l'approbation de la Direction de la Revue, et qu'il fût accepté dans son esprit et dans ses lignes principales. Si vous le croyez utile, je pourrais envoyer l'article à la *Revue*, mais il faudrait que la Direction fût averti de la chose par une main amie. Si cela ne se fait pas, mon article serait, sans aucun doute, *cestinato* [thrown in the rubbish] sans être lu."
Gaetano Negri, letter to PS, [1898], ASB 10.2.

would be published in the *Revue de Paris*.[345] Ten days later, however, Negri wrote to Solanges his reaction to the rejection of the article:

> La lettre de la R. de Paris ne m'a pas surpris, car, au fond de mon cœur, j'ai toujours douté de l'acceptation de mon article. Je sais trop bien que, sans l'appui d'une réclame formidable, un écrivain nouveau n'est pas reçu dans une grande Revue, et, cette réclame me manquant, je croyais très difficile qu'on m'ouvrit [sic] la porte à la *Revue de Paris*. […]
> C'est bien dommage, et j'en éprouve une peine bien grande, que votre traduction, qui était faite avec un […] exquis *intelletto d'amore*, doive rester inconnue. Dans votre indulgence pour moi, vous avez cru que mon article avait les qualités nécessaires pour être reçu, et vous avez travaillé sans avoir eu auparavant l'assurance de l'acceptation.
> Peut-être c'était, de votre part, une imprudence. Mais, pour moi, votre indulgence est si flatteuse que je ne voudrais pas y renoncer, et je vous en remercie de tout mon cœur.[346]

Gerolamo Rovetta, 1900–08

Gerolamo Rovetta (1850–1910) was a playwright, journalist and novelist. As with Negri, only a few brief letters (five) have survived, but they too reveal a translation by Solanges, possibly of his 1895 play *La Realtà*. Again, it is uncertain whether the translation was ever published:

> Your translation is beautiful, splendid. I have nothing else to do … but thank you.[347]
> […] nor, on the other hand, would I like to delay sending your translation to Paris. Could I not pass by your office tomorrow or later, at a convenient time for you?[348]
> How I should like to see *La realtà* published in Paris!—For you … and for me. It is the play of mine that I should most like to make known in France. Try with Lévy: I for my part will stay on the lookout.[349]

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345 "Quand ton étude philosophique aura paru dans la Revue de Paris, signale-le-moi, car je lis peu, à mon grand regret, les Revues, bien que je les trouve intéressantes et que je les aie au Cercle mais je vais très rarement au Cercle, et je pourrais laisser, si tu ne me précisais, le n° de la dite Revue, sans m'en apercevoir."
Edouard Blau, letter to PS, 1 April 1898, ASF.

346 Gaetano Negri, letter to PS, 10 April [1898], ASB 10.4

347 "Bellissima, splendida la tua traduzione. Non avrò altro … che da ringraziarti."
Gerolamo Rovetta, letter to PS, 15 March 1900, ASB 15.1.

348 "[…] né, d'altra parte vorrei tardare a mandare la tua bellissima traduzione a Parigi. Non potrei passare da te, all'ufficio domani o dopo, all'ora per ti più comoda?"
Gerolamo Rovetta, letter to PS, Monday [1900], ASB 15.5.

349 "Come vorrei che *La Realtà* venisse pubblicata a Parigi!—Per te … e per me. È la mia commedia che desidererei di più farse conosciuta in Francia. Prova col Levy: io intanto per conto mio sto in vedetta."
Gerolamo Rovetta, letter to PS, 12 November 1900, ASB 15.2.

Luca Beltrami, 1894–1909

Architect Luca Beltrami (1854–1933) was responsible for the restoration of the most important public buildings in Milan from 1880, but he was also much involved with journalism and politics. He eventually became architect of the Vatican shortly after his friend Achille Ratti was elected Pius XI in 1922.

The nine letters from Beltrami to Solanges, dating from 1894 to 1909, show a progression from formality in 1894 and 1898 to the close friendship marked by the use of *tu* by 1899. Three of the letters show Solanges's interest in the twelfth-century architect Diotisalvi, and exchanges with Beltrami about inscriptions in Lucca, Milan and Rome.[350] Two of the letters from 1899 show Solanges reassuring Beltrami about the value of his architectural work (controversy eventually caused enough distress to play a part in Beltrami's departure from Milan in 1920):

> Je ne saurais t'expliquer le soulagement que m'ont produit tes bonnes paroles et je ne saurais comment te remercier: oui j'ai beaucoup souffert, et ce n'est pas fini! Mais je suis arrivé à me persuader que la vie est belle même dans ses douleurs: j'arriverai à dire *surtout* dans ses douleurs, s'il n'était pas trop paradoxale.[351]

The last letters from Beltrami, in 1909, serve to date Solanges's final departure from Milan for his retirement residence at Multedo:

> Je regrette que tu quittes Milan avec l'opinion de ne pas pouvoir me serrer la main. Je ne suis jamais chez moi, sauf que pour coucher—c'est vrai. Je suis tous les jours sur les travaux de Place de la Scala le matin à *8h*. Je suis au Château à *9h*, je suis à mon bureau Piazza Castello 23 à *10h* ou à *13h*, ou à *17–18h*. J'espère qu'avec cela je ne passerai pas pour introuvable.[352]

They also discuss a fifteenth-century codex of the noble Milanese Visconti family, and Solanges's subscription for a certain Carenaghi medal, involving Beltrami's friends Gaetano Moretti and Don Achille Ratti.[353]

Paul Arbelet, 1903–13

Paul Arbelet (1874–1938) was to become a professor of literature and a leading scholar of Stendhal. In 1912, for example, he became involved in the publication of Stendhal's complete works. When he met Solanges, however—on

[350] Luca Beltrami, letters to PS, 21 July 1898, 16 July 1899, 23 March 1906, ASB 2.2, 2.3, 2.5.
[351] Luca Beltrami, letters to PS, 16 and 26 July 1899, ASB 2.3, 2.4 (the quotation is from 26 July 1889).
[352] Luca Beltrami, letter to PS, 7 July 1909, ASB 2.6.
[353] Luca Beltrami, letters to PS, 7 and 30 July 1909, ASB 2.6, 2.7.

New Year's Day 1903, champagne glass in hand—he was beginning a long visit to Italy, and was probably at the beginning of his thesis work on Stendhal's life and writings.

Arbelet wrote only eight letters to Solanges, mostly in the period 1903–05. They contain stories of Arbelet's research and reminiscences of Italy, but more especially they show that Solanges was considering retiring to the French provincial towns of Tours (where Arbelet was then living) or Angers in 1904–05. In January 1904, Arbelet wrote as if Solanges had settled on Tours:

> […] je me garderai bien de vous dire du mal de Tours; ce serait m'ôter l'espoir de vous y voir, puisque c'est là que vous désirez venir un jour; on y vit, dit-on, un an de plus qu'ailleurs; du moins les statistiques des retraités le prétendent.[354]

A year later, Solanges was asking for "practical details" of both Tours and Angers, and Arbelet replied with notes on the price of gas, the style of housing, and the fine food, but his final words may have disabused Solanges of the idea of moving there:

> Mais est-ce un projet que vous comptez bientôt réaliser? Alors, contre toute vérité, je me mettrais à vous faire de Tours un éloge enthousiaste, je vous dirais qu'on y est accueillant, d'esprit large et bienveillant, qu'on y ignore les médisances et les calomnies des villes de province, qu'on y a des distractions littéraires, une vie intellectuelle … Mais au fond je suis tellement persuadé qu'à tous ces égards Tours ne diffère pas sensiblement des autres villes. Puis, si l'on y cherche le calme, un climat doux, des fleurs au printemps, et le plaisir de vivre en famille, on y trouve ces avantages mieux qu'ailleurs.[355]

About the same time, Solanges sought advice from Arbelet on lodgings in the town of Nîmes for his son Pierre, who lived at the recommended *pension* from March 1904 to August 1905.[356]

There was probably no contact between Arbelet and Solanges from 1907 to 1913, but that year they dined together at Donna Vittoria Cima's house at Cernobbio.[357]

Giuseppe Gallavresi, 1904–13

Professor of history Giuseppe Gallavresi (1879–1937) wrote 59 letters to Solanges between 1904 and 1913, the largest collection of letters retained by Solanges in his archives. In 1904 Gallavresi was at the beginning of a career that was to

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354 Paul Arbelet, letter to PS, 6 January 1904, ASF.
355 Paul Arbelet, letter to PS, 16 January 1905, ASF.
356 Paul Arbelet, letter to PS, 16 January 1905, ASF. See also Pierre Solanges's military record at Appendix II.3.

include publication of a number of works on Manzoni, including his correspondence. In this case, it was Solanges who could offer his connections and his advice to a young scholar.

The first contact between the two was in 1904, when Gallavresi sent Solanges a lecture he had given in Paris.[358] In 1905, Gallavresi asked Solanges to approach his "illustre ami" Giuseppe Giacosa to have an article published in the periodical edited by Giacosa, and expressed appreciation for Solanges's offer to correct his French. Donna Vittoria Cima was a mutual friend, and Solanges's choice of retirement residence was also commented on by Gallavresi.[359] In May 1906 Gallavresi was still waiting for Giacosa to publish his article, but during the year he pursued research on the Napoleonic administration of Lombardy, asking Solanges for advice on historical sources about the de Briche family, and submitting an article written in French for Solanges to proof-read.[360]

1907 was the year of the Modernist crisis in the Catholic Church, and Gallavresi has already been quoted describing his religious attitude to Solanges (p. 140). The year began with Gallavresi making a gift to Solanges of a letter he had received from the Modernist George Tyrell.[361] There followed four letters describing Gallavresi's travels and research in England and Belgium, his meetings with prominent Englishmen and with Modernist leaders such as the biblical scholar Monsignor Louis Duchesne, and regrets at having missed Solanges's visit to Paris in August—probably Solanges's last visit to his native city.[362] Finally for 1907 there were two letters on the Modernist crisis.[363]

At least another ten letters passed from Gallavresi to Solanges in 1908, the year when Gallavresi finally obtained his university tenure. These letters show that Gallavresi often saw Donna Vittoria Cima and Donna Mina Sala Trotti (another society hostess) and that he was a friend of Tommaso Gallarati-Scotti (the biographer of Fogazzaro) and of Umberto Pestalozza. During the course of his travels to ensure the welfare of Italian émigrés, Gallavresi visited German-occupied Alsace-Lorraine,

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357 Paul Arbelet, letter to PS, 25 September 1913, ASF.
358 Giuseppe Gallavresi, letter to PS, 14 October 1904, ASB 6.1.
359 Giuseppe Gallavresi, letters to PS, 31 March, 10 April and 19 September 1905, ASB 6.2–6.4.
360 Giuseppe Gallavresi, letters to PS, 1 January, 20 May, 5 and 14 June, 12 July, 28 October and 2 November 1906, ASB 6.5–6.11.
361 Giuseppe Gallavresi, letter to PS, 16 May 1907, ASB 6.12.
362 Giuseppe Gallavresi, letters to PS, 19 and 28 June, 10 July, 22 August 1907, ASB 6.13–6.16.
363 Giuseppe Gallavresi, letters to PS, 1 and 6 October 1907, ASB 6.17, 6.18, quoted in the section on Solanges and Catholicism in Chapter 6.

from whence he wrote to Solanges asking forgiveness for awakening memories of the "cendres brûlantes" of 1870.[364] Solanges continued to help Gallavresi prepare articles for publication in French academic journals, while he himself was busy reading about the philosopher Rousseau.[365] Solanges objected when Gallavresi dedicated a copy of an article on Manzoni to him, but Gallavresi replied with a wider appraisal of the meaning of their friendship:

> Ma dédicace est bien sincère, vous n'en doutez pas, mais elle est aussi très vraie, quoique vous ne voulez pas l'admettre. Si mon français est assez tolérable pour être reçu dans des maisons un peu difficiles, comme le *Correspondant*, la *Revue des Questions historiques* et la *Revue d'histoire diplomatique*, est-ce que vous n'y êtes pour rien? […] J'ai plaidé sur le terrain à vrai dire trop limité que vous aviez choisi par une ruse de votre humilité si chrétienne; mais vous savez bien que ce n'est pas seulement pour le français que je me mets à votre école. La dignité de votre vie, vos conceptions artistiques m'inspirent des sentiments encore plus vifs. Je n'insiste pas pour ne pas vous impatienter.[366]

Solanges replied by suggesting they cooperate on a book of Gallavresi's French articles.[367]

In 1909 Gallavresi invited Solanges to help him host Paul Thureau-Dangin (1837–1913), the perpetual secretary of the Académie Française, and in a reversal of the usual direction of the services rendered between the two men, Solanges asked Gallavresi if he had any influence with the *Bulletin italien* or the *Giornale storico*: presumably Solanges was seeking an outlet for as-yet-untranslated materials.[368]

Gallavresi published the first volume of his edition of the correspondence of Count Federico Confalonieri in March 1910,[369] and sent a copy to Solanges with these words:

> Mon rêve—dois-je l'avouer?—serait que vous trouviez le moyen d'en dire un mot dans quelque journal français, puisque vous avez repris en main la plume.[370]

The allusion to Solanges taking up the pen again probably arose from Solanges's request the previous September for intercession with the *Bulletin italien* and the

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364 Giuseppe Gallavresi, letter to PS, 12 August 1908, ASB 6.22.
365 Giuseppe Gallavresi, letters to PS, 24 and 29 September, 6 October 1908, ASB 6.23, 6.25, 6.26.
366 Giuseppe Gallavresi, letter to PS, 29 September 1908, ASB 6.25.
367 Giuseppe Gallavresi, letter to PS, 6 October 1908, ASB 6.26.
368 Giuseppe Gallavresi, letters to PS, 19 April, 21 September and 2 October 1909, ASB 6.32, 6.34, 6.35.
369 Giuseppe Gallavresi, ed., *Carteggio del Conte Federico Confalonieri ed altri documenti spettanti alla sua biografia*, 2 vols. (Milano: Tipo-Litografia Ripalta, 1910–).
370 Giuseppe Gallavresi, letter to PS, 24 March 1910, ASB 6.42.

Giornale storico, but Solanges replied that he had allowed his relations with French publishers to lapse.[371] From April onwards, Gallavresi worked on his edition of the correspondence of writer Alessandro Manzoni (1785–1873), which had been entrusted to him by Manzoni's granddaughter in 1908.[372] From April to October 1910 Solanges worked hard on proofing the letters written in French that were to be included in this volume, sometimes reproving Gallavresi's editing, to which Gallavresi replied that he was reproducing the typical French written by Italians a century previously:

> Il y a avant tout un point sur lequel j'ose croire que vous êtes trop sévère. Je n'ai vraiment pas conscience d'avoir aggravé, par des habitudes fâcheuses, le français déjà douteux des lettres de Manzoni. Je les ai collectionnées deux fois sur les originaux et reproduites avec toute la fidélité dont j'ai été capable. L'étrange ponctuation que vous croyez de mon fait et que j'ai peut-être trop respectée est à peu près générale chez les italiens qui écrivaient le français il y a cent ans. Comme toujours je suis prêt à reconnaître mes erreurs, si vous me citez un exemple qui m'écrase, je prononcerai le Confiteor tout haut.[373]

They eventually settled on more frequent use of *sic* and the correction of minor errors.

The work on Manzoni's correspondence was probably Solanges's principal intellectual activity in the several months before he contacted HHR in October 1910. After the record seventeen letters from Gallavresi in 1910, the next few years saw much fewer: three in 1911 and one each in 1912 and 1913. Solanges asked Gallavresi's advice about finding a publisher for his translation of *Maurice Guest*, but Gallavresi replied that he was not in touch with that sort of publisher.[374] A little later, Solanges asked for advice in translating philosophical/psychological terms in *Maurice Guest*.[375] The correspondence concludes with a note from an ever-busy Gallavresi about his impending marriage in December 1913.[376]

The friendship between Gallavresi and Solanges gave Gallavresi essential help in preparing for publication those of his historical works that contained French text, and gave Solanges intellectual work that was ideal for a retired expatriate. This work

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371 Giuseppe Gallavresi, letter to PS, Easter [27 March] 1910, ASB 6.43.

372 Eventually published as: Giovanni Sforza and Giuseppe Gallavresi, eds., *Carteggio di Alessandro Manzoni*, 2 vols. (Milan: Hoepli, 1912–21).

373 Giuseppe Gallavresi, letter to PS, 26 August 1910, ASB 6.52.

374 "J'ai été confus de n'être en rapport qu'avec des éditeurs français tels que Picard, trop en dehors de ce qui a trait à la publication de romans. Mais j'espère que vous êtes entré au port."
Giuseppe Gallavresi, letter to PS, Christmas 1910, ASB 6.54.

375 See Letter 60 (7 February 1911).

376 Giuseppe Gallavresi, letter to PS, 21 November 1913, ASB 6.59.

may well have stimulated Solanges enough to make him receptive to the idea of translating a full-length novel.

Georges d'Anglade, 1905–11

Georges d'Anglade (b. 1858), mentioned previously in connection with Modernism,[377] was not only a diplomat but also an author, writing under the pseudonym Georges Sauvin. In 1908, for example, he published an article on the United States and Japan in the *Revue hebdomadaire*, and in 1910 he was trying to find a publisher for a novel that he had completed by 1906.[378]

D'Anglade's letters dwell at length on the political crisis facing the Russian empire, the endemic violence in Poland, and the easy life of a diplomat, with holidays in France, Switzerland and Italy. But because d'Anglade's departure in 1905, after a seven-year posting in Milan, coincided with the first years of Solanges's retirement, his letters are most important for revealing, firstly, the evolution of Solanges's plans about where he should live, and secondly, his post-retirement literary activity.

In December 1905 d'Anglade was anxious to know where Solanges would "plant his tent," with Paris seeming a possibility.[379] By January 1906 Solanges was retired, and was thinking of staying in Milan.[380] In September 1906 the Solanges family visited Paris, but missed d'Anglade's visit there. In October Solanges was still hesitating about where to live.[381] In March 1907 d'Anglade was still asking if Solanges would move back to France, but by March 1908, although Solanges was

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377 See p. 140.

378 Georges d'Anglade, letters to PS, 27 December 1906 and 15 December 1910, ASF.

379 "Il me tarde de connaître votre grande décision, où pensez-vous planter votre tente? À Paris, j'espère, c'est toujours le meilleur endroit pour se retrouver."
Georges d'Anglade, letter to PS, 27 December 1905, ASF.

380 "Votre lettre de janvier a croisé la mienne en route et j'espérais qu'étant libre de votre temps vous m'auriez redonné de vos nouvelles très appréciées ici par moi et les miens. Et d'abord, mes félicitations pour la liberté conquise, car je sais que pour vous la retraite ne sera pas, comme pour tant d'autres, l'ennui. Vous avez mille moyens agréables de passer votre temps selon vos goûts. J'espère au retour à la littérature dans ce cas il faudra m'en informer. Avez vous enfin pris une décision quant à votre résidence? Je suis de votre avis: Milan n'est pas si mal, surtout pour vous déjà très habitué au pays et ayant là beaucoup d'amis; très probablement ces dames y seront plus agréablement que partout ailleurs. Je vous adresse, en tout cas, ma lettre à Milan."
Georges d'Anglade, letter to PS, 11 June 1906, ASF.

381 "Je comprends très bien votre hésitation relativement à votre installation future, je suis moi-même un peu dans le même cas."
Georges d'Anglade, letter to PS, 19 October 1906, ASF.

spending a period at Multedo, d'Anglade was under the impression that Solanges had decided to keep his base in Milan while spending long periods elsewhere.[382]

As for literary activity, in December 1906, just a year after his retirement, Solanges wrote to d'Anglade that he had set himself seriously back to work.[383] A few months later he was toying with the idea of writing memoirs of famous Italians he had known, but he was also seeking d'Anglade's help with the publisher Plon for pre-placement of translations—contrary to the usual practice of completing a translation before offering it to a publisher.[384] This task of finding a placement for a translation was one that Solanges had postponed for some time with Fogazzaro, and he had also encountered it when trying to pre-place a translation of Fogazzaro's plays in 1902 (Letter 32, 12 April 1902).

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382 "Où en sont vos projets de retraite? Pensez-vous revenir en France, je l'espère."
Georges d'Anglade, letter to PS, 26 March 1907, ASF.
"Je n'ose pas vous écrire à Pegli, votre lettre est déjà si ancienne (c'est ma faute) et je pense que vous avez toujours votre adresse à Milan. […] Je crois comprendre que vous conservez Milan comme centre avec de nombreux et longs déplacements pendant l'Été et l'hiver. Au fond, c'est un système qui a, peut-être, son charme; on a ainsi toujours la température désirée; malgré cela, je ne renonce pas à vous voir en France c'est encore le rendez-vous le plus facile."
Georges d'Anglade, letter to PS, 14 March 1908, ASF.

383 "'Je me suis remis sérieusement au travail' dites-vous; serait-il indiscret de demander des détails à ce sujet, fort intéressant pour moi?"
Georges d'Anglade, letter to PS, 27 December 1906, ASF.

384 "J'ai constaté, avec plaisir, par votre lettre de janvier que votre santé devait être bonne, le meilleur signe est votre retour à la littérature. Peu importe le placement des manuscrits. Il faut travailler pour soi et on y trouve un plaisir réel, l'idée de vos souvenirs me paraît fort bonne. Vous avez connu bien des gens ayant fait du bruit dans le monde et une série de "disparus" italiens serait très intéressante et vous ferait revivre agréablement le passé."
Georges d'Anglade, letter to PS, 26 March 1907, ASF.
"J'ai reçu à Paris votre lettre d'avril, elle m'a fait le plus grand plaisir car je constate que nous avons les mêmes idées: travailler pour passer le temps d'une façon intelligente, sans se soucier du public, c'est l'art pour l'art, le seul qui ne donne pas des déceptions et n'oblige pas à des luttes désagréables. Pour le moment, hélas! mon état d'esprit m'éloigne de la littérature, mais je suis sûr d'y revenir à bref délai, à mon âge on ne perd pas ses manies. Désireux de vous être agréable j'ai parlé de vous chez Plon, mais, j'ai le regret de le dire, je n'ai pas trouvé le moindre encouragement, *au contraire*. 'Les traductions sont, comme les auteurs, ils devaient faire leur travail et chercher *après* à le placer. Il serait impossible d'avoir une *commande*.' (C'est l'éditeur qui parle.) J'ignore s'il n'y a pas des exceptions."
Georges d'Anglade, letter to PS, 16 June 1907, ASF.

René Doumic, 1906–09



Figure 24: René Doumic

(Image from http://www.academie-francaise.fr/immortels/)

René Doumic (1860–1937) was a teacher of rhetoric and a literary critic. In 1909 he was elected to the Académie Française, and in 1916 he was to become editor of the *Revue des deux mondes*, a post he held until his death. The nine letters from Doumic to Solanges reveal both familial and literary ties. In August 1906 Doumic's son Jacques spent time with the Solanges family at Argentières, a resort-town near Mont-Blanc, and in 1908 Jacques visited them in Milan.[385] Doumic spoke as if the friendship between his son and the Solanges family was of long standing:

> Jacques me dit que vous avez l'extrême amabilité de l'inviter à passer quelques jours auprès de vous. Je ne puis vous dire combien j'en suis touché. Il est très sensible à l'affection que vous lui avez toujours témoignée et se fait une joie de se trouver parmi vous. Et pour moi ai-je besoin de vous dire combien il m'est précieux de savoir qu'il jouira de votre intimité.[386]

The hospitality went both ways, for in October 1906 Solanges's daughter Marthe had visited the Doumics in Paris.[387]

On the literary front, in August 1906 Doumic interceded with the prominent translator Georges Hérelle for help in restarting Solanges's career as a translator.[388] In 1907 he was ready to publish Solanges's translation of short stories by Gabriele D'Annunzio and Giovanni Verga, but he also had to coax Solanges out of his despondency about lack of success:

> Je ne suis pas du tout de votre avis sur vos projets littéraires—ou plutôt sur votre renoncement à tout projet littéraire. Ayant interrompu, pendant assez longtemps, vos relations avec journaux et éditeurs, il est inévitable qu'il vous faille un peu de temps pour rétablir le courant. Mais c'est un peu très peu de patience à avoir.—Je ne dis pas pour les théâtres; c'est un monde avec lequel je

385 René Doumic, letters to PS, 16 August 1906, 5 April and 8 September 1908, ASF.
386 René Doumic, letter to PS, 5 April 1908, ASF.
387 René Doumic, letter to PS, 25 September 1906, ASF.
388 René Doumic, letters to PS, 16 and 22 August 1906, ASF.

> ne fraye pas, ayant horreur du vilain monde—mais je compte bien que vous m'enverrez la longue nouvelle que vous êtes en train de traduire; et je serais entièrement étonné si nous ne la faisions pas passer ici ou là.—Pour ce qui est des nouvelles de d'Annunzio et de Verga, la nouvelle de d'Annunzio passera aux *Lectures pour tous*, elle est reçue, illustrée et tout ce qui s'ensuit. Nous sommes seulement obligés d'avoir du pain sur la planche, c'est à dire des nouvelles en portefeuille pour des années—et c'est ce qui fait qu'il faut un peu attendre chez nous. La nouvelle de Verga est présentée aux Débats, et je tâcherai d'activer la réponse.[389]

Solanges had suffered from similar despondency in 1902 (Letter 32, 12 April 1902).

Maurizio Rava, 1894–1913



Figure 25: Maurizio Rava in later life

(Image from Edoardo Savino, *La nazione operante: profile e figure* (Milan: 1934) 342; *Archivio biografico italiano* II, fiche 497, p. 210)

Maurizio Rava (1878–1941) was a contemporary of Solanges's son Pierre and a friend of the whole Solanges family. His father was a General Rava, and his mother apparently a Countess.[390] After studying law, literature and painting in Rome, he began a career as an artist, but after he was divorced—or at least separated—in 1908, his life took a dramatic turn, and he took part in a Royal (Italian) Geographic Society expedition from Asmara in Eritrea to the Lake Tana region of Ethiopia. In 1909 he founded the literary journal *Carroccio*, in 1919 he was one of the founders of the Fascist Party in Rome, in 1927 he became vice-governor of Tripolitania, and he was governor of Somaliland 1931–35. The fact that Rava was a Jew would not have affected his political career until the race laws of 1938–39, by which time he would

[389] René Doumic, letter to PS, 25 July 1907, ASF.

[390] "Rappelez-moi au Général Rava et à la Comtesse; vous me ferez grand plaisir."
Paul Solanges, letter to Donna Vittoria Cima, 28 June 1904, Civiche Raccolte Storiche, Comune di Milano.

have been retired. He was prominent enough for Mussolini to write the preface for his 1935 work, *Parole ai coloniali*.[391]

Most of these events were well in the future, however, as far as Solanges was concerned. The twenty-three letters from Rava to Solanges constitute one of the larger collections in Solanges's archives. They show the personal side of Rava rather than his nationalist politics, and reveal Solanges as almost a father-figure for Rava, whose own father was used to positions of command.[392] The first letter dates from 1894, when Rava was only sixteen, and was looking forward to a visit from Pierre Solanges.[393] The next letter is from 1902, with Rava looking forward to his wedding in April, and inviting the Solanges family to attend.[394]

There follows a silence for exactly six years, until Rava unhesitatingly took refuge with Solanges in "the bitterest and saddest period of my life"—his separation from his wife made him wonder if he would ever again have a taste for life.[395] It seems that his wife may have committed a fault, for Rava later stated that his wife was "judged by me, fairly, and without appeal."[396] Within a few weeks of this devastating event, however, Rava had leapt on the chance to accompany an expedition to the country then known as Abyssinia, led by his friend Captain Tancredi. Solanges raised questions about Rava's former wife, about potential health problems, and about whether it was a romantic idea, but Rava replied that they were going to look for oil wells, and that physical exertion and distance from his loved ones would make him a new man.[397] By July 1908, Rava was writing to Solanges from the heart of Tigre province in north-east Ethiopia, confessing to him alone that there were days when he wished a native would shoot him, but also asking Solanges to discreetly persuade his parents that they should allow Rava to continue to live in Rome after his return.[398]

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391 Maurizio Rava, *Parole ai coloniali* (Milan: A. Mondadori, 1935).

392 "Saresti entrato in urto con mio padre che suffocava di collera in quei giorni alla minima contradizione."
Maurizio Rava, letter to PS, 19 December 1909, ASB 13.14.

393 Maurizio Rava, letter to PS, 2 February 1894, ASB 13.1.

394 Maurizio Rava, letter to PS, 20 February 1902, ASB 13.2.

395 Maurizio Rava, letter to PS, 12 April 1908, ASB 13.7.

396 "mia moglie è giudicata da me, equamente, e senza appello."
Maurizio Rava, letter to PS, 7 January 1909, ASB 13.10.
About the same time, Giuseppe Gallavresi commented that "Je ne connais que Madame Rava mère et j'ai à peine entendu parler des tristes événements récents par des amis de la famille, tels que Pirelli."
Giuseppe Gallavresi, letter to PS, 16 March 1908, ASB 6.20.

397 Maurizio Rava, letter to PS, 5 March 1908, ASB 13.5.

398 Maurizio Rava, letter to PS, 3 July 1908, ASB 13.8.

In August 1908 Rava was in Aden en route to India. At this time he responded to requests from Solanges by offering Pierre Solanges a job as engineer on the construction of a railway from Ghinda to Asmara.[399] Pierre did not take the job, and in light of later events, one may wonder if he felt his life was being organised for him by others.[400]

In January 1909 Rava was back in Asmara, expressing in a long and frank letter to Solanges his astonishment at some of the ideas that Solanges had propounded or passed on. The letter rejects a request for *carte blanche* as to Rava's son Carlo, who was in the care of Rava's mother, and defends Rava from accusations that he took part in combat in order to prove himself in his estranged wife's eyes, and that he was dwelling on his own sufferings.[401] Rava concluded by demanding the right to be at least as free in his spirit as other human beings. It is probably deliberate that this is the only letter that Rava did not sign, and perhaps it shows that, despite Solanges's qualities as a friend, he was still a man of his own generation, and not necessarily adept at understanding Rava's situation.

At the end of 1909 Solanges was advising Rava to get a more settled occupation, but Rava was busy with several paintings for different exhibitions.[402] Through 1910, 1911 and 1912 Rava continued to struggle as an artist: failing to complete a large scenic painting for a 1911 exhibition, turning to portraits to earn money, organising an independents' exhibition in Rome in May 1911. He was also working on the book describing the 1908 expedition.[403] Rava's relationship with Solanges during this period continued to be one of friendship, and also involved a loan of 80 lira to Rava that he had difficulty in repaying because of delayed payment for portraits. Rava lamented his reliance on loans at his age, but was grateful for the deep friendship that Solanges continued to display.[404]

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399 Maurizio Rava, letter to PS, 27 August 1908, ASB 13.9.

400 See the relevant paragraphs in the section on Christine de Noüe in this chapter, beginning on p. 173.

401 Maurizio Rava, letter to PS, 7 January 1909, ASB 13.10.

402 "Tu dici: assumi un lavoro che costituisca per te una necessità di non muoverti tanto."
Maurizio Rava, letter to PS, 17 November 1909, ASB 13.12.

403 Maurizio Rava, *Al lago Tsana, il mar profondo d'Etiopia: relazione del viaggio compiuto dalla missione Tancredi per incarico della Reale Società Geografica con un'appendice di geografia agronomica del cav. Giuseppe Ostini* (Rome: Reale Società Geografica, 1913).

404 "Ti confesso che sono avvilito, per quanto le circostanze siano straordinarie, di dovere alla mia età ricorrere a prestiti; e se posso, magari anche vendendo male, togliermi di impaccio, lo preferisco. Chi sa! Ad ogni modo ti sono molto molto grato della profonda e affettuosa amicizia che in ogni circostanza mi dimostri."
Maurizio Rava, letter to PS, 1 December 1912, ASB 13.19.

The correspondence ends with three letters in November 1913 on the health troubles (cataract, cardiac problems and diabetes) facing Rava's father, along with Rava's reports of consequent inability to work on his art, and requests for news of Pierre Solanges.

In February 1911 Solanges commented to HHR about the range of his friendships:

> J'ai soixante-quatre ans, je pourrais être votre père très facilement, j'ai été et suis l'ami de beaucoup d'artistes qui comptent, mais laissez-moi vous dire que je suis encore assez jeune d'esprit et d'allure pour jouir de l'amitié d'artistes encore plus jeunes que vous. (Letter 64, 20 February 1911)

It is probable that Maurizio Rava was foremost in Solanges's mind when he wrote these words, even though Rava was only eight years younger than HHR. The Rava–Solanges correspondence shows that Solanges was as much interested and at home with artists as with *littérateurs*—and just as likely to be asked to support them financially.

Bianca Belinzaghi and Eugenia Codronchi Argeli, 1909

Solanges's correspondence with the writers Bianca Belinzaghi and Eugenia Codronchi Argeli was short-lived, but it is worth noting for the light it sheds on his state of mind and on how others viewed him.

Bianca Belinzaghi (1861–1943) was a Milanese short story writer, travel writer and journalist, who used the pseudonyms Miss Brownie and Guido San Giuliano. Her friend Countess Eugenia Codronchi Argeli (1865–1934), the daughter of a Minister for Public Instruction, published short stories and novels under the pseudonym "Sfinge" (Sphinx) between 1901 and 1929, including *Femminismo storico: studi di Sfinge* (1901), an early example of Italian feminist writing.

In January 1909 Belinzaghi sent to Solanges two books by Sfinge, telling him of her dream that Sfinge could become as well known in France as she was in Italy, through the exquisite *littérateur* that Solanges was.[405] In her next letter she clarified that the two books were a gift so that Solanges could know Sfinge better. At the same time, however, she expressed her frank wish that Solanges would indeed translate one of Sfinge's short stories, commented on his discouraged state, and spoke of his possible memoirs:

[405] Bianca Belinzaghi, letter to PS, 17 January 1909, ASB 1.1.

> I did not know you had withdrawn from the active literary sphere. […] Allow me to say that your letter saddens me by its tone of discouragement. I thought that once you had retrieved your freedom—as they say—you would have devoted yourself more to literature, and not only as an interpreter of others.
> I remember the emotion with which, one evening at Donna Vittoria's, I heard you tell of a painful day in 1870! And I thought (and still think) how interesting a book of your own memoirs would be, since you have lived such an interesting life and known so many people![406]

Solanges had already in 1907 toyed with the idea of writing his memoirs, but it may not be a coincidence that he sent an account of 1870 to his friend Christine de Noüe a fortnight after Belinzaghi's letter.[407]

Sfinge herself sent only a pair of her articles to Solanges, in a very brief correspondence.[408] Neither the idea of memoirs nor of translating from Italian seems to have really caught Solanges's fancy, however, and it is possible that only something truly new for him—such as a novel written in English—could have got him back into the swing of literary activity.

Minor Correspondents

Before consideration of a final trio of Solanges's major correspondents, it is worth mentioning bare details about a number of persons whose letters are so few as not to mention a separate section, but who nevertheless contribute to showing the breadth of the relationships that Solanges had in Italian cultural circles.

- Painter, engraver and engineer Emilio Gola (1852–1923): Gola dined with Solanges's mother Madame de Beausire at Donna Vittoria Cima's;[409] Solanges congratulated him on a painting in 1899; Gola wrote to Solanges when Solanges left Milan in July 1909; their final contact was in 1910, when Gola replied to condolences.

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406 "Ignoravo Ella si fosse ritirata del campo letterario attivo […] La sua lettera mi fece pena, me lo lasci dire, per la sua intonazione di scoraggiamento. Io credevo che, ricuperata—come dice—la sua libertà, Ella si sarebbe maggiormente data alle lettere, e non solo come interprete d'altri.
Ricordo l'emozione alla quale, una sera da donna Vittoria, l'ascoltai raccontare una dolorosa giornata del 1870! E pensavo (e ancora penso) come con tante, e tali cose vissute, con tante persone conosciute, riuscirebbe interessante un suo volume di memorie!
Perché se, oggigiorno, nel giornale, nel libro, sul teatro pare troppo spesso trionfino la mediocrità astuta, la vulgarità, non pensare che c'o' per fortuna, un piccolo pubblico dagli ideali più delicati?" Bianca Belinzaghi, letter to PS, 19 January 1909, ASB 1.2.

407 See pp. 154 and 58.

408 Eugenia Codronchi Argeli, letters to PS, 17 January and 1 May 1909, ASB 4.1, 4.2.

409 Letter quoted at p. 48.

- Sculptor and painter Prince Pietro Troubetzkoy (1864–1936): two undated letters from London (possibly therefore datable to 1887 or 1892, before Troubetzkoy moved to the United States) advising on exercise with a dumbbell.[410]
- Lawyer, minister and writer Tommaso Villa (1830–1915): greetings in 1899, thanks for condolences in 1909.[411]
- Art critic Corrado Ricci (1858–1934): one letter in 1907 thanking Solanges for photographs that will be added to the collection of the Palazzo Brera in Milan.
- Milanese playwright Giannino Antona Traversi (1860–1939), another friend of Donna Vittoria Cima: a letter of thanks for condolences in 1908(?), and a letter offering to review kindly a work by Georges d'Anglade submitted to the periodical *Varietas*.[412]
- Novelist Eugenio Bermani (d. 1921), who was to write an obituary of Solanges (see Appendix II.4): a 1906 letter on the delights of retirement by the seaside.
- Edouard Detaille (1848–1912), painter of battle scenes and author of an authoritative 1883 work on French military uniforms: an undated letter, probably pre-1875, accepting an offer of help in relation to the cuirassiers, Solanges's regiment 1871–74.[413]
- Genoese lawyer and parliamentarian Angelo Graffagni: two letters from April 1910, just before Pierre Solanges left for Argentina, offering to recommend Pierre to a friend who lived in Buenos Aires.[414]
- Writer Federico De Roberto (1861–1927), a friend of Giovanni Verga: four letters (1896, 1897, 1904, 1906), including one from June 1906 granting Solanges a free hand to translate any of De Roberto's works.
- In his carefully listed archives, Solanges listed a few letters which seem not to have survived, including at least one each from writer Gabriele D'Annunzio (1863–1938), novelist Victor Margueritte (1866–1942, son of the General Margueritte under whom Solanges fought in 1870), and novelist Sibilla Aleràmo (pseudonym of Rina Faccio, 1876–1960). In relation to D'Annunzio, Solanges once commented to HHR that "J'ai bien failli traduire du d'Annunzio et celui-là est plus loin de la vraie vie que Fogazzaro" (Letter 109, 12 September 1911). The

410 Pietro Troubetskoi, letters to PS, 18 September [no year] and undated, ASB 18.1, 18.2.
411 Tommaso Villa, letters to PS, 29 September 1899 and 9 May 1909, ASB 20.1, 20.2
412 Giannino Antona Traversi, letters to PS, 3 January [1908?] and 13 October [1909?], ASF.
413 Edouard Detaille, letter to PS, ASF.

correspondence with D'Annunzio may have related to Sir Francesco Paolo Tosti's request for a translation of a song by D'Annunzio, or to the translation of a short story for the periodical *Lectures pour tous* in 1907.[415]

Old Soldiers (1): Paul de Gontaut-Biron, 1909–13

The last sections in this chapter will deal with Solanges's renewal of three old friendships in late 1909, two with former comrades-in-arms, and one with his cousin Christine.[416] The two old soldiers will be dealt with first, leaving Christine's more voluminous and intimate correspondence for the finale, except to note that Solanges asked Christine to find at least three old comrades for him, in November 1909: Paul de Gontaut-Biron, Amaury de Carné, and Germain Ducros. The first two were quickly found through her own family and the military circles in which she lived, but there was no trace of the latter.

Paul Anne Armand Marie Charles de Gontaut-Biron (1845–1938) was the third of fifteen children born to Anne Armand Elie de Gontaut-Biron (1817–90) and Augustine de Lespinay (1823–67). The father was the French ambassador in Berlin (and concurrently member of the *Chambre des députés* for the Basses-Pyrénées district) in 1871–77, the years immediately after the Franco-Prussian War; he then became senator for the Basses Pyrénées 1876–82.[417] While in Berlin, the ambassador's daughters were very close to Empress Augusta, and that may be how Paul met Princess Elena Petrovna Troubetzkoy (1849–1934), whom he married in November 1873; they had no children.[418]

When Solanges wrote to Gontaut-Biron in December 1909, he was repaid with mutual affection, and regret that Gontaut-Biron had not known Solanges's whereabouts earlier, since he had once lived in Florence for three years:

> Le souvenir de notre ancienne amitié, que vous avez gardé, m'a touché et m'a causé un réel plaisir. Car si vous avez quelque fois pensé à moi, j'en peux dire autant en ce qui me concerne. Combien de fois mon esprit ne s'est-il pas reporté vers les anciens camarades et principalement vers ceux pour les quels

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414 Angelo Graffagni, two letters to PS, [April 1910], ASF.

415 See pp. 87 and 155.

416 Properly-speaking, Christine was the cousin of Solanges's half-brother Raoul Toché.

417 The father's memoirs were published in two volumes: Élie de Gontaut-Biron, *Mon ambassade en Allemagne (1872–1873), avec un avant-propos et des notes par André Dreux* (Paris: Plon-Nourrit, 1906).
André Dreux, ed., *Dernières années de l'ambassade en Allemagne de M. de Gontaut-Biron, 1874–1877, d'après ses notes et ses papiers diplomatiques* (Paris: Plon-Nourrit, 1907).

418 Genealogical details are taken from the International Genealogical Index and other sources.

> j'avais une vraie et sincère amitié—et vous êtes de ce nombre, très *petit* il est vrai![419]

From then until November 1913, Gontaut-Biron wrote twenty-three letters to Solanges—a good score for someone who considered himself lazy. There is no need to treat these letters in detail, and it will suffice to list the themes that appear in them. These include: frequent absences of his wife in Russia, business in Paris and in Pau, laments over the state of politics and international affairs, holiday travels, and invitations to Solanges to visit Paris. Gontaut-Biron visited Solanges at Genoa in May 1910, and in May 1913 Gontaut-Biron and his wife both came to Multedo to see the Solanges family.

> Mais je ne veux pas m'éloigner de ces *rivages* sans vous dire *toute* la joie que j'ai eue de vous retrouver et combien j'ai été touché de l'aimable accueil de votre famille. J'ai passé quelques bonnes heures avec vous qui m'ont rappelé ma jeunesse, c'est à dire le bon temps! Mais ne nous plaignons pas. Nous sommes des moins malheureux parmi ceux qui restent. […] Quant à nous deux, cher ami, ne nous perdons plus de vue. C'est vous dire que chaque fois que vous me donnerez de vos nouvelles j'en serai ravi.[420]

There are two matters in this correspondence, however, that merit more than passing attention. Over half the letters mention Solanges's son Pierre, who had left for Argentina in May 1910. In many of Gontaut-Biron's letters during 1911, he spoke of a friend who had property and influence in Argentina, and who might be able to help Pierre obtain a suitable job, but perhaps not until the friend returned to Argentina from France in 1912. The impression gained is that Pierre was not succeeding at all well in building a career, and that Solanges was preoccupied over his fate:

> Rassurez-vous—la lettre de Lavrière ne contient rien autre que ce que je vous ai écrit—au sujet de votre fils. Seulement il a l'air de conseiller fortement de faire revenir ce jeune homme chez sa famille.
> C'est l'impression *très vive* que j'ai ressentie de sa lettre. J'espère que son impression est un peu imaginée mais je me permets de vous conseiller d'y réfléchir *sérieusement* et puis comme je vous l'ai écrit «qui n'entend qu'une cloche n'entend qu'un son». Ne vous faites pas de mauvais sang. À l'âge de votre fils, *tout est réparable* même les plus grosses sottises—et j'espère qu'il n'en a pas commises [sic].[421]

Finally, Gontaut-Biron sought Solanges's advice when his neurasthenic sister-in-law, the Russian Princess Galitzine, paid a forfeitable deposit of 25,000 francs, sight-unseen, on a villa at Streya, on Lake Maggiore, and then decided not to proceed

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419 Paul de Gontaut-Biron, letter to PS, 22 December 1909, ASF.
420 Paul de Gontaut-Biron, letter to PS, 12 May [1910]. For the 1913 visit: 27 April and 19 June [1913], ASF.
421 Paul de Gontaut-Biron, letter to PS, 14 April 1912, ASF.

with the purchase. Solanges could only confirm the law of contract, and Gontaut-Biron could only lament his sister-in-law's state of mind.[422]

Old Soldiers (2): Count Amaury de Carné and family, 1909–13

Count Amaury-Charles-Edouard-Marie de Carné-Trécesson (1844–1911) entered the army in December 1863, ten days after Solanges had done so, but their paths probably did not cross until both were posted to the 4th Regiment of the Chasseurs d'Afrique and sent to serve in North Africa, in April 1867. Both men were promoted *sous-lieutenant* in 1870, but their paths may have separated at this time, to meet again in the 12th Regiment of the Chasseurs d'Afrique, at Rouen, in 1874. After Solanges left the army and Rouen in 1874, Carné continued to serve at places such as Hesdin, Meaux and Sedan until he retired with the rank of *chef d'escadron* (major) in 1899, settling at Compiègne, then an hour's travel north of Paris.

Solanges hesitated before making contact with Carné in December 1909,[423] but when he did so, he received the same affectionate reply as he was to receive from Gontaut-Biron a fortnight later:

> Rien ne pouvait me faire plus de plaisir que ta bonne et affectueuse lettre. Ton *vous* solennel n'est plus de mise entre nous—reprenons donc notre bonne vieille habitude. Moi aussi j'ai souvent pensé à vous deux et recherché, mais vainement, vos traces. Il y a quelque temps, en effet, mon frère Louis que tu as connu, soit en Algérie, au 2e Chasseurs d'Afrique quand nous étions au 4e, soit à Rouen au 12e Chasseurs, me dit avoir donné mon adresse au Général de Noüe pour te la transmettre. J'espérais donc un peu avoir un signe de toi et je suis enchanté de ne pas m'être trompé. Ce que tu me dis de ton existence, depuis notre séparation, m'a vivement intéressé mais ce que je voudrais ce serait pouvoir en causer entre nous. Il est impossible que vous ne veniez pas à Paris, un jour ou l'autre? En ce cas il faudra te souvenir que Compiègne est à une heure de Paris et qu'on vous y accueillera à bras ouvert; je vais facilement aussi de Compiègne à Paris.[424]

In Carné's case, however, there was to be no long renewal of friendship, as happened with Gontaut-Biron. Carné's third letter, in June 1910, reported his very weak state of health and an impending visit to specialists in Lausanne; it also commented on the departure of Pierre Solanges for Argentina:

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422 Paul de Gontaut-Biron, letters to PS, 14 May and 4 June 1911, ASF.

423 "Je ne comprends pas votre hésitation à écrire à Carné après les renseignements de Jehan. Je vous aurais un peu *secoué* si vous ne m'aviez pas dit que votre lettre était partie et nul doute qu'elle n'ait reçu sa réponse."
Christine de Noüe, letter to PS, 8 December 1909, ASF.

424 Count Amaury de Carné, letter to PS, 3 December 1909, ASF.

> Je comprends le déchirement que t'a causé le départ de ton fils, mais, que veux-tu, il faut bien que les jeunes fassent quelque chose.[425]

Carné succeeded in writing only one more letter, reporting his return to Compiègne at the beginning of September. Countess de Carné then took up her pen to tell Solanges confidentially that she was hiding from her husband the true extent of his illness, and to invite Solanges to come and visit: "si vous pouviez venir passer quelque jours avec lui vous lui feriez une joie extrême."[426] It was not to be:

> Je comptais sur votre bonne affection mais j'ai été bien touchée pourtant en lisant ces pages si touchantes, d'amitié sincère pour mon cher malade. Si vous ne venez pas je saurais très bien que ce sera parce que vous ne le pouvez pas—mais si vous pourrez venir quelle réelle joie pour Amaury. Hélas! il est de plus en plus faible, et cejourd'hui, pour la première fois, il n'est pas descendu et a passé toute l'après-midi sur sa chaise longue dans sa chambre.[427]

Count de Carné died on 17 October 1910. Solanges's reaction can be judged in part from Christine de Noüe's letter of condolence:

> […] la mort de votre pauvre ami me fait beaucoup de peine pour vous. Tout doit donc se payer dans la vie! Nous étions si contents de ce rayon de soleil du passé projeté dans votre foyer et votre exil, et maintenant le voilà converti en nuage de tristesse. Cela n'empêche que vous avez été heureux de penser que l'ami de votre jeunesse vous était resté fidèle et votre souvenir lui aura été précieux. Ne regrettons pas d'avoir retrouvé sa trace. La vie ne vous épargne aucun sujet de mélancolie, il est vrai que vous lui donnez prise par votre nature sensible et émotive, mais je remarque que les égoïstes se rongent sur eux-mêmes et n'ont aucune compensation, ne les envions pas![428]

For the next three years, the correspondence was carried on by three persons: the widowed Countess, the Count's brother Louis, and Georges Vallée (1853–1926), the Countess's brother, who was a member of the National Assembly for the Pas-de-Calais district 1900–10. The Countess kept Solanges abreast of her travels to places such as Algeria to avoid spending the winter in her lonely home, and made repeated invitations to Solanges to visit her to reminisce about her husband—despite the fact that she herself had never met Solanges. Georges Vallée has been quoted elsewhere about Solanges's journalism and in relation to *Falstaff*.[429] Louis de Carné, who had also known Solanges in the army, wrote only on the death of his brother Amaury and then of his brother Henri.

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425 Count Amaury de Carné, letter to PS, 4 June 1910, ASF.
426 Countess de Carné, letter to PS, 13 September 1910, ASF.
427 Countess de Carné, letter to PS, 7 October 1910, ASF.
428 Christine de Noüe, letter to PS, 5 November [1910], ASF.
429 See pages 61 and 135.

Solanges struck a chord of literary interest with Georges Vallée, eventually exchanging books with him: Solanges received a volume of memoirs edited by Vallée and sent copies of *Daniel Cortis* and *Falstaff* in return.[430] In mid-1912, in connection with repeated invitations to come to Paris, Solanges must have told Vallée about his search for a publisher for *Maurice Guest*, for Vallée commented twice in reassuring terms:

> En ce qui concerne l'éditeur que vous cherchez, vous n'aurez pas de peine, je pense, à le trouver. Je suis persuadé que l'ouvrage que vous avez traduit, sera des plus intéressants et qu'il est très remarquable. Quel est le titre de cette œuvre de Richardson? Je suis malheureusement assez ignorant, comme trop de français, en matière de littérature étrangère. Je suis sûr toutefois que ce roman doit avoir une grande valeur puisque vous l'avez jugé digne d'une traduction. Je ne voudrais point vous adresser de compliment banal. Mais j'ai admiré ce que j'ai eu la bonne fortune de lire. La vigueur, la précision du style, le coloris; on sent que vous avez entièrement vécu vous-même l'ouvrage, pour le rendre en Français avec un aussi admirable relief. Cela doit être passionnant, mais aussi bien fatiguant, surtout quand on a affaire à un ouvrage de si grande envergure. Combien je serais heureux de la lire, doublement, puisque vous voulez bien m'intéresser déjà à son apparition![431]

* * *

Solanges's wish to make contact with his old comrades came at about the time when he was also making his final decision on his permanent retirement residence, abandoning plans to move back to France and instead moving to the Italian Riviera. It is possible that the lost opportunity prompted him to renew old friendships from afar. At any rate, his action must have brought him the consolation of renewed links with his native land and with his own past, renewed and new friendships, and also grief at the death of old comrades.

The move to Multedo

This is a convenient place to note again the date of Solanges's final move to Multedo. Solanges had written to Antonio Fogazzaro from Villa Negrone in Multedo as early as January 1906, almost immediately after his retirement, but as the sections of this chapter have shown, at various times he considered moving to Tours, Angers or Paris. The date for the final move is given by Solanges himself: he told HHR in November 1910 that he had lived at Multedo for "fifteen months," or since about

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[430] Vallée's book was: Charles Gouyon, Baron de La Moussaye, *Mémoires... 1553–1587*, G. Vallée and P. Parfouru, eds. (Paris: 1901).

[431] George Vallée, letter to PS, 16 September [1912], ASF. The other occasion was on 6 October 1912.

August 1909 (Letter 45, 23 November 1910). More precisely, however, letters quoted in this chapter date the move to July 1909. Solanges also told HHR the ultimate reason for his staying in Italy:

> Dégoûté du climat de Milan et fatigué de la vie que je menais à cause de relations assez nombreuses, j'ai résolu—ma femme et ma fille n'ayant aucun goût pour la vie du monde—de venir m'installer dans ce beau pays que nous connaissions et aimions déjà. Je vous dirai aussi que j'ai fait à ma fille, née en Italie, le sacrifice de ne pas retourner à Paris, mon pays natal. (Letter 70, 11 March 1911)

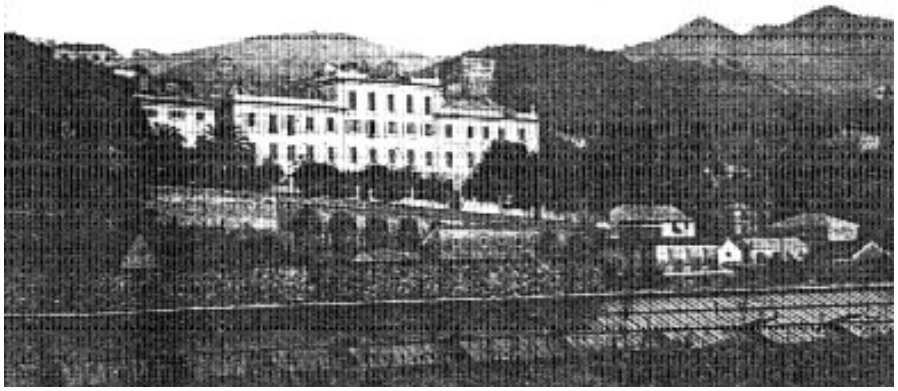


Figure 26: Villa Negrone, Multedo, Pegli

(Image from an undated postcard, 'Pegli—Villa Negrone,' Garzini e Pezzini, Milan)

This date coincides with that indicated by Luca Beltrami (p. 148). Presumably Solanges rented an apartment in the Villa Negrone for some time or on more than occasion before moving there permanently in 1909. It is interesting—given Solanges's worries about his son—that there is no mention of Pierre Solanges in this context, but it is also true that Pierre had left home years beforehand, whereas Marthe did not marry until shortly after Solanges's death.

Christine de Noüe, 1909–13

The final section in this chapter has been reserved for what was probably Solanges's most intimate friendship, with his cousin—or more precisely the cousin of his half-brother—Christine de Noüe, which is rivalled only by his friendship with Edouard Blau. Blau wrote nineteen letters to Solanges over 24 years, whereas Christine wrote forty letters over five years, and at a more intimate level.



Figure 27: Christine de Noüe

(Image courtesy of Madame Geneviève du Tillet (a descendant of Christine de Noüe's aunt), La Hallière, Digny, Eure-et-Loir)

Bonne-Marie-Christine de Noüe (1850–1940) was the daughter of Marie-Clémentine Toché, through whom she was a first cousin of Raoul Toché. Her father, Count León-Valérien de Noüe, was an infantry general. Much of her social life, and much of her correspondence with Solanges, centred on her brother Jehan de Noüe, a general of the gendarmerie, her sister-in-law Louise (née Dagault) and niece Jehanne, as well as her cousin Gabriel du Tillet III, his wife Jeanne (sister of Louise Dagault), and their children Gabriel du Tillet IV and Marthe Le Vavasseur.[432] Christine was the goddaughter of Marshal François Canrobert (1809–95)—another indication of the military circles among which she lived, as well as of the high social background of Solanges himself.[433] Family tradition even today describes Christine as "une personne enjouée et très aimable"[434] and "une excellente musicienne, une femme très cultivée et ayant eu des relations épistolaires avec des écrivains de son époque (lettres d'Alphonse Karr [1808–90], Mérimée [1803–70], Paul Bourget [1852–1935])."[435]

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[432] Gabriel du Tillet II or III was on a posting to Vienna at the time of the Mayerling tragedy in 1889, when Emperor Franz Joseph's son Archduke Rudolf committed suicide with his mistress (Bernard de Noüe, letter to the author, 26 October 2002).

[433] Count E. de Montlivault (Manoir de Vonnes, Pont de Ruan), letter to the author, 2 November 2002.

[434] "Ma mère qui a 98 ans se rappelle de tante Christine comme étant une personne enjouée et très aimable."
Bernard de Noüe, letter to the author, 26 October 2002.

[435] Geneviève du Tillet, letter to the author, 25 November 2002.

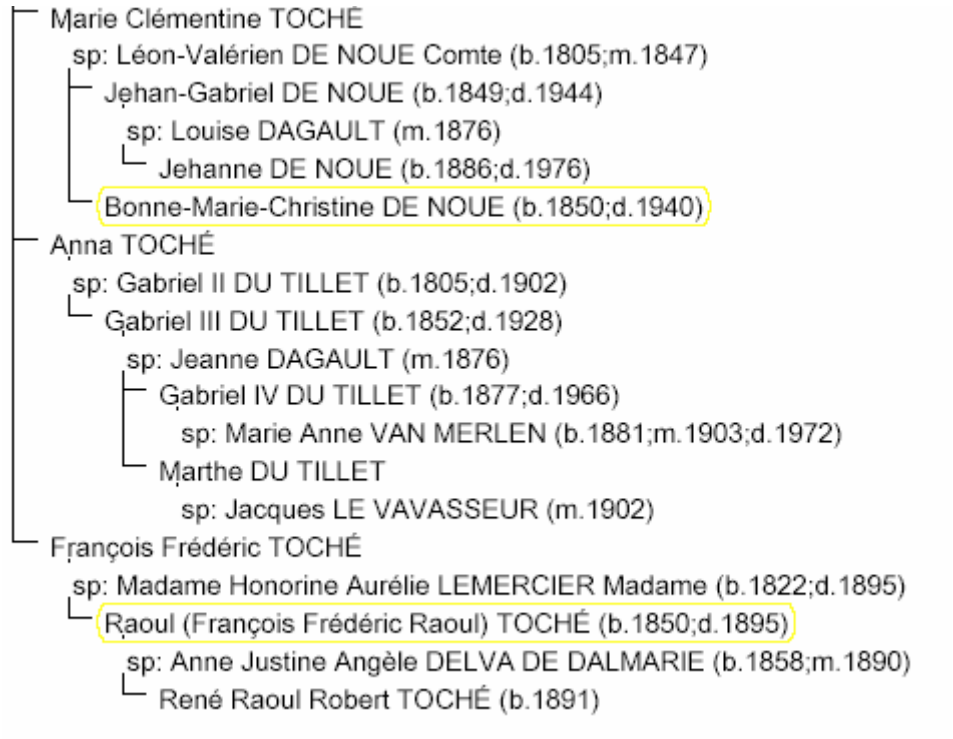


Figure 28: Toché family tree

showing how Christine de Noüe was related to Raoul Toché.
Note that cousins Jehan-Gabriel de Noüe and Gabriel du Tillet IV married the Dagault sisters on the same day in 1876.

Every summer Christine and this small family circle would reunite for a month at the chateau of La Hallière, some 60 kilometres southwest of Paris, not far from the cathedral town of Chartres. As mentioned previously (p. 44), there are still preserved at La Hallière two serviette-holders bearing the names of Raoul Toché and his father Frédéric.[436] Solanges, however, never went there, and his existence was unknown to the present family—unlike Christine's—which raises the possibility that his relationship with Raoul Toché may well have been hidden from the rest of the Toché family, or that he may have been simply known as a friend.[437] It is certain, however, that Christine de Noüe and Solanges knew each other in their youth: there are at least five references in her letters, including references to "notre jeune temps"[438] and to Solanges as "le vieil ami du temps passé."[439] This extract shows the warmth of their friendship:

[436] Geneviève du Tillet, letter to the author, 31 March 2003.
[437] That Solanges did not know La Hallière is attested to by this passage: "Et si vous connaissiez La Hallière! Cette magnifique installation! Ce cadre artistique! Ces souvenirs, ce confort." Christine de Noüe, letter to PS, [early October 1911], ASF.
[438] Christine de Noüe, letter to PS, 27 January [1913], ASF.
[439] Christine de Noüe, letter to PS, 22 June [1911], ASF.

> Cher bon ami, combien j'ai été touchée de votre bouquet de fête. J'aurais cru que mon temps était fini pour faire vibrer les luths. Le vôtre retrouve des accents qui me vont au cœur en me prouvant que votre muse conserve toujours ses 20 ans!! Puis votre souvenir m'est si précieux, il contient les chapitres de notre jeunesse dont nous sommes les seuls à connaître la clef.[440]



Figure 29: Château de la Hallière, property of the Du Tillet family

(Image courtesy of Madame Geneviève du Tillet, La Hallière, Digny, Eure-et-Loir)

This element of secrecy may have contributed to the confidentiality that imbues Christine's letters right from the beginning:

> Votre confiance me touche au cœur, vous êtes assuré d'avance que tout ce qui pourra vous préoccuper et vous troubler trouvera un écho dans mon amitié, écho qui ne se répétera nulle part—nous avons beau être très unis, Jehan, moi et sa femme, ma correspondance reste sacrée.[441]

Despite their early friendship, Christine de Noüe and Solanges must have lost track of each other for many years. Christine lived for some time at Cannes without knowing how close she was to Solanges's residence, but moved back to Paris probably not long before 1908.[442] About August that year, she travelled with her

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[440] Christine de Noüe, letter to PS, 27 July [1911], ASF. The feast of St. Christine is celebrated on 24 July. Solanges had also written to Christine for her feast-day the previous year, and to Christine's brother Jehan de Noüe for the feast of St John the Baptist (24 June 1911).
Another quotation about their youth together is cited at p. 57.

[441] Christine de Noüe, letter to PS, 3 February 1909, ASF. Despite the trust between them, Christine always used the formal *vous* rather than *tu,* appropriately for correspondence between a married man and a spinster.

[442] "[…] notre hiver parisien s'annonce vigoureux. Je le crains tous les ans davantage et je suis souvent hanté du souvenir de Cannes sans oser l'avouer aux miens qui me font la grâce de tenir à ma présence, aussi je dis «arrière Satan» à ces visions magiques du Midi renforcées de certaines évocations d'Italie!"
Christine de Noüe, letter to PS, 19 November 1909, ASF.

brother's family to Venice via Milan, renewing the friendship with Solanges and admiring the paintings of Bernardino Luini with him.[443]

Christine's correspondence serves as a mirror of the mind of Solanges over the last five years of his life, as she reflects back to him and comments on his own letters. Apart from Christine's detailed accounts of the lives of the extended family—travels, an appendicitis operation, retirement, social life—and of the deplorable state of politics and morals, and the threat of war, a number of **themes** are worth mentioning in some detail. These can be roughly divided into three: Solanges himself, his immediate family (mother Madame de Beausire, daughter Marthe, son Pierre, Raoul Toché and his widow), and the translation of *Maurice Guest*.[444]

In relation to **Solanges** himself, Christine's evaluation of his character is interesting, as are her frequent references to exile and the move to Multedo. Firstly, she summed up his character in response to a letter for her feast-day in 1910:

> Cher ami, vos vœux m'ont été au cœur, mais comme à nos âges on ne vit plus que par l'affection, je ne demande que le bonheur de ceux qui m'intéressent, si ma Sainte vous écoute, elle vous enverra la paix morale dont vous avez tant besoin, les compensations qui vous sont dues après toutes les luttes subies dans le cours de votre existence auxquelles ne vous préparaient pas votre nature impressionnable, nerveuse, sensible et délicate, mais, aussi toutes ces cordes vibrantes, causes de tant d'insomnies, vous armaient pour laisser à vos enfants tout un passé d'honneur et de consideration.[445]

This picture of a slightly downcast character is reinforced by references to the need for a ray of sunshine in Solanges's life: "ce rayon de soleil du passé projeté dans votre foyer et votre exil,"[446] "je serais heureuse de voir un peu de soleil rentrer dans votre foyer,"[447] "Que vos vœux soient exaucés et vous aurez enfin votre part au soleil, de ce soleil auquel vous avez droit."[448] Allied with this sentiment is the theme of exile, which she uses six times; for example: "vous échappez là [at Multedo] plus facilement

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443 "Je compte sur la télépathie pour vous assurer de mon fidèle souvenir, ma plume est une messagère nonchalante, paresseuse mais non pas infidèle, le retour du passé me porte vers vous en ce moment, je me souviens que l'année dernière, à pareil moment, nous élaborions notre voyage de Venise en jetant un jalon à Milan, et il y avait beaucoup à *voir* dans cette magnifique ville, il y avait aussi un ami à *revoir* ce qui doublait l'intérêt et l'attrait du voyage. Tout cela a été trop rapide, nous repassons cette page d'Italie en vous assimilant à nos souvenirs et à nos regrets. […] Jehanne [her niece] se rappellera toujours que c'est vous qui l'avez initiée aux *Luini*, c'est à vous qu'elle doit la clé de tant d'impressions exquises!"
Christine de Noüe, letter to PS, 24 July 1909, ASF.

444 Some letters of Christine de Noüe have already been quoted elsewhere: see the earlier sections on Solanges's military career, Raoul Toché, Paul de Gontaut-Biron and Amaury de Carné.

445 Christine de Noüe, letter to PS, 27 July [1910], ASF.

446 Christine de Noüe, letter to PS, 5 November [1910], ASF.

447 Christine de Noüe, letter to PS, 27 December [1911], ASF.

448 Christine de Noüe, letter to PS, 26 December [1912], ASF.

au sentiment de l'exil que dans une grande ville,"[449] or "Voici le moment où vous allez être dédommagé des amertumes de l'exil!"[450] One could legitimately wonder if she is remembering the circumstances of Solanges's long-ago departure from Paris (when he had displeased "le chef de sa famille")[451] or simply using the word as an equivalent of 'expatriate'.

Allusions have already been made to the process of Solanges's decision to leave Milan,[452] but it is Christine who gives the clearest insight into Solanges's state of mind:

> Toutes ces impressions venant s'ajouter à vos préoccupations d'installation future, décision irrévocable à prendre!!!! moment si angoissant! ont dû vous jeter dans une profonde mélancolie. Ai-je deviné juste?[453]

She confirms that the move took place in July 1909 with her comment "Je vous vois dans la pleine lune de miel de l'installation."[454] And she gives a beautiful word-picture of the new life at Multedo:

> […] tous les détails que vous me donnez sur la Villa Negrone m'intéressent tout naturellement. Ce n'est plus maintenant la «folle du logis» qui pénétrera dans la Villa Negrone par des chemins imaginaires, mais la pensée bien documentée qui entrera dans le «Saint des Saints», le Cabinet de travail où vous repassez tous vos souvenirs, où vous revivez le plus avec vos amis de France. Vos indications me représentent une très belle et confortable habitation dans la terre de Chanaan, et plus je réfléchis, plus je crois que vous avez pris le meilleur parti *comme père* de famille en vous fixant dans ce pays et je me figure que l'abstraction de vous-même contribue beaucoup à vous procurer la quiétude morale sans laquelle les satisfactions eussent été négatives pour une nature comme la vôtre. De plusieurs côtés on me dit que Pegli est enchanteur.[455]

In relation to Solanges's immediate **family**, Christine was again both a repository and a giver of confidences. The joint upkeep of the tomb of Madame de Beausire and Raoul Toché, and Christine's placing of flowers on Solanges's behalf on All Soul's Day, have already been described (p. 49), as have her descriptions of later dealings with the widow and son of Raoul Toché (beginning on p. 45). That just leaves the confidences about Solanges's daughter and son to be dealt with here.

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449 Christine de Noüe, letter to PS, 29 September 1909, ASF.
450 Christine de Noüe, letter to PS, 19 November 1909, ASF.
451 See p. 63 and Appendix II.4.
452 See, for example, the sections in this chapter on Georges d'Anglade and the move to Multedo.
453 Christine de Noüe, letter to PS, 3 February 1909, ASF.
454 Christine de Noüe, letter to PS, 31 July [1909], ASF.
455 Christine de Noüe, letter to PS, 8 December 1909, ASF.

Christine de Noüe, 1909–13

From her first letter to Solanges, Christine wrote about his desire to see his daughter Marthe married:

> Je comprends quel soulagement ce serait pour vous de la voir bien casée!!! On adore ses enfants mais on ne peut rien pour leur destinée.[456]

In July 1909, Solanges had obviously again written of his worries for Marthe:

> [V]otre lettre contenait une confidence qui me va droit au cœur, je tiens à vous dire qu'elle *y restera*, et que vous pouvez m'écrire en toute confiance, je voudrais tant vous voir tranquille sur l'avenir de votre chère Marthe.[457]

The last mention of Solanges's preoccupation about Marthe was in March 1910:

> Je devine combien vous devez être préoccupée de cette question d'avenir, votre nervosité s'explique. En arrivant au port, vous continuez à être ballotté, cela n'est pas juste.[458]

The lack of later references to Marthe's single state might lead to the assumption that some sort of *modus vivendi* had been reached on Solanges's part.

Christine's frequent references to Pierre Solanges are the main source of information on Pierre's doings during that time and on Solanges's relationship with him. Pierre had been a volunteer in the French army 1896–1900, spent a period in Nîmes in 1904–05, and worked with the gas company in Turin in 1905–06.[459] In May 1910, Pierre departed for Argentina, which evoked a most sympathetic letter from Christine.[460] A few months later, after receiving good reports, Christine applauded Solanges's action in sending Pierre overseas.[461] After Pierre had been away for a

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456 Christine de Noüe, letter to PS, 3 February 1909, ASF.

457 Christine de Noüe, letter to PS, 31 July [1909], ASF.

458 Christine de Noüe, letter to PS, 15 March [1910], ASF.

459 Details taken from Pierre Solanges's military record. See Appendix II.3.

460 "[J]e tiens à vous dire que j'ai compati de tout mon cœur à vos émotions de ces derniers jours, ma belle-sœur m'a communiqué votre lettre, je vous devine encore sous le coup de ce départ. La journée du samedi comptera comme station de votre chemin de croix de parents. Votre pauvre femme a dû être bien malheureuse, et Marthe aura eu sa part de chagrin en voyant s'éloigner l'enfant prodigue auquel elle ne demandait qu'à se dévouer. Un ange vous reste au foyer, et puisque votre résolution était prise, je suis sûre que vous êtes tous plus calmes depuis son accomplissement. Les jours qui précèdent un départ de cet ordre sont simplement torturants."
Christine de Noüe, letter to PS, 2 May [1910], ASF.

461 "[…] aussi toutes ces cordes vibrantes, causes de tant d'insomnies, vous armaient pour laisser à vos enfants tout un passé d'honneur et de considération—tout cela germera dans l'esprit de votre fils, dès qu'il aura fait peau neuve, et vous pourrez vieillir sans inquiétude sur l'avenir et avec la conscience d'avoir fait dans toute circonstance ce qui était *à faire*. D'après ce que vous m'écrivez, je lui vois le pied à l'étrier et devine en tout cas qu'il a fait une très bonne impression à ses chefs. Combien vous devez vous applaudir de l'avoir expédié dans ce pays. On est bien obligé de se débrouiller!"
Christine de Noüe, letter to PS, 27 July [1910], ASF.

year, in May 1911, she was receiving a positive impression of Pierre's progress.[462] The reason for Pierre's despatch to Argentina may be that he was becoming embroiled in horse-racing debts, but the change seems to have done Pierre good. One receives a more positive impression of Pierre's success here than from the letter of Paul de Gontaut-Biron quoted earlier (p. 163):

> Ce que vous me dites de votre fils ne m'étonne pas, le terrain était bon et la semence du travail a porté de beaux fruits. Les folies qu'il a pu faire mettraient bien des parents de ma connaissance sur un tapis de velours! Tout est proportionné à la fortune qu'on possède. Gab [Du Tillet IV, son of her cousin] aussi s'est cru obligé de s'illustrer par des stupidités de chevaux de course pendant ses deux années de Saumur ce qui a légèrement écorné sa fortune et forcé son père à lui donner un conseil judiciaire, mesure que nous avons tous approuvée, et vraiment ses dettes n'étaient pas considérables. […] Vous voyez que les péchés de jeunesse font souvent des hommes sérieux et quand il faut se tirer d'affaire avec ses propres ressources on est encore plus défendu contre les rechutes.[463]

Christine encouraged Solanges to bear the pain of separation, and rejoiced to hear that Pierre was cured of whatever was wrong with him:

> Je plains sa pauvre mère, dites-le-lui, mais c'est un brave garçon qui n'avait besoin, je me figure, que de la nécessité impérieuse du travail pour rentrer dans la bonne voie et vous le sentez maintenant dans son assiette. N'avoir à compter que sur soi-même est le meilleur des remparts dans la vie. Soyez donc courageux contre l'absence, mon pauvre ami, les parents ne sont-ils pas toujours sacrifiés!![464]

After three years' absence, Pierre returned, and Solanges was faced again with the problem of a job for him.[465] Pierre seems to have stayed at Multedo from May until late 1913, after which he was at Benghazi, in Cyrenaica, which Italy had captured from Turkey only two years before:

> Ce grand garçon fait il [sic] bien son affaire à Tripoli? A t il [sic] des relations agréables? Vous écrit-il souvent? Les *Tripolitaines* ne sont elles pas trop séduisantes? *Lui* me paraît avoir tout ce qu'il faut pour tourner des têtes et depuis que le monde est monde il y a toujours à compter avec ce danger là! Je

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462 "Vous êtes laconique sur votre fils, mais la note *fière* de *satisfaction* me rassure et je ne doute pas qu'il ne réussisse sur la terre étrangère et ne vous revienne ayant fait peau neuve. Comme vous avez été bien inspiré en l'éloignant."
Christine de Noüe, letter to PS, 15 May [1911], ASF.

463 Christine de Noüe, letter to PS, 22 June [1911], ASF.

464 Christine de Noüe, letter to PS, 27 December [1911], ASF.

465 "Vous êtes donc en possession de votre fils. Quelle joie cela a dû être pour sa chère mère de le revoir! Il est vraiment permis aux mères de ne pas se résigner à l'absence. En cela, elles obéissent à la loi de la nature, les pères ont des devoirs qui les obligent à s'asseoir sur leurs sentiments. Je devine pour vous un grand sujet de préoccupation pour l'enfant prodigue, une fois qu'on a eu tué le veau gras, il va falloir trouver une position. Je souhaite qu'il reste à votre portée, votre influence peut être si salutaire. Tenez-moi bien au courant de ce nouveau chapitre de *lutte pour la vie*."
Christine de Noüe, letter to PS, 3 June [1913], ASF.

> voudrais vous savoir au bout de vos tourments mais les parents arrivent ils [sic] jamais au port dans cet ordre de choses?[466]

The third theme in Christine's letters is that of Solanges's **translation of *Maurice Guest*** and of Solanges's pending visit to Paris to seek a publisher. Twenty-eight of forty letters touch on one of these two subjects between 1910 and 1913. They therefore provide a parallel view of Solanges's life from that provided by the Solanges–HHR correspondence, and a framework in which to place the detail of the next chapter.

Solanges let Christine know about his proposed translation within days of receiving approval from HHR, and she welcomed the idea as a distraction from the recent death of his old comrade Amaury de Carné:

> Je me rends compte des tours de bâtons que vous avez dû endurer cette année. Ma sympathie vous entoure dans tous les détails de votre lutte pour la vie, je bénirais un travail astreignant pour vous, et vous demande de me prévenir dès que la traduction sera conclue. D'abord je suis sûre du succès, puis si cela vous donne un peu de mal, cela vous sortira de vous-même et vous remettra au point.[467]

A fortnight later, she gladly offered help with finding a publisher, but since Solanges himself did not approach a publisher, the offer was to no purpose.[468] Another week later, she commented on HHR's luck in finding a translator such as Solanges.[469] Christine then stopped writing for six months, respecting Solanges's need to work hard at the translation, until Solanges reproved her for her silence.[470] In June 1911, Solanges's business arrangements with HHR came under her scrutiny:

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466 Christine de Noüe, letter to PS, 9 December [1913], ASF. Although Christine refers to Tripolitania, Pierre's military record and a letter from Marthe Solanges to HHR (Letter 258, 16 October 1914) confirm that Pierre was in neighbouring Cyrenaica.

467 Christine de Noüe, letter to PS, 5 November [1910], ASF.

468 "De tout mon cœur je voudrais vous aider à trouver l'oiseau rare de l'éditeur … mais hélas! n'étant pas «de lettres» je ne vois pas à qui je pourrais m'adresser. Si vous m'indiquez une voie quelconque, j'y entrerai avec impétuosité pour vous rendre service! Dites-moi ce qu'ont répondu les Calmann et Hachette. C'est un bonheur pour vous que ce travail de nègre."
Christine de Noüe, letter to PS, [20 November 1910], ASF.

469 "Je ne vois pas de meilleure diversion à votre mentalité attristée qu'un travail acharné car vous êtes rudement étrillé en ce moment par les deuils. Votre romancier anglais apprécie-t-il au moins la veine qu'il a de rencontrer une plume comme la vôtre (ne vous récriez pas!) pour le *franciser*! Est-ce un roman psychologique, historique, dramatique? Sûrement intéressant puisqu'il vous tente. Que pourrait-on faire pour vous rendre service? Avez-vous une réponse des Calmann Lévy? Votre ami Doumic ne peut-il vous aider dans cette voie?"
Christine de Noüe, letter to PS, 26 November 1910, ASF.

470 "Comment faire admettre aux gens qu'on pense à eux quand on ne leur donne pas signe de vie! Tout arrive pourtant dans la nature et mon silence devait vous parler de moi et vous prouver que je vous suivais dans votre travail acharné et le respectais comme une chose précieuse. Je n'y mettrais plus tant de scrupules maintenant et vous rappellerai à l'ordre à l'occasion. J'espère que vous n'êtes pas fatigué. Je me demande même si cette occupation forcée n'est pas un bonheur pour

> Comment votre travail de traduction ne vous rapportera rien? N'auriez-vous pas pu tirer un meilleur parti de vos fatigues? La poésie ne marche pas avec l'esprit pratique, vous n'êtes pas de votre siècle décidément.[471]

This is perhaps misleading, since Solanges had agreed on his usual "half each" formula with HHR (Letter 42, 1 November 1910).

In the first four months of 1912, Christine again left Solanges to his work, until he sent her a quatrain of reproof. She then commented again on his business sense, but began to look forward to his visit to Paris, and the reminiscences they would share; she suggested he stay at the Hôtel d'Orsay:

> Ma pensée a rodé souvent autour de vous, et sincèrement, j'hésitais à vous écrire sachant à quelle point vous étiez absorbé par votre travail et sûre que vous l'abandonneriez pour me répondre. Vous touchez enfin au point. Mais je vois que vous travaillez et vous éreintez pour l'honneur et mon flair d'amie me dit qu'un autre à votre place aurait tiré un avantage pratique de ce labeur astreignant. Mais, on est ce qu'on est, et qui sait si un travail utilitaire vous aurait attaché autant. […] On va donc vous revoir; au moins, *nous* serons largement rétribués.[472]

When Solanges had a health crisis due to overwork in July 1912, Christine was quick to point to the cause:

> Que veut dire cette fièvre? N'est-ce pas au roman qu'il faut l'attribuer? En un mot au surmenage cérébral auquel vous vous êtes livré pour en finir avec ce travail ingrat? […] Je voudrais savoir si votre travail *est finie* et si vous comptez toujours venir à Paris en novembre.[473]

Solanges spent August–September 1912 on a complete rest cure at Gstaad in the Swiss Alps, and since Christine often went to Montreux on Lake Geneva during summer—only a 45-kilometre train ride from Gstaad—they were able to meet, for what was to be the last time:

> [J]e veux vous redire de suite combien j'ai été heureuse de ces bons moments passés avec vous et auprès de vos chères femmes!! Si la saison est manquée pour les touristes elle a été réussie pour nous au point de vue de l'amitié. Je n'en reviens même pas que les choses aient pu s'arranger aussi facilement au gré de tous, c'est si rare qu'un désir arrive à se réaliser. Enfin la Providence a été pour nous et votre aimable réception nous a été au cœur.[474]

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vous dans ce passage difficile de la retraite. La vie contemplative et désœuvrée ne convient pas à un vieux parisien comme vous et je ne vous vois pas dans l'inaction intellectuelle."
Christine de Noüe, letter to PS, 15 May [1911], ASF.

471 Christine de Noüe, letter to PS, 22 June [1911], ASF.

472 Christine de Noüe, letter to PS, 26 April [1912], ASF. Another extract from this letter, referring to Solanges's long-ago visits to rue de Satory, is quoted at p. 57.

473 Christine de Noüe, letter to PS, 3 July [1912], ASF.

474 Christine de Noüe, letter to PS, [August 1912], ASF.

By October–November 1912, the visit to Paris that had previously been expected in November was postponed until April–May 1913:

> J'espère que votre santé est remise à flots. Je voudrais vous voir sorti de cette traduction et savoir au moins que vous ne vous êtes pas surmené sans retirer aucun résultat matériel. Pour cela il faudrait agir sur place et naturellement être à Paris. Nous comptons sur vous au Printemps [sic] et vous installerons dans notre proche voisinage.[475]

In January 1913, Christine was checking for Solanges the translation of the English musical term "movement," but also checking the prices at the Hôtel d'Orsay, and wishing the revision would stop:

> J'ai hâte de ne plus sentir votre manuscrit entre vos mains. Marthe devrait vous le subtiliser. Je devine vos chères femmes impatientes de vous voir débarrassé de ce travail, et quand on se remet à relire et vouloir repolir, alors on n'en sort plus, et avec votre mentalité faite de scrupules et votre pureté de style, vous trouverez toujours qu'il y a à perfectionner. Écrivez-moi une bonne fois que vous n'y touchez plus. Puis après qu'allez-vous faire? Pourquoi ne vous traduisez-vous pas vous-même et n'écrivez-vous pas quelque chose de votre crû [sic]? Nous en parlerons.[476]

In March, Christine confidently asked if the birth of the translation would take place soon,[477] but another delay of six months was immediately imposed on her, much to her disappointment:

> Et voilà maintenant cette visite dont nous nous réjouissions, remise à six mois! Je suis bien obligée de m'incliner devant vos raisons, quoique portée à les trouver *mauvaises* en ce qui me concerne mais il faut tâcher de ne pas s'écouter et s'appliquer au contraire à ne juger que l'intérêt de ses amis. Or, tel que je vous connais, vous souffririez beaucoup d'avoir livré à la publicité une œuvre ne satisfaisant pas *vos* exigeances [sic] littéraires et le repos de vos nuits en serait trouble. Peut-être exagérez-vous l'importance de ce travail de repolissage, mais, puisque vous n'avez pas voulu vous limiter à la traduction servile, il faut obéir à votre nature et ne lâcher la chose que ciselée d'une manière impeccable. Richardson a tout avantage à vous laisser perfectionner son ouvrage, mais n'allez pas faire comme Maupassant qui est devenu fou à force de vouloir condenser et *faire* toujours mieux. Que disent vos chères femmes de cette seconde reprise de travail? J'aimerais connaître leur état d'âme à ce sujet. J'ai peur que cela ne vous fatigue par trop. Il est vrai que le travail seul isole de toute autre préoccupation et est le seul soutien dans la vie; mais il ne faut d'excès en rien. Comme vous le dites, le moment n'est pas choisi pour s'adresser à un éditeur. Les soucis politiques réduisent les dépenses

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475 Christine de Noüe, letter to PS, 25 November [1912], ASF.

476 Christine de Noüe, letter to PS, 27 January [1913], ASF. For discussion of the translation of the term "movement," see footnote 1382, page 620.

477 "[J]e viens savoir des nouvelles de la traduction, car votre dernière lettre me faisait pressentir l'accouchement de ce travail pour ces jours-ci. *L'enfant* se présentait très bien, selon moi, puisqu'il vous fournissait l'occasion de venir à Paris. J'espère donc que rien ne se mettrait au travers de vos projets."
Christine de Noüe, letter to PS, 19 March [1913], ASF.

> au strict nécessaire, il n'y a que les étrangers qui maintiennent le commerce de luxe à Paris.[478]

In July 1913, Christine was confidently asking Solanges not to come to Paris before the end of November, and was writing to him about how he would keep himself busy after completing *Maurice Guest*.[479] In December, however, she received news of Solanges's third postponement, until May 1914. This time her hopes had a realistic chance of fulfilment, for Solanges had only a few more chapters to revise when he died in February 1914. Most of Christine's last letter to Solanges focused on finding a good cook for when he came, as well as on the likelihood of war.[480]

Christine de Noüe's letters, along with those of the two old soldiers, place Solanges in a very French context as he begins his seaside retirement. Her contribution to providing us with a rounded picture of Solanges is that she links him back to his childhood and his family in a way that no other correspondent has done. In some ways, she is not unlike Solanges, with her interest in music, her commitment to friendship, and her life in the upper echelons of French military society. Without her letters, there would be many fewer insights into the way Solanges felt about his retirement, his concerns for his children, and his character: "impressionnable, nerveuse, sensible et délicate," as she put it.[481]

* * *

This long chapter has brought the reader face-to-face with many of the people in Solanges's life, and thus with Solanges himself. The list of occupations met in these pages is extraordinarily varied: music critic, playwright, writer, journalist, architect, professor of literature or of history, diplomat, artist, soldier, lawyer, politician, lady. All of them held Solanges in high regard, valued his friendship, and appreciated the value of his literary work. Some of his roles in life during this period have been revealed as being: translator or would-be translator both before and after his retirement, patron of artists and writers, creditor to his half-brother's estate, proof-

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478 Christine de Noüe, letter to PS, 7 April [1913], ASF.

479 "Puisque vous venez à Paris cette année, arrangez-vous pour que ce ne soit pas avant la fin de novembre, d'ailleurs, on s'écrira d'ici là. […] Que je voudrais donc vous savoir tranquille sur le lendemain! Cette année verra au moins la fin de votre travail, mais il faudra en chercher un autre après. Avec votre plume si remarquable, pourquoi n'écrivez-vous pas des œuvres d'imagination? Avant tout ne pas rêvasser à n'importe quel âge. Bûcher c'est vivre. Un homme n'a pas d'autre manière de tuer le temps."
Christine de Noüe, letter to PS, July [1913], ASF.

480 "[…] cette fois je compte absolument sur votre visite au mois de mai."
Christine de Noüe, letter to PS, 9 December [1913], ASF.

481 See footnote 445, p. 171.

reader, old soldier, exile from France, seaside retiree, friend, and above all, husband and father (though one might note that the voice of Solanges's wife Mathilde is not often directly heard in any of these letters). With this thorough knowledge of Solanges's history and character, it is time to evaluate the relationship between him and HHR.



Figure 30: Paul Solanges in later life
(Image courtesy of Signora Francesca Astaldi del Torre, Rome)

Chapter 8: Henry Handel Richardson

Setting the scene

To summarise Solanges's situation near the end of 1910, one might begin by observing that he had retired at the end of 1905, and had moved permanently to Multedo in July 1909. At various times in this first decade of the twentieth century, he had tried without success to re-enter the field of literary translation, appealing to Antonio Fogazzaro for help in 1902, to René Doumic and Georges Hérelle in 1907, and becoming discouraged by his lack of success.[482] During 1909 he had renewed his friendship with three figures from his early life in France, but he still needed intellectual activity to fill the *cabinet de travail* characterised by Christine de Noüe as a place "où vous repassez tous vos souvenirs, où vous revivez le plus avec vos amis de France".[483] This intellectual activity had been provided during most of 1910 by his work on the French content in Giuseppe Gallavresi's edition of Manzoni's correspondence. Having completed that task, he needed a new challenge, as he himself wrote to HHR:

> Nous vivons ici très satisfaits de notre sort modeste et tranquille, mais … je dois avouer qu'après tant d'activité, l'inaction absolue me pesait. On ne peut pas toujours battre la montagne et mes jambes se font vieilles. Cet été, j'ai lu M.G., j'ai eu la passion de votre livre et je vous ai écrit pour la traduction.— Une traduction est ce qui me va le mieux, car je suis trop vieux pour tenter encore de moudre de la farine avec mon grain. Votre autorisation m'a donc été, de votre part, un véritable service rendu et vous ne devez plus me parler de dépense peut-être inutile de force et d'énergie. (Letter 70, 11 March 1911)[484]

Henry Handel Richardson's first novel *Maurice Guest* had been published on 27 August 1908. The marquise Donna Laura Tropallo of Genoa purchased a copy in London in 1910, and read it three times before lending it to Countess Malvezzi de' Medici, who in turn loaned it to her sister Donna Mina Sala Trotti, an old friend of Paul Solanges. Solanges read the novel at Guello on Lake Como during the northern summer, discussing it at length with the young Count Aldobrandino Malvezzi (Letter 232, 7 October 1913). Thus was set the stage for Solanges's occupation for the last three and a half years of his life.

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[482] Witness the comments of René Doumic in 1907 (p. 155) and Bianca Belinzaghi in 1909 (p. 160).

[483] See p. 172.

[484] Note also his statement in Letter 59 (3 February 1911): "Je m'étais promis d'arrêter ma très modeste carrière et il a fallu M.G. pour me faire changer d'avis."



Figure 31: "On ne peut pas toujours battre la montagne"—the Solanges family as climbers

(Paul Solanges at right rear, Mathilde at right middle, Marthe in front; image courtesy of Signora Francesca Astaldi del Torre, Rome)

Translating *Maurice Guest*

From 1910 to 1914, Solanges devoted himself assiduously and painstakingly to his mission of translating HHR's 562-page novel *Maurice Guest*, containing some 230,000 words. The correspondence about the translation—Solanges's side of which is presented in Part II of this thesis—totals some 120,000 words, or half the size of the novel itself, and this is without counting the 42 substantial sets of notes that Solanges sent to HHR or the pages of corrections that she later sent to him. Solanges's 159 letters amount to some 73,000 words, and HHR's 150 replies amount to some 48,000 words. This shows at once that Solanges was much the more loquacious of the two correspondents, but that HHR was also an excellent correspondent with her regular replies.

HHR had every reason to put a major effort into achieving a quality translation into French. She had been working on the German translation by her brother-in-law

Dr Otto Neustätter since January 1909.[485] A French translation would have given her, a new author, an *entrée* into the leading international language of the time and into the cosmopolitan world of which Solanges was an exemplar, with his personal knowledge of the leading literary and musical figures in late nineteenth-century Italy. Moreover, an offer to translate a work can never be less than a high compliment to an author, and the meticulousness with which Solanges addressed translation issues arising from the sample pages he translated could only augur well for the rest of his work.

The archival material arising from Solanges's correspondence with HHR is composed principally of four sets of documents:

1. Solanges's letters to HHR[486]
2. HHR's letters to Solanges[487]
3. The notes containing Solanges's queries about the text of *MG* and HHR's replies,[488] and
4. HHR's (mostly typescript) corrections to Solanges's draft translation.[489]

Sets 2–4 were reclaimed by HHR after Solanges's death. Part II of this thesis contains sets 1 and 3, as well as the first three corrections documents (the remainder of the corrections were used by Solanges, but did not become part of the epistolary conversation as the first three did). In face of such a large amount of material, the rest of this section will outline the progress of the translation and some of the main features of the correspondence.

When Solanges first wrote to HHR on 27 October 1910, he cited his translation of *Daniel Cortis* "entre autres" in support of his qualification for the task. He failed to mention that this was the only novel he had translated, nor the years he had taken to complete it, nor that he had done very little translation from English. He would eventually admit his presumption in taking on the task, towards the end of the project, but for the moment HHR could only take him at his word, and by the quality of the samples he submitted. He promised her, however:

> une traduction fidèle, consciencieuse, et pour laquelle je mettrai tous mes efforts à évoquer, autant que cela est possible, votre manière dans ma langue. (Letter 41, 27 October 1910)

485 *MG* P&S xix, xliv–xlv.
486 Largely NLA MS 133/12/184–512.
487 NLA MS 133/12/1–181.
488 Largely NLA MS 133/12/538–98.
489 Largely NLA MS 133/12/599–666. But note that Marthe Solanges's corrections to *MG* II.11–13 are at NLA MS 133/12/593, 631–2, 634–5, 637, 595. A fifth set of documents, Marthe Solanges's letters to HHR (NLA MS 133/12/517–37) are contained in Part III of this thesis. A set of German reviews of *MG*, translated into English and sent to Solanges (NLA MS 133/12/538, 667–80), is not considered in this thesis.

and in this he was absolutely truthful, for few authors can have received as much painstaking effort and dedication as HHR on this occasion. Solanges's deficiency in English must also be offset against the superb quality of his French, so that, once the mistakes were taken out through HHR's active collaboration, the translation would probably have been quite exceptional.

Having agreed on the proposal for a translation, and having agreed on two years' work, with a deadline of 1 January 1913 (Letter 44, 13–14 November 1910), Solanges set to work on Part I, and quickly adopted the practice of sending HHR notes about each chapter:

> À ce propos voilà ce que je compte faire: je vous soumettrai mes doutes ou mes demandes sur une feuille de papier pliée en deux et vous voudrez bien me répondre sur la même feuille. Ce sera une économie de temps et je pourrai me servir de vos observations pour des cas analogues. (Letter 44, 13–14 November 1910)

This series of 33 notes on the "first cut" of the translation extends from November 1910 to May 1912.

The first five chapters were translated by the end of January 1911, and Solanges seemed satisfied with the quality of his work: he considered his translation of pages 35–36 of *MG* "sans doute les meilleures pages que j'ai écrites de ma vie" (Letter 50, 29 December 1910). However, he was still unsure what HHR would think of his efforts, and told her he would see more clearly after some time had elapsed since he had translated the text. He first intended to send her some manuscript material once he had completed the first five chapters, or 100 pages of manuscript (Letter 53, 11 January 1911). HHR tried to dispel the doubts and assure Solanges of her confidence,[490] and he accepted her encouragement without accepting the delusion, eventually deciding that he would send her some manuscript after he had translated the first nine chapters and the last chapter (Letter 59, 3 February 1911).

By 1 March 1911 the first chapter had been revised and sent to HHR, and she was effusive in her praise and encouragement:

> I am very pleased indeed with it, with its accuracy, & faithful rendering of the spirit of the original. Any writer might consider himself fortunate to find such a conscientious & able translator. You say in your letter either 'cela va ou cela ne va pas.' Well, most assuredly 'cela va,' & I hope you will take my word for it. I am entirely satisfied, & I think you are inclined to be super-critical where your own work is concerned. But that is usually the way: when one has

[490] HHR, letter to PS, 25 January 1911, *HHRTL* 1:72.

> worked at a thing for some time, only the bad points in it are visible to us; one loses the sense of the good. […] In conclusion, I would urge you not to tie yourself down to a too rigid literalness. A good piece of French prose is our aim, &, if some of the exoticism of the original is lost in the process, that cannot be helped. I would rather have it so. Do not be afraid to divide & subdivide my sentences, & to make my ideas French—as far as it is possible to do so. And go forward contentedly, knowing that at least you have your author's approval, even though you must withhold your own.[491]

This positive assessment and the guidelines for translation reassured Solanges for some time. He asked for and received some latitude with the deadline (Letter 70, 11 March 1911), and he completed Part I of *MG* by the end of May.

At this stage Solanges again wished to submit some of his translation to HHR in order to reassure himself, and he proposed to revise Part I and send it to her:

> Il faut, pour me redonner du courage que je me sente bien d'accord avec vous. Qu'avez-vous vu en somme? Un chapitre. En conséquence je ne me sens pas assuré de votre jugement.
> Vous serait-il possible de lire les treize chap. au fur et à mesure que je vous les enverrais et de me donner votre opinion générale. Ce serait pour moi un réel soulagement. (Letter 88, 31 May 1911)

HHR strongly discouraged any delay until the whole work was translated:

> I shall be very glad indeed to go through the thirteen chapters when you send them, but—do not send them yet. I think my German translator's plan is best. He has gone right on to the end of the book, without turning back. This summer has been spent in revision. On my advice, he did not begin his revising with Part I, but went first through II & III. He found these satisfactory, but was not so well pleased with I, at which he is still working. No doubt I is the hardest of the three; and, in this way, the reviser has the benefit, in revising, of his subsequent experience with II & III. I would strongly advise you to follow the same plan.[492]

Solanges replied:

> Fiat voluntas tua! Allons donc de l'avant. Plus tard nous reviendrons sur le travail fait. D'ailleurs j'avais déjà moi-même changé d'opinion et je vous l'aurais écrit demain si votre bonne lettre ne m'était pas arrivée ce matin. (Letter 89, 11 June 1911)

Before he departed for Lake Como on his summer holiday at the beginning of August, he had completed three chapters of Part II. An outbreak of cholera delayed his return to Multedo until the beginning of October, by which time he had completed only two and a half more chapters. From September to December 1911, however, Solanges achieved a steady output—more translation, fewer letters—and by 15

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491 HHR, letter to PS, 6 March 1911, *HHRTL* 1:105, 107.
492 HHR, letter to PS, 8 June 1911, *HHRTL* 1:166.

December 1911 the first draft of Part II was completed. Not without the persistence of doubts in Solanges's mind, however:

> Quelle sera votre impression totale de mon travail quand il sera terminé? J'ai des inquiétudes bien plus grandes que je n'ose me l'avouer à moi-même. Je sais qu'il y a de bonnes pages dans mon travail, mais l'ensemble? Les difficultés sont énormes et je ne sais si je suis capable de leur tenir tête. (Letter 121, 17 November 1911)

The news of HHR's plan to travel to Australia for her research on *Australia Felix* now came as a "coup de massue" to Solanges, who expected to finish his task by Easter 1912, and who had hoped to meet HHR to revise the translation together.[493] HHR thereupon changed her mind, since the revision of the German translation of *MG* was at last off her hands. She suggested that Solanges begin sending her chapters, beginning with I.4.[494] Solanges agreed. By 4 February 1912, he had revised I.4–5, and a process of sending chapters to HHR and receiving suggested corrections from her had begun. The prospect of finishing by Easter was abandoned (Letter 146, 16 February 1912). In late February, feeling the need to get finished with *MG*, Solanges decided to complete the remaining nine chapters of Part III in draft form, but he soon changed his mind and resumed his regular method (Letters 148 and 157, 28 February and 31 March 1912).

In the first half of 1912, then, Solanges was at times following three parallel tracks: translating the "first cut" of Part III, revising chapters of Part I for despatch to HHR, and revising them again in light of her corrections (Letter 139, 29 January 1912). At the same time, HHR was herself working on three fronts: her new novel (often called "le colosse"), the proofs for the German *MG*, and the chapters of the French *MG* sent by Solanges. A couple of corrected chapters (I.7–8) were sent to HHR for her approval twice or thrice.[495] Solanges lamented that they could not meet and sort out the necessary corrections viva voce, but he accepted the validity of most of the corrections, and insisted that she continue:

> Je viens, cher Monsieur, d'examiner vos corrections. Sur 69, 49 ont été corrigées selon vos indications. […] Je vois, je sens que vous avez une certaine crainte de m'écorcher la peau en critiquant. Vous ne me connaissez pas encore

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493 This sort of collaboration was spoken of by Giuseppe Giacosa in March 1888 in relation to a short story (see p. 110), and may have happened with Fogazzaro for the translation of *Daniel Cortis* in 1896—see the greeting to Fogazzaro's family at the end of Letter 21 (6 February 1896), which implies that Solanges had spent some time at Fogazzaro's home.

494 HHR, letter to PS, 11 and 25 December 1911, *HHRTL* 1:272, 278.

495 I.7 was sent to her on 12 February, 13 March and 1 July 1912; I.8 was sent to her on 20 February and 1 July 1912.

> bien. Allez-y de bon cœur et soyez sûr que j'apprécie vos observations et la délicatesse que vous mettez à les faire. (§142, Notes on III.4 and on HHR's Corrections to I.4–5, 7 February 1912)

HHR continually urged him not to take too much notice of her attempts at corrections and applauded the quality of the translation:

> I see, from your letter of last night, that you have again been taking my poor little attempts at criticism too seriously. I do earnestly beg of you not to feel the necessity of discussing them with me. In many cases, as you point out, my knowledge of French is at fault; & then, too, I wish you to take them as lightly as they are made. Were we together, I should, in reading the page, raise my eyebrows interrogatively at this or that term of which I did not feel quite sure, & you would reply by a nod, & we should pass on, without a word being exchanged between us. […] As I have so often said, I don't think there will ever have been a translation made of an English book into French to surpass this of yours in accuracy & happiness of phrase. As for your dialogue, I don't scruple to call it brilliant. I am more & more struck by it as I go along.[496]

This did not dispel Solanges's doubts:

> […] je ne suis pas du tout rassuré sur ce que peut valoir l'ensemble, pas du tout, pas du tout. Ce que je sais c'est que la traduction est meilleure au fur et à mesure qu'elle avance. (Letter 155, 16 March 1912)

The hard work continued until the completion of Part III, officially on 9 June 1912, though there were still several pages yet to be transcribed on that date (Letters 165 and 169, 9 and 30 June 1912). The process of sending revised chapters to HHR had at the same time covered chapters I.4–9. But Solanges completed the task plagued with doubts as to its quality:

> Je ne vois pas venir le terme de ce long et pénible travail avec la joie à laquelle je m'attendais. En mettant de côté mon amour propre et votre aimable indulgence il faut bien que je confesse que j'ai des doutes assez cruels sur la valeur de ma traduction. Ce qui rend mon incertitude assez douloureuse c'est que, soit fatigue, soit impuissance, je ne vois pas trop le moyen de l'améliorer n'ayant qu'à demi conscience de ce qu'il faudrait faire pour cela. Pendant les dix-neuf mois qu'aura duré mon labeur je me suis demandé en vain par où il trahit son côté faible. Je vous dirai tout à l'heure quelles sont mes intentions. Pour l'instant je désire vous faire une prière. Dans une dizaine de jours, quand j'aurai tracé la dernière ligne, je penserai à vous envoyer, et assez rapidement, les chapitres les uns après les autres. Je désire vivement que vous les lisiez d'un bout à l'autre avant d'y mettre vos observations. Autrement dit je voudrais que vous receviez du texte français une impression du genre de celle que vous donnerait le livre s'il était écrit par un autre que vous. (Letter 164, 1 June 1912)

The original deadline for completion of the translation had been 1 January 1913 (though Solanges had also spoken of November 1912 as the deadline). It was

[496] HHR, letter to PS, 13 March 1912, *HHRTL* 1:328. Similar sentiments are expressed in HHR, letter to PS, 8 May 1913, *HHRTL* 1:498.

thus quite an achievement to complete the first draft within nineteen months. But this progress came at a cost: from November 1911 Solanges made frequent references to his nerves and fatigue:

> […] je suis fatigué, nerveux et splénique. (Letter 140, 3 February 1912)
> Il faut excuser ma nervosité. La vérité est que je suis fatigué, d'une fatigue qui doit ressembler à celle d'un coureur à 200 mètres du but. Mais je veux me raisonner, travailler également et posément sûr que je suis d'arriver au but avant la saison chaude, ce qui est le principal. (Letter 155, 16 March 1912)
> Je ne vous écris pas, je suis trop fatigué. J'ai mes vieux nerfs ébranlés et ne suis plus bon qu'à traduire en comptant les pages. (Letter 161, 27 April 1912)

The day after he completed the "first cut" of the translation, on 10 June 1912, he fell ill with an attack of colitis.[497] HHR had just written to him asking him to let her have two or three chapters at a time, before her departure for Australia in August. She then apologised for having written such a long book, but Solanges himself expressed no blame for his ill health.[498]

The last half of 1912 saw very slow progress with the translation, firstly because of Solanges's summer holiday (2 August–15 September) and slow recovery, and secondly because of HHR's trip to Australia from August to December. During July, Solanges managed to review chapters I.7–13 and all of Part II, and HHR sent back I.7–11 with corrections. Part I.12–14 and all of Part II was deposited in HHR's bank vault during her absence, and Solanges continued to revise Part III for despatch to her, completing III.1–8 by 22 October, and the remainder by 8 December, as well as revising I.1–3.

Postal activity resumed in mid-December 1912, and the remaining chapters were exchanged over the next few months. Instead of simply posting the chapters he had revised over the summer, however, Solanges could not help revising Part III again before finally sending it to HHR.[499] Part III was all sent to HHR by the beginning of March 1913. Meanwhile, HHR had returned I.12–14 and all of Part II with her lists of suggested corrections by 26 January 1913, and sent back the last half of Part III in two lots on 11 March and in early April.

The successive revisions of chapters for despatch to HHR had improved Solanges's opinion of the quality of his translation:

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[497] Colitis is an inflammatory condition of the large intestine (*Mosby's Medical, Nursing, & Allied Health Dictionary*, fifth edition, 1998, p. 1F4F.)

[498] For Christine de Noüe's July 1912 comments on Solanges's illness and overwork, see p. 176.

[499] For Christine de Noüe's January 1913 comments on Solanges's perfectionism and his polishing of the translation, see p. 177.

> […] je suis beaucoup plus content de mon travail, surtout après les corrections faites—et vous verrez qu'elles sont très nombreuses (Letter 173, 22 July 1912).
> Je vous dirai franchement qu'en relisant la troisième partie, je suis, jusqu'à présent, assez content de moi. (Letter 179, 8 October 1912)

However, his rapid revision of Part II in July 1912 meant that Part II had received much less polishing than Parts I and III, a fact that was about to become apparent to Solanges. Furthermore, having received the entire manuscript back from HHR, he now had to deal with her corrections to almost 40 chapters (perhaps excluding the corrections to I.4–7 dealt with in February–March 1912).

Just after his illness in June 1912, Solanges had stated that they should not worry if it took another five or six months beyond the January 1913 deadline to achieve a translation of which they could both be proud (Letter 169, 30 June 1912). Now, in March 1913, with the last chapter sent to HHR and the task of working through her corrections before him, he again broached the subject, asking for six more months to achieve the best that he could do, and also reminding HHR of his age (Letter 204, 14 March 1913). HHR readily agreed, but suggested that no further delay be looked for, to spare Solanges and his family from the task.[500]

The "corrections" phase of the translation lasted from March 1913 to April 1914, and it probably resulted in a work of which both authors could indeed have been proud, since it negated Solanges's inexperience with the English language, and saw him polish his style once more—for the fourth time, in the case of Part III.[501] Solanges admitted a number of times that he had been presumptuous in beginning the translation:

> Relativement à vos corrections et observations: j'avoue que je suis honteux en constatant combien de fois je suis passé à côté du véritable sens. J'ai été présomptueux en entreprenant ce travail. Je me console cependant à la pensée qu'une fois les erreurs corrigées, la traduction n'est pas seulement juste, mais qu'elle a de la couleur et de la vie. (Letter 210, 3 May 1913)
> Vous souvenez-vous combien de fois je vous ai laissé voir que je n'étais pas content de ma traduction? C'est qu'au fond de moi, je sentais très bien qu'elle était incomplète, douteuse en bien des points; en un mot qu'elle avait besoin d'être à peu près refaite. J'ai eu le courage de m'y mettre et je puis vous dire aujourd'hui que je suis content de tout ce que j'ai refait. Vos notes m'ont été

[500] HHR, letter to PS, 17 March 1913, *HHRTL* 1:475–76.

[501] There was the "first cut" of Part III during the first half of 1912, the revision during HHR's absence in Australia, another revision before sending her the chapters after HHR's return, and the final revision on the basis of HHR's corrections.

> très précieuses sept fois sur dix. Elles ont fait disparaître mes doutes et m'ont poussé à serrer de près votre texte. (Letter 214, 16 June 1913)[502]

There was probably only one occasion during the corrections phase on which Solanges showed the touchiness which had once made Giovanni Verga step back from asking Solanges to revise his translation of *Cavalleria rusticana*. In May 1913 Solanges told HHR that several of her corrections showed she had misunderstood the words he had used, and that he was surprised she could think him capable of not knowing or of misunderstanding certain things (Letter 210, 3 May 1913). HHR replied that Solanges must have been nervous when he wrote this,[503] and Solanges then apologised for his unpleasantness (Letter 212, 11 May 1913). On the whole, though, Solanges took the corrections in good spirit, and was grateful that they improved his translation:

> […] je sens que je finis par avoir peur que vous ayez à l'heure qu'il est de très gros doutes. La traduction une fois finie, ne sera pas mauvaise je vous l'affirme. (Letter 210, 3 May 1913)

By 29 June 1913, half the book—characteristically, not the first half, but Part III and the first half of Part I—was finished, and Solanges was looking forward to "une satisfaction bien différente de celle de l'année dernière" on its completion (Letter 216, 29 June 1913). Part II—the chapters which had been most rapidly revised, in July 1912—was left to the last, and occupied Solanges from October 1913 until his sudden death on 7 February 1914. In one of his last letters, Solanges commented that "La seconde partie du livre est certainement celle que j'avais le moins réussie" (Letter 246, 13 January 1914). After his death, in April 1914, his daughter Marthe wrote out the corrected sentences for the last three chapters of Part II.

Because of the loss of the manuscript of Solanges's translation, there are only two surviving extracts of any length by which to attempt to judge independently the quality of his work. These are the description of Schilsky's symphonic poem in I.13, and a paragraph about Maurice's prying on Louise in III.7.[504] These two passages amount to a page and a half of *MG*, not much on which to judge the translation of an entire novel, but a comparison of the two passages in French and English shows both

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[502] He had admitted his doubts about his aptitude for the task as early as Letter 88 (31 May 1911): "je me demande avec un véritable chagrin, si je n'ai pas entrepris une tâche au dessus de mes forces." See also Letters 207, 210–11 (10 April, 3 and 7 May 1913).

[503] HHR, letter to PS, 8 May 1913, *HHRTL* 1:498.

the fluidity and the faithfulness of the translation, as well as Solanges's dexterity in dealing with highly technical musical terms. Putting the quality of these two extracts alongside HHR's high appreciation of the translation as a whole, and considering the high regard in which Solanges's other "clients" held his translations, one may safely say that *MG* was probably Solanges's tour de force both in length and in quality.

(Not) Finding a Publisher

Given the quality of Solanges's translation, and the fact that it was virtually completed by the time of his death, one may legitimately wonder why it was never published.

Solanges was well aware that it was the translator's task to find himself a publisher. As he said to would-be translator of *MG* into Italian, Maria Carozzi:

> Il est d'usage que le traducteur d'une œuvre s'occupe personnellement de sa publication. S'il s'agit d'une œuvre de théâtre il doit même s'occuper de la faire représenter. (§44, Enclosure 2, 23 June 1911: Reply to Maria Carozzi)

With his previous translations, however, Solanges had not been forced to adopt this course:

> Ma traduction de Cortis était à peine finie que Calmann Lévy la demandait à Fogazzaro et mes traductions d'opéras m'ont été commandées par Ricordi. (Letter 248, 28 January 1914)[505]

In his very first letters to HHR, Solanges was quick to convey to her his intention to contact a publisher in the near future with a few sample chapters of his translation:

> La question est maintenant de trouver l'éditeur auquel je puisse faire partager mes convictions. Je vais m'en occuper de suite et suis décidé à donner en communication deux ou trois chapitres pris parmi ceux *qui font coup*. Lesquels me conseilleriez-vous? […] Il eût été excellent que je me rendisse à Paris. Peut-être le ferai-je si les éditeurs que je connais font la sourde oreille. Mais je compte attendre un peu. Le voyage est pour moi une grosse affaire, d'autant plus que votre traducteur est très loin d'être un jeune homme. […] Naturellement je ne traduirai pas tout M.G. avant d'avoir trouvé l'éditeur. C'est un travail trop lourd pour le faire uniquement *pour le plaisir*. Je vais cependant aller de l'avant tranquillement de façon à m'échauffer à la besogne. (Letter 44, 13–14 November 1910)

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[504] *MG* 178–79, translation at §87, Notes on I.13, c. 28 May 1911.
MG 467, translation at §159, Notes on III.7, 31 March/3 April 1912.

[505] See also footnote 384, p. 154 for Georges d'Anglade's 1907 words on the need to present a complete translation to a publisher before it could be considered for publication—a passage that supports Solanges's determination to complete the entire translation before approaching a publisher.

By December 1910, Solanges and HHR were agreed that six or seven chapters would be a suitable number to present to a potential French publisher.[506] In February 1911, the requisite number was nearly completed, and Solanges translated the last chapter in the book so as to present the publisher with both the end and the beginning (Letter 59, 3 February 1911). HHR now urged him to take action:

> I congratulate you on the termination of Chapter VIII. Another finished, & you will have a quarter of the book behind you. When this is the case, I think you should begin to consider seriously the question of publication. It would never do for you to expend your strength & energy on work that no publisher may wish to look at.[507]

Solanges however dallied once more, wishing this time to take 12–14 chapters on his possible trip to Paris (Letter 66, 1 March 1911). In April, he was considering a field that included Calmann Lévy, the *Mercure de France*, Plon (with Casimir Stryienski's support), and Hachette (probably with René Doumic's support)—but the more possibilities he saw, the less hurried he felt to explore them (Letter 76, 16 April 1911). Convinced as he was of the value of *MG*, he was sure it would find a publisher eventually, but this procrastination also coincided with his own lack of "esprit pratique," as Christine de Noüe had said.[508] Above all, though, he was enjoying the task, and did not want to spoil it with practical business concerns:

> Ne me faites pas d'objections nouvelles sur les chances que je pourrais courir de travailler pour l'honneur. En supposant tout pour le pire je n'aurais aucun regret de mon temps. (Letter 76, 16 April 1911)

In May 1911, after HHR had spoken about the dominance of social-reform literature in England,[509] Solanges changed his mind—or revealed his true inclination—about going to a publisher, and expressed his wish to finish the whole translation before making any approaches (Letter 88, 31 May 1911). HHR accepted this change of heart without protest:

> There is not the least need to think about finding a publisher till the translation is finished; & the farther forward you go, the easier will come the final clipping & pruning of I.[510]

In December 1911, when he was about to finish Part II of the translation, Solanges spoke in a way that revealed his underlying distaste for the task of finding a publisher:

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506 Letters 49–50 (17 and 29 December 1910); HHR, letter to PS, 25 December 1910, *HHRTL* 1:61.
507 HHR, letter to PS, 26 February 1911, *HHRTL* 1:98.
508 See p. 176.
509 HHR, letter to PS, 15 and 26 May 1911, *HHRTL* 1:143, 152.

> Je me sens le frisson quand je pense à ce que vous attendez du M.G. français. Vous savez comment, d'accord avec vous, j'ai remis la question éditeur à la fin de mon travail. Elle m'aurait gâté la joie de le faire. Maintenant que j'entrevois la fin, j'y songe et les difficultés se dressent devant moi. La principale, la seule c'est la longueur de l'ouvrage. Mais j'ai du courage; je combattrai le bon combat. (Letter 133, 15 December 1911)

Much water then flowed under the bridge, before HHR gently suggested, in July 1912, that in view of the excellence of the translation, it would be a good time to set about finding a publisher.[511] Solanges replied that the moment for action would have arrived after all the chapters had been reviewed by HHR (Letter 174, 24 July 1912). This effectively put off the dreaded moment until HHR's return from Australia at the end of the year, and it was to be early 1913 before she finished the task of reviewing. Meanwhile, the number of prospective publishers had been reduced by one, since Solanges's friend Casimir Stryienski had died about October 1912.

When Solanges asked for another six or seven months for the corrections phase, in March 1913, HHR again raised the question of approaching a publisher before continuing the work, but Solanges insisted on presenting a properly finished work. He also alluded—prophetically, as it turned out—to the political situation and the imminent prospects for a widespread war, not an atmosphere conducive to the publication of "pure literature" (as HHR had called *MG*)[512] (Letter 205, 22 March 1913).[513]

By August 1913 it was agreed that Solanges would be heading to Paris with the completed translation at Easter 1914.[514] In October 1913 Solanges asked HHR to provide him with French or English translations of some favourable German reviews of *MG*, which she eventually sent to him on 19 January 1914.[515] In November 1913, he promised to write to Calmann Lévy and René Doumic towards the end of the year (Letter 234, 1 November 1913). Needless to say, this was another promise that was

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510 HHR, letter to PS, 8 June 1911, *HHRTL* 1:166.

511 HHR, letter to PS, 21 July 1912, *HHRTL* 1:382.

512 HHR, letter to PS, 15 May 1911, *HHRTL* 1:143.

513 Solanges had alluded to the possible impact of war on publication of the French *MG* as early as November 1912: "Vous allez retrouver l'Europe sens dessus dessous, j'en ai peur. Et si la grande catastrophe arrive une de ses conséquences sera de renvoyer la publication de notre M.G. aux calendes grecques! Speriamo bene" (Letter 181, 8 November 1912).

514 HHR, letter to PS, 25 July 1913, *HHRTL* 1:523–24; Letter 222 (3 August 1913).

515 HHR, letter to PS, 19 January 1914, *HHRTL* 1:585. The German reviews were: *Weser Zeitung* (Bremen), 8 November 1912; *Berliner Tageblatt*, 10 February 1909; *Der Merker* (Vienna); *Der Tag* (Berlin), 19 March 1913; *Die Post* (Berlin), 6 November 1912; *Leipziger Neueste Nachrichten*, 11 January 1913; *Münchener Neueste Nachrichten*, 27 January 1909.

not kept, but the Easter 1914 deadline was very realistic, and (as has been seen in Chapter 7) Solanges's Parisian friends were then expecting him at last to turn up.

There matters rested when Solanges died. Would the outcome have been different had Solanges actually taken any steps to contact a publisher, even as late as November 1913? It is impossible to be sure, but it is at least *possible* that any initial approach from him would have received favourable consideration from a French publisher, especially given the fact of a German translation. If the translation had therefore been delivered posthumously in April 1914, it might well have made it into print before the First World War erupted in July–August 1914.[516]

Translator or Author?

The relations between an author and a translator are usually "defined" by the fact that the translator is attempting to represent—to whatever extent—the author's ideas in the target language. On this level, Solanges on at least three occasions managed to insert himself so far into the spirit of the novel that he felt at liberty to suggest—or implement of his own accord—significant changes to HHR's text:

> Depuis que je travaille sur votre œuvre, je me suis tellement mis en elle que par moments il me semble créer et non pas traduire. C'est une ridicule présomption, dont je suis le premier à rire, mais elle aura cela de bon que j'aurai mis dans ma traduction le meilleur de moi-même. (Letter 121, 17 November 1911)

This section will focus on three aspects of the Solanges–HHR relationship: Solanges's authorial suggestions to HHR, their discussion about what would become of their letters and notes, and Solanges's advice-giving to HHR.

Solanges's overall approach to HHR's text was extremely respectful from the beginning, and this makes it all the more surprising that he should have allowed himself the liberty to propose the deletion of the epilogue of *MG*[517] and of certain sentences in II.8 (about Louise's walk in the mud after the thaw). The respect Solanges had for HHR's text and his consequently literal approach will be considered below in the section on Solanges's approach to translation, but the following example of Solanges *asking* HHR if he might add *one word* is enough to make the point here:

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[516] The later history of the French *MG* is covered in Chapter 9.

[517] The last page and a quarter (*MG* 461–62), showing how unaffected Louise and Schilsky were by Maurice Guest's suicide.

in November 1910, he asked if he might render her "the whole—gods and men" (*MG* 12) by "tout à la fois : dieux, hommes et choses":

> Je vous demande la permission de prendre une liberté avec votre texte. […] The whole ne vient que faiblement en français. —C'est un peu hardi de ma part de vous faire cette proposition, mais vous excuserez. (§46, Notes on I.1, 23 November 1910)

The contrast with the suggestion to delete the epilogue is striking. Solanges read his translation of the last chapter to a group of friends on 6 February 1911, and pretended to HHR that he was simply reporting their unanimous opinion in favour of deleting the epilogue ("Pour mon compte je ne saurais donner une opinion personnelle arrêtée"). But he did insist on the deletion of the second-last paragraph of the book (Letter 60, 7 February 1911). HHR's response was that she held to the "epitaph," but that Solanges might delete the paragraph at the end of the project if he still felt it best to do so.[518] Solanges concluded this episode—for the time being—by apparently recognising the correctness of HHR's view:

> En somme vous avez raison et vous savez ce que vous avez voulu faire. Mais il n'en reste pas moins vrai que c'est dommage, au point de vue de l'effet d'art, d'affaiblir l'impression de la mort de Maurice. Mais comme il serait également malheureux d'enlever la conclusion philosophique, mes âmes simples ont tort. (Letter 64, 20 February 1911)

In 1913, at the beginning of the corrections phase, Solanges revived the issue of the epilogue in adamant terms, although without proposing to actually delete it:

> Vous allez m'envoyer à tous les diables, je vous y autorise. Ma conviction est si forte que la postface n'ajoute rien à la valeur psychologique du livre et amortit l'impression du dénouement que je reviendrai du fond de l'enfer pour vous le dire encore. (Letter 193, 20 January 1913)

HHR responded by leaving the choice entirely to Solanges, a neat psychological approach in view of Solanges's lack of self-confidence:

> Very well, I will consent to you omitting the last page & a quarter of *M.G.*, on the understanding that you take the *entire* responsibility for the change. That is to say, you must be prepared to shoulder any blame critics may be inclined to thrust upon you. (Frankly, I don't think this is likely to occur, as no one in France will have the least acquaintance with the English version; its chancing to stray over here in your translation would be the only opportunity.) I should also not wish it even to be hinted that it had been done with my permission.
> For I shall never be able to agree with you that the little epilogue is a flaw. There is more at stake here, than a mere question of aesthetic values: it is the difference between two Lebensauffassungen—two readings of life. I say that life is a monstrous, cruel, & delightful piece of irony; & that, no matter what happens, *it goes on*, just the same. The inhumanity of this 'going on' has

[518] HHR, letter to PS, 11 February 1911, *HHRTL* 1:83.

> always impressed me: we bury our best-loved dead, but we have to think of our dinner after the funeral, or to purchase new boots if our soles are worn through. Hearts break, but not a jot of life's trumpery business is neglected because of it, &, as poor M.G. found at the restaurant, on the last day of his existence, some one else is always ready to slip into our place.[519]

Solanges immediately gave way: "J'aurais voulu vous convaincre. Comme je n'ai pas réussi, je dois avoir tort" (Letter 196, 1 February 1913). Soon afterwards, he was telling HHR that he was only the translator, and did not want authorial responsibility for the novel:

> D'ailleurs, aujourd'hui, je m'opposerais à vous laisser enlever l'épilogue. Je puis me tromper et ne veux pas de responsabilité pour une œuvre dont je suis le simple mais dévoué traducteur. (Letter 201, 23 February 1913)

The other bone of contention between author and translator was the description of Louise's walk through the muddy thaw.[520] Solanges deleted several sentences on the grounds that they were not part of Louise's tale, but were simply descriptive additions by the author (Letter 116, 30 October 1911), whereas in fact they were part and parcel of HHR's objective reporting style. On this occasion HHR's response was to defend her intention to blend Louise's sensations and her reporting of her walk, but to allow Solanges to make the changes he felt necessary for the French reading public.[521]

The third passage that Solanges wished to edit was a descriptive paragraph from III.9 following the episode at a café where Maurice struck Krafft on the face.[522] Solanges had once told HHR he did not understand Maurice's feelings on this occasion (§159, Notes on III.7, 31 March/3 April 1912). When he was revising the chapter before sending it to her in 1913, he claimed that HHR had agreed to the deletion of a paragraph (Letter 200, 16 February 1913). In HHR's corrections, however, sent to Solanges about 7 April 1913, she wondered at the wisdom of the deletion:

> I don't know after all whether you have done wisely in omitting this paragraph: it gives a certain "Stimmung." The rotting and decay is symbolic of his own life at this period.[523]

Solanges duly restored the paragraph, recognising the author as the author:

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519 HHR, letter to PS, 26 January 1913, *HHRTL* 1:446–47.
520 *MG* 298–99.
521 HHR, letter to PS, 11 November 1911, *HHRTL* 1:249.
522 *MG* 509–10.
523 HHR, Corrections to III.9, NLA MS 133/12/658.

> […] pour vous être agréable j'ai rétabli le paragraphe pag. 509: *A smell of rotting*. Je trouve qu'il fait longueur à un moment où le lecteur éprouve plus le besoin de savoir que de raisonner, mais, en somme, c'est à vous de juger et de décider. (Letter 210, 3 May 1913)

Some minor changes were also suggested by Solanges during the course of the translation, including the addition of the word "puritan" to describe Maurice's mother in I.2 (Letter 121, 17 November 1911),[524] and a sentence to draw attention to the parallel scenes of Ephie sleeping after a fit of childlike crying and Louise sleeping after her hysterical crying (§237, Notes on II.4, 11 November 1913). HHR took all these suggestions in her stride, allowing Solanges to make minor changes such as this, but insisting where her "moral rights" as the author were being infringed.[525]

The second aspect to be touched on in relation to author and translator is the one which enabled this thesis to be written: the archiving of their correspondence.

Solanges told HHR on 24 July 1911, almost as an aside, that he was keeping the notes they were exchanging and would return them to her once his work was finished (Letter 100). Legally speaking, these notes began as his property, became HHR's when he sent them to her, and became his again when she sent them back. He was therefore under no obligation to return them after the work was finished. HHR was on holiday in Norway when she received the letter, and did not respond to the statement. A little later, however, Solanges used a number of recent letters to correct her on what she had told him about her holiday dates, concluding with the statement:

> Cela seulement pour que vous sachiez que non seulement je lis vos lettres avec beaucoup de soin, mais que je me souviens de leur contenu. (Letter 107, 14 August 1911)

HHR was somewhat alarmed at the proof that her letters were being kept:

> But I am dismayed when I hear of my letters—except those that have reference to business matters—being preserved. They are really only worthy of being tossed on the fire, or twisted to light one's pipe with. I write usually at the end of a day's hard work, when I am too tired to take pleasure in what I do, or to put to paper a word more than is necessary.[526]

Solanges persisted in his right to keep the letters, as might be expected from someone who already had such a trove of letters from prominent authors in his archives:

> Pour ce qui est de vos lettres, pourquoi être fâché que je les garde. Je n'ai ni l'intention de les publier ni celle de les traduire, ni celle de les communiquer.

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524 HHR's response was on 28 November 1911, *HHRTL* 1:264.

525 Solanges had once made a similar suggestion to Fogazzaro for some minor clarification in the first chapter of *Daniel Cortis*—see Letter 7 (22 March 1888).

526 HHR, letter to PS, 23 August 1911, *HHRTL* 1:203.

> Si vous le voulez bien elles resteront dans *mes archives*! On les retrouvera plus tard, lorsque cela vous sera indifférent et à moi aussi; on y retrouvera quelques unes de vos idées et—avec la preuve de nos excellentes relations—une histoire de traps qui nous fera prendre pour des chasseurs de castors. Votre réputation, qui sera grande alors—et je suis tout ce qu'il y a de plus sérieux—n'y gagnera peut-être pas grand chose, mais elle n'y perdra certainement rien. (Letter 108, 1 September 1911)

HHR thereupon corrected the implication that she did not enjoy writing to Solanges, and gave him "full liberty to disregard" her meek protest.[527] The issue ended therefore with Solanges sticking to his rights, and full marks must be given to him for his prescience both in respect to the author and the archives:

> Ne songez plus à ce que je vous ai dit de notre correspondance. Vous avez à travailler. Gardons nos cordiales petites escarmouches pour les intervalles de repos. […] Quant à vos lettres il faut vous résigner. Je les garde, *pour moi*, mais je les garde. Les *notes* vous seront rendues. (Letter 109, 12 September 1911)

Of course, once Solanges died, and with his family probably unaware of this discussion, HHR was able to revise the ultimate outcome.[528]

The final aspect to be noted in this section is Solanges's penchant for giving advice and encouragement to HHR. This penchant can be attributed to his different perception of his relationship with her as opposed, for example, to his perception of his relationship with Antonio Fogazzaro. Solanges's description of Boito, Giacosa and Fogazzaro as his "three masters," whose portraits hung side by side in his study, has been noted previously.[529] It is probably fair to say that it characterises Solanges as the "client" to most of the Italian authors whom he translated: it was he who looked up to them as pillars of support. With HHR, who had revealed her approximate age by February 1911, Solanges seems to have regarded himself as the more experienced both in literature and in life, though at the same time he recognised their very different literary talents.

The advice Solanges gave HHR related especially to health: in November 1911 he advised her not to get wet, and to look after her health, citing his own poor stomach, attributable to his military service in Africa, as an example not to follow (Letter 122, 18 November 1911). In February 1912 he advised her to go carefully so as to avoid a relapse of influenza (Letter 140, 3 February 1912). In March he was disapproving of her plan not to take real holidays (Letter 156, 22 March 1912). In

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527 HHR, letter to PS, 7 September 1911, *HHRTL* 1:214.

528 See the section on *Maurice Guest* and the HHR correspondence in Chapter 9.

November 1913 he was boastful about smoking only eight cigarettes a day (Letter 234), but HHR—as he expected—would not reveal her count.[530]

Solanges also encouraged HHR about the quality of her literary works and her assured future as a literary star, not only through his words, but through his very dedication to the translation of *MG*. Coming from a person with such stellar contacts as he had, and contrasting with the "insular" world that he frequently alluded to, this encouragement must have been music to HHR's ears, even if it did not always convince her or dispel her impatience:

> Les nouvelles de votre nouveau livre m'ont fort intéressé. Mais puisque votre intention est de le faire absolument selon votre désir et vos vues, vous ne devez pas vous inquiéter de ce que peuvent penser ou dire les écrivains qui vous suivent de l'œil. Quand votre nouvel enfant sera mis au monde, soyez sûr qu'on saura se rappeler son aîné, quand ce ne serait que pour faire une comparaison à l'avantage de ce dernier. N'êtes-vous pas supérieur à tout cela? Je vous le dis une fois de plus. L'heure viendra où vous serez apprécié à votre valeur … mais elle viendra quand elle sera amenée par la force des choses. Vous avez 36 ans! Ayez donc patience. La vie est plus longue que vous ne croyez et donne tout le temps pour jouir du succès. D'ailleurs savez-vous si votre valeur ne diminuera pas le jour où vous triompherez? (Letter 146, 16 February 1912)

The few examples of the author–translator relationship presented in this section are an interesting example of how far an author may permit a translator to go in his transposition of a work from one language to another. Solanges clearly overstepped the mark on some occasions, notably with the suggestion of deleting the epilogue; on other occasions, HHR gracefully accepted his suggestions, or was simply neutral about them, leaving it to him to do as he thought best.

Solanges once summed up his relationship to HHR as author in these words:

> Vous êtes beaucoup plus jeune que moi, bien que j'aie conservé une âme très jeune, mais votre talent rétablit la balance, elle la fait même pencher de votre côté et c'est en somme moi qui aurai trouvé dans nos relations le plus grand bénéfice. (Letter 107, 14 August 1911)

Solanges's authorial inclinations show that the balance did not always remain entirely as he had pictured it.

Gender and Identity

One of the most remarkable features of the HHR–Solanges correspondence is that HHR persevered to the end with the fiction that she was a man. HHR had first

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[529] See p. 106.

used her pseudonym for the publication of *Maurice Guest*, motivated especially by her desire to keep her identity secret—to "have a mask to hide behind"—and to prove that women's writing could not be easily distinguished from men's.[531] Not once in the three and a half years of correspondence did HHR openly deviate from her secret.

But the other side of the coin is perhaps even more remarkable, for—as has been revealed in this thesis—Solanges had by now spent *most of his life* keeping secret the facts of his own identity. Solanges's secret is revealed for the first time in this thesis, and credit must be given him for his ability to keep a secret. To a person who has done this, identity subterfuge on the part of others is not something unimaginable. Moreover, Solanges was personally acquainted with women who wrote under pseudonyms: Sfinge had been revealed as Eugenia Codronchi Argeli in 1907, and Solanges had met her in 1909;[532] he also corresponded at some stage with the woman who wrote as Sibilla Aleràmo.[533]

Solanges had probably had personal acquaintance with every author whom he had translated, and it must have felt quite unusual for him not to have met the author of *Maurice Guest*. Or to put it another way, for him, translation had always been an extension of his conversations with writers and musicians in the salons of Milan, and so it was natural for him to wish to converse with HHR, first by letter, but then, he would naturally have hoped, face to face.

These opposing directions from which HHR and Solanges set off led to frequent invitations to meet on Solanges's part, and much avoiding action on HHR's part. The contest can probably best be encapsulated in the intertwined themes of the proposed meeting, the exchange of photographs, and traps or teasing.

Solanges first alluded to the possibility of meeting HHR in his second letter to her (Letter 42), and in December 1910 he suggested that she come to Genoa on returning from her forthcoming cruise to North Africa (Letter 49); in February 1911 he repeated the suggestion, as a way for her to avoid the London winter (Letter 65).

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530 HHR, letter to PS, 9 November 1911, *HHRTL* 1:559.

531 Axel Clark, *Finding Herself in Fiction: Henry Handel Richardson 1896–1910* (Melbourne: Australian Scholarly Publishing, 2001) 59–60. The quotation is from HHR, letter to Nettie Palmer, 15 April 1936, *HHRTL* 2: 163.

532 "Vous parlez du décousu de vos lettres: qu'allez vous [sic] donc dire des miennes? Je saute à Mlle Codronchi, pardon à *Sfinge*, car il est avéré qu'elles ne font qu'une seule personnalité, assez forte paraît-il. Vous pouvez vous renseigner auprès de Donna Vittoria [Cima] qui lit les romans de ce sphinx et vient de m'en parler encore dans sa dernière lettre."
Giuseppe Gallavresi, letter to PS, 10 July 1907, ASB 6.15.
For more on Sfinge, see p. 159.

In the same month, he requested a photograph of HHR (Letter 59). HHR replied that she had not been photographed for seven years, but might have some photographs taken from a yet-to-be-painted portrait, and that she would indeed be glad to have a photograph of Solanges.[534] Solanges replied that "Je voudrais bien une photo de vous qui ne soit pas celle d'un portrait" but nevertheless sent his own snapshot (Letter 68).



Figure 32: Paul and Mathilde Solanges on the beach at Multedo

Image courtesy of Signora Francesca Astaldi del Torre, Rome. One of the few surviving photographs of the Solanges couple, and perhaps the same one that he sent to HHR.

In March 1911 HHR mentioned the idea of traps that she had set for the reader in the text of her book: "Several readers have fallen into traps of this kind, set for them in various parts of the book; but that is not my affair: so much the worse for them, say I!" (§73, Notes on I.9, 24 March 1911). This was the trigger for a recurring theme of teasing and traps on Solanges's part, and constant distrust that she might still be setting traps in her letters to him. He at once took the opportunity to lay a trap for *her*:

> Cette pensée de vos traps me poursuit. Elle m'amuse et me chiffonne alternativement. Elle n'est pas anglaise bien certainement. […] Et votre instantanée? Je crains fort que vous me la fassiez beaucoup désirer. (Letter 76, 16 April 1911)

HHR defended herself from the light-hearted accusation, saying there were only a few places in the book where she had left it unclear as to whether the author or the character was expressing an opinion.[535] But the idea had lodged in Solanges's mind,

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533 See p. 161.

534 HHR, letter to PS, 11 February 1911, *HHRTL* 1:84.
The National Library of Australia now has three portraits of HHR by Rupert Bunny (1864–1947).

535 "But I think you misunderstand me about my instantanée. I said that I did not possess such a thing nor did I see any chance of getting one! […] With regard to what you call my 'traps,' or pièges, I am moved to defend myself. In the first place, I only applied the word to a certain half a dozen, well-defined points in my book—such as the reference to Mendelssohn in Chapter II, Part I. In the

and the fact that she fell into his trap about the photograph simply reinforced it as a useful literary "weapon":

> Quant à votre instantanée j'avais fait exprès de me tromper, my little trap n'a pas eu de succès. Amen! (Letter 79, 30 April 1911)

Throughout 1911 Solanges made several more allusions to a prospective meeting with HHR, and the idea of traps was a recurring theme.[536] In July, he wondered if their epistolary relationship would continue beyond the completion of the translation, eliciting a positive reply from HHR, and then admitting that he had played her a little trick.[537] She then admitted that she had not suspected the trap, but warned him:

> […] it is I who am the trap-setter par excellence—as some day you will discover.[538]

This warning, along with her mention of "her friend the climber" in recent letters about her travels in Norway,[539] may have prompted Solanges to reflect on the possible reasons behind the refusal of a photograph, for in September he made his first veiled remark about her gender:

> Gardons nos cordiales petites escarmouches pour les intervalles de repos. Je ne vous ferai plus qu'une petite querelle: à propos de cette photo si désirée et si obstinément refusée. Je n'ai pas même reçu celle du portrait. Et pourquoi me donner celle d'un portrait? C'est presque de la coquetterie. Passe encore si vous étiez une femme. (Letter 109, 12 September 1911)

HHR did not—could not—take the bait, and so she replied that she had "a mortal fear of the camera," and repeated her claim from February that she had not been photographed for seven years.[540] Solanges simply replied that "Vos explications photographiques ne me donnent pas satisfaction" (Letter 111, 28 September 1911). In November Solanges dreamed about HHR being a woman:

> Cela me tourmente beaucoup depuis quelques jours et m'a fait rêver de vous la nuit dernière. D'abord vous étiez un vieux monsieur à cheveux blancs, ensuite vous étiez une dame! (Letter 123, 23 November 1911)

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small intimate detail, where you fall foul of it, it has, I think, a different significance."
HHR, letter to PS, 23 April 1911, *HHRTL* 1:132.

536 See Letters 64, 75, 76, 79, 88, 107, 108, 133 and 134 (20 February, 2, 16 and 30 April, 31 May, 14 August, 1 September, 15 and 31 December 1911).

537 Letter 100 (24 July 1911), replied to by HHR on 2 August 1911 (*HHRTL* 1:189), and Solanges's reply in Letter 107 (14 August 1911).

538 HHR, letter to PS, 23 August 1911, *HHRTL* 1:203.

539 Solanges used the phrase back to HHR in Letters 102 (29 July 1911) and 107 (14 August 1911).

540 HHR, letter to PS, 21 September 1911, *HHRTL* 1:220.

HHR passed over the comment in silence.[541] In December, Solanges put forward the possibility of a meeting in Paris at Easter 1912, when HHR would be en route to Australia; in the same letter, he made an offhand misogynistic remark that he would probably be unlikely to have made if he had suspected that HHR was a woman: he had found another possible translator of *MG* into Italian, "Encore une femme, hélas!" (Letter 133, 15 December 1911). HHR replied agreeably, if noncommittally, to the suggestion for a meeting, that she would meet him "if work and other considerations allow of it,"[542] which brought another mention of *coquetterie* from Solanges:

> Je suis heureux de voir que vous considérez notre future rencontre d'une façon moins nuageuse. Ne me la faites pas trop attendre. J'y mets un peu de coquetterie. (Letter 134, 31 December 1911)[543]

During 1911, then, HHR's refusal to send a photograph to Solanges, possibly combined with her avoidance of a face-to-face meeting, provoked at least one statement (in September) showing that Solanges was alive to the *possibility* that HHR might be a woman. At this stage, Solanges's comments could be attributed merely to his penchant for teasing, without any suspicions necessarily behind them. The question of the photograph remained unresolved, and the question of a face-to-face meeting was likewise left for the future.

In January 1912 HHR felt compelled—or simply decided—to repeat her willingness to meet Solanges, while at the same time indulging in some self-caricature that was unlikely to be put to the test:

> I note what you say about out future meeting, to which I look forward. No, I promise you, it shall not be postponed much longer. But, if *you* admit to a little 'coquetry' on your part, may I not do the same? I am a disappointing fellow—taciturn, hard to get at, elusive—anything, in fact, but what the author of M.G. ought to be. I have had experiences none too agreeable on this score already, & so I warn you, beg of you, not to draw any flattering imaginary portrait of me as you would wish me to be. Take me as I am & make the best of me. Let me sit & smoke & listen to your talk.[544]

Solanges was flattered by the promise, and sure that he would not be disillusioned:

> J'ai reçu votre lettre du 14. Voulez-vous qu'il me suffise de vous dire qu'elle m'a fait plus que plaisir et que je vous remercie et vous serre affectueusement la main pour me l'avoir écrite? Il me semble que nous nous comprenons bien sans avoir besoin de nous l'expliquer. Ce que je tiens à vous dire c'est que je me réjouis chaque jour davantage d'avoir eu l'idée de me livrer à l'agréable

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541 HHR, letter to PS, 28 November 1911, *HHRTL* 1:265.
542 HHR, letter to PS, 11 December 1911, *HHRTL* 1:272.
543 The comments on Marthe Solanges's female German teacher in this letter could also be seen as misogynist: "C'était bien la créature la plus stupide qu'il m'ait été donné de connaître."
544 HHR, letter to PS, 14 January 1912, *HHRTL* 1:286.

> travail de vous traduire, puisque, en dehors du plaisir qu'il me procure il me donne un ami tel que vous. Notre rencontre, quand elle aura lieu, ne fera que serrer davantage, j'en suis certain, un lien qui me devient chaque jour plus précieux. Ce sera donc sans l'ombre d'une désillusion que je vous prendrai tel que vous êtes et vous me permettrez, dès aujourd'hui, de croire que le portrait que vous me faites de vous n'est pas flatté. (Letter 137, 19 January 1912)

A few days before, he had made another comment that apparently included HHR in the cohort of men, speaking about Louise and "ce côté mystérieux qui […] nous intéresse tant chez les femmes" (Letter 136, 16 January 1912). However, it was not long before HHR was floating the idea that she might resemble the homosexual character Krafft.[545] This prompted a riposte from Solanges that showed he was well aware of the possibility of literary deception by correspondence:

> Et votre boutade me fait désirer vivement le jour où je pourrais faire *all the interesting discoveries* dont vous parlez. Elles pourraient être d'une autre nature que celle à laquelle je m'attends. (Letter 146, 16 February 1912)

A few weeks later, when England was in the grip of the first national coalminers' strike, Solanges referred to the possibility that HHR might be called up for military service:

> Si vous n'avez pas là-bas un poste de devoir, sinon un poste de combat, vous devriez traverser le détroit et pousser jusqu'ici. Vous en profiteriez pour vous guérir absolument de votre influenza. Comme je doute très fort de la réalisation du désir que je vous exprime, j'en viens au projet dont vous me faites part. (Letter 150, 3 March 1912)

Solanges went on to propose a meeting in Genoa in April. HHR's delay in replying, attributed—perhaps falsely—to domestic difficulties, allowed her to avoid a direct answer about military service, while concentrating on the difficulties of an imminent meeting, postponing the possibility to Paris in November.[546]

In April Solanges contradicted HHR's high opinion of the suffragettes, quoting Dumas *fils*'s dictum on the illogicality and maleficence of women. He concluded: "Et avez-vous des sentiments si féministes ou si *féminins*?" (Letter 160, 10 April 1912). This shows once more that he was alive to the *possibility* that HHR might be a woman, but he *might* have been more circumspect in his opinion had he

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[545] "Have you not a little 'down' on Krafft?—ce fumiste sec! What should you say, I wonder, if I told you that there was more of the author in him than in all the rest of the characters put together?—Well, perhaps I had better not.
These will all be interesting discoveries for you to make for yourself some day!"
HHR, letter to PS, 12 February 1912, *HHRTL* 1:302.

[546] HHR, letter to PS, 13 March 1912, *HHRTL* 1:328–29.

given *credence* to the idea that she was a woman. He follows the statement immediately with an apology for his teasing.

With HHR's journey to Australia from August to November 1912, the exchange of conversation became much slower in the latter half of the year, and there was consequently less opportunity for teasing and speculation. Solanges did not fail to note that HHR's translator accompanied her as far as Port Said (Letter 176, 12 August 1912). In December Solanges renewed his wish for a meeting with HHR, and observed that she would not allow him to put his mental image of her to the acid test:

> J'ai été heureux d'apprendre le bon accueil que vous avez reçu là-bas, sans m'en étonner. J'en conclus que le portrait que vous m'avez jadis fait de vous-même manque de ressemblance et que vous êtes bon psychologue seulement lorsqu'il s'agit des autres. Vous ne voulez pas envisager le moment où vous soumettriez ce portrait à mon contrôle personnel. Je n'insiste pas et m'en remets au temps pour accomplir ce miracle. Ne m'en veuillez pas de cette pointe innocente. (Letter 183, 13 December 1912)

HHR replied with a superstition that she felt obliged to postpone a meeting until after *MG* was set up in type.[547] This received acceptance from Solanges, and an agreement to end the teasing, but no reference to her gender:

> Je ne veux plus vous taquiner au sujet de notre entrevue. Il en sera ce que vous voudrez. Si le jour où nous nous verrons vous avez devant vous un cacochyme, ce sera votre faute. Quant à vos considérations sur vous-même, vous me laisserez bien la liberté d'être juge. Vous êtes un terrible homme! D'ailleurs je respecte votre superstition et saurai attendre puisqu'il n'y a pas moyen de faire autrement. (Letter 184, 20 December 1912)

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[547] "Of course, it is in the nature of things that you & I must meet some day, if only that I may thank you, personally, for all the trouble & pains you have taken with this old giant of a book of mine. And yet—Are you superstitious? I am; & for this reason I should like to ask a favour of you. Will you let me postpone our meeting until M.G. has either appeared in French, or is, at least set up in type? I can't explain to you why I ask this, & perhaps you will not feel disposed to agree to it; but I have a very strong feeling that it will be for the best."
HHR, letter to PS, 16 December 1912, *HHRTL* 1:417.
Shortly after this letter, HHR told Mary Kernot that Solanges had no idea of her gender:
"The French translation is finished now, too, & one of my jobs since getting home has been to go through it in the manuscript—no light task with a book of that size. It is a very able piece of work. Solanges, the man who has done it, has had a good deal of experience in translating. We carry on a very fiery correspondence. But alas, he hasn't an idea that I'm a woman, & a very awkward day is fast approaching when I shall have to face him & tell the truth. It's so much easier to be a man, & saves so many complications. I always feel half one, & am sure I went wrong in the making" (HHR, letter to Mary Kernot, 22 December 1912, *HHRTL* 1:422).
HHR later commented again to Mary Kernot about this excuse:
"The French translator has applied for another six months—he can't tear himself away from his revision. He's a nice old Johnny, & I grant it willingly, for I know nothing more loathesome than to be held to a date. I got out of meeting him by pretending to a superstition I certainly did not feel, about it being wiser to postpone our meeting till M.G. was in print" (HHR, letter to Mary Kernot, 31 May 1913, *HHRTL* 1:508).

During 1912, then, despite a certain amount of teasing, it is reasonable to speculate that Solanges still believed HHR was a man, at least during the early part of the year. It is possible, though, that the turning point was reached about this time, especially after HHR's attack of superstition.

In his first letter of 1913 Solanges was quite accepting of HHR's reluctance to meet for the time being and promised to tease her no further. He was *so* accepting that perhaps he had already guessed the real reason behind her reluctance, which might explain his use of her full pseudonym:

> Un dernier mot pourtant et comprenez que maintenant je plaisante un peu. Vous souvenez-vous des fameuses *traps*? Vous m'avez averti jadis que plus tard je m'apercevrais de quelques *traps* venant de vous. Vous avez donc volontairement ouvert le champ à mes conjectures. Ce qui arrive est un peu votre faute et vous ne devrez pas vous étonner du désir que j'ai (en dehors des considérations générales) de me trouver en face de Henry Handel Richardson en chair et en os. (Letter 188, 1 January 1913)

True to his word, Solanges did not tease HHR for nearly two months, and it was HHR who raised the subject of identity again, pointing out the differences between herself and Solanges:

> I wonder if it was just by chance that *M.G.* set a congenial string going in you, & one only! You refuse to believe, you know, that really I am the kind of man I paint myself to you—& yet! …… and yet![548]

This prompted Solanges, now suspicious about her age, to produce a list of the similarities between them, and an explicit statement that he was alive to one particular possibility:

> […] avant votre naissance, si la date que vous m'avez donné, par à peu près, avec un vers de Dante, n'est pas encore une de vos *traps*.
> […]
> Pour ce qui est de l'image qu'il vous a plu de me tracer de vous, je vous dirai que je crois fort difficile de réussir son propre portrait. Mais je vous dirai surtout que vous m'avez mis dans une telle terreur de vos *traps* que je suis toujours en méfiance.
> Or en récapitulant tout ce que vous m'avez dit je conclus que cela vous amuse de chercher à me faire tourmenter l'imagination. Je ne sais plus maintenant si je vous connaîtrai jamais, mais si vous me ménagez une surprise pour le jour de notre rencontre, je tiens à vous dire dès aujourd'hui qu'il est une chose qui ne me surprendra pas du tout. Et cette chose-là je vous promets de vous la dire *si j'ai deviné juste*. Elle n'a qu'un rapport indirect avec H.H. Richardson.
> […]
> Savez-vous qui est Rancé? C'est le fondateur de votre ordre: l'ordre des Trappistes. (Letter 201, 23 February 1913)

[548] HHR, letter to PS, 19 February 1913, *HHRTL* 1:458.

In response to HHR's suggestion that they sort out the question immediately,[549] Solanges went so far as to voice his hunch almost openly:

> No, my friend, je ne vous dirai rien du tout. Si je me suis trompé je ne veux pas vous donner l'occasion de vous amuser à mon compte. Vous avez voulu m'intriguer, et si je puis arriver à vous intriguer un peu, à mon tour, j'en suis trop content pour y renoncer.
> Vous vous êtes dépeint à moi au moins de trois façons différentes: après vous être décrit comme une espèce d'ours, vous me dites aujourd'hui que vous êtes une personne of the most limpid and childlike lucidity, et encore comme un light being amoureux de la gaieté de l'ironie etc etc. Je ne relève pas votre amour pour l'opération qui consiste à épater le bourgeois parce que je ne veux pas me l'appliquer. Monsieur Henry, Handel Richardson, si vous n'aviez pas écrit un livre si grandiosement viril il y a des moments où je croirais ... basta!
> Maintenant que dois-je penser de votre portrait? Il y a trois ans que vous m'en avez promis la photo. Votre peintre n'est pas pressé. Et ces photos que vous avez fait faire du second portrait et que vous ne pouvez pas distribuer!
> Je devrais être furieux contre vous; je ne le suis pas. Mais je suis bien fatigué, bien enrhumé et je vous quitte avec une très cordiale poignée de main que vous ne méritez pas. (Letter 203, 8 March 1913)

HHR's subsequent self-justifications[550] were passed over in silence by Solanges, who wished to request another six-month extension for the completion of the translation (Letter 204, 14 March 1913).

The question of a photograph of HHR arose again after Solanges sent her a photograph of himself and his son (Letter 225, 26 August 1913). HHR responded:

> I am pleased to have it, & hope to be able to revenge myself before we are many years older.[551]

It was some time before the holidaying Solanges replied, without allusion to any gender possibilities:

> Vous me faites encore une fois la même réponse au sujet de votre photo après avoir reçu la mienne. Je n'insiste pas sur votre: I hope to be able to revenge myself before we are *many years* older!!?? (Letter 232, 7 October 1913)

This theme continued in a light-hearted mode for another few weeks, eliciting another reference to gender by Solanges:

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549 " What is the meaning of this: 'Cette chose là je vous promets de vous la dire si j'ai deviné juste"? Will you tell me now, straightaway, & then I shall tell you if your surmises are correct? I wonder what it can be. You have made me curious.
[…]
But indeed, I hope we *shall* meet & before very long. (Try what answering the question I have asked you on the other page does towards it!) But you will suspect me of more traps, when I have no idea of laying one, so I had better stop."
HHR, letter to PS, 3 March 1913, *HHRTL* 1:466–67.

550 HHR, letter to PS, 12 March 1913, *HHRTL* 1:470–71.

551 HHR, letter to PS, 7 September 1913, *HHRTL* 1:538.

> J'ai bien ri à propos de Fischer et de la photographie! Je parie que vous ne la ferez pas faire. Vous avez pour l'objectif une répugnance tout à fait féminine. Cela m'amène à vous parler des modes. (Letter 233, 20 October 1913)[552]

In the new year, however, HHR was once more the one who reignited the flame. On 8 January 1914 she sent Solanges a postcard from Dresden with a 1779 portrait of Goethe by G. O. May:

> I send you this card because it has always been said that the portrait on it has a certain likeness to me. So if I cannot send you my own portrait …[553]

Solanges's hint in March 1913 as to the nature of his suspicion should have been clear enough for HHR to guess what it was, and she should not have been surprised to receive the reply she had provoked:[554]

> Je vous remercie pour le portrait de Goethe. Donc vous me l'envoyez parce que vous lui ressemblez et il doit me tenir lieu de votre image! Vous pourriez aussi m'envoyer le portrait de Sam Richardson parce que vous portez le même nom que lui. Vous ne me dites même pas en quoi consiste la ressemblance. Est-ce que vous avez les cheveux longs et pas de moustache?
> Savez-vous bien qu'en me forçant, comme vous le faites, à exercer ma perspicacité, vous pourriez m'amener à des conclusions qui vous étonneraient fort si vous les connaissiez. Vous ne les connaîtrez cependant que si elles sont fondées. De toute façon *mark my words*.
> Quoi qu'il en soit, vous êtes un terrible fabricant de traps et de plus un maître taquin. Quand je vous laisse tranquille, c'est vous qui recommencez. Hard job! (Letter 246, 13 January 1914)

Despite the "provocation" she had given, HHR was bound to defend herself unless she was to abandon her masquerade entirely:

> The misunderstanding about the likeness of Goethe I sent you must be put down to the hasty way in which I expressed myself. No, not the cleanshaven face, or the long hair, but the form of the profile is where the resemblance lies. I thought that wld explain itself. Nothing was further from my thoughts than a trap—oh, most suspicious of translators![555]

Solanges's reply—the last letter HHR received while he was alive—included for at least the third time an allusion to his hunch, but showed once more his acceptance of her masquerade:

> Reçu votre lettre du 24. Merci et merci encore pour vos trois cartes venues de Saxe, y compris celle de Goethe. Vous ne me persuaderez jamais qu'après m'avoir refusé vingt fois votre portrait, ce ne soit pas une taquinerie de m'envoyer celui de Goethe sous prétexte qu'il vous ressemble. Je suis meilleur

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552 The final part of the conversation was from Solanges: "Je ne réponds pas à vos réflexions sur Fischer et votre photo. I am indignant, Sir!!!" (Letter 234, 1 November 1913).

553 HHR, letter to PS, 8 January 1914, *HHRTL* 1:581.

554 Note his comment in 1911 that he remembered what was in her letters (quoted at p. 197).

555 HHR, letter to PS, 24 January 1914, *HHRTL* 1:586.

> chien de chasse que vous ne croyez. Et pourtant je ne vous en veux pas, sans cependant bien comprendre pourquoi. (Letter 248, 28 January 1914)

HHR seems not to have realised the build-up of Solanges's suspicions since December 1912, perhaps because of the sheer volume of words with which she was always dealing. After his death she wrote matter-of-factly to her friend Mary Kernot that "he didn't know I was a woman."[556]

In summary, then, it seems likely that for at least the last year of their correspondence Solanges suspected that HHR was a woman, and that HHR knew he suspected. At no stage, however, did he openly ask her if she was a woman, nor did he ask about HHR's family circumstances (her silence on them probably spoke loudly in itself). The reasons for this reluctance to change their relationship could be several: gentlemanliness and tact could have played a role, as well as his ingrained respect for authors, the enjoyment he had already received from their correspondence, and the further enjoyment that could be had from continuing the teasing. It must be said that the verbal jousting made the work of translation much more fun than it might otherwise have been, and was one reason why HHR could also write that their relationship would continue after the translation was finished.

Solanges's Approach to Translation

Although the text of Solanges's translation of *MG* has not survived, there is enough material available in the correspondence for in-depth studies of the relationship between Solanges and HHR. Such studies might focus on the composition and content of *MG*, on what is revealed about HHR, or on Solanges as an example of a nineteenth-century translator, in the light of the relatively new discipline of translation studies. This section might serve as a prelude to such a study, by outlining some of Solanges's comments on his approach to translating, and some of the examples of this approach in action.

Firstly, however, it is worth noting some comments Solanges made to Fogazzaro in 1888, because they presage the problems he was to encounter with HHR over twenty years later, and were perhaps—along with his "doutes"—the major reason for his slow pace of translation:

> Je viens d'écrire la dernière ligne du Chapitre «Per lui» je viens de le relire et je suis profondément découragé. Ça n'est pas ça!—C'est gauche un peu obscur

[556] HHR, letter to Mary Kernot, 27 February 1914, *HHRTL* 1:593, quoted on p. 217.

> ça manque de couleur et d'expression. Prises une à une les phrases vont bien mais l'ensemble est mauvais. Dieu sait pourtant si j'ai travaillé lentement et avec soin. […] Ma faute est, je crois, de m'être trop attaché au texte et d'avoir trop italianisé mon français. Le mal est que je n'y vois pas bien clair moi-même. Peut-être devrai-je laisser reposer ces premiers chapitres, les reprendre dans quelque temps et les modifier *sans revoir l'original, comme si nous avions vous et moi fait Daniele Cortis en collaboration*. Mais pour agir ainsi il faut que j'y sois autorisé par vous et vous ne pouvez me donner cette autorisation qu'en voyant vous-même comment je veux m'y prendre. (Letter 6, 25 February 1888)

Later the same year, he restated his approach:

> Je recommence Cortis ou plutôt je le recopie en y introduisant les corrections que je juge indispensables. *Vous n'êtes pas* dans la traduction et il faut que vous y soyez. La version est trop mot à mot et ressemble moins au texte que si elle était plus libre. (Letter 8, 29 November 1888)

Several of the ideas here encapsulate Solanges's *practice* of translation: word-for-word attachment to the text, the need to let some time elapse before re-examining a draft, the need for authorisation before feeling free with the text.

In the correspondence with HHR, there are numerous passages where Solanges speaks at length on his "translation theory" (to use the modern term). In only his second letter to her, he outlined his approach, one he would later regret for its diffidence:

> La traduction de votre livre, en dehors de son essence même, est un continuel effort de style, d'autant plus tendu que de nombreuses façons de dire anglaises ne peuvent être rendues que par des *équivalents* en français. Cela, vous devez le savoir et je vous prierai d'y avoir égard. Cependant tous mes efforts tendront à rendre ma version aussi littérale que possible et je n'introduirai jamais *un mot* à moins d'y être absolument contraint. (Letter 42, 1 November 1910)

In the next few months Solanges made several references to the "small liberties" he felt it necessary to take with HHR's text, always asking her to be indulgent with him.[557] By May 1911, however, he was beginning to regret the too-literal approach he had adopted with HHR:

> Je me demande aussi parfois si je n'ai pas eu tort de vouloir arriver à une traduction trop littérale. Les traducteurs prennent souvent avec leurs victimes des libertés que je ne me suis pas permises avec vous. Ai-je toujours bien fait?

[557] A few examples:
"Je comprends à peu près bien maintenant ce que vous désirez, les petites latitudes que je puis prendre quand cela est obligatoire" (Letter 47, 5 December 1910).
"Quand vous me lirez vous trouverez peut-être que j'ai pris avec vous quelques petites libertés. Soyez-moi indulgent. Je l'ai fait pour le bien de la cause" (Letter 53, 11 January 1911).
"J'ai compris que le seul résultat serait de prendre des libertés avec le texte et je suis d'avis que j'en ai déjà trop pris, bien que je me sois trouvé forcé de le faire. Or ce n'est pas d'une adaptation, mais d'une traduction qu'il s'agit" (Letter 66, 1 March 1911).

> De toute façon croyez bien que si j'ai fait parfois un léger écart c'est qu'il était impossible, ou du moins qu'il *m'était* impossible de faire autrement. Il y a des phrases—surtout dans les psychologies—qui traduites mot pour mot ont absolument le même sens dans les deux langues, mais pas du tout, du tout, le même effet. Dans chaque langue les mots *ont une place* et c'est cette place qu'il faut trouver. Or mon rêve était de faire une traduction qui n'aurait pas semblé être une traduction et qui pourtant n'aurait pas été faite avec ce style personnel qui est la marque d'un livre fort, original—en un mot votre style à vous en anglais. Tout cela constitue un casse-tête chinois dont M.G. pourrait bien sortir abîmé … et moi aussi. (Letter 88, 31 May 1911)

By the end of 1911 Solanges was able to admit to HHR his original fear of offending her susceptibilities by being too free with her text:

> Je me permettrai avec le premier envoi de vous envoyer quelques remarques sur la façon dont je voudrais vous voir accueillir mon système de traduction—que vous connaissez d'ailleurs. Il consiste surtout à être toujours respectueux du texte *tant que cela m'est possible*. Au commencement de mon travail j'ai peut-être exagéré un peu trop ce scrupule: je ne vous connaissais pas et je craignais des susceptibilités d'auteur, si je dois être franc. Depuis, nous avons fait connaissance, je me suis senti les coudées plus franches; j'ai osé davantage et j'ai la conviction que la traduction n'y a rien perdu.
> En somme j'ai cherché à donner au lecteur l'impression d'un roman écrit en français, sans lui enlever sa couleur un peu anglaise. Avec vous cela ne m'a pas été difficile. Ai-je réussi? Vous en jugerez. (Letter 133, 15 December 1911)[558]

HHR's reply proves that she shared at least some of his presupposition that a literal translation was the best:

> Do believe me when I say that I ask nothing better than that my book shall read like a French original. I am very willing to sacrifice a little literalness to gain this end.[559]

Having seen two sample chapters, HHR was pleased with the quality of the translation, but again revealed her own inclination to literalness:

> […] but I am very pleased indeed with what I have seen, & I do not think, from this glimpse, that I shall ever have to reproach you with a want of literalness. I am so anxious for the translation to read like a French original that I may even sometimes wish you had curtailed my perorations.[560]

Her approach is understandable, firstly from the general point of view of authors, given the capacity for translations to be free adaptations and secondly given the

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[558] A later passage also refers to his early fear of authorial susceptibilities:
"Cela tient aussi à ce que j'étais, quand j'ai commencé le travail, moins familier avec vous, avec votre pensée, avec votre façon d'écrire. Cela tient encore à ce que dans la crainte de vous être désagréable, je me suis tenu trop près du texte, non pas au point de vue du sens, mais au seul point de vue de la langue" (Letter 204, 14 March 1913).

[559] HHR, letter to PS, 25 December 1911, *HHRTL* 1:278.

[560] HHR, letter to PS, 14 January 1912, *HHRTL* 1:285.

"hardiesses" in *MG* itself[561] and the possibility of translators performing self-censorship.[562] Both Solanges and HHR, then, were pulled in opposing directions: Solanges was a literal translator, very much aware of the susceptibilities of authors, but conscious of the need to be more free than he felt able to be. HHR was perhaps more open to translation "liberties" than other authors Solanges had dealt with, but she did make it clear to him that she too believed in literalism as the basis of translation theory. In the end, Solanges's ingrained literalism seems to have triumphed over his stated wish to be less constrained by respect for the author's every word.

After reviewing two more sample chapters in February 1912, HHR commented on Solanges's retention of the forms Mr and Mrs in the French, and wondered if it gave "an unnecessarily exotic tang." At the same time, she was very complimentary about Solanges's work:

> These my objections: for the rest the very excellent impression made by the two former chapters is confirmed by these. Your dialogue is easy, natural, and absolutely faithful.—What more could any author ask![563]

Solanges was prompted by this to place more nuance in his approach to translation, going beyond literalism and style:

> Mais je veux d'abord vous dire mon avis sur la question de savoir si ma traduction doit ressembler à un original français d'une façon absolue. Je ne le crois pas. Il faut qu'elle garde une sorte de saveur anglaise, de cette saveur que vous possédez, pour si peu insular que vous soyez. Éviter cela ce serait tout bonnement vous trahir. Toute la difficulté du travail est là; et si je réussis, tout mon mérite est là.
> Faire une traduction qui puisse être lue par un écrivain français sans qu'il subisse le moindre heurt, tout en lui laissant l'impression d'un livre anglais—ou au moins écrit par un Anglais—voilà ce que j'ai cherché à faire. Pour que vous me compreniez mieux encore je vous dirai que j'ai trouvé dernièrement une nouvelle de Kipling—dans une revue—traduite par un *bon* écrivain français. Il avait remplacé le slang par de l'argot. J'ai jeté la Revue à la troisième page. C'était insupportable, cela donnait le sentiment du *faux* à faire crier. (Letter 136, 16 February 1912)

HHR remarked that, with the German translation of *MG*, the aim had been "absolutely to sink the original—as far as language and style went—in its new element," and

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561 "Ce chapitre contient des hardiesses très fortes …" (Letter 59, 3 February 1911).

562 For the censorship that affected translations into English in the late nineteenth century, see Peter France, ed., *The Oxford Guide to Literature in English Translation* (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 2000) 69–71.

563 HHR, letter to PS, 12 February 1912, *HHRTL* 1:302.

apologised for misunderstanding the custom of translations into French, though it is not clear that Solanges's approach was widespread.[564]

By the time the "first cut" of the translation was completed, Solanges was convinced of an "indefinable strangeness" in his translation, due to his too-close following of the original,[565] and he was forced to renounce his original literal approach:

> […] bien traduire ne consiste pas à traduire très fidèlement, surtout de l'anglais en français, mais à faire revivre dans une autre langue la pensée exacte de l'auteur et l'état d'âme qui l'a inspirée. (Letter 137, 9 June 1912)

The work of revision and correction gave him the opportunity to effect what he had spoken of earlier, and had also stated to Fogazzaro: he took up his work as if it had been written by someone else and improved the French style.[566] By October–November 1913, he was able to summarise the stylistic improvements he had made, justifiably proud of his efforts:

> Je commence à entrevoir la fin et je me félicite moi-même—vous ne l'avez fait que trop—d'avoir entrepris le remaniement. À vous dire le vrai j'ai toujours pensé que cela devrait se faire. Vous êtes le premier—et vous serez le dernier—auteur anglais auquel je me sois attaqué. Ma principale préoccupation a été de rendre exactement le texte. Je n'y avais pas toujours réussi, mais j'y avais fait tout mon possible. En me relisant j'ai senti les faiblesses et les lourdeurs du style. Il n'y avait donc pas, à moins de manquer de conscience, d'autre parti à prendre que de recommencer. Je n'ai pas fait de grands changements—soyez tranquille à ce sujet—mais vous savez qu'un mot changé de place, ce qu'une légère modification peut améliorer une phrase, rendre claire une pensée, en un mot donner une plus-value. Je ne sais pas exactement la valeur de mon travail, ce que je sais c'est que je ne puis mieux faire. (Letter 236, 11 November 1913)

The epistolary conversations reproduced in the Notes in Part II of the thesis show Solanges's approach to translation in action, as well as providing an example of the multitude of issues that face a translator, but there is only room here to allude to some of them, leaving a detailed consideration to later studies. One may note especially the frequent discussion of *tutoiement*, in which Solanges once felt that he was collaborating with HHR,[567] and the change of Schilsky's first name to avoid an

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564 HHR, letter to PS, 27 February 1912, *HHRTL* 1:313.

565 See Letter 164 (1 June 1912).

566 See Letters 53 (11 January 1911) and 164 (1 June 1912) for comments to HHR about forgetting the work for some time and then resuming it (parallels of the comments to Fogazzaro quoted at the beginning of this section).

567 *Tutoiement* is mentioned in Letters 44 (13–14 November 1910), §57 (Notes on I.5, 22 January 1911), 62 (19 February 1911), §126 (Notes on II.12, c. 27 November 1911), 129 (6 December

unfortunate association.[568] There are also allusions to the "lecteur français" as justification for certain choices.[569]

Solanges's effort at translation was from the beginning a "continuel effort de style" (Letter 42 1 November 1910), and the letters, notes and corrections that record this effort justify his claim to quality:

> […] ma traduction est une des plus fidèles qui aient jamais été faites. (Letter 233, 20 October 1913)[570]

Solanges as Translator and Friend

In Solanges's relationships and correspondence with most of the authors encountered previously in this Introduction, there is nothing absolutely extraordinary, nothing that distinguishes them from the correspondence between any other author and his or her translator. The letters exchanged with Fogazzaro, for example, could be described overall as courteous, friendly, and focussed on the business at hand, especially during Solanges's business career (after which they become more conversational and discursive). Much the same description could be applied to the letters between Giovanni Verga and his translator Édouard Rod (some of which have been quoted in Chapter 5). Moreover, the disproportionate number of letters from Solanges to Fogazzaro is indicative of the unequal relationship between them.

Solanges's relationship and correspondence with HHR was quite out-of-the-ordinary in several respects: the volume of the correspondence itself, the teasing and jousting (arising not only from the sense of humour of the two correspondents but from the uncertain gender of HHR), the wide-ranging nature of their conversation, and perhaps above all Solanges's disarming honesty about himself. It is not his skill at translation nor his dedication to his task that make him interesting enough to be the subject of this biographical study, nor the Australian angle of wanting to know more about HHR's first supporter and penfriend. Rather, it is the opportunity to know him

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1911), 153 (9 March 1912), 177 (8 September 1912), 184 (20 December 1912), §217 (Notes on III.1, 29 June 1913).

568 See §69 (Notes on I.8, 6 March 1911), Letter 71 (16 March 1911) and §162 (Notes on III.10, 13 May 1912.

569 See §57 (Notes on I.5, 22 January 1911), §159 (Notes on III.7, 31 March/3 April 1912), §217 (Notes on III.1, 29 June 1913).

570 The claim occurred in the context of a nervous misunderstanding of why HHR was offering copies of the English *MG* to show to the French publishers, but this does not lessen its truthfulness. It is also reminiscent of an earlier statement by Solanges:
"Pour me rendre justice, j'ai vu des traductions considérées comme très bonnes, et qui étaient bien moins fidèles que la mienne" (Letter 135, 5 January 1912).

for what he was, experience his ups and downs, see his wide-ranging interests, reminisce with him about his eventful life—from the sands of North Africa to the battlefield of Sedan, from the gas factory to the stages of La Scala and the Opéra-Comique—and then to discover what he left unspoken, the secret story of his own birth.

Solanges had once compared himself to HHR with these words:

> Mon opinion de moi-même n'est pas très haute et je sais que mon manque de confiance en moi est justifié. Je n'ai qu'une qualité, c'est d'être intuitif, mais mon intuition est limitée par des connaissances incomplètes. J'ai touché à beaucoup de choses sans en approfondir aucune, aussi me trouverez-vous hésitant et incapable de discuter ce que j'aime et ce que je crois d'instinct. Vous me demandez mon indulgence pour la forme, je vous demande la vôtre pour le fond, c'est plus grave. (Letter 137, 19 January 1912)

But even allowing these weaknesses of his, he made a much better summation of their relationship late in 1913:

> Vous n'êtes pas seulement un patient ami, vous êtes aussi un aimable ami et cela ne va pas toujours ensemble. (Letter 241, 26 November 1913)

In the end, it was friendship that bound Solanges and HHR, a friendship that began with a common task, saw a few misunderstandings and outbursts of nerves on Solanges's part, and survived and even prospered on the uncertainties. The reader, knowing what is revealed in this Introduction, and having read the correspondence, will be able to understand that Solanges's relationship with HHR was a fitting climax to his career as translator, the result of a natural progression rather than a one-off event, and that it is fitting that his correspondence with her should remain as his principal literary memorial.

Solanges's death

Solanges had given intimations of mortality to HHR during the course of his work as early as 1912:

> Je dois pourtant vous avouer que, comme vous, depuis quelque temps, en regardant ce qui me reste à traduire de M.G., I have, not the firm, but a kind of conviction that I am not going to live to finish it. —J'ajoute que cette conviction diminue, surtout lorsque je puis travailler avec suite. (Letter 157, 31 March 1912)
>
> Évidemment je n'y puis songer [re-translate *MG* as if it were his own]. Je serais mort avant d'avoir fini. (Letter 164, 1 June 1912)

He had also spoken often to his family about his death.[571] However, the only warning HHR received of his imminent death was the nervousness apparent in his 28 January 1914 letter to her. He died peacefully of pneumonia and bronchial paralysis on 7 February 1914, after five days of illness. HHR's epitaph to him survives in the telegram she drafted for Mathilde and Marthe Solanges:

> Deeply shocked and grieved to hear your sad news. Accept my heartiest sympathy in your loss. I mourn a true friend.[572]

The descriptions of Solanges's death by Marthe Solanges in Letters 250 and 252 are most touching, and a reader who has read the entire correspondence cannot fail to be affected by the loss that Mathilde and Marthe must have felt:

> Il a emporté avec lui notre raison de vivre. On ne peut pas savoir ce qu'il était pour ma mère et pour moi. (Letter 252, 10 March 1914)

Marthe emphasised how important the translation of *MG* and the correspondence with HHR were to Solanges in his last years, and gave her own summary of his character:

> Vous ne pouvez savoir quelle place ont tenue dans ses dernières années son travail de traduction et sa correspondance avec vous, ni quel désir il avait de vous connaître. Quant à vous Monsieur vous aurez pu apprécier par ses lettres, son intelligence sa culture, sa droiture et sa bonté, mais vous ne connaîtrez jamais maintenant le charme de sa personne et de son caractère qui font qu'ici même où nous ne vivons que depuis très peu d'années on le pleure avec nous comme le plus cher des amis. (Letter 250, 12 February 1914)

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571 "Il parlait souvent de sa mort mais jamais il n'a envisagé devant nous la possibilité de disparaître avant la fin de son travail" (Letter 252, 10 March 1914).

572 *HHRTL* 1:591. She also wrote a note on the envelope she received posthumously from Solanges (containing Letter 251): "Died Feb. 7th 1914. A real grief to me" (NLA MS 133/12/511).

Chapter 9: Sequelæ

HHR, the translation and the letters

HHR shared her grief for Solanges with her school friend Mary Kernot:

> Within the last three weeks, too, I have been very disinclined for writing letters. I have had the misfortune to lose suddenly a very good friend of mine, & for a time it knocked all the spirit out of me. It was rather a romantic story—I don't know whether I told you about it when I saw you: How this old Frenchman, Paul Solanges, a well-known figure in Milan literary society & translator of Boito, Verga, Giacosa & Fogazzaro, fell in love with M.G. at first reading (there's really no other word that will express it) & there & then started to translate it. He struck up a lively correspondence with me, & wrote to me every week for the last three years. He was at work on the book all that time, & died on Feb. 7th, within three chapters of the end. Hard luck, I call it. I had never seen him (he didn't know I was a woman), but he was such a delightful letter-writer, & brought me (a decided Germanism this: brachte mir entgegen) so much goodwill, on account of the book, that I feel I have lost a friend who cannot easily be replaced.
> What will become of the poor man's work now, it isn't easy to say. I've no influence in Paris. He intended going there with the manuscript this Easter. His death has meant that I have had to go all through his letters, to try & find a finger-post as to his wishes.[573]

Three weeks after his death, HHR had combed through his letters for clues as to his intentions for publication. Finding little guidance there, she proposed to contact a Paris publisher through the intermediary of William Heinemann. Marthe Solanges posted Parts I and III to her on 7–8 April 1914, and wrote out corrected sentences for the last three unrevised chapters (II.11–13) before sending Part II; she also offered to contribute to the production of a typescript copy for presentation to a publisher (Letters 254–55).

The tone of Marthe's letters to HHR is very different from that of Solanges's letters, and the contrast serves to emphasise again the unusual nature of the Solanges–HHR correspondence. Marthe's letters are extremely respectful ("Je n'avais pas osé vous parler du livre dans ma lettre de ce matin," Letter 254), and there is no hint of teasing nor a whiff of suspicion that HHR might be a woman. This respect meant that Marthe readily agreed to HHR's request to get back all her letters to Solanges. HHR would have been well aware that this request went beyond what Solanges had

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[573] HHR, letter to Mary Kernot, 27 February 1914, *HHRTL* 1:593.
HHR had written to Kernot previously about Solanges:
"[*Maurice Guest*] is to appear in German this coming year & I have also an old French lover

intended. If she had not asked for it, the correspondence might have survived just as well in the hands of Solanges's family as it did in HHR's, and could now be in the Biblioteca Nazionale Braidense, just as the translation could have been. The correspondence was sent to HHR in May 1914 (Letter 256). The typing of the translation of *MG* was either in progress or pending by June 1914 (Letter 257), just before the beginning of the summer holidays. By then, however, it was already too late. The outbreak of the First World War ended all ideas of publication for the time being (Letter 258, 16 October 1914).[574] When Marthe Solanges made contact with HHR for the last time, in February 1920, both parties still felt that the time was not right for publishing the translation (Letter 260).

In January 1931, the month after HHR was awarded the Australian Literature Society's Gold Medal for *Ultima Thule*, HHR told her friend Mary Kernot that the time for Solanges's translation was at last felt to be right:

> Funny you shd ask about my old Frenchman's transl. of 'M.G.' Just in these days I have taken it out of its wrappings to submit it, at Heinemann's request, to the *Librairie Stock,* a publisher in Paris. I do hope for the old man's sake it is going to see the light at last.[575]

A few months later, HHR told Kernot that France was "still in the offing."[576] Unfortunately, the presumed loss of the archives of the Librairie Stock precludes any knowledge of the outcome of this approach, if it did in fact take place.[577]

HHR's last reference to Solanges was in notes that she wrote between October 1941 and January 1943:

> My French translator, Paul Solanges, asked to be allowed to cut out the epilogue. To him Louise was merely a baggage, and he took no interest in what became of her. The fitting close was Maurice's death.[578]

Solanges's translation is known to have survived until after HHR's death in 1946. When the National Library of Australia acquired its first consignment of HHR's papers from HHR's companion and executrix Olga Roncoroni in November 1946, she told the Library that she was hoping to have Solanges's translation

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working at a French version—lover of the book, I hope you understand! He is quite crazy about it" (HHR, letter to Mary Kernot, 20 December 1911, *HHRTL* 1:277).

574 Archduke Franz Ferdinand was assassinated on 28 June, Austria declared war on Serbia on 28 July, and by 4 August, Britain and Germany were at war.

575 HHR, letter to Mary Kernot, 13 January 1931, *HHRTL* 2:239.

576 HHR, letter to Mary Kernot, 7 May 1931, *HHRTL* 2:271.

577 The archives of the Librairie Stock were lost (perhaps destroyed) after the take-over of Stock by Hachette (David Bancroft, CPEDERF, email to the author, 9 June 1999).

578 HHR, 'Notes and Memories', manuscript notes, MS 133/8/39 and 50.

published.[579] In June 1947 Roncoroni made a note that the translation was in the hands of Edna Purdie, who had succeeded HHR's husband J.G. Robertson as Professor of German at the University of London on his death in 1933, and who co-edited *Henry Handel Richardson: Some Personal Impressions* with Roncoroni that year.[580] In November 1947 the National Library approached Roncoroni again to try to obtain Solanges's translation (and other items).[581] Roncoroni reported that "This is the original and only copy, in the translator's handwriting. At present it reposes at Heinemann's, who have not yet decided whether it can be published. Therefore the MS is not available in the meantime."[582]

With that the trail of Solanges's translation runs cold. Edna Purdie died in 1968, and Olga Roncoroni died on 19 May 1982. Roncoroni's companion and executrix Margaret Capon tried unsuccessfully to find the translation in her papers in 1982.[583] In 1995 a search by Bruce Steele and Clive Probyn also failed to find it, making 1947 the last known date for the survival of the translation.[584]

The fate of HHR's books may well have been different if Solanges's translation had been published, but as it turned out, her books were to make very little headway there. Robert Andraud, who in 1939 wrote an article in *Études anglaises* on HHR's novels, was interested in translating *The Getting of Wisdom* in 1939 (and was still interested in 1945).[585] The same issue of *Études anglaises* also carried a half-page review of *The Young Cosima*, which surprisingly concluded with what was probably the first public—laudatory—reference to Solanges's translation in the French press:

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[579] L.C. Key (London Liaison Officer for the National Library), letter to K. Binns, 15 November 1946 (National Archives of Australia, Series A3211/1, item 64/2500 Part 1, High Commission file on Henry Handel Richardson 1946–56. This file contains the London end of the National Library's correspondence about HHR. The National Library's own internal file, 203/18/65/1, 1946–53, is less easy to access).

[580] The note is on an index card at NLA MS 133/12/183.

[581] L. C. Key, letter to Olga Roncoroni, 27 November 1947 (National Archives of Australia, Series A3211/1, item 64/2500 Part 1).

[582] Olga Roncoroni, letter to L. C. Key, 3 December 1947 (National Archives of Australia, Series A3211/1, item 64/2500 Part 1).

[583] NLA MS 133/12/183.

[584] *MG* P&S xlviii.

[585] "The Frenchman who wrote of the *Trilogy* in *Etudes Anglaises* is at present translating *Peter'le* & thinks of doing *The Getting of Wisdom*. That delights me. I've always held it wld go better than any of the others into French. Short, light, crisp as it is."
HHR, letter to Mary Kernot, 21 July 1939, *HHRTL* 3:377.
"France on the other hand—did I tell you I'd had a letter from Paris, from my pre-war, would-be translator? He has managed to keep alive through the German occupation & is, it seems just as

> La reconstitution est partout convaincante et les analyses psychologiques ont une pénétration et un accent de large vérité humaine où nous retrouvons non seulement l'auteur de *The fortunes of Richard Mahony*, mais aussi celui de *Maurice Guest*, publié voici 30 ans, qui évoquait les milieux musicaux de Leipzig. Ce chef-d'œuvre, un peu oublié en Angleterre, est presque inconnu en France : ne se trouvera-t-il point un éditeur pour le révéler, pour faire imprimer la traduction, depuis longtemps achevée?[586]

This review was written by Louis Bonnerot (1897–1974), the founding editor—in 1937—of *Études anglaises*, who was to be one of the leading *anglicistes* of his generation, editor of the journal until his death and professor at the Sorbonne from 1955. It was perhaps these articles that prompted *Le point*, a journal published in Colmar (Alsace), to ask for review copies of all HHR's books, but since this happened only a few days before the outbreak of the Second World War, nothing came of it.[587] HHR told Mary Kernot of her disappointment:

> I'm an unlucky person on the whole, you know. In 1939 the French were just about to take my books up in earnest, translate & get them published in Paris & that too came to naught.[588]

Another indication of the lack of impact of HHR's work in France may be gained from the fact that only one copy of the pre-1998 editions of *MG* is held in a French library, and that is a 1931 edition, obviously prompted by the Gold Medal for *Ultima Thule*.[589] Only one of HHR's works has been translated into French: a translation of *The Getting of Wisdom* in the year 2000.[590]

As for the fate of the Solanges–HHR correspondence after HHR's death, there was not even a whisper of its existence until the letter from Margaret Capon to the National Library in January 1983 (see p. 27). Miss Capon has suggested that Olga Roncoroni always dismissed the importance of the correspondence because she "disapproved" of HHR's deception of Solanges.[591] The National Library was

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keen as before to make my books known in France."
HHR, letter to Mary Kernot, 21 July 1939, *HHRTL* 3:683.

586 L. C. Bonnerot, rev. of *The Young Cosima*, by H. H. Richardson, *Études anglaises* 3 (1939): 191. The translation had been announced in the *Nottingham Guardian* on 23 April 1912 (see Letters 157 and 160, 31 March and 10 April 1912, as well as *MG* P&S xlvii), and was noted in Giuseppe Colombo's obituary.

587 See the following letters from HHR to Mary Kernot for brief mentions of France: 5 and 21 July, 28 August and 19 October 1939, 8 and 21 January 1940, 20 March 1942, 27 April 1945 (*HHRTL* 3:373, 377, 386, 400, 568, 683).

588 HHR, letter to Mary Kernot, 20 March 1942, *HHRTL* 3:568.

589 This copy is held at the Bibliothèque du Monde anglophone, Université de la Sorbonne nouvelle, Paris (Source: Catalogue collectif de France).

590 *Les chemins de la raison*, trans. Claude Scasso (La Tour d'Aigues: Ed. de l'Aube, 2000).

591 Margaret Capon, letter to the author, 22 October 1997.

delighted to obtain the material, however, and received it in London in February, along with HHR's diaries. It reached Canberra in May 1983.

At Miss Capon's request, use of the new material was restricted for the time being to Dorothy Green,[592] who used it for the second edition of her study of HHR in 1986. In her Afterword, Green included a six-page analysis of the Solanges–HHR relationship, and also announced that she and Margaret Capon were cooperating on an edition of the correspondence.[593] This project resulted in a typescript transcription of the entire correspondence by Margaret Capon, and a manuscript translation by Green of Solanges's letters up to January 1912, but all of this was given to the National Library a few months before Green's death on 21 February 1991. Green had asked Ruth Blair, then of the University of Tasmania, to take over the project. Blair delivered the first paper on Solanges at the HHR seminar held at the National Library in April 1997 to mark the 50th anniversary of HHR's death and the public release of her papers,[594] but her project was overtaken by the more comprehensive Monash University HHR Project, of which this thesis is an outcome.

Mathilde Solanges

Little can be added to the picture of Solanges's wife Mathilde beyond what is revealed in Marthe's letters to HHR. Mathilde moved with her daughter to a smaller residence in Multedo in July 1914 (Letter 257, 21 June 1914). In the northern spring of 1920 she remained at Multedo while Marthe and her husband went to Milan (Letter 260, 22 February 1920). Mathilde was still a resident of Multedo when she died, aged 86, near Bolzano, in the mountains north of Verona, on 28 September 1929.

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592 Margaret Capon, letter to the National Library, 10 January 1983, NLA file 203/18/00065-05, folio 22.

593 Dorothy Green, *Henry Handel Richardson and Her Fiction* (Sydney: Allen & Unwin, 1986) 544–45, 557–62.

594 Ruth Blair's paper was published as: "'Distant Voices, Still Lives': The Correspondence between H. H. Richardson and Her French Translator, Paul Solanges," *Australian Literary Studies* 18.3 (1998): 238–49.

Marthe Solanges



Figure 33: Three pictures of the young Marthe Solanges

Marthe Solanges has been mentioned many times in this Introduction, but not often as the central character of the discussion. Marthe married Pietro Primo Bianchi on 5 September 1916. He was a 60-year-old widow (and therefore 20 years older than Marthe) whose first wife, Fanny Stierlin, had died at the age of 40 on 6 February 1915. Marthe brought up the three daughters of that marriage, Emilia ('Emi'), Antonia ('Titina') and Nora. Her husband died on 22 September 1940. After the Second World War, Marthe lived in a flat above Emi's home in Milan, in Varazze (near Genoa) with Nora's family, or in Guello on Lake Como, where all three Bianchi sisters had country houses and where they had stayed during the war.[595] Marthe died at the age of 94 on 22 June 1970. Her step-daughter Emi died in October 2001, and Titina and Nora were still living, in their nineties, in 2002.

[595] Antonio Magnocavallo, email to the author, 20 January 2002.



Figure 34: Marthe Solanges at Guello, c. 1894



Figure 35: Primo Bianchi and Marthe Solanges with the three daughters of his first marriage (Emi at back right, Titina and Nora in front)



Figure 36: Marthe Solanges, 1923



Figure 37: Primo Bianchi and Marthe Solanges, Milan, c. 1926



Figure 38: Marthe Solanges at Guello, 1970

(All images in this section courtesy of Signora Francesca Astaldi del Torre, Rome)

Pierre Solanges



Figure 39: Pierre Solanges

(Image courtesy of Signora Francesca Astaldi del Torre, Rome)

Like his sister Marthe, Pierre Solanges has been mentioned many times in this Introduction, but he has never been the main focus of discussion, and so it is good to summarise his life to 1914. He has been encountered in Paris with his grandmother Madame de Beausire, Raoul Toché and Édouard Blau in 1894; accompanied to Paris by his father to volunteer for the French army in 1896; in Nîmes (studying?) in 1904–05; working for the gas company in Turin in 1905–06; offered a job as engineer in Abyssinia by Maurice Rava in 1908; in Argentina, and a source of worry for his father, 1910–13; and finally in Benghazi by the beginning of 1914. Pierre arrived in

Milan the day before his father's death, but did not reach Multedo in time for a final farewell.[596]

The end of Pierre's life is revealed in Marthe's letters and in his military record. In August 1914 he returned from Benghazi once more and spent a few hours at Multedo before hurrying to join the general mobilisation against Germany (Letter 258, 16 October 1914). He was promoted warrant officer (*adjudant*) on 6 October 1915. In September 1915 he was wounded and captured, and he died of his wounds a month later, on 28 October 1915, at Rastadt, where he was buried the same day.

The Solanges family grave

On 24 April 1941 the mortal remains of the Solanges and Bianchi families were re-interred in a single grave at Multedo. This apparently involved moving the bodies of Paul and Mathilde Solanges, as well as that of Pietro Bianchi. The body of Pierre Solanges was also brought back from Germany and reinterred on that date. Fanny Stierlin's body was brought there from Milan and re-interred on 2 April 1942. Marthe Solanges Bianchi was buried there on 3 July 1970.[597]



Figure 40: Grave of the Primo Bianchi family, 2001

The low wall on the left has the inscriptions for Paul and Mathilde Solanges; on the right are inscriptions for Primo Bianchi's first widow Fanny Stierlin and Marthe Solanges; at the back are the inscriptions for Primo Bianchi and Pierre Solanges
(Image courtesy of Roberto Cabanelli)

[596] For references to these events, see the Index entries for Pierre Solanges.
[597] Roberto Cabanelli (Genoa), email to the author, 14 December 2001.

The Solanges family grave



Figure 41: Grave inscriptions for Paul and Mathilde Solanges, 2001

Repos dans l'espoir / Paul Solanges / Paris 1846, Multedo 1914 Notre espoir ne sera pas déçu[598] / Mathilde Solanges / 1843 Née Le Bel 1929
(Image courtesy of Roberto Cabanelli)

* * *

This thesis set out, given the masquerade or deception that imbued HHR's letters to Solanges, to provide an authoritative basis for evaluating his letters to her. Both the Introduction and the correspondence with Fogazzaro now enable the conclusions to be drawn that Solanges was indeed a gifted translator, even if flawed by his self-doubts; that he fully deserved the praise that HHR gave for his translation and the effort that she put into it; and that he was disarmingly honest with her. Above all, though, we are given a detailed picture of his military, industrial and literary careers, his family life and his character. This is a valuable prerequisite to reading the letters and meeting a passionate and engaging character.

[598] See Letter 252 (10 March 1914).

Part I,
Correspondence of Paul Solanges and Antonio Fogazzaro, 1887–1911

1. 15 May 1887

Milan le 15 mai 1887

Monsieur

J'ai l'intention d'offrir à un éditeur ou peut-être à un grand journal de Paris un recueil de nouvelles *choisies* traduites de l'Italien. Voulez-vous me donner l'autorisation de traduire une des nouvelles qui composent votre dernier volume? Je choisirai probablement *Pereat Rochus*. Si je réussis dans ma tentative peut-être vous demanderai-je de traduire *Daniele Cortis*, il y a longtemps que j'en ai l'envie.

Si vous désirez savoir comment je comprends la traduction, Giacosa[,] Arrigo et Camillo Boito, Verga pourront vous renseigner à cet égard.

Agréez, monsieur, l'assurance de ma haute estime.

P. Solanges.

Les collaborateurs au volume en question seraient avec vous:

G. Giacosa
E de Amicis
G. Verga
C. Boito
G. d'Annunzio

25 via Solferino.

Pour ce qui concerne vos intérêts je dois vous dire que je me règle sur la loi française en matière de traduction. Metà per uno.[599]

P.S.

Translation

Milan, 15 May 1887[600]

Sir

It is my intention to offer to a publisher or perhaps to one of the large Paris newspapers a collection of *selected* short stories translated from Italian. Will you authorise me to translate one of the short stories that make up your last volume? I will probably choose *Pereat Rochus*.[601] If I succeed in my endeavours I will perhaps ask your permission to translate *Daniel Cortis*, I have wished to do so for a long time.[602]

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599 Metà per uno: half each (Italian).

600 Six weeks before this date, on 26 March, Milan music publisher Giulio Ricordi had written to Verdi about the French translation of *Otello*:
"… [Boito] lets you know *in confidence* that he is working; he did not succeed with Du Locle in translating two phrases he considers very important; he wanted to translate them together with Solanges, who happened to be ill; but today he went back to work" (Busch, *Otello* 297).
Later, on 23 April, Boito's *Méphistophélès*, perhaps partly translated by Solanges, had been performed at Nantes. (See the section on Boito in the Introduction for discussion of this translation). Solanges had also produced many musical translations, especially in the period 1883–87 (see Appendix I for details). He is now endeavouring to extend his field as a translator more deeply into literature.

601 Fogazzaro's latest publication, *Fedele ed altri racconti* [*Fedele and Other Tales*], published in January 1887, contained ten short stories, including *Pereat Rochus* [*Let Rocco perish*], originally

If you wish to know how I interpret the task of translation, Giacosa, Arrigo and Camillo Boito, Verga could inform you in this respect.[603]

I remain, Sir, yours faithfully

P. Solanges.

The persons collaborating with you on the volume in question would be:

G. Giacosa
E de Amicis
G. Verga
C. Boito
G. d'Annunzio[604]

25 via Solferino.[605]

With regard to your interests, I must tell you that I adhere to the French law relating to translation. Half each.

P.S.

2. 22 August 1887

Ghirla le 22 août 1887

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published in January 1886, a satirical portrayal of an "idealistic but naïve and gullible priest, Don Rocco" (Hall 49).

602 *Daniele Cortis* had been published in January 1885.

603 Giuseppe Giacosa (1847–1906), playwright and librettist; his first successful comedy, *Una partita a scacchi* [*A Game of Chess*] was performed in 1873, followed by several comedies and historical dramas; in 1887 he was living in Turin. He later collaborated with Puccini on the libretti for *Manon Lescaut* (1891), *La Bohème* (1896), *Tosca* (1900) and *Madame Butterfly* (1904).
Arrigo Boito (1842–1918), writer and composer, had been living in Milan since 1862; his career had varied from the disaster of the first performance of *Mefistofele* in 1868 to the collaboration with Verdi for the triumph of *Otello* on 5 February 1887. In his later years, Boito was one of Fogazzaro's best friends (Hall 16).
Camillo Boito (1836–1914), elder brother of Arrigo, was professor of architecture in Milan for forty-eight years from about 1859; "one of the most important figures in Italian architecture and art history during the second half of the nineteenth century" (Busch, *Otello* 811).
Giovanni Verga (1840–1922), novelist, lived in Milan from 1877 to 1894; his play *Cavalleria rusticana* was first performed in January 1884, with Eleonora Duse as Santuzza; Pietro Mascagni's opera version was first performed in 1890; see Letter 50 (29 December 1910) for the final link between Solanges and Verga, with the performance of Solanges's translation of *Cavalleria rusticana*.
Solanges mentions four authors, but the only translations of their work that predate this letter are those of Arrigo Boito: the French translation of Boito's *Méphistophélès* (on which Solanges may have collaborated) was performed in Nantes on 23 April 1887, and his translation of *La gioconda* was published that year (see Appendix I). However, Solanges calls Giuseppe Giacosa and Arrigo Boito—who were themselves best friends (S. Sadie, ed., *New Grove Dictionary of Music and Musicians* 2: 857; Busch, *Otello* 833)—two of his "intimate friends" in Letter 88 (1 June 1911). All these links show how closely involved Solanges was in the musical and literary world of Milan at this time.

604 Edmondo de Amicis (1846–1908), writer; his *Cuore* [*Heart of a Boy*], published in 1886, was translated into 25 languages. His cousin, engineer Giuseppe de Amicis, was a devoted friend of Giuseppe and Giuseppina Verdi.
Gabriele d'Annunzio (1863–1938) writer, was at this time a journalist in Rome; his collection of short stories, *San Pantaleone*, had appeared in 1886.

Monsieur

Je reçois votre petit mot à la campagne où depuis six semaines j'achève de me remettre de ma longue maladie de cet hiver. C'est avec un grand plaisir que j'accepte en principe votre offre relative à "Daniele Cortis". Cependant je voudrais avant tout causer avec vous. Mes relations à Paris sont très minces. Ma longue absence et l'indifférence d'anciens amis qui pourraient me donner un coup de main ont rompu en partie les liens qui me rattachaient à mon pays natal. Cependant en unissant nos efforts arriverions-nous peut-être à quelque chose. Il faudrait donc s'entendre à ce sujet.

Je serai de retour à Milan le 1er septembre, précédant ma famille de quelques jours. Il vous sera facile de me trouver (à l'exception du Dimanche) ou chez moi ou à mon bureau: Direzione del Gas, piazza del Duomo–passaggio Carlo Alberto 2.—Si j'étais mon maître je serais allé vous trouver, malheureusement je ne m'appartiens pas. Vous devez venir à Milan de temps à autre, veuillez donc ne pas m'oublier à votre prochain voyage.

Quand nous aurons causé mon travail me paraîtra plus facile. Je vais en vous attendant terminer "Pereat Rochus" que j'ai laissé de côté me sentant un peu faible de cerveau pour lutter contre les difficultés dont vous abondez. Je vais mieux maintenant et me remettrai avec bonheur à cet intéressant travail.

Veuillez agréer, monsieur, la nouvelle assurance de ma haute considération et de ma sympathie.

P. Solanges.

Varese per Ghirla.

Translation

Ghirla, 22 August 1887

Sir

I have received your little note in the country, where for six weeks I have been completing my recovery from this winter's long illness. It's with great pleasure that I accept in principle your offer regarding "Daniel Cortis." However I would like above all to converse with you. My connections in Paris are very slight. My long absence and the indifference of old friends who could give me a helping hand have partly broken the bonds that linked me to my native country. However by uniting our efforts we might perhaps get somewhere. So we will have to reach an understanding on this matter.

I will be back in Milan on September 1st, preceding my family by a few days. You will easily find me (except on Sunday) either at home or at my office: Direzione del Gas, piazza del Duomo–passaggio Carlo Alberto 2.—If I were my own master I would have come to you, but unfortunately I belong to others. You must come to Milan from time to time, so please don't forget me on your next trip.

Once we have conversed my work will seem easier to me. Meanwhile I am going to finish "Pereat Rochus," which I had set aside, feeling too light-headed to struggle

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[605] Via Solferino is within the city walls of Milan, running towards the Palazza di Brera and only a few blocks from La Scala.

against the difficulties with which your work abounds. I am better now and will return to this interesting work with pleasure.

Please accept once more, sir, my most sincere esteem.

P. Solanges.

Varese via Ghirla.[606]

3. 3 September 1887

Milan le 3 septembre 1887

Cher monsieur

Je vous suis on ne peut plus reconnaissant de votre aimable invitation dont hélas je n'ai pu profiter cette année. Permettez-moi donc de la retenir pour l'année prochaine puisque, si je dois m'en rapporter à ce que m'a dit notre ami commun Pesci, vous passez toujours une partie de l'été sur le lac de Lugano que je connais tout entier en exceptant justement la branche qui va de Lugano à Porlezza.

Je suis bien heureux de savoir que vous viendrez à Milan ce mois-ci. Je suis sûr, lorsque nous aurons causé, de faire du bon travail et cela me donnera le courage de m'attaquer à *Daniele Cortis*, un livre qui m'est cher, un maître livre.

Veuillez croire, cher monsieur, à tous mes sentiments de haute et très sympathique estime.

P. Solanges.

Translation

Milan, 3 September 1887

Dear sir

I could not be more grateful to you for your kind invitation, which unfortunately I have not been able to take advantage of this year. Allow me then to keep it for next year since, if I am to rely on what I was told by our mutual friend Pesci,[607] you always spend part of the summer on Lake Lugano, which I know entirely except, in fact, the arm between Lugano and Porlezza.[608]

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606 Varese, some 60 km north of Milan, at an altitude of 400 m, was a summer resort for wealthy Milanese families (K. Baedeker, *Italy: Handbook for Travellers. First Part: Northern Italy*, 6th ed. (Leipzig: Baedeker, 1882) 165). Ghirla is a village 13 km further north, in the mountains between Lake Maggiore and Lake Lugano.

607 Ugo Pesci (1846–1908), a collaborator on Giulio Ricordi's *Gazzetta musicale di Milano* (Busch, *Falstaff* 33); he wrote the lyrics for at least three songs by Francesco Paolo Tosti in 1877–78, authored special magazine issues on *Verdi e l'Otello* and *Verdi e il Falstaff*, and published several books on the history of unified Italy in the first decade of the twentieth century. Solanges's archives contain two letters from Pesci, one about the atrocious holiday weather and Pesci's refusal of a job at a proposed literary colony in Bergamo, the other about Pesci's poor chances of becoming editor of the Milan daily *La perseveranza* (Ugo Pesci, letters to PS, 26 April 1884 and 16 August 1905, ASF).

608 The northern shore of the eastern arm of Lake Lugano, including the Valsolda region, "between Alps and Lake", lovingly portrayed in many of Fogazzaro's works. "Attempts at extortion are frequently made here [Porlezza] by the fraternity who prey upon travellers" (Baedeker 164)!

I am very pleased to know that you will be coming to Milan this month. I am sure to work well after we have conversed, and that will give me heart to tackle *Daniel Cortis*, a book that is dear to me, a masterly book.

Please accept, sir, my most sincere esteem.

P. Solanges.

4. 25 October 1887

Milan le 25 octobre 1887

Cher monsieur et ami

Merci de votre bonne lettre. Nous mettrons donc une plante de jardin que le vent d'orage puisse coucher. Nous avons eu chacun une impression du même genre en débaptisant le baron di Santa Giulia. Tandis que vous le nommiez Melchior moi je l'appelais Salvator. Si Melchior vaut mieux j'effacerai.

J'ai terminé les deux premiers chapitres. Je vais lentement mais trop vite encore paraît-il car, en me relisant hier au soir, j'ai commencé à avoir des doutes. Je crains que, par ma maladresse, le *mystère* qui est un des charmes de votre livre ne soit devenu obscurité. Il me tarde bien que vous veniez à Milan me dire votre avis là-dessus. Quoi qu'il en soit je ne suis pas découragé et j'irai jusqu'au bout. Nous verrons après.

Croyez-moi, cher monsieur et ami, votre très cordialement dévoué

P. Solanges.

Translation

Milan, 25 October 1887

Dear sir and friend

Thank you for your kind letter. We will place a garden plant then so that the storm of wind may die down.[609] We each had the same sort of impression when we renamed the Baron of Santa Giulia. While you named him Melchior, I was calling him Salvator. If Melchior is better I will cross it out.[610]

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609 Evidently an exchange of letters is missing here.
This is an oblique reference to the first chapter of *Daniele Cortis*, "Vento, Pioggia e Chiacchere [Wind, Rain and Gossip]": the scene is a social gathering in the Villa Carrè during which a violent storm erupts outside.
The allusion to a garden plant as a means of calming the storm must refer to a folkloric action, which still has resonance in Mauritius (personal communication to the author); although the custom is difficult to verify, the following quotation is remarkably *à propos*:
Dans le Poitou, on met une marmite en fer avec les pieds en l'air hors de la chaumière, pour conjurer l'orage. [In the Poitiers region, they place an iron pot upside-down outside the cottage, to ward off the storm.] (L.-J.-B. Bérenger-Ferraud, *Superstitions et survivances* (Paris: Leroux, 1896) 3: 243).

610 The Baron of Santa Giulia is the irascible husband of Hélène (née Carrè), whose relationship with Daniel Cortis is at the heart of the novel.
Avec sa grande personne, avec sa grande barbe fauve, avec sa grosse voix, le baron avait l'air d'un brigand normand des temps passés [With his large body, his big tawny beard, and his loud voice, the Baron seemed like a Norman brigand from times past] (*Cortis* 10).
The Italian original gives the Baron's first name five times as Carmine (A. Fogazzaro, *Daniele Cortis* (Verona: Mondadori, 1951) 22 and elsewhere). In the French edition, Mario is the name

I have finished the first two chapters.[611] I am going slowly, but still too quickly, it seems, since I began to have doubts when I read it over last night. I fear that, through my clumsiness, the *mystery* that is one of the charms of your book has become obscurity. I am quite impatient for you to come to Milan and tell me your opinion on this. Whatever the case, I am not discouraged and will persevere to the end. Afterwards we will see.

Believe me, dear sir and friend, your most cordially devoted

P. Solanges.

5. 19 December 1887

19 décembre 87.

25 Solferino.

Cher monsieur et ami

Depuis ma dernière lettre j'ai dû passer par une série d'ennuis. D'abord j'ai été pendant longtemps et assez sérieusement souffrant, j'ai dû ensuite faire le voyage de Gênes et mille démarches pour me soustraire à la bonne volonté de mes chefs qui voulaient m'envoyer, avec de l'avancement, dans la soi-disant ville de marbre. Enfin j'ai dû faire, pour la fin d'année, dix petits poèmes pour lesquels je m'étais engagé avec la maison Ricordi. Je ne dois donc pas vous dissimuler que mon cher Cortis a eu à souffrir de ma négligence involontaire. Je me suis remis au travail ces jours-ci, mais je ne désire votre visite que dans quelque temps afin de pouvoir vous présenter quelque chose d'important.

Plus je fais l'école buissonnière, et plus je reviens avec plaisir, avec bonheur, à votre excellent livre que j'ai peur hélas de bien maltraiter malgré ma grande affection pour lui.

Veuillez recevoir pour vous et les vôtres mes vœux pour l'année qui vient et me croire bien à vous de tout cœur.

P. Solanges

Translation

19 December 1887

Dear sir and friend

Since my last letter I have been through a string of troubles. Firstly I was quite seriously ill for some time, then I had to make the trip to Genoa and take a thousand and one steps to escape the goodwill of my superiors, who wanted to promote me to the self-styled city of marble.[612] Finally, for the end of the year, I had to do ten small poems that I had promised to the House of Ricordi.[613] So I mustn't hide from you the

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used on this occasion by Hélène, calling to her husband from the balcony (*Cortis* 25). For the subsequent occurrences, the French edition deletes the first name three times (*Cortis* 249, 260, 309), and uses Mario once more (*Cortis* 395).

611 Pages 1–39 of the published French edition.

612 Rome.

613 Probably *Le livre des histoires: suite de 9 contes musicaux pour piano à 4 mains,* by J. Burgmein; poetry by Paul Solanges; illustrations by Alfred Montalti (Milan: Ricordi, 1887). See Appendix I for a list of the tales included. J. Burgmein was a pseudonym used by the Milan music publisher

fact that my dear Cortis has had to suffer from my involuntary negligence. I have returned to work in the last few days, but I do not want a visit from you for some time, so that I can present you with a substantial amount of work.

The more I play truant, the greater my pleasure in returning happily to your excellent book, which I fear I am, alas! quite maltreating despite my great affection for it.

Please accept my best wishes for yourself and your family for the approaching year, and believe me to be,

Heartily yours,

P. Solanges

6. 25 February 1888

Milan le 25 février 1888.

Cher monsieur et ami

Je viens d'écrire la dernière ligne du Chapitre «Per lui» je viens de le relire et je suis profondément découragé. Ça n'est pas ça!—C'est gauche un peu obscur ça manque de couleur et d'expression. Prises une à une les phrases vont bien mais l'ensemble est mauvais. Dieu sait pourtant si j'ai travaillé lentement et avec soin. Je ne renonce cependant pas croyez-le bien, mais j'aurais grand besoin que vous vinssiez à Milan pour revoir avec vous ce premier quart de votre œuvre. Ma faute est, je crois, de m'être trop attaché au texte et d'avoir trop italianisé mon français. Le mal est que je n'y vois pas bien clair moi-même. Peut-être devrai-je laisser reposer ces premiers chapitres, les reprendre dans quelque temps et les modifier *sans revoir l'original, comme si nous avions vous et moi fait Daniele Cortis en collaboration*. Mais pour agir ainsi il faut que j'y sois autorisé par vous et vous ne pouvez me donner cette autorisation qu'en voyant vous-même comment je veux m'y prendre. Si vous ne devez pas venir à Milan, ce que je regretterai vivement car j'ai grand besoin d'être encouragé, j'irai de l'avant sans penser davantage à ce qui est fait, et j'attendrai le bon vent qui vous amènera ici.

J'aurai, pour mon compte, beaucoup gagné à ce travail, mais je crains bien de vous avoir trahi.

Donnez-moi de vos nouvelles, parlez-moi de vos projets et croyez-moi toujours votre bien cordialement dévoué

P. Solanges

25 via Solferino.

Translation

Milan, 25 February 1888.

Dear sir and friend

Giulio Ricordi (1840–1912), who headed the firm from about 1887, and who regularly dealt with Verdi on the firm's behalf (Sadie 15: 851–52).

I have just written the last line of the chapter "Per Lui,"[614] I have just read it over, and I am profoundly discouraged. That's not it!—It's clumsy, a bit obscure, it lacks colour and expression. Taken on their own the sentences read well, but the overall effect is bad. But God knows I worked slowly and carefully. I am not giving up, rest assured of that, but I have a great need for you to come to Milan so that I can revise with you this first quarter of your work. I think my mistake is to have adhered too closely to the text and Italianised my French too much. The difficulty is that I myself don't see a clear way forward here. Perhaps I will have to leave these first chapters aside, resume work on them after a while and alter them *without checking the original, as if you and I had collaborated in writing Daniel Cortis*. But before I act in this manner I must have your authorisation, and you cannot give me that authorisation unless you see for yourself how I wish to proceed. If you were not to come to Milan—which I would deeply regret, since I have a great need of encouragement—I will continue without thinking more about the completed section, and I will await the fair wind that will bring you here.

Personally, I will have gained greatly from this work, but I am very fearful of having betrayed you.[615]

Give me news of yourself, speak to me of your plans,

Most cordially yours

P. Solanges

25 via Solferino.

7. 22 March 1888

Milan 22 mars 1888.

Cher monsieur et ami

J'ai reçu votre bonne lettre. Merci des bonnes choses que vous me dites. Je travaille notre Cortis et j'avance quoique lentement. Quand vous viendrez à Milan nous lirons ensemble je l'espère la moitié du volume. Il faudra me consacrer une journée entière n'est-ce pas? Sans cela je ne vous rendrai pas votre visite sur le lac de Lugano cet été comme j'en ai l'agréable intention. (Cet adjectif est pour moi.)

Je ne sais si Giacosa vous a bien expliqué ce dont nous avions parlé ensemble au sujet de votre premier chapitre. Je ne me suis pas permis de dire que je voudrais des changements mais seulement deux ou trois lignes placées çà et là pour raréfier l'atmosphère mystérieuse qui est d'ailleurs un des charmes de vos livres. Voilà: le lecteur, au début du premier chapitre est semblable à un monsieur tombant dans un salon où à peu près tout le monde lui est inconnu. Les présentations ont eu pour résultat de l'éclairer fort peu et les conversations n'ajoutent pas grand chose à cette faible lumière. Un ami arrivé à propos peut en cinq minutes le mettre plus que suffisamment au courant. Les quelques lignes que je voudrais vous voir ajouter joueraient le rôle de cet ami. À vous dire vrai je ne sais pas où il vous faudrait les

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614 In the Italian edition the chapters have titles, but in the French edition they are simply numbered, "Per Lui, Per Lui!" being chapter V, pp. 68–101.

615 From doubts in Letter 4, to fear of maltreatment of the text and crisis of confidence in Letter 6—these characteristics of Solanges appear early in this correspondence, and the pattern is to be repeated in his correspondence with HHR.

mettre, je sais seulement que je les crois utiles. Cette opinion ne m'est pas personnelle, elle est celle de plusieurs de mes amis enthousiastes de votre livre et qui trouvent le premier chapitre non pas obscur mais un peu vague.

L'amitié que je porte à l'auteur de Cortis, que je confonds volontiers avec vous, le rendra indulgent pour cette sincère petite critique.

Veuillez me croire, cher monsieur et ami, votre bien sincèrement et cordialement dévoué

P. Solanges

25 via Solferino

Translation

Milan, 22 March 1888.

Dear sir and friend

I have received your kind letter. Thank you for the kind things you say to me. I am working on our Cortis and making progress, although slowly. When you come to Milan I hope we will read half of the volume together. You will have to set aside a whole day for me, won't you? Otherwise I will not repay your visit this summer on Lake Lugano, as is my pleasant intention. (This adjective applies to me.)

I don't know if Giacosa[616] explained to you properly what we had spoken of together with regard to your first chapter. I did not dare to say that I would like some changes but only two or three lines placed here and there to depressurise the mysterious atmosphere which moreover is one of the charms of your books. You see, at the beginning of the first chapter the reader is like a gentleman dropping in to a salon where almost everyone is unknown to him. The result of the introductions has been to enlighten him very little and the conversations add not a lot to this weak light.[617] A friend arriving at the right moment can put him more than sufficiently in the picture in five minutes. The few lines I would like to see you add would play the part of this friend. To tell you the truth I don't know where you would have to put them, I only know that I think they are useful. This opinion is not only mine, it is the opinion of several of my friends who are enthusiastic about your book and who find the first chapter not obscure but a little vague.

The friendship I bear to the author of Cortis, whom I willingly mistake you for, will make him indulgent about this sincere little criticism.

Please believe me, dear sir and friend, your most sincerely and cordially devoted

P. Solanges

25 via Solferino

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616 Giuseppe Giacosa was to move from Turin to Milan later that year, becoming director and lecturer at the Academy of Dramatic Arts and professor of dramatic literature at the Conservatory (Busch, *Falstaff* 600).

617 This description of the first chapter of *Daniel Cortis* is quite true: the reader falls into the midst of a conversation in a salon, and there is nowhere any description the reader may refer back to for a reminder as to who is who—much searching through the text is necessary just for that purpose.

8. 29 November 1888

Milan le 29 novembre 88

Cher monsieur et ami

Je recommence Cortis ou plutôt je le recopie en y introduisant les corrections que je juge indispensables. *Vous n'êtes pas* dans la traduction et il faut que vous y soyez. La version est trop mot à mot et ressemble moins au texte que si elle était plus libre. Quand aurai-je fini ce travail de Pénélope, cela importe peu s'il est bien fait n'est-ce pas? J'aimerais mieux renoncer à l'honneur de vous traduire que de vous donner tel que vous êtes actuellement. Votre livre est devenu pour moi une sorte d'Évangile et je ne veux pas qu'il sorte de mes mains plus imparfait que je ne le puis faire.

En attendant je vous ouvre la voie par les nouvelles que publie et publiera le Figaro. Là encore il faut de la patience car la publication se fait avec une lenteur désespérante. J'ai envoyé de vous *Eden Anto* et je vais faire partir *Pereat Rochus*. Si le *Figaro* qui m'a demandé des choses qui amusent les femmes (textuel) ne publiait pas ces nouvelles, m'autorisez-vous à essayer d'un autre journal? Le *Gaulois* par exemple?

Veuillez me faire savoir si vous êtes d'accord avec votre éditeur pour ces publications.

J'ai lu le *Mistero del Poeta* et suis à mon aise puisque vous m'avez dit vous-même que le livre ne me plairait pas. Il me plaît mais avec des restrictions. Je trouve, avec tout le respect que je vous dois, qu'il y a trop de talent d'analyse dépensé pour le développement d'une certaine idée qui doit intéresser quelqu'un plus que tout le monde, même parmi les délicats.

En somme c'est encore une fois l'amour insatisfait et *passé à l'état de culte*. Dans *Cortis* c'est le devoir qui fait obstacle, dans le *Mistero* c'est la mort. Vous n'avez pas voulu vous répéter, mais la première donnée était plus belle.—En somme le livre est digne d'un grand et honnête esprit comme le vôtre.

Si vous voulez encore écrire *pour écrire*, vous devez donner une grande leçon au public avec un livre où toutes vos profondes connaissances de l'âme de la religion de la politique et de l'art sauront créer une action grandiose.

Mille pardons et croyez-moi à vous de tout cœur

P. Solanges.

Translation

Milan, 29 November 88

Dear sir and friend

I am beginning Cortis again, or rather I am transcribing it and inserting the corrections I consider essential. *You are not* in the translation and yet you have to be in it. The translation is too word for word and matches the text less than if it was more freely rendered. When will I have finished this Penelopean task;[618] that matters little if the task is well done, does it not? I would rather renounce the honour of

[618] In Homer's *Odyssey*, Penelope delayed her suitors by unravelling each night the cloth whose completion they were to await before she would accept an offer of marriage.

translating you than hand over your work in its current state. Your book has become a sort of Gospel for me, and I don't want it to leave my hands in a less perfect state than I can achieve.

Meanwhile, I am opening the way for you with the short stories that *Le Figaro* is publishing and will be publishing. There again patience is needed, since publication comes desperately slowly. I have sent your *Eden Anto* and I want to send *Pereat Rochus*.[619] *Le Figaro* has asked me for things which amuse women (these are their exact words), but if they do not publish these short stories, do you authorise me to try another newspaper? *Le Gaulois*, for example?[620]

Please let me know if you are in agreement with your publisher for these publications.

I have read *Mistero del Poeta* and I feel at ease since you yourself told me that I would not like the book. I do like it, but with reservations. With all due respect, I find there is too much analytical talent lavished on the development of a certain idea that must interest someone more than anybody else, even amongst refined people.[621]

In short it is once again a case of unrequited love that has *become a form of worship*. In *Cortis* it is duty that gets in the way, and in *Mistero* it is death.[622] You did not wish to repeat yourself, but the first theme was finer.—In short the book is worthy of a great and decent spirit like yours.

If you wish to write again *for the sake of writing*, you must give a great lesson to the public with a book in which all your profound knowledge of the soul, religion, politics and art will be able to create an imposing plot.

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619 *Eden Anto*, published in March 1885, is "perhaps Fogazzaro's most intense portrayal of complete disappointment and disillusionment" (Hall 47). An old man whose only remaining object of value is an ancient edition of Ariosto's *Orlando furioso* has it torn from his grasp by his creditor, but snatches it back and throws it into the fire, where it "burns flowering"; later the same day he learns that his cherished interpretation of the inscription on the cover is erroneous—it is not Greek for "it burned flowering" but is the name of the engraver, F. de Nanto. Bereft of his precious book and his intellectual pride, the old man dies the same night.
A bibliophile edition of this short story was produced by the Roxburghe Club of San Francisco in 1930—something of a *memento mori* for current bibliophiles.
For *Pereat Rochus*, see footnote 601, p. 230. Solanges had promised to complete this story in August 1887 (Letter 2).

620 *Le Gaulois*, founded in Paris in 1868, was at this period a monarchist daily newspaper.

621 *Il mistero del poeta* was published in instalments in *La nuova antologia* between January and April 1888, and in book form in July 1888; "a long-drawn-out, extremely sentimental and somewhat improbable novel; a poetical autobiography, wherein a mystic relates the story of his passion," says Gallarati-Scotti (108).
The Italian narrator describes his love for Violet, a delicate German woman who is engaged to a schoolteacher; he succeeds in winning her away from the teacher, only for her to die of shock on the wedding day after meeting a previous beau. The story can be seen as symbolising the union of Italian with German culture, a union that is ultimately unsuccessful because of the shadow of Italy's shameful past. However, this is also "the most purely romantic … the most purely poetic of all Fogazzaro's novels", and it can be seen as one of his best because of the intensity of the emotions which Fogazzaro describes and the skill with which he makes them come alive for the reader (Hall 55–56).

622 In *Daniele Cortis*, it is Hélène's duty to remain faithful to her marriage vows, and indirectly Daniel Cortis's duty to devote himself to politics, that prevent the fulfilment of true love—*in this world*; in *Mistero del poeta*, Violet's death puts an end to earthly love. Fogazzaro is a man of passion and emotion who yet is looking for more than love can offer in this life. After over ten years of scepticism, he had been profoundly reconverted to Catholicism in 1873, and his writings reveal his passion for imbuing his own life and the nation's life with Christian values.

A thousand apologies, ever heartily yours

P. Solanges.

9. 20 April 1889

25 via Solferino.

Mon cher ami

Voici le premier chapitre de Cortis avec d'insensibles retouches à la traduction. Les autres vont suivre régulièrement environ chaque semaine. Gardez le manuscrit sans cela je recommence encore. Quand tout sera fini nous causerons.

Voulez-vous me faire un grand plaisir? Vous savez qu'au dessus de ma table de travail j'ai le portrait de Boito. À sa gauche se trouve Giacosa, voulez-vous faire en sorte que je vous puisse mettre à sa droite. Je serai heureux de travailler sous les yeux de mes trois maîtres et, permettez-moi de le dire, de mes trois amis.

Boito et Giacosa sont dans le format cabinet. Je me recommande à vous

Si ch'io sia quarto fra cotanto senno.

Rien de nouveau pour les articles, mais je suis têtu.

À vous de cœur

P. Solanges

20 avril 89.

Avec deux mots par devant.

Translation

25 via Solferino.

My dear friend[623]

Here is the first chapter of Cortis with imperceptible alterations to the translation.[624] The others will follow regularly about every week. Keep the manuscript, otherwise I will begin all over again. When it is all finished we will speak again.

Would you like to do me a great favour? You know that I have a photo of Boito above my desk. To the left of him is Giacosa. Will you enable me to put you on his right? I will be happy to work under the eyes of my three masters and, if you will allow me to say so, my three friends.

Boito and Giacosa are in cabinet size.[625] I commend myself to you

so that I may be fourth among so much wisdom.[626]

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623 The "halfway house" between formality and informality, *cher monsieur et ami*, now relaxes into *mon cher ami*, which will alternate with *mon bien cher ami* for the rest of this correspondence.

624 Solanges has by now spent some fifteen months on his first draft, and five months on the revision of the first chapter (see Letter 8). Fogazzaro has presumably seen the first draft.

625 The popular size of photograph known as "cabinet card" measured 4½ x 6¼ inches (115 x 158 mm) (Mary Lynn Ritzenthaler, Gerald J. Munoff and Margery S. Long, *Archives & Manuscripts: Administration of Photographic Collections* (Chicago: Society of American Archivists, 1984) 42).

Nothing new about the articles, but I am stubborn.[627]

Heartily yours

P. Solanges

20 April 89.

With two words at the front.[628]

10. 29 April 1889

Milan le 29/4/89

Mon cher ami

En même temps que mes remerciements les plus vifs pour le grand plaisir que vous m'avez fait je vous envoie la seconde pierre de l'édifice.

Votre photographie a pris place au dessus de ma tête et surveille mon travail, cette surveillance m'est très profitable et me donne bon espoir.

Je ne puis vous envoyer ma photographie, je ne l'ai pas. Si jamais je la fais faire est-il nécessaire de vous dire qu'une des premières épreuves sera pour vous.

Merci encore et de tout cœur. Moi aussi j'aurais grand plaisir à vous voir et à causer longuement avec vous. Sera-ce pour ces vacances?

Votre bien cordialement affectionné

P. Solanges.

Translation

Milan, 29 April 1889

My dear friend

At the same time as my warmest thanks for the great pleasure you have given me, I am sending you the second stone for the edifice.[629]

Your photograph has taken its place above my head and now supervises my work, and this supervision is very beneficial to me and gives me great hopes.

I cannot send you my photograph, I do not have one. If ever I have one taken, need I say that one of the first proofs will be for you.[630]

Thanks again with all my heart. I too would have great pleasure in seeing you and conversing with you at length. Shall it be in the coming holidays?

Your most cordially affectionate

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626 Dante, *Inferno* 4.100–02: e più d'onore ancora assai mi fenno, / ch'e' sì mi fecer de la loro schiera, / sì ch'io fui sesto tra cotanto senno. 'and they did me an even greater honor, / for they made me one of their band, / so that I was sixth among so much wisdom.'
Solanges changes the text to "so that I may be fourth … ."

627 Perhaps a reference to non-publication of his translations of *Eden Anto* and *Pereat Rochus* in *Le Figaro*; see Letter 8 (29 November 1888).

628 This phrase is written separately on the last page, vertically, and underlined thrice. The meaning is difficult to divine.

629 The revised second chapter.

630 HHR promises Solanges much the same thing in her letter of 11 February 1911 (*HHRTL* 1:84).

P. Solanges.

11. 15 June 1889

25 via Solferino.

Mon cher ami

Je vous envoie le plus long et le plus difficile chapitre de *notre* Cortis—(con mille scuse). Je voudrais bien savoir si les quatre autres vous sont parvenus sans encombre.

Quand viendrez-vous à Milan? Nous verrons-nous cet été sur le lac de Lugano?

À vous de cœur

P. Solanges

Milan 15 juin 1889.

Translation

25 via Solferino.

My dear friend

I am sending you the longest and most difficult chapter of *our* Cortis—(con mille scuse).[631] I would very much like to know if the other four have reached you without mishap.

When will you be coming to Milan? Will we see each other this summer on Lake Lugano?

Heartily yours

P. Solanges

Milan, 15 June 1889.

12. 12 July 1889

Mon cher ami

Je voulais vous écrire tous ces temps-ci pour vous dire combien j'ai été tristement impressionné par votre lettre et combien je déplore la cause qui m'empêchera de vous voir cet été. Pardonnez-moi si je ne l'ai pas fait plus tôt, je désirais en même temps vous envoyer un chapitre de Cortis qui est *presque* fini, mais les examens des enfants la chaleur et les départs m'ont empêché de faire ce que je voulais. Nous partons nous-mêmes[632] demain pour Ghirla, d'où vous recevrez plusieurs envois.

Mille souhaits du fond du cœur pour tous les vôtres et pour vous de votre très affectionné

P. Solanges

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631 con mille scuse: with a thousand apologies (Italian). The apologies are both for the claim of co-authorship and for the tardiness of the translation. The chapter concerned is probably once more Chapter V, "Per Lui, Per Lui!" (see Letter 6, 25 February 1888), which takes thirty-four pages of the French edition; this would indicate that Solanges has revised another three chapters since 29 April 1889. (Chapters XI and XX of the Italian edition are in fact slightly longer.)

632 nous-mêmes] nous même *MS*

12/7/89

Translation

My dear friend

I have been meaning to write to you for quite some time to tell you how sadly touched I was by your letter and how sorry I am for the reason which will prevent me from seeing you this summer.[633] Forgive me if I didn't do so sooner—I wished to send you at the same time a chapter of Cortis which is *almost* finished, but the children's exams,[634] the heat and the beginning of the holidays prevented me from doing as I wished. We ourselves are leaving for Ghirla tomorrow, and you will receive several despatches from there.

A thousand best wishes from the bottom of my heart for all your family and yourself from your very affectionate

P. Solanges

12 July 1889

13. 4 April 1890

8 via San Primo

Mon cher ami

L'année n'a pas été bonne pour moi. J'ai eu pas mal d'ennuis et des tristesses. Pardonnez-moi donc si je parais vous avoir négligé. J'ai dû aussi aller passer un mois à Paris pour affaires et suis de retour depuis peu. J'espère vous envoyer bientôt de mes nouvelles en attendant que vous me disiez que vous et les vôtres êtes tous en bonne santé. Je vous serre les deux mains de tout cœur.

Votre affectionné

P. Solanges

4 avril 90.

Translation

My dear friend[635]

The year has not been good for me. I have had a number of trials and sorrows. Forgive me then if I appear to have neglected you. I also had to go and spend a month in Paris on business and returned only recently.[636] I hope to send you news soon, whilst waiting for you to tell me that you and yours are all in good health. I embrace you most warmly.

Your affectionate

P. Solanges

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633 The reason for Fogazzaro's unavailability is unclear.

634 Marthe Solanges was by now 13, and her brother Pierre was 11.

635 This letter is written on black-bordered paper.

636 Solanges's discretion as to who has died is absolute, but his presumed father, the Duc de Montpensier, died in Spain on 4 February 1890. It is reasonable to assume that this is the cause of the long stay in Paris. See the section on Montpensier in Chapter 1 of the Introduction.

4 April 1890

14. 10 April 1890

Milan 10 avril 90

Mon cher ami

Merci de votre bonne et affectueuse lettre; elle m'a fait beaucoup de bien. C'est un grand malheur pour moi de ne pas vous avoir connu plus tôt et de ne pas vivre dans la même ville que vous. J'ai souvent besoin de conseils et de force, vous m'auriez donné les uns et soufflé l'autre.

J'ai toujours espéré passer deux ou trois jours avec vous pour vous demander *la règle*. Je suis maintenant bien vieux pour me refaire, qui sait pourtant si je n'en aurais pas le courage?

J'attends donc votre venue avec impatience dans l'espoir de vous voir un peu seul.

Je suis heureux des bonnes nouvelles que vous me donnez de tous les vôtres.

À vous de cœur

P. Solanges.

Translation

Milan, 10 April 1890[637]

My dear friend

Thank you for your kind and affectionate letter, it did me a great deal of good. It is a great misfortune for me not to have known you sooner, and not to live in the same town as you. I often need advice and strength, and you would have given me the former and breathed the latter into me.

I have always hoped to spend two or three days with you to ask you for your *rule*. I am now quite old to be remaking myself, but who knows if I would not have the heart to do so?

So I await your coming impatiently, in the hope of seeing you alone for a little while.

I am glad for the good news you give me about all your family.

Heartily yours

P. Solanges.

15. 29 April 1890

Milan 29 avril 1890.

Mon cher ami

J'ai écrit immédiatement à un de mes amis de Paris et dès que j'aurai la réponse je vous la communiquerai.

[637] This letter is written on black-bordered paper.

Je suis à mon bureau tous les jours de 8 à 11, et de 1 heure à 4, à moins que je ne sois dans l'obligation de sortir pour affaires ce qui m'arrive très souvent.

Je serais désolé de perdre cette rare occasion de vous serrer la main. Vous devez bien pourtant déjeuner quand vous passez par Milan. Ne pourrions-nous faire cette opération là ensemble?

Vous aurez vu qu'un nouveau deuil est venu nous frapper. On est fort triste chez moi.

À vous de cœur

P. Solanges.

Translation

Milan, 29 April 1890.[638]

My dear friend

I have written immediately to one of my Paris friends and as soon as I have the reply I will let you know.[639]

I am in my office every day from 8 till 11, and from 1 till 4, unless I am obliged to go out on business, which happens very often.

I would be sorry to miss this rare opportunity to shake your hand. Yet you must dine when you pass through Milan. Could we not perform that operation together?

You will have seen that a new bereavement has struck us. We are very sad at home.[640]

Heartily yours

P. Solanges.

16. c. 1890, or 1895–96

Mon cher ami

Je reçois le Gaulois et je le repasse à Donna Vittoria Cima. Cette fois-ci elle attendra un peu le numéro que je vous envoie pour que vous y lisiez une jolie légende d'Anatole France. Veuillez donc me retourner le journal dès que vous l'aurez lu.

Bien à vous de cœur

P. Solanges

Mercredi

Translation

My dear friend[641]

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638 This letter is written on black-bordered paper.

639 Perhaps an indication that Fogazzaro has requested help in identifying a publisher for the French edition of *Daniele Cortis*—one means of ensuring pressure on Solanges to complete the work.

640 A new bereavement would most likely be the death of Madame Solanges's mother Marie (her father Théodore Le Bel died about January 1899 [Edouard Blau, letter to PS, 17 January 1899, ASF]), or perhaps of Frédéric Toché, Solanges's stepfather.

641 This letter is written on black-bordered paper. It could therefore be dated to 1890, or to 1895–96.

I receive *Le Gaulois*[642] and pass it on to Lady Vittoria Cima.[643] This time she will wait a little for the issue I am sending you so that you can read a nice story by Anatole France.[644] So please return the newspaper to me as soon as you have read it.

Most heartily yours

P. Solanges

Wednesday

17. 12 January 1892

Milan le 12 janvier 92

Mon bien cher ami

Le chapitre de Cortis que vous recevrez en même temps que ma lettre serait parti quand même ce matin en supposant que je n'aie pas reçu de vous l'excellente lettre dont je vous remercie de tout cœur. Il en aurait été de même de tous les autres chapitres jusqu'à la fin du livre car j'aurais considéré votre silence comme une juste punition de mon inexcusable lenteur. Moi, je suis un grand coupable et je ne mérite pas toute la délicatesse dont vous venez de faire preuve à mon égard. Étant donné ce que vous m'écrivez je vous dois et me dois à moi-même de fixer une date approximative pour la fin de mon travail. Dans quatre mois, dans cinq mois au plus, vous aurez le manuscrit complet de Cortis que je voudrais presque ne pas revoir pour ne pas être tenté de le refaire encore une fois.

Vous serez content je pense du chapitre que je vous envoie. Il n'était pas commode. Vous y verrez des grattages, mais les pages non grattées ont été recommencées je ne sais les fois.

Je crois que le plus difficile est fait. Ce qui me reste à faire est tout événements et passion, je pourrai donc aller relativement vite et arriver à temps pour emboîter le pas au *Mystère du Poète*.

Croyez, mon cher ami, que si je n'avais pas des occupations (pas littéraires hélas!) si absolument absorbantes j'aurais fini depuis longtemps. Cortis est resté la seule note artistique de ma vie et ce ne sera pas sans chagrin que je m'en séparerai.

Voulez-vous vous charger d'une longue et cordiale poignée de main pour votre fils que j'aime beaucoup.

À vous de tout mon cœur

P. Solanges.

Translation

Milan, 12 January 1892

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642 A daily Paris newspaper, with monarchist leanings from 1882; it merged with *Le Figaro* in 1929.

643 Vittoria Cima (1834–1930), an aristocrat who grew up in France, was a gifted pianist and friend of Arrigo Boito, who stayed with her at Cernobbio in the mid-1880s (Busch, *Otello* 798). Her salon in Milan was prominent in many spheres of the social life of northern Italy. See the section on literary salons in Chapter 5 of the Introduction.

644 Anatole France (1844-1924) collaborated on *Le Gaulois* (see footnote 620) and *La revue illustrée* in 1890 (Anatole France, *Oeuvres*, ed. Marie-Claire Bancquart (Paris: Gallimard, 1984) cxviii).

My very dear friend

The chapter of Cortis that you will receive at the same time as my letter would have left this morning even if I had not received from you the excellent letter for which I thank you with all my heart. The same would have been the case for all the other chapters to the end of the book, since I would have considered your silence a just punishment for my unpardonable slowness. I am decidedly guilty, and I do not deserve all the tact that you have just shown me. Given what you have written me, I owe it to you and to myself to fix an approximate date for the completion of my work. In four months, or in five months at most, you will have the complete manuscript of Cortis, which I would almost want not to see again so as not to be tempted to redo it once again.

I think you will be happy with the chapter I am sending you. It was not easy. You will see erasures in it, but the pages without erasures were recommenced I don't know how many times.

I believe the most difficult part is done. What remains for me to do is all events and passion, so I will be able to go relatively quickly and finish in time to follow on the heels of *Le Mystère du Poète*.[645]

Believe me, my dear friend, when I say that if I did not have such a time-consuming position (not a literary one, alas!), I would have finished long ago. Cortis has remained the sole artistic note in my life and it will not be without regret that I part from it.

Will you please be sure to pass on a long and cordial handshake for your son whom I am very fond of.[646]

Yours with all my heart

P. Solanges.[647]

18. c. 1895?

Mon bien cher ami

Paix à vous tous et espoir au nom de cette fête de Pasques qui m'a été si douce.

Pour le reste et une fois pour toutes faites ce que vous voudrez et comme vous voudrez. Je donne ce que vous m'envoyez à la [caisse?] du gaz qui se charge du reste.

À vous de cœur

P. Solanges.

Although this letter could be dated with others written on mourning paper in 1895, its most likely date is with letters on similar paper from 1890.

645 *Le mystère du poète*. Trans. A.-M. [André] Gladès [pseudonym of Mlle. Nancy Marie Vuille, 1867–1901]. Paris: Perrin, 1893. Gladès also translated Fogazzaro's *Piccolo mondo antico* into French. She was a friend of Swiss translator Édouard Rod (Nardi, *Fogazzaro* 322). Fogazzaro has perhaps used the imminent publication of *Le mystère du poète* to hurry Solanges along. One might wonder if Solanges has mistakenly written the date as January 1892 when it was in fact January 1893.

646 A fleeting indication that Solanges has met Fogazzaro's family. Fogazzaro's first daughter Gina was born in 1869, his son Mariano in 1875, and daughter Maria in 1881.

647 A three-year break in the surviving correspondence occurs here, perhaps especially because Solanges was busy with Boito on the translation of Verdi's *Falstaff* for much of 1893.

18a. Fogazzaro to Solanges, c. 1895?

Translation

My very dear friend[648]

Peace and hope to you in the name of this Easter feast which was so pleasant for me.

As for the rest, once and for all do what you wish and as you wish. I am giving what you send me to the [gas fund?] which is taking care of it from there.

Heartily yours

P. Solanges.

18a. Fogazzaro to Solanges, c. 1895?

[Black-bordered carte de visite:]

Antonio Fogazzaro ringrazia con lagrime il buon amico Solanges.

Translation

Antonio Fogazzaro tearfully thanks his good friend Solanges.[649]

Carte de visite: ASB 5.10

18b. Fogazzaro to Solanges, 7 October 1895

Montegalda, Vicence

Le 7 octobre 95

Mon cher ami

Votre lettre m'a fort affligé. Vous avez aussi à vous plaindre de la vie! Je ne parle pas de la fortune; les coups qui peuvent vous frapper de ce côté-là, à moins que ce ne soit la mine et la honte, me paraissent peu de chose en comparaisons de ceux qui vous sont portés par la mort; mais je conçois parfaitement l'amertume et la tristesse profonde que cette résolution de votre enfant doit vous avoir causé.

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[648] There are several possibilities for dating this letter:
A *terminus a quo* is indicated by this sentence of 10 April 1890: "I have always hoped to spend two or three days with you," meaning that as of April 1890 he had not visited Fogazzaro.
Some time between then and January 1892 the salutation progressed from *mon cher ami* to *mon bien cher ami*, meaning that this letter could be dated as early as Easter 1891.
By 12 January 1892 (Letter 17), Solanges shows that he knows Fogazzaro's son, and that some time has elapsed since he heard from Fogazzaro, which might also support Easter 1891.
However, the talk of finance and finalisation might indicate the translation is almost finished, giving a possible date of anywhere between Easter 1893 and 1895 [Fogazzaro's son died on 16 May 1895]. In fact, the letter may relate to the question of whether the French translation of *Daniele Cortis* would be published in its full version or an abridged version, supporting a date in 1895.
Finally, the warmness of the greeting to Fogazzaro's family at the end of the letter of 22 December 1895, and subsequently, may also arise from a visit at Easter 1895, still fresh in Solanges's memory.

[649] This response to a message of condolence could be dated to either 1891 (Fogazzaro's mother died on 15 April), or 1895 (Fogazzaro's son Mariano died on 16 May)(Hall 12). The latter date is perhaps more likely, given their lack of contact in 1892.

Je n'ai pas reçu la Revue de 1er octobre. Je viens d'écrire à […] pour l'avoir. J'ai reçu le numéro du 15 septembre. J'étais préparé à de terribles coupures; j'y étais résigné d'avance; des amis qui s'y connaissent m'avaient donné l'avis de tout accepter. Eh bien, j'avoue franchement que le premier numéro, dans cette disposition d'esprit, ne m'a pas déplu. Il n'a pas déplus [sic] non plus à quelques personnes qui l'ont lu sans songer à l'original. Nous verrons les autres! *En tout cas* je n'ai pas l'intention d'accepter pour le volume toutes les coupures de la Revue. Ceci est entendu et il est entendu que nous arrangerons ceci ensemble.

Je vous avertis que Folchetto dans une lettre à la *Tribuna* a jugé avec peu de bienveillance votre traduction. Il dit que j'ai été moins heureux, quant à mon traducteur, que d'Annunzio et il a le malheur de citer à l'appui de cette proposition le passage suivant: "*il n'y a qu'un seul déplaisir auquel je crains de mourir difficilement* etc. Or ces lignes sont de Lucile de Chateaubriand et je les ai tirées des *Mémoires d'Outre-tombe*! Vous voyez que vous n'avez pas à vous inquiéter de la critique de Folchetto!

Je vous serre la main, mon cher ami, de tout mon cœur.

Vostro

A Fogazzaro

ALS: ASB 5.1

Translation

My dear friend

Your letter distressed me greatly. You too have reason to complain about life! I do not speak of fortune; the blows that can strike you from that quarter, unless a matter of appearance and shame, appear of little consequence to me in comparison to the blows that are brought to you by death; but I understand perfectly the bitterness and profound sadness that this decision of your son's must have caused you.[650]

I have not received the 1st October Revue. I have just written to […] to get it. I have the 15 September issue. I was ready for terrible cuts; I was resigned to it in advance; friends who are in the know had advised me to accept them all. Well, I admit frankly that the first issue did not displease me, in this frame of mind. Nor did it displease some people who read it without thinking of the original. We will see the others! *In any case* I do not intend to accept in the book all the cuts made for the Revue. This is agreed and it is agreed that we will arrange this together.[651]

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650 Solanges's son Pierre volunteered for four years service in the French army in January 1896. Solanges accompanied Pierre to France for the event, and called it "the sacrifice" in Letter 20 (22 January 1896). Presumably, having experienced war in Alsace and in North Africa, he did not wish to see his son endure the same experiences. See p. 58 for mention of Solanges's war memoirs sent to Christine de Noüe.

651 Writing to HHR (Letter 172, 17 July 1912), Solanges described how the editor insisted on abridging the text of *Cortis* for publication in the *Revue de Paris* in 1895. The serialisation appeared in five fortnightly issues from 15 September–15 November 1895, taking 240 pages in all. The restoration of the abridged material to the French book edition is discussed in following letters.

An earlier journal named *Revue de Paris* had been suppressed in 1858. The new *Revue de Paris* was launched in 1894, as a competitor to the *Revue des deux mondes*. It ceased publication in 1970.

I warn you that Folchetto, in a letter to the *Tribuna*, has judged your translation with little kindness. He says that I have been less lucky with my translator than D'Annunzio, and in support of his proposition he has the misfortune to quote the following passage: "*il n'y a qu'un seul déplaisir auquel je crains de mourir difficilement* etc. Now these lines are by Lucile de Chateaubriand and I took them from *Mémoires d'Outre-tombe*![652] You see that you need not worry about criticism from Folchetto!

I shake your hand, my dear friend, with all my heart

Yours

A. Fogazzaro

18c. Fogazzaro to Solanges, 3 December 1895

Vicenza 3–12–95

Caro amico

Proprio iersera mi capita la lettera di Calmann Lévy. Egli scrive che per il pubblico francese sarebbe meglio di pubblicare il romanzo tal quale com'è uscito nella *R. de Paris*. Però si piegherebbe *à rétablir certains passages* se proprio lo desiderassi. Come ve l'ho scritto ieri, nelle circostanze in cui sono, sarei tentato di lasciar andare il romanzo come sta. Se invece mi decidessi, con uno sforzo, ad accettare la proposta di Calmann Lévy, sarebbe necessario che voi e io stettimo un poco insieme per vedere quali sarebbero i *passaggi* più necessari da ristabilire. Ora, per la causa che sapete, io non posso assolutamente muovermi da Vicenza. Potreste venire Voi? Verreste in casa mia, s'intende. Se non vi pesa di venire, annunciatemi per telegrafo il giorno e l'ora del vostro arrivo; e portate con Voi i numeri della Revue de Paris perché io non li ho completi. Se vi pesa, per qualsiasi motivo, di venire, almeno inviatemi, *al più presto possibile e raccomandati* i numeri della *Revue* che hanno il romanzo e indicatevi le mutilazioni che più vi hanno offeso. Io vedrò e judicherò. È tuttavia certo che senza stare insieme di persona, difficilmente si potrà far bene. Voi direte, caro amico, che si tratta di un interesse mio. È vero, ma non potete credere quanto mi ci sento indifferente! È male, io riconosco; però questo secondo colpo di sventura mi scusa!

Attendo la vostra risposta e vi stringo la mano.

Vostro

A Fogazzaro

ALS: ASB 5.2

Translation

Vicenza 3 December 1895

Dear friend

[652] François René de Chateaubriand (1768–1848) completed his *Mémoires d'outre-tombe* in 1841.

The letter from Calmann Lévy reached me just yesterday evening.[653] He writes that for the French public it would be better to publish the novel just as it appeared in the *Revue de Paris*. But he would submit to *the restoration of certain passages* if I really desired it. As I wrote to you yesterday, in the present circumstances, I would be tempted to let the novel go as it stands. But if on the other hand I decided, with an effort, to accept Calmann Lévy's proposal, it would be necessary for you and me to spend a little time together to see which would be the passages to be restored. Now, for the reason you know, I can absolutely not leave Vicenza.[654] Could you come? You would come to my house, of course. If it does not inconvenience you to come, let me know by telegraph the day and hour of your arrival; and bring with you the issues of the Revue de Paris since I do not have them all. If for whatever reason it is too much trouble to come, at least send me, *as soon as possible by registered post*, the issues of the *Revue* that contain the novel and mark on them the mutilations that most offended you. I will see and I will decide. Nevertheless it is certain that without being together in person, it will be difficult to do a good job. You will say, dear friend, that it is in my interest. That's true, but you cannot believe how indifferent I am to it! That's bad, I recognise that, but this second blow of misfortune excuses me!

I await your reply with a handshake

Yours

A. Fogazzaro

18d. Fogazzaro to Solanges, 19 December 1895

Vicenza 19–12–95

Carissimo amico

Ricevo in questo momento dalla *Revue de Paris* uno chèque di tremila seicento franchi. Ne tengo dunque mille e ottocento a vostra disposizione. Ditemi se devo incassare il chèque in carta, con l'agio, o se desiderate aver l'oro.

Mio nipote migliora ben poco, se pur migliora. Certo siamo ancora lontanissimi dal porto!

Vi stringo forte la mano e vi auguro le buone feste!

Vostro

A Fogazzaro

ALS: ASB 5.3

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653 The first mention of the publisher of the translation. Michel Lévy (1821–75) founded this publishing house with the opening of a reading room in 1836, and in 1855 launched the first pocket books, sold at one franc each. The company was managed from his death until 1891 by his brother Calmann Lévy (1819–91). Calmann's sons, Paul, Georges and Gaston succeeded him, and one of them would have been in charge at this period. Anatole France, Ernest Renan and Pierre Loti were among the principal authors pampered by the Lévy family in the late nineteenth century. The weekly *L'univers illustré* also belonged to the Lévy family (Renan 20–24, Berne 5–6); see Letter 26 (April 1896) for reference to a review of *Daniel Cortis* published in it.

654 Presumably because of the illness of his nephew Angelo di Valmarana, mentioned six times in letters up to 20 July 1896. Both Angelo and his cousin, Fogazzaro's son Mariano, had caught typhoid fever at Padua, Angelo in April 1895, and Mariano in May. Mariano had died on 16 May 1895, but Angelo eventually recovered (Donatella and Leone Piccioni, *Antonio Fogazzaro* (Turin: Unione Tipografico, 1970) 300–03; Nardi, *Fogazzaro* 411; Gallarati-Scotti 155–57).

22 December 1895

Translation

Vicenza 19 December 1895

Dearest friend

I have just received from the *Revue de Paris* a cheque for 3600 francs. I therefore have 1800 at your disposal. Tell me if I should cash the cheque at ease, or if you wish to have the money.

My nephew is improving very little, if at all. Certainly we are still far from port!

With a strong handshake and wishing you happy holidays

Yours

A. Fogazzaro

19. 22 December 1895

22.12.95

Mon cher ami, j'envoie aujourd'hui à Calmann Lévy la fin de *Cortis*. J'insiste sur la nécessité de recomposer le livre avec le nouveau texte, et je le prie avec insistance de m'envoyer la dernière épreuve pour qu'à l'apparition du volume il n'y ait de regrets ni pour vous, ni pour moi, ni pour Lévy lui-même.

Vous me ferez un vrai plaisir si vous voulez bien lui écrire *de suite* deux mots dans le même sens.

Je continue mes mea culpa à propos de Deschamps. Les articles sur Vicenza sont très bien. Je suis heureux de voir que vous l'avez joliment mieux inspiré que d'Annunzio.

J'espère que votre prochaine lettre me donnera de meilleures nouvelles de votre pauvre malade.

Veuillez me rappeler au souvenir de tous les vôtres qui ont été si charmants pour moi et croyez-moi à vous de tout cœur.

P. Solanges

TRANSLATION

22.12.1895[655]

My dear friend, I am sending the end of *Cortis* to Calmann Lévy today. I am insisting on the need to reset the book with the new text, and am asking him insistently to send me the final proof so that when the book appears there are no regrets either for you, for me or for Lévy himself.

You will do me a real favour if you will kindly write him a few words *at once* along the same lines.

I continue my *mea culpa*s in relation to Deschamps. The articles on Vicenza are very good. I am happy to see that you inspired him a lot better than d'Annunzio.[656]

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[655] This letter is written on black-bordered paper, a sign of mourning for Solanges's mother Madame de Beausire, who had died on 2 November 1895.

I hope your next letter will give me better news about your poor invalid.

Please remember me to all your family who were so charming to me and believe me heartily yours.

P. Solanges

20. 22 January 1896

22.1.96

Mon bien cher ami

Je pars demain matin pour la France où je vais accomplir le sacrifice. Pensez à moi.

Calmann Lévy m'a envoyé 200 pages d'épreuves avec *toutes* les restitutions. Je les ai déjà retournées. Mon absence ne durera que huit jours. Il n'y aura pas de retard par ma faute.

Et votre pauvre malade? Comme c'est triste et douloureux.

Rappelez-moi aux vôtres et croyez-moi toujours votre affectionné de cœur

P. Solanges

Translation

22 January 1896[657]

My very dear friend

I am leaving tomorrow for France where I am to accomplish the sacrifice.[658] Think of me.

Calmann Lévy has sent me 200 pages of proofs with all the excisions restored.[659] I have already sent them back. My absence will last only a week. There will be no delay through any fault of mine.

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656 Gaston Deschamps (1861–1931), writer and politician, succeeded Anatole France as editor of the column "Vie Littéraire" in *Le temps* in 1893, and wrote in many publications, such as *Le journal des débats* and *Le Figaro*. From 1919 to 1924 he was a member of the National Assembly.
Deschamps visited Fogazzaro at Vicenza on 25 November 1895. Arriving on a pitch black night, he asked the coachman to take him to the Fogazzaro house, and received the reply "La casa del signor poeta?," giving him the impression of going back in time to the day after Petrarch's coronation as poet laureate [in 1341]; at Fogazzaro's house in the city, they managed to read by candlelight the visiting card left on the door, saying that from the 7th he would be at his country villa, half a league from Vicenza; when they finally met, and Fogazzaro greeted him warmly with outstretched hands, Deschamps felt as if he had already met him, through a word-portrait written by Ugo Ojetti in the *Revue de Paris* shortly before (Nardi, *Fogazzaro* 427–30; Deschamps' published articles, on which Nardi's description is obviously based, have not been identified).
The reason for Solanges's apology is not clear: Fogazzaro may have requested that a translation be sent to Deschamps, or that a favour be rendered to him when he passed through Milan.

657 This letter is written on black-bordered paper, a sign of continued mourning for Solanges's mother.

658 *the sacrifice*: Abraham's sacrifice of his son (Genesis 22:1–19); see next letter. The sacrifice was fully accomplished when Pierre Solanges died of war wounds in October 1915.

659 See Letter 19 (22 December 1895). Presumably some of the cuts made for the publication in the *Revue de Paris* have been restored, but certainly not all, for the Calmann-Lévy edition includes quite a few abridgments of the Italian text. The next letter is more accurate in referring to "everything we wished to restore."

And your poor invalid? How sad and painful it is.

Remember me to your family and believe me ever your affectionate

P. Solanges

21. 6 February 1896

6.2.96

Mon bien cher ami

Je reviens de Paris après avoir accompagné mon fils à son régiment. Cela a été dur.[660]—À mon passage à Paris je suis allé voir Calmann Lévy qui a été fort aimable.

J'ai ici *toutes* les épreuves de *Cortis* dont j'ai déjà renvoyé les deux tiers corrigés. L'autre tiers suivra sous deux ou trois jours. Tout ce que nous désirions rétablir a été imprimé et ce sera parfait.

Je n'ai rien vu ni rien fait à Paris. Lévy m'a parlé du *scandale* d'Annunzio. J'ai laissé courir. L'affaire n'est pas belle car il y a bien et bel plagiat. Ne vous avais-je pas parlé de la théorie du sonnet de Banville reproduite mot pour mot dans ce Piacere qui finit par n'être plus qu'une mosaïque. Mais quel art merveilleux pour arriver à faire un geai convenable avec les plumes de tant de paons!

Les dernières nouvelles de votre pauvre malade n'étaient pas consolantes. Pouvez-vous m'en donner de meilleures? Je le souhaite bien vivement.

Rappelez-moi au souvenir de madame Fogazzaro et de toute votre excellente famille qui m'a fait si cordial accueil.

À vous de cœur

P. Solanges.

Translation

6 February 1896[661]

My very dear friend

I have returned from Paris after accompanying my son to his regiment.[662] It was hard.—When passing through Paris I went to see Calmann Lévy who was most kind.

I have here *all* the proofs of *Cortis*, two thirds of which I have corrected and returned. The other third will follow in two or three days. Everything we wished to restore has been printed, and it will be perfect.

I neither saw anything nor did anything in Paris. Lévy spoke to me about the d'Annunzio *scandal*.[663] I let it pass. It's not a pleasant matter since it is well and

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660 dur] dûr *MS*

661 This letter is written on black-bordered paper, a sign of continued mourning for Solanges's mother.

662 Pierre Solanges, student, volunteered for the French Army for four years on 25 January 1896, six weeks after his 18th birthday. He became a reservist exactly four years later, and was recorded as residing at his parents' address, rue Bonaparte 65, Milan, until he moved to Nîmes in 1904 (Pierre Solanges, État signalétique et des services, 1895; see Appendix II.3).

663 On 25 January 1896, in an article published in his "Vie Littéraire" column in *Le temps*, Gaston Deschamps reported revelations by Italian critic Enrico Thovez that Gabriele d'Annunzio (1863–1938) had plagiarised from three novels by Josephin Peladan (1859–1918) for his 1889 novel *Il*

truly a case of plagiarism. Hadn't I spoken to you about the procession from Banville's sonnet being reproduced word for word in *Il piacere*, which ends up being no more than a mosaic.[664] But what brilliant artistry to succeed in making such a passable jackdaw with the feathers of so many peacocks!

The latest news about your poor invalid was not consoling. Can you give me better news? I fervently wish so.

Remember me to Madame Fogazzaro and all your excellent family who so cordially welcomed me.

Heartily yours

P. Solanges.

22. 10 February 1896

10.2.96

Mon cher ami

Deux mots à la hâte pour vous remercier de votre excellente lettre et si franchement affectueuse ainsi que pour vous dire ceci:

J'ai lu l'article de Daudet, je l'avais et je l'ai perdu. Pouvez-vous me l'envoyer?

Mon intention serait lorsque le volume aura paru de le lui envoyer avec ces mots:

> À Monsieur Léon Alphonse Daudet
> Hommage du traducteur
> oppure
> De la part du traducteur

avec en dessous transcrites les quelques lignes dans lesquelles il parle, il me semble d'examen consciencieux et de vraie justice rendue.

Qu'en pensez-vous?

De votre part ce serait trop faire, de la mienne cela n'a pas d'importance et si Daudet est un galant homme (littérairement[665] parlant bien entendu) il faudra bien qu'il s'exécute. À un artiste de bonne foi Daniel Cortis s'impose.

À vous de cœur

P. Solanges

Translation

10 February 1896

My dear friend

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piacere. *Le Figaro* published a front-page commentary critical of d'Annunzio, "La kleptomanie littéraire," on 27 January 1896.

664 Théodore de Banville, (1823–91), French poet known as "roi des rimes" for his versatility. His collection *Les princesses* (1874) comprised 21 sonnets on beautiful women, mostly from antiquity. Léon Daudet was one of his close friends (see footnote 667 below). For more on Banville and Solanges, see the Introduction, p. 85.

665 littérairement] littérerairement *MS*

A couple of words in haste to thank you for your excellent, so frankly affectionate letter, as well as to tell you this:

I have read Daudet's article, I had it and have lost it. Can you send me it?

It would be my intention to send him the book when it appears, with these words:

To Monsieur Léon Alphonse Daudet
Compliments of the translator
oppure[666]
From the translator

with underneath a transcription of the few lines in which he seems to speak of examination of conscience and the giving of true justice.[667]

What do you think?

From you it would be too much, from me it has no importance, and if Daudet is a gentleman (speaking in literary terms, of course), he will have to comply. To an artist of good faith Daniel Cortis compels recognition.

Heartily yours

P. Solanges

23. 19 March 1896

19.3.96

Mon cher ami

Ne voyant revenir aucune des épreuves corrigées j'ai écrit à Calmann Lévy pour lui demander ses intentions. Il m'a répondu qu'il se faisait fort, grâce à ses correcteurs, de publier le livre sans tache et così sia!

En attendant je ne vois rien venir et nous sommes au 19 mars. Et vous, savez-vous quelque chose?

J'espère que l'éditeur compte m'envoyer quelques exemplaires; si je suis dans l'erreur je vous rappelle que dans une lettre dont vous m'avez donné lecture, il vous déclare, qu'en dehors des exemplaires stipulés par le contrat, il en met à votre disposition tant que vous en voudrez. Il m'en faudrait une dizaine. Si cela donc est possible reversez sur moi les trésors de générosité de ce prince de la librairie.

Comment êtes-vous au milieu de tant de tristesse, de deuil, de vanité, de folie. Vous avez dû souffrir beaucoup. J'entends bien des choses autour de moi auxquelles

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666 oppure: or else (Italian).

667 Léon Daudet (1867–1942), a right-wing journalist and novelist, had published his first novel in 1893, and was at this time a contributor to *Le Figaro* and *Le Gaulois*. On the front page of *Le Figaro* of 2 February 1896, in his article "Assez d'étrangers!" he called for foreign—especially Italian and Germanic—literature to be given its rightful—inferior—due, and for more support to be given to French literature: "Examinons soigneusement le prochain Fogazzaro, le prochain Strindberg que l'on nous apportera, tout chaud de son soleil, tout conservé par ses glaces! Faisons comme pour un Français. … Cherchons les prédécesseurs, la trace des maîtres. Regardons bien si le plumage n'est pas emprunté. Donnons enfin à l'étranger, quel qu'il soit, la belle place qui lui convient, la seconde, et puisque notre pays ne vaut plus que par l'idée, faisons en sorte que cette idée préémine et dompte tout."

je ne réponds pas parce que je ne me crois pas le droit de les discuter mais que je trouve très misérables.

Une des choses qui ont le don de me mettre hors de moi c'est la manie qu'on a de rabaisser injustement ce roi chrétien d'Abyssinie qui parle et agit avec tant de noblesse. N'est-ce pas insensé de diminuer la valeur d'un ennemi avec lequel, à un moment donné, il faudra bien finir par traiter. On dirait d'un homme qui ferme une porte et jette la clef dans un puits.

Je voudrais bien vous voir et parler avec vous de tant de choses. Ma mélancolie se trouverait bien à l'ombre de votre tristesse.

Et votre pauvre neveu? Les dernières nouvelles n'étaient pas consolantes pour l'avenir de cette pauvre intelligence.

Présentez je vous prie mes très affectueux respects à Donna Rita et à tous les vôtres.

Je vous serre les mains de toute la force de mon affection pour vous.

P. Solanges.

On me demande si je puis me procurer ce livre. En savez-vous quelque chose. Si non vous me ferez plaisir de me renvoyer le papier *quand vous aurez une occasion de m'écrire*.

Translation

19 March 1896

My dear friend

Not seeing any of the corrected proofs return, I wrote to Calmann Lévy to ask him his intentions. He replied that, thanks to his proofreaders, he was quite sure of publishing the book without blemish, and così sia.[668]

In the meantime I have seen nothing arrive and it is now the 19th of March. Do *you* know what is happening?

I hope the publisher intends to send me a few copies; if I am mistaken, I remind you that in a letter you read to me, he declares that in addition to the copies stipulated by the contract, he will place at your disposal as many copies as you wish. I would need about ten. So if it is possible, send my way the treasure and generosity of this prince of publishing.

How are you in the midst of so much sorrow, mourning, vanity and folly. You must have suffered greatly.[669] I hear a great deal around me to which I do not reply because I don't believe I have the right to discuss such matters, but which I find most wretched.

One of the things that have the knack of making me beside myself with anger is the mania people have for belittling the Christian king of Abyssinia, who speaks and acts with such nobility.[670] Is it not senseless to belittle the value of an enemy with

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668 così sia: let it be so (Italian).

669 Perhaps an allusion to Mariano Fogazzaro's death; see footnote 654 (Letter 19, 22 December 1895).

670 Emperor Menelik II of Ethiopia was initially helped to his throne by Italy in 1889, but in 1893 he repudiated a treaty under which Italy had cast itself as having a protectorate over Ethiopia. At the

whom eventually you will have to negotiate. It's like a man who closes a door and throws the key into a well.

I would so much like to see you and speak about so many things. My melancholy would feel comfortable in the shadow of your sadness.

And your poor nephew? The last news was not consoling for the future of this poor intellect.

Please give my most affectionate regards to Donna Rita[671] and all your family.

I shake your hands with all the force of my affection for you.

P. Solanges.

I have been asked if I can obtain this book. Do you know anything about it? If not, be kind enough to send the paper back to me *when you have occasion to write to me*.[672]

24. 26 March 1896

26.3.96.

Mon bien cher ami

Je suis accablé de travail et aux prises avec les difficultés les plus graves que m'ait fournies ma carrière de *gazier*. Voilà pourquoi je ne vous ai pas fait savoir que j'ai reçu, il y a quatre ou cinq jours l'épreuve de la couverture de *notre* Cortis.

Ona billa tolla neh!?[673]

Mon nom y est en lettres, Dieu me pardonne! presque aussi grosses que celles qui composent le vôtre et nous avons (toujours nous) une certaine allure d'immortels car aucun M. ne précède ces noms.

Cortis paraîtra ces jours-ci et Dieu lui donne le succès qu'il mérite.

C'est bien bon et affectueux à vous de me parler de mon Dragon. Il va bien, il est heureux de son sort et comme je l'aime pour lui je suis heureux de son bonheur et prie le ciel que cela dure.

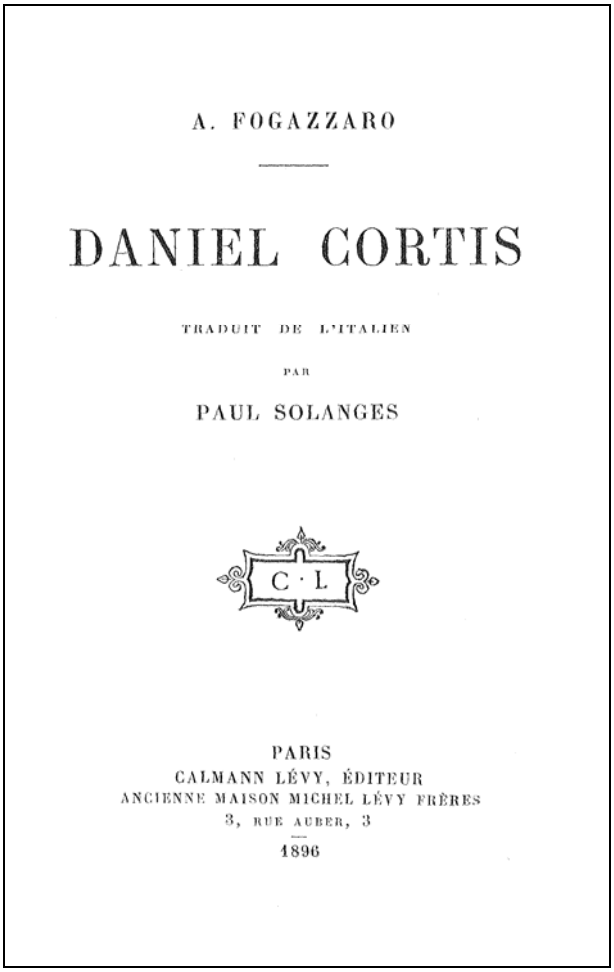
Battle of Adwa on 1 March 1896, an Italian force of 14,500 was thoroughly routed by some 100,000 Ethiopians, and Italy was forced to recognise Ethiopia's independence, abandoning ambitions for an African empire rivalling those of Britain or France. Peace was made by the Treaty of Addis Ababa in October 1896, and Italy was limited to its colony of Eritrea, first constituted in 1890.

Solanges's military experience in North Africa may have made him, if not more recognisant than most Italians of the rights of indigenous peoples, at least respectful of their military capabilities. See also his comments on the war in Tripolitania (Letter 116, 31 October 1911).

671 This is Solanges's only mention by name of Fogazzaro's wife.

672 This paragraph refers to an enclosure, perhaps a book review.

673 Ona billa tolla neh] Una bella tolta neh. Italian dialect: *tolta* = *trovata* in standard Italian; *neh* is equivalent to French *n'est-ce pas*.


A. FOGAZZARO

DANIEL CORTIS

TRADUIT DE L'ITALIEN

PAR

PAUL SOLANGES

C · L

PARIS
CALMANN LÉVY, ÉDITEUR
ANCIENNE MAISON MICHEL LÉVY FRÈRES
3, RUE AUBER, 3
1896

Figure 42: Title page of Solanges's translation of *Daniel Cortis*, 1896

Tout ce que je vois et apprends de la vie est de jour en jour plus triste. J'aurais besoin de vous voir pour savoir de vous comment on peut concilier toutes les bassesses et toutes[674] les platitudes de la vie (sans parler de sa profonde stupidité) avec un idéal semblable à celui qui brille devant vous. Vous m'en parlerez *le premier* quand nous nous verrons. Déjà chez vous j'avais senti la bonne influence, mais *chez vous* c'est l'exception et comment faire pour en déduire une règle.

Votre pauvre neveu! Après vous avoir lu je ne sais vraiment que vous dire.

Mes respectueuses amitiés à votre chère famille. Ce sera pour moi une vraie joie de lui présenter la mienne. Je voudrais aller vous voir et n'y puis songer. Espérons pour cet été, sur le lac de Lugano.

À vous de cœur mon cher ami

P. Solanges.

Translation

26 March 1896

My very dear friend

[674] bassesses et toutes les platitudes] bassesses et les toutes les platitudes *MS*

I am overwhelmed with work and grappling with the most serious difficulties my career of *gasman* has provided me with.[675] That's why I haven't let you know that I received the proof of the cover of *our* Cortis four or five days ago.

A great stroke of genius eh!?

My name—God forgive me!—is on it in letters almost as large as those in which your name is typeset, and we (still we) have a certain air of members of the Académie, since there is no Mr. preceding these names.

Cortis will appear any day now and may God grant it the success it deserves.

It is very kind and affectionate of you to speak to me of my Dragoon.[676] He is well, happy with his lot, and since I love him for himself, I am happy at his happiness and pray heaven that it should last.

Everything I see and learn about life becomes sadder with every day that passes. I would need to see you to find out from you how one can reconcile all the meanness and the platitudes of life (not to mention its profound stupidity) with an ideal such as the one that shines in front of you. You must speak of this *first* when we see each other. I had already felt your good influence at your home, but *your home* is the exception, how can one deduce a rule from it.[677]

Your poor nephew! After reading your letter I am really at a loss for words.

My respectful regards to your dear family. It will be a real joy for me to introduce my own family to them.[678] I would like to come and see you, but cannot even think of it. Let's hope for it this summer, on Lake Lugano.

Heartily yours, my dear friend

P. Solanges.

25. 11 April 1896

11.4.96

Mon bien cher ami. J'ai bien reçu l'argent qui m'a été envoyé par votre banquier M. Marco Finozzi auquel je viens d'écrire. Merci.

Je relis encore une fois Cortis et je suis vraiment content. Dans tout le volume je n'ai trouvé qu'une tache que personne d'ailleurs ne verra.

Le livre se présente bien, il n'est pas trop gros il est bien imprimé et d'agréable lecture. Il ne nous reste qu'à lui souhaiter un très très gros succès.

J'ai reçu aussi 15 exemplaires dont un a été envoyé à Léon Daudet. Merci encore. Si vous voyez des articles de journaux veuillez m'en faire part. J'ai tellement à

675 For consideration of this remark about Solanges's career, see the Introduction, p. 69.

676 Pierre Solanges; see Letter 21 (6 February 1896) for Solanges accompanying his son to his regiment in Paris.

677 See Letter 14 (10 April 1890) for an earlier reference to Fogazzaro's *règle*.

678 Fogazzaro has—at last?—invited the whole Solanges family to come and visit his family. Solanges himself had visited Fogazzaro's family by late 1895 (see Letter 18, c. 1895? and Letter 19, 22 December 1895). But note that in Letter 31 (22 November 1899) Solanges implies that Solanges's wife and daughter have not previously met Fogazzaro.

travailler que je ne trouve le temps de rien lire.—Mille bons souvenirs aux vôtres de votre affectionné de tout cœur

P. Solanges.

Translation

11 April 1896

My very dear friend. I have duly received the money sent by your banker M. Marco Finozzi, to whom I have just written. Thank you.

I am reading Cortis once more and I am truly content. In the whole volume I have found only one blemish which no-one will notice anyway.

The book is well presented, not too large, it is well printed, and pleasant to read. It only remains for us to wish it a very very great success.

I have also received 15 copies, one of which has been sent to Léon Daudet.[679] Thanks again. If you see any newspaper articles, please let me know. I have so much work to do that I don't find any time for reading.—Warmest best wishes to your family from your heartily affectionate

P. Solanges.

26. April 1896

Mon cher ami

Merci mille fois pour les articles que vous m'avez envoyés. C.L. m'a expédié un Univers Illustré avec un bon article d'Henry Rabusson. Nécessairement vous l'avez reçu.

À vous de cœur

P. Solanges

Je vais tâcher de collectionner des articles pour vous les rendre tous ensuite.

Translation

My dear friend

A thousand thanks for the articles you sent me. C.L.[680] has forwarded to me a copy of *L'univers illustré* with a good article by Henry Rabusson.[681] You must have received it.

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679 For Daudet, see Letter 22 (10 February 1896).

680 Calmann-Lévy.

681 Henry Rabusson (b. 1850) published some 33 novels between 1873 and 1919. His review of *Daniel Cortis* appeared in *L'univers illustré* on 18 April 1896. It is worth reproducing in full for three reasons: it gives a contemporary appraisal of the novel, Rabusson agrees with Solanges that the first chapters were unclear (see Letter 7, 22 March 1888), and finally because it concludes with one of the few contemporary comments on the *quality* of Solanges's translation:
Il ne manque pas de gens hargneux, présentement, pour dire de la littérature étrangère ce qu'on disait du café au XVIIe siècle, à savoir que la mode en passera. Et, de fait, après les Russes, les Italiens nous envahissent, sans qu'il y ait toujours des raisons suffisantes pour nous forcer à dire amen. Mais il faut bien signaler au public français les œuvres étrangères qui ont été jugées dignes, une fois traduites, de faire concurrence a nos produits nationaux.
Aujourd'hui d'ailleurs, je pourrais m'acquitter de cette tâche pleine d'abnégation, non seulement

Heartily yours

P. Solanges

I am going to try to collect articles so as to send them all to you at once.

27. 20 July 1896

20.7.96

Mon bien cher ami

Depuis ma dernière lettre beaucoup de choses se sont passées. Mon directeur a été mis à la retraite et j'ai été nommé à sa place. De là une somme de travail qui dépasse toute imagination, car si la Compagnie a trouvé bon de remplacer mon directeur par votre ami Solanges, elle n'a remplacé ce dernier par personne sous prétexte qu'il a l'illusion d'être encore jeune.

Donnez-moi de vos nouvelles, de celles de madame Fogazzaro de celles de vos enfants, de tous les vôtres enfin sans oublier votre pauvre malade.

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avec courtoisie, mais avec bonne grâce, car le roman dont j'ai à vous parler est une œuvre au moins très distinguée. On ne l'a pas encore qualifié de 'chef d'œuvre' comme c'est l'usage, mais cela viendra. En attendant, parlons-en avec franchise et loyauté.

Daniel Cortis, de Mr A. Fogazzaro (traduction de Paul Solanges) se recommande par une qualité éminemment latine: le mouvement, la vie. Maint passage fait songer à Alphonse Daudet, et maint autre à Guy de Maupassant.

Bien entendu, il ne s'agit pas du style, mais de relief et de la succession rapide des scènes, du dessin net et hardi des types, de l'agencement succinct du récit et de la prestesse à mouvoir les personnages. Tout au plus pourrait-on demander que les caractères épisodiques fussent mieux ou plus posément tracés.

Quant au sujet, il n'est pas d'une originalité absolue, tout s'en faut! mais il est éternel: deux êtres épris l'un de l'autre, et que le devoir sépare. Daniel Cortis, le héros, est un grand cœur, qui se partage entre le patriotisme, et l'amour; Hélène, l'héroïne, est une femme mal mariée, incapable de tromper autrement qu'en pensée son indigne époux,—ce qui permet d'aboutir au dénouement le plus noble qu'il y ait: la séparation définitive des amants et la définitive fusion de leurs âmes en une seule.

'Sans épousailles ils sont époux, non par la chair, mais par le cœur.

Ainsi s'unissent les astres et les planètes, non par le corps, mais par la lumière; ainsi les palmiers, non par la racine, mais par la cime'.

Chemin faisant, l'auteur nous rend témoins d'un autre drame: celui qui se joue dans le cœur de l'homme politique, lorsqu'il voit détruits ou pour longtemps compromis ses rêves et son idéal de patriote. Et il y a les curieux et fort intéressants aperçus de la vie politique en Italie,—des aperçus qui vous feront dire: 'C'est décidément la même chose dans tous les pays'.

La seule critique sérieuse que je veuille me permettre, c'est qu'il règne un peu trop de confusion dans les scènes du début: on a peine à suivre les personnages et à deviner leurs intentions à travers une multitude de petits épisodes et de petites conversations insuffisamment caractéristiques. Mais tout se débrouille à merveille vers le milieu, et j'ai dit que la fin était magnifique. Or, les romanciers sont souvent comme Petit-Jean, et ce qu'ils savent le mieux, c'est le commencement donc le difficile, c'est de bien finir. À ce titre, Daniel Cortis me semble un des meilleurs romans de ces dernières années, car la conclusion en est des plus fortes et des plus saisissantes. Mais que ce roman a dû donner de mal à son traducteur! Ce dialogue haché, ces séries de petites scènes précipitées, c'est la vie même; et la vie, déjà difficile à représenter avec des mots, comment la faire passer d'une langue dans une autre? (H. Rabusson, "Causerie littéraire: littérature étrangère," *L'univers illustré* 18 April 1896: 5)

(Translation of the last sentences: But what trouble this novel must have given its translator! The jerky dialogue, the series of rapid scenes, they are life itself; and since life is already difficult enough to represent in words, how can one bring it across from one language to another?)

Dites-moi aussi si vous avez entendu parler de notre grand ami *Cortis* qui parti de pied gauche semble s'être arrêté en route. À ce propos, *vous l'auteur*, vous ferez bien de vous rappeler de temps à autre à l'éditeur.

Quels sont vos projets. Faites-les-moi connaître. Je n'ai renoncé ni au désir ni à l'espoir d'aller vous voir sur le lac de Lugano.

Respects affectueux et vives amitiés

P. Solanges

Connaissez-vous M Alberto Cantoni et qu'en pensez-vous?

Translation

20 July 1896

My very dear friend

Since my last letter much has happened. My manager has been put into retirement and I have been appointed in his place. Thence arises an amount of work that surpasses all imagination, for although the Company has seen fit to replace my manager with your friend Solanges, it replaced the latter with no-one, under the pretext that he gives the illusion of being still young.[682]

Give me news of yourself, of Madame Fogazzaro, of your children, of all your family in fact, not forgetting your poor invalid.

Tell me also if you have heard tell of our great friend *Cortis*, who seems to have started on his left foot and stopped in mid-route. In this connection, *you as author* would do well to remind the publisher of your existence from time to time.

What are your plans. Let me know. I have not abandoned either the wish or the hope of coming to see you on Lake Lugano.

Affectionate regards and warmest best wishes

P. Solanges

Do you know M. Alberto Cantoni and what do you think of him?[683]

27a. Fogazzaro to Solanges, 30 August 1896

Valsolda 30–8–96

Caro amico

Dove siete? A Milano o in qualche asilo campestre di riposo. Io sono in Valsolda e ci starò ancora una ventina di giorni. Possiamo sperare una vostra visita? Sarebbe uno squisito regalo. Vi potrei anche mostrare mio nipote perfettamente guarito!

Addio, amico mio. Spero in una vostra prossima riga che ci annunci e mi piace salutarvi con un: a rivederci presto!

Vostro

---

682 Solanges was now six months from his fiftieth birthday.

683 Alberto Cantoni (1841–1904), one of the most original writers (along with Verga and Fogazzaro), and perhaps the best humorist, in late-nineteenth-century Italy. Cantoni wrote to Solanges a few weeks later, accepting a proposal to translate one of his works, and promising not to ask for news of progress for some time (Alberto Cantoni, letter to PS, 13 August 1896, ASF).

A Fogazzaro

ALS: ASB 5.4

Translation

Valsolda 30 August 1896

Dear friend

Where are you? In Milan or in some country retreat. I am in Valsolda and will be here another twenty days. Can we hope for a visit from you? It would be a delightful gift. I could also show you my nephew in perfect health![684]

Goodbye, dear friend. I hope for a line from you soon letting us know, and it is my pleasure to greet you with: see you soon!

Yours

A. Fogazzaro

28. 2 January 1897

Mon ami, bravo des deux mains et du cœur à votre lettre que je lis à l'instant (ou plutôt que ma femme qui sait toute l'affection que j'ai pour vous me lit). Mes affectueux souvenirs et tous mes vœux à vous et à tous les vôtres.

Votre

P. Solanges

2.1.97

Translation

My friend, bravo with both hands and with all my heart for your letter, which I am just reading (or rather my wife, who knows all the affection I have for you, is reading it to me).[685] My affectionate greetings, with best wishes to you and all your family.

Yours

P. Solanges

2 January 1897

29. 17 March 1898

Milan 17.3.98.

Bravo! des deux mains et du cœur, mon bien cher ami, pour le succès parisien que vous venez de remporter d'une façon si brillante en restant dans ce milieu si disparate le Fogazzaro que je connais et que j'aime. J'ai voulu vous écrire tous ces jours-ci, et depuis que j'ai lu *dans les feuilles* le récit de vos exploits.

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[684] The last mention of Fogazzaro's invalid nephew Angelo di Valmarana, who eventually recovered from his illness, whereas Fogazzaro's son Mariano did not.

[685] This is probably a reference to Fogazzaro's letter on "The Intellectual Role of the Young Clergy," published in *L'idée chrétienne* in January 1897.

Je ne l'ai pas fait assez tôt. Je pourrais vous dire que je ne savais où vous envoyer ma lettre, mais cela ne serait pas vrai. Au Figaro ou n'importe où elle vous serait parvenue. La vérité est que je ne m'appartiens guères et qu'il me faut remettre *toujours tout* ce que je veux faire.

Aujourd'hui j'ai rencontré le bon Coronaro lequel m'a dit que vous avez passé quatre heures ici. Pourquoi ne me l'avoir pas fait dire? Je ne sais trop si j'aurais pu vous voir tant ma journée a été brûlée, mais vous auriez dû me le faire dire tout de même.

Je fais un peu comme les femmes qui cherchent querelle quand elles se sentent dans leur tort, mais vous ne vous tromperez pas sur le sentiment qui inspire mes récriminations.

Coronaro m'a dit vaguement que vous aviez fait un article ou plutôt un mot de souvenir au Figaro et que ce journal s'était empressé de le publier. Je me suis immédiatement procuré le Figaro et je viens de lire votre prose, à table, à ma femme et à ma fille. Elle ne m'a pas *expliqué* votre succès, il me l'a *souligné*.

Je suis bien heureux de tout cela. Ce serait le moment tandis que vous êtes sur *le* [*candélee*?] de donner au Figaro quelque chose de vous.

Je m'offrirais bien volontiers pour une nouvelle si je savais votre préférence et surtout si vous avez quelque chose de libre. J'avais jadis commencé *Pereat Rochus* et *Eden Anto*, mais je crois que cela a été publié.

En prenant sur mon sommeil je pourrais, le cas échéant, finir en quinze jours la traduction d'une de ces nouvelles.

Qu'en pensez-vous?

Je ferais directement la proposition au Figaro.

Veuillez me rappeler au souvenir de Madame Fogazzaro et de tous les vôtres. Je n'ai pas oublié le cordial accueil que j'ai reçu à Vicenza. C'est dommage que Vicenza ne soit pas à Monza.

À vous de cœur

P. Solanges.

65 Foro Bonaparte

Translation

Milan 17 March 1898

Bravo! with both hands and with all my heart, my dearest friend, for the Parisian success you have just carried off in such a brilliant manner, while still remaining the Fogazzaro I know and love, even in that disparate milieu. I have been meaning to write to you for the last few days, since I read the story of your exploits *in the papers*.[686]

[686] Fogazzaro made his first visit to Paris from 5–16 March 1898, at the invitation of the Société des Conférences, a small group founded by Gaston Deschamps and Édouard Rod, and including René Doumic and René Bazin. Deschamps was at this time teaching a course at the Sorbonne on Victor Hugo, amongst his other activities (*Le Figaro*, 15 March 1898, p. 1; see also footnote 656). Fogazzaro was the guest speaker for the Society's second year: "cette année, Fogazzaro nous apportera le concours de sa grande autorité morale; à laquelle se joindra cette saveur d'exotisme

I didn't do so soon enough. I could tell you that I didn't know where to send my letter, but that would not be true. It would have reached you through *Le Figaro* or anywhere else. The truth is that I hardly own my own time and I *always* have to postpone *everything* I wish to do.

Today I met good old Coronaro,[687] who told me you spent four hours here. Why didn't you let me know? I'm not too sure if I would have been able to see you, I was so rushed off my feet, but all the same you should have let me know.

I am acting a little like those women who pick quarrels when they feel in the wrong, but you will not mistake the feeling that inspires my recriminations.

Coronaro told me vaguely that you had written an article, or rather a word of farewell, for *Le Figaro*, and that this newspaper had hastened to publish it. I immediately obtained *Le Figaro* and have just read your prose, at table, to my wife and my daughter. It didn't *explain* your success, it *emphasised* it for me.[688]

I am very happy at all this. While you are in the limelight, it would be a good moment to give *Le Figaro* something by you.

I would willingly offer to translate a short story if I knew your preference and above all if you have something free. I had begun *Pereat Rochus* and *Eden Anto* long ago, but I believe it has been published.[689]

By cutting down on my sleep I could, if need be, finish the translation of one of these short stories in a fortnight.

What do you think?

I would make the proposal directly to *Le Figaro*.

Please remember me to Madame Fogazzaro and all your family. I have not forgotten the warm welcome I received at Vicenza. It's a shame Vicenza is not at Monza.[690]

Heartily yours

P. Solanges.

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dont les Français, paraît-il, sont très friands," Deschamps wrote to him (Nardi, *Fogazzaro* 450). For ten days Fogazzaro was feted in the Parisian salons. His lecture, entitled "Le grand poète de l'avenir", set forth his hopes for a twentieth-century poet-philosopher who would popularise the results of science and philosophy, Fogazzaro's great theme.

687 Gaetano Coronaro (1852–1908), composer, conductor and teacher. Born in Vicenza (like Fogazzaro), he studied in Milan under conductor Franco Faccio (1840–91), Boito's great friend (who conducted the première of Verdi's *Otello* in 1887). In 1883 Coronaro married a goddaughter of Fogazzaro, the Marchioness Ricci d'Azeglio (Nardi, *Fogazzaro* 209). In 1894 he moved from the chair of harmony and counterpoint at the Milan Conservatory to that of composition. Coronaro composed music for Giuseppe Giacosa's *La signora di Challant* (see Letter 88, 31 May 1911, and the section on Giuseppe Giacosa in Chapter 5 of the Introduction). Fogazzaro published an obituary and a commemorative piece for Coronaro in 1908 (Nardi, *Fogazzaro* 646, 688).

688 Fogazzaro's article, "Impressions de Paris," appeared on the front page of *Le Figaro* on 16 March 1898, a delightful evocation of the city's grace and grandeur, of scholars and friends, and of French *esprit* and *amabilité*.

689 Solanges had mentioned in Letter 8 (29 November 1888) that he had sent a translation of *Eden Anto* to *Le Figaro*, and was preparing *Pereat Rochus*. A French translation of the collection *Fedele ed altri racconti* was eventually published under the title *Pereat Rochus et autres nouvelles* (Paris: Perrin, 1909), which would indicate that Solanges's efforts had come to naught.

690 Monza is a small city about 15 km north-east of Milan; Vicenza is of about the same size, but some 185 km east of Milan.

65 Foro Bonaparte[691]

29a. Fogazzaro to Solanges, 19 September 1898

Valsolda 19–9–98

Caro Amico

Nel cuore stesso della Valsolda, a S. Mamette (Stazione del piroscafo) ci ha un piccolo albergo assai modesto. Il padrone sarebbe disposto a dare stanze (buone, grandi) e vitto (caffè e latte, burro alla mattina—salato e un piatto di carne, 1/5 di vino a mezzodì—minestra, un piatto di carne o due piatti di carne senza minestra, ½ litro di vino, formaggio e frutta a pranzo) a quattro persone adulte per L. 22 al giorno ossia in ragione di L. 5.50. Se ci son bambini pagheranno meno. Presso Cassarago e a Castagnole, nelle vicinanze di Lugano si possono avere discrete pensioni per 7 lire circa e io, tutto considerato, consiglierei appunto una modesta pensione presso Cassarago tenuta da un Signor *Moschel*, che conosco. A S. Mamette i vostri amici non avrebbero […]. La pensione del Signor Moschel è a cinque minuti dalla stazione del tram elettrico di Cassarago. Indirizzo—Signor Moschel Pension du Midi, Lugano.—Io sto qui fino alla fine del mese. Posso sperare in una vostra visita?

Vostro

A Fogazzaro

ALS: ASB 5.5

Translation

Valsolda 19 September 1898

Dear friend

In the very heart of Valsolda, at San Mamette (steamer station) there is a little hotel which is quite modest. The hotelkeeper would be ready to give rooms (good big ones) and board (coffee, milk and butter in the morning—salad and a plate of meat, a glass of wine at midday—soup, a plate of meat or two plates of meat without soup, half a litre of wine, cheese and fruit at dinner) to four adults for 22 lira per day, or rather 5.50 lira. If there are children they would pay less. Near Cassarago and at Castagnole, in the neighbourhood of Lugano, reasonable boarding-houses can be got for seven lira, and all things considered, I would just advise a modest boarding-house near Cassarago kept by a Signor *Moschel*, whom I know. At San Mamette your friends would not have […]. Signor Moschel's boarding-house is five minutes from the electric tram station for Cassarago. Address: Signor Moschel, Pension du Midi, Lugano.—I am here until the end of the month. Can I hope for a visit from you?

Yours

A. Fogazzaro

[691] Solanges does not often put his address on letters to Fogazzaro, which may mean that this is a new address. The Solanges family lived at Via Solferino at least from 1887 until 1889 (see footnote 605 and Letter 11). Foro Bonaparte is the street surrounding the Castello Sforzesca, and may have carried more cachet than the previous address.

30. 21 September 1898

Milan 21.9.98

Mon bien cher ami

Merci de votre promptitude à me répondre. Mes amis Anglais auxquels je voulais faire connaître votre belle Valsolda ont été obligés de partir brusquement pour Londres et tout est tombé dans l'eau.

Je serais bien heureux d'aller passer à San Mamette deux ou trois jours avec vous, mais comment le faire? Mes vacances que j'ai passées en France et en Suisse Allemande sont finies. Je suis maintenant accablé de besogne arriérée, débordé, par les affaires et les ennuis.

Peu flatteuse existence je vous jure. Je serais pourtant si heureux de causer avec vous de tant de choses. Il me semble que le monde devient fou et je veux avoir votre opinion sur mon opinion … comme dit Gavarni.

Rappelez-moi au bon souvenir de Madame Fogazzaro. Présentez-lui mes respectueux hommages et ne m'oubliez pas auprès de ceux des vôtres qui sont avec vous.

Merci de votre cordial appel et à vous de cœur

P. Solanges

Translation

Milan 21 September 1898

My very dear friend

Thank you for your promptness in replying to me. My English friends whom I wished to make acquainted with your beautiful Valsolda[692] were obliged to leave suddenly for London and my plan fell through.

I would be very happy to come and spend two or three days with you at San Mamette, but how can I do so? My holidays, which I spent in France and in the German-speaking part of Switzerland, are finished. I am now overwhelmed with a backlog of work, snowed under with business and troubles.

Not a very flattering existence, I swear to you. Yet I would be so happy to converse with you about so many things. The world seems to be going mad, and I want your opinion on my opinion … as Gavarni says.[693]

Remember me to Madame Fogazzaro. Present my humble respects to her, and don't forget me to those of your family who are with you.

Thank you for your kind invitation, heartily yours

P. Solanges

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692 Fogazzaro's mother came from the Valsolda region around Lake Lugano; the region was the setting for Fogazzaro's novels and gave the title to his collection of poems published in 1876.

693 Sulpice Guillaume Chevalier, known as Paul Gavarni (1804–66), caricaturist and illustrator; his work featured in periodicals such as *Le charivari* and *Les gens du monde*, and he also published his own works, from the late 1830s to the early 1850s.

31. 22 November 1899

22.11.99

Mon bien cher ami

Merci pour la bonne surprise de votre lettre et aussi pour la contribution de Saint Quentin, mais pourquoi diable m'envoyez-vous le papier de Calmann[694] Lévy? Je vous le rends.

Ce qui me rend particulièrement heureux c'est de voir que mon cher Cortis continue à s'imprimer. Dieu le bénisse et vous aussi. Il y a peu de livres que j'aime tant que lui.

Vous me demandez ce que je fais. Hélas! la vie la plus monotone et la plus incolore. Je travaille de 8 heures du matin à 6 h du soir par devoir et par affection pour mes enfants. Je ne vois plus personne ou à peu près, je ne vais plus nulle part ou à peu près.

C'eût été pour moi une vraie joie d'aller vous voir à Vicenza mais je n'ai pas d'autre temps libre que mon mois de vacances et je l'emploie à me remplir les poumons de l'air des Alpes du St Gothard et à oublier en face des splendeurs de Dieu la misère de la vie qu'il nous a faite.

Venez à Milan, mais si vous y venez faites-moi la grande joie de venir dîner avec nous. Ma femme et ma fille seront si heureuses de vous connaître. Vous ne pouvez refuser cela à celui qui a joui si vivement de votre affectueuse hospitalité.

Je vous serre affectueusement les mains de loin. Faites en sorte que je puisse vous voir bientôt. Rappelez-moi au bon souvenir de tous les vôtres et croyez-moi toujours votre très affectionné et de tout cœur

P. Solanges

Translation

22 November 1899

My very dear friend

Thank you for the kind surprise of your letter and also for the contribution from Saint Quentin,[695] but why the devil did you send me Calmann Lévy's note? I am returning it to you.

What makes me especially happy is to see that my dear Cortis is continuing to be printed. May God bless him as well as you. There are few books I love as much as that one.

You ask me what I am doing. Alas! a very monotonous and colourless life. I work from eight in the morning to six in the evening, from a sense of duty and from affection for my children. I don't see anyone, or hardly anyone, I don't go anywhere, or hardly anywhere.

It would have been a real joy for me to go and see you at Vicenza, but I have no free time except my month of holidays, and I am spending it by filling my lungs with

694 Calmann] Calman *MS*

695 An instalment of royalties for the French translation of *Daniel Cortis*.

the air of the St Gothard Alps[696] and, faced with the splendours of God, forgetting the misery of the life He has made for us.

Come to Milan, but if you come, give me the great joy of receiving you for dinner with us. My wife and my daughter will be so happy to meet you. You cannot refuse this to a man who has enjoyed your affectionate hospitality so keenly.

I send you an affectionate handshake from afar. Make sure that I see you soon. Remember me to all your family and believe me ever your very affectionate and heartfelt

P. Solanges

32. 12 April 1902

"L'UNION DES GAZ„

USINES DE MILAN

LE DIRECTEUR

12.4.1902

Mon cher ami

J'ai suivi votre conseil et j'ai voulu m'assurer un éditeur avant de commencer à vous traduire. Le résultat est négatif. On est prêt à accepter de vous roman ou nouvelles mais du théâtre! . . il faudrait, dit-on, que cela fût joué d'abord.

Je finis par me convaincre que je ne suis plus bon ni utile à rien et que mon intervention finirait par être nuisible. Je renonce avec amertume et vous rends votre parole en vous priant de m'excuser.

Si vous avez sous la main quelqu'un qui ait plus d'influence que moi faites traduire vos deux actes. Ce serait bien dommage qu'ils ne fussent pas connus.

Mes respectueux souvenirs aux chers vôtres et toute ma sincère amitié pour vous.

P. Solanges.

22. Via San Damiano

nel caso …

Translation

12 April 1902[697]

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696 The St. Gothard Pass, one of the main routes between Italy and Switzerland, is some 130 km north of Milan.

697 This is the only letter of Solanges written on the Union des Gaz company letterhead, and the only direct and contemporary evidence of his professional life, apart from news articles, his obituaries, his own statements—and the listing of his wife as a company pensioner.
It is unclear from the text whose initiative this translation proposal was, but it is most likely that Solanges has requested Fogazzaro's permission to translate. He does not hide from Fogazzaro his pessimism and lack of self-esteem.

My dear friend

I have followed your advice and attempted to obtain a publisher before beginning to translate you. The result is negative. They are ready to accept a novel or short stories by you, but theatre! . . they say it would have to have been played first.[698]

I have ended up convinced that I am no longer any good or useful for anything, and that my intervention would end up being harmful. I am abandoning the plan with bitterness, and I release you from your promise, while asking for your forgiveness.

If you have someone to hand who has more influence than me, have your two plays translated.[699] It would be a great shame if they did not become known.

My humble respects to your dear family and all my sincere best wishes to you.

P. Solanges.

22. Via San Damiano

just in case … [700]

33. 1 January 1906

1. janvier 1906

Mon cher ami, si je continue à ruminer la lettre que je voudrais vous écrire pour vous dire combien j'aime le très beau livre que vous venez de nous donner je risque fort de ne pas vous envoyer mes vœux de bonne année à vous et à votre chère famille à laquelle je garde le plus reconnaissant souvenir. Faites-moi donc crédit, et recevez mes souhaits déjà tardifs mais sincères et affectueux. Je dois à votre *Santo* beaucoup de joie et beaucoup de trouble. Saurai-je vous dire pourquoi? Je doute que j'en sois capable. J'essaierai peut-être. En tout cas sachez toute mon admiration et croyez à toute mon amitié

Votre

P. Solanges

Villa Negrone

Pegli Ligure per Multedo n° 9.

Je ne suis plus rien qu'un vieux philosophe retiré des affaires, heureux d'être libre et de pouvoir lire et penser tout à son aise.

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698 Jules Claretie (1840–1913), administrator of the Comédie-Française 1885–1913 and member of the Académie française from 1888, wrote to Solanges in December 1900 declining to promote a play: "Il y a un vrai […] dans votre pièce mais l'œuvre est connue, je ne crois pas que le Comité se laisse gagner par ce petit drame applaudi déjà sous une autre forme."
Jules Claretie, letter to PS, 13 December 1900, ASF.

699 Fogazzaro wrote three plays in 1901–02. The first, *El garòfalo rosso* (The Red Carnation), a one-act play in Venetian dialect, was written in November–December 1901, at the urging of Giuseppe Giacosa, and was performed at Milan in February 1902, where it failed miserably "because of its excessive realism" (Hall 77). *Il ritratto mascherato* (The Masked Portrait) was written in December 1901 for the *Neue freie Presse*, and was again violently rejected by the public (Gallarati-Scotti 203–04). *Nadejda* was completed in July 1902. The three plays were published together in 1903 (Milan: Baldini).

700 The Solanges family is no longer in Foro Bonaparte (see footnote 691): via San Damiano is just as close to the Cathedral as his previous addresses.

33a. Fogazzaro to Solanges, 3 February 1906

Translation

1 January 1906

My dear friend, if I continue to ruminate on the letter I would like to write to you to tell you how much I like the very fine book you have just given us, I run a great risk of not sending my New Year's wishes to you and your dear family, whom I remember most gratefully. So grant me credit, and accept my belated but sincere and affectionate good wishes. Your *Santo* has caused me a lot of joy and a lot of turmoil.[701] Can I tell you why? I doubt I am capable of it. Perhaps I will try. In any case be assured that I am full of admiration, with best wishes

Yours

P. Solanges

Villa Negrone

Pegli Ligure via Multedo No. 9.[702]

I am now nothing more than a retired old philosopher, happy to be free and to be able to read and think at my ease.

33a. Fogazzaro to Solanges, 3 February 1906

Vicenza 3–2–1906

Caro Amico

Non so come abbia potuto lasciare tanto tempo senza risposta la sua lettera del'8 gennaio che ora mi ritorna nelle mani.[703] Smemoratezza senile! Perdon. Herelle non mi ha scritto. Quelle due novelle devono certo essere state ma non con privilegio esclusivo. Credi ch'Ella possa liberamente ritraderle. Anzi lo accerto.

Molte scuse ancora e una cordiale stretta di mano.

V[ost]ro

A Fogazzaro

ALS: ASB 5.6

Translation

Vicenza 3 February 1906

Dear friend

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701 Fogazzaro's novel *Il santo* tells the later story of Piero Maironi, a character from the 1901 novel *Piccolo mondo moderno*. After a profound conversion experience, Piero renounces worldly goods and becomes Benedetto, a lay brother in a monastery, before becoming involved in service to the poor and in spreading his message of the need for spiritual renewal of the Catholic Church.

702 This first letter written from Multedo, a suburb of the town of Pegli, marks the *terminus ad quem* for Solanges's retirement date. Note however that he spends the winter 1906–07 in Milan, and that, when writing to HHR in November 1910, he says he has been in Multedo for 15 months: July 1909 marks his *permanent* move to Pegli. For more details, see the section on the move to Multedo in Chapter 7 of the Introduction.

703 Solanges's 8 January letter to Fogazzaro is not held at the Biblioteca Civica Bertoliana in Vicenza.

I do not know how I could have left your letter of 8 January for so long without a reply, but it has now come back into my hands.[704] Senile forgetfulness! Apologies. Hérelle has not written to me. Those two short stories must certainly have been [translated] but not with exclusive privilege. Rest assured that you may freely translate them. That's how I see it.

Many apologies again and a cordial handshake

Yours

A. Fogazzaro

34. 5 February 1906

Multedo 5 février 1906

Mon cher ami, pour l'amour du ciel ne vous excusez pas et merci pour l'autorisation.

Quant à votre *smemoratezza senile* que Dieu vous la conserve dans l'état où elle est, c'est à dire avec l'élasticité voulue pour nous donner de belles œuvres comme votre *Santo* que je vais relire encore.

Comme je voudrais avoir une vraie plume pour en parler au monde. Ce que j'en dirais ne serait pas fait pour vous déplaire car votre livre m'a fait fortement penser. Mais hélas quand il s'agit de moi

> … non posso ritrar di tutto appieno
> Che molte volte al fatto il dir vien meno.

Molte fiate pour ne pas estropier Dante davantage car c'est *sempre* qu'il faudrait dire.

Mes hommages à ces dames et bien affectueusement à vous

P. Solanges.

Translation

My dear friend, for heaven's sake don't apologise, and thankyou for your permission.

As for your *smemoratezza senile*,[705] may God preserve it for you in its current state, namely with the buoyancy required to give us fine works like your *Santo*, which I am going to reread again.

How I would like to have a real pen to speak to the world about it. What I would say of it would not be calculated to displease you, since your book has made me think hard. But alas when it comes to me,

> … I cannot describe it all in full
> often the word falls short of the fact.[706]

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[704] An intervening letter is missing, in which Solanges asks permission to translate two short stories, perhaps again *Eden Anto* and *Pereat Rochus*, which he had begun in 1887–88 and again suggested in 1898 (Letters 1, 2, 8 and 29).

[705] smemoratezza senile: senile forgetfulness (Italian).

Molte fiate so as not to mangle Dante more, since one should say *sempre*.[707]

My regards to the ladies, most affectionately yours

P. Solanges.

35. 14 June 1906

Pegli–Multedo le 14 juin 1906.

Mon bien cher ami

Je vois dans les journaux qu'il y a encore des honnêtes gens capables de comprendre l'acte que vous avez librement commis dans l'inspiration de votre conscience ainsi que dans la mesure qui vous était indiquée par elle, et d'en apprécier la valeur. Leurs voix suffisent plus que largement à étouffer les clameurs grotesques de quelques gamins mal élevés. Vous savez que c'est du plus profond du cœur que j'y associe la mienne.

Votre

P. Solanges.

Translation

Pegli–Multedo 14 June 1906.

My very dear friend

I see in the newspapers that there are still some decent people capable of understanding the act you have freely committed as your conscience inspired you, to the extent it indicated to you, and of appreciating its value. Their voices are more than sufficient to muffle the grotesque clamours of a few badly-brought up urchins. You know that I join my voice to theirs from the bottom of my heart.[708]

Yours

P. Solanges.

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706 Dante, *Inferno* 4.145, 147: Io non posso ritrar di tutti a pieno, / però che sì mi caccia mi lungo tema / che molte volte al fatto il dir vien meno. 'I cannot describe them all in full / because my long theme so drives me that / often the word falls short of the fact.'

707 molte fiate: many times; sempre: always (Italian).

708 *Il santo* had been unexpectedly placed on the Index on 5 April 1906, six months after its publication (Nardi, *Fogazzaro* 251, 686; Hall 83). No official reason was given for the "mystery of the condemnation", mysterious because of the initial tolerance of a work by such a "staunch champion of his Church" ("The Vatican and Forbidden Literature", *The Times* 8 May 1906: 5). Fogazzaro's reaction was initial silence, and then submission to the judgment of the Church of which he was a loyal if critical member, but he did allow the English and American editions to be published, feeling bound by the approval given to the publishers before the book was placed on the Index; a statement to this effect appears in front of the translation, which appeared in mid-1906. Fogazzaro's submission aroused a storm of anticlerical protest and demands that he should be removed from his position on the Supreme Council of Public Instruction, since in submitting to the Church's authority, he was said to be no longer capable of defending the freedom of others. Articles defending Fogazzaro were however published in early June by Gaetano Mosca and Senator Alessandro d'Ancona. When the matter was discussed in the Chamber of Deputies on 15 June, only one senator defended Fogazzaro, who however kept his post because the Under Secretary for Education claimed to have no authority to intervene against him (Gallarati-Scotti 259–63).

35a. Fogazzaro to Solanges, 18 June 1906

Vicenza 18–6–1906

Grazie, caro Amico! Ed una stretta di mano. In mezzo a tutto questo rumore il Santo, che ho abbandonato a lui stesso, comunica franco senza voltarsi. Vi farà piacere di sapere che Hachette ha smaltita in quattro giorni tutta la prima edizione de 3000 copie.

Vostro

A Fogazzaro

ALS: ASB 5.7

Translation

Vicenza 18 June 1906

Thankyou, dear friend! And a handshake. In the midst of all this uproar, *Il santo*, which I have abandoned to itself, communicates freely and directly. It will give you pleasure to know that in four days Hachette disposed of the whole first edition of 3000 copies.

Yours

A. Fogazzaro

36. 30 October 1906

Milan le 30 octobre 1906.

22 via San Damiano

Mon cher ami, vous avez deviné juste; je suis rentré à Milan il y a un mois après beaucoup de *riviera* et de montagne.

Après avoir tutoyé le Mont Blanc, du moins dans ses approches, j'ai jugé que j'avais droit à un peu de *home*. Je compte rester ici jusqu'au printemps.

L'envoi que vous m'annoncez me réjouit doublement. Avant tout je suis heureux, très heureux de voir votre glorieux Cortis avancer d'un pas sûr et égal dans la voie des éditions nombreuses; ensuite, depuis que je suis en retraite j'aime à voir le trou produit dans la différence de mes *entrées* se boucler un peu.

J'ai accepté différents travaux; celui auquel je me livre en ce moment n'est pas très littéraire car il consiste ou à traduire ou à remettre en français des discours prononcés par des congressistes, mais j'espère mieux. Si je réussis vous serez le premier averti.

Travaillez-vous? De cela je ne doute pas mais j'aimerais bien à savoir ce que vous faites. Pardonnez-moi si je me permets de dire que mon amitié pour vous désire vous voir éviter toute secousse. J'ai toujours senti que votre conduite serait à la fois d'une dignité ferme et d'une soumission naturelle chez qui pense comme vous, mais j'ai eu quand même bien des angoisses à votre sujet. Votre champ est si large que vous pouvez créer du beau et faire du bien sans risquer la paix de l'âme et cela doit vous être facile car vous ne cherchez pas la lutte pour la lutte mais pour le bien qui doit en résulter. J'ai compris plus que personne peut-être, tout ce que vous avez dû

éprouver de tristesse et d'amertume et c'est pour cela que je voudrais vous voir écrire un autre *Cortis*, c'est à dire un livre qui console, encourage, éveille le désir de la volonté de bien faire et de bien penser sans vous être pour cela une source de soucis.

Votre *Santo* est un très beau livre, il est ainsi jugé par tous ceux qui sont dignes de le comprendre. Il est possible, il est probable que dans vingt ans il aura acquis sa valeur absolue sans aucune restriction; n'en veuillez pas à mon amitié si elle se contente pour vous de cette pierre angulaire apportée à l'édifice.

Encore une fois pardonnez-moi si je mets le pied sur une terre réservée. Rappelez-moi au bon souvenir de tous les vôtres et croyez-moi toujours votre fidèlement affectionné

P. Solanges.

Translation

Milan 30 October 1906

22 via San Damiano

My dear friend, you guessed correctly; I returned to Milan a month ago after a lot of *riviera* and mountains.

After saying hello to Mont Blanc, or at least to its lower slopes, I decided I had a right to a little time at home. I am planning to stay here until spring.

The remittance you foreshadow gives rise to double rejoicing in me. Above all I am happy, very happy, to see your glorious Cortis advancing surely and steadily on the path of multiple editions; secondly, since my retirement I like to see the hole produced by the difference in my income and expenses filled a little.

I have accepted different jobs; the one I am devoting myself to at the moment is not very literary, since it consists in either translating or putting into French speeches delivered at conferences, but I am hoping for better. If I succeed, you will be the first to be told.

Are you working? I have no doubt that you are, but I would very much like to know what you are doing. Forgive me if I venture to say that my friendship for you leads me to hope that you will avoid any upheaval. I have always felt that your conduct would be marked both by firm dignity and a submission that is natural from a person who thinks like you, but I have nonetheless been most anguished about you. Your field is so broad that you can create beauty and do good without risking your peace of mind, and that must be easy for you, since you do not seek conflict for conflict's sake but for the good which must arise from it. I have perhaps understood more than anyone else all the sadness and bitterness you have had to endure, and that is why I would like to see you write another *Cortis*, namely a book to console and encourage, to awaken the will's desire to do good and to think well, yet without being a source of worry to you.

Your *Santo* is a very fine book, that is how it is judged by all who are worthy of understanding it. It is possible, nay probable, that in twenty years it will have obtained its absolute value without any restriction; don't hold it against my friendship if I am content to bring this cornerstone to the edifice.

Once more, forgive me if I am treading on private ground. Remember me to all your family, and believe me ever your faithfully affectionate

P. Solanges.

36a. Fogazzaro to Solanges, 9 November 1908

Vicenza 9–11–08[709]

Caro Amico

La mia voce Le suona il [rado?] ma, quando suona, ha sempre un leggero accompagnamento d'orchestra, non del tutto [spagnolo?]. Il mio editore Le farà avere a mio nome L 262.50, Sua quota dell'ultimo versamento Calmann Levy. Ne parlai a Boito ma scordai l'indirizzo di Lei, ch'egli mi diede. Inde un ritardo, del quale chiedo venia.

Saluti cordialissimi. V[ost]ro AF

ALS: ASB 5.8

Translation

Vicenza 9 November 1908

Dear friend

My voice sounds [thin?] to you but when it sounds, it always has a light orchestral accompaniment, not completely [Spanish?]. My publisher will send you 262.50 lira in my name, your share of the latest Calmann Lévy payment. I spoke to Boito about it, but I forgot your address, which he gave me. Thence a delay for which I beg pardon.

Most cordial greetings. Yours AF

37. 11 November 1908

Milan le 11 novembre 1908

Mon cher et illustre ami, quel que soit le plaisir que peut me faire la symphonie argentine qui accompagne votre billet, je suis, vous le savez, plus qu'à tout sensible au succès persistant de votre—laissez-moi dire de notre—cher Cortis.

Que n'ai-je été toujours libre comme je le suis maintenant! Peut-être aurais-je[710] continué à être votre collaborateur, plus sûr de lui-même et plus rapide dans l'exécution. Regrets superflus, la destinée voulait que je suivisse ma voie.

Aujourd'hui que j'ai terminé ma carrière industrielle, j'ai voulu tenter de me remettre en carrière et j'ai l'idée qu'ayant beaucoup travaillé j'ai plutôt gagné en valeur et en sûreté. Mais j'ai trouvé les portes fermées et les places prises.

Ne pouvez-vous m'aider à les rouvrir? Je vous déclare avant tout, mon cher ami, que je ne parle pas de ce que vous avez écrit ou pouvez écrire dans l'avenir. Vous avez en Hérelle un traducteur d'une valeur telle que vous seriez plus que coupable de lui faire une infidélité.

Mais votre position est telle aujourd'hui qu'une simple indication de votre part pourrait faire mille fois plus que toutes mes démarches ce qui n'est pas beaucoup dire

[709] Note scrawled on a carte de visite.
[710] aurais-je] aurai-je *MS*

puisque, hélas! elles[711] ne représentent qu'un piteux zéro. Souvenez-vous donc de moi à l'occasion et faites naître l'occasion si vous croyez pouvoir le faire. Je vous remercie d'avance.

Je voudrais bien vous voir et causer avec vous. Cela ne m'est pas arrivé depuis une éternité, mais je me fais vieux, je ne sais plus me bouger et vous êtes si pris de tous les côtés! Et puis les soucis! … Espérons en un bon hasard.

Rappelez-moi au souvenir de tous les vôtres auxquels[712] je conserve toujours un reconnaissant et affectueux souvenir et croyez toujours à mon amitié sincère et reconnaissante.

Votre

P. Solanges

M. Baldesci est venu me remettre lui-même les F. 262.50 dont je lui ai donné reçu *en bonne et due forme*.

Translation

Milan, 11 November 1908

My dear and illustrious friend, whatever the pleasure I can gain from the silvery symphony accompanying your note, you know that more than anything else I am appreciative of the persistent success of your—may I say our—dear Cortis.

Why have I not always been as free as I am now! Perhaps I would have continued to be your collaborator, more sure of myself and faster in my work. Superfluous regrets—destiny wished me to follow my path.

Now that I have finished my career in industry, I wished to try and re-establish my [literary] career, and I believe that after so much work I have rather increased my value and my confidence. But I have found the doors closed and the places taken.

Can't you help me to reopen them? I declare to you above all, my dear friend, that I am not speaking about what you have already written or may write in future. You have in Hérelle a translator of such value that you would be more than blameworthy if you were disloyal to him.[713]

But your position today is such that a simple indication on your part could do a thousand times more than all my efforts, which isn't saying much since, alas! they amount to a pitiful zero. So remember me if the opportunity arises, and make the occasion arise if you believe you can. Thank you in advance.

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711 elles] elle *MS*

712 auxquels] auquel *MS*

713 Georges Hérelle (1848–1935) taught philosophy at Évreux (*Catalogue général de la librairie française* 24 (1910–12) 527). From 1876 onwards he translated many Spanish and Italian works into French. Of Fogazzaro's works, he had translated *Piccolo mondo moderno* (*Petit monde d'aujourd'hui*, 1903) and *Il santo* (*Le saint*, 1906), and his translation of *Leila* appeared in 1911—he was a much faster worker than Solanges had proved to be with *Daniele Cortis*. See later mentions of Hérelle in Letters 38 (30 December 1910), 50 (29 December 1910) and 79 (30 April 1911). For more on Hérelle, see Raffaele Giglio, ed., *Per la storia di un'amicizia: D'Annunzio, Hérelle, Scarfoglio, Serao. Documenti inediti* (Napoli: Loffredo, 1977).

I would very much like to see you and converse with you. It is an eternity since that happened, but I am getting old, I cannot travel any more, and you are so busy on all sides! And then your worries![714] … Let's hope for a happy coincidence.

Remember me to all your family, whom I always recall gratefully and affectionately, and believe me ever your sincere and grateful friend.

Yours

P. Solanges

M. Baldesci came himself to remit to me the 262.50 francs, for which I gave him a receipt *in due and proper order*.

38. 30 December 1910

Pegli Ligure – Multedo
Villa Negrone

30 décembre 1910.

Mon cher ami, j'arrive très tard pour vous parler de votre livre et vous apporter le tribut de mon admiration. L'excès de mes occupations en est cause. Je tenais à consacrer à la lecture de *Leila* une suite d'heures tranquilles, pour vous lire d'un trait et recevoir une impression unique. Il m'a fallu attendre les circonstances favorables et cela a été long. Je viens de tourner le dernier feuillet.

Je ne vous apporte que de pauvres impressions dont vous n'avez pas à tenir compte. Iago disait n'être qu'un critique et je ne possède pas le seul point de contact que je me voudrais, avec ce personnage. Encore ces impressions sont-elles complexes et c'est à vous qu'il me plairait, dans une bonne et longue causerie, de vous demander le pourquoi de leur complexité. Car jusqu'à présent je vous ai lu en vous suivant toujours volontiers là où vous vouliez me conduire, tandis que cette fois-ci je vous résiste, comme on résiste à ceux qu'on aime, malgré soi, mais je vous résiste.

Il est entendu que votre Lelia est, dans son ensemble un beau et bon livre. J'aime la marche du récit, comme j'en aime les détails: le tout dû à cet art qui m'est cher et que je puis croire connaître un peu pour en avoir jadis cherché le secret, mot après mot. J'ai retrouvé, éparse dans tout le volume, cette atmosphère de tendresse mystérieuse qui est un de vos plus grands charmes. Enfin je me suis senti pour quelques uns de vos personnages cette respectueuse amitié que j'ai éprouvée pour leurs prédécesseurs.

Donna Fedele et don Aurelio resteront comme deux belles incarnations du catholicisme évangélique qui est le vôtre, et vous avez réussi à m'inspirer plus de pitié que de réelle antipathie pour l'archiprêtre,[715] sinon pour son jésuitique associé. Ceux-là appartiennent à ce comique un peu douloureux dont vous avez le secret.

Vous voyez où j'arrive. Me voici en face de vos deux—dois-je dire principaux?—au moins en face de vos deux personnages qui ont le plus besoin—je parle pour moi-même—de ma sympathie. À l'un je puis la donner conditionnellement, à Massimo; pour l'autre, je ne puis réellement pas trouver en moi à son égard autre chose que de l'irritation. En dépit que j'en aie je trouve Lelia

[714] Presumably an allusion to Fogazzaro's difficulties with the Catholic Church.
[715] archiprêtre] archiprête *MS*

vaniteuse en face de l'amour de Massimo et vaniteuse jusque dans son humilité finale, ingrate en face de Donna Fedele, dure en face de tous, maladivement voluptueuse en face d'elle-même. Comme très certainement vous n'avez pas voulu annuler son libre arbitre de par les lois de l'hérédité, je ne puis m'expliquer pourquoi vous avez voulu créer l'âme de Lelia si parente de celle de Marina. À moins que … cela je vous le dirai tout à l'heure.

Quant à Massimo le want of sympathy provient je crois de la comparaison. Après ces êtres que vous avez faits tout d'une pièce, après Cortis, après Benedetto, après les autres, Massimo ne parvient pas à échauffer mon cœur; ses doutes et son retour à la foi me semblent trop dépendre des circonstances extérieures et étrangères à eux.

À moins donc que vous n'ayez voulu les appeler à la vie qu'à peine sortis de l'état embryonnaire et que vous ne nous les ayez faits connaître que dans la première phase d'une existence que vous développerez par un nouveau livre où tout ce qui est resté chez eux à l'état latent se dégagera dans le contact, pour la plus grande gloire de Dieu et de l'amour … Si j'ai deviné juste j'en serai très fier.

Des pages de votre livre m'ont procuré une très vive émotion, mon cher ami. Elles accompagnent la haute figure de votre Marcello. Il y a là des lignes sublimes, sorties de votre cœur blessé et résigné. Elles sont dignes du grand artiste et de l'homme excellent que vous êtes.

Je me garderai de vous parler de ce qui, dans Leila, a trait à la question religieuse. Je ne la connais pas assez pour m'y risquer et c'est là un terrain qui m'effraie, moi qui suis toujours à la recherche d'un lieu solide où me reposer et qui trouve seulement un Dieu que je sens, que je prie, mais que les yeux de mon âme ne savent pas voir clairement.

J'ai vu qu'Hérelle vous traduit pour la Revue des Deux-Mondes. Je vous en félicite. C'est sans aucun doute l'homme qui se tirera le mieux d'une tâche dont la difficulté est plus que grande.

Cortis est si loin derrière vous que vous n'y pensez peut-être que rarement. Moi je continue à l'aimer et à m'intéresser à sa destinée. Aussi j'espère que le succès que Leila aura certainement, en France et partout où on lit en français, lui donnera une nouvelle jeunesse.

Je termine en vous envoyant tous mes meilleurs souhaits pour 1911. Vous savez de quelle qualité sont les vœux que je fais pour vous.

Je me rappelle respectueusement et cordialement aux membres de votre famille.

À vous de tout cœur, mon bien cher ami

P. Solanges.

Translation

30 December 1910

My dear friend, I arrive very late to speak to you about your book and bring you the tribute of my admiration. My burdensome occupations are the cause. I was anxious to devote a succession of peaceful hours to the reading of *Leila*, to read your

book in one sitting and obtain a unique impression of it. I had to await favourable circumstances and that took a long time. I have just turned the last leaf.[716]

I am bringing you only my poor impressions, which you have no need to take into account. Iago said he was nothing if not critical and I do not possess the only point of contact I would like to share with that character.[717] Again, these impressions are complex, and you are the person I would like to ask about the reason for their complexity, in a good long conversation. For until now I have read your works and always followed willingly where you wished to lead me, whereas this time I am resisting you, as people resist those whom they love, despite themselves, but I *am* resisting you.

It is understood that your Lelia[718] is, on the whole, a fine, good book. I like the development of the plot, just as I like its details: the whole due to the art that is dear to me, and that I believe I know a little through having once sought out its secrets, word by word. I found, scattered throughout the volume, the atmosphere of mysterious tenderness that is one of your greatest charms. Finally, I felt the same respectful friendship for some of your characters that I felt for some of their predecessors.

Donna Fedele and Don Aurelio will remain two wonderful incarnations of the evangelical Catholicism that you profess, and you have succeeded in inspiring in me more pity than real antipathy for the arch-priest, if not for his Jesuitical associate. The latter belong to the slightly sorrowful comedy that you have the secret of.

You see what I am coming to. Here I am face to face with two of your—may I say principal characters?—at least face to face with your two characters who most need my sympathy—I am speaking for myself. To one of them, Massimo, I can give it conditionally; for the other I cannot really find anything within me except irritation. Despite what sympathy I may have, I find Lelia vain in her reaction to Massimo's love, vain even in her final humility, ungrateful to Donna Fedele, hard-hearted to everyone, and unhealthily voluptuous in relation to herself. Since you most certainly won't have wished to nullify her free will through the laws of heredity, I cannot explain why you wished to create Leila's soul so similar to Marina's.[719] Unless … I will tell you this in a moment.

As for Massimo, the want of sympathy arises, I think, from comparison. After those beings whom you have made all of a piece, after Cortis, Benedetto,[720] and the others, my heart just does not warm to Massimo; his doubts and his return to the faith seem to me to depend too much on exterior circumstances that are unconnected to those doubts.

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716 Fogazzaro's last novel, *Leila*, a sequel to *Il santo*, was published on 12 November 1910.

717 "For I am nothing if not critical," O*thello* 2.1.122. Solanges is claiming not to have the critical faculties of Iago.

718 Although the book is entitled *Leila*, through most of the narrative the principal character is known as Lelia, and she only changes her name when she abandons her former coldness and suspicion towards Massimo (the disciple of *Il santo*'s Benedetto) and declares her love for him (on p. 420 of the 468-page translation (New York: George H. Doran, 1911).

719 Marina was the main character in Fogazzaro's 1881 novel *Malombra*, whom Fogazzaro described as follows, in the preface that appeared in *Le Figaro* with the French translation in 1898:
"To me she was the woman unlike all others, and I had cast her in a haughty mould, for the unspeakable delight of subduing her. … She is that voluptuous feminine blending of graciousness, caprice, talent and pride that I had searched for with such longing in my early youth" (Gallarati-Scotti 53).

720 The main character in *Il santo*; see footnote 701.

So unless you wished to call them into life when they had scarcely passed the stage of embryos, and you have only let us get to know them in the first phase of an existence that you will develop in a new book, in which everything that has remained latent in them will emerge through contact, to the greater glory of God and of love … If I have guessed correctly I will be very proud of it.

Some pages of your book were very emotional for me, my dear friend. They accompany the noble figure of your Marcello.[721] There are sublime lines here, arising from your wounded, resigned heart. They are worthy of the great artist and excellent man that you are.

I will be careful not to speak to you of everything in Leila connected to the question of religion. I don't know it well enough to venture into it, and it's an area that frightens me, who am always seeking sure ground to rest upon and who only find a God I feel, a God I pray to, but a God whom the eyes of my soul cannot see clearly.[722]

I see Hérelle is translating you for the Revue des Deux-Mondes.[723] My congratulations. He is without doubt the man who will best handle this most difficult task.

Cortis is so far behind you that you think of it perhaps only rarely. For myself, I continue to like him and be interested in his destiny. Therefore I hope the success Leila will certainly have, in France and wherever people read French, will give new youth to Cortis.

I will finish by sending you all my best wishes for 1911. You know the quality of my wishes for you.

Remember me respectfully and cordially to the members of your family.

Most heartily yours, my dearest friend

P. Solanges.

38a. Fogazzaro to Solanges, 2 January 1911

Vicenza 2 janv. 1911

Mon cher Ami

Convalescent encore d'une maladie longue et douloureuse (gravelles du foie), je me borne à vous remercier de tout mon cœur pour votre chère lettre, pour l'intérêt que vous portez à „Leila" ainsi qu'à ses aînés, pour les souhaits de nouvelle année que je vous rends avec une sincère affection.

A Fogazzaro

ALS: ASB 5.9

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721 Marcello Trento in *Leila* is a dignified old man, Leila's adoptive father, a devout Catholic, who fosters a relationship between Leila and Massimo, but dies before it becomes a reality.

722 This is the closest Solanges comes to speaking about his own beliefs in any of his letters, and even then he is very reluctant to go far. For more on his religious beliefs, see chapter 5 on Fogazzaro in the Introduction.

723 Antonio Fogazzaro. *Leila*. Traduit de l'italien par G. Hérelle. Paris: Hachette, 1911. For more on Hérelle, see footnote 713.

Translation

Vicenza 2 January 1911

My dear friend

Still convalescing from a long and painful illness (liver stones),[724] I will content myself with thanking you with all my heart for your dear letter, the interest you bear towards "Leila" and her elders, and your New Year's greetings which I return with sincere affection.

A. Fogazzaro

39. 4 January 1911

Pegli Ligure – Multedo
Villa Negrone

4. janvier 911

Mon cher ami, j'ai lu que vous étiez *souffrant* mais j'ignorais qu'il se fut agi d'une réelle maladie. Je suis bien peiné de savoir que vous avez passé par une aussi cruelle épreuve. Vous devez tout faire pour en prévenir le retour. J'ai à Milan un ami qui a souffert du même mal. Il a fait le traitement de l'huile et s'en est trouvé à merveille. Je vous donne ici le nom d'une huile spéciale qui est excellente. Je vous la conseille vivement, après approbation de votre médecin. On la trouve chez Manzoni et C^{ie} Via San Paolo, à Milan.

Olio di Harlem
C. de Cenniny Tilly
Hollande

Et trouvez le courage de faire la saison de Vichy. Redoutez Carlsbad.

À vous de tout cœur, mille souhaits et ne me répondez pas. J'ai sottement oublié dans ma lettre de vous parler des pages qui sont parmi les plus belles de votre livre et qui m'ont donné une rare émotion de beauté: l'enterrement de Benedetto. Vous devez être heureux d'avoir écrit cela.

Encore votre

P. Solanges

Translation

4 January 1911

My dear friend, I read that you were *unwell* but I didn't know it was a matter of a real illness. I am indeed saddened to know that you have undergone such a cruel ordeal. You must do all you can to avoid its return. I have a friend in Milan who suffered the same illness. He did a course of treatment with oil and it served him wonderfully. I will give you here the name of a special oil that is excellent. I warmly recommend it to you, subject to your doctor's approval. It is available from Manzoni and Co., San Paolo St., in Milan.

[724] In late November 1910, two weeks after the publication of *Leila* on 12 November, Fogazzaro was afflicted with a calculous condition of the liver, which left him an invalid by Christmas (Gallarati-Scotti 306–07, Hall 91). Fogazzaro presumably does not know the usual term for gallstones, *calcul biliaire*.

Oil of Harlem
C. de Cenniny Tilly
Holland

And find the strength to do the season at Vichy. Beware of Carlsbad.[725]

Heartily yours, best wishes, and don't reply. I foolishly forgot to speak to you in my letter[726] about the pages which are amongst the finest in your book, and which gave me an emotion of rare beauty: Benedetto's burial.[727] You must be happy for having written that.

Yours again

P. Solanges

40. 1 March 1911

Pegli Ligure – Multedo
Villa Negrone

1er mars 1911

Mon cher ami

Les journaux me donnent de vous des nouvelles que j'aurais bien voulu n'avoir pas à lire, mais je sais votre sérénité et la nature de l'opération qui vous sera faite. Un bon chirurgien de mes amis m'a donné des détails rassurants sur le fait lui-même et consolants sur les résultats que vous obtiendrez. J'attends donc avec impatience de bonnes nouvelles. Votre calme dont on parle n'a rien qui m'étonne de votre part, mais je pense beaucoup à Madame Fogazzaro et à vos enfants pour qui la réflexion ne doit pas être d'un grand secours (car l'affection ne réfléchit pas dans des circonstances de ce genre) et je suis de cœur avec tous.

Que Dieu vous bénisse, mon bien cher ami, et qu'il vous donne de nouveau votre bonne et vigoureuse santé!

Votre

P. Solanges

Translation

1st March 1911

My dear friend

The newspapers give me news of you that I would have liked not to have to read, but I know your serenity and the nature of the operation that is to be performed on

[725] Vichy in France and Carlsbad (now Karlovy Vary, in the Czech Republic) were prominent spa towns. Solanges's preference is understandably nationalistic, given his experience in the Franco-Prussian War.

[726] Letter 38 (30 December 1910).

[727] *Il santo*, had concluded with the death-scene of the lay-preacher Benedetto. The final, poignant chapter of *Leila* brings Benedetto's story to an end with the transfer of his body to his family grave at Oria in the Lake Lugano region, accompanied by a crowd of young disciples and by the shadowy figure of Jeanne Dessalle, who had loved Benedetto from before his conversion.

you.[728] A good surgeon from amongst my friends has given me details that reassure me on the fact itself and console me on the results you will obtain. So I am impatiently awaiting good news. Your calmness that is spoken of doesn't astonish me in the least on your part, but I am thinking a great deal of Madame Fogazzaro and your children, for whom reflection cannot be much help (since affection prevents reflection in circumstances of this kind), and I am with you all in spirit.

God bless you, my very dear friend, and may he restore you to good, vigorous health!

Yours

P. Solanges[729]

40a. Giuseppe Roi to Mathilde Solanges, 1 March 1923

Amministrazione Marchese Giuseppe Roi, Vicenza

1 Marzo 1923

Gentilissima Signora

Avendo ora ultimato l'indichiesta sulle diverse edizioni pubblicate dalla casa Calman Lévy di Parigi del romanzo Daniele Cortis di Antonio Fogazzaro in lingua francese, le medesime, dopo le edizioni 14a 15a 16a e 17a del Novembre 1911, risultano come segue:

Edizioni 18-19-20 ed altro incasso	Fcs	553.25
"21-22		350.-
"23-24-25		1012.50
"26-27-28		735.-
	totale franchi	2650.75

che per la metà che riguarda il traduttore portano la somma di

franchi 1325.37

su questa somma furono rimesse il 13/9/1915 176.62

residuano perciò Fcs 1148.75

che le rimborso con l'accluso Chéque su Parigi di pari somma, pregandola farmi tenere una regolare ricevuta con bolli di L.2.40 (che costano L.2.80) con la pregiata firma Sua e della Signora Sua figlia.

In tale attesa, gradisca, egregia Signora, i miei distinti ossequi.

pp. Eredi Fogazzaro

Gius. Roi

Gentilissima Signora Mathilde Solanges, Villino Bianchi, Pegli Multedo (Genova)

[728] Fogazzaro had been admitted to hospital in Vicenza on 26 February; he underwent an operation on 4 March (Gallarati-Scotti 308–09, Hall 91). *The Times* reported that doctors were confident of a quick recovery (6 March 1911: 11).

40a. Giuseppe Roi to Mathilde Solanges, 1 March 1923

ALS: ASB 5.11

Translation

1 March 1923

Dear Madam

I have now completed the accounts on the various editions of Antonio Fogazzaro's novel *Daniel Cortis* published in French by the firm Calmann Lévy in Paris; after editions 14, 15, 16 and 17 of November 1911, they result as follows:

Editions 18-19-20 and other takings	Fcs	553.25
"21-22		350.-
"23-24-25		1012.50
"26-27-28		735.-
	Total Francs	2650.75

which for the half that concerns the translator amounts to the sum of

Francs 1325.37

of which the following was remitted

on 13/9/1915 176.62

leaving therefore Fcs 1148.75

which I am reimbursing to you with the enclosed cheque for that amount, drawn on Paris. I would ask you to let me have a proper receipt with stamps to the value of L2.40 (they cost L2.80) with your esteemed signature and that of Madam your daughter.

Looking forward to your reply, I send you, dear Madam, my sincere regards.

for the Fogazzaro estate

Giuseppe Roi

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[729] Fogazzaro died at 5.30 a.m. on 7 March 1911. Solanges advised HHR of his death in Letter 70 (11 March 1911).

Part II,
Letters of Paul Solanges to Henry Handel Richardson,
1910–14

41. 27 October 1910

Pegli Ligure – Multedo
Villa Negrone

27 octobre 1910

Monsieur

Je viens de terminer la lecture de votre beau livre, *Maurice Guest*. Après avoir beaucoup réfléchi sur la difficulté de la tâche, je crois me sentir en mesure d'en tenter la traduction. Je vous serais donc très reconnaissant de me dire, en deux mots, d'abord si je n'arrive pas trop tard, et si, dans ce cas, vous seriez disposé à me la confier. Il s'agit naturellement de la traduction en français. J'ai fait plusieurs versions dont les auteurs n'ont été mécontents à aucun point de vue. Je vous citerai, entre autres, le *Daniel Cortis* d'Antonio Fogazzaro qui a été publié d'abord dans la *Revue de Paris* et a eu depuis une quinzaine d'éditions chez Calman[n] Lévy. Si, pour vous faire une idée de ma manière, vous désirez le lire, je tiens le volume à votre disposition. Je suis, en outre disposé à vous soumettre quelques pages traduites de *Maurice Guest*. Je crois pouvoir vous promettre une traduction fidèle, consciencieuse, et pour laquelle je mettrai tous mes efforts à évoquer, autant que cela est possible, votre manière dans ma langue.

Si vous croyez pouvoir, en principe, accepter mon offre, je vous prie de me le faire savoir; nous pourrons parler ensuite des détails.

Je serai très flatté de voir ma proposition acceptée par vous.

Veuillez agréer, Monsieur, avec l'hommage de ma vive admiration pour votre œuvre, l'assurance de mes sentiments très distingués

Paul Solanges.

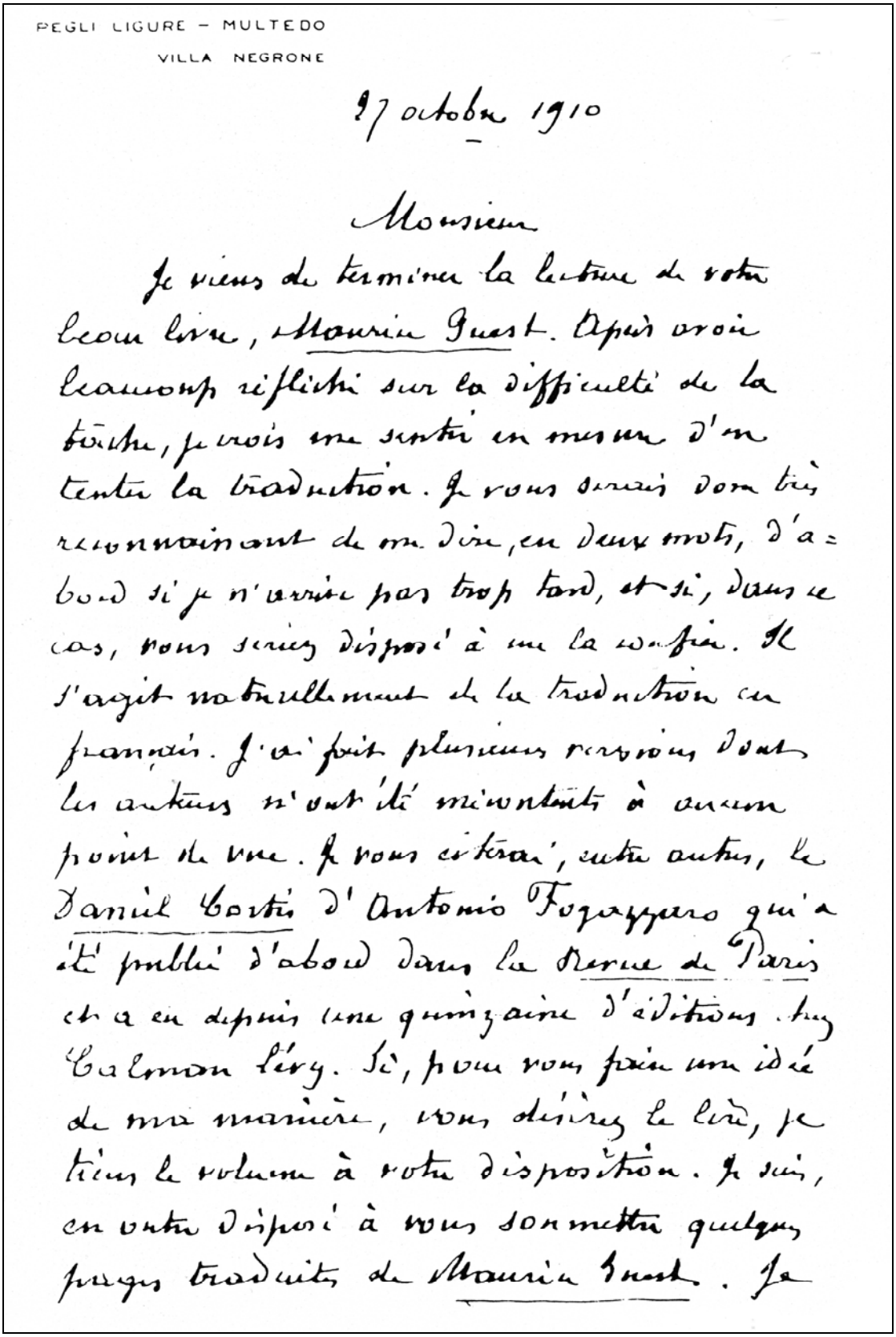
ALS: NLA MS 133/12/184–85

Translation

27 October 1910[730]

Sir

[730] Envelope address: Henry Handel Richardson, aux bons soins de M. William Heinemann, 21 Bedford Street, London W.C. Postmarked Pegli, Genova, 26 10 10—which explains why HHR was able to reply by 28 October (*HHRTL* 1:33).



PEGLI LIGURE – MULTEDO
VILLA NEGRONE

27 octobre 1910

Monsieur

Je viens de terminer la lecture de votre beau livre, Maurice Guest. Après avoir beaucoup réfléchi sur la difficulté de la tâche, je crois me sentir en mesure d'en tenter la traduction. Je vous serais donc très reconnaissant de me dire, en deux mots, d'abord si je n'arrive pas trop tard, et si, dans ce cas, vous seriez disposé à me la confier. Il s'agit naturellement de la traduction en français. J'ai fait plusieurs versions dont les auteurs n'ont été mécontents à aucun point de vue. Je vous citerai, entre autres, le Daniel Cortis d'Antonio Fogazzaro qui a été publié d'abord dans la Revue de Paris et a eu depuis une quinzaine d'éditions chez Calmann Lévy. Si, pour vous faire une idée de ma manière, vous désirez le lire, je tiens le volume à votre disposition. Je suis, en outre disposé à vous soumettre quelques pages traduites de Maurice Guest. Je

Figure 43: Solanges's first letter to HHR (Letter 41, 27 October 1910)

(By permission of the National Library of Australia)

I have just finished reading your fine book, *Maurice Guest*. After much reflection on the difficulty of the task, I believe I feel in a position to attempt the translation. I

would be very grateful then if you would tell me, in a word, firstly if I arrive not too late, and if, in that case, you would be inclined to entrust it to me. It is naturally a question of the translation into French. I have done several translations of which the authors have in no way been discontented. I will cite, among others,[731] *Daniel Cortis* by Antonio Fogazzaro, which was published firstly in the *Revue de Paris* and has since had some fifteen reprints by Calmann Levy.[732] If you wish to read it, to gain an idea of my style, I hold the volume at your disposal. I am moreover prepared to submit to you a few pages of *Maurice Guest* in translation. I believe I can promise you a faithful and conscientious translation into which I will put all my effort to evoke your own style in my language, as much as is possible.

If you believe you can in principle accept my offer, please let me know; we will then be able to discuss details.

I will be very flattered to see my proposal accepted by you.

Please, dear Sir, accept the assurance of my sincere regards, along with the homage of my lively admiration for your work.

Paul Solanges.

42. 1 November 1910

Pegli Ligure – Multedo
Villa Negrone

1er novembre 1910

Monsieur

Je vous suis très obligé de votre aimable réponse, enchanté de voir que mes craintes n'étaient pas justifiées et que je n'arrive pas trop tard.

Je vais commencer le travail que vous m'indiquez et, dans peu de jours, vous recevrez la traduction des pages 28 ou 35, sans doute de toutes les deux, et un fragment de dialogue.

J'avais l'idée de vous expédier les quatre ou cinq premières pages du livre que j'ai déjà traduites *pour me rendre compte*. J'ai compris en les faisant combien la difficulté est grande. Cela revient à dire qu'il nous faudra—à moi du temps—à vous de la patience. La traduction de votre livre, en dehors de son essence même, est un continuel effort de style, d'autant plus tendu que de nombreuses façons de dire anglaises ne peuvent être rendues que par des *équivalents* en français. Cela, vous devez le savoir et je vous prierai d'y avoir égard. Cependant tous mes efforts tendront à rendre ma version aussi littérale que possible et je n'introduirai jamais *un mot* à moins d'y être absolument contraint.

Pour les pages que je vais vous envoyer, vous voudrez bien, n'est-ce pas? tenir compte que je vais les traduire sans m'être préalablement échauffé et que l'étincelle pourra manquer. D'ailleurs vous avez certainement choisi parmi les passages les plus épineux. Je vous demande donc de me deviner, plus que de m'apprécier. Si vous n'êtes absolument pas satisfait, dites-le-moi de suite, sans circonl[oc]utions. Et puisque vous aimez Dante:

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[731] Among "other" translations—of musical and poetic works, Solanges cites his *only* full-length translation of a novel.

[732] For more details, see the period 1895–96 in Appendix I.

Forse diretro a me con miglior voci
Si pregherà perché Cirra risponda.

Relativement aux *certain circumstances*, je vous serai obligé de me les faire connaître. Si elles ont trait à la question des intérêts qui nous deviendraient communs, je vous dirai que j'ai l'habitude de partager tous les bénéfices résultant de mon travail avec les auteurs qui veulent bien me confier leurs œuvres. C'est ainsi que j'ai fait avec Fogazzaro (Daniel Cortis) avec Arrigo Boito et Verdi (Falstaff), avec G. Verga (Cavalleria rusticana—le drame qui se donne en ce moment à Paris, à l'Odéon) avec Giacosa (Novelle Valdostane) avec Maude Valerie White etc etc.

Naturellement je ne me suis pas encore occupé d'un éditeur, car j'avais besoin avant tout de votre autorisation en principe. Il ne faut pas songer à une *Revue* avant la publication en volume, comme cela a eu lieu pour Cortis (Revue de Paris). Maurice Guest est trop long de deux tiers pour une Revue. Je compte m'orienter du côté de la maison Calman[n] Lévy ou de la maison Hachette. Le cas échéant je vous tiendrai au courant de mes pourparlers. Si, dans un temps que vous fixerez je n'arrive pas à conclure, je vous rendrai votre parole. —Au point de vue commercial, l'idée de deux gros volumes ne facilitera pas les choses. C'est encore une question de patience.

J'ai beaucoup exercé la vôtre avec cette trop longue lettre que je finis en vous assurant que vous n'aurez jamais avec moi aucune difficulté. Vous seriez le premier avec lequel je ne me serais pas parfaitement entendu.

J'ai tenu, Monsieur, à vous dire tout cela pour bien établir notre *ground*, toujours prêt, d'ailleurs à prendre en considération ce que vous auriez à me dire.

Recevez, je vous prie, Monsieur, avec mes remerciements la nouvelle assurance de tous mes sentiments distingués et dévoués.

P. Solanges.

J'espère que quand nous en aurons fini avec la question *business*, j'aurai, d'une façon ou d'une autre, le plaisir de faire votre connaissance. Ce sera pour moi une joie artistique sans mélange et à laquelle j'attacherai le plus haut prix.

PS.

ALS: NLA MS 133/12/186–87

Translation

1 November 1910

Sir

I am much obliged for your kind reply, enchanted to see that my fears were not justified and that I do not arrive too late.

I will begin the work that you indicate, and in a few days you will receive the translation of pages 28 or 35, doubtless both, and a fragment of dialogue.[733]

I had the idea of sending you the first four or five pages of the book that I had already translated *as an exercise*. I realised in doing so how great the difficulty is. That amounts to saying that I will need time, you will need patience. The translation of your book, besides its very essence, is a continuous stylistic effort, all the more concentrated in that numerous English turns of phrase can only be rendered by

[733] Page 28 of *MG* gives the lyrical description of Maurice's first glimpse of Louise; page 35 has Maurice alone in his room the same night, a prey to loneliness.

equivalents in French. This you must know and I will ask you to take it into consideration. However all my efforts will aim to render my translation as literal as possible and I will never insert *one word* unless absolutely forced to.[734]

For the pages that I am about to send you, you will of course take into account that I have not warmed up in advance and that the spark could be lacking. Besides you have certainly chosen from amongst the most thorny passages. I ask you therefore to see into me rather than to appreciate me. If you are not absolutely satisfied, tell me at once, without circumlocutions. And since you love Dante:

> Perhaps, after me, prayer shall be offered with better voices,
> that Cyrrha may respond.[735]

In relation to the *certain circumstances*, I would be obliged if you would make them known to me. If they are connected to the question of what would become our common interests, I will tell you that it is my habit to share all the profits resulting from my work with the authors who are willing to entrust their works to me. That is what I did with Fogazzaro (Daniel Cortis), with Arrigo Boito and Verdi (Falstaff), with G. Verga (Cavalleria Rusticana—the drama being presented at the moment in Paris, at the Odeon),[736] with Giacosa (Novelle Valdostane), with Maude Valerie White etc etc.[737]

Naturally I have not yet busied myself with a publisher, for I needed above all your authorisation in principle. We must not think of a *Journal* before publication as a book, as happened with Cortis (Revue de Paris). Maurice Guest is two thirds too long for a Journal. I intend to turn in the direction of the Calmann Lévy publishing house or Hachette. If need be I will keep you informed of my negotiations. If I do not conclude an agreement in a time to be fixed by you, I will release you from your promise. —From the commercial point of view, the idea of two large volumes will not make things easier. It is again a question of patience.

I have much taxed *your* patience with this overlong letter which I finish by assuring you that you will never have any difficulty with me. You would be the first with whom I had not got along perfectly.

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734 An early indication of Solanges's philosophy of translation.

735 Dante, *Paradiso* 1.34–36: Poca favilla gran fiamma seconda / forse di retro a me con miglior voci / si pregherà perché Cirra risponda. 'A great flame follows a little spark: perhaps, after me, prayer shall be offered with better voices, that Cyrrha may respond.'

736 Judging by Genty 115 and the theatre notices in *Le Figaro*, this one-act play was performed on 29 September, 4 and 11 October 1909—Solanges may be stretching the truth just a little when he says "at the moment." Both Genty and *Le Figaro* attribute the translation to Paul Solanges and Mlle. J. Darsenne, who translated a few other works for the Odéon between 1909 and 1913. For more background, see the Introduction, pp. 90 ff.

737 This list of collaborators may be compared with the one given in Solanges's first letter to Fogazzaro (Letter 1, 15 May 1887). There he was relying on the many musical works he had worked on with various authors, and on the many links of friendship in Milanese circles that could lead him to Fogazzaro. The only real addition to the 1887 list here is Fogazzaro, who, as the author of Solanges's only translation of a full-length novel, receives first billing to HHR.
Solanges translated only two of the short stories from Giuseppe Giacosa's *Novelle e paesi valdostani*; their correspondence about it shows that they did indeed share equally the proceeds from publication of translations; see the section on Giacosa in the Introduction.
Maude Valerie White (1855–1937), English composer and writer. There are three entries for her in the bibliography at Appendix I; see also the section on songs in the Introduction.
Solanges's description here is true enough, but the "etc etc" seems a little excessive, since it quite omits any mention of Solanges's long efforts to be accepted again as a translator. See Chapters 6 and 7 in the Introduction.

I was anxious to tell you all this, Sir, in order to firmly establish our ground, always ready, besides, to take into consideration what you have to say to me.

Please receive, Sir, with my thanks, the renewed assurance of my sincere and devoted regards.

P. Solanges.

I hope that when we are finished with the *business* question, I will have the pleasure of making your acquaintance, in one way or another. It will be an unalloyed artistic joy for me to which I will attach the greatest value.

PS.

43. 5 November 1910

Pegli Ligure – Multedo
Villa Negrone

5 novembre 1910

Monsieur

Voici mes échantillons. Je souhaite qu'ils vous satisfassent. Bien que j'aie lu deux fois votre livre, je n'y suis pas encore assez profondément entré pour me trouver de suite à l'unisson en traduisant des pages prises au hasard. Vous voudrez bien en tenir compte si j'ai manqué quelque nuance.

Pour la chanson de la *Rose de Sharon*, j'ai pensé qu'il valait mieux traduire par deux vers. De là le léger changement.

Irrémédiablement amoureux (page 3 de la tr[aductio]n de la page 34.35—) J'aurais voulu autre chose; cela ne rend pas *that he was head over ears*, mais je n'ai pas trouvé mieux. Cela serait à chercher.

Je n'ai pas autre chose à vous dire sur mon travail.

Vous devez avoir déjà l'idée des difficultés qu'il y aura à trouver un éditeur français et du pourquoi de ces difficultés.

Il est évident qu'un livre de la valeur de *Maurice Guest* serait traduit depuis longtemps s'il n'y avait pas un gros obstacle. Cet obstacle c'est la longueur. Ici je parle au point de vue l'éditeur c'est à dire au point de vue commercial. Il s'agira pour lui d'imprimer *deux gros volumes* et de les faire payer de 7 à 8 f^r^ ce qui n'en rendra pas la vente facile.

Ceci, Monsieur, uniquement pour vous dire qu'il faudra, le cas échéant, de la patience à tous les points de vue. J'aurai besoin certainement de 12 à 15 mois pour finir mon travail et je devrai avant tout trouver l'éditeur. Pesez bien tout ceci. Considérez aussi que vous ne pourrez pas avoir de grandes exigences au point de vue financier à cause des dépenses qu'occasionnera l'édition. Pour mon compte je serais décidé à me contenter de peu relativement, pour attacher mon nom à votre œuvre. De votre côté veuillez réfléchir à ce que je vous soumets. Tout ce que je puis vous promettre c'est de mettre beaucoup de zèle à votre service.

Croyez, Monsieur, à mes sentiments distingués et dévoués

P. Solanges.

Je relis ma lettre et j'ai l'impression que vous pourriez croire que je cherche à me dégager devant les difficultés que je prévois. *Il n'en est rien,* au *contraire*. Mais je tiens à ce que vous compreniez bien que, si nous concluons, il s'agira d'une campagne purement artistique pour laquelle je me sens prêt à combattre de toutes mes forces mais que je ne puis considérer comme une affaire.

PS.

ALS: NLA MS 133/12/188–89

Translation

5 November 1910[738]

Sir

Here are my samples. I hope that they will satisfy you. Although I have read your book twice, I have not yet entered into it deeply enough to feel immediately at one with it in translating these pages taken at random. Please take this into account if I have missed some nuance.

For the song of the *Rose of Sharon*,[739] I thought it best to translate with two verses. Hence the slight change.

Irrémédiablement amoureux (page 3 of the translation of page 34–35)—I would have wanted something else; it does not render *that he was head over ears*, but I have not found anything better. It would be something to keep in mind.

I have nothing else to tell you about my work.

You must already have an idea of the difficulties there will be in finding a French publisher and of the reasons for these difficulties.

It is obvious that a book with the value of *Maurice Guest* would have been translated long ago if there had not been a great obstacle. This obstacle is its length. Here I am speaking from the publisher's point of view, i.e. the commercial point of view. For him it will be a matter of printing *two large volumes* and asking from 7 to 8 francs for them, which will not make them easy to sell.[740]

This, Sir, solely to tell you that, if need be, we will need patience in every respect. I will certainly need 12 to 15 months to finish my work and I will above all have to find the publisher. Ponder on all this. Consider also that you will not be able to make great demands from the financial point of view because of the expenses that will be entailed by the publication. Personally, I would be prepared to content myself with relatively little, to attach my name to your work. On your part, please reflect on what I am putting before you. All I can promise you is to put much zeal at your service.

P. Solanges.

I am rereading my letter and I have the impression that you could believe that I am trying to disengage in face of the difficulties that I foresee. *Nothing of the sort*, to the *contrary*. But I am anxious for you to understand clearly that if we come to an agreement, it will be a purely artistic campaign which I feel ready to fight with all my strength but which I cannot consider as a business matter.

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738 Postmarked Genova Ferrovia, 2 XI 10 12, London NW 9 30 AM, NO 4 10.

739 *MG* 34.

740 William Heinemann's insistence that the manuscript of MG be reduced by 20,000 words before its *English* publication is detailed in *MG* P&S xxxvi–xxxvii.

PS.

44. 13–14 November 1910

Pegli Ligure – Multedo
Villa Negrone

13 nov. 1910

Cher Monsieur, votre lettre du 10 nov. est si cordiale que, si vous le voulez bien, je me servirai dorénavant de ces mots qui, sauf erreur de ma part, correspondent en anglais au *My dear Sir* plutôt qu'au *Dear Sir*, qui est la formule usitée.

Je vous remercie vivement pour tout ce qu'elle contient et suis, non seulement flatté, mais touché de ce que vous me dites. Un travail en commun, commencé sous de si heureux auspices, devra forcément bien marcher. Pour mon compte je ferai tous mes efforts pour mériter votre confiance. J'ai reçu également les spécimens. J'ai oublié de vous dire que j'en avais gardé copie parce qu'ils pourront servir, et que vous pouviez les *cestinare* (Je pense que vous parlez couramment l'italien). J'ai reçu encore l'exemplaire de *notre* Maurice Guest, et je vous en suis d'autant plus reconnaissant que vous avez eu la bonne pensée de m'y mettre une dédicace. J'ai lu votre œuvre dans l'édition de 1908. Celle-ci est donc deux fois la bienvenue.

Et maintenant je vais répondre point par point à ce que vous me dites. Après quoi je me mettrai à l'œuvre et ne vous tourmenterai que lorsque cela sera nécessaire.

À ce propos voilà ce que je compte faire: je vous soumettrai mes doutes ou mes demandes sur une feuille de papier pliée en deux et vous voudrez bien me répondre sur la même feuille. Ce sera une économie de temps et je pourrai me servir de vos observations pour des cas analogues.

J'avais déjà pensé à la question du *tutoyement*. Elle est délicate, mais on peut la résoudre en faisant appel aux souvenirs. J'ai été longtemps dans l'armée, j'ai vécu dix mois dans une ville Allemande près de Leipzig—à Erfurt; cela m'aidera. Et nous nous entendrons là-dessus. Ce que vous me dites relativement à l'édition française de M.G. et aux difficultés qui s'y rattachent est parfaitement ce que je pense. Cependant deux volumes à 3f 50 pourraient être une source de gain pour tout le monde étant donné le succès, auquel je crois. Il ne sera peut-être pas foudroyant; je crois plutôt qu'il s'établira peu à peu et que le livre deviendra d'un grand écoulement régulier. Cela à cause du prix lui-même.

Mais les éditeurs savent manier la réclame et si le livre est bien lancé une grande vente peut avoir lieu tout de suite.

Tout ce que je viens de dire est purement commercial, car vous savez ce que je pense de votre livre au point de vue de l'intérêt qu'il inspire comme à celui de l'art avec lequel il a été composé et écrit.

La question est maintenant de trouver l'éditeur auquel je puisse faire partager mes convictions. Je vais m'en occuper de suite et suis décidé à donner en communication deux ou trois chapitres pris parmi ceux *qui font coup*. Lesquels me conseilleriez-vous? Et n'avez-vous pas d'objections.

Il eût été excellent que je me rendisse à Paris. Peut-être le ferai-je si les éditeurs *que je connais* font la sourde oreille. Mais je compte attendre un peu. Le voyage est

pour moi une grosse affaire, d'autant plus que votre traducteur est très loin d'être un jeune homme.

J'oublie de vous dire que M.G. en deux volumes représenterait à peu près les deux volumes de *l'Idiot* de Dostoieweski édités par Plon. Ce serait même moins compact. Mais comment diviserons-nous les trois parties—dantesques—en deux volumes? Voilà une difficulté qui n'était pas prévue.

Ne vous inquiétez pas de la façon dont je serai compensé de mon travail. Il n'y a dans ma manière de faire nulle générosité. Quand je traduis une œuvre c'est que je l'aime. Je me fais l'illusion de devenir le collaborateur de l'auteur. Il est donc naturel que je veuille courir les chances du succès et les partager avec lui, bonnes ou mauvaises. Je ne me suis jamais mal trouvé de ce système.

Naturellement je ne traduirai pas tout M.G. avant d'avoir trouvé l'éditeur. C'est un travail trop lourd pour le faire uniquement *pour le plaisir*. Je vais cependant aller de l'avant tranquillement de façon à m'échauffer à la besogne.

Il reste entendu que si le premier janvier 1913 je n'ai pas terminé la traduction et conclu pour l'édition vous reprendrez tous vos droits sur *Maurice Guest* et qu'il ne m'en restera aucun. S'il se présente quelque circonstance imprévue je la laisserai absolument à votre appréciation.

Et maintenant relativement à vos observations:

1º *In the near distance* serait donc quelque chose comme: assez près de lui. À arranger.

2º *To sweep through the air* etc etc—Très juste. L'impression de légèreté et d'impétuosité du flottement n'est pas assez marquée—À arranger, mais pas facile.

3º *Peace of mind*—Il me semble que la paix de l'esprit traduit parfaitement; c'est une expression très française et synonyme[741] de tranquillité d'esprit.

4º *A street-block*—Mais il n'y a pas *street-block* dans votre texte, il y a *street length*.

5º *A few hours back*—Très juste. Je dirai donc: que la rapide expérience faite quelques heures auparavant.

6º *Moons that burnt*—Il faudrait dire alors directement: *des lunes qui brûlaient*, au lieu de: des lunes qui auraient brûlé. Véritablement l'effet n'est pas le même qu'en anglais et cela n'est même pas très clair. Je crois qu'un écrivain français qui aurait eu cette idée l'aurait exprimée comme moi. En résumé ce *qui auraient brûlé* fait qu'on reste dans la fiction tandis que qui *brûlaient* semble admettre qu'il y a en effet des lunes qui flambent. Seulement veuillez me dire une chose: Entendez-vous des lunes qui flambent ou des lunes dont le rayon le brûle?[742]

7º *head over ears*—Éperdument ou irrémédiablement ne valent pas grand chose. Ici il faut un équivalent. Voulez-vous: qu'il s'était jeté tête baissée dans une passion insensée? *To be in love* ne peut se traduire exactement. Peut-être vaudrait-il mieux que vous me donniez un équivalent en anglais. De toute façon je chercherai.

———

[741] synonyme] synonime *MS*
[742] brûle] brûlent MS

Je dois vous avertir que je rendrai souvent vos phrases plus courtes en supprimant *and* et en mettant un . ou un ; —Je l'ai d'ailleurs déjà fait et vous avez pu vous en apercevoir. En français cela gagnera en vivacité.

J'ai remarqué que dans la seconde édition on a fait disparaître une faute d'impression que j'avais relevée. Page 7, ligne 7 *world* pour *word*.

Une dernière observation pour la troisième édition que je vous souhaite prochaine.

Dans l'épigraphe de Pétrarque il faut: *Ma s'egli è amor, per Dio, che cosa* e *quale*, et non pas *che cosa è*.

e est ici conjonction et non pas verbe; c'est comme s'il y avait: che cosa è e quale.

Le è verbe étant sous entendu.

Je mets fin à cette trop longue lettre en vous exprimant le désir que j'ai de vous connaître et le souhait de vous voir venir de ces côtés.

D'ailleurs *il faudra*, le travail fini, que nous fassions en sorte de pouvoir le lire ensemble dans son entier.

Très cordialement à vous, cher Monsieur

P. Solanges

14 nov.

J'ai peut-être trouvé ce matin pour *head over ears*: *en un mot … qu'il s'était enfoncé jusqu'au col dans un amour …* ici il faut absolument un adjectif. Incurable—dans un fol amour—dans un étrange et mystérieux amour?? Veuillez choisir—

ALS: NLA MS 133/12/190–92

Translation

13 November 1910

Cher Monsieur, your letter of 10 Nov. is so cordial that, if you please, I will henceforth use these words which, barring an error on my part, correspond in English to *My dear Sir* rather than *Dear Sir*, which is the usual formula.

I thank you greatly for all that it contains, and am not only flattered, but touched by what you say. A task in common, begun under such happy auspices, must inevitably go well. For my part I will make every effort to deserve your trust. I have received the specimens as well. I forgot to tell you that I had kept copies because they could be useful, and that you could *cestinare* them[743] (I think you speak Italian fluently). I have also received the copy of *our* Maurice Guest, and I am all the more grateful to you for having the kind thought of putting a dedication in it. I read your work in the 1908 edition. This one is therefore twice welcome.

And now I will reply point by point to what you tell me. After which I will set to work and torment you only when necessary.

On this subject, here is what I intend to do: I will submit my doubts or questions to you on a piece of paper folded in two, and you might kindly reply on the same sheet. It will be a saving of time and I will be able to use your observations for similar cases.

[743] cestinare: throw into the rubbish (Italian).

I had already thought of the question of using *tu* or *vous*. It is delicate, but can be resolved by calling on memory. I was in the army for a long time, I lived for ten months in a German town near Leipzig—at Erfurt;[744] that will help me. And we will come to an agreement about it. What you tell me about the French edition of M.G. and the difficulties it involves is perfectly what I think. Moreover two volumes at 3 francs 50 could be a source of profit for everyone, given success, which I believe in.[745] It will perhaps not be a lightning success, I believe rather that it will make its way little by little and that the book will have a large, steady flow of sales. And that because of the price itself.

But publishers know how to handle publicity and if the book is well launched it may have large sales at once.

All that I have just said is purely commercial, for you know what I think of your book from the point of view of the interest it inspires as well as the art with which it was composed and written.

The question now is to find a publisher with whom I can share my convictions. I will get busy at once and have decided to send two or three chapters chosen among those *that make an impression*. Which would you advise? And have you any objections?

It would have been excellent for me to go to Paris. Perhaps I will if the publishers *whom I know* play deaf. But I intend to wait a little. Travelling is a big thing for me, all the more since your translator is far from being a young man.

I am forgetting to tell you that M.G. in two volumes would represent approximately the two volumes of *The Idiot* by Dostoyevsky published by Plon.[746] It would even be less compact. But how will we divide the three parts—Dantean parts—into two volumes? There is a difficulty that was not foreseen.

Do not worry about how I will be compensated for my work. There is no generosity in my way of acting. When I translate a work it is because I love it. I delude myself that I am becoming the author's collaborator. So it is natural that I should wish to take the chance of success and share it with him, whether it is good or bad. I have never found myself ill served by this system.

Naturally I will not translate all of M.G. before finding a publisher. It is too heavy a task to do solely *for the pleasure*. However I will go ahead tranquilly so as to warm myself up for the task.

It remains agreed that if I have not finished the translation and made an agreement for publication by 1 January 1913, you will take back all your rights to *Maurice Guest* and I will keep none. If some unforeseen circumstance comes up, I will leave it absolutely to your discretion.

And now about your observations:

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744 Solanges was a prisoner of war of Germany from 2 September 1870 until 12 April 1871, according to his military service record. His obituary in *Corriere della Sera* in 1914 (see Appendix II.4) mentions his presence at the Battle of Sedan (2 September 1870).

745 Solanges's translation of *Daniel Cortis* (432 pages in the published edition, or 153 pages in a modern computer text version) has much less text than MG (562 pages in the 1909 edition, or 403 pages in a modern computer text version). *Cortis* was sold for 3 francs 50.

746 *The Idiot*, by Fyodor Dostoevsky (1821–81), was published in 1868–69. The French edition was published by Plon-Nourrit, in 1887.

1 *In the near distance* would then be something like: assez près de lui. To be arranged.

2º *To sweep through the air* etc etc—Very true. The impression of the lightness and impetuosity of his wandering imagination is not marked enough—To be arranged, but not easy.

3º *Peace of mind*—It seems to me that la paix de l'esprit translates it perfectly; it is a very French expression synonymous with tranquillité d'esprit.

4º *A street-block*—But there is no *street-block* in your text, it gives *street length*.

5º *A few hours back*—Very true. So I will say: que la rapide expérience faite quelques heures auparavant.

6º *Moons that burnt*—In that case it needs to be directly: *des lunes qui brûlaient*, instead of: des lunes qui auraient brûlé. Truly the effect is not the same as in English and it is not even very clear. I believe a French writer who had had this idea would have expressed it as I did. In brief this *qui auraient brûlé* keeps the reader in the fictional world whilst qui *brûlaient* seems to admit that there are in fact moons that flame. Please tell me only one thing: Do you mean moons that flame or moons whose rays burn him?

7º *head over ears*—Éperdument or irrémédiablement are not worth much. Here an equivalent is needed. Do you want: qu'il s'était jeté tête baissée dans une passion insensée? *To be in love* cannot be translated exactly. Perhaps it would be better for you to give me an English equivalent. At any rate I will keep looking.

I must warn you that I will often make your sentences shorter by suppressing *and* and by putting a . or a ; —Moreover I have already done so and you may have noticed. In French it will gain extra liveliness.

I have noticed that in the second edition a typographical error that I had picked up has been removed. Page 7, line 7 *world* for *word*.

One final observation for the third edition that I hope for your sake is pending.

In the epigraph by Petrarch it should be: *Ma s'egli è amor, per Dio, che cosa* e *quale*, and not *che cosa è*.

e is a conjunction here and not a verb; it is as if it read: che cosa è e quale.

The verb è being implied.[747]

I close this overlong letter by expressing my desire to get to know you and my wish to see you come to these parts.

Moreover, once the work is finished, we *must* arrange to read it together in its entirety.

Very cordially yours, dear Sir

P. Solanges

14 Nov.

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[747] *MG* 1, citing Petrarch's Sonnet CXXXII. The 1930 Norton edition of *MG* effected the change suggested by Solanges.

I have perhaps found the solution this morning for *head over ears: in a word ... qu'il s'était enfoncé jusqu'au col dans un amour* … here there really must be an adjective. Incurable—dans un fol amour—dans un étrange et mystérieux amour?? Please choose—[748]

45. 23 November 1910

Pegli Ligure – Multedo
Villa Negrone

23 novembre 1910.

Cher Monsieur

Merci pour votre bonne lettre du 17. Je vous aurais répondu plus tôt, mais je me battais avec le premier chapitre: il est fini = 100 – 1.

Je ne sais pas encore si je suis satisfait, mais je ne suis pas mécontent. Naturellement vous perdrez à la traduction; il s'agit de vous faire perdre le moins possible.

De cette première expérience, il résulte pour moi une chose très claire: je vous rendrais un mauvais service en vous suivant de trop près, non pas au point de vue du sens exact, mais au point de vue de la construction de la phrase.

Je m'explique: Vous établissez un *mood*, un état d'âme, une disposition de l'esprit et vous mettez deux points, (:) après quoi vous décomposez ou l'état d'âme, ou la sensation et vous donnez deux ou trois exemples, ou développements. Tout cela dans une phrase qui dans votre texte est claire, précise et fait image.

Je me suis donné beaucoup de mal pour conserver cette technique; le résultat manque de clarté, de précision et surtout d'effet. —Nos deux langues n'ont pas le même génie. Tout en regrettant de le devoir faire, je vais changer de méthode pour le second chapitre—seulement, bien entendu, quand je ne pourrai faire autrement.

Ah! vous n'êtes pas facile à traduire, mais le travail me passionne et je puis vous dire, je crois, qu'en somme la traduction ne vous sera pas fatale. Je vous en reparlerai quand le second chapitre sera fini. Le troisième ira plus aisément. Je serai lancé.

Pour le choix des chapitres à soumettre à un éditeur, je ferai comme vous voulez.

Pour la division en deux volumes, c'est parfait.

Pour *moons that burnt*, c'est entendu.

Pour *head over ears*—j'ai trouvé ce qu'il faut.

Je vous remercie de la latitude que vous me donnez, en général, mais j'aime à vous soumettre mes cas de conscience.

Et maintenant je réponds à votre question. J'habite l'Italie depuis très longtemps et y ai prêté mes services à une Compagnie Anglo-française. C'est chez des amis italiens (les Français ne lisent pas les livres étrangers dans l'original) qu'on m'a beaucoup parlé de votre livre, qu'on me l'a donné et que je l'ai lu. —Je crois qu'ici on doit vendre pas mal de Maurice Guest. —J'habite près de Gênes, sur les bords de la mer, mais c'est seulement depuis quinze mois. J'habitais avant Milan et c'est en Lombardie que j'ai fait votre connaissance.

[748] HHR opted for "dans un fol amour" (*HHRTL* 1:50).

Recevez, cher Monsieur, la nouvelle assurance de mes sentiments les meilleurs et les plus dévoués

P. Solanges

Ci-joint la note de mes observations et demandes se référant au premier chapitre.

———————

En vérité, la première personne qui vous a prôné ici, à ma connaissance, est une Gênoise, Donna Laura Tropallo—femme de lettres *dilettante*, qui pense avec beaucoup d'intelligence.

PS

ALS: NLA MS 133/12/193–94

Translation

23 November 1910.

Dear Sir

Thank you for your kind letter of the 17th. I would have replied sooner, but I was fighting with the first chapter: it is finished = 100 – 1.

I do not know yet if I am satisfied, but I am not discontented. Naturally you will lose in the translation, it is a question of making you lose as little as possible.

From this first experience, one thing is very clear to me: I would ill serve you by following you too closely, not from the viewpoint of the exact meaning, but from the viewpoint of sentence construction.

I will explain. You establish a *mood*, a state of mind, a humour and you put a colon (:), after which you dissect either the state of mind, or the sensation and you give two or three examples or consequences. All that in a sentence which in your text is clear, precise and expressive.

I have taken a lot of trouble to preserve this technique; the result lacks clarity, precision and above all effect. —Our two languages do not have the same genius. While regretting the need for it, I will change methods for the second chapter—solely, of course, when I cannot do otherwise.

Ah! you are not easy to translate, but the work grips me and I can tell you, I believe, that overall the translation will not prove fatal to you. I will speak of it with you again when the second chapter is finished. The third will go more easily. I will be launched.

For the choice of chapters to submit to a publisher, I will do as you wish.

For the division into two volumes, that is perfect.

For *moons that burnt*, agreed.

For *head over ears*—I have found what is needed.

I am grateful for the latitude you give, in general, but I like to submit my qualms of conscience to you.

And now I will reply to your question. I have been living in Italy for a very long time and lent my services to an Anglo-French Company here. I heard much talk of your book in the house of Italian friends (the French do not read foreign books in the

original language); I was given the book and I read it. —I think Maurice Guest must be selling quite well here. —I live near Genoa, at the seaside, but only since fifteen months ago.[749] I previously lived in Milan and it is in Lombardy that I made your acquaintance.

Once more my best and most devoted regards

P. Solanges

Attached the note of my observations and questions relating to the first chapter.

———————

In truth, the first person who lauded you here, to my knowledge, is a Genoese, Donna Laura Tropallo,[750] an *amateur* woman of letters, who has a lively intelligence.

PS

46. Notes on I.1, 23 November 1910

Note pour M[r] Richardson

Page 6—*a foreign midday*—Je ne sais pourquoi ce *foreign* employé subjectivement est très clair en anglais et manque de sens précis en français. —Notre langue ne souffre pas ces jolies hardiesses. —Il faudra traduire: *Le calme de l'après-midi, dans cette ville qui lui était étrangère*. —??	p.6 "Foreign" has sense for English readers, but not for "foreign" ones. In the German translation it stands: "Eine für ihn fremdartige Mittagsruhe" but I should advise you simply to omit the word. The hour is between one & two o'clock. Is that aprèsmidi?
Page 6—*active brained dreamers*—Dans un de ses plus beaux romans: *Jack*, Alph. Daudet se sert du mot *imaginaire*, que je trouve très joli, et qui exprime très bien la sorte de rêverie de M.G. —??	By "active brained dreamers" I mean people whose thoughts and visions are so intense as to blot out reality. I don't know the expression you quote, so can pass no opinion on it.
Page 6—*Market Place*—Aimez-vous mieux *Markt Platz* ou *Place du Marché*?	I prefer the German place & street-names, & have kept to them throughout the book; but I don't know how the feeling is in French & leave the decision to you. This is the only time in the book I use the English "market place".
Page 6. *have lived, died and been born*—Cela vous est-il indifférent que j'écrive dans l'ordre chronologique: *avaient été mis au monde, avaient vécu et étaient*	Change quite permissible.

[749] As to the date of Solanges's departure from Milan, see the section on the move to Multedo in Chapter 7 of the Introduction.

[750] Laura Tropallo is mentioned again in Letter 310 (7 October 1913).

morts. ? Cela sonne mieux en français.

Pages 6 et 7—Please, qui sont *the burly Cantor and the genial little improviser*? J'avais d'abord pensé à Bach et à Mozart, mais cela ne me paraît pas évident pour le second.

"Der stämmige Kantor" is Bach; "the genial little improviser" Mendelssohn, who did much when he was Kapellmeister in the Gewandhaus to awaken a fresh interest in Bach's music.

Page 9—*the deep roundnesses of German*. Vous devez parler l'Allemand comme l'Anglais et vous le trouvez *round*, surtout en Saxe où il n'est pas dur (J'ai habité Erfurt). Mais, pour des français, il est rocailleux, rude. Dois-je tenir compte des impressions françaises?

"Roundness" here means something more like "fullness" or "full-bodiedness". It does not strike Maurice as "rocailleuse", & it is only his impression I am rendering: but as something full & resonant compared with Madeleine's high, light English. The German translator has: "nach der vollern Tiefe des Deutschen."

Page 7—*in a moving photograph*. Je pense que vous ne verrez pas d'inconvénient à ce que je traduise par *cinimatographe*?

Yes, cinimatograph.

Page 8—*Why, you are a courageous person*—Excuse me but I do not understand what Madeleine means. I should like to know.

"Nun, Sie haben aber Mut!" Madeleine speaks half in raillery. She means, he has only just arrived, speaks hardly any German, & is going about in strange restaurants etc alone & unaided.

Page 8—*Then, the Con. of course?* Pourquoi la question est-elle énigmatique? Est-ce parce qu'elle dit *Con*. au lieu de Conservatorium? Dans ce cas il faudrait enlever toute la phrase; cela fait en français un vilain jeu de mots.

Yes, he did not understand what the "Con" meant. It might be better then in French to say: "Then the Conservatorium of course?" & to omit "an enigmatic question etc– –"

Page 9—*Who speak English like natives*—Me permettez-vous de mettre les naturels d'un comté? Par ex[emple]: qui parlent anglais comme les naturels du Kent ou du Yorkshire? En français les naturels simplement ne peut se dire.

This only means "who speak English like English people." Madeleine might have said: "Who speak English as well as we do." —This would be simplest.

Page 9—that *belongs in the theatre*?—Voulez-vous me donner la phrase en allemand afin que je puisse imiter en français, ce que vous avez fait en anglais?

"die in's Theater gehört."
das heisst,[751] which shouldn't be played on the concert platform.

[751] That is (German).

Page 12—*of the whole, gods and men*—Je vous demande la permission de prendre une liberté avec votre texte. Ne pourrais-je pas mettre: *Il s'amusait à prévoir*, ou *(il se jouait à prévoir) la prompte capitulation de tout à la fois: dieux, hommes et choses*. The whole ne vient que faiblement en français. —C'est un peu hardi de ma part de vous faire cette proposition, mais vous excuserez.

The German translator has for this: "Er gefiel sich in der Erwartung einer sofortigen Kapitulation von allen—Göttern wie Menschen —."

Please treat it as it seems best to you in French. I don't think "choses" would alter the meaning, only add to it.

Translation

Note for Mr Richardson[752]

Page 6—*a foreign midday*—I do not know why this *foreign* used subjectively is very clear in English and lacks a precise meaning in French. —Our language does not tolerate these pretty effronteries. —It needs to be translated: *Le calme de l'après-midi, dans cette ville qui lui était étrangère*. —??

p.6 "Foreign" has sense for English readers, but not for "foreign" ones. In the German translation it stands: "Eine für ihn fremdartige Mittagsruhe" but I should advise you simply to omit the word. The hour is between one & two o'clock. Is that aprèsmidi?

Page 6—*active brained dreamers*—In one of his finest novels: *Jack*, Alph. Daudet[753] uses the word *imaginaire*, which I find very pretty, and which expresses very well M.G.'s sort of daydreaming. —??

By "active brained dreamers" I mean people whose thoughts and visions are so intense as to blot out reality. I don't know the expression you quote, so can pass no opinion on it.

Page 6—*Market Place*—Do you prefer *Markt Platz* or *Place du Marché*?

I prefer the German place & street-names, & have kept to them throughout the book; but I don't know how the feeling is in French & leave the decision to you. This is the only time in the book I use the English "market place".

Page 6. *have lived, died and been born*—Would it be immaterial to you if I write it

Change quite permissible.

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[752] During his exchange of notes with HHR, which begins here and continues to 1914, Solanges habitually numbered the letters and notes he received from her. Since the sequence of numbers is *prima facie* evidence to date these otherwise undated notes, the numbers of the letter and associated note will be footnoted. A timeline of the exchange of notes is at Appendix III.
Solanges No. 10. Sent to HHR on 23 November 1910, returned by her on 30 November (letter = Solanges No. 9), and acknowledged by Solanges on 5 December.

[753] Alphonse Daudet (1840-1897), writer; father of the Léon Daudet to whom Solanges had sent an inscribed copy of his translation of *Daniel Cortis* (see Letters 22 and 25, 10 February and 11 April 1896). *Jack* was published in 1876.

in chronological order: *avaient été mis au monde, avaient vécu et étaient morts*. ? That sounds better in French.

Pages 6 et 7—Please, who are *the burly Cantor and the genial little improviser*? I had thought first of Bach and Mozart, but the second does not seem obvious to me.

"Der stämmige Kantor" is Bach; "the genial little improviser" Mendelssohn, who did much when he was Kapellmeister in the Gewandhaus to awaken a fresh interest in Bach's music.

Page 9—*the deep roundnesses of German*. You must speak German as you do English and you find it *round*, especially in Saxony where it is not hard (I have lived in Erfurt). But for the French it is harsh, rough. Must I take French impressions into account?

"Roundness" here means something more like "fullness" or "full-bodiedness". It does not strike Maurice as "rocailleuse", & it is only his impression I am rendering: but as something full & resonant compared with Madeleine's high, light English. The German translator has: "nach der vollern Tiefe des Deutschen."

Page 7—*in a moving photograph*. I think you will see no inconvenience if I translate by *cinimatographe*.

Yes, cinimatograph.

Page 8—*Why, you are a courageous person*—Excuse me but I do not understand what Madeleine means. I should like to know.

"Nun, Sie haben aber Mut!" Madeleine speaks half in raillery. She means, he has only just arrived, speaks hardly any German, & is going about in strange restaurants etc alone & unaided.

Page 8—*Then, the Con. of course?* Why is the question enigmatic? Is it because she says *Con.* instead of Conservatorium? In that case the whole sentence must be removed, it makes for a nasty play on words in French.[754]

Yes, he did not understand what the "Con" meant. It might be better then in French to say: "Then the Conservatorium of course?" & to omit "an enigmatic question etc– –"

Page 9—*Who speak English like natives*—Will you permit me to put the natives of a county? For example: qui parlent anglais comme les naturels du Kent ou du Yorkshire? In French one cannot simply say the natives.

This only means "who speak English like English people." Madeleine might have said: "Who speak English as well as we do." —This would be simplest.

Page 9—that *belongs in the theatre*? Will you give me the sentence in German so that I can imitate it in French, as you have done in English?

"die in's Theater gehört."
that is, which shouldn't be played on the concert platform.

[754] A discreet reference to the French word *con* (Latin *cunnus*).

Page 12—*of the whole, gods and men*—I request your permission to take a liberty with your text. Could I not put: *Il s'amusait à prévoir*, or *(il se jouait à prévoir) la prompte capitulation de tout à la fois: dieux, hommes et choses*. The whole is rather weak in French. —It is a little brazen on my part to put this proposal to you, but you will excuse me.

The German translator has for this:
"Er gefiel sich in der Erwartung einer sofortigen Kapitulation von allen— Göttern wie Menschen —."

Please treat it as it seems best to you in French. I don't think "choses" would alter the meaning, only add to it.

ALS: NLA MS 133/12/541

47. 5 December 1910

Pegli Ligure – Multedo
Villa Negrone

5 Xmbre 1910[755]

Cher Monsieur

J'ai votre bonne lettre du 30 novembre et la note d'explications. Mille mercis. Dorénavant je ne vous tourmenterai plus autant. Je comprends à peu près bien maintenant ce que vous désirez, les petites latitudes que je puis prendre quand cela est obligatoire. En un mot j'ai la direction générale de mon travail que je continue d'un pas ferme.

J'ai terminé le second chapitre et je suis aux prises avec le troisième. Ce second chapitre n'était pas commode. Je n'en suis pas trop mécontent. Cela perd sans doute, mais c'est fatal. Le grand malheur c'est que les effets particuliers d'un auteur ne peuvent pas toujours être reproduits avec leur efficacité par le traducteur et cela me fait parfois enrager.

Je vais laisser reposer les deux premiers chapitres. J'y ai déjà inséré ce qui se rapportait à vos observations. Je vous envoie de courtes observations sur le second chapitre. Je n'ai nulle hâte de recevoir votre réponse; je vous prie en conséquence de la remettre au jour où vous serez tout à fait bien portant.

Je regrette infiniment que votre convalescence de l'influenza soit si longue et si pénible. Ayez patience et soignez-vous courageusement. Et surtout ne tenez pas compte de la dépression physique et morale. C'est toujours ainsi après cette maudite maladie. Un petit séjour d'une quinzaine sur la Riviera de Gênes vous remettrait complètement et me procurerait le grand plaisir de vous connaître, mais je n'ose espérer que vous accueilliez l'idée d'un remède si lointain.

Il n'y a pas en effet beaucoup d'Italiens qui lisent l'anglais dans le texte cependant on en trouve. Ici les gens du monde, et surtout les femmes, parlent les quatre langues plus ou moins bien, mais il en est peu qui suivent les littératures des langues qu'elles parlent. Quant à la façon de faire des Anglais à cet égard, je la connais. J'ai beaucoup d'amis parmi vos compatriotes; je crois connaître un peu leurs qualités et leurs défauts, et, somme toute, je fais d'eux le plus grand cas tout en convenant qu'un

[755] Solanges has a penchant for the old-fashioned French abbreviation of dates, using the Roman numeral from the etymology of the name of the month, even though the numbers are 'wrong' in the Gregorian calendar; thus we have X=dix=décembre for the twelfth month, and so on.

tunnel moral sous la Manche ne ferait pas de mal. Quant à l'indifférence, faut-il dire l'hostilité? des hommes en général pour l'art c'est une maladie incurable.

Recevez, cher Monsieur, avec tous mes vœux pour votre santé la nouvelle assurance de mes meilleurs sentiments.

P. Solanges

Je fais lentement les démarches auprès des éditeurs parisiens. Je voudrais aller sûrement et ne rien presser.

À propos de l'édition française ne croyez-vous pas qu'il serait bon de traduire dans des notes, au bas des pages, tout ce qui est en allemand dans votre texte?

ALS: NLA MS 133/12/195–96

Translation

5 December 1910

Dear Sir

I have your kind letter of 30 November and the explanatory note. A thousand thanks. Henceforth I will not torment you as much. I now understand well enough what you desire, the small liberties I can take when it is necessary. In a word I have the general idea of my work, which I am continuing at a steady pace.

I have finished the second chapter and am at odds with the third. This second chapter was not easy. I am not too discontented with it. Doubtless it loses something, but that is inevitable. The great misfortune is that the characteristic techniques of an author cannot always be reproduced to the same effect by the translator, and that sometimes enrages me.

I am going to let the first two chapters be. I have already inserted what related to your observations. I am sending you short observations on the second chapter. I am in no hurry to receive your reply; I beg you therefore to postpone it until the day when you are in perfect good health.

I am infinitely sorry that your recovery from influenza is so long and painful. Have patience and care for yourself bravely. And above all take no account of the physical and mental depression. It is always so after this accursed sickness. A brief fortnight's stay on the Genoa Riviera would completely restore you and gain me the great pleasure of getting to know you, but I dare not hope that you will welcome the idea of such a distant remedy.

There are not in fact many Italians who read English in the original but one does find some. Society people here, and especially women, speak the four languages more or less well, but few of them keep up with the literature of the languages they speak. As for the practice of the English in this respect, I am familiar with it. I have many friends among your compatriots; I believe I know their qualities and faults a little, and, when all is said and done, I have the highest regard for them while agreeing that a moral tunnel under the Channel would do no harm. As for the indifference, or should I say hostility, of men in general for art, it is an incurable disease.

Please receive, dear Sir, with my best wishes for your health, the renewed assurance of my sincere regards.

P. Solanges

I am moving slowly with the Paris publishers. I would like to advance securely and not hurry.

About the French edition do you not think it would be good to translate in footnotes all that is in German in your text?

48. Notes on I.2, 5 December 1910

Pour M[r] H.H. Richardson

Page 14—*Wanderjahre*—J'ai traduit par *Années d'Apprentissage*, ainsi que cela se fait pour le *Wilhelm Meister*.	Would it not be possible to let "Wanderjahre" stand? The French equivalent you give hardly suggests to my mind the real "wandering" I had in view—that of a student out to see life, places, men & things.
Page 15—*A small post in the school at which …* —Je traduis *school* par *collège*. Je suppose que le père Guest était plus que professeur d'une école primaire, ce qui en France est le dernier degré de l'enseignement, et qu'il professait dans un collège, où on enseignait au moins les éléments du latin, l'histoire, les principes des sciences etc etc.	Yes, collège. Do not think, though, that M.G. came of any but a very small, narrow & rather impecunious family—real lower middle-class people.
Page 16—*of a calling which she held to be unfitting*—Je ne pus arriver à traduire unfitting.[756] —En français cela veut dire: *qui lui allait mal*, mais il faudrait un seul mot et je n'en trouve pas un bon: malséante, peu convenable—impropre—sans résultats—sans avenir—répondant mal à sa nature—dont il ne tirerait jamais rien—mal faite pour *lui*—mal faite *pour eux tous*—sans résultats pour *lui*, ou *pour eux*—de déclassé ??? Veuillez me donner votre pensée et je chercherai à la reproduire.	Unfitting means here unworthy. In an English puritan household, the profession of musician is still regarded with a mild horror. The musician is looked upon as a kind of mountebank. Peu convenable seems to me the best of these, but hardly strong enough. alors indigne

ALS: NLA MS 133/12/542

Translation

For M[r] H.H. Richardson[757]

[756] unfitting] imfitting *MS*

[757] Solanges No. 12. Sent to HHR on 5 December 1910, returned by her on 11 December (Letter = Solanges No. 11), and acknowledged by Solanges on 17 December.

Page 14—*Wanderjahre*—I have translated this with *Années d'Apprentissage*, as is done with *Wilhelm Meister*.[758]

Would it not be possible to let "Wanderjahre" stand? The French equivalent you give hardly suggests to my mind the real "wandering" I had in view—that of a student out to see life, places, men & things.

Page 15—*A small post in the school at which* ... —I translate *school* by *collège*. I suppose that the father Guest was more than a teacher in a primary school, which in France is the lowest level of teaching, and that he taught in a college, where at least the elements of Latin, history, scientific principles etc etc were taught.

Yes, collège. Do not think, though, that M.G. came of any but a very small, narrow & rather impecunious family—real lower middle-class people.

Page 16—*of a calling which she held to be unfitting*—I found it impossible to translate unfitting. —In French it means: *qui lui allait mal*, but a single word is needed and I cannot find a good one: malséante, peu convenable—impropre—sans résultats—sans avenir—répondant mal à sa nature—dont il ne tirerait jamais rien—mal faite pour *lui*—mal faite *pour eux tous*—sans résultats pour *lui*, ou *pour eux*—de déclassé ???
Please give me your thinking and I will try to reproduce it.

Unfitting means here unworthy. In an English puritan household, the profession of musician is still regarded with a mild horror. The musician is looked upon as a kind of mountebank.
Peu convenable seems to me the best of these, but hardly strong enough.

indigne then[759]

49. 17 December 1910

Pegli Ligure – Multedo
Villa Negrone

17 Xmbre 1910

Cher Monsieur

J'ai dû aller passer deux jours à Milan pour des affaires ennuyeuses et à mon retour dans ma tranquille retraite de Multedo je m'empresse de répondre à votre bonne lettre du 11.

Pour vous dire la vérité, étant donné le temps que j'ai devant moi, et le plaisir que j'éprouve à aller de l'avant dans mon travail, sans autre but, pour l'instant, que ce travail lui-même, je ne me suis occupé que très vaguement jusqu'à présent de trouver

[758] Goethe's *Wilhelm Meisters Lehrjahre* (*Les Années d'Apprentissage* …) was begun in 1795–96, and was continued in *Wilhelm Meisters Wanderjahre* (*Les Années de voyage* …), 1821–29; Solanges has confused the two works.
[759] Subsequent annotation by Solanges.

l'éditeur futur. Cela ne veut pas dire que je négligerai de le faire encore longtemps, car je suis, comme vous, d'avis que ce serait absurde de traduire les 562 pages de M.G. pour les mettre, ensuite, dans un tiroir. Mais je suis fait ainsi; je traîne pendant quelque temps, puis, à un moment donné, quand je sens en moi quelque chose qui me dit qu'il est temps d'agir, je pars et alors je ne m'arrête plus.

J'ai deux éditeurs en vue: C. Lévy et Hachette auxquels j'ai déjà eu affaire. Je rumine la lettre que je leur écrirai. Il faut en effet aller à l'assaut de la position, à cause de la longueur du livre. J'ai encore à Paris, parmi mes connaissances, un homme de lettres qui est très capable de me donner un bon coup de main. Malgré cela, et en dépit de la conviction que j'ai que tout viendra à son heure, je considère comme excellente l'idée de M. Heinemann pour le *Mercure de France*. Je vous dirai même que j'avais eu l'idée de frapper à cette porte quand vous m'avez écrit qu'on y avait parlé de votre livre. Seulement, j'hésitais, car je ne sais rien de la solidité de cette maison d'édition. Mais si votre éditeur est l'ami de Monsieur d'Avray, il doit être fixé sur cette question. En deux mots voici mon idée: je ne fais de ma collaboration avec vous aucune question d'intérêt, tout en désirant être payé de mes peines; de plus ce serait à moi à m'occuper du placement de la traduction. Cependant si M^{r} Heinemann est en mesure de nous être utile, je m'en remets à vous et à lui pour mettre l'affaire en train. De plus, le moment venu je mettrai à la disposition de Monsieur d'Avray, trois, quatre ou cinq chapitres de M.G. pour qu'il puisse se faire une idée du travail, à la condition *expresse* que le manuscrit me sera rendu en bon état. Je le fais très lisible, soigneusement ponctué et n'ai point envie d'en faire un double. Ce serait trop long. C'est donc le manuscrit unique—sauf un brouillon que je relis avec peine—que je confierais au Mercure de France. —Agissez donc, cher Monsieur, comme vous voudrez, au mieux de nos intérêts mutuels et veuillez me tenir au courant.

Je suis enchanté de vous savoir mieux portant et vous félicite pour le beau voyage que vous allez faire.

Merci pour vos notes. Tout va bien. J'en suis à la page 32. Oui le colosse se meut, mais son allure *doit* être lente. —Décidément c'est une page par jour. Je ne demande qu'une chose: pouvoir remplir la tâche régulièrement pendant 562 jours d'une façon aussi suivie que possible.

Peut-être avant votre départ, vous annoncerai-je la fin du Chap. III et vous enverrai-je mes notes qui diminuent toujours de nombre au fur et à mesure que nous faisons mieux connaissance.

Tous mes souhaits de bon voyage. Notre rencontre est différée, car aller à Londres dans cette saison et avec ce temps! … Le hasard est un grand maître. Qui vous empêche de passer par Gênes à votre retour? Je demeure à 20 minutes de chemin de fer de cette vieille et intéressante ville que je vous montrerais bien volontiers.

Croyez à tous mes meilleurs sentiments

P. Solanges.

ALS: NLA MS 133/12/197–98

Translation

17 Dec. 1910

Dear Sir

17 December 1910

I have had to spend two days in Milan for tedious business matters and on my return to my tranquil retreat at Multedo I hasten to reply to your kind letter of the 11th.

To tell you the truth, in view of the time I have before me, and the pleasure I find in advancing with my work, with no other goal for the moment but the work itself, I have only troubled myself very vaguely until now with finding a future publisher. That does not mean I will neglect to do so for very long, for it is my opinion, as yours, that it would be absurd to translate the 562 pages of M.G. in order to then put them in a drawer. But I am made like this; I dawdle for some time, then, at a given moment, when I feel something in me that says it is time to act, I begin to move and then I do not stop.

I have two publishers in mind: C. Lévy and Hachette with whom I have already dealt. I am ruminating on the letter I will write them. There is in fact a need to launch an attack on the position, because of the book's length. I still have among my acquaintances in Paris a man of letters who is capable of giving me a helping hand.[760] Notwithstanding that, and despite my conviction that everything will happen at the proper time, I consider Mr Heinemann's idea for the *Mercure de France* excellent.[761] I will even tell you that I had thought of knocking at that door when you wrote to me that your book had been spoken of there. Only I hesitated, for I know nothing of the solidity of that publishing house. But if your publisher is a friend of Monsieur d'Avray,[762] he must have made his mind up on this question. Here is my idea in two words: I am not making my collaboration with you into a question of self-interest, though I do desire to be paid for my trouble; moreover it would be up to me to take charge of placing the translation. However if Mr Heinemann is in a position to be helpful to us, I leave it to you and to him to set the matter under way. Moreover, at the proper time I will place three, four or five chapters of M.G. at Monsieur d'Avray's disposal so that he can gain an idea of the work, on the *express* condition that the manuscript will be returned to me in a good state. I am making it very legible, carefully punctuated and have no desire to do a copy. It would take too long. So it is the only manuscript—apart from a draft that I read with difficulty—that I would entrust to the Mercure de France. So act as you will, dear Sir, for the best of our mutual interests and please keep me informed.

I am enchanted to know you are in better health and congratulate you on the fine voyage you are going to undertake.

Thank you for your notes. All is well. I am at page 32. Yes the colossus is moving, but its pace *must* be slow. —Decidedly it is one page per day. I ask only one thing: to be able to fulfil the task regularly for 562 days as consistently as possible.

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760 This is probably an allusion to René Doumic. See the section on Doumic in Chapter 7 of the Introduction. Alternatively, it could be an allusion to Casimir Stryienski (see Letters 76 and 78, 16 and 17 April 1911).

761 *HHRTL* 1:57. A monthly literary periodical first published in 1890, the *Mercure de France* became fortnightly in 1905, and continued so until it was proscribed by the Nazis in 1940. It resumed publication as a monthly in 1946, and finally closed in 1965. The associated publishing house was founded in 1894.

762 Henry-D. Davray (b. 1873), translator into French of many works by authors including H.G. Wells, Joseph Conrad and Oscar Wilde.

Perhaps before your departure I will announce to you the end of Chapter III and send you my notes, which decrease in number in proportion as we get to know each other.

My best wishes for a good trip. Our meeting is postponed; the idea of going to London in this season and with this weather! … Chance is a great master. Who is preventing you from passing by Genoa on your return? I live twenty minutes by train from this old and interesting town that I would most willingly show you.

Believe me, with best wishes

P. Solanges.

50. 29 December 1910

Pegli Ligure – Multedo
Villa Negrone

29 Xmbre 1910

Cher Monsieur

Ma lettre arrivera certainement après votre départ. Je le regrette car elle vous porte mes souhaits de bon voyage et mes vœux très sincères pour 1911. Merci mille fois pour les vôtres. Je m'en fie à la télépathie pour que l'impression de mes feelings vous arrive en pleine mer. Puissiez-vous avoir beau temps; je crains que vous ne soyez un peu secoué car il ne fait pas beau temps par ici et le vent souffle rudement. Mais vous avez sans doute le pied marin.

Je suis complètement d'accord avec vous pour tout ce qui concerne la traduction. Nous en reparlerons quand j'aurai fait six ou sept chapitres ce qui me conduira environ à la page 100.

Vous êtes peut-être étonné que je prévoie des difficultés, pour l'éditeur, en dehors de celles qui tiennent à l'importance de votre livre.

Je vous dirai qu'il y a une quinzaine d'années j'avais tout en main et que j'aurais pu jouer le rôle qu'Hérelle joue aujourd'hui, comme traducteur. J'étais alors Sous Directeur des Usines à Gaz de Milan pour une Compagnie Anglo-Française qui a son Comité Drapers' Garden W.C. J'avais des loisirs et pouvais mener deux choses de front. Le Directeur étant mort, la Compagnie m'offrit la Direction Générale des Usines à Gaz de Milan. Il fallait faire un choix. Comme j'ai une famille, j'ai choisi le plus certain, la Direction, et j'ai mis de côté la littérature, à mon grand regret. Après dix ans de direction, dix ans émaillés de grèves, d'émeutes etc etc—c'était à Milan—j'ai pris ma retraite. J'ai alors essayé de renouer le fil rompu, mais cela m'a été difficile, la place étant prise, car pendant dix ans je n'ai rien fait que la traduction du livret du Falstaff de Verdi avec Arrigo Boito. Je n'ai donc pu réussir qu'à faire jouer dernièrement à Paris ma traduction du *drame* Cavalleria Rusticana à l'Odéon. —Bien de la musique de Mascagni!

Je vous dis tout cela pour que vous sachiez exactement pourquoi je ne me présente pas

Con segno di vittoria incoronato

chez les éditeurs parisiens. Mais j'espère bien arriver à nos fins d'une façon ou de l'autre et voir imprimé votre beau M.G. qui sera sans doute mon dernier travail. Mais

si j'ai pas mal d'années j'ai encore le jarret bon et le cerveau assez jeune pour vous comprendre et le cœur assez chaud pour sentir votre œuvre. À ce propos je vous dirai que j'ai retranscrit les pages 35.36—en y apportant quelques légères modifications et qu'il m'a semblé que j'ai réussi et qu'en tout cas, c'est sans doute les meilleures pages que j'ai écrites de ma vie.

Les ennuyeuses occupations de la fin de l'année m'ont obligé à suspendre mon travail pour trois ou quatre jours et c'est pour cela, qu'à mon regret, je n'ai pu vous envoyer le chap. III avant votre départ. Vous l'aurez deviné.

Quand vous aurez l'occasion de m'écrire, veuillez me dire si vous lisez *bien* mon écriture. Si non je tâcherai d'écrire moins vite. Je vous lis très bien pour mon compte.

Vous aurez peu de notes pour le Chap. III, car je crois comprendre maintenant ce que je puis faire. Je reste attaché au texte tant que je puis, mais ce que vous me dites pour l'Allemand est très vrai aussi pour le français. Et votre style est si serré que je suis forcé d'allonger un peu, comme vous avez vu dans les pages que vous avez reçues. Je le fais le moins possible, mais, avant tout, *il faut* être *clair*.

Bien cordialement à vous, cher Monsieur, je vous suis dans votre voyage vers des pays que je connais un peu. J'ai été, il y a bien des années dans le sud du Maroc près de Tafilet alors que j'étais en Algérie.

Votre sincèrement dévoué

P. Solanges.

ALS: NLA MS 133/12/199

Translation

29 Dec. 1910

Dear Sir

My letter will certainly arrive after your departure. I regret this for it brings you my best wishes for a good trip and my very sincere compliments for 1911. A thousand thanks for yours. I trust in telepathy for the impression of my feelings to reach you on the open sea. I hope you have fine weather; I fear you may be buffeted a little since it is not fine here and the wind is blowing roughly. But no doubt you are a good sailor.

I am in complete agreement with you on everything about the translation. We will speak again on it when I have done six or seven chapters, which will take me to about page 100.

You are perhaps astonished that I foresee difficulties, for the publisher, besides those connected with the size of your book.

I will tell you that fifteen years ago I had everything in hand and could have played the role Hérelle plays today as translator.[763] I was then Deputy Manager of the Milan Gas Factory for an Anglo-French Company which has its board in Drapers'

[763] For Hérelle, see footnote 713 to Letter 37 (11 November 1908). In 1894–96, Solanges was involved in Verdi's *Falstaff*, his translation of *Daniel Cortis* was at last completed, and he translated one piece of music by Giulio Ricordi, but his busiest days as translator had been some years before then—see Appendix I.

Garden W.C.[764] I had spare time and could campaign on two fronts at once. On the death of the Director, the Company offered me the post of General Manager of the Milan Gas Factory.[765] I had to make a choice. As I have a family, I chose the more secure, Manager, and laid literature aside, to my great regret. After ten years as manager, ten years studded with strikes, riots, etc etc—this was in Milan—I retired. I then tried to pick up the broken threads, but it was difficult for me; the position had been taken, for all I had translated in ten years was the libretto of Verdi's Falstaff with Arrigo Boito.[766] So I only recently succeeded in having my translation of the *play* Cavalleria Rusticana presented at the Odeon in Paris. —Much music by Mascagni![767]

I am telling you all this so that you may know exactly why I am not appearing

> Uncrowned with sign of victory[768]

before the Paris publishers. But I do hope to achieve our goals in one way or another and see your fine M.G., which will without doubt be my last work, printed. But if I am well on in years I still have good shanks and a brain young enough to understand you and a heart warm enough to appreciate your work. In this connection I should tell you that I have retranscribed pages 35–36—making slight modifications; I believe I have succeeded with them and in any case, they are without doubt the best pages I have written in my life.

The tedious end-of-year tasks obliged me to suspend my work for three or four days and that is why, to my regret, I could not send you Chapter III before your departure. You will have guessed.

When you have occasion to write to me, please tell me if you read my writing *well*. If not I will try to write less quickly. For my part I read you very well.

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764 Drapers' Gardens are in fact in London EC2, a stone's throw from the Bank of England.

765 In Letter 27 to Fogazzaro (20 July 1896), Solanges said the Director had been "mis à la retraite."

766 Compare Solanges's statement to Fogazzaro in Letter 37 (11 November 1908): "But I have found the doors closed and the places taken."

767 Pietro Mascagni (1863–1945), Italian composer. Mascagni based his 1890 opera *Cavalleria rusticana* on Giovanni Verga's play (produced in 1884). See footnote 736 to Letter 42 (1 November 1910) for an earlier mention of Solanges's translation, and see also the section on Giovanni Verga in the Introduction.

768 Dante, *Inferno* 4.52–54: Io era nuovo in questo stato, quando ci vidi venire un possente, con segno di vittoria coronato. 'I was still new in this condition, when I saw a powerful one come, crowned with a sign of victory.'

You will have few notes for Chapter III, for I believe I understand now what I can do. I stick closely to the text as much as I can, but what you tell me for German is very true for French also. And your style is so tightly packed that I am forced to lengthen it a little, as you have seen in the pages you have received. I do it as little as possible, but, above all, I *have* to be *clear*.

Most cordially yours, dear Sir, I am following your voyage to countries that I know a little. Many years ago I was in the south of Morocco near Tafilet when I was in Algeria.[769]

Your sincerely devoted

P. Solanges.

51. 3 January 1911

Pegli Ligure – Multedo
Villa Negrone

[769] Tafilet (also spelt Tafilalet or Tafilalt) is a region adjoining the border with Algeria, and comprises the largest Saharan oasis of Morocco. According to his military record (Appendix II.2) Solanges was stationed "en Afrique" from 10 April 1867–5 August 1870, and again, after the Franco-Prussian War and his period in German captivity, from 17 April–8 December 1871.

3 janvier 1911[770]

Cher Monsieur, voici, pour vous souhaiter la bienvenue, les notes du Chap. III. — Le Chap. IV est commencé. Aujourd'hui je suis laconique trouvant plus naturel de pousser mon travail que de vous ennuyer de mes bavardages.

Cordialement à vous.

P. Solanges

Un de mes amis de Londres a cru bon de m'envoyer *pour mes étrennes!* quatre romans de Merriman. Je les parcours pour m'endormir.

Quelles misérables choses! Avait-il vraiment de la réputation?

ALS: NLA MS 133/12/200–01

Translation

3 January 1911

Dear Sir, here are the notes for Chapter III, to welcome you. —Chapter IV is begun. I am laconic today, finding it more natural to push on with my work than to bother you with my chattering.

Cordially yours.

P. Solanges

One of my London friends has seen fit to send me *as a New Year gift!* four novels by Merriman.[771] I glance through them to put myself to sleep.

What miserable things! Did he really have a reputation?

52. Notes on I.3, 3 January 1911

Chap. III

Page 24—*The severe plainness*[772] . . . *ambitious dream*. Tout cela est bien général, n'est-ce pas? et n'est pas particulier à M.G.?	No, it is general, & does not refer in particular to M.G.
Page 24—*Kerbstone*??—Je ne le trouve pas dans *mes* dictionnaires—Est-ce un *refuge*, placé pour se garer des voitures?	The curbstone is the narrow edging of stone that runs along the trottoir, separating it from the street. Sometimes used in English as a synonym for the pavement itself.
Page 28 (ligne 8.) *unlooked-for*—Non pressenti ou inattendu?	inattendu.

[770] 1911] 1910 *MS*

[771] Henry Seton Merriman, pseudonym of Hugh Stowell Scott (1862–1903), English novelist, author of *The Sowers* (1896), *The Velvet Glove* (1901) and many other novels in the Dumas tradition.

[772] plainness] plainless *MS*

Page 28—*Wineland*—Terre promise? Je ne le trouve pas sur le dictionnaire.

Terre promise will do I think: the ideal country of one's dreams.

Page 29 (ligne 1) *Scorch*—Brûler, ou dessécher?

Brûler

Page 29 (ligne 40)—*The main part of the hall*. —La partie antérieure de la salle? —Est-ce un détail spécial de votre mémoire qu'il convient de faire comprendre?

The body of the hall as opposed to the gallery which was empty & in darkness.

Page 29 (ligne 23) *well-nigh blotting out the light*—S'agit-il de la lumière réelle—celle du gaz dans le cas particulier—ou bien d'une sorte de lumière intérieure résultant d'une espèce de pressentiment?

No, it is to be taken almost literally: almost blinding him, keeping him from seeing properly.

Page 31—*that he even made shift to describe her*—Je ne comprends pas très bien. —Le sens est-il celui-ci: *Il avait une telle soif d'apprendre quelque chose d'elle qu'il ne sut même pas la décrire*??

Made shift to describe her = that he even contrived/managed to describe her appearance, which was an extremely difficult thing for him to do.

Page 34—ligne 12—*where the absinthe*—J'aimerais mieux une autre liqueur, l'absinthe (you can depend upon a French [sic]) ne se buvant qu'avant les repas. L'idée de ces malheureux mettant de l'absinthe sur leur bière cause une sorte d'horreur physique. —Une liqueur allemande familière aux étudiants ne ferait-elle pas mieux?

It is a fact that drinks were mixed thus randomly by these misguided souls, but do not let us make it ridiculous in French. Alter as it seems best to you.

Page 34. —Cette page est mon spécimen. J'y ai introduit les corrections indiquées par vous.

1° Assez près de lui.

2° Il aurait voulu fendre l'air, sentir le vent tournoyer autour de lui avec une rapidité folle … (ou vertigineuse).

I prefer vertigineux.

3° À des lunes qui brûlent (ou brûlantes?) ou *qui le brûlaient*? Vous préférez le dernier.

Yes.

4° La tranquillité de son esprit.

5° Quelques heures auparavant.

6° Qu'il s'était jeté tête baissée dans un amour insensé. —Cela vous va-t-il? Puisque vous me permettez d'ajouter un adjectif, je préfère amour insensé à fol amour. D'ailleurs folie est écrit quelques

I am not sure whether the "jeter" does not imply something too active. He had been purely passive under what had happened to him.

mots auparavant.

Je viens de trouver encore mieux, je crois, si ce n'est que mon français allonge toujours votre anglais: il aurait voulu fendre l'air, sentir le vent l'emporter en tourbillonnant autour de lui avec une rapidité vertigineuse. ??	I must leave this to you.
Page 39—(avant 10e dernière ligne). *prejudice*? Prévention, idées, opinions??	Prejudice here = opinions formed without sufficient knowledge or examination of facts. A bias. Provincial people are often unable to see or judge a thing fairly, from all sides.
Page 40—*Sallow*—Est-ce le teint un peu jaunâtre ou blême? Ce doit être jaunâtre.	Jaunâtre.
Page 41. *In spe. Et tu, Brute*. Si vous me le permettez je ne traduirai pas ces deux citations. Je les comprends chez une Anglaise qui a vécu dans un collège, mais pour des Français cela aurait, il me semble, une couleur fausse et n'aurait pas le même effet qu'en Anglais. À vous de décider.	These two expressions are familiar to every English-speaking adult—the latter occurs in Shakespeare's "Julius Caesar," & ought I think to remain, as it is a direct quotation.
Page 40—*The man she was with … cane*. Vous avez une ressource énorme en anglais quand vous donnez aux choses le *genre* de leur propriétaire. (Schilsky = his hand—Louise = her hand) cela empêche les amphibologies. Pour les éviter je suis obligé de mettre plus souvent que vous le nom des personnages. Vous voudrez bien avoir égard à cela, please.	This will be all right.

AMS: NLA MS 133/12/543–44

Translation

Chapter III[773]

Page 24—*The severe plainness … ambitious dream*. All that is quite general, I take it, and not particular to M.G.?	No, it is general, & does not refer in particular to M.G.

[773] Solanges No. 16. Sent to HHR on 3 January 1911, presumably returned by her on 25 January (letter = Solanges No. 15).

Page 24—*Kerbstone*??[774]—I do not find it in *my* dictionaries—Is it a *refuge*, placed to protect people from vehicles?	The curbstone is the narrow edging of stone that runs along the trottoir, separating it from the street. Sometimes used in English as a synonym for the pavement itself.
Page 28 (line 8.) *unlooked-for*—Non pressenti or inattendu?	inattendu.
Page 28—*Wineland*—Promised land? I do not find it in the dictionary.	Terre promise will do I think: the ideal country of one's dreams.
Page 29 (line 1) *Scorch*—Brûler, or dessécher?	Brûler
Page 29 (line 40)—*The main part of the hall*. —La partie antérieure de la salle? —Is it a special detail from your memory that it is important to make clear?	The body of the hall as opposed to the gallery which was empty & in darkness.
Page 29 (line 23) *well-nigh blotting out the light*—Is it a question of real light—gas-light in this case—or rather a sort of interior light resulting from a kind of premonition?	No, it is to be taken almost literally: almost blinding him, keeping him from seeing properly.
Page 31—*that he even made shift to describe her*—I do not understand very well. —Is the meaning as follows: *Il avait une telle soif d'apprendre quelque chose d'elle qu'il ne sut même pas la décrire*??	Made shift to describe her = that he even contrived/managed to describe her appearance, which was an extremely difficult thing for him to do.
Page 34—line 12—*where the absinthe*—I would prefer a different liqueur, absinthe being drunk only before meals (you can depend upon a French [sic]). The idea of these unfortunates putting absinth on their beer causes a sort of physical horror. —Would not a German liqueur familiar to students be more suitable?	It is a fact that drinks were mixed thus randomly by these misguided souls, but do not let us make it ridiculous in French. Alter as it seems best to you.
Page 34. —This is my specimen page. I have introduced the corrections pointed out by you. 1° Assez près de lui. 2° Il aurait voulu fendre l'air, sentir le	

[774] A note by HHR above this word reads: "also curbstone".

vent tournoyer autour de lui avec une rapidité folle … (or vertigineuse).
3° À des lunes qui brûlent (or brûlantes?) or *qui le brûlaient*? You prefer the last.
4° La tranquillité de son esprit.
5° Quelques heures auparavant.
6° Qu'il s'était jeté tête baissée dans un amour insensé. —Is this all right with you?
Since you permit me to add an adjective, I prefer amour insensé to fol amour. Besides folie is written a few words before.

I prefer vertigineux.

Yes.

I am not sure whether the "jeter" does not imply something too active. He had been purely passive under what had happened to him.

I have just found something even better, I believe, except that my French always lengthens your English: il aurait voulu fendre l'air, sentir le vent l'emporter en tourbillonnant autour de lui avec une rapidité vertigineuse. ??

I must leave this to you.

Page 39—(10th-last line). *prejudice*? Prevention, ideas, opinions??

Prejudice here = opinions formed without sufficient knowledge or examination of facts. A bias. Provincial people are often unable to see or judge a thing fairly, from all sides.

Page 40—*Sallow*—Is it the slightly yellowish complexion or paleness? It must be yellowish.

Yellowish.

Page 41. *In spe. Et tu, Brute*. If you permit I will not translate these two quotations. I understand them from an Englishwoman who has lived in a college, but for the French I think it would have a false note and would not have the same effect as in English. Your decision.

These two expressions are familiar to every English-speaking adult—the latter occurs in Shakespeare's "Julius Caesar," & ought I think to remain, as it is a direct quotation.

Page 40—*The man she was with ... cane*. You have an enormous resource in English when you give things the *gender* of their owner. (Schilsky = his hand—Louise = her hand) it prevents ambiguities. To avoid them, I am obliged to put the name of the characters more often than you. Please take this into consideration.

This will be all right.

53. 11 January 1911

Pegli Ligure – Multedo
Villa Negrone

11 janvier 1911

Cher Monsieur

Vous ne serez certainement pas à Londres avant le 25 janvier, mais je vous tiens, quand même, au courant de mon travail. Vous trouverez mes lettres à votre retour et m'enverrez sans doute des bénédictions! … mais je vous fais crédit pour vos réponses, prenez donc votre mal en patience.

Le chap. IV est terminé. Demain je me mettrai au 5e. —Cela va lentement, mais cela va. La question serait maintenant de savoir si cela va *à votre satisfaction*. Aussi aurais-je grande envie de vous communiquer le manuscrit quand le chap. V sera terminé.

Cependant, à cette communication, vous me permettrez de mettre une petite condition: vous lirez, et vous me direz nettement et sans circonlocutions si la traduction vous va: oui ou non. Si c'est non, soyez sûr que je ne vous en garderai pas rancune le moins du monde. Je déposerai la plume avec le regret de n'avoir pas réussi et le bon souvenir d'un travail qui m'aura passionné pendant deux ou trois mois. Si c'est *oui*, alors je vous prierai de me le dire simplement et de me faire les observations générales que vous croirez utiles, mais de ne pas me faire des critiques de détail. Ces dernières seront pour quand nous reverrons le travail ensemble. Pour l'instant, elles me troubleraient et me feraient perdre du temps en efforts stériles. J'ai besoin d'oublier ce que j'ai fait pendant quelques temps et d'y revenir plus tard, parce que je ne vois plus nettement les pages que je viens d'écrire. Je les jugerai mieux quand, avec le temps, j'obtiendrai l'impression de les croire écrites par un autre.

Donc, si cela vous va, je vous expédierai, après le Ve chapitre fait, une centaine de pages de mon manuscrit.

Je vois déjà quel est le défaut de ma traduction: elle va ajouter quelques pouces à la stature du Colosse. Je dois vous dire sincèrement que le mal est sans remède. Il tient d'abord à votre enviable mais terrible concision. Or en supposant que mon style puisse, lui aussi être concis, il ne peut l'être que rarement, parallèlement au vôtre. En tentant ce parallélisme j'arriverais à deux résultats: à ne pas être clair et à ne pas écrire en français. Or si je tiens énormément à donner l'impression de la physionomie de votre style, je tiens aussi beaucoup à ne pas écrire un français lâché, et c'est là le second motif de l'allongement, d'ailleurs très relatif. Quand vous me lirez vous trouverez peut-être que j'ai pris avec vous quelques petites libertés. Soyez-moi indulgent. Je l'ai fait pour le bien de la cause. Toutes les fois que votre pensée vous semblera avoir été détournée de son sens précis, il va sans dire que je suis prêt à corriger and *to plead guilty*. Mais continuez à vous montrer, pour les petites nuances, large comme vous l'avez été jusqu'ici. Nos langues sont deux grandes dames, mais elles ne sont pas parents.

Voici la note de mes observations pour le Chap. IV. Répondez à votre aise. Je travaille en vous attendant. —Je n'ai pas d'autre occupation que vous, et malgré cela je ne fais guère par jour plus d'une page de votre texte.

Bien cordialement à vous.

P. Solanges.

ALS: NLA MS 133/12/202–03

Translation

11 January 1911

Dear Sir

You will certainly not be in London before the 25th January, but I am keeping you up-to-date with my work nonetheless. You will find my letters on your return and will doubtless rain blessings upon me! … but I will give you credit for your replies, so accept your misfortune patiently.

Chapter IV is finished. Tomorrow I will start the 5th. —It is going slowly, but it *is* going forward. The question now would be to know if it is going *to your satisfaction*. Thus I would very much like to send you the manuscript when Chapter V is finished.

However, you will allow me to place a small condition on this consignment: you will read it, and you will tell me clearly and without circumlocution if the translation suits you: yes or no. If it is no, rest assured that I will not hold the least grudge against you. I will lay aside my pen with the regret of not having succeeded, and the happy memory of a task that fascinated me for two or three months. If it is *yes*, then I ask you simply to tell me so and to make any general observations you think may be useful, but not to make any detailed criticisms. The latter will be for when we review the work together. For the moment, they would disturb me and make me waste time in futile efforts. I need to forget what I have done for some time and return to it later, because I no longer see clearly the pages I have just written. I will judge them better when, with time, I obtain the impression of believing they were written by someone else.

So, if it suits you, after the fifth chapter is done, I will send you a hundred pages of my manuscript.

I see already the defect of my translation: it is going to add some inches to the height of the Colossus. I must tell you sincerely that the problem is insoluble. It stems firstly from your enviable but terrible conciseness. Now supposing that *my* style can also be concise, it can only rarely be so, in parallel with yours. By attempting this parallelism I would end up with two results: not being clear and not writing French. Now even if I am enormously anxious to give the impression of the physiognomy of your style, I am also quite anxious not to write loose French, and that is the second motive for lengthening, which by the way is very relative. When you read me you will perhaps find that I have taken some small liberties with you. Be indulgent to me. I have done it for the good of the cause. Every time that your thought strikes you as having been diverted from its precise meaning, it goes without saying that I am ready to correct it and *to plead guilty*. But for the little nuances, continue to show yourself as generous as up till now. Our languages are two great ladies, but they are not related.

Herewith the note of my observations for Chapter IV.[775] Reply at your leisure. I will work on while waiting for you. —I have no other occupation except you, and despite that, I scarcely do more than a page of your text per day.

[775] Solanges forgot to include these notes. See the next letter.

Cordially yours.

P. Solanges

54. 14 January 1911

Pegli Ligure – Multedo
Villa Negrone

14.1.911

Cher Monsieur, voici les notes du Chap. IV que j'ai oublié de mettre dans ma dernière lettre.

Je commence à peine le chap. V. J'ai eu la malheureuse idée de relire le chap. IV. Gratter, regratter, transcrire des pages entières, voilà mon occupation depuis huit jours. Ce chapitre était terrible. Enfin c'est fait. La dernière touche se mettra plus tard. Souhaitez-moi bonne chance.

À vous cordialement

P. Solanges

Encore, si j'étais tout à fait content!!

ALS: NLA MS 133/12/204

Translation

14 January 1911

Dear Sir, here are the notes for Chapter IV that I forgot to put in my last letter.

I have scarcely begun Chapter V. I had the unfortunate idea of re-reading Chapter IV. Scratching out, scratching out again, transcribing whole pages, that has been my occupation for a week. This chapter was terrible. It is finally done. The final touch will be added later. Wish me good luck.

Cordially yours

P. Solanges

If only I were completely happy with it!!

55. Notes on I.4, 14 January 1911

Chapitre IV[776]

(Note)—Ne vous inquiétez pas pour les termes musicaux techniques, je connais l'argot du métier.

Page 44—ligne 5—*Half quarters*—Demi-quarts ou demi quartier? Je croirais demi-quart. Cela se dit aussi en français pour le 1/8 d'un poids

In German: halbes Viertel.

[776] Solanges No. 17. Sent to HHR on 14 January 1911, presumably returned by her on 25 January January (letter = Solanges No. 15).

quelconque.

Page 45—ligne 2—*Ghosts*—Vous aimez à ce que vos lecteurs se tirent d'affaire tout seuls, quand ils sont embarrassés devant quelque mot ou quelque chose d'étranger, et je trouve cela amusant. Cependant je mettrais volontiers les *Revenants* d'Ibsen. Le titre français est ainsi, mais la traduction pourrait être modifiée et le titre aussi. Ce serait différent si on mettait le titre en norvégien? ou en allemand?

I think "les Revenants d'Ibsen" will be the most satisfactory way here. The young people would read it in German (as "Gespenster") in the *Reclam* edition; but that would only complicate matters for French readers, & to give the title in Danish would complicate matters still more.

Page 49. *A barbed word*. ? —Je trouve dans le dictionnaire: armé, bardé (pour un cheval).

To barb as here used means to furnish a word with an arrow-like point, which will prick or remain sticking.

Page 46—*She was about to turn away*. — Remonter chez elle, ou se mettre en route hors de chez elle?

Remonter chez elle.

Page 55—*Radius Commemoration*. ??

In German, a "Radiusfeier". Radius was, as far as I remember, the, or one of the founders of the Konservatorium.

Page 49—But it was only at the outset ... same *kind* before; *and* hardly a fortnight later
Je ne vois pas la relation.

This implies: it was only at the outset of their friendship that he thus coolly criticised her. A fortnight later she had played her cards so well that he ceased to see her with an outsider's eyes & was at that stage of friendliness wh. permitted of them using each other's first names.

AMS: NLA MS 133/12/545

Translation

Chapter IV

(Note)—Do not worry about technical musical terms, I know the professional jargon.

Page 44—line 5—*Half quarters*—Demi-quarts or demi quartier? I would think demi-quart. This is also said in French for 1/8 of a weight.

In German: halbes Viertel.

Page 45—line 2—*Ghosts*—You like your readers to manage on their own when

I think "les Revenants d'Ibsen" will be the most satisfactory way here. The

they have difficulty with a strange word or thing, and I find that amusing. However I would like to put les *Revenants* d'Ibsen. That is the French title, but the translation as well as the title could be modified. It would be different if the title were put in Norwegian? or in German?

young people would read it in German (as "Gespenster") in the *Reclam* edition; but that would only complicate matters for French readers, & to give the title in Danish would complicate matters still more.

Page 49. *A barbed word*. ? —I find in the dictionary: armé, bardé (for a horse).

To barb as here used means to furnish a word with an arrow-like point, which will prick or remain sticking.

Page 46—*She was about to turn away*. — Return upstairs, or set off away from her home?

Return upstairs.

Page 55—*Radius Commemoration*. ??

In German, a "Radiusfeier". Radius was, as far as I remember, the, or one of the founders of the Konservatorium.[777]

Page 49—But it was only at the outset … same *kind* before; *and* hardly a fortnight later
I do not see the connection.

This implies: it was only at the outset of their friendship that he thus coolly criticised her. A fortnight later she had played her cards so well that he ceased to see her with an outsider's eyes & was at that stage of friendliness wh. permitted of them using each other's first names.

56. 22 January 1911

Pegli Ligure – Multedo
Villa Negrone

22. janvier 1911[778]

Cher Monsieur, êtes-vous rentré? Pas encore sans doute. J'ai fini le chap. V. Voici mes notes. Je vais me reposer deux jours avant de commencer le chap. VI. Je suis fatigué. Je ne vois plus la valeur des mots dont je me sers, je ne sais plus si cela va bien ou mal. Nous avons ici un vrai printemps. Je vais courir la montagne après quoi je me serai repris.

Ce qui m'ennuie très fort c'est que ma traduction allonge votre texte. Pas beaucoup, mais cela fera quelques pages de plus. Et il y en a déjà pas mal. À cela je ne puis porter remède malgré mes efforts. Votre concision est désespérante et votre langue se prête à dire beaucoup en peu de mots. Enfin, ayons patience et bon espoir.

Bien à vous

[777] The Leipzig Conservatorium was founded in 1843, by Felix Mendelssohn and others. Prof. Dr. Wilhelm Martin Justus Radius (1797–1884) donated 300,000 marks for a new building in 1884, on condition that an annual commemoration be held about the time of his birthday (*MG* P&S 749).

[778] 1911] 1910 *MS*

P. Solanges.

Connaissez-vous mon Daniel Cortis traduit de l'italien de Fogazzaro? Si non, le voulez-vous?

PS.

ALS: NLA MS 133/12/205–06

Translation

22 January 1911

Dear Sir, have you returned? Not yet, doubtless. I have finished Chapter V. Herewith my notes. I am going to rest for two days before beginning Chapter VI. I am tired. I no longer see the worth of the words I am using, I do not know any more if it is going well or badly. We are having a real spring here. I am going to roam in the mountains which will put me back in form.

What bothers me greatly is that my translation lengthens your text. Not much, but it will make for a few more pages. And there is already a good number of pages. I cannot remedy this despite my efforts. Your conciseness is maddening and your language is apt to say a lot in few words. Well, let's have patience and remain hopeful.

Yours

P. Solanges.

Do you know my Daniel Cortis translated from Fogazzaro's Italian?[779] If not, would you like it?

PS.

57. Notes on I.5, 22 January 1911

Chap. V

Page 63—*A strong lisp*. (ligne 2)
Cela veut-il dire qu'il bégayait qu'il zézéyait[780] ou qu'il parlait du bout des dents par ce qu'il avait sa cigarette au bec?

I think it is zézéyer.
Nothing to do with the cigarette.

(Note)—Je regrette beaucoup de ne pas m'être entendu avec vous sur un point: celui du tutoiement. Il me semble que les étudiants ou artistes allemands Fürst, Schilsky, Krafft doivent se tutoyer *entre eux*. Quand ils parlent à Maurice, ils doivent dire *vous*. Veuillez me faire savoir au plus vite si je suis dans le vrai, si les étudiants allemands se tutoyent, et

Krafft, Schilsky & Fürst tutoyer one another from the very beginning of the book. Maurice remains "vous" to every one but Louise (after Chapter XII Part II) & Krafft (after p. 161.)—unless when he is drunk.

[779] Already mentioned by Solanges on 27 October and 1 November 1910.
[780] The usual spelling now is *zézayer*.

aussi le parti adopté par votre traducteur allemand.

Page 64. *He tried to continue shaving … where the deuce is that letter*.
Sommes-nous déjà assez intimes pour que je me permette une petite intrigue? Si oui, il me semble que ce passage est mal ponctué, qu'il manque des points de suspension après *if you wont believe me*, phrase que Schilsky termine intérieurement et qui se complète par: Now, where the deuce etc, etc.
Je n'ai pu arriver à placer une bonne ponctuation bien claire en gardant l'ordre de votre paragraphe. Me permettez-vous de mettre ce que j'ai écrit sur le carré de papier ci-joint?

Certainly.

Page 62–68 (Note) Pour tout le dialogue il faut me donner un peu de liberté. — J'éviterai d'être vulgaire, mais cependant, il est nécessaire de faire parler Schilsky et C^{o} comme des gens de leur sorte et le lecteur français a l'oreille plus indulgente que l'Anglais. Votre livre étant un livre *fort* doit avoir sa vraie couleur dans tous ses détails.

I quite agree with this. Above all use *French* argot & make the scene French.

Page 66. —*that she aches like a wet-nurse*?? Rien trouvé, même dans le dictionnaire de slang. J'ai trouvé *wet nursed, coddled*.

A wet-nurse = nourrice.
To have made this plainer would have been to make it too coarse—for English readers at any rate. The ache referred to is more or less physical: "as the wet-nurse aches towards the child she is suckling."

Page 66—*Tantaras*.
Rien dans le dictionnaire. Je trouve: *Tantarabobs, the devil*. ??
Les *scènes* de Louise, je pense?

Tantaras = scenes, violent outbursts of temper, flares-ups, etc.

Registrar. (page 66). C'est l'officier de l'état civil. Celui qui fait les mariages. — Quel est cet officier en Allemagne? Le maire? Le syndic, l'adjoint?
En français on dirait devant le maire. Mais il faudrait dire comme en Allemagne.

I had here first the natural word Krafft would use: "Standesamt." Then I translated it. I don't know which the French equivalent is. Literally "the registrar's office."

30 *Convention. And security, which*[781] *stales*.
Je ne suis pas sûr de bien comprendre.

Convention = conventionality. And a sense of security that makes the thing offered seem stale & worthless.

AMS: NLA MS 133/12/546

Translation

Chapter V[782]

Page 63—*A strong lisp*. (line 2)
Does that mean he was stammering [bégayer] or lisping [zézeyer] or speaking between his teeth because he had his cigarette in his mouth?

I think it is zézéyer.
Nothing to do with the cigarette.

(Note)—I greatly regret not reaching an understanding with you on one point: the use of *tu* or *vous*. It seems to me that the German students or artists Fürst, Schilsky, Krafft must say tu *among themselves*. When they speak to Maurice, they must say *vous*. Please let me know as soon as possible if I am right, if German students say tu to each other, and also the approach adopted by your German translator.

Krafft, Schilsky & Fürst tutoyer one another from the very beginning of the book. Maurice remains "vous" to every one but Louise (after Chapter XII Part II) & Krafft (after p. 161.)—unless when he is drunk.

Page 64. *He tried to continue shaving ... where the deuce is that letter*.
Are we already intimate enough for me to be allowed to raise an awkward point? If so, this passage seems badly punctuated to me, lacking dots after *if you wont believe me*, a sentence finished mentally by Schilsky which is completed by: Now, where the deuce etc, etc.
I could not place a good clear punctuation while keeping the order of your paragraph. Will you allow me to put what I have written on the enclosed square of paper?[783]

Certainly.

Page 62–68 (Note) I need a little liberty for the whole dialogue. —I will avoid being vulgar, but nevertheless, it is

I quite agree with this. Above all use *French* argot & make the scene French.

[781] which] with *MS*
[782] Solanges No. 18. Sent to HHR on 22 January 1911, returned by her on 25 January (letter = Solanges No. 15).
[783] This piece of paper seems not to have survived.

necessary to make Schilsky and Co. speak like people of their kind and the French reader has a more indulgent ear than the Englishman. Your book, being a *strong* book, must have its true colour in all its details.

Page 66. —*that she aches like a wet-nurse*?? Nothing found, not even in the dictionary of slang. I have found *wet nursed, coddled*.

A wet-nurse = nourrice.
To have made this plainer would have been to make it too coarse—for English readers at any rate. The ache referred to is more or less physical: "as the wet-nurse aches towards the child she is suckling."

Page 66—*Tantaras*.
Nothing in the dictionary. I find: *Tantarabobs, the devil*. ??
Louise's *scenes*, I think?

Tantaras = scenes, violent outbursts of temper, flares-ups, etc.

Registrar. (page 66). This is the civil registrar. He who performs marriages. — What is this official in Germany? The mayor? The syndic, the deputy?
In French one would say before the mayor. But it has to be said as in Germany.

I had here first the natural word Krafft would use: "Standesamt." Then I translated it. I don't know which the French equivalent is. Literally "the registrar's office."

30 *Convention. And security, which stales*.
I am not sure I quite understand.

Convention = conventionality. And a sense of security that makes the thing offered seem stale & worthless.

58. 30 January 1911

Pegli Ligure – Multedo
Villa Negrone

30 janvier 1911

Cher Monsieur, reçu votre carte d'arrivée, votre excellente lettre et les notes. — Merci.

Je vous écrirai longuement quand j'aurai fini le Chap. VI, c'est à dire dans deux ou trois jours.

Cette fois le Colosse est en vraie marche. Mais marche-t-il d'aplomb?

Or son 'io d'una parte e d'altra preso.

En attendant je vais de l'avant.

À vous bien cordialement

P. Solanges

Je fais venir le *Cortis* pour vous l'envoyer.

ALS: NLA MS 133/12/207–08

Translation

30 January 1911

Dear Sir, received your arrival card, your excellent letter and the notes. —Thank you.

I will write to you at length when I have finished Chapter VI, i.e. in two or three days.

This time the Colossus is really moving. But is he well balanced?

> Now am I caught on the one side and the other.[784]

Meanwhile I continue to advance.

Cordially yours

P. Solanges

I am fetching *Cortis* so as to send it to you.

59. 3 February 1911

Pegli Ligure – Multedo
Villa Negrone

3 février 1911

Cher Monsieur

Le chapitre VI est fini. Il était difficile à sa façon mais très intéressant à faire pour bien des raisons. L'une d'elles[785] est qu'il fait un joli contraste avec le précédent.

Savez-vous ce que je traduis maintenant? Le dernier chapitre et si vous avez voulu ébranler les nerfs de vos lecteurs avec ce chapitre-là, vous avez réussi, s'ils sont soumis aux mêmes impressions que moi.

Je le pense, ce chapitre, mot par mot et je me donne à tous les diables. Et cependant cela marche et il me paraît que j'y ai fait entrer une partie de la terreur dont vos pages sont pleines.

J'ai pensé que ce moment ennuyeux et douloureux où il faudra entrer en contact avec les éditeurs ne doit plus beaucoup tarder. Encore deux ou trois chapitres[786] et il va falloir commencer le bon combat. Or il ne peut être question de donner le commencement de l'ouvrage sans en présenter le dénouement et pour deux raisons: 1° Il est tout naturel que l'éditeur, ou celui qui jugera pour lui, sache où vous allez et quelle est votre conclusion.

2° Ce chapitre contient des hardiesses très fortes, que je n'ai voulu ni accentuer ni atténuer. Or l'éditeur pourrait être *pudibond* (il y a des éditeurs pudibonds, même en France) et crier à la surprise le jour où il lirait la dernière scène et nous créer des

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[784] Dante, *Purgatorio* 21.115–17: Or son io d'una parte e d'altra preso: l'una mi fa tacer, l'altra scongiura ch'io dica. 'Now am I caught on the one side and the other: the one makes me keep silence, the other conjures me to speak.'

[785] elles] elle *MS*

[786] chapitres] chapitre *MS*

difficultés au dernier moment en demandant des coupures et en vous mettant dans la nécessité ou de le planter là, ou d'abîmer votre œuvre. Ayant eu connaissance de la partie la plus délicate et ayant reçu de nous l'assurance que l'épisode de Louise[787] est le plus poussé du livre, il agira en connaissance de cause. Cela ne vous paraît-il pas juste?

Je vous remercie d'avoir eu le courage de m'écrire au débotté. Je tiendrai compte de tout ce que vous me dites.

Pour ce qui est de l'idée de M[r] Heinemann de publier un texte abrégé, je ne la crois pas bonne—franchement. D'abord qui fera le texte abrégé? Moi non, certainement. Votre livre est un tout, venu comme vous l'avez senti, et alors ? où exercerai-je mon métier de Vandale? Je ne vous vois pas non plus beaucoup occupé à abîmer votre roman, si roman il y a. Cette idée d'éditeur ne me plaît point, et je me sens partisan du *tout ou rien*. Vous me connaissez assez maintenant, je l'espère du moins, pour comprendre que je travaille à cette traduction par amour pour M. Je m'étais promis d'arrêter ma très modeste carrière et il a fallu M.G. pour me faire changer d'avis. —Selon moi vous devez paraître *tout entier* ou ne pas paraître. Et j'espère que vous pensez comme moi. Et d'ailleurs en supposant que nous donnions au Mercure de F[rance] un M.G. mutilé, qui voudra ensuite se charger de l'édition complète? Le même Mercure de F? Alors qu'il la fasse tout de suite.

Je ne vous parle pas de votre voyage, cela me mènerait trop loin, ni de Merriman, il est jugé et ne pèse pas lourd. Vous me parlez de six mois de travail ininterrompu. Vous avez donc un autre Colosse sur le chevalet? Dieu vous aide! Je le lirai j'espère, mais suis maintenant trop vieux pour espérer le traduire.

Quant à votre raisonnement relatif aux éditions, il n'est juste que très relativement. Car lorsque vous en serez à la vingtième édition d'un de vos livres—et vous y arriverez—quelle opinion auriez-vous de vous-même si vous avez dit vrai? J'ai l'idée que vous êtes jeune; laissez mûrir les fruits. —À ce propos j'aimerais à avoir une photographie de vous. Cela vous déplairait-il de m'en donner une? Pour mon compte je ne me fais plus photographier, mais on a fait de moi ces jours-ci une petite instantanée qui n'est pas mauvaise et que je vous enverrai sans croire vous rendre le *quid pro quo*, comme disait un de mes anciens *directors*, M[r] Frederik Tendron qui est mort l'année dernière à Tunbridge[788] Wells où il habitait la maison occupée par le roi Louis Philippe au commencement de son exil. J'y ai passée une journée; c'était très joli et … je suis un bavard.

Votre bonne opinion de moi m'encourage sans m'illusionner. Je sais ce que je voudrais faire et ce que je fais. Attendez donc pour me dire votre avis sincère d'avoir lu mon manuscrit.

Vous le recevrez quand j'aurai fait neuf chapitres, c'est à dire quand j'aurai terminé celui de la Walküre. Cela fera dix en tout avec le dernier. Vous pourrez alors avoir une idée complète et l'éditeur aussi.

Je continue à vous lire assez facilement, mais plus de mots simplement indiqués (i.e. aη for any) finiraient par m'embarrasser. Excusez ma franchise.

Et je répète votre dernier souhait.

---

787 Louise] Luise *MS*
788 Tunbridge] Tunnbridge *MS*

May the gods be kind with both!

Très cordialement à vous

P. Solanges.

Si je suis repris par mes doutes, je vous enverrai sept chapitres pour que vous m'en tiriez.

PS

Vous recevrez bientôt votre *Cortis*, mais j'ai dû le demander à *Paris*.

ALS: NLA MS 133/12/209–11

Translation

3 February 1911

Dear Sir

Chapter VI is finished. It was difficult in its way but very interesting to do for many reasons. One of them is that it makes a nice contrast with the preceding chapter.

Do you know what I am translating now? The last chapter, and if you wanted to shake your readers' nerves with that chapter, you succeeded, if they are subject to the same impressions as I am.

I am thinking this chapter word by word and am having a devil of a time. And yet it works and I think I have brought into it some of the terror with which your pages are filled.

I think the tedious and painful moment when I have to contact publishers must not be put off much longer. Another two or three chapters and it will be time to begin the good fight. Now there is no question of giving the beginning of the work without presenting the outcome and for two reasons: 1 It is quite natural for the publisher, or the person who judges for him, to know where you are going and what your conclusion is.

2 This chapter contains some very bold and strong language, that I wanted neither to accentuate nor tone down. Now the publisher could be *prudish* (there are prudish publishers, even in France) and call it a surprise the day he reads the last scene and create difficulties for us at the last minute by asking for cuts, giving you no choice but to ditch him or to spoil your work. Having some knowledge of the most delicate part and after receiving an assurance from us that the Louise episode is the most daring part of the book, he will act with full knowledge of the facts. Does this not seem fair to you?

Thank you for having the spirit to write to me off the cuff. I will take account of all you tell me.

About Mr Heinemann's idea of publishing an abridged text, I do not think it is good—frankly. Firstly who will do the abridged text? Certainly not me. Your book is a whole, born as you felt it, and so? where would I exercise my profession of Vandal? Nor do I really see you spending much time on spoiling your novel, if novel it be. I do not like this publisher's idea at all, and I feel I am on the side of *all or nothing*. You know me enough now, at least I hope so, to understand that I am working on this translation for love of Maurice. I had promised to stop my very modest career and it took M.G. to change my mind. —In my view you should be

published *as a complete work* or not be published. And I hope you think as I do. And besides, supposing we give a mutilated version to the Mercure de France, who would then want to undertake a complete edition? The same Mercure de France? Then let them do it at once.

I will not speak of your voyage, it would take me too far, nor of Merriman, he has been judged and found to be lightweight. You speak to me of six months of uninterrupted work. So you have another Colossus on the drawing board? God help you! I will read it I hope, but am now too old to hope to translate it.

As for your reasoning about editions, it is only true in a very relative sense. For when you are up to the twentieth edition of one of your books—and you will get there—what opinion will you have of yourself if what you say is true? I have an idea that you are young; let the fruit ripen. —On this subject, I would like to have a photograph of you. Would it displease you to give me one? As for me I no longer have myself photographed, but recently a little snapshot was taken that is not too bad and that I will send you without thinking I am giving a *quid pro quo*, as one of my former directors, Mr Frederik Tendron, used to say; he died last year at Tunbridge Wells, where he lived in the house occupied by King Louis Philippe at the beginning of his exile.[789] I spent a day there; it was very pretty and … I am a chatterbox.

Your good opinion of me encourages me without deluding me. I know what I would like to do and what I am doing. So wait until you have read my manuscript before telling me your sincere opinion.

You will receive it when I have done nine chapters, i.e. when I have finished the Walküre chapter. That will make ten in all with the last. You will then be able to have an overall impression, and the publisher too.

I continue to read you easily enough, but any more words simply indicated (i.e. aη for any) would end up embarrassing me. Excuse my frankness.

And I repeat your last wish.

May the gods be kind with both!

Very cordially yours

P. Solanges

If I am taken again by my doubts, I will send you seven chapters so that you can dispel them.

PS

You will soon receive your copy of *Cortis*, but I had to fetch it from Paris.

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[789] Frederick Tendron (1834–1910), of the Manor House, Bishopsdown, Tunbridge Wells, was chairman of the Assam Company and of the St John del Rey Mining Company. He died on 14 April 1910, and left a fortune of £57,000 to charity, as well as a collection of specimens to the Mineral Collection at the British Museum ("Minerals at the British Museum," Engineering Supplement, *The Times* 19 Oct. 1910: 1; "Wills and Bequests: Bequests for Public Purposes," *The Times* 13 May 1910: 11). His home was six doors away from Chancellor House, where Marie-Amélie, wife of Louis-Philippe (1773–1850), died in 1866 (*HHRTL* 1:76). Solanges of course had a special interest in visiting this place, since Louis-Philippe and Marie-Amélie were his grandparents.

60. 7 February 1911

Pegli Ligure – Multedo
Villa Negrone

7 février 1911

Cher monsieur, j'ai lu hier au soir, devant cinq ou six personnes amies, le dernier chapitre de M.G. *Nous* avons obtenu un vrai succès d'émotion et de terreur. Je puis dire *nous*, car à traduire ce chapitre j'ai subi un[790] ébranlement nerveux qui me quitte à peine maintenant.

Rien de sérieux, bien entendu, mais le fait est que je suis content d'avoir eu l'idée de faire une aussi grande enjambée et d'avoir à l'heure qu'il est ce chapitre derrière moi. Il m'obsédait. Je ne sais pas si je ne ferai pas les quatre qui le précèdent pour n'avoir plus à les faire et ne plus les voir devant moi. Pourtant je pense que je m'abstiendrai car il me faut m'entraîner peu à peu pour arriver à produire l'effet que vous avez voulu. Bien que le dernier chap. soit une conclusion, il est tellement *à part* que la traduction anticipée ne présentait pas le même inconvénient. —Quoi qu'il en soit, j'en suis satisfait. Il m'est venu très facilement sous l'empire d'une excitation telle que j'aurais pu me procurer la bonne illusion d'en être l'auteur. Ou je me fais de grandes illusions ou vous en serez satisfait. Je lui ai donné ce souffle court, cette espèce de halètement que vous avez voulu; il est plein d'effroi et d'angoisse. —Vous voyez que je n'ai pas la modestie que vous me supposez et que quand je suis content de moi je le dis—à vous—sans réticences.

Je ne voudrais pas que vous pensiez que la confiance que vous me témoignez me pousse à croire que je puis vous suggérer des idées qui me sont personnelles à propos de votre œuvre, que cette phrase si mal écrite vous soit une preuve de mon embarras! Mais hier au soir j'ai entendu exprimer par mes cinq auditeurs la même opinion et cela me pousse à vous en donner connaissance. —Tous ont regretté que le livre ne se terminât pas par la mort de Maurice, tous ont voté pour la suppression de l'épilogue.

J'ai soutenu l'opinion contraire *par esprit de corps*, j'ai soutenu la nécessité de l'épilogue, ou du moins son efficacité, à cause de l'épisode caractéristique du pianiste accentuant le rôle inconsciemment, presque inconsciemment fatal de Louise.

Je mentirais si je vous assurais avoir été très convaincu. En somme l'épilogue affaiblit la terrible impression que donne la mort de Maurice et ne nous apprend rien. Qu'*Elle* ait épousé Schilsky, cela nous est égal; que Schilsky commence une brillante carrière, cela ne nous fait rien; que le pauvre pianiste se prenne au même piège que Maurice cela nous est indifférent. Maurice est mort, lui seul avait une place dans notre âme, le reste ne nous importe plus.

Il est évident que vous avez déjà pesé tout cela et que vous avez vos raisons pour avoir écrit cet épilogue. Je me contente de vous dire ce qui a été dit chez moi. Pour mon compte je ne saurais donner une opinion personnelle arrêtée. Mais je vous demande absolument une chose: la suppression de l'avant dernier alinéa: «The driver … stone pavement.» Sauf refus de votre part j'écrirais ainsi: Le pianiste aida Louise à monter, monta lui-même et referma la portière.

La lourde voiture se mit en marche et le groupe des flâneurs se dispersa.»

Et maintenant mille excuses. C'est à vous de décider.

---

[790] un] une *MS*

Deux petites demandes pour ma traduction:

1° Vous avez employé quelque part le mot *subconsciousness*. Page 557, vous dites *submerged consciousness*. Donnez-vous exactement le même sens dans les deux cas?

2° Vous dites en parlant de Schilsky page 561: and *consciously inconscious*—j'ai beau penser il me semble toujours qu'il est *inconsciously conscious*. C'est à dire que, sans s'en rendre compte, il a conscience de la foule qui l'attend. Voulez-vous me rectifier?

Je me fais jouer par ma fille dix fois par jour, les impromptus de Schumann über ein Thema von Clara Wieck. —J'appelle *le thème* et *l'impromptu N° 4*: la marche funèbre de Maurice Guest.

Bien à vous

P. Solanges

ALS: NLA MS 133/12/212–13

Translation

7 February 1911

Dear sir, yesterday evening I read the last chapter of M.G. to five or six friends. *We* had a real success of emotion and terror. I may say *we*, for in translating this chapter I underwent a nervous upset that is scarcely leaving me now.

Nothing serious, of course, but the fact is I am happy to have had the idea of jumping so far ahead and having this chapter behind me by now. It was obsessing me. I don't know if I will do the four that precede it so as no longer to have to do them and see them still in front of me. However I think I will abstain since I have to train myself gradually in order to be able to produce the effect you wanted. Although the last chapter is a conclusion, it is so *apart* that translating it in advance did not pose the same drawback. —Whatever the case, I am satisfied with it. It came very easily to me in the grip of such excitement that I could have had the great illusion of being its author. Either I am greatly deluding myself or you will be satisfied. I gave it that breathlessness, the sort of gasping you wanted; it is full of dread and anguish. —You see I am not as modest as you suppose and when I am self-satisfied I say so—to you—without reticence.

I would not like you to think the confidence you bear me leads me to believe that I can suggest to you my personal ideas about your work, let this badly written sentence be a proof of my embarrassment! But yesterday evening I heard the same opinion expressed by my audience of five and that leads me to make it known to you. —Everyone regretted that the book did not finish with Maurice's death, everyone voted for the suppression of the epilogue.

I upheld the contrary opinion by *esprit de corps*, I upheld the need for the epilogue, or at least its effectiveness, because of the characteristic episode of the pianist emphasising the unconsciously, almost unconsciously fatal role of Louise.

I would lie if I assured you that I was very convinced. In short the epilogue weakens the terrible impression given by Maurice's death and tells us nothing. That *She* married Schilsky is inconsequential to us; that Schilsky begins a brilliant career is as nothing to us; that the poor pianist is caught in the same trap as Maurice is

immaterial to us. Maurice is dead, he alone had a place in our soul, the rest no longer matters to us.

It is obvious that you have already weighed all this up and that you have your reasons for writing this epilogue. I will content myself with telling you what was said at my house. As for me, I could not give a firm personal opinion. But I absolutely request one thing: the suppression of the second-last paragraph: "The driver … stone pavement." Barring your refusal, I would write thus: "Le pianiste aida Louise à monter, monta lui-même et referma la portière.

La lourde voiture se mit en marche et le groupe des flâneurs se dispersa."

And now a thousand apologies. It is up to you to decide.[791]

Two small requests for my translation:

1 You used the word *subconsciousness* somewhere. Page 557, you say *submerged consciousness*. Do you give exactly the same meaning in both cases?[792]

2 You say in speaking of Schilsky page 561: and *consciously inconscious*[793]— however much I think, it always seems to me that it is *inconsciously conscious*. Meaning that without realising it, he is aware of the crowd waiting for him. Will you set me right?

I have my daughter[794] play to me ten times a day Schumann's Impromptus on a Theme by Clara Wieck. —I call the *Theme* and *Impromptu No. 4*: the funeral march of Maurice Guest.

Yours

P. Solanges

61. Notes on I.5 and III.13, 7 February 1911

Post Scriptum au Chap. V

Page 68—Sympathetic waitress—On ne peut traduire en français *waitress* que par *demoiselle de brasserie* ou *fille* de brasserie ce qui ne va pas. J'ai mis *Kellnerin*. Faut-il deux *n*? Mon dictionnaire allemand n'a pas ce mot. Et, One n. Kellnerin. But why not fille de br? In North Germany women are only employed in low-class restaurants. In the South they are everywhere.

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791 This is the first instance of Solanges the translator suggesting to HHR a change in the text. See Letter 7 (22 March 1888) for a similar instance when he suggested to Fogazzaro the *addition* of a few lines at the beginning of *Daniel Cortis*.

792 Solanges asked for advice on these words from his friend, historian Giuseppe Gallavresi, who replied:
"Je vous félicite pour votre travail si bien acheminé. Quant à la phrase que vous me signalez, je crois que vous pouvez rendre parfaitement par "subconscience„ la "submerged consciousness„. Pour ce qui est des deux autres questions, j'ai voulu faire confirmer mon avis par une *autorité philosophique*, c'est-à-dire par Alessandro Casati. Il vous envoit [sic] la réponse ci-jointe avec ses souvenirs les plus sympathiques."
Giuseppe Gallavresi, letter to PS, 13 February 1911, ASB 6.56.

793 *MG* has "consciously unconscious".

794 This is the first mention to HHR of Solanges's family life.

pour votre gouverne, je ne sais que quelques mots d'allemand.

Schaage Ihnen—Que veut dire *Schage*? C'est une curiosité de ma part puisque je laisse en allemand dans le texte.

This is a drunken way of saying "sage". Ich scha-age Ihnen = I tell you.

'n Körper veut dire, sans doute, *schön Korper*[sic]?

'n Körper = ein Körper.

Dernier Chapitre

Made a sound like that [with] which one urges on a horse.
Cela ne va pas bien en français. Trouvez-vous un inconvénient à ce que je dise réellement ce qu'elle fait? Alors j'écrirais:
Elle se mit à rire, puis fit claquer deux fois sa langue contre son palais.
Je pense que c'est bien là le *sound*?

Yes.

Consciously unconscious 561 He is pretending only to be unconscious: he is far too vain to be really unconscious for a moment.

Subconsciousness 557. Submerged conscious-ness. The same. German Unterbewusstsein. In Engl. the subliminal consciousness that plays so large a part in psychical matters.

AMS: NLA MS 133/12/547

Translation

Post Script to Chapter V[795]

Page 68—Sympathetic waitress—One can only translate *waitress* into French with *demoiselle de brasserie* or *fille* de brasserie which is not suitable. I put *Kellnerin*. Should there be two *n*'s? My German dictionary does not have this word. And, for your guidance, I know only a few words of German.

One n. Kellnerin. But why not fille de br? In North Germany women are only employed in low-class restaurants. In the South they are everywhere.

[795] Solanges No. 19. Presumably sent to HHR on 7 February 1911; returned by her on 11 February (letter = Solanges No. 20).

Schaage Ihnen—What does *Schage* mean? This is curiosity on my part since I am leaving it in German in the text.	This is a drunken way of saying "sage". Ich scha-age Ihnen = I tell you.
'n Körper means, doubtless, *schön Korper*?	'n Körper = ein Körper.

Last Chapter

Made a sound like that [with] which one urges on a horse. This does not go well in French. Would you find any objection to my saying what she is in fact doing? Then I would write: *Elle se mit à rire, puis fit claquer deux fois sa langue contre son palais*. I think that is the *sound*?	Yes.

[796]Consciously unconscious 561 He is pretending only to be unconscious: he is far too vain to be really unconscious for a moment.

Subconsciousness 557. Submerged consciousness. The same. German Unterbewusstsein. In Engl. the subliminal consciousness that plays so large a part in psychical matters.

62. 19 February 1911

Pegli Ligure – Multedo
Villa Negrone

19 février 1911

Cher Monsieur, j'ai reçu votre bonne et longue lettre du 11. Je n'ai pas voulu y répondre avant de pouvoir vous annoncer la fin du chap. VII. Je l'ai terminé hier au soir et je vous envoie les trois observations qui s'y rapportent.

J'ai décidé de vous répondre en deux fois. Vous voudrez bien lire de suite la présente lettre pour me donner les informations dont j'ai besoin et dont plusieurs me sont nécessaires pour les chapitres que je vais entreprendre.

Je vous écrirai ensuite, ce soir ou demain, et longuement, car je me suis donné congé jusqu'à mardi matin; mais cette seconde lettre vous la lirez tout à votre aise. Elle répond à différents points de la vôtre, points que je ne veux pas laisser sans les

[796] This paragraph and the next are in response to queries in Solanges' letter of 7 February 1911.

discuter encore avec vous ou sans les élucider, et surtout sans protester … et vous pouvez rassembler vos forces pour me répondre.

Et maintenant à notre grosse affaire.

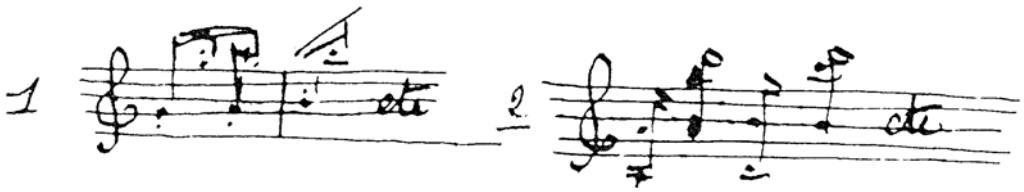
1° Je ne vivrai tranquille que quand vous aurez lu vraiment quelque chose de la traduction et que j'aurai votre *opinion générale*, nette, sincère, et dépourvue de courtoisie. Là, soyez sûr que je ne me montrerai pas susceptible. Je ne suis pas l'*homme au sonnet* du Misanthrope.

Et pour obtenir ce que je veux, je revois, à mes moments perdus, le chap. I. Cela va lentement car j'en ai retranscrit quatre pages sur huit, n'étant pas facile à contenter,—vous n'y pouvez rien … ni moi non plus. Dès que cela sera fini je vous expédierai mon travail … e poi vedremo. Cela ne m'empêchera pas d'aller de l'avant.

2° Dites-moi comment votre traducteur allemand s'est comporté pour le tutoiement entre Louise et Schilsky (chap. VIII). Voici quelles sont mes idées: Bien que le livre, en français, doive sentir la traduction le moins possible, il est indispensable qu'il garde un certain parfum d'exotisme et qu'il conserve, tour à tour, un peu de l'atmosphère de l'Allemagne et de l'Angleterre. Ainsi il ne me serait jamais passé par l'idée de faire tutoyer Ephie par M^{rs} Cayhill ou par Johanna. Pour ce qui se rapporte aux relations de Louise et de Schilsky, c'est un peu différent. Parlent-ils toujours anglais entre eux? (Vous dites à propos d'Ephie que Schilsky parle anglais couramment). Alors il faudrait maintenir toujours le *vous*, mais alors introduire une ligne qui fasse comprendre pourquoi; et dans ce second cas on pourrait alterner et réserver le tutoiement pour les grandes circonstances. Cela a lieu en France où les amants *bien élevés* ?? ne se tutoient que quand … les circonstances le comportent. À vous de décider, ou de m'aider à décider cela. Vous devez savoir si, en Allemagne, une fois le tutoiement établi entre deux êtres, il devient permanent. Si nous sommes d'accord, il vous faut me donner *la ligne* faisant comprendre que L. et S. parlent anglais et me dire *où* je dois l'introduire.

3° (Chap. VIII—page 101–102) À propos de la romance de Krafft. —*Quaint scales* et *broken octaves*. *Quaint* a tant de sens que je ne sais lequel choisir. S'agit-il de gammes étranges, bizarres? alors je ne comprends pas. Discordantes? Ingénieuses? Recherchées?—Tout cela ne me donne aucune idée claire. —Veuillez me tirer d'embarras.

Broken octaves. —Ici encore je suis dans l'obscurité et mon vocabulaire est en défaut. Je vous trace deux de mes suppositions qui ne doivent pas vous illusionner sur mes connaissances musicales:



Lequel des deux? si c'est un des deux exemples?

Et c'est tout pour aujourd'hui. Demain vous aurez le reste et je serai encore plus prolixe, mais vous n'êtes obligé ni de lire ni de répondre vite. Vous êtes même libre de ne pas répondre du tout.

À vous bien cordialement

P. Solanges

Une dame d'un certain âge qu'on me dit très intelligente et teintée de philosophie, me fait demander (par hasard et sans savoir que je travaille pour vous) de lui indiquer un roman Anglais à traduire pour l'éditeur Barbera, je crois. Elle est déjà plus avancée que moi. Je lui indique M.G., mais avant d'acheter le livre et de décider si elle se sent *de force*, elle désire savoir si vous n'avez pas d'engagement en Italie pour la traduction. Si vous donnez votre consentement, en principe, je donnerai, moi votre adresse à la dame et vous vous entendrez tous les deux. Elle ne sait et ne saura rien de nos conditions. —Je ne la connais pas et elle s'est adressée à moi par l'intermédiaire d'un avocat, ami commun. Cette dame habite Turin. C'est une garantie d'avoir affaire avec une italienne du nord. Son style est, *me dit-on*, très bon.

ALS: NLA MS 133/12/214–15

Translation

19 February 1911

Dear Sir, I received your kind, long letter of the 11th. I did not want to answer it before I could announce the end of Chapter VII to you. I finished it yesterday evening and I enclose the three related observations.

I have decided to reply to you in two parts. Please read the present letter at once to give me the information I need, some of which is necessary for the chapters I am about to undertake.

I will then write to you, this evening or tomorrow, and at length, for I have given myself a break until Tuesday morning; but you may read this second letter at your own leisure. It replies to different points in your own letter, which I do not want to leave without discussing them again with you or elucidating them, and above all without protesting … and you can gather your strength to reply to me.

And now to our great matter.

1 I will only live in peace when you have really read some of the translation and I have your *general opinion*—clear, sincere, and without courteousness. Be assured that I will not show myself to be sensitive on this. I am not the *man of the sonnet* in *Le Misanthrope*.[797]

And to obtain what I want, in my spare time I am revising Chapter I. It is slow work for I have rewritten four pages out of eight, since I am not easy to satisfy,—you can do nothing about it … and neither can I. As soon as it is finished I will send you my work … e poi vedremo.[798] That will not prevent me from carrying on.

2 Tell me how your German translator decided to deal with the question of *tu* or *vous* between Louise and Schilsky (Chapter VIII). Here are some ideas of mine: Although the book in French must smell of translation as little as possible, it is indispensable for it to retain a certain exotic scent and alternately, a little of the atmosphere of Germany and England. Thus it would never have occurred to me to have Ephie addressed as *tu* by Mrs Cayhill or Johanna. For the relationship between Louise and Schilsky, it is a little different. Do they always speak English to each

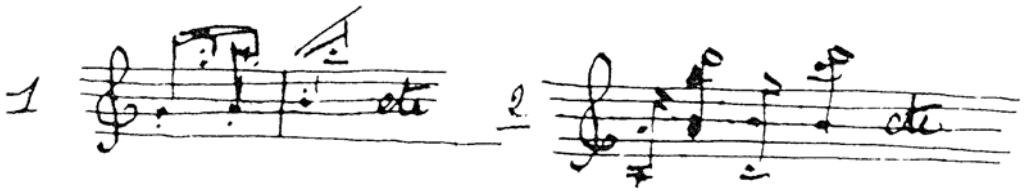
[797] In Molière's play *Le misanthrope* (1666), the character Oronte takes almost mortal offence at Alceste's blunt appraisal of his versifying. The original sobriquet for Oronte, *l'homme à la veste* (1666), was changed to *l'homme au sonnet* in the 1682 edition.

[798] And then we shall see (Italian).

other? (You say about Ephie that Schilsky speaks English fluently). In that case the *vous* would have to be retained, but a line would need to be inserted to explain why, and in this second case there could be alternation, with the *tu* reserved for special circumstances. This happens in France where *well educated* ?? lovers only say *tu* when … it suits the circumstances. It is up to you to decide, or to help me to decide this. You must know if, in Germany, *tu* becomes permanent once it is established between two beings. If we agree, you will have to give me *the line* explaining that L. and S. speak English and tell me where to insert it.

3 (Chapter VIII—page 101–102) About the romance by Krafft. —*Quaint scales* and *broken octaves*. *Quaint* has so many meanings that I do not know which to choose. Are they strange, bizarre scales? then I do not understand. Discordant? Ingenious? Affected?—All this gives me no clear idea. —Please help me out of my difficulty.

Broken octaves. —Here again I am in darkness and my vocabulary is at fault. I will draw for you two of my surmises, which must not delude you about my musical knowledge:



Which of the two? if it is one of the examples?

And that is all for today. Tomorrow you will have the rest and I will be even more prolix, but you are not obliged either to read it or to reply quickly. You are even free not to reply at all.

Most cordially yours

P. Solanges

A lady of a certain age, who I am told is very intelligent and has a smattering of philosophy, has asked me (by chance, and without knowing I am working for you) to point out to her an English novel to translate for the publisher Barbera, I believe.[799] She is already further ahead than me. I have pointed her towards M.G., but before buying the book and deciding if she feels *up to it*, she wishes to know if you have any commitments for a translation in Italy. If you give your consent, in principle, I will give your address to the lady and you will both come to an agreement. She knows and will know nothing of our terms. —I do not know her and she approached me through the intermediary of a lawyer, a mutual friend. This lady lives in Turin. That is a guarantee of dealing with a north Italian. Her style is very good, *so I am told*.

63. Notes on I.7, 19 February 1911

Chap. VII

Ligne 1. *Blinds*. Sont-ce des stores ou des jalousies qui sont aux fenêtres de

[799] Florentine publishing company founded in 1859 by Gàsparo Barbera (1818–80).

Louise—Les jalousies sont des lamelles de bois superposées, inclinées ou droites à volonté au moyen de chaînettes ou de cordes. Ce doit être cela.	Jalousies.
Page 94. *fluffy head*—Rien dans le dictionnaire. Dans le dictionnaire de slang je trouve *unsteady*. (Si cet adjectif se rapporte au *moral* d'Ephie, veuillez m'en donner un autre qui se rapporte à son physique. Sans quoi il me faudra faire toute une phrase … ~~à moins qu'évaporée ne puisse faire l'affaire … et encore.~~	It means "not a smo[o]th head," one on which the hair, even after it is brushed down, inclines to light, feathery, fluffy curls.
Page 92 (ligne 11). The *light* of her big, *dark* eyes. La *lumière* des yeux *sombres*, en français ne va pas bien. —Grands yeux *noirs* est trop maigre. —Puis-je mettre grands yeux *tristes*?	I think *tristes* would introduce another idea. The "dark" really means only "black."

AMS: NLA MS 133/12/549

Translation

Chapter VII[800]

Line 1. *Blinds*. Are they blinds [stores] or slatted blinds [jalousies] on Louise's windows—Jalousies are wooden slats which are stacked, tilted or made straight at will, by means of little chains or cords. It must be these.	Jalousies.
Page 94. *fluffy head*—Nothing in the dictionary. In the slang dictionary I find *unsteady*. (If this adjective relates to Ephie's *morale*, please give me another relating to her physique. Otherwise I will have to write a whole sentence … ~~unless scatterbrained sufficed … and even then.~~	It means "not a smo[o]th head," one on which the hair, even after it is brushed down, inclines to light, feathery, fluffy curls.
Page 92 (line 11). The *light* of her big, *dark* eyes. La *lumière* des yeux *sombres*, does not sound right in French. —Grands yeux *noirs* is too slight. —May I put grands yeux *tristes*?	I think *tristes* would introduce another idea. The "dark" really means only "black."

[800] Solanges No. 23. Sent to HHR on 19 February 1911; presumably returned by her on 26 February (letter = Solanges No. 24).

64. 20 February 1911

Pegli Ligure – Multedo
Villa Negrone

20 février 1911

Cher Monsieur, voici la seconde lettre. J'aurais de gros remords d'abuser ainsi de vous, maintenant surtout que vous vous êtes remis au travail. Mais il est entendu que celle-ci vous la lirez en chemin de fer, en cab, en bus, et dans un moment où, fatigué de penser au nouveau colosse, vous n'aurez rien de mieux à faire. Moi, je me repose deux jours après avoir fait huit chapitres et j'acquiers la conviction que j'irai jusqu'au bout si ma santé ne me trahit pas. Mettez donc Esculape, pour ce qui me concerne, au premier rang des dieux que vous invoquiez l'autre jour.

À bâtons rompus, et votre lettre sous les yeux, je veux tenter de répondre à quelques points, et ce sera fini. Nous avons à travailler tous les deux. Plus tard, nous nous rencontrerons bien et nous pourrons causer à l'aise. D'ailleurs, le principal est fait: nous avons commencé à nous connaître.

Je dois avant tout vous avouer que j'ai *provoqué* vos éclaircissements en vous écrivant: *si roman il y a*, et je ne crois pas que vous ayez été dupe de ma petite supercherie. J'avais fait sur votre compte un certain nombre de suppositions qui, modestie à part, n'étaient pas si maladroites. Les voici d'ailleurs sans ordre:

1° M^r^ Richardson a dû habiter assez longtemps l'Allemagne, sa mère est peut-être Allemande.

2° Il a dû étudier la composition.

3° Il a dû pour cela aller à Leipzig et y travailler la musique, la littérature et la philosophie car ses idées sont parfois anglaises et parfois allemandes.

4° Il a dû être témoin, peut-être acteur, dans une histoire d'amour qui travaillée, amplifiée, modifiée dans son cerveau d'artiste, lui a donné, au moins l'embryon (grain of mustardseed) de son sujet.

5° Si le lecteur lui attribue une part active dans le roman (in the personal tragedy) il y est[801] bien un peu aidé par sa dédicace: à Louise.

Vous voyez que je vous dis tout très sincèrement, mais en échange de ma sincérité je vous demande formellement de ne pas croire que je veuille vous pousser à me dire ce qui ne me regarde nullement. Je ne suis ni indiscret, ni curieux; je vous présente simplement la preuve de l'intérêt que je porte à l'auteur de M.G.

Je vous donnais de trente à trente cinq ans; je ne me trompais pas. On ne fait pas, avant trente ans, un livre comme le vôtre. Vous ne devez pas vous formaliser si je vous parle de l'intérêt que vous m'inspirez. J'ai soixante-quatre ans, je pourrais être votre père très facilement, j'ai été et suis l'ami de beaucoup d'artistes qui comptent, mais laissez-moi vous dire que je suis encore assez jeune d'esprit et d'allure pour jouir de l'amitié d'artistes encore plus jeunes que vous. —Ne me traitez donc pas en personnage vénérable, et si j'ai des illusions, respectez-les. Il suffit, n'est-il pas vrai, que ma traduction n'ait pas l'odeur *de vieux*.

[801] est] a *MS*

Et je conclus en vous félicitant d'avoir tiré de votre cerveau, la graine de moutarde exceptée, un livre si plein de vie, de vérité et de beauté mélancolique.

Mon petit auditoire auquel j'ai lu votre dernier chapitre connaissait les six premiers. De plus, je l'avais mis au courant de ce qui se passe dans l'intervalle. Cela suffisait à peine, mais cela suffisait à la rigueur.

J'ai cru devoir vous donner son opinion relativement à l'épilogue, parce que mon auditoire se composant, non pas d'artistes, mais d'âmes à la fois simples et intelligentes, j'ai pensé qu'elle vous intéresserait, mais je m'attendais à votre réponse. En somme vous avez raison et vous savez ce que vous avez voulu faire. Mais il n'en reste pas moins vrai que c'est dommage, au point de vue de l'effet d'art, d'affaiblir l'impression de la mort de Maurice. Mais comme il serait également malheureux d'enlever la conclusion philosophique, mes âmes simples ont tort.

Et cependant je veux insister sur un point, bien que, dans votre bonne grâce, vous vous en soyez remis à moi pour décider s'il convient de supprimer ou non *the touch of the droschke*. La contre-position que vous avez voulue est simple et à la portée de n'importe lequel de vos lecteurs: un malheureux, victime d'une illusion, tombe sur le chemin de la vie; chacun continue sa route, en passant, sans se soucier de lui, à côté de son corps quand il ne marche pas dessus. Cela c'est l'histoire de tous les jours et chacun la connaît. L'indiquer (selon moi, remarquez bien) est bon, y trop insister est inutile et destructif de l'effet voulu. Croyez bien que Maurice mort, les autres deviennent indifférents. Ah, si vous punissiez Louise et Schilsky, il y aurait une classe de lecteurs qui serait enchantée, mais je suppose que vous ne vous souciez pas de cette classe de lecteurs-là et que vous seriez désolé de leur faire plaisir. —Je reviendrai tout à l'heure sur l'idée que Louise puisse être considérée comme la *protagonista*.

Quels sont donc dans l'épilogue les points qui saisissent et font réfléchir? Le rappel du tableau du commencement, le mariage de Louise, l'opinion sur sa beauté, le *an English chap*, … et le pianiste dégageant la robe de Louise. Sincèrement, le reste fait longueur. Le lecteur s'intéressera à tout le reste, même au triomphe insolent et malpropre de Schilsky. Après, il en aura assez et vous n'avez pas raison si vous lui demandez encore de s'intéresser au droschke, au cocher, à son fouet, à ses chevaux et au pavé de la rue. Voilà ma critique, voilà ma critique, voilà ma critique!

> For I am nothing if not critical.

Je ne comprends pas que quelques uns, parmi vos lecteurs, aient pu prendre Louise pour le personnage principal. Son rôle n'est pas actif, vous n'avez pas voulu pousser sa psychologie qui se dégage seulement des actions subies. En somme c'est un être de destinée fait pour[802] la perte des êtres à imagination maladivement impressionnable comme l'est Maurice. Je la considère comme la femme fatale, non pas celle de convention, mais celle qui est fatalement destinée à faire du mal, même sans le vouloir, en vertu d'un certain charme qui agit sur certaines natures. C'est un agent de dissolution qui est instinctif et qui se multiplie chez les êtres préparés à le recevoir comme M. et le pianiste.

Mais Maurice lui est étudié dans le moindre geste; sa psychologie est complète, définitive depuis le moment de sa naissance jusqu'à celui de sa mort. Et jamais vous

[802] pour] pour pour *MS*

n'auriez eu l'idée d'appeler votre livre: Louise Dufrayer. Donc si il est intéressant de savoir qu'elle a épousé Schilsky, cela n'est pas essentiel.

Je ne l'avais pas vue comme *single lover* et cependant elle est bien cela, en dépit de ses relations avec Krafft et Maurice, car il est vrai qu'une femme peut n'aimer qu'un homme et appartenir à plusieurs.

Maintenant comment avez-vous pu croire un seul instant que j'aie pu considérer le mariage de Louise comme une concession de votre part to British prejudice?!—Non, cent fois non! Et vous ne deviez pas penser cela à cause de l'opinion que vous savez que j'ai de vous et à cause de l'opinion que, je l'espère, vous avez de moi.

Ne prenez pas mon indignation trop au sérieux et gardez-moi une bonne place dans votre sympathie.

Je vous ai envoyé *Cortis* et suis curieux de savoir ce que vous en penserez. Vous me le direz franchement. Je n'ai pas les idées de Fogazzaro et j'aurai la faiblesse d'avouer que je le regrette presque. Les dernières années de la vie aimeraient à être consolées. Mais on fait et on croit ce qu'on peut. En somme mon oreiller est celui de Montaigne, mais j'y dors mal. Pour en revenir à Cortis, je trouve que c'est un beau livre, toute question de croyance à part. Et c'est le livre d'un poète … comme le vôtre d'ailleurs. En cela je ne vous apprends rien, n'est-ce pas?

Plus tard, à vos moments perdus, vous me ferez plaisir en me donnant les thèmes musicaux de mon pauvre Maurice.

Écrivez-moi à la machine si cela vous évite de la fatigue.

Je suis certain que vous n'avez aucune amertume, vous voyez les choses comme elles sont, mais la règle n'est pas générale. Zola a dit: «Je fais des livres et quand ils sont faits je les jette par dessus mon épaule. Lorsqu'il y en aura un tas il faudra bien qu'on s'arrête.» —Travaillez donc: on s'arrêtera avant qu'il y en ait *un tas*.

Très cordialement à vous

P. Solanges

ALS: NLA MS 133/12/216–18

Translation

20 February 1911

Dear Sir, here is the second letter. I would be greatly remorseful at taking advantage of you in this way, especially now that you have returned to work. But it is understood that you will read this one in the train, the cab, the bus, and at a time when, tired of thinking of the new colossus, you have nothing better to do. I am having two days rest after doing eight chapters, and I am gaining the conviction that I will continue to the end if my health does not betray me. So in relation to me, put Aesculapius[803] in the first row of the gods you were invoking the other day.

Taking things as they come, and with your letter in front of me, I want to try to reply to some points, and it will be done with. We both have work to do. Later, we will meet each other and be able to chat at our ease. Besides, the main thing is done: we have begun to get to know each other.

[803] Aesculapius, son of Apollo and the nymph Coronis, Roman god of medicine.

I must above all admit to you that I *provoked* your clarifications by writing: *if novel it be*; and I do not believe you were taken in by my little trick. I had made a certain number of surmises about you which, modesty aside, were not so misplaced. Here they are moreover in no particular order:

1 Mr Richardson must have lived for some time in Germany, his mother is perhaps German.

2 He must have studied composition.

3 For that he must have gone to Leipzig to work at music, literature and philosophy for sometimes his ideas are English and sometimes German.

4 He must have been a witness of, perhaps actor in a love story which, polished, developed and modified in his artist's brain, gave him at least the embryo (grain of mustardseed) of his subject.

5 If the reader attributes to him an active role in the novel (in the personal tragedy), he is not a little helped to that by the dedication: to Louise.

You see that I tell you everything very sincerely, but in exchange for my sincerity I ask you formally not to believe that I would push you to tell me things that are no concern of mine. I am neither indiscreet, nor curious; I am simply presenting you with proof of the interest I have in the author of M.G.

I would have said you were thirty to thirty-five; I was not mistaken. One does not write a book like yours before thirty. You must not take offence if I speak to you of the interest you arouse in me. I am sixty-four, I could very easily be your father, I have been and am a friend to many important artists, but let me tell you that I am still young enough in spirit and in my ways to enjoy the friendship of artists even younger than you. —So do not treat me as a venerable person, and if I have illusions, respect them. It will suffice, surely, if my translation does not have an *old* feel about it.

And I end by congratulating you for drawing from your brain, with the exception of the grain of mustardseed, a book so full of life, truth and melancholy beauty.

My little audience to whom I read your last chapter knew the first six. Moreover, I had acquainted them with what happens in between. It was hardly enough, but just possibly enough.

I felt obliged to give you their opinion about the epilogue; since my audience was composed not of artists but of simple and intelligent souls, I thought it would interest you, but I expected your response. In short you are right and you know what you wanted to do. But it is no less true that it is a shame to weaken the impression of Maurice's death, from the artistic point of view. But as it would be equally unfortunate to remove the philosophical conclusion, my simple souls are wrong.

And yet I want to insist on one point, although, in your good grace, you left it to me to decide whether or not to suppress *the touch of the droschke*. The contraposition you wanted is simple and within reach of any of your readers: an unfortunate victim of an illusion falls by the wayside; everyone continues on, passing beside his body—when they do not walk over it—without worrying about him. That is an everyday story known to everyone. Pointing it out is good (in my opinion, please note), but emphasising it too much is useless and destroys the effect you want. Be assured that once Maurice is dead, the others become immaterial. Ah, if you punished Louise and Schilsky, there would be a class of readers who would be delighted, but I suppose you

do not worry about that class of readers and would be sorry to please them. —I will return to the idea that Louise might be considered the protagonist in a moment.

So what are the points in the epilogue that strike the reader and make him think? The reminder of the opening scene, Louise's marriage, the [onlooker's] opinion of her beauty, the *an English chap*, … and the pianist freeing Louise's cloak. Sincerely, the rest is boring. The reader will be interested in all the rest, even Schilsky's insolent, despicable triumph. After that, he will have had enough and you are not right to ask him to still be interested in the droschke, the driver, his whip, his horses and the pavement. That is my criticism, that is my criticism, that is my criticism!

> For I am nothing if not critical.[804]

I do not understand how some among your readers could have taken Louise for the principal character. Her role is not active, you did not want to emphasise her psychology, which emerges only from actions she undergoes. In short she is a creature of destiny made for the ruin of beings with unhealthily impressionable imaginations like Maurice. I consider her a *femme fatale*, not a conventional one, but one who is inevitably destined to do evil, even involuntarily, by virtue of a certain charm that has an effect on certain personalities. She is an agent of disintegration that is instinctive and multiplies in beings like M. and the pianist that are prepared to receive her.

But Maurice's least gesture is studied; his psychology is complete, definitive from the moment of his birth until his death. And you would never have had the idea of calling your book: Louise Dufrayer. So if it is interesting to know that she married Schilsky, it is not essential.

I had never seen her as a *single lover* and yet she is indeed that, despite her relations with Krafft and Maurice, for it is true that a woman can love only one man and belong to several.

Now how could you have thought for a single moment that I might have considered Louise's marriage as a concession on your part to British prejudice?!—No, a hundred times no! And you should not have thought so, because of the opinion you know I have of you and the opinion I hope you have of me.

Do not take my indignation too seriously and keep me a good place in your sympathies.

I have sent you *Cortis* and am curious to know what you will think of it. Please tell me frankly. I do not share Fogazzaro's ideas and I will have the weakness to admit that I almost regret it. The last years of life would like to be consoled. But one does and believes what one can. In short I share Montaigne's pillow, but I sleep badly on it.[805] To return to Cortis, I find it a very good book, setting aside all question of beliefs. And it is a poet's book … like yours besides. I am not teaching you anything with that, am I?

Later, in your spare time, you would do me a favour if you gave me the musical themes for my poor Maurice.

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[804] *Othello* 2.1.122. The same line is quoted to Fogazzaro in Letter 38 (30 December 1910).

[805] Montaigne, *Essays*, Book 1, ch. 44 "Of Sleeping". Montaigne freely expressed his scepticism, but received the last rites of the Catholic Church.

I am sure you bear no bitterness, you see things as they are, but this is not a general rule. Zola said: "I write books and when they are written I throw them over my shoulder. When there is a pile of them I will have to stop."[806] —So work on: we will stop before there is a *pile* of them.

Very cordially yours

P. Solanges

65. 22 February 1911

22.2.911

Cher Monsieur, je suis désolé de vous savoir encore pris par cette stupide influenza. Gardez le lit, puis la chambre et *soyez d'une prudence exagérée pendant la convalescence*.

Quand je vois le beau temps que nous avons ici et que je pense qu'il vous remettrait tout de suite! Nous avons déjà un commencement de printemps.

Si vraiment vous voulez passer l'hiver prochain hors de Londres, pourquoi ne viendriez-vous pas ici. La mer y est belle, la montagne charmante, le climat excellent. Les hôtels sont *confortables* et *pas chers*. Il y a le voisinage de Gênes qui vous intéresserait beaucoup (nature, monuments, port, musées, magnifiques Van Dyck etc etc). Enfin il y a votre traducteur qui ne vous prendra de votre temps que ce que vous voudrez lui donner. Vous seriez à un quart d'heure de distance de lui. Vous porteriez ici votre colosse et pourriez lui donner vos soins dans la paix et le travail. Méditez cela.

Donnez-moi de vos nouvelles dès que vous irez mieux. Je vous quitte pour Maurice Guest.

À vous bien cordialement

P. Solanges

ALS: NLA MS 133/12/219–20

Translation

22 February 1911

Dear Sir, I am sorry to know that you are again suffering from this stupid influenza. Stay in bed, then in your room and *be excessively careful during your convalescence*.

When I see the fine weather we are having here and think it would make you better at once! We are having the beginning of spring already.

If you truly want to spend next winter out of London, why would you not come here? The sea here is beautiful, the mountains delightful, the climate excellent. The hotels are *comfortable* and *cheap*. Genoa is nearby, and would greatly interest you (nature, buildings, harbour, museums, magnificent Van Dycks etc etc). Finally there is your translator who will take no more of your time than you would wish to give

[806] "A finished work for him is a work which no longer exists. Very rarely happy with the three or four pages he produces every day … he throws the book aside as soon as it appears. If it pleased him to reread it, he would be terrified of uncovering depths of error and feebleness in every line." (Paul Alexis, *Emile Zola: notes d'un ami* (Paris: Charpentier, 1882) 205, qtd in *HHRTL* 1:93).

him. You would be a quarter hour away from him. You would bring your colossus here and could work on it in peace. Think this over.

Give me your news as soon as you are better. I leave you to return to Maurice Guest.

Most cordially yours

P. Solanges

66. 1 March 1911

1er mars 1911

Cher Monsieur

J'ai votre bonne et longue dernière lettre. Merci encore une fois d'avoir compris la nature de l'intérêt qui me pousse à savoir ce qui vous concerne. Je vous connais maintenant comme je désirais vous connaître par sympathie instinctive et aussi pour rendre plus faciles et plus profitables à notre but commun nos rapports littéraires. Grâce à ce que vous me dites la genèse de M.G me devient abordable et ma traduction n'en ira que mieux. Et maintenant travaillons.

En même temps que cette lettre, je mets à la poste le premier chapitre comme manuscrit *recommandé*. Veuillez me le renvoyer avec la même précaution. Je n'ai qu'un brouillon informe et devrais refaire ce chap. s'il se perdait.

Lisez et, je vous en prie encore, faites comme je vous ai prié de faire. En vérité ce chapitre est loin d'être le meilleur parmi ceux qui sont terminés. Il porte la marque de la peine et de l'indécision qui s'attache aux commencements, alors que l'entraînement fait défaut, mais jugez-le, quand même, comme le plus au point auquel je puisse arriver. En agissant ainsi il n'y aura pas de déception, au contraire. J'ai eu la tentation de le refaire encore en partie, j'ai résisté. J'ai compris que le seul résultat serait de prendre des libertés avec le texte et je suis d'avis que j'en ai déjà trop pris, bien que je me sois trouvé forcé de le faire. Or ce n'est pas d'une adaptation, mais d'une traduction qu'il s'agit.

Et quand vous aurez lu, je vous en prie encore une fois, pas de demi-vérité. Laissez de côté quelques valeurs de mots qu'il nous sera toujours facile d'arranger plus tard, mais donnez-moi nettement, sans ambages, votre impression franche. Cela va ou cela ne va pas. Ne craignez pas de me blesser. Ce que je veux avant tout c'est un bon M.G. français. Si je ne suis pas capable de le faire un autre le fera. —Car pour vous dire la[807] vérité, je ne sais plus moi-même que penser de ces premières pages: le matin je les trouve bien, le soir je les trouve infectes. Voilà où j'en suis et voilà pourquoi je n'ai presque rien publié de moi. À un moment donné, je ne sais plus.

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1 Je suis heureux de vous savoir remis de cette seconde attaque d'influenza. Soyez prudent.

2 Non, je n'ai pas fini le chap. VIII mais il est en bonne voie. J'ai fait huit chap. y compris le dernier et bientôt j'en aurai fait neuf.

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807 la] la la *MS*

3 Si c'est pour moi que vous êtes pressé de me voir trouver un éditeur, *ne vous mettez pas en peine*. Plus j'aurai à présenter et mieux cela vaudra. Laissez-moi donc prendre mon temps. Il est possible, quand j'aurai douze ou quatorze chapitres que j'aille à Paris les présenter moi-même. Cela vaudrait mieux. Si cependant, pour une autre raison vous êtes désireux que j'agisse, dites-le-moi et j'agirai.

4 J'ai fait savoir à la dame italienne que la traduction de M.G. n'est pas engagée pour l'Italie. Elle va acheter le livre et le lire, mais à vous dire vrai, je n'ai pas bon espoir. Elle a un peu pris peur rien qu'à entendre parler du *Colosse*. Et souvenez-vous que je ne la connais pas et que je n'ai d'autre idée de sa valeur que celle qui m'a été donnée par l'ami commun. Souvenez-vous aussi que si l'affaire marche je suis à votre disposition, si je puis vous être bon à quelque chose. —Si la dame recule je verrai s'il serait possible de la remplacer par *quelqu'un de bon*.

5° Ce sera avec un plaisir bien grand que je lirai le sketch que vous me promettez.

6° *Broken octaves*. J'ai conservé le double de mon *illustration*, mais je n'ai pas numéroté, si bien que je ne sais lequel des deux exemples est le bon.

7° Je vous enverrai ce bout de photo dans deux ou trois jours, mais vous me le retournerez quand j'en aurai une autre à y substituer. On m'a photographié avec ma femme qui a été horriblement mal traitée.

À vous très cordialement

P. Solanges

Le pauvre Fogazzaro est très malade.

ALS: NLA MS 133/12/221–22

Translation

1 March 1911

Dear Sir

I have your recent good long letter. Thankyou once again for understanding the nature of the interest that drives me to know about you. I know you now as I desired to know you through instinctive affinity and also to make our literary relations easier and more beneficial for our common goal. Thanks to what you tell me the genesis of M.G. becomes accessible to me and my translation will only be the better for it. And now let's work.

At the same time as this letter, I am posting the first chapter as a *registered* manuscript. Please send it back to me using the same precautions. I have only a shapeless draft and would have to do this chapter again if it were lost.

Read it and, I ask you again, do as I have asked you to do. In truth this chapter is far from being the best among those that are finished. It bears the mark of the difficulty and indecision associated with beginnings, when training is lacking, but judge it, nevertheless, as the best I can come up with. By acting thus you will not be disappointed, on the contrary. I was tempted to partly rewrite it again, but I resisted. I realised the only result would be to take liberties with the text and I am of the opinion that I have already taken too many, although I found myself forced to do so. We are dealing not with an adaptation, but a translation.

And when you have read it, I ask you again, no half-truths. Leave aside the meanings of words that we can easily settle later, but give me your frank impression clearly, in plain language. It is all right or it is not all right. Don't be afraid of hurting my feelings. What I want above all is a good French M.G. If I am incapable of doing it someone else will do it. —For to tell you the truth, I no longer know myself what to think of these first pages: in the morning I think they are good, in the evening I think they are awful. That is where I have got to and that is why I have published almost nothing of my own.[808] At a given moment, I lose my bearings.

———————

1 I am happy to know you have recovered from this second attack of influenza. Be careful.

2 No, I have not finished Chapter VIII but it is well on the way. I have done eight chapters including the last and soon I will have done nine.

3 If it is for my sake that you are in a hurry to see me find a publisher, *do not trouble yourself*. The more text I have ready to present, the better it will be. So let me take my time. When I have twelve or fourteen chapters, it is possible I will go to Paris to present them myself. That would be better. However, if there is another reason why you wish me to act, tell me and I will act.

4 I have let the Italian lady know that there is no commitment for an Italian translation of M.G. She is going to buy the book and read it, but to tell you the truth, I am not very hopeful. She almost took fright just on hearing of the *Colossus*. And remember that I do not know her and have no idea of her worth other than what our mutual friend has told me. Remember also that if the deal works, I am at your disposal, if I can be of any use. —If the lady backs out I will see if it would be possible to replace her with *someone good*.

5 It would be a very great pleasure for me to read the sketch you promise me.

6 *Broken octaves*. I kept a duplicate of my *illustration*, but I did not number it, so I do not know which is the right example.

7 I will send you this scrap of a photo in two or three days, but you will return it to me when I have another to substitute for it. I was photographed with my wife, whom the camera has horribly mistreated.

Very cordially yours

P. Solanges

Poor Fogazzaro is very sick.

67. Notes on I.8, 1 March 1911

Chap. VIII

Page 97. *Past and Present*—Qu'est-ce que c'est? À quel pays appartient le livre? Essays By Carlyle. I do not know if it has ever been translated into French.

[808] See the section in *La séance* in Chapter 5, and the year 1881 in Appendix I.

~~Page 98 *M. was nothing loath to have the meeting with her over*. —Cela veut-il dire que M n'était pas fâché de s'assurer la compagnie de Madeleine afin de n'être pas seul avec Dove qui le *rase*?~~ J'ai compris. M. n'est pas fâché de faire oublier à Madeleine leur dernière entrevue.	Yes.
Page 98 *the leading motives on which the Walküre*. Ce sont les *leitmotive*. Avez-vous une objection à ce que je le mette en allemand. Le mot *leitmotiv*, au pluriel *leitmotive*, est dans les dictionnaires français: il fait maintenant partie de la langue.	Leitmotive. Keep the German word.
Qu'entendez-vous, quand vous parlez de Dove, par *good nature* et *good natured*? Le dictionnaire dit seulement *bonne nature*. Mais ce n'est pas cela.	Not easily put out of temper, & kind & obliging as well. Bonhomie?
Page 98—*Ensemblespiel*. Qu'est-ce que c'est? (Aujourd'hui je suis très ignorant). En français faut-il dire *l'Ensemblespiel*, ou Ensemblespiel sans article? *De venir l'entendre dans Ensemblespiel*—cela me semble bizarre.	The accompanying of the piano by stringed instruments. In this case, a class in which pianists had the opportunity of playing with strings.
Page 100—*in which he heard all manners of impossible things*. Je comprends mais ne puis rendre cela. Pouvez-vous me donner un équivalent?	His own lively imagination read impossible meanings into the tones of her voice.
Page 100—*She had a low voice*. Cela veut-il dire qu'elle avait la voix profonde ou qu'elle parlait presque à voix basse?	What the Germans call a "dunkle" Stimme. Opposed to a high clear one. The "low" refers to the timbre.

AMS: NLA MS 133/12/548

Translation

Chapter VIII[809]

Page 97. *Past and Present*—What is this? To what country does the book belong?	Essays By Carlyle.[810] I do not know if it has ever been translated into French.

[809] Solanges No. 27. Probably sent to HHR on 1 March 1911, and returned by her on 13 March (letter = Solanges No. 27 [duplicate no.].

~~Page 98 *M. was nothing loath to have the meeting with her over*. — Does this mean M. was not sorry to be assured of Madeleine's company so as not to be alone with Dove who bores him stiff?~~ I have understood. M. is not sorry to make Madeleine forget their last meeting.

Yes.

Page 98 *the leading motives on which the Walküre*. These are the *leitmotive*. Have you any objection to my putting it in German. The word *leitmotiv*, plural *leitmotive*, is in French dictionaries: it is now part of the language.

Leitmotive. Keep the German word.

When you speak of Dove, what do you mean by *good nature* and *good natured*? The dictionary says only *bonne nature*. But it is not that.

Not easily put out of temper, & kind & obliging as well. Bonhomie?

Page 98—*Ensemblespiel*. What is this? (Today I am very ignorant). Must I say *l'Ensemblespiel* in French, or Ensemblespiel without the article? *De venir l'entendre dans Ensemblespiel*—it strikes me as bizarre.

The accompanying of the piano by stringed instruments. In this case, a class in which pianists had the opportunity of playing with strings.

Page 100—*in which he heard all manners of impossible things*. I understand but cannot translate this. Can you give me an equivalent?

His own lively imagination read impossible meanings into the tones of her voice.

Page 100—*She had a low voice*. Does this mean she had a deep voice or that she was speaking almost in a low voice?

What the Germans call a "dunkle" Stimme. Opposed to a high clear one. The "low" refers to the timbre.

68. 6 March 1911

6 mars 1911

Cher Monsieur, je n'en finis pas avec ce sacré chapitre VIII. *It gave me the deuce of a bother*. J'espère que vous aurez reçu le manuscrit.

Voici la photo, que vous me rendrez contre une autre meilleure. Vous avez ma femme into the bargain. Je veux seulement que vous fassiez pour le moment la connaissance de votre *traditore*.

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[810] *Past and present*, by Thomas Carlyle (1795–1881), was first published in 1843.

Pour la *ténor tuba* et la *bass-tuba* dites-moi bien s'il n'y a pas d'altération. Est-ce si ou si bémol?

La bass tuba doit être l'instrument de Fafner?

L'œil était manqué dans la photographie; je l'ai refait au crayon.

Si vous étiez plus *insulaire* vous seriez flatté de voir *The last change* [*Paris*] au dessus de ma tête.

Je me remets au chap. VIII qui sera fini dans deux jours. Ach du lieber Gott!

For God's sake dont imagine that I speak German.

Cordialement à vous.

P. Solanges

Je voudrais bien une photo de vous qui ne soit pas celle d'un portrait.

ALS: NLA MS 133/12/223–24

Translation

6 March 1911

Dear Sir, there is no end to this damned Chapter VIII. *It gave me the deuce of a bother*. I hope you have received the manuscript.

Here is the photo, which you will send back to me in return for a better one. You have my wife into the bargain. For the moment I only want you to make the acquaintance of your *traditore*.[811]

For the *tenor tuba* and the *bass tuba*, tell me if there is any change. Is it B or B flat?

The bass tuba must be Fafner's instrument?[812]

The eye was missing from the photograph, I have touched it up with a pencil.

If you were more *insular* you would be flattered to see *The last change* [*Paris*][813] above my head.

I am returning to Chapter VIII which will be finished in two days. Ach du lieber Gott![814]

For God's sake don't imagine that I speak German.

Cordially yours

P. Solanges

I would quite like a photo of you that is not a portrait.

69. Notes on I.8, 6 March 1911

[811] An allusion to the Italian saying *"traduttore, traditore"* (translator, traitor).

[812] *MG* 104. Solanges is clarifying a query in the Note that accompanied this letter: see Notes on I.8 below. In Wagner's opera *Siegfried*, the motif of the dragon Fafner is played on the bass tuba.

[813] The last word is difficult to decipher: I have adopted Dorothy Green's reading (MS 133, Series 12, Folder 13); Solanges is presumably referring to an English (?) painting on his wall.

[814] These four words are in Gothic script: oh good God! (German).

Chap. VIII

P 105. *And can't expect to escape a Kater* Je ne comprends pas. Un *Kater*, en allemand, c'est un chat (un matou). Veuillez m'expliquer bien clairement; il doit y avoir là une chose un peu délicate.	"Kater" is German students' slang for the condition in which one wakes next day to find oneself, after excess of any kind.
Page 104 *Tenor tuba—Bass tuba*. Sont-ce le saxophone-ténor et le saxophone-basse en si et en fa? Croyez-vous nécessaire que j'écrive à Paris à un musicien pour le savoir? J'ai Romain Rolland à pouvoir consulter.	I think it would be best to consult a French musician about this.
Note Cela vous serait-il indifférent de donner à Schilsky un autre nom qu'Eugène. En français c'est un nom vulgaire et peu sympathique. Si oui ni Ernest, ni Arthur ni Joseph—Jean?	But Schilsky was a common person—his father "a smith in Warsaw." Does that not justify the common name?

AMS: NLA MS 133/12/550

Translation

Chapter VIII[815]

P 105. *And can't expect to escape a Kater* I do not understand. A *Kater*, in German, is a cat (a tomcat). Please explain to me clearly; there must be something a little delicate here.	"Kater" is German students' slang for the condition in which one wakes next day to find oneself, after excess of any kind.
Page 104 *Tenor tuba—Bass tuba*. Are these the tenor saxophone and bass saxophone in B and in F? Do you think it necessary for me to write to a musician in Paris to find out? I could consult Romain Rolland.[816]	I think it would be best to consult a French musician about this.

[815] VIII] VII *MS*. Solanges No. 28. Probably sent to HHR on 6 March 1911, and returned by her on 13 March (letter = Solanges No. 27). Solanges replies to her point about Schilsky in his letter of 16 March.

[816] Romain Rolland (1866–1944), writer, musicologist, pacifist. Rolland had become professor of the history of music at the Sorbonne in 1910, but resigned in 1912 to devote himself entirely to writing. He had published lives of Beethoven (1903), Michelangelo (1905) and Tolstoy (1911), as well as the first volumes of *Jean-Christophe* (see later references, especially at 17 October 1911).

Note

Would it matter to you to give Schilsky a different name than Eugene. In French it is a vulgar name that arouses no sympathy.
If so neither Ernest, nor Arthur nor Joseph—John?

But Schilsky was a common person—his father "a smith in Warsaw." Does that not justify the common name?

70. 11 March 1911

Multedo 11 mars 1911

Cher Monsieur, votre bonne dernière lettre m'a fait le plus grand plaisir. Je vous remercie cordialement, sans phrases, de tout ce que vous me dites d'aimable à propos de *Maurice Guest* et aussi à propos de *Daniel Cortis*. Je vais donc continuer mon travail avec le cœur plus tranquille afin d'arriver peu à peu au bout de ma tâche.

Maintenant je vais vous redire encore ce que je vous ai dit déjà, avec l'espoir de vous convaincre définitivement et aussi pour qu'il n'en soit plus question entre nous.

Quand M.G. m'est tombé dans les mains je m'étais déclaré à moi-même que l'heure du repos était venue pour moi. Après onze ans de vie militaire, trente ans de direction de grandes usines, le tout entremêlé de travaux littéraires, je trouvais que j'avais assez travaillé. Dégoûté du climat de Milan et fatigué de la vie que je menais à cause de relations assez nombreuses, j'ai résolu—ma femme et ma fille n'ayant aucun goût pour la vie du monde—de venir m'installer dans ce beau pays que nous connaissions et aimions déjà. Je vous dirai aussi que j'ai fait à ma fille, née en Italie, le sacrifice de ne pas retourner à Paris, mon pays natal. Nous vivons ici très satisfaits de notre sort modeste et tranquille, mais … je dois avouer qu'après tant d'activité, l'inaction absolue me pesait. On ne peut pas toujours battre la montagne et mes jambes se font vieilles. Cet été, j'ai lu M.G., j'ai eu la passion de votre livre et je vous ai écrit pour la traduction. —Une traduction est ce qui me va le mieux, car je suis trop vieux pour tenter encore de moudre de la farine avec mon grain. Votre autorisation m'a donc été, de votre part, un véritable service rendu et vous ne devez plus me parler de dépense peut-être inutile de force et d'énergie.

Je ne vous demande qu'une chose: j'ai pris avec vous l'engagement de finir en deux ans et j'ai la conviction que si ma santé, qui est bonne, ne me trahit pas, j'arriverai tranquillement au bout de ma tâche. Mais comme, chez moi, on s'inquiète quand je travaille un peu trop assidûment et que mon médecin me recommande de ne pas abuser, je viens vous prier d'avoir patience si au lieu de deux ans—à dater je crois d'octobre 1910—j'ai besoin de deux ou trois mois de plus. Cela n'arrivera pas, je l'espère, mais si vous me répondez affirmativement, cela me tranquillisera et me permettra de travailler sans trop de nerfs.

Et venons à votre lettre. Je ferai au premier chapitre toutes les corrections que vous m'indiquez et auxquelles je m'attendais. Je suis sûr de pouvoir le faire, sauf pour un ou deux cas sans importance que nous discuterons ensemble plus tard. La genèse des changements qui semblent inexplicables est curieuse.

It is an interesting example of Solanges's up-to-dateness with Parisian circles that he either knows Rolland or is apparently ready to approach him.

Prenons bright—aveuglant—pour le rayonnement du soleil. —Il y a plus haut: Le soleil *brillait* d'un *éclat* très vif; je ne pouvais plus mettre ni *brillant* ni *éclatant*; j'ai mis aveuglant. Après votre observation j'ai substitué *lumineux* etc, etc.

Le pauvre et excellent Fogazzaro est mort. Cela m'a fait une vraie peine. —Oggi a te, domani a me—

Vous aurez reçu ma photographie provisoire. —J'en voudrais une de vous du même genre, prise à l'improviste.

Et maintenant je m'arrête, je suis un vieux bavard. Travaillez et ne m'écrivez que quand cela sera nécessaire.

Très cordialement à vous.

P. Solanges

Je crois vous l'avoir dit: je médite d'aller moi-même à Paris chercher notre éditeur.

ALS: NLA MS 133/12/225–26

Translation

Multedo 11 March 1911

Dear Sir, your last kind letter gave me the greatest pleasure. I thank you cordially, without flowery language, for all the kind things you tell me about *Maurice Guest* and also about *Daniel Cortis*. So I will continue my work with a more peaceful heart in order to gradually reach the end of my task.

Now I am going to say again what I have already told you, in the hope of convincing you once and for all and also so that the question does not arise between us again.

When M.G. fell into my hands I had declared to myself that the time for rest had finally come for me. After eleven years in the military, thirty years of management of large factories, all of it interspersed with literary works, I found that I had done enough work. Having had enough of Milan's climate, and being tired of the life I led there because of my quite numerous acquaintances, I decided to move to this beautiful region that we already knew and loved, since my wife and daughter have no inclination to society life. I will tell you also that for the sake of my daughter, who was born in Italy, I made the sacrifice of not returning to Paris, my native region. We live here very happy with our modest, peaceful lot, but … I must tell you that after so much activity, absolute inactivity was weighing on me. One cannot always be scouring the mountains and my legs are getting old. This summer I read M.G., fell in love with your book and wrote to you about the translation. —A translation suits me best, for I am too old now to try to mill flour from my grain. So your authorisation was a real service rendered to me on your part and you must speak no more to me of possibly useless expense of strength and energy.

I ask only one thing of you: I have undertaken with you to finish in two years and I am convinced that if my health, which is good, does not betray me, I will quietly reach the end of my task. But as people get worried here when I work a little too hard and as my doctor advises me not to overdo it, I would ask you to be patient if instead of two years—counting from October 1910, I believe—I need two or three months longer. It will not happen, I hope, but if you reply in the affirmative, it will set me at ease and allow me to work without too much nervousness.

And now we come to your letter. I will make all the corrections you point out to me in the first chapter, which I was expecting. I am sure I can do it, except for one or two minor cases that we will discuss together later. The reason for the seemingly inexplicable changes is curious.

Let's take bright—aveuglant—for the sun's radiance. —Just above it I have: Le soleil *brillait* d'un *éclat* très vif; I could no longer put either *brillant* or *éclatant*; I put aveuglant. After your observation I have substituted *lumineux* etc, etc.

Poor Fogazzaro has died, the good fellow. I was truly sorry. —Oggi a te, domani a me—[817]

You will have received my temporary photograph. I would like one of you in the same style, caught unawares.

And now I will stop, I am an old chatterbox. Keep on working and write only when necessary.

Very cordially yours.

P. Solanges

I believe I have told you: I am considering going to Paris myself to find our publisher.

71. 16 March 1911

Pegli Ligure – Multedo
Villa Negrone

16 mars 1911

Cher Monsieur, mille remerciements pour votre aimable lettre et pour votre flatteuse appréciation de ma vieille personne. Ne croyez pas—psychologue que vous êtes!—que je me sois vieilli à plaisir dans mes lettres pour contredire ensuite votre opinion avec un bout de photographie. I can assure you that I was not *fishing*.

Il y a deux ans encore, je me sentais trente ans, et mon activité m'y autorisait: depuis deux ans il m'est tombé comme un poids sur les épaules et j'ai senti mon âge: juste punition de l'avoir trop longtemps oublié! Mais enfin j'accepte l'augure et ne demande pas mieux que de traduire encore *quelques volumes* de vous.

En attendant occupons-nous de Maurice Guest.

Votre observation relative au nom d'Eugène est juste, et ce n'est pas au point de vue que vous envisagez que je vous priais de le changer.

Vous savez comme en France le ridicule s'attache à de certaines choses, sans qu'il y ait une raison pour le justifier. Et quand une chose est ridicule, les Français rient et quand ils rient ils cessent immédiatement d'être intéressés, si bien qu'on rate l'effet qu'on veut produire.

Vous vous êtes servi du nom de *Joseph* dans la bouche de Schilsky pour ridiculiser Krafft, c'est un effet sinon analogue, du moins de la même famille qu'on produit avec le nom d'Eugène, de façon que le lecteur en voyant ce nom perd toute sympathie pour le chagrin de Louise. Sur cent personnes qui vous liront quatre vingt dix penseront à cette chanson idiote de café concert qui a traîné six mois par les rues:

[817] My day will come; literally 'you today, me tomorrow' (Italian).

Ugène Ugène
Tu m'fais languir
Ous qu'y a d'la gêne
Y a pas d'plaisir

Je suis parisien et je sens terriblement cette note du ridicule; mon soin est de l'éviter quand je le puis et jusqu'à l'exagération, mais il vaut mieux abonder qu'être en défaut.

Après cela, si vous éprouvez trop d'ennui à changer le nom de Schilsky nous le mettrons. —Vous avez appelé Krafft Heinrich ne pourrait-on appeler Schilsky Wilhelm en allemand aussi? Décidez. La réponse ne presse pas. Je vous fais trop écrire. Vous me direz votre décision quand vous me renverrez les prochaines notes pour le chapitre IX qui va son train.

Un homme de 65 ans qui fait des livres et qui en fait plusieurs en cinq ans! Il doit y avoir quelque chose là-dessous. Et vous ne me dites pas son nom. Veuillez réparer cet oubli, je vous en prie. Je veux lire au moins un volume de cet être phénoménal pendant le peu de moments de loisirs que vous me laissez.

J'irai, dans une quinzaine de jours, passer un mois chez des amis qui vivent à la campagne en Lombardie. Naturellement Maurice sera du voyage. Je vous enverrai mon adresse en temps utile.

Je vous quitte pour aller au Nouveau Théâtre entendre la Walküre. À ce propos, je suis curieux de savoir si j'ai bien compris la plaisanterie de Dickensey à propos de Siegmund. Je vous en parlerai dans les prochaines notes.

Merci encore pour la bouteille d'eau de Jouvence que vous m'envoyez et très cordialement à vous.

P. Solanges

Ma femme vous remercie de vos aimables compliments. Ici tout mon monde s'occupe de M.G. et s'intéresse à son auteur.

ALS: NLA MS 133/12/227–28

Translation

16 March 1911

Dear Sir, a thousand thanks for your kind letter and for your flattering appraisal of my old self. Do not believe—psychologist that you are!—that I made myself older when it suited me in my letters in order then to contradict your opinion with a bit of a photograph. I can assure you that I was not *fishing*.

Even two years ago, I felt thirty years old, and my activities justified my doing so: in the last two years it is as if a weight has fallen on my shoulders and I have felt my age: fair punishment for forgetting it for too long! But in the end I would like to believe it and ask no better than to translate *a few more volumes* by you.

Meanwhile let's get busy with Maurice Guest.

Your observation about the name Eugene is fair, but I did not ask you to change it for the reason that you envisage.

You know how ridicule becomes associated with certain things in France, without there being any reason to justify it. And when a thing is ridiculous, the French laugh

and when they laugh they immediately cease to be interested, so that the effect you wish to produce is spoiled.

You put the name *Joseph* into Schilsky's mouth to make a fool of Krafft, and if the effect produced by the name Eugene is not analogous, it is at least of the same family, so that when the reader sees this name he loses all sympathy for Louise's distress. Of a hundred persons who read you, ninety will think of this silly concert-café song that hung about the streets for six months:

> Ugène Ugène
> You make me languish
> Wherever there is embarrassment
> There is no pleasure

I am from Paris and I am terribly sensitive to this note of ridicule; my concern is to avoid it when I can, even to the point of exaggeration, but it is better to do too much than too little.

After this, if you find it too troublesome to change Schilsky's name, we will put it in. —You called Krafft Heinrich, could we not call Schilsky Wilhelm in German as well? Make a decision. The answer is not urgent. I make you write too much. Tell me your decision when you send back the next notes for Chapter IX which is coming along.

A 65-year-old who writes books and has written several in five years! There must be something behind that. And you do not tell me his name. Please repair this omission, I beg you. I want to read at least one volume by this phenomenal being during the few leisure moments you leave me.

In a fortnight I will be going to spend a month with friends who live in the country in Lombardy. Of course Maurice will be in the party. I will send you my address in due course.

I am off to hear the Walküre at the New Theatre. On this subject, I am curious to know if I have quite understood Dickensey's joke about Siegmund. I will speak to you of it in the next notes.

Thank you again for the drink from the Fountain of Youth that you sent me, and very cordially yours.

P. Solanges

My wife thanks you for your kind compliments.[818] Everyone here is attentive to M.G. and interested in its author.

72. 24 March 1911

Pegli Ligure – Multedo
Villa Negrone

24 mars 1911[819]

Cher Monsieur

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[818] HHR, in thanking Solanges for the portrait that also shows Madame Solanges, had been careful to ensure that Solanges's wife was included in the discourse.

[819] 1911] 1910 *MS*

Merci pour votre bonne dernière lettre. Je veux espérer que je n'aurai pas à profiter de la prolongation que vous me donnez.

Le neuvième chap. est fini ou à peu près. Cela fait *10* avec le dernier. Je pars dans deux jours et resterai dehors un mois ou cinq semaines. Naturellement j'emporte mon travail. Je vais à la campagne, chez des amis qui me laissent libre de mon temps.

Je vous écrirai de là. En tout cas voici mon adresse:

Presso Donna Mina Sala Trotti

Villa Sala

Olgiate Molgora—Prov[inci]a di Como.

Ci-joint mes dernières notes. —Bon courage pour votre travail et très cordialement à vous.

P. Solanges

ALS: NLA MS 133/12/229–30

Translation

24 March 1911

Dear Sir

Thank you for your last kind letter. I will hope not to have to take advantage of the extra time you have given me.

The ninth chapter is finished or almost so. That makes *10* with the last. I leave in two days and will stay away for a month or five weeks. Naturally I am taking my work with me. I am going to the country, to friends who leave my time up to me.

I will write to you from there. In any case here is my address:

c/o Lady Mina Sala Trotti

Villa Sala

Olgiate Molgora—Province of Como

Enclosed are my latest notes. —All the best for your work and very cordially yours.

P. Solanges

73. Notes on I.9, 24 March 1911

Chap. IX

Page 111. *Plaid dresses*. Robes à carreaux écossais?	Yes.
Je voudrais savoir:	
1° Si le *Parquet* se trouve de suite après l'orchestre des musiciens.	Yes.
2° Si le Parquet représente les meilleures places (en fait de stalles) et les plus chères.	As far as I remember, the best places in the New Theatre in Leipzig were those in the Grand Circle (the Erster Rang); then

	came those in the parquet.
Pag[e] 111 *Dove having eaten a ham roll*. Est-ce du jambon roulé dans du pain ou un[820] sandwich?	A ham-roll = belegtes Brödchen; that is to say a "petit pain" cut through, with a slice of ham in it. Not a sandwich as we understand it.
Page 110—*Stuff curtains*—Drap ou velours?	Stuff curtains—"drap".
Page 110—*Bordered with a runic scroll*. Est-ce bien un enroulement (motif d'ornement) à caractères (lettres ou signes) runiques?	Yes.
Page 113—ligne 7—Dickensey—*attend a performance etc etc*—Je crois comprendre, grâce à mon dictionnaire de slang où je trouve: *to perform. To carry out a design (generally a dishonest one)*. Cela voudrait donc dire: Siegmund n'arriverait pas *à ses fins* (avec Sieglinde) tant que la porte serait ouverte etc etc—Est-ce[821] bien cela? Je ne voudrais pas me tromper.	No, no double meaning is contained here. Dickensey bets Maurice that he (Maurice) will never see the "Walküre" performed in this theatre without some hitch or other: either the doors of Hunding's house would be late in opening, or the mechanism that lights up the sword fail to act at the precise moment. I think it is my "he" that has misled you: it refers to Maurice, not to Siegmund.
Page 117—*this ... evening came to an end to the more human strains of the Feuerzauber*. Que veut dire exactement strains? essor de la musique ou harmonies? …	"Strains" is only a synonym for music.
L'opinion que vous exprimez sur le *colloquy between Br. et Wot*. est-elle celle de Maurice? Je le crois, mais permettez-moi de vous faire remarquer qu'on pourrait, peut-être, la considérer comme l'opinion de l'auteur. Cela naturellement pour ceux qui n'auraient pas su se bien rendre compte de l'objectivité de votre manière.	Yes, it is that of Maurice. Several readers have fallen into traps of this kind, set for them in various parts of the book; but that is not my affair: so much the worse for them, say I!
Page 119—ligne 16—*unreproved*—Je ne comprends pas bien. Qui pouvait lui reprocher les regards qu'il envoyait à Louise? Elle? mais ces regards étaient furtifs. —Madeleine? …	Had Louise suddenly wakened up to the fact that M. was staring at her, she would have instantly "reproved" him, if only by a look. An English woman is quick to resent a man's stare.

[820] un] une *MS*
[821] Est-ce] Est *MS*

Note—Je comprends que je ne devrais pas sortir de mon rôle, mon affection pour votre œuvre doit me servir d'excuse et je sais que vous comprenez que je me borne à vous soumettre une chose qui me frappe.

Page 122 *Maurice felt that he ought to refuse; it was late*—Pourquoi M. sent-il qu'il doit refuser? Est-ce parce que Louise l'a bousculé? Mais ses derniers mots ont été pour lui offrir encore son dévouement. Et puis l'idée de connaître l'intérieur de Louise! À moins que la pensée de Schilsky ne vienne combattre le désir qu'il doit avoir. Alors ne serait-il pas bien d'y faire allusion?

Il me semble que le motif: *it was late* n'a pas de valeur. Si c'est pour le temps perdu pour le travail, M. n'en est déjà plus là; il en a déjà perdu beaucoup, *pour moins*. Si c'est parce que l'heure n'est pas convenable, la présence de Mad. sauve tout. —Une autre petite remarque: si Mad. veut monter chez Louise, Maur. ne peut la laisser seule. Autrement dit il appartient à Mad. qu'il doit reconduire chez elle. —Prenez tout cela pour ce que cela peut valoir. Je vous l'ai dit parce que dans votre livre tous les mots sont pesés et que le lecteur qui le sent leur donne à tous leur importance.

Chap. IX[822]

Page 123—*her smile was radiant and infectious*	Infectious here only means "ansteckend"—in the sense that those who saw it were "infected" by it, & had to laugh, too.
Infectious? Je crois comprendre l'idée, mais ne sais comment la rendre. C'est un sourire d'une nature malsaine n'est-ce pas? Un sourire produit par une évocation amoureuse?	contagieux[823]
Peut-être: *son sourire était radieux mais d'une nature malsaine*.	
To tell the truth it gives me no great satisfaction.	l'heure ne lui semblait pas convenable

AMS: NLA MS 133/12/551–52

Translation

Chapter IX[824]

Page 111. *Plaid dresses*. Dresses with Scottish check?	Yes.
I would like to know:	
1° If the *Parquet* is immediately after the orchestral pit.	Yes.
2° If the Parquet represents the best places (by way of stalls) and the dearest.	As far as I remember, the best places in the New Theatre in Leipzig were those in the Grand Circle (the Erster Rang); then

[822] Beginning of a second leaf.
[823] This and the following line are subsequent annotations by Solanges.
[824] Solanges No. 30. Sent to HHR on 24 March 1911, returned by her on 30 March (letter = Solanges No. 31).

came those in the parquet.

Pag[e] 111 *Dove having eaten a ham roll*. Is this ham rolled in bread or a sandwich?

A ham-roll = belegtes Brödchen; that is to say a "petit pain" cut through, with a slice of ham in it. Not a sandwich as we understand it.

Page 110—*Stuff curtains*—Cloth [drap] or velvet?

Stuff curtains—"drap".

Page 110—*Bordered with a runic scroll*. Is this a scroll (ornamental design) with runic characters (letters or signs)?

Yes.

Page 113—line 7—Dickensey—*attend a performance etc etc*—I believe I understand, thanks to my slang dictionary where I find: *to perform. To carry out a design (generally a dishonest one)*.
So that would mean: Siegmund would not achieve *his aim* (with Sieglinde) as long as the door was open etc etc—Is it that? I would not like to make a mistake.

No, no double meaning is contained here. Dickensey bets Maurice that he (Maurice) will never see the "Walküre" performed in this theatre without some hitch or other: either the doors of Hunding's house would be late in opening, or the mechanism that lights up the sword fail to act at the precise moment. I think it is my "he" that has misled you: it refers to Maurice, not to Siegmund.

Page 117—*this ... evening came to an end to the more human strains of the Feuerzauber*. What exactly does strains mean? the swell of the music or harmonies? …

"Strains" is only a synonym for music.

Is the opinion you express on the *colloquy between Br. et Wot*. Maurice's? I believe so, but allow me to point out to you that one could perhaps consider it to be the author's opinion. This of course for those who have not quite realised the objectivity of your style.

Yes, it is that of Maurice. Several readers have fallen into traps of this kind, set for them in various parts of the book; but that is not my affair: so much the worse for them, say I!

Page 119—line 16—*unreproved*—I do not quite understand. Who could reproach him for his glances at Louise? She? but these were stealthy glances. — Madeleine? …

Had Louise suddenly wakened up to the fact that M. was staring at her, she would have instantly "reproved" him, if only by a look. An English woman is quick to resent a man's stare.

Note—I understand that I should not exceed my role, my affection for your work must serve as my excuse and I know you understand that I restrict myself to submitting to you something that strikes me.

Page 122 *Maurice felt that he ought to refuse; it was late*—Why does M. feel he must refuse? Is it because Louise has upset him? But his last words were to offer her again his devotion. And then the idea of seeing inside Louise's apartment! Unless the

thought of Schilsky counteracts the wish he must have. Should one not then allude to it?

I think the motive: *it was late* has no value. If it is for loss of work time, M. is already beyond that; he has already lost a lot, *for less*. If it is because it is not an appropriate time, Madeleine's presence redeems that. —Another little remark: if Mad. wants to go up to Louise's, Maur. cannot leave her alone. In other words he belongs to Mad., whom he has to accompany home. —Take all this for what it is worth. I have told you because all the words in your book are deliberate and the reader who senses this gives all of them their due importance.

Chapter IX

Page 123—*her smile was radiant and infectious*
Infectious? I believe I understand the idea, but do not know how to put it. It's an unhealthy sort of smile, is it not? A smile produced by an amorous idea?
Perhaps: *son sourire était radieux mais d'une nature malsaine*.
To tell the truth it gives me no great satisfaction.

Infectious here only means "ansteckend"—in the sense that those who saw it were "infected" by it, & had to laugh, too.

contagieux

l'heure ne lui semblait pas convenable

74. 29 March 1911

Olgiate Molgora 29.3.911

With kindest regards from both M.G. and I.

P. Solanges

The view behind the villa

APCS (View: Villa Sala, Olgiate Molgora): NLA MS 133/12/231

75. 2 April 1911

Pegli Ligure – Multedo
Villa Negrone

Olgiate Molgora, 2 avril 1911

Cher Monsieur, j'ai votre bonne lettre du 30 mars; merci pour les éclaircissements. Me voici installé ici. Jusqu'à présent je n'ai pas travaillé beaucoup, mais j'ai travaillé. Avec la semaine qui commence je vais m'y mettre sérieusement et j'espère pouvoir vous parler bientôt du chapitre X.

Oui, vos explications sont très claires et les modifications faciles à introduire.

Ce qui m'a induit en erreur relativement à Dickensey c'est d'avoir donné une valeur à côté à son cynisme. Je voulais absolument lui faire dire quelque chose de

gros, et,—puissance de l'imagination!—j'ai fini par comprendre dans votre texte ce que vous n'aviez aucune intention d'y mettre. J'en suis demeuré un peu déconfit.

Pour ce qui concerne *it was late*, comme pour ce qui concerne le *colloquy between Brünh[ilde] and Wotan*, permettez-moi encore une petite observation.

Ces deux passages sont l'expression de la pensée de Maurice et cela va bien. Mille fois dans le cours du livre vous donnez ainsi, sans en prévenir le lecteur la pensée d'un personnage. C'est un procédé moderne qui est très efficace car il conduit celui qui lit à s'identifier avec celui qui pense.

Seulement vous avez ordinairement une façon de vous servir du procédé, qui ne demande au lecteur qu'un effort relativement léger; il se dit: Ah oui, très bien, c'est Maurice, c'est Louise qui pense ainsi et il va de l'avant satisfait. Pourquoi faire exception dans ces deux passages? On dirait que cela vous amuse de les voir *fall into traps of this kind*. Des lecteurs inintelligents, vous ne devez pas vous soucier, et je ne vois pas quel plaisir vous trouvez à mettre les autres—ceux qui sont vos amis—dans l'embarras, dans le doute.

J'espère que vous êtes persuadé que j'ai compris votre manière, depuis cinq mois que je vis avec votre livre. J'ose dire que, si j'ai douté, il doit y avoir un peu de votre faute. Pour *it was late*, je voudrais dire: l'heure lui semblait tardive pour une visite. Bien des fois vous vous êtes servi de cette forme; elle ne fait qu'établir un peu plus nettement l'impression du personnage.

Relativement à Maurice et à Louise, je me les représente *bien tels que vous les avez conçus*.

Encore une des choses qui me fait insister sur la nécessité de ne pas laisser de doutes au lecteur, c'est que, pour qui lit l'original, il est évident que vous avez *voulu* ce que vous avez fait. Celui qui lira la traduction aura vite fait d'attribuer au traducteur, et à son manque de compréhension du texte, tout ce qui ne lui paraîtra pas parfaitement clair.

Ah comme j'aimerais discuter toutes ces choses-là de vive-voix avec vous. C'est bien dommage pour moi que ce plaisir-là me soit refusé.

La dame qui m'a fait parler pour la traduction italienne a dû faire venir le livre et doit être en train de le lire. Pour être sincère je ne crois pas que l'affaire se fasse, car son éditeur ne sait pas bien lui-même ce qu'il veut et je doute qu'elle ait assez de loisirs pour venir au bout du colosse.

Dans la maison amie qui me donne en ce moment l'hospitalité se trouve un jeune homme d'environ trente ans, le comte Aldobrandino Malvezzi, que j'ai connu enfant et que j'ai suivi dans sa carrière. Il s'occupe spécialement des questions coloniales et publie d'intéressants articles de politique étrangère, mais il fait aussi de la littérature pure et je connais de lui un roman qui ne manque pas de qualités. Il m'a prié de vous faire parvenir la lettre ci-jointe et de le présenter à vous. Il aurait volontiers entrepris la traduction, mais ses occupations ne le lui permettent pas. Et, soit dit entre nous, il n'aurait pu aller jusqu'au bout, son existence étant plus d'à moitié consacrée à la vie du monde. Je l'ai prié de m'aider à trouver quelqu'un qui soit capable de bien remuer le colosse. Si vous lui répondez il vous suffira de mettre sur l'adresse: *Bologna*. Sa famille y est très connue. En vérité ce n'est pas lui qui m'a signalé M.G. mais une de ses tantes.

2 April 1911

Tous mes compliments pour vos progrès dans votre nouveau livre; ce que vous m'en dites excite vraiment ma curiosité et mon intérêt. —Le temps ici n'est pas beau non plus; il pleut souvent et le ciel est toujours gris. Mais nous ne sommes encore qu'au 2 avril.

Très cordialement à vous et comptez sur moi pour faire tout le possible pour M.G.

P. Solanges

Vous devriez accepter l'offre que vous fait le comte Malvezzi d'écrire un article sur votre œuvre.

ALS: NLA MS 133/12/232–33

Translation

Olgiate Molgora, 2 April 1911

Dear Sir, I have your kind letter of 30 March; thank you for the explanations. I am now settled in here. Until now I have not worked much, but I have worked. With the week that is beginning I am going to set about it seriously and I hope to be able to speak to you soon of Chapter X.

Yes, your explanations are very clear and the changes are easy to insert.

What led me astray about Dickensey is that I had given the wrong value to his cynicism. I absolutely wanted to make him say something *coarse*, and,—the power of the imagination!—I ended up reading into your text what you had no intention of putting there. I remain a little discomfited about it.

About *it was late*, as for the *colloquy between Brünh[ilde] and Wotan*, allow me another little observation.

These two passages are the expression of Maurice's thought and that is fine. A thousand times in the course of the book you give a character's thought thus without warning the reader. It is a very effective modern device since it leads the reader to identify with the thinker.

Only you usually have a way of using the device that demands a relatively slight effort from the reader; he says to himself: Ah yes, very well, it is Maurice, it is Louise who is thinking this and he goes happily forward. Why make an exception in these two passages? One would say that it amuses you to see them *fall into traps of this kind*. You should not worry about unintelligent readers, and I do not see what pleasure you find in plunging the others—those who are your friends—into confusion and doubt.

I hope you are convinced that I have understood your style, in the five months that I have been living with your book. I dare say, if I have doubted this, it is a little bit your fault. For *it was late*, I would like to say: to him the hour seemed late for visiting. You have used this formula many times; it only establishes the impression of the character a little more clearly.

About Maurice and Louise, I imagine them *exactly as you conceived of them*.

Another thing that makes me insist on the need to not leave the reader in doubt is that, for those who read the original, it is obvious that you *wanted* what you have done. Those who read the translation will quickly attribute everything that is not perfectly clear to the translator, and to his lack of comprehension of the text.

Ah, how I would love to discuss all these things in person with you. It is quite a pity for me that this pleasure is denied me.

The lady who contacted me about the Italian translation must have bought the book and must be reading it. To be sincere, I don't think the matter will proceed, for her publisher does not really know what he wants himself, and I doubt if she has enough spare time to get to the end of the colossus.

In the house of friends who are giving me their hospitality at the moment, there is a young man of about thirty, Count Aldobrandino Malvezzi, whom I knew as a child and whose career I have followed. He deals especially with colonial affairs and publishes interesting articles on foreign politics, but he also writes pure literature and I know a novel of his that does not lack quality.[825] He asked me to send you the enclosed letter and to introduce him to you. He would have willingly undertaken the translation, but his affairs do not permit him to. And, between ourselves, he could not have got to the end, since more than half his existence is devoted to society life. I have asked him to help me find someone capable of getting the colossus moving. If you reply to him it will suffice to put as the address: *Bologna*. His family is very well known there. In truth it is not he but one of his aunts who drew my attention to M.G.

My compliments on your progress with your new book; what you tell me of it truly arouses my curiosity and interest. —The weather here is not fine either; it is raining a lot and the sky is always grey. But it is still only 2 April.

Very cordially yours; rely on me to do all I can for M.G.

P. Solanges

You should accept Count Malvezzi's offer to write an article on your work.

76. 16 April 1911

Pegli Ligure – Multedo
Villa Negrone

Olgiate le 16 avril 1911[826]

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[825] Marquis Aldobrandino Malvezzi de' Medici (1881–1960). He continued publishing on Italian history and politics until 1957. It is difficult to identify the novel in the catalogues of either the Library of Congress or the Istituto Centrale per il Catalogo Unico delle Biblioteche Italiane.
Some of the earliest indications of HHR's thoughts about her relationship with Solanges are given in this letter from her sister Lilian Neustätter in Dresden, to whom HHR has evidently immediately forwarded the letter from Count Malvezzi:
Easter Monday 1911 [17 April 1911]
Dear Sister.
Thanks for letter received Saturday. The enclosure was highly interesting–I mean the Counts. Otto says it is one of Italy's oldest names. It called up such a word picture in my mind wh. will stick there of you promenading around the monuments of Bologna accompanied by this gentleman & discussing the mysteries of the human soul!!! Fancy I hear you no sister I really cant picture you but I can picture you taking in every detail of the man while he tires you with talk but give me the Foreigners appreciation of you & your Art to the miserable 5 copies that represents Englands appreciation of great work.
Well I've no doubt Count Malvezzi will find the mysteries of the human soul still more complicated when he finds you are a female soul!! Oh how I should like to see their faces on learning the facts & he is *sure* to call & see you in England one day & perhaps bring old Paul with him.
Now to your own letter […] (NLA MS 133/2/504; this letter is not reproduced in *HHRTL*).

[826] 1911] 1910 *MS*

16 April 1911

Cher Monsieur, ce n'est jamais l'envie qui me manque de répondre à vos lettres, mais vous êtes un correspondant si exact que je ne vous écris jamais sans avoir le remords du temps que je vous ferai perdre. Aussi malgré le très grand plaisir que j'éprouve à causer avec vous ai-je l'intention de rendre mes griffonnages plus rares à l'avenir. Cela malgré la flatteuse assurance que vous me donnez en tête de votre dernière lettre.

Le chapitre X touche à sa fin; encore trois pages et il ira rejoindre les autres. Vous voyez que je n'ai pas travaillé avec autant d'assiduité qu'à Multedo. Ce n'est vraiment pas ma faute. On ne travaille bien que chez soi; quelle que soit la bonne volonté des amis dont on est l'hôte elle ne va pas jusqu'à vous laisser entièrement libre. Et puis je suis à trois quarts d'heure de Milan et je ne puis me dispenser, étant si près d'eux, d'aller serrer la main aux amis que j'y ai conservés. Je retournerai chez moi dans une dizaine de jours et rattraperai alors le temps perdu.

Je vous dirai encore que je ne suis pas de votre avis sur le chap. X. Je le trouve au contraire difficile. Vous avez laissé, à l'aventure d'Ephie, de la grâce apparente qui vient tout entière de la grâce extérieure de la petite bonne femme, mais il y a, en dessous, une ironie profonde dont l'expression n'est pas commode. Votre anglais, et je dirai l'anglais en général se prête très bien à ce genre de *scherzo* à froid. En français c'est moins facile quand on veut rester objectif. Comme toujours vous tendez vos *traps* à vos lecteurs et c'est à eux de comprendre quand c'est vous qui parlez et quand c'est Ephie. Je m'en suis tiré tant bien que mal par l'emploi de mots d'une solennité, au moins d'une importance plus grande que celle dont je me serais servi pour donner, pour traduire vos idées personnelles. Ai-je réussi? Vous me le direz plus tard.

Cette pensée de vos *traps* me poursuit. Elle m'amuse et me chiffonne alternativement. Elle n'est pas anglaise bien certainement. Je pense que vous ne vous êtes pas uniquement occupé de musique pendant vos dix années d'Allemagne et que vous avez suivi des cours d'Université. Vous avez contracté là une horreur du Philistin à laquelle Flaubert aura mis la dernière main en vous donnant le dégoût du bourgeois.

Essayez donc un peu, pour voir, d'écrire pour le lecteur idéal qui vous comprend, qui pense avec vous et qui vous donne toute sa sympathie. Cela ne vous obligerait en rien à modifier vos idées.

Je ne sais si c'est l'amour propre vexé qui me fait parler ainsi. En toute franchise, voilà ce que je me suis dit: si lui, dont j'aime l'œuvre que je crois avoir sentie et comprise, me met dans l'embarras et me fait tomber de temps en temps dans un de ses pièges, pièges qu'il me dit avoir placé tout exprès pour que je m'y prenne, c'est qu'il a trop forcé la note. Si j'admets un lecteur plus intelligent mais doué de moins de sympathie que moi, ce lecteur-là deviendra un ennemi. Or s'il est bas de flatter son public il est au moins inutile de l'indisposer. Et voilà comment raisonne une petite vanité. —Vous aurez compris que je plaisante avec un argument dont je considère cependant le fond comme assez solide.

Mais voilà que je bavarde sans vous rien dire de ce que je comptais vous demander.

Je ne perds pas de vue la question éditeur. Je me prépare des appuis pour d'autres, en dehors de mon éditeur Calman[n] Lévy. Et à ce propos je vous prie de me dire à quelle époque a paru l'article du Mercure sur M.G., afin que je le fasse venir. Dites-

moi aussi, je vous prie, si M^r^ Heinemann me donnerait *au besoin* une lettre *de simple présentation* pour le directeur du Mercure de France. Casimir Stryienski me promet son appui auprès d'Hachette et j'ai encore une aide chez Plon.

Plus j'entrevois la possibilité de trouver l'éditeur et moins je me sens pressé de commencer les démarches. Je dirais plus juste en disant: plus je comprends que j'augmenterai nos chances en présentant à notre futur écorcheur une bonne partie de la traduction prête pour l'impression. Ne me faites pas d'objections nouvelles sur les chances que je pourrais courir de travailler pour l'honneur. En supposant tout pour le pire je n'aurais aucun regret de mon temps.

Et votre instantanée? Je crains fort que vous me la fassiez beaucoup désirer.

Je n'ai pas ici mon dictionnaire allemand. Que veut dire exactement le mot Stimmung que vous employez dans votre lettre. Je le trouve employé dans un livre français que je lis le soir, et que je vous recommande, employé (cité en allemand) comme synonyme[827] de *mood*, ou plutôt d'état d'âme. Voilà un mot important qui manque à notre langue française!

Le livre en question c'est *La vie de Frédéric Nietzsche* par Daniel Halévy. Le connaissez-vous?

Je vous demanderais bien comment vous appréciez Nietzsche, mais ce serait trop long pour vous de me le dire. Je n'y avais pas compris grand chose, mais après ce livre de D. Halévy je vais le relire ou m'y essayer.

Ce D. Halévy doit être le fils de Ludovic Halévy, le petit neveu de Fromental Halévy et le neveu de Bizet. L'argent, la musique et la philosophie. Le lot des Juifs n'est pas si mauvais.

En voilà une lettre pour le jour de Pâques! Et pourtant je vais vous faire encore une question, brutale chez un Français en général, simple chez un Français qui ne manque pas de philosophie naturelle et a toujours manqué du temps et du courage nécessaires pour s'en faire une … artificielle. Aimez-vous vraiment beaucoup l'Allemagne et les Allemands?

Il m'a passé par la tête un assez joli sujet de roman. Vous n'en avez pas besoin, mais, quand vous le voudrez, je vous le donne. Votre psychologie en tirerait un bon parti. Je suis trop vieux pour m'en servir malgré l'exemple de votre septuagénaire.

Lisez-moi dans le *two pence tube* (je ne crois pas que ce soit ainsi que cela se dit) et ne répondez que plus tard et par deux lignes à mes indiscrétions bavardes.

Très cordialement à vous.

P. Solanges

Je vous ai dit que j'ai employé des mots importants pour Ephie. J'ai entendu dire que j'ai employé des mots tels que pouvait les trouver son petit cerveau sec et vide pour enfler l'importance de sa plate aventure. Je la considère comme une enfant gâtée, curieuse de sensations, vaniteuse, dépourvue d'affectuosité, qui n'a de gracieux que son extérieur, et très égoïste.

ALS: NLA MS 133/12/234–36

[827] synonyme] synonime *MS*

16 April 1911

Translation

Olgiate 16 April 1911

Dear Sir, I never lack desire to answer your letters, but you are such an exact correspondent that I never write to you without feeling remorse for the time I will make you waste. Therefore despite the very great pleasure I feel in chatting with you, I intend to make my scribbles less frequent in future. This in spite of the flattering assurance you give me at the top of your last letter.

Chapter X is all but finished; three more pages and it will go to join the others. You see I have not worked as assiduously as at Multedo. It is really not my fault. One only works well at home; whatever the willingness of one's friends and hosts, it never goes so far as to leave you entirely free. And besides I am three quarters of an hour from Milan and, being so close, I cannot avoid going to shake the hands of the friends I have kept there. I will return home in about ten days and will then catch up on lost time.

I will also tell you that I do not share your opinion on Chapter X. On the contrary I find it difficult. You have left an apparent grace in Ephie's adventure that comes entirely from the good little woman's exterior grace, but underneath there is a profound irony that is not easy to express. Your English, and—I would add—English in general, lends itself very well to this sort of unheralded *scherzo*.[828] In French this is less easy when one wishes to remain objective. As always, you lay your *traps* for your readers and it is up to them to understand when it is you speaking and when it is Ephie. I got around the problem as well as I could by using more solemn, or at least more important words than I would have used to give, to translate your personal ideas. Did I succeed? You will tell me later.

This thought of your *traps* is hounding me. It alternatively amuses and bothers me. It is certainly not English. I think you were not entirely occupied with music during your ten years in Germany and that you took some University courses. You caught a horror of Philistinism there to which Flaubert put the finishing touches by giving you a distaste for what is bourgeois.

Try to write a little, as an experiment, for the ideal reader who understands you, thinks like you and gives you all his sympathy. That would not at all oblige you to change your ideas.

I don't know if it is my wounded amour-propre that makes me speak thus. In all candour, this is what I said to myself: if he, whose work I love and believe I have felt and understood, throws me into confusion and from time to time makes me fall into one of his traps, traps that he says he has put there deliberately to catch me, then he has overdone it. If I grant that there are more intelligent but less sympathetic readers than me, those readers will become my enemies. Now it may be mean to flatter one's public, but it is certainly pointless to antagonise it. And that is how my little vanity reasons. —You will have understood that I am joking with an argument that I nevertheless consider to have a solid basis.

But there I am chatting without saying anything that I intended to ask you.

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[828] *scherzo*, a gay, lively piece of music, from the Italian word for joke. Solanges takes HHR's frequent unannounced departure into free indirect speech as one of her traps for readers.

I have not lost sight of the question of a publisher. I am preparing support for others apart from my publisher Calmann Lévy. And on this subject, would you tell me when the article on M.G. appeared in the Mercure, so that I can order it. Tell me also, please, if Mr Heinemann would give me a *simple letter of introduction* for the director of the Mercure de France, *if need be*. Casimir Stryienski[829] promises me his support with Hachette and I have other help with Plon.

The more I glimpse the possibility of finding a publisher, the less hurried I feel about taking the first steps. Or more accurately: the more I understand that I will increase our chances by presenting our future fleecer with a good part of the translation ready for the press. Don't make any new objections about my running the risk of working just for the sake of it. Even if it turned out for the worst, I would not regret the time spent on it.

And your snapshot? I greatly fear you will keep me waiting for it.

I do not have my German dictionary with me. What exactly does the word Stimmung as used in your letter mean? I find it used in a French book I am reading at night—one I would recommend to you—used (in German) as a synonym of *mood*, or rather state of mind. Now there is an important word that is missing from our French language!

The book in question is *La vie de Frédéric Nietzsche*[830] by Daniel Halévy.[831] Do you know it?

I would like to ask what you think of Nietzsche, but it would take you too long to tell me. I had not understood much of him, but after this book by D. Halévy I am going to re-read him, or try to.

This D. Halévy must be Ludovic Halévy's son,[832] Fromental Halévy's great-nephew[833] and Bizet's nephew.[834] Money, music and philosophy. The lot of the Jews is not so bad.

This is quite a letter for Easter Sunday! And yet I am going to ask one more question, a brutal one from a Frenchman in general, but a simple one from a

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829 Casimir Stryienski (1853–1912) began his career with translations of English novels in the 1880s, and published his first work on Stendhal—an edition of his 1801–14 diary—in 1888. His major works are *Le dix-huitième siècle* (1909), and editions and studies of Stendhal (one of which was reprinted in 1998); he also co-authored several long-lasting textbooks for English-language studies in France.

830 Paris: Calmann Lévy, 1909.

831 Daniel Halévy (1872–1962), French historian. He helped Jean Jaurès found the newspaper *L'humanité* in 1904.

832 Ludovic Halévy (1834–1908), French dramatist and novelist, remembered for collaborating with Henri Meilhac on libretti for Jacques Offenbach, including *La belle Hélène* (1864), *La vie parisienne* (1866), *La Grande-Duchesse de Gérolstein* (1867), *La Périchole* (1868), and on Bizet's *Carmen* (1875).

833 Jacques Fromental Halévy (1799–1862), French composer. He wrote some thirty operas, and became famous across Europe for *La juive* (1835). Professor at the Paris Conservatoire from 1827, among his pupils were Bizet, Gounod and—interestingly—Saint-Saëns, who apparently taught Solanges and gave him his *entrée* into Milanese society (see the sections "Early Years" and "Marriage and Move to Milan" in the Introduction).

834 Composer Georges Bizet (1838–75) married Marie-*Geneviève*-Raphaëlle Halévy, daughter of his teacher Fromental Halévy at the Paris Conservatoire, in 1869. Geneviève and Georges were in fact first cousin once removed to Daniel.

Frenchman not lacking in natural philosophy who has never had the time and will to get himself an … artificial one. Do you really like Germany and Germans a lot?

Quite a nice subject for a novel occurred to me. You do not need it, but when you want, I will give it to you. Your psychology would make good use of it. I am too old to use it despite the example of your septuagenarian.

Read me in the *two pence tube*[835] (I do not think that is how it is said) and answer my talkative indiscretions later with a couple of lines.

Very cordially yours

P. Solanges

I told you I used important words for Ephie. I meant to say that I used such words as her empty little brain could find to inflate the importance of her dull adventure. I consider her a spoilt child, curious for sensations, vain, lacking in affection, graceful only on the outside, and very egotistic.

77. Notes on I.10, 16/17 April 1911

Chap. X

Page 127—dernière ligne—*Intimates*—S'agit-il des locataires de la maison ou des personnes qui habitent le même appartement (pensionnaires). Je n'ai pas bien compris si les Cayhill sont dans une pension ou dans un appartement particulier.	Yes, pensionnaires.
Note Quand vous lirez ce chapitre vous verrez que cette fois-ci, au lieu d'allonger j'ai plutôt serré. Il ne m'a pas été possible de faire autrement. Tout y est, tout, à très peu d'exceptions près, mais le peu, *très peu* de mots que j'ai laissé de côté n'ont absolument pas trouvé leur place.	
Page 136—ligne 2—*lisp*—Est-ce que Schilsky a un zézaiement ou seulement l'habitude de parler entre les dents? ou bien parce qu'il est Slave?	Un zézaiement.

AMS: NLA MS 133/12/553

Translation

Chapter X[836]

[835] The London Underground.

Page 127—last line—*Intimates*—Are they tenants in the house or persons living in the same apartment (boarders). I have not quite understood if the Cayhills are in a boarding house or in a private apartment.	Yes, boarders.
Note When you read this chapter you will see that this time I have shortened rather than lengthened it. I could not do otherwise. It is all there, all, with very few exceptions, but the very *very* few words I left aside just did not have a place for them.	
Page 136—line 2—*lisp*—Does Schilsky have a lisp [zézaiement] or just the habit of speaking between his teeth? or is it because he is a Slav?	Un zézaiement.

78. 17 April 1911

Pegli Ligure – Multedo
Villa Negrone

Olgiate 17 avril 1911

Cher Monsieur, hier, au lieu de vous raconter un tas de choses inutiles j'aurais mieux fait de répondre à votre lettre! Je le fais aussi brièvement que possible.

Non, je n'ai plus entendu parler de la dame pour la traduction italienne de M.G., et je crains de n'en plus entendre parler. Je crois qu'elle ne savait pas trop elle-même ce qu'elle voulait; peut-être le colosse l'aura-t-il épouvantée par sa masse. Je crois qu'il vaut mieux n'y plus penser.

J'avais jeté mon dévolu sur un[837] jeune homme que je connais. Il sait admirablement l'anglais et a une bonne plume, mais il a un emploi dans une banque, beaucoup à travailler et une énergie relative. Il se prendrait peut-être de passion et ferait trois chapitres, après quoi …

Je chercherai encore. Il faudrait ce que vous dites, un traducteur par amour. Ce ne serait pas difficile parmi les gens qui savent l'anglais de trouver des gens qui aiment votre livre, mais aimer ne suffit pas pour traduire. Le jeune comte Malvezzi a essayé deux ou trois pages, *pour voir*, et il n'en pouvait déjà plus.

À propos du comte Malvezzi, j'espère qu'il fera l'article; il l'a promis. N'oublions pas cependant qu'il est jeune, très mondain et qu'il voyage beaucoup. Ici le premier mouvement est toujours bon, mais on y manque un peu de la solidité germanique.

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[836] Solanges No. 33. Probably sent to HHR on 16 or 17 April 1911, and returned by her on 23 April (letter = Solanges No. 34).

[837] un] un un *MS*

Vous me dites que *the matters concerning M.G. are here at a decided ebb*. Pour l'amour de Dieu, ne vous impressionnez pas pour cela plus que de mesure. Votre livre se vendra un jour comme *Copperfield* ou *Pickwick Papers*. Vous êtes, n'avez-vous dit dans une situation indépendante? Ayez donc patience: votre second livre fera vendre le premier, votre troisième livre fera vendre les deux autres. —Dieu veuille que la traduction française puisse aider! Dieu veuille qu'elle donne un choc en retour!

Et qu'il en soit de même de la traduction allemande qui va paraître et à laquelle je souhaite bonne chance.

Pour ce qui est de la traduction française … Connaissez-vous de nom Casimir Stryienski le Stendhalien? Il m'a proposé son intermédiaire pour un éditeur. C'est un excellent homme, très serviable. Je viens de lui envoyer une longue lettre et je le mets au courant de la situation. Toutefois je veux présenter au moins la moitié de la traduction. Il serait absurde de risquer, de compromettre la réussite, pour vouloir aller trop vite. Croyez que j'ai le sentiment de la situation et que je ne ménagerai rien pour arriver à bon port.

Cordialement à vous

P. Solanges.

ALS: NLA MS 133/12/237–38

Translation

Olgiate 17 April 1911

Dear Sir, yesterday, instead of telling you a pile of useless information, I would have done better to reply to your letter! I will do so as briefly as possible.

No, I have heard no more from the lady about the Italian translation of M.G., and I fear I will hear no more from her. I believe she did not know very well what she wanted herself, perhaps the colossus gave her a fright with its bulk. I believe it is better not to think more about it.

I had set my heart on a young man whom I know. His English is admirable and he writes well, but he has a job in a bank, has to work hard and his energy is relative. He would perhaps fall in love with it and do three chapters, after which …

I will keep on looking. We would need what you say, a translator for the love of it. It would not be difficult to find people who love your book among those who know English, but love is not enough for a translation. Young Count Malvezzi tried two or three pages, *as an experiment*, and already could do no more.

On the subject of Count Malvezzi, I hope he will do the article; he promised to. But let's not forget that he is young, very worldly and travels a lot. Here the first move is always good, but a bit of German solidity is missing.

You tell me that *the matters concerning M.G. are here at a decided ebb*. For God's sake, do not be overawed by that. Your book will sell one day like *Copperfield* or *Pickwick Papers*.[838] Did you not say that you have independent means? Be patient then: your second book will make the first sell, your third book will make the other

[838] Charles Dickens published *David Copperfield* in 1849–50 and *Pickwick Papers* in 1836–37.

two sell.[839] —God grant that the French translation may be of some help! God grant that it may have a rebound effect!

And may the same thing happen with the German translation that is to be published—I wish it good luck.

In relation to the French translation … Do you know the name of Casimir Stryienski the Stendhalian?[840] He has offered me his intercession for a publisher. He is an excellent man, very obliging. I have just sent him a long letter to put him in the picture. However I wish to present at least half of the translation. It would be absurd to risk compromising our success by wishing to advance too quickly. Be assured that I am sensitive to the situation and I will spare no pains to arrive safe and sound.

Cordially yours

P. Solanges

79. 30 April 1911

Multedo 30 avril 1911[841]

Cher Monsieur, me voilà rentré à Multedo après un mois d'absence. Je me suis ennuyé, fatigué, je n'ai pas contenté mes amis, j'ai peu travaillé et, en conséquence, me suis mécontenté moi-même. Vous voyez que, *tirata la somma*, le résultat n'est pas brillant. À mon compte je devrais avoir fini 170 pages de M.G. et en réalité je n'en puis présenter que 150. Ce sont donc 20 pages de déficit, c'est à dire l'obligation de travailler double pendant vingt jours, car ma santé seule peut justifier un retard et je me porte fort bien. Aussi je suis furieux et ne me sens que de l'antipathie pour the colour and light auxquelles vous aspirez. Hélas on se blase sur tout et je dois vous avouer qu'il y a des jours où je soupire pour une ville où je verrais l'agitation humaine et dans laquelle je pourrais me perdre et vivre tranquille, loin des exigences des amis. Vous voyez que je suis aujourd'hui dans les idées noires. Faites donc un accroc à vos règles de correspondance—qui sont aussi les miennes—et ne me répondez pas. Je veux seulement que vous sachiez mon retour et la reprise sérieuse de mon travail.

Comment M.G. est votre first born! Je vous fais mon compliment. Écrire un pareil livre comme coup d'essai. Vous devez savoir ce que j'en pense et ce qu'en pensent d'autres que moi autour de moi, sans parler de vos lecteurs anglais qui vous auront donné leur opinion. Je ne vous en dis pas plus, estimant que mes actes valent beaucoup de paroles.

Mais j'ai le devoir de vous rappeler que vous m'avez promis une courte nouvelle de vous qui doit paraître dans une Revue. Ne m'oubliez pas, je vous en prie. Et, je vous en prie aussi lisez donc *Cortis*, le soir avant de dormir. Je suis curieux d'avoir votre avis *sincère* sur ce livre. Je comprends tout ce qui peut vous en séparer, mais j'aimerais à connaître votre opinion d'artiste en dehors de toute idée religieuse ou philosophique. —J'ai lu dans les journaux qu'à Paris, à la commémoration de Fogazzaro on m'a fait l'honneur de lire quelques pages de ma traduction. En vérité, je dois être flatté d'avoir été préféré aux nombreuses traductions des autres romans du

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[839] Solanges is unaware of the publication of *The getting of wisdom* in October 1910, and HHR does not enlighten him, perhaps in an effort to avoid any suspicions about her gender.

[840] Stendhalien] Stendalhien *MS*. See footnote 829.

[841] 1911] 1910 *MS*

maître, traductions faites par Hérelle qui jouit d'une grande réputation comme traducteur, car il a fait passer dans ma langue Fogazzaro—à l'exception de Cortis—d'Annunzio, Grazia dell'Edda etc. Je vous dis cela qui pourra vous faire plaisir en vue de mon travail vous regardant.

J'ai pris note de ce que vous me dites relativement à M[r] Heinemann et au Directeur du Mercure. Je pense que cela marchera au moment donné, avec ou sans lui. Mais je veux, pour le moment, aller de l'avant, *et beaucoup*, sans y penser. Vous connaissez mes raisons, elles sont bonnes. Si aujourd'hui j'allais à Paris et que je ne trouve pas d'éditeur, je finirais quand même la traduction, sûr de la faire paraître à un moment donné! Concluez.

Quant à votre *instantanée* j'avais fait exprès de me tromper, my little trap n'a pas eu de succès. Amen!

Et nous voilà encore à vos traps:

> A man convinced against his will
> Remains of the same opinion still.

Je cite de mémoire soyez indulgent. Je sais que vous ne cherchez pas à me convaincre, mais cependant voyons un peu.

Pour le piège Mendelssohn, bien. Là, le lecteur peut deviner, mais s'il ne devine pas c'est sa faute.

Pour le cas Wagner c'est autre chose. Le lecteur peut très bien supposer que vous n'aimez pas dans Wagner ce que de bons critiques eux-mêmes appellent d'ennuyeuses longueurs: les récits de Wotan, les explications d'Erda, les considérations du roi Marke. Vous êtes très objectif, je le sais, mais tous les lecteurs ne peuvent pas analyser le livre de façon à suivre votre soin de ne pas paraître et de ne donner que les impressions, les sentiments, les idées de vos personnages. Quelle utilité y a-t-il donc à les mettre dans l'embarras? Je persiste à croire que cela vous amuse et que vous riez tout seul de la petite farce que vous leur faites. Quant à la question de *manière* je n'y crois pas. Oh oui, vous avez votre manière à vous, votre originalité est très puissante, mais elle n'est pas là.

Les Scandinaves et même les Russes, les Slaves, n'ont rien à voir là-dedans, si vous voulez bien le permettre; les Slaves sont des mystiques et les Scandinaves des nébuleux. Vous, vous êtes clair comme de l'eau de roche. Votre psychologie, selon moi, a quelque chose de russe et je l'ai comparée en parlant de vous à celle de Dostoiewski. C'est justement parce que vous êtes clair et lumineux que les points en question arrêtent et gênent. Après cela, l'inconvénient n'est pas grand, mais si vous le répétez beaucoup dans votre nouveau livre … j'aurai une dent contre vous.

Pouvoir analyser dans un rayon de soleil et s'amuser à y jeter de l'ombre!!

Et pour conclure avec vous: si un lecteur Anglais doit comprendre votre pensée, grâce à une certaine façon de l'exprimer, alors il n'y a plus de *trap* et tout est pour le mieux.

Ai-je été dur pour la pauvre petite Ephie? C'est possible. Elle me plaît au fond, mais quand je l'examine je trouve que c'est une petite tête vide de tout sauf de vanité et alors . . . Je ne crois pas au type conventionnel jeune fille, mais je ne saurais généraliser comme vous ou du moins je ne puis admettre qu'à côté de la vanité de la

curiosité etc, il n'y ait pas chez beaucoup d'entre elles des qualités dont Ephie n'est pas pourvue.

Que j'aimerais parler de Nietzsche avec vous! Là je ne vous contredirais pas, je vous écouterais et ferais mon profit de ce que vous pourriez me dire. Lisez donc *La vie de F.N.* par Daniel Halévy. Je voudrais savoir ce que vous en pensez en tout. Certes Nietzsche a été un poète en prose et aussi en vers, n'est-ce pas? mais je voudrais votre opinion sur ses idées de derrière la tête en faisant abstraction de sa nature. —Ce sera pour quand nous nous rencontrerons.

Pour les Allemands je pense comme vous pour ce que je sais. J'aime leur musique cela va de soi, j'aime en partie leur peinture. Leur littérature, je ne la connais pas. J'ai trouvé des gens excellents, des âmes très nobles, des natures très fines, sous une grosse enveloppe, chez les Allemands. En masse je les exècre. Si vous voyiez ce flot d'Allemands odieux qui se répand sur l'Italie! D'ailleurs ils ont bien changé. Je les ai vus de près dans de tristes circonstances, il y a très longtemps, ils valaient mieux malgré les bonnes raisons que je pouvais avoir de les voir en mal.

Encore une fois il faut que je m'excuse pour le temps que je vous fais perdre. Mais j'aime beaucoup causer avec vous.

À vous et très cordialement

P. Solanges

ALS: NLA MS 133/12/239–41

Translation

Multedo 30 April 1911

Dear Sir, here I am back at Multedo after a month's absence. I got bored and tired, did not satisfy my friends, did little work, and consequently, became dissatisfied with myself. You see that, *tirata la somma*,[842] it is not a brilliant result. By my count I should have finished 170 pages of M.G. and in reality I can only show 150. That makes a deficit of 20 pages, which means I have to work twice as hard for twenty days, since only my health can justify any delay and I am quite well. So I am furious and can only feel antipathy for the colour and light to which you aspire. Alas, one can become tired of anything and I must admit to you that there are days when I long for a town where I would see the bustle of human affairs, and in which I could get lost and live peacefully, far from the demands of friends. You see that I am in a dark mood today. So bend your epistolary rules—which are mine as well—and do not reply. I only want you to know I have returned and resumed my work in earnest.

What do you mean, M.G. is your firstborn! Let me congratulate you. Writing a book like that at the first attempt. You must know what I and others around me think of it, not to mention your English readers who will have given you their opinion. I will say no more, considering my actions as being worth many words.

But it is my duty to remind you that you promised me a short novella by you which is to be published in a Journal.[843] Do not forget me, please. And please also read *Cortis*, in the evenings before you go to sleep. I am curious to have your *sincere*

[842] all things considered (Italian; often pluralised, *tirate le somme*).

[843] HHR promised this in her letter of 26 February 1911 (*HHRTL* 1:100); the short story "Death" was eventually published in the *English Review* in October 1911, pp. 405–12, and was sent to Solanges on 7 September 1911 (*HHRTL* 1:214).

opinion on this book. I understand all that might separate you from it, but I would like to know your artistic opinion apart from any religious or philosophical ideas. —I read in the newspapers that at the memorial service for Fogazzaro in Paris, they did me the honour of reading a few pages of my translation.[844] In truth, I should be flattered at having been preferred over the numerous translations of other novels by the maestro, done by Hérelle,[845] who enjoys a great reputation as a translator, since he has translated Fogazzaro—except for Cortis—d'Annunzio, Grazia dell'Edda[846] etc. I tell you this since it may please you in view of my work for you.

I have noted what you tell me about Mr Heinemann and the director of the Mercure de France. I think it will be all right when the time comes, with or without him. But for the moment I want to continue much further without thinking of it. You know my reasons, they are valid. If I went to Paris today and did not find a publisher, I would still finish the translation, in the certainty of having it published at the right moment. End of discussion.

As for your *snapshot*, my mistake was deliberate, but my little trap did not succeed. Amen!

And now we return to your traps:

> A man convinced against his will
> Remains of the same opinion still.[847]

I am quoting from memory, be indulgent. I know you are not seeking to convince me, but let's still have a look.

For the Mendelssohn trap, all right. There, the reader can guess, but if he does not guess it is his own fault.[848]

In the case of Wagner it is another matter. The reader could very well suppose that you do not like what good critics call boring passages in Wagner: Wotan's tales, Erda's explanations, King Marke's reflections. You are very objective, I know, but not every reader can analyse the book so as to follow your concern not to appear in it and to give only the impressions, feelings and ideas of your characters. So what use is there in plunging them into confusion? I persist in believing that it amuses you and that you laugh by yourself at the little farce you put them through. As for the question of *style*, I do not believe in it. Oh yes, you have your own style, your originality is very powerful, but it is not involved here.

Scandinavians and Russians, Slavs, have nothing to do with it, if you will allow me to say so; Slavs are mystics and Scandinavians are nebulous. You on the other hand are as clear as daylight. Your psychology has a Russian flavour, in my opinion, and I have compared it to Dostoevski's when speaking of you. It is precisely because you are clear and luminous that the points in question stop and irritate the reader. Thereafter, it is not a great problem, but if you repeat it a lot in your new book … I will have a grudge against you.

Imagine being able to analyse a sunbeam and play at throwing shadow into it!

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844 No report of this commemoration has been located in *Le Figaro*.
845 For Hérelle, see footnote 713, p. 279 (11 November 1908).
846 Grazia Deledda (1871–1936), Italian novelist; Nobel Prize for Literature, 1926.
847 Samuel Butler (1612–80), *Hudibras*, Part III, Canto III, l. 547: He that complies against his will, / is of his own opinion still.
848 See §46, Notes on I.1 (23 November 1910) for the earlier mention of this matter.

And to conclude with you: if an English reader must understand your thought, thanks to a certain way of expressing it, then there is no longer a *trap* and all is for the best.

Was I hard on poor little Ephie? It's possible. Basically I like her, but when I examine her I find she has a little head empty of everything except vanity and then … I do not believe in the stereotypical young girl, but I could not generalise like you, or at least I cannot admit that besides vanity, curiosity etc, there are not qualities in many of them that Ephie does not share.

How I would like to speak with you about Nietzsche! There I would not contradict you, I would listen and profit from what you could tell me. So do read *La vie de F.N.* by Daniel Halévy. I would like to know what you think of it overall. Certainly Nietzsche was a prose poet and also a verse poet, was he not? but I would like your opinion on his ulterior motives, disregarding his character. —That will be for when we meet.

About Germans, I think like you as far as I know. I like their music, that goes without saying, I like some of their painting. I do not know their literature. I have found excellent people, very noble souls, very fine natures, under heavy wrapping, amongst Germans. As a group I execrate them. If you could see the flood of odious Germans spreading out over Italy! Besides, they have changed markedly. I have seen them at close range in sad circumstances, a very long time ago;[849] they were then worth more despite the good reasons I had to wish them ill.

Once more I must apologise for the waste of your time. But I do like chatting with you.

Very cordially yours

P. Solanges

80. 2 May 1911

Multedo 2 mai 1911

Cher Monsieur

Je travaille comme un nègre et je vous en envoie la preuve. Je vous serais très reconnaissant de me renvoyer d'urgence cette note. Demain je finirai le chapitre XI en brouillon. Mais je voudrais, avant de recopier être sûr des points douteux pour moi et que je vous soumets.

Merci d'avance.

Une nouvelle qui, peut-être, est bonne. La dame italienne dont je vous avais parlé et qui semblait faire la morte a acheté M.G. en anglais. Elle l'a lu et est devenue amoureuse de votre œuvre. Elle veut la traduire, mais moins courageuse que moi, et sans doute moins en situation de l'être, elle cherche un éditeur avant de commencer. Dieu veuille qu'elle le trouve!

Si elle découvre l'oiseau rare vous le saurez de suite. De plus je vous promets de l'aider, dans la mesure de ce que je puis faire pour elle, c'est à dire en lui indiquant la

[849] An allusion to Solanges's period as soldier—and prisoner of the Germans—during the Franco-Prussian War in 1870–71. See Chapter 2 of the Introduction.

façon dont vous entendez que la traduction soit faite et en mettant à son service l'expérience que j'ai pu acquérir par suite de mes excellents rapports avec vous. Il va sans dire que je garderai pour moi les détails vous concernant quand ils ne seront pas utiles à son travail.

Bien cordialement à vous.

P. Solanges.

ALS: NLA MS 133/12/242–43

Translation

Multedo 2 May 1911

Dear Sir

I am working like a nigger and I send you the proof. I would be very grateful if you would return this note to me urgently. Tomorrow I will finish the draft of Chapter XI. But before recopying it I would like to be sure of the points I am doubtful about, which I am submitting to you.

Thanks in advance.

Some news which may be good. The Italian lady of whom I spoke and who was lying low has purchased M.G. in English. She has read it and fallen in love with your work. She wants to translate it, but being less adventuresome than me, and doubtless less in a position to be so, she is looking for a publisher before beginning. God grant that she may find one!

If she discovers this rara avis, you will be informed at once. Moreover I promise to help her, as far as I can, namely by advising her how you mean the translation to be done and by putting at her service the experience I have gained as a result of my excellent relations with you. It goes without saying that I will keep to myself the details about you that are not relevant to her work.

Most cordially yours.

P. Solanges

81. Notes on I.11, 2 May 1911

Chap. XI

Page 144—ligne 30— … *that the ordinary Ger. woman was little ... the man-child*	"Means to an end" = Mittel zum Zweck/moyen au but (?)
Veuillez me dire ce que signifie:	What Miss J. means to say is: that the German woman, per se, has no individual existence, but exists only for the purpose of producing the child—the male child, women being counted of so little worth.
Was little more than means to an end	
et	
the end being the man-child.	

Où Miss[850] Jensen a-t-elle puisé ses théories? Je suis, comme M.G., tout à fait étranger à ces questions.	I really couldn't say—they were in the air when I wrote this.
Page 144—ligne 51. —*A grey suit of clothes*—C'est pour le vêtement de Schilsky, n'est-ce pas?	Yes.
Page 146—ligne 17—*by the weir*. Près du barrage?	Yes.
Page 147—ligne 34. *Frivolous temptations*. Que veut dire *frivolous*? Pas frivoles, s'il s'agit des tentations que Schilsky peut inspirer à Ephie. Ou s'agit-il des caprices de la petite en général?	Temptations to frivolity, to lightness of conduct.

AMS: NLA MS 133/12/554

Translation

Chapter XI[851]

Page 144—line 30— … *that the ordinary German woman was little ... the man-child* Please tell me the meaning of: *Was little more than means to an end* and *the end being the man-child.*	"Means to an end" = Mittel zum Zweck/moyen au but (?) What Miss J. means to say is: that the German woman, per se, has no individual existence, but exists only for the purpose of producing the child—the male child, women being counted of so little worth.
Where did Miss Jensen draw her theories from? Like M.G., I am completely unfamiliar with these questions.	I really couldn't say—they were in the air when I wrote this.
Page 144—line 51. —*A grey suit of clothes*—This is for Schilsky's clothes, is it not?	Yes.
Page 146—line 17—*by the weir*. Near the dam?	Yes.
Page 147—line 34. *Frivolous temptations*. What does *frivolous* mean? Not frivoles,	Temptations to frivolity, to lightness of conduct.

[850] Miss] mis *MS*

[851] Solanges No. 35. Sent to HHR on 2 May 1911, returned by her on 6 May (letter = Solanges No. 36), acknowledged by Solanges on 12 May.

if it refers to the temptations Schilsky may arouse in Ephie. Or does it refer in general to the whims of the little girl?

82. 12 May 1911

Pegli Ligure – Multedo
Villa Negrone

12 mai 1911

Cher Monsieur, j'ai votre dernière lettre du 6 mai et la note. Merci.

Depuis mon retour j'ai beaucoup travaillé. J'en suis arrivé à la page 162 ce qui fait 170 pages avec le dernier chapitre. Je serai bientôt au tiers du livre.

Je pourrai bientôt vous dire ce qu'il y a de définitif pour la traduction italienne. J'attends la visite de l'avocat qui est un ami commun à la dame et à moi. Il doit m'apporter des nouvelles s'il y en a. Ce que j'ai compris c'est que la dame ne commencera pas sans avoir un éditeur. Or, elle peut avoir raison à son point de vue, mais je lui ferai dire qu'elle devrait, au moins, présenter quelques chapitres, car l'éditeur ne voudra pas s'embarquer dans une si grosse affaire sans avoir *au moins* une idée du livre.

J'ai fait venir le numéro du *Mercure* qui contient la notice relative à M.G. En somme c'est un bon document pour nous et, étant donné le peu de sérieux avec lequel est faite cette revue bibliographique, vous n'avez pas dû en être mécontent. Plus tard vous aurez de longs articles.

La nouvelle de vous annoncée et que je vous ai réclamée dans ma dernière lettre n'a-t-elle pas encore paru? Vous ne me dites rien à ce sujet.

Seriez-vous assez bon pour me donner le titre du meilleur ouvrage du septuagénaire et le nom de l'éditeur. Je voudrais le lire avant de m'endormir pour me donner du courage.

Pardonnez-moi d'être si bref. Je vais me remettre au travail pour avancer et finir le chapitre XII. Je suis bien lancé, il faut que j'en profite.

À vous très cordialement

P. Solanges.

ALS: NLA MS 133/12/244–45

Translation

12 May 1911

Dear Sir, I have your last letter of 6 May and the note. Thankyou.

Since my return I have worked a lot. I have reached page 162 which makes 170 with the last chapter. Soon I will be one third of the way through the book.

I will soon be able to tell you something definite about the Italian translation. I am awaiting a visit from the lawyer who is a mutual friend of the lady and myself. He is to bring me news if there is any. As far as I understand, the lady will not begin without a publisher. Now, she may be right from her point of view, but I will let her

know that she should at least present a few chapters, since the publisher will not want to embark on such a big undertaking without *at least* an idea of the book.

I have ordered the issue of the *Mercure* that has the notice about M.G. All in all it is a good document for us, and given the lack of seriousness in this bibliographical journal, you must not have been displeased with it. Later you will have long articles.

Has the novella that you announced, and that I asked for in my last letter, not yet appeared? You tell me nothing about it.

Would you be kind enough to give me the title of the best work by the septuagenarian and the publisher's name. I would like to read him before going to sleep, as a form of self-encouragement.

Forgive me for being so brief. I am returning to work to get on and finish Chapter XII. I am well launched and have to take advantage of it.

Very cordially yours

P. Solanges

83. Notes on I.11–12, 12 May 1911

Chap. XI

Page 150. *there would be <u>another</u> storm*. Pourquoi *another*? La scène se passe quelques jours après l'orage à la suite duquel M. est allé dans le bois et a vu Ephie avec Schilsky. —Il semblerait, à la lecture, que vous placez les deux orages dans la même journée. L'idée est, n'est-ce pas? «Il y aura encore de l'orage cette nuit.[»]
Simple remarque que je vous soumets.

Yes.

Page 151. *had there been the least*[852] *need of it*. Si vous le permettiez, je supprimerais cette phrase incidente. Il me semble que l'effet en est diminué. Tout en tenant compte du désir ardent de M. d'être utile à L., l'expression peut en rester sous entendue, car il est évident qu'il est tout prêt à se laisser piétiner par elle, que cela lui soit utile ou non. —À vous de décider; pour mon compte cela me fait l'effet d'une restriction froide.

Omit if you wish. The sentence has its significance & that is, to drive the irony of the situation home. There never is, more's the pity, the least need of such fervencies of feeling as Maurice's.

Page 151 (4^{e} avant dernière ligne) *Impertinent*. Dans le sens négatif du *pertinens* latin, ou dans le sens

The second meaning.

[852] least] last *MS*

d'*irrespectueux*?

Chap. XII

Page 156—(ligne 6) *to the trival offense*.
Est-ce *trivial*? Dans ce cas il y a une faute d'impression à faire corriger dans les futures éditions.

Yes; trivial.
Thanks; it shall be corrected.

Page 158—*glorifying haze* (ligne 27).
lumineuse?
On ne peut pas dire *glorious* en français dans le sens anglais: *a glorious day*. J'ai mis: *la ville s'étendait derrière eux dans une vapeur lumineuse*.

A haze that glorified, or made to seem more beautiful than it was. A haze that hid defects.

Page 159—(ligne 9) *In the same breath … the future of the Lied*.
Je vous suis bien jusqu'à Richard Dehmel.
Qui est Richard Dehmel, je vous prie?
Qu'est-ce qu'Anatol?
Qui est Max Klinger?
Quel est le vrai sens de: the *propriety* of coloured sculpture?
Cela veut-il dire le droit artistique, ou la convenance artistique, qu'a l'artiste à faire de la sculpture en couleur, comme les anciens? Ou encore la beauté du résultat qu'on pourrait obtenir.
Vous le voyez, je suis comme M.G. fleeting glimpses into a land of which I know nothing.
Et encore:
Qu'est-ce que *Loris* of *the early verses*?
S'agit-il d'un poème ou d'un poète?
Quel est exactement le sens de *gentle*?
Papa Hamlet. Est-ce le vieil Hamlet de Shakespeare?

No one can understand the following points, who is not in the very heart of German things. Richard Dehmel is one of, or *the* foremost German lyric poet of the day.
Anatol, a series of one-act plays by the Viennese Author Schnitzler.
"Loris" is the pseudonym under which Hugo v. Hofmannsthal[853] wrote his first poems—at an incredibly early age.
Max Klinger, great artist & sculptor—if ever you visit Leipzig do not omit to see his *Salome*, *Kassandra* & *Beethoven* in the Museum there. He colours his statues, & a great discussion has raged round the propriety of doing this.
Papa Hamlet, a play by Holz & Schlaf, which is usually regarded as the beginning of the naturalistic movement in Germany in the early nineties.
"The propriety" = whether it is artistically justifiable.
"Gentle"—Hofmannsthal's[854] early verses made the impression of a very fine, gentle & delicate personality.
"The future of the Lied"—whether or no Richard Strauss is not destroying it, by putting into it more than it can hold.

AMS: NLA MS 133/12/555

[853] Hofmannsthal] Hofmannstal *MS*
[854] Hofmannsthal] Hofmannstal *MS*

Translation

Chapter XI[855]

Page 150. *there would be <u>another</u> storm*. Why *another*? The scene happens some days after the storm after which M. went into the wood and saw Ephie with Schilsky. —In reading, it would seem that you place the two storms on the same day. Surely the idea is: "There will be a storm again tonight."
A simple remark that I submit to you.

Yes.

Page 151. *had there been the least need of it*. If you permitted, I would omit this incidental phrase. It seems to me to have little effect. While realising M.'s ardent desire to be of use to L., the expression of this desire may remain implied, since it is obvious that he is quite ready to be trampled on by her, whether that is of use to her or not. —Up to you to decide; as far as I am concerned it strikes me as a cold restriction.

Omit if you wish. The sentence has its significance & that is, to drive the irony of the situation home. There never is, more's the pity, the least need of such fervencies of feeling as Maurice's.

Page 151 (5th last line) *Impertinent*. In the negative sense of the Latin *pertinens*, or in the sense of *disrespectful*?

The second meaning.

Chapter XII

Page 156—(line 6) *to the <u>trival</u> offense*.
Is this *trivial*? In that case there is a printing error to be corrected in future editions.[856]

Yes; trivial.
Thanks; it shall be corrected.[857]

Page 158—*glorifying haze* (line 27).
lumineuse?
One cannot say *glorious* in French in the English sense: *a glorious day*. I have put: *la ville s'étendait derrière eux dans une*

A haze that glorified, or made to seem more beautiful than it was. A haze that hid defects.

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[855] Solanges No. 37. Presumably sent to HHR on 12 May 1911, returned by her on 15 May (letter = Solanges No. 38), and acknowledged by Solanges on 19 May, when he also speaks again of Max Klinger.

[856] An identical misprint was pointed out in §120, Notes on II.9 (c. 10 November 1911). Neither error was corrected in the reprints to 1950.

[857] This error was corrected in the Norton edition, but not in reprints of the Heinemann edition. *MG* has 'offence'.

vapeur lumineuse.

Page 159—(line 9) *In the same breath … the future of the Lied*.
I follow you well as far as Richard Dehmel.
Who is Richard Dehmel, please?
What is Anatol?
Who is Max Klinger?
What is the true meaning of: the *propriety* of coloured sculpture?
Does this mean the artistic right, or the artistic appropriateness, that an artist has to do sculpture in colour, like the Ancients? Or again the beauty of the result one could obtain.
You see, I am like M.G., fleeting glimpses into a land of which I know nothing.[858]
And again:
What is *Loris* of *the early verses*? Does it refer to a poem or a poet?
What precisely is the meaning of *gentle*?
Papa Hamlet. Is this the old Hamlet by Shakespeare?

No one can understand the following points, who is not in the very heart of German things. Richard Dehmel is one of, or *the* foremost German lyric poet of the day.[859]
Anatol, a series of one-act plays by the Viennese Author Schnitzler.[860]
"Loris" is the pseudonym under which Hugo v. Hofmannsthal[861] wrote his first poems—at an incredibly early age.
Max Klinger, great artist & sculptor[862]—if ever you visit Leipzig do not omit to see his *Salome*, *Kassandra* & *Beethoven* in the Museum there. He colours his statues, & a great discussion has raged round the propriety of doing this.
Papa Hamlet, a play by Holz & Schlaf,[863] which is usually regarded as the beginning of the naturalistic movement in Germany in the early nineties.
"The propriety" = whether it is artistically justifiable.
"Gentle"—Hofmannsthal's early verses made the impression of a very fine, gentle & delicate personality.
"The future of the Lied"—whether or no Richard Strauss is not destroying it, by putting into it more than it can hold.

84. Notes on I.12, c. 15 May 1911

Chap. XII

Page 162—(ligne 7). *Had Maurice known him better*—Cela veut-il dire: «Si M. l'avait mieux connu» ou «si M. l'avait connu depuis plus longtemps, c'est à dire, plus intimement»?
J'opine pour le second sens, autrement "to know well" with us is a synonym for "knowing a long time." Thus "had Maurice known him better" only means "had Maurice known him longer."

858 A quotation from *MG* 159, the passage that is being discussed.
859 Richard Dehmel (1863–1920).
860 Arthur Schnitzler (1862–1931).
861 Hugo von Hofmannsthal (1874–1929), poet; he composed the libretti for several of Richard Strauss's operas, including *Der Rosenkavalier* (see Letter 137, 19 January 1912).
862 Max Klinger (1857–1920).
863 Arno Holz (1863–1929) and Johannes Schlaf (1862–1941) published *Papa Hamlet* in 1889.

vous auriez découvert votre jeu, contrairement à vos principes, en donnant une indication, *venant de vous*, sur le vrai caractère de Krafft.
Je n'ai pas le temps de lire en avant pour me fixer, et il vaut peut-être mieux que je ne le sois pas, sur la réelle personnalité de cet étrange Krafft.
Par moments je le crois convaincu, par moments il me fait l'effet d'un fumiste. (Vous savez sans doute ce que veut dire *fumiste*). Peut-être est-il l'un et l'autre, selon le moment. En tout cas un cabotin déséquilibré.
Me direz-vous le fond de votre pensée?

Page 162—(ligne 8) *Don't be a fool*.
«Ne vous moquez pas de moi» ou bien: «ne faites pas la bête»?

To play the fool = faire le bouffon.

Je reviens à Krafft. En somme M. est *terne*. Il a une valeur réelle au fond, mais cette valeur est en faction parce qu'il n'a que des imaginations à la place du raisonnement. Si donc Krafft lui fait des compliments c'est qu'il veut d'abord se moquer de lui et ensuite le séduire pour lui faire servir sa rancune contre Schilsky et contre Louise.
Est-ce cela? J'aime mieux vous le demander que de relire 100 pages du livre. Et d'ailleurs cela nuit à mon travail d'étudier d'autres passages que celui que je traduis.

Krafft is not mocking here; nor is he following such an end.

Page 164 (ligne 28) *for a dirty jest*
Pour les plaisanteries malpropres (en général?)

Yes. Or even stronger than "malpropres."

Encore Krafft! Avec la fin de ce chapitre, je n'ai plus d'opinion sur ce bonhomme. Et je crois que vous le laissez volontiers à l'état d'énigme.
Je jurerais que celui-là vous l'avez connu et reproduit tout d'une pièce!

AMS: NLA MS 133/12/556

Translation

Chapter XII[864]

Page 162—(line 7). *Had Maurice known him better*—Does this mean: "If M. had known him better" or "if M. had known him for longer, that is, more intimately"?
I favour the second sense, otherwise you would have shown your hand, contrary to your principles, by giving an indication, *on your own part*, of Krafft's true character.
I have not the time to read ahead to get a clear idea about the real personality of this strange Krafft, and perhaps it is better that I not have a clear idea.
At times I believe he is convinced, at times he strikes me as a phoney [fumiste]. (Doubtless you know what *fumiste* means). Perhaps he is both, depending on the moment. At any rate an unbalanced poseur.
Will you tell me what you really think?

"to know well" with us is a synonym for "knowing a long time." Thus "had Maurice known him better" only means "had Maurice known him longer."

Page 162—(line 8) *Don't be a fool*.
"Don't make fun of me" or: "don't be a fool"?

To play the fool = faire le bouffon.

I return to Krafft. All in all M. is *lacklustre*. Deep down he has real value, but this value is "on guard duty" because he only imagines things instead of using his reasoning. So if Krafft congratulates him, firstly he wants to make fun of him and then win him over as a tool in his rancour against Schilsky and against Louise.
Is that it? I prefer to ask you rather than re-read 100 pages of the book. And besides it harms my work to study other passages than those I am translating.

Krafft is not mocking here; nor is he following such an end.

Page 164 (line 28) *for a dirty jest*
For smutty [malpropres] jokes (in general?)

Yes. Or even stronger than "malpropres."

[864] Solanges No. 40. Presumably sent to HHR c. 15 May without an accompanying letter—Solanges tries to forestall a reply to his "notes à propos de Krafft" in his letter of 19 May—and returned by HHR on 19 May (letter = Solanges No. 39), since HHR responds to the request for *le fond de votre pensée* in her letter of that date (*HHRTL* 1:150). In her letter of 21 June she apologises for her "want of candour" on this occasion.

Krafft again! With the end of this chapter, I no longer have an opinion on this chap. And I believe you deliberately leave him as an enigma.
I could swear that you had known him and completely reproduced him!

85. 19 May 1911

Pegli Ligure – Multedo
Villa Negrone

19 mai 1911

Cher Monsieur

J'ai votre bonne lettre et vos notes si pleines de renseignements qui m'ont fort intéressé, mais que, comme toujours, j'ai remords de vous avoir demandés. J'ai reçu aussi le roman de M^r^ de Morgan. Ma fille s'en étant emparée,[865] je ne le lirai qu'après elle, mais le coup d'œil que j'y ai jeté m'a fait comprendre que la tâche n'est pas des plus faciles. Sans pouvoir encore juger, je me suis dit, *avec ma précipitation juvénile ordinaire*, que celui-là doit être un *insular*. Cette impression m'est venue en lisant la note à la fin qui vous est peut-être inconnue puisque vous n'êtes pas allé jusqu'au bout. De cette note il résulte qu'il n'est pas septuagénaire. Il a publié son premier roman à soixante ans et en a aujourd'hui soixante cinq. C'est déjà gentil.

Pour ce qui vous concerne, je ne constate pas chez vous de découragement, mais une certaine mélancolie et un peu de manque de foi. S'il en était ainsi j'en serais fort peiné. Je vous l'ai déjà dit: je crois très fermement, on ne peut plus fermement à la grande réputation qui vous attend. Je suis moins sûr du moment où il vous sera donné d'en jouir, mais l'important est qu'elle vienne et elle viendra. Continuez donc à tracer votre sillon avec une courageuse patience. Quoique vous en diriez, il y a en Angleterre une évolution, lente mais réelle. Il suffit d'entendre les lamentations des Anglais de vieille souche—et j'en connais—pour en être convaincu. Les esprits s'ouvrent; le moment vient où les questions de psychologie pure feront la concurrence aux œuvres soi-disant utilitaires. D'ailleurs vous avez une qualité maîtresse qui forcera la main, même à vos adversaires. Votre livre est profondément intéressant. Les gens auxquels j'ai prêté mon exemplaire—celui sur lequel je vous ai lu d'abord, se sont passionnés, ne l'ont pas quitté un instant avant de l'avoir fini et me l'ont toujours demandé pour le prêter à d'autres. Les plus petites scènes, les moindres détails intéressent, émeuvent, amusent, selon leur nature. Et dans vos 562 pages il n'y en a pas une qu'on ait envie de sauter, même aux moments où un lecteur superficiel a envie de *savoir ce qui va arriver*. Cela est énorme, voyez-vous, et fera que, peu à peu, à votre [carrière] votre livre jouera le rôle de la tache d'huile. Et puis vous êtes si jeune! Cela ne vous semble pas sûr parce que vous avez beaucoup vécu, travaillé et pensé, mais avoir fait à trente cinq ans M.G. et avoir une autre œuvre de longue haleine bien en train, cela permet[866] d'attendre. Donc sempre avanti!

L'avocat qui connaît la dame à la traduction est à Rome. Dès qu'il reviendra—dans quelques jours, je le verrai et je saurai enfin quelque chose. Mais je vous le

[865] emparée] emparé *MS*
[866] permet] permest *MS*

répète. La dame—je ne sais pas son nom—cherche un éditeur et cela ne me paraît pas le moyen de réussir. Je ferai en sorte de la persuader de présenter au moins quelques chapitres.

Pour mon compte j'entrevois le jour où je vais avoir terminé la première partie. Je chercherai alors à arriver le plus rapidement possible à la moitié et après, la joie de descendre me rendra le travail plus léger. Le plus amusant, ou le plus triste? c'est que, le jour où j'aurai fini, mon pauvre Maurice me manquera cruellement. I will miss him, after the close companionship of the past years, and feel as if I had been suddenly deprived of a part of myself.

Mais l'important pour vous est que je termine le plus tôt possible.

Non, je ne lis pas l'allemand et je le regrette, mais avec l'aide de ma fille et du dictionnaire j'arriverai peut-être à lire l'article de la *Münchener Neueste Nachrichten*. Envoyez-le-moi, vous me ferez un grand plaisir et je vous le retournerai.

Avec tout cela je ne vous ai même pas remercié pour *It never can happen again*. Je le fais et cordialement.

Je ne m'étonne de rien quand il s'agit des éditeurs et surtout des éditeurs de revues. Ils[867] font toujours six ou sept numéros d'avance et ont toujours des raisons pour retarder. C'est ainsi partout, soyez-en convaincu.

Mes notes à propos de Krafft n'ont aucune signification, ou bien peu. Je m'en aperçois en allant de l'avant et voudrais que cette lettre vous arrivât à temps pour vous éviter la peine d'y répondre.

Est-ce vous qui avez mis l'adresse écrite à la machine sur le paquet Morgan? Si oui, je vous avertis que votre colle n'est pas bonne. C'est miracle que les livres me soient arrivés.

Je lis à haute voix, le soir, la vie de F. Nietzsche, de Daniel Halévy. Je vous l'ai déjà dit. Je vais vous l'envoyer et je vous prie de la lire pour me dire ce que vous en pensez. Il me semble qu'Halévy pense comme vous et qu'il admire avant tout le poète en N. sans cependant ne pas s'incliner profondément devant la pensée robuste, originale, géniale et courageuse du philosophe. Mais quelle tristesse dans cette existence! L'envoi de ce livre n'est pas *a present*; j'en ai deux exemplaires. Je croyais avoir perdu le premier et en ai acheté un autre. Vous relèverez[868] des erreurs qu'on n'a pas corrigées, mais qui ne sont que des lapsus sauf une: la reine Marguerite n'était pas reine, mais princesse de Piémont quand on a voulu la mettre à la présidence d'un Verein pro Wagner—

J'ai eu l'occasion de voir des sculptures coloriées ou de couleur. Mais je crois que ce que j'ai vu était de la sculpture polychrome, c'est à dire faite de marbres de couleurs différentes. Ce n'est pas le cas n'est-ce pas pour Klinger? Il coloriait ses statues à la façon des anciens.

Vos lettres me font un plaisir très vif, mais, en dépit de votre système, ne perdez pas votre temps à me répondre ou ne me dites que le strict nécessaire.

Toujours à vous et bien sincèrement

P. Solanges

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867 Ils] Il *MS*

868 relèverez] relevrez *MS*

J'attends pour lire l'autobiographie de Wagner qu'elle ait paru en français. Quant à Tolstoï, je préfère les œuvres à l'homme et surtout les premières: *La guerre et la paix, Anna Karénine, la sonate à Kreutzer*.

———————

Voyez-vous tout le bruit que ce polichinelle de d'Annunzio fait à Paris! Quel dommage qu'avec tout son talent, ce soit un homme qui manque de sens moral dans sa vie privée et dans sa vie littéraire. Il s'y entend pour la *transvaluation de toutes les valeurs*. —Vous avez lu, sans aucun doute des choses de lui? En italien? Qu'en pensez-vous?

ALS: NLA MS 133/12/246–48

Translation

19 May 1911

Dear Sir

I have your kind letter and the notes so full of very interesting information that, as usual, I am remorseful for having asked. I have also received the novel by Mr de Morgan.[869] Since my daughter has laid hands on it, I will read it only after her, but the glance I had at it conveyed to me that it is not the easiest of tasks. Without yet being able to judge, I said to myself, *with my usual youthful haste*, that this man is an *insular* person. I received this impression on reading the note at the end, which is perhaps unknown to you since you did not go to the end. The result of this note is that he is not a septuagenarian. He published his first novel at sixty and is now sixty-five. It's a fair age.

In relation to you, it is not discouragement I notice in you, but a certain melancholy and a slight lack of faith. If it were so I would be greatly upset. I have already told you: I believe very firmly, as firmly as is possible, in the great reputation that awaits you. I am less sure of the moment when you will be granted it, but the important thing is that it should come, and it *will* come. So continue to mark out your path with courageous patience. Whatever you may say, there is a slow but real evolution in England. It suffices to hear the lamentations of the English of old stock—and I know some of them—to be convinced of this. Minds are opening; the moment is coming when questions of pure psychology will compete with so-called utilitarian works. Moreover you have a masterful quality that will force the hand even of your adversaries. Your book is profoundly interesting. The people to whom I have lent my copy—the one I first read you in—have fallen in love with it, not left it for a moment before finishing it and always asked for it to loan it to others. The smallest scenes, the least details are interesting, moving, amusing, according to their nature. And there is not one of your 562 pages that one wants to skip, even at the moments when a superficial reader wants to *know what is going to happen*. That is quite something, you must see, and means that gradually your book will gain ground. And you are so young! You are not sure of that because you have lived, worked and

[869] William Frend de Morgan (1839–1917) established a kiln in Chelsea in 1871, but was forced to abandon it in 1905. His first novel, *Joseph Vance*, was published in 1906. Although HHR states that she is sending his "last novel," *It Never Can Happen Again*, published by Heinemann in 1909, had already been followed by *An Affair of Dishonour* (1910) and perhaps also *A Likely Story* (1911).

thought so much, but having written M.G. at thirty-five and having another long-winded work under way allows you to wait. So sempre avanti![870]

The lawyer who knows the lady about the translation is in Rome. As soon as he returns—in a few days, I will see him and finally learn something. But I repeat. The lady—I do not know her name—is looking for a publisher and that does not seem to me to be the way to succeed. I will do my best to persuade her to present at least a few chapters.

Personally, I foresee the day when I will have finished the first part. I will then try to reach the halfway point as rapidly as possible and afterwards, the joy of being on the downward slope will make the work weigh more lightly on me. The most amusing thing—or the saddest?—is that, the day I finish, I will cruelly miss my poor Maurice. I will miss him, after the close companionship of the past years, and feel as if I had been suddenly deprived of a part of myself.

But the important thing for you is that I should finish as soon as possible.

No, I do not read German and I regret it, but with the help of my daughter and the dictionary I might succeed in reading the article in the *Münchener Neueste Nachrichten*. Send me it, you will do me a great favour and I will send it back to you.

With all that I have not even thanked you for *It never can happen again*. I do so most cordially.

Nothing surprises me with publishers and above all publishers of journals. They are always six or seven issues ahead and always have a reason for delay. It is like that everywhere, rest assured.

My notes about Krafft have no meaning, or very little. I realise that as I advance, and would like this letter to reach you in time to save you the trouble of answering them.

Is it you who put the typewritten address on the Morgan packet? If so, I warn you that your glue is no good. It's a miracle the books reached me.[871]

In the evenings, I am reading aloud the life of F. Nietzsche, by Daniel Halévy. I have already told you so.[872] I will send it to you, asking you to read it and tell me what you think of it. It seems to me that Halévy thinks like you and admires above all the poet in N., but not without a deep bow before the robust, original, inspired and courageous thought of the philosopher. But what sadness in his life! The sending of this book is not a *present*, I have two copies. I thought I had lost the first, and I bought another. You will pick up errors that have not been corrected, but they are only slips of the pen except for one: Queen Marguerite was not the queen, but Princess of Piedmont when there were moves to make her president of a pro-Wagner association—[873]

I have had occasion to see coloured sculptures or sculptures in colour. But I believe what I have seen was polychrome sculpture, that is of different-coloured marble. This is not the case with Klinger, is it? He coloured his statues like the Ancients.

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870 Ever onwards (Italian).
871 HHR writes of sending only one book (15 May 1911, *HHRTL* 1:144).
872 See Letters 76 and 79 (16 and 30 April 1911).
873 Margaret of Savoy (1851–1926), daughter of Ferdinand, Duke of Genoa; she married the future King Umberto I of Italy in 1868.

Your letters give me very lively pleasure, but, despite your system, do not waste your time replying to me or tell me only what is strictly necessary.

Ever sincerely yours

P. Solanges

I am waiting for Wagner's autobiography to appear in French before reading it. As for Tolstoy, I prefer the works to the man and above all the earlier works: *War and Peace*, *Anna Karenina*, *The Kreutzer Sonata*.

———————

You see all the stir that buffoon d'Annunzio is making in Paris![874] What a shame that with all his talent he is a man lacking moral sense in his private life and his literary life. He is very good at *the transvaluation of all values*. —You have doubtless read things by him? In Italian? What do you think of him?

86. Notes on I.13, 19 May 1911

Chap. XIII

Page 169—ligne 6—*lent his house*. *Prêta* son logement ou *loua* son logement?	Prêta.
Page 172 (dernière ligne) «I come to Schwarz last fall etc.[»]	
Last fall? L'automne dernier?	Yes, last autumn.
fixing up—Mettre en ordre?	Yes.
tickled to death. Être épaté. N'en pas revenir de surprise?	No, this means "highly amused" & at the same time gratified.
something dandy. quelque chose de chic? Je chercherai à donner de la tournure à ce petit bavardage américain.	Yes, that would do.
Page 174 (2e avant dernière ligne)	
Tom-fool—*Tom l'imbécile*. Est-ce un souvenir du Tom Edgar du roi Lear?[875] Je crois que cela se dit ordinairement pour désigner quelqu'un qui *fait l'imbécile*?	Imbecile without Tom or perhaps polichinelle. I don't know.
Page 175—(ligne 8)—*Sick cats!* Veuillez me donner l'idée. Je trouverai l'équivalent.	I think this refers to the noise made by cats on their nightly excursions—to their love-music, which gives the impression of suffering to the hearer.

[874] Gabriele d'Annunzio, heavily indebted, and compromised by his scandalous affairs, especially with Eleonora Duse, fled from Settignano to Paris in 1910.

[875] Edgar, son of Gloucester, later disguised as the mad beggar Tom o'Bedlam (King Lear 3.6), a different character from the Lear's Fool in the same play.

Page 175—(ligne 11)—Pity he drinks! C'est dommage qu'il ait bu—?	Nothing to do with drinking. It is just one of those phrases the Americans fling about with, which have no perceptible meaning. In German the translator has rendered it by: schade dass er säuft, but I think it would be better not to be so literal.

AMS: NLA MS 133/12/557

Translation

Chapter XIII[876]

Page 169—line 6—*lent his house*. *Lent* [*Prêta*] his lodgings or *rented* his lodgings?	Prêta.
Page 172 (last line) "I come to Schwarz last fall etc."	
Last fall? Last autumn?	Yes, last autumn.
fixing up—Put in order?	Yes.
tickled to death. Be amazed. Be overcome with surprise?	No, this means "highly amused" & at the same time gratified.
something dandy. something chic? I will try to give a good turn of phrase to this little American chatter.	Yes, that would do.
Page 174 (2nd last line)	
Tom-fool—*Tom l'imbécile*. Is this an echo of Tom Edgar from King Lear? I believe it is usually said for someone who *plays the imbecile*?	Imbecile without Tom or perhaps polichinelle.[877] I don't know.
Page 175—(line 8)—*Sick cats!* Please give me the idea. I will find the equivalent.	I think this refers to the noise made by cats on their nightly excursions—to their love-music, which gives the impression of suffering to the hearer.
Page 175—(line 11)—Pity he drinks! It's a shame he has drunk—?	Nothing to do with drinking. It is just one of those phrases the Americans fling about with, which have no perceptible meaning. In German the translator has rendered it by: schade dass er säuft, but I think it would be better not to be so literal.

[876] Solanges No. 41. Presumably sent to HHR on 19 May, and returned by her on 26 May (letter = Solanges No. 42).

[877] Solanges had used the word *polichinelle* (buffoon) in his letter of 19 May 1911.

87. Notes on I.13, c. 28 May 1911

Chap. XIII

Page 177—(ligne 6)—*an ode*. Est-ce vraiment une ode, ou un hymne. Il faut que je mette le mot juste.	In English, ode is correct here; I don't know how it is in French. I fancy our usage of the word is looser than yours.
Note. Avez-vous écrit toutes les tonalités (dans tout le cours du livre) en vous servant des signes anglais ou des signes allemands? Cela est très important. Par ex[emple]: j'ai traduit:	English designations used throughout.
Page 175—*C sharp major*—Do # majeur	I can't give an opinion here, not knowing the French terms.
Page 178—*the low F in the bass of F minor*—le *fa* grave de la basse de *fa* mineur. Est-ce bien ainsi?	
Page 178 *a half close* C'est bien une demi cadence, n'est-ce pas? La demi-cadence est la cadence à la dominante.	Yes.
Page 178. Toute cette analyse du poème symphonique est très délicate et difficile à rendre et là il ne faut pas d'erreur. Ci-joint mon interprétation. Dites-moi je vous prie, si je ne me suis pas trompé (Note).	
Page 179—*hoppy* German. ? (ligne 20)	Hoppy might be rendered by staccato—as Russians speak German.

à partir de la ligne 13—page 178

? (En manière d') Comme introduction le fa grave de la basse du ton de fa mineur résonna avec insistance, à intervalles syncopés; Schilsky baissa la tête et Krafft attaqua de sa voix douce qui avait un timbre de flûte:

Oh Mensch! Gieb Acht!

.....

Et, de ce chant, l'accompagnement répéta, un demi-ton plus haut, la dernière phrase.

Tief ist ihr Weh

.....

Jusque là, la voix était soutenue par des harmonies simples, d'une sonorité pleine. Mais maintenant, des profondeurs toujours dans la tonalité de fa mineur montait un thème hésitant qui semblait procéder à tâtons. En imagination, on pouvait l'entendre proposé par les violoncelles, puis répété par les altos qui le teintaient de pourpre. La voix et les violons le chantaient à la fois, le soulevaient, l'emportaient au loin, hors de toute atteinte jusqu'à la cadence à la dominante.

Weh spricht: vergeh!

Et alors, soudaine, inattendue, à la fois légère et plaintive, pointait une phrase en fa majeur, presque sur un rythme[878] de danse, évoquant l'idée d'une timide et fragile défense en faveur d'une idée incomplètement saisie.

Doch alle Lust will Ewigkeit

.....

L'innocent petit thème passait et les paroles étaient de nouveau chantées pour aboutir à une cadence sévère, fatale, en ré bémol majeur.
(La conclusion que j'oubliais sur l'autre feuille.)

La conclusion de la symphonie (ou: la dernière partie—conclusion de la symphonie) reprenait les motifs, les développait, les recueillait, les groupait, les alternait par l'usage des artifices d'un contre-point compliqué.

Yes.

(La teinte de pourpre donnée au thème par les altos sera-t-elle comprise. J'ai peur qu'on accuse le traducteur d'un contre-sens. —Pour mon compte, je comprends bien votre pensée, mais est-ce suffisant?)

I think it is.

(Ce chapitre me donne un mal de tous les diables! Mais je suis presque au bout. Je vais transcrire le deuxième fragment *de mon examen* passé avant de commencer. —Comme c'est déjà loin et comme nous avons déjà fait connaissance!

Pas de lettre de longtemps; c'est un luxe défendu. Cela vous fait perdre trop de temps.

À vous

P. Solanges.

[879]Vous avez écrit le chap. XIII pour mon

[878] rythme] rhythme *MS*

tourment, et je le traduis pour le vôtre. Abbiate pazienza!

Les vers de la romance de Krafft me laissent dans le doute. Ce sont des vers, il me semble, pas mal enflés, mais je ne sais trop le caractère que je dois leur donner.
Je me suis donc contenté de les traduire à peu près comme vous verrez plus bas. Je voulais d'abord les rimer, mais j'allais trop loin du texte. Je me suis alors contenté de leur donner un rythme[880] en conservant l'enflure.
Les vers sont-ils de Krafft?
Si non de qui sont-ils?
Voici mon essai qui me semble pouvoir aller:

Je suis las et déçu de tout, sous le soleil;
Et j'ai mal rien qu'à voir une inlassable pluie
Tomber en traits serrés et noirs, contre le ciel.
Pour mon cœur convulsé ses larmes ont le rythme[881]
De la désespérance. Il faut à mon souci
Et le vent qui fait rage, et les arbres qui ploient,
Et l'ouragan, sur les nuages, chevauchant.

I think something like this will do. I wld suggest simplifying[882] the last line.

AMS: NLA MS 133/12/558–61

Translation

Chapter XIII[883]

Page 177—(line 6)—*an ode*.
Is it really an ode, or a hymn.
I must put the right word.

In English, ode is correct here; I don't know how it is in French. I fancy our usage of the word is looser than yours.

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879 The following three paragraphs are on a separate leaf.
880 rythme] rhythme *MS*
881 rythme] rhythme *MS*
882 simplifying] simplyfying *MS*
883 Solanges No. 43. Presumably sent to HHR c. 28 May without an accompanying letter ("pas de lettre de longtemps"), and returned by her on 30 May (letter = Solanges No. 44). Solanges acknowledges its return at the end of his letter of 31 May–1 June ("votre approbation du poème symphonique de Schilsky me soulage un peu"). This piece of correspondence is comprised of a 'Note' in the usual style but with some epistolary content at the end, as well as three accompanying slips of paper of a different size to the usual; the cross-references identify them all as belonging together.

Note.

Did you write all the tonalities (throughout the book) whilst using English or German signs? This is very important. For example: I have translated:

English designations used throughout.

Page 175—*C sharp major*—Do # majeur
Page 178—*the low F in the bass of F minor*—le *fa* grave de la basse de *fa* mineur.

I can't give an opinion here, not knowing the French terms.

Is that all right?

Page 178 *a half close*
This is a half cadence, is it not?
A half cadence is a dominant cadence.

Yes.

Page 178. All this analysis of the symphonic poem is very delicate and difficult to translate and there must be no mistake in it. Attached is my interpretation. Please tell me if I am mistaken (Note).[884]

Page 179—*hoppy* German. ? (line 20)

Hoppy might be rendered by staccato—as Russians speak German.

from line 13—page 178[885]

? (En manière d') Comme introduction le fa grave de la basse du ton de fa mineur résonna avec insistance, à intervalles syncopés; Schilsky baissa la tête et Krafft attaqua de sa voix douce qui avait un timbre de flûte:

Oh Mensch! Gieb Acht!

.....

Et, de ce chant, l'accompagnement répéta, un demi-ton plus haut, la dernière phrase.

Tief ist ihr Weh

.....

Jusque là, la voix était soutenue par des harmonies simples, d'une sonorité pleine. Mais maintenant, des profondeurs toujours dans la tonalité de fa mineur montait un thème hésitant qui semblait procéder à tâtons. En imagination, on pouvait l'entendre proposé par les violoncelles, puis répété par les altos qui le teintaient de pourpre. La voix et les violons le chantaient à la fois, le soulevaient, l'emportaient au loin, hors de toute atteinte jusqu'à la cadence à la dominante.

Weh spricht: vergeh!

Et alors, soudaine, inattendue, à la fois légère et plaintive, pointait une phrase en fa majeur, presque sur un rythme de danse, évoquant l'idée d'une timide et fragile

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[884] A reference to the accompanying leaves, reproduced immediately below.
[885] A separate leaf begins here. See *MG* 178 for the original English.

défense en faveur d'une idée incomplètement saisie.

Doch alle Lust will Ewigkeit

.....

L'innocent petit thème passait et les paroles étaient de nouveau chantées pour aboutir à une cadence sévère, fatale, en ré bémol majeur.
(I forgot the conclusion, it is on the other leaf.)

[886]La conclusion de la symphonie (or: la dernière partie—conclusion de la symphonie) reprenait les motifs, les développait, les recueillait, les groupait, les alternait par l'usage des artifices d'un contre-point compliqué.

Yes.

(Will the hint of purple given to the theme by the altos be understood. I am afraid the translator will be accused of a misinterpretation. —Personally, I understand your thought well, but is it sufficient?)

I think it is.

(This chapter is giving me a devil of a time! But I am almost at the end. I am going to transcribe the second fragment *of my past exam* before beginning.[887] — How far away that is and how we have got to know each other!

No letter for a long time; it's a forbidden luxury. It makes you waste too much time.

Yours

P. Solanges.

[888]You wrote Chapter XIII to torment me, and I am translating it to torment you. Abbiate pazienza![889]

I am doubtful about the verses in Krafft's romance. They seem quite turgid verses,

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[886] This single paragraph, written on another separate slip of paper, is inserted here after the reference to it in the text; the rest of the accompanying note follows.

[887] This is *perhaps* a reference to the specimen pages (*MG* 28, 35 and "a fragment of dialogue") that Solanges translated for HHR in December 1910, before he received permission to translate her novel (*HHRTL* 1:33).

[888] The following three paragraphs are on another separate leaf.

[889] Have patience (Italian).

[890] Solanges questions HHR again about this passage at the end of his letter of 31 May–1 June.

[891] *MG* 175, lines 24–27.

but I do not quite know the character I should give them.
So I contented myself with translating them more or less as you will see below. I wanted to make them rhyme, but it took me too far from the text. So I contented myself with giving them rhythm while keeping the turgidity.
Are the verses by Krafft?
If not, whose are they?
Here is my attempt, which seems to be all right:

Je suis las et déçu de tout, sous le soleil;
Et j'ai mal rien qu'à voir une inlassable pluie[890]
Tomber en traits serrés et noirs, contre le ciel.
Pour mon cœur convulsé ses larmes ont le rythme
De la désespérance. Il faut à mon souci
Et le vent qui fait rage, et les arbres qui ploient,
Et l'ouragan, sur les nuages, chevauchant.[891]

I think something like this will do. I wld suggest simplifying the last line.

88. 31 May–1 June 1911

Pegli Ligure – Multedo
Villa Negrone

Ce volume ne contenant rien d'essentiellement important,

lisez-le à vos moments perdus.

PS.

31 mai 1911

Cher Monsieur

Je ne puis pourtant pas bénir votre mal de dents bien qu'il m'ait valu votre bonne, longue, intéressante et cordiale lettre, je me contente donc de me féliciter de l'avoir reçue et de vous remercier bien sincèrement pour votre confiance laquelle d'ailleurs, j'ose le dire, est bien placée. Comme vous avez planté là votre travail pendant la crise, j'ai planté là aujourd'hui M.G., me sentant incapable d'écrire un peu proprement une ligne. L'obstacle est d'une autre nature. Depuis ce matin un orage circule dans les montagnes derrière ma maison sans se décider à faire autre chose que gronder: résultat un fort mal de tête et une grande difficulté de penser.

D'ailleurs, je suis comme vous; sans perdre jamais la ligne de direction que j'entends suivre, je suis loin de la parcourir à l'état de ligne droite, les courbes dans le sens de la hauteur et de la profondeur sont nombreuses. Et cela m'amène à vous faire

une confession qui ne doit pas vous inquiéter mais que je n'ai pas le courage de retenir. Le résultat, pour ce qui est de mes efforts ne sera pas modifié d'une ligne, autrement, [sic] dit j'irai jusqu'au bout.

Mais je ne suis pas vraiment content de mon travail et je me demande avec un véritable chagrin, si je n'ai pas entrepris une tâche au dessus de mes forces. Car enfin il ne s'agit pas de vous traduire seulement et de vous traduire tout entier, il faut aussi vous bien traduire, et je ne sais plus si j'y arrive, même relativement.

Je viens de relire plusieurs chapitres: il y a du bon, du passable, du médiocre et peut-être aussi du mauvais. Et cela ne serait pas un vrai mal si je voyais clairement pourquoi et comment. Cela me crée une situation de doute qui m'énerve et doit nuire à l'efficacité de mon travail.

Votre livre est terrible; il est plein de difficultés dont vous n'avez pas l'idée et [qui] me font marcher alternativement par une *pleasant* et une *torturous way*. Quand je crois avoir réussi, ma satisfaction est grande—quitte à devenir de la dépression quand je me relis—mais lorsque je sens que je ne triomphe pas de la difficulté et que je vous trahis, alors je me donne à tous les diables. Il y a bien un moyen de sortir de ce tourment, je vais vous le proposer, mais je ne suis pas sûr que vous puissiez l'accepter.

Dans huit jours j'aurai terminé la première partie. J'aurais l'idée de renvoyer à un mois l'attaque de la seconde et d'employer ce mois à mettre la première au point. Mais le travail que j'entreprendrais ne servirait à rien, si je le fais pour moi seul. Il faut, pour me redonner du courage que je me sente bien d'accord avec vous. Qu'avez-vous vu en somme? Un chapitre. En conséquence je ne me sens pas assuré de votre jugement.

Vous serait-il possible de lire les treize chap. au fur et à mesure que je vous les enverrais et de me donner votre opinion *générale*. Ce serait pour moi un réel soulagement. Avant tout il me faut votre impression sur le point suivant: oui ou non, en me lisant, vous sentez-vous ou ne vous sentez-vous pas trop diminué. Vous m'avez déjà donné plusieurs fois l'assurance de votre confiance en termes flatteurs—trop flatteurs. Je me demande sans cesse si, somme toute, vous n'avez pas une désillusion et cela fait mon tourment. Vous savez comment vous pouvez m'en faire sortir. Je me demande aussi parfois si je n'ai pas eu tort de vouloir arriver à une traduction trop littérale. Les traducteurs prennent souvent avec leurs victimes des libertés que je ne me suis pas permises avec vous. Ai-je toujours bien fait? De toute façon croyez bien que si j'ai fait parfois un léger écart c'est qu'il était impossible, ou du moins qu'il *m'était* impossible de faire autrement. Il y a des phrases—surtout dans les psychologies—qui traduites mot pour mot ont absolument le même sens dans les deux langues, mais pas du tout, du tout, le même effet. Dans chaque langue les mots *ont une place* et c'est cette place qu'il faut trouver. Or mon rêve était de faire une traduction qui n'aurait pas semblé être une traduction et qui pourtant n'aurait pas été faite avec ce style personnel qui est la marque d'un livre fort, original—en un mot votre style à vous en anglais. Tout cela constitue un casse-tête chinois dont M.G. pourrait bien sortir abîmé … et moi aussi.

En somme aujourd'hui la question se pose ainsi: arriver au bout dans les meilleures conditions possibles et d'une façon qui nous satisfasse tous les deux autant que possible. Si vous pouvez m'y aider vous m'aurez fait un grand plaisir. La seule

chose que je regretterai, ce sera, non pas de vous faire perdre votre temps, mais de vous avoir dérangé de votre travail actuel.

———————

Dans ma lettre je ne vous parlais pas réellement de découragement, il me semble, mais plutôt d'une disposition mélancolique et cela non pas par rapport à votre œuvre future. J'ai trop bonne opinion de vous pour croire que vous pensiez à autre chose qu'à la mener jusqu'au bout selon votre inspiration et selon les principes que vous m'exposez et qui pour moi sont les seuls qui conviennent à un littérateur qui mérite ce nom. Non, je pensais au chagrin très naturel que vous pouvez ressentir alors que M.G. est loin de vous donner ce que vous étiez en droit d'espérer de lui, et je concluais en vous disant que, pour ce livre, pour notre livre, l'heure de la justice viendra. Et puis cette sotte manie qu'ont les Anglais de vouloir traiter dans des romans certains sujets qui devraient être l'objet de livres spéciaux ne durera qu'un temps. C'est pour cela que je vous parlais de votre jeunesse, à laquelle vous ne croyez pas, ce en quoi vous avez parfaitement tort.

Mais là où vous avez parfaitement raison c'est lorsque vous me parlez de votre attitude vis à vis des éditeurs. Vous voudrez donc bien ne pas trouver mauvais qu'elle soit aussi la mienne et que je finisse absolument M.G. avant de chercher l'homme qui voudra bien se charger de le publier.

Je vous retourne l'article du Daily News. C'est en somme l'article d'un homme qui a compris votre œuvre et votre art presque complètement. Il est tombé dans l'erreur que vous m'avez signalée en donnant aux personnages un rang qui n'est pas le leur et, ce faisant, il est tombé dans la faute qu'il reproche à ses collègues. Il place donc Louise au premier plan. C'est une chose curieuse qu'il n'ait pas suffisamment compris tout l'intérêt de la nature de Maurice et qu'il n'ait pas vu qu'il est le seul personnage dont la psychologie soit poussée à la dernière limite. Comment n'a-t-il pas senti l'immense intérêt de cet être qui vit à côté de la vie et s'en va logiquement à ce dénouement que lui, le critique, trouve naturel, mais qui l'est seulement parce que Maurice ne peut plus vivre dans la véritable vie au moment où il s'aperçoit que tout est factice dans le monde créé par son imagination. Les autres personnages sont vivants, mais ils ne sont pas analysés ou du moins le sont-ils très peu. Ce sont leurs actes et leurs paroles, presque toujours, qui donnent la connaissance de leurs âmes, mais encore restent-ils mystérieux. Krafft par exemple est vivant: il me semble l'avoir connu. Pas un de ses mots, pas un de ses gestes ne m'étonne *de sa part*; je les attends presque. Et cependant il m'étonne lui dans son ensemble, et je n'arrive pas à le comprendre. Et il faut qu'il en soit ainsi. Ne me suis-je pas trouvé parfois en face de personnages énigmatiques que j'ai tenté d'analyser sans pouvoir y réussir?

Louise, elle, est plus simple. Il suffit de s'être un peu frotté aux femmes pour la deviner, avec ses défaillances, ses caprices, ses rudesses, ses mollesses de cœur et ses déchaînements de nerfs; sans parler de cet instinct qui veut qu'on ne s'occupe que d'elle et qui en fait un ennemi de toute occupation élevée de tout travail. C'est une de ces femmes qui doit réduire à l'impuissance l'homme qui associe sa vie à la sienne si cet homme n'a pas la nature d'un Schilsky … et encore!

Et me voilà parti à vous raconter des choses qui, j'en ai peur, ne sont guères intelligibles. Peut-être me devinez-vous.

Je garde encore l'article allemand. Vous l'aurez dans quelques jours. Quant aux articles américains, ne me les envoyez pas. Je me doute de ce qu'ils peuvent être. Ils me mettraient de mauvaise humeur.

J'ai été *éreinté* quelques fois et cela m'a été fort indifférent, mais je n'aime pas voir maltraiter les choses que j'aime et je n'ai pas la vertu de l'indifférence envers les imbéciles. C'est une faiblesse, je le sais, mais je n'y puis rien.

———————

J'espère que vous avez reçu la vie de Nietzsche. Je l'ai mise à la poste il y a deux ou trois jours. Je le relis le soir avant de m'endormir. Je le comprends mieux mais il ne me convainc pas. Le poète est merveilleux et il faut qu'il le soit pour que je le sente à travers une mauvaise traduction. Quant au philosophe! … comment voulez-vous que moi, qui crois en Dieu, *malgré tout*, je puisse épouser le raisonnement d'un homme qui me dit: aujourd'hui que personne, ou à peu près, ne croit plus en Dieu, et qui part de là comme d'une vérité mathématique?

———————

Ne vous occupez pas de Daniel Cortis. Vous m'en parlerez plus tard; le fameux jour où nous nous rencontrerons.

———————

Pour d'Annunzio j'en suis précisément au même point que vous. Je ne le lis plus. Comme vous le dites, il ne connaît que lui-même et c'est une mauvaise connaissance qu'il a là. C'est un homme qui n'a aucun sens moral—même au point de vue de Nietzsche—. Son art et son existence sont au même niveau. De plus c'est un plagiaire effronté. J'ai là-dessus un dossier bien intéressant.

1er juin

Oui, j'ai connu personnellement la Duse, mais pas intimement. Elle était l'amie de deux de mes amis intimes: Arrigo Boito et Giuseppe Giacosa. Ce dernier est mort comme vous le savez peut-être. J'ai souvenir de m'être trouvé avec la Duse dans deux circonstances intéressantes. La première fois c'était chez Giacosa, à Milan, pour la lecture d'un drame qu'il avait écrit pour Sarah Bernhardt—la *dame de Challans*. Il n'y avait là qu'elle, Boito, moi et un autre peut-être, mais je n'en suis pas sûr. Elle est arrivée avec son allure tranquille; de son parler lent et musical, elle a causé des ennuis qu'elle avait alors avec son mari à propos de sa fille. Après quoi Giacosa a lu. Elle écoutait, le coude sur la table, le menton dans la main; elle avait enlevé son chapeau et ses cheveux, pas très en ordre, encadraient pourtant bien sa figure si fine. Elle souriait de son sourire douloureux en faisant de temps à autre très gentiment une petite observation qui était toujours juste. Pas de pose, *pour une actrice*. Elle était alors très jolie. Il y a longtemps de cela.

L'autre fois c'était à un drôle de souper donné dans un hôtel—toujours à Milan—par le baryton Maurel qui chantait alors Falstaff. Maurel qui avait été reçu chez le Prince Pio Falco (Les Falco sont une grande famille espagnole qui depuis très longtemps habite alternativement Milan et Madrid) se croyait obligé de le payer de retour. À ce souper il y avait le Prince Pio, le duc de Fernon Nancy, Arrigo Boito, un Dandolo, deux autres amis des précédents, moi, Coquelin aîné avec son fils Jean (alors en représentation à Milan) et, seule de femme, la Duse. Le souper eût été fort

ennuyeux et cela se comprend, si le vieux Coquelin ne s'était pas cru dans l'obligation de nous donner à tous la comédie à ses dépens. J'aurais cru l'ami de Gambetta plus intelligent et plus habile. Il commença par parler de lui-même, de son talent et à établir des comparaisons avec ses confrères, naturellement toujours à son avantage. Sa tête de turc était Mounet-Sully; tout cela pour notre édification en général, mais en particulier pour celle d'Eleonora à laquelle l'acteur illustre se crut également en devoir de faire un petit cours, plein de conseils paternels.

Madame Duse avait mis comme condition à sa venue qu'elle parlerait italien, jamais français. Elle sait le français mais ne voulait perdre aucun de ses avantages, sachant que son accent n'est pas bon. Elle ne répondait donc pas, mais ses yeux répondaient pour elle. Le menton sur la main, elle hochait lentement la tête comme pour dire oui, mais ses yeux disaient avec une clarté si lumineuse tout ce qu'elle pensait de la sotte vanité du vieux comique, qu'il y lisait mieux que si elle avait parlé. Il en fut tout décontenancé et changea le sujet de le conversation. Je n'ai jamais vu des yeux parler avec une netteté si franche.

J'ai encore un troisième souvenir, mais il est d'une nature un peu intime. Je vous le raconterai à moins qu'il ne puisse vous servir auquel cas … l'art avant tout. Ce n'est d'ailleurs rien de malséant, seulement une manifestation de cœur.

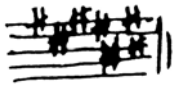
Tout cela m'a reporté au temps où je traduisais avec Arrigo Boito le livret du Falstaff de Verdi. Nous y avons travaillé huit mois à raison de quatre heures par jour, (de huit heures à minuit—j'étais alors dans les *business*) Shakespeare en main. Si cela peut vous amuser je vous enverrai le livret. Cela pourra vous intéresser aussi comme musicien.

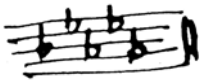
Je reçois votre mot du 30 mai et mes notes. Votre approbation du poème symphonique de Schilsky me soulage un peu.

Je dois revenir sur deux points:

1—Ce que je voulais savoir c'est si les tonalités que j'ai écrites correspondent bien aux vôtres, par exemple

C sharp major Do dièse majeur

Est-ce ceci?  7 dièses.

De façon que la réflexion de Dove pourrait signifier: eh bien mais … c'est le ton de ré bémol majeur. 

Si cela va bien pour cet exemple, cela va bien pour tout le reste.

2—À l'un des vers de la romance de Krafft vous avez mis un point d'interrogation sous une lettre. J'ai écrit:

> Et j'ai mal rien qu'à voir une inlassable pluie
> Tomber en traits serrés.

Il y a-t-il là [sic] quelque chose qui ne vous va pas? Si oui je changerai.

Et maintenant je retourne à M.G.

Cette fois je ne tente même pas de m'excuser.

Très cordialement à vous

P. Solanges.

ALS: NLA MS 133/12/249–53

Translation

As this volume contains nothing essentially important,

read it in your spare time.

PS.

31 May 1911

Dear Sir

I cannot thank God for your toothache even though it earned me your kind, long, interesting and cordial letter, so I will content myself with congratulating myself for receiving it and thanking you most sincerely for your trust, which, I make bold to say, is well placed. Just as you ditched your work during the crisis, I have ditched M.G. today, feeling incapable of writing a line properly. The obstacle is of a different nature. Since this morning a storm has been brewing in the mountains behind my house without deciding to do anything but rumble: result, a strong headache and great difficulty in thinking.

Besides, I am like you; without ever losing sight of the line I intend to follow, I am far from travelling along it in a straight line, the curves above and below are numerous. And that leads me to make a confession that must not worry you but that I can no longer withhold. The result of my efforts, such as they are, will not be changed by a line, in other words I will go right to the end.

But I am not really happy with my work and I wonder with real distress if I have undertaken a task that is beyond my power. For in the final analysis it is not a matter simply of translating you, in your entirety, I also have to translate you well, and I do not know any more if I am succeeding, even relatively.

I have just re-read several chapters: some of the work is good, some tolerable, some mediocre and perhaps some bad as well. And that would not really be a problem if I saw clearly why and how. This is creating a doubtful situation which is getting on my nerves and must be harming the effectiveness of my work.

Your book is formidable; it is full of difficulties of which you have no idea, and which lead me alternatively by a *pleasant* and a *torturous way*. When I believe I have succeeded, my satisfaction is great—even if it becomes depression when I re-read myself—but when I feel that I am not overcoming the difficulty and that I am betraying you, then I am a prey to demons. There is a means of getting out of this torment, and I am going to propose it to you, but I am not sure that you can accept it.

In a week I will have finished the first part. I could postpone the attack on the second by a month and use this month to finalise the first. But the work I would be undertaking would have no purpose, if I do it solely for myself. To renew my gusto I need to feel in agreement with you. What have you seen in all? One chapter. Consequently I do not feet sure of your judgment.

Would it be possible for you to read the thirteen chapters as I send them to you and give me your *general* opinion. It would be a real relief to me. Above all I need your impression on the following point: yes or no, do you or do you not feel too

diminished when reading me. Several times you have assured me of your confidence in flattering terms—too flattering. I wonder unceasingly if, when all is said and done, you are disillusioned, and this torments me. You know how you can get me out of this. I also wonder sometimes if I was wrong to try for too literal a translation. Translators often take liberties with their victims that I have not allowed myself to take with you. Is it always a wise policy? At any rate rest assured that if I have sometimes slightly departed from your text, it is because it was impossible, or at least impossible *for me*, to do otherwise. There are sentences—especially in the psychological passages—that have exactly the same meaning in both languages, but not at all at all the same impact. In each language the words *have a place* and this place needs to be found. Now my dream was to do a translation that would not seem like a translation , yet which would not reflect the personal style that marks out a strong, original book—in a word your own style in English. All this amounts to a real headache from which M.G. could well come out worse off … and me too.

All in all the question that must be asked today is: how to reach the end in the best possible conditions and in a manner that satisfies us both as much as possible. If you can help me you will be doing me a great favour. The only thing I will regret will not be the waste of your time, but the disruption to your present work.

———————

In my letter I was not really speaking of discouragement, it seems to me, but rather of a tendency to melancholy, and not in connection to your future work. I have too high an opinion of you to believe that you were thinking of anything else than completing it in line with your inspiration and the principles you set out to me, which are for me the only ones acceptable for a litterateur who deserves the name. No, I was thinking of the quite natural distress you might feel when M.G. is far from giving you what you had a right to expect from it, and I concluded by saying that, for this book, for our book, the hour of justice will come. And then this foolish mania the English have, of wanting novels to deal with certain subjects that should be the concern of specialised books, will only last for a while. That is why I spoke of your youth, in which you do not believe, and which you are perfectly wrong about.

But you are perfectly right in one thing, and that is when you speak of your attitude towards publishers. Please do not take it amiss therefore if this is also my attitude, and if I insist on finishing M.G. before seeking the man who will undertake to publish it.

I return the article from the Daily News. All in all, it is the article of a man who has almost completely understood your work and your art. He has fallen into the error you pointed out to me, giving the characters a rank that is not theirs, and in so doing he has fallen into the error that he reproaches his colleagues with. So he places Louise in the foreground. It is curious that he has not understood all the interest in Maurice's character, and that he did not see that Maurice is the only character whose psychology is developed to the ultimate degree. How did he not feel the immense interest of this being who lives beside life and goes logically on to this denouement that the critic finds natural, but which is only so because Maurice can no longer live in real life when he sees that everything in the world created by his imagination is sham. The other characters are alive, but they are not analysed, or at least very little. It is almost always their actions and their words that make their souls known, but even so they remain mysterious. Krafft for example is alive: I seem to have known him. Not

one of his words, not one of his gestures, astonishes me *on his part*, I almost expect them. And yet as a whole he astonishes me, and I have not succeeded in understanding him. And that is how it must be. Have I not sometimes found myself face to face with enigmatic characters whom I have tried unsuccessfully to analyse?

Louise is simpler. It suffices to have rubbed shoulders with women a little in order to see into her, with her failings, her whims, her harshness, her feeble heart and her outbursts of nerves; not to mention that instinct for demanding total attention for herself, which makes her an enemy of all higher occupation, of all work. She is one of those women who inevitably reduces to impotence the man who associates his life with hers, unless the man is of Schilsky's nature … and even then!

And there I go telling you things that I fear are hardly intelligible. Perhaps you will see into me.

I am still keeping the German article. You will have it in a few days. As for the American articles, do not send them to me. I suspect what they must be like. They would put me in a bad mood.

I have occasionally been *worn out* and it was quite immaterial to me, but I do not like to see things that I love maltreated, and I do not have the virtue of suffering fools gladly. It's a weakness, I know, but I cannot help it.

———————

I hope you have received the life of Nietzsche. I posted it two or three days ago. I am re-reading him at night before sleep. I understand him better but he does not convince me. The poet is marvellous, and he has to be if I am to feel that through a bad translation. As for the philosopher! … how could I, who believe in God, *despite everything*, how could I espouse the reasoning of a man who says to me: now that no-one, or almost no-one, believes in God, and who uses that as a starting point as if it were a mathematical truth?

———————

Do not worry about Daniel Cortis. You will speak to me later; the famous day when we meet.

———————

About d'Annunzio, I am at exactly the same point as you.[892] I no longer read him. As you say, he only knows himself, and badly at that. He is a man who has no moral sense—even from Nietzsche's point of view—. His art and his life are at the same level. Moreover he is a brazen plagiarist. I have quite an interesting file on that.[893]

1st June

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[892] " … one cannot stand for ever […] the repetition of this Superman's description of his own relations to one or another woman" (HHR, letter to PS, 26 May 1911, *HHRTL* 1:153).

[893] See Letter 21 (6 February 1896) for Solanges's comment to Fogazzaro about revelations of plagiarism by d'Annunzio.

Yes, I knew La Duse personally, but not closely.[894] She was a friend of two of my close friends: Arrigo Boito and Giuseppe Giacosa. The latter is dead as you perhaps know.[895] I recall finding myself with La Duse in two interesting circumstances. The first time was at Giacosa's house, in Milan, for the reading of a play he had written for Sarah Bernhardt[896]—*The lady of Challant*.[897] There were only she, Boito, myself and perhaps one other present, but I am not sure. She arrived with her tranquil bearing; in her slow, musical speech, she chatted about the problems she was having with her husband about her daughter. After which Giacosa read. She listened, with her elbow on the table, her chin in her hand; she had taken her hat off, and her slightly dishevelled hair nevertheless framed her delicate face very well. She would smile her sorrowful smile while from time to time making a small observation that was always to the point. No pose, *for an actress*. She was very beautiful then. That was a long time ago.

The other time was at a strange dinner in a hotel—again in Milan—by the baritone Maurel, who was then singing Falstaff.[898] Maurel had been hosted by Prince Pio Falco (The Falcos are a great Spanish family who have lived alternatively in Milan and Madrid for a long time) and he believed it was his obligation to repay the favour. At this dinner were Prince Pio, the Duke of Fernon Nancy,[899] Arrigo Boito, a Dandolo,[900] two other friends of the preceding persons, myself, Coquelin senior[901]

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894 Eleonora Duse (1858–1924), actress greatly admired by HHR, and on whom the character of Louise Dufrayer in *MG* was at least partly modelled (*MG* P&S xxxi). She became Arrigo Boito's lover shortly after the première of Verdi's *Otello* in Milan in February 1887 (Busch, *Otello* 2: 798), and they remained close until 1894, when her affair with D'Annunzio led to their parting.

895 Giuseppe Giacosa died on 1 September 1906. Previously mentioned to HHR in Solanges's second letter to her (Letter 42, 1 November 1910).

896 Sarah Bernhardt (1844–1923), great *tragédienne*.

897 Giuseppe Giacosa. *La signora di Challant, dramma in cinque atti.* Milan: Treves, 1891. Sarah Bernhardt had prevailed on Giacosa to write this play for her, much to the chagrin of Eleonora Duse, who saw it as a betrayal of her friendship with Giacosa. In 1891, Duse was seeking a new school for her ten-year-old daughter Enrichetta, eventually moving her from Turin to Dresden (Nardi, *Boito* 562–63, 582–83). These details confirm that Solanges's anecdote should be dated to 1891. The play was first performed by Duse in Turin on 14 October 1891, and by Bernhardt in New York on 4 December the same year.

898 Victor Maurel (1848–1923), baritone and actor, debuted in Marseilles in 1867, and was the first to sing Verdi's characters Iago (1887) and Falstaff (1893). He also sang Falstaff for the first performance of the French translation by Boito and Solanges in Paris in 1894. In his autobiography—more a collection of articles—Maurel has a single sentence referring to the fact that Boito translated *Falstaff* in collaboration with Solanges. He goes on to say that the translation is as good as it can be ("Cette traduction est aussi bonne que possible"), but that for singing in the theatre, French cannot vie with the Italian language, and proud though he is of his native [French] tongue, "the translation of *Falstaff* is yet another proof of this," ("La traduction de *Falstaff* en est une preuve de plus"; Maurel 194–95). This is one of the few contemporary appraisals—indirect though it is—of the quality of the translation.

899 Probably Don Manuel Pascuel Luis Falco y d'Adda, who was born in Milan in 1828, and died in 1909. He became Duc de Fernán-Núñez by his marriage in 1852 to Doña María del Pilar Osorio. Solanges's father, the Duc de Montpensier, would of course have known this family in Spain. The dukedom is still held by the Falco family (Melville Henry Massue, Marquis de Ruvigny et Raineval, *The Titled Nobility of Europe* (London: Harrison, 1914) 641).

900 The Dandolos were a noble Milanese family, whose patriotic and literary salon was frequented by Arrigo Boito as early as the 1870s (Nardi, *Boito* 337–38). See the section on literary salons in Chapter 5 of the Introduction.

901 Constant Coquelin (1841–1909), known as Coquelin *aîné* in contrast to his brother Ernest Coquelin, became an actor at the Comédie Française in 1860, and was known above all for his playing of Beaumarchais' Figaro and the characters of Molière, as well as for being the first actor to play Cyrano de Bergerac, in 1897. His son Jean, born in 1865, also became an actor.

with his son John (then performing in Milan) and, the only woman, La Duse. The dinner would have been quite boring, and that is understandable, had not old Coquelin felt obliged to play the comic at his own expense. I would have thought this friend of Gambetta's[902] to be more intelligent and smarter. He began by speaking of himself and his talent, making comparisons with his colleagues, always to his own advantage of course. His whipping boy was Mounet-Sully;[903] all this for our general edification, but especially for Eleonora, to whom the famous actor also believed he owed a little lesson, full of paternal advice.

Madame Duse had made her presence conditional on her speaking Italian, never French. She knows French but did not want to lose any of her advantages, knowing that her accent is not good. So she made no reply, but her eyes replied for her. With her chin in her hand, she slowly nodded her head as if to say yes, but her eyes said with such luminous clarity everything she thought of the foolish vanity of the old comic that he read them better than if she had spoken. He was quite disconcerted and changed the subject of the conversation. I have never seen eyes speak with such frank clarity.

I have a third memory, but it is a little private in nature. I will tell you, unless you are going to use it, in which case … art before all. Besides it is nothing unseemly, only a manifestation of the heart.

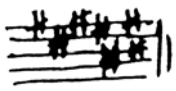
All this takes me back to the time when I was translating the libretto of Verdi's Falstaff with Arrigo Boito.[904] We worked on it for eight months at the rate of four hours per day, (from eight in the evening till midnight—I was in business then), with Shakespeare in our hands. If it would amuse you, I will send you the libretto. It could also interest you as a musician.

I have just received your word of 30 May and my notes. Your approval of Schilsky's symphonic poem comforts me a little.

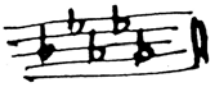
I must revisit two points:

1—What I wanted to know is if the tonalities that I have written correspond well with yours, for example

C sharp major Do dièse majeur

Is this it?  7 sharps.

So that Dove's remark could mean: why … that's the tone of D flat major.



If this example is all right, then the rest are all right.

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902 Léon Gambetta (1838-1882), leading French republican politician.

903 Jean Mounet Sully (1841–1916), known as Mounet-Sully, actor, debuted at the Comédie Française in 1872. He played all the great roles of the classical and romantical repertoires, and was renowned above all for his Oedipus.

904 Especially during summer 1893 (Busch *Falstaff* 350; Conati 207). The Italian première of Verdi's *Falstaff* took place in Milan on 9 February 1893, and the French in Paris on 18 April 1894. See the section on Verdi in the Introduction.

2—You put a question mark under a letter in one of the lines of Krafft's romance. I wrote:

> Et j'ai mal rien qu'à voir une inlassable pluie
> Tomber en traits serrés.

Is there something here that you do not like? If so I will change it.

And now I return to M.G.

This time I will not even try to apologise.

Very cordially yours

P. Solanges.

89. 11 June 1911

Pegli Ligure – Multedo
Villa Negrone

11 juin 1911

Fiat voluntas tua! Allons donc de l'avant. Plus tard nous reviendrons sur le travail fait. D'ailleurs j'avais déjà moi-même changé d'opinion et je vous l'aurais écrit demain si votre bonne lettre ne m'était pas arrivée ce matin. J'avais pensé qu'avec votre roman en cours et votre traduction allemande à revoir, il serait absurde de vous infliger un troisième travail. La preuve en est que j'ai, pour en finir avec mes indécisions, écrit dix lignes du chap. I de la 2e partie.[905] Dans deux mois j'aurai fait la moitié du volume. Je pense que ma résolution ne vous déplaira pas. Et ne vous affectez pas trop de mes hésitations et de mes doutes. Je suis ainsi fait. Pourtant ne prenez pas Cortis comme point de comparaison. Cortis est un jeu d'enfant à côté de Maurice. Cortis se développe du commencement à la fin dans une tonalité unique tandis que M.! Je vais vous dire où est la grande difficulté: il faudrait avoir presque autant de styles qu'il y a de chapitres et il faudrait encore que tous ces styles soient fondus en un seul style.

De là mes doutes, de là mes angoisses. À de certains moments il me semble voir ma future traduction entre les mains d'un homme capable d'une bonne critique et de l'entendre dire: «Quel est le maladroit qui a traduit cela?» Je sais ce que je puis faire, je ne suis pas trop modeste, mais je sens aussi et la difficulté et ma responsabilité. Pour conclure remettons la mise au point au dernier moment, *e Dio ce la mandi buona*!

En ce moment, je lis le soir—car je ne puis plus travailler le soir—et en même temps que Nietzsche, l'œuvre entière d'Anatole France. Je pense que vous connaissez ce merveilleux écrivain. Cela m'entraîna et je me sens plus souple grâce à cette gymnastique.

Voici la troisième petite histoire sur la Duse. Elle est aussi pas mal vieille. Je travaillais alors avec un ami, un grand artiste, et j'allais chez lui, pour notre œuvre commune, toutes les fois que mes occupations me le permettaient. La dame s'était prise d'une tendre affection pour mon ami, mais mon ami qui avait d'autres obligations et qui redoutait, je crois, les conséquences d'une aventure qui aurait pu

[905] 2e] 3e *MS*. The sequence of Solanges's work shows that he translated the "first cut" of Part II before Part III (see the timelines at Appendix III).

devenir trop sérieuse, s'enveloppait d'indifférence. Il va de soi que plus mon ami se montrait froid et plus la température de l'autre montait. Il était inondé de lettres, de dépêches et je me souviens qu'il reçut un jour d'un seul coup tout le contenu de la petite voiture d'une marchande de violettes. Le résultat restant nul, la personne en question mit le siège devant la porte qui lui restait fermée. La cour de la maison de mon ami était entourée d'une sorte de portique à colonnes comme on en voit beaucoup dans les maisons italiennes. Un jour, pendant que nous travaillions, on apporta un billet. Mon ami fit répondre qu'il n'était pas chez lui. —Remarquez que je n'avais reçu aucune confidence, mais j'avais deviné le petit roman. Donc nous travaillons une heure encore. Mon ami cherchait à me retenir, mais j'avais à faire et je dus partir. Comme je sortais, je vis la dame appuyée à une des colonnes du portique en face de la porte de mon ami et mangeant patiemment un petit pain dans la pose la plus gracieuse. Peut-être s'attendait-on à voir sortir un autre que moi et la petite scène était-elle combinée; je n'en sais rien, mais je vous affirme que le tableau était charmant et avait un caractère étonnant de vérité simple. —Gardez cela pour vous et si jamais vous en faites usage, que ce soit avec des modifications. Mon ami doit s'être attendri plus tard. On le dit du moins.

Mille bonnes choses bien cordiales et bon travail!

P. Solanges

Je suis content d'avoir deviné pour la tonalité de C# major. C'est en effet la tonalité enharmonique de ré *b* majeur. J'avais aussi compris que c'était une *fumisterie* de Krafft. Do you know what *fumisterie* means?

Je vous plains d'avoir eu si chaud. Ici nous avons eu un beau temps *frais*, mais il est devenu orageux depuis hier—le monde se détraque.

ALS: NLA MS 133/12/254–55

Translation

11 June 1911

Fiat voluntas tua![906] So let's advance. We will come back over the work later. Besides I had already changed my mind myself and I would have written to you tomorrow if your kind letter had not arrived this morning. I realised that with your novel under way and your German translation to revise, it would be absurd to inflict a third task on you. The proof is that to put an end to my indecisiveness I have written ten lines of Chapter I of Part II. In two months I will have done half the volume. I think my resolve will not displease you. And do not be too concerned about my hesitations and doubts. I am made like that. However do not take Cortis as a point of comparison. Cortis is child's play compared to Maurice. Cortis develops from beginning to end in a single tonality whereas M.! I will tell you where the great difficulty lies: one would have to have almost as many styles as there are chapters, and all these styles would then have to be melded into a single style.

Thence my doubts, thence my anguish. At certain moments I seem to see my future translation in the hands of a man capable of good criticism and I hear him say: 'Who is the incompetent who translated this?" I know what I am capable of, I am not too modest, but I also feel both the difficulty and the responsibility. To conclude, let us postpone the tidying up until the last moment, *e Dio ce la mandi buona*![907]

[906] Thy will de done (Latin) from the Lord's Prayer.
[907] And God help us! (Italian).

At the moment, since I can no longer work in the evening, at the same time as I read Nietzsche, I am reading the complete works of Anatole France.[908] I think you must know this marvellous writer. It trained me and I feel more supple thanks to these gymnastics.

Here is the third little story on La Duse. This one is also quite old. I was working with a friend, a great artist, and I would go to his house, for our common work, every time my occupations permitted it. The lady had taken a tender affection for my friend, but my friend wrapped himself in indifference, since he had other obligations and was, I think, a little afraid of the consequences of an adventure that could have become too serious. It goes without saying that the colder my friend behaved, the more the temperature of the other mounted. He was inundated with letters, telegrams, and I recall that one day he received all at once the whole contents of a violet-seller's little barrow. There being no result, the person in question besieged the door that remained closed to her. The courtyard of my friend's house was surrounded with the sort of columned portico that is often seen in Italian houses. One day, while we were working, a note was brought in. My friend sent word back that he was not at home. — Note that I had not been a party to any confidences, but I had worked out the little game. So we worked on for another hour. My friend was trying to keep me, but I had things to do and was obliged to leave. As I was going out, I saw the lady leaning against one of the columns of the portico opposite my friend's door, patiently eating a bun in a most gracious pose. Perhaps she expected someone else than me to come out and the little scene was fabricated; I don't know, but I affirm that it was a charming picture and had an astonishing character of simple truth. —Keep this to yourself and if ever you use it, do so with modifications. My friend must have relented later. At least so they say.[909]

A thousand most cordial regards, and good luck with the work!

P. Solanges

I am happy to have guessed right for the tonality of C# major. It is in fact the enharmonic tonality of D*b* major. I had also understood that it was a hoax [*fumisterie*] by Krafft. Do you know what fumisterie means?

I am sorry you have had such hot weather. Here we are having fine *cool* weather, but since yesterday it has become stormy—the world is out of sorts.

90. 16 June 1911

Pegli Ligure – Multedo
Villa Negrone

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[908] Anatole François Thibault, known as Anatole France (1844–1924), writer. See also the mention of a story by him in a letter from Solanges to Fogazzaro (Letter 16, c. 1890, or 1895–96).

[909] After first mentioning this story in his letter of 1 June, Solanges was taken back in memory to his work with Arrigo Boito on Verdi's *Falstaff*. Boito and Duse had fallen in love on the night of the première of *Otello* (5 February 1887), and their great passion lasted for two years, after which they remained close. Later, from 1894–1904, Duse was the lover of Gabriele D'Annunzio, but Solanges was never close to the latter, which again points to Arrigo Boito as the 'great artist'. This story is therefore probably datable to about 1887 (*Otello*) or 1893–94, during the preparation of the French version of *Falstaff*. The liaison between Boito and Duse only became publicly known after Nardi's biography of Boito was published in 1942, and so Solanges is both revealing to HHR his possession of secret information while at the same time keeping some discretion about it. See also Introduction, p. 106, for a related anecdote told by Marthe Solanges.

16. juin 1911

Cher Monsieur

Ci-joint l'article allemand. J'ai eu de la peine à trouver quelqu'un pour me le traduire mal; mais enfin j'ai pu deviner que celui-là encore a compris la valeur générale et s'est mépris sur les valeurs particulières. Cela s'appelle de la critique, ô mon Dieu!

Je travaille, vous travaillez, nous travaillons; travaillons donc et ne cessons de travailler!

À vous très cordialement

P. Solanges

Vous ai-je dit que, *de ma fenêtre*, j'ai vu passer les aéroplanes de la course Paris–Rome? Lovely! disait une petite miss.

ALS: NLA MS 133/12/256–57

Translation

16 June 1911

Dear Sir

Enclosed is the German article.[910] I had difficulty in finding someone to translate it badly for me; but finally I was able to guess that he too has understood the general value and misunderstood the specific values. That is called criticism, my God!

I work, you work, we work; so let's work and not cease working!

Very cordially yours

P. Solanges

Did I tell that, *from my window*, I saw the aeroplanes in the Paris–Rome race pass over?[911] Lovely! said a little miss![912]

91. 18 June 1911

18. juin 1911

Cher Monsieur

Me revoici encore avec Krafft.

Après avoir traduit le paragraphe au bas de la page 210 et au haut de la page 211, il me vient de vilains soupçons au sujet de notre ami.

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[910] The review of *Maurice Guest* published in the *Münchener neueste Nachrichten* on 27 January 1909, and sent by HHR to Solanges on 26 May 1911 (*HHRTL* 1:143–44, 152).

[911] The Paris–Rome–Turin air race was organised by the *Petit Journal* to rival the Paris–Madrid air race, organised by the *Petit Parisien*. It began on 28 May, and the winner arrived in Rome on 31 May. After the only competitor to attempt the final leg to Turin crashed near Viterbo, *The Times* commented (15 June): "It is much to be hoped that this will be the last attempt made at a direct flight from Rome to Turin, or even to Florence. Many competent authorities had already declared that such a flight, over country where it is impossible to descend, except at the rarest intervals, is senseless in view of the enormous risks that must be run" ("The Aeroplane Accident In Italy: M. Frey's Serious Condition.," *The Times* 15 June 1911: 13).

[912] Presumably a reference to Marthe Solanges.

En dehors de ce que je crois lire entre les lignes, et qui me fait penser à Oscar Wilde, mon opinion s'appuie:

Sur l'observation de Madeleine au sujet du sexe de Heinz.

Sur la scène de l'ivresse de Maurice que Krafft tient par le cou dans son bras replié.

Sur la déclaration de Krafft que personne n'a aimé Schilsky autant que lui.

Et sur de nombreux autres détails.

Cette opinion est fondée, n'est-ce pas?

Si oui je vous exprime la plus vive admiration d'avoir su indiquer ce *détail* avec tant d'habileté, de tact, et de délicatesse, comme aussi d'avoir laissé au lecteur un sentiment de doute tout pareil à celui qu'on éprouve quand on a, sur quelqu'un, un doute relatif à des choses de ce genre.

Bien cordialement à vous.

P. Solanges.

ALS: NLA MS 133/12/258–59

Translation

18 June 1911

Dear Sir

Here I am again with Krafft.

After translating the paragraph at the bottom of page 210 and the top of page 211, I am getting dark suspicions about our friend.

Besides what I believe I can read between the lines, which makes me think of Oscar Wilde,[913] my opinion is based:

On the observation by Madeleine as to Heinz's sex.

On the drunken scene when Krafft holds Maurice with his arm round his neck.

On Krafft's declaration that no-one has loved Schilsky as much as he has.

And on numerous other details.

This opinion is well-founded, is it not?

If so I express my liveliest admiration for how you indicated this *detail* with such skill, tact and delicacy, as also for how you left the reader a feeling of doubt exactly such as one feels when one has doubts of this sort about someone.

Most cordially yours.

P. Solanges.

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[913] Oscar Wilde (1854–1900), writer, was imprisoned for sodomy in 1895.
See §84, Notes on I.12 (15 May 1911) for a series of questions about Krafft, and Letter 88 (31 May 1911) for Solanges's perplexity about Krafft's character. Solanges maintained perfect discretion on "the Love that dare not speak its name," as Lord Alfred Douglas called homosexuality in *Two Loves* (1894).

92. 23 June 1911

23 juin 1911

Cher Monsieur

Merci pour votre bonne lettre. Vous êtes un sage d'aller passer ces journées de bousculade sur le bord de la mer et de vous reposer un peu. Il ne faut pas trop tendre la corde.

Vos considérations sur les angoisses de la composition sont bien vraies et je les ai éprouvées pour mon compte, mais vous me faites trop d'honneur de comparer mon travail au vôtre. Dans mon œuvre de traducteur, mes inquiétudes sont pour vous beaucoup plus que pour moi et je n'écris pas une ligne sans avoir devant moi le *traduttore, traditore*. Cependant je suivrai vos conseils. En attendant je suis heureux de vous dire que vous êtes dans l'erreur: le premier chap. de la seconde partie sera fini demain, et, après demain, j'attaquerai le second. Il me tarde d'entamer la seconde moitié et de descendre au lieu de monter.

Ci-joint deux lettres: l'une est de Madame Maria Carozzi, la dame qui a l'intention de vous traduire en italien; l'autre est la copie de la réponse que je lui adresse.

J'espère que vous en approuverez la teneur. Cette dame—inutile de le dire—ne sait et ne saura rien ni de nos conditions, ni de nos relations. Il vaut mieux qu'elle traite les premières directement avec vous. Vous pouvez, si cela vous convient et vous soulage, l'adresser à moi pour la tournure générale à donner à son travail. Je l'instruirai selon vos vues.

Ne vous croyez *jamais* obligé de répondre à mes questions. Je vous les fais en écrivant au courant de la plume, puis, ma lettre partie, je me repens de les avoir faites. Vos longues lettres me sont en même temps qu'un grand plaisir une source de remords.

Ce que vous dites d'A. France à propos de Socrate est très juste pour la seconde manière de France. Le père de Bergeret est alors à la fois un méprisable et merveilleux ironiste, mais il y a un A.F. première manière dont le scepticisme noble et douloureux est tout à fait de mon goût. Il contredit d'ailleurs étrangement l'autre. Celui-ci est l'auteur du *livre de mon ami* et des quatre volumes de la *Vie littéraire*. Si vous n'avez pas lu cela, il faudra le faire plus tard, quand vous aurez du temps.

Et puisque vous êtes en vacance et que vous aimez les anecdotes, en voici une sur A.F.

C'était vers le déclin de l'affaire Dreyfus.[914] France avait transformé en comédie son roman *Le lys rouge*. Je ne connais pas France, mais nous avions un ami commun de qui je tiens cette histoire: Étienne Charavay, un archiviste paléographe de talent qui a écrit une bonne histoire de Lafayette et créé une intéressante revue de documents historiques. Charavay qui a fait au procès Dreyfus[915] une déposition restée fameuse, était camarade de collège de France. C'est avec lui que celui-ci avait fait les récits historiques sur les premiers rois de France dont il est question dans *le livre de mon ami*.

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[914] Dreyfus] Dreyfuss *MS*
[915] Dreyfus] Dreyfuss *MS*

Donc pendant les répétitions du *Lys rouge* F. était inquiet. Il rencontre Charavay et lui fait part de ses inquiétudes:

– Tu comprends, après la position que j'ai prise au cours de l'affaire, je redoute l'attitude du public qui sera, surtout à la première, composé d'anti dreyfusards.

– Bah! répond étourdiment Charavay, tu peux être tranquille. Personne n'a pris cela au sérieux.

France ne le lui a jamais pardonné et je crois que le pauvre Charavay est mort brouillé avec lui.

À vous bien cordialement

P. Solanges.

ALS: NLA MS 133/12/260–61

Translation

23 June 1911

Dear Sir

Thanks for your kind letter. You are wise to go and spend these days of upheaval at the seaside and to rest a little. One must not stretch the rope too tight.

Your reflections on the anguish of writing are quite true and I have experienced it personally, but you do me too much honour in comparing my work to yours. In my work as translator my anxiety is for you much more than for me and I do not write a line without having before me the proverb *traduttore, traditore*.[916] However I will follow your advice. Meanwhile I am happy to tell you that you are mistaken: the first chapter of Part II will be finished tomorrow, and the day after tomorrow I will tackle the second. I can't wait to start the second half and go downhill instead of climbing.

Enclosed are two letters: one is from Madame Maria Carozzi, the lady who intends to translate you into Italian; the other is a copy of the reply I am sending her.

I hope you will approve of its contents. This lady—needless to say—knows and will know nothing about our terms, nor our relationship. It is better for her to deal with you directly about the former. If it suits you and relieves the strain on you, you can refer her to me for the general turn of phrase to give to her work. I will instruct her according to your views.

Never think yourself obliged to reply to my questions. I ask them while writing just as the ideas come into my head, then, once the letter is gone, I regret having asked them. Your long letters are a source of remorse at the same time as a great pleasure for me.

What you say of A. France in relation to Socrates is very apt for France's second style. The creator of Bergeret[917] is then both a contemptible and a marvellous ironist, but there is a first style A.F. whose noble, sorrowful scepticism is perfectly to my taste. Moreover he strangely contradicts the other. The latter is the author of the *Le*

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916 The same proverb is used on 6 March 1911 (see footnote 811, p. 356).

917 Lucien Bergeret, a provincial professor, an amiable erudite—and a *dreyfusard*—figures in Anatole France's *Histoire contemporaine* (1896-1901), a keen satire of French life, politics, religion, monarchism, militarism, anti-Semitism. The fourth volume, *Monsieur Bergeret à Paris* (1901), deals with the protagonist's participation in the Dreyfus Affair, after previous detachment from political strife, and is in effect the story of France himself.

livre de mon ami and the four volumes of *La vie littéraire*.[918] If you have not read these, you will have to do so later, when you have time.

And since you are on holiday and you like anecdotes, here is one on A.F.

It was near the end of the Dreyfus affair.[919] France had transformed his novel *Le lys rouge* into a comedy.[920] I do not know France, but we had a mutual friend who told me this story: Étienne Charavay is a talented archivist-paleographer who wrote a good history of Lafayette and founded an interesting journal on historical documents. Charavay, whose testimony at the trial of Dreyfus has remained famous, was a fellow student of France.[921] It's with him that the latter wrote the historical stories of the first kings of France that are dealt with in *Le livre de mon ami*.

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[918] *Le livre de mon ami* (*My Friend's Book*) , evoking Anatole France's childhood, was published in 1885, and *La vie littéraire* (*The Literary Life*) in 1888–92.

[919] Captain Alfred Dreyfus (1859–1935), a Jewish staff officer, was wrongly convicted of espionage in 1894 and again in 1899, and was imprisoned from 1894 to 1899; only in 1906 was he rehabilitated. The Dreyfus Affair was not only a case of conspiracy and judicial error, but also a political and social crisis in France.

[920] *Le lys rouge* (*The Red Lily*), a love story set in Florence, and inspired by France's relationship with Madame de Caillavet, was published as a novel in 1894, and sold far more copies than any of France's previous books (David Tylden-Wright, *Anatole France* (London: Collins, 1967) 165); a dramatisation in five acts was published in *La revue d'art dramatique* on 20 January 1899.

[921] Marin-Étienne Charavay (1848–99) published *Le général La Fayette, 1757–1834: notice biographique* in 1898 (Paris: Société de l'histoire de la révolution française; 653 pages); his *Revue des documents historiques*, launched in 1874, appeared, sometimes irregularly, until 1881.

Charavay was one of three handwriting experts called to examine the documents at the heart of the Dreyfus Affair, in October 1894. Charavay testified that Dreyfus's writing was the same as that of the espionage document, but that the writing of the latter had been disguised. At the libel trial of Emile Zola in 1898, he reaffirmed his position, saying however that he would never condemn a man on the basis of a handwriting analysis. At the second trial of Dreyfus, in October 1898, Charavay expressed his doubts about Dreyfus's guilt, and in April 1899, having examined the writing of the real spy, Major Esterhazy, he wrote to the court regretting his previous errors and siding with Dreyfus. The press and the military concluded that he had been influenced by his Dreyfusard friends Anatole France and Gabriel Monod, and that he had been bought by the dreyfusard "Syndicate" (Bertrand Joly, "La bataille des experts en écriture," *L'histoire* 173 (1994): 38–40).

In early 1899, Solanges had entertained Charavay in Milan, and Charavay wrote to Solanges: "J'ai conservé le meilleur souvenir de la délicieuse soirée que vous m'avez fait passer. Quels charmants esprits que vos amis Boïto, Giacosa et Noseda! Je vous prie de me rappeler à leur mémoire et de les assurer de mes meilleurs sentiments. J'ai dit à mon ami France combien nous avions parlé de lui et il a été très touché de votre sympathie. J'espère que son voyage à Milan pourra se combiner pour la saison prochaine. Je suis toujours très occupé par mes travaux professionnels et par mes publications historiques. Je prépare l'édition des Mémoires Inédits du duc de Choiseul, dont j'ai eu l'heureuse fortune de découvrir le manuscrit original. La Revue de Paris vient d'en donner un chapitre et en publiera deux autres. Je me prépare à aller à Rennes, où se jouera le dernier acte de ce drame extraordinaire qu'on appelle l'affaire Dreyfus. J'ai contribué, pour mon humble part, à l'arrêt de révision, et je suis heureux d'avoir ainsi réparé une erreur dans laquelle des circonstances particulières m'avaient fait tomber." (Étienne Charavay, letter to PS, 20 June 1899, ASF).

Solanges is not quite correct in telling HHR that Charavay and France were fellow students, but they were best friends from their youth and throughout their adulthood. France attended the Institution Sainte-Marie from 1853–55, then the Collège Stanislas (1855–62), whereas the younger Charavay studied at the École Nationale des Chartes, receiving his diploma as archivist-palaeographer in 1869. France was at one stage thought to have been a *chartiste*, but as he later said,

"Ah, no. I was much too lazy for that. The truth is I often went to l'École but it was to pick up Étienne [Charavay] and [Édouard] Pelletan" (Tylden-Wright 53).

France was romantically interested in Charavay's sister Marie in 1874, and the École des Chartes is the setting for his first novel *Le crime de Sylvestre Bonnard* (1881).

So, during the rehearsals for *Le lys rouge* F. was anxious. He met Charavay and informed him of his anxieties:

– You understand, after the stand I took during the Dreyfus affair, I dread the attitude of the public, which will be composed of anti-Dreyfus people, especially at the premiere.

– Bah! Charavay replied carelessly, you can rest easy. No-one took that seriously.

France never forgave him and I believe poor Charavay died on bad terms with him.[922]

Most cordially yours

P. Solanges

93. Enclosure 1, 23 June 1911: Letter from Maria Carozzi

Turin, 21 juin 1911

Monsieur Paul Solanges.

J'apprends de Mr Marcello Vacca que vous avez eu l'amabilité de lui demander quelles sont mes intentions au sujet de la traduction du roman "Maurice Guest" et vous permettrez[923] que je vous réponde moi-même directement.

J'aurais grand plaisir de m'en occuper et je m'en vais d'aujourd'hui même commencer à traduire quelques chapitres,[924] en suivant votre conseil, dont je vous remercie.

C'est plutôt l'éditeur qu'il me faut, jusqu'à présent n'ayant eu affaire qu'avec des éditeurs de sujets philosophiques. Serait-il hors de propos que l'auteur lui-même offrit [sic] son roman à un éditeur italien, en me choisissant comme traductrice?

J'avoue que je suis paresseuse à l'égard des tracasseries touchant les affaires, et je n'en ferais que plus joyeusement et d'une main plus aimante mon travail si je pouvais être débarrassée[925] de ce souci-là.[926] Toutefois si l'auteur allait partager là-dessus mon antipathie,[927] je m'empresserais de chercher un éditeur, aussitôt que vous aurez eu l'obligeance de m'y engager.

Il y avait longtemps que je ne lisais un roman anglais aussi beau que "Maurice Guest": ici, point de ces niaiseries qui nous font si souvent sourire ou soupçonner l'insincérité de ces braves Anglais: je crois qu'on le lira volontiers dans nos pays qui n'aiment pas qu'on les prêche et qu'on leur mente.

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922 France in fact spoke at Charavay's funeral at Montparnasse on 6 October 1899 (Tylden-Wright 221), and the speech was published in the 15 October 1899 issue of *L'amateur d'autographes*, which at the very least casts some doubt on Solanges's final statement—as does the fact that in June 1899 Charavay had spoken to Anatole France about Solanges (see previous footnote). However, it is also possible that Charavay and France *were* estranged for a period in 1899, and that France's eulogy resolved the dispute posthumously.

923 permettrez] permetterez *MS*

924 chapitres] châpitres *MS*

925 débarrassée] débarassée *MS*

926 souci] soucis *MS*

927 antipathie] anthypathie *MS*

J'espère que vous aurez l'obligeance de m'écrire un petit mot, et en vous remerciant je vous présente mes salutations empressées.

Vot[re] dév[ouée]

Maria Carozzi

ALS: NLA MS 133/12/262

Translation

[928]Turin, 21 June 1911

Mr Paul Solanges

I learn from Mr Marcello Vacca that you had the kindness to ask him what my intentions are regarding the translation of the novel "Maurice Guest." Would you permit me to reply directly myself.

It would give me great pleasure to take it in hand and this very day I will begin to translate a few chapters, following your advice, for which I thank you.

It is rather a publisher whom I need, since I have previously dealt only with publishers of philosophical subjects. Would it be inopportune for the author himself to offer his novel to an Italian publisher, while choosing me as translator?

I admit I am lazy with regards to the irksomeness of business, and I would do my work all the more joyously and lovingly if I could be relieved of this concern. However if the author should share my antipathy on this point, I would hasten to seek a publisher, as soon as you have been kind enough to advise me.

It is a long time since I have read an English novel as fine as "Maurice Guest": here, there are none of the inanities that so often make us smile or suspect the insincerity of those good English people: I believe it will readily be read in these countries of ours where we do not like to be preached or lied to.

I hope you will have the kindness to write me a little note, and I remain, with thanks,

Your devoted

Maria Carozzi

94. Enclosure 2, 23 June 1911: Reply to Maria Carozzi

(Copie)[929]

Multedo 22 juin 1911

Madame,

Je reçois la lettre que vous m'avez fait l'honneur de m'écrire et je m'empresse de vous répondre pour établir un des points de votre communication. Il est d'usage que le traducteur d'une œuvre s'occupe personnellement de sa publication. S'il s'agit d'une œuvre de théâtre il doit même s'occuper de la faire représenter. Vous savez

[928] Here begins the original letter of Signora Carozzi, forwarded to HHR by Solanges.

[929] Here begins the reply to Madame Carozzi, in the handwriting of Madame Mathilde Solanges, with minor additions in the handwriting of Paul Solanges. Madame Solanges is never *named* in the course of this correspondence, nor are her daughter Marthe nor son Pierre.

combien la littérature anglaise est peu répandue en Italie, il serait en conséquence plus que difficile à Monsieur Richardson d'aller, avec succès, au devant d'un éditeur.

Vous, Madame, qui pouvez parler, expliquer l'œuvre que vous aimez, puisque vous êtes prête à entreprendre la traduction, avez[930] beaucoup plus de chance de réussite que n'en pourrait avoir l'auteur.

Mais pour arriver à un résultat favorable vous avez pris la meilleure voie, celle qui consiste à présenter à l'éditeur qu'il s'agit de convaincre quelques chapitres traduits. Vous verrez vous-même ceux qu'il vous convient de présenter.

Si vous êtes vraiment[931] décidée à entreprendre ce travail, lequel sera long et délicat, je serais heureux de vous voir entrer en relation avec l'auteur, et cela dans l'intérêt de tous. Vous n'aurez, je vous le dis d'avance qu'à vous louer de vos relations avec lui.

Il vous dira lui-même ce à quoi il tient et ce qu'il vous laisse juge de faire pour le mieux [932]et selon votre inspiration.

Pour mon compte, Madame, je me mets à votre entière disposition pour les éclaircissements dont vous pourriez avoir besoin et que ma longue expérience m'autoriserait[933] à vous donner.

Quelques pages traduites vous mettront à même de bien apprécier l'importance de votre futur travail.

Quand vous les aurez derrière vous, je suis d'avis que vous devez vous mettre directement en relation avec Monsieur Richardson. Vous aurez pu juger de l'importance de la tâche qui vous attend [934]et vous pourrez prendre vos accords avec lui.

Voici l'adresse de notre auteur …

Veuillez agréer etc

Signé

P. Solanges

ALS: NLA MS 133/12/263

Translation

(Copy)

Multedo 22 June 1911

Madam,

I have just received the letter you kindly wrote to me, and I hasten to reply in order to settle one of the points you raise. It is customary for the translator of a work to take charge of its publication personally. If it is a theatrical work, he even has to take charge of having it performed. You know how little English literature is known in Italy, and consequently it would be more than difficult for Mr Richardson to approach a publisher successfully.

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930 avez] avec *MS*
931 vraiment] vraiement *MS*
932 The following four words are inserted in the handwriting of Paul Solanges.
933 autoriserait] autauriserait *MS*
934 The remainder of the sentence is inserted in the handwriting of Paul Solanges.

You, Madam, who can speak and explain this work that you love, since you are ready to undertake to translate it, have much more chance of success than the author could have.

But you have taken the best route for reaching a favourable outcome, namely presenting a few chapters in translation to the publisher whom you have to convince. You will see yourself which chapters are suitable.

If you are really resolved to undertake this task, which will be long and delicate, I would be happy to see you make contact with the author, which is in all our interests. I will tell you in advance that you will have nothing but praise for your relations with him.

He will tell you himself what he insists on and what he leaves you to judge for the best according to your inspiration.

Personally, I place myself entirely at your disposal for any clarifications you may need that my long experience would authorise me to give you.

A few pages of translation will put you in a position to appreciate better the scale of your future task.

When you have them behind you, it is my opinion that you should contact Mister Richardson directly. You will have an idea of the size of the task and you will be able to make your arrangements with him.

Here is the address of our author …

Yours etc

Signed

P. Solanges

95. 9 July 1911

Pegli Ligure – Multedo
Villa Negrone

9 juillet 1911.

Cher Monsieur

Je vous aurais répondu depuis deux jours si je n'avais pas été absorbé par la fin du chap. II. Il est allé rejoindre les autres dans le tiroir et demain je m'attaquerai au chap. III.

Aujourd'hui je serai bref et vous dirai seulement combien je regrette que vous ayez eu à subir une attaque de sciatique. C'est un très méchant mal que je ne connais pas personnellement, mais dont j'ai vu des victimes autour de moi. Vous aurez fait sans doute un remède énergique pour vous en délivrer, mais il faut ne pas vous exposer à une rechute et il me semble que le voyage que vous projetez n'est pas très indiqué, si vous me permettez de vous le dire.

Il y a un groupe d'îles Norway dans l'Indo Chine et il y a deux Norway: Norway tout simplement et Norway House au Canada. C'est sans doute vers la première de ces deux destinations que vous vous dirigez. Vous êtes un grand voyageur devant l'Éternel. Amusez-vous, reposez-vous, et surtout tenez-vous en garde contre une rechute. Mes meilleurs vœux vous accompagnent.

Pour mon compte, je ne bougerai d'ici qu'à la fin du mois pour aller passer six semaines en Lombardie, un peu dans la montagne, un peu sur le lac de Côme chez des amis. J'emporte mon travail. Pour cette année je ne prendrai que des vacances relatives et je remets mes vraies vacances (Suisse et ascensions) à l'année prochaine. J'espère avoir encore mes jambes à mon service en 1912.[935]

Ici sur le bord de la mer, on est très bien: chaleur sèche modérée et beaucoup d'air le soir.

Voilà mes projets, et cependant je pourrais me trouver obligé à un peu de repos. Je me sens légèrement fatigué. D'un autre côté je répugne à abandonner mon travail. Enfin j'y penserai.

Je vais écrire à Madame Carozzi[936] et tâcher de vous mettre en rapport. Votre approbation m'a fait grand plaisir.

Je voudrais vous reparler de Nietzsche et de France. Tout ce que vous me dites à leur sujet m'a très vivement intéressé. Je voudrais vous avoir pour maître pour N. et être votre maître pour F. Peut-être cela sera-t-il un jour. Aujourd'hui vous avez autre chose à faire qu'à philosopher.

Je n'ai jamais entendu parler de M. Cippico, mais cela ne veut rien dire. Je m'informerai et vous écrirai.

Je ne voudrais pas arriver en retard. Je ferme ma lettre et cours la mettre à la poste.

Mille amitiés, bon voyage! et suivez votre aimable coutume de m'envoyer un petit signe de vie de là où vous conduit votre humeur voyageuse.

Très cordialement à vous.

P. Solanges.

ALS: NLA MS 133/12/264–65

Translation

9 July 1911

Dear Sir

I would have replied two days ago if I had not been absorbed in the end of Chapter II. It has gone to join the others in the drawer and tomorrow I will tackle Chapter III.

Today I will be brief and tell you only how sorry I am that you had to endure another attack of sciatica. It's a very nasty illness that I do not know personally, but I have seen its victims around me. Doubtless you will have undertaken an energetic remedy to deliver yourself from it, but you must not leave yourself open to a relapse and it seems to me that the voyage you envisage is not very advisable, if I may say so.

There is a group of Norway Islands in Indochina and there are two Norways: Norway on its own and Norway House in Canada.[937] It is doubtless to the first of these two destinations that you are heading. You are an inveterate traveller. Have

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935 1912] 1911 *MS*

936 Carozzi] Carrozzi *MS*

937 The Norway Islands, now known as Xuy Nông Chào, are in the Gulf of Tongking, at 20°37'N, 107°10'E. Norway House is a place on an island in the East branch of Nelson River, a little below the outlet of Lake Winnipeg in Manitoba, at 53°58'N, 97°50'W.

fun, rest yourself, and above all guard against a relapse. My best wishes accompany you.

Personally, I will only move from here at the end of the month, to go and spend six weeks in Lombardy, partly in the mountains, partly on Lake Como with friends. I am taking my work with me. This year I will only take middling holidays and postpone my real holidays (Switzerland and mountain-climbing) until next year. I hope still to have the use of my legs in 1912.

Here at the seaside, things are very well: moderate dry heat and plenty of fresh air in the evenings.

Those are my plans, and yet I may be obliged to rest a little. I feel slightly tired. On the other hand I am loath to abandon my work. Well, I will think about it.

I will write to Madame Carozzi and try to put you in touch. Your approval gave me great pleasure.

I would like to speak to you again about Nietzsche and France. Everything you tell me about them is highly interesting to me. I would like to have you as my teacher for N. and be your teacher for F. Perhaps that will happen some day. Today you have better things to do than philosophise.

I have never heard tell of M. Cippico, but that means nothing. I will make enquiries and write to you.[938]

I would not like to arrive too late. I will close my letter and run to post it.

A thousand greetings, have a good trip! and keep up your kind habit of sending me a little sign of life from wherever your travelling mood takes you.

Very cordially yours.

P. Solanges

96. Notes on II.1–2, 9 July 1911

Chap. I (2e partie)

Page 214. [«]*Yes ... if ... if Eugen should come back.*»	My punctuation here is intentional & implies L's tone of voice; but if you feel that French demands something less definite, then let it be …
Il me semble qu'il faudrait à la fin de la phrase, ou un point d'interrogation (?) ou des points suspensifs (…)	
Avez-vous décidé quelque chose pour	What of Gustave or Robert?

[938] In her letter of 2 July, HHR enquired what Solanges knew of Cippico, translator of King Lear. Solanges never replied substantively to the question. The edition is: W. Shakespeare. *Re Lear: tragedia in 5 atti*; traduzione e note di A. Cippico. Torino: Bocca, 1907.
Count Antonio Cippico (1877–1935) was appointed lecturer in Italian literature at University College London in 1911 [*Who Was Who 1929–1940*; obituary, *The Times* 18 January 1935: 15; according to the *Dizionario biografico degli Italiani*, vol. 25, however, he was appointed in 1906]; he continued to teach there until 1925, but spent much of his time in Italy, where he was a passionate promoter of Italian nationalism in Dalmatia; he was made a Senator of Italy in 1923. HHR doubtless heard of Cippico through her husband, J. G. Robertson, professor of German literature in the same Faculty of Arts since 1903.

remplacer le nom d'Eugène?

Page 223 (ligne 38) *as she remembrance*—corriger s pour la prochaine édition, si vous ne l'avez pas vu.

Many thanks for the correction.

AMS: NLA MS 133/12/562

Translation

Chapter I (2nd Part)[939]

Page 214. "*Yes ... if ... if Eugen should come back.*"
It seems to need either a question mark (?) or suspension points (…) at the end of the sentence.

My punctuation here is intentional & implies L's tone of voice; but if you feel that French demands something less definite, then let it be …

Have you decided what should replace the name Eugene?[940]

What of Gustave or Robert?

Page 223 (line 38)[941] *as she remembrance*—correct s for the next edition, if you have not seen it.

Many thanks for the correction.

97. 12 July 1911

Multedo 12 juillet 1911

Cher Monsieur

Suite de la correspondance avec Madame Carozzi. Je ne suis pas enchantée de sa lettre.

Je me permettrais de vous conseiller de vous faire envoyer des échantillons de sa traduction. Dans le cas où vous ne vous sentiriez pas tout à fait assez sûr de votre connaissance de l'italien pour juger définitivement, vous pourriez m'envoyer le travail de Mad. Carozzi. Je le lirai et le ferai lire par quelqu'un de confiance et vous ferai mon rapport.

En ce moment vous êtes en conversation avec l'Atlantique, mais ma lettre ne troublera pas vos confidences mutuelles, car vous ne l'aurez qu'à votre retour. J'attendrai.

À vous très cordialement

P. Solanges.

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939 Presumably sent to HHR on 9 July 1911 (at which date the translation was completed to the end of Part 2, Chapter 2), and returned with her letter of 7 September; return acknowledged in Solanges's letter of 12 September ("Robert pour Schilsky").

940 This question was first raised in §69, Notes on I.8 (6 March 1911) and again in Letter 71 (16 March 1911).

941 This reference is in fact to Chapter 2 of Part 2.

ALS: NLA MS 133/12/266–67

Translation

Multedo 12 July 1911

Dear Sir

Sequel of the correspondence with Madame Carozzi. I am not enchanted by her letter.

Allow me to advise you to request samples of her translation. Should you not feel quite sure enough of your knowledge of Italian to give a definitive judgment, you could send me Madame Carozzi's work. I will read it and have it read by someone trustworthy and send you my report.

At the moment you are conversing with the Atlantic, but my letter will not disturb your mutual exchange of secrets, for you will not have it until your return. I will wait.

Very cordially yours

P. Solanges.

98. Enclosure 1, 12 July 1911: Letter from Maria Carozzi

Turin 8 juillet 1911

Via S. Quintino 15

Monsieur,

Je suis sur le point d'achever la traduction de trois chapitres[942] du roman "Maurice Guest"; voire,[943] II et IV de la 2ème partie; VI de la 3ème: qui sait si mon choix a été bien fait? Je les présenterai pendant la semaine à F[rate]lli Treves de Milano et si leur accueil est favorable je me permettrai de vous l'apprendre, puisque vous êtes si aimable de vous intéresser un peu à mon ouvrage. Si j'ai bien compris ce que vous m'avez écrit au sujet de l'Auteur, il paraît que je puis espérer qu'il me laisserait un peu de liberté sur les points qu'il jugera secondaires. Je dis cela parce que par moment je suis un peu découragée par la longueur de certains chapitres, dont le contenu pourrait très bien être suppléé par l'imagination ou l'expérience de la vie du lecteur ordinaire, lequel se ressent aussitôt qu'on l'ennuie un peu et dédaigne de rassembler les grande lignes qui font la beauté de l'ouvrage s'il y rencontre trop de détails.

Je vous remercie vivement de vos offres d'éclaircissement auxquelles je serai reconnaissante et heureuse d'avoir recours aussitôt que—l'éditeur permettant—je me mettrai définitivement à l'ouvrage.

Si vous aurez l'occasion de voir mon ami Marcello Vacca je vous prie de lui faire mes amitiés.

Pardonnez moi si j'ai tant tardé à vous répondre: la chaleur soudaine m'a si affaiblie que j'ai trouvé le travail pénible, et il n'avançait jamais. Aujourd'hui n'ayant plus qu'à copier, je me suis empressée de vous écrire.

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942 chapitres] châpitres *MS*
943 voire] voir *MS*

Encore, et bien sincèrement, tous mes remerciements,[944] et mes salutations empressées

Maria Carozzi

ALS: NLA MS 133/12/268

Translation

[945]Turin 8 July 1911

Via S. Quintino 15

Sir,

I am about to complete the translation of three chapters of the novel "Maurice Guest"; namely, II and IV of the second part; VI of the third: who knows if my choice was well made? I will present them to Fratelli Treves of Milan during the week and if their reception is favourable I will take the liberty of informing you, since you have kindly taken a little interest in my work. If I have properly understood what you wrote to me about the Author, it appears that I can hope he will leave me a little liberty on points he judges secondary.[946] I say this because at times I am a little discouraged by the length of certain chapters, whose contents could easily be supplemented by the ordinary reader's imagination or experience of life; he feels the effects as soon as he feels a little bored, and he disdains to pull together the grand lines that make for the beauty of the work if he encounters too many details.

My hearty thanks for your offers of clarification, which I will be grateful and happy to have recourse to as soon as I definitively set to work—publisher permitting.

If you have occasion to see my friend Marcello Vacca please convey my regards to him.

Forgive me if I have delayed replying for so long: the sudden heat weakened me so much that I found work difficult, and it never made progress. Since I have only to make a clean copy today, I have hastened to write to you.

Once more all my sincere thanks, and hasty greetings

Maria Carozzi

99. Enclosure 2, 12 July 1911: Reply to Maria Carozzi

12 juillet 1911.

Madame,

J'ai reçu votre aimable lettre du 8 juillet. Je vous en remercie et je vous confirme ce que j'ai eu l'honneur de vous dire, c'est à dire que je me tiens à votre entière disposition pour tous les éclaircissements dont vous pourriez avoir besoin.

Je vois avec plaisir que vous vous êtes mise au travail et que—comme me l'écrivait jadis M[r] Richardson—*the colossus moves*.

En choisissant les chapitres que vous m'indiquez, vous avez pris courageusement le taureau par les cornes. Voulez-vous me permettre de vous faire observer qu'il

944 remerciements] remercîments *MS*

945 Here begins the original letter of Signora Carozzi, forwarded to HHR by Solanges.

946 Scrawled across the following passage in Solanges's handwriting: *Nonsense!*

serait peut-être bon de donner à l'éditeur quelque chose qui puisse lui donner une idée de l'histoire contenue dans le livre et aussi—car il est bon à la fois d'être sincère et d'éviter des récriminations pour l'avenir—des hardiesses qui s'y rencontrent.

Vous feriez donc une œuvre parfaite, selon moi, si aux chapitres déjà traduits, vous ajoutiez le chapitre III de la première partie et le dernier chapitre du livre: celui du suicide. —Vous auriez alors un ensemble qui permettrait à Emilio Treves—auquel il sera prudent de ne pas parler de moi parce que nous ne sommes pas en très bons termes—de bien se rendre compte de l'ensemble.

Vous me dites, Madame, que c'est bien du travail pour qui n'est pas certain du résultat, mais je vous ferai observer qu'il vous convient de mettre le plus d'atouts possibles dans votre jeu. Vous ne vous êtes d'ailleurs pas dissimulé que vous avez entrepris une tâche lourde, difficile et délicate, car il vous faudra faire œuvre de style si vous voulez conserver au livre une bonne partie de sa valeur.

Permettez-moi de vous dire en toute franchise que pour mon compte, et sans connaître l'opinion de notre auteur à ce sujet—je ne suis pas d'accord avec vous au sujet de coupures ou de résumés possibles. Un des moyens dont se sert Richardson pour faire de la vie et donner l'impression[947] c'est le détail souvent menu, mais toujours caractéristique. Vous vous en rendrez compte quand vous commencerez *ab ovo*. Tous les gens auxquels j'ai fait lire M.G. en anglais ont trouvé le volume énorme avant de le commencer mais, ne l'ont quitté qu'après l'avoir fini. Dieu veuille que vous et moi obtenions le même résultat! Mais ce que je viens de vous dire ne doit nullement vous empêcher d'en causer avec l'auteur lui-même. Je voudrais que vous fussiez déjà en relation. M^r^ Richardson attend de vos nouvelles et est tout prêt à répondre à tout ce que vous voudrez bien lui communiquer. Je dois pourtant vous dire que pour le moment, il est absent de Londres et doit être en route pour le Canada. C'est un grand voyageur devant l'Éternel. Mais s'il part comme un trait il revient comme une flèche et je pense que vers la fin d'août il sera de nouveau Regents' Park Road.[948]

Je vous souhaite, Madame, toute l'énergie dont vous avez besoin et je puis vous garantir de réelles satisfactions. Réussir la traduction d'un livre comme M.G. c'est presque y collaborer.

Veuillez agréer mes très respectueux hommages.

ALS: NLA MS 133/12/269

Translation

[949]12 July 1911.

Madam,

I have received your kind letter of 8 July. I thank you for it and confirm what I had the honour to tell you, that is that I am entirely at your disposal for every clarification you might need.

I see with pleasure that you have set to work and that—as Mr Richardson once wrote to me—*the colossus moves*.

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947 impression] empression *MS*

948 Road] Broad *MS*

949 Here begins the reply to Madame Carozzi, in the handwriting of Madame Mathilde Solanges, like the copy of Madame Carozzi's earlier letter dated 22 June.

In choosing the chapters that you mention, you have courageously taken the bull by the horns. Will you allow me to point out that it would perhaps be good to give the publisher something that will give him an idea of the story contained in the book and also—since it is good both to be sincere and to avoid future recriminations—of the strong language to be found in it.

So you would produce a perfect work, in my opinion, if you added Chapter III from Part I and the last chapter of the book (the one with the suicide) to the chapters already translated. —You would then have an ensemble that would allow Emilio Treves—it would be wise not to speak to him of me, because we are not on very good terms—to gain a good idea of the whole.[950]

You tell me, Madam, that it is a lot of work for someone who is not sure of the result, but I would point out to you that it is to your advantage to hold as many trumps as possible. Moreover you are well aware that you have undertaken a burdensome, difficult and delicate task, since you will have to produce a work of style if you wish to preserve a good part of the book's value.

Allow me to tell you in all frankness that personally, and without knowing our author's opinion on this subject—I do not agree with you about possible cuts or summaries. One of the means used by Richardson to give life and create an impression is the often small but characteristic detail. You will realise this when you begin *ab ovo*.[951] All the people to whom I have lent M.G. in English found the book enormous before beginning it, but did not let go until they had finished it. God grant that you and I may obtain the same result! But what I have just told you must in no wise prevent you from talking with the author himself about it. I wish you were already in contact with each other. Mr Richardson is expecting to hear from you and is quite ready to reply to anything you might wish to communicate to him. I must tell you however that at the moment he is away from London and should be en route for Canada.[952] He is an inveterate traveller. But even if he is off like a shot he returns like an arrow and I think he will be back at Regents' Park Road towards the end of August.

I wish you all the energy you need, Madam, and I can guarantee you real satisfaction. To succeed in translating a book like M.G. is almost to collaborate in writing it.

Please accept my respectful regards.

100. 24 July 1911

Pegli Ligure – Multedo
Villa Negrone

24 juillet 1911

Cher Monsieur

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950 Emilio Treves (1834–1916) founded the publishing house of Fratelli Treves in 1861; it became one of the most eminent in Italy, publishing the works of Gabriele D'Annunzio, Giovanni Verga, Grazia Deledda and others. From 1871, Emilio was helped by his brother Giuseppe (1838–1904).

951 From the beginning (Latin).

952 In his letter to HHR on 9 July, of course, Solanges had recognised that 'Norway tout simplement' was the goal of her voyage.

Qui sait où cette lettre vous arrivera. Quoi qu'il en soit, je souhaite qu'elle vous trouve en bonne santé et content de votre voyage.

Vous ne m'avez même pas laissé entrevoir combien de temps durera votre absence. Croyez-vous donc que cela ne m'intéresse pas?

En d'autres termes: si vous décidiez que, tout considéré vous ne voulez plus qu'on publie M.G. en français, nos relations seraient-elles finies?

J'ai été souffrant tous ces temps-ci. La chaleur est exceptionnelle cette année et le bord de la mer n'est plus tenable. Nous partirons dans deux ou trois jours. Je pense être absent six semaines, mais j'emporte M.G. Lundi prochain 31 juillet je commencerai le chap. IV de la 2^{e} partie.

Il y a un peu de choléra à Gênes, mais les cas sont très peu nombreux et les précautions infinies. Par ici rien jusqu'à présent. La saison des Canis bat son plein.

Ci-joint une note sur trois points du chap. III. J'espère que votre amour propre ne s'offensera pas de la troisième. Vous me la renverrez quand vous voudrez.

À propos de ces notes à deux colonnes où se trouvent des discussions dans le genre de celle-ci, je dois vous avertir que je les garde toutes et qu'elles sont numérotées.[953] Mon travail fini je vous les rendrai.

À vous bien cordialement

P. Solanges.

ALS: NLA MS 133/12/270–71

Translation

24 July 1911

Dear Sir

Who knows where this letter will reach you. Whatever the case, I hope it finds you in good health and happy with your trip.

You have not even given me an inkling of how long your absence will last. So do you think it doesn't interest me?

In other words: if you decided that you no longer wanted M.G. published in French after all, would our relationship be finished?

I have been under the weather recently. The heat is exceptional this year and the seaside is no longer tolerable. We will leave in two or three days. I expect to be away for six weeks, but I am taking M.G. with me. Next Monday, 31 July, I will begin Chapter IV of Part II.

There is a small outbreak of cholera at Genoa, but the cases are not very numerous and infinite precautions are being taken. Nothing here so far. The season of the Dog Star is at its height.[954]

Enclosed is a note on three points in Chapter III. I hope your self-respect will not be offended by the third. Send it back to me whenever you wish.

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[953] numérotées] numérotés *MS*

[954] *Canicule*, the modern French word for a heatwave, owes its meaning to the fact that the star Sirius, or Canicule (Dog Star), rises and sets with the sun from 22 July to 22 August, at the height of summer.

About these two-columned notes containing discussions of this nature, I must warn you that I am keeping them all and they are numbered. Once my work is finished I will return them to you.[955]

Most cordially yours

P. Solanges

101. Notes on II.3, 24 July 1911

Chap. III

Page 231—(ligne 19) *six months yet*.
J'ai l'impression que les Cayhill devaient être à Leipzig avant Maurice. Celui-ci est arrivé fin mars ou commencement d'avril. Nous sommes en octobre, (fin octobre?).
Dix mois?

This is an odd blunder on my part. I shall correct it, if ever our friend goes into a new impression, & shall alter to *a year*. This gives plenty of time for everything. There is nothing, I think, to imply that they went straight to Leipzig.

Page 234 (ligne 21) Any outsider.
Vous avez souvent employé ce mot qui n'a pas de véritable équivalent en français et j'ai toujours trouvé le moyen, je l'espère, de rendre votre pensée. Ici je suis embarrassé. J'ai écrit: *le premier venu*. N'y a-t-il pas trop de dédain dans ce mot?

Le premier venu does not seem to me bad; but what about "any stranger" which is perhaps nearer the meaning.

(Le premier étranger venu?)
Note pour moi.

Note.
J'ai relu hier au soir le chap. IX pour des concordances. Et il m'est venu une réflexion que je vous soumets sincèrement sans vous faire perdre votre temps à des circonlocutions.
Voyez page 120. «*She repeated the words … like pellets of hail*»
Voici ce que je pense: ce sont les mots de Maurice: «*for my peace of mind*» répétés par Louise qui, dans votre pensée, cinglent Maurice au visage comme une poignée de grêlons, tandis que, dans votre phrase écrite, c'est son audace et son absurdité qui sont les grêlons, et l'image n'est pas à la hauteur de vos images. L'audace et l'absurdité n'ont rien de solide et les grêlons se réduisent à deux.
Je ne sais si je me trompe, mais il me

[955] The documents referred to are presented in this thesis as Notes.

semble que, sauf le bon emploi des mots anglais, vous avez conçu la phrase à peu près ainsi: For, as they fell from her lips, *after* the audacity he had been guilty of and the absurdity that was latent in the words themselves, *they* struck him in the face like pellets of hail.
En tout cas, je vous prie de m'autoriser à traduire comme je sens, car, en français, cela n'irait pas bien.

Full permission granted!

AMS: NLA MS 133/12/563

Translation

Chapter III[956]

Page 231—(line 19) *six months yet*.
I have the impression that the Cayhills were in Leipzig before Maurice. The latter arrived at the end of March or beginning of April. This is in October, (end of October?).
Ten months?

This is an odd blunder on my part. I shall correct it, if ever our friend goes into a new impression, & shall alter to *a year*. This gives plenty of time for everything. There is nothing, I think, to imply that they went straight to Leipzig.

Page 234 (line 21) Any outsider.
You have often used this word, which has no real equivalent in French, and I have always, I hope, found the means to translate your meaning. Here I am confused. I have written: *le premier venu*. Isn't there too much disdain in this word?

Le premier venu does not seem to me bad; but what about "any stranger" which is perhaps nearer the meaning.

[957](Le premier étranger venu?)
Note for myself.

Note.
Last night I re-read Chapter IX for synchronisation. And an idea came to me which I submit to you sincerely without wasting your time on circumlocutions.
See page 120. "*She repeated the words … like pellets of hail*"
Here is what I think: it is Maurice's words: "*for my peace of mind*" repeated by Louise which, in your thought, slap Maurice in the face like a handful of hailstones, whereas, in your sentence as written, it is his boldness and absurdity

[956] Solanges No. 60. Sent to HHR on 24 July 1911, commented on in her letter of 2 August from Norway, and returned in her letter of 7 September (Solanges No. 59).
[957] Subsequent annotation by Solanges.

that are the hailstones, and the image is not up to your usual standard of imagery. The boldness and absurdity have no solidity and the hailstones are reduced to two.
I may be mistaken, but it seems to me that, unless the English words are properly used, you conceived the sentence more or less like this: For, as they fell from her lips, *after* the audacity he had been guilty of and the absurdity that was latent in the words themselves, *they* struck him in the face like pellets of hail.
At any rate, please authorise me to translate in this sense, since, in French, it would not sit well otherwise.

Full permission granted!

102. 29 July 1911

29.7.911. J'ai reçu vos deux cartes. Merci. Ne vous mettez pas en peine de me répondre avant votre retour. Et surtout ne me remerciez pas. J'espère que vous suivez votre ami *the climber* dans ses ascensions.[958] Si j'étais avec vous je vous suivrais aussi malgré ma charge d'années. Je pars, nous partons le 1er août. Je vous enverrai de mes nouvelles. Très cordialement à vous

P. Solanges

APCS (View: Seaside scene of women and children drawing in a net): NLA MS 133/12/272

Translation

29.7.1911. I have received your two cards. Thankyou. Do not take the trouble to reply to me before your return. And above all do not thank me. I hope you are following your friend *the climber* on his climbs. If I was with you I would follow you too in spite of my weight of years. I am leaving, we are leaving on 1 August. I will send you my news. Very cordially yours

P. Solanges

103. 3 August 1911 (1)

1

3 août 1911. Merci cordialement de votre bon souvenir du milieu de ce beau pays dont vous m'envoyez[959] de bien intéressantes cartes. J'ai reçu ici à Guello celle envoyée de Gudvangen. C'est très beau. J'ai quitté Multedo pour passer ici quinze jours chez une bonne et ancienne amie. Guello est sa résidence d'été, Olgiate sa résidence d'hiver. Vous reconnaîtrez son nom dans l'adresse que je vous envoie sur une autre carte. À vous.

[958] ascensions] ascencions *MS*
[959] envoyez] envoyer *MS*

PS.

APCS (View: Bellagio—Guello): NLA MS 133/12/273

Translation

1

3 August 1911. Cordial thanks for your kind remembrance from the middle of the beautiful country from which you send me such interesting cards. I received here at Guello the one sent from Gudvangen.[960] It is very beautiful. I have left Multedo to spend a fortnight here with a good old friend. Guello is her summer residence, Olgiate her winter residence. You will recognise her name in the address that I am sending you on another card. Yours.

PS.

104. 3 August 1911 (2)

2

3 août 1911

Donc je suis ici avec ma femme et ma fille et M.G. auquel je vais me remettre sérieusement. Les chaleurs terribles ont enrayé mon travail à Multedo, mais j'ai abordé le chap. IV. Voici mon adresse:

P. Solanges
Presso Donna Mina Sala Trotti
Bellagio per Guello
Lago di Como

Encore à vous

PS

APCS (View: Guello—Parco Trotti—Bellagio): NLA MS 133/12/274

Translation

2

3 August 1911

So I am here with my wife and my daughter and M.G. with whom I am going to set myself down to serious work. The terrible heat stopped my work at Multedo, but I have begun Chapter IV. Here is my address:

P. Solanges
c/o Lady Mina Sala Trotti
Bellagio via Guello
Lake Como

Yours again

PS

[960] Although HHR writes Gudsvangen on her card of 27 July 1911, Solanges follows the postmark in reading Gudvangen.

105. 3 August 1911 (3)

3

3 août 1911

Comme vous le voyez, sans arriver à la majesté de vos régions, ce pays-ci est très beau. Le lac de Côme sera cette année notre unique excursion à cause de M.G. —Ceci sans l'ombre d'un reproche à l'adresse de cet excellent compagnon de ma vie depuis neuf mois. L'année prochaine j'espère aller faire encore le *climber* en Suisse ou quelque part. Et vous, faites-vous des ascensions?[961] Je le souhaite pour vous. Qui sait si alors, M.G. terminé nous ne pourrons pas combiner les choses de façon à nous retrouver q[uel]q[ue] part. Il serait grand temps de faire connaissance.

Toujours à vous

PS.

Je relis tout Nietzsche. Depuis l'origine de la tragédie. Splendid book!

APCS (View: Bellagio. Parco Trotti—Guello): NLA MS 133/12/275

Translation

3

3 August 1911

As you see, this region is very beautiful, without reaching the majesty of the regions you are in. Lake Como will be our sole excursion this year because of M.G. —This without the least reproach to this excellent companion in my life for nine months now. Next year I hope to go and play the *climber* again in Switzerland or elsewhere. And you, are you climbing? I hope so for your sake. Who knows, once M.G. is finished, we might arrange things so that we meet together somewhere. It would be high time we got to know each other.

Ever yours

PS.

I am re-reading the whole of Nietzsche. Starting with *The Birth of Tragedy*.[962] Splendid book!

106. 10 August 1911

Guello 10 août 1911

Je viens de finir la seconde inactuelle de Nietzsche—Études historiques. C'est une de ses plus belles œuvres. Elle m'a fait penser beaucoup à vous et m'a donné l'impression qu'elle vous était présente tandis que vous faisiez M.G. —Le chap. IV va son petit train. La crise, le rire hystérique de L!! —C'est une page magnifique et terrible. Je crains de n'avoir pu me tenir à la hauteur voulue. —Toujours très cordialement à vous.

PS.

---

961 ascensions] ascencions *MS*

962 *Die Geburt der Tragödie* (1872), Nietzsche's first book.

APCS (View: Bellagio—Guello): NLA MS 133/12/276

Translation

Guello 10 August 1911

I have just finished Nietzsche's second *inactuelle*—Historical Studies.[963] It's one of his finest works. It made me think of you a lot and gave me the impression of its being present in your mind when you were writing M.G. —Chapter IV is going along at its own pace. L's outburst, her hysterical laughter!! —It's a magnificent and terrible page. I fear I may not have been up to it. —Ever very cordially yours.

PS.

107. 14 August 1911

~~*Pegli Ligure – Multedo*~~
~~*Villa Negrone*~~

Presso Donna Mina Sala Trotti

Bellagio per Guello

Lago di Como

14 août 1911

Cher Monsieur et ami

J'ai reçu votre bonne lettre de Turtegrö[964] en date du 2 août et votre carte du 8. Toutes deux m'ont fait le plus grand plaisir, la première surtout. Elle répond clairement à une question que je m'étais adressée souvent relativement à la nature de nos relations futures en dehors de M.G. et elle y répond d'une façon qui me touche et me réjouit. Je regrette seulement que vous ayez pris un peu trop au sérieux la phrase de ma lettre que vous me citez. Je ne vous en ferai pas mystère: cette phrase n'avait pas d'autre but que de provoquer la réponse que j'ai reçue et que j'espérais telle qu'elle m'est arrivée. Je vous dirai avec la même franchise que j'avais la certitude que, profond psychologue comme vous l'êtes, vous auriez deviné de suite ma petite ruse. Et je me réjouis de penser que vous avez un *double*, c'est à dire qu'il y a en vous l'artiste qui pénètre dans les replis les plus profonds de l'âme, et l'homme qui vit simplement la vie de tout le monde et ne s'embarrasse pas, pour vivre de subtilités. Il me semble que Nietzsche était ainsi. C'est fort heureux car la vie ne serait pas tenable s'il fallait la philosopher sans cesse. Aussi je constate avec joie que l'absence de spontanéité sera écartée de nos futures relations. D'ailleurs il en a été ainsi jusqu'à présent et vous me pardonnerez d'en avoir voulu une assurance définitive me venant de votre part. Ce que vous me dites relativement à vos sentiments pour vos amis ne peut que m'aller au cœur puisque, en me disant cela, vous semblez me comprendre dans le nombre. De mon côté je ne suis pas d'une nature changeante: l'avenir ne nous apportera aucune désillusion. Vous êtes beaucoup plus jeune que moi, bien que j'aie conservé une âme très jeune, mais votre talent rétablit la balance, elle la fait même pencher de votre côté et c'est en somme moi qui aurai trouvé dans nos relations le plus grand bénéfice.

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963 The French title of Nietzsche's *Unzeitgemässe Betrachtungen* (1874) is *Considérations inactuelles*, the second part of which is "Vom Nutzen und Nachteil der Historie für das Leben" ("On the uses and disadvantages of history for life").

964 Turtegrö] Tartegrö *MS*

Pour ce qui concerne notre ami M.G. et mon travail, soyez sans crainte. J'irai jusqu'au bout sans faiblir et même avec joie. Encore une fois je n'ai pour l'instant qu'une pensée et qu'une crainte: j'ai peur de faire perdre à votre œuvre une partie de sa valeur, mais elle ne sortira de mes mains que dans le meilleur état d'achèvement auquel je puisse arriver en y mettant tout mon zèle, toute mon affection pour le livre et laissez-moi le dire, toute mon amitié pour l'auteur. Et si vous le voulez bien, nous ne parlerons plus de mon travail si ce n'est pour le côté pratique.

J'espère que vous aurez reçu mes cartes d'ici où je suis depuis quinze jours et où je resterai encore une quinzaine pour redescendre ensuite sur le lac jusqu'à la fin de septembre. Je ne sais d'ailleurs quand nous pourrons rentrer car il nous arrive une aventure assez désagréable. Le choléra qui a serpenté un peu partout, bien que très légèrement, cet été, a fait son apparition à Pegli depuis notre départ. Si nous n'avions dû nous absenter il ne m'aurait pas fait partir, mais nous ne rentrerons que lorsque lui aura bien voulu disparaître. J'ai avec moi M.G. mon manuscrit, toutes vos lettres, je n'ai donc pas grande hâte de me retrouver chez moi.

À propos de vos lettres ne m'en veuillez pas si je rectifie ce que vous me dites. Après votre lettre du 2 juillet dans laquelle vous me parliez de votre sciatique (que j'espère absolument guérie) j'ai reçu un billet en date du 13—et non du 12—jour de votre embarquement, où vous me dites de vous écrire à Londres et où vous rectifiez mes connaissances géographiques à propos de Norway. Vous m'y parlez de votre ami le climber, mais vous ne me dites rien de l'époque de votre retour. Cela seulement pour que vous sachiez que non seulement je lis vos lettres avec beaucoup de soin, mais que je me souviens de leur contenu. J'ai ensuite une carte de Odde, une de Bergen, une de Gudvangen,[965] et enfin la lettre et la carte de Turtegrö.[966] Comme j'ai envié votre solitude dans ce dernier endroit.

Je réponds maintenant à quelques points de votre lettre. Ma santé est excellente. Je pense que vous êtes bien aussi, mais comme vous ne me dites rien de vos ascensions, je crains que votre sciatique ne vous ait laissé un mauvais petit souvenir, auquel cas vous *devrez* faire des *bains de boues* qui vous délivreront complètement.

Pour ce qui me concerne n'ayez aucun remords; M.G. a occupé ma vie fort agréablement. Je ne me suis pas surmené. Maintenant que j'avance je suis délivré de l'angoisse causée par un poids très lourd. Tout est pour le mieux.

J'avance dans le chap. IV qui est très beau, mais long et difficile—moins cependant que je ne l'aurais cru, avec les réserves dont je vous ai parlé. —Ici je suis au frais et très bien pour travailler si on ne me dérangeait pas un peu trop souvent.

De Mad[ame] Carozzi pas de nouvelles. J'ai, comme vous, peu de foi en elle à cause de ses restrictions, et ces restrictions mêmes me font presque désirer qu'elle recule devant la tâche. Je finirais bien par trouver quelqu'un d'autre. Le choix fait par cette dame du chap. VI (III) est absurde. De ce chapitre on ne peut tirer aucune idée ni du livre, ni de son but, ni de l'histoire, ni des personnages. Je n'ai plus entendu parler d'elle, mais je vais me faire renseigner par notre ami l'avocat. Il me semble en somme que si, comme vous me dites le croire[,] la patience de la Signora Carozzi doit être courte, la vôtre pourrait bien être plus courte encore.

---

[965] Gudsvangen] Godswangen *MS*
[966] Turtegrö] Tartegö *MS*

Ce qui est plus sérieux c'est que vous ayez eu des ennuis pour le texte allemand. Est-ce que vous n'auriez pas pu le faire vous-même? Je comprends que cela vous aurait pris trop de temps; cela eût été comme si un compositeur faisait lui-même les réductions pour piano d'une partition d'orchestre.

J'ai préparé pour vous deux ou trois questions que je vous enverrai quand je vous sentirai près de Londres. Quel dommage que nous n'ayons pas encore l'occasion de nous rencontrer! Je fais toujours provision de choses à vous dire.

Je ne m'étonne pas que votre ami ait eu des ascensions[967] pénibles et qu'il ait trouvé par cette chaleur peu de neige. Le pis est qu'elle doit être molle. Ce n'est pas très prudent d'aller sur les glaciers dans ces conditions-là. Au moins avait-il de bons guides?

Et maintenant vous allez voir l'Écosse. Un de mes autres rêves non réalisés. J'irai peut-être un jour.

Je continue à lire Nietzsche. J'ai dressé la liste chronologique de ses œuvres et je vais du commencement à la fin relisant ce que j'avais lu déjà. De plus je relis chaque chose deux ou trois fois si bien que je vais lentement. Mais je ne suis pas pressé.

Vous avez raison, c'est un magnifique poète, mais c'est aussi un grand penseur et surtout un terrible destructeur. Il y a des choses que l'on savait avant d'avoir lu Nietzsche et qu'il vous fait *voir* pour la première fois avec une vérité qui donne le vertige. C'est à vous—par l'intermédiaire de Krafft que je dois d'avoir repris ce terrible et fraternel écrivain. Je ne sais pas jusqu'à quel point je dois vous en être reconnaissant. Il me trouble terriblement.

Mais quelle lettre! Et écrite d'une seule haleine. Heureusement pour vous, vous êtes en vacances.

À vous bien cordialement et encore un merci sincère et affectueux

P. Solanges.

Quand vous aurez de nouveau l'occasion de m'écrire à Pegli, veuillez mettre ainsi l'adresse

Pegli Ligure[968]
Multedo.

Ligure est l'adjectif pour de Liguria (Pegli di Ligure ou Pegli Ligure). Multedo est une fraction de la petite ville de Pegli.

ALS: NLA MS 133/12/277–79

Translation

c/o Lady Mina Sala Trotti

Bellagio via Guello

Lake Como

14 August 1911

Dear Sir and friend

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967 ascensions] ascencions *MS*

968 A small note above this word appears to read: add. D. Caris.

14 August 1911

I have received your kind letter from Turtegrö dated 2 August and your card of the 8th.[969] Both gave me the greatest pleasure, above all the first. It clearly answers a question I have often asked myself about the future nature of our relationship outside M.G., and it answers the question in a way that touches and delights me. I only regret that you have taken the sentence you quote from my letter a little too seriously. I will not make a mystery of it: that sentence had no other purpose than to provoke the reply I have received, which was just the reply I hoped for. I will tell you with the same frankness that I was sure that you would have guessed my little trick at once, profound psychologist that you are. And I am delighted to think that you have a *double*, namely there is in you the artist who penetrates the deepest corners of the soul, and the man who lives a simple, ordinary life and does not trouble to live on subtleties. Nietzsche seems to have been like that. It is very fortunate, since life would be unbearable if we had to continually philosophise it. Therefore I record with joy that the absence of spontaneity will be ruled out of our future relations. Moreover this has been the case until now and you will forgive me for having wished for a definite assurance from you. What you tell me about your feelings for your friends cannot help touching me to the heart, since in telling me that, you seem to include me in their number. For my part I am not of a changeable nature: the future will not disillusion us. You are much younger than I, although I have remained very young in spirit, but your talent restores the balance, and even makes it weigh in your favour, and in the end it is I who will have profited most from our relationship.

With regard to M.G. and my work, have no fear. I will go to the end without faltering and even with joy. Once again I have only one thought and one fear for the moment: I am afraid of making your work lose part of its value, but it will only leave my hands in the best state of completion I can reach by using all my zeal, all my affection for the book, and if I may say so, all my friendship for the author. Now if you will, let us speak no more of my work except in practical terms.

I hope you have received my cards from here; I have been here a fortnight and will stay another fortnight before going down to the lake again until the end of September. Moreover I don't know when we will be able to return, since we are going through a rather unpleasant adventure. The cholera that has been meandering almost everywhere this summer, although very sparsely, has appeared at Pegli since our departure. If we had not been obliged to go away, it would not have made me leave, but we will not return until it has kindly moved on. I have M.G., my manuscript and all your letters with me, so I am in no hurry to be back at home.

About your letters, please don't hold it against me if I correct what you tell me. After your letter of 2 July in which you spoke of your sciatica (I hope it is absolutely cured) I received a note dated the 13th—not the 12th—the day of your embarkation, in which you tell me to write to you in London, and in which you correct my geographical knowledge of Norway. You speak of your friend the climber, but you say nothing about the date of your return. All this is so that you know that I not only read your letters very carefully, but I remember their contents. Then I have a card from Odde, one from Bergen, one from Gudvangen, and finally the letter and card from Turtegrö. How I envied your solitude in this last place.

Let me now reply to some points in your letter. My health is excellent. I think you too are well, but as you say nothing about your climbs, I fear your sciatica may

[969] HHR's card is in fact dated 5 August.

have left you a nasty little souvenir, in which case you *must* take *mud baths* which will completely cure you.

Have no remorse about me; M.G. has filled my life very pleasantly. I have not overexerted myself. Now that I am making progress I am freed from the anguish caused by a very heavy burden. All is for the best.

I am progressing into Chapter IV which is very beautiful, but long and difficult—less than I would have believed though, with the reservations I have spoken of. —I am in a cool spot here and very well set up for work if I were not being disturbed a little too often.

No news from Madame Carozzi. Like you, I have little faith in her because of her limitations, and these very limitations make me almost wish that she would back away from the task. I would eventually find someone else. The lady's choice of Chapter VI (III) is absurd. This chapter gives no idea either of the book, or its purpose, or the story, or the characters. I have had no further news of her, but I will enquire through our friend the lawyer. All in all it seems that if, as you say you believe, Madame Carozzi's patience is short, yours could well be even shorter.

What is more serious is that you have had problems with the German text. Could you not have done it yourself? I realise it would have taken you too much time; it would have been as if a composer himself did the piano settings from an orchestral score.

I have prepared you two or three questions that I will send you when I feel you are near London. What a shame we have not yet had an opportunity to meet each other! I am always stocking up things to say to you.

I am not surprised your friend has had some difficult climbs and has found little snow during this heatwave. The worst part is that the snow must be soft. It's not very wise to go on glaciers in those conditions. Did he at least have good guides?

And now you are going to see Scotland. Another of my unfulfilled dreams. Perhaps I will go there some day.

I continue to read Nietzsche. I have made a chronological list of his works and am going from beginning to end, rereading what I have already read. Moreover I read everything twice or thrice, with the result that I am going slowly. But I am not in a hurry.

You are right, he is a magnificent poet, but he is also a great thinker and above all a terrible destroyer. There are things one knew before reading Nietzsche that he makes you *see* for the first time with a truthfulness that gives you vertigo. It's due to you—through Krafft's intermediary, that I have taken up again with this terrible and fraternal writer. I don't know to what degree I should be grateful to you. He troubles me terribly.

But what a letter! And written in one breath. Happily for you, you are on holiday.

Most cordially yours with sincere and affectionate thanks

P. Solanges

When you next have occasion to write to me at Pegli, please put the address thus

Pegli Ligure
Multedo.

Ligure is the adjective for "from Liguria" (Pegli in Liguria or Ligurian Pegli). Multedo is a division of the small town of Pegli.

108. 1 September 1911

~~*Pegli Ligure – Multedo*~~
~~*Villa Negrone*~~

Poste restante

Cernobbio

Lago di Como

1er septembre 1911

Cher Monsieur

Mon changement de résidence m'a empêché de répondre plus tôt à votre lettre de Hankö Bad du 23 août. Mais me voici.

Il me semble que nous gagnerions à nous connaître autrement que par des morceaux de papiers chargés d'hiéroglyphes et je souhaite plus que vivement que le choc ait lieu, dont se dégagera l'étincelle de la mutuelle pénétration—j'entends de celle permise à notre humaine nature. Mais puisque la rencontre n'est pas possible pour l'instant, je désire souffler sur les vapeurs que la distance met entre nous et restituer aux idées échangées dernièrement leur profil bien net afin qu'elles se découpent comme des ombres chinoises. —Je suis convaincu que nous nous comprenons admirablement bien, sauf en ceci que nous ne nous rendons pas absolument compte du moment où l'un de nous commence ou finit une innocente plaisanterie.

Or avant tout je tiens à établir une chose: je ne vous ai tendu aucun piège; je n'ai jamais voulu vous donner à entendre que je puisse avoir l'intention de renoncer à mon travail qui m'est très cher. Si j'ai parfois des soucis à son sujet, c'est uniquement par crainte de n'être pas toujours à la hauteur de la besogne entreprise et que je compte mener jusqu'au bout.

Non, ce que je vous ai dit n'avait rien à voir avec Maurice et tout à voir[970] avec vous. Je vous disais en d'autre termes: «Si par suite d'une circonstance quelconque dépendant de *vous* (pas de moi) vous cessiez de désirer de voir votre œuvre traduite, continueraient-elles?» Enfin, et pour être encore plus clair: «Si ou quand nos relations à propos de M.G. seront finies, le lien que le hasard a noué, que notre correspondance a rendu assez fort, devra-t-il se rompre.

Le piège consistait en ceci que je voulais un peu vous contraindre à répondre dans le sens que je désirais.

Vous voyez qu'il n'y a là aucune malice, mais une simple déclaration de grande sympathie jointe au désir de savoir que cette sympathie je ne suis pas seul à l'éprouver. Seulement je l'avais entouré de ces précautions oratoires dont je la dépouille aujourd'hui. And now I have nothing to beware.

Et si vous êtes *un trap-setter par excellence*, vous avez toutes les chances de réussir avec moi.

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970 à voir] avoir *MS*

Much ado about nothing, mais je veux que vous me connaissiez bien et surtout que vous ne me croyiez pas de ces gens qui plaisantent à propos de tout. Je suis, je vous l'ai dit beaucoup plus jeune d'esprit qu'il ne convient à mon âge, mais je suis sérieux dans les choses sérieuses.

Mais, in the name of goodness, n'allez pas vous imaginer que j'ai trouvé dans votre lettre quelque chose qui m'ait été désagréable à lire. Vous seriez dans l'erreur la plus complète et nous retomberions dans les vapeurs. Rien de cela. Je voulais seulement vous affirmer la solidité morale et physique de votre traducteur et … correspondant.

Oui mes vacances s'écoulent assez bien, mais pas aussi agréablement que vous le croyez. Je vois de vieux amis, j'en suis heureux. Je vois de beaux pays et c'est fort agréable. Mais les amis ne me laissent travailler que fort peu et, les pays, je les connais tellement que leur aspect ne m'émeut guères. En somme je me fatigue sous prétexte de me reposer et j'avance trop lentement dans mon travail. Ordinairement je quitte l'Italie avec ma femme et ma fille et je demeure mon maître. Cette année je n'ai pu le faire et je subis les conséquences[971] qui viennent de circonstances indépendantes de ma volonté.

Cependant je ne suis pas oisif. Je vais de l'avant dans le chap. VI et j'ai derrière moi un peu plus de la moitié du livre.

Ce qui m'ennuie c'est que le choléra au lieu de diminuer augmente, si bien que je ne puis savoir quand je rentrerai chez moi. Si cela doit durer longtemps, nous irons peut-être dans une ville de province française où je pourrai travailler tranquille et où nous tâcherons d'attendre patiemment la fin de ce malencontreux fléau.

Pour ce qui est de vos lettres, pourquoi être fâché que je les garde. Je n'ai ni l'intention de les publier ni celle de les traduire, ni celle de les communiquer. Si vous le voulez bien elles resteront dans *mes archives*! On les retrouvera plus tard, lorsque cela vous sera indifférent et à moi aussi; on y retrouvera quelques unes de vos idées et—avec la preuve de nos excellentes relations—une histoire de traps qui nous fera prendre pour des chasseurs de castors. Votre réputation, qui sera grande alors—et je suis tout ce qu'il y a de plus sérieux—n'y gagnera peut-être pas grand chose, mais elle n'y perdra certainement rien.

Mais ne me dites plus que vous êtes trop fatigué quand vous faites votre correspondance pour y prendre plaisir. Cela me gâte celui que j'ai à recevoir des lettres où je vous force à me parler de mille choses en dehors de M.G. Ce sont là tous mes traps qui sont bien pleins d'innocence.

Vous avez raison de vous méfier des sports s'ils doivent vous prendre votre temps. Je crois que maintenant vous êtes trop bien parti pour vous laisser absorber par le golf, le lawn-tennis, le cricket ou même le bridge. Mais un peu de climbing, l'été, makes a man healthy and wise. (Je n'ai pas mon dictionnaire sous la main).

Si vous n'êtes pas à Londres encore vous n'en êtes sans doute pas loin. Je sais les ennuis qui accompagnent les retours. Ne vous pressez donc pas de me répondre. Dans une prochaine lettre, je vous enverrai une note relative à notre travail. —Peu de chose. Je me suis beaucoup amusé en traduisant les chap. IV et V.

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[971] conséquences] conséquence *MS*

Je quitterai Cernobbio le 6, mais je ne sais encore pour où. Comme j'y dois revenir répondez-moi—quand vous en aurez le temps—ici Poste Restante.

Nietzsche va toujours son petit train. J'ai lu les souvenirs de M^lle^ de Meysenbug, mais je le regrette. Le jeu ne vaut pas la chandelle. Et puis de Nietzsche, pas un mot. Cela finit avant leur rencontre. Enfin cela sert pour l'ambiant.

À vous très cordialement

P. Solanges.

ALS: NLA MS 133/12/280–82

Translation

1st September 1911

Dear Sir

My change of residence prevented me from replying earlier to your letter from Hankö Bad dated 23 August. But here I am.

It seems to me that we would gain by knowing each other otherwise than through pieces of paper loaded with hieroglyphs, and I wish most keenly that the shock from which the spark of mutual penetration will emerge would take place—I mean the penetration permitted to our human nature. But since the meeting is not possible for the moment, I wish to blow away the haze that distance puts between us and restore a clear profile to the ideas exchanged between us recently so that they stand out like a shadow show. —I am convinced we understand one another admirably well, except that we do not quite realise when one of us begins or ends an innocent joke.

Now above all I am anxious to establish one thing: I have not set any traps for you; I have never meant to lead you to believe that I might intend to renounce my work, which is very dear to me. If I am sometimes worried about it, it is solely through fear of not being up to the task I have undertaken, which I intend to bring to completion.

No, what I told you had nothing to do with Maurice and everything to do with you. I was telling you in other words: "If, as a result of some circumstance dependent on *you* (not on me), you ceased to wish for a translation of your work, would our relations continue?" Finally, and to be even clearer: "If or when our relations in regard to M.G. are finished, will the bond that chance has formed and that our correspondence has strengthened, will this bond have to break?"

The trap consisted in this: I wanted to force you to reply in the sense I desired.

You see that there is no malice there, but a simple declaration of great affinity combined with a desire to know that I am not the only one to feel this affinity. Only I had surrounded it with the oratorical ramparts that I am removing today. And now I have nothing to beware.[972]

And if you are a *trap-setter par excellence*, you have every chance of succeeding with me.[973]

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[972] This sounds like a quotation, but if so, it has not been identified.

[973] HHR had written on 23 August 1911: "And yet there is a contradiction in all this, too; for it is I who am the trap-setter par excellence—as some day you will discover" (*HHRTL* 1:203). This warning was taken to heart by Solanges; see the discussion of traps in the section on gender and identity in Chapter 8 of the Introduction.

Much ado about nothing, but I want you to know me well and above all I don't want you to think I am one of those people who joke about everything. I am, as I have told you, much younger in spirit than befits my age, but I am serious about serious things.

But, in the name of goodness, do not go imagining that I found something in your letter that was unpleasant to read. You would be in the gravest error and we would fall back into the haze. None of that. I only wanted to affirm to you the mental and physical solidity of your translator and … correspondent.

Yes my holidays are passing well enough, but not as pleasantly as you believe. I see old friends, and am happy for it. I see fine countryside and that's very pleasant. But the friends allow me to work only very little, and I know the countryside so well that its appearance hardly moves me. All in all I am tiring myself out under the pretext of resting, and am progressing too slowly with my work. Ordinarily I leave Italy with my wife and my daughter and remain my own master. This year I was unable to do so and am suffering the consequences that arise from circumstances beyond my control.

However I am not idle. I am progressing into Chapter VI and I have a little more than half the book behind me.

What bothers me is that instead of decreasing, the cholera is spreading, so much so that I cannot know when I will return home. If it should last for long, we will perhaps go to a French provincial town where I will be able to work in peace and where we will try to wait patiently for the end of this unfortunate scourge.

As for your letters, why be angry that I am keeping them? I have no intention of either publishing or translating them, nor of passing them on. If you like, they will remain in *my archives*! They will be discovered later, when it will be immaterial to you and to me as well; some of your ideas will be found there and—along with proof of our excellent relationship—a story of traps that will make us be taken for beaver hunters. Your reputation, which will then be great—and I am perfectly serious—will perhaps not gain greatly, but it will certainly not lose anything.

But don't tell me again that you are too tired when doing your correspondence to find pleasure in it. That spoils the pleasure I have in receiving letters in which I force you to speak of a thousand and one things besides M.G. These are my only traps, and they are quite innocent.

You are right to be careful about sports if they were to take up your time. I think you are too well launched now to let yourself become engrossed in golf, lawn-tennis, cricket or even bridge. But a little climbing, in summer, makes a man healthy and wise. (I don't have my dictionary to hand).[974]

If you are not yet in London you are doubtless not far away. I know the problems that accompany returns. So do not hasten to reply to me. In another letter, I will send you a note about our work. —A small thing. I have had great fun translating Chapters IV and V.

I will leave Cernobbio on the 6th, but I don't know where to yet. As I must return, reply to Poste Restante here—when you have time.

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[974] Early to bed and early to rise, makes a man healthy, wealthy and wise (proverb).

Nietzsche is still going along at his own pace. I have read the memoirs of Mlle de Meysenbug,[975] but I regret doing so. The game is not worth the candle. And not a word about Nietzsche. It finishes before they meet. Well, it's useful for the atmosphere.

Very cordially yours

P. Solanges

109. 12 September 1911

Villa d'Este, 12 septembre 1911

Cher Monsieur

Vous n'avez pas d'excuses à m'adresser; moi, j'ai à vous remercier de vos souvenirs de route et de votre lettre arrivée il y a deux jours.

J'ai reçu aussi l'élégante plaquette de votre étude. Il est superflu de vous dire que je l'ai dévorée immédiatement. Elle est très belle, peut-être d'un style encore plus vigoureux que celui dont vous vous êtes servi pour M.G. On sent que vous vous êtes ramassé sur vous-même pour écrire ces quelques pages et pour leur donner cette intensité d'une tristesse pénétrante et désolée.

Comment pouvez-vous arriver à penser si nettement ce qui peut traverser le cerveau d'un mourant? Et comment arrivez-vous à nous faire comprendre et sentir que c'est *cela* et pas autre chose? (pages 9. 13).

Il y a là un double phénomène d'évocation et de divination que j'admire et qui me confond.

Le lyrisme dont vous me parlez réside surtout, n'est-ce pas? dans le déroulement des scènes du passé qui se succèdent, sous l'empire de l'agitation fébrile, dans l'âme de la malade. Là, j'ai senti comme un faible ressouvenir de Dickens—au point de vue de la manière, bien entendu—comme dans le premier des contes de Noël. Mais j'ai la manie des réminiscences, même très vagues, en littérature comme en musique.

Ce qui vous dira mieux que tout combien j'aime cette étude, c'est qu'après l'avoir lue, je me suis jeté sur une feuille de papier pour en essayer de suite la traduction. Je sentais que mon travail, fait sous le coup de la première impression viendrait tout d'un trait, et bien. J'ai cependant jeté un seau d'eau sur mon enthousiasme. Il me faut faire M.G. avant tout et j'ignore vos intentions sur *Death*. Nous en reparlerons plus tard.

Merci donc sans plus et toutes mes félicitations. L'édition réservée est très jolie. J'ai un autre bon et précieux souvenir de vous.

Vous avez eu mille fois raison de vous remettre au travail le lendemain même de votre retour. C'est le seul moyen, quand on agit ainsi, de ne pas perdre une semaine à mettre de l'ordre.

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[975] Malwida Rivalier von Meysenbug (1816–1903): *Mémoires d'une idéaliste*, par Malwida de Meysenbug, traduits de l'allemand, avec une préface de Gabriel Monod. Paris: Fischbacher, 1900. The original German edition appeared in three volumes in 1876. The subtitle of a Geneva edition reads: "Between two revolutions: 1830–1848."

Pour ce qui concerne mon travail à moi, je ne suis guères content. Je ne fais presque rien et cela vaut peut-être mieux. Je vois trop de monde, je suis trop tiraillé; je n'arriverais à rien de bon.

Arrivé au sommet je me repose un peu avant de redescendre. Dans huit jours je quitterai cette stupide Villa d'Este et j'irai à Lugano où je ne connais personne et où je travaillerai. Nous attendrons là le moment de pouvoir rentrer chez nous à Multedo. Si vous m'écrivez, adressez-moi vos lettres poste restante à Lugano—Canton Ticino—Suisse.

Mes compliments pour ce que vous me dites relativement à la traduction allemande. Dans un an, si rien n'arrive, vous pourrez en dire autant de la traduction française avec cette différence que j'en suis encore à trouver l'éditeur. Never mind! À chaque jour suffit sa peine.

Ne songez plus à ce que je vous ai dit de notre correspondance. Vous avez à travailler. Gardons nos cordiales petites escarmouches pour les intervalles de repos. Je ne vous ferai plus qu'une petite querelle: à propos de cette photo si désirée et si obstinément refusée. Je n'ai pas même reçu celle du portrait. Et pourquoi me donner celle d'un portrait? C'est presque de la coquetterie. Passe encore si vous étiez une femme.

Mais assez! Je ne veux pas vous contrarier.

Merci pour votre bonne opinion de Cortis. Elle me donne du courage. De l'aveu général Fogazzaro n'écrivait pas bien. Je vous dis cela pour répondre au parallèle que vous faites au point de vue de l'écriture entre Cortis et M.G. —Moi, je trouve votre style limpide … seulement l'italien et le français sont frères tandis que l'anglais et le français ne sont que cousins. Je vous comprends admirablement bien, mais vous avez pensé à l'anglaise et c'est à la française que je dois vous traduire. Là est la difficulté.

J'ai traduit Cortis parce qu'il m'a paru que c'est un beau livre et sans m'inquiéter s'il répond ou non à mes idées. Le modeste traducteur a droit à l'éclectisme. J'ai bien failli traduire du d'Annunzio et celui-là est plus loin de la vraie vie que Fogazzaro.

Quant à vos lettres il faut vous résigner. Je les garde, *pour moi*, mais je les garde. Les *notes* vous seront rendues.

Robert pour Schilsky. Every thing is right now.

À bientôt et très cordialement à vous.

P. Solanges.

ALS: NLA MS 133/12/283–84

Translation

Villa d'Este, 12 September 1911

Dear Sir

You have no apologies to send to me, rather I have to thank you for your remembrances whilst travelling and for your letter received two days ago.

I have also received the elegant booklet of your study.[976] Superfluous to tell you that I devoured it immediately. It is very fine, perhaps in an even more vigorous style

[976] HHR's private printing of the short story "Death" (*English Review*, October 1911), first promised to Solanges on 26 February 1911; page numbers in the text refer to this reprint.

than the one you used for M.G. One feels that you gathered yourself together to write these pages and give them that intensity of penetrating and devastated sadness.

How do you succeed in thinking so clearly what can cross the mind of a person dying? And how do you succeed in making us understand and feel that it is *that* and not something else? (pages 9, 13).

There is a twin phenomenon of evocation and divination here that I admire and that astounds me.

The lyricism of which you speak rests especially in the unfolding of the scenes of the past in the sick woman's mind, in the grip of her feverish agitation, does it not? I almost felt a weak reminder of Dickens there—from the stylistic point of view, of course—as in the first of his Christmas tales.[977] But I have a mania for even the vaguest of echoes, in literature as in music.

What will give you the best idea of how much I like this essay is that, after reading it, I pounced on a piece of paper to try and translate it at once. I felt that my work, done under the force of the first impression, would come easily and well. However I threw a bucket of cold water on my enthusiasm. I have to do M.G. above all and I do not know your intentions with *Death*. We will speak of it again later.

So a simple thankyou and my congratulations. The limited edition is very pretty. I have another good and precious memento of you.

You were absolutely right to resume your work the very day after your return. When one acts thus, it is the only way of not wasting a week in rearranging things.

With regard to my own work, I am scarcely happy. I am doing almost nothing and perhaps it is better so. I am seeing too many people, and am being pulled in too many directions; I would not do anything worthwhile.

Having reached the summit, I am resting a little before starting downhill. In a week I will leave this stupid Villa d'Este and go to Lugano, where I know no-one and will work. There we will await the possibility of returning home to Multedo. If you write to me, send your letters Poste Restante to Lugano—Ticino Canton—Switzerland.

My congratulations on what you tell me about the German translation. In a year, if nothing untoward happens, you will be able to say as much about the French translation, with the difference that I am still at the stage of finding a publisher. Never mind! Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof.[978]

Don't think more of what I told you about our correspondence. You have work to do. Let's keep our cordial little skirmishes for the rest periods. I will only make one little complaint: about the photo so much desired and so obstinately refused. I haven't even received the one of the portrait. And why give me a photo of a portrait? It's almost flirtatiousness. That would be all very well if you were a woman.

But enough! I don't want to annoy you.

Thankyou for your kind opinion of Cortis. It gives me courage. The general opinion is that Fogazzaro did not write very well. I tell you that to reply to the parallel you draw between Cortis and M.G. from the point of view of the writing. —I

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977 Charles Dickens, *A Christmas Carol* (1843).
978 Matthew 6:34, now proverbial.

myself find your style lucid … only Italian and French are brothers whereas English and French are merely cousins. I understand you admirably well, but you expressed your thought in English and I have to translate you into French. That is the difficulty.

I translated Cortis because it seemed a fine book to me, without worrying if it corresponded to my own ideas or not. The modest translator has a right to eclecticism. I almost translated some d'Annunzio and he is much further from real life than Fogazzaro.

As for your letters, you will have to resign yourself to it. I am keeping them, *for myself*, but I am keeping them. The *notes* will be returned to you.

Robert for Schilsky.[979] Everything is right now.

Goodbye, and very cordially yours.

P. Solanges.

110. Notes on German Words, 12 September 1911

Comme je n'ai pas mon dictionnaire allemand, je vous serai obligé de me donner le genre des mots suivants:

Die	*Probe*	p. 269	Repetition : rehearsal.
Die	*Pleisse*	249	Name of the river that[980] ran through Leipzig.
Der	*Johannateich*	270	Name of a pond there. A Teich is a pond.
Das	*Frauenzimmer*. C'est bien une chambre pour femme?		Frauenzimmer is a disrespectful word for a woman—about equivalent to the English word "Female", but not so strong as "fille".

ALS: NLA MS 133/12/564

Translation

[981]As I do not have my German dictionary, I would be grateful if you would give me the gender of the following words:

Die	*Probe*	p. 269	Repetition : rehearsal.
Die	*Pleisse*	249	Name of the river that ran through Leipzig.
Der	*Johannateich*	270	Name of a pond there. A Teich is a pond.
Das	*Frauenzimmer*. This is a woman's bedroom, isn't it?		Frauenzimmer is a disrespectful word for a woman—about equivalent to the

[979] See §96, Notes on II.1–2 (9 July 1911).

[980] that] than *MS*

[981] Solanges No. 65. Promised to HHR on 1 September 1911, and presumably sent on 12 September; returned by her on 21 September (letter = No. 62), sent back to HHR with Solanges' letter of 29 September, for the addition of the genders of the words (placed in the left column, though written by HHR), and finally returned by HHR on 8 October (letter = No. 64).

English word “Female”, but not so strong as “fille”.

111. 28 September 1911

28. septembre 1911[982]

Reçu votre bonne lettre adressée poste restante à Lugano. Je vous écrirai demain. Nous rentrerons à Multedo le 2 octobre. Les nouvelles sont bonnes. Il me tarde d’être chez moi au travail.

Vos explications photographiques ne me donnent pas satisfaction. Notwithstanding je vous envoie mille souvenirs cordiaux

P. Solanges

ALS: NLA MS 133/12/285

Translation

28. September 1911

Received your kind letter addressed Poste Restante to Lugano. I will write to you tomorrow. We will return to Multedo on 2nd October. The news is good. I can’t wait to be at home and at work.

Your photographic explanations do not satisfy me. Notwithstanding I send you a thousand cordial greetings.

P. Solanges

112. 29 September 1911

Lugano le 29.9.911

Cher Monsieur

Comme je vous l’ai dit hier sur une carte postale qui vous sera parvenue, je l’espère, nous partirons d’ici le 2 octobre pour arriver à Multedo le même jour. Et il me tarde que cela soit fait. Ce sera un vrai soulagement de me retrouver chez moi.

La somme de mon travail pendant ces deux mois est mince. Je vais faire en sorte d’avancer le plus vite possible. Je commencerai par recopier tout ce que j’ai écrit pendant mon voyage. Ensuite j’irai de l’avant. Le recopiage me remettra en train.

Quant à vous vous pouvez donner trêve à vos scrupules et à vos inquiétudes concernant votre nouveau livre. Il se dégagera à son heure dans d’harmonieuses proportions.

Je vous retourne ma petite note. J’avais compris le *sens* des mots, c’est leur *genre* que je vous demandais. Sont-ils masculins ou féminins. Voilà ce que je désire savoir. Comme je vais retrouver mon dictionnaire allemand, je ne vous en aurais pas reparlé, mais *die* Pleiße ou *das* Pleiße n’est pas sur le dictionnaire; quant à Johannateich cela doit être du genre de teich.

Quand[983] je serai chez moi et reposé de mon repos, je vous écrirai.

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[982] Postcard: Lago di Lugano. Gandria. Olivi.

Pardonnez-moi ce gribouillage.

À vous bien cordialement

P. Solanges

J'ai lu les insipides mémoires de M[lle] de Meysenbug.[984]

Je voudrais que vous lisiez un roman de Colette Willy qui a pour titre *La vagabonde*. Selon moi c'est une œuvre de mérite et d'un mérite original. C'est court.

ALS: NLA MS 133/12/286–87

Translation

Lugano, 29.9.911

Dear Sir

As I told you yesterday on a postcard that will have reached you, I hope, we will leave here on 2nd October to reach Multedo the same day. And I can't wait for it to happen. It will be a real relief to be back at home.

The sum total of my work during these two months is meagre. I am going to make sure to progress as quickly as possible. I will begin by transcribing everything I wrote during my trip. Then I will move ahead. The transcription will set me en route.

As for you, you can give a respite to your scruples and concerns about your new book. It will emerge in harmonious proportions in due course.

I am returning my little note to you.[985] I had understood the *meaning* of the words, it's their *gender* I was asking you for. Are they masculine or feminine? That is what I want to know. As I will be back with my German dictionary, I would not have brought it up again, but *die* Pleiße or *das* Pleiße is not in the dictionary; as for Johannateich, it must have the same gender as teich.

When I am at home and have rested from my rest, I will write to you.

Forgive this scribble.

Most cordially yours

P. Solanges

I have read Mlle de Meysenbug's insipid memoirs.[986]

I would like you to read a novel by *Colette Willy* entitled *The vagabond*.[987] In my opinion it is a work of merit, original merit. It is short.

113. 5 October 1911

Multedo 5 octobre 1911

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983 Quand] Quant *MS*

984 Meysenbug] Meysembug *MS*

985 See §110, Notes on German Words (12 September 1911).

986 This is a repetition of comments made in Letter 108 (1 September 1911).

987 Sidonie Gabrielle Colette (1873–1954), novelist. Her early 'Claudine' novels (1900–03) were published under the pseudonym of her first husband, Henri Gauthier-Villars ('Willy'). *La vagabonde* (1910) draws on her experience as a music-hall performer and her attempts to achieve an independent womanhood after her divorce in 1906.

5 October 1911

Cher Monsieur

Je suis rentré depuis lundi soir et me suis remis au travail, suivant en cela votre exemple. Ce matin je reçois votre carte et la nouvelle de votre retour à Londres. Nous voilà donc attelés de nouveau. Vous traînez un colosse et moi l'ombre ou le reflet d'un autre colosse.

Bonne chance à nous deux!

Je me retrouve. Mon cerveau se dégage des vapeurs qui l'enveloppent quand je suis hors de chez moi. Ce n'est que dans mon *home* que je puis travailler, décidément.

Je tiens à ce que vous soyez au courant de mon travail et que vous ne vous fassiez pas d'illusions à son sujet. En somme depuis deux mois je n'ai presque rien fait. Je rapporte ici cinquante pages de mon grand papier qui sont à peu près au point, mais qu'il me faut recopier. Lorsque cela sera fait—dans dix jours—mon manuscrit sera complet jusqu'à la page 272. Si vous ajoutez les neuf pages du dernier chap. du livre cela fait 281, c'est à dire la moitié du volume plus une page.

J'ai commencé le travail l'année dernière le 10 novembre, je suis donc en avance à peu près d'un mois sur les deux années dont nous sommes convenus.

Ma paresse des derniers temps a eu cela de bon que je suis bien reposé et plein d'une ardeur … juvénile.

Si rien ne se met en travers, je pense avoir fini dans dix mois.

Je n'ai plus grand besoin de ma note. Je tiens seulement à savoir si je dois écrire *le* ou *la* Pleisse.

Bien cordialement à vous

P. Solanges.

ALS: NLA MS 133/12/288–89

Translation

Multedo 5 October 1911

Dear Sir

I have been back since Monday evening[988] and have returned to work, following your example in that. This morning I received your card and the news of your return to London. So there we are once again in harness. You are hauling a colossus and I the shadow or reflection of a different colossus.

Good luck to both of us!

I am getting myself together. My brain is extricating itself from the mists that envelop it when I am away from home. Decidedly, it's only in my *home* that I can work.

I am anxious for you to be up-to-date with my work and to have no illusions about it. All in all, in two months I have done almost nothing. I have brought back fifty pages of my large paper almost ready, but needing to be transcribed. When that is done—in ten days—my manuscript will be complete up to page 272. If you add the

[988] I.e. 2 October.

nine pages of the last chapter of the book, that makes 281, or half the book plus one page.

I began the work last year on 10th November, so I am about one month ahead of the two years we agreed on.

My laziness of late has had this good result, that I am well rested and full of an ardour that is … youthful.

If nothing gets in the way, I think I will have finished in ten months.

I have no great need for my note. I only want to know if I should write *le* or *la* Pleisse.

Most cordially yours

P. Solanges.

114. 17 October 1911

Multedo le 17 octobre 1911

Cher Monsieur, pourrai-je vous écrire bien longuement? Je suis assez fatigué, après une longue journée de travail fructueux. J'ai fini le ch. VI et commence le chap. VII. Je veux donner un coup de collier formidable jusqu'à Noël … au moins. Il me semble que cela marche bien. Je me suis beaucoup amusé avec les chapitres IV, V et VI. Le chap. VII sera plus laborieux.

J'ai reçu votre bonne lettre du 8 et ce matin *The English Review* dont je vous remercie beaucoup. Je la lirai avec intérêt, mais j'ai trop de lectures à faire. D'abord, en ce moment de guerre tripolitaine, il me faut lire les journaux; j'ai à donner un coup d'œil aux Revues que je reçois; je lis assidûment avant de m'endormir quelques pages de la Grande Histoire de France de Lavisse, enfin j'ai Nietzsche et la Vie de Wagner.

À propos de ce dernier bouquin je vous dirai que j'éprouve une grande désillusion. J'ai lu un tiers du premier volume, le seul dont la traduction soit publiée jusqu'à présent, et je vous avoue que je trouve cela misérable. Est-ce l'influence de *l'Unique*? Mais en somme Wagner raconte sa vie, et cela me donne un sentiment de regret humilié de voir quel triste galopin était cet homme dont, à un moment donné, la musique m'a rendu à moitié fou. Heureusement que j'ai lu sa correspondance tout entière, où il y a de si belles choses, sinon j'aurais la conviction que Wagner appartenait à cette catégorie d'artistes qui font des chefs-d'œuvre[989] avec tout le mérite qu'ont des poules à faire des oeufs, ou les femmes à faire des enfants, ou les pommiers à porter des pommes. Et ces artistes-là je les déteste pour n'avoir pas de raisons de les adorer.

Avant de répondre à vos questions, je veux vous dire combien je suis heureux de vous savoir dans d'aussi bonnes dispositions de travail. Il y a entre nous un courant excellent qu'il faut tâcher de maintenir jusqu'à ce que vous ayez sué votre chef-d'œuvre, et moi mon fac similé.

Oui, j'ai lu *Marie Claire*—sans aucun plaisir. C'est de la pseudo naïveté; cela a été certainement refait par Octave Mirbeau. Je n'en ai éprouvé aucune impression bonne.

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[989] chefs-d'œuvre] chefs-d'œuvres *MS*

Quant à *Jean Christophe* il faut s'entendre. Sachez d'abord que le succès a été beaucoup plus grand à l'étranger qu'à Paris. Mais le succès n'a rien à voir, ou a peu à voir, avec la valeur de l'œuvre.

Or les 7 volumes de Romain Rolland ne sont pas une œuvre et la preuve en est qu'il ne peut pas continuer.

Il a pris je crois son Jean Christophe comme un prétexte pour dire tout ce qu'il avait à dire, sous une forme amusante, en matière d'art, et de plus pour crayonner le monde des musiciens et des éditeurs en France, sans oublier les amateurs de la musique et le gros public. De plus il a voulu parler de l'Allemagne qu'il connaît. Mais voilà: il a voulu dire tant de choses et créer tant d'événements, sans avoir un plan fait d'avance, qu'il a accouché d'une œuvre informe. Il y a dans cette série de volumes disjoints de fort belles pages, de fort intéressants épisodes, des analyses très fines, mais c'est tout, exception faite encore pour des idées critiques de grand poids bien que souvent contradictoires. Quant à appeler ce kaléidoscope la plus grande œuvre du siècle, c'est de l'ironie ou de l'ignorance.

Ce qui est dommage c'est que Romain Rolland ait dépensé tant de talent pour écrire un livre qu'on ne sait comment appeler. —L'avez-vous lu?

Quant à cette bonne Mademoiselle de Meysenbug,[990] Dieu la bénisse! Comme vous dites il faut qu'elle ait été avec ses illustres amis une autre femme que la femme de ses livres.

À vous très cordialement

P. Solanges

Un médecin chirurgien de mes amis et qui a une *réelle valeur*, dégoûté de traîner une vie plus que médiocre ici, voudrait aller en Australie. Il a 49 ans, mais est plein de vigueur. Il lit très complètement l'anglais. Aurait-il là-bas des chances de réussir? Si oui, auriez vous la grande bonté de l'y recommander, si vous y avez encore des relations. Dans le cas où votre réponse serait affirmative je vous en écrirais plus long. Merci et pardon de mon indiscrétion.

ALS: NLA MS 133/12/290–91

Translation

Multedo 17 October 1911

Dear Sir, will I be able to write to you at any length? I am quite tired, after a long day of fruitful work. I have finished Chapter VI and am beginning Chapter VII. I want to really put my back into it until Christmas … at least. It seems to me to be going well. I had great fun with Chapters IV, V and VI. Chapter VII will be more laborious.

I received your kind letter of the 8th and this morning *The English Review* for which many thanks. I will read it with interest, but I have too much reading to do. Firstly, with the war going on in Tripolitania,[991] I have to read the newspapers, I have to glance at the journals I receive; before going to sleep I read assiduously a few

990 Meysenbug] Meysembug *MS*

991 Italy declared war on Turkey on 29 September 1911, landing troops in Tripolitania and claiming full sovereignty over it by 6 November; its possession was recognised by Turkey in the Treaty of Ouchy-Lausanne (October 1912).

pages of the Great History of France by Lavisse,[992] and finally I have Nietzsche and the Life of Wagner.

About this last book I will tell you that I feel greatly disillusioned. I have read a third of the first volume, the only one published in translation so far, and I admit to you that I find it wretched. Is it the influence of *The Unique*?[993] But all in all Wagner tells the story of his life, and it gives me a feeling of humiliated regret to see what a sorry urchin this man was whose music once drove me half mad. Happily I have read his entire correspondence, where there are such beautiful things, otherwise I would be convinced that Wagner belonged to that group of artists who produce masterpieces with all the merit that hens have for laying eggs, or women for producing children, or apple trees for bearing apples.[994] And I detest those artists for not having reasons to adore them.

Before answering your questions, I want to tell you how happy I am to know that you are so well disposed to work. There is an excellent current between us that we must try to maintain until you have sweated out your masterpiece, and I my facsimile.

Yes I have read *Marie Claire*—without any pleasure. It is false naïveté, it was certainly rewritten by Octave Mirbeau.[995] I didn't get any good impression of it.

As for *Jean Christophe*, let me make myself clear.[996] You must know firstly that it has had much greater success abroad than in Paris. But success has nothing, or little, to do with the value of a work.

Now Romain Rolland's seven volumes are not a work and the proof is that he cannot continue.

I think he took his Jean Christophe as a pretext to say everything he had to say, in an amusing form, about art, and moreover to sketch the world of musicians and publishers in France, not to mention lovers of music and the wider public. Moreover he wanted to speak of Germany, which he knows. But there now: he wanted to say so much and create so many events, without a plan made up beforehand, that he has given birth to a shapeless work. In this series of disjointed volumes there are very beautiful pages, very interesting episodes, very fine analyses, but that's all, excepting again the very weighty critical ideas that are often contradictory. As for calling this kaleidoscope the greatest work of the century, that is irony or ignorance.

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992 Ernest Lavisse (1842–1922) wrote several works on the history of Prussia, especially Frederick the Great, and directed the publication of *L'histoire générale du IV^e^ s. à nos jours* (with Rambaud, 1893-1900), *L'histoire de la France* (1900–12), and *L'histoire contemporaine de la France* (1920–22). He was elected to the French Academy in 1892.

993 An allusion to Wagner's wife Cosima, who influenced the writing of his autobiography *Mein Leben* (*My Life*). She was later the subject of HHR's novel *The Young Cosima* (1939).

994 Composer Camille Saint-Saëns—supposedly a former teacher of Solanges—is reported to have said that he produced music "as an apple tree produces apples" (Sadie, vol. 16: 401).

995 *Marie Claire*, published in 1910 by Marguerite Audoux (1863–1937), recounts her life in an orphanage, as a shepherdess and servant in Sologne, and as a seamstress in Paris. It was published on the advice of Charles-Louis Philippe (1874–1909, pioneer of "populist" literature) and Octave Mirbeau (writer, 1848–1917), and won the Prix Femina. Other works by her were *L'atelier de Marie Claire* (1920) and *La fiancée* (1931). Despite the favourable reception given to her works, however, Audoux died in poverty.

996 For Rolland, see earlier reference at footnote 816, page 357 (6 March 1911). Rolland met Malwida von Meysenbug in Rome while studying there in 1889–91, and thus became interested in Germanic culture. His ten-volume novel *Jean-Christophe* (1903–12) has for its hero a German musician living in France—coincidentally named Jean-Christophe Krafft—and won Rolland the Nobel Prize for Literature in 1916.

The great shame is that Romain Rolland has spent so much talent writing a book that one cannot put a name to. —Have you read it?

As for the good Miss de Meysenbug, God bless her! As you say she must have been a different woman with her famous friends from the woman in her books.

Very cordially yours

P. Solanges

One of my friends, a medical surgeon of *real value*, is sick of the more-than-mediocre life he leads here, and would like to go to Australia. He is 49, but full of vigour. He reads English very fluently. Would he have a chance of success over there? If so, would you have the kindness to recommend him, if you still have connections there. If your reply were to be affirmative, I would write at greater length about him. Thankyou and forgive my indiscretion.

115. Notes on II.6, 17 October 1911

Notes pour le chap. VI

Page 272—(ligne 11.) *James*—Je n'ai pas souvenir qu'on ait parlé de James. Ne pensez-vous pas qu'il faudrait rappeler par un mot qui il est?	He is mentioned on p. 44 & again on 399. Yes, it would be better.
Page 272 [(]ligne 37)—*Doth the moon shine the day etc*. Cela doit être une citation. D'où?	"Midsummer-Night's Dream," Act III, Sc. I.
Page 273 (ligne 5, du bas.) *Wagner's Waldcafé*. Wagner est-il le nom du propriétaire du Waldcafé ou celui de Richard W.?	Name of the proprietor.
Page 278 (ligne 10)—*Schwarz come in* … Schwarz est venu *dans la classe*?	Yes.
Page 278 (ligne 3—du bas) «shoh» Quel est le sens pour que je cherche un équivalent.	In English we might say: "Couldn't say Bo to a goose!" = Had no spirit or life in him.

ALS: NLA MS 133/12/565

Translation

Notes for Chapter VI[997]

[997] Solanges No. 67. Presumably sent to HHR on 17 October 1911, and returned by her on 27 October (letter = Solanges No. 66).

Page 272—(line 11.) *James*—I don't remember any mention of James.	He is mentioned on p. 44 & again on 399.
Don't you think there is a need for a word to recall who he is?	Yes, it would be better.
Page 272 (line 37)—*Doth the moon shine the day etc*.	"Midsummer-Night's Dream," Act III, Sc. I.
This must be a citation. From what?	
Page 273 (line 5, from bottom.) *Wagner's Waldcafé*.	Name of the proprietor.
Is Wagner the name of the owner of the Waldcafé or is it Richard W.?	
Page 278 (line 10)—*Schwarz come in* …	
Schwarz came *into the classroom*?	Yes.
Page 278 (line 3—from bottom) «shoh»	In English we might say: "Couldn't say Bo to a goose!" = Had no spirit or life in him.
What is the meaning so that I can look for an equivalent.	

116. 30 October–1 November 1911

Multedo le 30 octobre 1911

Cher Monsieur je suis bien content d'avoir reçu votre bonne lettre. Je commençais à être un peu inquiet de votre santé et je vois que je n'avais pas tout à fait tort. Cependant je suis heureux d'apprendre votre guérison en même temps que votre indisposition. Mais qu'avez-vous eu encore? S'agit-il toujours de votre sciatique? J'espère que non; c'est un mal cruel. Tenez-moi au courant de votre état et Dieu veuille que vous n'ayez rien à me dire.

Pour mon compte je vais bien. De temps en temps mes nerfs me donnent l'illusion d'une maladie ou au moins d'une indisposition, je tâche de ne pas les écouter. Vous aussi vous devez être nerveux et peut-être plus que je ne le suis moi-même.

Je vais faire en sorte de vous répondre sans rien oublier de ce que j'ai à vous dire et pour cela je mettrai votre lettre sous mes yeux. Si vous l'aviez fait pour la mienne vous n'auriez pas oublié de me répondre au sujet de l'Australie. Je vous serai reconnaissant de le faire d'une façon quelconque. J'ai dit à mon pauvre docteur que j'ai parlé de lui à quelqu'un que je connais en Angleterre, et il me serait agréable de pouvoir lui donner une réponse. Tant pis si elle n'est pas encourageante. Vous aurez compris que je vous ai demandé surtout des renseignements et une aide seulement s'il vous est facile de me la donner. Et vous m'aurez excusé à cause de mon intention.

Je vois que malgré vos maux vous travaillez ferme et je vous en fais mon sincère compliment. Pour ce qui concerne votre futur livre je ne suis pas inquiet. Et pourquoi voulez-vous que les amis de M.G. ne soient pas aussi les amis de votre nouvelle création. Croyez-vous donc pouvoir être si différent de vous-même? Ceux qui aiment votre premier livre ne le font pas pour la consolation qu'ils en retirent, n'est-ce

pas? Ils l'aiment pour la force, le talent, le sentiment de la vérité que vous y avez mis. Il y a autre chose, il y a l'intérêt soutenu qui est un tour de force réalisé dans une œuvre d'une telle dimension, mais j'aime à croire que votre second fils sera, lui, aussi, fort intéressant. Et vos grandes qualités d'écrivain feront le reste.

Tous[998] ces derniers temps j'ai travaillé avec un véritable enthousiasme et dans une continuelle admiration. Comme c'est fait! et avec quelle mesure, quelle pondération, quelle justesse de la note!

Je m'arrête pour deux raisons: la première c'est que maintenant que je travaille avec vous j'ai une certaine pudeur à vous parler de vous-même; la seconde c'est qu'ayant l'intention de vous faire plus loin une critique—dans l'intérêt de la traduction—je ne veux pas avoir l'air de vous dorer la pilule.

Pourtant il faut encore que je vous dise combien je jouis de l'ironie qui perce si souvent à travers vos lignes, si fine que bien des gens ne doivent pas même la comprendre. Au moins saurez-vous que je ne suis pas de ces gens-là.

Donc je travaille ferme … et bien, j'ose le dire. Vous savez que j'avais à recopier le travail fait pendant les vacances. C'est fini, et à ce travail j'ai ajouté:

La fin du chap. VI

Le chapitre VII

Le chapitre VIII[999]

Et quelques pages du chap. IX.

J'en suis précisément à la description de la toilette de Louise avant le bal.

Êtes-vous content de moi?

Venons-en à ma critique. Elle ne sera pas bien méchante et j'aurais gardé mes appréciations pour moi n'eût été le désir que j'ai d'obtenir de vous pour la traduction, la suppression d'une phrase et de quelques mots.

Il s'agit dans le chap. VIII de la grande scène de Louise après sa sortie le jour du dégel. J'ai traduit sa longue plainte d'une façon qui, je l'espère, vous plaira, mais j'y ai introduit une petite variante pour l'explication de laquelle vous voudrez bien vous reporter à la page 298 et au paragraphe She had gone out . . .

Vous n'avez pas voulu que Louise parlât pendant trois pages et vous vous êtes substitué à elle pour le récit de sa triste promenade dans le Rosental et ce faisant vous avez prévenu chez le lecteur l'impression de longueur d'un monologue trop prolongé.

Mais en vous substituant à Louise, vous avez voulu que ce fût elle qui parlât quand même et que le lecteur reçût l'impression de ses sentiments à elle et non pas des vôtres, si bien qu'avec peu de changements on[1000] pût mettre dans la bouche de Louise le récit fait par vous. Selon moi vous l'avez fait mais seulement dans le rapport de 9/10. En d'autres termes il y a des passages où je ne suis plus en contact avec Louise et où j'entre en contact avec vous, *ce que vous n'avez pas voulu*.

Pour être encore plus clair je vais prendre deux ou trois phrases qui soient caractéristiques des deux positions que je viens de vous indiquer.

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998 Tous] Tout *MS*
999 VIII] VII *MS*
1000 on] ont *MS*

And the mud—oh, God, the mud! It spread itself over every inch of the way etc etc.

Before she had gone any distance, her boots and skirts were heavy with it, and she hated mud, she sobbed—hated it, loathed it, it affected her etc etc.

Je vois Louise et j'entends comme si elle était près de moi l'expression de ce désespoir à la fois farouche et enfantin.

Maintenant l'autre position.

the trees were only a net work of blackened twigs, their trunks surrounded by an undergrowth … hair.

Pardonnez-moi, mais Louise n'a pas dit toutes ces belles choses-là. Elles ne sont pas dans la note et je vous prie en grâce de me laisser les supprimer. Cette phrase détonne.

Vous ne m'en voudrez pas de cette observation, sachant la valeur du sentiment qui la dicte. J'en suis arrivé à la 317e page de ma traduction et c'est seulement la seconde fois, sauf erreur, que je me permets une observation de ce genre. Il faut donc que je sois profondément convaincu.

Demain, je vous enverrai copie de ma traduction de ce passage. Vous verrez mes suppressions et Dieu veuille que vous les trouviez opportunes. Toutes sont faites pour rendre plus rapide, plus pénétrant et plus vivant ce récit sans laisser perdre une miette de l'émotion.

J'ai donc supprimé:

steadily—it had concealed.

J'ai remplacé *wore their most bedraggled air* par tout était crotté.

J'ai supprimé:

the areas, the soft white coatings, trop descriptifs; their contours were as painful to see, trop analysé; physical, from the autumn.

J'ai enlevé toute la phrase the trees were only a net work … hair.

J'ai supprimé: in the scene, which was a piece with the desolation around her.

Quel vandale je suis n'est-ce pas?

Jugez et prononcez. Pour mon compte, je vous le dis avec sincérité, je serai désolé si vous me faites rétablir même une de ces suppressions.

31 octobre.

C'est bien vrai que j'ai tardé à vous écrire en pensant à la longueur de la lettre que je devais vous envoyer. Me revoilà.

Je suis enchanté que mes petits aperçus littéraires vous amusent, mais je dois avouer que si vous êtes décidé à ne pas lire Jean Christophe par mon fait, je n'ai pas rempli mon but. J'ai voulu simplement vous dire pourquoi on a tort de surfaire la valeur de ces volumes, mais je suis certain qu'ils vous intéresseraient et je vous prie de revenir sur votre décision.

Vous trouveriez dans J.C.

Des pages de psychologie intéressantes.

Des aperçus sur le mouvement musical en France qui vous diraient bien des choses.

Des tableaux de vie allemande et des silhouettes d'Allemands à propos desquels je serais ravi d'avoir votre opinion.

Des idées sur le théâtre, sur les journaux et sur les livres qui, je le crois ne vous déplairaient.

En un mot si le roman manque de cohésion, s'il est délayé et ne conclut pas, les livres sont pleins d'idées un peu heurtées, parfois baroques, mais toujours sincères et intéressantes.

Vous me demandez si je m'intéresse à des auteurs anglais dont vous me donnez les noms.

De Hardy je ne connais rien.

D'Oscar Wilde j'ai lu: *the portrait of Dorian Gray—The ballad of Reading Gaol—De Profundis*—N'est-ce pas assez pour celui-là?

De Bernard Shaw je connais trois volumes de théâtre—*Pleasant—Unpleasant*.

Ils m'ont beaucoup amusé. *You never can tell* est une des choses les plus comiques que j'ai lues. *Mrs Warren's profession* est une œuvre forte, la meilleure chose de Shaw. *Man and the Arms* est un amusant paradoxe. Les autres sont pour moi de second rate. *Candida* intéresse par son étrangeté, mais cette étrangeté est tellement de parti pris que cela passe la mesure.

D'ailleurs Shaw vise à l'effet avant tout. Il a cependant bien du talent et je m'étais passionné pour lui avant réflexion. *The superman* est une vaste plaisanterie.

Passons à une autre question. Pour que vous ayez une idée de la façon dont la guerre en Tripolitaine est jugée ici, je vous envoie un des bons journaux italiens. Ayez la patience de lire là où j'ai mis des signes. Vous en saurez ensuite aussi long que moi. Je crois que cette guerre sera dure mais que l'Italie en sortira à son honneur. J'ai été longtemps officier aux Chasseurs d'Afrique, je connais le pays et les Arabes. Il faut contre eux du courage, mais surtout de la ténacité et de la patience. La malveillance générale, (mère des dépêches trompeuses) contre l'Italie a sa source dans des intérêts froissés et dans l'ennui de voir ce pays poser ses pièces sur l'échiquier que d'autres se réservaient.

J'ose dire que jusqu'ici l'attitude de la France est la seule équitable. Je parle ici de la Presse et non pas des gouvernements. Pas plus que vous je ne suis un politique, mais il est facile de comprendre que l'Italie ne pouvait pas se laisser étouffer dans la Méditerranée.

Dans mon journal, vous verrez que j'ai fait un signe à un article d'Ojetti sur Calandra. Calandra était mon ami, c'était un cœur très noble, une âme très pure d'artiste.

Hier j'ai traduit quatre pages de M.G. Aujourd'hui autant. Je suis très fatigué. Comme je veux vous parler de Wagner, je remets à demain la fin de ma lettre.

J'ai demandé des nouvelles de la traductrice. Elle cherche un éditeur avant de commencer, je crois. Naturellement elle ne trouvera pas n'ayant rien à présenter que le *colossus* en anglais. Il faudra nous mettre en quête de quelqu'un d'autre.

Pour les titres de Shaw, Wilde etc, je les ai écrits de mémoire. Passez-moi les fautes; je n'ai pas le courage de me lever de ma chaise pour aller à ma bibliothèque.

1er novembre

J'ai encore bien travaillé aujourd'hui. Demain je finirai le chap. IX, le 5 de ce mois il sera recopié. Après quoi je prendrai un ou deux jours de repos car je suis fatigué.

Donc, pour ce soir, deux mots seulement sur les Souvenirs de Wagner.

Vous me dites: I want the man, the whole man, no matter what he is.

C'est un point de vue de psychologue, mais ce n'est pas le mien *dans le cas particulier*. J'aime à la passion la musique de Wagner; j'ai lu je crois toute sa correspondance plus le livre de Lichtenberger: R.W. poète et penseur. Je me suis fait une idée de l'homme, satisfaisante en somme et comme je me sens disposé à l'aimer, quoique Allemand, je me réjouis et j'ouvre son livre avec l'idée qu'il va donner définitivement corps à mon idéal à ma création.

Pas du tout. Wagner nous présente ses années de jeunesse et qu'y trouvons-nous? Une âme peu scrupuleuse, un caractère décousu, le manque de sens moral et de sens pratique et de plus, ce qui est le comble, une parfaite inconscience de sa propre valeur. Il semblerait que chez lui faire de la musique soit une fonction comme chez moi la digestion.

Pour dire la vérité il se relève un peu comme artiste à la fin du premier volume (le seul publié en français jusqu'à présent) mais seulement comme artiste. Comme homme privé il est à la fois grotesque et misérable. Il épouse Minna, sans savoir pourquoi, la reprend—sans avoir l'excuse de l'aimer—après avoir été deux fois trompé et uniquement pour se faire un intérieur. Il la fait crever de faim à Paris, se sert d'elle comme femme, comme bonne, puis il nous en parle comme d'une gourgandine, froidement tranquillement comme s'il ne l'avait pas plantée là depuis des années. Tout cela sera humain, mais ce n'est pas propre. J'espérais trouver dans le livre de la noblesse et de la beauté. Je n'y trouve que des choses malpropres. Je connaissais la tare de l'égoïsme, celle de la mendicité, mais les autres je les ignorais et je regrette de faire leur connaissance. Comme *document humain* c'est curieux, soit je suis navré que ce document vienne de mon très cher Wagner, autrement dit de l'auteur de la Walkyrie, des Maîtres Chanteurs et de Tristan.

De Profundis!

Je crois n'avoir rien oublié de ce que je voulais vous dire, si ce n'est que j'attends la signature définitive, et peut-être aussi le vote approbatif de la Chambre, avant de croire que l'affaire du Maroc se termine heureusement avec l'Allemagne.

Nous saurons sous peu ce qu'il en est.

À vous très cordialement et à bientôt

P. Solanges

Je ne me relis pas. Ma lettre ne partirait pas. Je tâcherai d'écrire plus nettement la prochaine fois. Faites-en autant. Votre jolie écriture n'est plus aussi claire et il y a des mots qui me donnent bien de la peine.

30 October–1 November 1911

ALS: NLA MS 133/12/292–96

Translation

Multedo 30 October 1911

Dear Sir I am very content to have received your kind letter. I was beginning to be a little anxious about your health and I see I was not altogether wrong. However I am happy to learn of your recovery at the same time as I learn of your indisposition. But what did you have this time? Was it your sciatica again? I hope not; it's a cruel illness. Keep me up-to-date about your health, and God grant that you have nothing to tell me.

Personally I am well. From time to time my nerves give me the illusion of a sickness or at least an indisposition, but I try not to listen to them. You too must be nervous, perhaps more than I am myself.

I am going to make sure I reply without forgetting anything I wanted to tell you, and for that I will put your letter in front of me. If you had done so with mine you would not have forgotten to answer me about Australia. I would be grateful if you would do so in one way or another. I told my poor doctor that I had spoken about him to someone I know in England, and it would be nice to be able to give him a reply. Too bad if it is not encouraging. You will have understood that I was asking you above all for information and only for help if you can easily give me it. And you will have forgiven me because of my intention.

I see that despite your ills you are working hard and I offer you my sincere congratulations. With regard to your future book I am not worried. And why would you not want the friends of M.G. to be friends of your new creation as well? Do you think you can be so different from yourself? Those who like your first book do not do so for the consolation they can draw from it, do they? They like it for the force, the talent, and the feeling for truth that you put into it. There is something else, there is the sustained interest, which is a tour de force when achieved in a book of such dimension, but I like to believe that your second son too will be very interesting. And your great qualities as a writer will do the rest.

Recently I have worked with veritable enthusiasm and in continual admiration. How well it is done! and with such measure and balance, hitting just the right note!

I will stop for two reasons: the first is that now that I am working with you, I have a certain modesty about talking to you about yourself; the second is that since I intend to make a criticism later—in the interests of the translation—I do not want to appear to be sugaring the pill.

However I must tell you again how much I enjoy the irony that so often pierces through your lines, such subtle irony that many people won't even understand it. At least you will know that I am not amongst those people.

So I am working hard … and well, I dare say. You know I had to transcribe the work done during the holidays. That is finished, and to this work I have added:

The end of Chapter VI

Chapter VII

Chapter VIII

And a few pages of Chapter IX.

In fact I am up to the description of Louise's preparation before the ball.

Are you happy with me?

Let's turn to my criticism. It will not be anything to worry about, and I would have kept my assessment to myself had I not wished to obtain from you for the translation the deletion of a sentence and a few words.

It's about Louise's great scene in Chapter VIII after her outing on the day of the thaw. I have translated her long complaint in a way that I hope will please you, but I have inserted a little variant, for the explanation of which, please turn to page 298 and the paragraph She had gone out …

You did not want Louise to speak for three pages and you substituted yourself for her for the tale of her sad walk in the Rosental, and in doing this you averted the impression of length arising from a prolonged monologue.

But in substituting yourself for Louise, you still wanted it to be her who spoke, and the reader was to receive the impression of *her* feelings rather than yours, so that with few changes one could have put into Louise's mouth the tale told by you. In my opinion you have done so, but only in a ratio of 9/10. In other words there are passages where I am no longer in contact with Louise and where I come into contact with you, *which you did not want*.

To be even clearer I will take two or three sentences that are characteristic of the two positions I have just outlined.

And the mud—oh, God, the mud! It spread itself over every inch of the way etc etc.

Before she had gone any distance, her boots and skirts were heavy with it, and she hated mud, she sobbed—hated it, loathed it, it affected her etc etc.

I see Louise and hear this expression of both fierce and childish despair as if she was next to me.

Now the other position.

the trees were only a net work of blackened twigs, their trunks surrounded by an undergrowth … hair.

Forgive me, but Louise did not say all these fine things. They are off key and I ask you please to allow me to delete them. This sentence is out of place.

You will not hold this observation against me, knowing the value of the feeling that dictates it. I have reached page 317 of my translation and this is only the second time, unless I am mistaken, that I have allowed myself an observation of this sort.[1001] So I must be profoundly convinced.

Tomorrow I will send you a copy of my translation of this passage. You will see my deletions and God grant that you will find them appropriate. All are done so as to make this tale more rapid, more penetrating and more lively without losing a crumb of the emotion.

I have therefore deleted:

[1001] The first such occasion was when Solanges suggested the suppression of the epilogue to Chapter 13, Part 3, in Letter 60 (7 February 1911).

steadily—it had concealed.

I have replaced *wore their most bedraggled air* with everything was muddy.

I have deleted:

the areas, the soft white coatings, too descriptive; their contours were as painful to see, too analytic; physical, from the autumn.

I have removed the entire sentence the trees were only a net work … hair.

I have deleted: in the scene, which was a piece with the desolation around her.

What a vandal I am, don't you think?

You judge and pronounce sentence. Personally, I will tell you in all sincerity, I will be sorry if you make me restore even one of these deletions.

31 October.

It is quite true that I have put off writing to you, thinking of the length of the letter I had to send you. Here I am again.

I am enchanted that my little literary insights amuse you, but I must admit that if you decided not to read Jean Christophe through my doing, I did not fulfil my goal. I simply wanted to tell you why it is wrong to overrate the value of these books, but I am certain they would interest you and I ask you to reconsider your decision.

You would find in J.C.

Pages of interesting psychology.

Insights into the musical movement in France which would tell you many things.

Pictures of German life and outlines of German people about which I would be delighted to have your opinion.

Ideas on the theatre, newspapers and books which would, I think, not displease you.

In a word, even if the novel lacks cohesion, even if it is drawn out and has no ending, the books are full of ideas that are a little uneven and sometimes baroque, but always sincere and interesting.

You ask me if I am interested in English authors whose names you have given me.

Of Hardy I know nothing.

Of Oscar Wilde I have read: the portrait of Dorian Gray—The ballad of Reading Gaol—De Profundis—Isn't that enough for him?

Of Bernard Shaw I know three volumes of plays—*Pleasant—Unpleasant*

They greatly amused me. *You never can tell* is one of the most comic things I have read. *Mrs Warren's profession* is a strong work, Shaw's best writing. *Man and the Arms* is an amusing paradox. The others are second rate in my opinion. *Candida* is interesting for its strangeness, but this strangeness is so prejudiced that it is excessive.

Besides, Shaw aims above all for effect. However he is very talented and I became madly keen on him without thinking about it. *The superman* is a vast joke.[1002]

Let's turn to another question. So that you may have an idea of the way the war in Tripolitania is being judged here, I am sending you one of the good Italian newspapers. Have the patience to read where I have marked it. You will then know as well as I. I believe this war will be hard but Italy will emerge from it with honour. I was for a long time an officer in the Chasseurs d'Afrique,[1003] I know the country and the Arabs. You need courage against them, but above all tenacity and patience. The general ill will (mother of deceitful despatches) against Italy has its origins in ruffled self-interest and in annoyance at seeing this country place its pieces on the chessboard that others were keeping to themselves.

I dare say France's attitude is the only fair one up till now. I am speaking here of the Press and not of governments. I am no more political than you, but it is easy to understand that Italy could not allow itself to be suffocated in the Mediterranean.

In my newspaper, you will see that I have marked an article by Ojetti[1004] on Calandra. Calandra was a friend of mine, a man with a very noble heart, and a very pure artist's soul.[1005]

Yesterday I translated four pages of M.G. As much again today. I am very tired. As I want to speak to you about Wagner, I will postpone the end of my letter until tomorrow.

I have requested news of the lady translator. She is looking for a publisher before beginning, I think. Naturally she will not find one, since she only has the *colossus* in English to show. We will have to go in search of someone else.

For the titles by Shaw, Wilde, etc, I wrote from memory. Excuse my errors; I haven't the heart to get up from my chair to go to my library.

1st November

I worked well again today. Tomorrow I will finish Chapter IX, and on the 5th of this month it will be transcribed. After which I will take one or two days' rest since I am tired.

So, for this evening, just a couple a words about Wagner's Memoirs.

[1002] George Bernard Shaw (1856–1950), playwright. His *Plays Pleasant and Unpleasant* (1898) includes three unpleasant plays (Widowers' Houses; The Philanderer; Mrs Warren's Profession) and four pleasant plays (Arms and the Man; Candida; Man of Destiny; You Never Can Tell). *Man and Superman* appeared in 1903.

[1003] A light cavalry unit. Between 1863 and 1875, Solanges served in the 2nd, 4th and 12th Regiments of the Chasseurs d'Afrique. See Chapter 2 of the Introduction.

[1004] Ugo Ojetti (1871–1946). His wide knowledge was matched by his extraordinary activity as novelist, literary critic, journalist, orator, and maker of public opinion. He published his first articles in 1894, his first novel in 1895, and began to write for *Corriere della sera* in Milan in 1898; he was to be its editor in 1926–27. He organised artistic shows and expositions, and founded the cultural journals *Daedalus* (1920), *Pegasus* (1929) and *Pan* (1933). His fame rests with *Cose viste* (1923–29), the seven published volumes of his articles.

[1005] Edoardo Calandra was born in Turin in 1852, and died there on 28 October 1911. Originally a painter, from 1884 he devoted himself more and more to narrative literature, illustrating his own novels and stories. Solanges's archives include an 1889 letter from Calandra thanking him for his hospitality on a visit to Milan (Edoardo Calandra, letter to PS, 1 March 1889, ASF).

You tell me: I want the man, the whole man, no matter what he is.

That's a psychologist's point of view, but not mine *in this particular case*. I love Wagner's music passionately; I have read, I think, all his correspondence and Lichtenberger's book R.W. poet and thinker.[1006] I conceived an overall satisfying idea of the man, and as I felt disposed to like him, although he was German,[1007] I rejoiced and opened his book with the idea that he was going to definitively embody the ideal I had created.

Not at all. Wagner shows us his youthful years and what do we find there? A not very scrupulous soul, a disjointed character, a lack of moral and practical sense and what's more, to crown it all, complete unawareness of his own value. It would seem that making music is for him a function just as digestion is for me.

To tell the truth he redeems himself a little as an artist at the end of the first volume (the only one published in French so far) but only as an artist. As a private man he is both grotesque and pitiful. He marries Minna,[1008] without knowing why, takes her back—without having the excuse of loving her—after being deceived twice and only in order to get himself a home. He lets her starve in Paris, uses her as a woman, as a maid, then speaks of her as a hussy, coldly and coolly as if he had not ditched her years ago. All that may be human, but it is not proper. I was hoping to find nobility and beauty in the book. I find only unsavouriness. I knew his defects of egotism and mendicity, but I was unaware of the others and regret making their acquaintance. As a *human document* it is strange, but I am upset that this document should come from my dear Wagner, in other words from the author of the Walküre, the Meistersinger and Tristan.

De Profundis![1009]

I think I have forgotten none of what I wanted to tell you, except that I await the final signature, and perhaps ratification by the House of Commons, before believing that the Moroccan affair has been happily concluded with Germany.[1010]

We will soon know what the situation is.

Very cordially yours, and goodbye

P. Solanges

I will not reread this. My letter would not leave. I will try to write more clearly next time. Do as much yourself. Your beautiful handwriting is no longer as clear and there are words that give me a lot of trouble.

[1006] Henri Lichtenberger (1864–1941), professor of German literature, and author of *Richard Wagner poète et penseur* (Paris: Felix Alcan, 1898).

[1007] Solanges never lost his bitterness at the defeat of France by Germany in 1871; see Letter 258 (16 October 1914) for his daughter Marthe's commentary.

[1008] Minna Planer (d. 1866), Wagner's first wife.

[1009] Out of the depths (Latin), the opening words of Psalm 129 (130).

[1010] On 1 July 1911, Germany stationed the gunboat *Panther* in front of Agadir, in protest at the entry of French troops into Fes and Meknes. The incident almost provoked a European war, but negotiations that were concluded on 4 November granted part of the Congo to Germany and granted France a free hand in Morocco.

117. Translation of II.8, 31 October 1911

Elle était partie et s'était dirigée en toute hâte, par les petites rues tranquilles et écartées jusqu'au *Rosental*. Mais avant qu'elle eut fait cent mètres le courage avait commencé à lui manquer et plus elle avançait, plus son énergie tombait. Autour d'elle tout était attristant à ne pas dire. La neige souillée, en fondant, avait laissé à nu la couleur jaunâtre de la terre—les misérables petits jardins et les coins sales. Les maison[s], les rues, les gens, tout était crotté. Les gens surtout. Ils étaient aussi vilains que les toits et les pierres d'où la neige avait glissé. Et la boue … Oh Dieu, la boue … Elle faisait des flaques dans toute la largeur des rues; les chemins étaient devenus des ruisseaux d'ordure dont on sortait éclaboussé et sale. Les balais avaient refoulé des mares de fange de chaque côté des rues. Elle n'était pas dehors, que ses semelles, ses jupes étaient lourdes de boue. Et elle détestait la boue, disait-elle en sanglotant; elle l'exécrait. La boue la dégoûtait, et il aurait dû le savoir quand il l'avait forcée à sortir. Dans le *Rosental* c'était à peu près la même chose; les sentiers étaient si trempés que ses pieds enfonçaient. Et tout était ravagé: l'odeur de moisi et de terre remuée l'avait fait songer à des tombes ouvertes. On ne voyait pas une âme; elle était là toute seule. Elle s'était assise sur une chaise, elle, l'unique créature vivante … et alors tout le passé lui était revenu, si fort, qu'elle n'avait pu résister: son grand bonheur, la lâche cruauté de sa conduite, à lui; puis sa misère, son inexprimable misère, l'abandon dans lequel il lui faudrait vivre toujours, toujours, même si elle devenait une très vieille femme. Elle ne se rappelait pas combien de temps elle était restée là à retourner toutes ces tristes

I return this, in case it may be of use to you. My congratulations. It reads *excellently*.[1011]

[1011] Solanges No. 69. Promised to HHR in Solanges' letter of 30 October–1 November 1911, and returned by HHR on 11 November (letter = Solanges No. 71). The passage is from Part II, Chapter VIII, p. 298, and is the longest single extract of Solanges' translation that survives. The French handwriting is that of Madame Mathilde Solanges, with minor corrections by Paul Solanges.

histoires. Tout d'un coup elle avait eu peur à la fois de ses pensées et de la solitude. Et elle s'était sauvée sans regarder derrière elle, sans respirer, jusqu'aux rues. Épuisée, elle avait pris la première voiture qu'elle avait trouvée et s'était fait reconduire.

ALS: NLA MS 133/12/566

118. Notes on II.7–8, 31 October 1911

Chap. VII

Page 283—(ligne 5) *officials*.
S'agit-il des fonctionnaires? J'entends de gens comme les employés de la poste, du chemin de fer, etc, etc.

Yes.

Chap. VIII

Page 292 (ligne 13) *soiled dressing*[1012] *gown*
Avez-vous vraiment [voulu] dire: sale, malpropre, ou seulement défraîchie?

Défraîchie wld be best, I think. I mean "not quite clean," without its being actually dirty.

Page 293 (ligne 18) *minute and troublesome details*.
Troublesome. Ennuyeux? embarrassants? gênants?

ennuyeux.

Page 293—(ligne 23)—<u>*callous*</u> *to the fact*
Quel est le sens de *callous*? Je ne puis mettre le vrai sens d'accord avec l'idée.
Est-ce? *elle répugnait à l'idée de ce fait que, etc ...*

Insensible for callous?

Page 299—(ligne 5—d'en bas) <u>*terse*</u> *disconnectedness*.
Dans un décousu qui ne manquait pas d'élégance? … ou de pureté?

Terse has the meaning here of net, bref.
Disconnected = incohérent.

ALS: NLA MS 133/12/567

Translation

Chapter VII[1013]

[1012] dressing] dessing *MS*

Page 283—(line 5) *officials*.
Are they public servants? I mean people like employees of the Post Office, the railways, etc, etc.

Yes.

Chapter VIII

Page 292 (line 13) *soiled dressing gown*
Did you really mean to say: sale, malpropre, or only défraîchie?

Défraîchie wld be best, I think. I mean "not quite clean," without its being actually dirty.

Page 293 (line 18) *minute and troublesome details*.
Troublesome. Ennuyeux? embarrassants? gênants?

ennuyeux.

Page 293—(line 23)—*callous to the fact*
What is the sense of *callous*? I cannot put the real meaning and stay in harmony with the idea.
Is it? *elle répugnait à l'idée de ce fait que, etc ...*

Insensible for callous?

Page 299—(line 5—from bottom) *terse disconnectedness*.
Dans un décousu qui ne manquait pas d'élégance? … or de pureté?

Terse has the meaning here of net, bref.
Disconnected = incohérent.

119. 2 November 1911

Multedo 2.11.911

Cher Monsieur. Je reçois votre lettre. Je vous remercie mille fois de vos indications et de votre amabilité dans cette circonstance. Je vais communiquer vos observations qui me semblent tout à fait justes à l'intéressé. Mille excuses aussi de vous avoir fait employer du temps à cette affaire, mais elle me tient à cœur.

J'ai oublié une petite observation que je voulais vous faire à propos de M.G. Page 308 ligne 12. *M. rose and clattered his chair*.

Il est dit plus haut: *As M. changed his shoes, close to the door*. J'ai traduit: M. s'était *assis* pour etc.

Autrement on ne comprend pas tout de suite quelle est la chaise dont il est ensuite question.

[1013] Solanges No. 70. Presumably sent to HHR on 30 October 1911, and returned by her on 11 November (letter = Solanges No. 71). Solanges reports that he has made the corrections to Chapter 8 in his letter of 18 November.

C'est un très petit détail. Cependant vous jugerez s'il vous convient d'en prendre note pour une autre édition.

Encore merci et bien à vous.

PS.

Je vous fais envoyer mon *Falstaff*. La construction de ce poème d'opéra vous intéressera je l'espère et vous me direz si le grand Bill est assez respecté.

ALS: NLA MS 133/12/297

Translation

Multedo 2.11.911[1014]

Dear Sir. I have received your letter. A thousand thanks for your information and your kindness in this circumstance. I will communicate your observations, which seem perfectly right to me, to the person concerned. A thousand apologies also for making you spend time on this matter, but it is close to my heart.

I forgot a small observation I wanted to make to you about M.G. Page 308 line 12. *M. rose and clattered his chair*.

It says further up: *As M. changed his shoes, close to the door*. I have translated: M. had *sat down* in order to etc.

Otherwise one does not immediately understand which chair it is which is mentioned next.

It's a very small detail. However you will judge if you should note it for a new edition.

Thanks again, yours.

PS.

I am having my *Falstaff* sent to you.[1015] The construction of this operatic poem will interest you, I hope, and you will tell me if the great Bill[1016] is treated respectfully enough.

120. Notes on II.9, c. 10 November 1911

Chap. IX

Page 318—ligne 17—trival words. *Trival* est-il bien ou est-ce une faute d'impression pour *trivial*? Si oui, note pour une autre édition.	Yes. Trivial.
Page 323—ligne 23. —Vous dites: *Late in the evening he returned etc etc*. Puis vous racontez sa visite à Louise, et vous commencez en disant:	

[1014] Plain postcard.
[1015] See Letter 88 (31 May–1 June 1911).
[1016] William Shakespeare.

Seven had boomed … but, never the less he had been
Mais quand il arrive chez Louise vous vous servez du passé défini comme s'il ne s'agissait pas d'un événement déjà terminé puisqu'on sait qu'il en est revenu abattu et perplexe. Selon moi il faudrait When he had crossed, … Louise had come etc etc.
C'est un peu du pédantisme et du byzantinisme. Peut-être en Anglais cela ne se sent-il pas. En français il en résulte un sentiment de quelque chose d'anormal.
D'un autre côté si j'écrivais *Quand il avait passé le seuil de la porte, Louise <u>était venue</u> à lui*, en continuant ainsi jusqu'au bout, cela serait trop lourd.
Ne pensez-vous pas qu'on pourrait enlever la phrase: *Le soir tard il revint de la visite abattu et perplexe* là où elle est, et la transporter par exemple à la page 324 et dire:
He himself no longer felt any satisfaction at what he has done. Late in the evening he returned from the visit etc etc.

Yes, I don't see much reason why this should not be done; I am not against it. My chief wish is that the book reads well in French.
On the other hand in English there is nothing out-of-the-way in the course I have chosen. But then English is a very elastic language. It may be a slight mannerism on my part to touch the end of the visit first, but that is all: the "had" in "Seven had boomed" makes the course of events perfectly clear to the English reader; he also takes it as a matter of course that I do not retain the pluperfect, but drop back into the less formal & stiff perfect.
But I give you full leave to doctor the passage in French.

Je vous serais très reconnaissant de me répondre courrier par courrier. Je suis en train de recopier ce dixième chap.

Je vous écrirai bientôt, mais je travaille si fort que je ne veux pas m'interrompre. Et je suis content de mon travail. Je crois avoir[1017] bien mis debout les pages 332 (fin) 333, 334, qui ne sont fichtre pas commodes!

Bien à vous

P. Solanges

Vous ai-je parlé du puritanisme de Maurice?

No, not yet.

Les femmes ont donc, en Allemagne, l'habitude de retirer leurs chapeaux dans

I don't understand this; to what do you refer?

[1017] avoir] avait *MS*

les cafés et les jardins? Et les Anglaises et Américaines se conforment donc à cet usage?

ALS: NLA MS 133/12/568

Translation

Chapter IX[1018]

Page 318—line 17—trival words.
Is *trival* right or is it a misprint for *trivial*? If so, note it for a new edition.

Yes. Trivial.

Page 323—line 23. —You say:
Late in the evening he returned etc etc.
Then you recount his visit to Louise, and you begin by saying:
Seven had boomed … but, never the less he had been
But when he arrives at Louise's, you use the preterite tense as if it were not an event that has already ended, since we know that he returned downcast and perplexed. In my opinion it should be When he had crossed, … Louise had come etc etc.
This is a bit of pedantry and hair-splitting. Perhaps in English it is not discernible. In French it results in a feeling that something is abnormal.
On the other hand if I wrote *Quand il avait passé le seuil de la porte, Louise <u>était venue</u> à lui*, continuing thus to the end, it would be too heavy.
Don't you think we could remove the sentence: *Le soir tard il revint de la visite abattu et perplexe* from where it is, and transfer it for example to page 324 and say:
He himself no longer felt any satisfaction at what he has done. Late in the evening he returned from the visit etc etc.

I would be very grateful if you would reply to me letter by letter. I am in the process of transcribing this tenth chapter.

Yes, I don't see much reason why this should not be done; I am not against it. My chief wish is that the book reads well in French.
On the other hand in English there is nothing out-of-the-way in the course I have chosen. But then English is a very elastic language. It may be a slight mannerism on my part to touch the end of the visit first, but that is all: the "had" in "Seven had boomed" makes the course of events perfectly clear to the English reader; he also takes it as a matter of course that I do not retain the pluperfect, but drop back into the less formal & stiff perfect.
But I give you full leave to doctor the passage in French.

[1018] Solanges No. 72. Presumably sent to HHR c. 10 November 1911 without an accompanying letter (just before Solanges received HHR's letter of 11 November), and returned by HHR on 15 November (letter = Solanges No. 73).

I will write soon, but I am working so hard that I do not want to interrupt myself. And I am happy with my work. I think I have well established pages 332 (end), 333, 334, which are not darned easy!

Yours

P. Solanges

Have I spoken to you about Maurice's puritanism?

No, not yet.

So do women in Germany have the habit of taking off their hats in cafés and gardens? And do English and American women conform to this custom?

I don't understand this; to what do you refer?[1019]

121. 17 November 1911

Pegli Ligure – Multedo
Villa Negrone

17. novembre 1911

Cher Monsieur, j'ai reçu votre bonne dernière lettre. Je ne saurais vous exprimer à quel point j'ai été touché de vos procédés à mon égard. Je me contente de vous le dire simplement, les commentaires ne faisant que gâter quand on se comprend bien.

Il faut bien cependant que je vous dise qu'il y a dans ce que je vous écris des choses que je voudrais faire revenir une fois qu'elles sont parties. Mais il y a en moi quelque chose qui me dit que je suis dans le vrai quand je vous dis sincèrement mes pensées et vos lettres me prouvent que mon sentiment est juste.

Depuis que je travaille sur votre œuvre, je me suis tellement mis en elle que par moments il me semble créer et non pas traduire. C'est une ridicule présomption, dont je suis le premier à rire, mais elle aura cela de bon que j'aurai mis dans ma traduction le meilleur de moi-même. Et cela vous explique pourquoi à un moment donné je ne puis me retenir de vous exposer des scrupules dont j'exagère l'importance—je m'en aperçois ensuite souvent—mais qui, lorsqu'ils me viennent, pèsent sur moi au point que je ne puis les garder.

En somme ce que vous avez la bonté d'appeler du sound criticism ne s'est exercé que deux ou trois fois sur 344 pages du livre, c'est déjà beaucoup, mais si M.G. n'y gagne pas grand'chose j'y gagne moi, d'avoir expérimenté votre absence totale de susceptibilité littéraire, qui est d'un grand artiste, et d'avoir mis en repos ma conscience qui est d'un petit artiste, mais d'un artiste cependant.

[1019] Solanges restates his question in his letter of 24 November 1911.

17 November 1911

J'ai très bien compris les raisons qui vous ont fait écrire ce fameux passage tel qu'il existe, mais là où justement je persiste à voir comme je l'ai fait tout d'abord c'est dans l'impression qu'a le lecteur que tout a été vraiment dit par Louise. Il en résulte donc pour moi qu'en effet elle revoit tous ces instants qu'elle a vus[1020] pendant sa promenade et tout ce qu'elle a senti. Et je conclus qu'elle a vu et revoit principalement ce qui l'a frappée subjectivement.

Il faut encore que je vous dise combien je me sens inquiet quand je me prodigue ainsi en belles réflexions esthétiques. Quelle sera votre impression *totale* de mon travail quand il sera terminé? J'ai des inquiétudes bien plus grandes que je n'ose me l'avouer à moi-même. Je sais qu'il y a de bonnes pages dans mon travail, mais l'ensemble? Les difficultés sont énormes et je ne sais si je suis capable de leur tenir tête. Vous avez souvent écrit de ces mots qui font coup, qui donnent une lueur subite, une valeur décisive à une situation, à un trait de caractère. Ces mots parfois n'ont pas d'équivalent en français; de là une moins value immédiate. Vous verrez que dans ma traduction je me suis permis parfois d'ajouter un mot, un adjectif que vous n'avez pas mis. Cela n'a jamais été, vous en êtes convaincu, avec l'idée de compléter votre pensée qui n'en a nullement besoin, non cela a été par un besoin instinctif de rétablir l'équilibre, c'est à dire à trouver un mot fort à mettre ici pour un mot fort qu'il m'avait fallu par force laisser tomber là. Car ce que je ne voudrais pour rien au monde c'est que ma traduction ait une couleur grise. J'aimerais mieux la jeter au feu.

J'ai fini le chap. X. Les deux dernières pages m'ont donné bien du mal, mais qu'elles sont belles et comme vous avez déroulé l'état d'âme de cet infortuné Maurice. Un moment il y voit clair, mais comme il est possédé, il ne veut pas y voir clair. S'il comprend Louise un moment comme ce qui en résulte est tout le contraire de ce qu'il veut qui soit, il retourne sa pensée comme une chemise et il repart. Vous lui avez donné plusieurs fois ces moments de lucidité qui, par sa faute, ne durent qu'un éclair. Il s'est fait *une* Louise, il faut que cette Louise-là soit malgré toutes les expériences et toutes les tristesses. Ce ne sera que son pistolet à la main qu'il comprendra au dernier moment la duperie dont il est victime.

La Louise qu'il voit est à peu près tout le contraire de la Louise réelle, mais c'est la Louise qu'il a *voulue* … au diable tout le reste!

Ce que vous faites aussi admirablement saisir c'est que Louise n'est pas ce qu'elle est de parti pris. —Comme vous, je ne crois pas aux êtres volontairement malfaisant[s] et je crois que l'être qui commet un acte abominable trouve une explication pour lui-même. Louise est une créature d'instinct, un *wild animal* comme vous le dites accidentellement, mais pour que cela porte sur l'esprit. Elle ne sait pas certainement ce qu'elle veut en dehors de Schilsky. Et ces obscurités de sa nature vous les avez merveilleusement fait deviner sans vouloir les analyser.

Par exemple dans cette histoire du mariage avec Van Houst, quelle est la part de sincérité, quelle est la part de comédie? Louise n'en sait trop rien, je n'en sais trop rien et peut-être vous-même n'avez-vous pas là-dessus une opinion prononcée. Jusqu'à quel point entre-t-il là-dedans de la coquetterie avec le besoin de faire sortir Maurice de son attitude de puritain …

Heureusement ce mot de puritain me rappelle une petite observation que j'ai à vous faire et que je crains d'avoir oubliée. Si je n'avais pas écrit ce mot j'étais capable de continuer encore pendant quatre pages:

[1020] vus] vu *MS*

Dans tout ce que j'ai traduit ces temps passés, vous vous êtes servi pour qualifier des actes ou des pensées de M. du mot *puritain*. J'ai même une lettre de vous où m'expliquant—autrefois—le caractère de M. vous parlez de l'ambiant de puritanisme[1021] où vivent certaines familles de province. Ne croyez-vous pas qu'il serait bon d'introduire le mot lui-même quelque part dans le chap. II de la première partie? Ce serait un bon coup de cloche dans l'oreille du lecteur.

Ma lettre n'est qu'à la moitié, mais je veux la faire partir et je commence à écrire trop mal. —À très bientôt; ne lisez *Falstaff* que quand vous aurez du temps à perdre. Cependant au sujet de ce livret je vous dirai des choses intéressantes au point de vue musical.

Je vous donnerai aussi sur Verdi que j'ai bien connu des détails qui, je l'espère, vous plairont.

Encore merci et très cordialement à vous

P. Solanges

ALS: NLA MS 133/12/298–300

Translation

17 November 1911

Dear Sir, I have received your last kind letter. I could not begin to tell you how touched I was by your behaviour with respect to me. I will content myself with telling you simply, since commentaries only spoil things when people understand each other well.

I must tell you however that among what I write to you there are things I would like to bring back once they have gone. But something in me tells me I am right when I tell you my thoughts sincerely, and your letters prove to me that my feeling is right.

Since I have been working on your book, I have so immersed myself in it that at times I seem to be creating and not translating. It's a ridiculous presumption, at which I am the first to laugh, but it will have this good result, that I will have put the best of myself into my translation. And that explains to you why at a certain moment I cannot restrain myself from explaining to you scruples whose importance I exaggerate—I often realise this later—but which, when they come to me, weigh on me to the point that I cannot keep them in.

All in all what you have the kindness to call sound criticism has only been practised twice or thrice in 344 pages of the book, that's already quite something, but if M.G. doesn't gain a lot from it, I myself gain, from having experienced your total lack of literary susceptibilities, which is that of a great artist, and from having cleared my conscience, which is that of a small artist, but an artist nevertheless.

I very well understood the reasons that made you write that vaunted passage just as it is, but where I persist in seeing it as I first did is precisely in the reader's impression that everything was really said by Louise. So the result for me is that in fact she sees again every moment of her walk and all that she felt. And I conclude that she saw and re-sees mainly what struck her subjectively.

I must tell you again how anxious I feel when I pour out such fine aesthetic remarks. What will be your *overall* impression of my work when it is finished? I

[1021] puritanisme] purinatisme *MS*

have much greater anxieties than I dare admit to myself. I know there are good pages in my work, but overall? The difficulties are enormous and I don't know if I am capable of standing up to them. You have often written words that make an impression, and give a sudden light or a decisive value to a situation or a character trait. These words sometimes have no equivalent in French; thence there is an immediate depreciation. You will see that sometimes in my translation I have allowed myself to add a word or an adjective that you did not put there. This was never, you may be sure, with the intention of completing your thought, which has no need of it, no, it was through an instinctive need to re-establish a balance, namely to find a strong word to put in one place when I had been forced to omit a strong word somewhere else. What I want to avoid above all is that my translation should have a grey colour. I would rather throw it in the fire.

I have finished Chapter X. The last two pages gave me a lot of trouble, but how beautiful they are, and how well you have laid out poor Maurice's state of mind. At one moment he sees clearly, but since he is possessed, he does not want to see clearly. If at one moment he understands Louise, since the result is quite the opposite of what he wants to be the case, he turns his thoughts inside out like a shirt and sets off again. Several times you have given him these moments of lucidity which, through his own fault, go past like a flash. He has made himself a Louise, and that Louise must exist despite all his experience and sadness. It is only when he has his pistol in his hand that he understands at the last moment what a victim of deception he is.

The Louise he sees is almost the exact opposite of the real Louise, but that's the Louise he *wanted* … to hell with the rest!

What you also make admirably clear is that Louise is not what she is through bias. —Like you, I don't believe in willingly evil beings and I think a being who commits an abominable act finds an explanation for himself. Louise is a creature of instinct, a *wild animal* as you say accidentally, but so that it bears on the mind. She does not know for certain what she wants apart from Schilsky. And you have marvellously allowed us to guess at these obscurities of her nature without wishing to analyse them.

For example in the story of the marriage with Van Houst,[1022] how much is sincerity, how much is comedy? Louise doesn't know too well, I don't know too well and perhaps you yourself don't have a definite opinion on it. To what degree does flirtatiousness enter into it, with the need to shift Maurice from his puritan attitude …

Happily this word puritan reminds me of a little observation I have for you that I am afraid I had forgotten. If I hadn't written this word I could have gone on for another four pages:

In everything I have translated recently, you have used the word *puritan* to qualify M.'s acts or thoughts. I even have a letter from you in which, explaining M.'s character to me—long ago—you speak of the puritan atmosphere in which certain provincial families live.[1023] Don't you think it would be good to insert the word itself somewhere in Chapter II of the first part? It would be a good peal of bells in the reader's ear.

My letter is only half finished, but I want to send it off and I am beginning to write too badly. —Bye for now; only read *Falstaff* when you have time to spare. However,

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[1022] *MG* 328ff.

[1023] A reference to HHR's reply on the note sent by Solanges on 5 December 1910; see §48, Notes on I.2 (5 December 1910).

on the subject of this libretto, I will tell you interesting things from the musical point of view.

I will also give you details on Verdi—whom I knew well—which I hope will interest you.

Thanks again, very cordially yours

P. Solanges

122. 18 November 1911

Pegli Ligure – Multedo
Villa Negrone

18.11.911

Cher Monsieur, j'ai passé ma journée à revoir les chap. IX et X et à apporter vos corrections au chap. VIII. Je ne commencerai que demain le XI et reviendrai à cette bonne Madeleine. Une Anglaise, celle-là, de la tête aux pieds. Ce soir je veux finir, si je puis, ce que j'ai à vous dire.

Avant tout je veux vous dire que je vous trouve bien imprudent. Quand on a une certaine tendance aux douleurs rhumatismales[1024] on ne *doit* pas se laisser mouiller. Soignez votre santé: à votre âge on ne sait pas encore combien la santé est précieuse, au mien si. J'ai beaucoup joué avec la mienne dans ma jeunesse et ma longue vie militaire en Afrique m'a obligé à supporter bien des bourrasques. Je n'ai donc de remords que pour mes imprudences consenties mais j'en ai de gros. J'ai la chance d'être d'une constitution résistante et je vais en somme très bien, mais il faut que je me surveille et je me dis que si j'avais été plus sage, mon estomac par exemple serait encore excellent au lieu d'être seulement passable.

Mais voilà que voulant vous parler de vous, je vous parle de moi. —Humain, trop humain!

N'en riez pas trop et ne faites pas de psychologie sur mon compte. Je n'en fais que trop moi-même.

Vous dites: the weather here is vile, as usual. J'ai honte de vous le dire: le temps à Multedo est splendide. Un magnifique soleil sur la mer embrumée. Pourquoi ne viendriez-vous pas travailler ici? … Non, plus tard, quand nous aurons fini l'un et l'autre. Alors nous pourrons bavarder sans remords, si je suis encore de ce monde.

Je ne veux pas tenir compte de vos dépressions momentanées à propos de votre travail. Boito dit à propos des œuvres d'art qu'il faut concevoir dans la joie et enfanter dans la douleur. Moi qui vous regarde faire je suis tranquille. Quand[1025] on a fait un livre comme le vôtre on ne peut donner à ses amis ni doutes ni inquiétudes. Votre phrase relative au fait d'avoir écrit M.G. est un peu obscure, mais quoiqu'elle veuille dire, vous devez secouer certaines choses comme le taureau secoue les banderilles et continuer à écrire comme vous dicte votre inspiration et votre nature. Le reste n'a pas d'importance et l'avenir est un grand justicier.

[1024] rhumatismales] rhumatismale *MS*
[1025] Quand] Quant *MS*

La canzone de Gabriele est un peu comme tout ce qui vient de lui. C'est bien fait, c'est sonore, il y a de beaux vers et il[1026] ne dit rien. D'Annunzio[1027] est en effet un médiocre poète en ce sens que chez lui tout vient de la tête et rien de l'âme. Et puis cet étalage d'érudition, tous ces noms, tous ces mots pompeux, ce besoin de prouver aux gens qu'ils ignorent une foule de choses qu'il sait, lui, tout cela est énervant comme la grosse caisse d'un saltimbanque.

J'ai écrit plus haut le mot *âme*. Cela me fait penser à une remarque que j'ai faite. Dans tout votre M.G. je n'ai pas trouvé une fois le mot *soul*, pas même dans sons sens le plus vague. Est-ce voulu de votre part?

J'ai suspendu mes appréciations sur la Vie de Wagner. Si je vous ai compris, dans le volume qui suit le premier, je retrouverai au moins un peu de l'homme qui a écrit les lettres à Mallude de W. Mais il restera toujours ceci pour moi. Wagner ne savait pas composer un livre et il manquait de mesure. Il pouvait être aussi sincère ? et soigner mieux ses effets.

Quant à Minna? Ni vous ni moi n'étions là pour juger. La première fois qu'il l'a reprise, et dans quelles conditions! c'est qu'il était fatigué d'être à l'auberge. Il sentait le besoin d'un home … comme Louise.

Je voulais en commençant vous parler de Falstaff et surtout de Verdi, ce sera pour une autre fois. —Un mot seulement sur ce livret. Vous avez fait de la musique, vous saurez donc en étudier la coupe. Observez que les grands *ensembles* ne sont pas faits pour être chantés ensemble, mais conjointement. Remarquez que les rythmes[1028] et les mélodies sont dessinés de façon à obliger le compositeur dans les tableaux en vers libres et que le compositeur ne retrouve sa liberté que dans les grandes scènes dialoguées. C'est un faiseur d'opéras qui a fait ce livret. —Pour la traduction, en dehors de la question littéraire, la grande difficulté était de conserver la forme. Tous les vers français sont de la mesure des vers italiens. Pour le rythme[1029] cela va de soi à cause de l'accent nécessaire. —On considère cette partition, la dernière de Verdi faite à l'âge de 81 ans comme son chef d'œuvre, et je crois qu'on a raison. —Nous avons cherché aussi à ne pas trop maltraiter Shakespeare. Avons-nous réussi? Je compte *absolument* sur votre franchise *la plus complète*.

Cordialement à vous

P. Solanges.

Prenez votre temps pour Falstaff. Dans six mois si vous voulez.

PS

ALS: NLA MS 133/12/301–02

Translation

18 November 1911

Dear Sir, I have spent my day revising Chapters IX and X and adding your corrections to Chapter VIII. I will only begin Chapter XI tomorrow, returning to the good Madeleine. An Englishwoman, that one, from head to toes. This evening I want to finish what I have to say to you, if I can.

[1026] il] ne *MS*
[1027] D'Annunzio] D'Anunzio *MS*
[1028] rythmes] rhythmes *MS*
[1029] rythme] rhythme *MS*

Above all I want to tell you I find you quite unwise. When one has a certain tendency to rheumatic pain, one *must* not let oneself get wet. Take care of your health: at your age one doesn't yet know how precious health is, but at my age one does. I was very free with my health in my youth, and my long military life in Africa forced me to put up with many a desert squall. So while I have remorse only at my own foolishness, I am greatly remorseful. I have the fortune of having a robust constitution and overall I am very well, but I have to watch myself, and I tell myself that if I had been wiser, my stomach for example would still be excellent instead of only tolerable.

But here I am, wishing to speak about you, and speaking about myself. —Human, too human!

Don't laugh too much and don't do any psychology on me. I do too much of that myself.

You say: the weather here is vile, as usual. I am ashamed to tell you: the weather at Multedo is splendid. A magnificent sun over a misty sea. Why would you not come and work here? … No, later, when we have both finished. Then we will be able to chat without remorse, if I am still of this world.

I don't want to take any notice of your moments of depression about your work. Boito says about works of art that they must be conceived in joy and born in pain. I who am watching you work am at ease. When one has written a book like yours, one cannot give doubts or anxieties to friends. Your sentence about having written M.G. is a little obscure, but whatever it means, you must shake off certain things just as the bull shakes off the banderillas, and continue writing as your inspiration and your nature dictate. The rest has no importance and the future is a great dispenser of justice.

Gabriele's Canzone is a little like everything that comes from him. It is well done, sonorous, there are fine verses, and it says nothing. D'Annunzio is indeed a mediocre poet in the sense that with him everything comes from the head and nothing from the soul. And then this parade of erudition, all these names, all these pompous words, the need to prove to people that they are ignorant of a heap of things that he knows, all this is irritating, like a travelling performer's bass drum.[1030]

I wrote the word *soul* above. That makes me think of something I have noticed. In all your M.G., I haven't found the word *soul* once, not even in its vaguest sense. Is this deliberate on your part?[1031]

I have suspended my assessment of Wagner. If I understand you, in the volume that follows the first, I will find at least some of the man who wrote the letters to Malwida von Meysenbug. But this will always remain the case for me. Wagner

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[1030] Included in the newspaper article sent by Solanges on 1 November, dealing with the Italo-Turkish War, was a short-story by Gabriele d'Annunzio, probably *Le canzone della gesta d'oltremare*. HHR commented on 11 November:
"… I was interested in the great Gabriele's *Canzone*—although I don't feel capable of passing an opinion on it. Is it mediocre poetry with a tremendous verve, or is it I who am of mediocre judgment?" (*HHRTL* 1:249)

[1031] Despite HHR's acceptance of this proposition (in her reply on 28 November 1911, *HHRTL* 1:264), the word *soul* occurs some 35 times throughout *Maurice Guest*; examples are pp. 5, 14, 28, 46, 66, 78, but note in particular the discussion between Madeleine and Krafft on pp. 500–01 as to whether a woman needs a soul.

could not write a book and he lacked moderation. Could he also have been sincere ? and taken more care over his effects.

As for Minna? Neither you nor I were there to judge. The first time he took her back, and under what conditions!, it was because he was tired of being at the hostel. He felt the need for a home … as did Louise.

At the beginning I wanted to talk to you about Falstaff and above all about Verdi, but that will be for another time. —Just one word about the libretto. You have done music, so you will know how to study its design. Observe that the great ensembles are not made to be sung together, but jointly. Notice how the rhythms and melodies are designed to force the composer in the scenes in free verse and how the composer only finds his freedom in the grand scenes of dialogue. This libretto was written by an opera maker. —For the translation, apart from the literary question, the great difficulty was to keep the form. All the French verses have the same measure as the Italian verses. For the rhythm, that goes without saying because of the need for accentuation. —This score, Verdi's last, done at the age of 81, is considered his masterpiece, and I think that is right. —We also tried not to mistreat Shakespeare too much. Did we succeed? I am counting *entirely* on your *most complete* frankness.

Cordially yours

P. Solanges

Take your time with Falstaff. In six months if you want.

PS

123. 23 November 1911

Pegli Ligure – Multedo
Villa Negrone

23 novembre 1911

Cher Monsieur

Fini le chap. XI. Demain j'entame le XII et espère, pour Noël, avoir fini la deuxième partie. Voici des notes utiles et inutiles. Répondez-y selon your mood.

Je ne vous écris que deux mots, je suis éreinté. La journée a été rude.

En faisant le XI j'ai observé que deux ou trois fois vous avez voulu faire des scènes identiques avec des psychologies différentes. C'est très intéressant:

Crise de douleur de Louise—crise de douleur d'Ephie.

Mariage de Louise—mariage de Madeleine combattus tous deux par Maurice avec les mêmes arguments et la même absence de notion du cœur des deux femmes.

Une chose m'ennuie: j'ai manqué Miss Martin. Son parler américain est impossible à réaliser—pour moi du moins. Je reverrai cela mais je doute d'en faire quelque chose de bon. —Et je ne veux pas me servir autant que possible du vocabulaire de slang français, au moins pas de celui qui est trop récent.

Je vous suis toujours reconnaissant de la considération que vous avez pour mes observations critiques. Pourtant j'aurais aimé vous voir m'envoyer au diable au moins une fois. Cela m'aurait piqué au jeu et la contradiction m'aurait donné du courage pour une autre occasion.

Mais je crois que je n'aurai plus d'observations à vous présenter, sauf *une*. Celle-là aura trait à l'exposé des sentiments de Louise, exposé résultant de ses réflexions—pages 359.360—Mais je ne suis pas sûr d'avoir bien compris encore. Mon impression serait que ces sentiments ne sont pas tout à fait d'accord avec sa conduite envers Maurice avant son départ pour Dresde et après son retour.

Cela me tourmente beaucoup depuis quelques jours et m'a fait rêver de vous la nuit dernière. D'abord vous étiez un vieux monsieur à cheveux blancs, ensuite vous étiez une dame! … Je vous reparlerai de cela le chap. fini. Il est probable que je n'ai pas encore bien compris.

Cordialement à vous.

P. Solanges

J'ai fait prier la Signora Carozzi de me faire savoir ce qu'elle compte faire relativement à la traduction. Je crois qu'elle y a renoncé et, étant donné ses idées, je crois aussi que cela vaut mieux.

ALS: NLA MS 133/12/303–04

Translation

23 November 1911

Dear Sir

Finished Chapter XI. Tomorrow I start on Chapter XII and hope to have finished Part II for Christmas. Here are notes both useful and useless.[1032] Reply to them according to your mood.

I am only writing a couple of words, I am worn out. It has been a rough day.

Whilst doing Chapter XI, I observed that twice or thrice you have deliberately done identical scenes with different psychological types. It's very interesting.

Louise's attack of distress—Ephie's attack of distress.

Louise's marriage—Madeleine's marriage, both opposed by Maurice with the same arguments and with the same lack of understanding of the heart of the two women.

One thing annoys me: I haven't got Miss Martin right. Her American speech is impossible to reproduce—for me at least. I will look at it again but I doubt if I can make anything of it. —And I want to avoid as much as possible the vocabulary of French slang, at least that which is too recent.

I am ever grateful to you for the consideration you have for my critical observations. However I would have liked to see you tell me to go to the devil at least once. I would have been quite taken with it, and the disagreement would have emboldened me for another time.

But I think I will have no more observations to present to you, except *one*. The latter will relate to the description of Louise's feelings, a description resulting from her thoughts—pages 359, 360. —But I am not sure I have quite understood yet. My impression would be that these feelings are not quite in accord with her behaviour towards Maurice before her departure for Dresden and after her return.

[1032] An echo of George Bernard Shaw's *Plays Pleasant and Unpleasant*, mentioned by Solanges in Letter 116 (30 October–1 November 1911).

This has tormented me a lot over the last few days and had me dreaming of you last night. First you were a white-haired old gentleman, then you were a lady! … I will speak of this again once the chapter is finished. It's probable I have not yet properly understood.

Cordially yours.

P. Solanges

I have had word sent to Mme Carozzi to let me know what she intends to do about the translation. I think she has renounced the idea, and, given her ideas, I also think it is better that way.

124. 24 November 1911

Pegli Ligure – Multedo
Villa Negrone

24 novembre.

Cher Monsieur, encore moi! J'ai oublié hier les deux observations ci-jointes.

Relativement aux chapeaux voici ce que je veux dire.

Au café (Waldcafé) Louise retire sa toque de fourrure (page 288).

Au Kaiserpark elle retire son chapeau (326).

Je vous demandais simplement si c'est en Allemagne un usage, pour les femmes, de retirer leurs chapeaux dans des endroits publics et si les étrangères se conforment à cet usage.

Mais cela n'a nulle importance.

Je commence le chap. XII le premier anneau de la chaîne de malheurs. Je suis assez satisfait du chap. XI.

Bon travail et à vous de plus en plus cordialement

P. Solanges

ALS: NLA MS 133/12/305–6

Translation

24 November 1911

Dear Sir, me again! Yesterday I forgot the two enclosed notes.[1033]

About hats, this is what I mean.[1034]

At the café (Waldcafé) Louise takes off her fur cap (page 288).

At the Kaiserpark she takes off her hat (326).

I was simply asking you if it is a custom in Germany for women to take off their hats in public places and if foreign women conform to this custom.

But it has no importance.

[1033] The notes to Chapter 11 of Part 2 are on two leaves. See below.
[1034] A reference to §120, Notes on II.9 (c. 10 November 1911), returned by HHR on 15 November.

I am beginning Chapter XII, the first link in the chain of misfortunes. I am happy enough with Chapter XI.

Good luck with your work, more and more cordially yours

P. Solanges

125. Notes on II.11, 24 November 1911

Chap. XI

Page 337, ligne 20—*brooding expression*.
Cela vous est-il indifférent que je mette: *une expression de rêve*?—Ce n'est pas tout à fait cela, mais *méditative*, le seul mot à employer ne donne pas l'effet voulu
; et *quand il s'oubliait, ses yeux avaient une étrange expression, une expression de rêve*.

With perhaps an adjective before rêve?

Page 338, ligne 3—*at Bonorand's*.
Qu'est-ce que c'est que Bonorand? Ne vaut-il pas mieux le dire? Si non, j'ai quand même besoin de le savoir pour mettre *à* ou *chez*.

A large out & in door Café in the Rosental, where the Band plays of an afternoon & evening.
Say what it is if you think best.

Page 338, ligne 25. *Why not? she asked for the third time*.
Je ne vois *why not* que deux fois asked by Mad. À moins que vous ne comptiez: and what *of that?* (ligne 5). M. echoed the words, mais cela ne compte pas.
Je pourrais mettre *pourquoi pas?* comme traduction de *what of that* au lieu de: qu'y a-t-il là d'extraordinaire. Mais j'aimerais mieux ne compter que deux fois: *Pourquoi pas?*

It may be better to be literal & put the "Pourquoi pas" all three times.

Page 339—ligne 15 (du bas)—*Herr Lohse*
Savez-vous que Herr Otto Löhse est un chef d'orchestre dont la femme Eva Löhse est chanteuse? J'ai entendu l'une et vu l'autre à Covent Garden dans les Meister Singer.
Frau Löhse était deux fois Eva.
Cette remarque est pour votre traduction allemande.

Yes, I know Lohse (not Löhse) the Conductor well; but the name is a common enough one in Germany.

Page 340, ligne 3—(du bas)—*lappel*.
Je trouve dans le dict. *lappel*:[1035] pan de l'habit. Dit-on les deux ou est-ce une faute d'impression?

Lapel or lappel is the word right enough. It can be spelt either way.

Page 343, ligne 9 (du bas) *staffage*.
Je ne le trouve pas sur le dict.
Cela doit être le *châssis*, c'est à dire l'armature de bois sur laquelle est appliquée la toile? Cela s'applique bien.

The literal meaning of this is—it is painters' jargon—the little figures that are put into the foreground of a landscape painting to give life to the scene.

Page 345—ligne 3—*feelingless*.
sensuelle?

See above.

Page 340, ligne 9—*contemptible*.
Méprisable. L'épithète ne vous semble-t-elle pas un peu forte? C'est une terrible insulte.

Not in English.

D'un autre côté je ne trouve rien d'un peu moins violent qui soit suffisamment efficace.
Can't you help me? … If I am right!

I am afraid I cannot help you here!

Chap. XI

Page 345, ligne 3—*feelingless*—
Sensuelle?
Dépourvue de sentiment?
Est-ce votre appréciation ou celle de Maurice?

Heartless—he found it.
Certainly Maurice's. I am an out-&-out admirer of Bizet's.

Page 345, ligne 15—*gaudy fate*
Je n'arrive pas à rendre votre idée. C'est n'est-ce pas? sa destinée qui se dénoue dans l'éclat, dans le tapage, en un mot la catastrophe tapageuse éclatante dans laquelle elle disparaît—Une apothéose catastrophique! Mais comment rendre cela en deux mots comme vous?
Au moins est-ce bien l'idée?
Vous êtes parfois d'une concision désespérante!

Yes, highly coloured, startling, brilliant, melodramatic—what you will, or all in one!

ALS: NLA MS 133/12/569–70

Translation

Chapter XI[1036]

[1035] lappel] lappet *MS*

Page 337, line 20—*brooding expression*.
Is it immaterial to you if I put: *une expression de rêve*?—It's not quite that, but *méditative*, the only suitable word, doesn't have the desired effect
; et *quand il s'oubliait, ses yeux avaient une étrange expression, une expression de rêve*.

With perhaps an adjective before rêve?

Page 338, line 3—*at Bonorand's*.
What is Bonorand? Isn't it better to say so? If not, I still need to know in order to put *à* or *chez*.

A large out & in door Café in the Rosental, where the Band plays of an afternoon & evening.
Say what it is if you think best.

Page 338, line 25. *Why not? she asked for the third time*.
I only see *why not* asked twice by Mad. Unless you counted: and what *of that?* (line 5). M. echoed the words, but that doesn't count.
I could put *pourquoi pas?* as a translation of *what of that* instead of: qu'y a-t-il là d'extraordinaire. But I would prefer to count *Pourquoi pas?* only twice.

It may be better to be literal & put the "Pourquoi pas" all three times.

Page 339—line 15 (from bottom)—*Herr Lohse*
Do you know that Herr Otto Löhse is a conductor whose wife Eva Löhse is a singer?[1037] I have heard one and seen the other at Covent Garden in Die Meistersinger.
Frau Löhse was twice Eva.
This remark is for your German translation.

Yes, I know Lohse (not Löhse) the Conductor well; but the name is a common enough one in Germany.

Page 340, line 3—(from bottom)—*lappel*.
I find *lappel* in the dictionary: piece of a suit. Are both said or is it a misprint?

Lapel or lappel is the word right enough. It can be spelt either way.

Page 343, line 9 (from bottom) *staffage*.
I don't find it in the dictionary.
It must be the *châssis*, namely the wooden frame to which the canvas is

The literal meaning of this is—it is painters' jargon—the little figures that are put into the foreground of a landscape painting to give life to the scene.

[1036] Solanges No. 75. Presumably sent to HHR on 24 November 1911 and returned by her on 28 November 1911 (letter = Solanges No. 76).

[1037] Otto Lohse (1858–1925) was conductor at the Strasbourg city theatre from 1897 to 1904, during the last three years of which he simultaneously directed the Royal Opera in London; he later directed the operas at both Cologne and Leipzig.

attached? That fits well.

Page 345—line 3—*feelingless*.
sensuelle?

See above.[1038]

Page 340, line 9—*contemptible*.
Méprisable. Doesn't the epithet seem a little strong to you? It's a terrible insult.
On the other hand I cannot find anything a little less violent that is sufficiently effective.
Can't you help me? … If I am right!

Not in English.

I am afraid I cannot help you here!

Chapter XI[1039]

Page 345, line 3—*feelingless*—
Sensuelle?
Dépourvue de sentiment?
Is this your evaluation or Maurice's?

Heartless—he found it.
Certainly Maurice's. I am an out-&-out admirer of Bizet's.

Page 345, line 15—*gaudy fate*
I haven't succeeded in translating your idea. Isn't it her destiny which comes undone in a flash, in an uproar, in a word the brilliant uproarious catastrophe in which she disappears—A catastrophic apotheosis! But how to translate that in two words like you?
Is it at least the right idea?
You are sometimes desperately concise!

Yes, highly coloured, startling, brilliant, melodramatic—what you will, or all in one!

126. Notes on II.12, c. 27 November 1911

Chap. XII

Page 358, ligne 16. *Who was she to stick at it*?
Je ne comprends pas bien. Il me semble qu'après les considérations sur le parti qu'elle a pris—ou que son subconscient a pris pour elle—Louise a comme une réaction et alors elle se demande
—Est-ce que j'aurais des scrupules?
ou bien

Elle et des scrupules!—elle!
or, if you prefer it: Moi et des scrupules!—moi!
I don't know whether this is good French, but the "elle" or "moi" seems to me to be the equivalent of the self-contempt contained in "Who was she" etc What Louise really means is: "I with a past like mine behind me, I should hesitate here?"

[1038] In fact, see separate sheet for Chapter XI—reproduced after the next question. HHR must have annotated the notes dealing with *MG* 345 before the notes dealing with *MG* 337–40.

[1039] A separate leaf begins here, but Solanges's reference to sending 'deux observations' indicates that the two leaves were sent at the same time.

—Est-ce que j'hésite?
—Est-ce que je suis embarrassée?
—Est-ce que je doute de la réussite?
Tirez-moi d'embarras s'il vous plaît. Et quel est le sens de *who*? *

Le 1er décembre le chap. sera fini et recopié. J'en serai alors au deux tiers, en comptant le dernier chap. qui est fait.
Vers le 15 Xmbre j'aurai fini la deuxième partie et je me reposerai quelques jours.
Je pense que vous le trouverez juste!!

---

* Mais d'où lui venait ce sentiment d'hésitation (ou d'embarras)? Tournez, please!

Je vous ai, dans ma dernière, lettre annoncé une critique—Nothing of that kind.
J'avais des doutes sur l'état d'âme de Louise parce qu'avant de traduire, je n'avais compris qu'imparfaitement.
Je m'incline. Cela fait partie des plus belles pages du livre et des plus hardies. C'est un chef d'œuvre et je vous le dis avec autant de joie que de sincérité.
Cette Louise est un petit tigre inconscient. Une des choses les plus fortes, c'est comme la solution lui semble facile. Vous faites bien comprendre combien le don de sa personne lui paraît une chose d'une valeur relative, alors que le cœur n'est pas de la partie.
Et aussi la différence qu'elle établit entre être la femme ou la maîtresse de Maurice. Sa femme, non. Cela entraîne trop de complications; sa maîtresse, rien de plus simple! Elle gardera son ami, son aide, son passe temps. À ce qui en résultera pour lui, elle ne songe pas un moment. Avant tout, elle ne veut pas être lâchée. Cela fera trois fois et voilà tout. Le malheur c'est que le lecteur ne sache pas l'histoire avec Krafft, mais vous avez bien fait d'en réserver la surprise.
2 (*urgent*)

Chap. XII

Page 360. ligne 4. *But in this case* … p. 360

retention of a friend
Je me trouve ici devant la plus grande difficulté, pour le sens exact, que j'aie trouvée depuis le commencement de M.G.
Le sens général est celui-ci:
«Du moment où j'ai mon aplomb, du moment où je n'aurai pas à lutter avec ce qui a causé ma ruine autrefois, du moment où il ne s'agit que de garder un ami, me donner à lui est une petite opération qui n'a pas de valeur et d'importance.»
Maintenant laissez-moi examiner avec vous chaque phrase de votre texte si serré qu'il me suggère cent idées parmi lesquelles il faut bien choisir.
But in this case, where she had herself well in hand, = Mais dans ce cas et du moment où elle se tenait elle-même bien en main,
and where there was no chance of the blind desire to kill self arising, et où il n'y avait pour elle aucune probabilité du désir aveugle de tuer? …
Arising va avec *self*, n'est-ce pas? C'est bien *her self-arising*?
Ou bien est-ce *the blind desire arising to kill her self* (sa personnalité)? Et quel est le sens exact?
which had been her previous undoing = qui a jadis causé sa ruine.
Quand? du temps de Schilsky ou depuis l'abandon?
Le reste va tout seul.

"And after all it meant so little."
Note that this "it" = se donner.
"The first time" = the first time a woman gives herself to any man.
"If one cared too much" = as she had done in the case of Schilsky, where her excess of feeling had brought about the final catastrophe.
"In this case" = the case with Maurice.
"Where she had herself well in hand" = where she was perfect mistress of herself, that is to say, cool & not carried away by passion, & "where there was no chance (since she did not love Maurice passionately) of the blind desire arising to kill self", that is, to lose herself utterly in the loved one, to feel her own personality being extinguished by his, in the excess of her abandon, which, in the case of her love for Schilsky, had *been her undoing, by making him sated*. I think that is clear, is it not? It had all to be put in a veiled, ambiguous way, if the book was to see print in England.

They don't tutoyer each other till the beginning of Chapter XIII!

Vous me rendriez un vrai service en me répondant de suite et en me donnant de vos nouvelles—brièvement si vous voulez.
Je suis dans un de ces états d'énervement que vous devez connaître.
Sauf cette lacune qui me fait vous écrire le chap. XII sera fini ce soir[1040] et Maurice sera *impegolato*[1041] définitivement.

I hasten to return these notes at once. All congratulations on the splendid amount of work you have done! But please do not overdo it, & make yourself ill.
By this time you will have my letter & the former notes. I hope all is in order.

[1040] Earlier in the same note Solanges announces that Chapter 12 will be completed by 1 December; the note must have been composed over the few days 23-27 November.
[1041] Gotten heavily involved with (Italian).

Bien à vous.

PS
Excusez cette forme de correspondance. D'ailleurs tous ces papiers vous reviendront.

Kindest greetings

H.H.R.

ALS: NLA MS 133/12/571–72

Translation

Chapter XII[1042]

Page 358, line 16. *Who was she to stick at it*?
I don't quite understand. It seems to me that after reflection on the stand she has taken—or that her subconscious has taken for her—Louise has a sort of reaction and then she wonders
—Would I have scruples?
or even
—Am I hesitating?
—Am I embarrassed?
—Am I doubtful of success?
Please get me out of this predicament. And what is the meaning of *who*? *

Elle et des scrupules!—elle!
or, if you prefer it: Moi et des scrupules!—moi!
I don't know whether this is good French, but the "elle" or "moi" seems to me to be the equivalent of the self-contempt contained in "Who was she" etc What Louise really means is: "I with a past like mine behind me, I should hesitate here?"

On 1st December the chapter will be finished and transcribed. I will then be two thirds of the way through, counting the last chapter which is done.
Towards the 15th December I will have finished the second part and I will rest for a few days.
I think you will find that fair!!

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* But where did she get this feeling of hesitation (or embarrassment) from? Turn over, please![1043]

In my last letter, I announced a criticism—Nothing of that kind.
I had doubts about Louise's state of mind because I had only imperfectly

[1042] Solanges No. 78. Presumably sent to HHR c. 27 November 1911 without an accompanying letter, and returned by her c. 29 November. Solanges announced on 24 November that he was beginning Chapter 12, and comes back to the first point here in his postcard of 30 November.
[1043] This marks the end of a page in the manuscript.

understood before doing the translation.
I yield. It is amongst the finest and boldest pages in the book. It is a masterpiece and I tell you this with as much joy as sincerity.
This Louise is a reckless little tiger. One of the strongest elements is how easy the solution seems to her. You make quite clear how the giving of her person appears to her to be something of only relative importance, when the heart is not involved.
And also the difference she establishes between being Maurice's wife or his mistress.
His wife, no. That brings too many complications; his mistress, nothing simpler! She will keep her friend, her helper, her pastime. She doesn't think for a moment of what the results for her will be. Above all, she doesn't want to be abandoned. That would make it three times, that's all. It is unfortunate that the reader doesn't know the story with Krafft, but you did well to keep it a surprise.

2 (*urgent*)[1044]

Chapter XII

Page 360. line 4. *But in this case … retention of a friend*
Here I find myself faced with the greatest difficulty I have found since the beginning of M.G., for the exact meaning.
The general meaning is this:
"Since I am balanced, since I would not have to fight with what caused my ruin before, since it is only a matter of keeping a friend, giving myself to him is a small operation that has no value and importance."
Now let me examine each phrase of your text with you, a text so packed that it suggests a hundred ideas to me among which I will have to choose.
But in this case, where she had herself

p. 360
"And after all it meant so little."
Note that this "it" = se donner.
"The first time" = the first time a woman gives herself to any man.
"If one cared too much" = as she had done in the case of Schilsky, where her excess of feeling had brought about the final catastrophe.
"In this case" = the case with Maurice.
"Where she had herself well in hand" = where she was perfect mistress of herself, that is to say, cool & not carried away by passion, & "where there was no chance (since she did not love Maurice passionately) of the blind desire arising to kill self", that is, to lose herself utterly in the loved one, to feel her own personality

[1044] The second leaf of Solanges No. 78.

well in hand, = Mais dans ce cas et du moment où elle se tenait elle-même bien en main,
and where there was no chance of the blind desire to kill self arising, et où il n'y avait pour elle aucune probabilité du désir aveugle de tuer? …
Arising goes with *self*, doesn't it? It's *her self-arising*?
Or is it *the blind desire arising to kill her self* (her personality)? And what is the exact meaning?
which had been her previous undoing = qui a jadis causé sa ruine.
When? in Schilsky's time or since she was abandoned?
The rest comes on its own.

being extinguished by his, in the excess of her abandon, which, in the case of her love for Schilsky, had *been her undoing, by making him sated*. I think that is clear, is it not? It had all to be put in a veiled, ambiguous way, if the book was to see print in England.

They don't tutoyer each other till the beginning of Chapter XIII!

You would do me a real favour if you replied at once and gave me news of yourself—briefly if you wish.
I am in one of those states of nervousness that you must know.
Apart from this gap that causes me to write to you, chapter XII will be finished this evening and Maurice will be definitively embarked upon.

I hasten to return these notes at once. All congratulations on the splendid amount of work you have done! But please do not overdo it, & make yourself ill.
By this time you will have my letter & the former notes.[1045] I hope all is in order.

Yours.

Kindest greetings

PS
Excuse this form of correspondence. Besides all these papers will come back to you.

H.H.R.

127. 30 November 1911

Reçu votre postcard. Après trois jours d'un temps épouvantable, nous avons aujourd'hui un temps du mois de mai. Mon jardin est plein de roses et les camélias commencent à fleurir.

30.11.911.

Ch. M. —J'ai compris le who was she to stick at it?

La question est de savoir s'il faut dire:

[1045] Her letter of 28 November and the accompanying notes (§125, Notes on II.11, 24 November 1911; Solanges Nos. 75–76).

Qui donc était-elle pour hésiter?
ou bien
Qui donc était-elle pour avoir des scrupules?

Je préfère la première manière pour que l'initiation du lecteur ne soit pas trop rapide.

Et vous?

———————

Je vous en prie et au besoin vous en supplie. Remettez la lecture de Falst[aff]. Plus tard, dans un moment de repos, vous vous amuserez à le lire (si amuser est le mot qui convient).

Pour l'instant, n'y pensez pas. Je vous le demande comme une faveur. Et si vous n'avez pas le temps d'écrire, il suffit que vous me retourniez les notes.

À vous très cordialement

PS.

Votre lettre m'arrive. Merci!

ALS: NLA MS 133/12/307

Translation

[1046]Received your postcard. After three days of dreadful weather, today we are having weather as if it were the month of May. My garden is full of roses and the camellias are beginning to flower.

30 November 1911

Dear Sir—I understood the passage *who was she to stick at it?*

The question is to know if I should say:

Qui donc était-elle pour hésiter?
or
Qui donc était-elle pour avoir des scrupules?

I prefer the first way so that the reader's initiation is not too rapid.

And you?

———————

I ask you and if need be I implore you. Postpone your reading of Falstaff. Later, in a moment of leisure, you can amuse yourself by reading it (if amuse is the right word).

For the moment, don't think of it. I ask you this as a favour. And if you haven't time to write, it's enough to return the notes to me.

Very cordially yours

PS.

Your letter has arrived. Thankyou.[1047]

[1046] Plain postcard, postmarked 1 December 1911. The first paragraph reproduced here is on the obverse, with the address.

128. 2 December 1911

Pegli Ligure – Multedo
Villa Negrone

2 décembre 1911

Cher Monsieur, merci pour votre longue lettre. J'ai regret d'abuser de vous, vous sachant si bien plongé dans le travail.

Le chap. XII est fini et le chap. XIII le sera avant quinze jours. Je prendrai alors quelques jours pour les cartes de Noël. Abominable corvée! Mais mes anciennes fonctions et quelques amis et connaissances qui ont la faiblesse de tenir à cela m'obligent au sacrifice. Nietzsche était semble-t-il de leur avis. Étrange!

Je n'ai pas de note à vous envoyer: tout au plus deux petites observations

Page 362 ligne 7 *Wise*—Est-ce sage ou avisé. Je préfère avisé.

Page 362—3e ligne (du bas) *Awkwardly*—J'aurais aimé à supprimer cet adverbe. Le pauvre M. est assez à plaindre sans lui donner une attitude ridicule. Que vous êtes cruel! Certainement il n'avait pas une grande habitude de ce genre de sport, mais pourquoi le souligner?

Voilà que vous me faites dire des sottises. Je ne voudrais pas que ma lettre tombât entre les mains de l'Hon. Mason de la House of Commons. —Avez-vous suivi le flot de ses interpellations? C'est du bon Pickwick.

Pour en revenir à ce pauvre M.G., ne voulant pas me permettre de supprimer ce que vous avez créé, j'ai tourné le coin difficile et j'ai mis:

«Il la prit dans une étreinte furieuse et *incertaine* sur laquelle la complaisante obscurité mit un voile et un rachat»

Je vais m'occuper de placer le mot *puritain* selon vos indications.

La nouvelle de votre voyage en Australie m'arrive comme un coup de massue et m'oblige à vous faire une déclaration

M.G. sera fini pour Pâques. J'ai toujours espéré dans une combinaison qui nous permettrait de lire ensemble ma traduction. Faire autrement serait nous condamner l'un et l'autre à une interminable correspondance, avec peut-être des résultats incertains. Et j'avais compté sur un sacrifice de votre part à vous qui êtes jeune et pour qui les voyages n'ont pas d'importance. J'attendais, pour vous en parler, d'être près du but, mais voilà que vous m'annoncez une absence de cinq ou six mois. Et alors?

Au besoin j'aurais fait une partie du chemin pour aller à vous bien que cela ne m'aille qu'à moitié pour de sérieuses raisons que je vous donnerai, si vous y tenez— Comment arranger tout cela? Pour mon compte j'y mettrai la meilleure volonté, mais n'oubliez pas qu'il me faudra aller à Paris pour l'éditeur et n'oubliez pas que I am sixty five, sans parler d'autre chose.

[1047] This postcard replies to HHR's responses on §126**,** Notes on II.12 (c. 27 November 1911), then notes the arrival of her postcard of 27 November, and finally the arrival of her letter of 28 November, in which she pre-empts his pleas here to delay her reading of *Falstaff*. It would seem that her letter of 28 November (Solanges No. 76) arrived *after* §126 (Solanges No. 78), though HHR sent the letter first, and Solanges's numbering may be slightly unreliable at this point.

Je vois que j'ai bien senti et compris Louise, après ce que vous m'en dites. Et pour ce qui se rapporte aux critiques, que le diable les emporte! Je vous ai déjà parlé des banderilles?

Ne vous fatiguez pas trop, vous non plus.

Moi, je suis bien sauf les inconvénients attachés au chiffre que j'ai écrit tout à l'heure.

Je suis convaincu que vous travailleriez tout aussi bien au soleil que dans vos brouillards. Mais si vous subissez ce genre d'impressions je ne discuterai certes pas d'autant moins que cela ne changerait rien à rien. It is an idiosyncrasy of yours, pour me servir de vos propres paroles.

Mille choses bien cordiales et à bientôt j'espère.

P. Solanges

Merci de ce que vous me dites de Sir John. Mais n'oubliez pas que mon travail n'est qu'une traduction et qu'il a été fait en collaboration avec Arrigo Boito.

J'avoue que le travail a été dur.

Encore à vous

PS.

ALS: NLA MS 133/12/308–09

Translation

2 December 1911

Dear Sir, thankyou for your long letter. I am sorry to impose on you, knowing that you are so immersed in your work.

Chapter XII is finished and Chapter XIII will be within a fortnight. I will then take a few days for Christmas cards. An awful chore! But my former duties, and a few friends and acquaintances who are weak enough to insist on it, force me to make the sacrifice. It seems Nietzsche was of their opinion. Strange!

I have no note to send you: just two observations at most

Page 362 line 7 *Wise*—Is it sage or avisé. I prefer avisé.

Page 362—3rd line (from bottom) *Awkwardly*—I would have liked to delete this adverb. Poor M. is pitiful enough without giving him a ridiculous attitude. How cruel you are! He certainly had no great experience of this sort of sport, but why underline it?

Now you are having me make foolish remarks. I wouldn't like my letter to fall into the hands of Hon. Mason of the House of Commons.[1048] —Have you followed his flood of questions? It's pure Pickwick.[1049]

[1048] David Marshall Mason (1865–1945), MP for Coventry 1910–18, chaired a meeting at the House of Commons on 8 November to discuss the execution of Arabs in the Turco-Italian war in Tripolitania. On 27 November he spoke in the Commons debate about the Moroccan crisis and the Turco-Italian war—suggesting British intervention in the latter, and producing a procedural wrangle. His principle that England should be 'friendly to all and allied to none' was ridiculed by the Foreign Secretary, Sir Edward Grey. From January 1914 until his defeat in December 1918, he sat as an anti-war Independent Liberal. He was re-elected as Member for East Edinburgh 1931–35. See Letter 116 (30 October–1 November 1911) for Solanges's views of the Tripolitanian war.

To get back to our poor M.G., not wishing to take the liberty of deleting what you created, I circumvented the difficulty and put:

"Il la prit dans une étreinte furieuse et *incertaine* sur laquelle la complaisante obscurité mit un voile et un rachat"

I will set about placing the word *puritan* according to your directions.

The news of your trip to Australia is a terrible blow to me and forces me to make a declaration to you.

M.G. will be finished by Easter. I have always hoped for an arrangement that would allow us to read my translation together. To do otherwise would be to condemn both of us to an interminable correspondence, perhaps with uncertain results. And I had counted on a sacrifice on your part, since you are young and travel has no importance for you. I was waiting to be near the goal before broaching the subject, but now you are announcing an absence of five or six months. So what now?

If need be I would have come part of the way to you, although that would not really suit me, for serious reasons which I will give you if you insist on it—How will we settle all this? Personally I will put all my goodwill into it, but don't forget that I will have to go to Paris for the publisher and don't forget that I am sixty five, not to mention anything else.

I see I have well understood and appreciated Louise, after what you tell me. As for the critics, the devil take them! Have I already spoken to you about banderillas?[1050]

Don't get too tired yourself either.

I am well, apart from the disadvantages associated with the number I wrote a moment ago.

I am convinced you would work as well in the sun as in your mists. But if you are subject to this sort of impression, I will certainly not dispute it, all the less since it would change nothing. It is an idiosyncrasy of yours, to use your own words.

A thousand cordial greetings, hoping to hear from you soon.

P. Solanges

Thanks for what you tell me about Sir John.[1051] But don't forget that my work is only a translation, done in collaboration with Arrigo Boito.

I admit the work was hard.

Yours again

PS.

[1049] The hero of *The Pickwick Papers* (1836) by Charles Dickens.

[1050] "… you must shake off certain things just as the bull shakes off the banderillas" (Letter 122, 18 November 1911).

[1051] HHR had said: "Oh, & I had still much to say to you about your Falstaff (I love both this & the Otello of that surprising old genius, Verdi.) I have read the booklet with the deepest interest & admiration for the way you have done it: it seems to me quite masterly to have kept as close to the original as you have, and yet have fulfilled all other considerations as well. I think there can be nothing more difficult than such work. One is 'cribbed, cabin'd, confined,' indeed!" (*HHRTL* 1:265).

129. 6 December 1911

Pegli Ligure – Multedo
Villa Negrone

6 Xmbre 1911

Cher Monsieur, vous trouverez ci-joint un billet de Madame Carozzi. Comme je l'avais prévu, elle renonce; et je n'en suis pas autrement fâché car je crois qu'elle n'avait pas compris. Je chercherai quelqu'un d'autre; ce ne sera pas facile à trouver surtout pour moi qui vis dans un ermitage. Mais je ne désespère pas.

Voulez-vous me donner le sens de *rambling* selon la note ci-jointe.

Pour le tutoyement n'ayez pas d'inquiétude. Je l'établis en ménageant des transitions: un peu de vous, un peu de toi tout au commencement du chap. XIII, puis toujours vous jusqu'au moment où Maurice cherche à allumer la bougie à la porte de la chambre de Louise. Alors elle lui dit par dessus son épaule:—N'allume pas!

C'est un effet très naturel et en même temps un encouragement net pour Maurice. Cette fois-ci je fais de la *collaboration* grâce à votre langue qui n'admet pas le tutoyement.

Vous voyez que je deviens vaniteux en allant de l'avant.

J'aurai fini le XIII pour Noël. J'aurai donc fait 23 pages du 3^{e} tiers. Sempre avanti!

Très cordialement à vous

P. Solanges

ALS: NLA MS 133/12/310–11

Translation

6 December 1911

Dear Sir, you will find enclosed a note from Madame Carozzi.[1052] As I had foreseen, she renounces; and I am not really vexed about it since I think she had not understood. I will look for someone else; it will not be easy, especially for me, since I live in a hermitage. But I am not giving up hope.

Will you give me the meaning of *rambling* according to the enclosed note.

Don't worry about the use of *tu* and *vous*. I establish it by careful use of transitions: sometimes *vous*, sometimes *tu* right at the beginning of Chapter XIII, then always *vous* until the moment when Maurice goes to light a candle at the door to Louise's room. Then she says over his shoulder:—N'allume pas![1053]

It's a very natural effect and at the same time a clear encouragement to Maurice. This time I am *collaborating* thanks to your language which doesn't have the *tu/vous* distinction.

You see I am becoming conceited as I progress.

[1052] Solanges had mentioned in Letter 123 (23 November 1911) that he was contacting Madame Carozzi.
[1053] *MG* 370.

I will have finished Chapter XIII for Christmas. I will then have done 23 pages of the third part. Sempre avanti![1054]

Very cordially yours

P. Solanges

130. Enclosure, 6 December 1911: Letter from Maria Carozzi

Turin, 3 décembre 1911

Via S. Quintino 15

Monsieur,

Il me faut humblement avouer que je reviens sans butin et sans honneur de ma chasse à l'éditeur. J'avais pourtant bien travaillé et souhaité de réussir: ce fut d'abord la chaleur inusitée de l'été passé qui dispersa tout le monde pendant quelques mois: ensuite la guerre a rendu les éditeurs indifférents à la littérature;[1055] je vois bien qu'il n'y a plus rien à espérer pour placer ma traduction. Votre aimable lettre est restée sur mon écritoire et aussi présente à mon esprit pendant tout ce temps: que puis-je vous dire? Vous avez été d'une amabilité exquise, ce qui ajoute à mon regret de n'avoir été bonne à rien.

Agréez mes meilleurs souhaits pour l'avenir, et permettez moi d'espérer que vous aurez tout de même de la bonté et de l'indulgence pour moi.

Votre dévouée

Maria Carozzi

ALS: NLA MS 133/12/312

Translation

[1056]Turin, 3 December 1911

Via S. Quintino 15

Sir,

I must humbly admit to you that I return without booty and without honour from my hunt for a publisher. I had however worked well and was hopeful of success: there was firstly the unusual heat of last summer, which scattered everyone for a few months: then the war made publishers indifferent to literature; I see clearly there is no more hope of placing my translation. Your kind letter has remained on my writing case and also present to my spirit all this time: what can I say to you? You have been exquisitely kind, which adds to my regret at being good for nothing.

Accept my best wishes for the future, and allow me to hope that you will nonetheless have kindness and indulgence towards me.

Your devoted

Maria Carozzi

[1054] Ever onwards (Italian).
[1055] la littérature] le litérature *MS*
[1056] Here begins the original letter of Signora Carozzi, forwarded to HHR by Solanges.

131. Notes on II.13, 6 December 1911

Chap. XIII

Page 367 (ligne 13) *rambling*. Le sens exact, please.

A house wh. has not been built all at once, but been added to, from time to time, with the result that it makes a[n] inharmonious effect.

wise p. 362 Here, wise has the meaning of sensible or prudent.

awkwardly 362 I quite agree with what you say of this. I was perhaps too hard on Maurice.

I see you are going to make a very subtle thing of the tutoyement! Our poor language!

H.H.R.

ALS: NLA MS 133/12/573

Translation

Chapter XIII[1057]

Page 367 (line 13) *rambling*. The exact meaning, please.

A house wh. has not been built all at once, but been added to, from time to time, with the result that it makes a[n] inharmonious effect.

[1058]*wise* p. 362 Here, wise has the meaning of sensible or prudent.

awkwardly 362 I quite agree with what you say of this. I was perhaps too hard on Maurice.

I see you are going to make a very subtle thing of the tutoyement! Our poor language!

H.H.R.

[1057] Solanges No. 79. Sent to HHR on 6 December 1911, and presumably returned by her on 11 December (letter = No. 77).

[1058] The following two paragraphs reply to queries in Solanges's letter of 2 December.

132. Notes on II.13, c. 10 December 1911

Chap. XIII

Page 374 (ligne 4 du bas)—*That was the lassitude*.
À quoi se rapporte *that*? To the state she has been in?—It is not very clear for me.
Page 374 (ligne 5 du bas) *he had to hark back*.
Que veut dire *to hark back*? Évoquer?

"That" = the state she had been in when he first offered her aid and comfort.
He had to hark back = to go back or revert (in memory) etc.

Je vais finir ce chapitre sous peu. Ne vous est-il pas possible de me renvoyer de suite cette note et la précédente? Je vous en serais fort obligé.
Je travaille à force et j'ai, de plus, la correspondance about the compliments of the season!!!
Mille bonnes choses et autant d'excuses.

I return this at once, as desired, with all kind greetings

H.H.R

My last letter will have reached you by now.

P. Solanges.

ALS: NLA MS 133/12/574

Translation

Chapter XIII[1059]

Page 374 (line 4 from bottom)—*That was the lassitude*.
What does *that* refer to? To the state she has been in?—It is not very clear for me.
Page 374 (line 5 from bottom) *he had to hark back*.
What does *to hark back* mean? Evoke?

"That" = the state she had been in when he first offered her aid and comfort.
He had to hark back = to go back or revert (in memory) etc.

I will finish this chapter shortly. Would it be possible for you to send this and the preceding note back at once? I would be much obliged to you.
I am working hard and what's more, I have the correspondence about the compliments of the season!!!
A thousand greetings and as many apologies.

I return this at once, as desired, with all kind greetings

H.H.R

My last letter will have reached you by now.[1060]

[1059] Solanges No. 80. This note was presumably sent to HHR c. 10 December without an accompanying letter, and returned in the same fashion.

P. Solanges.

133. 15 December 1911

Pegli Ligure – Multedo
Villa Negrone

15 Xmbre 1911

Cher Monsieur

Le chap. XIII est fini. All right!

Je vous en prie, ne vous tracassez ni pour vos projets ni pour les miens. Tout s'arrangera.

En somme, votre idée de vous envoyer le manuscrit est bonne et je vais voir à vous contenter. Une seule chose me dérange un peu. Il faut, avant de le mettre sous enveloppe que je le relise encore … et je me connais. Cela va me retarder un peu et j'ai soif de finir. N'importe! votre indication est la bonne et je m'y tiendrai. Vous recevrez deux chapitres à la fois à commencer des premiers jours de l'année prochaine. Je me permettrai avec le premier envoi de vous envoyer quelques remarques sur la façon dont je voudrais vous voir accueillir mon système de traduction—que vous connaissez d'ailleurs. Il consiste surtout à être toujours respectueux du texte *tant que cela m'est possible*. Au commencement de mon travail j'ai peut-être exagéré un peu trop ce scrupule: je ne vous connaissais pas et je craignais des susceptibilités d'auteur, si je dois être franc. Depuis, nous avons fait connaissance, je me suis senti les coudées plus franches; j'ai osé davantage et j'ai la conviction que la traduction n'y a rien perdu.

En somme j'ai cherché à donner au lecteur l'impression d'un roman écrit en français, sans lui enlever sa couleur un peu anglaise. Avec vous cela ne m'a pas été difficile. Ai-je réussi? Vous en jugerez. Quoiqu'il en soit je suis tout prêt[1061] à me plier à vos critiques, comme à vous résister quand je le croirai indispensable et après vous avoir donné mes motifs.

Est-ce bien ainsi?

Je veux imiter votre sincérité. Moi aussi je suis comme vous indépendant au point de vue de l'argent, mais mes limites ne sont pas très larges et si ma vie est facile c'est à la condition que je sois sage.

Si j'ai fini à l'époque rêvée, c'est à dire vers Pâques, peut-être pourrions-nous nous arranger pour nous rencontrer à Paris au moment où vous partiriez pour l'Australie. Quatre, cinq, six, sept jours au plus de travail, une fois le manuscrit lu par vous, pourraient suffire. Mais cela doit être subordonné à notre situation *littéraire* à cette époque.

Vous lisez le français de telle sorte que je suis certain que ma traduction sera bien lue. Quant à notre conversation, vous me parlerez anglais slowly, je vous répondrai en français slowly, et cela marchera fort bien.

[1060] HHR's letter of 11 December (*HHRTL* 1:272).
[1061] prêt] près *MS*

Pour ma santé n'ayez aucune inquiétude. Je vous suis reconnaissant de vos amicales recommandations. Je me porte très bien.

Je suis heureux que vous preniez philosophiquement il gran rifiuto della Signora Carozzi. Moi non plus je n'avais pas confiance. J'ai une autre idée. Encore une femme, hélas! qui a déjà publié des traductions de l'Anglais, mais il y a fagots et fagots. Je vais tâter le terrain, avec la plus grande prudence.

Je me sens le frisson quand je pense à ce que vous attendez du M.G. français. Vous savez comment, d'accord avec vous, j'ai remis la question éditeur à la fin de mon travail. Elle m'aurait gâté la joie de le faire. Maintenant que j'entrevois la fin, j'y songe et les difficultés se dressent devant moi. La principale, la seule c'est la longueur de l'ouvrage. Mais j'ai du courage; je combattrai le bon combat. Il me faut trois jours pour recopier quelques pages du chap. XIII et je me donnerai aux lettres de fin d'année, puis je me reposerai un peu. Le 1er janvier 1912 je mettrai la main à la 3e partie dont d'ailleurs un chap.—le dernier—est déjà fait.

Tous mes vœux bien sincères dès aujourd'hui pour 1912 et à l'année prochaine.

Très cordialement à vous

P. Solanges.

ALS: NLA MS 133/12/313–14

Translation

15 December 1911

Dear Sir

Chapter XIII is finished. All right!

I beg you, don't fret either about your plans or mine. Everything will work out.

All in all, your idea about sending you the manuscript is good, and I will do my best to please you. Only one thing unsettles me a little. Before putting it in the mail, I must read it again … and I know myself. That will delay me a little and I am craving to finish it. No matter! your direction is the right one and I will keep to it. You will receive two chapters at a time beginning in the first days of next year. With the first parcel, I will allow myself to send you a few remarks on the way I would like you to receive my system of translation—which you know, moreover. It consists above all of always respecting the text *as far as is possible*. At the beginning of my work I perhaps exaggerated this scruple a little too much: I did not know you and to be frank, I was afraid of authorial sensitivities. Since then, we have made each other's acquaintance, and I have felt as if I have more elbow room; I have been more daring and I am convinced the translation has lost nothing thereby.

To sum up, I have sought to give the reader the impression of a novel written in French, without removing its slightly English flavour. With you that wasn't difficult. Have I succeeded? You will be the judge. Whatever the case, I am quite ready to bow to your criticisms, and as ready to resist you when I think it essential, after giving you my grounds.

Is that all right?

I want to imitate your sincerity. I too, like you, am independent from a financial point of view, but my limits are not very wide, and even if my life is easy, this is on condition that I be careful.

If I have finished at the time I dream of, namely towards Easter, perhaps we could arrange to meet in Paris when you are leaving for Australia. Four, five, six, seven days' work at most, would be enough, once you have read the manuscript. But that must be subject to our *literary* situation at that time.

You read French so well that I am certain my translation will be well proofed. As for our conversation, you will speak slowly to me in English, I will reply slowly in French, and it will work very well.

Have no fear for my health. I am grateful to you for your friendly recommendations. I am very well.

I am happy to hear that you are taking philosophically *il gran rifiuto*[1062] of Madame Carozzi. I had no confidence in her either. I have another idea. Another woman, alas! who has already published translations from English, but not all translators are alike. I am going to put out feelers, with the greatest care.

A shiver runs down my spine when I think of your expectations for the French M.G. You know how I postponed the question of a publisher to the end of my work, with your agreement. It would have spoilt the joy of doing it. Now that I can glimpse the end, I am thinking of this and the difficulties are rearing up in front of me. The main, the only difficulty is the work's length. But I am up to it, I will fight the good fight. I need three days to transcribe a few pages of Chapter XIII and devote myself to end-of-year letters, then I will rest a little. On the 1st of January 1912 I will set my hand to Part III, of which moreover one chapter—the last—is already done.

My most sincere best wishes for 1912. Until next year.

Very cordially yours

P. Solanges

134. 31 December 1911

Pegli Ligure – Multedo
Villa Negrone

31.12.911

Cher Monsieur

Demain 1er janvier 1912 je me mettrai au Chap. I de la troisième partie. Je me suis arrangé ces jours-ci de façon que rien de prévu ne puisse m'empêcher de travailler.

Je consacrerai un peu de temps à revoir les chapitres avant de vous les envoyer. Si vous vous en souvenez, je vous ai déjà fait part du chap. I. Le premier que vous recevrez sera le chap. IV selon votre désir.

Et maintenant bonne chance au M.G. allemand. S'il avait fait plus tôt son apparition dans le monde, il aurait pu donner un bon coup d'épaule à son frère français. Espérons que ce dernier saura s'en passer.

Pendant que je vous écris vous êtes sans doute dans la jolie ville de Dresde—*Kunst und Natur*, disait la dame qui apprenait l'allemand à ma fille et à laquelle cette ville avait donné le jour. En dehors de cette synthèse je n'ai jamais pu tirer d'elle n'importe quel renseignement sur Dresde. C'était bien la créature la plus stupide qu'il

[1062] The great refusal (Italian).

m'ait été donné de connaître. Elle est cause que ni ma fille ni moi n'avons jamais rien appris, car j'ai tenté de prendre part aux leçons.

L'allemand me ramène indirectement à Jean Christophe. Le neuvième et avant dernier volume vient de paraître et je l'ai lu dans une journée et demie. Je ne crois pas que les dix volumes mis ensemble aient l'épaisseur de M.G. Terrible argument contre nous!

Je regrette que vous ne m'ayez pas bien compris, ou mieux que je me sois mal expliqué au sujet de ce J. Christophe. Ce n'est pas le chef-d'œuvre dont quelques uns parlent, loin de là, mais c'est quand même une œuvre curieuse. Il y a beaucoup de musique et beaucoup d'Allemagne; cela ne pourrait manquer de vous intéresser. Et j'aimerais beaucoup savoir ce que vous en pensez. Tâchez donc de vous le procurer sans dépenser le *pound* qu'il vous coûterait.

Je suis heureux de voir que vous considérez notre future rencontre d'une façon moins nuageuse. Ne me la faites pas trop attendre. J'y mets un peu de coquetterie. Plus vous attendrez et plus vous aurez à faire connaissance avec une ruine et cette idée ne m'est pas agréable. Nous savons maintenant que nous nous entendrons fort bien.

Si vous aviez pris votre nouveau livre et si vous étiez venu travailler ici, où vous auriez trouvé un hôtel très convenable, plus que très convenable—il a abrité des têtes couronnées—et très bon marché, je vous aurais donné des leçons de français, vous m'auriez donné des leçons d'anglais et nous aurions tous deux gagné à cette combinaison.

Regrets superflus!

Nous finissons l'année avec un temps splendide. Mon jardin est plein de fleurs.

À bientôt des nouvelles de mon travail. Je vous serre bien cordialement la main

P. Solanges.

ALS: NLA MS 133/12/315–16

Translation

31 December 1911

Dear Sir

Tomorrow, 1st January 1912, I will set myself to do Chapter I of Part Three. I have arranged things so that nothing foreseen will prevent me from working for the next few days.

I will spend a little time revising the chapters before sending them to you. If you recall, I have already let you see Chapter I. The first chapter you will receive will be Chapter IV, just as you wished.

And now good luck to the German M.G. If it had made an earlier appearance in the world, it could have given its French brother a good push. Let's hope the latter will get by without it.

While I am writing to you, you are doubtless in the pretty town of Dresden—*Art and nature*, said the lady who taught my daughter German, and who was born in that town. Apart from this synthesis, I could never extract any information about Dresden from her. She was quite the stupidest creature it has ever been my lot to know. She is the reason that neither my daughter nor I ever learnt anything, since I tried to take part in the lessons.

German brings me back indirectly to Jean Christophe. The ninth and second-last volume has just been published, and I read it in a day and a half. I don't think the ten volumes together would be as thick as M.G.[1063] A dreadful argument against us!

I am sorry you did not properly understand me, or rather that I expressed myself badly about this J. Christophe. It's not the masterpiece of which some people talk, far from it, but even so it is a curious work. There is lots of music and lots of Germany; it could not help but interest you. And I would very much like to know what you think of it. So try to obtain a copy without spending the *pound* it would cost you.

I am happy to see you are considering our future meeting in a less nebulous way. Don't make me wait too long. I put a little flirtatiousness into it The more you wait, the more you will have to meet a wreck, and the idea is disagreeable to me. We know now that we will get along very well.

If you had taken your new book and come to work here, where you would have found a comfortable hotel, more than comfortable—it has given shelter to crowned heads—and very reasonably priced, I would have given you French lessons, you would have given me English lessons, and we would have both gained from this arrangement.

Superfluous regrets!

We are finishing the year with splendid weather. My garden is full of flowers.

You will receive news of my work soon. With a most cordial handshake

P. Solanges

135. 5 January 1912

Pegli Ligure – Multedo
Villa Negrone

5 janvier 1912

Cher Monsieur, merci de votre bon souvenir de Dresde. Je pense que si vous n'êtes pas encore à Londres, cela ne tardera pas.

[1063] Modern editions of *Jean-Christophe* are in fact some 1600 pages long—thrice the length of *Maurice Guest*.

Je vous envoie deux chapitres de M.G.—IV et V.[1064] Ce n'est pas sans une certaine émotion que je me sépare de ces compagnons de peine.

Permettez-moi de m'appuyer sur de bonnes relations déjà vieilles pour vous dire de quelle façon je voudrais vous les voir lire.

D'abord je tiens à ce que vous sachiez que je ne me suis écarté parfois du texte que lorsqu'il m'a été impossible de faire autrement. Dans ces cas-là je me suis souvenu de ce que vous m'avez dit bien des fois: que vous tenez à une traduction littéraire. Je ne sais jusqu'à quel point la mienne mérite cette qualité, mais ce que je sais c'est que je ne puis faire mieux. Soyez-moi donc indulgent.

Veuillez ne pas donner trop d'importance à un mot de plus ou à un mot de moins. Nos deux langues ne sont pas toujours identiques, leurs vocables n'ont pas toujours une même valeur. Ici, j'ai cru devoir appuyer; là, j'ai cru devoir atténuer.

Le plus important, je crois, est que je n'aie jamais trahi votre pensée et que l'ensemble de ma traduction reste l'ensemble de votre œuvre.

Pour me rendre justice, j'ai vu des traductions considérées comme très bonnes, et qui étaient bien moins fidèles que la mienne.

Vous trouverez le manuscrit très, trop raturé. C'est l'effet de la lecture que je viens de faire avant de vous expédier ces deux chapitres.

Selon moi, le manuscrit est au point, sauf les retouches à faire sur les épreuves. Les épreuves me donnent une impression décisive et souvent meilleure. Espérons qu'il en sera ainsi pour M.G. —En somme et franchement je ne suis pas mécontent.

Vous trouverez quelques mots soulignés au crayon. N'y faites pas attention. Ils marquent, pour moi, quelques scrupules que je résoudrai au dernier moment et qui n'entraîneront aucun changement.

Pourquoi ne voulez-vous pas les premiers chapitres? Le premier vous est passé par les mains et vous avez eu un extrait du troisième.

Le travail que nous allons faire ensemble me retardera un peu, mais il aura pour résultat de me soulager d'un grands poids.

Si vous n'y voyez pas d'inconvénient, et afin que je puisse aller de l'avant, je ne vous enverrai deux ou trois autres chapitres que lorsque vous m'aurez renvoyé ceux-ci. Cela vous va-t-il? N'oubliez pas de *recommander* à la poste. Je n'ai pas de *bonne* copie, car j'ai fait, défait et refait. Si votre envoi s'égarait je serais plus qu'embarrassé.

Je me souhaite bonne chance et vous serre cordialement la main

P. Solanges

ALS: NLA MS 133/12/318–19

Translation

5 January 1912

Dear Sir, thankyou for your kind remembrance from Dresden. I think if you are not already back in London, it won't be long.

[1064] Chapters 4 and 5 of Part I. This began the process of submitting each chapter to HHR for her revision, at the same time as the translation of Part III was being undertaken.

I am sending you two chapters of M.G.—IV and V. It's not without some emotion that I am parting with these companions of my toil.

Allow me to rely on our good relations, which are already old, to tell you how I would like to see you read them.

Firstly I am anxious for you to know that I have sometimes departed from your text, but only when it was impossible for me to do otherwise. In these cases I remembered what you have often told me: that you insist on a literary translation. I don't know to what degree mine deserves this description, but what I do know is that I cannot do better. So be indulgent to me.

Please don't pay too much attention to an extra word or a missing word. Our two languages are not always identical, their words don't always have the same value. In some places, I felt it necessary to reinforce; in others, to soften.

The most important thing, I think, is that I have never betrayed your thoughts and that my translation remains overall your work.

To do me justice, I have seen translations considered as very good, and which were much less faithful than mine.

You will find the manuscript full of corrections, too full. This is the result of the reading I have just done before sending you these two chapters.

In my opinion, the manuscript is ready, except for the changes to be done on the proofs. Proofs give me a decisive impression, often a better one. Let's hope such will be the case for M.G. —Overall, frankly I am not displeased.

You will find some words underlined in pencil. Pay no attention. They mark a few scruples that I will resolve at the last moment, and that will not entail any changes.

Why don't you want the first chapters? The first has passed through your hands and you have had an extract from the third.

The work we are to do together will delay me a little, but it's result will be to relieve me of a great weight on my shoulders.

If you see no inconvenience in it, and to enable me to get ahead, I will only send you two or three more chapters when you have sent these back. Is that all right with you? Don't forget to *register* them in the mail. I have no *good* copy, since I have written, unwritten and rewritten. If your parcel were to go astray, I would be in quite a fix.

I wish myself good luck and shake your hand cordially

P. Solanges

136. 16 January 1912

Pegli Ligure – Multedo
Villa Negrone

16 janvier 1912

Cher Monsieur, pour ne pas l'oublier je veux de suite vous demander une chose. Lorsque je parle de vous, ou bien lorsque je vous parlerai!? dois-je dire M^{r} Handel ou M^{r} Richardson?

Singulière question après quinze mois de cordiales relations, mais pour savoir il faut bien demander. Pour les noms anglais on n'est jamais sûr.

Maintenant merci pour vos trois belles cartes de Dresde. J'ai été enchanté de savoir par la dernière et que vous rentrez et que mon manuscrit est arrivé safely. Relativement à ce manuscrit, ne vous mettez point en peine et lisez-le tout à votre aise. En vous l'envoyant je n'ai fait qu'agir selon votre désir. Somme toute, votre impression sur ces deux chapitres me donnera votre opinion sur toute la traduction. J'ajouterai même que j'ai fait mieux en avançant. Procédez donc tranquillement; je ferai de même et ce travail de révision se fera sans que nous nous en apercevions.

J'ai fini le premier chapitre de la 3^{e} partie, et cela fait deux chap. avec le dernier qui est fini depuis bien longtemps. Malheureusement depuis quatre ou cinq jours, j'ai été pris par une crise d'épouvantable paresse. Je vais me remettre au travail aujourd'hui. Le fait est que je n'avais pris que de fausses vacances, mon temps de soi-disant repos ayant été presque entièrement consacré à la correspondance de fin d'année. Je me sens le cerveau plus frais et je vais me lancer de nouveau, quitte à souffler un peu de temps en temps.

J'ai une bizarre impression que je veux vous communiquer. Vous me dites dans une de vos lettres que Louise est toujours sincère. Vous devez le savoir mieux que personne. Cependant je ne puis m'empêcher de croire qu'elle n'est pas sortie tout entière de votre cerveau. La faute en est à votre dédicace, même en admettant qu'elle soit de fantaisie. Je persiste donc à vouloir que vous ayez eu le modèle sous la main. Et dans ce cas j'ose dire que tout en le reproduisant avec une[1065] vérité extraordinaire, vous avez subi une impression de sincérité supérieure à la réalité.

Vous avez voulu la faire sincère et malgré vous les côtés de duplicité de sa nature se révèlent. Cette duplicité vient peut-être du subconscient mais elle existe. Par exemple, elle ne dit à M. qu'elle l'aime—ou à peu près que quand elle est contrainte pour lui faire quitter, au moins momentanément, l'idée du mariage. Il persiste en elle l'idée de réaliser ce qui plus tard s'effectue en effet: la réunion à Schilsky. Tout au plus est-elle sincère lorsqu'elle parle, *en s'écoutant parler*, mais que se dit-elle lorsqu'elle est seule?

Cela n'est pas une critique, bien entendu, au moins n'est-ce pas une critique du livre. Louise gagne profondément à ce côté mystérieux qui—à tort ou à raison nous intéresse tant chez les femmes—à tort lorsque, comme la plupart du temps[,] il ne recouvre que le vide ou à peu près. Et quand ce n'est pas le vide c'est un vague fort attristant. Vous voyez que de plus en plus je deviens inconsciemment un collaborateur. Pardonnez-moi, l'homme est vain et je suis homme.

À bientôt de vos nouvelles. Bon travail, et cordialement à vous.

P. Solanges.

ALS: NLA MS 133/12/320–21

Translation

16 January 1912

Dear Sir, so as not to forget, I want to ask you something at once. When I speak about you, or indeed when I speak to you!? should I say Mr Handel or Mr Richardson?

[1065] une] une vérité et une MS

A remarkable question after fifteen months of cordial relations, but in order to know, one has to ask. One is never sure with English surnames.

And now thankyou for your three beautiful cards from Dresden. I was delighted to learn from the last both that you are returning and that my manuscript arrived safely. About this manuscript, don't put yourself to any trouble, and read it quite at your leisure. In sending it to you, I simply acted according to your wish. When all's said and done, your impression of these two chapters will give me your opinion of the whole translation. I will even add that I did better as I advanced. So proceed tranquilly; I will do the same and this work of revision will be done without our noticing it.

I have finished the first chapter of Part III, which makes two chapters with the last that was finished long ago. Unfortunately, over the last four or five days, I have been seized with an attack of frightful laziness. I am going to get back to work today. The fact is that I had only token holidays, my time of so-called rest being almost entirely devoted to end-of-year correspondence. I feel my brain is fresher now and I am going to launch into it again, though I may need to get my breath back from time to time.

I have a bizarre impression that I want to share with you. You tell me in one of your letters that Louise is always sincere. You should know better than anyone. However I cannot help thinking that she did not come entirely from your brain. The blame for this is in your dedication, even granting that it may be fictitious.[1066] So I persist in believing that you had a model to hand. And in that case I dare say that while reproducing it with extraordinary truthfulness, you were subject to an impression of sincerity which went beyond the reality.

You wanted to make her sincere, and despite you, the duplicitous side of her nature reveals itself. This duplicity perhaps comes from her subconscious, but it exists. For example, she only tells M. she loves him—or almost, when she is forced to, to make him at least momentarily forget the idea of marriage. The idea of achieving what later actually comes to pass persists in her: reunion with Schilsky. At most she is sincere when she speaks, *whilst listening to herself speak*, but what does she say to herself when she is alone?

This is not a criticism, of course, at least not a criticism of the book. Louise gains profoundly from this mysterious side which—rightly or wrongly—so interests us about women—wrongly when, as most of the time, it simply covers a void or quasi-void. And when it's not a void, it's a quite saddening vagueness. You see that, unconsciously, I am becoming more and more a collaborator. Forgive me, man is vain and I am a man.

Hoping to hear from you soon. Good luck with your work, and cordially yours.

P. Solanges.

137. 19 January 1912

Pegli Ligure – Multedo
Villa Negrone

19 janvier 1912.

Cher Monsieur

[1066] *Maurice Guest* is dedicated "To Louise."

J'ai reçu votre lettre du 14. Voulez-vous qu'il me suffise de vous dire qu'elle m'a fait plus que plaisir et que je vous remercie et vous serre affectueusement la main pour me l'avoir écrite? Il me semble que nous nous comprenons bien sans avoir besoin de nous l'expliquer. Ce que je tiens à vous dire c'est que je me réjouis chaque jour davantage d'avoir eu l'idée de me livrer à l'agréable travail de vous traduire, puisque, en dehors du plaisir qu'il me procure il me donne un ami tel que vous. Notre rencontre, quand elle aura lieu, ne fera que serrer davantage, j'en suis certain, un lien qui me devient chaque jour plus précieux. Ce sera donc sans l'ombre d'une désillusion que je vous prendrai tel que vous êtes et vous me permettrez, dès aujourd'hui, de croire que le portrait que vous me faites de vous n'est pas flatté.

Pour ce qui me concerne, ne vous faites pas d'illusions non plus. Vous pourriez avoir à vous en repentir. Mon opinion de moi-même n'est pas très haute et je sais que mon manque de confiance en moi est justifié. Je n'ai qu'une qualité, c'est d'être intuitif,[1067] mais mon intuition[1068] est limitée par des connaissances incomplètes. J'ai touché à beaucoup de choses sans en approfondir aucune, aussi me trouverez-vous hésitant et incapable de discuter ce que j'aime et ce que je crois d'instinct. Vous me demandez mon indulgence pour la forme, je vous demande la vôtre pour le fond, c'est plus grave. Mais nous aurons, j'en suis sûr la sympathie et ce sera plus que suffisant.

Je regrette de ne pas vous avoir connu plus tôt et d'être aussi éloigné de vous. Si je vous avais connu il y a dix ans, peut-être m'auriez-vous donné *la méthode*. C'est ce qui me manque beaucoup plus que le goût du travail. Le malheur pour moi est[1069] que mon esprit s'est porté sur mille choses, capricieusement, et que le résultat est que je suis plein de *trous*. Je dis donc comme vous: *Take me as I am and make the best of me*. Un dernier mot: si vous êtes *hard to get at*, je suis peut-être moi un peu trop spontané ce qui est ridicule à mon âge malgré ma qualité de Français. Nous en serons quittes, pour nous appliquer le proverbe italien: *una mano lava l'altra*. Et je m'arrête.

J'ai fini le chap. II et suis en train de le recopier. Je l'ai fait en m'amusant. J'ai connu un Monsieur Lenz de Stettin qui avait absolument la nature et le physique de Schwarz. Je le voyais agir et ce rapprochement m'a rendu la tâche facile. Encore dix chap. et ce sera fini. Et alors commenceront les grandes difficultés, mais à chaque jour sa peine.

(Pour ne pas l'oublier, lisez Jean-Christophe. Je voudrais tant avoir votre opinion. Voulez-vous que je vous l'envoie?)

Votre première impression de mon travail me fait grand plaisir. Puisse-t-elle se prolonger! De toute façon prenez tout votre temps. Pour votre gouverne, sachez que vous recevrez deux ou trois autres chapitres huit jours après que vous m'aurez annoncé le retour des deux que vous avez entre les mains.

Votre appréciation de la ville de Dresde me donnerait envie d'y aller. Ce n'est pas bien loin … mais …

J'y suis en ce moment avec le deuxième volume de la Vie de Wagner. J'ai relu le premier que j'avais mal lu et dont la traduction est *abominable*. J'ai modifié ma première impression. Elle tenait surtout de ce que je m'étais figuré l'homme si différent de ce qu'il est. Je crois volontiers à la sincérité relative de ces mémoires. Il y a bien des faiblesses dans le moral cependant, surtout dans la question Minna.

[1067] intuitif] intituif MS
[1068] intuition] intituition MS
[1069] est] et MS

Comme c'est drôle. Ce génie intempérant a dû constater de suite avec Rienzi l'inconvénient de sa manie de faire trop long et jamais il n'a su s'en corriger. Vous en avez fait l'expérience à Dresde avec les *Meistersinger*.

De Strauss je ne connais que Salome. Je n'étais plus à Milan quand on a donné à la Scala le *Rosenkavalier* et *Electre*. Je le regrette. N'ayant entendu *Salome* que deux fois je ne puis rien dire si ce n'est que j'ai été étonné. Mais pourquoi trouvez-vous que Strauss est un génie en dehors de la musique? Qu'a-t-il fait? Un autre jour je vous raconterai, à propos de lui, une histoire de plagiat dont je n'ai jamais été en mesure d'apprécier la vérité.

Encore merci et à vous *très très* cordialement

P. Solanges.

ALS: NLA MS 133/12/322–23

Translation

19 January 1912

Dear Sir

I have received your letter of the 14th. Will you allow me simply to say that it more than pleased me and that I thank you and shake your hand affectionately for writing it to me?[1070] We seem to understand each other well without needing to explain to each other. I am anxious to tell you that I rejoice more and more each day for having had the idea of devoting myself to the pleasant work of translating you, since, in addition to the pleasure it gives me, it gives me a friend such as you. When our meeting takes place, I am sure it will only tighten further a bond that is becoming more precious to me each day. So it will be without a shadow of disillusion that I will take you as you are, and you will allow me, even now, to believe that the portrait you make of yourself is not flattering.

As regards me, have no illusions yourself. You could live to regret it. My opinion of myself is not very high and I know my lack of self-confidence is justified. I have only one quality, intuitiveness, but my intuition is limited by incomplete knowledge. I have touched on many things without going deeply into any of them, and therefore you will find me hesitant and incapable of discussing my instinctive likes and beliefs. You ask my indulgence for the form, I ask yours for the content, which is more serious. But I am sure we will like each other and that will be more than enough.

I am sorry that I did not know you sooner and that I am so far from you. If I had made your acquaintance ten years ago, perhaps you would have given me *method*.[1071] That's what I lack much more than a taste for work. My misfortune is that my mind has focussed on a thousand and one things, capriciously, and the result is that I am full of *holes*. So I say like you: *Take me as I am and make the best of me*. One last word: if you are *hard to get at*, I myself am perhaps a little too spontaneous, which is ridiculous at my age, despite the fact that I am French. We will be quits, to apply the Italian proverb to ourselves: *una mano lava l'altra*.[1072] And there I will stop.

[1070] HHR had not only praised Soanges's translation, and chatted about her visit to Dresden, but had promised that their meeting would not be postponed much longer (*HHRTL* 1:285–86).

[1071] Compare Solanges's words to Fogazzaro in Letter 14 (10 April 1890): "J'ai toujours espéré passer deux ou trois jours avec vous pour vous demander *la règle*."

[1072] One hand washes the other.

I have finished Chapter II and am in the process of transcribing it. It was amusing to do it. I knew a Mr Lenz from Stettin who had exactly Schwarz's nature and physique. I could see him act, and this comparison made my task easy. Another ten chapters and it will be finished. Then the great difficulties will commence, but sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof.[1073]

(Before I forget, do read Jean-Christophe. I would so much like your opinion. Would you like me to send it to you?)

Your first impression of my work gives me great pleasure. Long may it continue! At any rate take all the time you need. For your guidance, be advised that you will receive two or three more chapters one week after you announce the return of the two you now have.

Your assessment of the town of Dresden would make me want to go there. It's not very far … but …

I am there at the moment with the second volume of the Life of Wagner. I have reread the first volume, which I had read badly and which is *abominably* translated. I have modified my first impression. It stemmed above all from my imagining the man so differently from the reality. I willingly believe the sincerity of these memoirs is only relative. However there are many weaknesses in his morals, especially with regard to Minna. How strange it is. From Rienzi onward this intemperate genius must have been aware of the problems stemming from his mania for being too long, and he never succeeded in correcting himself.[1074] You experienced this at Dresden with *Die Meistersinger*.

Of Strauss I know only Salomé. I was no longer at Milan when *Der Rosenkavalier* and *Electra* were performed.[1075] I regret it. Having heard Salomé only twice, I can say only that I was astonished. But why do you find Strauss a genius apart from his music? What has he done? Some other day I will tell you a story of plagiarism, in regard to him, which I have never been able to get to the bottom of.[1076]

Thanks again and *very, very* cordially yours

P. Solanges.

138. HHR's Corrections to I.4–5, 25 January 1912

[1077]Page 56

[1073] Matthew 6:34, now proverbial.

[1074] Wagner's opera *Rienzi* was published in 1842.

[1075] Strauss' *Salomé* was first performed in Milan on 24 December 1906 (Eduardo Arnosi, "Salomea Kruszelnicka (Italian-Krusceniski)," *Record Collector* XVIII.4 (1969): 80), *Elektra* in April 1909 (*The Complete Operas of Richard Strauss* (London: Michael O'Mara, 1988): 62), and *Der Rosenkavalier* in 1911. Solanges left Milan permanently in July 1909 (see the section on the move to Multedo in Chapter 7 of the Introduction, and also Letter 201, 23 February 1913).

[1076] Compare Letter 21 to Fogazzaro (6 February 1896). Solanges knew a few stories of plagiarism, but he never elaborated on this particular allusion.

[1077] These corrections are HHR's first corrections to Part I, Chapters 4–5, which form part of her letter of 25 January 1912. Since they do not appear at *HHRTL* 1:295, but are commented on at length in Solanges's letter of 7 February 1912 below, they are reproduced here. As the pagination used by HHR is that of Solanges's manuscript, references to *Maurice Guest* are footnoted according to the 1950 reprint.

line 6[1078] "Ins & outs" refers exclusively to localities—such as short cuts through the town, back streets etc.

Page 57.

l. 1.[1079] "single notes": "notes decousues?"

l. 4.[1080] "a curled fringe" refers exclusively to the hair worn on the brow. Am I right in thinking that "ringlets" mean curls generally?

l. 5. "Stage presence": "Grande figure convenable au scène?"

l. 20 Is "on prétendait" definite enough?

Page 58

last line.[1081] "La conscience qu'il prenait de lui-même" strikes me as a little long for "self-consciousness."

Page 60

l. 4.[1082] "his hand was on her brow." "C'était lui qui posait?"

l. 12[1083] "Dans le principe": "d'abord?"

l. 19[1084] For "heaven-scaling" I would suggest a simple word like "sublime." That is all it means.

Page 61

l. 3.[1085] "Frailty" here means "weakness." "Faiblesse?"

l. 6. from bottom.[1086] "Mains." Could one not say "pattes?"

The English "paws" has an intentionally comic sound.

Page 62

l. 8 from bottom.[1087] Could not: "She came towards" be put more literally?

last line.[1088] "Inclined to be lonely" means no more than "inclined to feel lonely." In other words: "When he came to her at evening, tired & rather lonely."

Page 63

Is not "Professorat" a little high-sounding?

l. 6.[1089] —But it is probably right.

Page 64

"concert-player" = "pianist." l.8.[1090]

[1078] *MG* 44, l. 8.
[1079] *MG* 44, l. 8 from bottom.
[1080] *MG* 44, l. 3 from bottom.
[1081] *MG* 46, l. 20.
[1082] *MG* 47, l. 21.
[1083] *MG* 47, l. 14 from bottom: "at first".
[1084] *MG* 47, l. 5 from bottom.
[1085] *MG* 48, l. 10.
[1086] *MG* 48, l. 9 from bottom.
[1087] *MG* 49, l. 22.
[1088] *MG* 49, l. 11 from bottom.
[1089] *MG* 49, l. 3 from bottom: "teaching".

l. 6 from bottom.[1091] "Sprawly" = "griffon[n]é." (also on page 81.)[1092]

Page 67

l. 5 from bottom.[1093] Could not "clergyman" be translated?

l 6.[1094] "mild features." "Mild" is somewhat ironical here.

Page 69

l. 4.[1095] Is espèce not a trifle stiff? Sorte?

l. 5 from bottom.[1096] Have you a reason for putting *demi* douzaine? Madeleine says *dozens*.

Page 70

l. 2.[1097] Is "indélicates" strong enough? "Malhonnêtes?"

Madeleine is extremely outspoken.

last l.[1098] "That *same* evening?" More accent?

Page 71

l. 13.[1099] This "if not for her own" has a very plain meaning in English. It says, as clearly as Madeleine dare say it, that Louise is Schilsky's mistress. I should suggest a change to something like: "pour sa réputation?" or whatever it is you say in French.

V

Page 73

l. 3.[1100] "It seized upon" = "Elle (cette hydra) s'empara de"

l. 10[1101] "au dela de toute expression": "Extrêmement?" would be simpler.

l. 13[1102] "Douloureux." Better "Impossible" for unthinkable.

l. 19[1103] "Courage *to* face the answer," (as the answer was never given.)

Page 74

lines 13 & 15[1104] Would you not be inclined to avoid the close repetition of "leçons particulières?"

Page 75

l. 13[1105] harassed: Is this not "minable?"

[1090] *MG* 50, l. 12 from bottom.
[1091] *MG* 51, l. 7.
[1092] *MG* 64, l. 10 from bottom. In fact, *MG* has "scrawly" in both places.
[1093] *MG* 53, l. 21 from bottom. *MG* has "curate".
[1094] *MG* 53, l. 20 from bottom.
[1095] *MG* 54, l. 20 from bottom.
[1096] *MG* 55, l. 6.
[1097] *MG* 55, l. 13: "dishonest".
[1098] *MG* 50, l. 3.
[1099] *MG* 56, l. 21.
[1100] *MG* 58, l. 4.
[1101] *MG* 58, l. 13: "unspeakably".
[1102] *MG* 58, l. 17.
[1103] *MG* 58, l. 25.
[1104] *MG* 59, ll. 12 & 14.

l. 14 "logement" for "budget"?

l. 16.[1106] Here I should like to see "Le moment difficile" put in the plural, as in English, & would suggest "de sa vie" for "de ses fonctions périodiques."

l. 17.[1107] more literally: "commérage piquant."

l. 19 "Talk" here = only conversation, not disputes.

l 6 from bottom:[1108] "By the hour" = for hours together.

This whole description strikes me as *long* in French—it suited the genius of the German language better. You have the author's permission to shorten it in any way that seems good to you. He of course is entirely to blame—for writing it!

Page 76

l. 4:[1109] cire (Jaune).

l 1:[1110] Is not what you have a little long for "well-used Bechstein"?

l. 3 from bottom.[1111] Is "art" all right in French for music alone?

Page 77

l. 2[1112] "swung a bat" refers to cricket. I think this statement is too detailed for French readers. You might use "sport."

l. 6.[1113] "Professeur"—"institutrice?"

l. 8.[1114] "avocate de la femme comme femme"—just the opposite of what you say.

l. 14.[1115] Perhaps omit "pour édifier Maurice?"

l. 15[1116] been sent *for*—amener?

Page 78

l 7.[1117] Don't you think this would gain by being put more simply? "Scellée que les héros des temps antiques sous l'étreinte du Destin"?—But, this, in all diffidence!

l. 8 from bottom:[1118] "desperately" is rather "extrêmement" here.

Last line:[1119] This is the first mention of Schilsky's lisp. "Zezayement?"

l. 6 from bottom.[1120] Is this right for "top-heavy"?

Page 79

[1105] *MG* 60, l. 3.
[1106] *MG* 60, l. 6.
[1107] *MG* 60, l. 7: "aggravated bitterness".
[1108] *MG* 60, l. 15.
[1109] *MG* 60, l. 16 from bottom.
[1110] *MG* 60, l. 21 from bottom.
[1111] *MG* 61, l. 13.
[1112] *MG* 61, l. 19.
[1113] *MG* 61, l. 23.
[1114] *MG* 61, l. 26: "staunch advocate of womanliness".
[1115] *MG* 61, l. 11 from bottom: "to Maurice's interest".
[1116] *MG* 61, l. 10 from bottom.
[1117] *MG* 62, l. 16: "[as surely sealed,] as any fate-shackled heroes of antiquity".
[1118] *MG* 62, l. 7 from bottom.
[1119] *MG* 63, l. 2.
[1120] *MG* 62, l. 5 from bottom.

l. 6.[1121] Perhaps omit "aux coins de rue" the second time

l. 3.[1122] "Qu'il n'était pas onze heures."

l. 5[1123] "wanted to relieve himself" needs a slang equivalent; as does "bobby" in the following line.

l. 12.[1124] to stir = se remuer.

l 6 from bottom:[1125] "Il était trop absorbé de faire attention à ce que se disait."

Page 80

l. 9.[1126] "a string of witticisms," = "une série de plaisanteries" or something similar.

l. 13.[1127] cette Affaire de Dresde?

Page 81

l. 5[1128] sprawly see p. 64.

Is Louise to use "vous" to Schilsky? It seems strange to me; but of course you must decide.

Page 82

l. 5 from bottom:[1129] "Aches like a wet-nurse?" Ache = souffre.

Page 83

l. 11 from bottom:[1130] wink = clin d'oeil.

l 9 from bottom:[1131] "That's the beginning & end of the matter" = briefly "c'est tout!" or something of that sort.

Page 84

l. 1.[1132] "For a spree" is very slangy.

l. 9.[1133] Omit "par les rues?"

l. 13. from bottom:[1134] "peddle for" = something of the idea of "mendier."

l 6 from bottom:[1135] "To take a fit" is also very slangy.

last line.[1136] Of "baggage" the same is true.

[1121] *MG* 63, l. 7.
[1122] *MG* 63, l. 6.
[1123] *MG* 63, l. 7. HHR has already advised Solanges, in her letter of 23 January 1912 (*HHRTL* 1:294), of the textual changes made to this passage in the second edition by the publisher.
[1124] *MG* 63, l. 16.
[1125] *MG* 63, l. 15 from bottom: "too engrossed, to have more than half an ear for what was said"; HHR mistakenly uses the French reflexive for the English passive.
[1126] *MG* 64, l. 4.
[1127] *MG* 64, l. 8.
[1128] *MG* 64, l. 10 from bottom.
[1129] *MG* 66, l. 9.
[1130] *MG* 66, l. 4 from bottom.
[1131] *MG* 66, last line.
[1132] *MG* 67, l. 13.
[1133] *MG* 67, l. 23.
[1134] *MG* 67, l. 13 from bottom.
[1135] *MG* 67, l. 3 from bottom.

l. 10 from bottom[1137] "secure in his freedom." This means because Louise was away.

Page 85

l. 7.[1138] "To peck at"—like a bird.

l 8[1139] "dyed her face"—red, not white.

7 from bottom:[1140] omit "au hasard"?

"Haunts"[1141] —I do not know caboulots.

4 from bottom.[1142] Obstreperous = turbulent.

Page 86

l. 6.[1143] at ease: comfortably not tranquilly.

In these chapters you say Mlle Dufrayer, but Miss Jensen etc. Which shall it be, so that we may be uniform?

What spelling do you prefer for Leipzig?—Leipsig or Leipsic?

Heinrich or Henri?

NLA MS 133/12/71–74

139. 29 January 1912

Pegli Ligure – Multedo
Villa Negrone

29.1.912.

Cher Monsieur et ami, merci de votre excellente lettre. Elle m'a fait le plus vif plaisir et m'a tranquillisé car j'ai conscience d'avoir mieux travaillé en avançant. Ce que vous me dites de votre éditeur est incroyable! S'être permis des changements dans votre texte, et dans votre texte imprimé, cela dépasse toute imagination. Sans parler du non sens. La réponse de Mad. You are disgusting! n'a plus de sens. Je m'étais dit qu'il y avait là, sans doute, un sens caché que je n'avais pas compris.

Je vous écris à la hâte ayant devant moi un programme compliqué. Avant tout je veux finir de recopier le chap. III, puis je repasserai deux ou trois chap. à vous envoyer. Ensuite je regarderai vos corrections et vous promets d'en[1144] tenir compte avec toute la largeur possible. Après cela je me mettrai au chap. IV. Vous voyez que j'ai du pain sur la planche.

Merci encore pour tout ce que vous me dites de bon et de cordial.

Travaillez en m'attendant à votre nouvelle œuvre avec courage et confiance. Si vous aviez, comme je l'ai moi-même, confiance dans votre célébrité future!

[1136] *MG* 68, l. 5.
[1137] *MG* 67, l. 9 from bottom.
[1138] *MG* 68, l. 13.
[1139] *MG* 68, l. 14.
[1140] *MG* 68, l. 11 from bottom.
[1141] *MG* 68, l. 11 from bottom.
[1142] *MG* 68, l. 7 from bottom.
[1143] *MG* 69, l. 6.
[1144] d'en] dans MS

À vous mille fois

P. Solanges

Ce que je vous ai demandé pour votre nom c'était pour savoir comment je dois vous appeler quand je parle de vous ici, chez moi.

ALS: NLA MS 133/12/324–25

Translation

29 January 1912

Dear Sir and friend, thankyou for your excellent letter. It gave me the greatest pleasure and set my mind at ease, since I am aware of having worked better as I made progress. What you tell me about your publisher is incredible! Taking it on himself to make changes in your text, in your printed text, it beggars the imagination. Not to mention the illogicality. Mad.'s reply You are disgusting! loses all meaning. I had told myself that there was doubtless some hidden meaning here that I had not understood.

I am writing hastily since I have a complicated program before me. Above all I want to finish transcribing Chapter III, then I will revise two or three chapters to send to you. Next I will look at your corrections, and I promise to take them into account with all possible latitude. After that I will set myself to Chapter IV. You see I have a lot on my plate.

Thankyou again for all your kind and cordial words.

Meanwhile, work with courage and confidence on your new book. If only you had confidence in your future celebrity, as I do!

A thousand regards

P. Solanges

What I asked about your surname was so as to know what I should call you when I speak of you here, at home.

140. 3 February 1912

Pegli Ligure – Multedo
Villa Negrone

3 février 1912

Cher Monsieur et ami

Le chap. III est fini et recopié, demain je mettrai vos corrections et lundi je commencerai le chap. IV. Demain matin je ferai partir deux autres chapitres. J'espère qu'ils auront le même accueil que les précédents. Vos personnages y parlent beaucoup; cela vous donnera une idée nette de la façon dont je les fais dialoguer.

Je m'étais promis d'avoir fini pour Pâques. Y arriverai-je? Je le voudrais. L'important est de finir bien.

Je n'ai pas rétabli votre texte de la page 88—*wind or water* … Si vous croyez que cela vaille mieux, dites-le-moi dans vos notes et je le ferai.

À propos de ce passage il y a deux choses à considérer: ce que votre éditeur a fait arbitrairement et qui est inqualifiable; l'opportunité de cette boutade de Krafft.

Elle doit être naturelle étant donné l'ambiance et vous êtes bon juge, mais le lecteur a-t-il assez vécu au milieu de vos étudiants pour ne pas éprouver une surprise dépassant l'effet que vous voulez produire? Si nous connaissions Krafft comme un gros garçon réjoui et prompt aux plaisanteries grasses cela irait pour des lecteurs français, mais ces expressions à froid de la part de ce fumiste sec produiront, j'en ai peur un sentiment pénible.

Je crois devoir vous dire cela franchement et je vous prie de croire que je ne suis pas bégueule. Je n'en fais qu'une question d'opportunité. Vous déciderez.

Quand j'ai traduit je m'étais demandé pourquoi Mad. disait à K.: You are disgusting. (L'excellent M^r^ Heinemann n'y a pas pensé, lui!) Et je m'étais promis de changer. Si vous rétablissez votre texte je mettrai: Vous êtes un dégoûtant personnage, ce qui est la réponse naturelle en français.

Et je vous quitte; je suis fatigué, nerveux et splénique.[1145]

Bien cordialement à vous.

P. Solanges.

ALS: NLA MS 133/12/326–27

Translation

3 February 1912[1146]

Dear Sir and friend

Chapter III is finished and transcribed, tomorrow I will insert your corrections and on Monday I will begin Chapter IV.[1147] Tomorrow morning I will despatch two more chapters. I hope they will receive the same welcome as the preceding ones. Your characters speak a lot in them; that will give you a clear idea of how I handle their dialogue.

I had promised myself I would finish by Easter. Will I succeed? I hope so. The important thing is to finish well.

I haven't restored your text on page 88—*wind or water* … If you think it is preferable for me to do so, tell me so in your notes and I will do it.

There are two things to be considered in relation to this passage: the arbitrary action of your publisher, which is unspeakable; and the opportuneness of this jest by Krafft.

It must be natural, given the atmosphere, and you are a good judge of that, but has the reader lived amongst your students long enough not to feel a surprise that exceeds the effect you want to produce? If we knew Krafft as a joyous big boy who is given to crude jokes, that would be all right with French readers, but I am afraid coming cold to these expressions from this unfeeling phoney will produce a pained feeling.

I feel obliged to tell you this frankly and I beg you not to think I am a prude. I am only raising the question of opportuneness. You will decide.

[1145] splénique] spleenique MS

[1146] The envelope with this letter is postmarked 7 February 1912; however, the first sentence indicates that this letter precedes the Notes on III.4, the envelope for which is postmarked 3 February: it is possible that the envelopes have been interchanged, and therefore the Notes on III.4 are better dated as 7 February.

[1147] Solanges was writing on Friday 3 February.

When I translated it, I wondered why Mad. said to K.: You are disgusting. (The good Mr Heinemann didn't think of that!) And I had promised myself I would change it. If you restore your text, I will put: Vous êtes un dégoûtant personnage, which is the natural reply in French.

And so I leave you; I am tired, nervous and splenetic.

Most cordially yours.

P. Solanges.

141. Notes on III.3, 3 February 1912

Chap. III

Page 404—(ligne 6 du bas)—*an hour or two*. N'est-ce pas trop peu? Peut-être en anglais n'est-ce pas un sens littéral. Puis-je mettre: *seulement quelques heures sur 24*?	Yes, put it this way.
Page 410 (ligne 18 etc)—Vous entendez bien, n'est-ce pas? qu'elle passe toute la nuit à pleurer jusqu'à l'aube? Poor Maurice! Poor old chap! How I love him, poor thing!	Yes.
Page 412 (ligne 2) *Desolation*. Désolation (chagrin) ou solitude absolue?	State of being deserted.

AMS: NLA MS 133/12/580

Translation

Chapter III[1148]

Page 404—(line 6 from bottom)—*an hour or two*. Isn't that too little? Perhaps it doesn't have a literal meaning in English. May I put: *seulement quelques heures sur 24*?	Yes, put it this way.
Page 410 (line 18 etc)—You do mean, don't you, that she spends the whole night weeping, until dawn? Poor Maurice! Poor old chap! How I love him, poor thing!	Yes.
Page 412 (line 2) *Desolation*. Désolation	State of being deserted.

[1148] Solanges No. 94. Presumably sent to HHR with the letter of 3 February 1912 (when III.3 was completed), and returned by her on 27 February (letter = Solanges No. 93).

(sorrow) or absolute solitude?

142. Notes on III.4 and on HHR's Corrections to I.4–5, 7 February 1912

Chap. IV

Page 415, ligne 11. I'll hold my thumbs. —??

Pollice verso? Pollice recto??? Est-ce l'idée?

———————

Je viens, cher Monsieur, d'examiner vos corrections. Sur 69, 49 ont été corrigées selon vos indications. Mais, plus tard, je reverrai encore les autres. J'ai cependant la conviction que les autres n'ont pas de réelle utilité et que leur application nuirait. Vous ne me demandez pas n'est-ce pas, de vous répondre note par note?

Je vois, je sens que vous avez une certaine crainte de m'écorcher la peau en critiquant. Vous ne me connaissez pas encore bien. Allez-y de bon cœur et soyez sûr que j'apprécie vos observations et la délicatesse que vous mettez à les faire.

Je veux pourtant répondre à quelques unes de vos remarques:

1° *curled fringe*. Frisons[1149] va bien *sur le front*. *Curls* boucles.

2° Escalade du ciel répond parfaitement à heaven scaling.

3° Professorat va bien. On est *professeur* dès qu'on enseigne autre chose qu'à lire ou à écrire.

4° *Clergyman* est devenu français pour un prêtre anglais.

5° Mild features [Bénins] a le sens ironique.

6° if not for her own—Sa *personne* indique très bien qu'elle est la maîtresse de Schilsky.

7° Deux fois *leçons particulières*. Étourderie de ma part—corrigé.

8° Je n'ai rien enlevé à la description de la maison des Fürst. It would be a pity!

9° *Art* for music alone—All right.

10° En France on connaît le cricket, le croquet,[1150] le football, le golf. On y joue tout cela ainsi que le tennis avec les mots anglais *horriblement prononcés*.

11° Wanted to relieve himself—J'ai arrangé cela de façon à être très bien compris.

12° J'ai mis *toi* dans toute la lettre de Louise à S.

13° *The fit of the old woman*. Difficile à arranger. Il n'y a pas une expression d'argot pour correspondre à chaque expression de slang. J'ai amélioré et rendu plus vulgaire.

[1149] Frisons] frissons MS
[1150] croquet] crocket MS

14° Baggage. Qu'est-ce que cela veut dire *absolument*? Je ne l'ai pas trouvé dans le dict. de slang … Oh! beg pardon! I have found it now with two g. (A good for nothing: man or woman: spec. strumpet). That is too hard isn't[1151] it? (Also familiar address[1152] to a woman,[1153] esp. a young woman[1154] usually qualified by cunning, saucy, pretty, sly etc). —Dans le dernier sens «petite chatte» va bien.

15 *Haunts*—Caboulot—Très connu. Bar de rang inférieur.

16 La fille de brasserie qui s'est assise *tranquillement*. Cela veut dire sans cérémonies, plus que familièrement, avec le sangfroid habituel de ce genre de femmes pour ce genre d'actions. Je pensais que cela vous plairait.

17 J'écris Leipzig comme vous et on l'écrit ainsi en français. À Erfurt il me semble que je l'écrivais Leipzick ou Leipsick.

18 Je préfère Heinrich à Henry.

J'avais tout de même fait plusieurs contre sens!! Je suis heureux que vous relisez avec le soin. En somme cela marche.

Mille bonnes amitiés

P. Solanges

Excusez ce papier, cet écriture. Je suis en plein dans le chap. IV qui n'est pas facile et je crois que plus j'irai vers la fin plus je trouverai de difficulté *à ne pas gâter*.

ALS: NLA MS 133/12/328–29

Translation

Chapter IV[1155]

Page 415, line 11. I'll hold my thumbs. —??

Pollice verso? Pollice recto??? Is that the idea?[1156]

———————

Dear Sir, I have just examined your corrections.[1157] Of 69, 49 have been corrected according to your directions. But I will revise the others again at a later date. However, I am convinced the others are not really useful and it would be harmful to apply them. You are not asking me to reply note by note, are you?

[1151] isn't] ins't MS
[1152] address] adress MS
[1153] woman] wooman MS
[1154] woman] wooman MS
[1155] See footnote 1146 to Letter 140 (3 February 1912). Although the envelope with these notes is postmarked 3 February 1912, these notes are better dated as 7 February. Solanges did not number them, which implies that HHR did not return them to him.
[1156] Thumbs turned? Thumbs straight??? (Latin) There is a widespread understanding today that in Roman gladiatorial contests, the crowd turned their thumbs up (*pollicem vertere, convertere*) as a sign of approval, and turned them down (*pollicem premere*) as a sign of disapproval. In fact, in Roman times the thumb was hidden in the fist (*pollice compresso*) as a sign of mercy, and extended—in an unknown direction—in favour of a kill (Desmond Morris and others, *Gestures: Their Origins and Distribution* (London: Jonathan Cape, 1979) 185–96).
[1157] See §138, HHR's Corrections to I.4–5 (25 January 1912) and footnote 1077, p. 512.

I see, and feel, that you are a little afraid of scorching my skin with your criticisms. You don't yet know me well. Go ahead readily, and rest assured that I appreciate your observations and the delicacy with which you express them.

I will however reply to some of your remarks:

1 *curled fringe*. Frisons do indeed go *on the brow*. *Curls* boucles.

2 Escalade du ciel corresponds perfectly to heaven scaling.

3 Professorat fits well. One is a *professeur* as soon as one teaches anything other than reading and writing.

4 *Clergyman* has become French for an Anglican priest.

5 Mild features [Bénins] has an ironic meaning.

6 if not for her own—Sa *personne* shows very well that she is Schilsky's mistress.

7 Repetition of *leçons particulières*. Carelessness on my part—corrected.

8 I haven't removed anything from the description of the Fürsts' house. It would be a pity!

9 *Art* for music alone—All right.

10 In France we know cricket, croquet, football, golf. All these as well as tennis are played with the English words *horribly pronounced*.

11 Wanted to relieve himself—I have arranged this so as to be very well understood.

12 I have put *toi* in all of Louise's letter to S.

13 *The fit of the old woman*. Difficult to set right. There isn't an argot expression to correspond to every slang expression. I have improved it and made it more vulgar.

14 Baggage. What *exactly* does this mean? I didn't find it in the slang dictionary … Oh! beg pardon! I have found it now with two g. (A good for nothing: man or woman: spec. strumpet). That is too hard isn't it? (Also familiar address to a woman, esp. a young woman usually qualified by cunning, saucy, pretty, sly etc). —In the last meaning "petite chatte" fits well.

15 *Haunts*—Caboulot—Very well known. An inferior sort of bar.

16 The barmaid who sat down *tranquillement*. This means without ceremony, more than familiarly, with the habitual calmness of this sort of woman for this sort of action. I thought this would please you.

17 I write Leipzig like you and that is how it is written in French. At Erfurt I believe I used to write Leipzick or Leipsick.

18 I prefer Heinrich to Henry.

All the same, I had made several mistranslations!! I am happy you are rereading carefully. All in all it works.

My warmest regards

P. Solanges

Excuse this paper, and this writing. I am in the midst of Chapter IV, which is not easy, and I think the closer I come to the end, the more difficulty I will have *in not spoiling it*.

143. 10–11 February 1912

Pegli Ligure – Multedo
Villa Negrone

10. février 1912

Cher Monsieur et ami

Deux mots en toute hâte. Je viens de finir le brouillon du chap. IV et commencerai demain à le copier. Mais j'éprouve le besoin de vous en parler de suite, en vous priant de mettre ma lettre de côté pour la relire quand vous reverrez le chapitre.

Ce chapitre est à la fois très difficile à traduire et d'une importance extrême car il contient en germe tous les malheurs futurs. Cette première *scène* entre M. et L. est la clef qui ouvre la porte aux autres scènes de plus en plus violentes jusqu'à la dernière qui dénoue tout.

Il fallait donc lui laisser toute sa force. Cela m'a contraint à prendre un peu de liberté avec votre texte. Vous savez que je suis timoré à cet égard et vous n'avez pas à craindre des changements. Il ne s'agit que de nuances.

En résumé un jeune homme et sa maîtresse qui se disputent ne disent pas tout à fait la même chose, ne le font pas tout à fait de la même manière en anglais et en français. Vous me tiendrez compte de cela n'est-il pas vrai?

J'avais besoin de vous mettre au courant pour reprendre mon travail avec cœur.

C'est fait et je vous souhaite le bonsoir, car il est tard.

Avez-vous de bonnes nouvelles d'Allemagne? Je le souhaite de tout cœur.

À vous très cordialement

P. Solanges.

11 février matin

Je rouvre cette lettre que j'allais porter à la poste pour vous accuser réception de votre carte et vous dire combien je suis enchanté de vos appréciations sur la qualité du dialogue. J'ai le sentiment que, *jusqu'ici*, ma traduction devient meilleure au fur et à mesure qu'elle avance. Je prends la main d'autant plus que je sens davantage que je m'appuie bien sur vous.

N'écrivez que quand vous en avez, sinon le loisir, du moins la possibilité.

Encore à vous

PS.

ALS: NLA MS 133/12/330–31

Translation

10 February 1912

Dear Sir and friend

Two words in all haste. I have just finished the draft of Chapter IV and will begin to copy it tomorrow. But I feel a need to speak to you about it at once, whilst asking you to set my letter aside to reread it when you revise the chapter.

This chapter is both very difficult to translate and extremely important, since it contains in embryo all the future misfortunes. This first *scene* between M. and L. is the key that opens the door to the other, more and more violent scenes until the last one, which resolves everything.

So it needed to keep all its force. That obliged me to take a bit of liberty with your text. You know I am timorous in this regard and you need have no fear of changes. It is only a matter of nuances.

In summary a young man and his mistress who are arguing do not say quite the same thing, nor do it in quite the same manner, in English as in French. You will take that into account, won't you?

I needed to put you in the picture in order to resume my work with new heart.

Now it is done and I wish you good evening, since it is late.

Have you any good news from Germany? I hope so with all my heart.

Very cordially yours

P. Solanges.

11 February, a.m.

I have reopened this letter, which I was going to take to the post office, to acknowledge receipt of your card and to tell you how delighted I am with your appreciation of the quality of the dialogue. I have the feeling that, *up till now*, my translation has become better as it progresses. I am getting on top of it, all the more so now that I feel more assured of your support.

Write only when you have spare time, or at least the possibility.

Yours again

PS.

144. HHR's Corrections to I.6, 12 February 1912

VI[1158]

Page 87.

l. 6. My "unrest" implies, I think, something more than merely "incertain." Inquiet?[1159]

l. 8. Is not "il venait de s'arrêter au parti d'aller" very long?[1160]

[1158] Solanges No. 90. Sent to Solanges with HHR's letter of 12 February 1912 (letter = Solanges No. 89; *HHRTL* 1:301), and acknowledged by him on 16 February. These manuscript notes on HHR's letterhead paper continue those sent with her letter of 25 January 1912 (§138 above). Solanges responds to them in his letter of 9 March, and they are therefore included here for the sake of continuity and ease of reference, but of course no translation is required. As the pagination used by HHR is that of Solanges's manuscript, references to *Maurice Guest* are again footnoted according to the 1950 reprint.

[1159] *MG* 70, l. 10.

Page 88.

l. 3. "bonne humeur"—merriment?[1161]

l 7 from bottom of page: "Permettez-vous que je etc" ?[1162]

P. 89

l. 2 "Affreux" for "raboteux"? It is intentionally slangy.[1163]

l. 4. "Malicieusement." Is this the equivalent of "mischievously?"[1164] The latter word means a mixture of archness & childishness & teasing fun. Don't be hard on my little Ephie:[1165] she wasn't very clever, but there was nothing "malicious" about her in the English sense of the word.

l. 5 "si prompte à l'hilarité"—is not this a trifle stiff?[1166]

l 7 Omit: "À l'extrémité?" The *Promenade* is a ring that runs right round the inner town.[1167]

l 13 from bottom: sill?[1168]

l 10 " " : omit "au galop?"[1169]

Page 90

l. 4 Why not "aimables?" *Ces* visiteurs.[1170]

l 7. "To their own satisfaction" = something like "conformément à son goût."[1171] I think all this paragraph might be made a little clearer.

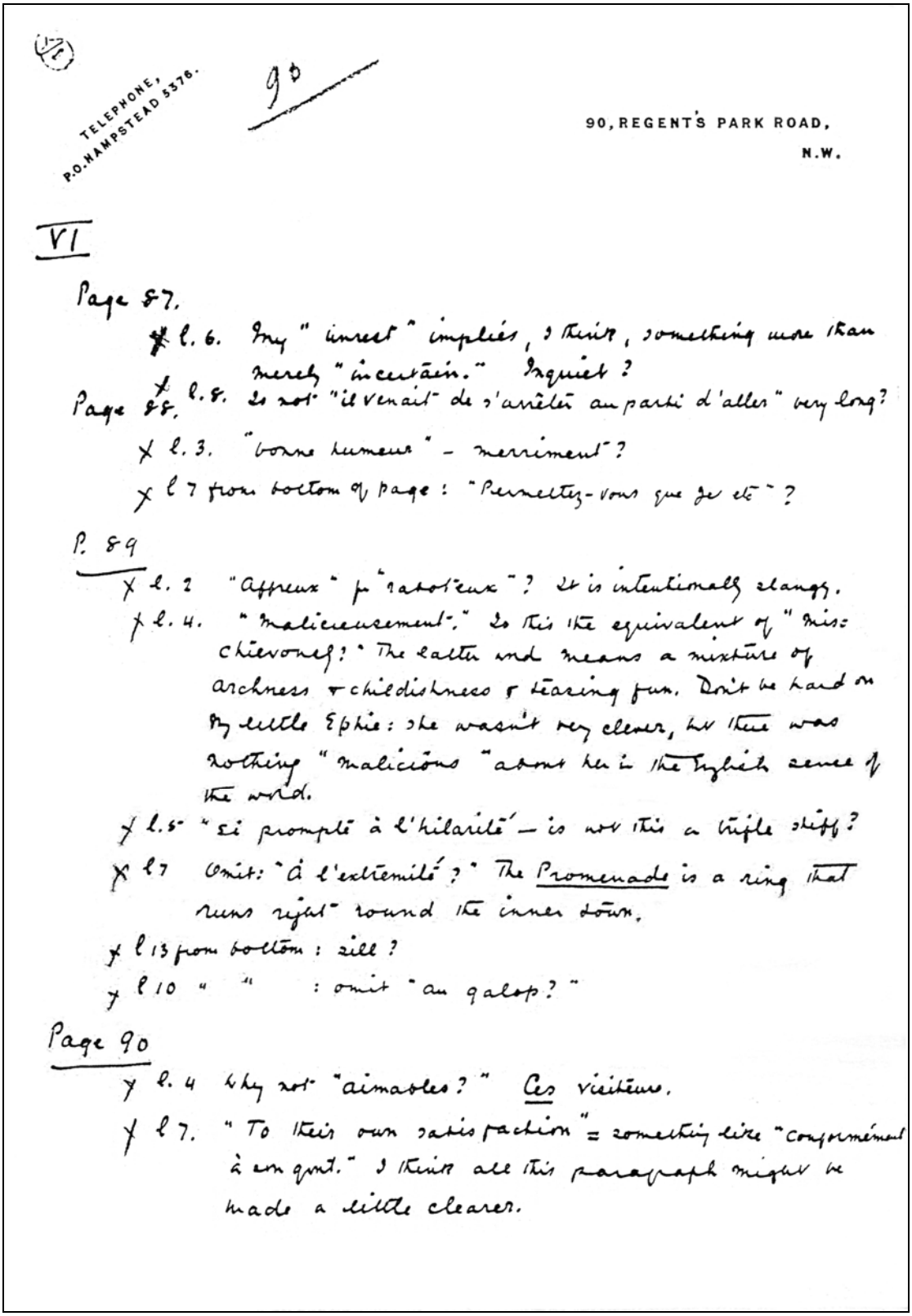
Page 90[1172]

l. 8. If you do not put "Madame," then it must be "Mrs."[1173] "Mistress" as a title has not been used in England since the 18th century. (I here give a list of the places where the alteration must be made: P. *90*, l. 7 from bottom. P. *91*, ll 3, 13, 16, & 7 from bottom. P. *92*, l 5 from bottom. P. *93*, l 13. P. *94*, l. 3. P. *96*, l. 15, ll: 9, 7, & 3 from bottom. P. *97*, l 4, & l 4 from bottom. P. *98*, l. 10, & l. 6 from bottom. P. *100*, l. 10. P. *101*, l. 11. P. *114*, l. 5 from bottom. P. *115*, l. 8, & l. 13 from bottom.)

Also, I would write "Mr" on P. 98, l. 10.[1174] "Mister" is now only used in a comic sense. But see my letter on this point. In the German translation, the titles are all nationalised to Herr, Frau, Fräulein etc.

l. 11 Avec sa tête? My meaning is that some one else—husband or sons—had always thought for her.[1175]

[1160] *MG* 70, l. 17?
[1161] *MG* 70, l. 2 from bottom.
[1162] *MG* 71, l. 20.
[1163] *MG* 71, l. 12 from bottom.
[1164] *MG* 71, l. 10 from bottom.
[1165] An echo of the phrase used in HHR's letter of 23 April 1911 (*HHRTL* 1:132).
[1166] *MG* 71, l. 8 from bottom.
[1167] *MG* 71, l. 6 from bottom.
[1168] *MG* 72, l. 5.
[1169] *MG* 72, l. 9.
[1170] *MG* 72, l. 16 from bottom.
[1171] *MG* 72, l. 15 from bottom.
[1172] A page-break in the manuscript occurs here.
[1173] *MG* 72, l. 12 from bottom.
[1174] *MG* 79, l. 9 from bottom.



TELEPHONE, P.O. HAMPSTEAD 5376.

90

90, REGENT'S PARK ROAD, N.W.

VI

Page 87.

✗ l. 6. Why "inert" implies, I think, something more than merely "incertain." Inquiet?

Page 88. ✗ l. 8. Is not "il venait de s'arrêter au parti d'aller" very long?

✗ l. 3. "bonne humeur" – merriment"?

✗ l 7 from bottom of page: "Permettez-vous que je et" ?

P. 89

✗ l. 2 "affreux" pr "ratoireux"? It is intentionally slangy.

✗ l. 4. "malicieusement." Is this the equivalent of "mischievously?" The latter and means a mixture of archness + childishness + tearing fun. Don't be hard on my little Ephie: she wasn't very clever, but there was nothing "malicious" about her in the English sense of the word.

✗ l. 5 "si prompte à l'hilarité" – is not this a trifle stiff?

✗ l 7 Omit: "à l'extrémité?" The Promenade is a ring that runs right round the inner down.

✗ l 13 from bottom: zill?

✗ l 10 " " : omit "au galop?"

Page 90

✗ l. 4 Why not "aimables?" Ces visiteurs.

✗ l 7. "To their own satisfaction" = something like "conformément à son goût." I think all this paragraph might be made a little clearer.

Figure 44: HHR's corrections to I.6, 12 February 1912

(By permission of the National Library of Australia)

[1175] *MG* 72, l. 7 from bottom.

l. 7 from bot: "Faisaient l'affaire?—is this right?[1176]

Page 91

l. 13. I don't think *décision* is enough for step.[1177] And she had already made a "decision," with regard to Johanna's education.

Page 92

l. 3 "Untouched" = unsoiled, unsullied.[1178]

l 6. "were drawn back from" is the opposite of "descendraient."[1179] The forehead was meant to be bare.

l. 10 "*straight*" not "thick" (épais).[1180]

P. 92 cont.[1181]

l. 12 from bottom: "in & upwards." This is difficult. I mean to say: the lips went in at the corners & then turned upwards."[1182]

l 7 from bottom: "Held the room" = "arrêta l'attention de la compagnie" or something of that kind.[1183]

P. 93

l. 2 "pretended to none"—is there a slight misunderstanding here?[1184]

l. 6 "Flatly" = deliberately. Nettement?[1185]

1 12 Isn't this a little long? Why not "et disait des riens (?) charmants" or something of that kind?[1186]

l 16 constant? Leaked out—transpirer?[1187]

l 5 from bottom: Are Dove & Maurice to use "vous" to each other?[1188]

l 2 " " : Unselfish?[1189]

P. 94

l 7 omit "à esprit de vin."[1190]

1 12 Jaunty?[1191]

l 15. Pince-nez.[1192]

[1176] *MG* 73, l. 7?
[1177] *MG* 73, l. 7 from bottom.
[1178] *MG* 74, l. 18.
[1179] *MG* 74, l. 22.
[1180] *MG* 74, l. 29.
[1181] A page-break in the manuscript occurs here.
[1182] *MG* 74, l. 7 from bottom.
[1183] *MG* 74, last line.
[1184] *MG* 75, l. 13.
[1185] *MG* 75, l. 18.
[1186] *MG* 75, l. 25.
[1187] *MG* 75, l. 14 from bottom.
[1188] *MG* 75, l. 5 from bottom.
[1189] *MG* 75, l. 2 from bottom.
[1190] *MG* 76, l. 9.
[1191] *MG* 76, l. 16.
[1192] *MG* 76, l. 20.

P. 95

l 1. Half-closed one eye—that is, a kind of wink.[1193]

l 3 held to his guns = maintained his position.[1194]

l 13 from bottom. Would you not put here something like: Et moi je suppose?[1195] And also make Maurice use supposer three lines above? The two "supposes" are in antithesis to each other.

95[1196]

l 7 from bottom: force lui fut—I do not understand this.[1197]

l 4 " " Would "Ai-je tort de penser ainsi" not be simpler?[1198]

96

l 3. "Yes, but I say" is an exclamation: something like: "Mais mon Dieu on ne peut le rendre responsible [*sic*] d'être né Juif."[1199]

l 14 Ephie is not malicious: See previous note. —Espiègle?[1200]

l 15 libre for autorisée?[1201]

l 4 from bottom: "et ses fos[s]ettes—à fos[s]ettes?[1202]

97

l 1: Elsmere. An "e" too much has crept in.[1203]

l 8: endroit?[1204]

l. 13: "épais et incorrect"—should not this be something like "cru et écorché"?[1205]

l 10 (from bottom): malicieusement?[1206]

l 8 (" "): "avec un physiog. moque[u]se" might be omitted with advantage, I think.

"absolument" is too strong for my taste.[1207]

l. 3 (from bottom): masque?[1208]

P. 98 Nil.

P. 99

[1193] *MG* 76, l. 6 from bottom.
[1194] *MG* 76, l. 3 from bottom.
[1195] *MG* 77, l. 17.
[1196] A page-break in the manuscript occurs here.
[1197] *MG* 77, l. 24.
[1198] *MG* 77, l. 27.
[1199] *MG* 77, l. 9 from bottom.
[1200] *MG* 78, l. 9.
[1201] *MG* 78, l. 10.
[1202] *MG* 78, l. 22 from bottom.
[1203] *MG* 78, l. 16 from bottom.
[1204] *MG* 78, l. 6 from bottom.
[1205] *MG* 79, l. 4.
[1206] *MG* 79, l. 11.
[1207] *MG* 79, l. 14.
[1208] *MG* 79, l. 19.

l. 5. Joan would not think "Maurice" or even "Maurice Guest"—these are her reflections, remember—for she had only seen him for the first time that afternoon. It must be "the young man"—as in the original.[1209]

l 7: In the same reason—that here her reflections cease—make the paragraph at: "Sans."[1210]

l. 10 Care to take it = if you would like to have it.[1211]

l 11. He did not express the surprise he felt, for he did not want to wound Johanna's feelings.[1212]

l. 14 "Blank face." This means: his face shows that he does not comprehend.[1213]

l 16 des doigts. This does not, I presume imply that she blew him kisses?[1214]

last line: vierge. I should much prefer: Jeune fille.[1215]

"Connaissances" would be more literal than "relations."

P. 100

l 1: "Morry" in " "?[1216]

l 11 This should be something more like: "comme le fait la mère amér. ordinairement." That is to say, Ephie had more freedom than even the ordinary Amer. girl—which is saying a good deal.[1217]

l 16. "Fausse" is too strong.[1218]

l 2 from bottom. "pareils à des enf." Why not simply "enfantins"?[1219]

P. 101

l 2. Why not "avait montré"? And must one say *aimer*?[1220]

l 4 "so favoured." Not "her favourite."[1221]

l 7 demander etc. Recevoir au collège?[1222]

l 8. "In a contradictory spirit" means something like: "Surtout et à titre de contradiction parce que c'était évident …" etc.[1223]

l. 10 Not fantasque—perhaps capricieuse?[1224]

[1209] *MG* 80, l. 21.
[1210] *MG* 80, l. 18 from bottom.
[1211] *MG* 80, l. 14 from bottom.
[1212] *MG* 80, l. 13 from bottom.
[1213] *MG* 80, l. 8 from bottom.
[1214] *MG* 80, l. 5 from bottom.
[1215] *MG* 81, l. 10.
[1216] *MG* 81, l. 12.
[1217] *MG* 81, l. 19 from bottom.
[1218] *MG* 81, l. 13 from bottom.
[1219] *MG* 82, l. 1.
[1220] *MG* 82, l. 4.
[1221] *MG* 82, l. 6.
[1222] *MG* 82, l. 11.
[1223] *MG* 82, l. 12.
[1224] *MG* 82, l. 14.

l. 5 (from bottom) "long as my arm" has only the sense of très lugubre. Has the French this idiom, too, for it means no more?[1225]

AMS: NLA MS 133/12/575–79

145. HHR's Corrections to I.7, 12 February 1912

Chap. VII (Part I)[1226]

P. 102

l. 5 rafraîchit—refroidit?[1227]	correction faite pour vous être agréable.
l. 10 Is d'ailleurs necessary?[1228]	
l. 14 "courir le mock" is, I suppose, not familiar enough?[1229]	to run amuck. Diction. = courir après quelqu'un le couteau à la main. J'ai traduit du mieux que j'ai pu.
l. 15 forget how to say "leg": perhaps best to omit, as difficult to make clear?[1230]	Leg est un mot malsonnant en anglais n'est-ce pas? En français, non. Je ne sais que mettre.
"Leg" has no bad meaning in English. The point of this sentence is that the Americans are too prudish to use the word—they invariably say limb—& Madeleine is sarcastic at their expense.	

P. 103

l. 7 elation—joie?[1231]	exaltation.
l. 11 (from bottom): 'possible consequence' = "of no consequence whatever."[1232]	simplement: sans conséquence.
l. 8 (from bottom): "outside this end:" cette fin exceptée.[1233]	C'est le contraire de votre texte. Cela voudrait dire que tout le préoccupe excepté this end.
l. 6 (from bottom): "en attendant" repeated.[1234]	Où? Sept lignes plus haut, et dans un autre sens.

P. 105

[1225] *MG* 82, l. 6 from bottom.

[1226] Presumably Solanges No. 90 continued. Sent to Solanges by HHR on 12 February 1912, returned to her by Solanges on 13 March, and sent back to Solanges by HHR on 16 March. *For this transcription only*, HHR's initial notes are in the left column, Solanges's questions of 13 March are on the right, and HHR's subsequent replies are in italics on the left. HHR's initial notes in the original are in typescript, whereas her Corrections to I.4–6 (§138 and §144 above) were sent to Solanges in manuscript.

[1227] *MG* 83, l. 8?

[1228] *MG* 83, l. 16?

[1229] *MG* 83, l. 22.

[1230] *MG* 83, l. 23.

[1231] *MG* 84, l. 9.

[1232] *MG* 84, l. 23.

[1233] *MG* 84, l. 28.

[1234] *MG* 84, l. 30.

l. 3 would Avery and Heinrich not use "tu"?[1235]

Je ne crois pas, en public, d'autant plus qu'ils ne font pas montre de leurs relations intimes.

l. 16 Is "Tout cela … plaisante" necessary? It might be omitted.[1236]

Pourquoi? *Plaisante* ici veut dire agréable, sympathique et traduit bien *pleasing*. C'est nécessaire pour le complet portrait d'Avery.

l. 3 (from bottom) "de *D*e Quincey." Capital D.[1237]

P. 106

l. 11 "a moon to cry for." This means literally "soupirer après une lune." We say familiarly: "to cry for the moon," meaning to cry for something impossible.[1238]

Vous avez mille fois raison. Je ne sais comment je n'ai pas compris cela. Je puis mettre en très bon français: il y a toujours la ressource de demander la lune.

P. 107

l. 2 "sham dismay": too strong: perhaps 'désespoir'?[1239]

P. 108

l. 12 "in his disturbance"? Not the effect of her playing, but of his own distracted state of mind.[1240]

last line: "Vous n'en croyez rien?" It is an *ironic* question: "En vérité" would, I think, be its equivalent.[1241]

Si vous entendez que la question est ironique, alors: vous n'en croyez rien? vaudrait mieux—(C'est à moitié une interrogation, à moitié une interjection.)

Yes, it is ironic.

P. 109

l. 2 "visitation" is more than "visit": it here means a visit unduly prolonged.[1242]

Je ne vois que séance, mais, avec pareille, visite peut suffire.

l. 10 (from bottom): "Que le bon … béni." A little long for what is a common English expression.[1243]

C'est exactement l'équivalent de l'expression anglaise. Si je mettais: Dieu soit béni! cela serait solennel. Question de nuance. Dans la bouche d'une femme c'est tout à fait cela.

[1235] *MG* 85, l. 10 from bottom.
[1236] *MG* 86, l. 9.
[1237] *MG* 86, l. 19.
[1238] *MG* 86, l. 9 from bottom.
[1239] *MG* 87, l. 14.
[1240] *MG* 88, l. 20.
[1241] *MG* 88, l. 7 from bottom.
[1242] *MG* 88, l. 4 from bottom.
[1243] *MG* 89, l. 19.

P. 110

l. 2 "drôle" does not seem strong enough. "Cad" is a very scathing term.[1244]

Dictionn. de Littré[1245] = un mauvais drôle, ou simplement un drôle = une personne méprisable.

I maintain that "cad" has in modern English a much stronger meaning. It would never be used by one man to another, except under great provocation.

l. 4 (from bottom): on the chance that he might come? Is there a slight misunderstanding here? Madeleine speaks of what she might have told Maurice previous to K's visit.[1246]

P. 111

l. 1 "unstable as water" is from the Bible.[1247] Have you the same expression? Genesis 49, IV.

Au lieu de "Unstable as water thou shalt not have the excellency," la bible française dit: Tu t'es débordé comme l'eau, ce qui est plus juste. Nous disons bien instable comme l'eau.

l. 3 "grim" means something like "sardonique."[1248]

l. 7 "quel bête!" This is probably right; but Madeleine's words have an almost kindly ring, and are very mild.[1249]

And mine too.

l. 9 "disastreuse" [*sic*] does not seem good. The following phrase might be put simply: 'so disgraceful as it could be'.[1250]

Conduite désastreuse en français veut dire à la fois malheureuse, inopportune, inconvenante, enfin tout ce qu'a été la conduite de Krafft.

l. 2 (from bottom) matter of fact tone = "positif"? "She turned away from" = "she recoiled mentally from Madeleine's tone."[1251]

Matter of fact est toujours très difficile à traduire en français, soit qu'il s'agisse du ton ou de l'individu. (He is very matter of fact). Positif n'a pas ce sens absolument. Voulez-vous: *du ton péremptoire*, ou *décisif*? Et comme je ne peux pas laisser deux fois *ton* dans la même phrase, je dirais plus haut: *fit Louise avec une affectation d'insouciance*.

Very well.

P. 112

[1244] *MG* 89, l. 10 from bottom.
[1245] Émile Littré (1801–81) published his *Dictionnaire de la langue française* between 1863 and 1872.
[1246] *MG* 90, l. 24.
[1247] *MG* 90, l. 16 from bottom.
[1248] *MG* 90, l. 13 from bottom.
[1249] *MG* 90, l. 8 from bottom.
[1250] *MG* 90, l. 5 from bottom.
[1251] *MG* 91, l. 18.

l. 1: shrewdly.[1252] Shrewd has the meaning of "sagace."

l. 5 busied herself there = pretended to do something.[1253]

Lorsque la phrase vient mal en français, je croyais que ces petits changements étaient sans importance.

P. 113

l. 3 in an honest way: that is to say, in a straightforward fashion (that one can easily admire, or praise, or see the good points of.)[1254]

Honnêtement parlant a exactement le sens de *in an honest way*, tel que vous l'entendez.

l. 11 "sans en excepter un jour;" a little long. Could one not say: "ses vingt-huit ans complets"? or something of that sort?[1255]

Mais non, ce n'est pas trop long; c'est exactement ce que vous dites en anglais. Les phrases ne peuvent pas avoir, dans les deux langues, la même longueur.

l. 12 (from bottom): solide?[1256]

Le diction. donne: large, étendu, vaste, ample, immense, libre, hardi. Rien de tout cela ne peut aller. —Vous voulez dire que L. n'est pas frêle? Voulez-vous vigoureux?

Yes.

l. 7 (from bottom): vouloir enlever (he did not do it).[1257]

Erreur de ma part.

P. 114

l. 4 to jar means to be "discordant."[1258]

l. 5 "furieux": too strong.[1259]

On dit toujours en français qu'un homme est furieux contre lui-même et contre les choses. —Expression consacrée. Furieux perd alors le sens de péché.

l. 7 being behind the scenes = dans la coulisse (knowing what was going on behind the scenes of what was visible to the world in general.[)][1260]

l. 11 (from bottom): était. (It is in his opinion. This author *never* generalises!)[1261]

Very, very seldom, but sometimes. —Je vous affirme qu'il reste clair que c'est Maurice qui pense, que c'est sa pensée qui est exprimée. Seulement jusque là il examine les contingences et conclut par

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[1252] *MG* 91, l. 22.
[1253] *MG* 91, l. 27.
[1254] *MG* 92, l. 15.
[1255] *MG* 92, l. 25.
[1256] *MG* 92, l. 14 from bottom.
[1257] *MG* 92, l. 8 from bottom.
[1258] *MG* 93, l. 6.
[1259] *MG* 93, l. 6.
[1260] *MG* 93, l. 9.
[1261] *MG* 93, l. 21?

une vérité d'ordre général.

P. 115

l. 10 "sotte" seems too strong.[1262]

l. 10 (from bottom): made Ephie laugh *because* they looked like eggs.[1263]

Ce n'est qu'un changement de forme. Il est probable que Ephie aura fait part à Maurice de cette ressemblance. En somme, je mettrai: elles la faisaient penser à des oeufs. Mais c'est lourd.

l. 3 (from bottom): "a little bird."[1264] Is this a French idiom too?

Yes.

last line "audace" for "impertinence"?[1265]

Very well.

Laissez impertinence, please. C'est modifié par charmante. Le sens est exactement le même en français et en anglais.

P. 116

l. 2 fluffy refers to her loose, fine hair; like 'fluff'.[1266]

ébouriffé. Je ne trouve dans le dictionnaire ni *fluff* ni *fluffy*. Mon dict., comme tous les dict. en deux langues n'est pas très bon, (E.C. Clifton et Adrien Grimaux) mais c'est le meilleur parmi les mauvais.

l. 12 dumbfounded = amazed in highest degree—ébahi?[1267]

l. 15 "What's the matter?" This doesn't mean "what does it matter after all;" but "Qu'avez-vous?"[1268]

l. 16 Does a French man say 'I'm a brute' in a case like this?[1269]

Oui.

l. 5 (from bottom): omit "solemnly"?[1270]

Then please *leave it in.*

Je l'ai enlevé mais je le regrette. Cela donnait une nuance un peu comique qui allait très bien.

P. 117

l. 6 not "pas possible"; but "he was not disposed to think."[1271]

[1262] *MG* 94, first line.
[1263] *MG* 94, l. 14.
[1264] *MG* 94, l. 19 from bottom.
[1265] *MG* 94, l. 16 from bottom.
[1266] *MG* 94, l. 15 from bottom.
[1267] *MG* 94, last line.
[1268] *MG* 95, l. 4.
[1269] *MG* 95, l. 5.
[1270] *MG* 95, l. 13.

Typescript with manuscript annotations by Solanges (13 March 1912) and manuscript replies by HHR (16 March 1912);
NLA MS 133/12/600–02

Translation

Chapter VII (Part I)

P. 102

l. 5 rafraîchit—refroidit? — correction done to please you.

l. 10 Is d'ailleurs necessary?

l. 14 "courir le mock" is, I suppose, not familiar enough? — to run amuck. Dictionary = run after someone with a knife in one's hand. I translated as best I could.

l. 15 forget how to say "leg": perhaps best to omit, as difficult to make clear? — Leg is an offensive word in English, isn't it? Not in French. I don't know what to put.

"Leg" has no bad meaning in English. The point of this sentence is that the Americans are too prudish to use the word—they invariably say limb—& Madeleine is sarcastic at their expense.

P. 103

l. 7 elation—joie? — exaltation.

l. 11 (from bottom): 'possible consequence' = "of no consequence whatever." — simply: sans conséquence.

l. 8 (from bottom): "outside this end:" cette fin exceptée. — This is the opposite of your text. It would mean that everything preoccupies him except this end.

l. 6 (from bottom): "en attendant" repeated. — Where? Seven lines above, and with another meaning.

P. 105

l. 3 would Avery and Heinrich not use "tu"? — Not in public, I think, and all the more since they make no show of their intimate relations.

l. 16 Is "Tout cela . . . plaisante" necessary? It might be omitted. — Why? *Plaisante* here means pleasant, friendly and is a good translation of *pleasing*. It's necessary for a complete portrait of Avery.

l. 3 (from bottom) "de *D*e Quincey." Capital D.

P. 106

l. 11 "a moon to cry for." This means literally "soupirer après une lune." We say familiarly: "to cry for the moon," — You are perfectly right. I don't know how I didn't understand that. I can put, in very good French: il y a toujours la ressource

[1271] *MG* 95, l. 4 from bottom.

meaning to cry for something impossible.

de demander la lune.

P. 107
l. 2 "sham dismay": too strong: perhaps 'désespoir'?

P. 108
l. 12 "in his disturbance"? Not the effect of her playing, but of his own distracted state of mind.

last line: "Vous n'en croyez rien?" It is an *ironic* question: "En vérité" would, I think, be its equivalent.

If you mean that the question is ironic, then: vous n'en croyez rien? would be better—(It's half question, half interjection.)

Yes, it is ironic.

P. 109
l. 2 "visitation" is more than "visit": it here means a visit unduly prolonged.
l. 10 (from bottom): "Que le bon . . . béni." A little long for what is a common English expression.

I can only see séance, but, with pareille, visite would suffice.
This is exactly the equivalent of the English expression. If I put: Dieu soit béni! it would be solemn. A question of nuance. In the mouth of a woman it is just right.

P. 110
l. 2 "drôle" does not seem strong enough. "Cad" is a very scathing term.

Littré's Dictionary = un mauvais drôle, or simply un drôle = a despicable person.

I maintain that "cad" has in modern English a much stronger meaning. It would never be used by one man to another, except under great provocation.

l. 4 (from bottom): on the chance that he might come? Is there a slight misunderstanding here? Madeleine speaks of what she might have told Maurice previous to K's visit.

P. 111
l. 1 "unstable as water" is from the Bible. Have you the same expression? Genesis 49, IV.

Instead of "Unstable as water thou shalt not have the excellency," the French Bible says: Tu t'es débordé comme l'eau, which is more accurate. We do say unstable as water.

l. 3 "grim" means something like "sardonique."
l. 7 "quel bête!" This is probably right;

but Madeleine's words have an almost kindly ring, and are very mild.

And mine too.

l. 9 "disastreuse" [*sic*] does not seem good. The following phrase might be put simply: 'so disgraceful as it could be'.

Conduite désastreuse in French means both unfortunate, inopportune, improper, in sum everything that Krafft's behaviour has been.

l. 2 (from bottom) matter of fact tone = "positif"? "She turned away from" = "she recoiled mentally from Madeleine's tone."

Matter of fact is always very difficult to translate into French, whether it be a matter of tone or of an individual. (He is very matter of fact). Positif certainly doesn't have this meaning. Would you like: *du ton péremptoire*, or *décisif*? And as I cannot leave *ton* twice in the same sentence, further up I would say : *fit Louise avec une affectation d'insouciance*.

Very well.

P. 112

l. 1: shrewdly. Shrewd has the meaning of "sagace."

l. 5 busied herself there = pretended to do something.

When the sentence sits badly in French, I thought these little changes were of no importance.

P. 113

l. 3 in an honest way: that is to say, in a straightforward fashion (that one can easily admire, or praise, or see the good points of.)

Honnêtement parlant has exactly the same meaning as *in an honest way*, such as you mean it.

l. 11 "sans en excepter un jour;" a little long. Could one not say: "ses vingt-huit ans complets"? or something of that sort?

But no, it's not too long; it's exactly what you say in English. The sentences cannot have the same length in both languages.

l. 12 (from bottom): solide?

The dictionary gives: large, étendu, vaste, ample, immense, libre, hardi. None of those fits. —You mean that L. is not frail? Would you like vigoureux?

Yes.

l. 7 (from bottom): vouloir enlever (he did not do it).

An error on my part.

P. 114

l. 4 to jar means to be "discordant."

l. 5 "furieux": too strong.

We always say in French that a person is furious against himself and against things. —An established expression. Furieux then loses its sinful connotation.

l. 7 being behind the scenes = dans la coulisse (knowing what was going on behind the scenes of what was visible to the world in general.[)]

l. 11 (from bottom): était. (It is in his opinion. This author *never* generalises!)

Very, very seldom, but sometimes. —I affirm to you that it remains clear that it is Maurice who is thinking, it is his thought that is expressed. Only until then he is examining the contingencies, and concludes with a general truth.

P. 115
l. 10 "sotte" seems too strong.
l. 10 (from bottom): made Ephie laugh *because* they looked like eggs.

It is only a change of form. It is probable that Ephie has told Maurice of this resemblance. In short, I will put: elles la faisaient penser à des oeufs. But it's heavy.

l. 3 (from bottom): "a little bird." Is this a French idiom too?

Yes.

last line "audace" for "impertinence"?

Very well.

Leave impertinence, please. It is qualified by charmante. The meaning is exactly the same in French and English.

P. 116
l. 2 fluffy refers to her loose, fine hair; like 'fluff'.

ébouriffé. I cannot find either *fluff* or *fluffy* in the dictionary. My dictionary, like all bilingual dictionaries, is not very good, (E.C. Clifton and Adrien Grimaux) but it's the best of a bad lot.[1272]

l. 12 dumbfounded = amazed in highest degree—ébahi?

l. 15 "What's the matter?" This doesn't mean "what does it matter after all;" but "Qu'avez-vous?"

l. 16 Does a French man say 'I'm a brute' in a case like this?

Yes.

l. 5 (from bottom): omit "solemnly"?

Then please *leave it in.*

I have removed it but I am sorry. It gave a slightly comic nuance which fitted in very well.

[1272] E.-C. Clifton and Adrien Grimaux, *Dictionnaire anglais-français et français-anglais composé sur un plan nouveau etc. (A New Dictionary of the French and English Languages etc.*), first published in 1876, with a revised edition c. 1890.

P. 117
l. 6 not “pas possible”; but “he was not disposed to think.”

146. 16 February 1912

Pegli Ligure – Multedo
Villa Negrone

16 février 1912

Cher Monsieur

J’ai reçu votre lettre, les chapitres et vos notes. Je mets votre lettre devant moi pour y répondre point par point et ne rien oublier. Donc:

Merci de ne pas exiger de moi une réponse à vos observations. Je ne les jetterai pas au panier, comme vous m’en donnez le conseil; je les pèserai soigneusement dans ma conscience d’écrivain, et j’en tiendrai compte—j’ai fait la proportion au moins deux fois sur trois.

Veuillez ne plus me parler de la qualité de vos conseils. Donnez-les-moi comme ils vous viennent. Encore une fois je n’ai pas l’ombre de susceptibilité. En pareille matière ce serait de l’étroitesse d’esprit et je me vante de l’avoir assez large. Quand vous m’aidez à trouver le mot propre qui m’est échappé,[1273] je vous en sais gré et voilà tout. Relativement aux idiomes, *or very familiar terms of speech*, quand vous les trouvez traduits littéralement, cela veut dire tout simplement qu’en français ils sont les mêmes. Par exemple: as long as my arm—to be behind the scene—a little bird had told her, semblent des expressions françaises traduites en anglais. La dernière expression: c’est un petit oiseau qui me l’a dit, ou c’est mon petit doigt qui me l’a dit est une manière de parler des ou aux enfants qui va admirablement dans la bouche d’Ephie. Lorsque je trouve un idiome, pas usité en français, mais joli et clair, je le traduis tel quel. Si, dans une composition originale, de moi, je l’avais inventée, cette expression, je serais enchanté de l’écrire. Et alors pourquoi ne pas la traduire? Ce que je vous dis là ne fait qu’un avec la question Mr et Mrs que je vais traiter tout à l’heure. Mais je veux d’abord vous dire mon avis sur la question de savoir si ma traduction doit ressembler à un original français d’une façon absolue. Je ne le crois pas. Il faut qu’elle garde une sorte de saveur anglaise, de cette saveur que vous possédez, pour si peu insular que vous soyez. Éviter cela ce serait tout bonnement vous trahir. Toute la difficulté du travail est là; et si je réussis, tout mon mérite est là.

Faire une traduction qui puisse être lue par un écrivain français sans qu’il subisse le moindre heurt, tout en lui laissant l’impression d’un livre anglais—ou au moins écrit par un Anglais—voilà ce que j’ai cherché à faire. Pour que vous me compreniez mieux encore je vous dirai que j’ai trouvé dernièrement une nouvelle de Kipling[1274]—dans une revue—traduite par un *bon* écrivain français. Il avait remplacé le slang par de l’argot. J’ai jeté[1275] la Revue à la troisième page. C’était insupportable, cela donnait le sentiment du *faux* à faire crier.

[1273] This is an unusual usage, since one would normally expect “m’a échappé” for the meaning that is apparently intended.
[1274] Kipling] Keepling MS
[1275] jeté] jetté MS

Et laissez-moi vous demander pourquoi vous préférez que je dise Monsieur et Madame au lieu de Mr et de Mrs. Ne vous êtes-vous pas servi cent fois de Herr, de Frau et de Fräulein, non pas seulement par la bouche de vos personnages, mais directement? Cela donne de la couleur. D'ailleurs c'est une règle de traduction pour les romans anglais. Reste à savoir comment il vaut mieux écrire ces deux mots. On le fait de l'une et de l'autre manière. Peut-être est-il préférable de le faire à la manière anglaise et je crois que je corrigerai cela.

Toujours en suivant votre lettre:

Je suis content que ces deux chapitres soient de votre satisfaction et je vous remercie pour ce que vous me dites du dialogue qui a toujours passé pour ma spécialité. Cela me donne bon espoir pour mes chapitres à venir.

Si vous n'insistez pas, je ne rétablirai pas *wind or water*: les Français sont très libres et tolérants pour ce qui a rapport aux relations de sexe. Ils sont au contraire beaucoup plus difficiles sur ce que Madeleine appelle les phénomènes de la digestion, ou quelque chose comme cela. Toutefois si vous y tenez …

Il me semble d'ailleurs que la façon d'être de Krafft ressort parfaitement sans ce détail. Quant à votre remarque sur l'auteur et sur de certains points de contact, je n'y veux voir, jusqu'à plus ample informé, qu'une de ces *traps* au sujet desquelles vous m'avez déjà prévenu. D'ailleurs j'ai été soldat pendant douze ans et je n'ai ni la langue ni les oreilles d'une petite fille.

Et puis que voulez-vous dire par ces mots: *Have you not a little down in Krafft*? Je ne comprends pas bien. Cela signifie-t-il: n'avez-vous pas trop peu d'estime pour Krafft? Alors je vous répondrai comme Iago parlant d'Othello: Il est ce qu'il est. — Et votre boutade me fait désirer vivement le jour où je pourrais faire *all the interesting discoveries* dont vous parlez. Elles pourraient être d'une autre nature que celle à laquelle je m'attends.

J'ai l'idée que *I'll hold my thumbs* doit avoir l'origine dont je vous ai parlé. Vous voyez bien que vous-même avez fait passer une expression allemande, *en anglais*, dans votre livre. Pourquoi n'en ferais-je pas autant en faisant passer une ou des expressions anglaises en français? Ceci est un argument ad hominem.

Et pour en finir avec cette discussion littéraire. J'insiste pour *petite chatte* qui est une expression toute française pour une jolie fille et qui devient féroce à l'adresse de la pauvre grosse victime de la plaisanterie *allemande*.

Mais pourquoi dans votre lettre me dites-vous: a heavy sulphurous woman of the type of *Louise*? Pauvre Louise!

J'ai fini le chap. IV recopié. Je me mettrai au chap. V dès que je vous aurai envoyé deux autres chap. Je ne me fais pas l'illusion d'avoir fini pour Pâques. J'y ai renoncé. Je serai même loin de la fin à cette époque. L'important est d'aller de l'avant.

Je crois aussi que le chap. VI sera un peu long, et difficile à mener à bien. On y arrivera tout de même.

Voulez-vous savoir quel est le chap. qui me donne à penser? C'est le chap. IX. — Il m'arrive souvent de lire en avant pour me familiariser avec ce que j'aurai à traduire. Ce chap. je l'ai relu hier, et il me trouble. Il me semble qu'il contient quelque chose de caché que je ne comprends pas bien. Non pas dans le sens exact, mais dans votre

pensée et vos intentions. Il me fait l'effet d'en dire trop ou pas assez, comme certains chap. de Dostoevsky.[1276] Est-ce voulu de votre part? Est-ce manque de compréhension de la mienne? Vous devriez bien m'éclaircir cela un peu d'avance. Et je vous demanderai respectueusement, comme il convient du traducteur à l'auteur, si vous n'avez pas un peu trop épaissi la nuance de mystère. Je ne me fais peut-être pas bien comprendre, dans ce cas ce serait faute d'avoir bien compris moi-même.

Les nouvelles de votre nouveau livre m'ont fort intéressé. Mais puisque votre intention est de le faire absolument selon votre désir et vos vues, vous ne devez pas vous inquiéter de ce que peuvent penser ou dire les écrivains qui vous suivent de l'œil. Quand votre nouvel enfant sera mis au monde, soyez sûr qu'on saura se rappeler son aîné, quand ce ne serait que pour faire une comparaison à l'avantage de ce dernier. N'êtes-vous pas supérieur à tout cela? Je vous le dis une fois de plus. L'heure viendra où vous serez apprécié à votre valeur … mais elle viendra quand elle sera amenée par la force des choses. Vous avez 36 ans! Ayez donc patience. La vie est plus longue que vous ne croyez et donne tout le temps pour jouir du succès. D'ailleurs savez-vous si votre valeur ne diminuera pas le jour où vous triompherez?

Et sur cette réflexion d'une philosophie un peu trop amère, je vous serre la main bien cordialement.

P. Solanges

C'est vraiment dommage que le dialogue dans M.G. n'aille pas à la ligne après chaque réplique. —Vous ne l'avez pas fait sans doute pour que le volume ne soit pas exagérément gros?

J'ai encore une autre confession à vous faire: je ne comprends rien à l'état d'esprit de Maurice—à ce qu'il se dit—quand il quitte le café après avoir giflé Krafft.

ALS: NLA MS 133/12/332–34

Translation

16 February 1912

Dear Sir

I have received your letter, the chapters and your notes. I am placing your letter in front of me to reply to it point by point without forgetting anything. So:

Thankyou for not demanding from me a reply to your observations. I will not throw them in the wastebasket, as you advise me; I will weigh them carefully in my writer's conscience, and will take them into account—I have done so in a proportion of at least two out of three.

Please speak no more of the quality of your advice. Give it to me as it comes to you. Once more, I have not a trace of touchiness. In like matter it would be narrow-minded, and I boast of being fairly broad-minded. When you help me find the right word, which has eluded me, I am grateful to you and that is all. With regard to idioms, *or very familiar terms of speech*, when you find them translated literally, that simply means that in French they are the same. For example: as long as my arm—to be behind the scene—a little bird had told her, sound like French expressions translated into English. The last expression: a little bird told me, or my little finger told me, is a manner of speaking of or to children that fits admirably in Ephie's

[1276] Dostoevsky] Dostowiesky MS

speech. When I find an idiom, not used in French, but pretty and clear, I translate it as is. If I had invented this expression, in an original composition by myself, I would be delighted to write it. And so why not translate it? What I am telling you here is of a piece with the question of Mr and Mrs which I will deal with in a moment. But first I want to tell you my opinion on the question of whether my translation should resemble a French original in absolute terms. I do not think so. It has to keep a sort of English flavour, the flavour you possess, even though there is so little of the insular in you. To avoid this would quite simply be a betrayal of you. All the difficulty of the work is there; and if I succeed, all my merit is there.

To do a translation that can be read by a French writer without his feeling the slightest jolt, whilst leaving him the impression of an English book—or at least a book written by an Englishman—that is what I have sought to do. So that you can understand me even better, I will tell you that I recently found a novel by Kipling—in a journal—translated by a *good* French writer. He had replaced slang with argot. I threw the Journal away after the third page. It was unbearable, it gave a feeling of *fakery* that would make you scream.

And let me ask you why you prefer me to say Monsieur and Madame instead of Mr and Mrs. Did you not use Herr, Frau and Fraülein a hundred times, not only in the words of your characters, but directly? That gives colour. Besides it is a rule of translations for English novels. It remains to be seen how these two words should be written. Both ways are used. Perhaps it is preferable to use the English way and I think I will correct that.

Still following your letter:

I am happy these two chapters are to your satisfaction and I thank you for what you say about the dialogue, which has always been regarded as my speciality. That makes me quite hopeful for the chapters to come.

If you do not insist, I will not restore *wind or water*: the French are very free and tolerant for anything connected with sexual relations. On the contrary they are much more difficult on what Madeleine calls digestive phenomena, or something like that. However if you insist on it …

Besides, Krafft's way of being seems to come through perfectly without this detail. As for your remark about the author and certain points of contact, until better informed, I will only see here one of those *traps* about which you have already warned me. Besides I was a soldier for twelve years[1277] and have neither the tongue nor ears of a little girl.

And then what do you mean by these words: *Have you not a little down in Krafft*? I don't quite understand. Does that mean: do you not have too little esteem for Krafft? Then I will reply like Iago speaking of Othello: He is what he is.[1278] —And your jest makes me wish dearly for the day when I will be able to make *all the interesting discoveries* of which you speak. They could be of a different nature than the one I expect.

I suspect *I'll hold my thumbs* must have the origin I spoke of. You see clearly that you yourself have passed a German expression into your book, *in English*. Why

[1277] Solanges's service in the French regular army extended from 1863 to 1875; see Chapter 2 of the Introduction.

[1278] *Othello* 1.1.65: "I am not what I am." [Iago prevaricates on his motives to Roderigo].

would I not do as much in passing one or several English expressions into French? This is an *ad hominem* argument.

And to finish with this literary discussion. I insist on *petite chatte* which is a very French expression for a pretty girl and which becomes fierce when addressed to the poor fat victim of the *German* prank.

But why do you say in your letter: a heavy sulphurous woman of the type of *Louise*? Poor Louise!

I have finished transcribing Chapter IV. I will set myself to Chapter V as soon as I have sent you two more chapters. I am not deluding myself that I will have finished by Easter. I have given up the idea. I will in fact be far from the end at that time. The important thing is to go forward.

I also think Chapter VI will be quite long, and difficult to bring to a conclusion. One will succeed nonetheless.

Would you like to know which chapter gives me pause for thought? It's Chapter IX. —It often happens that I read ahead to familiarise myself with what I will have to translate. I reread this chapter yesterday, and it troubles me. It seems to contain something hidden which I don't quite understand. Not in the exact sense, but in your thoughts and intentions. It gives me the impression of saying too little or not enough, like certain chapters in Dostoyevsky. Is this deliberate on your part? Is it lack of comprehension on my part? You should clarify this for me a little in advance. And I will respectfully ask you, as befits the translator to the author, have you not made the nuance of mystery a little too deep? I am perhaps not making myself quite clear, in that case it would be because I myself have not properly understood.

The news about your new book interested me greatly. But since your intention is to make it completely according to your own wishes and views, you should not worry about the thoughts or words of the writers who have their eyes on you. When your new child is brought into the world, rest assured that his elder brother will be remembered,[1279] even if only to make a comparison in favour of the latter. Are you not above all that? I will tell you once more. The hour will come when you are appreciated for your worth … but it will come when it is brought about by force of circumstances. You are 36![1280] Have patience then. Life is longer than you think and gives all the time needed to enjoy success. Besides do you know that your worth will not decrease on the day of your triumph?

And on this reflection of a slightly too bitter philosophy, I shake your hand most cordially.

P. Solanges

It's a real shame the dialogue in M.G. doesn't go to a new line after each rejoinder. —You didn't do so, doubtless, so that the volume would not be excessively large?

[1279] Another reminder that Solanges was still unaware of the publication of *The Getting of Wisdom* in 1910 (see footnote 839 on p. 378).

[1280] Solanges is relying on HHR's statement in her letter of 11 February 1911 ("As to my age, Dante's "mezzo del Cammin" [*Inferno* 1.1] approximately fits me"), but she celebrated her 42nd birthday the month before he wrote this letter.

I have yet another confession to make to you: I don't at all understand Maurice's state of mind—what he says to himself—when he leaves the café after slapping Krafft.[1281]

147. 19 February 1912

Pegli Ligure – Multedo
Villa Negrone

19 février 1912

Cher Monsieur

Voici deux chapitres revus à votre intention. Ils partiront demain matin. Gardez-les le plus longtemps possible afin que je puisse aller de l'avant. Je n'ai pas encore commencé le chap. V! Et j'ai vos corrections à faire.

Cette lecture de mon travail me met dans un état nerveux incroyable. Quand j'ai relu en le corrigeant le chap. de la Walkyrie[1282] je l'ai trouvé infect. Je l'ai relu ensuite avant de fermer l'enveloppe: je l'ai trouvé bien. Il n'est peut-être ni l'un ni l'autre.

C'est stupide à mon âge d'être aussi impressionnable.

J'ai donné un coup d'oeil à vos notes: cela sera facile à arranger en vous donnant satisfaction.

Décidément je mettrai Mr et Mrs. Et je laisserai Herr, Frau et Fräulein. Cela donne de la couleur. Veuillez me le rappeler pour que je corrige dans le chap. de la Walküre[1283] le Mister Guest que Louise dit deux fois.

À la suite de la note que vous me donnez à ce sujet, je lis celle de *penser avec sa tête*. C'est très justement ce que vous voulez. On dit qu'une personne ne pense pas avec sa tête quand elle s'est habituée à faire penser pour elle la tête d'un autre (mari ou fils etc).

Je vous quitte. Je suis fatigué. Il est quatre heures pom. et je me donne congé jusqu'à demain matin. Je vais me mettre dans un fauteuil avec un livre.

J'attends toujours le vol. III de Wagner qui ne paraît pas vite.

Excusez le griffonnage … Les nerfs! …

À bientôt et cordialement à vous

P. Solanges.

ALS: NLA MS 133/12/335-6

Translation

19 February 1912

Dear Sir

Here are two chapters revised for your benefit.[1284] They will leave tomorrow morning. Keep them as long as possible so that I can go onward. I have not yet begun Chapter V! And I have your corrections to do.

[1281] *MG* 508.
[1282] Walkyrie] Valyrie MS
[1283] Walküre] Wakure MS.

This reading of my work puts me in an incredibly nervous state. When I reread the Walküre chapter to correct it, I found it awful.[1285] I then reread it before closing the envelope: I found it good. It's perhaps neither one nor the other.

It's stupid at my age to be so impressionable.

I have glanced at your notes: it will be easy to set right whilst satisfying you.

Decidedly I will put Mr and Mrs. And I will leave Herr, Frau and Fräulein. It gives colour. Please remind me to correct Mister Guest as said twice by Louise in the Walküre chapter.[1286]

Following the note you give me on that subject, I read the one about *penser avec sa tête*.[1287] It is exactly what you want. A person is said to not think with her own head when she is used to having someone else's head think for her (husband or son etc).

I will leave you. I am tired. It is four *pom*.[1288] and I am giving myself a break until tomorrow morning. I am going to put myself in an armchair with a book.

I am still waiting for Vol. III of Wagner which is not coming out very quickly.

Excuse the scribble … Nerves! …

Cordially yours for now

P. Solanges.

148. 28 February 1912

Pegli Ligure – Multedo
Villa Negrone

28.2.912

Cher Monsieur

J'ai votre carte postale. Désolé de vous savoir souffrant et bien désireux de[1289] vous voir délivré de cette funeste influenza que vous me paraissez prendre si facilement.

Je suis en revanche enchanté que vous ayez reçu de bonnes nouvelles d'Allemagne. Puissions-nous ne pas trouver plus de difficultés à Paris.

Je suis fatigué et pas très bien sur mes jambes. On me dit que c'est le printemps! Qu'a à voir le printemps with my old body?

Je sens la nécessité d'en finir avec M.G. et je me suis décidé à faire le brouillon des derniers chapitres et de ne recopier qu'une fois tout terminé. De cette façon j'aurai enfin une montagne de moins sur la poitrine. Je fais mon brouillon comme s'il était le manuscrit définitif ce qui ne m'empêchera pas de corriger plus tard.

1284 *MG* I.8–9.
1285 The allusion is to Part I, Chapter 9.
1286 *MG* 118, 122.
1287 See §144, HHR's Corrections to I.6, p. 526 above. The text at *MG* 72 reads "a woman who has never been required to think for herself."
1288 in the afternoon (Italian).
1289 de] que MS

28 February 1912

Le chap. V est fini et j'ai fait cinq pages du chap. VI. Je suis à la fin de la page 448. Je ne sais pas ce qui vous avait mis de si mauvaise humeur contre ce chap. dans votre dernière lettre. Sans doute l'influenza which was lurking. Moi je le trouve très fort, et cette page 448 est un chef-d'œuvre.

La traduction en est d'ailleurs terriblement difficile, mais j'ai l'idée de m'en être bien tiré, sauf un passage de quelques mots que je n'ai pas compris. (Voyez ma note).

En dehors de cela rien de neuf. Soignez-vous bien. Ici le temps est merveilleux et je vous écris—il est quatre heures—la fenêtre ouverte. Ma table est pleine de violettes et de camélias d'un rose presque blanc qui viennent de mon jardin. Ce sont les fleurs que Louise n'aime pas.

Bien cordialement à vous.

P. Solanges

J'aimerais bien avoir ma note le plus tôt que cela *vous sera possible* mais pas avant.

Naturellement, pour cette page 448, j'ai dû prendre quelques petites libertés avec votre texte. Je vous en avertis d'avance.

ALS: NLA MS 133/12/337–38

Translation

28.2.912

Dear Sir

I have your postcard. Sorry to know you are ill, and I do hope to see you freed from this baneful influenza that you seem to catch so easily.

I am delighted on the other hand that you have received good news from Germany. May our difficulties in Paris be no greater.

I am tired and not very steady on my feet. They tell me it's the spring! What has spring to do with my old body?

I feel a need to have done with M.G. and I have decided to do a draft of the last chapters and to transcribe only when the whole is finished. That way I will at last have one less mountain on my chest. I am doing the draft as if it were the final manuscript, which will not prevent me from correcting it later.

Chapter V is finished and I have done five pages of Chapter VI. I am at the end of page 448. I don't know what had put you in such a bad mood against this chapter in your last letter. No doubt the influenza which was lurking. Myself I find it very strong, and this page 448 is a masterpiece.

Translating it is moreover terribly difficult, but I have an idea I came out of it rather well, except for one passage of a few words that I didn't understand. (See my note).

Besides that, nothing new. Take good care of yourself. The weather here is marvellous and I am writing to you with the window open—it is four o'clock. My table is full of violets and pink, almost-white camellias that come from my garden. They are the flowers Louise does not like.

Most cordially yours.

P. Solanges

I would quite like to have my note as soon as *you can manage it* but not before.

Naturally, for this page 448, I had to take a few small liberties with your text. I am warning you in advance.

149. Notes on III.5–6, 28 February 1912

Chap. V

Page 432. (ligne 24.) a *vertikow* ?? What is it?	A little cupboard, usually three-cornered, that fits into a corner of the room, & on the top of which ornaments stand.
Page 437 ligne 5. *Pludderdump*. ? Je ne trouve ni dans le dict[re] allemand, ni dans l'anglais ni dans le dict[e] de slang.	A word of my own: substitute anything you choose for it.

Chap. VI

Page 447 (ligne 14.) *the piquancy of feeling one's way*. Je ne comprends pas très bien.	The piquancy of getting to know each other, of advancing to intimacy. The metaphor comes I should say from a blind man feeling his way in the dark.
Page 448 (ligne 25) *hand grew to be a weight in hand*. Je ne comprends pas du tout.	Even their hands seemed full of sensation; they were conscious of them feeling heavy[1290] one in another when they met.

AMS: NLA MS 133/12/582

Translation

Chapter. V[1291]

Page 432. (line 24.) a *vertikow* ?? What is it?	A little cupboard, usually three-cornered, that fits into a corner of the room, & on the top of which ornaments stand.
Page 437 line 5. *Pludderdump*. ? I find this neither in the German dictionary, nor the English, nor the slang dictionary.	A word of my own: substitute anything you choose for it.

[1290] heavy] heavey MS

[1291] Solanges No. 96. Sent to HHR on 28 February 1912 (when he had completed up to page 448), and returned by her on 13 March (letter = Solanges No. 97).

Chapter VI

Page 447 (line 14.) *the piquancy of feeling one's way*. I don't understand very well.	The piquancy of getting to know each other, of advancing to intimacy. The metaphor comes I should say from a blind man feeling his way in the dark.
Page 448 (line 25) *hand grew to be a weight in hand*. I don't understand at all.	Even their hands seemed full of sensation; they were conscious of them feeling heavy one in another when they met.

150. 3 March 1912

Pegli Ligure – Multedo
Villa Negrone

3 mars 1912

Cher Monsieur, nos lettres se croisent et je me hâte de vous répondre pour faire disparaître cet inconvénient. Deux choses avant tout:

D'abord toutes mes félicitations pour votre rétablissement. *Soignez la convalescence*. Les rechutes sont mauvaises. Ne travaillez pas trop, évitez l'humidité et ménagez votre estomac.

Le second point se rapporte à la terrible grève que vous traversez en ce moment. Puisse cela finir le plus tôt et le mieux possible; les conséquences pourraient être terribles. Décidément l'Angleterre a besoin d'une armée régulière. Ce qui me rassure un peu, c'est que les mineurs se sont rendus odieux aux autres ouvriers qui deviennent leurs victimes. Mais cela est-il bien vrai? Si vous n'avez pas là-bas un poste de devoir, sinon un poste de combat, vous devriez traverser le détroit et pousser jusqu'ici. Vous en profiteriez pour vous guérir absolument de votre influenza. Comme je doute très fort de la réalisation du désir que je vous exprime, j'en viens au projet dont vous me faites part.

Supposons d'abord que toutes les circonstances soient favorables à votre voyage à Gênes au moment de Pâques. Cela serait charmant. Nous ferions connaissance et pourrions régler bien des détails pour le moment du combat, sauf à nous revoir plus tard. Je ne puis que vous exhorter et vous dire le plaisir que cela me ferait, le reste dépend de vous.

Pour mon compte et pour les tentatives sérieuses et définitives, voici ce que je pense. Le travail sera fini, mis au point et prêt à être présenté vers ... mettons la fin de juillet, pour ne pas être pris à court. Il ne faut pas oublier que vous devez tout revoir et que je dois tenir compte de vos observations.

Mais, en été, il n'y a rien de possible à faire à Paris. Ce serait perdre son temps et sa peine de s'adresser aux gens dans cette saison-là. De plus, je vous dirai franchement que n'étant pas allé à Paris depuis trois ou quatre ans, je désire m'y arrêter un peu et voir mes amis dont quelques uns pourront nous être utiles. En été je devrais aller les chercher à la campagne au grand détriment de tout.

Le Paris d'été n'est pas le Londres de la Season. Mon opinion est que c'est en novembre que nous devons nous rencontrer là. C'est la bonne époque pour les

affaires et nous pourrions peut-être nous donner rendez-vous pour le moment de votre voyage en Australie. Rien ne vous empêche de vous embarquer dans un port français. Qu'en dites-vous? Tout cela sans préjudice de la pointe sur Gênes au sujet de laquelle j'insiste … dans la limite de mes moyens, pour Pâques. Gênes et Pegli ne sont séparés que par une demi heure de chemin de fer, ce qui ne compte pas pour un grand voyageur comme vous. Si d'ailleurs vous pouvez vous contenter d'une mauvaise petite chambre, je puis vous offrir une hospitalité aussi cordiale que peu fastueuse. Je pourrai vous offrir tous les soins dont vous aurez besoin et une nourriture à peu près convenable. Quant au plaisir que vous nous ferez, je ne vous en parle pas. Vous devriez bien dire: oui. Nous sommes des gens excessivement simples et—je dois l'avouer—pas très divertissants, mais vous nous prendrez comme nous sommes.

Sur deux ou trois points de votre lettre:

Je suis très heureux de ce que vous me dites de Berlin. Il me semble que l'affaire peut être presque considérée comme faite, et je m'en réjouis, en dehors des avantages qu'elle peut m'apporter pour la publication française.

J'ai presque fini le chap. VI (brouillon); il me semble qu'il sera bon, et j'y aurai du mérite car il n'est pas facile, mais je le trouve très beau. En ce moment mon moral est bon.

Votre point de vue au sujet de votre traduction allemande, et le mien au sujet de ma traduction peuvent être bons tous les deux. Avouez cependant que la question ne se présente pas de la même manière. M.G. aurait pu être écrit (en apparence) par un auteur allemand connaissant bien l'Angleterre et les Anglais. Mais pour le public français il faut que M.G. soit un roman anglais se passant en Allemagne et traduit en bon français. Cela ne veut pas dire que j'aie réussi pour cette dernière condition, mais j'y ai fait mon possible. Ce n'est pas parce que cela doit être ainsi pour la France, c'est parce que je *sens* que cela vaut mieux. Vos personnages sont Anglais, Allemands, Australiens, Américains. Pourquoi aurais-je une tendance à en faire des Parisiens? Je ferais alors une *adaptation* au lieu d'une traduction et j'ai horreur de l'adaptation. C'est la ressource des vaniteux.

D'ailleurs je mettrai Mr et Mrs; les lecteurs prononceront comme ils pourront Mistress, Missis ou même Missus, ce sera leur affaire. Cette fois-ci nous sommes bien d'accord.

Je n'insiste pas pour le chap. IX. Il est d'ailleurs très explicite et je trouve un peu ingénus ceux de vos lecteurs qui n'ont pas compris—ou trouvé insuffisante?—la phrase de Louise page 511. Vous vous souviendrez de ce que je vous ai écrit en me servant du nom d'Oscar W. Je puis me vanter au moins de comprendre à demi-mot. C'est toujours cela!

J'attends avec impatience votre opinion sur Jean Christophe. Souvenez-vous bien de ce que je vous en ai dit.

Du coq à l'âne.

Connaissez-vous le savant allemand Einstein? Cet homme-là vient de mettre à l'ordre du jour un principe de relativité qui conduit à bouleverser toutes les idées admises par la science et ouvre des perspectives nouvelles sur l'univers. En France et en Italie les savants cotés s'en occupent avec passion. Moi, je n'y comprends pas grand'chose, si ce n'est qu'il s'agit d'une véritable révolution. Dans cette nouvelle

perception de l'univers, le temps entre comme le quatrième élément avec lequel il faut compter.

Et nunc dimitte! Trop de nouveautés! Assez de temps perdu pour vous à qui il ne sert pas de quatrième élément et

très cordialement à vous.

P. Solanges

ALS: NLA MS 133/12/339-40

Translation

3 March 1912

Dear Sir, our letters have crossed and I hasten to reply to you in order to overcome this inconvenience. Two things above all:

Firstly my congratulations on your recovery. *Take care during your convalescence*. Relapses are bad. Don't overwork, avoid humidity and look after your stomach.

The second point is related to the terrible strike you are going through at the moment.[1292] I hope it finishes as soon as possible and with the best possible outcome; the consequences could be terrible. Decidedly England needs a regular army. What reassures me a little is that the miners have made themselves hateful to the other workers who are becoming their victims. But is that quite true? If you do not have an official post there, or a combat post, you should cross the strait and push on as far as here. You would gain by curing yourself of your influenza once and for all. As I have very great doubts about the fulfilment of the wish I am expressing to you, I will now turn to the plan you have told me about.

Let's suppose firstly that all the circumstances were favourable to your voyage to Genoa at Easter time. That would be delightful. We would get to know each other and could settle a lot of details for the moment of combat, even if we were to meet again later. I can only exhort you and tell you what a pleasure it would be for me, the rest depends on you.

Personally, for serious and definitive endeavours, this is what I think. The work will be finished, tidied up and ready to be presented towards ... let's say the end of July, so as not to be caught short. It must not be forgotten that you have to revise everything and I have to take your observations into account.

But, in summer, it's impossible to do anything in Paris. It would be a waste of time and effort to approach people in that season. What's more, I will tell you frankly that, not having been to Paris for three or four years, I wish to stop there for a while and see my friends, a few of whom could be useful to us. In summer I would have to go and find them in the country, to the great detriment of everything.

Paris in summer is not London during the Season. In my opinion we should meet there in November. It's a good time for business and we could perhaps arrange to meet when you are leaving for Australia. There is nothing to prevent you from embarking in a French port. What do you say? All this without prejudice to the dash

[1292] The first national coalminers' strike in Britain, motivated by claims for a minimum wage, began on 26 February, and saw over a million miners on strike by early March 1912. Lasting six weeks, the strike caused great disruption, with two million other workers unemployed as a result.

for Genoa, about which I insist ... in the limit of my means, for Easter. Genoa and Pegli are only a half hour apart by train, which doesn't count for a great traveller like you. Moreover if you can content yourself with a miserable little room, I can offer you hospitality which will be as cordial as it is Spartan. I will be able to offer you all the care you need and more or less suitable food. As for the pleasure you will give us, I will not speak to you of it. You should indeed say: yes. We are excessively simple people and—I must admit—not very entertaining, but you will take us as we are.

About two or three points in your letter:

I am very happy at what you tell me of Berlin. It seems the matter can almost be considered settled, and I am delighted, apart from the benefits it could bring me for French publication.

I have almost finished Chapter VI (draft); I think it will be good, and I will deserve credit for it since it is not easy, but I find it very beautiful. At the moment my morale is good.

Your point of view about your German translation, and mine about my translation, may both be right. But you must admit that the question does not arise in the same way. M.G. could have been written (apparently) by a German author who knew England and the English well. But for the French public M.G. has to be an English novel which takes place in Germany, and translated into good French. That doesn't mean that I have succeeded in this last respect, but I have done my best. This is not because it has to be so for France, it's because I *feel* it is better. Your characters are English, German, Australian, American. Why would I have a tendency to make Parisians of them? I would then be doing an *adaptation* instead of a translation and I have a horror of adaptations. They are the resort of the conceited.

Moreover I will put Mr and Mrs; the readers will pronounce Mistress, Missis or even Missus as they can, it will be their affair. This time we are quite in agreement.

I will not insist for Chapter IX. Besides, it is very explicit and I find those of your readers who did not understand Louise's sentence on page 511—or who found it insufficient?—a little ingenuous. You will remember what I wrote to you in using the name of Oscar W.[1293] I can at least boast about understanding without having things spelt out. There is always that!

I await impatiently your opinion on Jean Christophe. Keep in mind what I told you about it.

Jumping to a completely different subject.

Do you know the German scientist Einstein?[1294] This man has just placed on the agenda a principle of relativity which leads to the overthrow of all science's received ideas and opens new perspectives on the universe. In France and Italy highly regarded scientists are debating it passionately. For myself, I don't understand much about it, except that it entails a veritable revolution. In this new perception of the universe, time becomes the fourth element with which we must reckon.

[1293] Oscar Wilde; see Letter 91 (18 June 1911).

[1294] Albert Einstein (1879–1955) had published his special theory of relativity in 1905, and was lecturing in Italy about this time.

Et nunc dimitte![1295] Too many novelties! Enough time lost for you for whom it is not a fourth element and

very cordially yours.

P. Solanges

151. Notes on III.6, 3 March 1912

Chap. VI

Page 453 (ligne 14) *She was branded with wounds*. (I need an explanation more than a translation). Je ne comprends pas très bien. Cela se rattache-t-il à: *The fierce demands*??

The wounds refer to the playing with fire referred to in the line above. She had played with fire, been burnt & was now branded with wounds.

On p. 466 you call my attention to a repetition of phrases, lines 16 & 22. It would be well to omit the first.

464, l. 21 & 463, l 12.
Strange here means étrange.

AMS: NLA MS 133/12/581

Translation

Chapter VI[1296]

Page 453 (line 14) *She was branded with wounds*. (I need an explanation more than a translation). I don't understand very well. Is this connected with: *The fierce demands*??

The wounds refer to the playing with fire referred to in the line above. She had played with fire, been burnt & was now branded with wounds.

On p. 466 you call my attention to a repetition of phrases, lines 16 & 22. It would be well to omit the first.

464, l. 21 & 463, l 12.
Strange here means étrange.

[1295] And now dismiss me (Latin). Compare Luke 2:29, Nunc dimittis; the passage is used as the gospel canticle in Compline.

[1296] Solanges No. 95. Presumably sent to HHR on 3 March 1912 (when III.6 was almost finished), and returned by her on 13 March (letter = Solanges No. 97); the last two points added to this note by HHR are in reply to Solanges's letter of 7 March.

152. 7 March 1912

Pegli Ligure – Multedo
Villa Negrone

7.3.912

Cher Monsieur

J'ai fini le chap. VI et commencé le chap. VII. Il faudra, là aussi, que vous me laissiez un peu les coudées franches pour les cinq premières pages de psychologie qui commencent ce chapitre. Sans quoi je ne puis rien faire de bon. C'est très beau, mais c'est atroce à traduire bien. God help me!

Je profite de ces deux mots pour vous faire une question.

Page 466, ligne 16. Without a word.

" " " 22 But he said not a word.

Avez-vous voulu cette répétition?

Il me semble qu'on pourrait supprimer cela ligne 16.

Page 464 ligne 21. et page 463 ligne 12. *Strange*. Dans le sens d'étrange ou d'étranger?

Bien à vous en toute hâte. Toujours fatigué, nerveux et inquiet sur le résultat de ce que je fais.

P. Solanges.

ALS: NLA MS 133/12/341–42

Translation

7 March 1912

Dear Sir

I have finished Chapter VI and begun Chapter VII. There too you will have to leave me some elbow room for the first five pages of psychology which begin this chapter. Without which I cannot produce any good work. It is very fine, but atrocious to translate well. God help me!

I will take advantage of these few words to ask you a question.

Page 466, line 16. Without a word.

" " " 22 But he said not a word.

Did you intend this repetition?

It seems to me we could delete this on line 16.

Page 464 line 21. and page 463 line 12. *Strange*. In the sense of strange or stranger?[1297]

Yours in all haste. Still tired, nervous and worried over the result of what I am doing.

P. Solanges.

[1297] HHR's replies to these questions are in §151, Notes on III.6, returned by her on 13 March 1912.

153. 9 March 1912

Pegli Ligure – Multedo
Villa Negrone

9 mars 1912

Cher Monsieur, je viens de passer vos corrections du chap. VI. J'ai corrigé les contre sens que vous m'avez signalés et j'ai tenu compte du reste très largement, dans la mesure du possible. Comme la plus absolue sincérité doit présider au travail que nous faisons en commun, je dois vous communiquer une impression que je viens de retirer de cette épuration: je crains que nous ne perdions un peu notre temps, vous et moi. Quinze jours de travail en commun, à raison de trois chapitres par jour à peu près, auraient un bien meilleur résultat.

Je sais bien que vous m'avez dit de ne tenir compte de vos notes que dans la mesure que je croirai utile, mais cela ne me suffit pas. Je ne veux pas que plus tard vous puissiez trouver mauvais que j'aie laissé des choses signalées par vous comme différentes du texte ou inférieures à lui.

Et puis je remarque deux choses:

La première c'est qu'après m'avoir demandé un style qui soit du français *par lui-même*, vous me ramenez à votre texte de façon que le lecteur sentira la langue anglaise sous mon français.

La seconde c'est que vous avez de l'inquiétude à propos de mots qui sont la traduction *exacte* des vôtres.

Je vais vous en donner un exemple:

She was pretty with that untouched infantine prettiness. J'ai traduit:

Elle était jolie de cette joliesse intacte, enfantine.

Et votre note dit:

Untouched = unsoiled, unsullied.

Or, intact, dans son vrai sens, signifie: qui n'a pas été touché. Le tact et le toucher sont deux mots synonymes. *Intact* veut, *aussi*, dire qui est tout entier et *tact* veut, *aussi*, dire la qualité d'à-propos, mais ce sont des sens qui proviennent d'une déviation. En somme il n'y a qu'un mot pour traduire untouched, et ce mot c'est intact.

Même chose pour *mischievously*. Malice en français a deux sens ou plutôt deux valeurs. C'est à la fois le penchant à mal faire et l'espièglerie. On appelle le diable *le malin* et on dit que les enfants sont pleins de malice.

Pour *merriment*. Gaieté et bonne humeur sont absolument synonymes.

Pour *glasses*. Pince-nez. —C'est un mot dont on ne se sert plus. D'ailleurs binocle, lorgnon, pince-nez sont une seule et même chose. —Il n'y a pas de confusion possible avec le lorgnon à manche dont se servent les ladies. Celui-là se nomme une face-à-main.

That part you know where the boy …

J'ai traduit: cet endroit, vous savez, où l'enfant entend la cloche.

Vous mettez un point d'interrogation à *endroit*. À ce mot le dict[e] dit: passage d'un livre, d'un discours.

Un peu au hasard:

Whether the unrest of the weather. On ne peut dire un temps inquiet, le seul mot est incertain, ou mal établi, mais mal établi est long et pas joli. *Douteux*, mais c'est la même chose.

Raboteux pour *horrid*. —Je conviens que ce n'est pas le sens, mais un mot de slang anglais n'a pas toujours un équivalent de slang français. Mais je viens de trouver en écrivant. *Odieux* en français s'emploie comme *horrid* en exagérant l'importance de la pensée.

Si prompte à l'hilarité n'a rien de stiff. C'est comme si facilement portée à l'hilarité. (Remarquez que j'ai remplacé le plus que j'ai pu les adverbes. En français on doit en être très sobre.)

Il faut que je grimpe au galop (dit Ephie pour aller retrouver Johanna) au galop n'évoque aucune idée de monter les marches quatre à quatre. Cela veut seulement dire *vite*, dans le langage familier d'une jeune fille pétulante comme Ephie, avec laquelle je vous jure que je ne suis pas du tout *rude*.

Step, décision. Pour Mrs Cayhill. Il n'y a pas d'autre mot si ce n'est démarche qui n'a pas le sens voulu.

Leaked out. Transpira. Cela va bien. Je sais par profession (gasholders) qu'un *leakage*[1298] est une fuite, mais cela ne s'emploie guères.

Oui la nature des relations qui existent entre Dove et M. demande[1299] le *vous*. D'ailleurs ils sont tous deux anglais. Vous me direz que Louise et M se tutoyent. Soit, mais le vous *en français* eût sonné trop froid entre eux. Il faut que nous ayons, à cet égard un peu d'élasticité.

Lampe à esprit de vin. Je ne puis supprimer *à esprit de vin*, cela signifierait la lampe ordinaire. Le mot vous semble long, mais nous nous en servons à chaque instant. En français nous avons peu de mots composés.

Jaunty (le ton de M. parlant à Johanna). Je comprends bien que *précipité* n'est pas votre sens. Le diction. dit Preste, léger, gracieux. —Alors je ne comprends pas bien.

Is there anything wrong in thinking so. J'ai traduit: *Y a-t-il quelque mal à penser ainsi*, ou ai-je tort de penser ainsi, c'est la même chose. Mal n'a pas ici le sens de *evil*.

Force lui fut de veut dire: il fut obligé de.

Petite masque! Oh you puss! C'est vraiment l'expression d'une mère devant une espièglerie de sa fille. Très usité par les gens d'une certaine éducation.

And wave her hand to him—Le saluant du bout des doigts. —C'est le salut que l'on fait de la main en agitant les doigts. —Comment pouvez-vous penser que j'ai cru qu'Ephie puisse envoyer des baisers à Maurice?

L'instinct of a young girl. Croyez-moi, l'instinct d'une vierge va bien et n'a pas *tout* le sens que vous y attachez.

[1298] leakage] likage MS
[1299] demande] demandent MS

Acquaintances.[1300] Relations ou connaissances, mêmes[1301] choses. C'est en anglais seulement que *relations* implique un sens de parenté.

Morry. All right. Dans Copperfield, on lit souvent Davy pour David, et tout le monde comprend. Sans parler des Polly, des Teddy, des Dick qu'on trouve dans tous les romans anglais traduits.

Oui en français: il a la figure longue comme mon bras veut dire: il a l'air soucieux, préoccupé.

Je ne vais pas plus loin. Pardonnez-moi ce trop long plaidoyer pro domo mea, mais j'ai voulu que vous compreniez ma pensée. À l'avenir je ne vous infligerai plus de pareilles et de si longues réponses à vos notes, mais je tenais à ce que vous puissiez comprendre l'impression qu'elles me font. J'ai le besoin de vous répondre, de vous expliquer et de m'expliquer. Et alors ce sont des volumes de correspondance.

Trouver dans mes réponses l'*ombre* de susceptibilité ou de mauvaise humeur serait me faire le plus grand tort. Ce qui m'enrage c'est que nous ne soyons pas à trois heures de chemin de fer l'un de l'autre. J'espère, je suis certain que vous ne doutez pas un instant de ce que je viens de vous dire.

Et je vous serre très cordialement les deux mains avant de me mettre aux corrections du chap. VI.

Votre

P. Solanges.

ALS: NLA MS 133/12/343–45

Translation

9 March 1912

Dear Sir, I have just gone over your corrections for Chapter VI.[1302] I have corrected the mistranslations you pointed out to me and took account of the rest with great latitude, as much as was possible. Since the most absolute sincerity must reign over the work we are doing in common, I must communicate to you an impression I have just drawn from this refinement: I fear we may be wasting our time a little, you and I. Fifteen days work in common, at a rate of about three chapters per day, would have a much better result.

I am well aware that you have told me to take your notes into account only as much as I think useful, but that is not enough for me. I don't want you to be able to find fault later where I have left things that you have marked as different from the text or inferior to it.

And then I notice two things:

The first is that after asking of me a style that should be French *on its own*, you bring me back to your text in such a way that the reader will be aware of the English language under my French.

The second is that you are worried about words which are the *exact* translation of yours.

[1300] Acquaintances] Acquainstances MS

[1301] mêmes] même MS

[1302] These corrections to I.6 were sent to Solanges by HHR with her letter of 12 February 1912; see §144, HHR's Corrections to I.6 (12 February 1912).

I will give you an example:

She was pretty with that untouched infantine prettiness. I translated:

Elle était jolie de cette joliesse intacte, enfantine.

And your note says:

Untouched = unsoiled, unsullied.

Now, intact, in its true sense, means: that which has not been touched. Tact and touch are two synonymous words. Intact *also* means that which is whole and entire, and tact *also* means the quality of aptness, but these are meanings which come from a deviation. In short there is only one word to translate untouched, and that word is intact.

Same thing for *mischievously*. Malice in French has two meanings or rather two values. It is both the propensity to do evil and mischievousness. The devil is called *le malin* and children are said to be full of malice.

For *merriment*. Gaiety and good humour are absolute synonyms.

For *glasses*. Pince-nez. —It's a word that is no longer used. Moreover binocle, lorgnon and pince-nez are one and the same thing. —There is no possible confusion with the lorgnon à manche used by ladies. The latter is called a face-à-main.[1303]

That part you know where the boy …

I translated: cet endroit, vous savez, où l'enfant entend la cloche.

You put a question-mark at *endroit*. The dictionary says at this word: passage from a book or speech.

A little at random:

Whether the unrest of the weather. One cannot say un temps inquiet, the only word is incertain, or mal établi, but mal établi is long and inelegant. *Douteux*, but that's the same thing.

Raboteux for *horrid*. —I agree it is not the meaning, but an English slang word doesn't always have a French equivalent. But I have just got it while writing. *Odieux* in French is used like *horrid* in exaggerating the importance of the thought.

Si prompte à l'hilarité has nothing stiff about it. It is like si facilement portée à l'hilarité. (Note that I have replaced adverbs as much as possible. In French one must be very sparing with them.)

Il faut que je grimpe au galop (says Ephie when going to find Johanna) au galop doesn't at all evoke the idea of going up the stairs four at a time. It simply means *quickly*, in the colloquial language of a vivacious young girl like Ephie, with whom I swear to you that I am not at all *rough*.

Step, décision. For Mrs Cayhill. There is no other word except démarche, which doesn't have the desired meaning.

Leaked out. Transpira. This fits well. I know through my profession (gasholders) that a *leakage* is une fuite, but this is scarcely used.

[1303] In English, lorgnette (opera glasses mounted on a long handle).

Yes the nature of the relations between Dove and M. demands *vous*. Besides they are both English. You will tell me that Louise and M. say *tu* to each other. True, but *vous*, *in French*, would have sounded too cold between them. We need to have a little flexibility in this regard.

Lampe à esprit de vin. I cannot delete *à esprit de vin*, that would mean an ordinary lamp. The word seems long to you, but we use it all the time. In French we have few compound words.

Jaunty (M.'s tone when talking to Johanna). I quite understand that *précipité* is not your meaning. The dictionary says Preste, léger, gracieux. —So I don't quite understand.

Is there anything wrong in thinking so. I translated: *Y a-t-il quelque mal à penser ainsi*, or ai-je tort de penser ainsi, it's the same thing. Mal does not here have the meaning of *evil*.

Force lui fut de means: he was obliged to.

Petite masque! Oh you puss! This is truly a mother's expression when faced with her daughter's mischievousness. Often used by people of a certain education.

And wave her hand to him—Le saluant du bout des doigts. —This is the greeting made with the hand by wiggling one's fingers. —How can you think that I believed Ephie might blow kisses to Maurice?

L'instinct of a young girl. Believe me, l'instinct d'une vierge fits well and doesn't have *all* the meaning you attach to it.

Acquaintances. Relations or connaissances, same thing. It's only in English that *relations* implies a meaning of kinship.

Morry. All right. In Copperfield, one often reads Davy for David, and everyone understands. Not to mention the persons called Polly, Teddy and Dick who are to be found in all translated English novels.

Yes, in French: il a la figure longue comme mon bras means: he looks worried, preoccupied.

I will go no further. Forgive me this overlong plea *pro domo mea*,[1304] but I wanted you to understand my thinking. In future I will not inflict on you any more such long replies to your notes, but I was anxious for you to understand the impression they make on me. I need to reply to you, to explain to you, to explain myself. And then we have volumes of correspondence.

To find the *shadow* of touchiness or moodiness in my replies would be to do me the greatest wrong. What makes me furious is that we are not a three-hour train trip from each other. I hope, I am sure that you do not doubt for a moment what I have just told you.

And I shake both your hands very cordially before setting myself to the corrections of Chapter VI.

Yours

P. Solanges.

[1304] For my household (Latin).

154. 13 March 1912

Pegli Ligure – Multedo
Villa Negrone

13 mars 1912

Cher Monsieur, je suis à moitié malade et je crains que l'influenza ne me fasse, à moi aussi, une petite visite. J'essaye une cure préventive, mais je ne suis qu'un chiffon mou.

Pour vous donner une idée plus nette de mes inquiétudes en face de vos corrections, je vous envoie de nouveau le chap. VII avec vos notes et mes observations. Vous comprendrez mon embarras. Je ne puis, sans les discuter avec vous d'abord mettre de côté celles qui ne me persuadent pas, et d'un autre côté une conversation, par lettres, sur des nuances ou des interprétations de certains mots et sur la valeur intrinsèque de certains autres, va nous faire écrire des volumes. Comment arranger cela?

En attendant la solution, si je vais mieux demain, je me remets à l'ouvrage et comme ma tête est fatiguée, je me contenterai de recopier ce que je voulais d'abord ne recopier que plus tard. Ce sera toujours autant de fait. Peu importe le chemin pris pourvu qu'on arrive.

Ayez la patience de relire encore une fois ce chapitre corrigé auquel j'ai fait encore quelques retouches.

Les nouvelles de votre grève sont un peu meilleures ce matin; j'espère que le dénouement est proche.

Toujours bien cordialement à vous

P. Solanges

Excusez mon laconisme. Je n'y vois pas clair.

ALS: NLA MS 133/12/346–47

Translation

13 March 1912

Dear Sir, I am half sick and I fear influenza may be paying a little visit to me too. I am trying a preventative cure, but I am nothing more than a wet rag.

To give you a clearer idea of my anxieties when faced with your corrections, I am sending you Chapter VII again with your notes and my observations.[1305] You will understand my predicament. Without discussing them with you first, I cannot set aside those that don't persuade me, and on the other hand a conversation, by letter, on the nuances or interpretations of some words and on the intrinsic value of others, will have us writing volumes. How will we settle this?

While awaiting the solution, if I am better tomorrow I will return to work, and as my head is tired, I will content myself with transcribing what I first intended to transcribe only later. It will still be that much advanced. The route taken matters little as long as one arrives.

[1305] These notes were first sent to Solanges on 12 February1912; see §145, HHR's Corrections to I.7.

Have the patience to reread this corrected chapter once again, I have tidied it up a little more.

The news about your strike is a little better this morning; I hope the conclusion is near.

Ever most cordially yours

P. Solanges

Excuse my terseness. I cannot see very well.

155. 16 March 1912

Pegli Ligure – Multedo
Villa Negrone

16 mars 1912

Cher Monsieur

Je mets, selon mon habitude, devant moi, votre bonne lettre reçue ce matin pour y répondre point par point.

Avant tout laissez-moi vous dire combien je suis peiné d'apprendre que vous avez eu des ennuis et combien je regrette que mes commentaires nerveux sur vos notes vous soient arrivés au moment où vous aviez certainement besoin qu'on vous laissât tranquille. Il faut excuser ma nervosité. La vérité est que je suis fatigué, d'une fatigue qui doit ressembler à celle d'un coureur à 200 mètres du but. Mais je veux me raisonner, travailler également et posément sûr que je suis d'arriver au but avant la saison chaude, ce qui est le principal. Après quoi je me reposerai et au bout d'un mois il n'y paraîtra plus. La menace d'influenza a disparu. Pour me remettre dans mon assiette, je recopie les chap. V et VI; cela fait je me remettrai au VII dont trois des pages, que vous considérez avec raison comme excellentes sont déjà faites. En somme il m'est permis, et à vous aussi, de considérer la traduction comme allant vers sa fin.

Je comprends très bien ce que vous me dites de la façon dont vous avez rédigé vos notes, de votre côté comprenez aussi mon état d'esprit de ne pouvoir y répondre que par de longues explications alors que je sentais qu'avec un mot, si je vous avais eu près de moi, j'aurais pu détruire une partie de vos doutes. Ne tenez donc pas compte de mon dernier envoi à moins qu'il ne doive vous tranquilliser, comme votre lettre me tranquillise.

Mais ... il y a toujours des mais, ce que vous me dites de ma traduction dans son ensemble, tout en me faisant grand plaisir, ne me donne pas une vraie conviction. Je suis certain de la valeur des explications partielles que je vous donne, mais je ne suis pas du tout rassuré sur ce que peut valoir l'ensemble, pas du tout, pas du tout. Ce que je sais c'est que la traduction est meilleure au fur et à mesure qu'elle avance. Mais je n'y veux penser, au moins avant d'avoir tracé la dernière ligne. Ne soyez donc pas trop indulgent pour n'avoir pas à vous en repentir et ne me sachez gré que de ma bonne volonté.

Vous allez voir que vous recevrez bientôt une lettre de Fischer qui conclût[1306] selon votre désir. Le tableau critique d'un établissement du genre d'un conservatoire

[1306] conclût] concluesse MS

de musique ne peut être considéré comme un libelle que si toutes les données se retrouvent, et vous aurez eu soin de faire en sorte qu'il n'en soit pas ainsi. D'ailleurs pour avoir crayonné des professeurs de piano vous n'avez pas sapé les bases de l'empire d'Allemagne. S'ils ont là-bas de ces scrupules, c'est bien misérable!

Je regrette de perdre l'espoir de vous voir bientôt, mais je comprends vos raisons. Si, par hasard, vous changez d'avis, je suis toujours là, et ne compte pas bouger de si tôt. De toute façon tenons-nous ferme dans le projet de nous rencontrer en novembre. Le retard de votre voyage en Australie nous y aidera. Et alors nous aurons l'esprit calme et ferons de la bonne besogne.

Si cela ne vous fait rien j'attendrai pour vous envoyer d'autres chapitres d'être plus avancé, car je dois les revoir avant de vous les expédier. Je serais capable de me décourager de nouveau. Renvoyez-moi plutôt les chap. que vous avez entre les mains. Quand j'aurai fini le chap. VIII, je vous en ferai passer quatre ou cinq. Et envoyez-moi vos notes, telles que vous les auriez faites avant mes dernières lettres. Dois-je vous faire une confession stupide? J'aime à voir dans mon tiroir la pile de mon manuscrit dans son énormité. Cela me pousse à l'augmenter. C'est une impression dans le genre de celle qui empêche M.G. de marcher sur les raies du trottoir.

Et maintenant je vous souhaite de tout cœur de travailler bien et dans le calme.

Toujours à vous bien cordialement

P. Solanges.

ALS: NLA MS 133/12/348–49

Translation

16 March 1912

Dear Sir

As usual, I place in front of me your kind letter received this morning in order to reply to it point by point.

Above all let me tell you how upset I am to learn you have had troubles and how much I regret that my nervous commentaries on your notes reached you at a time when you certainly needed to be left in peace. You will have to excuse my nervousness. The truth is that I am tired, with tiredness very like a runner's when he is 200 metres from the finish line. But I must see reason, and work evenly and calmly, in the certainty that I will reach the goal before the hot season; that is the main thing. After that I will rest and by the end of the month there will be no sign of it. The threat of influenza has disappeared. To get myself back on track, I am transcribing Chapters V and VI, once that is done I will return to VII, of which the three pages you rightly consider excellent, are already done.[1307] All in all I, and you too, can consider that the translation is proceeding towards its conclusion.

I understand very well what you tell me about how you wrote up your notes, but from your side you must understand my state of mind at only being able to answer them with long explanations, whereas I felt that if I had you near me, I could have destroyed some of your doubts with one word. So disregard my last despatch unless it sets your mind at rest, as your letter does mine.

[1307] All these references are to chapters in *MG* Part I.

But ... there are always buts, what you tell me about my translation overall, whilst giving me great pleasure, doesn't truly convince me. I am certain of the worth of the partial explanations I give you, but I am not at all reassured on its overall worth, not at all, not at all. What I do know is that the translation improves as it goes forward. But I don't want to think about it, at least not before writing the last line. So don't be so indulgent that you regret it later, and be grateful to me only for my goodwill.

You will see that you will soon receive a letter from Fischer which will conclude according to your wish. A critical picture of an establishment like a conservatory of music can only be considered libellous if all the particulars agree, and you will have made sure that this should not be so. Besides you have not sapped the foundations of the German empire by sketching piano teachers. If they have such scruples there, it's rather miserable!

I am sorry to lose the hope of seeing you soon, but I understand your reasons. If, perchance, you change your mind, I am always here, and I don't plan to move any time soon. At any rate let's stand fast in the plan to meet each other in November. The delay of your voyage to Australia will help us there. And then our minds will be calm and we will do good work.

If you don't mind, I will wait till I am further advanced before sending any more chapters, since I have to revise them before despatching them to you. I would be capable of becoming discouraged again. Instead, send back the chapters you have. When I have finished Chapter VIII, I will send you four or five. And send me your notes, such as you would have done before my last letters. Must I make a foolish confession to you? I like to see the enormity of the stack of my manuscript in my drawer. It encourages me to enlarge it. It's like the impression that prevents M.G. from walking on the lines in the pavement.[1308]

And now with all my heart I wish you successful, peaceful work.

Ever most cordially yours

P. Solanges

156. 22 March 1912

Pegli Ligure – Multedo
Villa Negrone

22 mars 1912

Cher Monsieur

Deux mots seulement pour vous accuser réception des chapitres et de votre bonne lettre. J'ai mis les chapitres dans le tiroir et ne les regarderai décidément que lorsque j'aurai fini de traduire le chap. VIII. Plus je vais et plus je suis convaincu qu'avant tout il faut finir.

Je suis furieux. On dirait que tout conspire pour m'empêcher de travailler. Toutes mes connaissances m'accablent de lettres pour avoir des renseignements sur la saison des bains de mer ici; d'autres me menacent de leur visite. Ajoutez à cela que le temps est odieux. De la pluie, du vent, des bourrasques ... et jugez dans quel état je puis avoir mes pauvres vieux nerfs.

[1308] *MG* 431.

J'ai fini de copier le V. Je suis en train de copier le VI. Dans un mois, je pense, les deux autres VII et VIII seront faits. Je n'en aurai donc plus que quatre, puisque le XIII est fait. Alleluja! Bien que j'aie de bonnes raisons pour être avare de mes jours, je voudrais être plus vieux de deux mois. Mais il en faudra trois pour écrire le mot *fin*.

Je n'approuve pas du tout vos projets de ne pas prendre de vacances réelles. Vous allez vous surmener et la machine ne marchera plus bien au moment où vous aurez le plus besoin d'elle.

Sauf l'énervement, ma santé est bonne, mais j'aurais grand besoin de beau temps. Je n'ai jamais vu *ici* un hiver semblable. Et un vent! Il souffle en ce moment de façon à impressionner et fouette les vitres avec des torrents d'eau. La mer est superbe mais absolument folle et les vagues n'ont rien à envier à celles de l'Océan.

Je vous en prie et supplie, ne vous occupez plus de mes observations sur vos notes. *Faites-les comme elles vous viennent* et n'oubliez pas que je suis en ce moment terriblement nerveux. Cela ne me ferait pas plaisir si vous changiez de système.

Je ferai en sorte de vous envoyer deux ou trois chapitres le plus tôt possible. Faites-moi crédit. Il faut finir, finir, finir!

Et du côté de Berlin? Avez-vous du nouveau? Fischer[1309] est bien à Berlin n'est-ce pas?

Le mauvais de mon affaire, c'est qu'à moins *de me crever* je ne puis plus travailler le soir—même plus écrire des lettres depuis quelque temps.

Très cordialement à vous

P. Solanges.

ALS: NLA MS 133/12/350–51

Translation

22 March 1912

Dear Sir

Just a couple of words to acknowledge receipt of the chapters and your kind letter. I have put the chapters in the drawer and decidedly I will only look at them when I have finished translating Chapter VIII.[1310] The more I advance, the more convinced I am that above all I must finish.

I am furious. One would say that everything is conspiring to prevent me from working. All my acquaintances are overwhelming me with letters to enquire about the bathing season here; others are threatening me with visits. Add to that the fact that the weather is horrible. Rain, wind, squalls ... and imagine the state of my poor old nerves.

I have finished transcribing Chapter V. I am busy transcribing Chapter VI. In a month, I think, the two others, VII and VIII, will be done. I will then have only four more, since Chapter XIII is done. Alleluia! Although I have good reasons to be miserly with my days, I would like to be two months older. But I will need three months to write the word *end*.

[1309] Fischer] Fisher MS
[1310] I.e. Part III, Chapter 8.

I don't at all approve of your plan not to take any real holidays. You are going to overexert yourself and the machine will no longer work properly at the moment when you most have need of it.

Apart from nervousness, my health is good, but I could well do with fine weather. I have never seen such a winter *here*. And wind! At the moment it is blowing very impressively and lashing the windowpanes with torrents of water. The sea is superb but absolutely crazy and the waves would leave Atlantic waves for dead.

I beg and beseech you, worry no more about my observations on your notes. *Do them as they come to you* and don't forget that at the moment I am terribly nervous. It would not please me if you changed your system.

I will see to it that I send you two or three chapters as soon as possible. Give me credit. I have to finish, finish, finish!

And from Berlin? Have you any news? Fischer *is* in Berlin, isn't he?

The worst part of my problem is that, unless I work myself *to death* I can no longer work at night—and have not even been able to write letters for some time now.

Very cordially yours

P. Solanges.

157. 31 March 1912

Pegli Ligure – Multedo
Villa Negrone

31 mars 1912

Cher Monsieur

J'ai votre lettre. Ne vous excusez jamais avec moi, je vous en prie. Ce que je regrette sincèrement c'est que vous n'ayez pu m'écrire par suite de la prolongation de ce que vous appelez vos «ennuis». Je souhaite de tout cœur qu'ils ne se prolongent pas comme vous semblez le craindre et que vous puissiez retrouver à la fois votre tranquillité d'esprit et la possibilité de pouvoir travailler en paix. De toute façon croyez à toute ma sympathie la plus chaude et à quelque chose de plus.

J'ai encore modifié mes projets relatifs à la traduction de votre livre, mais cela n'a pas d'importance que je marche sur les pieds ou sur les mains pourvu que j'arrive sain et sauf. D'ailleurs j'ai repris la façon régulière de cheminer. J'ai recopié et mis au point les chap. V et VI. Maintenant je me bats avec le chapitre VII, comme vous le verrez par la note ci-jointe pour laquelle je vous demande votre plus patiente indulgence. J'ai pris parfois de vos personnages une nervosité qui provient de ma longue cohabitation avec eux.

Quand j'aurai fini ce chap. VII, vers le jour de Pâques, je n'aurai plus que cinq chapitres. Cela se dessine!

C'est bien flatteur pour moi que vous établissiez des comparaisons entre nous deux. Je dois pourtant vous avouer que, comme vous, depuis quelque temps, en regardant ce qui me reste à traduire de M.G., I have, not the firm, but a kind of conviction that I am not going to live to finish it. —J'ajoute que cette conviction diminue, surtout lorsque je puis travailler avec suite.

D'après ce que vous me dites de votre travail actuel, je vois que vous n'êtes pas au bout de vos peines. Courage!

Espérons aussi que Fischer[1311] se décidera à vous donner une bonne réponse. S'il tarde, faites des démarches d'un autre côté!

Si Mr Heinemann annonce votre traduction allemande rien n'empêche qu'il dise aussi[1312] que la traduction française est à peu près terminée, ou du moins en bonne voie. Il peut me nommer simplement comme l'auteur de la traduction du Cortis de Fogazzaro, du Falstaff de Boito et Verdi, du drame Cavalleria Rusticana de Verga; mais, je vous en prie, sans appréciations et sans adjectifs se rapportant à ma personne.

Vous m'enverrez, s'il le fait, quelques numéros du journal, ou bulletin, et je les ferai avoir à des éditeurs parisiens, pour les préparer. Cela ne pourra faire que du bien.

Mille choses très cordiales avec l'espoir de recevoir de vous bientôt de bonnes nouvelles.

Votre

P. Solanges

ALS: NLA MS 133/12/352–53

Translation

31 March 1912[1313]

Dear Sir

I have your letter. Never apologise to me, please. What I sincerely regret is that you were unable to write to me because of the prolongation of what you call your "troubles." I hope with all my heart that they will not continue as you seem to fear, and that you will recover both your peace of mind and the possibility of being able to work in peace. At any rate, believe me, you have all my warmest sympathy and more.

I have again changed my plans about the translation of your book, but it matters not whether I walk on my feet or on my hands as long as I arrive safe and sound. Besides I have resumed the regular way of proceeding. I have transcribed and finalised Chapters V and VI. Now I am battling with Chapter VII, as you will see by the enclosed note for which I ask your most patient indulgence. I have sometimes taken on your characters' nervousness, the result of my long cohabitation with them.

When I have finished Chapter VII, towards Easter Sunday, I will have only five more chapters. It is taking shape!

It is very flattering to me that you should make comparisons between us. I must however admit to you that, like you, for some time now, when looking at how much of M.G. remains for me to translate, I have had, not the firm, but a kind of conviction that I am not going to live to finish it. —I will add that this belief is decreasing, especially when I can work steadily.

From what you tell me of your current work, I see you are not at the end of your toils. Take heart!

[1311] Fischer] Fisher MS
[1312] aussi] aussi aussi MS
[1313] Postmark: Genova—Ferrovia, 1 April 1912.

Let's hope also that Fischer will make up his mind to give you a favourable reply. If he delays, make approaches elsewhere!

If Mr Heinemann announces your German translation, there is nothing to prevent him from also saying that the French translation is almost finished, or at least well on the way. He can name me simply as the author of the translation of Fogazzaro's *Cortis*, of Boito and Verdi's *Falstaff*, of Verga's play *Cavalleria Rusticana*; but please, without comments and without adjectives about me.[1314]

If he does so, be so kind as to send me a few issues of the newspaper, or bulletin, and I will send them on to some Paris publishers, to prepare them. That could only help matters.

Very cordial regards, hoping to receive good news from you soon.

Yours

P. Solanges

158. Notes on III.7, 31 March 1912

Chap. VII

Pag. 471. ligne 22. Je vous en prie veuillez me donner, le plus tôt possible, des éclaircissements sur la phrase de Herries.	
1° *I have diggings there*. Cela veut-il dire en slang: J'ai un logis là?	Slang for rooms. "logis". A lodging.
2° *An old chum of mine is a fellow of Magdalen*. Cela veut-il dire: un vieux copain à moi est étudiant au Magdalen College?	A "fellow" of a college, in both Oxford & Cambridge, means one who has formerly been an étudiant there, & is afterwards appointed to a "fellowship" & receives an income from the College. Not a professor or lecturer. Usually does private work.
3° *Magdalen College* s'écrit-il comme je viens de l'écrire, ou *Magdalene*?	Spelt "Magdalen," pronounced "Maudlin." It is the name of one of the principal colleges in Oxford.
4° *Magdalen* a-t-il ici le sens de maison de filles repenties?	Herries' friend was a "fellow" of this College.

[1314] HHR wrote to William Heinemann on 12 May 1912: "My agreement with M. Solanges the French translator is a simpler affair; we have agreed to share the profits equally. But M. Solanges does not wish to take any steps to find a publisher until he is quite finished—as he hopes to be this month. I am doubtful if the business will go so easily in France as it has in Germany; but M. Solanges seems to have connections with the Paris literary and publishing world and apparently does not anticipate difficulties. I passed on to him however your suggestion about the 'Mercure de France' and will report properly to you." (*HHRTL* 1:351–52)

5° *eights' week*. Est-ce la semaine d'Ascott?

The week of the boat-race between Oxford & Cambridge. The boats are manned by crews of eight. Nothing to do with Ascot.

6° Ascott s'écrit-il ainsi: *Ascott*?

Pardon, merci, mille amitiés

P. Solanges

7° A magnificent walk over—Tournée?

A victory won without difficulty.

8° Ligne 5. to tumble to—Travailler dur?

Yes.

9° " " with a vengeance—Une revanche (du temps perdu)?

Only a strengthening phrase: It means: how I've got to set to to work again with might & main.

10° Frogs, don't ye know? —??

He is a medical student, & is vivisecting frogs, to discover the effect of a rare poison on them.
"Des grenouilles, n'est-ce pas?" —I should translate quite literally.

P. 468: He read into her words pity that she could not etc.
No, I fear extra commas here would confuse the sense for an English reader. "He read pity into her words, pity that she could not etc" is the literal meaning.

P. 468, 33 At times, he knew, he was anything but etc.
Here, the commas are necessary: "he knew" has the sense of "it became clear to him" or "he felt clearly." Thus "At times, it became clear to him, he was anything but etc." Not: "At times, he knew he was anything but." The difference is subtle but well marked.
H.H.R.

AMS: NLA MS 133/12/589

Translation

Chapter VII[1315]

Pag. 471. line 22.
Would you please give me, as soon as

[1315] Solanges No. 101. Sent to HHR with the letter of 31 March 1912 (postmarked 1 April), and returned by her on 5 April (letter = Solanges No. 102).

possible, clarifications on Herries's sentence.

1 *I have diggings there*.
Does this mean in slang: I have a lodging there?

Slang for rooms. "logis". A lodging.

2 *An old chum of mine is a fellow of Magdalen*.
Does this mean: an old friend of mine is a student at Magdalen College?

A "fellow" of a college, in both Oxford & Cambridge, means one who has formerly been an étudiant there, & is afterwards appointed to a "fellowship" & receives an income from the College. Not a professor or lecturer. Usually does private work.

3 Is *Magdalen College* written as I have just written it, or *Magdalene*?

Spelt "Magdalen," pronounced "Maudlin." It is the name of one of the principal colleges in Oxford.

4 Does *Magdalen* here have the meaning of house for repentant girls?

Herries' friend was a "fellow" of this College.

5 *eights' week*. Is this Ascott week?

6 Is Ascott written thus: *Ascott*?

The week of the boat-race between Oxford & Cambridge. The boats are manned by crews of eight. Nothing to do with Ascot.

Apologies, thanks, warmest regards

P. Solanges

7 A magnificent walk over—Tour?

A victory won without difficulty.

8 Line 5. to tumble to—Work hard?

Yes.

9 " " with a vengeance—Revenge (for lost time)?

Only a strengthening phrase: It means: how I've got to set to to work again with might & main.

10 Frogs, don't ye know? —??

He is a medical student, & is vivisecting frogs, to discover the effect of a rare poison on them.
"Des grenouilles, n'est-ce pas?" —I should translate quite literally.

P. 468: He read into her words pity that she could not etc.[1316]
No, I fear extra commas here would confuse the sense for an English reader. "He read pity into her words, pity that she

[1316] HHR's reply here includes also replies to questions raised in Solanges's additional note of 31 March (postmarked 3 April), following.

could not etc" is the literal meaning.

P. 468, 33 At times, he knew, he was anything but etc.
Here, the commas are necessary: "he knew" has the sense of "it became clear to him" or "he felt clearly." Thus "At times, it became clear to him, he was anything but etc." Not: "At times, he knew he was anything but." The difference is subtle but well marked.
H.H.R.

159. Notes on III.7, 31 March/3 April 1912

Chapitre VII

Toute la psychologie des premières pages de ce chapitre est d'une extrême difficulté à traduire. Je vous serais fort obligé de me donner votre opinion sur ce paragraphe, en vous priant d'être un peu large. J'estime que dans de semblables passages l'exactitude générale dans le rendu des sentiments a plus d'importance que la traduction exacte avec laquelle on courrait le risque de ne pas être clair.

«Jusque là, il avait poursuivi son enquête avec une certaine adresse, soit qu'il procédât par questions détournées, soit qu'il conduisit [sic] sa recherche au moyen de déductions. Mais quand il en fut là, il se laissa gagner la main et ne cacha plus son jeu. Le sujet une fois éventé, (quel sujet? Ne puis-je dire: le plan?) plus n'était besoin de cachotteries; il jeta donc par-dessus bord tact et prudence. Il ne pouvait oublier—car il le sentait comme une épine dans son flanc—le regard qu'elle lui avait jeté, le jour où il avait prononcé les mots de mauvais augure; et ce regard suscitait en lui, une fois de plus, la conscience de ce qu'avait été, dans sa nature inaccessible, le premier amour de Louise. Il devint téméraire, et tandis que, par le passé, il avait seulement cherché à la surprendre, à l'attirer dans le piège, il tenta maintenant de lui arracher les choses, épiant sans cesse ses paroles et ses regards, toujours prêt à prendre avantage du moindre faux pas qu'elle pourrait faire.»

———————

Page 468, ligne 21. he read into her words pity that she could etc.

Est-ce qu'il ne manque pas des virgules? Par exemple: *he read, into her words, pity*. —Il m'a fallu lire dix fois avant de comprendre, parce que le mot *words* n'était pas séparé du mot *pity*. —Mais cela peut dépendre de mon peu de familiarité avec votre langue anglaise.

Page 468, ligne 33. At times, he knew, he was anything but etc.

Ici, il me semble que la virgule après *knew* est de trop. Cela ne veut-il pas dire: At times, he knew that he was etc. C'est *lui* qui le pense, ce n'est pas *vous* qui nous dites sa pensée. Autrement dit c'est une remarque de Maurice sur lui-même et

non pas une de l'auteur sur Maurice.

———————

Je voudrais vous soumettre une impression que j'ai éprouvée chaque fois que j'ai lu la fin de la page 509 et le commencement de la page 510 jusqu'à: *ignominy alone*.

J'avoue ne pas comprendre les sentiments de Maurice après qu'il a soufflet[1317] Krafft et je doute qu'un lecteur *français* ne les trouve pas invraisemblables [sic]. Je crois comprendre bien maintenant sa nature: c'est un tempérament de puritain avec un tas d'idées et de règles de conduite spéciales et scrupuleuses, mais enfin il [a] du sang dans les veines. Au point de vue de Louise, de la réputation de Louise, il a commis une plus grosse faute le jour de son esclandre avec Herries (page 493). Car personne dans le café ne sait, ou tout le monde peut ne pas savoir, la raison du soufflet. Or qu'y a-t-il de si étonnant à ce qu'un homme envoie une gifle, ou même une paire de gifles, à un autre homme qui a insulté sa maîtresse ou lui a fait une révélation dans le genre de celle que Maurice vient de recevoir? Puritain tant qu'on voudra, ignorant de la vie tant qu'on voudra, raisonneur à faux tant qu'on voudra, mais enfin Maurice est un homme. Et puis ce n'est pas à cause de Louise qu'il a des remords! Ses remords proviennent de son action, que je me permets de trouver naturelle. C'est Krafft qui doit porter l'ignominie et non pas lui. Je vous dirai même *qu'à ce moment-là*, je ne comprends pas qu'il en veuille à Louise. Il y voit à peu près clair maintenant—pas tout à fait, il n'y verra tout à fait clair qu'au moment de se tuer (page 560 milieu de la page)—mais au moment du soufflet il a réagi au nom de la femme qui est à lui, et je ne vois pas comment cet acte peut lui inspirer des pensées de la nature de celles que vous lui donnez.

Et maintenant, un million d'excuses pour ces observations. Elles me sont venues lors de ma première lecture et n'ont fait que se confirmer par les lectures successives. Qu'allez-vous en penser? J'ai cru ne pas devoir vous les taire.

31.3.1912 PS.

AMS: NLA MS 133/12/354–55

Translation

31 March 1912

Chapter VII[1318]

All the psychology in the first pages of this chapter is extremely difficult to translate. I would be most obliged to you if you would give me your opinion on this paragraph, and I ask you to be somewhat accommodating. I consider that, in such passages, general exactitude in conveying feelings is more important than exact translation, with which one would run the risk of not being clear.

"Jusque là, il avait poursuivi son enquête avec une certaine adresse, soit qu'il procédât par questions détournées, soit qu'il conduisit [sic] sa recherche au moyen de déductions. Mais quand il en fut là, il se laissa gagner la main et ne cacha plus son jeu. Le sujet une fois éventé, (What subject? Can I not say: le plan?) plus n'était besoin de cachotteries; il jeta donc par-dessus bord tact et prudence. Il ne pouvait

[1317] soufflet] soufleté MS

[1318] Postmark: Pegli (Genova), 3 April 1912. Solanges did not number this note, which implies that HHR did not return it to him. Her replies are included in the preceding note (§158, 31 March 1912).

oublier—car il le sentait comme une épine dans son flanc—le regard qu'elle lui avait jeté, le jour où il avait prononcé les mots de mauvais augure; et ce regard suscitait en lui, une fois de plus, la conscience de ce qu'avait été, dans sa nature inaccessible, le premier amour de Louise. Il devint téméraire, et tandis que, par le passé, il avait seulement cherché à la surprendre, à l'attirer dans le piège, il tenta maintenant de lui arracher les choses, épiant sans cesse ses paroles et ses regards, toujours prêt à prendre avantage du moindre faux pas qu'elle pourrait faire."[1319]

Page 468, line 21. he read into her words pity that she could etc.	Are there not some commas missing? For example: *he read, into her words, pity*. —I had to read ten times before understanding, because the word *words* was not separated from the word *pity*. — But that may result from my small familiarity with your English tongue.
Page 468, line 33. At times, he knew, he was anything but etc.	Here, the comma after *knew* seems to be superfluous. Doesn't it mean: At times, he knew that he was etc. It's *he* who thinks, it's not *you* who tell us his thought. In other words it's a remark by Maurice about himself and not one by the author about Maurice.

I would like to submit to you an impression I have felt every time I have read the end of page 509 and the beginning of page 510 as far as: *ignominy alone*.

I admit I don't understand Maurice's feelings after he has slapped Krafft and I doubt if a *French* reader will find them plausible. I think I understand his nature well now: he has a puritan temperament with a heap of special, scrupulous ideas and rules of conduct, but in the end he still has blood in his veins. From the point of view of Louise, and Louise's reputation, he committed a greater fault the day of his scene with Herries (page 493). For no-one in the café knows, or perhaps everyone doesn't know, the reason for the slap. Now what is so astonishing if a man slaps another man, twice even, who has insulted his mistress or made a revelation to him such as Maurice has just received? He may be puritan, he may be ignorant of life, he may be a faulty thinker, but in the end Maurice is a man. And then it's not because of Louise that he is remorseful! His remorse arises from his action, which I venture to find natural. It's Krafft who must bear the ignominy and not he. I will even say that, *at that moment*, I don't understand why he holds a grudge against Louise. He almost sees clearly now—not quite, he will only see completely clearly when he kills himself (middle of page 560)—but at the moment of the slap he reacted in the name of the woman who was his, and I don't see how this act can give rise to thoughts such as those you give him.

And now, a million apologies for these observations. They came to me when I first read it, and have only been confirmed by successive readings. What will you think of them? I thought I should not hide them from you.

[1319] *MG* 467, third paragraph.

PS.

160. 10 April 1912

Pegli Ligure – Multedo
Villa Negrone

10 avril 1912

Cher Monsieur, je reçois votre lettre du 5 avril seulement ce matin. Ne m'accusez donc pas de lenteur à vous répondre et à vous féliciter.

Je suis enchanté pour vous—et aussi pour le M.G. français—et aussi pour moi que Fischer[1320] ait pris votre livre et que la publication en soit relativement prochaine. Cela doit vous faire un grand plaisir que je partage cordialement croyez-le bien. Si, comme je le crois, le livre fait coup en Allemagne cela aidera à la réussite en France, et s'il y a réussite en France, il vous arrivera ce qui est arrivé au pauvre Bizet avec Carmen. On s'est aperçu en France que Carmen était une belle chose quand l'opéra eut fait le tour du monde triomphalement. All is well that ends well. Ende gut alles gut. Je sors en votre honneur tout ce que je me rappelle de mon allemand.

Je me suis servi de vos notes, cela va bien. Mais je ne voudrais pas que vous receviez en pleine poitrine le coup de poing que je me suis donné sur la tête, tout de suite après avoir mis ma lettre à la poste—but, alas! too late! quand ma lettre s'est échappée de mes doigts j'ai compris in a flash ce que signifient les grenouilles et je me suis envoyé au diable. Ma stupidité provient de ce que je voulais trouver du slang dans toutes les paroles de Herries et que je me torturais le cerveau au lieu de lire tout simplement. C'est trop aimable à vous de ne pas vous être un peu moqué de moi.

C'est aussi trop aimable de comparer sans cesse mes peines aux vôtres. Mon travail n'est pas tout roses, mais je ne crée rien et n'ai d'autre responsabilité que celle d'une trahison possible soit envers vous, soit envers ma langue maternelle.

Pour le moment j'ai fini le VII et un tiers du VIII. Cela va lentement parce que cela devient de plus en plus difficile. Je sens en vous traduisant, chez vous, non pas l'effort—il n'y en a pas trace, —mais un soin extrême de l'expression qui rend parfois la traduction douloureuse par la crainte de ne pas la mettre à la hauteur voulue, même relativement.

Quel malheur que notre travail nous empêche de causer comme au début. Les arguments ne me manqueraient pas. Un entre autres ... celui-là sera pour quand nous nous verrons. Je veux parler d'une phrase d'une de vos lettres au sujet de votre ministère et de vos *suffragettes*. Votre ministère, je vous l'abandonne, mais il me paraît bien que votre cœur était ému par le traitement infligé aux briseuses de vitres. Auquel cas je me sépare de vous ... sur ce point seulement. «La femme, a dit Dumas fils, est un être illogique, subalterne et malfaisant.» Cela à l'état normal. Qu'est-elle, mon Dieu! quand le besoin de voter la domine? Je suis sûr que parmi toutes vos suffragettes, il n'y a pas trois jolies femmes. Elles doivent être toutes de ce type que l'Angleterre réserve ordinairement pour l'exportation!

Et avez-vous des sentiments si féministes ou si *féminins*?

Allons, ne m'en veuillez pas de vous taquiner un peu. Je me suis tant prosterné devant l'écrivain que je puis bien prendre ma revanche avec l'homme. Vous avoir

[1320] Fischer] Fisher MS

écrit m'a remis en bonne humeur. En effet j'étais morose. J'attends demain des amis de Paris—un ami et sa femme—qui passeront deux jours ici et me prendront ma fille pour un voyage d'un mois en Sicile.

Deux jours sans travailler! Je ferai comme vous, j'écrirai les lettres en retard.

Pour Heinemann puisqu'il ne me connaît pas qu'il lui suffise de dire mon nom. Enfin il en sera ce que Dieu voudra.

Encore toutes mes félicitations pour Fischer[1321] accompagnées d'une très cordiale poignée de main.

P. Solanges.

ALS: NLA MS 133/12/356–57

Translation

10 April 1912

Dear Sir, I have only this morning received your letter dated 5th April. So don't accuse me of slowness in replying to you and congratulating you.

I am delighted for you—and also for the French M.G.—and also for myself that Fischer has accepted your book and that its publication will be relatively soon. It must give you great pleasure, which I cordially share, believe me. If, as I believe, the book makes a splash in Germany, that will help its success in France, and if it succeeds in France, what happened to poor Bizet with Carmen will happen to you.[1322] In France, Carmen was seen to be a wonderful opera only after it had done a triumphal world tour. All is well that ends well. Ende gut alles gut.[1323] To honour you, I bring out all the German I can remember.

I have made use of your notes, it's going well. But I would not like you to receive full on your chest the punch I gave myself on the head, just after posting my letter—but, alas! too late! when my letter slipped out of my fingers I understood in a flash what the frogs mean and I told myself to go to blazes. My stupidity arises from my wanting to find slang in all the words of Herries, and torturing my brain instead of quite simply reading what was there. It is too kind of you to have not made fun of me.

It is also too kind to continually compare my toils to yours. My work is not a bed of roses, but I create nothing and my only responsibility is for possible betrayal of you or of my mother tongue.

For the moment I have finished Chapter VII and a third of Chapter VIII. It is slow going because it is becoming more and more difficult. When translating you, I don't feel a sense of effort in you—there is not a trace of that—but an extreme care of expression which sometimes makes translation painful through fear of not being equal to it, even in a relative sense.

How unfortunate that our work prevents us from chatting like at the beginning. I would not lack for arguments. One among others ... it will be for when we see each other. I want to speak about a sentence in one of your letters about your government and your *suffragettes*. I leave your government to you, but your heart really seems to have been moved by the treatment inflicted on the female window-breakers. In that

[1321] Fischer] Fisher MS
[1322] Georges Bizet (1838–75) published his opera *Carmen* in 1874.
[1323] These four words are in Gothic script; literally "End well, all well" (German).

case I part company with you ... on this point only. "Woman, said Dumas *fils*, is an illogical, subordinate and maleficent being."[1324] And that's in her normal state. What is she, good Lord! when she is controlled by the need to vote? I am sure there are not three pretty women among your suffragettes. They must all be of the type England usually reserves for export!

And are your feelings so *feminist* or so *feminine*?

Come, don't hold it against me if I tease you a little. I am so prostrate before the writer that I can well take my revenge on the man. Writing to you has put me back in a good mood. Yes I was morose. I am expecting friends from Paris tomorrow—a friend and his wife—who will spend two days here and take my daughter for a month-long trip to Sicily.

Two days without working! I will do as you do, I will catch up on overdue correspondence.

For Heinemann, since he doesn't know me, let it suffice for him to mention my name. What happens in the end will be as God wishes.[1325]

My congratulations once again for Fischer, accompanied with a very cordial handshake.

P. Solanges.

161. 27 April 1912

Pegli Ligure – Multedo
Villa Negrone

27 avril 1912

Cher Monsieur, Je vous remercie de votre carte de Cromer que j'ai reçue il y a six jours. Je n'y ai pas répondu plus tôt étant trop absorbé par mon travail pour pouvoir m'en distraire. J'ai fini le chap. VIII et suis en plein dans le IX. Dans huit jours je n'aurai plus que *trois* chap. à faire!

Je m'amuse beaucoup à faire le dialogue Madeleine–Krafft du chap. IX. Mais j'ai besoin de deux explications. De plus je dois vous dire que, pour cette conversation, si vous voulez qu'elle ait l'éclat de votre texte, il ne faut pas que vous vous attachiez à la lettre.

Voici:

Page 499. «A poor distraught—» Quel est le sens de *distraught* et que veut dire Krafft quand Mad. lui coupe la parole?

Page 499. A crack this way, and it's madness; that, and the world says genius. Je comprends bien à peu près. Voulez-vous, sans amour propre, faire vous-même la traduction française pour que je comprenne bien. —Merci d'avance.

[1324] Alexandre Dumas *fils* (1824–95), writer and dramatist, wrote that woman was "un être incomplet, illogique, subalterne, malfaisant dès qu'elle n'est pas dirigée" (*Les femmes qui tuent et les femmes qui votent*, Paris: Calmann Lévy, 1880). Eleonora Duse, HHR's favourite actress, played many of the characters written by Dumas *fils*. His father is mentioned by Solanges in Letter 188 (1 January 1913).

[1325] The *Nottingham Guardian* on 23 April 1912 announced that Solanges's translation would be published about the same time as the German translation.

Je ne vous écris pas, je suis trop fatigué. J'ai mes vieux nerfs ébranlés et ne suis plus bon qu'à traduire en comptant les pages.

Amusez-vous bien et cordialement à vous

P. Solanges.

J'allais oublier de vous dire que je vous serais obligé de me laisser mettre en français les mots suivants que vous avez mis en allemand dans le texte. Cela pour ne pas exercer inutilement le cerveau du lecteur qui, si près de la fin a besoin de clarté et de repos.

Dressur. Hohe Schule. —Nous avons en français: Dressage et Haute école.

Künstler. —Artiste.

Die Herren Dichter. Messieurs les Poètes.

Peut-être aussi *Stimmung*. Il y a une expression en slang français qui irait bien dans la bouche de Krafft: *Je manque de chien*, ou encore mieux: *j'ai besoin de montant aujourd'hui*.

Ce chapitre étant un peu mystérieux, je ne crois pas qu'il convienne d'y ajouter des difficultés.

Je suis arrivé exactement à la page 500, ce qui fait 509 avec le dernier chapitre qui est fait.

Quand j'aurai fini, nous reprendrons nos discussions sur le féminisme. Vos arguments me la rendent un peu difficile, mais je procéderai avec précaution.

Encore mille bonnes choses

PS

ALS: NLA MS 133/12/358–59

Translation

27 April 1912

Dear Sir, Thankyou for your card from Cromer which I received six days ago. I didn't reply to it earlier because I was too engrossed in my work to be able to take my mind away from it. I have finished Chapter VIII and am right into Chapter IX. In a week I will only have *three* more chapters to do!

I am having lots of fun doing the Madeleine–Krafft dialogue in Chapter IX. But I need two explanations. Moreover I must tell you that, if you want this conversation to have the brilliance of your text, you mustn't insist on literalness.

Here they are:

Page 499. "A poor distraught—" What is the sense of *distraught* and what does Krafft mean when Mad. cuts him short?

Page 499. A crack this way, and it's madness; that, and the world says genius. I almost understand. Will you do the French translation yourself, without pride, so that I may understand properly. —Thanks in advance.

I will not write to you, I am too tired. My old nerves are shattered and I am only good for translating and counting off the pages.

Have fun, cordially yours

P. Solanges.

I almost forgot to tell you I would be much obliged if you would allow me to put the following words, which you put in German in the text, in French. This so as not to tax the reader's brain unnecessarily, since he needs clarity and rest when so near the end.

Dressur. Hohe Schule. —In French we have: Dressage and Haute école.

Künstler. —Artiste.[1326]

Die Herren Dichter. Messieurs les Poètes.[1327]

Perhaps *Stimmung* as well.[1328] There is a French slang expression which would fit well in Krafft's speech: *Je manque de chien*,[1329] or even better: *j'ai besoin de montant aujourd'hui*.[1330]

Since this chapter is a bit mysterious, I don't think we should add difficulties to it.

I have reached page 500 exactly, which, with the last chapter done, makes 509.

When I have finished, we will resume our discussions on feminism. Your arguments make it a little difficult for me, but I will proceed with caution.

My warmest regards once more

PS

162. 13 May 1912

Pegli Ligure – Multedo
Villa Negrone

13 mai 1912

Cher Monsieur

Ce sont toujours des raisons du même ordre qui m'ont empêché de répondre plus tôt à votre bonne dernière lettre.

Je vous remercie de vos notes, j'en ai fait de suite mon profit.

J'ai eu encore des visites et le retour de ma fille. Cela m'a fait perdre deux jours pour M.G. Aujourd'hui je m'y remets. Comme vous le verrez par la note ci-jointe j'ai marché cependant. J'espère dans une huitaine de jours avoir fini et recopié le chap. X. Désormais je ne conterai plus par chapitres mais par pages car il ne m'en restera plus que 27. Pour la fin juin la traduction sera terminée. Je suis enchanté que vous vous soyez trouvé bien de votre séjour à Cromer; vous y aurez pris des forces qui vont vous être très nécessaires car vous avez du travail sur la planche. Vos épreuves allemandes, les chapitres de la traduction française dont je reprendrai bientôt l'envoi et votre nouveau livre! Il y a de quoi faire tourner la tête. Heureusement pour vous que vous avez la tête jeune et solide. Ma vieille tête au contraire est bien fatiguée. Je lui donnerai du repos dans quelques semaines.

[1326] Training, high school, artist: *MG* 497.
[1327] The gentlemen poets: *MG* 500.
[1328] Mood, atmosphere: *MG* 495.
[1329] Literally 'I lack dog' = 'I'm out of sorts today.'
[1330] 'I need a boost today.'

Ces derniers chapitres sont terribles: terribles à lire, terribles à traduire car je dois éviter de me laisser entraîner à passer la mesure et c'est un point très délicat.

Je ne sais ni si ni quand je pourrai réaliser votre question relative à l'Angleterre. J'ai toujours rêvé de la revoir et de profiter d'un assez long séjour pour apprendre à *parler* l'anglais ... mais c'est une très grosse affaire. Nous en parlerons quand nous nous verrons et nous parlerons de nous voir vers le mois de novembre. Ne faisons pas de projets avant que le temps n'en soit venu.

Sur ce je vous souhaite un bon travail sans fatigue exagérée car:

Qui veut voyager loin ménage sa monture.

La plus cordiale poignée de main de votre

P. Solanges.

ALS: NLA MS 133/12/360–61

Translation

13 May 1912

Dear Sir

It is still reasons of the same type that have prevented me from replying sooner to your last kind letter.

Thankyou for your notes, I benefited from them at once.[1331]

I have again received visitors and my daughter has returned. That made me lose two days for M.G. Today I am returning to it. As you will see from the enclosed note, I advanced nonetheless. I hope to have finished and transcribed Chapter X in about a week. Henceforth I will no longer count in chapters but in pages since I will only have another 27 to go. The translation will be finished for the end of June. I am delighted that you felt well after your stay at Cromer; you will have gained strength, which will be very necessary to you since you have work on your plate. Your German proofs, the chapters of the French translation that I will soon begin to send again, and your new book! It's enough to turn one's head. Happily for you your head is young and steady. My old head on the other hand is quite tired. I will give it some rest in a few weeks.

These last chapters are terrible: terrible to read, terrible to translate since I must avoid being dragged into overdoing it and it's a very delicate act.

I don't know if or when I will be able to fulfil your question about England. I have always dreamed of seeing it again and taking advantage of a fairly long stay to learn to *speak* English ... but it's a very big matter. We will speak of it when we see each other, and we will speak of seeing each other towards November. Let's not make plans before their moment has come.

Upon which I wish you fruitful work without exaggerated tiredness since:

Qui veut voyager loin ménage sa monture.[1332]

A most cordial handshake from your

[1331] The notes referred to are in this case not a separate document, but are included in HHR's letter of 5 May 1912 (*HHRTL* 1:350), responding to questions raised in Letter 161 (27 April 1912).

[1332] He who wants to travel far looks after his mount (French proverb).

P. Solanges.

163. Notes on III.10, 13 May 1912

Chap. X

Page 515, ligne 2 (du bas)—*Then he knew* ...
Je comprends bien les mots, mais pas très bien le sens. *Good* est-il dans le sens de *kind*?
Ou bien cela veut-il dire qu'elle ne valait pas mieux que lui ni lui qu'elle, ni l'un et l'autre que le monde dans lequel ils vivaient. En somme que tout cela ne valait pas grand'chose?
Veuillez m'expliquer cela bien clairement, please.

At such moments he understood (or grasped the fact) that etc.

Yes, this is right.

Page 516—*carbolic acid*. ??

In German "Karbolsäure". Carbole?

Page 506 (chap. IX) ligne 10—I am not *so long-suffering*.
Quel est le sens? «Je n'en demande pas tant?»

Long-suffering here has the meaning of "generous to forgive".

Page 517, ligne 11—*no peeping or squinting here*
Tenez-vous beaucoup à cette réflexion incidente? Mon impression (veuillez m'excuser) est qu'elle n'est pas bien à sa place. Les réflexions qui appartiennent à la Leichenfrau finissent avec les mots *finger end*. À partir de: *The face itself* c'est vous qui décrivez la morte, et la Leichenfrau ne reprend ses appréciations que à: *Only one hand*. Il en résulte que le «*no peeping or squinting*» se trouve intercalé on ne comprend pas bien pourquoi. Ceci est mon humble avis et j'ajoute, à ma confusion, que je n'arrive pas à le traduire convenablement et à le fondre avec le reste.

Do as you like about this. But I would draw your attention to the fact that the reflections from "The face itself" down to "every eye" are not the author's, but Maurice's.

Note
Je ne me souviens plus du nom que nous avions choisi pour Schilsky au lieu *d'Eugène*.
Excusez-moi et donnez-moi le choix

Robert was our choice.

entre deux ou trois noms. Otto, ou Hans? Otto Schilsky n'est pas mal. Enfin, à votre choix.

AMS: NLA MS 133/12/591

Translation

Chapter X[1333]

Page 515, line 2 (from bottom)—*Then he knew* ...
I understand the words well, but not the meaning. Is *good* in the sense of *kind*?
Or does it mean that she was not worth more than he nor he than she, nor either of them than the world in which they lived. In short that all this was not worth much?
Be kind enough to explain this clearly, please.

At such moments he understood (or grasped the fact) that etc.

Yes, this is right.

Page 516—*carbolic acid*. ??

In German "Karbolsäure". Carbole?

Page 506 (chapter IX) line 10—I am not *so long-suffering*.
What is the meaning? "I am not asking for so much?"

Long-suffering here has the meaning of "generous to forgive".

Page 517, line 11—*no peeping or squinting here*
Are you greatly attached to this incidental remark? My impression (if you will pardon me) is that it is not really in place here. The remarks belonging to the Leichenfrau[1334] finish with the words *finger end*. Starting from: *The face itself* it is you who are describing the dead girl, and the Leichenfrau only resumes her appraisal at: *Only one hand*. The result is that "*no peeping or squinting*" finds itself interpolated for some unknown reason. This is my humble opinion and I add, to my embarrassment, that I have not succeeded in translating it properly and merging it with the rest.

Do as you like about this. But I would draw your attention to the fact that the reflections from "The face itself" down to "every eye" are not the author's, but Maurice's.

[1333] Solanges No. 107. Sent to HHR on 13 May 1912, and returned by her on 16 May (letter = Solanges No. 108).
[1334] Layer-out, mortuary attendant (German).

Note

I cannot remember the name we had chosen for Schilsky instead of *Eugene*. Forgive me and give me a choice between two or three names. Otto, or Hans?
Otto Schilsky isn't bad. Anyway, the choice is yours.

Robert was our choice.[1335]

164. 1 June 1912

Pegli Ligure – Multedo
Villa Negrone

1er juin 1912

Cher Monsieur, j'ai fini le chap. XI. Il me reste donc tout juste dix pages pour arriver à la fin de la traduction.

Je ne vois pas venir le terme de ce long et pénible travail avec la joie à laquelle je m'attendais. En mettant de côté mon amour propre et votre aimable indulgence il faut bien que je confesse que j'ai des doutes assez cruels sur la valeur de ma traduction. Ce qui rend mon incertitude assez douloureuse c'est que, soit fatigue, soit impuissance, je ne vois pas trop le moyen de l'améliorer n'ayant qu'à demi conscience de ce qu'il faudrait faire pour cela. Pendant les dix-neuf mois qu'aura duré mon labeur je me suis demandé en vain par où il trahit son côté faible. Je vous dirai tout à l'heure quelles sont mes intentions. Pour l'instant je désire vous faire une prière. Dans une dizaine de jours, quand j'aurai tracé la dernière ligne, je penserai à vous envoyer, et assez rapidement, les chapitres les uns après les autres. Je désire vivement que vous les lisiez d'un bout à l'autre avant d'y mettre vos observations. Autrement dit je voudrais que vous receviez du texte français une impression du genre de celle que vous donnerait le livre s'il était écrit par un autre que vous.

Je vous demande cela parce que je soupçonne le soin que j'ai pris de suivre pas à pas votre texte, d'être la cause de ce je ne sais quoi d'étrange qui se dégage de ma traduction.

Selon moi pour obtenir un résultat satisfaisant (ou du moins qui me satisfasse) il me faudrait mettre votre livre sous clef—une fois vos corrections faites—et recopier le roman tout entier comme si le manuscrit était le brouillon d'un roman fait par moi.

Évidemment je n'y puis songer. Je serais mort avant d'avoir fini. Mais ces réflexions doivent vous donner l'idée des pensées qui me tourmentent assez pour me faire presque regretter d'avoir entrepris cette tâche. Et, croyez-le bien, si j'ai des regrets c'est à cause de vous, car pour mon compte je n'attends plus rien de ma plume, même comme traducteur.

Les choses étant ainsi, il faut tirer de la situation le meilleur parti possible par une révision soignée et plus que consciencieuse. Aidez-moi, je vous prie, en ne vous attachant pas trop au détail du mot. Parce que, voyez-vous, tel mot qui en anglais peut

[1335] Earlier mentioned in §96, Notes on II.1–2 (9 July 1911), return of which is acknowledged in Letter 109 (12 September 1911).

être plein de sous-entendus lumineux (employé à un certain moment et d'une certaine façon) peut s'il est traduit littéralement ne produire que de l'obscurité.

Donc à bientôt des chapitres. Seulement je vous prie de me dire pourquoi vous n'avez pas voulu que je vous envoie les trois premiers chapitres. Avez-vous l'intention d'y apporter quelques changements?

Je n'ai pas de notes à vous envoyer pour le chap. XI. Il m'a donné beaucoup de mal mais ne m'a fourni aucun doute.

Une simple observation:

Pendant que M. fait toutes ses réflexions—de la page 536 à la page 539—il est étendu sur le sofa.[1336] Il est arrivé chez Louise et s'est jeté sur ledit sofa.[1337] P. 536.[1338] *Her room was in darkness. He stretched himself etc*. Il est probable qu'il n'a pas pris la peine d'allumer la lampe. Cependant elle est allumée, cette lampe: *These and similar thoughts ... with the light of the lamp* (page 539 ligne 16–17).

Néanmoins vous dites: (ligne 32) some short time after darkness had set in.

Mon impression était tellement que Maurice avait rêvé dans l'obscurité que j'ai cru à un oubli de votre part et que j'ai fait entrer Louise avec une lampe à la main. Je me suis aperçu ensuite de mon erreur, mais il y a dans votre texte quelque chose qui n'est pas tout à fait clair.

À plus tard une nouvelle lettre vous annonçant la fin définitive et en attendant, toujours et très cordialement à vous.

P. Solanges

ALS: NLA MS 133/12/365–66

Translation

1 June 1912

Dear Sir, I have finished Chapter XI. So there remain just ten more pages to reach the end of the translation.

I don't see the end of this long and painful task with the joy I expected. Setting aside my pride and your kind indulgence, I must confess that I have quite cruel doubts as to the worth of my translation. What makes my uncertainty rather distressing is that, either through tiredness or helplessness, I don't really see the means of improving it, being only half aware of what it would require. During the nineteen months the task will have lasted, I have wondered in vain where it betrays its weak point. I will tell you in a moment what my intentions are. For the moment I wish to make a request of you. In about ten days, when I have written the last line, I will think of sending you the chapters fairly rapidly, one after another. I have a keen wish for you to read them from one end to the other before putting your observations on them. In other words I would like you to get from the French text an impression such as the book might give you if it was written by someone else than you.

I ask you this because I suspect that the care I have taken to follow your text step by step is the cause of this indefinable strangeness that emanates from my translation.

[1336] sofa] sopha MS
[1337] sofa] sopha MS
[1338] 536] 356 MS

In my opinion, to obtain a satisfactory result (or at least one that satisfies me), I would have to put your book under lock and key—once your corrections were done—and write the whole novel out again as if the manuscript was the draft of a novel written by me.

Obviously I cannot think of that. I would be dead before I finished. But these remarks must give you some idea of the thoughts that torment me enough to make me almost regret having undertaken this task. And, believe me, if I have regrets, it's for your sake, since personally I expect nothing more from my pen, even as translator.

This being the case, I must get the best result possible from the situation through a careful, extra-conscientious revision. Please help me by not being too attached to the detail of individual words. Because, you see, a word which can be full of illuminating implications in English (when used at a certain moment and in a certain way) may produce nothing but obscurity if translated literally.

So you will soon have some chapters. But please tell me why you didn't want me to send you the first three chapters. Do you intend to make some changes to them?

I have no notes to send you for Chapter XI. It gave me a lot of trouble but provided me with no doubts.

A simple observation:

While M. makes all his remarks—from page 536 to page 539—he is stretched out on the sofa. He arrived at Louise's and threw himself onto the said sofa. P. 536. *Her room was in darkness. He stretched himself etc*. It is probable that he did not take the trouble to light the lamp. However, this lamp is lit: *These and similar thoughts ... with the light of the lamp* (page 539 line 16–17).

Nevertheless you say: (line 32) some short time after darkness had set in.

I was so convinced that Maurice had been dreaming in the darkness that I suspected a lapse on your part, and I had Louise enter with the lamp in her hand. I then realised my error, but there is something not quite clear in your text.

A later letter will announce the definitive completion to you. Meanwhile, ever very cordially yours.

P. Solanges

165. 9 June 1912

Pegli Ligure – Multedo
Villa Negrone

9 juin 1912

Cher Monsieur

Aujourd'hui 9 juin après dix neuf mois de travail j'ai terminé ma traduction de Maurice Guest. Avec quel résultat, c'est ce que l'avenir nous dira. Je suis très touché de ce que vous me dites dans votre dernière lettre—celle qui a suivi l'autre qui s'est croisée avec la mienne—et je suis aussi convaincu de la bonté de votre jugement et de la netteté de vos appréciations. Mais mes scrupules sont d'une nature spéciale et pendant ce long labeur je me suis convaincu d'une chose: bien traduire ne consiste pas à traduire très fidèlement, surtout de l'anglais en français, mais à faire revivre dans une autre langue la pensée exacte de l'auteur et l'état d'âme qui l'a inspirée. Si je me

trompe je ne le saurai qu'en relisant les épreuves, l'impression me procurant toujours la sensation de lire quelque chose écrit par un autre que moi—surtout lorsqu'il s'agit d'une traduction. Peut-être mon idéal est-il irréalisable, car comment être fidèle à un auteur et ne pas rester attaché à son texte. Il ne serait possible d'arriver à un pareil résultat qu'en faisant la traduction sous ses yeux et en l'y faisant collaborer.

Il n'y a donc plus qu'à chercher à tirer le meilleur parti de ce qui existe.

Je vais commencer à vous envoyer des chapitres; mais avant tout il faut que je les revoie au fur et à mesure et comme je suis fatigué et nerveux je vous demande la permission de me reposer huit jours. De demain en huit je commencerai et cela ira vite.

Je ne peux pas écrire le dernier mot de mon manuscrit sans vous remercier encore de la confiance que vous m'avez témoignée dès le premier jour. Dieu veuille que je ne l'ai pas trahie.

Je vous envoie la copie de ma première phrase. Vous souvenez-vous d'avoir lu tout le premier chapitre?

Pour l'affaire de la lampe j'arrangerai cela en faisant entrer Louise la lampe à la main. En anglais personne ne s'en apercevra—j'entends de ce que vous appelez le serious muddle. Moi aussi, j'ai eu l'idée que vous aviez pensé à la lanterne de la rue, puis que vous vous étiez souvenu d'avoir déjà employé cet effet et que la petite confusion était sortie de là.

Aujourd'hui j'ai deux ou trois petites questions à vous poser ... les dernières!

Page 548 ligne 21. *and were either amused, horrified or saddened*. Ne croyez-vous pas qu'il vaudrait mieux mettre de côté cette observation et se limiter à dire: *Passersby believed him to be drunk*. Dans ce moment où l'analyse de l'état d'esprit de Maurice est si intéressante il me semble que cela diminue l'intérêt de dire ce qu'éprouvaient les passants.

J'ai fait une remarque; vous me direz si elle est juste. Dans les deux avant derniers chapitres—pas le dernier qui est un coup de foudre—vous avez poussé l'observation du détail plus que vous ne l'aviez jamais fait jusque là. On dirait que vous n'avez pas voulu vous laisser emporter trop vite vers la catastrophe et que vous avez voulu aussi prouver au lecteur qu'après une aussi longue carrière vous ne sentiez pas de fatigue. Si j'avais été près de vous j'aurais obtenu à force de vous ennuyer la suppression de quelques lignes. Vous trouverez quelques mots supprimés. Soyez indulgent en pensant que j'ai toujours la pensée tournée vers les lecteurs français.

Page 552, ligne 2 (du bas). *He sought out* an obscure café. Cela veut-il dire qu'il chercha ou qu'il découvrit ou simplement qu'il trouva. *An obscure café*—que veut dire *obscure*? Certainement pas obscur puisque Maurice éprouve le besoin d'un *brightly lighted interior*. Voilà ce que j'ai mis. Dites-moi si cela peut aller.

J'ai l'idée que M. ne peut pas aller à la recherche d'une maison de femmes. Il y entre parce que cela se trouve sous sa main par hasard. Voilà ce que j'ai écrit. Faites-moi vos observations.

«Plus que tout le reste, l'éclat des lanternes publiques contribua à le sortir de sa torpeur. En même temps il lui procura le désir immédiat et violent d'un endroit clos, tiède et brillamment éclairé où il lui serait possible d'oublier la rivière qui croupissait,

là-bas, dans les ténèbres. Il trouva un café mal famé, y entra et demanda de l'eau de vie. Il n'avait ce soir-là etc etc».

Je n'accepte pas ce que vous me dites de relatif à vos corrections. Vous me ferez toutes celles que vous croirez devoir me faire. J'avoue avoir mal accueilli les dernières parce qu'alors je voulais finir et que tout ce qui me donnait des distractions me faisait comme un mal physique.

Voilà tout. À vous toujours très cordialement

P. Solanges

ALS: NLA MS 133/12/367–69

Translation

9 June 1912

Dear Sir

Today, 9th June, after nineteen months of work, I have completed my translation of Maurice Guest. With what result, the future will reveal. I am very touched by what you tell me in your last letter—the one that followed the other that crossed mine—and I am also convinced of the goodness of your judgment and the clearness of your appraisal. But my scruples are of a special nature and during this long toil I have become convinced of one thing: translating well does not consist in translating very accurately, especially from English to French, but in bringing alive in another language the exact thinking of the author and the state of mind that inspired it. If I am mistaken, I will only know it when I check the proofs, since printing always give me the feeling of reading something written by someone else than myself—especially when it is an instance of translation. Perhaps my ideal is unachievable, since how can one be faithful to an author and not stick closely to his text. One could only reach such a result by doing the translation before his eyes and making him one's collaborator.

So the only thing left to do is to try to make the best one can of the existing situation.

I am going to start sending chapters to you, but above all I must check them as I go, and as I am tired and nervous, I ask your permission to rest for a week. I will start a week from tomorrow and it will go quickly.

I cannot write the last word of my manuscript without thanking you again for the confidence you have shown in me from the first day. God grant that I have not betrayed it.

I am sending you a copy of my first sentence. Do you remember having read the whole first chapter?

In the matter of the lamp, I will settle it by having Louise come in with the lamp in her hand. In English no-one will notice it—I mean what you call the serious muddle. I too had the idea that you had thought of the street lamp, then that you remembered already using that effect, and the little confusion arose from that.

Today I have two or three small questions to ask you ... the last!

Page 548 line 21. *and were either amused, horrified or saddened*. Don't you think it would be better to set this observation aside and limit oneself to saying: *Passersby believed him to be drunk*. At this moment when the analysis of Maurice's

state of mind is so interesting, it seems to me to lessen the interest to say what the passersby were feeling.

I have made a remark; you will tell me if it is fair. In the second and third-last chapters—not the last which is a flash of lightning—you have pushed the observation of detail further than you had ever done so far. One might say that you didn't want to be carried away too quickly towards the catastrophe, and that you also wanted to prove to the reader that you weren't feeling tired after such a long run. If I had been near you, I would have obtained the deletion of a few lines by dint of annoying you. You will find a few words deleted. Be indulgent and remember that my thoughts are always turned towards the French readers.

Page 552, line 2 (from bottom). *He sought out* an obscure café. Does this mean he sought or discovered or simply found. *An obscure café*—what does *obscure* mean? Certainly not dark since Maurice felt a need for a *brightly lighted interior*. Here is what I have put. Tell me if it is all right.

I don't think it can be the case that M. goes in search of a house of ill repute. He enters because he finds it there by chance. Here is what I have written. Give me your observations.

"Plus que tout le reste, l'éclat des lanternes publiques contribua à le sortir de sa torpeur. En même temps il lui procura le désir immédiat et violent d'un endroit clos, tiède et brillamment éclairé où il lui serait possible d'oublier la rivière qui croupissait, là-bas, dans les ténèbres. Il trouva un café mal famé, y entra et demanda de l'eau de vie. Il n'avait ce soir-là etc etc."[1339]

I don't accept what you tell me about your corrections. You will give me all those you think you should. I admit I received the last ones badly because at the time I wanted to finish and anything that distracted me was giving me almost physical pain.

That's all. Ever very cordially yours

P. Solanges

166. 18 June 1912

Pegli Ligure – Multedo
Villa Negrone

Le 18.6.1912

Cher Monsieur,

Pour répondre à votre bon petit mot du 12 juin, je suis obligé d'emprunter la main à ma fille. Le 10 au matin, et précisément le lendemain du jour où j'ai fini M.G., je me suis mis au lit avec une colite[1340] et 40 degrés de fièvre (comparez avec Fahrenheit).[1341] Je commence à aller mieux mais il me faudra encore du temps pour me remettre. Aussitôt que je serai en état de faire quelque chose, je penserai à M.G.

À propos, l'acide carbolique c'est, en français, l'acide phénique. Vous n'avez pas besoin de moi en ce moment, car vous avez beaucoup à faire avec vos épreuves et le

[1339] *MG* 552.
[1340] colite] colyte MS
[1341] Fahrenheit] Farenheit MS

monstre n° 2. Bon courage et comptez sur moi pour ne pas vous oublier dès que je le pourrai.

I am very glad to know that the German M.G. reads well.

Bien cordialement à vous

P. Solanges.

Avez-vous lu quelque chose du philosophe français *Bergson*?

ALS: NLA MS 133/12/370–71

Translation

18 June 1912[1342]

Dear Sir,

To reply to your kind little note of 12 June, I am obliged to borrow my daughter's hand. On the morning of the 10th, precisely the day after I finished M.G., I put myself to bed with colitis[1343] and a 40-degree fever (compare that with Fahrenheit). I am beginning to get better but I will still need time to recover. As soon as I am in a state to do anything, I will think of M.G.

By the way, carbolic acid in French is *acide phénique*.[1344] You don't need me at the moment, since you have plenty to do with your proofs and *monster* No. 2. Good luck, and count on me to not forget you as soon as I am able.

I am very glad to know that the German M.G. reads well.

Most cordially yours

P. Solanges.

Have you read anything by the French philosopher *Bergson*?[1345]

167. 21 June 1912

Pegli Ligure – Multedo
Villa Negrone

21.6.12.

Cher Monsieur,

Je reçois votre lettre du 18 et je vois que vous n'avez pas encore reçu celle que j'ai dictée pour vous à ma fille. Ce que vous me dites me met dans un grand embarras et me cause une sorte d'angoisse. Je voudrais faire ce que vous désirez et j'ai des scrupules que je dois vous soumettre: d'un côté je suis incapable de me remettre au travail avant au moins quinze jours (c'est à peine si je me lève et je ne puis tenir une plume,) d'un autre côté je ne puis vous envoyer les chapitres faits sans les avoir relus avec soin.

[1342] This letter, except the signature, is in the hand of Mademoiselle Marthe Solanges.
[1343] Inflammation of the mucous membrane of the colon.
[1344] See Solanges's query in 163, Notes on III.10 (13 May 1912).
[1345] Henri Bergson (1859–1941), professor at the Collège de France (1900–21), enjoyed cult status before the First World War for his philosophical writings; his major works included *Essai sur les données immédiates de la conscience* ('Time and Free Will: An Essay on the Immediate Data of Consciousness,' 1888), *Matière et mémoire* ('Matter and Memory,' 1896), and *L'évolution créatrice* ('Creative Evolution,' 1907); he won the Nobel Prize for Literature in 1927.

Si vous ne partez qu'au commencement d'août je tâcherai de faire en sorte de vous envoyer pas mal de chapitres. Vous les emporterez avec vous et vous les corrigerez à bord. Vous ferez vos corrections comme vous l'entendrez et comme vous l'avez fait jusqu'à présent. Je suis désolé de ne pas vous donner satisfaction comme je le désirerais, mais cela n'est pas ma faute.

J'ai bien pris note de tout ce que vous me dites relativement à la traduction et aux observations générales qui vous sont suggérées par la traduction allemande. Je ne crois pas qu'il y ait rien à effacer; les petites modifications que je désirerai[1346] peut-être faire, ne sont que de légères nuances dans la façon d'exprimer une même idée.

Je m'arrête parce que je suis fatigué, je vous serre cordialement la main.

P. Solanges.

Au sujet de votre note: je serais désolé si les termes de ma lettre relativement au dernier chapitre avaient pu vous froisser le moins du monde. Ma main aurait trahi ma pensée. Ce que je voulais dire, c'est que vous aviez voulu vous donner à vous-même, comme à votre lecteur la preuve que vous n'étiez pas essoufflé au bout d'une si longue course et que cette poussée de votre conscience d'artiste vous avait conduit à aller un peu au-delà pour ne pas rester au-deçà. Vous savez si j'aime votre œuvre et si je l'admire!

Encore à vous

PS.

ALS: NLA MS 133/12/372-3

Translation

21 June 1912[1347]

Dear Sir,

I have received your letter of the 18th and I see you have not yet received the one I dictated to my daughter for you. What you tell me puts me in a great predicament and causes me a sort of anguish. I would like to do what you want and I have scruples that I must submit to you: on the one hand I am incapable of returning to work for at least a fortnight (I can hardly get up and cannot hold a pen,) on the other hand I cannot send you the completed chapters without first carefully rereading them.

If you are only leaving at the beginning of August, I will try to arrange things so that I send you quite a few chapters. You will take them with you and correct them on board. You will make your corrections as you see fit and as you have done until now. I am sorry not to satisfy you as I would like to, but it isn't my fault.

I have noted all you tell me about the translation and the general observations suggested to you by the German translation. I don't think there is anything to delete; the small modifications I may wish to make are only minor nuances in ways of expressing the same idea.

I will stop because I am tired, I shake your hand cordially.

P. Solanges.

[1346] désirerai] déserai MS

[1347] This letter is in the hand of Madame Mathilde Solanges, except the signature and the postscript initials. Exactly a year earlier she had copied out for HHR Solanges's reply to Maria Carozzi (§94, Enclosure 2, 23 June 1911).

About your note: I would be sorry if the terms of my letter about the last chapter had in any way given you offence. My hand would have misrepresented my thoughts. What I meant to say is that you had wanted to prove to yourself, as to your reader, that you were not out of breath after such a long race, and that this pressure from your artist's conscience had led you to go a little too far so as not to fall too short. You know how much I like your work and admire it!

Yours again

PS.

168. 24 June 1912

Pegli Ligure – Multedo
Villa Negrone

24 juin 1912

Cher Monsieur

Voici les premières lettres que j'écris. Je suis debout, mais très faible. Je pense que vous aurez reçu les lettres que j'ai dictées pour vous à ma femme et à ma fille. J'ai reçu la vôtre du 18, il me semble même avoir dicté une réponse.

J'ai été très secoué par mon mal; il me faudra du temps pour me remettre. J'ai cependant beaucoup pensé à notre travail. Le résultat de mes pensées c'est que la traduction française doit être aussi parfaite que possible et que je dois tout faire pour arriver à un résultat qui me satisfasse. Ne soyez pas trop pressé, je vous en prie. En somme le temps fixé, d'accord avec vous, finit en novembre. Dès que j'aurai un peu de force je vous enverrai des chapitres, *mais je veux les relire auparavant* et leur donner un dernier poli.

Je regrette que les circonstances aient mis des bâtons dans les roues, mais je n'y suis pour rien.

Je vous quitte, je suis encore très faible. Fiez-vous un peu à moi pour conduire les choses pour le mieux de vos intérêts.

Très cordialement à vous.

P. Solanges[1348]

ALS: NLA MS 133/12/374–75

Translation

24 June 1912

Dear Sir

These are the first letters I am writing. I am up, but very weak. I think you will have received the letters I dictated to my wife and daughter for you. I have received yours of the 18th, I think I even dictated a reply.

I have been very shaken by my illness; I will need time to recover. However I have thought a lot about our work. The result of my thinking is that the French translation must be as perfect as possible and I must do all I can to reach a result that

[1348] The last quarter of the single leaf on which this letter is written has been removed—the only such occurrence in the Solanges–HHR correspondence.

will satisfy me. Don't be in too much of a hurry, please. In short the time arranged, in agreement with you, finishes in November. As soon as I have a little strength I will send you some chapters, *but I want to reread them first* and give them a last polish.

I regret that circumstances have thrown a spanner in the works, but it is none of my doing.

I will leave you, I am still very weak. Trust me a little to manage things in your best interests.

Very cordially yours.

P. Solanges.

169. 30 June 1912

Pegli Ligure – Multedo
Villa Negrone

30 juin 1912

Cher Monsieur, je reçois votre carte d'Écosse. Merci de votre souvenir. Je vais mieux, mais je suis toujours terriblement faible. La nature de mon mal—d'ailleurs purement accidentel—est telle qu'une diète très sévère peut seul m'en délivrer et naturellement les forces ne reviendront que plus tard.

Je veux cependant vous écrire longuement pour déblayer le terrain de tout ce qui pourrait créer entre nous de légers malentendus qui ne doivent pas exister. J'ai toujours infiniment regretté que nous n'ayons pu nous connaître que par lettres.

J'entre en matière.

J'ai idée—peut-être à tort que vous vous imaginez que j'éprouve de la répugnance à me séparer de mon manuscrit. Pas la moindre. Seulement je répugne à vous le donner avant que je le trouve à peu près au point. Or voici la situation telle qu'elle est aujourd'hui:

Quand je vous ai écrit que j'avais fini, c'était vrai, seulement j'avais fini le brouillon et il me restait six ou sept pages à copier. C'était l'affaire de deux ou trois jours, mais le matin où je m'y suis mis, je suis tombé malade. Ces pages je viens de les finir d'une façon définitive, avec beaucoup de soin et de manière que j'en suis content (la dernière scène avec Louise etc).

Demain je relirai les chapitres VII et VIII de la 1re partie et ils iront vous trouver. Veuillez seulement me dire exactement quand vous partirez pour l'Australie.

Voyez-vous, mon cher auteur, plus j'y pense et plus je suis convaincu qu'il ne faut pas s'inquiéter de cinq ou six mois de plus, mais qu'il faut présenter une traduction telle que ni vous ni moi n'ayons plus tard de regrets.

Telle qu'elle est la traduction pourrait être imprimée, mais je n'y mettrai pas encore volontiers mon nom. Vous comprenez la nuance.

Je suis enchanté de ce que vous me dites au sujet de la traduction allemande.

Ne vous fatiguez pas trop avec votre triple travail et ne soyez pas fâché contre mes lenteurs en grande partie involontaires. Vous verrez que tout se mettra en ligne. Après quoi il faudra songer au grand combat pour l'éditeur. Hélas mes compatriotes sont terribles quand il s'agit de la *quantité*. Patience, courage et temps: avec cela on

arrive souvent à tout. D'ailleurs la traduction allemande nous fera du bien et sera sans aucun doute un bon argument.

Toujours très cordialement à vous.

P. Solanges

Je compte aller me remettre en Suisse dans la Gruyère—entre Fribourg et la Vallée du Rhône. À Rougement (Rothberg) ou à Château d'Oex 1000 mètres d'altitude. Connaissez-vous cela?

Merci de vos bons souhaits.

J'allais fermer ma lettre sans vous dire combien j'ai admiré Pitlochry. Si cette belle habitation appartient à un membre de votre famille, je lui en fais mon sincère compliment.

PS

ALS: NLA MS 133/12/376–77

Translation

30 June 1912[1349]

Dear Sir, I have received your card from Scotland. Thankyou for thinking of me. I am better, but I am still terribly weak. The nature of my illness—which besides is purely fortuitous—is such that only a very severe diet can free me from it and naturally my strength will only return later.

I wish however to write to you at length to clear the ground of everything that could create small misunderstandings between us which should not exist. I have always infinitely regretted that we have only been able to get to know each other by letter.

And now to the subject matter.

I suspect—perhaps wrongly, that you imagine I am loath to part with my manuscript. Not in the least. Only I am loath to give it to you until I find it almost finalised. Now here is the situation as it is today.

When I wrote to you that I had finished, it was true, only I had finished the draft and had six or seven pages to transcribe. It was a matter of two or three days, but the morning I set myself down to do it, I fell ill. I have just finished these pages definitively, with great care and in such a way that I am happy with them (the last scene with Louise etc).

Tomorrow I will reread Chapters VII and VIII of Part I and they will head in your direction. Only please tell me exactly when you will be leaving for Australia.

You see, my dear author, the more I think of it, the more convinced I am that we should not worry about another five or six months, but that we must present a translation such that neither you nor I will later have any regrets about it.

Such as it is now, the translation could be printed, but I would not yet willingly put my name to it. You understand the nuance.

I am delighted about what you tell me of the German translation.

[1349] This letter was redirected from London to: Melbourne House, Pitlochry (Perthshire); HHR's postcard from there was dated 27? June 1912.

Don't become too tired by your triple task and don't be upset about my slowness, which is largely involuntary. You will see that everything will fall into line. After which I will have to think about the great battle for a publisher. Alas my compatriots are terrible when it's a matter of *quantity*. Patience, courage and time, with those one often succeeds in everything. Besides the German translation will do us good and will doubtless be a good argument.

Ever very cordially yours.

P. Solanges

I plan to go and recover in the Gruyere in Switzerland—between Fribourg and the Rhone Valley. At Rougemont (Rothberg) or at Château d'Oex, altitude 1000 metres.[1350] Do you know it?

Thanks for your best wishes.

I almost ended my letter without telling you how much I admired Pitlochry. If this beautiful dwelling belongs to a member of your family, I give him my sincere compliments.

PS

170. 5 July 1912

Pegli Ligure – Multedo
Villa Negrone

5 juillet 1912

Cher Monsieur

Quoique toujours très faible je vais infiniment mieux. J'en profite pour commencer à vous envoyer les chapitres.

J'ai à vous demander deux choses:

1° De faire pour chaque chapitre une note de vos observations telle que vous l'avez faite pour les chapitres précédents.

2° De garder ce que vous avez du manuscrit jusqu'à ce que je vous prie de me le renvoyer: probablement jusqu'aux premiers jours de septembre. —Cela, si vous ne partez pas pour l'Australie. Si au contraire vous partez, faites de façon à ce qu'il n'y ait pas de temps perdu. Seulement j'ai bien peur que la poste perde quelque paquet. Qu'en pensez-vous?

Je ne vous en écris pas plus long pour ménager mes forces. Donnez-moi de vos nouvelles et croyez-moi très fidèlement et cordialement à vous.

P. Solanges

ALS: NLA MS 133/12/378–79

Translation

5 July 1912

Dear Sir

[1350] Rougemont and Château d'Oex are respectively 30 and 40 km NE of the eastern end of Lake Geneva.

Although still very weak I am infinitely better. I am making the most of it to begin sending you the chapters.[1351]

I have to ask you two things:

1 To make a note of your observations on each chapter such as you did for the preceding chapters.

2 To keep what you have of the manuscript until I ask you to send it back to me: probably until the first days of September. —That is if you do not leave for Australia. If on the contrary you do leave, arrange it so that there will be no time wasted. Only I am rather afraid the Post Office may lose a packet. What do you think?

I won't write at any more length in order to conserve my strength. Give me your news and believe me very faithfully and cordially yours.

P. Solanges

171. 14 July 1912

Pegli Ligure – Multedo
Villa Negrone

14 juillet 1912

Cher Monsieur

J'ai reçu votre carte postale et j'attends avec impatience la lettre qu'elle m'annonce. Je saurai par elle les dates qui m'intéressent et qui sont relatives à votre voyage.

Je mets à la poste deux autres chapitres qui finissent la première partie. Vous l'aurez vue tout entière sauf les chap. II et III que je vous enverrai.

Mon avis aujourd'hui est que vous gardiez tout ce que je vous ai envoyé et vous enverrai du manuscrit avant votre départ. Cela vous servira d'occupation en voyage et vous me rendrez le tout à votre retour. Je ferai les corrections et nous combinerons le reste.

Ma santé ne se remet que très lentement. Je compte pourtant partir pour la Suisse (sans doute pour Chésières[1352] près de Villars dans le canton de Vaud) dans une dizaine de jours. Cette indisposition est venue bien mal à propos et m'a occasionné une perte de temps qui dérange un peu nos projets. C'est terrible d'être si loin, mais que faire?

Je suis heureux de savoir que vous en avez à peu près fini avec vos épreuves allemandes. Vous n'aurez plus à penser qu'à votre nouveau livre et au M.G. français.

Comptez sur toute ma bonne volonté dans la mesure de mes forces.

Très cordialement à vous

[1351] Probably Part I, Chapters 7–12. Solanges had promised Chapters 7–8 in his letter of 30 June, and he would send the last two chapters of Part I on 14 July. Chapters 7–9 had already been reviewed by HHR in March 1912, and would have had only minor corrections.
The exchange of chapters between Solanges and HHR during this period is especially rapid and complicated—see the section on translating *Maurice Guest* in Chapter 8 of the Introduction for a narrative of the process, and Appendix III for a timeline.

[1352] Chésières] Chezières MS

P. Solanges

ALS: NLA MS 133/12/380–81

Translation

14 July 1912

Dear Sir

I have received your postcard and am awaiting impatiently the letter it announces. From it I will know the dates that concern me and that relate to your voyage.

I am posting two more chapters which finish Part I. You will have seen it in its entirety except for Chapters II and III which I will send you.

My opinion today is that you should keep all of the manuscript I have sent and will send before your departure. It will serve to occupy you during the voyage and you can return it all to me on your return. I will do the corrections and we will work out the rest.

My health is only recovering very slowly. However I intend to leave for Switzerland (doubtless for Chésières near Villars in the canton of Vaud[1353]) in about ten days. This indisposition has come at just the wrong moment and has caused me a loss of time which slightly upsets our plans. It's terrible to be so far away, but what can we do?

I am happy to know that you have almost finished with your German proofs. Soon you will only have to think of your new book and the French M.G.

Count on all my goodwill within the limits of my strength.

Very cordially yours

P. Solanges

172. 17 July 1912

Pegli Ligure – Multedo
Villa Negrone

17 juillet 1912

Cher Monsieur

Je reçois votre bonne lettre du 14. Merci.

J'allais presque bien; depuis deux jours j'ai fait un pas en arrière, mais je me soigne et pense me remettre à flot. Je partirai pour la Suisse vers la fin du mois. J'ai écrit à des hôtels et j'attends les réponses.

Je continue à vous envoyer des chapitres et vous en recevrez encore pas mal avant votre départ. Mon avis serait que vous gardiez tout cela pour vous en occuper à bord et que vous me renvoyez le tout à votre retour. De mon côté j'expédierai à Londres les chapitres que je n'aurai pas pu vous faire parvenir avant les premiers jours d'août. Vous pourrez donner des instructions pour qu'on vous les garde. Je crains qu'en les faisant voyager trop on finisse par en perdre quelques uns. Or j'ai un brouillon, mais informe et je ne crois pas que j'aurais la force de refaire, tant je suis *exhausted*.

[1353] Villars-sur-Ollon and Chésières form a major mountain resort, at altitudes of 1,300–1,800 metres.

Donc, *selon moi*, emporter avec vous tout ce que vous aurez reçu avant de partir, me le renvoyer à votre retour et voir, également à votre retour, ce que vous trouverez vous attendant.

De cette façon, nous serons prêts vers la fin de l'année, avec un peu de retard, c'est vrai, mais ma maladie et votre voyage n'étaient pas prévus. À cela vous gagnerez de pouvoir, avant de vous embarquer mettre votre nouveau livre au point où vous désirez qu'il soit.

Relativement à l'idée de Fischer,[1354] je vous avoue que je ne la trouve pas bonne dans le cas particulier. C'est vrai que la publication dans une *Revue* ne nuit point à la vente en volume, au contraire. On le voit en France où tous les romans édités par Hachette, Calmann Lévy et Plon, sont publiés d'abord dans la *Revue des Deux Mondes*, dans la *Revue de Paris* et dans la *Revue Hebdomadaire*. Seulement quand j'ai publié Cortis dans la Revue de Paris le directeur nous a forcés, Fogazzaro et moi, à faire des coupures, parce qu'un Roman ne doit jamais avoir plus de cinq numéros dans une Revue. Nous avons dû accepter et les parties supprimées du texte ont été restituées dans le volume. Or il ne faudra pas moins de douze à quatorze numéros, à mon avis, pour donner tout Maurice Guest. Cela revient à dire que le lecteur en devra attendre la fin six ou sept mois si la Revue est bimensuelle. Je ne pense pas qu'il s'agisse d'un journal quotidien. Ce serait pire encore car l'œuvre est trop forte, trop liée, trop logique pour être lue par lambeaux. Réfléchissez bien à tout cela avant de dire *oui*. Je sais que les lecteurs allemands ne sont pas des lecteurs français mais n'importe. Vous savez vous-même quelle différence cela fait de lire un livre tout d'une haleine ou de s'y reprendre en différentes fois. M.G. n'a pas été conçu en vue d'une pareille épreuve. Et de plus il s'agit d'une traduction. La question me semble grave.

Je vous souhaite un bon voyage. Souhaitez-moi une bonne santé. J'en ai bien besoin.

À vous très cordialement et très fidèlement

P. Solanges

ALS: NLA MS 133/12/382–83

Translation

17 July 1912

Dear Sir

I have received your kind letter of the 14th. Thankyou.

I was almost well; in the last two days I have gone backwards, but I am taking care of myself and I think I am getting back on an even keel. I will leave for Switzerland towards the end of the month. I have written to hotels and am awaiting the replies.

I am continuing to send you chapters and you will receive quite a few more before your departure. My opinion would be that you should keep it all so as to attend to it on board, and send it all back to me on your return. For my part I will send to London the chapters which I haven't been able to get to you before the first days of August. You can give instructions for them to be kept for you. I am afraid we will end up

[1354] Fischer] Fisher MS

losing some if we make them travel too much. Now I do have a draft, but it is shapeless and I don't think I would have the strength to redo it, I am so *exhausted*.

So, *in my opinion*, take with you everything you have received before leaving, send it back to me on your return, and also on your return, see what you will find waiting for you.

In this manner, we will be ready towards the end of the year, a little behind schedule, it is true, but my illness and your voyage were not anticipated. This way you will gain by being able to get your new book to the point you wish it to be at before embarking.

About Fischer's idea, I admit I do not find it right in this particular case. It is true that publication in a Journal does no harm at all to book sales, on the contrary. One sees this in France where all the novels published by Hachette, Calmann Lévy and Plon are first published in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, in the *Revue de Paris* and in the *Revue Hebdomadaire*.[1355] Only when I published Cortis in the Revue de Paris, the editor forced Fogazzaro and me to make cuts in it, since a Novel should never cover more than five issues of a Journal. We had to accept and the deleted parts of the text were restored in the book.[1356] Now in my opinion it would take no less than twelve to fourteen issues to publish all of Maurice Guest. That amounts to saying that the reader will have to wait six or seven months for the end if the Journal appears fortnightly. I don't think it's a matter for a daily newspaper. That would be even worse since the work is too strong, too closely tied together, too logical to be read in fragments. Think all this over carefully before saying *yes*. I know German readers are not French readers but no matter. You know yourself what a difference it makes to read a book all in one go or to tackle it at different times. M.G. was not conceived for such a trial. And moreover it is a translation. To me the question seems serious.

I wish you bon voyage. Wish me good health. I do need it.

Very cordially and very faithfully yours

P. Solanges

173. 22 July 1912

Pegli Ligure – Multedo
Villa Negrone

22 juillet 1912

Cher Monsieur

J'ai votre bonne lettre du 19. Merci. J'ai mis ce matin à la poste les chap. IX et X. J'espère que vous aurez reçu les autres. Je compte, après demain vous envoyer les chap. XI et XII. Vous voyez que je ne perds pas de temps.

Je vous donnerai une nouvelle qui vous fera plaisir: je suis beaucoup plus content de mon travail, surtout après les corrections faites—et vous verrez qu'elles sont très nombreuses.

[1355] The *Revue des deux mondes* was founded in 1829, the *Revue de Paris* in 1894 as a competitor to the latter, and the *Revue hebdomadaire* in 1892.

[1356] See Letter 19 (22 December 1895) for a contemporary mention of these travails between translator and publisher.

Afin de ne pas être victime de quelque retard de la poste, je n'expédierai plus rien *d'ici* après le 26.

Étant donné votre détermination il n'est pas nécessaire que je me presse trop. Laissez-moi seulement vous dire que je trouve vos suppositions sur les possibilités que pourrait entraîner votre voyage, d'une couleur qui ne me plaît point du tout. Vous ferez une excellente traversée à l'aller et au retour et vous m'aurez envoyé d'intéressantes cartes postales. Il n'y aura pas d'autre événement pour ce qui nous concerne tous les deux.

Laissez le manuscrit à Londres ou portez-le avec vous. En un mot faites ce qui vous plaira le mieux. Vous en êtes tout ce qu'il y a de plus libre. Comme je vous l'ai dit j'ai une première copie, faite au courant de la plume. En transcrivant j'ai modifié beaucoup le texte sans reporter mes modifications sur la première copie; de plus j'ai corrigé le manuscrit que vous avez entre les mains. Il est certain que si quelque chose se perdait j'aurais le *vouloir* de le refaire, mais en aurais-je la force? Voilà ce que je ne sais pas.

Pour l'instant il ne convient pas de parler du moment où j'irai à Paris et où, je l'espère, nous nous y rencontrerons. Remettons cela pour votre retour. Vous serez tranquille et moi vigoureux, si Dieu veut. Nous combinerons alors avec sangfroid et succès.

Pourquoi vous énerver à revoir mon manuscrit avant de partir? Vous avez bien autre chose à penser. C'est là le mauvais côté de votre décision. À bord, ce travail sur my skin vous aurait servi d'occupation. Bah! vous saurez en trouver une autre.

Et là-dessus, je vous souhaite de tout cœur un excellent voyage, un agréable séjour et un prompt retour. Vous êtes un grand voyageur devant l'éternel; moi je ne fais que des sauts de puce.

À vous très cordialement et ne m'oubliez pas.

Votre

P. Solanges.

ALS: NLA MS 133/12/384–85

Translation

22 July 1912

Dear Sir

I have your kind letter of the 19th. Thankyou. This morning I posted Chapters IX and X.[1357] I hope you have received the others. The day after tomorrow I intend to send you Chapters XI and XII. You see I am not wasting time.

I will give you some news which will please you: I am much happier with my work, especially after the corrections are done—and you will see they are very numerous.

So as not to fall prey to any postal delay, I will send nothing more *from here* after the 26th.

Given your decision, it is unnecessary for me to be too hurried. Let me just tell you that I find your suppositions on the possibilities your voyage could entail are of a

[1357] Of Part II. This implies that II.1–8 were sent to HHR during the week 14–22 July.

colour I don't like at all. You will have an excellent crossing in both directions and you will send me interesting postcards. There will be no other incident in relation to either of us.

Leave the manuscript in London or take it with you. In a word, do just as you please. You are quite at liberty. As I told you, I have a first copy, written as the ideas came into my head. When transcribing, I greatly modified the text without copying my modifications onto the first copy; moreover I have corrected the manuscript you now have. It is certain that if something were to become lost, I would have the *will* to redo it, but would I have the strength? That's what I don't know.

For the moment it is not advisable to speak of the time when I will go to Paris, and when, I hope, we will meet there. Let's put that off until your return. You will be at ease and I will be vigorous, if God wills. Then we will plan coolly and successfully.

Why get worked up by checking my manuscript before leaving? You surely have other things to think about. That's the bad side of your decision. On board, this work on my skin would have served as an occupation for you. Well! you will find another.

And thereupon, with all my heart I wish you an excellent voyage, a pleasant stay and a prompt return. You are an inveterate traveller; *I* content myself with short hops.

Very cordially yours and don't forget me.

Your

P. Solanges

174. 24 July 1912

Pegli Ligure – Multedo
Villa Negrone

24 juillet 1912

Cher Monsieur

Je reçois votre lettre du 21. Je ne saurais trop vous dire quelle satisfaction elle me donne et combien votre impression de ma traduction me récompense de mes fatigues. Merci.

Si vous voulez mon opinion bien sincère, la voici: jusqu'à présent vous trouvez la traduction exacte, mais rien ne dit qu'à un moment donné vous n'y découvrirez pas une ou plusieurs grosses erreurs. —J'en trouve, moi, en relisant. Je crois donc indispensable que vous relisiez tout, très tranquillement, et cela ne pourra se faire qu'à votre retour d'Australie. Les corrections sur les épreuves sont toujours des sources d'ennuis quand elles sont trop nombreuses et surtout trop importantes.

Autre chose encore: j'ai l'idée que le M.G. allemand fera du bruit; ce sera pour vous une excellente réclame et m'aidera beaucoup à trouver le *rara avis*—it is to say—l'éditeur.

Pour l'instant laissez le manuscrit de côté et faites vos malles. Dès mon retour à Multedo, vers le 10 septembre, je préparerai les derniers chapitres et vous les enverrai tous ensemble, *dès que vous m'aurez signifié votre retour à Londres*.

En vous consacrant entièrement à leur lecture, vous vous en débarrasserez en quelques jours. Je reverrai alors vos corrections rapidement et le moment de l'action

sera venu. Nous aurons perdu quelques mois, mais nous aurons tous les deux la conscience tranquille et aurons atteint le moment psychologique.

Qu'en pensez-vous? Je suis heureux et flatté de ce que vous me dites, mais vos bonnes paroles ne détruisent pas mes scrupules.

Voulez-vous, je vous prie, répondre à ces deux questions.

À quelle époque, précisément, serez-vous de retour à Londres?

Avez-vous reçu tout ce que je vous ai envoyé en fait de chapitres?

(Je mets ce matin à la poste les chap. XI et XII de la 2^{e} partie. Demain ou après demain j'y mettrai le chap. XIII. En dehors de la fin de la 1re partie, vous devrez avoir toute la seconde. Je m'arrêterai[1358] là, remettant le reste à mon retour. En dix jours je repasserai la 3^{e} partie et elle sera prête à vous être envoyée au premier signe).

Si ma combinaison ne vous va pas, dites-le-moi bien sincèrement. En ce cas je me conformerai à vos instructions. Car enfin M.G. est à vous. Cependant je crois être pratiquement et *politiquement* dans la bonne voie.

Encore une fois bon voyage et toutes mes meilleures amitiés

P. Solanges.

Un mot de vous me suffira. Vous n'avez pas de temps à gaspiller.

Je vais de mieux en mieux.

PS

ALS: NLA MS 133/12/386–87

Translation

24 July 1912

Dear Sir

I have received your letter of the 21st. I could scarcely tell you what satisfaction it gives me and how much your impression of the translation rewards me for my weariness. Thankyou.

If you want my most sincere opinion, here it is: so far you find the translation accurate, but nothing says you won't at some moment discover one or several major errors. —I find them myself, when I reread it. So I think it is indispensable for you to read everything, very calmly, and that can only be done on your return from Australia. Corrections on proofs are always a source of problems when they are too numerous and above all too significant.

One more thing: I believe the German M.G. will make a splash; it will be an excellent advertisement for you and will greatly help me to find the *rara avis*—it is to say—the publisher.

For the moment set the manuscript aside and do your packing. As soon as I return to Multedo, towards 10th September, I will prepare the last chapters and will send them to you all at once, *as soon as you have made known to me your return to London*.

[1358] arrêterai] arrêtrai MS

By devoting yourself entirely to reading them, you will get rid of them in a few days. I will then check your corrections rapidly and the moment for action will have come. We will have lost a few months, but we will both have a clear conscience and will have reached the psychological moment.

What do you think? I am happy and flattered at what you say, but your kind words do not destroy my scruples.

Will you please reply to these two questions.

When precisely will you be back in London?

Have you received everything I have sent you by way of chapters?

(This morning I am posting Chapters XI and XII of Part II. Tomorrow or the day after I will post Chapter XIII. Apart from the end of Part I, you should have all of Part II. I will stop there, postponing the rest until my return. In ten days I will go back over Part III and it will be ready to be sent to you at the first sign).

If my scheme does not suit you, tell me so quite sincerely. In that case I will abide by your instructions. For in the end M.G. is yours. However I think I am practically and *politically* on the right track.

Once more bon voyage and my warmest regards

P. Solanges

One word from you will suffice. You have no time to waste.

I am getting better and better.

PS

175. 29 July 1912

Pegli Ligure – Multedo
Villa Negrone

29 juillet 1912

Cher Monsieur

Je reçois en parfait état les chap. 9. 10 et 11. Je les mets au repos jusqu'à mon retour de Suisse c'est à dire jusqu'au 15 septembre. Je ferai alors vos corrections.

J'ai des remords de n'avoir pas répondu à vos projets selon votre désir, car je vois que vous avez hâte d'arriver à une solution. D'un autre côté, comme je pars le 2 août, je crains de voir les manuscrits arriver ici à Multedo pendant mon absence avec le risque de quelque erreur, et peut-être de quelque perte.

Si vous tenez à faire vite voilà selon moi la meilleure tactique à employer:

1° Confiez le manuscrit à un de vos amis avant de partir.

2° Donnez-moi son nom et son adresse, afin que je puisse lui écrire.

Alors—dès que je serai rentré à Multedo—je lui écrirai en le priant de me faire parvenir le manuscrit.

Quand je l'aurai reçu je mettrai l'ensemble du travail au point et je me lancerai à la recherche de l'éditeur.

Pardonnez-moi de mettre tant de confusion dans toute cette affaire. Mon indécision provient de craintes de différente nature que vous comprendrez, apprécierez et excuserez.

Je ne sais pas encore quand vous partez ni l'époque à laquelle vous serez rentré à Londres. Je le saurai sans doute demain.

Cette lettre arrivera-t-elle à temps? Je l'espère.

Je vous envoie mon adresse (du 3 au 31 août).

Hôtel Victoria
Gstaad
Berner Oberland (Ligne M.O.B.)
Suisse

Je ne sais que dire de l'opinion de Mr. Heinemann. J'aurai, je l'espère, un bon appui chez Hachette, mais s'il me recommande à lui, cela sera toujours bon. Puis-je, le cas échéant écrire à Mr Heinemann en lui disant que je le fais d'accord avec vous?

Quant à *cutting down*, en principe j'y suis opposé. Mais, en somme, le livre est à vous. De toute façon je me refuse à faire, moi-même, les coupures. Ce serait à vous à les pratiquer. But what a pity! Et puis cela nous retarderait terriblement.

Encore une fois bon voyage! Forget me not.

Cordialement à vous

P. Solanges.

ALS: NLA MS 133/12/388–89

Translation

29 July 1912

Dear Sir

I have received Chapters 9, 10 and 11 in perfect condition. I am leaving them in peace until my return from Switzerland, that is to say, until 15th September. I will then do your corrections.

I feel remorse for not replying to your plans as you wish, since I see you are in a hurry to reach a solution. On the other hand, as I am leaving on 2nd August, I am afraid of seeing the manuscripts arrive here during my absence, with the risk of some error, and perhaps of some loss.

If you are keen for quick action, the best tactic to use in my opinion is this:

1. Entrust the manuscript to one of your friends before leaving.
2. Give me his name and his address, so that I can write to him.

Then—as soon as I am back at Multedo—I will write to him asking him to send me the manuscript.

When I have received it, I will finish off the whole work and launch into the search for a publisher.

Forgive me for putting so much confusion into this whole business. My indecisiveness arises from fears of diverse nature which you will understand, appreciate, and excuse.

I still don't know when you are leaving nor when you will be back in London. I will know tomorrow, no doubt.

Will this letter arrive in time? I hope so.

I will send you my address (from 3rd to 31st August).

Hotel Victoria
Gstaad
Berner Oberland (M.O.B. Line)[1359]
Switzerland

I don't know what to say about Mr Heinemann's opinion. I hope I will have good backing for Hachette, but if he recommends me to him, that will in any case be good. If need be, may I write to Mr Heinemann and tell him that I am doing so with your agreement?

As for *cutting down*, in principle I am opposed to it. But all in all, the book is yours. At any rate I refuse to make the cuts myself. It would be up to you to do them. But what a pity! And then, it would delay us terribly.

Once more bon voyage! Forget me not.

Cordially yours

P. Solanges.

176. 12 August 1912

Pegli Ligure – Multedo
Villa Negrone

Gstaad 12 août 1912

Cher Monsieur

Je reçois ce matin et très rapidement votre carte du 7 août, your stormy card I dare say. Merci de votre bon souvenir. Rien de nouveau. Je vais mieux. Je marche. J'ai fait 15 kilomètres hier dans ma journée.

Je vous envoie un feuilleton du journal de Genève. Vous verrez que le Mercure de France a publié une traduction de l'anglais: un volume de 372 pages. Puisque Mr. Heinemann a des amis au Mercure de France, il pourrait sans doute tâter le terrain et savoir ce qu'ils penseraient de M.G. dont on a parlé très avantageusement dans leur Revue.

De cette façon nous aurions trois éditeurs en perspective: Calmann Lévy, Hachette et le Mercure. Si vous en avez le temps vous pourriez sans doute écrire un mot à Monsieur Heinemann et nous lui aurions une grande obligation de sa démarche.

Je vous écris brièvement d'abord parce que je n'ai rien d'intéressant à vous dire et ensuite parce que mon médecin m'a recommandé, *avant tout*, d'écrire le moins possible.

[1359] Montreux-Oberland Bernois, one of the oldest electric railway lines in Switzerland, built between 1901 and 1905, operating from the eastern end of Lake Geneva into the Bern "high country."
On 30 June, Solanges had spoken of going to Rougemont or Château d'Oex; Gstaad is on the same railway line, six kilometres further than Rougemont.

Votre traducteur allemand est bien heureux de vous avoir accompagné jusqu'à Port Saïd. J'aurais aimé pouvoir en faire autant.

Bien cordialement à vous.

P. Solanges

Tous mes meilleurs souhaits pour la bonne continuation de votre voyage.

ALS: NLA MS 133/12/390–91

Translation

12 August 1912[1360]

Dear Sir

I have this morning received, very rapidly, your card of 7th August, your stormy card I dare say. Thankyou for your kind thoughts. Nothing new. I am better. I am walking. I did 15 kilometres in the course of yesterday.

I am sending you a serial from the Geneva newspaper. You will see that the Mercure de France has published a translation from English: a book of 372 pages. Since Mr. Heinemann has friends at the Mercure de France, he could doubtless check the lie of the land to find out what they would think of M.G. which was spoken of very favourably in their Journal.

In this way we would have three publishers in view: Calmann Lévy, Hachette and the Mercure. If you have time you could doubtless write a note to Mister Heinemann and we would be much obliged to him for his action.

I am writing to you briefly firstly because I have nothing interesting to tell you and next because my doctor has recommended me, *above all*, to write as little as possible.

Your German translator is quite fortunate to have accompanied you as far as Port Said. I would have liked to be able to do as much myself.

Most cordially yours.

P. Solanges

All my best wishes for the happy continuation of your voyage.

177. 8 September 1912

~~*Pegli Ligure – Multedo*~~
~~*Villa Negrone*~~

Lugano 8 septembre 1912

Cher Monsieur

Je vous écris à Londres n'ayant pas très bien compris si je puis vous écrire poste restante à Sydney où je vous ai d'ailleurs envoyé des cartes postales.

J'ai été terriblement paresseux depuis six semaines. Il faut me le pardonner. Ma secousse qui a été plus forte que vous ne pouvez l'imaginer avait besoin d'être suivie d'une période de repos engourdi.

[1360] Addressed to 'Poste restante, Melbourne'.

Grâce à ce traitement négatif, je suis tout à fait rétabli. Il ne me reste qu'à retrouver l'activité morale et je me rends compte qu'elle me reviendra dès que je serai de nouveau à Multedo ce qui aura lieu dans huit jours.

Si mon cerveau a peu fonctionné, je puis vous assurer qu'en revanche mes jambes ont fortement travaillé pour des jambes de convalescent.

Ne croyez pas cependant que je n'ai pas pensé à M. Guest. La preuve du contraire est que je vais d'abord vous présenter une interrogation suivie d'une demande après quoi je répondrai à une question que vous m'avez posée.

1° Il arrive souvent que vos personnages se disent *auf wiedersehen* sans qu'il soit nécessaire qu'ils s'expriment en allemand. Cela tient sans doute à ce qu'en anglais l'expression: *au revoir* n'existe pas. J'ai toujours laissé la chose en allemand, mais il me semble que, dans certains passages, le français vaudrait mieux.

Ainsi lorsque Maurice voit Johanna pour la dernière fois il lui dit à peu près (je n'ai pas le texte): «Adieu, mais ce n'est peut-être qu'un *auf wiedersehen*.» Ici il vaudrait mieux dire: «ce n'est peut-être qu'un au revoir.» M'autorisez-vous à mettre l'allemand ou le français selon que je jugerai que cela vaut mieux?

2° Vous me proposez de faire se tutoyer Ephie et Johanna. Je dirais: non. Voici ma théorie à ce sujet.

Vous m'avez dit que M.G. dans ma traduction est devenu un roman français. It is very kind of you, mais si c'était vrai j'aurais passé le but. Il faut qu'on sente que le livre a été écrit par un Anglais et on le sentira.

Seulement voilà! Il n'était pas possible d'éviter le tutoyement entre Louise et Maurice. Cela aurait jeté de l'eau froide en français. J'ai donc fait une chose illogique en réalité et logique pour la perspective artistique. Le lecteur intelligent comprendra, l'imbécile ne s'apercevra pas de l'inconséquence. Mais les Ephie, mère et filles doivent se dire *vous*. Ce sont des Américaines et les lecteurs de romans anglais sont habitués à voir les Anglo-Saxons ne se tutoyer jamais.

Les Allemands se tutoyent entre eux et tutoyent les Anglais avec qui ils parlent Allemand; rien de plus naturel.

La seule entorse donné à la vérité des choses concerne donc seulement Maurice et[1361] Louise. Mais les avantages sont tellement grands que l'hésitation n'est pas permise. En faisant autrement on enlèverai les trois quarts de l'efficacité au dialogue qui a lieu entre eux, surtout dans la période aiguë de leurs relations.

Revenez vite. Je serai prêt pour votre retour. Bonne chance, bon voyage et mille amitiés

P. Solanges

ALS: NLA MS 133/12/392–93

Translation

8 September 1912

Dear Sir

I am writing to you in London, since I haven't very well understood if I can write to you poste restante in Sydney, where I have moreover sent you some postcards.

[1361] et] est MS

I have been terribly lazy over the last six weeks. You must forgive me. My seizure, which was stronger than you can imagine, had to be followed by a period of numbed rest.

Thanks to this negative treatment, I am completely recovered. It only remains for me to regain my mental activity, and I am realising that it will return as soon as I am back at Multedo, which will happen in a week.

If my brain has not functioned much, I can assure you that by contrast my legs have worked very hard for those of a convalescent.

But don't believe that I haven't thought of M. Guest. The proof of the contrary is that I am going to present you firstly with a question followed by a request, after which I will answer a question you asked me.

1. It often happens that your characters say *auf wiedersehen* to one another without it being necessary for them to speak German. This arises no doubt from the fact that in English the expression: *au revoir* doesn't exist. I have always left this in German, but I think, in certain passages, French would be better.

Thus when Maurice sees Johanna for the last time he says to her, approximately (I don't have the text): "Adieu, but perhaps it is only *auf wiedersehen*." Here it would be better to say: "perhaps it is only an *au revoir*." Will you authorise me to put German or French as I think most appropriate?

2. You propose to have Ephie and Johanna say *tu* to each other. I would say: no. Here is my theory on the subject.

You have told me that in my translation M.G. has become a French novel. It is very kind of you, but if it were true I would have overshot my goal. People must feel that the book was written by an Englishman, and they *will* feel it.

But now then! It was impossible to avoid using *tu* between Louise and Maurice. It would have thrown cold water on it in French. So I did something that was illogical in real life and logical from the artistic point of view. The intelligent reader will understand, fools will not notice the inconsistency. But the Ephie family, mother and daughters, must say *vous* to each other. They are Americans, and readers of English novels are used to seeing Anglo-Saxons never use *tu*.

The Germans use *tu* among themselves and with the English with whom they speak German; nothing could be more natural.

So the only twisting of the truth of matters concerns only Maurice and Louise. But the advantages are so great that hesitation is not permitted. By doing otherwise we would be removing three quarters of the effectiveness of the dialogue that takes place between them, especially in the acute phase of their relationship.

Come back quickly. I will be ready for your return. Good luck, bon voyage and warmest wishes

P. Solanges

178. 24 September 1912

Pegli Ligure – Multedo
Villa Negrone

24 septembre 1912

Cher Monsieur

Ainsi que je vous l'ai déjà dit dans ma dernière lettre, l'incertitude où je suis de pouvoir vous écrire poste restante à Sydney me fait vous adresser cette lettre à Londres. Là on saura s'il est encore temps ou non de la faire suivre.

Je me trouve avec vous dans une situation analogue à celle où je me trouve avec mon fils et je ne sais que me décourager quand je pense à tout le temps qu'il faut pour avoir la réponse à la lettre que je suis en train d'écrire.

Je n'ai d'ailleurs rien de bien intéressant à vous dire. Je suis rentré à Multedo en très bonne santé, enchanté de mon petit voyage et de mes relativement modestes ascensions.[1362] Je suis en train de mettre de l'ordre dans mes paperasses et dans trois ou quatre jours je vais me remettre au travail de façon à pouvoir vous envoyer le reste de M.G. aussitôt que vous serez rentré à Londres.

Je puis bien vous en parler maintenant que vous êtes arrivé à plus de la moitié de votre voyage et familiarisé, sans aucun doute, avec l'idée de cette longue absence, mais j'ai été très impressionné par l'expression de vos sentiments avant votre départ. Si je ne vous en ai pas parlé c'est parce que cela n'aurait servi à rien. On aurait dit que vous aviez la conviction que la traversée tournerait mal pour vous. Or je ne m'expliquais pas cela chez vous qui prenez la mer simplement pour vous reposer. J'ai fini par me convaincre que l'origine de vos pressentiments se trouvait dans l'ennui que vous inspirait cette trop longue corvée et l'obligation de laisser là pour des mois toutes vos occupations.

Aujourd'hui cette disposition mauvaise doit avoir pris fin. Le repos forcé vous aura été salutaire et l'air de la mer vous aura sinon calmé du moins modifié les nerfs. Vous rentrerez vigoureux et les poches pleines de documents intéressants, avec un esprit vernis à neuf. C'est ce que je vous souhaite de tout cœur. Je vous juge d'ailleurs d'après moi, car si d'une part mon voyage est ridicule en comparaison du vôtre, d'autre part mon âge rétablit la balance. Je me sens un cerveau neuf. Toutefois j'ai dû me convaincre d'une chose: le temps des longs travaux est passé pour moi. Je traduirai peut-être *Death*, si cela vous convient, mais il vous faudra chercher un autre traducteur pour votre nouveau livre. Je le regrette plus que je ne saurais vous le dire, maintenant que je suis certain de pouvoir vous contenter. Le sentiment de mon impuissance m'est très pénible. Mais que faire si ce n'est savoir se résigner! — J'attends de vos nouvelles avec une grande impatience. À vous toujours et très cordialement

P. Solanges

ALS: NLA MS 133/12/394–95

Translation

24 September 1912

Dear Sir

As I have already told you in my last letter, the uncertainty I am in about being able to write to you poste restante in Sydney makes me address this letter to you in London. There, they will know if there is still time to send it on or not.

[1362] ascensions] ascencions MS

I find myself in a situation with you which is analogous to the one I am in with my son[1363] and I cannot help becoming discouraged when I think of all the time needed to get a reply to the letter I am writing.

Moreover I have nothing very interesting to tell you. I have returned to Multedo in very good health, delighted with my little trip and my relatively modest mountain climbs. I am in the process of putting my papers in order and in three or four days I will resume work so as to be able to send you the rest of M.G. as soon as you have returned to London.

I can talk to you about it now that you have reached the mid-point of your trip and are no doubt accustomed to the idea of this long absence, but I was very upset by your expression of your feelings before your departure. If I didn't speak to you of it, that's because it would have served no purpose. One might have said that you were convinced the voyage would turn out badly for you. Now I couldn't understand this from you who take to the sea simply for a rest. I ended up convincing myself that the origin of your premonitions was to be found in annoyance arising from this overlong chore and the need to leave aside all your work for months on end.

Today this bad mood must have come to an end. The forced rest will have been good for you and the sea air will have calmed you or at least modified your nerves. You will return in vigorous form, with your pockets full of interesting documents and your mind freshly varnished. This is what I wish you with all my heart. Moreover I am judging you by myself, since on the one hand if my trip is ridiculous compared to yours, on the other hand my age restores the balance. I feel I have a new brain. However I have had to convince myself of one thing: the time for long work is past for me. I will perhaps translate *Death*, if that suits you, but you will have to seek another translator for your new book. I regret this more than I could tell you, now that I am sure of being able to satisfy you. The feeling of powerlessness is very painful to me. But what can I do except resign myself to the fact!—I await news from you with great impatience. Ever very cordially yours

P. Solanges

179. 8 October 1912

Pegli Ligure – Multedo
Villa Negrone

8 octobre 1912

Cher Monsieur

Je suis sans nouvelles de vous depuis des siècles. J'attends avec impatience que vous m'annonciez que votre long voyage se poursuit dans de bonnes conditions.

[1363] Pierre Solanges was in Argentina from May 1910 until about May 1913. Although he is never mentioned by name in the correspondence, his French military record shows a change of address from Turin to Hôtel du Midi, Buenos Aires, in October 1912, and to Corrientes 32, Buenos Aires, in November 1912. He apparently was in Multedo about September 1913—see also a mention of his photograph in Letter 225 (26 August 1913)—and went to Benghazi in January 1914. (Cyrenaica had been ceded to Italy in 1912 after the Italo-Turkish War.) Pierre is later mentioned by his sister Marthe in Letters 258 (16 October 1914) and 260 (22 February 1920).

J'espère que vous aurez reçu mes cartes postales et mes lettres adressées à Melbourne et à Sydney—poste restante. Le dernier signe de vous qui me soit arrivé est de Colombo, 26.8.

Mes dernières lettres, je les ai envoyées à Londres d'abord parce que j'ignore si je dois vous écrire à Sydney, poste restante—je l'ai fait cependant au moins une fois—ensuite parce que—selon vos premières instructions—il doit être trop tard pour que mes lettres vous arrivent. Je pense que si mes lettres sont arrivées à Londres en temps utile, elles vous auront été réexpédiées.

De toute façon mes vœux de bon voyage et de prompt retour vous accompagnent.

Rien de bien intéressant à vous dire sur moi-même depuis que je suis de retour à Multedo. Relativement à notre travail, vous apprendrez avec plaisir que je m'y suis remis. J'ai revu quatre chapitres de la troisième partie. En continuant de la sorte, je pense avoir tout revu pour la fin de ce mois et tenir tout prêt à vous être envoyé à votre premier signe. Je reprendrai alors les corrections que vous m'avez déjà expédiées, et vers le 10 novembre je n'aurai plus qu'à attendre celles que vous m'enverrez. Je n'oublierai pas de joindre à mon envoi les chap. I et II de la *première* partie. Le chap. I vous l'avez déjà vu et corrigé mais n'importe. Vous aurez à voir le chap. II.

Dans une de mes dernières lettres, je vous ai posé une question à propos de *Aufwiedersehen* à laquelle je vous prie de ne pas oublier de répondre.

Je vous dirai franchement qu'en relisant la troisième partie, je suis, *jusqu'à présent*, assez content de moi. Voulez-vous savoir ce que ce petit avis d'amour propre me pousse à penser?

Je me dis que si vous aviez des loisirs et de l'argent de reste ce serait une bénédiction que vous puissiez venir passer deux mois ici pour que nous donnions ensemble le dernier coup de fion à M.G. En relisant avec vous, je débarrasserais ma conscience d'une foule de petits doutes sur des nuances, et nous aurions un M.G. français tout à fait bien. Il n'y a pas grand'chance que vous entendiez de cette oreille-là.

De toute façon le moment de la solution s'avance. Ce qui est comique c'est que nous n'avons même pas encore l'idée d'un éditeur.

Vous aurez su la mort tragique du pauvre Casimir Stryienski. C'est un excellent homme qui est parti et un bon appui que nous avons perdu.

À vous bien cordialement

P. Solanges

Je m'occupe de l'*intuitionnisme*[1364] (Bergson) du pragmatisme (W. James) et de la philosophie de Boutroux. Nul doute que vous ne connaissiez tout cela.

Encore à vous, ami lointain.

PS

Je rouvre ma lettre pour vous exposer, sur une page à part, un des petits doutes auxquels je fais allusion dans cette lettre. Vous jugerez.

ALS: NLA MS 133/12/396–97

[1364] intuitionnisme] intuitionisme MS

8 October 1912

Translation

8 October 1912

Dear Sir

I have had no news of you for centuries. I am waiting impatiently for you to announce to me that your long trip is continuing under good conditions.

I hope you have received my postcards and letters addressed to Melbourne and Sydney—poste restante. The last sign of you that reached me was from Colombo, 26.8.

I sent my last letters to London, firstly because I don't know if I should write to you in Sydney, poste restante—I did so at least once, however—and next because—according to your initial instructions—it must be too late for my letters to reach you. I think if my letters reached London in due course, they will have been forwarded to you.

At any rate my best wishes for a good trip and a speedy return go with you.

Nothing very interesting to tell you about myself since my return to Multedo. About our work, you will hear with pleasure that I have resumed it. I have revised four chapters of Part III. Continuing in this way, I think I will have revised everything by the end of this month and will hold everything ready to be sent to you at your first sign. I will then resume the corrections that you have already sent me, and towards 10th November I will only have to await those you will send me. I will not forget to include with my parcel Chapters I and II of Part *I*. You have already seen and corrected Chapter I but no matter. You will have to see Chapter II.

In one of my last letters, I asked you a question about *Aufwiedersehen* to which please don't forget to reply.

I will tell you frankly that in reading Part Three, *so far*, I am quite happy with myself. Would you like to know what this little note of pride prompts me to think?

I say to myself that if you had spare time and money left over, it would be a blessing if you were able to come and spend two months here so that we could give the finishing touch to M.G. together. By rereading it with you, I would relieve my conscience of a pile of little doubts about nuances, and we would have a very good French M.G. There is not much chance that you will listen to this with a favourable ear.

At any rate the moment for a solution is advancing. What is comical is that we don't yet have even an idea of the publisher.

You will have heard of the tragic death of poor Casimir Stryienski. An excellent man has left us, and we have lost a good source of support.[1365]

Most cordially yours

P. Solanges

I am taking an interest in *intuitionism* (Bergson), pragmatism (W. James) and Boutroux's philosophy.[1366] No doubt you know all these.

[1365] For references to support from Casimir Stryienski, see Letters 76 and 78 (16 and 17 April 1911).

Yours again, distant friend.

PS

I have reopened my letter to set out for you, on a separate page, one of the little doubts to which I alluded in this letter. You will decide.[1367]

180. 22 October 1912

Pegli Ligure – Multedo
Villa Negrone[1368]

22 octobre 1912

Cher Monsieur

J'ai reçu presque en même temps votre première carte de Melbourne et l'édition allemande de M.G. J'ai donc eu un double plaisir. Votre carte m'annonce une heureuse arrivée qui sera suivie d'un heureux séjour puisque vous êtes content de l'accueil qui vous a été fait. Le retour sera également bon et, je l'espère, moins secouant que l'aller. Dans un mois je commencerai à vous espérer.

L'édition allemande de M.G. est tout à fait réussie et Fischer[1369] vous a traité d'une façon digne de vous. Deux beaux volumes, bien imprimés sur bon papier et fort élégamment reliés. J'espère que vous serez content. L'édition anglaise est dépassée.

Quand j'irai à Paris j'emporterai ces volumes avec l'espoir que les éditeurs français seront pris d'émulation. Hélas! chez nous on est bien en retard et les éditeurs ne se piquent pas d'élégance. Il y a abus de production.

J'ai revu huit chap. de la 3^{e} partie. Il m'en reste cinq. Je reverrai ensuite les chap. I et II de la 1re partie. Tout cela sera prêt à vous être expédié. Ce travail fait je reverrai vos observations et il ne me restera qu'à vous attendre.

Buona permanenza e buon ritorno. Heureux voyageur! Je n'ai moi rien à faire qu'à

voir tourner mon ombre
À mes pieds.

comme la marguerite de Victor Hugo, avec laquelle d'ailleurs je n'ai pas d'autre point de ressemblance.

À vous toujours et très fidèlement

P. Solanges.

ALS: NLA MS 133/12/398–99

[1366] Solanges's reading, as illustrated here, shows him maintaining his active interest in the world of ideas.
For Bergson, see footnote 1345 to Letter 166 (18 June 1912).
William James (1842–1910), philosopher brother of novelist Henry James, and a leader of the Pragmatist movement; a collection of his essays had just been published under the title *Essays in Radical Empiricism* (1912). James was an enthusiastic reader of Bergson's works, and the two were firm friends.
Emile Boutroux (1845–1921), philosopher, whose most recent work was *Science et religion dans la philosophie contemporaine* (1908); he became a member of the Académie Française in 1912.

[1367] This note is one of the very few that have not survived.

[1368] This is the last occasion on which Solanges uses his letterhead.

[1369] Fischer] Fisher MS

Translation

22 October 1912

Dear Sir

I received your first card from Melbourne[1370] and the German edition of M.G. almost at the same time. So I had a double pleasure. Your card announces a happy arrival which will be followed by a happy stay since you are pleased with the welcome you received. The return will be just as good and, I hope, less turbulent than the journey out. In a month I will begin to hope for news from you.

The German edition of M.G. is most successful and Fischer has treated you in a fashion worthy of you. Two fine volumes, well printed on good paper and most elegantly bound. I hope you will be pleased. The English edition is surpassed.

When I go to Paris I will take these volumes with me in the hope that the French publishers will be moved to emulate it. Alas! over here we are quite behind and publishers don't pride themselves on elegance. There is an excess of production.

I have revised eight chapters of Part III. There are five left. I will then revise Chapters I and II of Part I. It will all be ready to be sent to you. Once this work is done, I will look over your observations and I will only have to wait for you.

Buona permanenza e buon ritorno.[1371] Lucky traveller! I myself have only to

voir tourner mon ombre
À mes pieds.[1372]

like Victor Hugo's daisy, with which besides I have no other point of resemblance.

Ever very faithfully yours

P. Solanges.

181. 8 November 1912

Multedo 8. nov. 1912

Cher Monsieur je reçois votre carte du 7 octobre avec la photographie d'un pays qui ressemble vaguement à Multedo. Et je me dis qu'il est dommage que votre voyage n'ait pu se borner à nos rivages. —Avant tout ne vous mettez pas en peine de ne pas m'avoir écrit. Je comprends trop bien quel est le genre d'existence que vous allez mener là-bas. —À votre retour vous trouverez à Londres pas mal de ma prose. Ne me répondez que peu à peu et à votre convenance. Il vous faudra du temps pour reprendre votre train de vie ordinaire. Vous allez retrouver l'Europe sens dessus

[1370] *HHRTL* 1:397 (16 September 1912).

[1371] Enjoy your stay and a happy return (Italian).

[1372] voir tourner mon ombre à mes pieds: see my shadow turn at my feet. This may be an allusion from memory to Victor Hugo's poem "Unité" (*Les Contemplations* XXV, 1856):
Par-dessus l'horizon aux collines brunies, | Le soleil, cette fleur des splendeurs infinies, | Se penchait sur la terre à l'heure du couchant; | Une humble marguerite, éclose au bord d'un champ, | Sur un mur gris, croulant parmi l'avoine folle, | Blanche, épanouissant sa candide auréole; | Et la petite fleur, par-dessus le vieux mur, | Regardait fixement, dans l'éternel azur, | Le grand astre épanchant sa lumière immortelle. | — Et moi, j'ai des rayons aussi! — lui disait-elle.
There is no other relevant use of the word *marguerite* in Hugo's opus (Brunet 740, 3341).

dessous, j'en ai peur. Et si la grande catastrophe arrive une de ses conséquences sera de renvoyer la publication de notre M.G. aux calendes grecques! Speriamo bene.

J'ai fini de revoir la 3e partie; elle est prête à vous être expédiée avec les deux premiers chapitres. Je vais passer à celles de vos corrections qui me restent à faire en attendant celles que vous m'enverrez. —Après quoi il ne restera plus qu'à commencer les démarches. Je voudrais être sûr de pouvoir le faire tranquillement ce printemps.

Bonne traversée, bonne arrivée. Rapportez-nous de la chance.

Votre affectionné

PS.

APCS (Plain postcard): NLA MS 133/12/400

Translation

8 November 1912

Dear Sir I have received your card of 7th October[1373] with the photograph of landscape vaguely resembling Multedo. And I say to myself that it's a shame your voyage could not confine itself to our shores. —Above all don't be bothered for not having written to me. I understand all too well the sort of existence you will be leading down there. —On your return you will find in London quite a deal of my prose. Reply only gradually and to suit your convenience. It will take time to resume your ordinary way of life. You will find Europe upside down, I am afraid. And if the great catastrophe arrives, one of its consequences will be to postpone the publication of our M.G. indefinitely.[1374] Speriamo bene.[1375]

I have finished revising Part III; it is ready to be sent to you with the first two chapters. I am going to move on to those of your corrections that remain to be done whilst awaiting those you will send. —After which it will only remain to begin approaching publishers. I would like to be sure of being able to do it calmly this spring.

Have a good crossing, and a good arrival. Bring us luck.

Your affectionate

PS.

182. 4 December 1912

Multedo le 4 décembre 1912

Cher Monsieur

Je vous souhaite la bien venue en Europe. Si vous n'êtes pas encore arrivé, il ne s'en faut sans doute pas de beaucoup.

[1373] This card has not survived.

[1374] The hostilities of the First Balkan War had begun on 8 October 1912, and Turkey was in the process of losing most of its remaining imperial possessions in Europe, including Albania and Macedonia, to the temporary allies Serbia, Bulgaria, Greece and Montenegro—a prelude to the First World War.
Solanges's prediction as to the effects of war on the chances of publication for his translation was well founded.

[1375] Let's hope for the best (Italian).

Vous allez avoir une rude tâche à votre débarquement et je vous plains de tout cœur en songeant à tout ce que vous allez avoir à faire avant de retrouver votre existence normale. C'est vous dire, à quel point je regrette d'être au nombre de vos tourmenteurs. C'est vous dire aussi que j'attendrai un signe de vous pour vous charger de travail. Aujourd'hui je veux vous avertir seulement que je suis prêt à vous envoyer tout ce que vous avez à revoir de M.G. À votre premier signe je vous enverrai donc:

1° Les trois premiers chapitres de la première partie. (Vous avez déjà vu le premier chap. mais vous désirerez sans doute le relire).

2° Toute la 3e partie.

J'ai ici les chap. 4. 5. 6. 7. 8. 9. 10 et 11. de la 1re partie déjà revus par vous. Veuillez examiner si, lorsque vous aurez entre les mains ce que je vous annonce, ce que nous posséderons[1376] l'un et l'autre forme bien *le tout*.

J'ai eu fort à travailler sur les premiers chapitres de la 1re partie. J'ai refait *complètement* le chap. II. Vous m'avez dit jadis que votre traducteur allemand a dû se battre avec ce commencement. Il m'a fallu en faire autant. Maintenant il me semble que cela va. Je crois aussi que vous ne serez pas mécontent de la troisième partie. À mon avis c'est la mieux réussie et il est bon qu'il en soit ainsi. Vous verrez à mes grattages et à mes ratures combien il m'a fallu travailler encore.

Je me recommande donc à votre indulgence, *à moins de contre sens*. J'estime qu'apporter des changements aux 3 premiers chap. de la première partie, ce serait les gâter. J'ai éprouvé une peine infinie à les établir tels qu'ils sont.

Il me tarde d'avoir un mot de vous qui m'annonce votre retour en bonne santé et qui me dise aussi que vous êtes plein d'une nouvelle ardeur. Attendrez-vous pour vous remettre à votre livre de vous être débarrassé de votre arriéré?

Quoi qu'il en soit I am at your disposal. Quand[1377] j'aurai tenu compte de vos corrections, nous parlerons d'autre chose. Il faudrait pourtant bien songer à faire personnellement connaissance.

Je voudrais que ce fût demain.

À vous toujours et très cordialement

P. Solanges.

De toute façon reposez-vous et ne vous assassinez pas de travail!

ALS: NLA MS 133/12/401–02

Translation

4 December 1912

Dear Sir

I wish you welcome to Europe. If you have not yet arrived, no doubt you are not far off.

You will have a tough task when you disembark and I pity you with all my heart when I think of everything you will have to do before resuming your normal

[1376] posséderons] possédrons MS
[1377] Quand] Quant MS

existence. This is to say how much I regret being numbered amongst your tormentors. This is also to say that I will await a sign from you before burdening you with work. Today I only want to inform you that I am ready to send you all of M.G. that you have to review. So at your first sign I will send you:

1. The first three chapters of Part I. (You have already seen the first chapter but you will no doubt want to read it again).

2. All of Part III.

I have here Chapters 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10 and 11 of Part I already reviewed by you. When you have what I am announcing in your hands, please check to see whether what we each possess really forms *the whole*.

I had to do a lot of work on the first chapters of Part I. I have *completely* rewritten Chapter II. You once told me that your German translator had to battle with this beginning. I had to do as much. Now it seems to be all right. I think also that you will not be discontented with Part III. In my opinion it is the most successful and it is good that this is so. You will see by my erasures and deletions how much more work I had to do.

So I commend myself to your indulgence, *except in the case of mistranslations*. I believe that making changes in the first 3 chapters of Part I would mean spoiling them. I underwent infinite trouble to arrange them as they are now.

I am longing for a word from you to announce your return in good health and also to tell me that you are full of new ardour. Will you wait to get rid of your backlog before starting your book again?

Whatever the case I am at your disposal. When I have taken your corrections into account, we will speak of other things. However we *will* have to think of making acquaintance personally.

I wish it would happen tomorrow.

Ever very cordially yours

P. Solanges.

At any rate take a rest and don't murder yourself with work!

183. 13 December 1912

Multedo le 13 Xmbre 1912

Cher Monsieur

J'ai été bien inspiré et ma dernière lettre a dû vous arriver à peu près pour vous souhaiter la bienvenue à Londres. Voici donc terminé ce voyage si long qui n'était pas sans vous causer quelques vagues inquiétudes et vous voilà chez vous réinstallé, avec une provision de bonne santé. Tâchez au moins de faire en sorte de la ménager et de ne pas vous livrer à des excès de travail.

J'ai été heureux d'apprendre le bon accueil que vous avez reçu là-bas, sans m'en étonner. J'en conclus que le portrait que vous m'avez jadis fait de vous-même manque de ressemblance et que vous êtes bon psychologue seulement lorsqu'il s'agit des autres. Vous ne voulez pas envisager le moment où vous soumettriez ce portrait à

mon contrôle personnel. Je n'insiste pas et m'en remets au temps pour accomplir ce miracle. Ne m'en veuillez pas de cette pointe innocente.

(Pendant que je vous écris, je reçois les chap. XII et XIII de M.G. Merci.)

Je dois vous dire que je me suis décidé à refaire une bonne partie du chap. III de la 1re partie. Je tiens à ce que ces trois premiers chapitres, si importants, représentent ce que je puis faire de mieux. Vous les recevrez sous peu. Je vous renouvelle ma prière de ne pas trop vous attacher au détail. Ces chapitres m'ont donné une peine infinie et les changements qui ne sont pas tout à fait indispensables ne peuvent que nuire à l'ensemble.

Quand vous aurez un peu de temps à vous, veuillez jeter un coup d'oeil sur les lettres que je vous ai écrites depuis votre départ. Je vous ai adressé quelques questions dont je désire avoir la réponse. L'une d'entre elles se rapporte à *aufwiedersehen*. Je préférerais le mettre en français, au moins là où cela se peut faire sans inconvénient.

Je comprends qu'avec la masse de travail que vous avez devant vous, il est nécessaire pour vous d'expédier vos lettres le plus vite possible, cependant il faut bien que je vous prie de vous rappeler qu'il m'est difficile, très difficile, de vous lire quand votre main galope un peu trop. Je ne voudrais rien perdre de ce que vous me dites.

Je vous ai accusé réception du M.G. allemand. J'ai admiré l'édition, mais je dois me borner là, et la conserver comme un souvenir de vous sans essayer de lire. De l'allemand, je ne sais hélas que quelques mots. Je suis indigné de ce que vous me dites de la façon dont sont conçues les critiques des journaux. Ces gens-là sont idiots. Mais soyez sûr que le livre tombera en de meilleures mains. Il suffit d'un bon article pour que le livre soit apprécié comme il mérite de l'être et cet article ne peut manquer de paraître. Personne ne le souhaite plus que moi, en dehors de toute considération personnelle.

Vous me ferez un vrai plaisir si vous voulez bien, avant tout, revoir les trois premiers chapitres de la Part I et me les retourner avec vos notes. Je ferai les corrections et je pourrai mettre de côté toute la première partie. Je l'enfermerai dans une armoire en m'interdisant de la relire, car autrement je me remettrais à *améliorer* et je finirai par *gâter*. Les dernières corrections devront se faire seulement sur les épreuves (le jour béni où je les recevrai!).

Vous avez eu me dites-vous bien des jours ensoleillés. Malheureusement pour vous, c'est le tour de votre traducteur. Figurez-vous que depuis le 12 septembre, je n'ai vu que dix jours de pluie; depuis le 20 novembre temps splendide. Je vois tous les matins en m'habillant, vers 7h½, le magnifique spectacle du soleil sortant de la mer. Je ne vous le dirais pas, trouvant cela peu délicat, si vous n'aviez pris, vous-même, un aussi long bain de soleil.

Mille et mille choses cordiales et à bientôt

Votre

P. Solanges

ALS: NLA MS 133/12/403–04

Translation

13 December 1912

Dear Sir

I was well inspired and my last letter must have reached you almost in time to wish you welcome to London. So now it is at an end, this long voyage which caused you some vague worries, and here you are settled in at home again, with a store of good health. Try at least to treat it carefully and not to give yourself over to excesses of work.

I was happy to learn of the kind welcome you received down there, without being surprised about it. I conclude from it that the portrait you once made me of yourself is not a good likeness and that you are a good psychologist only in regard to others. You don't wish to contemplate the moment when you would submit this portrait to my personal verification. I will not insist and I leave it to time to accomplish this miracle. Don't hold this pointed but innocent remark against me.

(Whilst I am writing to you, I have received Chapters XII and XIII of M.G. Thankyou.)

I must tell you I have decided to rewrite a good part of Chapter III of Part I. I am anxious for these first three chapters, which are so important, to represent the best I can do. You will receive them shortly. I renew my request to you not to be too attached to the details. These chapters gave me infinite trouble and changes which are not absolutely indispensable can only harm the whole.

When you have a little time to yourself, please glance over the letters I have written you since your departure. I sent you a few questions to which I would like a reply. One of them is related to *aufwiedersehen*. I would prefer to put it in French, at least where it can be done without any difficulty.

I understand that with the mass of work you have in front of you, you have to send your letters as quickly as possible, however I must ask you to remember that it is difficult, very difficult, for me to read you when your hand runs a little too fast. I wouldn't like to lose anything you tell me.

I have acknowledged receipt of the German M.G. I admired the finished product, but I must confine myself to that, and keep it as a memento of you without trying to read it. I know, alas! only a few words of German. I am indignant at what you tell me about how the newspaper criticisms are couched. Those people are idiots. But rest assured the book will fall into better hands. A good article will suffice for the book to be appreciated as it deserves to be, and this article is bound to appear. No-one wishes for it more than me, quite aside from any personal considerations.

You will do me a real favour if you will, above all, review the first three chapters of Part I and return them to me with your notes. I will do the corrections and will be able to put aside all of Part I. I will close it in a cupboard and forbid myself to read it again, since otherwise I would start *improving* it again and would end up *spoiling* it. The last corrections will have to be done only on the proofs (the blessed day when I receive them!).

You have had sunny days, you say. Unfortunately for you, it's your translator's turn. Imagine, since 12th September, I have seen only ten rainy days; since 20th November, splendid weather. Every morning when I get dressed, at 7.30, I see the magnificent spectacle of the sun rising from the sea. I would not tell you this, since it is not very tactful, unless you had yourself taken such a long sunbathe.

Cordial best wishes, till next time

Yours

P. Solanges

184. 20 December 1912

Multedo le 20. Xmbre 1912

Cher Monsieur

J'ai reçu votre très bonne lettre du 16 Xmbre. De votre côté, vous devez avoir entre les mains les trois premiers chapitres. Si oui, rien n'est perdu et nous sommes à cheval.

Je voulais vous envoyer de suite plusieurs chapitres de la Part III, mais j'ai cru devoir les relire et cela m'a entraîné à tant de corrections que j'ai dû retranscrire une partie du texte. Vous verrez combien de ratures et combien de pages recopiées.

Pour votre compte ne vous pressez pas. Mes éternelles retouches vous assurent du temps. Quant à vos corrections j'en tiendrai compte en toute conscience prêt à vous soumettre les cas où j'aurai des hésitations. Ne vous mettez pas en peine pour moi. Quant à retrancher les phrases que vous me signalez, (je n'ai pas encore vu vos notes) je ne le ferai que lorsque ma conscience me dira clairement that it would not be a pity.

Pris note pour *auf wiedersehen*. Je suis content d'avoir deviné pourquoi vous vous êtes servi de ce mot en allemand. Notre au *revoir* en est la traduction littérale. Je vous ai écrit encore relativement au tutoiement entre Maurice et Louise. Pour cela nous étions d'accord. Mais je vous disais que j'ai conservé le *vous* entre Ephie, sa mère et sa sœur pour laisser de la saveur anglaise. Il en faut. Sommes-nous d'accord?

Je ne veux plus vous taquiner au sujet de notre entrevue. Il en sera ce que vous voudrez. Si le jour où nous nous verrons vous avez devant vous un cacochyme, ce sera votre faute. Quant à vos considérations sur vous-même, vous me laisserez bien la liberté d'être juge. Vous êtes un terrible homme! D'ailleurs je respecte votre superstition et saurai attendre puisqu'il n'y a pas moyen de faire autrement.

Je vous envoie tous mes meilleurs vœux pour 1913. Prenez-les comme ils sont, sincères et affectionnés.

Votre

P. Solanges.

Je vous ai parlé de mon ami de Londres qui m'envoie chaque année un joli livre à Noël. Cette année c'est un gros volume bien illustré par C.E. Brock et intitulé *The Broad Highway*. Je n'en ai lu que deux chapitres. Cela me paraît de la littérature légère mais souple et spirituelle. Si vous savez quelque chose de l'auteur Jeffery Farnol, vous me ferez plaisir de m'en parler.

Encore à vous

P. Solanges.

ALS: NLA MS 133/12/405–06

Translation

20 December 1912

Dear Sir

I have received your very kind letter of 16th December. For your part, you must have the first three chapters in your hands. If so, nothing is lost and we are well on the way.

I wanted to send you several chapters of Part III at once, but I felt obliged to reread them and that led to so many corrections that I had to retranscribe part of the text. You will see how many deletions and rewritten pages there are.

For your part, don't be in a hurry. My everlasting alterations ensure you have time. As for your corrections, I will take them conscientiously into account, ready to submit to you the cases where I am hesitant. Don't put yourself to any trouble for me. As for cutting out the sentences you indicate to me, (I have not yet seen your notes) I will only do so when my conscience tells me clearly that it would be a pity not to.[1378]

Noted for *auf wiedersehen*. I am pleased to have guessed why you used this word in German. Our *au revoir* is its literal translation. I wrote to you also about the use of *tu* between Maurice and Louise. We were in agreement on this. But I was telling you that I had retained the *vous* between Ephie, her mother and her sister so as to leave an English flavour. It needs it. Are we agreed?

I don't wish to tease you any more about our meeting. It will be as you wish. If you have an old dodderer[1379] before you on the day we see each other, it will be your fault. As for your observations about yourself, you will kindly leave me free to judge for myself. You are a terrible man! Moreover I respect your superstition and will be able to wait since there is no means of doing otherwise.

I send you all my best wishes for 1913. Take them as they are, sincere and affectionate.

Yours

P. Solanges.

I have spoken to you of my London friend who sends me a nice book each year at Christmas. This year it is a big book well illustrated by C.E. Brock[1380] entitled *The Broad Highway*. I have only read two chapters. It seems to be lightweight literature, but fluid and witty. If you know anything about the author Jeffery Farnol, you would do me a favour by speaking to me of him.[1381]

Yours again

P. Solanges.

185. 26 December 1912

Multedo le 26 Xmbre 1912

[1378] Last two words inverted by the editor, correcting Solanges's mistaken English—compare the transcript of the French original above.

[1379] In her reply of 28 December 1912, HHR misinterprets Solanges's *cacochyme* (old dodderer) as *cauchemar*, nightmare: "nightmare!—no, that I cannot allow" (*HHRTL* 1:425).

[1380] Charles Edmund Brock (1870–1938), portrait painter and illustrator.

[1381] Jeffery Farnol (1878–1952), English author. His first successful novel, *The Broad Highway* (London: Sampson Low, 1910), was followed by other romantic adventure stories in period settings. A condensed version was published in "Barbara Cartland's library of love" in 1978.

26 December 1912

Cher Monsieur

En proie aux lettres et aux cartes de fin d'année je veux pourtant (en vous envoyant tous mes meilleurs vœux encore une fois, pour 1913) vous accuser réception du manuscrit arrivé en bon état.

Voici mon programme. J'ai mis de côté tout ce que j'ai de M.G, avec vos notes. Je reverrai tout cela dès que j'aurai fini de vous expédier la part III.

Dans quelques jours vous recevrez les deux premiers chapitres; les autres suivront rapidement. Pardonnez-moi ce retard dû à un excès de conscience. Comme je vous l'ai dit, je relis en corrigeant et cela me prend des journées. En somme quand ce sera fini, cela ne sera pas trop mauvais.

Ne travaillez pas trop.

Je crois qu'on dit vraiment *temps* d'une symphonie (allegro. andante. Adagio etc etc). Je vais m'en assurer. *Mouvement* en français ne signifie que l'allure, celle que l'on peut établir avec le métronome, par exemple.

Cordialement à vous

P. Solanges.

ALS: NLA MS 133/12/407–08

Translation

26 December 1912

Dear Sir

Though I have fallen prey to end-of-year letters and cards (and whilst sending you once again all my best wishes, for 1913), I still want to acknowledge receipt of the manuscript which has reached me in good condition.

Here is my program. I have put aside all of M.G. that I have, with your notes. I will review all that as soon as I have finished sending you Part III.

In a few days you will receive the first two chapters; the others will follow rapidly. Forgive me this delay, which is due to overconscientiousness. As I have told you, I make corrections while I reread, and it takes me days. In sum, when it is finished, it won't be too bad.

Don't work too hard.

I believe one really says *temps* for a symphony (allegro. andante. Adagio etc etc).[1382] I will check this. *Mouvement* in French only means the speed, such as can be ascertained with a metronome, for example.

[1382] This is either a reference to the phrase "the concluding movement of Beethoven's Fifth Symphony" at *MG* 5 (I.1 was returned to Solanges by HHR on 21 December 1912) or to "the whole of the opening movement" at *MG* 417 (Solanges sent III.4 to HHR about the first week of January). Solanges is correct in thinking of *mouvement* as referring initially to the speed of a piece as measured by the metronome, but does not take into account the extended meaning, defined by *Le petit Robert* for example as "partie d'une œuvre musicale devant être exécutée dans tel ou tel mouvement."
Solanges obviously contacted his friend (and accomplished pianist) Christine de Noüe on this question, for she wrote to him on 11 January 1913:
"Caro amico, j'ai copié cela dans le grand Larrousse [sic] que je possède (8 volumes), mais à dire vrai, c'est pour l'acquit de ma conscience. Moi, je vous répondrais que les différentes parties

Cordially yours

P. Solanges.

186. 28 December 1912

Multedo 28.12.912

Merci de votre bonne carte. Tout va bien. All right! Vous m'envoyez Pompéi, je vous retourne Rome.

Demain je mettrai sans doute à la poste les trois premiers chap. de la Part III.

Bon 1913 et conservez-moi votre amitié ... à distance.

Votre

P. Solanges

APCS (View: L'Isola Tiberina, Roma): NLA MS 133/12/409

Translation

28 December 1912

Thankyou for your kind card. All is well. All right! You send me Pompeii, I am sending you Rome in return.

Tomorrow no doubt I will post the first three chapters of Part III.

Best wishes for 1913 and retain your friendship for me ... at a distance.

Yours

P. Solanges

187. 30 December 1912

Multedo 30.12.912

Cher Monsieur

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d'une symphonie s'appellent (selon le genre des morceaux) allegro, adagio, scherzo, allegretto, presto etc. En tête des morceaux, je n'ai jamais vu d'autres indications que celle du métronome—voilà ce qui désigne le mouvement. Prenons la symphonie héroïque que j'ai sous les yeux

1er morceau	allegro con brio	60 metr
2º ”	adagio assai	80 metr
3º ”	scherzo	116 metr
4º ”	allegro molto	76 metr

Cela n'empêche que je me renseignerai auprès de professionnels de l'harmonie, me méfiant de mon incompétence sur le mot «mouvement» que je ne comprends qu'avec le qualificatif. J'ai voulu vous répondre d'abord, ne fût ce qu'une ineptie pour vous prouver que vous me trouverez toujours même avec la *clé de sol* … on verra plus tard."

Her extract from *Le grand Larousse* included the definition: "Morceau d'une œuvre qui en comprend plusieurs: le premier mouvement d'une symphonie."

On 27 January, she wrote again:

"J'ai reposé la question du temps et mouvement à une personne qualifiée pour me renseigner. Il n'y a aucun doute. Le mot temps ne s'emploie en musique que pour la division de la mesure et il faudrait dire «Je suis arrivé en retard au concert et seulement pour le troisième morceau de la symphonie en ut etc». Quant au mouvement il est désigné par le métronome et les expressions italiennes qui n'ont, je pense, aucun secret pour vous!! Ce n'est rien de faire cette correction dans votre traduction" (ASF).

30 December 1912

Merci de votre dernière carte. Tout va bien. Prenez votre temps, nous ne sommes plus très loin du port.

Je mets aujourd'hui à la poste les trois premiers chap. de la Part III.

Une petite observation: page 410 *du livre* anglais, ligne 22. By day etc. Il me semble que la relation manque entre la première phrase (*By day the sensations* ... et la seconde. *He needed only to be* ...) et qu'il faut quelque chose pour que le sens suive tout à fait clairement. J'ai ajouté *en revanche*. Dites-moi si cela va bien, je vous prie.

Dans une de vos dernières lettres, vous me dites que j'ai fait au chap. II, Part I, des adjonctions que vous approuvez. —Où? Je n'ai ajouté que le *puritanisme étroit* de la mère de Maurice, mais vous vous souviendrez que nous étions d'accord pour cela.

Il me semble que les chap. que je vous envoie aujourd'hui ne vont pas mal, mais j'ai refait bien des pages!

Ne me répondez pas pour le Broad[1383] High Way de J. Farnol.[1384] Je sais maintenant ce que cela vaut. Quand je vous ai écrit je n'avais lu que quelques pages. Je continue cependant parce que cela m'apprend de nouvelles tournures de phrases en anglais et que je m'amuse à déchiffrer le patois des paysans.

Encore mille souhaits et cordialement à vous

P. Solanges.

ALS: NLA MS 133/12/410–11

Translation

30 December 1912

Dear Sir

Thankyou for your last card. All is well. Take your time, we are not very far from port now.

I am posting today the first three chapters of Part III.

A small observation: page 410 of the English *book*, line 22. By day etc. The connection seems to be missing between the first sentence (*By day the sensations* ... and the second. *He needed only to be* ...) and something is needed so that the meaning can flow quite clearly. I have added *en revanche*.[1385] Tell me if this is all right, please.

In one of your last letters, you tell me I have made additions to Chapter II, Part I, which you approve of. —Where? I have only added the *narrow puritanism* of Maurice's mother, but you will recall that we agreed on this.

The chapters I am sending you today seem not bad, but I have rewritten a lot of pages!

Don't reply to me about J. Farnol's Broad High Way. I know now what it is worth. When I wrote to you I had read only a few pages. I am continuing however, because it is teaching me new turns of phrase in English and I am having fun deciphering the peasants' dialect.

[1383] Broad] Brod MS
[1384] Farnol] Farrol MS
[1385] en revanche: on the other hand.

Again my warmest best wishes, cordially yours

P. Solanges.

188. 1 January 1913

Multedo le 1er janvier 1913

Cher Monsieur et ami

Bonne année et de tout cœur. Espérons que nous n'aurons pas en 1913 d'autre bataille de Leipzig que celle que l'infortuné M.G. livre à la vie dans cette ville.

J'ai lu ce matin votre lettre du 28 (reçu et lu). J'ai deux choses à y répondre et même trois choses:

1° Ma demande relative à vos observations sur les chap. I et II de la Part I n'était que pour vous prier de les faire aussi peu nombreuses que possible. C'eût été de ma part un procédé au moins singulier que d'avancer la prétention de n'en pas recevoir. Envoyez-moi donc celles que vous tenez en réserve avec la certitude que j'en tiendrai compte à votre satisfaction.

2° Vous marchez très rapidement et j'ai peine à vous suivre. La lecture du chap. IV—part. III m'a fait faire tant de ratures qu'il va me falloir recopier quatre ou cinq pages. Cela est plus fort que ma volonté. Je vous promets seulement de faire aussi vite que possible. Soyez patient et songez qu'à cette époque de l'année j'ai une foule de lettres et de cartes à envoyer. C'est abominable, mais je n'y puis rien. Soyez sûr d'ailleurs que je serai en règle pour ce printemps.

3° Il faut que vous ayez la certitude que quand je donne ma sympathie elle est assurée contre toute altération ou diminution. Laissez-moi donc vous reprocher de prendre trop au sérieux d'innocentes plaisanteries. Je suis par nature un peu *taquin*, mais mes taquineries sont tout ce qu'il y a de plus dépourvu de malice et vous me feriez tort d'y trouver le moindre manque de cette sympathie dont je vous ai donné la preuve en me consacrant à vous et à votre œuvre.

Je résume ce que nous avons dit dans nos dernières lettres. J'aurais désiré vous connaître, sûr que je suis que le contact ne peut qu'accroître les bons sentiments que je me sens pour vous. Vous êtes d'un avis différent et je m'incline *sans l'ombre de mauvaise humeur* bien qu'avec regret. Nous nous verrons quand vous le voudrez et je vous promets de ne plus vous taquiner à ce sujet, comme aussi de n'éprouver pour cela aucune modification de mes sentiments à votre égard. Cela va-t-il bien ainsi?

Un dernier mot pourtant et comprenez que maintenant je plaisante un peu. Vous souvenez-vous des fameuses *traps*? Vous m'avez averti jadis que plus tard je m'apercevrais de quelques *traps* venant de vous. Vous avez donc volontairement ouvert le champ à mes conjectures. Ce qui arrive est un peu votre faute et vous ne devrez pas vous étonner du désir que j'ai (en dehors des considérations générales) de me trouver en face de Henry Handel Richardson en chair et en os.

Ne vous fâchez pas, j'ai fini.

Mille bonne amitiés et encore autant de vœux pour l'année qui commence de votre affectionné

P. Solanges.

Merci pour vos renseignements sur l'auteur du *Broad Highway*. Comme je vous l'ai dit, je suis fixé sur la valeur de ce roman qui aurait fait[1386] sourire de pitié le bon vieil Alexandre Dumas père. J'irai jusqu'au bout comme étude d'un certain genre d'anglais. N'y donnez même pas un coup d'oeil.

Romain Rolland a donné le dernier volume de *Jean Christophe*. Hélas! cette série si bien commencée finit en rien du tout!

———————

J'oublie de vous dire que ma santé est excellente. —Merci.

———————

En relisant encore votre lettre je vois que vous me parlez du chap. III part I. —Ce que je vous dis au début de cette lettre se rapporte donc à ce chapitre.

ALS: NLA MS 133/12/412–13

Translation

1 January 1913

Dear Sir and friend

I wish you a happy new year, with all my heart. Let's hope we won't have any other Battle of Leipzig in 1913 than the battle the unfortunate M.G. has with life in that town.[1387]

I read this morning your letter of the 28th (received and read it). I have two and even three things to reply to.

1. My request about your observations on Chapters I and II of Part I was only to ask you to make them as few as possible. It would have been at the least a singular procedure on my part to pretend not to accept any. So send me those you are holding in reserve with the certainty that I will take them into account to your satisfaction.

2. You are moving very rapidly and I am having difficulty in keeping up. The reading of Chapter IV—Part III made me make so many deletions that I am going to have to copy out four or five pages again. I can't help it. I promise only that I'll be as quick as possible. Be patient and remember that at this time of year I have a mass of letters and cards to send. It's abominable, but there's nothing I can do about it. But rest assured that I will be right for this spring.

3. You must be certain that when I give someone my friendship, it is assured against any alteration or diminution. So let me reproach you for taking innocent jokes too seriously. I am a bit of a *tease* by nature, but my teasing is completely free of malice and you would do me wrong to find in it the least lack of that friendship which I have proved to you by devoting myself to you and your work.

[1386] fait] faire MS

[1387] The Battle of Leipzig, also known as the Battle of the Nations, marked the end of Napoleon's power east of the Rhine. From 16 to 19 October 1813, the French armies fought those of Austria, Russia, Prussia and Sweden; losses on both sides amounted to more than 100,000. The battle was followed by the invasion of France in early 1814, the capture of Paris, and Napoleon's exile to the island of Elba. One means of marking the centenary was the erection of a battlefield monument in October 1913.

I will sum up what we have said in our last letters. I would have liked to get to know you, safe in the knowledge that contact can only increase the kind feelings I have for you. You have a different opinion and I yield *without the least ill humour*, although regretfully. We will meet when you wish, and I promise not to tease you again about this, as also to feel no consequent change in my feelings towards you. Is this all right?

One last word, however, and be aware that now I am joking a little. Do you remember your famous *traps*? You warned me once that I would later notice a few *traps* set by you. So you voluntarily opened the way to my conjectures. What is happening is partly your fault, and you mustn't be surprised at my desire (general considerations aside) to find myself face to face with Henry Handel Richardson in the flesh.

Don't get angry, I have finished.

Warmest regards, and best wishes for the year which is beginning, from your affectionate

P. Solanges.

Thanks for your information on the author of the *Broad Highway*. As I have told you, I have made up my mind on the worth of this novel, which would have made good old Alexandre Dumas senior smile with pity.[1388] I will finish it as a study of a certain kind of English. Don't even glance at it.

Romain Rolland has published the last volume of *Jean Christophe*. Alas! this series which began so well finishes in nothing at all!

———————

I was forgetting to tell you that my health is excellent. —Thanks.

———————

Reading your letter again, I see that you were speaking to me of Chapter III, Part I. —What I tell you at the beginning of this letter is therefore related to that chapter.

189. 6 January 1913

Multedo 6. janvier 913

Cher Monsieur, demain je mettrai à la poste les chap. V et VI de la Part III; Il y a encore plusieurs pages que j'aurais désiré recopier, mais je n'en puis plus!

Vous les recevrez donc pleines de surcharges et de grattages. Si je ne me force pas à vous faire les expéditions, je n'en finirai jamais.

J'espère que les trois premiers chapitres sont entre vos mains.

Mille bonnes amitiés. Je suis très fatigué et vais me reposer jusqu'à demain.

[1388] Alexandre Dumas *père* (1802–70), novelist and playwright, is one of the most widely read of French authors. Among his best-known works are *The Count of Monte Cristo* and *The Three Musketeers* (both published in 1844), and one might also mention *Queen Margot* (1845), the basis of the 1994 film, directed by Patrice Chéreau and starring Isabelle Adjani. For his illegitimate son, Alexandre Dumas *fils*, see Letter 160 (10 April 1912).

Votre

P. Solanges.

Vous comprendrez par le manuscrit combien il y a de corrections et de pages recopiées. Cela vous rendra indulgent.

APCS (Plain postcard): NLA MS 133/12/414

Translation

6 January 1913

Dear Sir, tomorrow I will post Chapters V and VI of Part III; There are still several pages I would have liked to write out again, but I can't stand it any longer!

So you will receive them full of alterations and erasures. If I don't force myself to send you the consignments, I will never be finished with them.

I hope the first three chapters are in your hands.

Warmest regards. I am very tired and am going to rest until tomorrow.

Yours

P. Solanges.

You will understand from the manuscript how many corrections and rewritten pages there are. That will make you indulgent.

190. 9 January 1913

9 janvier 1913

Cher Monsieur

J'ai reçu le paquet, espérons que celui que je vous ai expédié vous sera bien arrivé.

Je suis en train de me battre avec le chapitre VI. Résultat: dix pages à recopier. Quand ce sera fait, et comme il est long, je vous l'enverrai pour vous faire prendre patience.

Merci de votre lettre et de tout ce que vous me dites de bon. Merci également pour votre bonne intention relative à un livre anglais. Je voudrais que quand il en paraît un qui mérite d'être lu vous me l'envoyiez, mais—permettez-moi de vous le dire en ami—pour mon compte. Cela *seulement* pour me mettre à mon aise.

It does not matter if these[1389] books are so insular; au contraire. Cela me les rend plus intéressants en augmentant le champ de mes études psychologiques. Merci d'avance et à vous bien cordialement.

Votre

P. Solanges.

Veuillez tourner la page.

Si, il s'agit bien d'une adjonction au chap. II Part I. —Vous vous souviendrez de m'avoir écrit, il y a très longtemps, au sujet du milieu *puritain* au milieu duquel Maurice a été élevé. Je vous ai alors répondu qu'il serait bon d'introduire ce mot dans

[1389] these] this MS

le chap. II, attendu qu'on ne le trouve qu'une fois dans le livre, et fort loin. Vous avez été de mon avis. En conséquence j'ai ajouté les mots que je souligne.

Page 16 ligne 6

To the mother, in her honest narrowness …

Pour la mère dans son honnête étroitesse *de puritaine* …

C'est tout, mais je crois que c'est suffisant.

Encore à vous.

PS.

ALS: NLA MS 133/12/415–16

Translation

9 January 1913

Dear Sir

I have received the packet, let's hope the one I sent you has arrived safely.

I am battling with Chapter VI. Result: ten pages to rewrite. When that is done, and since it is long, I will send it to you to make you be patient.

Thanks for your letter and all the kind things you say. Thanks also for your kind intention in regard to an English book. When a book appears that is worth reading, I would like you to send me it, but—let me tell you this as a friend—at my expense. This is *only* to put me at my ease.

It does not matter if these books are so insular; on the contrary. That makes them more interesting for me by increasing the scope of my psychological studies. Thanks in advance, most cordially yours.

Your

P. Solanges.

Please turn over.

Yes, it is indeed an addition to Chapter II Part I.[1390] —You will remember having written to me, a very long time ago,[1391] about the *puritan* milieu in the midst of which Maurice was brought up. I replied then that it would be good to insert this word in Chapter II, seeing that it appears only once in the book, much further on.[1392] You were of my opinion. Consequently I added the words I have underlined.

Page 16 line 6

To the mother, in her honest narrowness ...

Pour la mère dans son honnête étroitesse *de puritaine* ...

That's all, but I think it's sufficient.

Yours once more.

[1390] See Letter 187 (30 December 1912).

[1391] See Letter 121 (17 November 1911), HHR's reply of 28 November 1911 (*HHRTL* 1:264) and §48, Notes on I.2 (5 December 1910).

[1392] The word "puritanic" occurs in Part II, Chapters 8 (p. 291) and 9 (p. 312); "Puritan" is used only once, in Part III, Chapter 9 (p. 497), by Krafft—speaking of Madeleine.

PS.

191. 11 January 1913

11 janvier 913

Cher Monsieur

Je vous envoie le chap. VI. Vous verrez que huit pages ont été recopiées et refaites. Il aurait fallu en recopier encore quatre ou cinq, pour l'amour de la propreté, mais je n'en ai pas le courage. Je n'aurais rien à y changer et on peut les lire malgré les abominables grattages et les surcharges.

J'ai tenu à beaucoup soigner ce chapitre si important et d'une psychologie si nuancée. J'espère ne l'avoir pas trop gâté, ou alors je ne suis qu'un savetier. Selon moi, dans ce chapitre, la prose française n'est pas inférieure au dialogue.

Vous trouverez quelques mots ajoutés, peut-être quelques légers changements. N'en prenez point ombrage. Si j'ai bien suivi votre pensée soyez indulgent pour les détails. Vous comprendrez combien, pour des analyses aussi délicates, le premier résultat à obtenir est d'être limpide.

J'ai fini mon boniment. À bientôt deux autres chapitres.

Mille bonnes et sincères amitiés

P. Solanges.

Allez de l'avant sans inquiétudes avec votre nouveau livre. Je voudrais être aussi sûr de la valeur de ma traduction que je le suis de celle de votre œuvre future.

ALS: NLA MS 133/12/417–18

Translation

11 January 1913

Dear Sir

I am sending you Chapter VI. You will see that eight pages have been redone and copied out again. I should have copied out another four or five, for the sake of neatness, but I don't feel up to it. I would have nothing to change in them, and they are legible despite the abominable erasures and alterations.

I was anxious to take great care with this chapter, which is so important and so delicately balanced. I hope I haven't spoilt it too much, if so I am just a cobbler. In my opinion, in this chapter the French prose is not inferior to the dialogue.

You will find a few words added, perhaps some slight changes. Don't take offence at them. If I have closely followed your thinking, be indulgent on the details. In the case of such delicate analyses, you will understand that the primary goal is to be lucid.

I have finished my smooth talking. Two more chapters soon.

Warmest sincere regards

P. Solanges

Go ahead with your new book without worrying. I would like to be as sure of the worth of my translation as I am about your future novel.

192. 15 January 1913

Multedo le 15.1.913

Cher Monsieur

Voici le chap. VII avec huit pages refaites. J'aurais voulu le recopier tout entier, mais le temps presse étant donné que j'ai encore six chap. à vous remettre. I am very sorry to contradict you, but I have had no holiday.[1393] I have always been working for *our* M.G. Besides I got a very severe cold in spite of our glorious sun and perhaps for its sake. Now that this chapter is at an end I think I will remain in bed to morrow and let my old body at rest for thirty six hours.

Assez de cet anglais barbare.

J'ai revu avec un soin infini toute la psychologie de ce chapitre. En somme je n'en suis pas mécontent. Puisse-t-il en être de même de vous. Le chapitre VIII me prendra du temps. J'ai peur de devoir le récrire à peu près en entier. Mes corrections ne sont souvent que de légers coups de pinceau, mais si nombreux que je ne puis plus supporter certaines pages. Vos manuscrits sont-ils très nets quand vous les donnez à l'impression? Je crois volontiers que oui. D'ailleurs je ne veux pas que ma conscience ait rien à me reprocher à propos de votre œuvre que j'aime et admire tant.

J'ai fini le Broad Highway. Quel singulier livre à la fois absurde, enfantin, amusant, ennuyeux, lourd, léger. Mais en voilà un qui est insular à la fois et conventionnel. Ce qu'il a de bon et de divertissant, c'est le dialogue.

Vous me complimentez sur mon dialogue; very kind of you, but I would like to know something about ... about ... for instance about the translation de la psychologie. I am not fishing, to be sure, but I am afraid that you have found a great difference. Is it so?

Laissons cela. Cette longue lettre me rappelle le temps où nous discutions littérature philosophie etc. Il paraît que c'est fini. You have not changed[1394] your mind, I haven't changed[1395] mine. Why then? Is it the second colossus' fault? I think we are both very tired for having overworked.

Comme vous allez rire de ce galimatias. Pourquoi peut-on bien comprendre une langue et s'en servir si mal?

Very truly and faithfully[1396]

Yours

P. Solanges.

ALS: NLA MS 133/12/419–20

Translation

15 January 1913

Dear Sir

[1393] holiday] holyday MS
[1394] changed] change MS
[1395] haven't changed] havnt' change MS
[1396] faithfully] faithfuly MS

Here is Chapter VII with eight pages redone. I would have liked to copy it all out afresh, but time is short, inasmuch as I have another six chapters to submit to you. I am very sorry to contradict you, but I have had no holiday. I have always been working for *our* M.G. Besides I got a very severe cold in spite of our glorious sun and perhaps for its sake. Now that this chapter is at an end I think I will remain in bed to morrow and let my old body at rest for thirty six hours.

Enough of this barbaric English.

I have reviewed all the psychology in this chapter with infinite care. Overall I am not discontented with it. May it be the same with you. Chapter VIII will take me some time. I am afraid I may have to rewrite it almost entirely. My corrections are often only light strokes of the brush, but they are so numerous that I can no longer bear certain pages. Are your manuscripts very tidy when you hand them over to be printed? I readily believe so. Besides I don't want my conscience to have anything to reproach me with in relation to your novel, which I like and admire so much.

I have finished the Broad Highway. What a singular book, at once absurd, childish, amusing, tiresome, ponderous, lightweight. There is a book that is both insular and conventional. The good and diverting aspect of it is the dialogue.

You compliment me on my dialogue; very kind of you, but I would like to know something about ... about ... for instance about the translation of the psychology. I am not fishing, to be sure, but I am afraid that you have found a great difference. Is it so?

Let's leave that. This long letter reminds me of the time when we discussed literature, philosophy, etc. It seems to be over. You have not changed your mind, I haven't changed mine. Why then? Is it the second colossus' fault? I think we are both very tired for having overworked.

How you will laugh at this gibberish. Why can one understand a language well and use it so badly?

Very truly and faithfully

Yours

P. Solanges

193. 20 January 1913

20 janvier 1913

Cher Monsieur

Procédons par ordre:

Je suis guéri et sur pied. Mais comme le diable s'en mêle, mon mal au doigt est revenu. J'ai fini par découvrir que c'est une sorte d'engelure. Cela me console et me flatte un peu. Cela me console, car je redoutais un *whitlow*; cela me flatte, car l'engelure est un mal de l'enfance. Peut-être tombé-je en enfance après tout. Voilà qui ne me flatterait pas.

J'ai reçu votre bonne lettre. J'espère que le chap. VII[1397] vous sera arrivé aussi.

[1397] VII] VIII MS. Cf. four sentences later in this letter: "vous recevrez bientôt le chap. VIII," and the beginning of Letter 194 (24 January 1913).

J'ai reçu les deux livres. Merci, mais, tout compte fait, je suis un indiscret. Enfin j'accepte sans cérémonie et vous suis reconnaissant d'augmenter ma bibliothèque anglaise.

Vous recevrez bientôt le chap. VIII. Comme mon mal est à l'index de la main droite, cela me fait souffrir d'écrire. Je m'en suis aperçu en recopiant aujourd'hui les trois premières pages et je m'en aperçois en ce moment en vous écrivant. Je vous fais hommages de ma souffrance. Seulement j'en ai assez et vous recevrez le manuscrit avec ses ratures, sans quoi nous n'en finirions pas. Au fond, je voudrais avoir encore deux ou trois ans pour mettre M.G. au point. Mais il est probable qu'il serait inférieur à ce qu'il est maintenant.

Il faut que je vous tourmente encore en revenant sur une vieille question. Avez-vous des amis capables de répondre sincèrement à une question de votre part, même sachant qu'ils ne sont pas d'accord avec vous?

Si oui, demandez-leur (je suppose que vous avez[1398] confiance dans leur jugement) ce qu'ils pensent de la suppression de tout ce qui suit la mort de Maurice. —Vous allez m'envoyer à tous les diables, je vous y autorise. Ma conviction est si forte que la[1399] postface n'ajoute rien à la valeur psychologique du livre et amortit l'impression du dénouement que je reviendrai du fond de l'enfer pour vous le dire encore.

À propos, ne pouvez-vous me faire faire par quelqu'un un petit résumé en anglais de l'article de Leipzig? Cela m'enrage de n'en rien savoir, et en allemand je n'y comprendrais rien du tout.

Ne soyez pas fâché contre moi surtout. Mais ne laissez pas la question entre nous deux. Être l'auteur cela modifie la vue. Vous ne l'ignorez pas.

En vous parlant ainsi, je vous donne une preuve de l'amitié avec laquelle je suis

Votre

P. Solanges.

ALS: NLA MS 133/12/421–22

Translation

20 January 1913

Dear Sir

Let's take things one by one.

I am cured and on my feet. But as the devil is poking his nose in, my sore finger has returned. I have ended up discovering that it's a sort of chilblain. This consoles and flatters me a little. It consoles me, since I was afraid of a *whitlow*; it flatters me, since chilblains are a childhood problem. Perhaps I am falling into infancy after all. That's something that wouldn't flatter me.

I have received your kind letter. I hope Chapter VII has reached you as well.

I have received the two books. Thankyou, but, all things considered, I am indiscreet. Well I accept without ceremony and am grateful to you for enlarging my English library.

[1398] avez] avez aver MS
[1399] la] le MS

You will soon receive Chapter VIII. As it is my right forefinger which is sore, it hurts me to write. I noticed it today when copying out the first three pages, and I am noticing it now whilst writing to you. I offer you the tribute of my suffering. But I have had enough of it and you will receive the manuscript with its deletions, otherwise we would never be finished with it. In fact, I would like to have another two or three years to perfect M.G. But it's probable it would be inferior to what it is now.

I must torment you again by returning to an old question.[1400] Do you have friends capable of replying sincerely to a question from you, even if they know they do not agree with you?

If so, ask them (I suppose you have confidence in their judgement) what they think of the deletion of everything that follows Maurice's death. —You will tell me to go to the devil, I authorise you to do so. My conviction that the postscript adds nothing to the psychological worth of the book and deadens the impression of the denouement is so strong that I will come back from the depths of hell to tell you so again.

By the way, can you have someone make me a little summary in English of the Leipzig article? It maddens me to know nothing of it, and in German I would not understand any of it.

Above all don't be angry with me. But don't leave it an open question between the two of us. Being the author modifies one's view. You are well aware of that.

By speaking to you thus, I give you proof of the friendship with which I am

Yours

P. Solanges.

194. 24 January 1913

24 janvier 1913

Cher Monsieur

Le chap. VIII partira demain. Je reçois à l'instant votre carte m'accusant réception du chap. VII.

Comme vous le verrez, je n'ai pu m'empêcher de refaire bon nombre de pages. Je tenais à la meilleure traduction possible du dialogue entre Dove et Maurice ainsi que d'autres passages.

Je vous enverrais volontiers la fin du manuscrit telle[1401] qu'elle est, mais votre impression serait moins bonne. Je vais faire en sorte de recopier seulement ce qui est *indispensable*.

J'ai reçu aussi le troisième roman. Mille mercis encore une fois. La plus longue des deux novels serait *The street of to day*. J'en ai lu une cinquantaine de pages sans trouver de ressemblance avec la manière de M.G.—heureusement pour M.G!—sauf dans la dédicace *To Lucy*.

[1400] Solanges's first reference to this theme is in Letter 60 (7 February 1911).
[1401] telle] tel MS

Il s'agit sans doute de *He who passed*.

Nous verrons.

Mille bonnes amitiés

P. Solanges.

En supposant que mon appréciation ait une valeur, savez-vous qu'il est merveilleux qu'après le terrible travail de dissection auquel je me suis livré sur M.G., votre œuvre n'ait pas perdu pour moi un atome de la valeur que je lui ai donné de suite, ni un degré de la suggestion qu'elle a tout d'abord exercé sur moi!

ALS: NLA MS 133/12/423–24

Translation

24 January 1913

Dear Sir

Chapter VIII will leave tomorrow. I have this moment received your card acknowledging receipt of Chapter VII.

As you will see, I could not help redoing a good number of pages. I was anxious for the best possible translation of the dialogue between Dove and Maurice as well as other passages.

I would willingly send you the end of the manuscript as it stands, but your impression would not be as good. I will try to write out again only what is *indispensable*.

I have also received the third novel. A thousand thanks once again. The longest of the two novels would be *The street of to day*.[1402] I have read about fifty pages without finding any resemblance with the style of M.G.—happily for M.G!—except in the dedication *To Lucy*.

No doubt it is *He who passed*.[1403]

We will see.

Warmest regards

P. Solanges.

Supposing my assessment has any worth, do you know how marvellous it is that after the terrible work of dissection I have engaged in over M.G., your work has not lost an atom of the value for me that I immediately gave it, nor an ounce of the suggestive power it first held over me!

195. 26 January 1913

26 janvier 1913

Cher Monsieur

[1402] John Masefield, *The Street of To-day* (London: Dent, 1911).

[1403] To M.L.G., *He Who Passed* (London: Heinemann, January 1912). Republished in a popular edition in June 1914, again anonymously.

26 January 1913

J'ai reçu ce matin le paquet contenant la fin de la part II. Ce sont donc encore huit chap. que vous avez entre les mains. Guest junior réalise les aspirations de Guest senior: il voyage.

J'ai voulu essayer de faire selon vos indications pour les cinq chap. qui restent. En vain! Je ne peux pas vous envoyer la conversation entre Heinz et Madeleine sans l'avoir revue. C'est plus fort que moi. Excusez-moi donc. En somme la traduction y gagnera et ce qui sera fait ne sera pas à faire.

Je vous renouvelle ma recommandation pour mon adresse. Il faut écrire:

Pegli Ligure
Multedo

Ligure est un adjectif lequel signifie que Pegli fait partie de la Liguria. Multedo est une fraction de la petite ville de Pegli, située à un kilomètre plus près de Gênes.

Ne vous fatiguez pas à m'écrire *pour m'écrire*. Vous avez bien assez à faire sans cela.

C'est décidément *He who passed* dont la facture a quelque chose de la vôtre. Il y a même des passages où cela frappe. L'intonation générale a aussi beaucoup de rapport avec votre manière d'écrire. J'en suis au moment où la *Madame* de l'*institut de beauté* va épouser Heinrich. Jusqu'à présent le livre marche bien et me semble bon. Nous verrons plus tard, car ce n'est pas tout que de bien partir.

J'ai abandonné l'autre roman. Je le trouve rather langweilig.[1404] Et puis j'ai le cerveau fatigué.

Il m'arrive un ami de Paris. Il passera chez moi cinq ou six jours. Ce sera les vacances que je n'ai pas prises. Vous aurez le chap. IX dans une dizaine de jours et les autres suivront vite.

À vous bien cordialement

P. Solanges.

ALS: NLA MS 133/12/425–26

Translation

26 January 1913

Dear Sir

I received this morning the packet containing the end of Part II. So you have another eight chapters in your possession. Guest junior is achieving the aspirations of Guest senior: he is travelling.

I have tried to do as you indicated for the five remaining chapters. In vain! I cannot send you the conversation between Heinz and Madeleine without revising it. I can't help it. So excuse me. Overall the translation will gain by it, and what is done won't have to be done later.

I renew my recommendation to you about my address.[1405] You should write:

Pegli Ligure
Multedo

[1404] langweilig] langweilich MS.
[1405] Previously mentioned in Letter 107 (14 August 1911).

Ligure is an adjective which means that Pegli is part of Liguria. Multedo is a division of the small town of Pegli, one kilometre closer to Genoa.

Don't tire yourself by writing to me *for the sake of writing*. You have quite enough to do without that.

It's definitely *He who passed* whose construction has some resemblance to yours. There are even passages where it is striking. The general intonation is also closely related to your style of writing. I am up to the moment when the *Madame* from the *beauty salon* is going to marry Heinrich. So far the book is going well and it seems all right to me. We will see later, since a good beginning is not everything.[1406]

I have abandoned the other novel. I find it rather langweilig.[1407] And then again, my brain is tired.

A friend is arriving from Paris. He will spend five or six days here. They will be the holidays I didn't take. You will have Chapter IX in about ten days and the others will follow quickly.

Most cordially yours

P. Solanges.

196. 1 February 1913

1.2.913

Cher Monsieur

Reçu vos deux lettres. Merci cordialement.

C'est décidément un mal blanc que j'ai à l'index de la main droite. Je dois écrire avec le troisième doigt et le bras me fait souffrir. Excusez-moi donc et ne perdez pas votre temps à m'écrire. Consacrez-vous au colosse.

De plus mon ami de Paris est arrivé pour huit jours et le pis est que le temps est gris et froid. Je ne sais comment le distraire et occuper le temps! Enfin tout va mal.

Dès que je pourrai écrire, dans 3 ou 4 jours, je recopierai 4 pages du IX et vous l'enverrai.

Soyez tranquille tout sera prêt à temps.

Je dois vous avertir que dans le 9 j'ai dû modifier le paragraphe où Krafft parle du decay of the beauty. Votre phrase anglaise est construite de façon qu'on ne peut la reproduire en français. Je l'ai refaite au moins 20 fois. Le sens d'ailleurs reste exactement le même. (Voyez page 638 du manuscrit).

À bientôt. Excusez cette lettre qui doit seulement vous édifier sur la situation.

Votre affectionné

P. Solanges.

[1406] Solanges just cannot help making the wrong choice, it would seem! HHR corrects him on 28 January 1913 (*HHRTL* 1:447) by calmly pointing out the plot similarities, rather than stylistic similarities, with Masefield's *The Street of To-day*.

[1407] boring (German).

Je n'accepte aucune responsabilité pour la suppression de la postface.[1408] J'aurais voulu vous convaincre. Comme je n'ai pas réussi, je dois avoir tort. La fin restera donc telle que vous l'avez faite. Je vous en reparlerai, *pour l'amour de l'art*, dès que je pourrai écrire.

Encore à vous

PS

ALS: NLA MS 133/12/427–28

Translation

1 February 1913

Dear Sir

Received your two letters. Cordial thanks.

It is indeed a whitlow I have on my right forefinger. I have to write with my third finger and my arm aches. So excuse me and don't waste time writing to me. Devote yourself to the colossus.

What's more, my friend from Paris has arrived for a week and the worst thing is that the weather is grey and cold. I don't know how to divert him and fill out the time! In a word everything is going badly.

As soon as I can write, in 3 or 4 days, I will write out 4 pages of Chapter IX and send you it.

Don't worry, everything will be ready on time.

I must warn you that in Chapter 9 I had to modify the paragraph where Krafft speaks of the decay of the beauty. Your English sentence is constructed in a way that cannot be reproduced in French. I rewrote it at least 20 times. The meaning remains exactly the same, moreover. (See page 638 of the manuscript).[1409]

Bye for now. Excuse this letter which is only to enlighten you on the situation.

Your affectionate

P. Solanges.

I don't accept any responsibility for the deletion of the postscript. I would have liked to convince you. As I have not succeeded, I must be wrong. The end will therefore remain just as you wrote it. I will speak to you of it again, *for art's sake*, as soon as I can write.

Yours again

PS

197. 4 February 1913

4.2.913

Cher Monsieur

[1408] de la postface] du postface MS
[1409] *MG* 501.

J'ai dû mettre mon doigt entre les mains du chirurgien qui se sert du bistouri d'une façon qui ne m'est guères agréable. Je ne serai pas guéri avant 15 jours. Ayez patience et plaignez-moi. Je ne souffre cependant qu'au moment des pansements.

Cela est venu d'autant plus mal à propos que j'ai un hôte. Il part demain, heureusement pour lui et pour moi.

Très cordialement à vous.

P. Solanges.

ALS: NLA MS 133/12/429–30

Translation

4 February 1913

Dear Sir

I have had to put my finger in the hands of the surgeon, who wields the scalpel in a fashion I hardly find pleasant. I will not be better for a fortnight. Be patient and pity me. However it only hurts when the dressing is changed.

This is all the more untimely since I have a guest. He is leaving tomorrow, happily for him and for me.

Very cordially yours.

P. Solanges.

198. 7 February 1913

7.2.913

Cher Monsieur

Je commence à écrire assez difficilement avec trois doigts. Dans 5 jours vous recevrez chap. IX. Il m'était impossible de vous envoyer sans les revoir les derniers chapitres qui se ressentent de la fatigue que j'éprouvais quand je les ai faits. Je suis content de mon travail de révision.

On me charcute chaque jour. Le chirurgien ne permet pas encore à la blessure de se refermer afin d'éviter que le mal se reforme.

À vous bien cordialement

P. Solanges

Excusez le crayon!

ALS: NLA MS 133/12/431–32

Translation

7 February 1913

Dear Sir

I am starting to write with some difficulty with three fingers. In 5 days you will receive Chapter IX. It was impossible for me to send you the last chapters without revising them, since they show the effects of the fatigue I felt when I was doing them. I am happy with my revision work.

I am being cut at every day. The surgeon is not yet allowing the wound to close so as to prevent the problem from resurfacing.

Most cordially yours

P. Solanges

Excuse the pencil![1410]

199. 10 February 1913

10 février 1913

Cher Monsieur

Hier j'ai reçu les chapitres et ce matin votre carte. Le chapitre IX part ce matin.

Mon doigt va mieux mais le docteur ne laisse pas encore se refermer la petite blessure pour éviter une rechute. J'écris toujours avec trois doigts mais je commence à m'y habituer.

Soignez votre rhume et ne faites pas d'imprudence.

Je vous envoie une page recopiée pour que vous jugiez de la nécessité où je suis de recopier une bonne partie du manuscrit.

À vous et mille bons souhaits pour tout.

P. Solanges.

Le chirurgien m'a promis la liberté complète de la main pour la fin de cette semaine.

ALS: NLA MS 133/12/433–34

Translation

10 February 1913

Dear Sir

I received the chapters yesterday and your card this morning. Chapter IX is leaving this morning.

My finger is better but the doctor is not yet letting the little wound close so as to avoid a relapse. I am still writing with three fingers but am beginning to get used to it.

Look after your cold and don't do anything foolish.

I am sending you a rewritten page so that you can appreciate that I have no alternative but to copy out a good part of the manuscript again.

Yours with warmest regards for everything.

P. Solanges.

The surgeon has promised me complete freedom with my hand from the end of this week.

[1410] The whole of this letter is written in pencil.

200. 16 February 1913

16 février 1913

Cher Monsieur

Que je vous dise d'abord que je suis guéri et que, depuis hier, j'écris comme tout le monde.

Merci de votre carte du 12. Malheureusement elle ne me dit pas que vous ayez reçu le chap. IX! Dieu veuille qu'il ne se soit pas égaré!

Le chapitre X est parti depuis hier au soir. Le XI suivra sous peu, puis le XII. Le dernier chap. ne doit pas avoir besoin de révision, à moins que ... Avec les scrupules, on ne sait jamais.

Deux observations:

Chap. IX, page 509 du livre. Ligne 14 (du bas). *A smell of rotting and decay*.

J'ai omis ce paragraphe de six lignes. Je trouve qu'il fait longueur. Vous vous souviendrez que je vous ai prévenu jadis et que vous avez été de mon avis. Il retarde l'effet de: *An open brawl*!

Chapitre[1411] X. Page 513 *du livre anglais*. Ligne 25.

J'ai dû modifier un peu la phrase qui ne se prête pas à la traduction. *Saxon officialdom*? C'est bien Anglo Saxon que vous entendez, n'est-ce pas? J'ai laissé le mot au crayon sur le manuscrit.

Nous avons eu cette année un merveilleux hiver. Que ne puis-je vous envoyer un peu de notre soleil!

Portez-vous bien, ne travaillez pas trop et croyez-moi toujours votre affectionné

P. Solanges.

ALS: NLA MS 133/12/435–36

Translation

16 February 1913

Dear Sir

Let me tell you first that I am healed and that, since yesterday, I have been writing like everyone else.

Thanks for your card of the 12th. Unfortunately it doesn't tell me that you have received Chapter IX! God grant that it hasn't gone astray!

Chapter X left yesterday evening. XI will follow shortly, then XII. The last chapter should not need revision, unless ... With scruples, one never knows.

Two observations:

Chapter IX, page 509 of the book. Line 14 (from bottom). *A smell of rotting and decay*.

[1411] Chapitre] Capitre MS

I have omitted this paragraph of six lines. I find it overlong. You will remember that I warned you before and you were of my opinion.[1412] It delays the effect of: *An open brawl*!

Chapter X. Page 513 *of the English book*. Line 25.

I have had to modify the sentence a little, since it does not lend itself to translation. *Saxon officialdom*? You really mean Anglo Saxon, don't you?[1413] I have left the word in pencil on the manuscript.

We have had a marvellous winter this year. Why can I not send you a little of our sun!

Good health, don't work too hard, and believe me ever your affectionate

P. Solanges.

201. 23 February 1913

Multedo le 23 février 1913

Cher Monsieur

Demain matin, en même temps que cette lettre, je mettrai à la poste le chap. XI qui est déjà sous enveloppe. Je ne me repens pas de mon dernier effort. Il a donné une sérieuse plus-value aux derniers chapitres de la traduction. Dans une dizaine de jours, le XII et le XIII seront entre vos mains. Comme j'ai à revoir vos corrections pour une quarantaine de chapitres, vous pouvez donner à votre type writer, ou mieux typist, le temps de se guérir et même de s'offrir une convalescence. Pour mon compte, je suis obligé d'écrire tout moi-même, et, sans reproche, M.G. m'aura fait noircir environ 2000 pages de mon grand papier.

Mon doigt est guéri. Parlons du vôtre. Pour votre *crack in the skin of your right hand you ought to use Collodion*. Vous en trouverez d'excellent dans de petits *leaden tubes* chez un bon *chemist*. Quel drôle de langage!

Pour vos mains je vous recommande le Fluidiatif de Jones, très supérieur à la glycérine. Jones est un bon parfumeur, un ancien pharmacien anglais qui fabrique à Londres et à Paris et a l'honneur de me fournir d'eau de Cologne depuis plus de quarante ans, *it is to say* avant votre naissance, si la date que vous m'avez donné, par à peu près, avec un vers de Dante, n'est pas encore une de vos *traps*.

À ce propos je vous ferai remarquer que c'est vous, cette fois *who are beginning to tease me*. Je vais vous répondre point par point en numérotant mes arguments pour être bien net.

1° J'ai fini *He who passed*. Je suis d'accord avec vous sur la valeur du livre et sur vos louanges comme sur vos critiques. Selon moi la première partie (à peu près le premier tiers) semble avoir été écrite par un écrivain teinté de psychologie, la seconde par un romancier quelconque, la troisième par un poète. Pour moi, le défaut capital

[1412] This statement is not quite accurate; in §159, Notes on III.7 (31 March/3 April 1912), he spoke of not understanding why Maurice slapped Krafft, but did not directly allude to the paragraph preceding it. HHR promised to reply (*HHRTL* 1:342, 346), but never did so.

[1413] She really meant of course German Saxon officialdom.

du livre c'est d'être, sinon un plaidoyer[1414] à quelqu'un, du moins un récit pour quelqu'un, si bien que le roman est, tour à tour, trop ou pas assez détaillé.

2° De la musique de Strauss je ne connais que *Salomé* que j'ai entendue très bien donnée à Milan, à la Scala, par Borgatti et la Krucenyska. J'ai ici la partition et ma fille se débrouille assez bien pour m'en donner une idée nette. Il est hors de doute que si j'entendais encore Salomé au théâtre deux fois, je l'aimerais beaucoup. Je n'ai entendu ni le *Rosenkavalier* ni *Elektra*. J'avais déjà quitté Milan.

3° Du n° 1 et du n° 2 il résulte que vous n'avez pas raison du tout lorsque vous dites *that there are more things we disagree over, than agree on*. Nous avons toujours été d'accord en musique et même à propos de Nietzsche[1415] avec quelques réserves. Il en a été de même pour Romain Rolland et pour d'autres. *That is settled!*

4° Du numéro 3 il résulte que je n'ai pas aimé M.G. par un pur hasard et vous ne le croyez pas. Vous savez que j'aime Flaubert et d'autres qui vous sont chers. Ergo! Sans parler des vieux: Dante, Shakespeare, Goethe, Eschyle.

5° Relativement à l'épilogue de M.G., il faut bien, puisque vous y revenez, que je vous donne ma façon de penser bien franche à ce propos. Je le ferai en vous posant une question: Comment est-il possible que celui qui a écrit les vigoureuses pages de psychologie Mauricienne qui accompagnent tous les actes de ce pauvre garçon, tienne, au risque de terminer son œuvre comme un roman quelconque, à établir que la terre continue à tourner malgré le suicide de M.G? Selon moi, les enfants de dix[1416] ans le savent. De plus, je vous affirme que le lecteur, après la mort tragique et émouvante, très émouvante de Maurice, n'éprouve pas le moindre besoin d'apprendre, ni la moindre surprise à apprendre que Louise a épousé Schilsky et que ce dernier a une belle carrière.

La seule chose à regretter c'est le second roman qu'on peut bâtir avec les futures souffrances du pianiste entre les mains du *vampire* comme dit Madeleine.

Car, en fin de compte, c'est Madeleine qui a raison humainement parlant. Elle voit à travers une imagination saine et les autres à travers une imagination malade. D'où vous ne devez pas conclure que je ne m'intéresse pas aux maladies de l'imagination.

D'ailleurs, aujourd'hui, je m'opposerais à vous laisser enlever l'épilogue. Je puis me tromper et ne veux pas de responsabilité pour une œuvre dont je[1417] suis le simple mais dévoué traducteur. À Paris, je tâcherai de prendre l'avis d'hommes de valeur et je vous le transmettrai, sans parler de notre divergence d'opinion, cela va sans dire, et seulement comme d'une idée à moi.

6° Pour ce qui est de l'image qu'il vous a plu de me tracer de vous, je vous dirai que je crois fort difficile de réussir son propre portrait. Mais je vous dirai surtout que vous m'avez mis dans une telle terreur de vos *traps* que je suis toujours en méfiance.

Or en récapitulant tout ce que vous m'avez dit je conclus que cela vous amuse de chercher à me faire tourmenter l'imagination. Je ne sais plus maintenant si je vous connaîtrai jamais, mais si vous me ménagez une surprise pour le jour de notre rencontre, je tiens à vous dire dès aujourd'hui qu'il est une chose qui ne me

[1414] plaidoyer] pladoyer MS
[1415] Nietzsche] Niesztche MS
[1416] dix]diz MS
[1417] je] le MS

surprendra pas du tout. Et cette chose-là je vous promets de vous la dire *si j'ai deviné juste*. Elle n'a qu'un rapport indirect avec H.H. Richardson.

I hope you will not take my letter too seriously[1418] as usual. Remember that I am a French that is to say a light being. Otherwise, every one on his turn.

L'important d'ailleurs c'est que j'aie aimé et compris M.G. et que ma sympathie pour le livre ait rejailli sur son auteur quel qu'il soit. Et de cela je ne vous ai pas donné le moindre prétexte de douter.

———————

Nous avons toujours beau temps sauf un intervalle de trois jours gris avec menace de neige. Tous les hivers l'Italie du nord se couvre de neige et on patine souvent à Turin et à Milan. Cette année il a neigé à Florence, à Rome et même en Sicile. Ici rien. En revanche le vent nous persécute depuis quinze jours.

Et je termine cette trop longue lettre en vous serrant cordialement la main.

Votre affectionné

P. Solanges

Savez-vous qui est Rancé? C'est le fondateur de votre ordre: l'ordre des Trappistes.

ALS: NLA MS 133/12/437–38

Translation

23 February 1913

Dear Sir

Tomorrow morning, at the same time as this letter, I will post Chapter XI, which is already enveloped. I don't regret my final effort. It has considerably increased the value of the last chapters of the translation. In about ten days, XII and XIII will be in your hands. As I have to revise your corrections for forty chapters, you can give your type writer, or rather typist, the time to recover and even treat herself to a period of convalescence. For my part, I am obliged to write everything myself, and I'm not blaming you, but M.G. will have made me set my pen to about 2000 pages of my large paper.

My finger is healed. Let's speak about yours. For your *crack in the skin of your right hand you ought to use Collodion*. You will find excellent supplies in little *leaden tubes* at a good *chemist*. What droll language!

For your hands I recommend Jones's Fluidiative, which is quite superior to glycerine. Jones is a good perfumer, a former English pharmacist who manufactures in London and Paris and has had the honour of supplying me with eau de Cologne for more than forty years, *it is to say* since before your birth, if the date you gave me, approximately, with a line from Dante, is not another of your *traps*.[1419]

[1418] seriously] seeriously MS

[1419] "As to my age, Dante's 'mezzo del Camin' approximately fits me" (HHR to PS, 11 February 1911, *HHRTL* 1:84). The normative biblical lifespan was "three score years and ten" (Psalm 90:10), and Solanges had once assumed (Letter 146, 16 February 1912) that HHR was 36. He now displays more circumspection.

While on this subject, I will observe to you that it is you, this time, *who are beginning to tease me*. I will reply to you point by point, numbering my arguments so as to be quite clear.

1. I have finished *He who passed*. I agree with you on the worth of the book and on your praise as also on your criticisms. In my opinion the first part (approximately the first third) seems to have been written by a writer imbued with psychology, the second by a second-rate novelist, the third by a poet. For me, the book's principal fault is that it is, if not a plea in defence of someone, at least a story for someone, so that the novel is by turns either too detailed or not detailed enough.

2. Of Strauss's music I know only *Salomé*, which I heard performed very well in Milan, at La Scala, by Borgatti and La Krucenyska.[1420] I have the score here and my daughter manages well enough to give me a clear idea of it. It is beyond doubt that if I heard Salomé twice more at the theatre, I would like it a lot. I have heard neither *Der Rosenkavalier* nor *Elektra*. I had already left Milan.[1421]

3. The result of No. 1 and No. 2 is that you are not right at all when you say *that there are more things we disagree over, than agree on*. We have always agreed about music and even about Nietzsche, with a few reservations. It was the same with Romain Rolland and others. *That is settled!*

4. The result of No. 3 is that I did not like M.G. through pure chance and you do not believe so. You know I like Flaubert and others who are dear to you. Ergo! Not to mention the ancients: Dante, Shakespeare, Goethe, Aeschylus.

5. With regard to the epilogue to M.G., since you return to it, I must tell you quite frankly my way of thinking about it. I will do so by asking you a question: How is it possible for the person who wrote the vigorous pages of Maurician psychology which accompany all this poor lad's acts to insist on establishing that the earth continues to turn despite M.G.'s suicide, at the risk of ending his work like any old novel? In my opinion, children of ten years old know that. Moreover, I affirm to you that the reader, after the tragic and moving—very moving—death of Maurice, feels not the least desire to learn, nor the least surprise at learning, that Louise has married Schilsky and that the latter has a fine career.

The only thing to be regretted is the second novel that can be built from the future sufferings of the pianist in the hands of the *vampire*, as Madeleine says.[1422]

For, in the end, it's Madeleine who is right, humanly speaking. She sees with a healthy imagination and the others with sick imaginations. From which you should not conclude that I am not interested in illnesses of the imagination.

Besides, today, I would be opposed to letting you remove the epilogue. I may be mistaken and don't want responsibility for a work of which I am the simple but

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[1420] Giuseppe Borgatti (1871–1950), Italian tenor.
Salomea Kruscelnicka (Krusceniski in Italian) (1872–1952), Ukrainian soprano, later naturalized Italian.
Krusceniski sang the title role for the local première of Strauss' *Salomé* at La Scala in December 1906, to Borgatti's Herod, under the baton of Toscanini, and also took the title role for the Milan première of *Elektra* (Arnosi 80) soon after March 1909.

[1421] Solanges had said almost the same thing a year earlier (Letter 137, 19 January 1912). For more on Solanges's departure from Milan, see the section on the move to Multedo in Chapter 7 of the Introduction.

[1422] *MG* 499.

devoted translator. In Paris, I will try to get the advice of men of worth and I will pass it on to you—without speaking of our difference of opinion, that goes without saying, and only as an idea of my own.

6. As for the image you have been pleased to draw of yourself, I will tell you that I think it very difficult to succeed with one's own portrait. But I will tell you above all that you have put me in such terror of your *traps* that I am always distrustful.

Now, recapitulating everything you have told me, I conclude that it amuses you to try and torment my imagination. I don't know now if I will ever meet you, but if you are preparing a surprise for the day we meet, I must tell you today that there is one thing that will not surprise me at all. And I promise to tell you that thing *if I have guessed correctly*. It has only an indirect connection with H.H. Richardson.

I hope you will not take my letter too seriously as usual. Remember that I am a French that is to say a light being. Otherwise, every one on his turn.

The important thing, moreover, is that I have liked and understood M.G. and that my liking for the book has rebounded onto its author, whoever he may be. And I have not given you the least pretext for doubting this.

———————

We are still having fine weather except for an interlude of three grey days with the threat of snow. Every winter northern Italy is covered with snow and there is often skating in Turin and Milan. This year it has snowed in Florence, Rome and even Sicily. Nothing here. By contrast the wind has been persecuting us for a fortnight.

And I finish this overlong letter by shaking your hand cordially.

Your affectionate

P. Solanges

Do you know who Rancé is? He is the founder of your order: the order of Trappists.[1423]

202. 1 March 1913

1er mars 1913

Cher Monsieur

J'ai mis le XII à la poste hier soir. Dans huit jours le XIII sera entre vos mains. Je vais me mettre ensuite à vos corrections.

En remaniant le XII j'ai fait une remarque que je veux vous communiquer:

Page 551, ligne 19. —Vous dites:

> A foreboding of what he had done came to Maurice.

Si *foreboding*, comme le veut le dictionnaire, signifie *pressentiment*, Maurice ne peut pas avoir le pressentiment d'une chose passée. Je suppose que vous avez écrit: *a*

[1423] Armand Jean Le Bouthillier de Rancé, (1625/6–1700), abbot of the Cistercian monastery at La Trappe (1664) and founder of the strictly silent Trappist order. Solanges puns on HHR's setting of 'traps' and the Trappist Order. He later calls her 'Herr Trappist' (Letter 246, 13 January 1914).

foreboding of the resultate[1424] *for what he has done*, ou quelque chose comme cela et qu'on[1425] aura mal recopié. Ai-je raison ou tort?

Je vous quitte pour me remettre au travail.

Toujours à vous d'amitié.

P. Solanges

ALS: NLA MS 133/12/439–40

Translation

1st March 1913

Dear Sir

I posted XII yesterday evening. In a week XIII will be in your hands. I will then start your corrections.

While reshaping XII, I made an observation which I want to communicate to you:

Page 551, line 19. —You say:

A foreboding of what he had done came to Maurice.

If *foreboding*, as the dictionary says, means *premonition*, Maurice cannot have a premonition of something past. I suppose you wrote: *a foreboding of the resultate for what he has done*, or something like that, and it has been transcribed badly. Am I right or wrong?

I leave you and return to work.

Ever yours in friendship.

P. Solanges

203. 8 March 1913

8.3.913

Cher Monsieur

J'espère que vous êtes guéri. À mon tour, je suis atrocement enrhumé et garde la chambre ce qui ne m'empêche pas de travailler pour nous.

Vous aurez reçu le dernier chap. Au moins cela est fait! En serez-vous content? Modestie à part, j'espère que votre impression des derniers chapitres sera bonne. J'y ai mis tout ce que j'ai d'intelligence et de bon vouloir.

Maintenant je suis à vos corrections dont j'applique la plus grande partie. Mais il arrive ce que j'avais prévu. En introduisant vos corrections, je relis et je refais en partie. C'était fatal. Mais ce que la traduction y gagne. Ce sont des riens, mais des riens qui donnent de la légèreté, de la clarté, et m'ont déjà fait recopier une dizaine de pages. Never mind! Comme après M.G., je ne ferai plus jamais rien, si ce n'est peut-être *Death* je puis bien m'en fourrer jusque par dessus la tête.

No, my friend, je ne vous dirai rien du tout. Si je me suis trompé je ne veux pas vous donner l'occasion de vous amuser à mon compte. Vous avez voulu m'intriguer,

[1424] resultate: from the French résultat.
[1425] qu'on] que on MS

et si je puis arriver à vous intriguer un peu, à mon tour, j'en suis trop content pour y renoncer.

Vous vous êtes dépeint à moi au moins de trois façons différentes: après vous être décrit comme une espèce d'ours, vous me dites aujourd'hui que vous êtes une personne of the most limpid and childlike lucidity, et encore comme un light being amoureux de la gaieté de l'ironie etc etc. Je ne relève pas votre amour pour l'opération qui consiste à épater le bourgeois parce que je ne veux pas me l'appliquer. Monsieur Henry, Handel Richardson, si vous n'aviez pas écrit un livre si grandiosement viril il y a des moments où je croirais ... basta!

Maintenant que dois-je penser de votre portrait? Il y a trois ans que vous m'en avez promis la photo. Votre peintre n'est pas pressé. Et ces photos que vous avez fait faire du second portrait et que vous ne pouvez pas distribuer!

Je devrais être furieux contre vous; je ne le suis pas. Mais je suis bien fatigué, bien enrhumé et je vous quitte avec une très cordiale poignée de main que vous ne méritez pas.

Votre

P. Solanges

ALS: NLA MS 133/12/441–42

Translation

8 March 1913

Dear Sir

I hope you are better. In my turn, I have an atrocious cold and am staying in my room, which doesn't prevent me from working for us.

You will have received the last chapter.[1426] At least that is done! Will you be happy with it? Modesty aside, I hope your impression of the last chapters will be a good one. I put all my intelligence and goodwill into them.

Now I am busy with your corrections, most of which I am implementing. But what I foresaw is happening. When inserting your corrections, I am rereading and partly rewriting. It was inevitable. But the translation gains from it. They are trifles, but trifles which give lightness and clarity, and have already made me copy out ten pages again. Never mind! Since I will never do anything else after M.G., except perhaps *Death*, I can well afford to immerse myself in it.

No, my friend, I will tell you nothing at all. If I am mistaken, I don't want to give you the opportunity to poke fun at me. You sought to intrigue me, and if I can manage to intrigue you a little, in my turn, it is too great a pleasure for me to renounce it.

You have depicted yourself to me in at least three different ways: after describing yourself as a kind of bear, you tell me today that you are a person of the most limpid and childlike lucidity, and again as a light being, in love with gaiety, irony etc etc. I won't react to your love for the business of shocking the middle class because I don't want to apply it to myself. Mister Henry, Handel Richardson, if you hadn't written

[1426] This letter is postmarked 10 March 1913, by which time HHR's acknowledgment of her receipt of the last chapter (8 March 1913, *HHRTL* 1:470) is en route.

such a grandly virile book, there are moments when I would believe ... that's enough![1427]

Now what must I think of your portrait? It is three years since you promised me a photo of it.[1428] Your painter is not in a hurry. And those photos you had taken of the second portrait which you cannot distribute!

I should be mad at you; I am not. But I am quite tired, I have quite a cold, and I leave you with a very cordial handshake which you don't deserve.

Yours

P. Solanges

204. 14 March 1913

14 mars 1913

Mon cher ami, je reçois votre lettre en même temps que les cinq chapitres. Je regrette infiniment de vous savoir encore souffrant et vous prie de vous ménager et de vous traiter vous-même en convalescent. Rien n'est plus imprudent que de ne pas se garder contre la guerre de l'influenza. Ne soyez donc ni pressé de manger, ni pressé de sortir, ni pressé de travailler. Soignez-vous et remettez-vous en forces; le reste viendra par surcroît.

Je crois absolument à tout ce que vous me dites sur vous-même. Je vous demande seulement de me comprendre dans le groupe de ceux qui sont assez près de votre intimité pour ne pas vous considérer comme *a bear, reserved, morose, inclined to defiance*.

Tous ces temps-ci je vous ai taquiné—un peu par votre faute—avec plus ou moins d'esprit ou d'à-propos. Aujourd'hui, je veux causer avec vous à cœur ouvert d'une chose grave et j'ai besoin que vous m'écoutiez avec une sympathie calme, cordiale et confiante.

Il s'agit naturellement de *notre* M.G. À propos de la traduction il se passe un phénomène curieux et que j'aurais d'ailleurs pu prévoir.

Vous savez avec quel soin j'ai revu et refait en partie, le dernier tiers du livre et les tout premiers chapitres. Il en est naturellement résulté que le reste est d'une qualité un peu inférieure. Cela tient aussi à ce que j'étais, quand j'ai commencé le travail, moins familier avec vous, avec votre pensée, avec votre façon d'écrire. Cela tient encore à ce que dans la crainte de vous être désagréable, je me suis tenu trop près du texte, non pas au point de vue du sens, mais au seul point de vue de la langue. Le résultat consiste dans une certaine lourdeur, dans une certaine contrainte qui sont d'un très mauvais effet. Et remarquez que souvent il suffit de substituer[1429] un mot à un autre, de modifier un peu la construction de la phrase, de changer un peu la ponctuation, pour arriver au résultat voulu, c'est à dire pour que ma traduction représente *le maximum de ce que je puis faire*.

[1427] For discussion of this and other passages alluding to HHR's gender, see the section on gender and identity in Chapter 8 of the Introduction.

[1428] See HHR to PS, 11 February 1911 (*HHRTL* 1:84): "… I am going to have my portrait painted this summer, and if it turns out well, I might have some photographs taken from that. In the meantime let me have yours."

[1429] substituer] subsituer MS

Cela constaté, quelle est la conduite à tenir?

Mes corrections plus ou moins importantes ont pour résultat de mettre le manuscrit dans un tel état qu'il en faut recopier une bonne partie. Et cela va me demander au moins six mois de bon travail.

La question se pose donc ainsi: étant donné votre âme d'artiste, étant donné le respect que j'ai pour moi-même, étant donné la valeur de votre œuvre, convient-il de se contenter de ce qui est?

Pour mon compte, je n'hésite pas à dire que non. Et comme conclusion je viens vous prier d'ajouter au moins six mois au temps dont nous sommes convenus afin que j'aie la certitude d'avoir fait et de pouvoir présenter une œuvre homogène, égale à elle-même dans toutes ses parties.

Une restriction. Je vous écris tout ceci en refaisant les chapitres 5 et 6 (part I). Il est possible que mon impression se modifie à la lecture des chap. suivants. —Je ne le crois pas. Répondez-moi donc sans tenir compte de cette restriction.

Ce que je vous propose est basé sur deux choses:

1° Je considère M.G. comme un des chefs-d'œuvre du roman contemporain en général. Je ne doute pas qu'à un moment donné il ne soit lu autant que *Crime et châtiment* ou que *Mad. Bovary*. Cela viendra sans doute lorsque vous aurez publié votre deuxième livre. Alors qu'importe qu'il paraisse six mois plus tôt ou six mois plus tard? Il faut avant tout qu'il soit dans les meilleures conditions possibles.

2° Quand j'ai commencé ce travail je n'ai eu aucune considération de succès ou de gain. Les traductions ne procurent ni l'un ni l'autre. Je l'ai fait pour le plaisir de faire connaître un beau livre à mes compatriotes. Ce sera le dernier effort de ma vie. Je voudrais que cet effort me satisfasse au point que, pour ce qui me regarde, j'aie la conscience d'avoir atteint mon but. Ne me parlez donc ni de mon temps, ni de mes fatigues, cela n'aurait pas le[1430] moindre sens.

Songez aussi que je suis vraiment vieux aujourd'hui, beaucoup plus vieux que quand je vous ai connu et que—en conséquence—je ne puis travailler que modérément, sous peine de me faire mal et, ce qui est pis, de travailler mal.

Répondez-moi le plus vite possible. Je suis dans un état nerveux dont je désire sortir. Et pardonnez-moi d'avoir trahi votre confiance—mais seulement au point de vue du temps.

Je vous serre affectueusement la main, mon très cher ours.

Votre

P. Solanges.

J'aurai besoin des bons articles allemands pour en faire un dossier, mais je ne puis les traduire directement de l'allemand. Je voudrais donc avoir pour les pouvoir présenter plus tard:

Les articles originaux (les vraiment bons) en allemand.

Leur traduction en anglais.

ALS: NLA MS 133/12/443–45

[1430] le] de le MS

Translation

14 March 1913

My dear friend, I have received your letter at the same time as the five chapters. I am infinitely sorry to know you are unwell again, and I beg you to look after yourself and to treat yourself as a convalescent. Nothing is more unwise than not to be on guard in the war against influenza. So don't be in a hurry to eat, nor to go out, nor to work. Look after yourself and get your strength back; the rest will come on its own.

I believe absolutely everything you tell me about yourself. I only ask you to include me in the group of those who are close enough to your private life not to consider you as *a bear, reserved, morose, inclined to defiance*.[1431]

I have teased you recently—partly through your own fault—with more or less wit or aptness. Today, I want to chat with you with an open heart about something serious, and I need you to listen to me with calm, cordial and confident friendship.

It is of course a matter of *our* M.G. A curious phenomenon is happening in relation to the translation, and one which moreover I could have foreseen.

You know the care I have taken to revise and partly redo the last third of the book and the very first chapters. The natural result has been that the quality of the rest is a little inferior. This is also due to the fact that, when I started the work, I was less familiar with you, with your thought, with your way of writing. It is also due to the fact that, from fear of being disagreeable to you, I kept too close to the text, not as regards meaning, but solely as regards language. The result is a certain ponderousness and a degree of constraint which give a very bad effect. And note that often it suffices to substitute one word for another, change the construction of the sentence a little, or change the punctuation a little, to reach the desired result, namely that my translation should represent *the very best that I can do*.

That said, what course of action is to be adopted?

My corrections, of varying significance, result in the manuscript being in such a state that I have to copy out a good part of it. And that will require at least six months' good work from me.

So the question must be asked: given your artist's soul, and my self-respect, and the value of your novel, should we be satisfied with what we have now?

Personally, I don't hesitate to say no. And in conclusion I ask you to add at least six months to the time we agreed on, so that I can be certain of having done, and of being able to present, a homogeneous work, equal to itself in every part.

One reservation. I am writing you all this whilst redoing Chapters 5 and 6 (Part I). It is possible my impression will change as I read the following chapters. —I don't believe so. So reply to me regardless of this reservation.

What I am proposing is based on two things:

1. I consider M.G. as one of the masterpieces of the contemporary novel in general. I don't doubt that sooner or later it will be read as much as *Crime and Punishment* or *Madame Bovary*. That will no doubt happen when you publish your

[1431] *HHRTL* 1:470.

second book. So what does it matter if it appears six months earlier or six months later? Above all it must be in the best possible conditions.

2. When I started this work I had no thought for success or profit. Translations achieve neither one nor the other. I have done it for the pleasure of making a fine book known to my compatriots. It will be the last effort of my life. I would like to be satisfied by this effort to the point where, as far as concerns me, I am aware of having achieved my goal. So speak neither of my time, nor my fatigue, it wouldn't have the slightest meaning.

Consider also the fact that I am really old today, much older than when I made your acquaintance, and consequently, I can only work in moderation, for fear of harming myself and, what's worse, working badly.

Answer me as soon as possible. I am in a nervous state from which I want release. And forgive me for betraying your confidence—but only as regards time.

I shake your hand affectionately, my very dear bear.

Yours

P. Solanges.

I will need the good German articles to make up a dossier, but I cannot translate them directly from German. So I would like to have, in order to present them later:

The original articles (the really good ones) in German.

Their translation into English.

205. 22 March 1913

22 mars 1913

Cher Monsieur

Votre bonne lettre m'a été un véritable soulagement et je vous en remercie très cordialement. Vous verrez que tout finira par se combiner pour le mieux, au moins relativement à la valeur de ma traduction. Pour le reste! ... l'avenir le dira.

Mais je continue à ne pas vouloir considérer le futur éditeur avant d'être en mesure de présenter une œuvre finie et bien finie.

Mon idée est claire.

Supposons que je fasse fiasco et que je m'en revienne avec mon manuscrit? Si je le remets dans un tiroir, ce ne sera pas pour toujours. Le moment viendra où on voudra un M.G. français. Ce sera une question de temps, soyez-en sûr.

Une des raisons pour lesquelles je ne vois pas d'inconvénient à retarder un peu, c'est la situation politique. Je ne crois pas qu'il puisse y avoir un plus mauvais moment que le moment actuel pour présenter, éditer et publier un livre. Or la position se tend au point qu'une solution s'imposera avant peu. Au mois de novembre prochain, ce sera la guerre générale ou la paix. Dans le premier cas il faudra bien attendre, dans le second cas il y aura détente et de bonnes chances de succès.

Chez moi, ni ma femme ni ma fille ne sont hostiles à mon travail, croyez-le bien. La seule chose désirée c'est que je fasse aller un peu de vie active avec ma vie de travail. Et c'est ce que je vais faire.

Je finis par où j'aurais dû commencer, en vous exprimant le regret de vous savoir encore souffrant. Sans doute il va vous falloir prendre un congé, et le plus tôt sera le mieux. Où irez-vous, cette fois, voyageur? Heureux voyageur!

Vous savez que depuis ma dernière lettre et après mon rhume j'ai encore été souffrant. Cette fois des troubles d'estomac.

Au moins cela fait variété. Je vais mieux.

Et surtout ne me remerciez jamais! De la bonne sympathie, c'est tout ce que je vous demande.

Bonne santé et à vous bien sincèrement

P. Solanges.

Vous avez encore les chap. VIII, IX, X et XI de la Part 3, n'est-ce pas?

ALS: NLA MS 133/12/446–47

Translation

22 March 1913

Dear Sir

Your kind letter was a real relief to me and I thank you very cordially. You will see that everything will end up turning out for the best, at least in relation to the worth of my translation. For the rest! ... the future will tell.

But I am still unwilling to consider the future publisher before I am in a position to present a finished work—a properly finished work.

My idea is clear.

Supposing I fail and come back carrying my manuscript? If I put it back in a drawer, it will not be forever. The moment will come when a French M.G. is wanted. It will be a question of time, rest assured.

One of the reasons why I see no drawback in delaying a little is the political situation. I don't think there can be a worse moment than now to present and publish a book. The situation is becoming strained to the point where a solution will soon become imperative. Next November, there will be a general war or there will be peace. In the first case we will have to wait, in the second case the situation will be relaxed and we will have a good chance of success.

Here, neither my wife nor my daughter are opposed to my work, believe me. The only thing they want is for me to combine a bit of activity with my working life. And that's what I'm going to do.

I finish where I should have begun, by telling you how sorry I am to hear you are unwell again. No doubt you will have to take a holiday, and the sooner the better. Where will you go this time, traveller? Lucky traveller!

You know that since my last letter, and after my cold, I have been unwell again. Stomach troubles this time.

At least it makes for variety. I am better.

And above all never thank me! Kind friendship is all I ask of you.

Good health to you, most sincerely yours

P. Solanges.

You still have Chapters VIII, IX, X and XI of Part 3, don't you?

206. 5 April 1913

Multedo le 5 avril 1913

Cher Monsieur

À l'heure qu'il est vous devez être à Dresde où, j'espère, vous vous débarrassez complètement des suites de cette maudite influenza dont vous me semblez être une victime préférée. Je serai heureux d'avoir de vos bonnes nouvelles le plus tôt possible.

En vérité c'était à votre tour de m'écrire, mais je ne crois pas que nous ayons jamais compté et si je ne vous ai pas écrit, malgré votre silence, c'est que j'avais un énorme arriéré de correspondance.

Je n'ai pas cessé cependant de travailler à M.G. Je recopie et je corrige.

Je me suis amusé à mettre vos corrections au dernier chap. du livre. Plusieurs d'entre elles étaient nécessaires, d'autres indifférentes et quelques unes superflues. Je ne saurais assez vous répéter que la traduction aurait pu beaucoup gagner si nous l'avions revue ensemble. Car il m'est impossible de vous écrire mes objections à quelques unes de vos notes. Cela ferait un commentaire aussi long que le livre lui-même. Pour vous donner une idée de ce que je veux dire, je prends une de vos observations.

Voici d'abord votre texte: (page 560. lig. 27) And as though this were not enough, while ..., her face rose before him—but not the face he had known and loved.

Voici maintenant votre observation: I miss the «but»; but not the face etc.

Voici maintenant ma traduction: Et comme si cela n'eût pas suffi, pendant qu'il torturait son cou, arrachant enfin son collet dans sa souffrance désespérée, le visage, son visage à elle, se dressa devant lui—pas le visage qu'il avait connu et aimé.

Certainement je ne remettrai pas le *but*. Si je pouvais vous lire la phrase tout haut, vous verriez clairement ce qu'elle gagne à supprimer ce *but* en français.

Des observations de ce genre, j'en aurais un grand nombre à vous présenter.

Par exemple, vous insistez pour que la dernière phrase soit isolée. *The group of loiterers at the door dispersed*.

Je comprends bien votre idée de parallélisme avec le début du livre, mais l'effet qui est bon en anglais est détestable en français. Pourquoi? Je n'en sais rien, mais dans la traduction l'effet est détestable et le livre finit mal rien que pour cette disjonction. Cela tient sans doute à ce que j'ai supprimé un paragraphe. Je crois avoir bien fait en le supprimant. Cela traînait trop. Au moment de finir, les faits et gestes du cocher, l'allure de la voiture impatientent. Tout le chapitre est conduit avec une rapidité saisissante, pourquoi ralentir[1432] au dernier moment?

[1432] ralentir] rallentir MS

Je crois mes impressions justes. Dites-moi ce que vous en pensez. Je m'habitue peut-être trop à oublier que le livre est de vous, mais j'y suis tellement entré, j'en ai tellement fait ma chair et mon sang que j'y exerce librement ma critique. Ai-je tort?

Et pendant que je prends des libertés avec vous je veux en prendre une dernière qui m'est suggérée par votre observation sur le *but*. Je ne sais pas l'anglais et ne puis être un bien bon juge de la question, mais il me semble que vous avez un peu trop multiplié les *but* dans tout le cours du livre. J'en ai bien supprimé une centaine au moins. Il est vrai qu'en anglais il sert de liaison. En français il est superflu parce que aujourd'hui on procède volontiers par phrases courtes. Si je me suis permis de vous faire cette observation, c'est avec l'idée que, peut-être, elle pourra vous être utile pour votre prochain livre.

Et prenez-la pour ce qu'elle vaut.

Donnez-moi de vos nouvelles le plus tôt possible et ne soyez pas parcimonieux.

À vous toujours et de tout cœur

P. Solanges.

Les soldats marchent-ils encore en Allemagne—ou marchaient-ils, quand vous étiez en Allemagne, au son de la trompette ou du clairon?

ALS: NLA MS 133/12/448–49

Translation

5 April 1913

Dear Sir

At the moment you must be in Dresden, where I hope you are getting completely rid of the consequences of this cursed influenza of which you seem to be a preferred victim. I will be happy to receive good news from you as soon as possible.

In truth it was your turn to write to me, but I don't think we have ever counted, and if I didn't write to you, despite your silence, it was because I had an enormous backlog of correspondence.

However I haven't ceased working on M.G. I am transcribing and correcting.

I had fun putting your corrections into the last chapter of the book. Several of them were necessary, others immaterial and some superfluous. I cannot repeat often enough to you that the translation could have benefited greatly if we had revised it together. Because it is impossible for me to write you my objections to some of your notes. It would make for a commentary as long as the book itself. To give you an idea of what I mean, I will take one of your observations.

Here first is your text: (page 560, line 27) And as though this were not enough, while ..., her face rose before him—but not the face he had known and loved.

Here now is your observation: I miss the "but"; but not the face etc.

Here now is my translation: Et comme si cela n'eût pas suffi, pendant qu'il torturait son cou, arrachant enfin son collet dans sa souffrance désespérée, le visage, son visage à elle, se dressa devant lui—pas le visage qu'il avait connu et aimé.

Certainly I will not put back the *but*. If I could read you the sentence out loud, you would see clearly what it gains by deleting this *but* in French.

I could present you with a great number of observations of this sort.

For example, you insist that the last sentence should be isolated. *The group of loiterers at the door dispersed*.

I quite understand your idea of parallelism with the beginning of the book, but the effect, which is good in English, is dreadful in French. Why? I have no idea, but in the translation the effect is dreadful and the book ends badly simply because of this disjointedness. This is no doubt due to my deletion of a paragraph. I believe I was right to delete it. It was too drawn out. At the moment of ending, the actions and gestures of the coachman, and the speed of the vehicle, are irritating. The whole chapter drives along with startling rapidity, why slow it down at the last moment?

I think my impressions are sound. Tell me what you think of them. I am perhaps becoming too used to forgetting that the book is yours, but I have got into it so much, and made it so much my flesh and blood, that I give my criticisms free rein. Am I wrong?

While taking liberties with you, I want to take a final one, suggested to me by your observation on the *but*. I don't know English and cannot be a very good judge of the matter, but you seem to me to have multiplied the *buts* a little too frequently throughout the book. I have deleted at least a hundred. It is true that in English it acts as a linking word. In French it is superfluous because today we readily proceed by short sentences. If I have ventured to make this observation to you, it is with the idea that, perhaps, it may help you with your next book.

And take it for what it is worth.

Give me news of you as soon as possible and don't be miserly.

Ever yours, with all my heart

P. Solanges.

Do soldiers in Germany still march—or did they march, when you were in Germany, to the sound of the trumpet or the bugle?[1433]

207. 10 April 1913

10 avril 1913

Cher Monsieur

Deux mots à la hâte, car bien que travaillant fort, je n'avance que lentement. J'ai reçu les quatre chapitres. J'ai reçu également votre bonne lettre du 7 dont la lecture a renouvelé mes remords. Vous avez une grande égalité d'âme. Cependant ne m'en faites pas dire plus que je n'en ai dit. Vous devez connaître mon admiration pour le style sobre plein et coloré de M.G. Si je me suis permis de vous signaler l'emploi répété des *but*, c'est précisément parce que n'ayant rien trouvé d'autre qui soit critiquable à mon avis, j'ai cru pouvoir me permettre de vous signaler votre sympathie pour ce mot, dans l'intérêt *of the new colossus*.

En somme je me suis mêlé de ce qui ne me regarde pas; je l'ai regretté une fois ma lettre partie, et je vous remercie de ne me l'avoir pas dit. J'ai l'idée que si nous nous

[1433] *MG* 560. Solanges's time as a prisoner-of-war in Germany in 1870–71 was ever-present in his mind: see his daughter Marthe's mention in Letter 258 (16 October 1914).

étions connus nous serions devenus des amis intimes, malgré la différence de nos âges et d'autres différences et je me laisse parfois aller à vous traiter comme tel. Vous avez raison de ne pas m'en vouloir.

Donc je travaille. Vos corrections faites—je puis dire *toutes*, sauf un très petit nombre d'exceptions—j'ai d'absolument prêt les chap. I, II, III, IV, V et VI de la Part I et les chap. VII, XII et XIII de la Part III. Vous voyez que j'ai du travail sur la planche, car à peu près tout a été recopié. *Never mind!* J'arrive enfin à ce que je voulais: à relire sans être arrêté par des inquiétudes et des doutes.

Je suis épouvanté de voir que j'ai commis un grand nombre d'erreurs de sens. Grâce à votre collaboration dévouée, la traduction finira par être assez bonne. Mais j'ai été présomptueux le jour où j'ai commencé.

Dans le chap. VII (3^{e} part) vous me signalez une phrase que je n'ai pas comprise. Je viens de la refaire au moins dix fois et je sens que je ne suis pas encore arrivé. Le pis est que je ne sais comment la mettre debout à cause de sa construction en anglais. Elle me rappelle des passages de Tristram Shandy. —Voyez page 466 du livre, ligne 11 from bottom: *The craving for a knowledge of the facts ... escaping him*. Ma traduction était un complet misunderstanding.

Ce qui rend cette phrase plus que difficile à traduire c'est: this became a reason for, a plea in extenuation of, what he felt escaping him.

La langue française veut que les deux membres *a reason for, a plea in extenuation of* aient la même valeur de mots, il est donc à peu près indispensable de trouver deux infinitifs qui puissent être précédés de *pour*. Cette façon très anglaise de faire rapporter *for* et *of* à *what* ne peut être employé en français.

Je vous envoie ma traduction sur un bout de papier. Modifiez là, en français, sans vous soucier du style. Cela m'aidera. J'ai mis *ce qu'il sentait échapper à sa recherche*, pour que le lecteur ne s'imagine pas que ce qui lui échappe, est son bonheur actuel, ou l'amour qu'il suppose encore que Louise a pour lui, etc etc.

Malgré mes efforts je sens que je ne suis pas encore tout à fait dans le sens pur. *Reason of* c'est la *raison de* et non pas une raison pour expliquer. Ne pourriez-vous me redonner votre phrase en anglais avec une autre tournure? Il y a dans celle-là une impossibilité matérielle.

Bon Dresde, bonne santé, beau temps, voilà ce que je vous souhaite de tout cœur.

Mille et mille choses cordiales

P. Solanges.

Le diable c'est que cette phrase a beaucoup d'importance. Je crains qu'on ne puisse la rendre claire en français qu'en l'allongeant.

ALS: NLA MS 133/12/450–51

Translation

10 April 1913

Dear Sir

Two words in haste, since although working hard, I am advancing but slowly. I have received the four chapters. I have also received your kind letter of the 7th, the reading of which renewed my remorse. You have great equanimity. However don't have me say more than I have said. You must know my admiration for the sober,

rich, colourful style of M.G. If I ventured to point out to you the repeated use of *but*, it was precisely because, having found nothing else which in my opinion was open to criticism, I believed I could venture to point out your liking for this word, in the interest *of the new colossus*.

In short, I meddled with something which doesn't concern me; I regretted it once my letter was gone, and I thank you for not telling me so. I rather think, if we had met, we would have become close friends, despite the difference in our ages and other differences, and sometimes I let myself go by treating you as such. You are right not to take offence.

So I am working. With your corrections done—I can say *all*, except a very small number of exceptions—I have Chapters I, II, III, IV, V and VI of Part I and Chapters VII, XII and XIII of Part III absolutely ready. You see I have work on my plate, since almost everything has been copied out again. *Never mind!* I am finally reaching what I wanted: reading without being held up by worries and doubts.

I am appalled to see that I have made a great number of errors in meaning. Thanks to your devoted collaboration, the translation will end up being quite good. But I was presumptuous the day I began it.

In Chapter VII (Part 3) you point out a sentence I did not understand. I have just redone it at least ten times and I feel I have not yet succeeded. The worst of it is that I don't know how to set it right because of its construction in English. It reminds me of passages from Tristram Shandy.[1434] —See page 466 of the book, line 11 from bottom: *The craving for a knowledge of the facts ... escaping him*. My translation was a complete misunderstanding.

What makes this sentence so very difficult to translate is: this became a reason for, a plea in extenuation of, what he felt escaping him.

The French language demands that the two phrases *a reason for, a plea in extenuation of* have the same word value, so it is virtually indispensable to find two infinitives that can be preceded by *pour*. This very English way of connecting *for* and *of* to *what* cannot be used in French.

I am sending you my translation on a piece of paper. Change it, in French, without worrying about the style. That will help me. I have put *ce qu'il sentait échapper à sa recherche*, so that the reader doesn't imagine that what is escaping him is his present happiness, or the love he supposes Louise still has for him, etc etc.

Despite my efforts I feel I haven't yet quite reached the full meaning. *Reason of* is the *raison de* and not a reason to explain. Couldn't you give me your sentence again in English with a different turn of phrase? There is a material impossibility in this one.

A good time in Dresden, good health, fine weather—that's what I wish you with all my heart.

Most cordial best wishes

P. Solanges

[1434] The novel *The Life and Opinions of Tristram Shandy*, by Laurence Sterne (1713–68), was published in London in 1760–67.

The devil is that this sentence is quite important. I fear it can only be made clear in French by lengthening it.

208. Notes on III.7, 10 April 1913

1435

La soif de connaître les faits, de se trouver en face de la certitude sous n'importe quelle forme, lui servait à la fois de raison pour expliquer et de prétexte pour atténuer *ce qu'il sentait échapper à sa recherche.

*ou: les choses qu'il sentait échapper à sa recherche (?)
ou: ce passé qu'il sentait etc etc (?)
ou: ces choses du passé (?)

whether favourable or unfavourable: in other words, he would almost prefer to know the worst.
No, not this. It is happiness or love that is escaping him.

Le bonheur ...

I hope you will understand my scrawls. I write on a balcony, with several people talking round me.

AMS: NLA MS 133/12/597

209. Notes on III.7, c. 19 April 1913

1436

La soif de connaître les faits, d'arriver à la certitude sous n'importe quelle forme (*favorable ou défavorable, cela va de soi*) lui servait à la fois de raison et d'excuse pour pleurer ce qu'il sentait lui échapper.
regretter
méditer sur
envisager
analyser
s'accrocher à
Chap. VII—part III

AMS: NLA MS 133/12/596

210. 3 May 1913

Multedo le 3 mai 1913.

1435 Sent to HHR on 10 April 1913, and returned by her on 16 April. A translation of these notes would be superfluous.

1436 Replied to by HHR on 22 April 1913 (*HHRTL* 1:490); no accompanying letter from Solanges seems to have survived, but the envelope now containing Solanges's letter of 3 May 1913 is postmarked 19 April 1913, and is addressed to Dresden; it may be presumed to have originally contained any letter that accompanied these notes. A translation of these notes would be superfluous.

3 May 1913

Cher Monsieur

Vous devez être de retour à Londres. Tout au moins ma lettre ne vous précédera-t-elle pas de beaucoup.

Avant que vous vous plongiez dans le nouveau travail, je vais vous donner des nouvelles de l'ancien.

Les corrections sont faites au chapitre IX (III) et j'ai commencé celles du chap. X. J'ai donc à l'heure qu'il est douze chapitres prêts pour l'impression. Vous penserez sans doute que cela va lentement. Et pourtant je travaille. Le fait est que vos corrections, *jointes aux*[1437] *miennes*, m'obligent à retranscrire un très grand nombre de pages. Aussi je crains de devoir cet automne vous prier encore une fois de me prolonger de six mois. Mais je serai sûr alors d'avoir atteint la limite absolue de ce que je puis faire. Cela ne veut pas dire que j'aurai atteint l'idéal que je m'étais proposé d'atteindre.

Relativement à vos corrections et observations: j'avoue que je suis honteux en constatant combien de fois je suis passé à côté du véritable sens. J'ai été présomptueux en entreprenant ce travail. Je me console cependant à la pensée qu'une fois les erreurs corrigées, la traduction n'est pas seulement juste, mais qu'elle a de la couleur et de la vie.

J'ai donc rectifié toutes les erreurs, et pour vous être agréable j'ai rétabli le paragraphe pag. 509: *A smell of rotting*. Je trouve qu'il fait longueur à un moment où le lecteur éprouve plus le besoin de savoir que de raisonner, mais, en somme, c'est à vous de juger et de décider.

Relativement à vos corrections de nuances j'ai tenu compte à peu près de toutes. Je ne me suis abstenu que lorsque vous vous êtes trompé sur la valeur des mots dont je me suis servi. Pour être franc, cela vous est arrivé plusieurs fois. Ce qui m'a surpris c'est que vous m'ayez plusieurs fois cru capable d'ignorer ou de ne pas comprendre certaines choses.

Par exemple chap. VIII page 480. J'ai mis que Mad. avait assisté à l'exécution du Motette. Vous dites: «She has, of course, only listened.» Je sais bien qu'elle n'y a pas pris part. Vous avez compris *assist* dans le sens anglais. En français assister veut dire *être présent à*. On assiste à un concert à une comédie.

Toutes les fois que vous avez mis: *Well*, au commencement d'une phrase, vos corrections supposent que j'ai cru ce mot nécessaire à la phrase et vous me faites observer qu'il est sans valeur et ne sert que de point de départ. Mais tout ce que j'ai mis en français pour traduire ce well, ce sont des mots qui servent à la conversation et n'ont pas plus de valeur que *well*. On s'en sert comme les anglais se servent de well et sans y donner plus d'importance.

Vous m'expliquez[1438] ce que veut dire: *make a fool of oneself* ou to be *an uncommon donkey*. —Tout cela je le sais, mais nous n'avons rien en français qui corresponde et c'est d'ailleurs regrettable.

Vous avez aussi un désir commun à tous les auteurs: c'est que si votre phrase a dix mots la traduction en ait aussi dix. Ainsi par exemple chap. IX p. 496 ligne 21. Mad.: Yes; I heard he had got ... she said *disconnectedly*.

[1437] aux] au MS
[1438] expliquez] expliquer MS

Disconnectedly ne peut se traduire. J'ai fait une paraphrase, vous me dites: This is very long for one word I would leave out altogether and say simply: said Madeleine.

Mais pas du tout! Elle a parlé en suivant une pensée et ce qu'elle dit s'y rapporte. Si je ne l'explique pas, le lecteur croira ou à une erreur ou à quelque réplique oubliée. À l'harmonie de votre phrase anglaise je substitue l'harmonie de ma phrase française et avant tout je cherche à être clair.

Je vous dis tout cela parce que je sens que je finis par avoir peur que vous ayez à l'heure qu'il est de très gros doutes. La traduction une fois finie, ne sera pas mauvaise je vous l'affirme.

Je vous fais perdre votre temps; j'en finis avec mon bavardage. Soyez sûr de mon attachement pour vous et pour votre livre. Il m'aura coûté bien de la peine, je ne l'ai pas regretté un seul instant.

Cordialement

Votre

P. Solanges.

ALS: NLA MS 133/12/452–53

Translation

3 May 1913[1439]

Dear Sir

You must be back in London. Or at least my letter will not precede you by much.

Before you plunge into the new work, I will give you news of the old.

The corrections of Chapter IX (III) are done and I have begun those of Chapter X. So at the moment I have twelve chapters ready for printing. You will no doubt think it is going slowly. And yet I am working. The fact is that your corrections, *combined with mine*, oblige me to retranscribe a very large number of pages. Therefore I fear that this autumn I will have to ask you once more to give me a six-month extension. But then I will be sure of having reached the absolute limit of what I can do. That doesn't mean I will have reached the ideal I had set myself.[1440]

In regard to your corrections and observations: I admit I am ashamed when I see how often I missed the real meaning. I was presumptuous in undertaking this work. I console myself however with the thought that, once the errors have been corrected, the translation is not only accurate, but colourful and lively.

So I have rectified all the errors, and to be agreeable to you I have restored the paragraph on page 509: *A smell of rotting*. I find it overlong at a moment when the reader feels more need to know than to reason, but, in short, it is for you to judge and decide.

[1439] The envelope now associated with this letter is postmarked 19 April 1913, and is addressed to Dresden: the first sentence of the letter makes it clear that the envelope is misplaced; see footnote 1436 to §209, Notes on III.7 (c. 19 April 1913).

[1440] HHr responded on 8 May: "Don't worry about the extra time it is likely to take you to finish it. I have told you before, how intolerable I myself find it to be tied & bound to a given date. I could not be cruel to my faithful translator in this respect; so work at your ease, and do not over-work! The day will come, right enough, when you are really done with it, & I prophesy that you will be content with the French version when it lies all before you. Not many translations have been such a labour of love." (*HHRTL* 1:498).

In regard to your corrections of nuances, I have taken almost all of them into account. I only abstained when you were mistaken on the value of the words I had used. To be frank, that happened several times. What surprised me is that several times you believed me capable of not knowing or not understanding certain things.

For example Chapter VIII page 480. I put that Mad. had *assisté* at the performance of the Motet. You say: "She has, of course, only listened." I am well aware that she did not take part. You have understood *assist* in its English sense. In French *assister* means *to be present at*. One 'assists' at a concert, at a comedy.

Every time you put: *Well*, at the beginning of a sentence, your corrections suppose that I thought this word necessary for the sentence, and you observe to me that it has no value and only serves as a starting point. But all I put in French to translate this *well* was words which help in conversation and have no more value than *well*. We use them as the English use *well*, and without giving them any more importance.

You explain to me the meaning of: *make a fool of oneself* or to be *an uncommon donkey*. —I know all that, but we have nothing to correspond with it in French, which is moreover a shame.

You also have a desire shared by all authors: if your sentence has ten words, you want the translation to have ten words as well. Thus for example Chapter IX p. 496 line 21. Mad.: Yes; I heard he had got ... she said *disconnectedly*.

Disconnectedly cannot be translated. I paraphrased it, and you tell me: This is very long for one word I would leave out altogether and say simply: said Madeleine.

But not at all! She spoke while following her thought, and what she says is connected to that. If I don't explain it, the reader will believe that there is either a mistake or some forgotten rejoinder. I substitute the harmony of my French sentence for the harmony of your English sentence and above all I seek to be clear.

I am telling you all this because I feel I will end up being afraid that you have very serious doubts at the moment. Once the translation is finished, it will not be bad, I do declare to you.

I am wasting your time; I will finish with my chattering. Rest assured of my affection for you and your book. It will have cost me a lot of trouble, but I have not regretted it for a single moment.

Cordially

Yours

P. Solanges.

211. 7 May 1913

Multedo 7 mai 1913

Cher Monsieur

Êtes-vous à Londres? Je pense que oui et que votre voyage s'est bien passé. Je crains pourtant que vous n'ayez pas eu bien beau temps. Ce n'est qu'aujourd'hui que nous avons un splendide ciel bleu. Hier, tempête de grêle qui a ravagé mon pauvre jardin! Mes pauvres fleurs n'existent plus. Ma fille en aurait pleuré. Heureusement ici cela repousse vite.

J'ai fini le chap. X (III). Je ne saurais trop vous répéter combien, dans l'intérêt du travail, il eût été plus qu'utile de faire une lecture ensemble. La traduction serait arrivée à nous satisfaire tous les deux. Tandis que je sens que, en adoptant quelques unes de vos corrections, je diminue l'effet de bien des passages.

Naturellement je ne parle pas de mes erreurs, je les corrige avec beaucoup de joie mélangée de honte.

Vous êtes comme tous les artistes; vous tenez aux moindres détails de votre œuvre beaucoup plus que vous ne croyez. Vous avez raison en principe, mais il faut que vous vous disiez que le génie de votre langue diffère du génie de la nôtre et que je ne suis pas magicien. À mettre les mêmes mots que vous, je risque d'être obscur, là où vous êtes clair. Ce sont des nuances qui exigeraient des volumes pour être expliquées.

Vous ai-je dit jadis que j'ai fait quelques études d'harmonie et que j'ai beaucoup vécu avec des musiciens français: Bizet, Massenet, Mutel, Mermet et d'autres? Vous n'avez donc pas à craindre que je me serve mal à propos de mots techniques.

Je vous dis cela à propos de Dove et de son exécution de Chopin. J'ai corrigé rentrée (manquée) par *ornement* qui est bien le mot classique en français, c'est à dire le groupe, le trille, le *mordante* et l'appogiature. Mais laissez-moi vous dire qu'une *rentrée manquée* n'aurait pas été a *dreadful fiasco*. Nous appelons rentrée le passage qui prépare et ramène le motif ou thème principal. Or, sur vingt orchestres qui exécutent les symphonies de Beethoven, il y en a [au] moins dix qui manquent (plus ou moins) les rentrées. Manquer ne veut pas dire autre chose que: ne pas donner toute sa valeur à ...

J'ai donc commis une erreur, mais je n'ai pas écrit une chose dépourvue de sens.

Et puis Chopin entre les mains d'un élève! …

Runs veut dire gammes et j'ai dit trait. Or un trait c'est un fragment de gamme entrant dans la composition d'un morceau. Pour dire gamme, il faudrait une gamme entière. Je ne crois pas qu'elle se trouve dans le concerto en mi mineur.

J'ai dit le *tempérament* que possédait Dove? Vous me dites *depth of feeling*. C'est bien cela. C'est la façon particulière de bien sentir la musique. Il y a, sans aucun doute une dose d'ironie dans tout cela, c'est à dire dans l'appréciation du jeu de Dove. Vous me dites «I don't like: où le compositeur avait donné cours à ses émotions. To my mind all music is made up of emotion.»

Vous prenez *émotion* dans le sens philosophique. Il me semble que le mot va bien pour qui connaît Chopin et les passages de Chopin où Schwarz défendait—avec raison, il me semble, les interprétations et les exécutions de certains passages accélérés, précipités, ralentis, enlevés qui se transforment en parodies grotesques sous les doigts des élèves. Krafft pouvait s'y hasarder, Dove, non.

Émotionnelle, je ne puis pas le mettre, ce n'est pas français. Il faudrait un synonyme. Ne vaut-il pas mieux laisser ce qui est?

Comme cela eût été amusant de discuter tous ces points ensemble. What a pity! Cela marche quand même.

À vous bien sincèrement et cordialement

P. Solanges.

Attaquer les sons est bien aussi une expression technique.

7 May 1913

ALS: NLA MS 133/12/454–55

Translation

7 May 1913

Dear Sir

Are you in London? I think you are and that your trip went well. I am afraid however that you may not have had very good weather. It's only today that we have a splendid blue sky. Yesterday we had a hailstorm which devastated my poor garden! My poor flowers no longer exist. My daughter would have wept. Fortunately, things grow back quickly here.

I have finished Chapter X (III). I cannot repeat often enough to you how very useful it would have been to read it together, in the interests of the work. The translation would have satisfied us both. Whereas I feel that, by adopting some of your corrections, I am diminishing the effect of many passages.

Of course I am not talking about my errors, I am correcting them with much joy mixed with shame.

You are like all artists; you care about the least details of your work much more than you think. You are right in principle, but you must tell yourself that the genius of your language is different from the genius of ours, and I am not a magician. By putting the same words as you, I risk being obscure where you are clear. These are nuances which it would take volumes to explain.

Have I told you before that I studied harmony for a time and that I have spent a lot of time with French musicians: Bizet, Massenet, Mutel, Mermet and others?[1441] So you needn't be afraid that I will misuse technical words.

I tell you this in relation to Dove and his performance of Chopin.[1442] I have corrected *rentrée* (*manquée*) with *ornement* which is indeed the usual word in French, that is the group, the trill, the mordent and the appoggiatura. But let me tell you that a *rentrée manquée* would not have been a *dreadful fiasco*. We use the term *rentrée* for the passage which prepares for and brings back the motif or principal theme. Now, out of twenty orchestras which perform Beethoven's symphonies, there are at least ten which will *manquer* (more or less) the *rentrées*. *Manquer* means no more than: not give all its value to ...

So I did commit an error, but I didn't write something meaningless.

[1441] Georges Bizet (1838–75), known above all for his opera *Carmen* (1874). Jules Massenet (1842–1912). prolific French composer and professor at the Paris Conservatoire 1878–96.
Alfred Mutel wrote to Solanges in December 1877 congratulating him on the birth of his son Pierre; Mutel and his wife were growing old contentedly, giving music and singing lessons (ASF). Mutel is nowhere mentioned in musical reference works, and it is somewhat strange that Solanges should expect HHR to know this name.
Auguste Mermet (1810–89), French composer for the stage, student of Jacques Fromental Halévy (see footnote 833 to Letter 76 (16 April 1911) for Solanges's links with Fromental Halévy).

[1442] The passage in question is at *MG* 527 (672 in Solanges's manuscript): "Not a note was missed, not a turn slurred." HHR's note on Part III, Chapter 11, reads:
Page 672, l. 7 (from bottom) No, not a "rentrée manquée." That would have been a dreadful fiasco. A "turn" means an "ornament"; "not a grace-note missed out of an ornament." "Grace-note", "fioriture"? "Runs", "gammes"? His "touch" is in German "Anschlag"; there must be a technical expression in French too. [NLA MS 133/12/662]
Solanges had translated *turn* (a missed repeat in a musical performance) as *return* (*rentrée*).

And besides, Chopin in the hands of a student! …

Runs means scales (*gammes*) and I said *trait*. Now a trait is a snatch of scale included in the composition of a piece. To say *gamme*, there would need to be a whole scale. I don't think there is one in the Concerto in E Minor.

I said the *tempérament* Dove had? You tell me *depth of feeling*. That's exactly it. It's the characteristic way of appreciating the music. There is without doubt a dose of irony in all this, namely, in the assessment of Dove's playing. You tell me "I don't like: où le compositeur avait donné cours à ses émotions. To my mind all music is made up of emotion."

You take *émotion* in the philosophical sense. It seems to me that the word fits well for someone who knows Chopin and the passages of Chopin in which Schwarz defended—rightly, I think, the interpretations and performances of certain passages which are accelerated, hurried, slowed, played with spirit, and which are transformed into grotesque parodies in the hands of students. Krafft could risk performing them, but not Dove.

I cannot put *émotionnelle*, it is not French. It would need to be a synonym. Isn't it better to leave what is there?

How entertaining it would have been to discuss all these points together. What a pity! Still, it works.

Most sincerely and cordially yours

P. Solanges.

Attaquer les sons is indeed also a technical expression.

212. 11 May 1913

Multedo le 11 mai 1913

Cher Monsieur et ami

Je reçois à l'instant votre excellente lettre. Elle me remplit de confusion et je puis vous dire sans réticences qu'elle m'a attendri. Vous n'êtes décidément pas l'homme que vous m'avez dépeint. Vous lui êtes mille fois supérieur.

Oui vous m'avez compris. Je suis, j'ai été nerveux en vous écrivant. On se croit dépourvu d'amour-propre et ce n'est pas vrai. Je m'étais écrié en lisant quelques unes de vos notes: «Comment peut-il s'imaginer que je n'ai pas compris cela?» ou encore «Comment ne voit-il pas que j'ai rendu sa pensée?» Et j'ai pris le papier et j'ai été désagréable, et je le regrette infiniment. Je vous l'ai dit d'ailleurs. Et je me suis remontré avec vous pour regretter qu'une collaboration de près n'ait pu remplacer cet échange d'encre.

Enfin vous m'avez compris et vous ne m'en gardez pas rancune. C'est l'essentiel. Si vous me connaissiez comme tout irait bien. Mon âme n'a pas l'âge de mon corps lequel, grâce à Dieu, est encore agile et souple comme il y a trente ans. Si bien que mes éclats doivent vous sembler au moins singuliers. Hélas! c'est mon état normal! Je prends feu comme une allumette et j'attends pour raisonner que le feu soit éteint. Regrets posthumes! Mais la nature m'a créé ainsi.

Fini le chap. XI (III). *Toutes les corrections auxquelles vous teniez sont faites*. Toutes les erreurs de la psychologie de Maurice ont disparu. J'ai seulement maintenu ce qui après un examen très consciencieux m'a paru bien à sa place: Équivalents de la *particle well* etc etc.

Ainsi vous pouvez être tranquille. Je crois n'avoir rien laissé qui puisse ne pas vous contenter. Et j'en ai recopié des pages!

Mais plus je vais et plus j'ai la conviction que ce que je mets de côté comme *fini* est vraiment fini, c'est à dire, comme je vous l'ai écrit: le mieux dont je sois capable.

Et là-dessus je vous serre la main en vous remerciant encore de votre lettre. Elle n'est pas seulement une preuve de vos bons sentiments, elle démontre aussi que vous êtes décidément un excellent psychologue.

Votre affectionné

P. Solanges.

ALS: NLA MS 133/12/456–57

Translation

11 May 1913

Dear Sir and friend

I have just received your excellent letter. It fills me with embarrassment and I can tell you without reservation that it touched me. You are definitely not the man you have depicted to me. You are a thousand times superior to him.

Yes, you have understood me. I am, I was nervous when writing to you. One believes one has no amour-propre and it is not true. When reading some of your notes, I cried out: "How can he imagine I did not understand that?" or again "How can he not see that I have translated his thought?" And I took a piece of paper and was unpleasant, and I am infinitely sorry. Moreover I have told you so. And I remonstrated with you, regretting that a close collaboration could not replace this exchange of ink.

Well, you have understood me and you don't hold it against me. That's all that matters. How well everything would go if you knew me. My soul is not as old as my body, which, thank God, is still as agile and lithe as thirty years ago. So much so that my outbursts must seem at least remarkable to you. Alas! that is my normal state! I catch fire like a match and I wait for the fire to go out before thinking reasonably. Posthumous regrets! But nature created me thus.

Finished Chapter XI (III). *All the corrections you cared about have been done*. All the errors in Maurice's psychology have disappeared. I only kept what seemed after a very conscientious examination to be in its proper place: Equivalents of the particle *well* etc etc.

Thus you can rest easy. I think I have left nothing that would not satisfy you. And I have written out page after page!

But the further I go, the more convinced I am that what I put aside as *finished* is really finished—that is, as I have written to you: the best I am capable of.

And thereupon I shake your hand whilst thanking you again for your letter. It is not only a proof of your kind feelings, it also demonstrates that you are certainly an excellent psychologist.

Your affectionate

P. Solanges.

213. 25 May 1913

Multedo le 25 mai 1913.

Cher Monsieur

J'avais incomplètement répondu à votre avant Dernière lettre et je me proposais chaque jour de vous écrire, trouvant que je vous avais trop parlé de M.G. et pas assez de votre nouveau livre, mais je me suis tellement absorbé dans la refonte du chap. 6 (III p.) que je n'ai pas été capable de m'en distraire. J'allais le terminer quand j'ai reçu votre bonne lettre du 20 mai et je plante tout là pour venir à vous.

Donc, depuis votre retour de la Saxe vous vous êtes remis au travail. Vous me dites être en règle avec le chap. 8 de la première partie et vous ajoutez que vous espérez aborder la seconde partie en août. Cela me donne à penser deux choses: d'abord que votre nouveau colosse aura à peu près les dimensions de M.G.; ensuite qu'il vous reste environ 25 ou 28 chap. à faire. De cela vous ne m'avez jamais rien dit. Si vous n'avez que deux parties, vous serez bientôt au sommet de la colline, si vous en avez trois, il vous faut encore grimper ferme avant de penser à redescendre. Mais vous avez bon courage et le souffle ne vous manque pas. Je sens aussi que vous avez la première des qualités: la juste notion de la valeur et de la sûreté de votre effort.

C'est hélas ce qui me manque. Je vis dans un doute incessant. Cela tient en partie à ce que je considère sans cesse la responsabilité que j'ai assumée. J'aurais les idées plus nettes si je travaillais sur ma propre substance. N'importe! Je comprends maintenant que je suis sûr des huit derniers et des six premiers chap. de M.G.

Ce chap. VI (III) vient de me donner beaucoup de mal. Je l'avais travaillé de mon mieux. En y mettant vos corrections j'ai compris combien il avait besoin d'être revu et je m'y suis remis avec courage.

J'ai tenu compte de *toutes* vos observations sauf deux ou trois, j'ai rétabli ce que j'avais omis (volontairement ou non, je ne sais plus), enfin j'ai substitué des expressions à vous à des équivalents qui s'étaient glissés et n'avaient pas une efficacité suffisante.

J'estime qu'aujourd'hui toutes les nuances de la psychologie de Louise et de M. dans ce terrible chap. VI sont exactes et qu'elles ont l'effet (la valeur) requis.

J'ai oublié de vous dire, la dernière fois, de ne pas vous inquiéter lorsque je traduis littéralement des métaphores anglaises qui ne sont pas d'usage en français. Je ne le fais qu'à bon escient et après m'être assuré que tout le monde en comprend le sens. Pourquoi se refuser d'écrire une chose nouvelle qui a de la fraîcheur pour le lecteur et l'amuse lorsqu'elle est intelligible? Toute métaphore a été *dite et comprise une première fois*.

Exemple: Vous dites (je ne sais plus dans quel chapitre) que Dove *ne portait plus son cœur sur la manche de son habit*. Nous n'avons pas cela en français, mais c'est joli, et très expressif, et très facile à comprendre. J'aurais eu grand tort de ne pas profiter d'une image qui plaira aux lecteurs. J'ai demandé à dix personnes ce que cela

signifie et toutes m'ont répondu exactement. Pour ce genre de choses-là vous pouvez vous en fier à moi.

Quand je pense que vous admiriez jadis la façon dont je sais l'anglais! Quelle ironie! Alors, me direz-vous, pourquoi avoir entrepris? ... C'est peut-être que je comptais sur votre collaboration.

Pour une seule de vos observations je n'ai pas trouvé de solution. Page 463 du livre l. 18. ... *he was dumbfounded by its far-reaching significance*.

N'ayant pas trouvé d'adjectif pour traduire votre *far reaching*, j'ai mis: *sa signification pleine de conséquences lointaines*. Vous préférez un adjectif et vous avez raison. Mais ... j'ai cherché bien longtemps en vain. Il n'y aurait que: sa *signification à longue portée*. Cela pourrait aller, mais ce n'est ni joli ni expressif. J'aurais l'idée de mettre: *sa signification enveloppante*. Qu'en dites-vous?

Quant à votre proposition de mettre vos notes et corrections de côté, j'aime à croire que c'est pour rire. Tout sera revu et refait si besoin est. Il faut que nous soyons satisfaits tous les deux. C'est très gentil à vous de me dire cela, mais j'espère que vous me connaissez assez maintenant pour être sûr que je ne vous prendrai pas au mot. Je serai peut-être encore nerveux et vous, vous me serez encore indulgent. Les bons amis ont le droit *de s'attraper* et nous sommes bons amis, n'est-ce pas?

À vous de tout cœur

P. Solanges.

Nous avons maintenant un temps splendide. Je vous en souhaite autant. Mais il commence à faire un peu chaud.

ALS: NLA MS 133/12/458–59

Translation

25 May 1913

Dear Sir

I had answered your second-last letter incompletely and meant to write to you every day, since I felt I had spoken too much of M.G. and not enough about your new book, but I became so absorbed in the recasting of Chapter 6 (Part III) that I was incapable of tearing myself away from it. I was about to finish it when I received your kind letter of 20th May, and I am now dropping everything to turn to you.

So, since your return from Saxony you have resumed work. You tell me you have straightened out Chapter 8 of Part One and you add that you hope to start on Part Two in August. That gives rise to two thoughts: firstly that your new colossus will be about the size of M.G.; next, that you have another 25 or 28 chapters to do. You have never told me anything about this. If there are only two parts, you will soon be at the top of the hill, if there are three, you still have to climb hard before thinking about coming down again. But you are brave-hearted and not short of breath. I also feel that you have the most important of qualities: a proper notion of the worth and soundness of your efforts.

Alas, that is what I lack. I live in perpetual doubt. This is partly due to my always being aware of the responsibility I have taken on. My ideas would be clearer if I were working on material of my own. No matter! I realise now that I am sure of the last eight chapters and the first six chapters of M.G.

This Chapter VI (III) has just given me a lot of trouble. I had polished it as best I could. When adding your corrections, I realised how much it needed to be revised and I undertook it courageously.

I have taken into account *all* your observations except two or three, I have restored what I had omitted (deliberately or not, I cannot remember), and finally I have substituted your expressions for equivalents which had slipped in and which were not sufficiently effective.

I believe all the nuances of Louise and M.'s psychology in this terrible Chapter VI are now correct and have the required effect (value).

I forgot to tell you, last time, not to worry when I give literal translations of English metaphors which are not current in French. I only do so advisedly, after making sure everyone understands the meaning. Why refuse to write something new which is refreshing for the reader and amuses him when it is intelligible? Every metaphor has had *a first time for being said and understood*.

An example: You say (I don't know in which chapter) that Dove *no longer wore his heart on his coat-sleeve*.[1443] We do not say that in French, but it is nice, and very expressive, and very easy to understand. I would have been greatly in the wrong not to take advantage of an image which will please the readers. I asked ten people what it means and they all replied accurately. You can trust me on this sort of thing.

When I think that you once admired my command of English! What irony! So, you will say to me, why did you undertake it? ... Perhaps I was counting on your collaboration.

For only one of your observations have I not found a solution. Page 463 of the book l. 18 ... *he was dumbfounded by its far-reaching significance*.

Not having found an adjective to translate your *far reaching*, I put: *sa signification pleine de conséquences lointaines*. You prefer an adjective and you are right. But ... I have searched for quite a long time in vain. There is only: sa *signification à longue portée*. That might fit, but it's neither very nice nor expressive. I could put: *sa signification enveloppante*. What do you say?

As for your proposal to lay aside your notes and corrections, I would like to think it's a joke.[1444] Everything will be revised and redone if need be. We must both be satisfied. It's very kind of you to say that to me, but I hope you know me well enough now to be sure I will not take you at your word. I will perhaps be nervous again, and *you* will again be indulgent to me. Good friends have the right *to catch each other out*, and we are good friends, are we not?

Yours with all my heart

P. Solanges.

We are having splendid weather now. I wish you as much. But it's beginning to be a little hot.

[1443] *MG* 484.

[1444] HHR had written on 20 May: "I am rounding my capes now, and hope to go steadily forward from now on. Are you doing the same? I trust so—also that my corrections are not plaguing you too much. I would rather you would burn the bunch of them than that they should do that. Suppose you did burn them & accept no more of them, I still believe your translation would be superior to 90 p.c. of those published nowadays" (*HHRTL* 1:502).

214. 16 June 1913

Multedo le 16 juin 1913

Cher Monsieur

Je vous ai fait attendre quinze jours ma réponse à votre bonne lettre, parce que je voulais avant tout en finir avec les chap. III, IV, V (part III). C'est fait. Pour la fin du mois j'espère en être quitte avec le troisième tiers et me mettre à la seconde partie.

Le très important chap. III est évidemment, de tout le livre, celui que j'avais le plus mal traduit. J'y ai trouvé de bonnes pages, mais que de choses à côté, que d'erreurs, sans parler des oublis, involontaires je vous prie de le croire.

Vous souvenez-vous combien de fois je vous ai laissé voir que je n'étais pas content de ma traduction? C'est qu'au fond de moi, je sentais très bien qu'elle était incomplète, douteuse en bien des points; en un mot qu'elle avait besoin d'être à peu près refaite. J'ai eu le courage de m'y mettre et je puis vous dire aujourd'hui que je suis content de tout ce que j'ai refait. Vos notes m'ont été très précieuses sept fois sur dix. Elles ont fait disparaître mes doutes et m'ont poussé à serrer de près votre texte.

Dans ces chapitres que je viens de finir, j'ai tout fait pour vous contenter. Par exemple j'ai rétabli les temps de verbe pour la vision de Louise provoquée par les roses, si bien qu'il n'y a plus de méprise possible sur le caractère de cette vision. Elle est devenue comme un film de cinéma. Mais cela n'a pas été facile, et savez-vous pourquoi? C'est parce qu'il y a deux ou trois endroits où il semble que c'est vous qui donnez deux ou trois touches pour le lecteur. Ainsi quand vous dites qu'elle se sent toucher le bras par quelqu'un un Russe, un ami de Schilsky, ou mieux un de ses amis, cela paraît sortir de la vision. Louise connaissait ce Russe certainement par son nom. Il y a donc là une indication, d'ailleurs nécessaire pour le lecteur. J'ai réussi pourtant et sans passer un mot à réaliser ce que vous vouliez.

Au moins n'allez pas prendre cela pour une critique. Ces pages sont des merveilles. Mais je tiens à ce que vous sachiez que je vous ai toujours *bien compris*, même là où ma traduction est impuissante. Ce n'est pas mon intelligence du texte, mais mon peu d'habileté qu'il faut accuser.

Excepté cependant là où j'ai fait des contre-sens ... et combien! Oh ces contre-sens! Ils m'entrent dans la peau comme un clou.

Vous le voyez que je sais mal l'anglais. Never mind. Grâce à votre collaboration le mal est réparé et j'ai bon espoir pour l'ensemble de l'œuvre qui ne sera pas ... indigne de l'original.

Ci-joint une petite note avec prière de retour. Ce sont des points d'importance relative que je vous prie de résoudre. Je n'ai pas à vous dire avec quel intérêt j'ai lu ce que vous me dites de votre nouvel ouvrage, ni que vous pouvez compter sur ma discrétion la plus absolue. Vous avez encore bien du travail sur la planche. Moi aussi d'ailleurs. En somme, cela ne nous inquiète ni l'un ni l'autre. Nous ne demandons qu'une chose: bien finir.

Depuis un mois il n'a pas tombé ici *une* goutte d'eau. Il fait chaud, mais la chaleur est sèche. Il y a de l'air et les soirées sont fraîches. Il est possible que je ne bouge pas avant septembre.

Mille bonnes amitiés bien sincères.

P. Solanges

C'est donc dix-sept chap. que j'ai en ordre.

ALS: NLA MS 133/12/460–61

Translation

16 June 1913

Dear Sir

I have made you wait a fortnight for my reply to your kind letter, because I wanted above all to be done with Chapters III, IV, V (Part III). It is done. By the end of the month I hope to be finished with Part III and to begin Part II.

The very important Chapter III is obviously, in the whole book, the one I translated worst. I found good pages in it, but how many things wide of the mark, how many mistakes, not to mention omissions, which, please believe me, were unintentional.

Do you remember how often I told you I was unhappy with my translation? It was because, in my heart, I felt very well that it was incomplete, and questionable on many points; in a word, that it needed to be almost rewritten. I had the heart to begin it, and I can tell you today that I am happy with everything I have redone. Your notes have been very precious to me seven times out of ten. They have caused my doubts to disappear and have induced me to adhere closely to your text.

In these chapters I have just finished, I have done everything I could to satisfy you. For example I have restored the tenses of the verbs for Louise's vision prompted by the roses, so there is now no possible misunderstanding of the nature of this vision. It has become like a motion picture. But it wasn't easy, and do you know why? Because in two or three places it seems to be you who are giving the reader two or three tips from the sideline. Thus when you say she feels her arm touched by someone, a Russian, a friend of Schilsky's, or rather one of his friends, it seems to come from outside the vision. Louise certainly knew this friend by his name. So there is an indication here, and one that is necessary for the reader. However I succeeded in effecting what you wanted without omitting a word.

Now don't go and take this as a criticism. These pages are marvellous. But I am keen for you to know that I have always *perfectly understood* you, even where my translation is weak. It's not my understanding of the text but my poor ability that is to blame.

Except however where I did mistranslate ... and how often! Oh those mistranslations! They are like nails piercing my skin.

You see how bad my English is. Never mind. Thanks to your collaboration the damage is repaired and I am quite hopeful for the overall work, which will not be ... unworthy of the original.

Enclosed is a small note which please return. They are points of relative importance that I would like you to resolve. I don't have to tell you how interested I was to read what you tell me about your new book, nor that you can count on my absolute discretion. You still have a lot of work on your plate. And I too. In short, that doesn't worry either of us. We ask only one thing: to finish properly.

In the last month there has not been a *single* drop of rain here. It's hot, but it's dry heat. There is a breeze and the evenings are fresh. It's possible I will not move until September.

My most sincere best wishes

P. Solanges

So it's seventeen chapters that I now have ready.

215. Notes on III.3, 16 June 1913

Chap. III

Page 405 ligne 14 (fr. bottom) If I had my way.
J'ai traduit: si j'étais la maîtresse et vous me demandez if it is wise to bring in this word.

Very well.

Cela ne peut faire naître, dans la circonstance, l'idée de maîtresse pris dans un autre sens que: si je pouvais faire ce que je veux. Le mot est d'usage courant.

Agreed.

Impossible de traduire *I want you* par *je te veux*. C'est ce qu'une femme dit quand elle désire ... ce que vous savez. Et ici elle ne dit désirer apparemment que sa présence.

ligne 11 (f. b.) nectar
Est-ce que nectar est biblique? N'est-ce pas le breuvage des dieux dans l'Olympe?

I think you are right.

Page 406 l. 14 (f. b.) Why not Tasso.
En français on dit Tasse ou mieux le Tasse. Personne ne comprendrait ce que veut dire Tasso. Dante n'est pas fameux non plus. Auriez-vous un autre bon nom de chien à l'usage des étudiants?

Caesar, Nero, Pompey.

Page 406 l. 8 more than mortal
~~J'ai mis une *peine mortelle* et vous me faites observer avec raison qu'en anglais il y a more than mortal endurance. Il faudrait dire alors: le sentiment d'une injustice supérieure à toute endurance humaine.~~
~~Cela est long et terriblement lourd. Peine mortelle veut dire la plus grande peine qu'on puisse supporter sans en mourir.~~

~~Cette expression ne doit pas être prise à la lettre, car on dit aussi un ennui mortel.~~
C'est arrangé!
Le sentiment d'une injustice, joint à celui d'une endurance surhumaine.
All right?

Yes.

Chap. IV

Page 415 ligne 9. In *a* Rubens Crucifixion.
Vous me dites qu'il y a plusieurs crucifiements de R. Oui, mais le *Coup de lance* est un certain crucifiement de R. qui est à Anvers et dans lequel la figure de St Jean peut servir de modèle à celle de M.G. dans la circonstance.

Yes, I had this picture in mind.

Page 415. ligne 18. *greasy* little fellow. ~~J'avais mis *gros* parce que nous avons 5 lignes plus bas *oily* black~~[1445] ~~hair. Cela fait beaucoup de graisse ou d'huile. Puis-je laisser?~~ Settled!

page 417. ligne 1. the opening movement.
Dites-moi si vous êtes sûr que le trio de Mendel est un allegro. (Vous dites sur vos notes: In this case I believe an Allegro). Dans ce cas j'écrirais: Pendant la durée de l'Allegro etc. —The opening movement ne se traduit pas bien.

The Trio is the C. Moll von Beethoven, *not* Mendelssohn. The movements are a) Allegro con brio, b) Andante con variazioni, c) Menuetto, d) Finale—prestissimo.

Page 419 ligne 1. … , thank goodness!
Pourquoi pas? *Si Dieu veut*, c'est une affaire finie! Si Dieu veut a le même sens que «Dieu merci!» Il exprime le soulagement d'être au moins débarrassé.

All right.

Page 424 dernière ligne. It's inevitable.
J'ai mis: c'est fatal! Et vous dites: inevitable; means not to be avoided. — C'est précisément cela. Et c'est vraiment le mot en français. Inévitable serait faible dans la circonstance.

Agreed.

[1445] black] blac MS

AMS: NLA MS 133/12/585

Translation

Chapter III[1446]

Page 405 line 14 (fr. bottom) If I had my way.
I translated: *si j'étais la maîtresse* and you ask me *if it is wise to bring in this word*.[1447]
In the circumstance, this cannot give rise to the idea of mistress in any other sense than: if I could do what I want. The word is in current usage.
Impossible to translate *I want you* by *je te veux*. That's what a woman says when she wants ... you know what. And here apparently she says she wants only his presence.

Very well.

Agreed.

line 11 (f. b.) nectar
Is nectar biblical? Isn't it the beverage of the gods in Olympus?[1448]

I think you are right.

Page 406 l. 14 (f. b.) Why not Tasso.
In French we say *Tasse* or rather *Le Tasse*. No-one would understand what Tasso means.[1449] Dante is not famous either. Would you have another good name for students to use for a dog?

Caesar, Nero, Pompey.

Page 406 l. 8 more than mortal
~~I put *une peine mortelle* and you rightly point out that the English has more than mortal endurance. In that case I would have to put: le sentiment d'une injustice supérieure à toute endurance humaine.~~
~~That is long and terribly ponderous. *Peine mortelle* means the most pain one can withstand without dying. This~~

[1446] Sent to HHR on 16 June 1913, returned by her on 23 June, acknowledged by Solanges on 29 June 1913.
[1447] NLA MS 133/12/643.
[1448] HHR had stated in her notes: "'nectar and honey' is biblical" (NLA MS 133/12/643). In fact, the word *nectar* does not occur in the Bible, where the recurrent phrase speaks of the Holy Land as a "land of milk and honey" (e.g. Exodus 3:8). HHR had merged the phrase "milk and honey" with the saying "Man does not live on bread alone" (Deuteronomy 8:3) to produce the statement "man can't live on nectar and honey alone" (*MG* 405). Solanges's biblical knowledge is perhaps greater than HHR's.
[1449] The Italian poet Torquato Tasso (1544–95) is known in French as "le Tasse," whereas "la tasse" is the word for cup.

~~expression must not be taken literally, since we also say un ennui mortel: mortal boredom.~~

It's fixed!

Le sentiment d'une injustice, joint à celui d'une endurance surhumaine.

Yes.

All right?

Chapter IV

Page 415 line 9. In *a* Rubens Crucifixion.

Yes, I had this picture in mind.

You tell me there are several crucifixions by R. Yes, but the *Coup de lance* is a particular crucifixion by R. which is at Antwerp and in which St John's face may serve as a model for M.G.'s in this circumstance.[1450]

Page 415. line 18. *greasy* little fellow.[1451] ~~I had put *gros* because five lines below we have *oily* black hair. That makes a lot of grease or oil. May I leave it?~~ Settled!

page 417. line 1. the opening movement. Tell me if you are sure that Mendel's trio is an allegro. (You say in your notes: In this case I believe an Allegro).[1452] In that case I would write: Pendant la durée de l'Allegro etc. —*The opening movement* does not translate well.

The Trio is the C. Moll von Beethoven,[1453] *not* Mendelssohn. The movements are a) Allegro con brio, b) Andante con variazioni, c) Menuetto, d) Finale—prestissimo.

Page 419 line 1. ... , thank goodness![1454]

All right.

Why not? *Si Dieu veut*, c'est une affaire finie! *Si Dieu veut* has the same meaning

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[1450] HHR's note reads "I think Rubens painted more than one picture of Christ's crucifixion" (NLA MS 133/12/645). The *Coup de lance* was painted by Rubens in 1620 for the Recollet church in Antwerp, removed to France between 1794 and 1815, and now hangs in the Royal Museum of Fine Arts in Antwerp. See also *MG* P&S 779.

[1451] HHR's note reads: "greasy means sleek, oily (in talk and appearance.)" (NLA MS 133/12/645).

[1452] HHR's note on this line (actually the first line of *MG* 417) reads: "'movement' means 'division'. In this case I believe an Allegro. 'opening' means 'first'" (NLA MS 133/12/645).
Solanges had queried the translation of the musical term *movement* in Letter 185 (26 December 1912, and had asked his friend, accomplished pianist Christine de Noüe, for advice about it. HHR had not replied at the time. Not surprisingly, with the balance of the correspondence heavily weighted in Solanges's favour, not all his queries were answered by HHR.

[1453] C Minor by Beethoven (German).

[1454] HHR's note reads: "'Thank God' not surely: 'Si Dieu veut.' It means: 'I am very thankful that …'" (NLA MS 133/12/645).

as “Dieu merci!” It expresses the relief of at least being rid of it.

Page 424 last line. It’s inevitable. I put: c’est fatal! And you say: inevitable; means not to be avoided.[1455] —That’s precisely it. And that really is the word in French. *Inévitable* would be weak in this circumstance.

Agreed.

216. 29 June 1913

Multedo le 29 juin 1913

Cher Monsieur

Les deux premiers chapitres de la Part III sont terminés et le chap. VII de la Part I l’est à moitié. Cela marche. La moitié du livre est prête. Il y aura demain un an que j’ai terminé la première version. J’ai écrit alors sur mon journal. Fini M.G! ... sauf retouches. Les *retouches* me prendront autant de temps que la traduction mais j’éprouverai quand j’écrirai le dernier mot, une satisfaction bien différente de celle de l’année dernière.

Pour ce qui vous concerne, avec votre volonté et votre conscience d’artiste vous arriverez au bout à l’heure voulue. Je ne souhaite qu’une chose que je sais d’avance devoir se réaliser et c’est que vous touchiez le but avec la satisfaction de votre œuvre accomplie selon votre rêve ... autant que cela est possible au véritable écrivain.

Merci pour ma note renvoyée. Je prendrai Pompéi pour le chien. C’est original. Mais à mes notes, ne répondez pas. Agreed on very well, *pour me faire plaisir*. Si vous n’êtes pas convaincu, insistez, envoyez-moi promener. C’est si amusant de se chicaner sur la valeur d’un mot!

Pour les chapitres finis, j’ai fait tout ce que vous désirez. Je vous envoie cependant une toute petite note.

Je vous félicite de votre projet du Tyrol. Les Dolomites sont, paraît-il, quelque chose de merveilleux, surtout au coucher du soleil où elles deviennent roses et rouges et transparentes. Moi aussi j’irais volontiers voir les Alpes, mais on ne fait pas toujours ce qu’on voudrait, on le fait même rarement.

Quant à Heinemann, laissez-le dire. Il sera très heureux de vous prendre à votre heure.

Et là-dessus je vous serre la main. Je vais assez bien et la chaleur est plus que supportable.

Votre affectionné

P. Solanges.

Et ne faites pas d’imprudences en montagne.

ALS: NLA MS 133/12/462–63

[1455] NLA MS 133/12/645v.

Translation

29 June 1913

Dear Sir

The first two chapters of Part III are finished and Chapter VII of Part I is half-finished. It is working. Half the book is ready. Tomorrow it will be a year since I finished the first version. I wrote in my diary at the time: M.G. finished! ... except for tidying up. The *tidying up* will take me as long as the translation, but when I write the last word I will feel a very different satisfaction to last year's.

As for you, with your artist's will and conscience you will reach the end at the appointed hour. I wish for only one thing, that I know in advance must come to pass, and that is that you should reach your goal with the satisfaction of a work accomplished according to your dream ... as far as that is possible for a true writer.

Thanks for the return of my note. I will take Pompey for the dog. It's original. But don't answer my notes. Agreed on very well, *to please me*. If you are not convinced, insist, send me packing. It's such fun to quibble over the value of a word!

For the completed chapters, I have done everything you wanted. However I am sending you a very small note.

I congratulate you on your plan for the Tyrol. It seems the Dolomites are something marvellous, especially at sunset when they become pink and red and transparent. I too would willingly go to see the Alps, but one doesn't always do what one would like, in fact one rarely does so.

As for Heinemann, let him talk on. He will be very happy to accept you at your chosen hour.

And thereupon I shake your hand. I am quite well and the warmth is more than tolerable.

Your affectionate

P. Solanges.

And don't do anything foolish in the mountains.

217. Notes on III.1, 29 June 1913

Chap. I (P. III)

Pag. 393. lig. 5. orthodox Christian.
Quel est le sens exact de ces deux mots en langage d'église. En français orthodoxe rappelle trop l'église russe.

orthodox = strict. An orthodox Xtian is one who holds firm to all the tenets of his faith, who believes absolutely the dogmas of his church.

Page 394[1456] ligne 14. He would not have missed[1457] a single hour.
Vous n'aimez pas: *il n'aurait pas voulu*

[1456] 394] 494 MS
[1457] missed] miss MS

perdre <u>le souvenir</u> d'une seule des bienheureuses heures. Je ne trouve pas le moyen de vous contenter. Vous me dites: *Why <u>souvenir</u>? I mean the hours themselves*.
En français on ne peut pas dire: perdre qq. chose ou renoncer à qq. chose qui n'existe plus. Ce qu'on en possède, c'est le souvenir. Tout au plus pourrait-on dire que M. ne désirait pas que ses heures eussent existé, qu'il n'aurait pas consenti à les anéantir. Mais remarquez que M. looked back on those feverish weeks. C'est à dire qu'il regarde en arrière, qu'*il se souvient*. Alors cela fait pendant.

I see—let it stand then.

Pag. 390. ligne 4. fr. bott. *glorious play ... but only play*. Vous n'aimez pas *joie* pour *play*. Je vous en prie laissez-le. Je ne saurais quoi mettre. *Jeu* en français ne voudrait rien dire, *amusement* serait trop peu. *Joie* exprime bien le plaisir et plaisir aurait un sens particulier de volupté qui ne va pas du tout, là.

Agreed.

Page 392 lig. 13 fr. bot. *My Rachel*. Je le mettrai si vous voulez. Naturellement j'avais compris, mais en français cela fait un singulier effet. Maurice n'a guères l'habitude des allusions bibliques et je doute que le lecteur comprenne. Je dirai plus, à un lecteur français il semblera que Louise devrait se mettre à rire à cette allusion. Vous savez que dans mon pays on cherche toujours le côté qui peut faire rire.

Every Englishman or woman who has had any religious education at all is apt at Biblical Allusion. The seven years served for Rachel is a commonplace here; but I see your point as regards French.

Yes, & I have this tendency myself!

Settled! En mettant: *toi qui es ma Rachel*. Maurice explique sa pensée, le lecteur comprend et le côté un peu trop naïf (toujours pour des Français) disparaît. Et peut-être simplement: ... *tu me connais mieux que cela, toi, ... ma Rachel*!

Pag. 395. dern. ligne. Chaff.
Je n'ai pas gardé cela parce que nous appelons *chaff* la *balle* et que le mot est à peu près inconnu.
En effet mon dictionnaire reproduit votre

métaphore et dit: *Like chaff before the wind*—comme de la fumée que chasse le vent.

Very well.

Tout le reste est fait selon votre désir et j'ai rétabli la phrase passée par inadvertance en recopiant—à ma grande confusion. Pour le *vous* de la mère de Maurice (dans sa lettre) vous vous souviendrez de ce que je vous ai écrit l'année dernière, de Gstaad.

AMS: NLA MS 133/12/584

Translation

Chapter I (Part III)[1458]

Page 393. line 5. orthodox Christian.
What is the exact meaning of these two words in church language. In French *orthodox* reminds one too much of the Russian Church.

orthodox = strict. An orthodox Xtian is one who holds firm to all the tenets of his faith, who believes absolutely the dogmas of his church.

Page 394 line 14. He would not have missed a single hour.
You don't like: *il n'aurait pas voulu perdre <u>le souvenir</u> d'une seule des bienheureuses heures*. I cannot find the means to satisfy you. You say to me: *Why <u>souvenir</u>? I mean the hours themselves*.[1459]
In French one cannot say: lose something or renounce something which no longer exists. What one possesses is the memory of it. The most one could say is that M. didn't want these hours [not] to have existed, that he would not have consented to obliterate them. But note that M. *looked back on those feverish weeks*.[1460] That is, he looks back, *he remembers*. So it matches.

I see—let it stand then.

Page 390. line 4. fr. bott. *glorious play ... but only play*. You don't like *joie* for *play*.[1461] I beg you to leave it. I wouldn't

Agreed.

[1458] Presumably sent to HHR on 29 June 1913 (when he tells her not to reply to these after all mainly explicative notes), and returned by her on 4 July.
[1459] NLA MS 133/12/640.
[1460] *MG* 386–87.
[1461] HHR's note reads: "'play' as opposed to 'work'; not 'joy'" (NLA MS 133/12/640).

know what to put. *Jeu* would mean nothing in French, *amusement* would be too little. *Joie* expresses the pleasure well, and *plaisir* would have a particular meaning of voluptuous pleasure which does not fit here at all.

Page 392 line 13 fr. bot. *My Rachel*.[1462]
I will put it if you want. I had of course understood, but it has a peculiar effect in French. Maurice hardly makes a habit of biblical allusions and I doubt if the reader will understand. I will say more: to a French reader it will seem as if Louise should start laughing at this allusion. You know that in my country one always seeks the laughable side of things.

Every Englishman or woman who has had any religious education at all is apt at Biblical Allusion. The seven years served for Rachel is a commonplace here; but I see your point as regards French.

Yes, & I have this tendency myself!

Settled! By putting: *toi qui es ma Rachel*. Maurice explains his thought, the reader understands and the slight element of naivety (for French readers) disappears. And perhaps simply: *... tu me connais mieux que cela, toi, ... ma Rachel*!

Page 395. last line. Chaff.[1463]
I didn't keep this because we call chaff *la balle* and the word is almost unknown.
In fact my dictionary reproduces your metaphor and says: *Like chaff before the wind*—comme de la fumée que chasse le vent.

Very well.

All the rest is done according to your wish and I have restored the sentence inadvertently omitted when transcribing —to my great embarrassment. For the *vous* from Maurice's mother (in her letter) you will remember what I wrote to you last year, from Gstaad.[1464]

[1462] HHR's note reads: "Is it not possible to keep 'Rachel'? It is a reference to the Bible. Jacob served 7 years for Rachel. Genesis 29, 28" (NLA MS 133/12/640v).
[1463] HHR's note reads: "It is not, I suppose, possible to keep my metaphor of 'chaff'?" (NLA MS 133/12/641).
[1464] Solanges outlined his thoughts on *tutoiement* in Letter 177, from Lugano (8 September 1912)—immediately after his stay at Gstaad.

218. 18 July 1913

Multedo le 18 juillet 1913

Cher Monsieur,

C'est un peu votre faute si je n'ai pas répondu plus tôt à votre lettre et à votre belle carte de Dresde, ou plutôt non c'est la faute de notre M.G., ou plutôt non, c'est ma faute à moi, car si j'avais parfait ma traduction du premier coup, je ne serais pas obligé de travailler comme un nègre.

Je viens de finir le chap. X (part I), celui de la Walküre. Il m'a donné du mal et j'ai dû en recopier les deux tiers. Toutes vos observations ont été résolues dans votre sens. Dites-moi donc?

À propos de Dickensey. Permettez-moi donc de mettre *scepticisme*[1465] au lieu de *cynisme*. Dickensey ne me semble pas très cynique. Vous vous souviendrez que ce mot de *cynicism* m'avait fait supposer des grossièretés qui n'existent pas. (En anglais, *cynicism* n'a-t-il pas un peu le sens de *scepticisme*?)

Peace of mind = la paix de mon esprit, ne m'allait pas non plus—en français. Vous m'avez suggéré tranquillité, mais je trouve que tranquillité tout seul n'est pas suffisant et je vous propose: *ma tranquillité d'esprit*. Vous semblez craindre que cela ne soit trop long. Je ne le crois pas: la longueur du terme ajoute à l'emphase irritée et ironique de Louise et sert à écraser davantage le pauvre Maurice.

C'est tout!

Je compte finir en août la première partie et entamer la seconde. En septembre j'irai sur le lac de Côme et me reposerai absolument. À mon retour je verrai d'arriver à la fin le plus rapidement possible.

Nous avons ici un beau temps, mais pas très constant. Il ne fait pas chaud et les costumes de flanelle sont juste ce qu'il faut. Cela me fait craindre pour vous, étant donné la différence normale du climat de la *riviera* avec celui du Tyrol.

J'ai reçu en tout une carte postale de Dresde cette fois-ci. Ce n'est pas un reproche, j'ai perdu le droit d'en faire; c'est une constatation.

Ma santé est bonne. Je ne vous parle pas de la vôtre; en montagne cela va toujours bien. Que le knapsack vous soit léger. J'avoue mon peu de sympathie pour cet ustensile. À pied tant qu'on voudra, mais rien sur les épaules que mon manteau de montagne. Pauvre manteau! il est dans le poivre. L'en sortirai-je jamais? Cet automne et cet hiver je compte pourtant grimper ici sur nos montagnes de 1000, ou 1200 mètres. C'est peu, mais il faut savoir se contenter.

Malgré vos affirmations, je vous recommande la prudence. D'ailleurs dans les Dolomites il y a pas mal de rocher, mais est-il bon? Parlez-moi de celui de la Savoie. Tout granit!

Donnez de vos nouvelles. Amusez-vous et pensez un peu à moi, à mon papier, à mon encre, à mon grattoir!!

Votre affectionné

P. Solanges.

[1465] scepticisme] sceptiscisme MS

18 July 1913

ALS: NLA MS 133/12/464–65

Translation

18 July 1913[1466]

Dear Sir,

It's a little bit your fault if I haven't replied sooner to your letter and your beautiful card from Dresden, or rather no, it's our M.G.'s fault, or rather no, it's *my* fault, since if I had perfected my translation the first time round, I would not be obliged now to work like a nigger.

I have just finished Chapter X (Part I), the Walküre chapter. It gave me trouble and I had to copy out two thirds of it again. All your observations have been resolved in your favour. So tell me?

About Dickensey. Allow me then to put *scepticisme* instead of *cynisme*. Dickensey doesn't seem very cynical to me. You will remember that this word *cynicism* had me imagining nonexistent coarse language. (In English, doesn't *cynicism* have some of the meaning of *scepticisme*?)[1467]

Peace of mind = la paix de mon esprit did not suit me either—in French. You suggested *tranquillité*, but I find *tranquillité* on its own insufficient and I propose: *ma tranquillité d'esprit*. You seem to be afraid it may be too long. I don't think so: the phrase's length adds to Louise's ironic, irritated emphasis, and serves to crush poor Maurice all the more.[1468]

That's all!

I mean to finish Part I in August and start on Part II. In September I will go to Lake Como and have a complete rest. On my return I will try to reach the end as quickly as possible.

We are having fine weather here, but it's not very stable. It is not hot and flannel suits are just what's needed. It makes me fear for you, given the normal climatic difference between the *riviera* and the Tyrol.

In all, I have received one postcard from Dresden this time. This is not a reproach, I have lost the right to make any; it's a statement of fact.

My health is good. I will not speak of yours; in the mountains it is always good. May your knapsack be light. I admit I have little liking for that gear. I will go as far as you like on foot, but with nothing on my shoulders except my mountaineering coat. Poor coat! it's in the pepper.[1469] Will I ever take it out? This autumn and this winter however I mean to clamber here on our mountains of 1000 or 1200 metres. It's not much, but one must know when to be satisfied.

Despite your assertions, I recommend prudence. Besides, there is a lot of rock in the Dolomites, but is it good? Talk about the rock in Savoy. Pure granite!

[1466] Addressed "p.A Herrn Dr Neustätter, Auf dem Sand, Hellerau bei Dresden, Saxe."

[1467] See §73, Notes on I.9 (24 March 1911) and Letter 75 (2 April 1911).

[1468] *MG* 120; see §52, Notes on I.3 (3 January 1911), where "his peace of mind" is translated as "la tranquillité de son esprit," and §101, Notes on II.3 (24 July 1911) for earlier discussions of this phrase.

[1469] i.e. "it's in mothballs": pepper is a very old-fashioned way of keeping moths at bay.

Give me news of yourself. Have fun and think a little of me, my paper, my ink, my erasing knife!!

Your affectionate

P. Solanges.

219. 24 July 1913

Multedo 24 juillet 1913[1470]

Cher Monsieur

Seulement deux mots pour ne pas troubler votre existence d'alpiniste.

Dans ma dernière lettre j'ai commis une erreur. Je vous ai parlé du chap. X et c'était du chap. IX qu'il s'agissait. Aujourd'hui le X est en ordre et je me suis attaqué au XI.

J'ai oublié de vous envoyer la note ci-jointe; j'y ajoute mes observations (X et XI) et je vous l'adresse. Mettez-la dans votre malle et souvenez-vous-en, une fois à Londres.

J'ai tenu compte de *toutes* vos observations selon votre désir et j'ai beaucoup amélioré *sans rien changer*. L'idéal!

J'ai reçu la seconde carte de Dresde et celle de St Ulrich. Merci toujours. Tout ce que vous voyez est fort beau.

À propos de l'article de l'Hamburger Nachrichten, je me suis réjoui des premières lignes de la conclusion, mais j'ai grincé des dents aux dernières. Ces critiques sont d'étranges animaux! Comment celui-ci n'a-t-il pas compris dès le commencement de la part III qu'on marche fatalement et logiquement vers ce dénouement-là?

N'importe, l'article fera quand même du bien au livre. N'oubliez pas que je dois emporter à Paris la traduction de tout cela. C'est très important. Ce serait bien gentil à vous de me faire préparer ce travail, à nos frais, à Londres, *en français*. Car je sais d'avance que quand j'aurai fini, je n'aurai guères le cœur de faire des traductions d'articles pour intéressants qu'ils soient pour la destinée de M.G.

Je vous renouvelle mes recommandations de prudence et vous souhaite de nouveau le plaisir que je voudrais partager avec vous, ce en quoi j'estime que la réciproque n'est pas vraie.

À vous bien cordialement.

P. Solanges.

N'oubliez pas que quand vous aurez des loisirs, vous devez lire les *trois* livres de Bergson.

ALS: NLA MS 133/12/466–67

Translation

24 July 1913

Dear Sir

[1470] Addressed "p.A Herrn Dr Neustätter, Auf dem Sand, Hellerau bei Dresden, Sachsen"; re-addressed "28/7 St Ulrich (Tirol)."

Just a couple of words so as not to disturb your mountaineering existence.

In my last letter I made a mistake. I spoke of Chapter X and it was in fact Chapter IX that was in question. Today X is in order and I have tackled XI.

I forgot to send you the enclosed note; I am adding my observations to it (X and XI) and sending it to you. Put it in your trunk and remember it once you are in London.

I have taken *all* your observations into account as you wished and have much improved it *without changing anything*. The ideal!

I have received the second card from Dresden and the one from St Ulrich. Thanks again. Everything you are seeing is very beautiful.

About the article in the Hamburger Nachrichten, I rejoiced at the first lines of the conclusion, but ground my teeth at the last lines. Critics are strange animals! How did this one not understand from the beginning of Part III that it was proceeding inevitably and logically towards that denouement?

Never mind, the article will still do the book good. Don't forget I have to take a translation of all that to Paris. It's very important. It would be very kind of you to have this work done in London, at our expense, *in French*. For I know in advance that when I have finished, I will scarcely have the heart to translate articles, however worthwhile they may be for M.G.'s destiny.

I renew my recommendations of prudence, and I wish you again the pleasure I would like to share with you, though I don't think the wish is reciprocated.

Most cordially yours.

P. Solanges.

Don't forget that when you have some spare time, you have to read the *three* books by Bergson.[1471]

220. Notes on I.8, I.10–11, 24 July 1913

Chap. VIII

Trois observations: tout le reste est corrigé selon vos indications.

Page 108. He put his arm round her and kissed[1472] her. (Why à la racine des cheveux?)
Comme j'ai mis: il l'entoura de ses *bras*, je ne puis mettre il l'em*bras*sa (pour kiss her). Or je ne puis mettre il la baisa sans dire *où*, à moins de commettre une épouvantable inconvenance. Comme la Now that I understand your addition I have no objection to racine[1473] des cheveux.

[1471] See footnote 1345 to Letter 166 (18 June 1912).
[1472] kissed] kiss MS
[1473] racine] racune MS

racine des cheveux ne semble pas vous plaire, j'ai mis simplement au front. Étant donné que S. est encore *angry* il ne peut lui donner un baiser sur la bouche ou sur les yeux.

Flageolets p. 108 l. 9 (fr. b.)
Sous harmoniques est très bien. En français *flageolets* ne veut rien dire. Ce sont les sons qu'on[1474] obtient à des octaves supérieures en touchant à peine les cordes du doigt. (J'ai un peu appris le violon.)

Yes, all right.

Dernière ligne. Vous ne voulez pas de Loulou dans la phrase «Et Loulou dut se contenter de cela». Il y a cependant une jolie intention ironique et très claire à répéter le nom dont S. vient de se servir deux lignes plus haut. Cette intention souligne le peu dont L. doit se contenter. No?

I see; very well.

Chap. X

Page 127 l. 27. self indulgence
Je ne puis traduire ce mot subjectivement. Je mets donc «son faible» c'est à dire cette passion de la lecture pour laquelle elle a un si grand faible.

Agreed.

P. 130 lig. 20. You say: Is my *saw* him play too bold in French? Ephie cared little about hearing him play.
Très juste! ... mais *voir jouer* quelqu'un, en français veut positivement dire: to see some one acting (as an actor).

Then it must go.

Chap. XI

Page 143 ligne 12 as a dummy
J'ai bien compris le sens, mais il s'agit de bien l'exprimer. A man of straw, en français un homme de paille signifie un individu mis en avant pour une affaire véreuse (usure etc etc). Il y a bien l'expression chandelier pour exprimer

[1474] on] ont MS

celui qui porte la chandelle tandis que les deux autres. A. de Musset s'en est servi, mais, ici, je ne la trouve pas à sa place. Elle ne serait d'ailleurs pas tout à fait exacte car le chandelier existe par la complicité des deux autres. Le mort au whist est au contraire (sauf erreur) à la disposition d'un seul des joueurs.

AMS: NLA MS 133/12/590

Translation

Chapter VIII[1475]

Three observations: all the rest has been corrected as you directed.

Page 108. He put his arm round her and kissed her. (Why à la racine des cheveux?)[1476]
Since I put: il l'entoura de ses *bras*, I cannot put il l'em*bras*sa (for *kiss her*). Now, I cannot put *il la baisa* without saying *where*, or I would be committing an appalling impropriety.[1477] Since you don't seem to like *la racine des cheveux*, I have simply put *on the forehead*. Given that S. is still *angry* he cannot give her a kiss on the mouth or on the eyes.

Now that I understand your addition I have no objection to racine des cheveux.

Flageolets p. 108 l. 9 (fr. b.)
Sous harmoniques is very good. In French *flageolets* means nothing. They are the sounds one obtains in the upper octaves when scarcely touching the strings with one's fingers. (I learnt the violin for a while.)

Yes, all right.

Last line. You don't want any Loulou in the sentence "Et Loulou dut se contenter de cela". There is however a nice, very clear ironic intention in repeating the name S. has just used two lines above. This intention emphasises the little that L. must be happy with. No?

I see; very well.

[1475] Sent to HHR on 24 July 1913, and returned by her on 7 September.
[1476] Solanges is reproducing the text of HHR's note (MS 133/12/604).
[1477] When not modified by any other terms, this is a vulgar reference to copulation, rather than a reference to kissing—but HHR probably cannot be expected to know this sort of French.

Chapter X

Page 127 l. 27. self indulgence I cannot translate this word subjectively. So I am putting "son faible," that is, this passion for reading for which she has such a great weakness.	Agreed.
P. 130 line 20. You say: Is my *saw* him play too bold in French? Ephie cared little about hearing him play. Very true! ... but *voir jouer quelqu'un*, in French, means positively: to see some one acting (as an actor).	Then it must go.

Chapter XI

Page 143 line 12 as a dummy[1478] I have quite understood the meaning, but it's a question of expressing it properly. A man of straw, in French *un homme de paille*, means an individual put forward for a dubious transaction (usury etc etc). There is of course the expression *chandelier* to express the person who carries the candle whilst the two others ... A. de Musset used it,[1479] but, here, I don't think it's the place for it. Besides it would not be quite accurate, since the *chandelier* exists by the complicity of the other two. The dummy in whist on the contrary (unless I am mistaken) is at the disposal of only one of the players.	

221. 26 July 1913

Multedo 26.7.913.

Le sage doit tourner sa langue sept fois dans sa bouche avant de parler et votre serviteur devrait tourner sept fois sa plume dans son encrier avant d'écrire.

[1478] HHR's note, referring to *MG* 143, reads: "P. 177, l. 9: 'dummy', a man of straw. 'dummy' means, of course, 'mort au whist' but it is a common word used without any thought of its origin. The model on which a tailor hangs clothes is for instance called a 'dummy'" [MS 133/12/608].

[1479] *Le chandelier* is an archaic term used to denote the person onto whom a husband's jealousy is deflected, instanced by Alfred de Musset's 1835 play *Le chandelier*.

En relisant votre carte de Dresde je vois que je me suis grossièrement trompé sur le compte du critique des H. Nach. L'opinion de ce critique que je croyais se rapporter à tout le dernier chap. ne se rapporte qu'à l'épilogue! Mea culpa!

Cependant je ne suis pas d'accord avec lui sur la question du baroque et de la cruauté. C'est presque en vertu d'un sentiment opposé que je le voudrais supprimer. Je le trouve banal *relativement* au reste et suis convaincu qu'il vient comme un hors d'œuvre après le suicide de M. lequel contient toutes les considérations possibles. Il y a là un petit cours de morale de la part de l'auteur qui s'est toujours abstenu de paraître pour montrer son nez à la dernière page.

À vous cordialement

PS.

APCS (Plain postcard): NLA MS 133/12/468

Translation

26 July 1913[1480]

The wise man must turn his tongue seven times in his mouth before speaking and your servant should turn his pen seven times in his inkwell before writing.

Rereading your card from Dresden, I see I was grossly mistaken about the H. Nach. critic. This critic's opinion, which I believed applied to all of the last chapter, applies only to the epilogue! Mea culpa![1481]

However I do not agree with him on the question of cruelty and the baroque.[1482] It's almost through an opposite feeling that I would like to delete it. I find it banal *in relation* to the rest and am convinced that it comes as an hors-d'œuvre after M.'s suicide, which contains all possible considerations. There is a little lesson in morality here from an author who has always abstained from making an appearance, until he shows his nose on the last page.

Cordially yours

PS.

222. 3 August 1913

Multedo 3 août 1913

Cher Monsieur

Recevez-vous les lettres que je vous adresse chez votre brother in law? Jusqu'ici je n'en sais rien, mais je le saurai bientôt par vous, si elles vous parviennent dans votre course.

Moi j'ai reçu votre lettre de Bad St Peter et votre carte du Langkofel Gruppe. Merci. C'est très beau et vous êtes un veinard.

[1480] Postcard, addressed "p.A. Herrn Dr Neustätter, Auf dem Sand, Hellerau bei Dresden, Sachsen", re-addressed "28/7 St Ulrich, Grödenertal, Tirol, Dietze."

[1481] by my fault (Latin), an acknowledgment of guilt, from the Latin liturgy's *Confiteor* (prayer of contrition at the beginning of Mass).

[1482] In her letter of 18 July 1913, HHR quotes from the review: "… leaves behind it an impression of greatness, in spite of its baroque & cruel ending which is joined on to the rest of the book like a cynical coda to a tragic piece of music" (*HHRTL* 1:518).

Je sais que le temps est très beau là-bas et je suis tranquille sur votre compte. Méfiez-vous de la neige fraîche!

Oui j'approche de la fin de la première partie; le chap. XI est refait entièrement, mais les trois qui restent vont me donner de la tablature. Et puis il commence à faire très chaud. Je pense avoir raison de ces trois chap. avant le 10 sept., époque à laquelle je prendrai un mois de repos à mon tour.

Quant à vous, je ne suis pas inquiet sur l'issue de votre travail, mais je trouve que c'est bien long, sans reproche. Je finirai par me liguer avec Heinemann. Il est vrai que je vous donne un bien triste exemple de célérité!

Les dates que vous supposez pour M.G. sont celles auxquelles je pense moi-même. Il est plus que temps d'affronter les éditeurs.

Mais que cette maudite politique va donc mal!!

J'ai refait *5* fois la page de la voix (fin du XI). Je voulais la réussir, j'espère que cela y est.

Cry of an animal. C'est bien *cri*, pas *plainte*? Dites-le-moi.

Je n'ai pas autre chose à vous demander, vos corrections sont faites.

Demain je commence le XII.

Au revoir, je suis illisible. Un gros orage menace et comme disent les English ladies:

It makes me so nervous!

À vous affectueusement.

Amusez-vous bien et pensez, sur les sommets à votre infortuné* traducteur et ami

P. Solanges

*Infortuné parce que fatigué.

ALS: NLA MS 133/12/469–70

Translation

3 August 1913[1483]

Dear Sir

Are you receiving the letters I am sending you at your brother in law's? So far I know not, but I will soon know from you, if they reach you on your journey.

As for me, I have received your letter from Bad St Peter and your card of the Langkofel Group. Thank you. It's very beautiful and you're a lucky fellow.

I know the weather is very fine over there and I can rest easy on your account. Beware of fresh snow!

Yes, I am approaching the end of Part I; Chapter XI is entirely redone, but the remaining three are going to give me difficulties. And besides it is starting to get very hot. I think I will be on top of these three chapters before 10 September, at which time I will take a month's rest in my turn.

[1483] Addressed "p.A. Herrn Dr Neustätter, Auf dem Sand, Hellerau bei Dresden, Sachsen", re-addressed "5/8 St Ulrich, Grödenertal, Tirol."

As for you, I am not worried about the outcome of your work, but I find it quite long, though I'm not criticising you. I will end up in league with Heinemann. It's true that I am giving you a very poor example of speed!

The dates you conjecture for M.G. are those I am thinking of too. It's high time to face the publishers.

But aren't these cursed politics going badly![1484]

I have redone the page about the voice (end of XI) 5 times. I wanted to make a success of it, I hope it's now all right.

Cry of an animal. It is *cri*, not *plainte*? Let me know.

I have nothing else to ask you, your corrections are done.

Tomorrow I start XII.

Goodbye, I am illegible. A big storm is threatening to break, and as English ladies say:

It makes me so nervous!

Affectionately yours.

Have fun, and while on the mountain tops, think of your unfortunate* translator and friend

P. Solanges

*Unfortunate because exhausted.

223. 14 August 1913

Multedo le 14 août 1913

Cher Monsieur

De quoi ai-je à vous accuser réception? Au moins de deux jolies cartes postales. L'une de Schlern, Weg zur Kirche, l'autre du Sellajochhaus. Merci de votre bon souvenir pour le pauvre immobilisé de Multedo.

Vous me dites que vos amis ont laissé Dresde. —Je croyais qu'il s'agissait de votre *brother in law*. N'importe! Je vous ai adressé une autre lettre chez le Docteur Neustätter. Vous la recevrez un jour ou l'autre. Sauf erreur, elle contient une note pour un chap. de M.G.

Le chap. XII est terminé lui aussi; complètement recopié et refait en partie. Toutes vos observations ont été appliquées. Il me reste XIII et XIV que je voudrais finir avant le 5 7mbre.[1485] Y arriverai-je? J'en doute car je vois qu'eux aussi seront à remanier.

Mes remaniements n'apportent aucun changement sauf en ce qui concerne vos corrections trop peu nombreuses. (Voyez ma note en anglais si c'est de l'anglais). Vous fûtes trop réservé. Voici ce qui arrive. Je lis une de mes phrases et je me dis:

[1484] The Second Balkan War, pitting Bulgaria against Serbia, Greece Montenegro, Romania, and the Ottoman Empire, had been fought from 29 June to 30 July 1913. Some of the results of this war are still current, with Greece for example having gained territory in Macedonia that it still has.

[1485] i.e. septembre.

C'est curieux, cela sonne mal, ou c'est lourd, ou ce n'est pas clair. —Je vais au texte: une erreur de sens ou de nuance. —Ah, comme j'ai bien fait de recommencer! Je le sentais avec terreur, mais je le sentais qu'il faudrait à peu près tout refaire.

Ces chap. 13 et 14 sont très difficiles. Ils manquent de couleur, de vivacité dans ma traduction. Et il faut qu'ils en acquièrent. C'est là que j'aurais besoin d'être près de vous etc etc etc damit[1486] basta!

À quelle époque serez-vous à Londres? Comme je vous l'ai dit je partirai d'ici le 9 et veux passer un mois en plein repos.

Tous mes compliments pour votre, vos ascensions. Que ne suis-je là?

À vous toujours et cordialement

P. Solanges.

ALS: NLA MS 133/12/471–72

Translation

14 August 1913

Dear Sir

What do I have to acknowledge receipt of? At least two pretty postcards. One from Schlern, Weg zur Kirche, the other from Sellajochhaus.[1487] Thanks for your kind thoughts for the poor fellow immobilised in Multedo.

You tell me your friends have left Dresden. —I thought it was your *brother in law*.[1488] Never mind! I sent you another letter c/o Doctor Neustätter. You'll receive it sooner or later. Unless I am mistaken, it contains a note for a chapter of M.G.

Chapter XII is also finished; completely written out again, and partly redone. All your observations have been applied. I still have XIII and XIV that I would like to finish before the 5th September. Will I manage? I doubt it, since I see that they too will need to be recast.

My recasting is not making any changes except in relation to your corrections, which are too few. (See my note in English if it is English). You were too reserved. This is what happens. I read one of my sentences and say to myself: It's curious, that sounds wrong, or it's ponderous, or it's not clear. —I go to the text: a mistake in meaning or in nuance. —Ah, how right I was to begin again! I felt it with dread, but I felt I would have to redo almost everything.

These chapters 13 and 14 are very difficult. They lack colour and liveliness in my translation. And they must acquire some. It's here that I would need to be near you etc etc etc damit basta![1489]

When will you be in London? As I have told you, I will leave here on the 9th and wish to have a month of complete rest.

My congratulations on your climb or climbs. Why am I not there?

[1486] damit] dammit MS.

[1487] the path to the church (German); these are HHR's postcards of 7 August (*HHRTL* 1:528) and 1 August (*HHRTL* 1:526) respectively.

[1488] In April–May 1913 HHR was open enough to write of staying with her sister in Dresden (*HHRTL* 1:478, 479), but she subsequently became more guarded and began to speak merely of her "friends" (*HHRTL* 1:502, 526); the change (subterfuge?) did not escape Solanges.

[1489] Damit basta (German): That's that.

Ever cordially yours

P. Solanges.

224. Notes on I.12–13, 14 August 1913

Chap. XII[1490]

Page 157 du livre. —Je voudrais faire deux observations à propos de la musique de Chopin.

1° Je voudrais ajouter le mot bourgeois à *drawing room*. Nous n'avons pas d'autre mot que salon pour traduire drawing-room. Or, mettre seulement salons anglais, c'est trop général et trop grandiose quand on parle des maisons où Maurice pouvait fréquenter, bien qu'il s'agisse seulement de la manière d'interpréter Chopin, *à l'anglaise* (je connais cela!) et non de ses fréquentations.

Yes, the additional word would be an improvement.

2° *reticence* traduit par *réticence* n'est pas très clair en français. Je suppose que vous voulez dire que la musique de Ch. est peut-être un peu trop expansive. Je dirais alors: *ce qui lui manquait c'était la concentration* ou *la discrétion* ou *la réserve*.* Lequel de ces trois mots préférez-vous?

"Réserve" gives my meaning best.

Si vous tenez à réticence, je puis bien le laisser, mais, en français, réticence signifie: *omission volontaire d'une chose qu'on devrait dire*. Est-ce le cas? Voudriez-vous aussi *sérénité philosophique* au lieu de *calme*?

To this: yes!

* Je crois que *réserve* va bien.

Et encore: philosophique se rapporte-t-il seulement à *calme* ou aussi à réticence?

Only to "calm."

Page 159.[1491] 16. —*for Krafft was not didactic*. J'ai mis: *car Krafft n'avait rien du professeur*. Vous n'aimez pas *professeur* et vous avez raison, mais je ne

[1490] Sent to HHR on 14 August 1913, and returned by her on 7 September.
[1491] 159] 199 MS

puis employer le mot *didactique* lequel, *en français*, peut s'appliquer à un ouvrage, mais pas à un individu. Alors je mettrais: *car le discours, l'exposé, l'envolée* de K. n'avait rien de didactique. J'aimerais beaucoup *l'envolée*. Cela est joli et exprime bien l'enthousiasme de notre excellent Heinz.

Good.

Page 162. Quel est le *sens* exact de: *Don't be a fool*. Est-ce?
Ne faites pas l'imbécile.
Ne faites pas l'enfant.
Ne me faites pas poser.
J'ai mis: *Ne faites pas l'enfant*, ce qui voudrait dire: Ne vous donnez pas des airs de candeur qui ne vous appartiennent pas et qui vous rendent ridicule à mes yeux parce que je vous connais.
Est-ce cela?

Imbecile is nearest to my meaning.

Ne me faites pas poser, aurait le même sens et serait plus clair. J'insiste parce qu'il y a là—contre votre habitude—un avertissement de l'auteur au lecteur pour le mettre en garde.

Chap. XIII

174. 2. f. b. *Tomfool*. N'est-ce pas le personnage de Shakespeare? Si oui on peut bien laisser. Tom l'imbécile.

No, Tomfool has become synonymous with fool: it means no more.

175. 16. *Dove stops his Bretzel* etc. Vous me dites: what he is going to say is of course Why that is D flat major. J'ai bien compris et j'ai traduit exactement: Je sais que le ton enharmonique de do # majeur est ré *b* majeur avec cinq bémols au lieu de sept dièses. Krafft dit: do # maj. pour compliquer les difficultés. — La remarque pédante est bien de Dove. Tout lecteur musicien comprendra. Je proposerais, pour les autres lecteurs de dire: *On l'entendit dire de son ton de surprise modérée:—Do dièse majeur! Eh bien, c'est comme qui dirait ré bé ...*
Je vous propose cela parce que votre observation me fait penser qu'en lisant le

I am not sure after all, whether the additional words are necessary.

français vous ne trouvez pas le texte clair. Cependant il reproduit exactement l'anglais.

About this chapter XII.
You are a very bad surgeon! I am ashamed in ascertaining all the nonsenses I have written especially in the scene through M. and K., on the bridge. What was the matter with you then? Was it a sense of pity? Fortunately for both of us, I am at hand! It is done over again.

Na-na! I don't accept this rebuke!

AMS: NLA MS 133/12/592, 133/12/540

Translation

Chapter XII

Page 157 of the book. —I would like to make two observations about the music of Chopin.

1. I would like to add the word *bourgeois* to *drawing room*. We have only the word *salon* to translate *drawing-room*. Now, just putting *salons anglais* is too general and too grandiose when speaking of houses that Maurice could frequent, even though it is only a matter of the way of playing Chopin, *à l'anglaise* (I know what that is like!) and not the company he keeps.

Yes, the additional word would be an improvement.

2. *reticence* translated by *réticence* is not very clear in French. I suppose you mean that the music of Ch. is perhaps a little too expansive. In that case I would say: *ce qui lui manquait c'était la <u>concentration</u>* or *<u>la discrétion</u>* or *<u>la réserve</u>*.* Which of these three words do you prefer?
If you insist on *réticence*, I can easily leave it, but, in French, *réticence* means: *voluntary omission of something one should say*. Is this the case? Would you also like *sérénité philosophique* instead of *calme*?
* I think *réserve* fits well.

"Réserve" gives my meaning best.

To this: yes!

And again: does *philosophique* refer only

Only to "calm."

to *calme* or also to *réticence*?

Page 159. 16. —*for Krafft was not didactic*. I put: *car Krafft n'avait rien du professeur*. You don't like *professeur* and you are right, but I cannot use the word *didactique*, which, *in French*, can be applied to a work, but not to an individual. So I would put: *car le discours, l'exposé, l'envolée* de K. n'avait rien de didactique. I would quite like *l'envolée*. It's nice and it expresses very well the enthusiasm of our excellent Heinz.

Good.

Page 162. What is the exact *meaning* of: *Don't be a fool*. Is it?
Ne faites pas l'imbécile.
Ne faites pas l'enfant.
Ne me faites pas poser.
I put: *Ne faites pas l'enfant*, which would mean: Don't give yourself airs of candour which don't suit you and which make you foolish in my eyes because I know you.
Is that it?

Imbecile is nearest to my meaning.

Ne me faites pas poser would have the same meaning and would be clearer. I insist because here there is—contrary to your habit—a warning from the author to the reader to put him on guard.

Chapter XIII

174. 2. f. b. *Tomfool*. Isn't this the Shakespearian character?[1492] If so one can easily leave it. Tom l'imbécile.

No, Tomfool has become synonymous with fool: it means no more.

175. 16. *Dove stops his Bretzel* etc. You tell me: what he is going to say is of course Why that is D flat major. I had quite understood and translated it exactly: I know the enharmonic key of C sharp major is D flat major with five flats instead of seven sharps. Krafft says: C sharp major to complicate the difficulties. —The pedantic remark is just like Dove.

[1492] A repetition of the query raised in §86, Notes on I.13 (19 May 1911); see footnote 875.

Any musically-inclined reader will understand. For other readers, I would propose to say: *On l'entendit dire de son ton de surprise modérée:—Do dièse majeur! Eh bien, c'est comme qui dirait ré bé ...*
I propose this because your observation makes me think that you find the text unclear when reading the French. Nevertheless it reproduces the English exactly.

I am not sure after all, whether the additional words are necessary.

About this chapter XII.
You are a very bad surgeon! I am ashamed in ascertaining all the nonsenses I have written especially in the scene through M. and K., on the bridge. What was the matter with you then? Was it a sense of pity? Fortunately for both of us, I am at hand! It is done over again.

Na-na! I don't accept this rebuke![1493]

225. 26 August 1913

Multedo le 26 août 1913

Cher Monsieur et ami

Avant de parler d'autre chose je vous accuse réception en vous en remerciant de votre carte du Grödnerjoch-Hospiz du 19 et de votre lettre de St Ulrich du 21. J'en profite pour vous complimenter de votre ascension sur le *middle peak*. Cela a dû être amusant et beau.

Décidément you are lucky, car tandis que vous aviez beau temps en Tyrol, les touristes suisses étaient mouillés jusqu'aux os. Je vous reproche seulement de ne pas me raconter vos ascensions une fois faites. Cela m'intéresse beaucoup et j'aimerais avoir des détails. Vous n'avez pas le temps, c'est vrai et vous l'aurez maintenant moins que jamais. Il faut donc que je me contente d'une indication sommaire. Je vous en suis d'ailleurs très obligé.

Je ne connais rien du Tyrol ni de l'Engadine. (L'Engadine c'est pour le cas où vous iriez l'année prochaine. —Je vous évite d'avance une erreur.) Je ne vous ai jamais parlé de Cortina. Votre erreur mortifie mon amitié pour vous. N.B. Ceci est une plaisanterie, d'ailleurs peu spirituelle.

Pour mon compte je suis abruti. La chaleur est venue enfin. Elle est supportable, mais ennuyeuse quand même. Le travail va de l'avant, mais il est temps que je me repose. Je commence à me sentir découragé en face de ce qu'il me reste à faire. J'aurai plus de courage après le repos.

[1493] The end of the second leaf of this note has been cut off.

J'ai fini le XIII (part I). Encore un que j'ai refait à peu près tout entier. Il va bien maintenant, est beaucoup plus vivant et à bien plus d'allure. Toutes vos corrections ont été faites sauf une ou deux.

Une observation. Il m'est impossible de traduire slitheriness (à propos de la façon dont Schilsky joue son poème symphonique). Je vous propose de me servir du mot technique pour l'opération qui consiste à exécuter au piano une *partition orchestre*. Et alors je dirais, non pas *synthèse* (voyez ma note) mais comme suit: «Il arrivait pourtant à se rendre maître de parties injouables[1494] au moyen de ces *réductions* synthétiques et géniales dont les compositeurs ont le privilège.»

Je n'ai rien d'autre à vous demander.

Vous me dites que vous n'avez pas de mes nouvelles depuis longtemps. Ce n'est pas ma faute. Je vous ai écrit à Dresde une lettre qui doit être en souffrance; puis, sur votre indication, je vous ai écrit à Londres. Vous trouverez sans doute tout cela à votre arrivée.

Je ne sais si j'aurai fini le XIV avant mon départ pour Cernobbio. Quoi qu'il en soit, je lâche tout le 7 au matin pour faire mes préparatifs de départ. Je suis attendu sans faute le 10 par ma vieille amie. Je vous envoie *encore une fois* mon portrait; vous avez, en plus, celui de mon fils. J'ai un rond sur la tête et mon fils deux. Le bonhomme qui a une croix est un Français, *très bon musicien* qui habite ici avec sa femme et ses enfants qui ont des croix. Les autres sont des ostrogothes que je ne connais pas. Vous admirerez les trois personnages de gauche!

Bon retour et bon travail. Ne vous croyez pas obligé de vous éreinter sous prétexte que vous vous êtes reposé.

Heartily yours.

P. Solanges.

ALS: NLA MS 133/12/473–74

Translation

26 August 1913

Dear Sir and friend

Before speaking of anything else, I gratefully acknowledge receipt of your card from Grödnerjoch-Hospiz dated the 19th[1495] and your letter from St Ulrich dated the 21st. I take the opportunity to congratulate you on your climb of the *middle peak*. It must have been great fun.

You are definitely lucky, for while you were having fine weather in the Tyrol, tourists in Switzerland were soaked to the skin. I only reproach you for not telling me about your climbs afterwards. It greatly interests me and I would like to have details. You haven't time, it's true, and now you will have less than ever. So I will have to be satisfied with a brief indication. I am much obliged to you moreover.

I know nothing of the Tyrol nor the Engadine. (I mention the Engadine in case you go there next year. —I am obviating a mistake on your part in advance.) I have never spoken to you of Cortina. Your mistake is mortifying to my friendship for you. N. B. This is a joke, and not a very witty one.

[1494] injouables] injouaibles MS

[1495] In fact, HHR's postcard is dated 14 August.

Personally I am exhausted. The heat has finally arrived. It's bearable, but still tiresome. The work is progressing, but it's time for me to have a rest. I am beginning to feel discouraged by what is left for me to do. I will have more heart after my rest.

I have finished XIII (Part I). Yet another that I have almost entirely redone. It is good now, much more lively and with much more pace. All your corrections have been done except for one or two.

An observation. It is impossible for me to translate *slitheriness* (in relation to the way Schilsky plays his symphonic poem).[1496] I propose to you that I should use the word *technique* for the operation which consists of playing an *orchestral score* on the piano. And then I would say, not *synthèse* (see my note)[1497] but as follows: "Il arrivait pourtant à se rendre maître de parties injouables au moyen de ces *réductions* synthétiques et géniales dont les compositeurs ont le privilège."

I have nothing else to ask you.

You say it is a long time since you had news of me. It is not my fault. I wrote a letter to you at Dresden, but it must have been held up; then, on your instructions, I wrote to London. You will no doubt find it all on your arrival.

I don't know if I will have finished XIV before my departure for Cernobbio. Whatever the case, I am dropping everything on the morning of the 7th to make my preparations for departure. I am expected by my old friend on the 10th without fail. I am sending you my portrait *once more*;[1498] you have my son's as well. I have a circle above my head and my son has two. The fellow marked with a cross is a Frenchman, *a very good musician* who lives here with his wife and children, marked with crosses. The others are Ostrogoths whom I don't know. You will admire the three characters on the left!

Have a safe return, and work well. Don't feel obliged to wear yourself out under the pretext that you have had a rest.

Heartily yours.

P. Solanges.

226. 6 September 1913

Multedo le 6 septembre 1913

Cher Monsieur

Je reçois la carte postale m'annonçant votre arrivée à Londres Vous êtes un homme d'ordre puisque vous avez mon adresse au lac de Côme—gardée depuis l'année dernière, car je ne crois pas vous l'avoir encore donnée cette année—cependant je vous la redonne par crainte d'erreur dans l'espoir qu'elle arrivera avant le départ de votre lettre. Ne vous pressez pas de m'écrire; maintenant que je vous sais arrivé à bon port, et bien que je désire avoir de vous des nouvelles détaillées, je saurai prendre patience en considération de tout ce que vous devez avoir à faire au moment du retour.

[1496] *MG* 179. The symphonic poem was discussed at length in May 1911.

[1497] This note—if it was sent—is one of the very few not to have survived.

[1498] The first photo was sent on 6 March 1911 (Letter 68). This is another gentle reminder of HHR's failure to reciprocate with a photo of herself.

J'ai reçu votre jolie dernière carte du lac de Misurina. Merci!

Je pense avoir fini le chap. XIV de la part I avant mercredi. J'aurai donc en tout et pour tout treize ch. à faire pour en avoir fini. Good gracious me! Je me berce de l'illusion que j'aurai à être moins sévère avec vos 13 derniers enfants qu'avec les 27 premiers, mais je me connais trop bien pour conserver cette agréable perspective et je sais que je les referai, sans doute presque entièrement. Never mind!

Cela vient d'arriver pour le XIV. Il est réécrit de la première page à la dernière, mais maintenant il va. Il est devenu moitié moins lourd et a pris une jolie allure. Toutes *vos* corrections sont faites. Voulez-vous en accepter une de moi?

Page 190 vous dites: he ran back towards the Panorama only afraid lest Fürst *should have gone* without him.

Il me semble que le temps de verbe devrait être *should go* et non *should have gone*. Maurice peut craindre que Fürst ne parte sans lui (ou en d'autres termes de n'être plus à temps de le rejoindre et de partir *avec* lui) mais il ne peut pas craindre qu'il soit parti *sans lui*. En effet, si Fürst est parti, il est parti seul, et le *without him* est, au moins, superflu. Si vous êtes de mon opinion cela servira pour une autre édition, dans le cas contraire, mettez que je n'ai rien. À tout considérer j'écris en français: *dans la crainte que Fürst <u>ne partît</u> sans lui*, au lieu de *<u>ne fût parti</u>*.

Autre chose, mais ici je dois avoir fait une erreur:

Vous dites page 185: *We are going to give Schilsky a jolly send-off*. J'ai cru qu'il s'agissait d'une sorte de réunion d'adieu dont les dépenses étaient payées par les amis de Schilsky (amis ou camarades).

Mais p. 191, vous dites (ligne 6, 7, 8 fr. bottom) *the majority ... were not particular who paid for their drink, provided they got it*. —Donc c'est Schilsky qui paie?

———————

Je suis enchanté de savoir que vous avez réussi à passer de bonnes vacances, à vous remuer et à remplir votre programme. Pour mon compte je me contenterai, sur le lac de Côme, de me reposer et de causer avec des amis. À mon retour ici je disposerai ma vie de façon à en consacrer une partie à M.G. et l'autre à la montagne. Il y a trop longtemps que je ne marche plus. Si je me rouille je suis perdu. Et je voudrais encore faire quelques belles ascensions en Suisse, l'année prochaine si ... si j'en suis encore capable.

Ne m'écrivez que quand vous pourrez m'écrire un peu longuement.

Affectueusement à vous.

P. Solanges.

À partir du 8 septembre

P. Solanges | presso Donna Vittoria Cima | Cernobbio | Lago di Como | Italy

ALS: NLA MS 133/12/475–77

Translation

6 September 1913

Dear Sir

6 September 1913

I have received the postcard announcing your arrival in London. You are an orderly man, since you have my address at Lake Como—kept since last year, for I don't think I have given it to you again this year—however I will give it to you again for fear of an error, in the hope it will arrive before your letter leaves. Don't be in a hurry to write to me; now that I know you have arrived safe and sound, and although I would like to have detailed news from you, I can be patient, considering everything you must do on your return.

I have received your last pretty card from Lake Misurina. Thank you.

I think I will have finished Chapter XIV of Part I before Wednesday.[1499] So all in all I will have thirteen chapters to do in order to finish. Good gracious me! I am harbouring the illusion that I will have to be less severe with your last 13 children than with the first 27, but I know myself too well to retain this pleasant thought and I know I will redo them, no doubt almost entirely. Never mind!

That has just happened for XIV. It has been rewritten from the first page to the last, but it's all right now. It has become much less ponderous and has taken on a nice pace. All *your* corrections are done. Will you accept one from me?

On page 190 you say: he ran back towards the Panorama only afraid lest Fürst *should have gone* without him.

I think the tense of the verb should be *should go* and not *should have gone*. Maurice may fear that Fürst will leave without him (or in other words that he will not be in time to rejoin him and leave *with* him) but he cannot fear that he has gone *without him*. In fact, if Fürst has left, he left alone, and the *without him* is, at least, superfluous. If you share my opinion this will be useful for another edition; if the contrary, forget this suggestion. All things considered, I am writing in French: *dans la crainte que Fürst ne partît sans lui*, instead of *ne fût parti*.

Another thing, but here I must have made an error:

You say on page 185: *We are going to give Schilsky a jolly send-off*. I thought it was a sort of farewell gathering for which the expenses were paid by Schilsky's friends (friends or comrades).

But on p. 191, you say (lines 6, 7, 8 fr. bottom) the majority ... were not particular who paid for their drink, provided they got it. —So it is Schilsky who pays?

———————

I am delighted to know you managed to have a good holiday, moving about and realising your plans. As for me, on Lake Como, I will be happy to rest and to chat with friends. On my return here I will arrange my life so as to devote part of it to M.G. and the other part to the mountains. It's too long since I stopped walking. If I get rusty I will be done for. And I would still like to make a few decent climbs in Switzerland, next year if ... if I am still capable of it.

Only write when you can write to me at some length.

Affectionately yours.

P. Solanges.

From the 8th September

[1499] He is writing on a Saturday.

P. Solanges | c/o Donna Vittoria Cima[1500] | Cernobbio | Lake Como | Italy

227. 22 September 1913

Villa d'Este 22.9.913.

Cher Monsieur

Je suis tellement honteux de ma conduite que je ne sais comment commencer les quelques lignes que je veux vous écrire.

Depuis douze jours que je suis ici je joue le rôle de l'homme qui s'amuse malgré lui. J'ai beau crier grâce, il faut sans cesse que je m'agite: en bateau, en auto, à pied, je suis sans cesse en mouvement. Votre bonne lettre est là, sur ma table et sa vue me remplit de remords.

Je vous écrirai, un peu longuement j'espère le 25 ou le 26. J'ai déclaré à mes amis mon intention de ne pas bouger ces deux jours-là. J'ai reçu également mes notes avec vos réponses; elles sont au fond de ma malle où je les retrouverai à mon retour à Multedo, c'est à dire le 3 ou le 4 octobre.

En somme la vie que je fais ici me fouette le sang et me fait du bien. Pardonnez-moi en faveur de la provision de santé que je fais avant de me remettre à la disposition de M.G.

Très cordialement à vous

P. Solanges.

Si vous avez quelque chose à me dire, vous pouvez encore m'écrire ici, mais n'abandonnez pas votre travail. Votre décision à propos du colosse n° 2 m'a rempli d'admiration et d'épouvante.

ALS: NLA MS 133/12/478–79

Translation

22 September 1913[1501]

Dear Sir

I am so ashamed of my conduct that I don't know how to begin the few lines I want to write to you.

In the twelve days I have been here I have been playing the role of a man having fun in spite of himself. It's useless begging for mercy, I have to be continuously bustling about: by boat, by car, on foot, I am ceaselessly in motion. Your kind letter is there, on my table, and the sight of it fills me with remorse.

I will write to you at some length, I hope, on the 25th or 26th. I have declared to my friends my intention not to budge on those two days. I have also received my notes with your replies; they are at the bottom of my trunk, where I will find them on my return to Multedo, that is, the 3rd or 4th October.

In short, the life I am leading here is whipping up my blood and doing me good. Forgive me for the store of health I am building up before starting again on M.G.

[1500] See footnote 643 (Letter 16, c. 1890?) and the section on literary salons in Chapter 5 of the Introduction.

[1501] Postmarked "Cernobbio (Como)."

Very cordially yours

P. Solanges.

If you have anything to tell me, you can still write to me here, but don't abandon your work. Your decision about colossus No. 2 has filled me with admiration and dread.

228. 26 September 1913

26.9.913

Dans les arbres du parc de l'hôtel même, et à gauche de cet hôtel, se trouve une petite maison—toute petite maison. C'est de là que votre fidèle traducteur et fidèle bien que négligent ami, vous envoie mille choses cordiales.

PS

Je serai à Multedo le 6.10.

J'écrirai de Lugano.

APCS (View: Lago di Como—Cernobbio e Villa d'Este veduti da Pizzo): NLA MS 133/12/480

Translation

26 September 1913

In the trees of the hotel park, to the left of the hotel, is a little house—a very little house. It's from there that your faithful translator and faithful though negligent friend sends you all his best wishes.

PS

I will be at Multedo on 6.10.

I will write from Lugano.

229. 3 October 1913

3 octobre—Lugano

Bien cher Monsieur, de retour d'une longue excursion pédestre je vous envoie le théâtre de mes exploits avec mille amitiés.

PS

APCS (View: Lago di Lugano. Oria.): NLA MS 133/12/481

Translation

3 October 1913

My dear sir, returning from a long excursion on foot, I am sending you the theatre of my exploits, with best wishes.

PS

230. 3 October 1913

3.10.913

What do you think of this fine little spot? One would like to end there his life.[1502]

PS.

APCS (View: Lago di Lugano. Morcote.): NLA MS 133/12/482

231. 4 October 1913

4 octobre 913

Cher Monsieur

Je rentre à Milan d'où je vous écrirai avant de me remettre à M.G.

Votre

PS

APCS (View: Lugano. Cattedrale S. Lorenzo.): NLA MS 133/12/483

Translation

4 October 1913

Dear Sir

I am returning to Milan, from where I will write to you before beginning M.G. again.

Yours

PS

232. 7 October 1913

Multedo le 7 octobre 1913

Cher Monsieur

Je suis rentré chez moi depuis avant hier soir avec un temps abominable. Vous savez ce qu'est un retour. Beaucoup de papiers à mettre en ordre et de lettres à écrire. Je veux en finir avec tout mon arriéré avant de me remettre à M.G. Quand je le reprendrai, dans trois ou quatre jours, ce sera pour ne plus le quitter avant d'en avoir fini.

Et puisque nous sommes sur ce sujet je vais vous dire mes projets.

Mon intention serait d'aller à Paris au printemps de l'année prochaine, avec le manuscrit et de faire tous les efforts possibles pour placer votre livre chez un bon éditeur. D'ici là je vais tâter le terrain et me procurer des appuis et des recommandations pour les éditeurs. De votre côté, pensez aux articles allemands qu'il nous convient de leur présenter. Si vous pouvez en avoir une *bonne* traduction en français cela vaudra mieux, mais si vous n'êtes pas sûr d'un bon traducteur, envoyez-les-moi traduits *en anglais*. Je connais quelqu'un qui pour une modeste somme se chargera du travail. Il sera bon de joindre à votre envoi les originaux pour n'avoir pas l'air de présenter des documents *expurgés*.

[1502] This is one of Solanges's very few forays into writing English.

Il me reste 13 chap. à revoir et sans doute à refaire ou à peu près. Je n'ai pas la possibilité d'employer à ce travail moins de quatre mois. Si j'ai fini le 31 janvier, je m'estimerai très satisfait.

Sans laisser à désirer, ma santé a besoin d'être surveillée. On n'arrive pas impunément au commencement de la soixante-huitième année. Mon médecin me recommande de travailler avec la plus grande modération et de faire de l'exercice, ce[1503] que j'ai trop négligé de faire depuis quelque temps *sans que M.G. y soit pour quelque chose. Votre livre n'a donc rien à voir dans tout cela*.

Vous voyez d'ailleurs que tout peut s'arranger à la satisfaction générale.

Écrivez-moi. Donnez-moi de vos nouvelles et de celles de votre travail. Votre dernière lettre est du 7 septembre—un mois aujourd'hui. —Vous devez avoir quelque chose à me raconter. Sans être aussi bonnes et amusantes que les vôtres, mes vacances ont été fort agréables et j'ai eu un nombre suffisant de belles journées. J'ai vu quelques bons amis Italiens, Français et Russes. J'ai vu aussi un monde très cosmopolite qui vous aurait intéressé au point de vue littéraire. J'ai vu encore danser beaucoup (trop!) le tango et le one step. J'ai vu aussi nombre de femmes décolletées jusqu'à la ceinture et prodigues du spectacle de leurs jambes. Vous sentez que je n'ai pas perdu mon temps en constatant que les frontières de la pudeur féminine remontent rapidement des extrémités vers le centre et que, si cela continue, la modestie de notre société se rapprochera vite de celle des femmes de l'Océanie. —J'entends celle des femmes sauvages.

Êtes-vous toujours dans l'intention de refaire votre Part II? La pensée de ce travail me hante depuis que vous m'en avez parlé.

Avez-vous reçu le compte de Fischer[1504] relativement à M.G?

Vous me faites encore une fois la même réponse au sujet de votre photo après avoir reçu la mienne. Je n'insiste pas sur votre: I hope to be able to revenge myself before we are *many years* older!!??

Je crois déjà vous avoir répondu au sujet de la personne qui m'a parlé de votre livre. Voici l'histoire:

Une marquise Tropallo de Gênes qui fait de la littérature sans succès, mais qui est très intelligente, a acheté M.G. à Londres et l'a lu trois fois de suite. Elle était folle du livre qu'elle a prêté à la Comtesse Malvezzi, la mère de ce jeune homme qui devait écrire un article et ne l'a jamais fait. La Comtesse Malvezzi a lu à son tour et l'a passé à sa sœur ma vieille amie Donna Mina Sala. Me trouvant à Guello avec toute la famille j'ai lu M.G. en même temps que le comte Malvezzi. Nous nous le disputions et en parlions sans cesse. À mon retour ici, (il y a trois ans!) j'ai eu l'envie de le traduire et je vous ai écrit pour avoir l'autorisation. Votre réponse affirmative porte la date du 28 octobre 1910. That's all.

J'attends un mot de vous avec impatience. Avez-vous reçu mes cartes postales? Excusez-moi si je vous ai un peu négligé pendant ce mois d'agitation.

Toujours à vous de tout cœur

P. Solanges.

ALS: NLA MS 133/12/484–86

[1503] ce] ce ce MS
[1504] Fischer] Fisher MS

Translation

7 October 1913

Dear Sir

I have been back at home since the evening before last along with abominable weather. You know what a return is like. Lots of papers to put in order and letters to write. I want to be done with all my backlog before starting on M.G. again. When I resume, in three or four days, I will not stop before finishing with it.

And since we are on the subject, I will tell you my plans.

My intention would be to go to Paris in spring next year, with the manuscript, and to make every possible effort to place your book with a good publisher. Between now and then I will check the lie of the land and obtain support and recommendations for the publishers. For your part, think of the German articles that we should present to them. If you can have a *good* translation into French that will be better, but if you are not sure of a good translator, send them to me translated *into English*. I know someone who will take on the task for a modest sum. It will be good to include the originals when you send them so that we don't appear to be presenting *expurgated* documents.

I have 13 chapters to revise, and no doubt redo, or almost redo. I cannot spend less than four months at this task. If I have finished by the 31st January, I will consider myself very satisfied.

Although my health leaves nothing to be desired, it needs to be watched. One doesn't reach the beginning of one's sixty-eighth year with impunity. My doctor recommends that I work with the greatest moderation and take exercise, which I have been too neglectful of for some time *without M.G. being in any way responsible*. *So your book has nothing to do with all this*.

Moreover you see that everything can be arranged to our general satisfaction.

Write to me. Give me news of yourself and your work. Your last letter is dated 7th September—a month today. —You must have something to tell me. Without being such good fun as yours, my holidays were very pleasant and I had a sufficient number of fine days. I saw some good Italian, French and Russian friends. I also saw a very cosmopolitan society which would have interested you from a literary viewpoint. I again saw lots of dancing (too much!) of the tango and the one-step. I also saw a number of women whose necklines plunged to their waists and who were prodigal in exhibiting their legs. You will feel that I didn't lose any time in observing that the limits of feminine decency are rising rapidly from the edges to the centre, and if this continues, our society's modesty will quickly approach that of the women of Oceania. —I mean that of native women.

Do you still intend to redo your Part II? The thought of this work has been haunting me since you spoke to me of it.

Have you received Fischer's accounts in relation to M.G?

Once more you make the same response about your photo after receiving mine. I will not dwell on your: I hope to be able to revenge myself before we are *many years* older!!??

I believe I have already replied to you about the person who spoke to me about your book.[1505] Here is the story:

A Marquise Tropallo from Genoa, who is unsuccessful in literature but very intelligent, bought M.G. in London and read it three times in quick succession.[1506] She was crazy about the book, which she lent to Countess Malvezzi, the mother of the young man who was supposed to write an article and never did so.[1507] Countess Malvezzi read it in her turn and passed it to her sister, my old friend Donna Mina Sala.[1508] I happened to be at Guello with all my family, and I read M.G. at the same time as Count Malvezzi. We were fighting over it and speaking about it continuously. On my return here, (three years ago!) I felt the urge to translate it and wrote to you for your authorisation. Your reply in the affirmative bears the date 28th October 1910. That's all.

I am awaiting a note from you impatiently. Did you receive my postcards? Excuse me if I have neglected you a little during this busy month.

Ever yours with all my heart

P. Solanges.

233. 20 October 1913

Multedo 20 octobre 1913

Cher Monsieur

J'ai votre bonne lettre du 9 et j'y aurais déjà répondu si mon temps n'avait pas été consacré à M.G. et à la culture d'un abominable rhume dont je ne puis arriver à me débarrasser. Ayant voulu mettre de suite à exécution mon programme d'excursions dans la montagne, et étant donné que le soleil est encore très chaud, je suis arrivé tout en nage sur un col d'où je suis passé à l'ombre fraîche d'un pli de terrain. J'ai senti de suite que j'étais pincé et je m'estime heureux d'en être quitte pour si peu. J'avais négligé de mettre, comme à l'ordinaire, une chemise de flanelle; mais cela ne m'arrivera plus. Voilà ce que c'est de manquer aux *rules* élémentaires du sport alpestre. Ne vous moquez pas trop de moi en pensant à vos Dolomites.

À cet incident M.G. n'a rien perdu. Vous savez que j'avais à terminer la fin du chap. XIV (part I). C'est fait. J'ai, de plus, remanié le chap. I (part II) et j'arrive au bout du chap. II. (Aujourd'hui ma main me trahit). J'ai tenu compte de toutes vos observations et corrections sauf une. À propos de cela: une de mes lettres a dû rester en souffrance je ne sais où. Je vous ai adressé une question à laquelle je n'ai pas reçu de réponse.

C'est à propos de la *Kneipe*. Vous dites page 185 du livre: *We are going to give Schilsky a jolly send-off*, ce qui donne à supposer que Schilsky est invité. Puis vous dites page 191 ligne 5 from b... . *were not particular who paid for the drink* etc, etc, ce qui donne à supposer que Schilsky invite. Laquelle des deux suppositions est-elle vraie?

[1505] See Letters 45 (23 November 1910) and 75 (2 April 1911).
[1506] See Letter 45 (23 November 1910).
[1507] See Letters 75 and 78 (2 and 17 April 1911).
[1508] Solanges stayed with Donna Mina Sala Trotti during his holidays of March–April and July–September 1911 (Letters 72, 104 and 107).

Je vous fais mes plus sincères compliments sur ce que vous me dites à propos du nouveau livre. Tant d'efforts et de courage seront récompensés. Et si le livre est d'un genre différent de M.G., cela prouvera que vous n'avez pas une unique façon de faire ce dont votre faithful translator sera le premier à vous féliciter. Allez donc de l'avant d'un pas égal et sans vous fatiguer. Le désir de vous voir vous reposer ne peut même pas me venir, car je sens que vous finirez ce livre pour en commencer un autre. Seul le désir de vous lire et de vous savoir un succès me pousse à souhaiter de vous savoir au bout de votre long chemin.

Relativement aux extraits d'articles faites ce que vous jugerez valoir le mieux dans l'intérêt de la traduction. Je ne vois pas beaucoup pourquoi j'aurais besoin d'exemplaires anglais de M.G. La traduction est faite avec votre autorisation; de plus elle a votre approbation. Il me semble que cela est plus que suffisant. D'ailleurs ne vous y trompez pas; ma traduction est une des plus fidèles qui aient jamais été faites. Et bien m'en a pris de ne pas vous prendre au mot lorsque vous me disiez d'en prendre à mon aise. Heureusement je connais les auteurs; ils sont de bonne foi et chicanent sur une petite nuance qui n'est pas rendue selon leur idée. —Ce n'est pas un reproche, au moins! Vous avez été avec moi comme si nous étions liés depuis dix ans et je sais avoir mis votre patience à l'épreuve.

J'ai bien ri à propos de Fischer[1509] et de la photographie! Je parie que vous ne la ferez pas faire. Vous avez pour l'objectif une répugnance tout à fait féminine. Cela m'amène à vous parler des modes. Le spectacle que vous avez à Londres, je l'ai ici et bien pire. Cela tient à ce que hors de France on adopte de suite de bonne foi, comme chose établie, n'importe quelle mode aussitôt lancée. À Paris et à plus forte raison dans les provinces françaises, ce n'est pas cela du tout. Une femme du monde, une femme de goût n'adopte une[1510] mode qu'environ un an après son lancement ... et encore! Vous comprenez que plus des trois quarts des nouveautés restent en route. Maintenant que nos petites chanteuses de music hall aient plus de chic que les vôtres, j'en conviens. En revanche j'ai vu au Duke of York Theatre dans l'Admirable Crichton[1511] des actrices merveilleuses de tenue et de toilettes.

Nous avons un temps merveilleux et des élections très mouvementées. Pas ici cependant—quant à vos affaires d'Irlande, puisque le gouvernement tend un rameau d'olivier, cela s'arrangera. D'ailleurs, dit-on, en ce monde tout s'arrange.

À vous de cœur

P. Solanges.

ALS: NLA MS 133/12/487–88

Translation

20 October 1913

Dear Sir

I have your kind letter of the 9th and would have already answered it if my time had not been devoted to M.G. and to the cultivation of a dreadful cold which I cannot manage to shake off. Wanting to put my program of mountain excursions into practice at once, and given that the sun is still very hot, I arrived bathed in sweat at a pass from which I moved into the cool shadow of a slope. I felt at once that I had

[1509] Fischer] Fisher MS
[1510] une] un MS
[1511] Crichton] Crigton MS.

been chilled, and I count myself lucky to have got off so lightly. I had neglected to put a flannel shirt on, as I usually do, but it won't happen again. That's what comes of neglecting the elementary *rules* of mountaineering. Don't make too much fun of me when thinking of your Dolomites.

M.G. lost nothing by this incident. You know I had to finish the end of Chapter XIV (Part I). It is done. What's more, I have recast Chapter I (Part II) and am reaching the end of Chapter II. (My hand is failing me today).[1512] I have taken all your observations and corrections into account except one. In that connection: one of my letters must be held up in the post somewhere. I sent you a question to which I have not received a reply.[1513]

It's about the *Kneipe*.[1514] You say on page 185 of the book: *We are going to give Schilsky a jolly send-off*, which gives reason to suppose that Schilsky is the guest. Then you say on page 191 line 5 from b. ... *were not particular who paid for the drink* etc, etc, which gives reason to suppose that Schilsky is the host. Which of the two suppositions is true?

I offer you my sincerest compliments for what you tell me about the new book. So much effort and courage will be rewarded. And if the book is of a different genre from M.G., it will prove you don't have only one way of doing things, for which your faithful translator will be the first to congratulate you. So go forward with a firm step and don't flag. I haven't the slightest wish to see you rest, since I imagine you will finish this book only to begin another. It is only the desire to read it and to know you are a success that prompts my wish to know that you are at the end of your long road.

About the extracts from articles, do as you judge best in the interests of the translation. I don't really see why I would need English copies of M.G. The translation has been done with your authorisation; moreover it has your approval. I think that is more than sufficient. Besides, don't be mistaken; my translation is one of the most faithful that has ever been done. And it's just as well I didn't take you literally when you told me to do as I liked with it. Fortunately I know what authors are like; they act in good faith, and quibble over a small nuance which is not translated as they think it should be. —This is not in the least a reproach! You have treated me as if we had been friends for ten years and I know I have tested your patience.

I did laugh about Fischer and the photograph! I wager you will not have it done. You have a most feminine repugnance for the camera.[1515] Which leads me to speak of fashion. The scene you have in London is visible here, but it's much worse. This is because outside France any fashion is adopted at once, in good faith, as an established fact, as soon as it is launched. In Paris, and still more in provincial France, it's not like that at all. A society woman, a woman with taste, only adopts a fashion about a year after it is launched ... if that! You realise that more than three-quarters of the novelties fall by the wayside. But, I do agree that our little music hall singers have

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[1512] An allusion to mistakes in his writing.
[1513] See Letter 226 (6 September 1913).
[1514] bar (German).
[1515] Another hint of Solanges's doubts as to HHR's gender? See the section on gender and identity in Chapter 8 of the Introduction.

more chic than yours. On the other hand at the Duke of York Theatre I saw actresses in the Admirable Crichton whose deportment and costume were marvellous.[1516]

We are having wonderful weather and very turbulent elections. Not here however—as for your Irish affairs, since the government is holding out an olive branch, it will be sorted out.[1517] Besides, as the saying goes, 'all things work for good in the best of all possible worlds.'

Heartily yours

P. Solanges.

234. 1 November 1913

1er novembre 1913

Cher Monsieur et ami

Je proteste de toutes mes forces contre votre interprétation de ce que je vous ai écrit au sujet des exemplaires anglais de M.G. —Je ne me rappelle pas exactement de ma phrase, mais il est impossible que je vous aie dit ce que vous avez cru lire! Enrhumé ou non, je suis incapable non seulement de dire, mais de penser des choses de ce genre. C'est toujours la même chose! Nous ne nous connaissons pas *assez* bien malgré trois ans—oui, trois ans dans quelques jours!—de correspondance assidue et sincère. Mais à quoi bon parler d'un mal qui est paraît-il sans remède. J'ai seulement pensé qu'étant donné les idées parfois sottes des éditeurs il était inutile de leur donner un prétexte à chipoter et à chercher la petite bête.

D'ailleurs ce que vous dites est fort juste et je reviens sur ma déclaration.

Mon intention est d'entrer en relations, d'ici avec Calmann Lévy—mon éditeur de Cortis—vers la fin de cette année quand je n'aurai plus devant moi que deux ou trois chapitres. Ce qu'il me dira d'une façon générale me servira de guide pour les autres, si je ne réussis pas avec lui. J'écrirai aussi chez René Doumic pour avoir un appui chez Hachette. Je ne manquerai pas de présentations. Nous verrons ensuite. De toute façon je désire être absolument d'accord avec vous pour l'intangibilité de M.G. Sit ut est aut non sit! Pour mon compte je ne saurais me charger de la plus petite amputation. Ce serait gâcher votre œuvre; et, voyez-vous, je sens que le jour viendra où on demandera M.G. en français. Il ne faut donc pas l'abîmer.

Soignez votre rhume et n'allez pas l'augmenter par vos promenades dans votre *Regent's Park* que je connais très bien, y compris *le Zoo*. Je vous vois d'ici entrer par *Clarence Gate* ou par la *North Gate*, à moins que ce ne soit par la *Hanover Gate* et promener vos pensées par le *Broad Walk*, par le *Outer Circle*, ou par la *Chester Road*.

[1516] This dates Solanges's visit to London to 1902, when J. M. Barrie's play was first presented, with Irene Vanbrugh starring as Lady Mary Lasenby (*Dictionary of National Biography 1941–1950*, 'Vanbrugh'); see Letter 243 (11 December 1913) for a later mention.

[1517] The Irish Home Rule Bill was high on the political agenda in the United Kingdom throughout 1913: the Bill was defeated twice in the House of Lords, but a third passage through the House of Commons would have ensured its enactment into law. Ulster Unionist opposition was now being galvanised: at the end of September the Ulster Unionist Council had announced a plan for an Ulster Provisional Government headed by Sir Edward Carson (1854–1935), who was already reviewing soldiers of the Ulster Volunteer Force; the (pro-Home Rule) Irish Volunteers were established the following month. Only the outbreak of the First World War delayed the outbreak of civil war in Ireland.

Au moins ne pensez pas trop à Australia Felix pendant vos promenades, ou vous vous fatiguerez trop le cerveau. Et surtout ne fumez pas tant. Ma vie est une lutte continuelle contre la cigarette. J'ai réussi à me limiter à huit par jour. C'est beau, n'est-ce pas? Je vous en accorderais bien volontiers le double. —How many?

Vous n'oserez pas me le dire.

Nous avons passé par une vilaine série d'orages de vent et de pluie tropicale. Depuis hier le temps est beau et chaud. *Nous n'avons pas encore allumé le feu*.

Je ne réponds pas à vos réflexions sur Fischer[1518] et votre photo. I am indignant, Sir!!!

Cela ne m'empêche pas d'avoir beaucoup d'amitié pour vous et de vous le dire.

Votre

P. Solanges

ALS: NLA MS 133/12/489–90

Translation

1 November 1913

Dear Sir and friend

I protest with all my strength against your interpretation of what I wrote you about the English copies of M.G. —I don't recall my sentence exactly, but it is impossible that I said what you thought you read! With a cold or not, I am incapable not only of saying but even of thinking such things. It's always the same! We don't know each other well *enough* despite three years—yes, three years in a few days!—of assiduous and sincere correspondence. But what good does it do to speak of a problem that seemingly cannot be remedied. I only thought that, given the sometimes foolish ideas of publishers, it was useless to give them a pretext to quibble and split hairs.

Moreover what you say is perfectly true and I go back on my declaration.

My intention is to make contact from here with Calmann Lévy—my publisher for Cortis—towards the end of this year, when I have only two or three more chapters before me. What he says to me in a general way will serve me as a guide for the others, if I am not successful with him. I will also write to René Doumic for support at Hachette.[1519] I will not lack for introductions. Then we will see. In any case I want to be absolutely in agreement with you for the inviolability of M.G. Sit ut est aut non sit![1520] Personally I could not take on the smallest amputation. It would mean spoiling your work; and, you see, I feel the day will come when people will ask for M.G. in French. So we must not ruin it.

Nurse that cold of yours and don't go adding to it by your walks in your *Regent's Park*, which I know very well, including *the Zoo*. I can see you from here, entering

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[1518] Fischer] Fisher MS

[1519] See the section on René Doumic in Chapter 7 of the Introduction.

[1520] Let it be as it is or let it not be! (Latin). An adaptation of a famous retort by Lorenzo Ricci (1703–75), General of the Society of Jesus. When Pope Clement XIII suggested that Ricci should save the French Jesuit provinces from suppression by giving them an independent superior, Ricci replied "Sint ut sunt aut non sint" (Francis Van Ortroy, "Lorenzo Ricci," *The Catholic Encyclopaedia,* 1912). In one of his letters to Édouard Rod, Giovanni Verga quoted this sentence as "il motto dei Gesuiti" (Verga, *Lettere al suo traduttore* 125).

by *Clarence Gate* or the *North Gate*, unless it be by *Hanover Gate*, and trailing your thoughts along the *Broad Walk*, the *Outer Circle,* or *Chester Road*.

At least don't think too hard of Australia Felix during your walks, or you will tire your brain out. And above all don't smoke so much. My life is a continual struggle against cigarettes. I have succeeded in limiting myself to eight per day. Isn't that grand? I would quite easily attribute twice as many to you. —How many?

You will not dare tell me.

We have passed through a nasty series of storms—wind and tropical rain. Since yesterday the weather has been fine and hot. *We have not yet lit the fire*.

I will not reply to your remarks on Fischer and your photo. I am indignant, Sir!![1521]

That doesn't stop me from having a great deal of friendship for you and from telling you so.

Yours

P. Solanges

235. Notes on II.1–2, 1 November 1913

Chap. I (part II)

O viva morte, *o* dilettoso male! Mon édition de Pétrarque porte *o* et non pas *e*. Je préfère *o*.	So do I, but mine had *e*.

Chap. II

Page 222. l. 21. who it was Cela vous serait-il indifférent que je dise: *Je désire que vous me disiez quelle est cette femme*, au lieu de: *quelle est cette personne*. J'ai déjà le mot personne à *personal look*, car je ne puis dire *un regard personnel*. Je pourrais écrire:—Je désire que vous me disiez *de qui il s'agit*, mais c'est trop incolore.	Agreed.
Le chap. III est fini. Tenu compte de toutes vos observations et recopié le chap. en entier.	

[1521] "No, Fischer's Jahrbuch has appeared without a photograph of mine—indeed he managed this year to beat up very few photographs altogether. And that is as it should be. What on earth has a man's face to do with his work?" (HHR to PS, 27 October 1913, *HHRTL* 1:555). Solanges is good-natured and resigned about the unlikelihood of receiving HHR's photograph.

AMS: NLA MS 133/12/583

Translation

Chapter I (Part II)[1522]

O viva morte, *o* dilettoso male! My edition of Petrarch has *o* and not *e*. I prefer *o*.	So do I, but mine had *e*.

Chapter II

Page 222. l. 21. who it was Would it be immaterial to you if I say: *Je désire que vous me disiez quelle est cette femme*, instead of: *quelle est cette personne*. I already have the word *personne* at *personal look*, since I cannot say *un regard personnel*. I could write:—Je désire que vous me disiez *de qui il s'agit*, but it's too colourless.	Agreed.
Chapter III is finished. All your observations have been taken into account and the whole chapter has been copied out again.	

[1522] Probably sent to HHR on 1 November 1913, and returned by her on 9 November: chapters II.1–2 were finished by 20 October, and II.4 by 11 November. The quotation from Petrarch is raised again in §237, Notes on II.4 (11 November 1913).

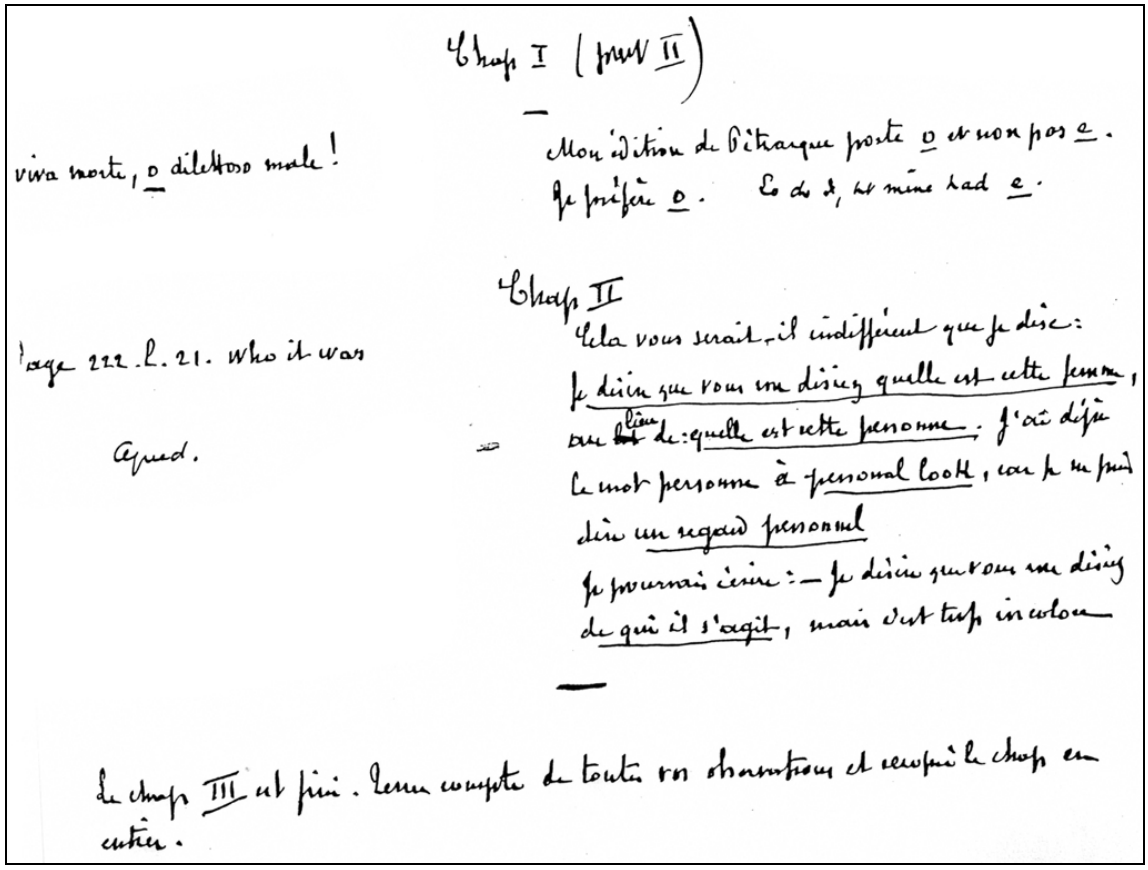


Figure 45: Solanges's notes on II.4, 11 November 1913

(By permission of the National Library of Australia)

236. 11 November 1913

Multedo le 11 novembre 1913

Cher Monsieur

Deux mots pour vous dire que le chapitre IV est fini et retranscrit à peu près tout entier. Ouf! Le chap. V est court et suivra rapidement. Après quoi il ne me restera que huit chap. Je commence à entrevoir la fin et je me félicite moi-même—vous ne l'avez fait que trop—d'avoir entrepris le remaniement. À vous dire le vrai j'ai toujours pensé que cela devrait se faire. Vous êtes le premier—et vous serez le dernier—auteur anglais auquel je me sois attaqué. Ma principale préoccupation a été de rendre exactement le texte. Je n'y avais pas toujours réussi, mais j'y avais fait tout mon possible. En me relisant j'ai senti les faiblesses et les lourdeurs du style. Il n'y avait donc pas, à moins de manquer de conscience, d'autre parti à prendre que de recommencer. Je n'ai pas fait de grands changements—soyez tranquille à ce sujet—mais vous savez qu'un mot changé de place, ce qu'une légère modification peut améliorer une phrase, rendre claire une pensée, en un mot donner une plus-value. Je ne sais pas exactement la valeur de mon travail, ce que je sais c'est que je ne puis mieux faire. J'ai eu des moments de découragement, des moments de mauvaise humeur dont vous avez eu la grande amabilité de ne pas vous apercevoir et qui en somme provenaient du

grande amore
Che m'ha fatto cercar lo tuo volume.

Maintenant je suis tranquille dans la conviction que les futures contingences ne dépendront pas de moi et que la traduction que je présenterai ne sera pas trop indigne de l'original.

Pour ne pas l'oublier: Toutes vos corrections sont faites sauf deux: *rotten* et *forlorn discomfort*. Ci-joint une note. Vous en avez une autre, n'est-ce pas à me renvoyer?

À propos de cette note, ne donnez aucune importance à mon observation sur la page 253. Je voulais la supprimer, mais puisque j'ai senti *cela*, je crois mieux de vous le dire. N'y répondez même pas si vous ne sentez pas comme moi.

De votre silence depuis le 27 octobre je conclus ou que vous êtes plongé dans un hard work, ou que vous avez négligé votre rhume et reçu une nouvelle visite de la maudite influenza. À ceci un Italien dirait: Crepi l'astrologo! Rassurez-moi vite même en vous servant de cette exclamation qui révoltera ce que vous avez acquis de l'insulaire [sic]. Et dites-moi pour quelle époque vous *pensez* arriver à la fin de votre *dreadnought*. Je suis curieux de le savoir.

Pensez à moi le 15 de ce mois de novembre. J'aurai ce jour-là 67 ans—je dis soixante-sept! Good gracious me! Le plus grand malheur, c'est que je commence à le croire. Il n'en était pas ainsi l'an dernier. J'ai pourtant fait huit kilomètres sans m'en apercevoir il y a quelques jours et exécuté encore ce matin 110 mouvements avec des dumb-bells de 5 kilog. chaque. Et pourtant! ...

Je voulais ne vous envoyer que deux mots et voilà que j'ai rempli des pages. Donnez-moi de vos nouvelles dès que vous aurez un moment de libre.

À vous toujours et très cordialement

P. Solanges

Et Bergson?

ALS: NLA MS 133/12/491–92

Translation

11 November 1913

Dear Sir

A couple of words to tell you that Chapter IV is finished and almost entirely retranscribed. Phew! Chapter V is short and will follow rapidly. After which I will have only eight chapters left. I am beginning to glimpse the end and I congratulate myself—you have done so too often already—for undertaking the revision. To tell you the truth I always thought it would have to be done. You are the first—and you will be the last—English author I have tackled. My principal preoccupation has been to translate the text exactly. I had not always succeeded, but I had done all I could. When re-reading it, I felt how weak and heavy handed the style was. So there was no other course to take, unless I failed my conscience, but to begin again. I haven't made great changes—rest easy on that score—but you know how changing the place of a word, or making a slight modification, can improve a sentence, clarify a thought, in a word give an increase in value. I don't exactly know the worth of my work, but what I know is that I cannot do better. I have had moments of discouragement, moments of ill humour which you had the great kindness not to notice and which arose, in short, from the

grande amore
Che m'ha fatto cercar lo tuo volume.[1523]

Now I am at ease in the conviction that future contingencies will not depend on me, and the translation I submit won't be too unworthy of the original.

Lest I forget: All your corrections have been done except two: *rotten* and *forlorn discomfort*. A note is enclosed. You have another one to send back to me, don't you?[1524]

About this note, don't give any importance to my remark about page 253. I wanted to delete it, but since *that* was what I felt, I think it's better to tell you so. Don't even reply to it if you don't feel as I do.

From your silence since 27th October I conclude either that you are immersed in hard work, or that you neglected your cold and received a new visit of accursed influenza. To this an Italian would say: Crepi l'astrologo![1525] Reassure me quickly, even if you use this exclamation which will appal the insular you have become. And tell me when you *think* you will reach the end of your *dreadnought*. I am curious to know.

Think of me on the 15th of this month of November. I will be 67 that day—sixty-seven, I say! Good gracious me! The greatest misfortune is that I am beginning to believe it. It was not so last year. I did however do eight kilometres a few days ago without noticing it, and again this morning I did 110 movements with dumbbells weighing 5 kilos each. And yet! ...

I meant to send you just a couple of words and here I am filling pages. Give me news of yourself as soon as you have a moment free.

Ever very cordially yours

P. Solanges

And Bergson?[1526]

237. Notes on II.4, 11 November 1913

N.B. J'ai consulté trois autres Pétrarques.[1527] Tous ont: *O viva morte, o dilettoso male*! Le sonnet de votre édition contient donc deux fautes avec: *Ma s'egli è amor, per Dio, che cosa è quale* au lieu de *e quale*. Si vous avez des éditions anglaises des classiques italiens, méfiez-vous-en.

Chap. IV

[1523] '[the] great love … that has caused me to search through your volume' (Dante, *Inferno* 1. 83–84).
[1524] Solanges has not yet received §235, Notes on II.1–2 (1 November 1913), posted back by HHR on 9 November.
[1525] Go die, astrologer! (Italian, a phrase addressed to a person who predicts misfortune).
[1526] See Letter 219 (24 July 1913).
[1527] Pétrarques] Pétraques MS

Page 255. ligne 8 (fr. bot.) *Rotten*. Vous me dites: *blackguard, not un drôle*. Littré dit: *drôle: une personne très méprisable*. Et j'ajoute: à tous les points de vue. Je puis mettre un vaurien. Mais dans un moment solennel comme celui de l'entretien entre J. et M. je crois qu'une parole sèche et brève vaut mieux. Ce qui vous a trompé c'est qu'on peut se servir autrement du mot *drôle*. Par exemple on peut dire en français à un enfant: *Petit drôle!* comme on dit en anglais *Oh you little rascal!*

Agreed!

Page 253. Je vous ferai observer, en toute humilité, qu'il conviendrait peut-être de souligner le parallélisme voulu par vous entre la scène d'Ephie s'endormant après la crise de larmes (comme une enfant) et celle de Louise s'endormant après une crise de larmes également (comme une hystérique). Cela vous l'avez voulu, là comme en d'autres endroits. À propos de Krafft si ma mémoire est fidèle. Mais le lecteur n'est pas toujours assez fin pour comprendre.
Vous allez dire, je le sais, que c'est tant pis pour lui; cependant quelque chose comme: *M. eut un sourire mélancolique en se rappelant Louise endormie*, ... ou qq. chose dans ce genre ne serait pas de trop.
Si vous êtes de cet avis veuillez me faire la phrase en anglais et me dire exactement où il faut la placer.
Mon idée est peut-être mauvaise. Je n'y donne d'autre valeur que celle que vous lui donnerez vous-même.

Do as you choose about this. A phrase such as you suggest would do very well.

Dernière ligne du chap. *Forlorn discomfort*. désolante[1528] affliction est en effet *too strong*. C'est difficile. Voulez-vous *lugubre malaise*?

Yes, malaise is good.

AMS: NLA MS 133/12/586

Translation

[1529]N.B. I have consulted three other

[1528] désolante] désolatante MS
[1529] Sent to HHR on 11 November 1913, and returned by her on either 20 or 22 November 1913.

Petrarchs. They all have: *O viva morte, o dilettoso male*! So the sonnet in your edition contains two faults with: *Ma s'egli è amor, per Dio, che cosa è quale* instead of *e quale*.[1530] If you have English editions of the Italian classics, beware of them.

Chapter IV

Page 255. line 8 (fr. bot.) *Rotten*. You say to me: *blackguard, not un drôle*. Littré says: *drôle: une personne très méprisable*.[1531] And I add: from all points of view. I can put *un vaurien*. But in a solemn moment such as the conversation between J. and M. I think a short, curt word is better. What has misled you is that the word *drôle* can be used in another sense. For example one can say in French to a child: *Petit drôle!* as one says in English *Oh you little rascal!*

Agreed!

Page 253. I will point out to you, in all humility, that it would perhaps be fitting to emphasise the parallelism desired by you between the scene where Ephie falls asleep after an outburst of tears (like a child) and the one where Louise falls asleep likewise after an outburst of tears (like someone hysterical). This was deliberate on your part, there as in other places. In relation to Krafft if my memory is accurate. But the reader is not always astute enough to understand.
I know you will say it's too bad for him; however something like: *M. eut un sourire mélancolique en se rappelant Louise endormie*, ... or something of that sort would not be excessive.
If you are of this opinion please give me the sentence in English and tell me exactly where to place it.
It's perhaps a bad idea of mine. I impute no more worth to it than you yourself

Do as you choose about this. A phrase such as you suggest would do very well.

[1530] See Letter 44 (13–14 November 1910)—Solanges's memory of discussing this passage three years earlier is remarkable.

[1531] Solanges quoted the same definition to HHR in an earlier response to her (§145, HHR's Corrections to I.7, 12 February 1912).

will.

Last line of the chapter. *Forlorn discomfort*. *désolante affliction* really is *too strong*. It's difficult. Do you want *lugubre malaise*?

Yes, malaise is good.

238. 12 November 1913

12.11.913

Nos lettres se sont croisées. Je reçois la vôtre ce matin. Tout est pour le mieux. Je vous ai servi *a little trap*. Je connais en effet Regent's Park, mais les indications précises ont été prises sur mon excellent plan de Londres. Ne vous laissez pas prendre ainsi par des rhumes. Il faut savoir se soigner. Pour les cigarettes, vous serez moins généreux pour votre faiblesse quand vous aurez mon âge. Maintenez votre décision pour les exemplaires anglais. Mais il serait peut-être bon de pouvoir en présenter un *allemand*. Cela donnerait à l'éditeur l'idée de ce que pourraient représenter les deux volumes qui sont fatals en France. Mais il faut renoncer à l'idée d'une publication en feuilleton de journal ou dans une Revue. C'est trop long! Et je le regrette aussi. Cordialement à vous.

PS.

Je vais chercher la place de votre maison. Ce me sera un petit dédommagement.

APCS (View: Pegli—Panorama dal Castellaccio): NLA MS 133/12/493

Translation

12 November 1913

Our letters have crossed. I received yours this morning. All is for the best. I set up *a little trap* for you. I do know Regent's Park, but the precise information was taken from my excellent map of London. Don't let yourself be caught out thus by colds. One must know how to look after oneself. As for cigarettes, you will be less indulgent of your weakness when you are my age. Keep to your decision about the English copies. But it would perhaps be good to be able to present a *German* copy. That would give the publisher an idea of what the inevitable *two* volumes in France would represent. But you must renounce the idea of serial publication in a newspaper or Journal. It's too long! And I regret it too. Cordially yours.

PS.

I am going to look for where your house is. It will be a small compensation for me.

239. 20 November 1913

Multedo le 20.11.913

Cher Monsieur

Merci pour votre carte de Regent's Park et surtout pour vos bons souhaits. C'est le 15 nov. qu'a eu lieu l'abominable chose.

J'ai fini le chap. V. J'avais pensé, je ne sais pourquoi, qu'il me donnerait peu de peine, et j'ai dû le refaire en entier. Et il va en être de même du chap. VI! Je pense qu'au moment où j'ai traduit cette partie de votre livre, j'ai dû être, pendant quelques semaines, ou très fatigué, ou un peu découragé; sans doute l'un et l'autre. Mon texte contient plusieurs contre-sens et beaucoup de passages très faibles. Aussi vos corrections—justes *pour la plupart*—ont-elles été très nombreuses. J'ai tenu compte de toutes excepté de deux et cela vous explique mon: *pour la plupart*.

Et comme j'ai eu beaucoup de mal en travaillant pour vous satisfaire, je me venge de ma peine en vous taquinant.

Et cela beaucoup plus volontiers que vous m'avez injustement taxé de deux erreurs: l'une physiologique *about the throat*, l'autre littéraire à propos d'Hamlet. Ne prenez pas ma petite riposte trop au sérieux, please.

Dites-moi donc d'où vient l'autre exclamation de Dove: *If women could be fair*, etc. Je prévois le moment où un éditeur me demandera la traduction, en note, de tous les passages anglais et allemands et les origines des citations.

Pendant que vous y serez, dites-moi aussi dans quel passage de: Ainsi parla Zarathoustra se trouve le Allzuviele, pour que je mette le mot employé par le traducteur français.

Avant de commencer le chap. VI, j'ai regardé toutes vos corrections pour les faire avant de recopier. Elles m'ont occasionné quelques observations que je vous envoie. Serait-ce abuser de vous que de vous prier de me les retourner le plus vite possible? Cela me peine de troubler votre travail. Disons donc: si vous pouvez le faire.

Rien de nouveau. Le temps continue à être extraordinairement beau. Je sors sans paletot; c'est vous dire que nous n'avons pas plus envie d'allumer du feu qu'en juin. Depuis huit jours nous déjeunons avec les fenêtres ouvertes. Les levers et les couchers de soleil sont merveilleux et ... et je suis un indélicat de vous dire tout cela!

N'écrivez que quand vous aurez envie de vous reposer un peu.

À propos: je vois que Bernard Shaw continue à s'amuser. De loin, ses plaisanteries me semblent un peu grosses. Est-ce qu'il est fini? En tout cas il ne fera plus l'équivalent de *Mrs. Warren's Profession*.

Cordiale poignée de main de votre affectionné

P. Solanges.

ALS: NLA MS 133/12/494–95

Translation

20 November 1913

Dear Sir

Thankyou for your card of Regent's Park and above all for your good wishes. It's on the 15th November that the abominable event took place.

I have finished Chapter V. For some reason, I had thought it would give me little trouble, and I have had to completely redo it. And it will be the same for Chapter VI! I think that when I translated this part of your book, I must have been, for a few weeks, either very tired, or a little discouraged; no doubt both. My text contains several mistranslations and a lot of very weak passages. Therefore your corrections—

justified *for the most part*—were very numerous. I have taken them all into account except two and that explains my: *for the most part*.

And as I have had a lot of trouble working to satisfy you, I will avenge myself for my pains by teasing you.

And much more willingly since you have unjustly accused me of two mistakes: one physiological, *about the throat*, the other literary, about Hamlet. Don't take my little riposte too seriously, please.[1532]

So tell me whence comes Dove's other exclamation: *If women could be fair*, etc.[1533] I foresee the moment when a publisher will ask me for a footnoted translation of all the English and German passages and the origins of the citations.

While you are at it, tell me also in which passage of: *Thus spake Zarathustra* I can find *Der Allzuviele*,[1534] so that I can put the word used by the French translator.

Before beginning Chapter VI, I looked at all your corrections so as to do them before copying the chapter out again. They gave rise to a few observations that I am sending you. Would it be an imposition to ask you to return them to me as soon as possible? It troubles me to disturb your work. So let us say: if you can do so.

Nothing new. The weather continues to be extraordinarily fine. I go out without a cardigan; that means we have no more wish to light a fire than in June. For the last week we have been lunching with the windows open. The sunrises and sunsets are marvellous and ... and I am tactless to tell you all this!

Only write when you want to rest a little.

By the way: I see Bernard Shaw is still enjoying himself. From afar, his jokes seem a little obvious. Is he a has-been? In any case he will never equal *Mrs. Warren's Profession*.[1535]

[1532] See §240, Notes on II.5–6 (20 November 1913) below.

[1533] *MG* 263. HHR replies on 6 December that the quotation is from Edward de Vere, Earl of Oxford (*HHRTL* 1:571).

[1534] This word is written in Gothic script. A response to HHR's comment on a passage from *MG* II.5 that reads: "only the dolts and the 'all-too-many' are friends with the whole world" (*MG* 265). HHR commented: "'all-too-many' = 'Allzuviele,' a quotation from Nietzsche's 'Also sprach Zarathustra'" [NLA MS 133/12/622v] In fact, Nietzsche uses the phrase 'Viel-zu-Viele.' See for example I.9 "Von den Predigern des Todes" (The Preachers of Death), I.11 "Vom neuen Götzen" (The New Idol), I.20 "Von Kind und Ehe" (Child and Marriage), and III.8 "Von den Abtrünnigen" (The Apostates).

[1535] George Bernard Shaw featured three times in the news during November 1913. On the 1st, he addressed a public meeting at the Albert Hall in favour of the workers affected by the great lock-out in Dublin, saying that he "would rather like to be prosecuted for sedition and to have an opportunity of saying publicly what he meant by it" (*Times*, 3 November 1913, p. 5).
On the 8th and 15th, Shaw had letters published in the *Times*, defending against the Bishop of Kensington the morality of a variety show by Gaby Deslys at the Palace Theatre that included a dance called 'The Gaby Glide'. Deslys had been mentioned by HHR in her letter of 9 October 1913 (*HHRTL* 1:550) as "a bewitching little bit of impertinence."
The immediate prompt for Solanges's comments, however, was probably the première of Shaw's *Great Catherine* on the 18th. The *Times* commented on this play: "… on the whole one came back to the feeling that Mr. Shaw might have made more out of that particular historical milieu than a repetition of the Britannus joke plus high jinks rather long drawn out. The Empress's toe tickled the Captain's ribs a little too often, and, to tickle our ribs, Mr. Shaw's toe hardly suffices" (19 November 1913, p. 11). The first English performance of Shaw's *Pygmalion* was not until 11 April 1914.

A cordial handshake from your affectionate

P. Solanges.

240. Notes on II.5–6, 20 November 1913

Chap. V

Page 257 ligne 8. —Vous dites: *lungs not throat; otherwise there is no sense in mention of throat*. Pour une fois je proteste: j'ai mis *bronchite* et bronchite n'a rien à voir avec *the throat*. Vous avez lu bronchite et compris *angine*. Les bronches, vous le savez comme moi, font partie de l'appareil respiratoire. Bronchite ne vous semblant pas assez fort, je mets *congestion pulmonaire*.
Good!

Yes, this is what I mean.

Page 263. ligne 8 fr. bott. —Vous dites: *Frailty means here weakness (moral weakness). It is from Shakespeare*.
Oui c'est de Shakespeare (Hamlet)

And yet within a month,—
Let me not think on't;—Frailty, thy name is woman[1536]

Mais on a toujours traduit en français:

Fragilité, ton nom est femme!
Et c'est ce que j'ai écrit!

I stand corrected.

Page 264 ligne 12. —Qu'entendez-vous par *a cruel mouth*? Est-ce au propre ou au figuré? Est-ce là *the flourish*? viz. *fleur de rhétorique*?

No, I mean it literally—a hard mouth—the mouth of one who can be cruel if occasion demands.

Chap. VI—Part II

Page 267. ligne 9 (fr. bott.) Vous dites: *a gibe is a sneer, not a paradox*.
Je n'ai pas dit un paradoxe, j'ai écrit: *un aphorisme à l'envers*, c'est à dire une vérité énoncée en peu de mots et à contre sens. Je tiens au mot aphorisme parce que Krafft en émaille sa conversation. Mais je mettrais: un aphorisme *à côté* au lieu de à l'envers. Y avez-vous de

No, none.

[1536] Hamlet 1.2.145–46.

l'opposition?

Page 272 ligne 11. *I think a better phrase for the description of James might be found—the iron-thewed pianist?—but is it necessary to explain*.

D'abord je crois qu'il est nécessaire de rafraîchir la mémoire du lecteur sur le compte James dont il est fort peu parlé. J'avais mis: *le commensal de Miss Jensen*. Vous avez raison de trouver cela maigre. D'un autre côté je ne saurais comment traduire *iron-thewed*. Voulez-vous: l'éreinteur de pianos? Le pianiste à la poigne de fer? —En somme, on pourrait bien ne rien mettre du tout.

The second of these pleases me best.

Page 277 ligne 16. —Vous dites *Manman?? Maman?*
Je sais qu'il faut écrire Maman. Mais j'ai souligné. —Sachant aussi quel est l'accent des Américains, gros, vulgaire, nasal, j'ai tâché de trouver des équivalents dans la façon dont je fais parler Miss Martin et Susie. En vérité on prononce en français, quelque chose entre maman et manman, plutôt manman que maman. La prononciation maman est l'apanage de la fausse bonne éducation. En écrivant *manman* et en soulignant j'avertis le lecteur.

Agreed.

Page 278. ligne 14. Vous dites: *to be acquainted with = to know or visit: not voir*.
J'ai mis: *personne ne la voit plus*. Cela rend parfaitement votre texte; c'est une phrase consacrée. Ne plus voir quelqu'un signifie absolument ne plus le visiter parce que pour une raison ou une autre on doit suspendre les relations.

My mistake then.

Page 278 ligne 21. Vous dites: *not literally towing Dove*. En français, remorquer peut, comme en anglais, ne pas avoir un sens littéral.

Page 278. ligne 29. Vous dites: *shown round a district only means: that I have*

ever met in my life.
J'avais compris. En écrivant: *que j'aie jamais rencontré en faisant le tour de mon quartier*, j'ai risqué un équivalent qui se comprend parfaitement comme une expression d'argot. —Tenez-vous à ce que je change?

No, keep it.

AMS: NLA MS 133/12/587–88

Translation

Chapter V[1537]

Page 257 line 8. —You say: *lungs not throat; otherwise there is no sense in mention of throat*. For once I protest: I put *bronchite* and bronchitis has nothing to do with *the throat*. You have read *bronchite* and understood it as *angine*. The bronchial tubes, you know as well as I do, are part of the respiratory system. Since bronchitis seems not strong enough to you, I will put *congestion pulmonaire*. Good!

Yes, this is what I mean.

Page 263. line 8 fr. bott. —You say: *Frailty means here weakness (moral weakness). It is from Shakespeare*.
Yes it is from Shakespeare (Hamlet)

And yet within a month,—
Let me not think on't;—Frailty, thy name is woman

But this has always been translated in French:

Fragilité, ton nom est femme!

And that's what I wrote!

I stand corrected.

Page 264 line 12. —What do you mean by *a cruel mouth*? Is it literal or figurative? Is this *the flourish*? namely a *flower of rhetoric*?

No, I mean it literally—a hard mouth—the mouth of one who can be cruel if occasion demands.

Chapter VI—Part II

Page 267. line 9 (fr. bott.) You say: *a gibe is a sneer, not a paradox*.

[1537] Sent to HHR on 20 November 1913, returned by her on 22 November, and acknowledged by Solanges on 26 November.

I didn't say a paradox, I wrote: *un aphorisme à l'envers*, that is, a truth expressed in few words and the wrong way. I am keen on the word aphorism because Krafft sprinkles his conversation with them. But I would put: an aphorism *à côté* instead of *à l'envers*. Do you have anything against this?

No, none.

Page 272 line 11. *I think a better phrase for the description of James might be found—the iron-thewed pianist?—but is it necessary to explain*.[1538]

Firstly I think it is necessary to refresh the reader's memory about James, who is very rarely mentioned. I had put: *le commensal de Miss Jensen*. You are right to find this slight. On the other hand I wouldn't know how to translate *iron-thewed*. Do you want: l'éreinteur de pianos? Le pianiste à la poigne de fer?[1539]—In short, we could even put nothing at all.

The second of these pleases me best.

Page 277 line 16. —You say *Manman?? Maman?*
I know I should write Maman. But I underlined it.—Knowing also what American accents are like, coarse, vulgar, nasal, I tried to find equivalents in the way I had Miss Martin and Susie speak. In truth, in French one pronounces something between *maman* and *manman*, rather *manman* than *maman*. The pronunciation *maman* is the privilege of a false good education. By writing *manman* and underlining it I am warning the reader.

Agreed.

Page 278. line 14. You say: *to be acquainted with = to know or visit: not voir*.
I put: *personne ne la voit plus*. This translates your text perfectly; it's a recognised expression. *Ne plus voir quelqu'un* positively means no longer call

My mistake then.

[1538] The rest of HHR's note on this passage, not reproduced by Solanges, continues: "There were many other table-companions. See beginning chapt. IV, Part I" [MS 133/12/624].

[1539] the piano shatterer? The pianist with an iron hand?

on him because for one reason or another one has to suspend relations.

Page 278 line 21. You say: *not literally towing Dove*. In French, as in English, *remorquer* can have a non-literal meaning.

Page 278. line 29. You say: *shown round a district only means: that I have ever met in my life*.
I had understood. By writing: *que j'aie jamais rencontré en faisant le tour de mon quartier*, I risked an equivalent which is perfectly understood as a slang expression.—Do you insist on my changing it?

No, keep it.

241. 26 November 1913

26.11.913.

Cher Monsieur

Merci pour vos bonnes lettres (20 et 22), merci pour vos bons vœux, merci pour les notes de suite renvoyées. Vous n'êtes pas seulement un patient ami, vous êtes aussi un aimable ami et cela ne va pas toujours ensemble.

Comme vous le savez, j'ai conscience d'avoir mis parfois votre patience à l'épreuve. Je me suis demandé si je n'ai pas passé la mesure avec mon observation sur la nécessité d'intercaler une phrase au moment du sommeil d'Ephie. Aussi je n'accepte l'honneur que vous me faites d'intercaler une phrase de moi, que sous bénéfice de revue de votre part. D'ailleurs je ne suis plus aussi convaincu de l'utilité de le faire. Ce doute vous expliquera pourquoi je n'ai presque rien écrit d'original, sauf des vers. Je suis plein de doutes et vous vous en serez convaincu depuis longtemps. Dans les vers la pensée est nettement condensée. Si le vers sonne bien, l'idée doit être frappée comme une médaille. Il n'y a qu'une façon de bien dire en vers une chose juste.

En somme, pour ne pas me dérober, je vous envoie la phrase, en vous priant de la modifier si vous la jugez utile, de la déchirer si vous la jugez superflue.

Le chap. VI est fini et je pense qu'il va bien maintenant. Demain je commencerai le VII. Je veux travailler ferme jusqu'au 10 X^{bre} car, hélas! il me faudra interrompre pendant une dizaine de jours pour la correspondance de fin d'année. Ce sera mon Xmas holiday.[1540] Horreur! Most horrible!

Je vous envoie sur un bout de papier les titres pour Bergson dans l'ordre où il faut les lire. Vous pouvez intervertir 2 et 3, mais il est *indispensable* de commencer par 1. C'est la clef de la serrure.

[1540] holiday] holyday MS

J'ai su la mort d'Alfred Russel Wallace, ses rapports avec Darwin et son dévouement pour lui. C'était une noble créature.

Je vous parlerai un jour d'un vieil ami à moi, un ancien diplomate italien qui aura 95 ans en mars prochain. Il fait la vie d'un homme de 40 ans, lit tout, écrit, *prend des notes*, va au théâtre, dîne en ville et cause debout pendant une heure. Il est venu l'année dernière de Biarritz à Milan d'une seule traite. Quand les vieux s'y mettent ils font les choses sérieusement. On peut voir mon vieil ami en full dress tous les soirs à 7 h ½ et il se couche rarement avant une heure du matin. C'est ce que je vous souhaite, à l'exception de la vie mondaine que vous ne semblez pas aimer beaucoup.

Non, je ne suis pas *interested in the occult*. Je vous dirai pourquoi une autre fois. Merci aussi sur les détails à propos de votre livre.

À vous cordialement

P. Solanges.

ALS: NLA MS 133/12/496–97

Translation

26 November 1913

Dear Sir

Thank you for your kind letters (20th and 22nd), thank you for your good wishes, thank you for sending the notes back at once. You are not only a patient friend, you are also a kind friend and the two don't always go together.

As you know, I am aware of having sometimes tested your patience. I have been wondering whether I did not overstep the mark with my observation about the need to insert a sentence at the moment when Ephie falls asleep. Therefore I accept the honour you do me of allowing me to insert a sentence of my own only if it has your approval. Besides I am no longer so convinced of the usefulness of doing so. This doubt will explain to you why I have written almost nothing original, except some verse.[1541] I am full of doubt and you will have been convinced of this long ago. In verse, thoughts are markedly condensed. If the verse sounds good, the idea must be struck like a medal. There is only one way of saying a sound idea in verse.

In short, so as not to sidestep the task, I am sending you the sentence, and I ask you to modify it if you judge it useful, and to tear it up if you judge it superfluous.

Chapter VI is finished and I think it reads well now. Tomorrow I will begin VII. I want to work hard until the 10th December, since, alas! I will have to interrupt my task for about ten days for end-of-year correspondence. It will be my Xmas holiday. Horror! Most horrible![1542]

I am sending you the Bergson titles on a piece of paper in the order in which one must read them. You can invert 2 and 3, but it is *indispensable* to begin with 1. It's the key to the lock.[1543]

[1541] *La séance*, by Paul Solanges (Milan: Dumolard, 1881, 23 p.), signed "Milan, April 1880," is a conversation in verse between a painter and his beloved (the woman whose portrait he is painting). See the section on *La séance* in Chapter 5 of the Introduction.

[1542] Cf. Hamlet 1.5.80: "O horrible, O horrible, most horrible!"

[1543] The note has not survived, but see Letter 219 (24 July 1913) and footnote 1345 to Letter 166 (18 June 1912).

I had heard of the death of Alfred Russel Wallace, his relationship with Darwin and his devotion to him. He was a noble creature.[1544]

I will speak to you one day about an old friend of mine, a former Italian diplomat who will be 95 next March. He leads the life of a 40-year-old, reads everything, writes, *takes notes*, goes to the theatre, dines in town and converses on his feet for an hour at a time. Last year he went from Biarritz to Milan in one go. When the old put their minds to it, they do things seriously. My old friend can be seen in full dress every evening at half past seven and he rarely goes to bed before one in the morning. That's what I wish for you, with the exception of the society life which you don't seem to like very much.

No, I am not *interested in the occult*. I will tell you why another time. Thank you also for the details about your book.

Cordially yours

P. Solanges.

242. Notes on II.4, 26 November 1913

Page 253. ligne 10 fr. bot.
to shade her eyes. Avant de quitter la chambre, il considéra un moment la dormeuse avec un sourire navré *qui était pour l'autre femme endormie, elle aussi, sous le poids de son chagrin. Dans le couloir il se heurta contre F. K…

* avec un sourire navré qui ne lui était pas destiné, à elle, mais à l'autre femme endormie etc.

I prefer this version.

((À renvoyer please ou à jeter au panier si (tout considéré) vous préférez ne rien mettre.))

PS

AMS: NLA MS 133/12/598

Translation

[1545]Page 253. line 10 fr. bot.
to shade her eyes. Avant de quitter la chambre, il considéra un moment la

[1544] Alfred Russel Wallace (1823–1913), Welsh natural historian, co-discoverer with Darwin of the theory of evolution. HHR had commented on Solanges recent birthday: "What is 67!—a mere child's age compared, say, with that of Alfred Russel Wallace, a contemporary of Darwin's & a very great scientist, who has just died at the age of 92. In possession of all his faculties, too, & retaining his interest in new ideas & movements up to the last—Psychical Research, the Emancipation of Women etc etc." (20 November 1913, *HHRTL* 1:564).

[1545] Sent to HHR on 26 November 1913, and returned by her on 10 December.

dormeuse avec un sourire navré *qui était pour l'autre femme endormie, elle aussi, sous le poids de son chagrin. Dans le couloir il se heurta contre F. K…

* avec un sourire navré qui ne lui était pas destiné, à elle, mais à l'autre femme endormie etc.

I prefer this version.

((To send back please or throw in the waste-basket if (all things considered) you prefer not to put anything.))

PS

243. 11 December 1913

Multedo 11 Xmbre 1913

Cher Monsieur

Le chap. VII est allé rejoindre les autres dans un grand portefeuille et j'ai préparé une partie des corrections à faire au VIII.

Pour le VII il a été tenu compte de vos rectifications toutes des plus justes, sauf deux. Cette fois-ci, je n'ai pas le plaisir de pouvoir vous taquiner un peu. Naturellement le chap. a été recopié en entier et il est maintenant écrit et rédigé à ma satisfaction—toujours relative, hélas!

Reçu la jolie carte de Primrose Hill. Merci de me donner ainsi le plaisir d'errer un peu dans les parcs de Londres.

Mais il me vient une mélancolie à penser que vous vous promenez sous ces arbres dépouillés de leur feuillage; et je me demande s'il me serait possible de quitter le pays que j'habite. De mes fenêtres, dans mon cabinet de travail, je vois la mer et[1546] les montagnes inondées de soleil. Tout le pays est *vert* et verts sont les arbres de mon jardin: yeuses, sapins, orangers, eucalyptus, oléas, etc. —Nous avons, cette année, un merveilleux temps. Sauf le 21 et le 22 novembre, nous n'avons pas cessé de voir le soleil depuis plus d'un mois. Pardonnez-moi cette gloriole peu généreuse. Le beau temps est la seule ressource que j'aie ici et il est naturel que j'en tire un peu vanité. Il ne m'a pas empêché de greffer un second rhume sur le premier dont j'étais à peine quitte. Je viens de passer deux jours au lit; maintenant cela va bien.

Veuillez m'éclairer sur un point. Un vieil ami à moi, mon ancien *chairman*, m'envoie chaque année de Londres un livre avec de belles illustrations. Cette année je viens de recevoir *Vanity Fair*, richement illustré par Lewis Baumer. Pendant que j'étais au lit, je me suis amusé à le feuilleter et je suis tombé sur un passage où il est question of *the admirable Crichton*. Vous devez savoir qu'étant à Londres, il y a quelques années, avec ma fille, j'ai vu jouer *The admirable C.* au Duke of York Theatre. J'avoue même y avoir pris beaucoup de plaisir et avoir admiré la fine ironie

[1546] et] est MS

et la philosophie de cette pièce d'ailleurs très bien jouée par Irene Vanbrugh, le fils d'Irving et Gerald du Maurier.

Je croyais que Crichton était un fils de l'imagination de J. M.[1547] Barrie; mais voilà que je trouve son nom cité tout au long dans Thackeray avec l'adjectif qui le précède. S'agit-il donc d'un personnage déjà mis en scène dans un roman? ou dans une comédie? Mais quand et par qui?

Voilà bien de la prose pour pas grand'chose. Que voulez-vous? Le séjour d'un mois que j'ai fait alors à Londres, m'est resté comme un des plus amusants et plus intéressants de ma vie, et tout ce qui s'y rattache m'intéresse encore.

Merci pour le nom du poète d'Oxford.

Où irez-vous pour vos vacances de Noël? Je vous les souhaite fort amusantes.

Comme je vous l'ai dit je vais me mettre—sans abandonner M.G. d'une façon absolue—à ma correspondance de fin d'année. Afin que mes bons souhaits pour 1914 ne soient pas empoisonnés par la rage dont je vais être infecté en accomplissant ce devoir trop rarement agréable, je vous les envoie anticipés, mais très chauds et très cordiaux. Accueillez-les comme je vous les fais.

Ne vous croyez pas obligé de m'écrire si vous êtes en plein travail. Un mot de vous me suffira m'assurant de votre bonne santé et de la continuation de vos bons sentiments pour moi dont, d'ailleurs, je ne doute pas un instant. Tenez-moi aussi au courant de vos projets et croyez-moi toujours votre fidèlement affectionné et dévoué

P. Solanges.

ALS: NLA MS 133/12/498–99

Translation

11 December 1913

Dear Sir

Chapter VII has gone to join the others in a large folder and I have prepared part of the corrections to be done to VIII.

Your corrections to VII, all of them most accurate, have been taken into account, except two. This time, I don't have the pleasure of being able to tease you a little. Naturally the whole chapter has been copied out again and it is now written and edited to my satisfaction—which is always relative, alas!

Received your pretty card of Primrose Hill. Thank you for giving me thus the pleasure of wandering a little in the parks of London.

But melancholy comes over me to think of you walking under these trees stripped of their foliage; and I wonder if it would be possible for me to leave the country I live in. From my windows, in my study, I see the sea and the mountains bathed in sunlight. The whole countryside is *green* and green are the trees in my garden: holm oaks, firs, orange trees, eucalypts, oleanders, etc. —We are having marvellous weather this year. Except the 21st and 22nd November, we haven't stopped seeing the sun for more than a month. Forgive me this ungenerous vainglory. Fine weather is the only resource I have here and it is natural for me to draw a little vanity from it.

[1547] J. M.] J. B. MS

It hasn't prevented me from grafting a second cold onto the first, which I was scarcely rid of. I have just spent two days in bed; now I am well.

Please enlighten me on one point. An old friend of mine, my former *chairman*, sends me each year from London a book with fine illustrations.[1548] This year I have just received *Vanity Fair*, richly illustrated by Lewis Baumer.[1549] While I was in bed, I amused myself by leafing through it, and I came on a passage where it dealt with *the admirable Crichton*.[1550] You must know that when I was in London, some years ago, with my daughter, I saw *The admirable C.* played at the Duke of York Theatre.[1551] I even admit I took great pleasure in it and admired the subtle irony and the philosophy of this play, which was moreover very well acted by Irene Vanbrugh, Irving's son, and Gerald du Maurier.[1552]

I thought Crichton was a son of J. M. Barrie's imagination; but now I find his name cited at length in Thackeray with the adjective preceding it. Is he then a character already created in a novel? or in a comedy? But when and by whom?[1553]

That's a lot of prose for not much result. What do you expect? The month I then spent in London has remained one of the most amusing and interesting in my life, and everything connected with it still interests me.

Thank you for the name of the Oxford poet.

Where are you going for your Christmas holidays? I hope they are most entertaining.

As I told you, I am going to start on my end-of-year correspondence—without absolutely abandoning M.G. So that my good wishes should not be poisoned by the fury I will be infected with in accomplishing this rarely pleasant duty, I am sending them to you in advance, but they are very warm and very cordial. Accept them as I offer them.

Don't think you are obliged to write to me if you are in the midst of your work. One word from you will suffice to assure me of your good health and the continuation of your kind feelings towards me, which moreover I do not doubt for a moment. Keep me up-to-date also with your plans and believe me ever your faithfully affectionate and devoted

P. Solanges.

[1548] For mention of earlier gifts, see Letters 51 and 184 (3 January 1911 and 20 December 1912).

[1549] William Makepeace Thackeray. *Vanity Fair*. Illustrated in colour by Lewis Baumer. London: Hodder and Stoughton, 1913? *Vanity Fair* was first published in 1848.

[1550] *Vanity Fair* ch. XIII: 'Dobbin thought him [Osborne] an Admirable Crichton'.

[1551] Previously mentioned in Letter 233 (20 October 1913), this visit to London took place in 1902.

[1552] Dame Irene Vanbrugh (1872–1949), English actress of great presence and charm; she created the character of Lady Mary Lasenby in the premiere of *The Admirable Crichton* in 1902; see also footnote 1516 to Letter 233 (20 October 1913).
Henry Brodribb Irving (1870–1919), actor son of Sir Henry Irving (1838–1905), the greatest English actor of his day.
Sir Gerald Busson Du Maurier (1873–1934), well-known actor-manager, father of novelist Daphne du Maurier.

[1553] James Crichton (1560–82), Scottish scholar, poet, linguist and swordsman; his sobriquet 'the Admirable' arose with the publication of *The Discoveryie of a Most Exquisite Jewel* (1652) by Sir Thomas Urquhart, containing legendary exploits by Crichton, which lead to his becoming the model for an ideal man; J. M. Barrie's play *The Admirable Crichton* (1902) focuses on a perfect butler.

244. 30 December 1913

Multedo le 30.12.913.

Cher Monsieur

Deux mots à la hâte pour vous accuser réception de votre carte et vous dire que je suis absolument abruti par les écritures, par le monceau de lettres et de cartes qu'il m'a fallu faire. Pendant trente ans de séjour à Milan, j'ai connu beaucoup de monde et, bien qu'étranger, j'ai reçu partout un aimable accueil. Aujourd'hui que j'ai quitté cette ville, je ne veux pas être taxé d'ingratitude. Voilà la raison de la peine que je me donne.

Malgré cela j'ai pu travailler un peu, mais très peu. J'ai fini le chap. VIII. Il m'en reste donc cinq. Si tout va à peu près bien, j'aurai fini pour la fin de février.

J'ai tenu compte, pour le VIII de toutes vos corrections sauf *une*. *Page 298, ligne 6 from bot*. —J'ai passé *the soft white coating* et vous me le faites observer.

Ne vous rappelez-vous pas que vous m'avez autorisé à le faire après une remarque de ma part, faite jadis?

Je vous ai fait alors observer que le détail est très joli en lui-même, mais qu'il me semble hors de place dans le discours de Louise. Car c'est elle qui parle, bien qu'indirectement. Elle sanglote, elle est malheureuse, énervée, irritée pleine de *disconnectedness*. Elle n'a donc pas le temps de dire de jolies choses sur la neige. Cela ne vous semble-t-il pas juste?

Je crois que le chapitre a maintenant bonne façon.

Je vous souhaite de tout cœur une bonne et heureuse année, un excellent travail, pas d'ennuis.

Merci de vos souhaits. Gardez-moi votre amitié et croyez-moi votre très affectionné

P. Solanges.

Pardonnez-moi la façon de cette lettre. J'ai la tête grosse comme une maison!

ALS: NLA MS 133/12/500–01

Translation

30 December 1913

Dear Sir

A couple of words in haste to acknowledge receipt of your card and to tell you I am absolutely worn out from writing, from the pile of letters and cards I have had to do. In thirty years of living in Milan, I got to know many people, and although a foreigner, I received a warm welcome everywhere. Now that I have left that city, I don't wish to be accused of ingratitude. That's why I'm taking all this trouble.

Despite that, I have been able to do a little work, but very little. I have finished Chapter VIII. So there are now five left. If all goes more or less well, I will have finished by the end of February.

For VIII, I took into account all your corrections except *one*. *Page 298, line 6 from bot*. —I omitted *the soft white coating* and you point it out to me.

Don't you recall that you authorised me to do so after a remark by me, at another time?[1554]

I pointed out to you then that the detail is very nice in itself, but that it seems out of place in Louise's speech. For it is she who is speaking, although indirectly. She sobs, she is unhappy, nervy, irritated, full of *disconnectedness*. So she has no time to say pretty things about the snow. Doesn't that seem right to you?

I believe the chapter now reads well.

I wish you with all my heart a good and happy year, excellent work, freedom from trouble.

Thanks for your good wishes. Keep your friendship for me and believe me your very affectionate

P. Solanges.

Excuse my style in this letter. My head is as big as a house!

245. 4 January 1914

Multedo 4 janvier 1914.

Cher Monsieur

[1554] See Letter 116 (30 October–1 November 1911) and HHR's response of 11 November 1911 (*HHRTL* 1:249).

Avant tout, merci et mille fois pour le charmant souvenir de vous qui m'est arrivé hier. Je n'ai regretté qu'une chose: ne pas trouver votre nom sur the fly-leaf. Ces caricatures sont d'une grande finesse et admirablement vraies[1555] pour les caricaturés que je connais de vue ou par leurs photographies. Asquith, Shaw, Carson, d'Annunzio, H. B. Irving, Rodin, Sir Ed. Grey, Caruso, Du Maurier. Celui-ci auquel Mr Hawtrey donne un conseil est-il le dessinateur du Punch, ou son fils l'acteur? Et Rostand! Et Hauptmann! Merci pour le souvenir et merci plus encore pour la cordiale pensée.

J'en ai fini avec les lettres et les cartes. Dieu soit béni! J'ai pu reprendre M.G. et j'ai déjà neuf pages bien refaites et recopiées du chap. IX. C'est celui du bal. Il n'est pas facile à mettre au point.

À ce propos, dites-moi donc ce qu'on entend par une Française. Est-ce une simple valse? Est-ce le boston? Ce mot n'existe pas dans le vocabulaire de la danse en France.

Rappelez-vous que l'anglais *for the sake of* ne peut se traduire en français que par *pour l'amour de*. Dans ce cas le mot *amour* perd sa valeur et la phrase entière veut seulement dire: *à cause de*, avec un peu plus de force.

Où êtes-vous tandis que je vous écris? À Madère peut-être. Heureux homme qui semblez considérer ce voyage comme un saut de puce!

Je vais me remettre au travail et vous quitte pour un autre vous-même. Merci encore et à vous de tout cœur

P. Solanges.

ALS: NLA MS 133/12/503–04

Translation

4 January 1914

Dear Sir

First and foremost, a thousand thanks for the charming memento from you which reached me yesterday. I regretted only one thing: not finding your name on the fly-leaf. These caricatures have great finesse and are admirably faithful to the subjects, whom I know by sight or by their photographs.[1556] Asquith, Shaw, Carson, d'Annunzio, H. B. Irving, Rodin, Sir Ed. Grey, Caruso, Du Maurier.[1557] Is the latter,

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[1555] vraies] vrai *MS*

[1556] Max Beerbohm, *Fifty Caricatures* (London: Heinemann, 1913). Beerbohm (1872–1956) was unsurpassed as a caricaturist and was one of Oscar Wilde's friends who remained loyal after the latter's release from Reading Gaol in 1897.

[1557] The persons mentioned are:
Herbert Asquith (1852–1928), politician.
George Bernard Shaw (1856–1950), writer and dramatist.
Sir Edward Carson (1854–1935), politician and lawyer.
Gabriele d'Annunzio (1863–1938), writer.
Henry Brodribb Irving (1870–1919), actor; see Letter 243 (11 December 1913) for the comments on Irving and Du Maurier that may have prompted this gift from HHR.
Auguste Rodin (1840–1917), sculptor.
Sir Edward Grey (1862–1933), politician.
Enrico Caruso (1873–1921), tenor.

to whom Mr Hawtrey gives advice, the artist in Punch, or his son the actor?[1558] And Rostand! And Hauptmann![1559] Thanks for the memento and thanks even more for the cordial thought.

I have finished with letters and cards. Thank God! I have been able to resume M.G. and I already have nine pages of Chapter IX properly redone and copied out. It's the one about the ball.[1560] It's not easy to finalise.

On this subject, do tell me what is meant by La Française. Is it a simple waltz? Is it the boston? This word does not exist in French dance vocabulary.

Remember that the English *for the sake of* can only be translated into French by *pour l'amour de*. In this case the word *amour* loses its value and the whole phrase only means: *because of*, with a little more force.

Where are you whilst I am writing to you? At Madeira perhaps. Lucky man who seems to regard this voyage as if it were a stone's throw!

I am going to get back to work, so I take my leave to join your other self. Thanks again, and heartily yours

P. Solanges.

246. 13 January 1914

Multedo le 13 janvier 1914.

Cher Monsieur

J'ai reçu votre carte de Regent Street que j'ai revue avec plaisir et votre autre carte de Dresde qui a remplacé Madère dans vos projets. En somme, n'ayant pas beaucoup de temps dont vous puissiez disposer, je me permets de dire que vous avez bien fait de préférer la neige aux fleurs. D'ailleurs vous auriez vu plus d'eau que d'autre chose tandis que sur les hills de la Saxe vous vous procurez une saine fatigue qui vous disposera à vous remettre au travail.

Je ne me suis pas pressé de vous répondre ayant hélas! beaucoup à écrire encore en dehors du manuscrit de M.G. Le travail va cependant toujours son train. Le chap. IX est terminé. C'est celui du bal. Je l'ai retapé de mon mieux et y ai mis un soin extrême, car il est aussi difficile qu'important. Toutes vos nombreuses corrections sont faites. La seconde partie du livre est certainement celle que j'avais le moins réussie. Maintenant elle me fait l'effet d'aller, ou du moins d'être à la hauteur des autres—j'entends des deux autres parties soigneusement revues.

Quant à l'ensemble de la traduction, je sais de moins en moins ce que j'en dois penser. À présent que je sens avoir fait de mon mieux, ces considérations sont sans valeur. Je vous les épargne. L'avenir nous dira ce qu'il en est.

[1558] Sir Charles Henry Hawtrey (1858–1923), actor.
The caricature is of the actor Sir Gerald Du Maurier (1873–1934), rather than of his father George Louis Palmella Busson Du Maurier (1834–96), the artist for *Punch*; titled 'Girth', the caricature shows a portly Hawtrey advising his thin fellow actor Du Maurier "Stick to the quiet method, and you'll be just the same presently".

[1559] Edmond Rostand (1868–1918), French poet and dramatist, author of *Cyrano de Bergerac* (1897). Gerhart Hauptmann (1862–1946), German dramatist, novelist and Nobel Prize winner (1912).

[1560] *MG* 302–20.

Je vous remercie pour le portrait de Goethe. Donc vous me l'envoyez parce que vous lui ressemblez et il doit me tenir lieu de votre image! Vous pourriez aussi m'envoyer le portrait de Sam Richardson parce que vous portez le même nom que lui. Vous ne me dites même pas en quoi consiste la ressemblance. Est-ce que vous avez les cheveux longs et pas de moustache?

Savez-vous bien qu'en me forçant, comme vous le faites, à exercer ma perspicacité, vous pourriez m'amener à des conclusions qui vous étonneraient fort si vous les connaissiez. Vous ne les connaîtrez cependant que si elles sont fondées. De toute façon *mark my words*.

Quoi qu'il en soit, vous êtes un terrible fabricant de traps et de plus un maître taquin. Quand je vous laisse tranquille, c'est vous qui recommencez. Hard job!

Je réponds à deux de vos questions contenues dans votre lettre du 29 Xmbre.

Envoyez-moi les articles de critique le plus tôt que vous pourrez. J'ai hâte de les lire et de voir l'usage que j'en pourrai faire.

Quant à mon travail, pour éviter tout mécompte, disons qu'il sera terminé à la fin de février.

Vous ai-je remercié pour les détails que vous me donnez sur the admirable Crichton (et non pas Craighton comme j'avais écrit de mémoire)? Si non, je le fais avec un grand retard.

Il a gelé ici cette nuit. C'est une chose fort rare et qui n'a pas son côté agréable. Grâce à Dieu, je suis bien outillé pour le chauffage contrairement aux usages de ce pays. Je voudrais qu'il plût car la sécheresse excessive est très fatigante pour les nerfs. Or nous n'avons pas vu de pluie depuis le 11 novembre, sauf une ondée le 22 du même mois. Et encore la pluie n'a-t-elle duré qu'un jour.

Mille bonnes amitiés, Herr Trappist,[1561] amusez-vous bien et ne prenez pas de rhume.

Votre affectionné

P. Solanges.

ALS: NLA MS 133/12/505–07

Translation

13 January 1914

Dear Sir

I have received your card of Regent Street, which I was pleased to see again, and your other card from Dresden, which replaced Madeira in your plans. In short, since you had not much time at your disposal, I venture to say that you were sensible to prefer snow to flowers. Besides you would have seen more water than anything else, whereas on the hills of Saxony you are acquiring a healthy tiredness which will prepare you for a return to work.

I have not been in a hurry to reply to you, since alas! I still have a lot to write besides the manuscript of M.G. However the work is always moving along. Chapter IX is finished. It's the one about the ball. I have fixed it up as best I could and taken extreme care with it, since it is as difficult as it is important. All your numerous

[1561] Trappist] Trapist *MS*

corrections have been done. The second part of the book is certainly the one I had translated least well. Now it gives the impression of being all right, or at least as good as the others—I mean the other two carefully revised parts.

As for the translation overall, I am less and less sure what to think of it. Now that I feel I have done my best, these considerations are worthless. I will spare you them. The future will tell us what they are worth.

Thank you for the portrait of Goethe.[1562] So you are sending it to me because you resemble him and it will have to do instead of your picture! You could also send me a portrait of Sam Richardson[1563] because you have the same name as him. You don't even tell me where the resemblance is. Do you have long hair and no moustache?[1564]

Do you know that by forcing me, as you do, to exercise my perspicacity, you could lead me to conclusions which would quite astonish you if you knew them. But you will only know them if they are well-founded. At any rate *mark my words*.

However that may be, you are a terrible setter of traps and a master tease too. When I leave you alone, it's you who start again. Hard job!

Allow me to reply to two of your questions contained in your letter of 29th December.

Send me the review articles as soon as you can. I am eager to read them and see what use I can make of them.

As for my work, to avoid any disappointment, let's say that it will be finished at the end of February.

Have I thanked you for the details you gave me on the admirable Crichton (and not Craighton as I had written from memory)? If not, I do so now very tardily.

There was a frost here last night. That's very rare and it doesn't have a pleasant side to it. Thank God, I am well equipped for heating, contrary to the norm in this region. I wish it would rain since excessive dryness is very tiring to the nerves. In fact we have not seen rain since 11th November, except a shower the 22nd of the same month. And even then the rain only lasted a day.

Sincerest best wishes, Herr Trappist,[1565] enjoy yourself and don't catch cold.

Your affectionate

P. Solanges.

247. 25 January 1914

25.1.914

Cher Monsieur. Le chap. X est fini mais je suis au lit depuis 5 jours avec un gros rhume. Je pense me lever dans deux ou trois jours et me remettre au travail. J'ai reçu votre carte. Ben tornato in Inghilterra!

[1562] Reproduced in *HHRTL* 1, facing page 157.
[1563] Samuel Richardson (1689–1761), English novelist.
[1564] A telling question in view of Solanges' earlier hints about HHR's gender. See the section on gender and identity in Chapter 8 of the Introduction.
[1565] See Letter 201 (23 February 1913).

Cordialissimamente vostro

P. Solanges

APCS (Plain postcard): NLA MS 133/12/508

Translation

25 January 1914

Dear Sir. Chapter X is finished but I have been in bed for five days with a heavy cold. I think I will get up in two or three days and resume work. I have received your card. Ben tornato in Inghilterra!

Cordialissimamente vostro[1566]

P. Solanges

248. 28 January 1914

Multedo le 28.1.914

Cher Monsieur, me voici debout. Je vais liquider mon arriéré de correspondance et me remettre au travail. Mais cet arriéré est si gros qu'il ne me reste qu'une ressource: faire faillite et distribuer le 1% à mes créanciers.

Donc

Reçu votre lettre du 24. Merci et merci encore pour vos trois cartes venues de Saxe, y compris celle de Goethe. Vous ne me persuaderez jamais qu'après m'avoir refusé vingt fois votre portrait, ce ne soit pas une taquinerie de m'envoyer celui de Goethe sous prétexte qu'il vous ressemble. Je suis meilleur chien de chasse que vous ne croyez. Et pourtant je ne vous en veux pas, sans cependant bien comprendre pourquoi.

Comme je vous l'ai écrit le chap. X est fini, mais il en reste trois encore. J'en ai au moins pour un mois. Ne chantons pas encore victoire. Quant à l'avenir, à chaque jour suffit sa peine. Je n'en suis pas moins inquiet n'ayant pas plus que vous d'expérience. Ma traduction de Cortis était à peine finie que Calmann Lévy la demandait à Fogazzaro et mes traductions d'opéras m'ont été commandées par Ricordi.

Nous verrons bien.

Je n'ai pas encore lu les articles. J'ai encore la tête faible. Dans deux jours la machine sera remontée.

À vous de tout cœur et pardonnez-moi cette lettre sans queue ni tête.

Votre affectionné

P. Solanges

Tous mes compliments sur ce que vous me laissez entrevoir pour la publication du second Dreadnought.

Avec ma prochaine lettre recommencera notre correspondance paisible et sereine.

———————

[1566] A good return to England! Most cordially yours (Italian).

Le papier dont je me sers est de votre Delarue. Il est très cher et ne vaut rien du tout. Il n'est même pas joli! Good God! How nervous and fretful I am! Weakness?

ALS: NLA MS 133/12/509–10

Translation

28 January 1914

Dear Sir, here I am on my feet. I am going to liquidate my backlog of correspondence and get back to work. But this backlog is so large that there is only one thing to do: go bankrupt and distribute 1% to my creditors.

So

Received your letter of the 24th. Thanks and thanks again for your three cards from Saxony, including the one of Goethe. You will never persuade me that after refusing me your portrait twenty times, it is not teasing to send me one of Goethe on the pretext that he resembles you. I am a better hunting dog than you think. And yet I don't hold it against you, though I don't quite understand why.

As I wrote to you, Chapter X is finished, but there are still three left. I have at least another month's work. Let's not count our chickens yet. As for the future, sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof.[1567] I am no less anxious about it, since I have no more experience than you. My translation of Cortis was scarcely finished when Calmann Lévy began asking Fogazzaro for it, and my opera translations were commissioned by Ricordi.[1568]

We shall soon see.

I haven't yet read the articles. My head is still weak. In two days the machine will be working again.

Yours with all my heart, and forgive this letter without beginning or end.

Your affectionate

P. Solanges

My congratulations on the glimpse you give me of the publication of the second Dreadnought.

With my next letter our peaceful and serene correspondence will resume.

[1567] Matthew 6:34, now proverbial. Previously quoted in Letters 109 and 137 (12 September 1911 and 19 January 1912).

[1568] For the initial arrangement with Fogazzaro, see Letter 5 (19 December 1887).

The paper I use is from your Delarue.[1569] It's very expensive and completely worthless. It's not even pretty! Good God! How nervous and fretful I am! Weakness?

[1569] The De La Rue Company was founded in London in 1830, and has been a major printer of playing cards, banknotes, stationery and stamps since that time (Robin Dublanc, "De La Rue PLC," *International Directory of Company Histories* vol. 10 Chicago: St James Press, 1988–).

Part III,
Letters of Marthe Solanges to Henry Handel Richardson,
1914–20

249. 10 February 1914

POST OFFICE TELEGRAPHS

Northwestern District Office, N.W. 6, 10 FE 14

Office of Origin Pegli, 10th

Handed in at 18.30

Received here at 6.42PM

TO Richardson 90 Regents Park Rd London NW

Père décédé le 7 février après très courte maladie.

[Father deceased 7th February after very short illness.]

Solanges[1570]

Telegram: NLA MS 133/12/513

250. 12 February 1914

Multedo 12.2.1914

Monsieur,

Je vous remercie au nom de ma mère et de mon frère pour la part que vous prenez à notre deuil.

Il a été aussi subit que cruel car rien ne faisait prévoir que la maladie de mon père, une pneumonie très bénigne dut se terminer par une catastrophe.

Nous l'avons perdu le samedi 7 après 6 jours de maladie.

Vous ne pouvez savoir quelle place ont tenue dans ses dernières années son travail de traduction et sa correspondance avec vous, ni quel désir il avait de vous connaître. Quant à vous Monsieur vous aurez pu apprécier par ses lettres, son intelligence sa culture, sa droiture et sa bonté, mais vous ne connaîtrez jamais maintenant le charme de sa personne et de son caractère qui font qu'ici même où nous ne vivons que depuis très peu d'années on le pleure avec nous comme le plus cher des amis.

Ma mère me charge de vous dire qu'elle tient le manuscript[1571] à votre disposition et vous prie de nous indiquer ce que nous devons en faire. Comme vous savez il l'avait entièrement revu excepté, je crois, trois chapitres.

Je joins à ma lettre une lettre de mon père qui est la dernière qu'il ait écrite et qu'il n'a pas eu le temps d'envoyer.

Merci encore Monsieur pour votre sympathie et veuillez croire à nos sentiments les meilleurs.

M. Solanges

ALS: NLA MS 133/12/514–15

[1570] Telegram sent by Paul Solanges's daughter, Marthe.
[1571] Sic, here and in following letters.

Translation

12 February 1914

Sir,

On behalf of my mother and my brother I thank you for sharing in our grief.

It was as sudden as it was cruel since there was nothing to suggest that my father's illness, a very mild case of pneumonia, was to end in catastrophe.

We lost him on Saturday 7th after 6 days of illness.

You cannot know what place his work of translation and his correspondence with you held in his last years, nor how much he wished to know you. As for you Sir you must have been able to appreciate his intelligence, rectitude and goodness through his letters, but now you will never know the charm of his person and character, for which he is mourned as the dearest of friends even here where we have been living for very few years.

My mother asks me to tell you that she is holding the manuscript at your disposal and wishes you to let us know what we should do with it. As you know he had completely revised it except, I believe, for three chapters.

I am enclosing with my letter a letter from my father which is the last he wrote and which he did not have time to send.[1572]

Thank you again Sir for your sympathy,

Sincerely yours

M. Solanges[1573]

251. Enclosure, 12 February 1914: Paul Solanges Letter of 1 February

1er février 1914

Cher Monsieur

J'ai conscience de vous avoir écrit une lettre absurde. Voilà la situation!

L'influenza nous a tous visités les uns après les autres. Ma femme se lève depuis hier, ma fille est encore au lit et nos domestiques se traînent péniblement d'une chambre à l'autre. Je ne croyais pas avoir eu la visite de cet hôte désagréable qui ne s'est vraiment révélé que pour mes infortunées compagnes. Cela tient à ce que d'autres fois l'attaque, chez moi, avait été beaucoup plus rude. Maintenant, en y repensant, je sens que mon état moral était bien celui que procure cette odieuse maladie. Pendant que je suis resté au lit, avec ou sans fièvre j'ai été hanté musicalement comme je le suis toujours en semblable circonstance. Prenez la

[1572] The enclosure was contained in a stamped envelope with no postmark, on the back of which HHR pencilled: "Died Feb. 7th 1914. A real grief to me." See Letter 251.

[1573] Thus Solanges's daughter Marthe emerges from the shadows of this correspondence, where she has inevitably been referred to as *ma fille* (see her name in the Index). Her style is noticeably more formal—if not old-fashioned—and her relationship with HHR quite overawed, especially compared with the teasing and joking that marked the HHR–PS correspondence. A reminder of how singular that correspondence was, and how privileged are its readers.

partition de Tristan et jouez les cinq ou six premières lignes de l'introduction du dernier acte. Pendant huit jours ou à peu près, jour et nuit, dans la veille ou le sommeil cette musique si atrocement triste n'a pas cessé de se dérouler dans mon pauvre cerveau. Aujourd'hui je suis délivré; il ne me reste qu'un immense dégoût pour le travail et même pour la lecture. Mais je lutte et il faut qu'aujourd'hui 1er février je me rends maître de mes nerfs.

Je vais donc attaquer le chap. XI. Mais que de retard! Je devrais avoir fini. Never mind and go ahead! —Oui j'ai reçu les articles. Je vais les lire.

Le chap. X m'a fait beaucoup travailler; il me semble qu'il va bien maintenant.

Merci pour votre carte de Westminster Abbey qui m'arrive ce matin.

À vous toujours et cordialement

P. Solanges.

ALS: NLA MS 133/12/511–12

Translation

1st February 1914

Dear Sir

I am aware of having written you an absurd letter. Here is the situation!

Influenza has paid us all a visit one after the other. My wife has been up since yesterday, my daughter is still in bed and our servants are dragging themselves painfully from one bedroom to another. I didn't think I had been visited by this unpleasant guest which only really revealed itself for my unfortunate companions. This is because at other times it has attacked me much more severely. Now, when I think back on it, I feel that my mental state was indeed such as is induced by this horrid illness. While I was confined to bed, with or without a fever, I was musically haunted as I always am in similar circumstances. Take the score for Tristan and play the first five or six lines of the introduction to the last act.[1574] For almost a week, night and day, waking or sleeping, this dreadfully sad music unfolded ceaselessly in my poor brain. Today I am free of it; all I have left is an immense distaste for work and even for reading. But I am fighting it and today, 1st February, I must become master of my nerves.

So I am going to tackle Chapter XI. But how late I am! I should have finished. Never mind and go ahead!—Yes I have received the articles.[1575] I am going to read them.

Chapter X gave me a lot of work; it seems to be all right now.

Thank you for your card of Westminster Abbey which reached me this morning.[1576]

Ever cordially yours

P. Solanges.

[1574] Wagner's opera *Tristan und Isolde*, completed in 1859, and first performed in 1865.

[1575] HHR's English translations of German newspaper reviews of *Maurice Guest* are now held at NLA MS 133/12/667–80.

[1576] This card has not survived.

252. 10 March 1914

Multedo le 10.3.1914

Monsieur,

J'ai encore dû tarder beaucoup plus que je n'aurais voulu à répondre à votre dernière lettre et je vous prie de vouloir bien m'excuser. Je ne puis malheureusement vous donner aucun éclaircissement quant aux désirs de mon père sur la publication de M.G. Il parlait souvent de sa mort mais jamais il n'a envisagé devant nous la possibilité de disparaître avant la fin de son travail. Il me semble que vous avez trouvé la bonne voie en songeant à faire agir Heinemann. Je voudrais pouvoir vous dire que nous avons quelque influence à Paris mais hélas je n'ai guère confiance. Mon père avait beaucoup de relations qui auraient fait pour lui, ce qu'elles ne feront pas pour nous je le crains.

Nous connaissons René Doumic le critique littéraire de la Revue des deux Mondes; voulez-vous que je lui écrive et que je voie s'il peut ou veut s'occuper de ce qui nous intéresse?

Nous vous sommes profondément reconnaissantes ma mère et moi pour la volonté que vous manifestez de tout faire, afin que le travail qui a été si cher à mon père voie la lumière et je n'ai pas besoin de vous dire que c'est avec joie que je ferai tout ce que vous pourrez m'indiquer comme étant utile. Mon espérance est dans Heinemann qui pourra probablement traiter directement avec l'éditeur ou les éditeurs, et en obtenir la lecture du manuscript ou du livre ce qui serait la meilleure carte du jeu.

C'est Calmann Lévy qui a publié *Daniel Cortis* en volume et la Revue de Paris qui l'a publié en feuilleton; quel en est l'éditeur? Si mon père a pensé à Plon avec lequel il n'avait pas d'attache, c'est je pense parceque [sic] Plon a publié des romans étrangers en plusieurs volumes. La veille de sa mort, mon père avait parlé de me dicter une lettre pour vous mais il se sera sans doute senti trop fatigué et comme je crois et j'espère que jamais il n'a eu le soupçon de la gravité de son état, cette lettre n'aurait porté aucun éclaircissement à nos doutes.

Vos lettres nous ont beaucoup touchées ma mère et moi. Nous sentons que vous avez compris mon père comme il devait l'être et que vous l'auriez aimé si vous l'aviez connu.

Je veux encore vous répéter que son travail a été le grand intérêt de sa vie pendant ses trois dernières années et que s'il en a été aussi la préoccupation, c'est surtout par le désir de réussir à le faire publier et cela plus encore pour vous je vous l'assure que pour lui-même. Il regrettait infiniment de ne pas vous connaître; en même temps il était intrigué et amusé de vous voir vous dérober et je crois qu'il n'avait pas perdu l'espoir de vous voir à Paris. Il aimait sa correspondance avec vous et a gardé et classé toutes vos lettres et cartes. Je vous enverrai le seul portrait récent que nous ayons de lui; c'est une photographie d'amateur. Elle est assez ressemblante mais son expression était généralement plus souriante et un peu ironique dans sa bonté.

Que vous dirai-je de nous? Il a emporté avec lui notre raison de vivre. On ne peut pas savoir ce qu'il était pour ma mère et pour moi.

Je croyais vous avoir donné des détails sur sa dernière maladie et je vois que je ne l'ai pas fait.

Il est tombé malade le lundi 2 février; nous avons cru d'abord à une rechute d'influenza, le lendemain même la pneumonie s'est déclarée; le foyer était extrêmement limité, le cœur et le pouls excellents, pas d'oppression[1577] et pas de douleurs, la fièvre assez forte mais normale pour la maladie et la toux n'a été douloureuse que la dernière nuit. Les nuits étaient toujours pénibles mais pendant la journée il était de son humeur ordinaire, trop gai même puisque nous étions obligées de le faire taire par crainte de la fatigue. Le vendredi soir il a taquiné le docteur, lui a raconté toutes sortes d'histoires et a noté lui-même le nom de deux livres de médecine lui promettant de les lui faire venir de Paris. C'est la nuit même après minuit qu'il a été pris d'une torpeur qui m'a tellement inquiétée que vers trois heures j'ai envoyé chercher le médecin. Il est venu, mon père s'est réveillé l'a reconnu et lui a dit quelques mots, les derniers qu'il ait prononcés.[1578] Le médecin m'a rassurée, est resté une heure et m'a dit qu'il serait là à 7 heures du matin. Avant son arrivée le changement était devenu effrayant et nous avions compris que nous le perdions. Il a expiré à 4 heures de l'après midi du samedi 7. Il avait été pris de paralysie des bronches. Les médecins nous ont assuré qu'il n'a pas souffert et qu'il ne s'est pas vu mourir mais qui sait qui sait! Il ne nous a pas quittées du regard ma mère et moi.

Je crois vous avoir dit les mots qu'il a voulu que nous mettions sur sa tombe? Avec une croix et son nom—*Repos dans l'Espoir*.

Voilà Monsieur les douloureux détails que vous me demandiez.

Dites-moi si vous voulez que j'écrive à René Doumic et en cas de réponse favorable, si vous voulez entrer en relation directe avec lui. Vous nous direz aussi, quand vous voudrez le manuscript et si nous devons l'envoyer tout en une fois ou par petits envois comme mon père l'a déjà fait.

Merci encore, Monsieur, pour vos lettres, croyez que les sentiments d'affection que vous manifestez pour mon cher père nous vont au cœur et vous ont assuré notre vive et reconnaissante sympathie.

Marthe Solanges

ALS: NLA MS 133/12/517–19

Translation

10 March 1914

Sir,

I have again had to delay replying to your last letter much more than I would have liked and I beg you kindly to excuse me. I can unfortunately give you no clarification as to my father's wishes about the publication of M.G. He spoke often of his death but he never in our presence envisaged the possibility of dying before finishing his work. You seem to have found the right course of action in thinking of getting Heinemann to act. I would like to be able to tell you that we have some influence in Paris but alas I am scarcely confident. My father had many contacts who would have done for him what they will not do for us, I fear.

We know René Doumic, the literary critic of the *Revue des deux Mondes*;[1579] would you like me to write to him and see if he can or will take care of our concerns?

[1577] oppression] opression *MS*
[1578] prononcés] pronocés *MS*
[1579] See the section on René Doumic in Chapter 7 of the Introduction.

My mother and I are profoundly grateful to you for your willingness to do everything possible to ensure that the work which was so dear to my father may see the light, and I don't need to tell you that I will happily do everything you might recommend to me as helpful. My hope is in Heinemann, who can probably deal directly with the publisher or publishers, and ensure that they read the manuscript or the book, which would be the best move.

It was Calmann Lévy who brought out *Daniel Cortis* as a book and the *Revue de Paris* which brought it out as a serial; which is the publisher?[1580] If my father thought of Plon, with whom he has no ties, I think it was because Plon has published foreign novels in several volumes. On the eve of his death, my father had spoken of dictating a letter to me for you, but he no doubt felt too tired, and, since I believe and hope that he never suspected the seriousness of his state, the letter would have brought no clarification of our doubts.

Your letters have deeply touched my mother and me. We feel that you understood my father as he should have been understood and that you would have loved him if you had known him.

I want to repeat to you that his work was the great interest of his life during his last three years; if it was also his preoccupation, that is above all due to his desire to succeed in having it published, and even more for your sake, I assure you, than for his own. He was extremely sorry not to know you; at the same time he was intrigued and amused to watch you conceal yourself and I think he had not given up hope of seeing you in Paris. He loved his correspondence with you and kept and filed all your letters and cards. I will send you the only recent portrait we have of him; it's an amateur photograph. It is quite a good likeness but his expression was generally more cheerful and slightly ironic in its goodness.

What will I tell you about us? He took with him our reason for living. No one can know what he was to my mother and me.

I thought I had given you details of his last illness and I see I didn't do so.

He fell ill on Monday 2nd February; we thought at first it was a relapse of influenza, but the next day pneumonia developed; its source was very limited, his heart and pulse were excellent, no suffocation and no pain, quite a severe fever but normal for that illness, and his cough was painful only the last night. The nights were always difficult but during the day he was in his usual mood, too gay even, since we were obliged to make him keep quiet for fear he would tire himself. On Friday evening he teased the doctor, told him all sorts of stories, and himself noted the name of two medical books, promising to have them sent to him from Paris. That same night after midnight he was seized with a torpor which worried me so much that towards three o'clock I sent for the doctor. He came, my father awoke, recognised him and spoke a few words, the last he said. The doctor reassured me, stayed for an hour and told me he would be there at 7 in the morning. Before his arrival the change became frightful and we realised that we were losing him. He breathed his last at 4 o'clock in the afternoon on Saturday 7th. He had caught bronchial paralysis. The doctors have assured us that he did not suffer and that he did not realise he was dying but who knows, who knows! His eyes were fixed on my mother and me.

[1580] See the letters to Fogazzaro in Part I, especially those dated 1896.

I believe I have told you the words he wanted us to put on his grave? With a cross and his name—*Rest in Hope*.[1581]

There Sir are the painful details you asked me for.

Tell me if you want me to write to René Doumic and, in case the answer is yes, whether you wish to establish a direct correspondence with him. Tell us also when you would like the manuscript and if we should send it all at once or in small parcels as my father has already done.

Thank you again, Sir, for your letters, be assured that the affectionate feelings you show for my dear father touch us to the heart and have assured you of our keen and grateful sympathy.

Marthe Solanges

253. 6 April 1914

Multedo le 6.4.1914

Monsieur,

Nous pouvons enfin vous envoyer les photographies promises. Nous avons tardé à le faire parceque [sic] nous avons voulu joindre à la photographie récente mais moins ressemblante de mon père, une autre d'il y a plusieurs années mais très ressemblante dont la négative a été retrouvée d'une façon tout à fait inespérée chez un photographe de Milan. Je me permets de vous envoyer les deux et j'espère qu'elles vous arriveront avant que vous partiez pour vos vacances de Pâques.

Quant à vos lettres à mon père, nous comprenons parfaitement votre désir de les avoir et nous vous les enverrons quand nous vous saurons de retour à Londres.

Vous ne savez pas quels regrets nous a donnés votre lettre! Ç'aurait été un tel bonheur pour mon père de vous avoir ici et de pouvoir causer et travailler avec vous. C'est une des grandes amertumes de notre douleur de penser que les dernières années de sa vie n'ont pas été ce qu'elles auraient dû être après qu'il avait tant travaillé pour nous toute sa vie!

J'espère que les portraits vous trouveront encore à Londres et que j'arrive à temps moi-même pour vous souhaiter de bonnes vacances.

Ma mère et moi vous envoyons l'assurance de nos meilleurs souvenirs.

Marthe Solanges

ALS: NLA MS 133/12/520–21

Translation

6 April 1914

Sir,

We are at last able to send you the promised photographs. We delayed doing so because we wanted to add to the recent but less life-like photograph of my father another from several years ago, a very good likeness, for which the negative was

[1581] This is the inscription on Solanges's tomb today, in St Martin's Cemetery in Multedo.

found in a totally unexpected way at a Milan photographer's. I am venturing to send you both and I hope they will reach you before you leave for your Easter holidays.

As for your letters to my father, we perfectly understand your desire to have them and we will send them to you when we know you are back in London.

You cannot imagine how sorry your letter made us![1582] It would have been such a joy for my father to have you here and to be able to chat and work with you. It's one of our bitterest regrets to think how the last years of his life were not what they should have been after he had worked so hard for us all his life!

I hope that the portraits will find you still in London and that I myself am in time to wish you a happy holiday.

My mother and I send you our warmest regards.

Marthe Solanges

254. 6 April 1914

Multedo le 6.4.1914

Cher Monsieur,

Nous faisons partir aujourd'hui même la première partie de M.G. en deux enveloppes de 7 chapitres chacune et de la façon la plus sûre.

Je n'avais pas osé vous parler du livre dans ma lettre de ce matin, mais notre désir de voir paraître M.G. en français est si grand que nous avons été vraiment heureuses de l'espoir que vous nous donnez.

Pour ce qui est de la copie ou des copies à la machine, nous désirons beaucoup ma mère et moi que vous nous laissiez faire, là où nous le pouvons, ce que mon père aurait fait lui-même et nous vous serons reconnaissantes par conséquent de nous faire connaître les frais que vous aurez à subir pour ces copies.

Après le manuscript et de la même façon, nous vous enverrons vos lettres et cartes comme elles se trouvent, c'est à dire classées avec les questions que mon père vous soumettait pour M.G. et vos réponses. Quant à vos notes, je n'ai trouvé que celles des chapitres 11, 12, 13 de la 2de partie et je les ai jointes aux chapitres mêmes qui sont les trois que mon père n'a pas revus. Mon père ne vous a-t-il pas renvoyé ces notes au fur et à mesure qu'il s'en était servi? Si je les trouve en cherchant encore il va sans dire que je vous les enverrai.

Voulez-vous les articles de journaux allemands traduits en anglais que mon père avait désirés comme pouvant servir auprès des éditeurs?

Pour ce qui est des conditions je sais qu'il n'y avait rien de précis et que l'idée de mon père était de partager les profits. Nous nous en remettons entièrement à vous, n'ayant d'autre but et d'autre désir que de voir paraître ce travail que mon père a tant aimé.

[1582] This and subsequent letters from HHR to Marthe Solanges have not survived, as they postdate the return of HHR's correspondence to her (see the next letter). HHR had probably repeated her old promise that she was sure to have meet Solanges sooner or later; for example: "But indeed, I hope we shall meet & before very long" (3 March 1913, *HHRTL* 1:467)

Il me reste à vous remercier pour ce que vous faites et ce que vous êtes prêt à faire. C'est un surcroît de travail et de peine qui ne vous revenait pas et que je suis malheureusement incapable de vous éviter. Si vous voyez quoique ce soit que je puisse faire, dites-le-moi, j'y mettrai toute ma bonne volonté.

Un vieil[1583] ami de mon père et dans lequel il aurait eu toute confiance, s'offre pour la correction des épreuves dont il a la très grande habitude. Cela si Dieu veut que le livre ait un éditeur!

Ma mère et moi ne quitterons certainement pas Multedo et nous vous prions de ne pas oublier si jamais vous venez de nos côtés, que ce sera un bonheur pour nous de parler de mon père avec vous.

Croyez, je vous prie cher Monsieur à nos sentiments de très vive reconnaissance.

Marthe Solanges

ALS: NLA MS 133/12/522–24

Translation

6 April 1914

Dear Sir,

We are sending today Part I of M.G. in two envelopes of 7 chapters each, by the most secure means.

In my letter this morning I hadn't dared to speak to you about the book, but our desire to see M.G. published in French is so great that we were truly happy at the hope you give us.

As to the typewritten copy or copies, my mother and I wish very much that you will allow us to do, so far as we can, what my father would have done himself, and we will consequently be very grateful to you if you will let us know the costs you will incur for these copies.

After the manuscript, and in the same way, we will send you your letters and cards just as they are, that is, filed with the questions which my father sent you for M.G. and your replies. As for your notes, I have only found those for Chapters 11, 12, 13 of Part II and I have attached them to the chapters themselves, which are the three my father did not revise. Did my father not return these notes to you as soon as he had used them? If I find them in another search it goes without saying that I will send them to you.

Do you want the English translations of the articles from German newspapers, which my father requested in case they were useful with the publishers?

In relation to the conditions, I know that there was nothing precise and that my father's idea was to share the profits. We put ourselves entirely in your hands, having no other goal or desire except to see the publication of the work my father loved so much.

It remains for me to thank you for what you are doing and what you are ready to do. It is extra work and trouble which was not your responsibility and which unfortunately I cannot spare you from. If you see anything at all that I might do, tell me, and I will do it with all goodwill.

[1583] vieil] viel *MS*

An old friend of my father's, in whom he would have had complete confidence, has offered to do the proofreading, at which he is very experienced. That is, if God wills that the book should find a publisher!

My mother and I will certainly not leave Multedo and we ask you not to forget, if you ever come in our direction, that it will be a joy for us to talk about my father with you.

I am, dear Sir, most gratefully yours,

Marthe Solanges

255. 8 April 1914

Cher Monsieur. La première partie a été expédiée hier et la troisième aujourd'hui. Je garde la deuxième le temps de revoir les trois derniers chapitres et à l'aide de vos notes, corriger là où il y a contresens. Je mets mes corrections à part sur un feuillet pour chaque chapitre. Vous en ferez ce que vous croirez. Au cas où vous les approuveriez, voudriez-vous me renvoyer les trois chapitres afin que je les recopie et que vous puissiez les donner lisibles au typewriter? J'ai retrouvé les corrections qui manquaient et je vous les enverrai avec les articles. Mille souvenirs de ma mère et de moi.

Marthe Solanges

ALS: NLA MS 133/12/525–26

Translation

[1584]Dear Sir. Part I was posted yesterday and Part III today. I am keeping Part II long enough to revise the last three chapters and correct any mistranslations with the help of your notes. I am putting my corrections on a separate leaf for each chapter.[1585] You may do as you think appropriate with them. If you should approve of them, would you like to send the three chapters back to me so that I can copy them out again and you can give them to the typist in a legible form? I have found the missing corrections and will send them to you with the articles. Warmest regards from my mother and myself.

Marthe Solanges

256. 15 May 1914

Cher Monsieur, Mon père n'a eu de publié à Paris que Daniel Cortis de Fogazzaro chez Calmann Lévy. Tout le reste a été édité par Ricordi et je vous donne la liste quoique je ne pense pas que cela puisse être bien utile. Nous vous enverrons avant la fin de la semaine la correspondance que vous avez désirée. Croyez je vous prie à mes sentiments les meilleurs.

Marthe Solanges

Libretti

[1584] Postmarked Pegli 8 4 14.

[1585] Marthe Solanges's corrections to *MG* II.11–13 are now held at MS 133/12/595, 631–2, 634–5, 637.

Falstaff avec Boito
Mefistofeles " "
Gioconda " "

Albums de vers avec musique et dessins[1586]

Le livre des Sérénades
Le bal de la Poupée
Le livre des Histoires
Rosette
Les Amoureux de Colombine
Différentes pièces de vers mises en musique par Tosti et d'autres.

ALS: NLA MS 133/12/527–28

Translation

[1587]Dear Sir, My father's only publication in Paris was Fogazzaro's Daniel Cortis published by Calmann Lévy. All the rest was published by Ricordi and I will give you the list although I don't think it can be very useful. We will send you the correspondence you wanted before the end of the week. Sincerely yours.

Marthe Solanges

Libretti

Falstaff with Boito
Mefistofeles " "[1588]
Gioconda " "[1589]

Albums of verse with music and drawings

Le livre des Sérénades
Le bal de la Poupée
Le livre des Histoires
Rosette
Les Amoureux de Colombine
Various items of verse put to music by Tosti[1590] and others.[1591]

[1586] dessins] desseins *MS*

[1587] Postmarked Sestri Ponente (Genova), 15.5.14.11.

[1588] This is the only mention of Boito's *Mefistofele* in the Solanges correspondence, and were it not mentioned in Solanges's obituary in *Le Figaro* (see Appendix II.4), and also by Busch (*Otello* 856), this mention by Marthe would be the only evidence of this translation. The first performance of *Mefistofele* in France was given at Nantes on 23 April 1887. See the section on Boito in Chapter 5 of the Introduction for discussion of this translation.

[1589] The original edition was: *Gioconda: drame lyrique en quatre actes.* Traduction rytmique de Paul Solanges. Milan: Ricordi, 1887, 57 p. A more recent edition is: *Gioconda: drame lyrique en 4 actes*, [musique d'Amilcare Ponchielli] / paroles françaises de Paul Solanges. Paris: Librairie théâtrale [G. Billaudot], 1978, 72 p.
La Gioconda was adapted from Victor Hugo's *Angelo tyran de Padoue* and is the best-known of Boito's librettos written for composers other than Verdi. Among the pupils of its composer Amilcare Ponchielli (1834–86) at the Milan Conservatory were Pietro Mascagni—who composed the opera based on Verga's play *Cavalleria rusticana*—and Giacomo Puccini.

[1590] Sir Francesco Paolo Tosti (1847-1916), Italian composer, born at Ortona (Abruzzi), became a naturalized British subject, taught the British royal family and was knighted in 1908. He composed many popular drawing-room songs.

[1591] Compare this list with Solanges's own description of his works in Letter 42 (1 November 1910), and with the annotated bibliography of his translations at Appendix I. Strangely, neither of the lists in the correspondence includes Solanges's *La séance*, 1881 (see footnote 1541, 26 November

257. 21 June 1914

Multedo 21.6.1914

Cher Monsieur,

Merci pour votre billet. Je suis heureux que les copies soient faites et bien faites, cela semble un premier pas vers le but. Voulez-vous nous dire quelle est notre part dans cette dépense? Nous désirons faire ce que mon père aurait fait lui-même.

À partir du 1er juillet veuillez adresser vos lettres *Viale Pignone Multedo*. Comme vous voyez dans quelques jours nous aurons quitté cette maison devenue beaucoup trop grande pour nous. Cela a été un déchirement de tous les instants de défaire tout ce qui avait été fait avec mon père et je redoute surtout le moment où tout ce travail fini, nous nous trouverons en face l'une de l'autre pour recommencer une autre vie, ma mère et moi.

Nous avons tenu à rester à Multedo et de notre nouvelle maison nous verrons les fenêtres de celle-ci.

Ici aussi le printemps a été froid et humide et le temps n'a pas l'air de vouloir se remettre. J'espère que cela vous donnera un bon mois d'août puisque c'est à cette époque que vous prendrez vos vacances.

J'espère cher Monsieur avoir bientôt de vos nouvelles et je vous envoie ainsi que ma mère mes meilleurs souvenirs.

Marthe Solanges

ALS: NLA MS 133/12/529–30

Translation

21 June 1914

Dear Sir,

Thank you for your note. I am happy for the copies to be done and done well, it seems to be a first step towards the goal. Will you tell us what our share in this expense is? We wish to do what my father would have done himself.

From 1st July, please address your letters to *Viale Pignone, Multedo*. As you see, in a few days we will have left this house, which has become much too large for us. It has been a continual heartbreak to undo everything done with my father and I dread above all the moment when all this work is finished and my mother and I find ourselves facing each other, ready to begin a different life.

We were anxious to stay in Multedo and from our new house we will see the windows of this one.

Here too the spring has been cold and damp, and the weather seemingly has no inclination to improve. I hope this will give you a good month of August since it is then that you are taking your holidays.

I hope to have news of you soon, dear Sir, and my mother and I send you our warmest regards.

1913), nor his 1887 translation of Salomon Rosenthal's opera *La reine de Saba*; Solanges's silence on Boito's *Mefistofele* has already been mentioned (footnote 1588 above).

Marthe Solanges

258. 16 October 1914

Multedo le 16.10.1914

Cher Monsieur,

Cela nous a fait grand plaisir d'avoir de vos nouvelles et de vous savoir à Londres.

Plusieurs fois depuis le commencement de la guerre nous avions parlé de vous en nous demandant si elle ne vous avait pas surpris pendant un de vos longs voyages en vous rendant le retour difficile. Nous sommes heureuses qu'il n'en soit rien.

Les événements nous bouleversent et nous passionnent. Nous avons une confiance absolue dans l'issue de la lutte sans nous dissimuler que des douleurs et des sacrifices sans nom seront le prix de la victoire. Mais si tous nous devons en sortir délivrés du cauchemar allemand, elle n'aura pas été payée trop cher.

La pensée de mon père ne me quitte pas et je sens et j'éprouve ce qu'il aurait éprouvé. Les souvenirs de '70 étaient pour lui une plaie toujours ouverte et depuis mon enfance j'ai partagé avec lui la tristesse de ces souvenirs et les espérances qui l'accompagnaient. Mon père que tant de choses décourageaient dans la France de ces dernières années, avait pourtant dans son pays une confiance que les événements ont justifiée. Il est parti sans avoir vu ce beau réveil qui, quoi qu'il arrive, rend la France digne de vaincre. Il aurait été heureux aussi de voir son pays si loin du cruel isolement de '70, se battre aux côtés de l'Angleterre dont l'opiniâtre volonté n'admettra pas qu'on n'aille jusqu'au bout. Que de tristesses pourtant à côté de cela; notre pays piétiné par ces hordes, tant de malheurs que rien ne réparera jamais, nos belles églises détruites, des joyaux d'architecture anéantis en France et en Belgique et quelle chose douloureuse que l'écrasement même momentané de ce vaillant petit peuple pour lequel nous avons pu faire si peu! Gare si l'on n'avait confiance dans la fin!

Nous avons aussi des inquiétudes tout à fait personnelles. Mon frère qui était en Cyrenaïque est allé rejoindre son régiment de Dragons après avoir passé quelques heures avec nous la nuit du 6 au 7 août. Nous n'avons de lui que de rares et brèves nouvelles, les dernières étaient du 25 sept. et depuis lors nous savons que la cavalerie a beaucoup donné dans le Nord.

Je ne sais ce qu'on peut en Angleterre de l'attitude de l'Italie. Vu de près, ce jeu de bascule continuel[1592] est assez irritant quand il n'est pas un peu comique mais je ne me fais pas l'illusion d'être une spectatrice très impartiale.

Nous comprenons parfaitement que le moment n'est pas favorable pour M.G. et qu'il n'y a qu'à attendre des temps meilleurs. Ils viendront, et là aussi il n'y a qu'à avoir confiance!

Merci cher Monsieur d'avoir pensé à nous. Je n'aurais pas osé vous écrire vous sachant très occupé, mais j'espère que vous n'oublierez pas qu'un mot de vous sera toujours pour nous plus que le bienvenu.

Croyez je vous prie à mes sentiments bien sincèrement dévoués.

[1592] continuel] continnuel *MS*

16 October 1914

Marthe Solanges

ALS: NLA MS 133/12/531–32

Translation

16 October 1914

Dear Sir,

It was a great pleasure for us to have news of you and to know you were in London.

We had spoken of you several times since the beginning of the war, wondering if it had taken you by surprise during one of your long trips, making your return difficult. We are happy to know this was not the case.

The events distress and fascinate us. We have absolute confidence in the outcome of the struggle without closing our eyes to the fact that the price of victory will be unspeakable grief and sacrifices. But if we are all to be delivered from the German nightmare, the price will not be too dear.

Thoughts of my father are ever present to me and I feel and experience what he would have experienced. Memories of 1870 were an ever open wound to him, and since my childhood I have shared with him the sadness of those memories as well as the hope that accompanied it.[1593] So many things in France disheartened my father in the last few years, but he still had a confidence in his country which has been justified by events. He passed on without seeing this wonderful awakening which, whatever happens, makes France worthy of victory. He would have been happy also to see France so far from the cruel isolation of 1870, fighting beside England whose obstinate stubbornness will not allow us to fall short of the goal. But what sorrows alongside that; our country trampled by these hordes, so many misfortunes which will never be put right, our beautiful churches destroyed, jewels of architecture in France and Belgium obliterated, and what a grief it is to see that valiant little people crushed, even momentarily, and we have been able to do so little! We'd be in trouble if we were not confident of the outcome!

We also have completely personal worries. My brother who was in Cyrenaica went to rejoin his regiment of Dragoons after spending a few hours with us on the night of 6–7 August.[1594] We only have occasional brief news of him, the last was dated 25th September and since then we know the cavalry has been very active in the North.[1595]

I don't know what people in England make of Italy's attitude. From close up, this continual seesawing would be a bit funny if it weren't so annoying, but I don't delude myself that I'm a very impartial spectator.

[1593] Paul Solanges fought in the Franco-Prussian War from 6 August 1870, and was a prisoner-of-war in Germany from 2 September 1870 until 12 April 1871. See Chapter 2 of the Introduction.

[1594] Pierre Solanges had been in Benghazi since January 1914, having returned from Buenos Aires to Multedo in September 1913. Germany declared war on France on 3 August; Pierre served in the 9th Regiment of Dragoons from 10 August, and was promoted to *adjudant* (warrant officer) on 6 October 1914.

[1595] For later mentions of Pierre Solanges, see Letters 259 and 260 (28 March 1915 and 22 February 1920).

We perfectly understand that this is not a favourable moment for M.G. and that the only thing to do is to await better times. They will come, and there too we must simply have confidence!

Thank you, dear Sir, for thinking of us. I would not have dared write to you, knowing how busy you are, but I hope you won't forget that a word from you will always be most welcome to us.

Most sincerely yours.

Marthe Solanges

259. 28 March 1915

Multedo le 28.3.1915

Cher Monsieur,

La dernière lettre que j'ai reçue de vous est du 13 décembre et j'y ai répondu avant Noël. Si vous m'avez écrit depuis, votre lettre a dû s'égarer car je ne l'ai jamais reçue.

Nous avons de bonnes nouvelles de mon frère qui est toujours sur la ligne de feu. Il dit n'avoir jamais été aussi bien portant, que la vie de tranchée n'est pas aussi dure qu'on le dit, et que tout va bien. Ses lettres ne portent aucune indication de provenance et nous ignorons où il est.

Ma mère est très courageuse et toutes deux nous suivons avec anxiété la marche si lente de cette guerre inhumaine.

En Italie la cause de la Triple Entente a beaucoup de sympathies et en gagne chaque jour davantage, mais l'autre note ne manque pas et la lecture de certains journaux est souvent pénible pour nous. Les italiens même hostiles à l'Allemagne ne peuvent se défaire d'un sentiment presque superstitieux de sa force et de sa puissance. L'entreprise des Dardanelles produit pourtant beaucoup d'impression et on peut espérer qu'elle aura des effets moins platoniques.

J'espère que ces temps troublés ne sont pas trop défavorables à votre travail et que votre second livre marche aussi bien que vous pouvez le désirer, vous savez combien mon père s'y intéressait d'avance et je vous serais bien reconnaissante de nous en dire quelque chose dans votre prochaine lettre.

Merci cher Monsieur d'avoir pensé à nous donner signe de vie, ce sera toujours un vrai plaisir pour nous d'avoir de vos nouvelles et nous en avons bien souvent désirées pendant ces derniers mois.

Croyez je vous prie à l'expression de mes sentiments les meilleurs.

Marthe Solanges

ALS: NLA MS 133/12/533–34

Translation

28 March 1915

Dear Sir,

The last letter I received from you is dated 13th December and I replied to it before Christmas. If you have written to me since, your letter must have gone astray since I never received it.

We have good news from my brother who is still in the line of fire. He says that he has never been so well, that life in the trenches is not as bad as people say, and that all is well. His letters bear no indication of where they come from and we do not know where he is.

My mother is very courageous and we are both anxiously following the slow course of this inhuman war.

In Italy there is much sympathy for the cause of the Triple Entente,[1596] and it increases each day, but the other note is not missing and it is often painful for us to read certain newspapers. Even Italians hostile to Germany cannot rid themselves of an almost superstitious feeling of its strength and power. However the Dardanelles undertaking is making a marked impression and we can hope that it will have less platonic effects.[1597]

I hope that these troubled times are not too unfavourable for your work and that your second book is progressing as well as you could wish, you know how interested my father was in it and I would be most grateful if you would tell us something about it in your next letter.

Thank you, dear Sir, for thinking of giving us a sign of life, it will always be a real pleasure for us to have news of you and we have quite often wished for some during these last months.

Sincerely yours

Marthe Solanges

260. 22 February 1920

Multedo le 22.2.1920

Cher Monsieur,

Nous avons été heureuses ma mère et moi d'avoir de vos nouvelles. Souvent pendant ces années de guerre nous nous sommes demandé si vous y preniez une part active et nous avons regretté de ne pas en être informées. La guerre qui a été si cruelle pour tant de familles, l'a été pour nous. Mon frère y a pris part dès les premiers jours, en Flandre, dans l'Artois et finalement en Champagne où il a été blessé et fait prisonnier pendant l'offensive de septembre 1915. Il a succombé un mois après à Rastadt des suites atroces de ses blessures. Il a donné, nous en sommes sûres, de tout son cœur sa vie pour son pays mais son sacrifice a été rendu bien dur

[1596] The Triple Entente united Britain, France and Russia in a loose alliance, against the explicit Triple Alliance of Germany, Austria-Hungary and Italy (first signed in 1882, and last renewed in 1912 for three years); for Italy, the original motivation for the Alliance was protection against France. Italy had remained neutral at the beginning of the war, but on 8 April 1915 offered to join the Central Powers in return for territorial gains; when these terms were rejected by Austria a week later, Italy offered to join the Entente powers for even greater territorial gains.

[1597] The Anglo-French naval attempt to force the Dardanelles took place on 18 March 1915, the ground assault began on 25 April; Italy declared war on Austria-Hungary on 23 May 1915.

par son isolement en terre ennemie et par de grandes souffrances. Dieu lui en tiendra compte ainsi qu'à ma mère bien ébranlée par tant d'épreuves.

Je suis mariée depuis septembre 1916 mais mon mariage ne m'a pas séparée de ma mère auprès de laquelle nous vivons la plus grande partie de l'année.

J'en viens à *Maurice Guest*. Nous savions que vous ne l'oublierez pas, mais comme vous et comme M^r^ Heinemann nous craignons que le moment ne soit guère favorable à la publication et nous ne vous serons hélas que d'un pauvre secours. Nous n'avons guère de relations dans le monde littéraire et mon mari est exclusivement dans les affaires. Nous avons eu il y a quelques années des rapports avec M^r^ René Doumic directeur de la Revue des deux Mondes; pensez-vous que je doive lui écrire pour avoir un conseil. Si vous me dites de le faire en me disant en quel sens, je le ferai aussitôt.

Nous nous en remettons autrement entièrement à vous, sûres que le travail de mon cher père est en bonnes mains puisqu'il est dans les vôtres.

Nous serions désireuses d'avoir plus de détails sur votre vie de ces dernières années malgré votre désir d'oublier. Mais ceux qui comme nous n'ont plus le secours de la première jeunesse, pourront-ils jamais oublier!

Je pars à la fin de février pour Milan où je passerai deux ou trois mois. Mon adresse y est Via S. Andrea 19. Ma mère reste ici mais elle ne connaît pas l'anglais. Nous sommes d'ailleurs toutes deux à votre entière disposition avec un vif désir de vous seconder. Notre reconnaissance vous est acquise quels que soient les résultats de vos efforts.

Croyez cher Monsieur à nos sentiments bien sincères.

Marthe Bianchi Solanges

Via S. Andrea 19
Milano

ALS: NLA MS 133/12/535–37

Translation

22 February 1920

Dear Sir,

My mother and I were happy to have news of you. Often during these years of war we wondered if you were taking an active role in it and we were sorry not to be informed of it. The war, which was so cruel for so many families, was cruel for us. My brother took part in it from the first days, in Flanders, in Artois, and finally in Champagne where he was wounded and taken prisoner during the offensive of September 1915. He succumbed to his atrocious wounds a month afterwards at Rastadt.[1598] We are sure he gave his life for his country with all his heart, but his sacrifice was made hard by his isolation in enemy territory and by great suffering. God will take it into account for him as well as for my mother who is quite shaken by so many trials.

[1598] Pierre (Pietro Antonio Carlo Giovanni) Solanges, born in Milan in 1877, died of wounds on 28 October 1915. Rastadt (also Rastatt) is a town on the River Murg in Baden-Württemberg (population in 1986, 37,000).

I have been married since September 1916 but my marriage has not separated me from my mother, with whom we live for most of the year.[1599]

I turn now to *Maurice Guest*. We knew you would not forget it, but like you and like M^r. Heinemann we fear it is scarcely a favourable moment for its publication and we will be alas of but little help. We have scarcely any connections in the literary world and my husband is exclusively in business. Some years ago we had contact with M^r. René Doumic, director of the *Revue des deux Mondes*;[1600] do you think I should write to him for advice. If you tell me to do so and along what lines, I will do so at once.

Otherwise we leave it entirely up to you, certain that my dear father's work is in good hands since it is in yours.

We would wish to have more details on your life during these last years despite your desire to forget.[1601] But those who like us no longer have the first flush of youth, will they ever be able to forget!

I am leaving at the end of February for Milan where I will spend two or three months. My address there is Via. S. Andrea 19. My mother is staying here but she doesn't know English. Moreover we are both entirely at your disposal with a keen desire to assist you. You are assured of our gratitude whatever the results of your efforts may be.

I am, dear Sir, most sincerely yours.

Marthe Bianchi Solanges

Via S. Andrea 19
Milano

[1599] Marthe (Marta Maria Aurelia Francesca) Solanges, aged 40, married Pietro Primo Bianchi, aged 60, on 5 September 1916 at Vocogno Prestinone, Genoa.

[1600] See the section on René Doumic in Chapter 7 of the Introduction, as well as Letters 234 and 252 (1 November 1913 and 10 March 1914).

[1601] HHR has evidently drawn a veil of ambiguity over the question of how she—supposedly a man of military age—spent the war years. A final shot at preserving the persona she maintained throughout this correspondence, and an ironically fitting end to it.

Appendix I,
Paul Solanges, Translator:
Annotated Bibliography of His Works

in Chronological Order

This list includes the life dates of the principal authors, at their first mention, as well as all available details on each publication. Titles are given in their original form and language. Many of the items listed are based on entries in the catalogues of the national libraries of Italy, France and the United Kingdom.

Burgmein, J [Ricordi, Giulio (1840–1912)]. *L'épousée*. Poésie de Paul Solanges; mélodie par J. Burgmein. Milan: Ricordi, [18–?]. 5 p. Per Mezzo Soprano o Baritono.

Opening line: C'est ce matin qu'on nous marie.

Tosti, Francesco Paolo (1846–1916). *Ne me le dites pas!; mélodie*. Paroles françaises de Paul Solanges; musique de F. Paolo Tosti. Milan: Ricordi, 1880.

Solanges, Paul. *La séance*. Milan: Dumolard, 1881. 23 pp.

The only "original" work by Solanges. See the section on *La séance* in Chapter 5 of the Introduction.

---. [Article on the musician Jules Massenet.] *Le Clairon* c. January 1882.[1602]

Boito, Arrigo (1842–1918). *Méphistophélès* [July 1882, collaboration with Boito on a French translation?]

A French translation of *Mefistofele* by Paul Milliet was performed in Brussels on 17 January 1883, and was published by Ricordi the same year. The first performance in France was at Nantes, on 23 April 1887. See the section on Boito in Chapter 5 of the Introduction.

Burgmein, J. *Le livre des sérénades; 15 morceaux caractéristiques pour piano à 4 mains* par J. Burgmein; Poésies par Paul Solanges; illustrations par A. Edel. Milan: Ricordi, 1882 [or 1884: reviewed by *The Times* on 23 February 1884]. 171 pp.

Dedicated to Franz Lizst. Contents include: Sérénade Indienne, Sérénade de Polichinelle, Sérénade Mauresque, Sérénade Hongroise, Sérénade Venitienne, Sérénade Espagnole.

Samaras, Spyridon Filiskos (1861–1917). *La chanson de l'espadachin*. Paroles de Paul Solanges; musique de Spiro Samara. Milan: Ricordi, 1883. 6 pp.

Opening line: J'avais jadis l'air d'un bravache.

[1602] See p. 54.

Appendix 1

Tosti, Francesco Paolo. *20 mélodies pour chant et piano; soprano ou ténor*. Les paroles de Paul Solanges sont traduites ou imitées de l'italien; musique de F. Paolo Tosti. Milan: Ricordi, 1883. 129 pp.

Contents:

1 T'amo ancora! (Je t'aime encore!) / paroles de L. M. Cognetti.
2 Povera Maria! (Pauvre Marie!): chant des abruzzes / paroles de M. Malaspina.
3 Oh! quanto io t'amerei! (J'aimerais follement!): mélodie / paroles de F. de Renzis.
4 Non me lo dite! (Ne me le dites pas!): mélodie / paroles de E. Panzacchi.
5 Lontan dagli occhi: (Loin des yeux) / paroles de Ferdinando Martini.
6 Deh! Ti desta (Lève-toi): sérénade / paroles de ***.
7 Altro è parlar di morte, altro è morire! (Parler de mort n'est pas mourir!): stornello /paroles de F. Fiorentino.
8 Non mi guardare! (Ne me regarde pas ainsi!) / paroles de Ferdinando Martini.
9 Dopo! (Après!): mélodie / paroles de Ferdinando Martini.
10 Vous et moi!: mélodie / paroles de la Comtesse de Castellana.
11 Oblio! (Oubli!) /paroles de Naborre Campanini.
12 Dis-moi donc!: ballade russe / paroles de la Comtesse de Castellana.
13 Vuol piovere! (Temps pluvieux!): mélodie / paroles de Mme. Eva Cattermole-Mancini.
14 O ma charmante: chanson / paroles de Victor Hugo.
15 Lamento d'amore (Plaintes d'amour): mélodie / paroles de X.
16 Vieille chanson (Tempo de valzer); paroles de Swinburne.
17 Serenata d'un angelo (La sérénade d'un ange) / paroles de F. Panzacchi.
18 Au cimetière: mélodie/ paroles de A. Renaud.
19 T'affretta! (Descends bien vite!): barcarolle / paroles de E. Caro.
20 Les papillons: mélodie / paroles de Th. Gautier

Tito lo Posa, F. [Francesco Paolo Tosti]. *En hamac!* Tempo di walzer (d'après *La valse des parisiennes* de J. Burgmein). Paroles de Mario de' Fiori. Imitation française de Paul Solanges. Transcription pour chant par F. Tito lo Posa. Milan: Ricordi, 1883.

Braga, Gaetano (1829–1907). *La prière du soir*. Paroles de Arnaldo Fusinato; paroles françaises de Paul Solanges; musique de Gaetano Braga. Milan: Ricordi, 1884. 5 pp.

Dedicated to Madame Giuditta Ricordi. Opening line: Ave Maria | si l'humble voix.

Caracciolo, Luigi (1847–1887). *Le voyage de Suzon; barcarolle*. Paroles de Paul Solanges. Milan: Ricordi, 1884. 4 fasc.

Opening line: O Suzon, brune fille.

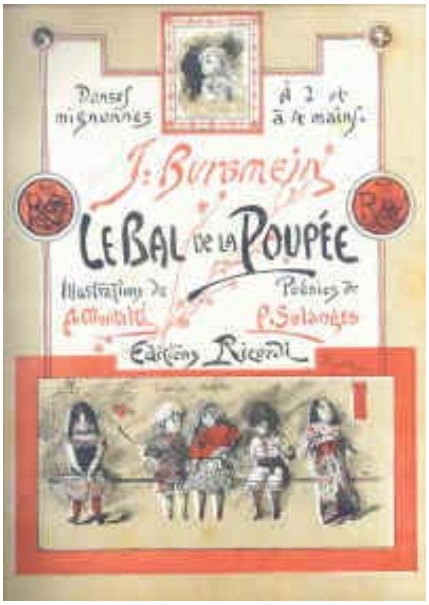
Burgmein, J. *Bonne nuit, poupée!; petite berceuse pour piano*. Poésie de P. Solanges. Milan: Ricordi, 1884. 4 pp.

Verga, Giovanni (1840–1922). *Cavalleria rusticana*. Play translated by Paul Solanges and Mlle. Jeanne Darsenne.

Translated by Solanges in 1884, revised by Darsenne in 1907–09. Performed at the Théâtre National de l'Odéon, Paris, 29 September, 4 and 11 October 1909. Not published. A typescript copy is preserved in the Auguste Rondel collection at the Bibliothèque de l'Arsenal, call number Re M 90.[1603] See the section on Verga in the Introduction.

Denza, Luigi (1846–1922). *J'aime; valse chantée*. Paroles de Paul Solanges; musique de L. Denza. Milan: Ricordi, 1885. 22 pp.

Dedicated to Mlle Emma Nevada. Opening line: Ah! sois bénie douce harmonie.



Burgmein, J. *Le bal de la poupée; danses mignonnes à 2 et 4 mains*. Illustrations de A. Montalti; poésies de Paul Solanges. Milan: Ricordi, 1885. 33 pp.

Contents include: La valse de mademoiselle Lili, La polka de la poupée, Le quadrille des bébés incassables, La mazurka de monsieur Loulou, Les lanciers de mademoiselle Ninette, Sir Roger de Coverley, Galop abracadabrant!, Bonne nuit poupée!

---. *Le bal de la poupée; danses mignonnes pour piano à 4 mains*. Illustrations de A. Montalti; poésies de Paul Solanges. Milan: Ricordi, 1885. 65 pp.

Contents include: La valse de mademoiselle Lili, La polka de la poupée, Le quadrille des bébés incassables, La mazurka de monsieur Loulou, Les lanciers de mademoiselle Ninette, Sir Roger de Coverley, Galop abracadabrant, Bonne nuit poupée!

---. *Malgré a!* Poésie de P. Solanges. Couplets, pour chant et piano. Milan: [1885].

---. *Pourquoi rire?* Poésie de P. Solanges. Mélodie. Milan: [1885].

Opening line: Certes votre rire est charmant.

---. *Le rêve de l'odalisque*. Scène dramatique pour piano. [Poetry by P. Solanges.] Milan: [1885].

---. *Paysages au fusain; morceaux caractéristiques pour piano*. Illustrés par A. Montalti; poésies de P. Solanges. Milan: Ricordi, 1885. 15 pp.

Dedicated to Luisa Cognetti. Contents include: Le reveil de la caravane, Caquetage de femmes à la fontaine.

[1603] E. Zola, *Correspondance*, ed. B. H. Bakker (Montreal: Presses de l'Université de Montréal, 1978-95) vol. 5, 124.

White, Maude Valerie (1855–1937). *Amour défunt; romance*. Paroles de Percy Bisshe [*sic*] Shelley; paroles françaises de Paul Solanges; version italienne de A. Zanardini. Milan: Ricordi, 1885. 7 pp.

Dedicated with permission to H.R.H the Princess of Wales. Sung by Mr Santley and Miss Santley. Other title: La febbre spenta in te d'amor. Opening line: Hélas | puisqu'il doit disparaître.

---. [*Die Himmelsangen*. Poem by Heinrich Heine]. c. 1886.

Mentioned in a letter from White, 25 March [1886?]. See the section on songs in Chapter 5 of the Introduction.

---. *L'absence* [Absent yet present]. Paroles de Lord Lytton, traduction française de P. Solanges. London: S. Lucas, Weber & Co, [1886].

Burgmein, J. *Serenatelle spagnuole per canto e pianoforte*. Parole italiane di F. Fontana ed A. Zanardini; parole francesi di P. Solanges; parole spagnuole di A. Arnao. Milan: Ricordi, 1886. 8 pp.

Contents: Il mandolino, Il mulattiere, Nada, Carmen.

Boito, Arrigo. *Gioconda: drame lyrique en quatre actes*. Traduction ryt[h]mique de Paul Solanges. Milan: Ricordi, 1887. 57 pp.

Reprinted as part of the "Librairie théâtrale" by Billaudot, Paris, 1978, 72 pp.

Burgmein, J. *Le livre des histoires; suite de 9 contes musicaux pour piano à 4 mains*. Poésies de Paul Solanges; illustrations par Alfred Montalti. Milan: Ricordi, 1887. 109 pp.

Contents include: Histoire bavardée, Histoire d'un soldat, Histoire merveilleuse, Histoire valsée, Histoire villageoise, Histoire de brigands.
See Letter 5 (19 December 1887).

Sala, Marco (1842–1901). *La chanson de Johanna; pour mezzo-soprano avec accompagnement de piano; émotions de van der Tchoom opéra comique en un acte*. Paroles de Paul Solanges; musique de Marco Sala. Milan: Ricordi, 1887. 5 pp.

Dedicated to Madame Anita Bozzotti Baseri with compliments from the authors. Opening line: Il ne saurait louer en vers Mes …

Mosenthal, Salomon Hermann (1821–1877). *La reine de Saba. Opéra en quatre actes*. Musique de Karoly Goldmark. Version française de Paul Solanges. Milan: Lucca, 1887. 46 p.

Verdi, Giuseppe. *Otello*. Livret de l'opera de Giuseppe Verdi, d'après la pièce de Shakespeare, version française d'Arrigo Boito et Camille du Locle. Milan: Ricordi, 1890, 64p.

See the section on *Otello* in Chapter 5 of the Introduction for Solanges's collaboration with Arrigo Boito and Camille Du Locle.

Denza, Luigi. *Souvenir de Quisisana; sérénade*. Paroles françaises de Paul Solanges. Milan: Ricordi and Lucca, 1888. 14 pp.

Dedicated to Madame la marquise Laure de Noailles. Opening line: La nuit est claire et les étoiles.

Burgmein, J. *Rosette; légende hollandaise (d'après Bellamy); suite dramatique pour piano à 4 mains*. Poésies de Paul Solanges; illustrations de A. Montalti. Milan: Ricordi, 1888. 59 pp.

Dedicated to Madame Marie Berdenis van Berlekom. Contents include: Le père et l'enfant, Fête au bord de la mer, Duo d'amour, La vague.

Tosti, Francesco Paolo. *Encore et toujours!; mélodie*. Paroles françaises de Paul Solanges; musique de F. Paolo Tosti. Milan: Ricordi, 1888. 14 pp.

Giacosa, Giuseppe (1847–1906). "La concurrence." *Le Figaro, Supplément littéraire* 10 November 1888: 177–78.

Translation of the short story "La concorrenza," from the collection *Novelle e paesi valdostani*. Turin: F. Casanova, 1886.

---. "Dans la vallée d'Aoste: Histoire de deux chasseurs." *Le Figaro, Supplément littéraire* 1 June 1889: 85–86.

Translation of the short story "Storia di due cacciatori," from the collection *Novelle e paesi valdostani*. Turin: F. Casanova, 1886.

Giacosa, Giuseppe. *I tristi amori*. Three-act play first performed in 1887.

A French translation by Solanges was sent to Paul Alexis in 1889, and the resulting work, probably much adapted by Alexis, was performed in Paris on 6 October 1893. Eventually published as: Paul Alexis and Giuseppe Giacosa. *La provinciale, pièce en trois actes*. Paris: C. Lévy, 1894. See the section on Giacosa in Chapter 5 of the Introduction.

Fogazzaro, Antonio (1842–1911). *Eden Anto* (short story). 1885.

Translation apparently sent to *Le Figaro* in November 1888 (Letter 8), but see also p. 131.

Denza, Luigi. *Fête du village; stornello*. Paroles françaises de Paul Solanges; musique de L. Denza. Milan: Ricordi and Lucca, 1889. 14 pp.

Dedicated to Signorina Titina Guevara of the Duchy of Bovino. Opening line: Je mettrai ce soir mon jupon de fête.

Mariani, Angelo Maurizio Gaspare (1821–1873). *Reviens hirondelle; mélodie; n. 2*. Paroles françaises de Paul Solanges; musique de A. Mariani. Milan: Ricordi, 1889. 7 pp.

Opening line: Mignon hirondelle.

Mattei, Tito (1841–1914). *Reste avec moi!; mélodie*. Paroles de G. Clifton Bingham; version française de Paul Solanges; musique de Tito Mattei. Milan: Ricordi, 1889.

Dedicated to Madame Antoinette Sterling.

Pinsuti, Ciro (1829–1888). *Le livre saint; mélodie avec accomp.t (ad libitum) de violon ou violoncelle; avec piano seul*. Paroles françaises de Paul Solanges; musique de Ciro Pinsuti. Milan: Ricordi, 1889. 8 pp.

Dedicated to Madame Vannuccini. Opening line: Tenant entre ses mains un livre noir.

Appendix 1

Tosti, Francesco Paolo. *Après!; mélodie*. Paroles italiennes de Ferdinando Martini; paroles françaises de Paul Solanges; musique de F. Paolo Tosti. Milan: Ricordi, 1889. 5 pp.

Tosti, Francesco Paolo. *La serenade d'un ange; mélodie pour chant et piano*. Paroles italiennes de F. (sic) Panzacchi; paroles françaises de Paul Solanges; [musica di] F. Paolo Tosti. Milan: Ricordi, 1889. 5 pp.

Tosti, Francesco Paolo. *Vorrei morire!; mélodie*. Paroles françaises de Paul Solanges; [musica di] F. Paolo Tosti. Milan: Ricordi, 1889. 14 pp.

Thomas, Arthur Goring. *Amours villageoises*. Vocal duet. Paroles de P. Solanges. English words by C. Bingham. London: J. Williams, [1890?]

Verdi, Giuseppe (1813–1901). *Falstaff: comédie lyrique en trois actes*. Musique de Giuseppe Verdi. Version française de MM. Paul Solanges et Arrigo Boito. Milan: Ricordi, 1894. 89 p.

> The first performance was given at the Opéra Comique in Paris on 18 April 1894. The cover is reproduced in *L'avant-scène opéra opérette* 87/88 (mai/juin 1986): 4. Reprinted as part of the "Librairie théâtrale" by Billaudot, Paris, 1975, 92 pp; and in 1982 by the same publisher as a 215-page edition with Italian text and French translation on the facing page.

Verdi, Giuseppe. *Falstaff: comédie lyrique en trois actes*, de Arrigo Boito. Version française de Paul Solanges. Partition chant et piano. Arrangement de C. Carignani. Paris: Ricordi, 1894. 422 pp.

> Edition of 25 copies (*Catalogue of Printed Music* 58: 89).

Burgmein, J. *Les amoureux de Colombine; (d'après "Le serenate de la mascare a Colombina"); pour piano à quatre mains* J. Burgmein; Poésie de Paul Solanges; Illustrations de Ettore Tito et A. Sezanne. Milan: Ricordi, 1895. 63 pp.

> Dedicated to Mademoiselle Maria Righetti. Contents include: Facanapa, Epilogue, Au rideau!, Pantalon, Brighela, Arlequin.

Antonio Fogazzaro (1842–1911). *Daniel Cortis*. Abridged translation serialised in *La revue de Paris* on the following dates in 1895: 15 September (pp. 297–353), 1 October (pp. 608–63), 15 October (pp. 832–65), 1 November (pp. 137–79) and 15 November (pp. 361–410).

Antonio Fogazzaro. *Daniel Cortis*. Traduit de l'italien par Paul Solanges. Paris: Calmann Lévy, 1896. 432 p.

> This book was sold for 3 francs 50. See *Catalogue général de la librairie française* 14 (1891–99) 780, and *Catalogue général des livres imprimés* 174 (1948) 811. The fourth reprint appeared in 1896, and it was still being reprinted as late as 1947 (Agnoletto 485).

Gaetano Negri, (1838–1902). An article on Anatole France published in the periodical *Antologia*. Solanges's translation was rejected by the *Revue de Paris*, c. April [1898?]. See the section on Negri in Chapter 7 of the Introduction.

Gerolamo Rovetta (1850–1910). *La realtà* (play). 1895. Possibly translated by Solanges c. 1900, and submitted to Calmann Lévy for publication. See the section on Rovetta in Chapter 7 of the Introduction.

Verga, Giovanni. [A short story].

Solanges submitted a translation of a short story to the *Journal des débats* in 1907 through the intermediary of René Doumic. See the sections on Verga in Chapter 5 and on Negri in Chapter 7 of the Introduction.

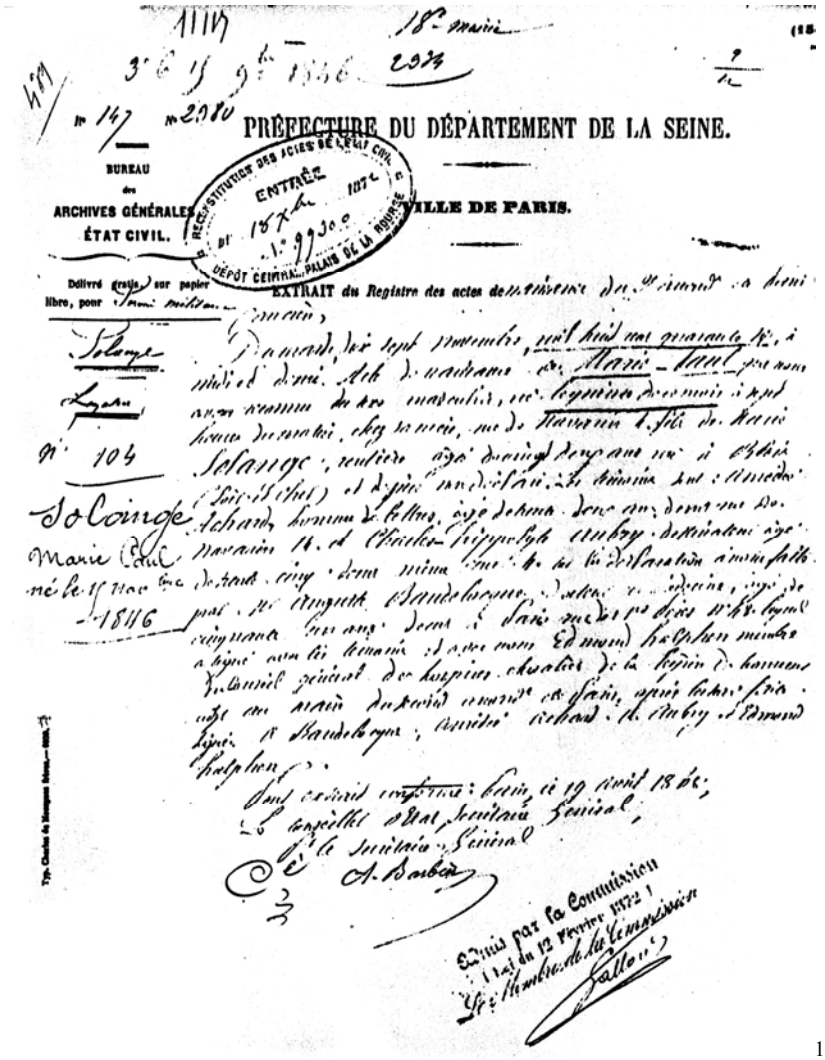
D'Annunzio, Gabriele. *Mungia*. A translation of this short story was apparently published in *Lectures pour tous* in 1908.[1604]

Richardson, Henry Handel (1870–1946). *Maurice Guest*. Translated into French 1910–1914. Manuscript lost since 1947. See Chapter 8 of the Introduction, and Parts II and III.

[1604] René Doumic, letter to PS, 22 February 1908, ASF.

Appendix II,
Documents

II.1 Birth record of Paul Solanges


PRÉFECTURE DU DÉPARTEMENT DE LA SEINE.

BUREAU des ARCHIVES GÉNÉRALES DE LA VILLE DE PARIS. ÉTAT CIVIL.

RECONSTITUTION DES ACTES DE L'ÉTAT CIVIL — ENTRÉE — DÉPÔT CENTRAL, PALAIS DE LA BOURSE

Délivré gratis sur papier libre, pour service militaire.

EXTRAIT du Registre des actes de naissance du 4e arrondt de Paris

Solange

Lyon

N° 104

Solange Marie Paul né le 15 nov. 1846

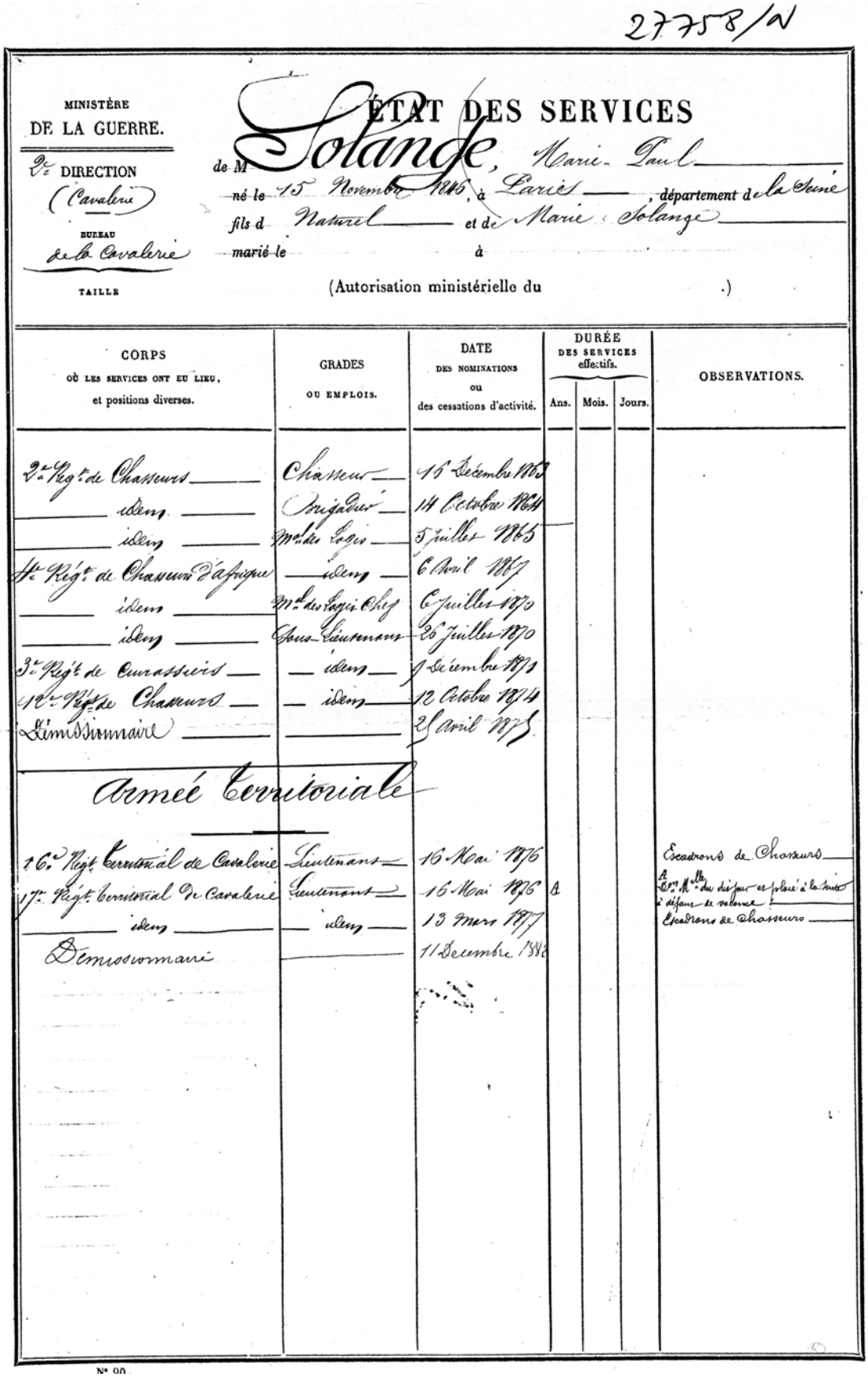
Vu par le Conseiller d'État Secrétaire Général pour le Secrétaire Général

Délivré par la Commission en vertu de la loi du 12 Février 1872 et Membre de la Commission

1605

[1605] No. 104 Solange Marie Paul, né le 15 Novbre 1846. Du mardi dix sept novembre mil huit cent quarante six, à midi et demi. Acte de naissance de Marie-Paul que nous avons reconnu de sexe masculin, né le quinze de ce mois à sept heures du matin, chez sa mère, rue de Navarin 4, fils de Marie Solange, rentière âgée de vingt deux ans née à Blois (Loir-et-Cher) et de père non déclaré. Les témoins sont : Amédée Achard, homme de lettres, âgé de trente deux ans, demeurant rue de Navarin 14, et Charles-Hippolyte Aubry dessinateur âgé de trente cinq demeurant même rue 40, sur la déclaration à nous faite par Mr Auguste Baudelocque docteur en médecine, âgé de cinquante deux ans demeurant à Paris rue des Sts pères No. 48 lequel a signé avec les témoins et avec nous Edouard Halphen membre du conseil général des hospices, chevalier de la légion d'honneur adjt au maire du second arrondt de Paris, après lecture faite, signé A. Baudelocque, Amédée Achard, Ch. Aubry et Edouard Halphen. [Pour?] extrait conforme: Paris, le 19 avril 1868, le conseiller d'État, Secrétaire Général, pour le Secrétaire Général, A. Barbier. Délivré gratis, sur papier libre, pour service militaire. Reconstitution des Actes de l'État Civil, entrée du 18 Xbre 1872, No. 99300. (Archives de Paris 5.Mi.1.605)

II.2 Military record of Paul Solanges



27758/N

MINISTÈRE
DE LA GUERRE.

2e DIRECTION
(Cavalerie)

BUREAU
de la Cavalerie

TAILLE

ÉTAT DES SERVICES

de M Solange, Marie Paul

né le 15 Novembre 1846, à Paris, département de la Seine

fils d Naturel et de Marie Solange

marié le à

(Autorisation ministérielle du .)

CORPS où les services ont eu lieu, et positions diverses.	GRADES ou emplois.	DATE des nominations ou des cessations d'activité.	DURÉE des services effectifs. Ans.	Mois.	Jours.	OBSERVATIONS.
2e Regt de Chasseurs	Chasseur	15 Décembre 1865				
idem	Brigadier	14 Octobre 1866				
idem	Mal des Logis	5 Juillet 1865				
4e Régt de Chasseurs d'Afrique	idem	6 Avril 1867				
idem	Mal des Logis Chef	6 Juillet 1870				
idem	Sous Lieutenant	26 Juillet 1870				
3e Régt de Cuirassiers	idem	9 Décembre 1873				
10e Régt de Chasseurs	idem	12 Octobre 1874				
Lieu Sommaire		2 Avril 1875				
Armée Territoriale						
16e Régt Territorial de Cavalerie	Lieutenant	16 Mai 1876				Escadrons de Chasseurs
17e Régt Territorial De Cavalerie	Lieutenant	16 Mai 1876	A			A Dne Mlle du dit jour et placé à la suite à dispo de valence Escadrons de Chasseurs
idem	idem	13 Mars 1877				
Démissionnaire		11 Décembre 1882				

N° 90.

DÉTAIL DES CAMPAGNES.

1861, 1862, 1869, 1870 } En Afrique { du 10 Avril au 5 Août

1870, 1871 } Contre l'Allemagne { du 6 Août au 12 Avril

En Captivité du 2 Septembre 1870 au 12 Avril 1871

1871 } En Afrique { du 17 Avril au [illegible] Décembre.

BLESSURES ET ACTIONS D'ÉCLAT.

DÉCORATIONS.

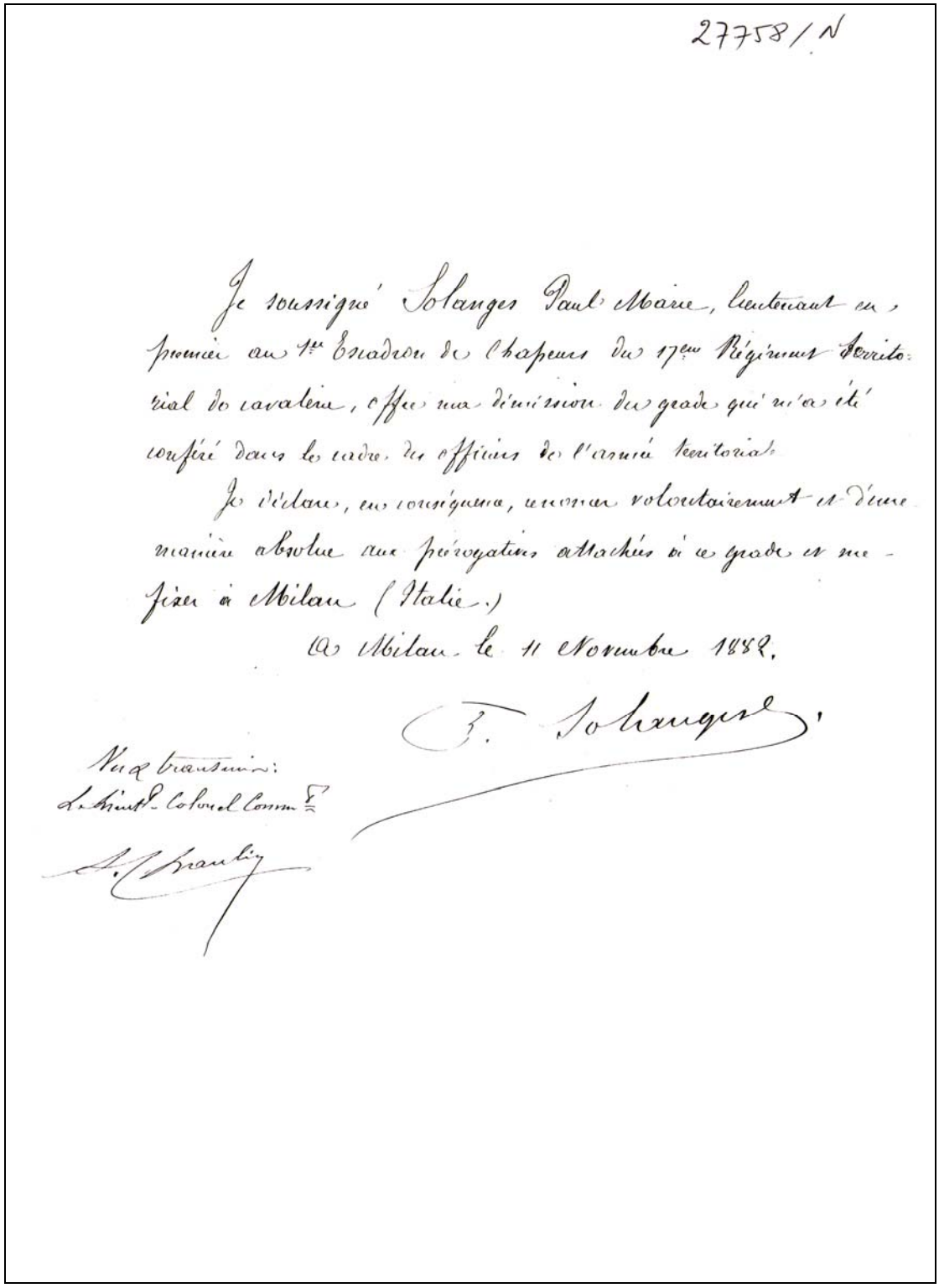
Le Sous-Chef.

Certifié conforme aux contrôles et aux pièces du dossier.

Paris, le ~~5 Août~~ 15 Décembre 1882 ~~1880~~.

Le Chef du Bureau,

Appendix II



27758/N

Je soussigné Solanges Paul Marie, lieutenant en premier au 1er Escadron de Chapeurs du 17ème Régiment territorial de cavalerie, offre ma démission de grade qui m'a été conféré dans le cadre des officiers de l'armée territoriale.

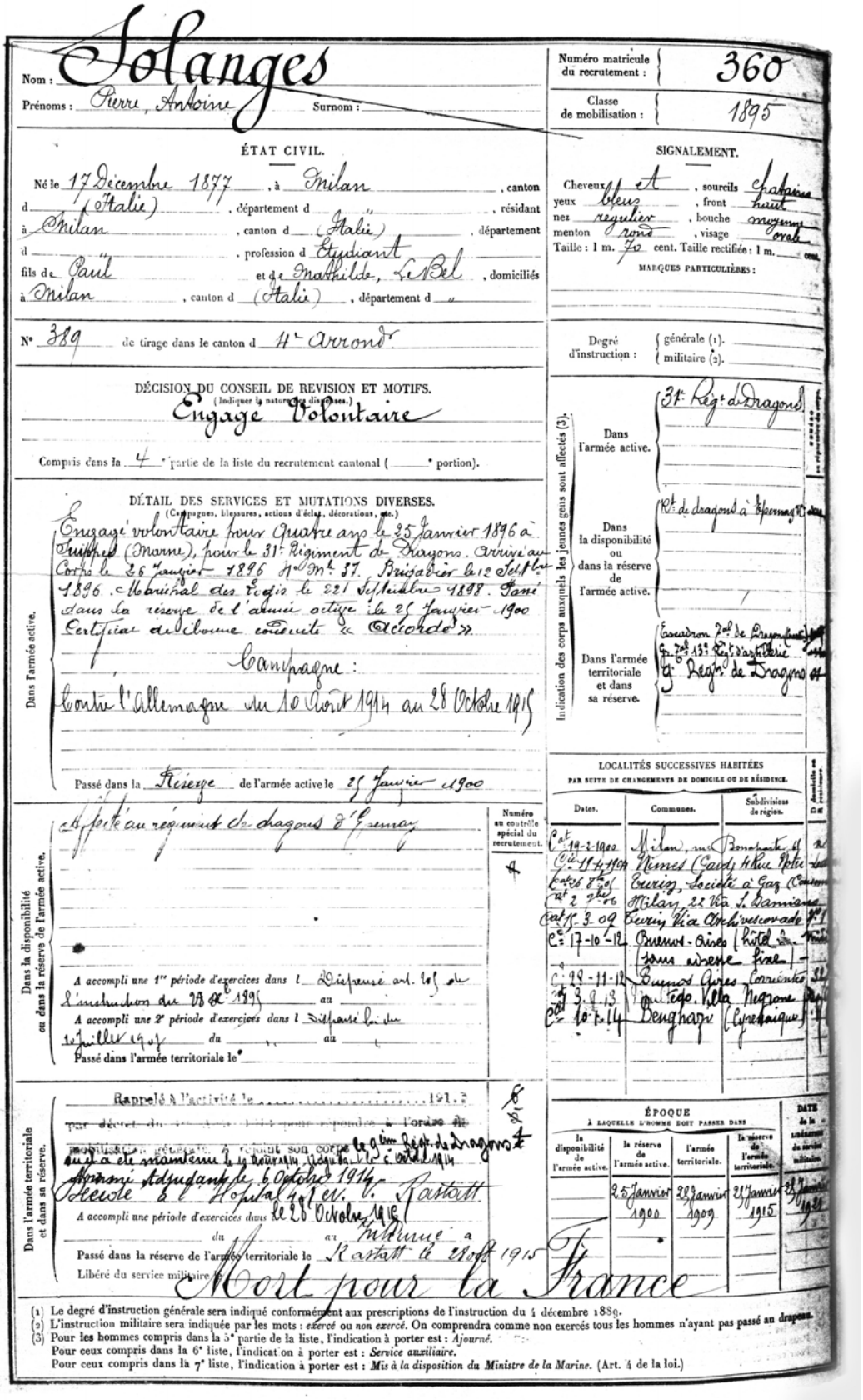
Je déclare, en conséquence, renoncer volontairement et d'une manière absolue aux prérogatives attachées à ce grade et me fixer à Milan (Italie.)

A Milan le 11 Novembre 1882.

P. Solanges

Vu et transmis:
Le Lieut.-Colonel Comm.t
[illegible]

II.3 Military record of Pierre Solanges



Nom : Solanges
Prénoms : Pierre, Antoine — Surnom :

Numéro matricule du recrutement : 360
Classe de mobilisation : 1895

ÉTAT CIVIL.

Né le 17 Décembre 1877, à Milan, canton d (Italie), département d ", résidant à Milan, canton d (Italie), département d ", profession d Etudiant, fils de Paul et de Mathilde, Le Bel, domiciliés à Milan, canton d (Italie), département d "

SIGNALEMENT.

Cheveux châtain, sourcils châtains, yeux bleus, front haut, nez régulier, bouche moyenne, menton rond, visage ovale. Taille : 1 m. 70 cent. Taille rectifiée : 1 m. ___ cent.

MARQUES PARTICULIÈRES :

N° 389 de tirage dans le canton d 4e arrond.

Degré d'instruction : générale (1). militaire (2).

DÉCISION DU CONSEIL DE REVISION ET MOTIFS.
(Indiquer la nature des dispenses.)
Engagé Volontaire

Compris dans la 4 e partie de la liste du recrutement cantonal (___ e portion).

Indication des corps auxquels les jeunes gens sont affectés (3).

Dans l'armée active. — 31e Regt de dragons

Dans la disponibilité ou dans la réserve de l'armée active. — Rt de dragons à Epernay

Dans l'armée territoriale et dans sa réserve. — Escadron 2ol de Prov. [illegible] 13e Regt d'artillerie 9e Regt de Dragons

DÉTAIL DES SERVICES ET MUTATIONS DIVERSES.
(Campagnes, blessures, actions d'éclat, décorations, etc.)

Dans l'armée active.

Engagé volontaire pour Quatre ans le 25 Janvier 1896 à Suippes (Marne), pour le 31e Régiment de Dragons. Arrivé au Corps le 26 Janvier 1896 Nle Mle 37. Brigadier le 12 Sept.bre 1896. Maréchal des Logis le 22 Septembre 1898. Passé dans la réserve de l'armée active le 25 Janvier 1900 Certificat de bonne conduite « Accordé ».

Campagne :

Contre l'Allemagne du 10 Août 1914 au 28 Octobre 1915

Passé dans la Réserve de l'armée active le 25 Janvier 1900

Dans la disponibilité ou dans la réserve de l'armée active.

Affecté au régiment de dragons d'Epernay

Numéro au contrôle spécial du recrutement. 4

A accompli une 1re période d'exercices dans l Dispensé art. 19 de l'instruction du 28 Oct 1895 au

A accompli une 2e période d'exercices dans l Dispensé la loi du 1er Juillet 1901 du au

Passé dans l'armée territoriale le

LOCALITÉS SUCCESSIVES HABITÉES
PAR SUITE DE CHANGEMENTS DE DOMICILE OU DE RÉSIDENCE.

Dates.	Communes.	Subdivisions de région.
Ctt 19-2-1900	Milan, rue Bonaparte 41	
Ctt 11-4-1901	Nimes (Gard) 4 Rue Notre	
Entré 8 [illegible]	Eurieg, Société à Gaz	
Ctt 2 [illegible]	Milan, 22 Via S. Damiano	
Ctt 15-3-09	Eurieg Via Archivescovado	
Ctt 17-10-12	Buenos-Aires (hôtel [illegible] sans adresse fixe)	
Ctt 29-11-12	Buenos Aires Corrientes	
Ctt 3-9-13	[illegible] Pellegrone	
Ctt 10-2-14	Benghazi (Cyrénaïque)	

Dans l'armée territoriale et dans sa réserve.

Rappelé à l'activité le ... 191.. par décret du ... mobilisation générale, a rejoint son corps le 9e Rég.t de Dragons et a été maintenu le 1er Août 1914. Adjudant le 6 Octobre 1914. Décédé à l'Hôpital 401 ev. à Rastatt

A accompli une période d'exercices dans le 28 Octobre 1913

du au Libéré

Passé dans la réserve de l'armée territoriale le Rastatt le 28 Août 1915

Libéré du service militaire le

ÉPOQUE À LAQUELLE L'HOMME DOIT PASSER DANS

la disponibilité de l'armée active.	la réserve de l'armée active.	l'armée territoriale.	la réserve de l'armée territoriale.	DATE de la libération du service militaire
	25 Janvier 1900	22 Janvier 1909	21 Janvier 1915	28 Janvier 1928

Mort pour la France

(1) Le degré d'instruction générale sera indiqué conformément aux prescriptions de l'instruction du 4 décembre 1889.
(2) L'instruction militaire sera indiquée par les mots : *exercé* ou *non exercé*. On comprendra comme non exercés tous les hommes n'ayant pas passé au drapeau.
(3) Pour les hommes compris dans la 5e partie de la liste, l'indication à porter est : *Ajourné*.
Pour ceux compris dans la 6e liste, l'indication à porter est : *Service auxiliaire*.
Pour ceux compris dans la 7e liste, l'indication à porter est : *Mis à la disposition du Ministre de la Marine*. (Art. 4 de la loi.)

II.4 Obituaries of Paul Solanges

Funeral notice, *Corriere della sera*, 9 February 1914, p. 5.

Mathilde Solanges Le Bel, Marthe Solanges et Pierre Solanges ont la douleur de faire parte (sic) de la perte qu'ils viennent de faire en la personne de PAUL SOLANGES leur mari et père décédé à Multedo, Pegli, le 6 février 1914. Le service funèbre aura lieu à la paroisse de Monte Oliveto, Multedo, samedi, 14 février, a 10h.

La perseveranza, 11 febbraio 1914, p. 2

A Multedo di Pegli, il giorno 6 del corrente mese, si è spento Paul Solanges.

Ce ne ha recato il laconico annunzio il giornale. S'è spento nell'ombra, ch'egli amava, nella tranquillità della vita domestica, in riva al mare, dove da qualche anno aveva cercato un sollievo alla salute mal ferma.

I suoi amici,—tutti gli amici di Milano,—che egli aveva moltissimi e fidi, sentiranno una stretta al cuore al tristissimo annunzio.

Quello squisito gentiluomo francese, così francese di stirpe e così italiano d'anima e di affetti, che aveva portato fra noi le eleganze intellettuali e verbali della sua patria d'origine: — quel vivente emblema del più puro ed autentico legittimismo, portato con dignità e fierezza da gran signore: — quel memorabile *dragone* del 1870, che si era battuto con ardore e piangeva ancora, nel segreto del suo cuore, lagrime di sangue per la sua gran terra latina, è rimasto per lunghi anni, nel mondo intellettuale di Milano, un tipo dei più attraenti e dei più interessanti.

Temperamento d'artista, intimamente velato di nostalgia, lo si sarebbe detto un romantico discendente per li rarni da Alfredo De Vigny,[1606] un parnassiano, l'ultimo dei parnassiani, incipriato di italianismo, superstite allo sfacelo d'una letteratura spasmodicamente vissuta nella adorazione della forma e nella incarnazione espressiva della deità plastica e pagana della parola.

Ma della poesia profonda e sagace onde l'anima sua era intessuta, poche voci, le vicende della vita e la opprimente tirannia del dovercela guadagnare, gli concessero di tramandare, di togliere al segreto geloso e modesto della sua mentalità forbita di squisitezze più sentite che espresse.

II poeta, l'essere comunicativo e canoro, più che nei suoi versi, eleganti e preoccupati, fu egli stesso, vivo parlante e suggestivo per una simpaticità intima del suo essere, che lo rese seducente e caro a quanti ne ebbero dimestichezza.

Al di sopra o a lato del poeta, nei lunghi anni ch'egli visse fra noi, per una adamantina sua probità invincibile che gli impediva di confondere le due persone ch'erano in lui, stette e rimase ben distinto, con un taglio netto di precisione ammirevole, il *Direttore della Union des Gas*, impiego che gli aveva schiusa la via di Milano dalla nativa Parigi, dove era nato 65 anni or sono, e che egli aveva lasciato da qualche anno, stanco di salute e … di scioperi! …

E si ridusse a Multedo, e vi raccolse i suoi sogni e gli avanzi delle sue speranze e le amarezze delle sue delusioni: tutto che di dolce e di amaro portiamo in noi stessi, come una soma imponderabile, nel viaggio terreno.

[1606] Alfred Vigny (1797–1863), romantic writer.

Ora, dinanzi alla sua morte, tutti gli affetti i più delicati della sua figura spirituale di cavaliere antico, e pur tanto moderno nell'anelito dell'anima, il suo profilo fine di cammeo, la sua voce profonda e delicata di *causeur* squisito e insuperabile, il suo spirito supremamente e autenticamente parigino, nel senso nobile e delicato della parola, la sua coltura letteraria, la cordialità vera e provata della sua amicizia, la tristezza abituale del suo sorriso, e la suprema signorilità del suo tratto, mi si rinnovano alla mente vivi e dolenti.

E penso ai semprevivi che adorneranno la tomba del caro Solanges: — semprevivi di pensiero, di ricordi e di rimpianto! Penso al lutto dei cenacoli dove egli era assiduo, non per frivolità mondana, ma per uno schietto senso di solidarietà morale, e dove egli portava il fiore delle squisite e signorili eleganze del suo pensiero.

Amicissimo di Boito, di Giacosa, di Qualdo (sic),[1607] di Verga, di Emilio Gola, quando il cenacolo prediletto si adunava nella casa di Donna Vittoria Cima, Solanges non vi mancava mai. Aveva la socievolezza geniale degli spiriti equilibrati, la saldezza delle amicizie, indice di animo sereno.

Casa Ricordi, casa Erba, lo ebbero fra i più intimi. Per Ricordi tradusse in francese i libretti di *Otello* e di *Falstaff* di Boito. Giuseppe Verdi lo ebbe carissimo e lo onorò di ogni sua fiducia. Di Giacosa tradusse alcuni drammi, e, se non erro, *Come le foglie*, che ebbe a Parigi un successo memorabile.

Amico di letterati e di artisti, spirito aperto ad ogni espressione di bellezza, ebbe Milano, al pari di altri illustri suoi compatrioti, come sua patria di adozione.

A me diceva sempre, nelle ultime sue confidenze: — Voglio morire a Parigi! …

La morte gli aprì le braccia
sul mare d'Italia! ...

Milano, 10 febbraio 1914. Eugenio Bermani

Translation:

Paul Solanges passed away at Multedo in Pegli on the 6th of this month.

This newspaper carried the laconic announcement. He passed away in the shadows, which he loved, in the tranquillity of domestic life, at the seaside, where for some years he had sought relief from his ill health.

His friends,—all his Milanese friends,—he had many faithful friends, will feel a pang in their hearts at this sad news.

This exquisite French gentleman, so French by birth and so Italian in his soul and affections, who had brought amongst us the intellectual and verbal elegance of his native country: — this living emblem of the most pure and authentic legitimacy, borne with the dignity and pride of a great lord: — this memorable dragoon of 1870, who had fought with ardour and still wept tears of blood in the secret of his heart for his great Latin land, remained for long years one of the most attractive and interesting exemplars in the intellectual world of Milan.

Having an artist's temperament, intimately linked with homesickness, he would have called himself a romantic descended from the branches of Alfredo De Vigny, a Parnassian, the last Parnassian, dusted with Italianness, a survivor of the break-up of a

[1607] Luigi Gualdo, a friend of Giovanni Verga.

literature spasmodically lived in adoration of form and in expressive incarnation of the elastic and pagan godhead of the word.

But from the profound wisdom of his poetry, where his soul was woven, a few voices, the fortunes of his life and the oppressive tyranny of having to earn a living permitted him to hand over, to take refinements more felt than expressed from the jealous, modest secret of his polished mentality.

The poet, the communicative, singing being, more than in his elegant, preoccupied verses, was he himself, lively, speaking and suggestive through the intimate likeableness of his being, which made him attractive and dear to all who were familiar with him.

Above or beside the poet, in the long years when he lived among us, through his adamantine, invincible probity which prevented him from confusing the two persons who were in him, with an admirably precise clean break, the Manager of the *Union des Gaz* remained quite distinct; this was the position that had opened the path to Milan from his native Paris, where he was born 65 years ago; he left some years ago, in tired health and tired … of workers! …

He moved out to Multedo, where he gathered his dreams, the remnants of his hopes and the bitterness of his delusions: everything sweet and bitter that we carry in ourselves, like an imponderable burden, in our earthly journey.

Now, faced with his death, all the most delicate affections of his spiritual figure as an ancient knight, and yet modern in the yearning of his soul, his fine cameo profile, the deep, delicate voice of an exquisite, unequalled conversationalist, his supremely authentic Parisian spirit, in the noble and delicate sense of the word, his literary culture, the true, proven cordiality of his friendship, the habitual sadness of his smile, and the supreme refinement of his features—all these come back to my mind with a lively sense of grief.

And I think of the sengreens which will adorn dear Solanges's tomb: — sengreens of thought, memories and regret! I think of the mourning in the circles that he frequented, not for worldly frivolity, but from a straightforward sense of moral solidarity, and where he brought the flower of the exquisite, refined elegance of his thought.

He was a great friend of Boito, Giacosa, Gualdo, Verga, Emilio Gola, and when the circle of favourites got together in Donna Vittoria Cima's house, Solanges was never missing. He had the brilliant sociability of well-balanced spirits and firm friendships, the sign of a serene mind.

The Ricordi and Erba publishing houses counted him amongst their intimates. For Ricordi he translated into French the libretti for Boito's *Otello* and *Falstaff*. Giuseppe Verdi held him dear and honoured him with all his trust. He translated a few plays by Giacosa, and, if I am not mistaken, *Come le foglie*, which was very well received in Paris.

He was a friend of literary people and artists, with a spirit open to every expression of beauty, and like other illustrious compatriots, he had Milan for his adopted country.

He always used to tell me, in his last confidences: — I want to die in Paris! …

Death opened its arms to him
on the sea of Italy! ...

Milan, 10 February 1914. Eugenio Bermani

***Corriere della sera*, 12 February 1914, page 6**

Giunge notizia da Multedo Pegli della morte di Paul Solanges, un buono e sincero amico del nostro paese, dei suoi letterati e dei suoi artisti. Visse la maggior parte della sua vita a Milano come direttore dell'Union des Gaz, masopra tutto nel campo letterario egli ebbe amicizia e considerazione, perche letterato fino e culto.

***Le Figaro*, Paris, vendredi 13 février 1914, page 3**

Il est mort à Pegli un bon Français que les Milanais avaient pris l'habitude de considérer comme un des leurs. Il s'appelait Paul *Solanges*. Son parrain avait été Amédée Achard; son demi-frère était le pauvre Raoul Toché. Il avait fait son devoir comme officier aux chasseurs d'Afrique, en Afrique même, et en 1870 il avait été de la fameuse charge du général Margueritte. Il fut fait prisonnier à Sedan et interné à Erfurt. Rentré en France, il démissionna et se prit d'un grand amour pour la littérature et la musique.

Il a travaillé par-ci, par-là, entre autres à la *Vie Parisienne*. Son mariage avec une excellente femme qui chantait au théâtre et sa démission de la carrière militaire déplurent au chef de sa famille et il accepta du père de Raoul Toché une place à l'Union des Gas (société franco-anglaise), à Milan. Il en devint le directeur très apprécié après plusieurs années de labeur assidu. C'est Saint-Saëns, à sa première venue à Milan, qui le présenta comme son ancien élève. Peu de temps après, Solanges était reçu et aimé dans la meilleure société milanaise, se faisant de solides amitiés dans les milieux artistiques et littéraires.

Il donna à l'éditeur Ricordi de charmants petits poèmes qui furent mis en musique par Ricordi même, Tosti, etc. Il traduisit en français le chef-d'œuvre de Fogazzaro, *Daniel Cortis*; il mit en beaux vers français, en collaboration avec Boito, les livrets des deux derniers opéras de Verdi, *Othello* et *Falstaff*, et enfin fit la traduction du livret de *Mefistofele* de Boito.

Ce fut un gentilhomme dans toute l'acception du mot, fin, intelligent, honnête et bon.

E. Delaroche[1608]

Translation:

A good Frenchman whom the Milanese had taken to thinking of as one of their own has died at Pegli. His name was Paul *Solanges*. His godfather was Amédée Achard, his half-brother was poor Raoul Toché. He had performed his duty as officer in the Chasseurs d'Afrique, in Africa itself, and in 1870 he took part in the famous charge by General Margueritte. He was taken prisoner at Sedan. Returning to France, he resigned and was taken with a great love for literature and music.

He worked here and there, at *La vie parisienne* among others. His marriage with an excellent woman who sang at the theatre and his resignation from his military career displeased the head of his family and he accepted from Raoul Toché's father a post with the Union des Gaz (an Anglo-French company), in Milan. He became the much-appreciated manager after several years of hard work. It was Saint-Saëns, on his first visit to Milan, who presented him as his former pupil. Not long after, Solanges was received and loved in the best of Milanese society, making solid friendships in artistic and literary circles.

[1608] *Le Figaro*'s society columnist.

He gave to the publisher Ricordi some charming little poems which were put to music by Ricordi himself, Tosti, etc. He translated into French Fogazzaro's masterpiece, *Daniel Cortis*; in collaboration with Boito, he turned the libretti for Verdi's last two operas, *Othello* and *Falstaff*, into beautiful French verses, and finally did the translation of the libretto of Boito's *Mefistofele*.

He was a gentleman in every sense of the word, cultivated, intelligent, honest and good.

***Corriere della Sera,* Milan, 13 February 1914, page 3**

Paolo Solanges

Abbiamo data notizia della morte del comm. Paul Solanges. Ora dal senatore Giuseppe Colombo riceviamo le seguenti linee che trateggiano la figura dello scomparso, in cui onore sarà domani alle ore 10 celebrato a Multedo un ufficio funebre al quale certamente converranno molti amici.

Sabato, 7 corrente, si è spento improvvisamente a Multedo, presso Pegli, il comm. Paul Solanges, ben noto a Milano dove aveva numerosi e fedeli amici. Nessuna informazione preventiva faceva loro supporre la sua prossima fine; e così la notizia, conosciuta il giorno dopo, fu per loro tanto più dolorosa perchè affato impreveduta. Il figlio stesso dell'estinto, venuto a Milano da Bengasi il giorno prima, non arrivò in tempo a riceverne l'estremo addio. Il comm. Solanges morì senza quasi avvedersene, dopo une leggera polmonite, di paralisi dei bronchi.

Venuto a stabilirsi nel 1873 a Milano, dove assunse la direzione dell'azienda del gas, egli si acquistò in breve la stima di quanti lo connobbero e molte e ferventi amicizie. Il suo carattere franco, leale, espansivo, la sua profonda coltura, l'amenità della sua conversazione gli avevano aperto i ritrovi più intellettuali della nostra città e ne avevano fatto un ospite caro e desiderato. Così la sua improvvisa scomparsa ha immerso molti cuori in un sincero e grande lutto.

Aveva cominciato la sua carriera nell'esercito francese, prestando servizio come ufficiale dei Chasseurs d'Afrique in Algeria; poi, tornato in Francia, prese parte alla campagna del 1870 e si trovò nell'infausta giornata di Sédan alla carica comandata dal generale Margueritte, a quella heroica carica che strappò al vecchio Sovrano nemico la frase: «oh, les braves gens!» Patriota ardente, aveva sempre seguito col cuore gli avvenimenti, or lieti, or tristi, del suo paese, e aveva voluto che su figlio vi compiesse il servizio militare; ma nel medesimo tempo si era affezionato molto all'Italia e sopra tutto a Milano. Letterato e artista nell'anima, si legò presto con letterati e con artisti, fra gli altri col compianto Fogazzaro e col Boito, traducendo del primo il *Daniele Cortis* per la *Revue des deux Mondes*, e il *Falstaff* del secondo. Quest'ultima non era facile impresa, trattandosi di dover soddisfare alle esigenze della musica e di quel difficile maestro che fu Verdi; e nondimeno ne fece un'opera letteraria, di qui lo stesso Daudet si disse entusiasta. Tradusse anche *Cavalleria rusticana*, che fu data al teatro dell'*Oeuvre*, a Parigi, e da qualche anno si era accinto alla traduzione di un romanzo, poco noto fra noi, di Richardson. Questa traduzione esigeva da lui un grande lavoro, scrupuloso linguista come era, e gli era costata une grande fatica.

Fu questo l'ultimo lavoro suo. L'aveva intrapreso dopo di aver ottenuto la messa a riposo dalla sua Società, che gli era riconoscente pel lungo servizio prestatole, in mezzo a grandi difficoltà e fra le altre quella del primo sciopero dei gasisti, al quale egli seppe tener fronte con equanimità e giustizia. Ritiratosi a viver tranquillo a Multedo, passò ivi gli ultimi anni, riempiendo i suoi giorni coi lavori letterari a lui

cari, leggendo e scrivendo nel studio luminoso di fronte all'aperto mare, circondato da una biblioteca scelta con amore (aveva, solo pochi giorni fa, donato alla Braidense un manoscritto di Stendhal e un libro da questo annotato), sempre assistito dalle vigili cure della fedele compagna della sua vita e di una figlia gentile. In questo nide, col conforto di questi studi geniali e in mezzo ai suoi cari, egli passò insensibilmente nel nulla. Possa il compianto di tutti lenire il dolore di quelli che piangono nel nido deserto.

Giuseppe Colombo[1609]

Translation:

We have reported the death of the honourable Paul Solanges. Now from Senator Giuseppe Colombo we receive the following lines that sketch the figure of the departed, in whose honour a funeral service will be celebrated at Multedo at 10 a.m. tomorrow; many friends will no doubt attend it.[1610]

On Saturday, the seventh inst., Commendatore Paul Solanges, well known at Milan where he had many faithful friends, passed away unexpectedly at Multedo, near Pegli. No prior information made his friends suppose his death to be near; and thus the news, made known the day after, was all the more painful to them because it was completely unforeseen. The deceased's own son, who came to Milan from Bengazi the day before, did not arrive in time to receive a last farewell from him. After a slight case of pneumonia, the honourable Solanges died of paralysis of the bronchi almost without being aware of it.

Moving to Milan in 1873, he undertook the management of the gas company there, he soon gained the esteem of those who knew him, and many fervent friendships. His frank, loyal, and generous character, his profound culture, and the pleasantness of his conversation opened to him the most intellectual meeting-places of our city and made him a dear and desired guest. Thus his unexpected passing has immersed many hearts in sincere and great mourning.

He had begun his career in the French army, serving as officer in the Chasseurs d'Afrique in Algeria; then, returning to France, he took part in the campaign of 1870, and on the infamous day of Sedan,[1611] he was at the position commanded by General Margueritte,[1612] that heroic position that drew from the old enemy King the phrase: «oh, les braves gens!»[1613] An ardent patriot, he had always followed with his heart the sometimes joyous, sometimes sad events in his country, and he had wished that his son might complete his military service; but at the same time he was very fond of Italy and above all of Milan. Well-read and an artist at heart, he quickly formed ties with *literati* and with artists, among others with the late Fogazzaro and with Boito.

1609 Senator, 1836–1921.

1610 The parish register states that Solanges was buried on 9 February.

1611 The Battle of Sedan, 2 September 1870, resulted in the defeat of France, the capture of Napoleon III, and the establishment of the Third Republic.

1612 Jean Auguste Margueritte (1823–70), French general. After serving in Mexico and Algeria, he commanded the brigade of the 1st and 3rd Chasseurs d'Afrique during the war of 1870 [Solanges was in the 4th Chasseurs] and distinguished himself at the Battle of Sedan (2 September), during which he was mortally wounded. Father of writers Paul and Victor Margueritte.

1613 Wilhelm I (1797–1888), King of Prussia from 1861, was proclaimed Emperor of Germany in the Hall of Mirrors at Versailles in January 1871, ten days before the siege of Paris was formally ended.

He translated the former's *Daniel Cortis* for the *Revue des deux mondes*,[1614] and the latter's *Falstaff*. This last was not an easy undertaking, involving the need to satisfy the demands of music and such a difficult master as Verdi; and nevertheless he made a literary work of it, of which even Daudet declared himself an enthusiast.[1615] He also translated *Cavalleria rusticana*, which was performed at the Théâtre de l'Opéra, in Paris, and for some years he had set about the translation of a novel, little known amongst us, by Richardson. This translation demanded much work by him, scrupulous linguist that he was, and cost him much fatigue.

This was his last work. He had undertaken it after obtaining retirement from his Company, which was grateful to him for the long service he gave it, in the midst of great difficulties, among others the first strike by the gasworkers, which he met with equanimity and justice. Retiring to live peacefully at Multedo, he spent his last years there, filling his days with the literary work that was dear to him, reading and writing in his light-filled study facing the open sea, surrounded by a lovingly selected library (only a few days before, he had donated to the Braidense Library a manuscript of Stendhal and a book annotated by him),[1616] always assisted by the watchful care of the faithful companion of his life and by a gentle daughter. In this nest, with the comfort of these genial studies and in the midst of his dear ones, he passed imperceptibly into the unknown. May the grief of all soften the pain of those who weep in the deserted nest.

[1614] In fact, for the *Revue de Paris* (Letter 172, 17 July 1912).

[1615] Presumably Léon Daudet (1868–1942), to whom Solanges sent a copy of his translation of *Daniel Cortis* (Letter 22, 10 February 1896), rather than the father, Alphonse Daudet (1840–97).

[1616] The Biblioteca Nazionale Braidense in Milan has no manuscripts by Stendhal (Henri Beyle), but it does have his book *Rome, Naples et Florence en 1817* (Paris: Delaunay-Pelicier, 1817; call number AB.XII.68) with marginal pencil notes ascribed by Carlo Cordiè to Giuseppe Vismara, a friend of Stendhal (private communication). Stendhal lived in Milan from 1814 to 1821, and this travel book was the first published under his pseudonym. Without the original correspondence between Solanges and the Braidense, however, it is impossible to confirm this statement by Colombo.

Appendix III,
Timelines

This table enables an overview of the progress of the translation of *Maurice Guest*, the exchange of notes, the completion of the first draft, Solanges revisions, the sending of draft chapters to HHR, the return of her corrections, and Solanges's completion of the final manuscript.

Date	**Notes sent to HHR**	**Chapter completed**	**Chapter sent to HHR**	**HHR's corrections sent to PS**
The "First Cut"				
23 November 1910	I.1	I.1		
5 December 1910	I.2	I.2		
3 January 1911	I.3	I.3		
11 January 1911		I.4		
14 January 1911	I.4			
22 January 1911	I.5	I.5		
3 February 1911		I.6		
7 February 1911	I.5 and III.13	III.13		
19 February 1911	I.7	I.7		
1 March 1911	I.8		I.1	
6 March 1911	I.8			
c. 8 March 1911		I.8		
24 March 1911	I.9	I.9		
16/17 April 1911	I.10	I.10		
2 May 1911	I.11			
12 May 1911	I.11–12	I.11		
c. 15 May 1911	I.12	I.12		
19 May 1911	I.13			
28 May 1911	I.13	I.13		
11 June 1911		I.14		
24 June 1911		II.1		
9 July 1911	II.1–2	II.2		
24 July 1911	II.3			
By 28 July 1911		II.3		
12 September 1911	II.4, 6 (Notes on German Words)			
17 October 1911	II.6	II.4–6		
30 October 1911		II.7–8		
31 October 1911	II.7–8 and excerpt of II.8			

Appendix III

Date	Notes sent to HHR	Chapter completed	Chapter sent to HHR	HHR's corrections sent to PS
c. 10 November 1911	II.9	II.9		
17 November 1911		II.10		
23 November 1911		II.11		
24 November 1911	II.11			
c. 27 November 1911	II.12			
2 December 1911		II.12		
6 December 1911	II.13			
10 December 1911	II.13			
15 December 1911		II.13		
5 January 1912			I.4–5	
16 January 1912		III.1		
19 January 1912		III.2		
25 January 1912				I.4–5[1617]
3 February 1912	III.3	III.3		
4 February 1912			I.6–7	
7 February 1912	III.4 and on HHR's Corrections to I.4–5			
12 February 1912				I.6–7[1618]
16 February 1912		III.4		
20 February 1912			I.8–9	
28 February 1912	III.5–6			
3 March 1912	III.6			
13 March 1912			I.6–7	
16 March 1912				I.8–9[1619]
22–23 March 1912		III.5		
31 March 1912	III.7	III.6		
31 March/3 April 1912	III.7			
10 April 1912		III.7		
27 April 1912		III.8		
13 May 1912	III.10	III.9		
c. 20 May 1912		III.10		
1 June 1912		III.11		
9 June 1912		III.12		
Revisions Phase				
c. 5 July 1912			I.7–12	
14 July 1912			I.13–14	
c. 17 July 1912			II.1–2	
c. 19 July 1912			II.3–8	
22 July 1912			II.9–10	
24 July 1912			II.11–12	

[1617] NLA MS 133/12/71–74.
[1618] NLA MS 133/12/575–79, 600–02.
[1619] NLA MS 133/12/603–05

Date	Notes sent to HHR	Chapter completed	Chapter sent to HHR	HHR's corrections sent to PS
26 July 1912			II.13	I.9–11[1620]
8 October 1912		III.1–4		
22 October 1912		III.5–8		
8 November 1912		III.9–13		
4 December 1912		I.1–2		
c. 11 December 1912				I.12–13[1621]
13 December 1912		I.3		
c. 16 December 1912			I.1–3	
20 December 1912		III.?		I.14, II.1[1622]
21 December 1912				I.1–2,[1623] II.2–3[1624]
c. 23 December 1912				I.3?, II.4?[1625]
27 December 1912				II.5–6[1626]
30 December 1912			III.1–3	
4 January 1913				II.7–9[1627]
7 January 1913			III.4–5?	
11 January 1913			III.6	
15 January 1913			III.7	
c. 22 January 1913				II.10–13[1628]
25 January 1913			III.8	
7 February 1913				III.1–2[1629]
10 February 1913			III.9	
15 February 1913			III.10	
c. 22 February 1913				III.3–5[1630]
24 February 1913			III.11	
28 February 1913			III.12	
c. 5 March 1913			III.13	
12 March 1913				III.6–7, 12–13[1631]
Corrections Phase				
5 April 1913		III.13		
c. 7 April 1913				III.8–11[1632]
10 April 1913	III.7	I.1–6, III.7,		

[1620] NLA MS 133/12/606–09.
[1621] NLA MS 133/12/610–12.
[1622] NLA MS 133/12/613–16.
[1623] The corrections to I.1–2 were contained in HHR's letter of 21 December 1912, *HHRTL* 1:420–21.
[1624] NLA MS 133/12/617–19.
[1625] NLA MS 133/12/599, 620–21.
[1626] NLA MS 133/12/622–24.
[1627] NLA MS 133/12/625–28.
[1628] NLA MS 133/12/629–30, 633, 636, 638–39.
[1629] NLA MS 133/12/640–42.
[1630] NLA MS 133/12/643–47.
[1631] NLA MS 133/12/648–53, 664–66.
[1632] NLA MS 133/12/654–63.

Appendix III

Date	Notes sent to HHR	Chapter completed	Chapter sent to HHR	HHR's corrections sent to PS
		III.12		
c. 19 April 1913	III.7			
3 May 1913		III.8?–9		
7 May 1913		III.10		
11 May 1913		III.11		
c. 25 May 1913		III.6		
16 June 1913	III.3	III.3–5		
29 June 1913	III.1	III.1–2		
18 July 1913		I.7–9		
24 July 1913	I.8, 10–11	I.10		
3 August 1913		I.11		
14 August 1913	I.12–13	I.12		
26 August 1913		I.13		
20 October 1913		I.14, II.1		
1 November 1913	II.1–2			
11 November 1913	II.4	II.3–4		
11 November 1913				
20 November 1913	II.5–6	II.5		
26 November 1913	II.4	II.6		
11 December 1913		II.7		
30 December 1913		II.8		
13 January 1914		II.9		
20 January 1914		II.10		
c. 8 April 1914		II.11–13[1633]		

[1633] These chapters were unfinished at Solanges's death; corrected sentences were written out by his daughter Marthe and posted to HHR with the manuscript (see Letter 255, 8 April 1914).

Appendix IV,
Concordance of Letter Numbering

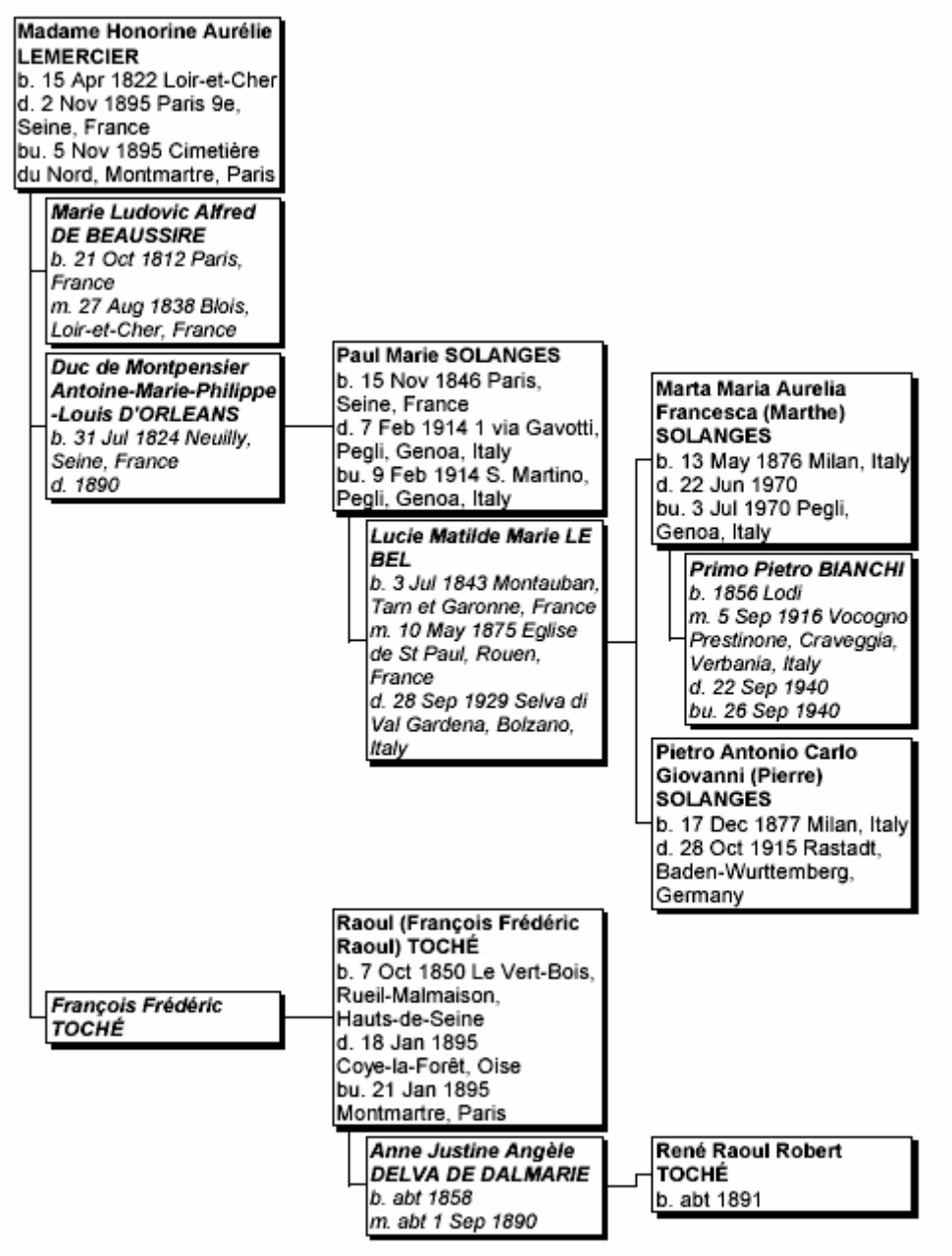
This concordance matches the numbering of the letters edited in this thesis with the numbering of the same letters as reproduced in the published edition: *Henry Handel Richardson: the Letters*, Vol. 1 (Melbourne: Miegunyah Press, 2000), shown as *HHRTL*. *HHRTL* includes fewer footnotes, does not reproduce the "Notes" exchanged between Solanges and HHR addressing specific translation questions, and does not include six of the letters from Marthe Solanges to HHR.

Thesis	*HHRTL*	Date
41	19	27 October 1910
42	22	1 November 1910
43	24	5 November 1910
44	27	13–14 November 1910
45	29	23 November 1910
47	31	5 December 1910
49	33	17 December 1910
50	35	29 December 1910
51	36	3 January 1911
53	37	11 January 1911
54	38	14 January 1911
56	39	22 January 1911
58	42	30 January 1911
59	43	3 February 1911
60	44	7 February 1911
62	46	19 February 1911
64	48	20 February 1911
65	50	22 February 1911
66	52	1 March 1911
68	53	6 March 1911
70	55	11 March 1911
71	57	16 March 1911
72	59	24 March 1911
74	60	29 March 1911
75	62	2 April 1911
76	64	16 April 1911
78	65	17 April 1911
79	67	30 April 1911
80	68	2 May 1911
82	70	12 May 1911
85	72	19 May 1911
88	77	31 May–1 June 1911
89	79	11 June 1911
90	80	16 June 1911
91	81	18 June 1911
92	84	23 June 1911
95	87	9 July 1911
97	88	12 July 1911
100	91	24 July 1911
102	94	29 July 1911
103	96	3 August 1911 (1)
104	96	3 August 1911 (2)
105	96	3 August 1911 (3)
106	98	10 August 1911
107	101	14 August 1911
108	105	1 September 1911
109	108	12 September 1911
111	110	28 September 1911
112	111	29 September 1911
113	113	5 October 1911
114	115	17 October 1911
116	118	30 October–1 November 1911
119	120	2 November 1911
121	123	17 November 1911
122	124	18 November 1911
123	125	23 November 1911
124	126	24 November 1911
127	129	30 November 1911
128	130	2 December 1911
129	131	6 December 1911
133	133	15 December 1911
134	137	31 December 1911
135	139	5 January 1912
136	142	16 January 1912
137	143	19 January 1912
139	146	29 January 1912
140	147	3 February 1912
143	149	10–11 February 1912
146	151	16 February 1912
147	152	19 February 1912
148	155	28 February 1912
150	156	3 March 1912
152	157	7 March 1912

Appendix IV

Thesis	*HHRTL*	Date
153	158	9 March 1912
154	160	13 March 1912
155	162	16 March 1912
156	163	22 March 1912
157	165	31 March 1912
160	167	10 April 1912
161	170	27 April 1912
162	174	13 May 1912
164	176	1 June 1912
165	179	9 June 1912
166	181	18 June 1912
167	183	21 June 1912
168	185	24 June 1912
169	187	30 June 1912
170	188	5 July 1912
171	190	14 July 1912
172	192	17 July 1912
173	195	22 July 1912
174	196	24 July 1912
175	198	29 July 1912
176	201	12 August 1912
177	204	8 September 1912
178	207	24 September 1912
179	208	8 October 1912
180	209	22 October 1912
181	211	8 November 1912
182	212	4 December 1912
183	215	13 December 1912
184	217	20 December 1912
185	221	26 December 1912
186	223	28 December 1912
187	224	30 December 1912
188	225	1 January 1913
189	227	6 January 1913
190	228	9 January 1913
191	229	11 January 1913
192	231	15 January 1913
193	233	20 January 1913
194	235	24 January 1913
195	237	26 January 1913
196	240	1 February 1913
197	241	4 February 1913
198	244	7 February 1913
199	245	10 February 1913
200	248	16 February 1913
201	251	23 February 1913
202	253	1 March 1913
203	255	8 March 1913
204	258	14 March 1913
205	260	22 March 1913
206	263	5 April 1913
207	266	10 April 1913
210	269	3 May 1913
211	271	7 May 1913
212	273	11 May 1913
213	275	25 May 1913
214	279	16 June 1913
216	282	29 June 1913
218	286	18 July 1913
219	288	24 July 1913
221	290	26 July 1913
222	293	3 August 1913
223	295	14 August 1913
225	298	26 August 1913
226	301	6 September 1913
227	304	22 September 1913
228	305	26 September 1913
229	306	3 October 1913
230	307	3 October 1913
231	308	4 October 1913
232	310	7 October 1913
233	313	20 October 1913
234	315	1 November 1913
236	317	11 November 1913
238	318	12 November 1913
239	321	20 November 1913
241	324	26 November 1913
243	327	11 December 1913
244	329	30 December 1913
245	331	4 January 1914
246	333	13 January 1914
247	337	25 January 1914
248	338	28 January 1914
249	340	10 February 1914
250	342	12 February 1914
251	339	1 February 1914
252	345	10 March 1914
253	346	6 April 1914
254	347	6 April 1914

Appendix V,
Descendants of Madame de Beausire: genealogical chart



Bibliography

I. Unpublished Sources

I.1 Letters to Paul Solanges

Archives Solanges (Braidense) (ASB): correspondence addressed to Solanges, mainly from Italians and in Italian, held by the Biblioteca Nazionale Braidense, Milan. This collection is a subset of ASF below. These letters are numbered by author and date as follows:

1. Bianca Belinzaghi
2. Luca Beltrami
3. Arrigo Boito
4. Eugenia Codronchi Argeli, a.k.a. 'Sfinge'
5. Antonio Fogazzaro
6. Giuseppe Gallavresi
7. Giuseppe Giacosa
8. Emilio Gola
9. Paolo Michetti
10. Gaetano Negri
11. Aldo Noseda
12. Umberto Pestalozza
13. Maurizio Rava
14. Giulio Ricordi
15. Gerolamo Rovetta
16. Spyridon Filiskos Samaras
17. Paolo Tosti
18. Pietro Troubetskoi
19. Giuseppe Vigoni
20. Tommaso Villa
21. Signature illegible

These letters will be referenced in footnotes as follows: Bianca Belinzaghi, letter to PS, 17 January 1909, ASB 1.1.

Archives Solanges (Famiglia) (ASF): correspondence addressed to Paul Solanges, mainly from French people and in French, and now held by the family of Solanges's daughter Marthe Solanges Bianchi.

These letters will be referenced in footnotes as follows: Edouard Blau, letter to PS, 3 July 1882, ASF. This collection also includes a number of documents such as a First Communion certificate, wedding invitations, marriage certificate, military service records, certificates of Spanish and Italian knighthoods and family photographs.

National Library of Australia: MS 133, Papers of Henry Handel Richardson, Series 12, Paul Solanges papers, items 1–181, letters from Henry Handel Richardson to Paul Solanges; HHR's corrections to Solanges's translation,

I.2 Letters from Paul and Marthe Solanges

National Library of Australia: MS 133, Papers of Henry Handel Richardson, Series 12, Paul Solanges papers, items 184–512, letters from Paul Solanges to Henry Handel Richardson; items 513–37, letters from

Marthe Solanges to Henry Handel Richardson; items 538–92, Paul Solanges manuscript queries re *Maurice Guest* translation, and HHR's responses, 1910–13.

Biblioteca Civica Bertoliana, Vicenza: letters from Paul Solanges to Antonio Fogazzaro (these letters make up the bulk of Part I).

Civiche Raccolte Storiche, Comune di Milano: four letters from Paul Solanges to Donna Vittoria Cima, 1902–04.

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Errata/Addenda

The following corrections and amendments, as agreed with the author's supervisor in June 2007, have been *incorporated* into this second edition. They are reproduced here for the record.

p. 17 line 4 from end: "*tutoyent* instead of *tutoient*" for "*tutoient* instead of *tutoyent*"
fn. 1, line 3: "most" for "mots"

p. 18 end of paragraph on capitalisation: add "Other matters of capitalisation, such as nationality, are left uncorrected in original text. In my own text, however, and in translations, the MLA style is applied to French titles of works: only the first word and all proper nouns are capitalised. The titles of Italian works are treated similarly."

p. 19 last sentence: add "For matters other than those noted in this Textual Note, the *MLA Handbook* is the style guide used in this thesis."

p. 23 line 2 from end: "2000" for "1998"

p. 30 line 35: delete "[sic]"

p. 31 fn. 12: add at end "The spelling Beausire has been used for Solanges's mother. This was used by Solanges's close friend Edouard Blau in many of his letters to Solanges, and occurs on her burial record. On her marriage and death records, however, the spelling is Beaussire."
fn. 13: add at the end "The typed death certificate supplied to me at the beginning of my research, in 1996, did not include this information."

p. 32 first line: "*Gardes*" for "*Garde*"

p. 43 fn. 36: add at the end "17 January 2003".

p. 67 fn. 117: replace with "Flora Tristan, *Flora Tristan's London Journal, 1840*, trans. Dennis Palmer and Giselle Pincetl (Boston: Charles River Books, 1980) 67".

p. 87 line 8 from end: after "espagnoles" add "[sic]"

p. 92 line 12: "actress" for "opera star"

p. 98 fn. 206: "*locandiera*" for "*Locandiera*"

p. 101 line 8: "actress" for "opera star"

p. 113 line 6 and fn. 256: "Gerolamo" for "Girolamo"
line 5 from end: "from Turin to Milan" for "from Milan to Turin"
fn. 256: after "1902" add "ASB 7.8"

p. 114 fn. 260: "Appendix II.4" for "Appendix II.5"

p. 117 caption to Fig. 18: "*opéra-opérette*" for "*Opéra-Opérette*"

p. 135 fn. 317: "For more on" for "For more an"

p. 136 fn. 320: at the beginning, "No publication of this short story has been located in *Le Figaro*, but once" for "Once"

p. 137 last line: "*Daniel*" for "*Daniele*"

p. 145 line 7 from end: "avoué" for "envoie"

p. 146 line 11: after "military" add "career"

p. 147 line 7: after "m'ouvrit" add "[sic]"

p. 153 fn. 380, line 1: "janvier" for "Janvier"

p. 154 fn. 384, line 1: "janvier" for "Janvier". Line 7: "avril" for "Avril"

p. 163 line 4 from end: after "commises" add "[sic]"

p. 174 line 4 from end: after "fait il" and after "A-t-il" add "[sic]".
fn. 465, line 4: "a eu tué" for "a eut tué"

p. 175 line 1: after "arrivent ils" add "[sic]"

p. 175 fn. 469, line 1: "meilleure" for "meilleur"

p. 177 line 6: after "Printemps" add [sic]
line 18: after "crû" add "[sic]"

p. 200 fn. 532, line 1: after "qu'allez vous" add "[sic]"

p. 212 l. 2: replace "Unfortunately for her, Solanges was naturally inclined to literalness …" with "Both Solanges and HHR, then, were pulled in opposing directions: Solanges was a literal translator, very much aware of the susceptibilities of authors, but conscious of the need to be more free than he felt able to be. HHR was perhaps more open to translation "liberties" than other authors Solanges had dealt with, but she did make it clear to him that she too believed in literalism as the basis of translation theory. In the end, Solanges's ingrained literalism seems

to have triumphed over his stated wish to be less constrained by respect for the author's every word."

p. 214 line 17: "number" for "numbers"
p. 230 last two lines: after "perhaps ask" add "your permission"
p. 232 line 29: "offer regarding" for "offer about"
p. 233 line 2 from end: "except, in fact," for "except exactly"
p. 240 lines 7–8: "things which amuse women (these are their exact words)" for "things (textual) which amuse women"
line 13: "With all due respect" for "With all the respect I owe you"
p. 242 line 9 from end: "pleasure you have given me" for "favour you have shown me"
p. 244 lines 3–4 from end: "I embrace you most warmly" for "Sending you a handshake with all my heart"
p. 247 line 4: "Most heartily" for "Heartily"
p. 250 line 5: "déplus [sic] non plus" for "déplus non plus"
line 12 from end: "You too have reason" for "You do have reason"
p. 251 line 4: delete "in support of his proposition"
p. 252 line 4: "in the present circumstances" for "in the circumstances in which I am in"
p. 255 line 16: "geai" for "grai", and delete former fn. 661 about "grai"
p. 256 line 1: "procession from" for "theory of"
lines 3–4: "what brilliant artistry to succeed in making such a passable jackdaw" for "what brilliant art to succeed in making such a tumult!"
p. 258 line 9 from end: "send my way" for "pour out upon me"
p. 261 lines 6–7: "members of the Académie" for "immortality"
p. 267 line 14: "limelight" for "spotlight"
p. 274 line 3: after "certainly have been" add "[translated]"
p. 275 line 4 from end: "urchins" for "kids"
p. 276 line 13: "and directly" for "without turning aside"
p. 281 fn. 724: "*Leila*" for "Leila"
p. 292 line 14: after "Please" add ", dear Sir,"
p. 299 line 19: "col" for "vol"
p. 302 line 2: "col" for "vol"
p. 303 line 7 from end: "*moons that burnt*" for "moons that burnt"
line 2 from end: "here" for "there"
p. 309 line 4 from end: "men" for "people"
p. 319 line 22: after "French" add "[sic]"
p. 321 line 10 from end: after "French" add "[sic]"
p. 325 line 10 from end: "If only I were completely happy with it!!" for "And yet, if only I was quite happy with it!!"
p. 331 line 14 from end: "to raise an awkward point" for "a little intrigue"
p. 329 line 5 from end: "vraie" for "vrai"
p. 334 line 13 from end: "daring" for "avant-garde"
p. 348 line 21 from end: "have an *old* feel about it" for "smell *old*"
p. 351 line 2: "work on it in peace" for "give it your attention in peaceful work"
p. 370 last line of fn. 825: "letter is" for "lette ris"
p. 374 fn. 831: "*L'humanité*" for "*L'Humanité*"
p. 381 line 6 from end: "daylight" for "spring water"
p. 396 line 8: "stir" for "noise"
p. 404 line 3: after the comma add "[sic]"
p. 408 line 14 from end: "formidable" for "frightful"
p. 409 line 12: ", yet which would not reflect" for "but yet not done with"
p. 415 lines 17–18: "worked out the little game" for "guessed at the little novel"
p. 415 line 7 from end: "hoax" for "ploy"
p. 420 line 22 of fn. 921: "heureuse" for "heureux"
p. 421 line 10 from end: after "offrit" add "[sic]"
p. 429 line 17: "supplemented" for "supplied"
p. 439 line 2 from end: after "croire" add "[,]"
p. 441 lines 19–20: "remained very young in spirit" for "kept my soul very young"
p. 442 line 14: "had no further news" for "not heard tell"
p. 444 fn. 975: after "traduits" delete "[sic]"
p. 475 line 13 from end: at the end of "malfaisant" add "[s]"

Errata/Addenda

p. 477 line 17: “inside out” for “around”
p. 480 lines 15–16 from end: “shake off certain things just as the bull shakes off the banderillas” for “shake certain things just as the bull shakes the darts”
p. 496 line 14 from end: “banderillas” for “darts”
fn. 1050: “shake off certain things just as the bull shakes off the banderillas” for “shake certain things just as the bull shakes the darts”
p. 500 line 5 from end: “hard” for “forcefully”
p. 500 line 13: “translators” for “translations”
p. 508 line 12 from end: after “temps” add “[,]”
p. 509 line 4: “learn” for “know”
p. 516 fn. 1125: before “passive” add “English”
p. 525 lines 10–11 from end: “I am getting on top of it, all the more so now that I feel more assured of your support” for “I am getting my hand in, all the more now that I feel more reliant on you.”
p. 540 line 18: after “m’est échappé” add a new footnote “This is an unusual usage, since one would normally expect “m’a échappé” for the meaning that is apparently intended.”
p. 543 line 16: “scream” for “shout”
p. 547 line 14 from end: “one less mountain” for “less of a mountain”
lines 7–8 from end: “I came out of it rather well” for “I coped well”
p. 548 line 2: “*you can manage it*” for “*possible for you*”
p. 554 line 12 from end: “cannot produce any good work” for “could not do any good”
p. 562 line 12 from end: “finish line” for “goal”
p. 570 line 20: after “conduisit” add “[sic]”
p. 571 line 5: after “invraisemblables” add “[sic]”
line 4 from end: after “conduisit” add “[sic]”
p. 574 line 24: “punch” for “fist-blow”
p. 575 lines 12–13: “catch up on overdue correspondence” for “write letters late”
p. 577 fn. 1329: “I’m out of sorts today” for “I lack a certain something”
p. 589 line 6: “how much” for “whether”
p. 591 line 16: “thinking of me” for “your remembrance”
p. 594 line 7: “that concern me and that relate to your voyage” for “which interest me about your voyage”
p. 598 line 17: “short hops” for “one step at a time”
p. 602 line 10: “in any case” for “always”
p. 603 line 11: “thoughts” for “remembrance”
p. 634 fn. 1406: insert a space between “*of*” and “*To-day*”
p. 636 line 13: “fashion I hardly find pleasant” for “scarcely agreeable fashion”
p. 642 line 7: “a second-rate” for “some”
p. 645 line 16 from end: after “good” add “one”
line 8 from end: “poke fun at me. You sought” for “enjoy yourself at my expense. You wanted”
line 7 from end: “it is too great a pleasure for me” for “I am too pleased”
p. 648 line 16 from end: “That said” for “Once this is stated”
p. 680 line 2: “erasing knife” for “scratching tool”
p. 688 line 18: “thoughts” for “remembrance”
p. 694 line 8 from end: “soaked to the skin” for “wet to the bone”
p. 695 line 15 from end: “safe” for “good”
p. 696 line 16 from end: “que” for “qui”
p. 703 line 4: “in quick succession” for “running”
line 14: “busy month” for “month of bustle”
p. 704 line 3 from end: “manage to shake off” for “succeed in getting rid of”
p. 705 line 10 from end: “friends” for “in touch with each other”
p. 706 delete former fn. 1518 about Voltaire’s *Candide*
p. 711 line 14: after “l’insulaire” add “[sic]”
p. 712 line 14: “the insular you have become” for “such insularity as you have acquired”
p. 741 line 24: after “parceque” add “[sic]”
p. 744 line 16: after “parceque” add “[sic]”
p. 753 line 7 from end: “demandé” for “demandées”
p. 757 line 10: “*L’épousée*” for “*L’Epousée*”
line 15: “*séance*” for “*Séance*”

line 25: "*livre des serenades*" for "*Livre des Sérénades*", "*piano*" for "*Piano*"
p. 758 line 14 from end: "*hamac*" for "*Hamac*"
line 13 from end: "*valse des parisiennes*" for "*Valse des Parisiennes*"
line 5 from end: "*voyage*" for "*Voyage*"
line 2 from end: "*piano*" for "*Piano*"
p. 759 line 1: "*rusticana*" for "*Rusticana*"
line 12: "*bal de la poupée*" for "*Bal de la Poupée*"
lines 16–19: "La valse de mademoiselle Lili, La polka de la poupée, Le quadrille des bébés incassables, La mazurka de monsieur" for "La Valse de Mademoiselle Lili, La Polka de la Poupée, Le Quadrille des Bébés Incassables, La Mazurka de Monsieur"
line 23: "*bal*" for "*Bal*"
line 24: "*piano*" for "*Piano*"
lines 27–29: "La valse de mademoiselle Lili, La polka de la poupée, Le quadrille des bébés incassables, La mazurka de monsieur Loulou, Les lanciers de mademoiselle Ninette" for "La Valse de Mademoiselle Lili, La Polka de la poupée, Le Quadrille des Bébés Incassables, La Mazurka de Monsieur Loulou, Les Lanciers de Mademoiselle Ninette"
line 4 from end: "*piano*" for "*Piano*"
line 2 from end: "réveil" for "Réveil"
p. 760 line 19: "*livre des histoires*" for "*Livre des Histoires*"
lines 22–23: song-titles all in lower case except for first word
p. 761 line 1: "*hollandaise*" for "*Hollandaise*"
line 2: "*piano*" for "*Piano*"
line 4: song-titles all in lower case except for first word
line 12: "Dans la vallée d'Aoste: Histoire de deux chasseurs" for "Dans la Vallée d'Aoste: Histoire de Deux Chasseurs"
line 20: "*provinciale*" for "*Provinciale*"
line 29: "*hirondelle*" for "*Hirondelle*"
line 5 from end: "*livre*" for "*Livre*"
line 4 from end: "*violon ou violoncelle; avec piano*" for "*Violon ou Violoncelle; avec Piano*"
p. 762 line 4: "*sérénade*" for "*Sérénade*"
line 15: "*L'avant-scène opéra-opérette*" for "*L'Avant-Scène Opéra Opérette*"
line 23: "*amoureux*" for "*Amoureux*", "*serenate de la mascare*" for "*Serenate de la Mascare*"
line 24: "*piano*" for "*Piano*", "Burgmein" for "Bergmein"
p. 785 "Gerolamo Rovetta" for "Girolamo Rovetta"
the entry for ASF to be less indented, parallel with that for ASB
p. 786 line 10 from end: "*Archives biographiques françaises*" for "*Archives Biographiques Françaises*"
p. 787 insert an entry for Bermani
entry for Chaffanjon: "*familles royales*" for "*Familles Royales*"
entry for Delaroche: "Appendix II.4" for "Appendix II.5"
p. 788 entry for Franco: "*contemporanea*" for "*Contemporanea*"
entry for Joly: "*L'histoire*" for "*L'Histoire*"
p. 789 lines 9–10: "*opéra-opérette*" for "*Opéra-Opérette*"
p. 790 entry for Williot: "*économie et société*" for "*Economie et Société*"
p. 793 at the index entry for Edouard Blau, add a reference to p. 31.

Stop Press, August 2007: During the 1850s, there was a singer at the Opéra in Paris by the name of Aurélie Beaussire (Madame Betty). (See Karin Pendle, "A Night at the Opera: The Parisian Prima Donna 1830–1850", *Opera quarterly*, Spring 1986, 77–89). No research has yet been done to ascertain if she is the person identified in the thesis as Paul Solanges's mother.