

# Style, Translation, Theory: 'Lolita,' a Case Study

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**Style, Translation, Theory**

*LOLITA*, A CASE STUDY

DIPLOMSKI RAD

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for the two M's  
for M, who'd made it summer  
for M., who bore the brunt



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## 1. Aim and Method: Positioning translation within a theoretical framework

Discussing translation, French philosopher Jacques Derrida remarks almost in passing that translators are the only ones who know how to read and write (Derrida, What Is a 'Relevant' Translation 174). Interestingly, however, the number of books and articles dealing with very much varied approaches to and methods of translation is such that even listing some already exposes the researcher-translator as either stemming from this or that line of inquiry, or otherwise establishing their project as a divergence from it. Be it a search for translation equivalency; a study on the wider (inter)cultural implications of translating and translation, or in fact a look at the problematic authority of the translator as agent – writing about translation provides me, now, with a number of quite distinct disciplinary and methodological niches, the histories and traditions of which all exempt me – by way of alliance – from questioning my own legitimacy when writing about translating Vladimir Nabokov. To put it differently, I am well aware, on the one hand, that theoretical (self-)identification is inevitable and that my paper depends on being positioned with or against a particular framework of inherited knowledge, for instance, that of translation studies, American studies, (literary) historiography or, say, contact linguistics. On the other hand, it is precisely because of this inevitable *choice* to stand in relation to any number of paradigms, regardless of whether I do so knowingly or not, that I am able in the first place to let go of any claim to objectivity or disinterest, and foreground, in turn, that selfsame subjective position, thus making my choice of method a functional one,<sup>1</sup> and not simply a declaration of disciplinary alliance. And yet, if this is the case and I have yet to establish theoretical validity by my choice of object on the one hand and method on the other, the only knowledge that is presupposed as my own is that very illusive knowledge of the translator to read the text.

The initial problem before either discussing *Lolita* or setting out to translate it is then, I believe, reconciling the legitimacy of whatever line of inquiry I set up to discuss *Lolita* in translation with the legitimacy of any particular translation, that is, if it is assumed that a translation can

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<sup>1</sup> To quote Leo Spitzer, always sensitive to etymology: “Perhaps I should make it clear that I am using the word ‘method’ in a manner somewhat aberrant from common American use: it is for me much more a ‘habitual procedure of the mind’ (...) As used by me it is nearly synonymous with *Erlebnis*, and consequently would correspond relatively to what is called in America ‘approach,’ were it not for the volitional and even ‘strategic’ nuance, in this word, of military siege or of tracking down a quarry, by which it may be historically explained (Spitzer 25n17).”



only exist as such in a metaphoric relation, first and foremost to its source ('the original'), and by extension to the author of the source text.<sup>2</sup>

In this sense, it would be a glaring oversight on my part not to recognize the two possibly conflicting goals of the researcher-translator. Firstly, as a translator translating *Lolita* – since the only legitimacy which I supposedly depend upon is that of the source text – I am completely free in the process to subject the text to whatever analytical economy I choose to implement in order to produce a translation. However, as a researcher-translator studying Nabokov and *Lolita*, not only am I positioned in relation, at once, to the source text and to any paradigmatic, inherited knowledge I base my approach on, but I am also dependent on how both my translation and my research together relate to Nabokov as researcher and as translator.

To elaborate, I stress this dual position because even a superficial knowledge of Nabokov involves Nabokov not only as a writer but as a scholar, and, furthermore, such a scholar who famously preferred “the concrete, the detail, partly for its anti-generalizing and debunking power (...) he loved nothing more as critic or translator than using specific detail he had uncovered to debunk generalizations by others, especially if they had become a tradition, a convention.”<sup>3</sup>

If, therefore, there seems to be an incongruity with my theoretical intentions in this paper as a whole and Nabokov's own scholarly philosophy, it is all the more that in placing Nabokov's novel as a case study for a method or theory I wish employ I run the risk of subordinating Nabokov and *Lolita* to figure in this paper as mere exemplification of my theoretical interest. Although, of course, such an approach would certainly be valid in it itself, it is nevertheless something I wish to avoid and to instead establish a more natural transition to Nabokov.

It is for this reason that I will return to Nabokov and *Lolita* later and instead, initially, direct my translation study toward the framework of world literature, especially since I believe that opening up the subject of (re)translating *Lolita*, today particularly, both inevitably invites the problem but also provides me with appropriate ground on which to develop a discussion about the text itself.

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<sup>2</sup> Of course, this kind of configuration is hardly a given; there are a number of instances where a translation is neither derived nor seen as secondary. However, I believe this is a fair assumption for any translation of an *authorial* literary work – in that authorship implies a metaphoric, paternal logic – at least in the past century, and within the cultural context this paper is involved in.

<sup>3</sup> Quoted from a brief email correspondence with Brian Boyd, to whom I am sincerely grateful for his thought-out input. For more exhaustive confirmations of this, see References for his two-part biography of Nabokov.

### 1.1. Translation and World Literature

Since one of my ultimate aims in this thesis is to argue for a new Croatian translation of *Lolita*, an obvious question arises as to what the necessity for it would be, and even, what place it would occupy, both as a new, critical translation of an established literary classic, and as a new edition in the Croatian literary market. On this note, I will only provisionally fortify this approach by claiming that this type of discussion of Nabokov requires world literature as much as Nabokov's own scholarly and translatory work does. On the other hand, world literature invoked in this way, especially when relying on *Lolita* as a canonical text, should not necessarily mean relying on the problematic notions of 'canon' and perhaps 'western literature' as a self-explanatory and self-legitimizing point of departure; even for Nabokov, this is never the case, as I will show.

This does, however, mean that approaching *Lolita* as a canonical text which warrants a critically thought-out translation obliges me to invite a comparative (or comparativist) perspective to the discussion, that is, only if we take canonical texts to be a domain of world literature, and further still if we take world literature to be a domain of comparative literature. In this configuration, any attempt to translate *Lolita* would actually presuppose participation in world literature, since literary translation as such is founded on the facilitation of literary and cultural exchange. In fact, in his book *What Is World Literature?* David Damrosch takes this point even further: "I take world literature to encompass all literary works that circulate beyond their culture of origin, either in translation or in their original language (...) a work only has an *effective* life as world literature whenever, and wherever, it is actively present within a literary system beyond that of its original culture (Damrosch 4; emphasis in the original). More importantly, he further clarifies that this kind of world literature cannot be divorced from a given local context, that there is no such thing as a disinterested involvement in world literature, since "[f]or any given observer, even a genuinely global perspective remains a perspective *from somewhere*, and global patterns of the circulation of world literature take shape in their local manifestations" (27; emphasis in the original).

However broad a claim this may be, Damrosch's book provides me here with a way to address my dual position as a researcher-translator. From this comparativist perspective, Damrosch seems to imply, there is no duality at all. In point of fact, Damrosch the comparativist allocates one third of his book on world literature precisely to the role of translations (or even more importantly, the role of translators), as if to acknowledge his own theoretical engagement in world literature to be an engagement in the study of translation – and vice versa. This is why I

want to single out just some key claims Damrosch makes about world literature, as these will prove useful before turning to Nabokov.

Firstly, since a work of world literature needs to be ‘actively present’ in a given culture, Damrosch stresses the importance of updating translations in line with the times, but he is also aware that any (new) translation is a testament to the systemic conditions and discursive practices which produced it. Because of this, Damrosch employs André Lefevere’s idea of ‘refraction’<sup>4</sup> and identifies world literature as the ‘elliptical refraction’ of a national literary system, in that any work of world literature is always already a part of the given national literary system that produced it, and a work received elsewhere, “with the source and host cultures providing the two foci that generate the elliptical space within which a work lives as world literature, connected to both cultures, circumscribed by neither alone” (Damrosch, *What Is World Literature?* 283). For Damrosch, the most important implication of this is a methodological one, since a proper study on world literature (or even just a single work like *Lolita*) can no longer be done under the sole jurisdiction of either comparative literature (‘the generalists’) or any particular language department (‘the specialists’), raising the question of who could have enough knowledge of multiple cultures to avoid blind generalizations and yet not to slip into a specialist’s study in isolation from the world. For Damrosch, it seems, the middle ground, the proper comparatist, is precisely the translator:

Too often, a generalist who alludes dismissively to the narrow-minded concerns of specialists merely ends up retailing a warmed-over version of what specialists had been saying a generation earlier. Instead, the generalist should feel the same ethical responsibility toward specialized scholarship that a translator has toward a text’s original language: to understand the work effectively in its new cultural or theoretical context while at the same time *getting it right* in a fundamental way with reference to the source culture (Damrosch 288; emphasis in the original).

Secondly – or perhaps in contrast – because this rather quaint ‘getting it right’ once again returns the debate to the impossible question of what a good translation is and the pitfalls of foreignization vs. domestication,<sup>5</sup> Damrosch further qualifies (and perhaps contradicts himself) by saying that world literature can be seen as ‘a mode of reading,’ in that a work of literature

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<sup>4</sup> “[T]he adaptation of a work of literature to a different audience, with the intention of influencing the way in which that audience reads the work” (Lefevere 3), a concept Lefevere would develop into the notion of ‘rewriting’ as the basic discursive mechanism which sustains any given literary system, via translation, patronage, literary historiography, anthologies, interpretive communities, etc. (cf. Pavlović 134-147).

<sup>5</sup> Damrosch sees a possible, naive solution in simply learning different languages; this would later be one of the main points of contention in a 2011 discussion with Gayatri Chakravorty Spivak (see Damrosch (ed), *World Literature in Theory* 363-388).

only becomes a work of *world* literature when it is read as part of a certain simultaneous dialogue with other works from other cultures. As Damrosch sees it, reading world literature is, then, no longer an effort to cross linguistic barriers; rather, it allows for the abstraction of a work's origin, which is not possible when reading a work as part of a specific culture. "Reading and studying world literature, by contrast, is inherently a more detached mode of engagement," Damrosch claims, "it enters into a different kind of dialogue with the work, not one involving identification or mastery but the discipline of distance and of difference. We encounter the work not at the heart of its source culture but in the field of force generated among works that may come from very different cultures and eras" (Damrosch, *What Is World Literature?* 300).

Finally, however, although this conception of world literature as a mode of reading would indeed allow for a convenient vantage point and would, for instance, validate differentiating between *Lolita* as work of American literature on the one hand and *Lolita* as a work of world literature on the other (giving me much more leeway in the preliminary textual preparation necessary for a good translation), such a configuration is at risk of falling under the trap of a certain comparativist utopia, where the comparativist, engaged in the domain of world literature and unaware of their own readerly culpability, assumes this 'detached engagement' by a fundamentally imperialist gesture – one of management and supervision, rather than participation open to failure.

Therefore, even though there is something to be said about world literature as a mode of reading, because I am aware of my own participatory role as a translator (of a work of world literature, of a work of American literature, etc.), I need to qualify my task further, which means substituting this particular strain of comparativism with a more philologically rooted approach, a critical tradition both more closely related to my own cultural context, and one which is equipped to deal with world literature with a level of textual obligation and risk found only in translation.

## **1.2. On Philology, Style and Discipline**

If I have thus far managed to outline my involvement in translation, in world literature, in American literature – inasmuch as *Lolita*, at the very least, played a major role, via film, in the formation of the 1960s American popular culture – I have left open exactly how to approach reading and translating *Lolita* without falling under the 'generalist' trap of comparativism and the 'specifist' trap of national literature (which is in Nabokov's case a rabbit hole of its own, as I will show later). In this respect, as it is inevitable that even a global perspective is a perspective from somewhere (see above), my any approach to Nabokov is ultimately determined by the

institutional backdrop of this master's thesis, i.e. it is a perspective of a student at the departments of English and Croatian from Zagreb, Croatia. I stress this because the philological tradition as the shared structural inheritance at the root of both ('neophilological') departments may provide an operable common ground for both translation, world literature, American literature and Nabokov.

For one thing, if I do see this as an opportunity for a 'return to philology,' it is not merely to try to avoid the question of what a good translation of *Lolita* should be (or in fact, to sneer at this or that mistranslation in the existing translation of the novel); rather, it is to point out that whatever translation choices I do make, this choice needs to be preceded by "an examination of the structure of language prior to the meaning it produces" (De Man, *The Return to Philology* 24). This may seem as a prerequisite for any translation attempt, but making a predetermined choice of, say, a source-oriented or a target-oriented translation means to subordinate the text to a preset interpretation.

Secondly, this philological examination – if indeed it does take literature first and foremost "as a rhetoric and a poetics" rather than a matter of hermeneutics and history (De Man 26) – allows for a broader textual perspective than in simply translating the text of the novel. By this I mean taking Nabokov's other texts, his (philological) method, his conception of language, his translation work and most importantly – his subsequent treatments and interventions into *Lolita* as an equally important factor in translation.

And thirdly, philology defined in such a way may perhaps bring it in line with textology or text linguistics, but the philological tradition of the mid-twentieth century – that of Erich Auerbach, Leo Spitzer, Ernst Robert Curtius, Walter Benjamin – goes much further from mere textual (and linguistic) *analysis*. On the contrary, it is precisely the synthetic aspect of philology that allows me here to connect Nabokov's complex literary and cultural *history* with the (supposedly analytic) task of translating *Lolita*, and in such a way as to retain this conjunction of philology *and* translation without contaminating either from the very start.

Erich Auerbach, when discussing his philology of 'Weltliteratur,'<sup>6</sup> defines the philologist's task as one of doing adequate synthetic research that will foreground the historicity of the present moment. For Auerbach, however, this synthesis cannot be confined to a mere study of literary texts; rather, "one must study the conditions under which this literature [of 'Weltliteratur']

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<sup>6</sup> For Auerbach, 'Weltliteratur' is not 'world literature' in the sense of a certain literary corpus, but something closer to the historical dialogue of humanity, "the diverse background of a common fate" (Auerbach, *Philology and 'Weltliteratur'* 7).

developed” (Auerbach, *Philology and ‘Weltliteratur’* 8), from religion to economics or music. More importantly, for Auerbach, in order to do this, the philologist needs to employ the various knowledges of specialized disciplines, but in such a way as not to succumb to the “esoteric language” and the conceptual and epistemological logic of any particular discipline: “Thus all these elements must be assimilated and ordered even if only to be able to demonstrate, in good conscience, the uselessness of one of them for philology” (Auerbach, *Philology and ‘Weltliteratur’* 8). For this paper – and very much in line with Nabokov, as I will show later – this means that a study on *Lolita* framed around predetermined critical tools and rhetoric would only exhibit what Auerbach pinpoints in criticism in general as “the desire to master a great mass of material through the introduction of hypostatized, abstract concepts of order; (...) the effacement of what is being studied” (Auerbach 8).

Instead, what Auerbach proposes is a philological method based on an ‘Ansatzpunkt,’ a point of departure which is able to sustain itself even after being subjected to complete synthesis (i.e. the hermeneutical pole of philology), without resorting to banality. He identifies, for instance, Curtius and his famous ‘topoi’ as an exemplary case of this kind of method (cf. Auerbach 13), but he also notes that this is a principle stylistics knows full well, since it depends on finding stylistic individuality through a few fixed characteristics.

Style, furthermore, is very much an operative but problematic notion for Auerbach. In his *Mimesis*, for example, Auerbach refers to Flaubert’s stylistic technique of literary treatment of objects as “objective seriousness,” wherein, he finds, Flaubert’s style ‘as an absolute manner of viewing things’ (thus Flaubert) – a view Nabokov would follow as well – is a way for him “to render the truth concerning the subjects of his observation” (Auerbach, *Mimesis* 490). Although reluctant to explicitly acknowledge style as an analytical tool – instead, for instance, saying he was “compelled by [his] subject” (572) to use such abstract terms; or that he employs (Spitzer’s) stylistics “on a very modest level” (Auerbach, *Review* 83) – the study of style seems to underline any philological attempt.

I am not saying, however, that stylistics as a critical tradition – one institutionally related to this thesis – is what can therefore be abstracted as a proper ‘approach’ to Nabokov. On the contrary, what I find compelling in this kind of philology – and one I find resonates in Nabokov – is precisely the fact that style is employed only insofar as to extrapolate a unique textual principle to be used as an analytical tool of its own.<sup>7</sup> The role of stylistics, in this sense, is important

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<sup>7</sup> For instance, when Benjamin identifies in Proust’s syntactic rhythm what he calls a ‘physiology of style’ which reproduces his asthmatic condition (Benjamin, *The Image of Proust* 214). Or in *Mimesis* when Auerbach contrasts

insofar as it allows for a metalanguage necessary for any literary analysis. It can be said, at the very least, that style seems to be an indispensable aspect of language as it is conceived in the philology participating in 20<sup>th</sup> century modernity. True, I may not perhaps share the same cosmopolitan intentions as these philologists, but it is undoubtedly the case that 20<sup>th</sup> century modernity relies on history and historicity as indispensable for the present moment, which is why Auerbach's synthesis necessarily does reach for the "inner will of [his] period" (Auerbach, *Philology and 'Weltliteratur'* 10), or why his 'present' intention is "always to write history" in search of truth (Auerbach, *Purpose and Method* 20). This present historicity is further perpetuated by the theology behind Spitzer's (stylistic) philology which strives to find the 'common spiritual etymon' by making "the trip from language or style to the soul" (Spitzer 11). My own intentions, however, do in fact diverge from these philologists, even if in conviction. Not necessarily because I doubt the value of such a project, but mainly because the very education and (worldly) knowledges this philology of modernity depended upon is now, like modernity, itself a matter of historical record.

If, then, I do find in philology a way to address the gap between analysis and synthesis, between translation and research, or between the study of Nabokov and the study of Croatian cultural history, it is because the inevitable choice of disciplinary alliance I opened with also entails a certain concession to a preset order of things (like, for example, the primacy of translation in the framework of translation studies). Philology, on the other hand, seems to function only if external to its object, ultimately excluded for the sake of synthesis; or put otherwise, if it is the process which precedes interpretation, as the universal technique of getting through to sense, or what De Man outlined as the examination of language structure prior to meaning (see above).<sup>8</sup>

It is consequently appropriate, I claim, to establish a correlation with what Walter Benjamin in his famous essay *The Task of the Translator* outlines as a similar kind of examination, this time at the root of translation. In his idea of translation, Benjamin relies on a certain supplementary relationship between languages, where the common intention of each particular language points to what he calls 'pure language' (Benjamin, *The Task of the Translator* 74). Furthermore, in this plurality of languages with a singular intention, this pure language, as Benjamin finds it, is

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the Homeric style and the Biblical style as the contract between style of 'perpetual foreground' and style 'fraught with background,' indicating thus a contrast between analysis and interpretation (Auerbach, *Mimesis* 11-12).

<sup>8</sup> I am referring in part to Leo Rafolt's text 'Philology as *Mathesis*: On the Paradigmatics of Truth-telling in the Humanities' (Rafolt, *Filologija kao 'mathesis'*).

the ‘language of truth,’ and it is the task of the translator – like that of the philosopher (or in this case, the philologist) – to strive for the “divination and description” (77) of this pure language, which manifests itself in translations. Viewed thusly, translation for Benjamin can no longer be a matter of transmission, or of communication of meaning (78). Instead, the task of the translator is to supplement the *intention* of language found in the original, and in this sense, the original text is important “only insofar as it has already relieved the translator and his translation of the effort of assembling and expressing what is to be conveyed” (78).

In this respect, Benjamin’s image of a fragmented vessel perhaps illustrates this idea of translation best: the relationship between original and translation is a relation in which each particular translation needs to function as a broken fragment of a vessel, perfectly molded to the next in order to indicate a whole. Therefore, for Benjamin there clearly is no metaphoric relation at play;<sup>9</sup> on the contrary, this relation seems to follow the logic of metonymy. In this sense, as De Man points out (‘Conclusions’ 91), this fragmentation is constitutive, so it cannot be seen as a synecdoche forming a unity, but as metonymy indicating *potential* unity. However, it seems to be that De Man’s insistence on metonymy in Benjamin is premised on what De Man considers as the constitutive fragmentation of meaning as such (De Man 90-92), and in this respect the succession and supplementation implied in the logic of metonymy may – for De Man – allow for ‘unity’ to figure into this configuration as that totality of meaning which can only ever be theoretical, potential and unattainable. In actuality, if the idea of unity, fragmented and potential as it may be, is taken as a key notion in Benjamin, then it is actually synecdoche, and not metonymy, which serves as the structuring principle of this ‘pure language.’ In either case, the task of the translator seems to be to carry across the very potentiality of language, to translate that which precedes any (transmittable or communicable) meaning, all in the endeavor to reveal the common intention of any particular language.<sup>10</sup>

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<sup>9</sup> “[N]evertheless,” Paul De Man says, “the German word for translation, *übersetzen*, means metaphor. *Übersetzen* translates exactly the Greek *metaphorein*, to move over, *übersetzen*, to put across. *Übersetzen*, I should say, translates metaphor—which, asserts Benjamin, is not at all the same. They are not metaphors, yet the word means metaphor. The metaphor is not a metaphor, Benjamin is saying” (De Man, ‘Conclusions’ 83).

<sup>10</sup> This is also quite similar to how Auerbach – writing about Giambattista Vico – views the task of his ‘philosophical philology,’ as the study of the potentiality of history to hold the truth of mankind (cf. Auerbach, Purpose and Method 15-16).



### 1.3. Fail to Translate

To revert, finally, this philology of translation back to Nabokov – I wish to make a point in avoiding the trope characteristic of these types of theses, saying for instance that this thesis is intended to advocate for a translation of *Lolita* ‘for a new generation of readers,’ or to ‘introduce a *Lolita* for the 21<sup>st</sup> century’ – always heralding a 21<sup>st</sup> century which is still to come, as if it wasn’t already two decades in. Quite the contrary, I reach for (a) philology precisely because there is a peculiar philology to Nabokov hidden in plain sight, a history or a historical account still to be examined, and it is a history lost to any translated *edition* of Nabokov which does not take into account his excessive insistence on annotations, footnotes or endnotes. As I will show in later chapters, Nabokov’s philology, for lack of a better term, is so closely bound to translation that it is difficult to distinguish his investment in translation from his investment in writing on the one hand, and what he sees as the literary and cultural inheritance of his ongoing 20<sup>th</sup> century on the other. This is not to say that my translation needs to be in line with Nabokov’s strong opinions on translation and scholarship – these would, in fact, be next to irrelevant for any particular translation choice. However, Nabokov’s own philosophy does remain embedded in the very textual makeup of his writings (*Lolita* included, as I will show), which is why they need to be part of any translation attempt. Consequently, in my own translation attempt, I intend to take Nabokov’s textual and editorial work as an ‘Ansatzpunkt,’ a point of departure, which not only allows me to conduct research of Nabokov, but also to see how this textual approach resonates – or ‘radiates out,’ to use Auerbach’s phrase – in Croatian literary and cultural history (to which I will return in the last chapter of this thesis).

However, considering all of what I have opened up so far, this sort of excessive clinging to Nabokov and what can easily be seen as the author’s intention seems to be quite at odds with a philological approach striving to examine the potentiality of language and history (the language and textual history of *Lolita*). True, Auerbach, for one, does explicitly voice his skepticism with regard to monographs and studies on a single author (like Nabokov), since for him individuality is “fundamentally ungraspable” unity because of its “ahistorical inviolability” (Auerbach, *Philology and ‘Weltliteratur’* 12-13); that is to say, for Auerbach, individuality may only be analyzed, never synthesized. Benjamin on the other hand voices a similar criticism for translation, particularly when he invokes the notion of ‘license’ as opposed to ‘fidelity’ (to the original text). Fidelity, Benjamin states, should not be seen as an adherence to meaning or the word of the original; rather, fidelity for him means to “lovingly and in detail incorporate the original’s mode of signification, thus making both the original and the translation recognizable as fragments of a greater language, just as fragments are part of a vessel (Benjamin, *The Task*

of the Translator 78). My translation of Nabokov – thus positioned – needs to somehow incorporate his ‘mode of signification’ in a way as to supplement or complement the original text without succumbing to mere rendering of meaning.

Of course, this is a translation attempt doomed to fail. “When you do hermeneutics, you are concerned with the meaning of the work,” Paul De Man says; “when you do poetics, you are concerned with the stylistics or with the description of the way in which a work means. (...) When one tries to achieve this complementarity, the poetics always drops out, and what one always does is hermeneutics. One is so attracted by problems of meaning that it is impossible to do hermeneutics and poetics at the same time” (De Man, ‘Conclusions’ 88).

This failure is therefore constitutive, it seems, to my entire thesis. However, it is a failure which would only be foolish to reject or ignore, since the actual conjunction between philology and translation, between poetics and hermeneutics; analysis and synthesis, theory and example – or between Benjamin’s license and fidelity – depends precisely on the betrayal of that same conjunction. In this respect – to return to Derrida – any attempt of the translator to reproduce faithfully that which is singular in a text, or that potentiality of sense in a text, can only ever lead to a betrayal of this fidelity: “To obey, to be faithful, it must be possible to betray,” Jacques Derrida says. “Someone who *couldn't* betray couldn't be faithful,” which is why translation is caught in a double bind of betrayal, since the translator’s task – as much for Benjamin as for Derrida – is to “imitate without imitating. One must recognize, countersign, reproduce the other's signature without reproducing or imitating it. (Derrida, ‘Countersignature’ 29; emphasis in the original).<sup>11</sup>

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<sup>11</sup> I am relying in part on Luka Bekavac's text which deals with the problem of translation in Derrida, Benjamin and mourning (Bekavac 133-163). In addition to this, in a chapter on the countersignature he clarifies this same problem: “Faithfulness to an ‘object’ demands at least the *possibility* of betrayal (similar to perjury as it relates to testimony) – it is constitutive to the law that binds us. However, as with the mechanics of mourning (in which success and failure cancel each other out), the category of ‘faithfulness’ taken at face value cancels itself out. The more faithful we are in the sense of blind and literal replication, the bigger our treachery. A countersignature is faithful *only* if it is ‘traitorous’ in relation to what it wants to corroborate. This ‘terrifying law’ puts anyone who writes about another in an unresolvable double bind (Bekavac 231; translation mine, emphasis in the original).

If, to conclude this introduction, betrayal is constitutive to translation, then it may be fitting to illustrate the problems I discussed above by simply substituting the term ‘translation’ (hrv. *prijevod*) – which indicates a spatial ‘carrying across,’ or a metaphor (see footnote no. 9) – with a term which is already well established in the context of Romance philology: ‘traduction.’ This lexical difference between ‘translation’ and ‘traduction’ is by no means a new finding, and the etymological relation which historically connects ‘traduction’ at once with tradition, treason or betrayal on the one hand, and translation on the other has been well mobilized by countless writers, translators and philosophers (like Heidegger or Gadamer or Derrida). However, to summarize, ‘traduction’ is at least a more revealing term for this paper, since the only achievable aim of my thesis is precisely a traduction of *Lolita* in every sense. Firstly, traduction as a *translation* attempt; secondly, as a constitutive *treason* in the execution of this translation; but perhaps most tellingly – traduction as an attempt to establish the legitimacy of this *Lolita*-in-traduction by way of alliance with disciplinary *tradition*. All of this, to conclude, allows me to move from research to translation, from poetics to hermeneutics, from Nabokov to his text-to-be-traduced, without ever needing to be reminded that Derrida’s remark about the translator who knows how to read and write actually reveals this knowledge to be the translator’s basic awareness that they will inevitably betray their own cause, and in doing so, paradoxically, they will both fail to succeed, and succeed to fail.

## 2. Translations of Note: Nabokov the Teacher Philologist

*Actually, I shall be remembered by Lolita and  
my work on Eugene Onegin.*

—Nabokov, 1967

In an interview in 1970, when pressed on the matter by a former student of his, Vladimir Nabokov divulged his decades-long adoration for comedies of the Hollywood twenties and thirties (Nabokov, *Strong Opinions* 162-165). The interviewer, Alfred Appel Jr., notes in brackets the particular detail with which Nabokov acted out a scene from the Marx Brothers' *A Night at the Opera*, a film which he had supposedly seen last three decades earlier. But when asked about a certain kinship between the American film comedies and his Russian novel *Invitation to a Beheading*, Nabokov goes on to defend his preference for the silent film: "I can't make the comparison," Nabokov protests, "between a visual impression and my scribble on index cards, which I always see first when I think of my novels. The verbal part of the cinema is such a hodgepodge of contributions, beginning with the script, that it really has no style of its own. On the other hand, the viewer of a silent film has the opportunity of adding a good deal of his own inner verbal treasure to the silence of the picture" (164-165).

This verbal pleasure, the verbal intervention into visual spectacle – as well as a particularly Nabokovian solipsistic dislike for any shared creative effort – may well be seen as trademark Nabokov. It is no wonder that Nabokov should choose to phrase his evaluation of cinema not as a cinematic spectator, but as a literary reader imposing his own experience on a cooperative silver screen. It is indicative, therefore, that, for Nabokov, (cinematic) style is dependent on certain blank spaces – cinematic 'silences' – to be filled in by a particular kind of reader.

I focus on these 'silences' and additions because Nabokov the writer most certainly established a legacy equally formed around commentary. Nabokov's readerly experiences – mostly due to his adamant dislike for many renowned writers, from Dostoevsky to T. S. Eliot – have become as much a Nabokov trademark as his most well remembered literary passages. As a teacher at Cornell University, Nabokov went to great lengths to discipline his students into becoming rereading-readers, equipped with "[ 'impersonal' ] imagination, memory, a dictionary and some artistic sense" (Nabokov, *Lectures on Literature* 3). Furthermore, rereading is a key notion for Nabokov in every way, as he demands of himself and others an intimate acquaintance with the text. "We have," Nabokov says, "no physical organ (as we have the eye in regard to a painting) that takes in the whole picture and then can enjoy its details. But at a second, or third, or fourth reading we do, in a sense, behave towards a book as we do towards a painting" (3). Along this

line of reasoning, it is only upon frequent revisits to the text that a commentator, researcher or scholar can properly tackle the textual material.<sup>12</sup>

This foray into American film, moreover, should serve as concentrated example of the crucial Nabokovian themes which will start to surface here in my traductory pretenses, and not merely because the cultural inheritance of *Lolita* – via Kubrick – is to a large extent a cinematic one. On the contrary, when Nabokov does reach for the silences of (silent) motion pictures – which, tellingly, he divorces from what he sees as the *stylistic* hodgepodge of later cinema – it is because this creatively critical (intimate) encounter may equally describe Nabokov’s intensive investment in his translation work. Nabokov’s writing and his translation, his philology of commentary, I will show, is formed equally around very similar textual silences, and a very cautious treatment of this same connection between (his) Russia and (his) America. This, most obviously, is evident in his translation of Pushkin, which is why, I believe, any translatory (or traductory) attempt of *Lolita* in particular needs to take into account Nabokov not only as a writer but as a scholar and a translator.

### 2.1. Nabokov’s *Eugene Onegin*

Sometime after the war, and after he had settled into a teaching position at Cornell University, Vladimir Nabokov took it upon himself to produce a proper translation of Pushkin’s *Eugene Onegin*. A project that would, in its various interruptions and alterations, occupy him on and off for roughly two decades, Nabokov’s work on *Eugene Onegin* arguably remains a landmark in 20<sup>th</sup> century translation theory (cf. Weissbort and Eysteinnsson 376-392; Venuti 109-112). Nabokov’s translation technique varied throughout his career, and although there is certainly something that can be called a ‘Nabokovian’ translation – that of his *Eugene Onegin* – it is necessary for my analysis, and later for a sample translation of *Lolita*, to single out particularly *Eugene Onegin* as an object of interest. I find that *Eugene Onegin* as a tentative point of departure – and not something as vague as Nabokov’s poetics – ‘radiates out’ (thus Auerbach) enough textual potential to sustain the theoretical and synthetical interests of this paper. Firstly, as is commonly known in his case, because Nabokov’s personal biography can be neatly traced

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<sup>12</sup> Interestingly enough, these readerly revisits or ‘good encounters’ is precisely what American philosopher Stanley Cavell in his study on classical Hollywood inherits from Emersonian transcendentalism and identifies as a crucial step in ‘reading film:’ “Successive encounters of a work,” Cavell notes, “are not necessarily cumulative; a later one may overturn earlier ones or may be empty. A valuable critic tends to know of his or her experience which is which as surely as he knows about an object what is what. A work one cares about is not so much something one has read as something one is a reader of; connection with it goes on, as with any relation one cares about” (Cavell 13).

in terms of a certain linguistic record, marked all the more with the fate of Russian émigré writers of the time. In this sense, for instance, Nabokov's earlier translations into Russian – like his famous translation of Lewis Carroll's *Alice in Wonderland* (cf. Trubikhina 38-85) – or his poetic translations of Russian poets into English cannot really be considered on equal terms with his work on *Onegin* or his later translations. Nabokov's deep insecurities regarding his own linguistic competency in either English or Russian can be seen quite clearly in the deep (linguistic) changes throughout his writings, be they literary or translatory (see, for instance, Klosty Beaujour's entry in Alexandrov 714-724, or Grayson 1977), which is why *Onegin* is needed as a more specific point of reference.

Secondly, because of these linguistic revisions in Nabokov's career, it is more than relevant for my paper that the textual histories *Lolita* and Nabokov's *Eugene Onegin* are closely connected, since Nabokov worked on both projects at the same time. The textual and stylistic organization, and the philological philosophy, as it were, of *Lolita* the novel can be analyzed more productively, I find, in terms of a certain 'Nabokovian' translation when and if placed in conjunction with *Eugene Onegin*, which I see here as Nabokov's overt philological task of commentary and exegesis, later to be incorporated in the textual makeup of *Lolita*, and not merely because, like Pushkin's *Onegin*, the novel is founded on a particular interlinguistic and intercultural relation, at once, with Russian, French and English.

Thirdly, and most importantly, because a *Lolita* in traduction as I have outlined it in the first chapter – if indeed it does depart from Nabokov's *Onegin* as a philological model of sorts – needs to take into account not only the text of *Lolita*, but the textual (and cultural) reception of *Lolita* in Croatian literary historiography and its own peculiar relation with Russian, to which I will return in the last chapter of this thesis.

### **2.1.1. Translation and Commentary in *Eugene Onegin***

Since his teaching position at Cornell required him to teach, among others, Russian texts, and more importantly, largely for American students struggling to learn the Russian language, from the very start Nabokov would find the existing English translations of Russian classics – *Onegin* included – to make for unsuitable course material. A student reading Pushkin, he believed, needed a reliable and faithful textual reference when studying a work; a reference, furthermore, which needs to function more as a tool for the close textual study of the original (Russian) text than as a work in its own right. It was for this reason, most likely, that the initial idea was to produce “a little book on *Onegin*: complete translation in prose with notes giving associations and other explanations for every line—the kind of thing I have prepared for my classes”

(Nabokov qtd in Boyd, VN: *The American Years* 136). However, the translation which Nabokov would ultimately put out is a four-volume, copiously assembled philological analysis of Pushkin's text – with the actual translation of *Eugene Onegin*, this time in verse, occupying the least textual space in the edition.

In view of such an extensive task Marijeta Bozovic finds in Nabokov not so much a sense of mission when it comes to translation, but calls his work on Pushkin “Nabokov's canon-formation project” (Bozovic 3). She finds that the pedagogic frustrations at the basis of his *Onegin* (and also his later novel *Ada*) stems from “what he feared was a vanishing Russian tradition to that of the English-language modernist novel” (172), thus wanting to define an equal but separate canon of literary masterpieces to that of T.S. Eliot and the New Critics. Bozovic notes, furthermore, Nabokov's symbolic value of the exemplary transnational writer; a symbolic value carried across for later generations of international writers, with this value, moreover, being the same symbolic value which Nabokov prescribed to Pushkin. In this sense, Bozovic goes on to argue, following Clarence Brown, that “[e]very pioneer needs a predecessor, a point of origin that speaks to the legitimacy of the current project. If to read Nabokov's 1964 *Eugene Onegin* is to read Pushkin not with Nabokov but *as* Nabokov, the commentaries allow unprecedented access to the latter's strategy regarding cultural capital and canon formation” (172; emphasis in the original).

Indeed, reading Nabokov's plan of study in his letter of application for the Guggenheim Fellowship – keeping in mind, of course, the ingratiatory rhetorical strategies of the research proposal genre – the letter clearly shows that Pushkin was of fundamental value for Nabokov, placing *Onegin* right beside *Hamlet* and *Moby Dick*, which is why he vows that his “presentation of it will be *as true to the original as scholarship and art can make it*. (...) Every year, in class, I am reminded of the sore need that exists for it, since this novel, *the backbone of any study of Russian literature*, cannot be adequately taught, or appreciated by the students, in the absence of an acceptable translation” (Nabokov, *Selected Letters* 132; emphasis mine). *Eugene Onegin*, if therefore taken up as a relevant point of departure for *Lolita*, needs to be seen at once as the key text not only in terms of translation, but in terms of participation in world literature, or at least in terms of how commentary is employed by Nabokov as that textual position which legitimizes translation and which (re-)establishes the work's place within the canon of world literature.

The formal structure of Nabokov's *Onegin* is as follows:<sup>13</sup> the first volume contains Nabokov's 1963 and 1972 forewords, where he briefly classifies types of translation (Pushkin, *EO* Vol. I: vii-xiv); Nabokov's "Correlative Lexicon"\* (cf. Boyd, VN: The American Years 519; Rosengrant 22); his extensive "Translator's Introduction" to *Onegin* (I: 1-88); the actual translation of the novel-in-verse, including Pushkin's original notes to the 1837 edition (I: 89-320), and finally Pushkin's fragments of "Onegin's Journey," stanzas which were dropped from the integral text of the novel (I: 333-345). Further, Vols. II and III include Nabokov's detailed notes to the poem line-per-line, with Volume III also containing the "Translator's Epilogue" (III: 376-383); a translation of Pushkin's poem *The Work* (III: 384); and two appendices – a genealogy of Pushkin's African descent ("Abram Gannibal"\*) and Nabokov's extensive "Notes on Prosody."\* Finally, Volume IV contains a detailed "Index" (IV: 1-109), and "Evgeniy Onegin: A Photographic Reproduction of the 1837 Edition."\*

In the 1963 foreword to the text (Pushkin, *EO* Vol. I: vii-xii), Nabokov introduces some of the guiding methodological principles of his translation. From the very start it is evident that one of the purposes of his *Onegin* is to provide an example for translation as such. Firstly, Nabokov does this by divorcing his method from other types of translation, which he classifies as follows:

a) **paraphrastic translation:** "offering a free version of the original, with omissions and additions prompted by the exigencies of form, the conventions attributed to the consumer, and the translator's ignorance. Some paraphrases may possess the charm of stylish diction and idiomatic conciseness, but no scholar should succumb to stylishness and no reader be fooled by it" (vii-viii; underline mine).

b) **lexical (or constructional) translation:** "rendering the basic meaning of words (and their order). This a machine can do under the direction of an intelligent bilinguist" (viii)

c) **literal:** "rendering, as closely as the associative and syntactical capacities of another language allow, the exact contextual meaning of the original. Only this is true translation" (viii)

Although he exemplifies each method on the same initial quatrain of *EO*, literal translation (or 'literalism') is for Nabokov "true translation." However, this is not to say that meaning is the sole object of the procedure. On the contrary, Nabokov's frustration seems to be due to his own

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<sup>13</sup> Here and elsewhere in the paper any mention of Nabokov's *Eugene Onegin* refers to the final, 1975 version. Unfortunately, however, the only edition available to me for citation is the 1990 edition abridged into two paperback volumes. In this paper the parts which are missing from the 1990 edition are marked with an asterisk\* (see References). The missing materials can be borrowed from the [Open Library archive](#).



skepticism regarding translation – particularly when a translation ‘reads smoothly’ – since he notes that it is “mathematically impossible” to “reproduce the rhymes and yet translate the entire poem” (ix). “‘Readable’ indeed!” continues Nabokov. “A schoolboy’s boner mocks the ancient masterpiece less than does its commercial poetization, and it is when the translator sets out to render the ‘spirit,’ and not the mere sense of the text, that he begins to traduce his author” (ix). Furthermore, it is quite telling that this divide between form and content, the ‘spirit’ of the text, is described by Nabokov in terms of ‘sacrifice,’ ‘fidelity’ and ‘truth:’

“In transposing *Eugene Onegin* from Pushkin's Russian into my English I have sacrificed to completeness of meaning every formal element save the iambic rhythm: its retention assisted rather than hindered fidelity (...) In fact, to my ideal of literalism I sacrificed everything (elegance, euphony, clarity, good taste, modern usage, and even grammar) that the dainty mimic prizes higher than truth” (x).

Consequently, Nabokov charges himself with the task of rendering the spirit and the truth of what he considers as one of the foundational texts of Russian literature. Sacrifice, in this sense, if *EO* is to be an exemplary translation, is inscribed in advance as a necessary act towards truth, towards spirit, or, ‘the completeness of meaning,’ seemingly both at the expense of and at a remove from style and form. By this rationale, if the relation between Nabokov’s *Onegin* and Pushkin’s *Onegin* is indeed a relation of sacrifice, that is, if the supremacy of meaning for Nabokov should depend solely on selection (e.g. meaning over ‘euphony’ or ‘even grammar’), then this is a paradigmatic, metaphoric relation. To expand on this issue, when taking up Roman Jakobson’s seminal analysis of metaphor, Tatjana Jukić argues that both sacrifice and metaphor – following the story of Abraham and Isaac – always entail sacrifice and commitment, or selection, in advance, much like Isaac is always-already sacrificed in the Abrahamic narrative (Jukić 2019: 4).<sup>14</sup> Consequently, metaphor is always metaphor-in-advance, prior to any realized, material instance of it – in this case prior to any particular Nabokov’s translation.

However, the employment of such sacrificial language seems to serve Nabokov more as a tool for (self-)authorization and (self-)legitimation, wherein the meaning (and truth) of his text, of Nabokov’s *Eugene Onegin*, remains suspended in constant referral to the Russian original. Later in the introduction, for instance, meaning seems to be substituted with style: “Pushkin's

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<sup>14</sup> Additionally, this argument is built upon the aforementioned paternal logic of metaphor (and applied above to the instance of authorship as it relates to translation), particularly as Shoshana Felman describes it when discussing the promise as a speech act: “Thus the promise of paternal meaning, the promise of the act of begetting itself, is that of a relation of consistency and of resemblance of son to father, of sign to its referent. The paternal promise is, in other words, a promise of metaphor: of metaphor as a basis for the principle of identity, that is, as the promise of a *proper meaning* and of a *proper name*” (Felman 24).

composition is first of all and above all a phenomenon of style,” Nabokov writes, “and it is from this flowered rim that I have surveyed its sweep of Arcadian country” (*EO* I: 7). Because of this – and certainly even by glancing at the sheer scope of the four large volumes of Nabokov’s text – Nabokov’s sacrificial rhetoric starts to reveal its own contradictions, since the four-volume *Onegin* is intended to be more a spectacle of supplement or conjunction than of selection or substitution. To put it differently, the elaborate notes and commentary of the text are quite explicitly positioned as part of *Onegin* itself, as if Pushkin’s novel in verse is not to be read but in conjunction with Nabokov’s annotations, thus undermining any metaphoric logic of translation, much like how Benjamin’s fragments of a vessel serve to indicate the vessel itself (see above, ch. 1.2.). The dominant function of meaning in Nabokov, *Onegin* reveals, has less to do with his translation of Pushkin specifically, and more to do with a necessity to conceptualize translation as such in terms of an absolute metaphor – or allegory – only to show that his translation of *Onegin* cannot hold up to such an abstraction.

This is why I believe it is necessary to view the text primarily as a work of philology. The four-volume *Onegin*, in this sense, is a testament to the very process of philological investigation. For instance, Nabokov the obsessive philologist, when sending the manuscript to his editor in large folders, pays close attention even to the minutiae of textual criticism, explaining his use of textual markings, brackets, accentuation etc. In one letter, he expressly states that footnotes are preferred: “I would like, if possible, to have my copious commentaries appear as footnotes (even if they do rise above sea level; the text can swim)” (Nabokov, Selected Letters 281).

Much to this point, Julia Trubikhina establishes her book on Nabokov titled *The Translator’s Doubts* along these lines, reading Benjamin’s text in the key of metonymy, much like De Man does:

“Nabokov’s translation of *Onegin* is not ‘metaphorical’ in the sense that it is not supposed to be ‘like’ the original. It is allegorical (or, more specifically, metonymical)<sup>15</sup> insofar as it allows the Commentary and Index to perform in English the function that Pushkin’s text of the poem is supposed to perform in Russian—that is, it functions (in Goethe’s terms) not instead of the original, but rather in its place” (Trubikhina 21).

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<sup>15</sup> It should be noted that Trubikhina takes up allegory as a mode via Bronfen’s *Over Her Dead Body* (Trubikhina 20). However, I believe that Trubikhina’s consistently synonymous use of allegory and metonymy – perhaps in order to connect her argument to Benjamin – is a somewhat careless overextension, since Bronfen ultimately seems to view allegory if not through metaphor, then at least as the space between metaphor and metonymy (cf. Bronfen 7-9).

Furthermore, Trubikhina argues that it is this metonymic textual structure which reclaims Pushkin's text as a novel, by transcending likeness and mimicry, and bringing the text closer to prose (22).

At this point, however, it would be more than excessive to go into a detailed analysis of Nabokov's notes to *Onegin*. Not only because this would expand my paper far more than necessary, but also because if *Onegin* is to serve as a point of departure for *Lolita*, then these notes cannot be an end to themselves. This is why I will only highlight certain aspects of Nabokov's commentary which will equally resonate in and for *Lolita*.

Nabokov's *Onegin* is complete – and consequently a novel – only with his copious annotations. These include explanations to literary allusions, historical information, textual histories, influences, available variants and drafts to each stanza, notes on language and even curious coincidences and observations made by Nabokov in the process of translation. However, perhaps the most evident preoccupation of the commentary is with Pushkin's intense involvement in French and English literature, that is, what can be seen as Nabokov projecting his own biography onto his Russian precursor. This projection simply cannot be understated, since the intense connection between Russian, French and English not only points to correlation between Pushkin and Nabokov, but more importantly, to the sensitivity of the modern (Russian) novel to other European cultures and languages. In Pushkin, for instance, sections written in French remain untranslated both in the Russian text and Nabokov's translation. Already in one of his initial notes, Nabokov stresses the linguistic and cultural split of his text:

“The pursuit of reminiscences may become a form of insanity on the scholiast's part; but there can be no doubt that, despite Pushkin's having in 1820-25 practically no English, his poetical genius managed somehow to distinguish in Pichot, roughly disguised as Lord Byron, through Pichot's platitudes and Pichot's paraphrases, not Pichot's falsetto but Byron's baritone. For a fuller account of Pushkin's knowledge of Byron and of Pushkin's inability to master the rudiments of the English language, see my notes to One: XXXVIII” (*EO* II: 32-33).<sup>16</sup>

Furthermore, Nabokov would consistently return to this linguistic connection, often to berate the work of other translators and commentators of Pushkin, thus placing himself as the foremost Pushkin authority: “Every time a French novel crops up in the course of *EO*, [N.L.] Brodski dutifully (but always vaguely, as is the wont of Russian commentators) alludes to Russian

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<sup>16</sup> It should be noted that Alexander Dolinin, for instance, in his detailed entry on Pushkin argues quite convincingly that Pushkin did in fact know (and translate) English to a much greater extent than Nabokov gives him credit for (cf. Dolinin 541-581). The suggestion seems to be, consequently, that Nabokov's denying Pushkin his knowledge of English is essential for Nabokov, that is, if Nabokov is to take the mantle of the first literary master of both Russian and English.

translations of it. He forgets, however, that the Onegin and the Larins of 1820 read these books in French, whereas the grotesque, barbarous, monstrously stilted Russian versions were read only by the lower classes” (*EO* II: 65).

Ultimately, Nabokov’s annotations seem to function both as a metonymic extension to the novel and as a channel for his scholarly and translatory frustrations. More than just a matter of ego, reading Pushkin alongside (or perhaps *through*) Nabokov soon shows that the text he produced cannot but differ from his idea of literalism he introduced. In fact, as an example of literalism – i.e. the exact contextual meaning having the dominant function in translation over form or style – Nabokov’s *Onegin* is far from ideal. As Rosengrant (1994) shows, the translation of the novel quite often veers away from his idea of literal translation. Nabokov’s diction, Rosengrant observes, seems to be used “more as a means of plotting the loci of his own metalanguage, his own private collation of Russian and English, than as an instrument of viable public communication” (21). Throughout the commentary, Nabokov is adamant to point out that he could have translated a particular line or phrase more melodiously or elegantly, were it not for the demands of literalism. For instance, when he translates a variant to Ch. 2: XXI (Who, then, was she whose eyes / he, without art, attracted, / to whom did he devote his days and nights, / and meditations of the heart?), Nabokov cannot resist but note about these lines that it is:

“One of those very rare cases when the jinni of a literal translation presents one with a set of ready rhymes. A little judicious touching up may even produce the right meter: ‘Who, then, was she, the girl whose gaze | he charmed without a trace of art, | to whom he gave his nights and days, | the meditations of his heart?’ The incorruptible translator should resist such temptations” (*EO* II: 272, n. a: 2-4)

These temptations are a leitmotif in the entire commentary, so it soon becomes apparent that the sheer volume of the commentary is to a large extent due to Nabokov’s inability to resist his own burst of witticisms or harsh criticism toward other commentators. More to the point, it would seem that his initial theoretical fashioning of literalism comes to the fore most explicitly in those moments when this Nabokovian sharpness is most pronounced, like when he berates other translations:

“In the course of these casual notes I have refrained from paying too much attention to the disastrous versions of *EO* in English doggerel. Here and there, however, a glance at their faults may be of some assistance in convincing readers of translations and publishers of translations that the use of rhyme, while mathematically precluding exactitude, merely helps its user to *conceal what plain prose would reveal*, namely *his inability to render accurately the difficulties of the original*. (...) [The chosen passage] reveals with especial

clarity the unintentional *insults* and *injuries* that the rhyming paraphrast *inflicts* on an *innocent and unprotected text.*” (*EO* III: 186-7; emphasis mine)

If I have highlighted certain phrases in the quoted paragraph, it is to indicate the status which Pushkin’s text has for Nabokov. Through the prism of concealment and revelation, the innocent and unprotected text consistently participates in what is for Nabokov from the start a matter of sacrifice, insult and infidelity. Consequently, I claim that commentary in Nabokov serves not only as a metonymic extension without which the translation of the poem is incomplete, but that this Nabokovian philology of excessive supplementation and exegesis is founded on deferring synthesis as the final step in (Auerbach’s) philology. In other words, the aforementioned divide between poetics and hermeneutics, or between the potentiality of language and language realized, is in Nabokov’s Pushkin made material. If Pushkin’s *Eugene Onegin* is a ‘phenomenon of style’ (see above), then Nabokov’s *Eugene Onegin* is fundamentally a stylist’s deferral of the sacrifice he had already made in advance in order to legitimize translation. As Trubikhina shows, the comments themselves fail in that they try to appropriate the novel: “The Commentary as translation makes choices about *how* and *what* to comment on, thus forcing the resisting original into the Procrustean bed of interpretation; but the Index bares the mechanism of translation to its ‘bones,’ so to speak, since it maintains control entirely by selection” (116; emphasis in the original). In this sense, failing to execute the final step of philological analysis – which is a certain self-annulment for the sake of synthesis and hermeneutics – manifests itself in Nabokov’s performative commentary as faithful treason, a successful failure, or an attempt at counter-signature.<sup>17</sup> An attempt, finally, all the more (un)successful in that it resulted in critics differentiating between ‘Pushkin’s *EO*’ and ‘Nabokov’s *EO*’ ever since.

## 2.2. A *Lolita* Introduction

It is by no means a coincidence that Nabokov should work on *EO* and *Lolita* simultaneously, most intensely around 1953 (cf. Boyd, VN: The American Years 220-225). By far his most iconic piece of writing, today *Lolita* is arguably with regard to Nabokov what *Eugene Onegin*

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<sup>17</sup> This argument may even be too short-sighted, at least if the hypothesis Trubikhina reports on is taken as valid: “[Liuba] Tarvi, however, goes on to formulate a bold hypothesis of Nabokov’s ‘stikhoProza’ (‘versoProse’) and Pushkin’s ‘prozoStikhi’ (‘prosoVerse’). The essence of this hypothesis is that Nabokov created a translation of *Eugene Onegin* that came remarkably close to Pushkin’s prose. Comparing Nabokov’s translation of stanza XXVIII of Canto I, written down in continuo, to a fragment of Pushkin’s prose, she points out striking affinities in their syntax and style. Thus the empirical impression of “truth” and “harmony” of the translation might actually turn out to be confirmed by the optimal approximation to the “source” text (or the “next best thing,” as metonymical contiguity, once again, suggests), in this case, Pushkin’s own prose” (Trubikhina 129).

is with regard to Pushkin. Yet, how both of these relations intertwine is at least as interesting as how the Croatian translations of both works – *Lolita* and *EO* – reinforce this same connection. Much of Nabokov’s *EO*, as I have shown, is invested in tracing the intercultural and interlingual ties between Pushkin and literature in French and English. “Systematically uncovering Pushkin’s foreign sources,” Julia Trubikhina writes, “Nabokov demonstrates how appropriation and borrowing, in Pushkin’s case, had the uncanny ability to generate a new origin” (122). This (much tautological) generation of new origin, I would argue, may equally describe Nabokov’s American writings, or at least with respect to *Lolita*.

*Lolita*, published first in Paris 1955, is as much an American novel as it is a novel about America. Divided in two parts (and a foreword by (supposed editor) John Ray Jr), *Lolita* is essentially a cellblock confession by one Humbert Humbert, a professor of literature jailed and to be tried for murder. Humbert’s confession, furthermore, reveals his European origins and education, and traces his life in Europe and subsequent emigration to America. There he meets Mrs. Haze and her pre-pubescent (‘nymphet’) daughter Dolores, for whom he immediately forms an obsession and whom he calls Lolita. After the death of Lolita’s mother, part two of the novel revolves around Humbert and the girl travelling across America in Humbert’s great effort to keep their sexual relationship secret. As time passes and Lolita gets older, she ultimately manages to get away with Clare Quilty – a doppelganger of Humbert’s – and the rest of the novel is spent on Humbert’s years of tracking the two of them down. Lolita is eventually found living a new life, married, pregnant and penniless, while Humbert, seeing that he lost her, goes on to find and kill Quilty, ultimately committing Lolita to memory and memoir.

Written in English and completed in December 1953, *Lolita* remains one of the crucial literary texts of the 20th century. Public debates on indecency and censorship notwithstanding, the novel can easily be seen as a spectacle of the English language. Not only, for instance, is the text’s rich vocabulary and the plethora of stylistic devices easily identifiable, nowadays, as markedly Nabokovian, but the English language is also employed in the novel in a certain over-saturation of literary and cultural references, narrated all the more by an immigrant from Europe with ‘a salad of racial-genes’ (The Annotated *Lolita* 9). For my purpose here, it is important to note that this highly intertextual foundation is one of the reasons why Nabokov

seems to have paid close attention to each particular edition of *Lolita*, checking and re-checking every detail of the edition down to the last semi-colon.<sup>18</sup>

In point of fact, the term ‘edition’ – and not ‘text’ or ‘novel’ – may just be particularly relevant in discussing Vladimir Nabokov, and *Lolita* is no exception. In a 1958 letter to M. H. Abrams, for instance, Nabokov provides him with a list of revisions he feels Abrams should take into consideration for his seminal *Glossary of Literary Terms*. Among these revisions Nabokov includes a list of terms which, he feels, are essential for such a glossary. Namely, his philological outlook clearly informs his objections, since not only does he insist on the very fine details of prosody terms, but he also insists that certain concepts relating to textual criticism be included in the glossary of *literary* terms – Editio optima, editio princeps; Recension; Recto, verso (Nabokov, Selected Letters 240-244).

Indeed, the publication history of *Lolita* (cf. Juliar) shows the multiple series of textual corrections the English-language editions of the novel went through, all of which personally supervised by Nabokov. Further still, even foreign-language editions of *Lolita* were carefully checked and rechecked by Nabokov, even if he wasn’t fluent in the language. Writing to the editor of what would have been the forthcoming Swedish edition, for example, Nabokov provides detailed corrections and comments, detecting mistranslations, intertextual references which were overlooked by the translator, and in one instance the “unwarranted, and rather nasty, insertion or transposition by the translator, which I have marked in the typescript” (Selected Letters 233). Nabokov then suggests by name the translator he would like to have translating *Lolita* and says that “[y]our best chance of improving your version would be to have an American Swede or a Swedish American go carefully over the whole book” (234). The publication was consequently abandoned.

More importantly, the English-language edition of *Lolita* which may be considered the ‘editio optima’ of the text is actually a collaboration between Nabokov and editor and former student of his Alfred Appel Jr. The edition titled *The Annotated Lolita* – which is also my reference edition for this paper, first published in 1970 – contains the complete text of the novel; Nabokov’s English afterword to the 1958 American edition, “On a Book Entitled ‘Lolita;’” a

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<sup>18</sup> To illustrate, even choosing the book-jacket for *Lolita* proved taxing, as Nabokov would never waive any editorial decision: “After thinking it over, I would rather not involve butterflies. Do you think it could be possible to find today in New York an artist who would not be influenced in his work by the general cartoonish and primitivist style jacket illustration? Who would be capable of creating a romantic, delicately drawn, non-Freudian and non-juvenile, picture for *Lolita* (a dissolving remoteness, a soft American landscape, a nostalgic highway—that sort of thing)? There is one subject which I am emphatically opposed to: any kind of representation of a little girl” (Nabokov, Selected Letters 250). For a detailed history of *Lolita* in terms of graphic design see Bertram and Leving in References.

preface and introduction by Appel, along with a select bibliography; and detailed endnotes to the text, which take up approximately a third of the volume. Although not written directly by Nabokov, the notes, textual corrections and commentary all went to Nabokov for consultation and approval (for some of Nabokov's notes to Appel see, for instance, Selected Letters 407-411; 412-419; 469). The similarities, of course, to Nabokov's edition of *Onegin* are apparent at once in the textual makeup of the annotated *Lolita*, the paratext of which edition is as integral to the volume as Nabokov's notes to *Onegin* are.

To revert back to translation, my proposition, consequently, is that writing, translation and (exegetic) commentary in Nabokov all need to be considered on equal footing, particularly when translating a work of his. By this rationale, furthermore, the correlation between Nabokov's philological work on *Onegin* and his work on *Lolita* needs to be considered as more than just a chronological coincidence. In point of fact, long after the initial publication of *Lolita* in Paris 1955, the completion of his *Onegin* translation in 1957, *Lolita*'s first complete American edition in 1958, the rather public debates over censorship and pornography, and finally the novel's recognition, Nabokov took to translating the novel into Russian himself, intermittently between January 1963 and early 1965, at the same time preparing his *Onegin* for its long overdue publication.

As Brian Boyd reports, “[f]or the most part, Nabokov's [Russian] translation of *Lolita* is as literal as any of his other translations,” opting for sense over sound (Boyd, VN: The American Years 489), seemingly corresponding to his idea of literalism as is presented in *Eugene Onegin*. However, the Russian *Lolita* proves to be a crucial piece of text for showcasing the problems of philology and translation, particularly when it comes to the problem of fidelity to ‘the source text.’

Jane Grayson – who conducted a thorough stylistic analysis of Nabokov's ‘auto-translations,’ including those from Russian into English – shows how Nabokov's Russian *Lolita* diverges from his literalist stance on translation. She finds that Nabokov does force himself to retain meaning to the fullest, but she enumerates examples where Nabokov goes to great lengths to preserve the word-play and auditive aspects of his language (cf. Grayson 119-124).

Perhaps more importantly, however, what stands out in Grayson's analysis of Nabokov's works is the indication that Nabokov's consistent obsession with translation, even years after establishing himself as a prominent writer in English, stems from his linguistic insecurities, since he routinely continues to scold himself for his English and he admits to forgetting his



Russian. For instance, in 1966, when asked what he would identify as his ‘secret flaw’ as a writer, Nabokov answers:

“The absence of a natural vocabulary. An odd thing to confess, but true. Of the two instruments in my possession, one—my native tongue—I can no longer use, and this not only because I lack a Russian audience, but also because the excitement of verbal adventure in the Russian medium has faded away gradually after I turned to English in 1940. My English, this second instrument I have always had, is however a stiffish, artificial thing, which may be all right for describing a sunset or an insect, but which cannot conceal poverty of syntax and paucity of domestic diction when I need the shortest road between warehouse and shop. An old Rolls-Royce is not always preferable to a plain Jeep” (Nabokov, *Strong Opinions* 106).

Of course, in the quoted passage, as is usual in Nabokov, this depreciative rhetoric is to a large extent purely theatrical. However, Grayson’s findings conclude that it is impossible to examine the development of Nabokov’s Russian style precisely for that reason: “As for the Russian *Lolita*, the style here bears such strong traces of English constructions that it cannot safely be treated as an autonomous piece of Russian” (193).

Furthermore, already in 1970 Ellendea Proffer reports that the even the most ardent Russian readers of Nabokov “dislike the Russian translation of *Lolita*. (...) [A]lmost without exception Russians find Nabokov's translation clumsy and even ungrammatical; they express surprise that the author of *Dar* and *Priglasenie na kazn'* could write so poorly” (Proffer 260). She mentions here in a footnote that one linguist found *Lolita* fascinating “because it was written in a kind of dead language” (260n7). All of this goes to validate one of Grayson’s broader conclusions – that both Nabokov’s English and Nabokov’s Russian are marked with a fundamental artificiality, stylistically unique, from his distinct word-formation processes to his focus on wordplay (cf. Grayson 183-212).

This Nabokovian artificiality, consequently, needs to be seen as a vital stylistic feature. It is ultimately style, I believe, which propels the decades of specialized research into Nabokov, and much like Nabokov’s focus on Pushkin as a ‘phenomenon of style,’ I find that style is employed in *Lolita* not just in the novel’s relationship of citation with multiple European and American literary sources, but in the fact that it is precisely America and precisely the English language of 1950s America which is taken up as the distinct and recognizable narrative foundation from which Humbert Humbert, the narrator, processes at once his linguistic, cultural and sexual deviancy. My proposition is that what Trubikhina identifies as the creation of new origin in

Pushkin (see above) is what marks Nabokov's views on translation, not just of Pushkin, but of his own *Lolita*. In this respect, Nabokov's sacrificial rhetoric in his introduction to *Onegin* – which is part and parcel his introduction to translation theory – functions, first and foremost, as legitimation of his position in the field of Pushkiniana, then as an inauguration of literalism as translation, and finally as the ultimate betrayal of his own attempt through excessive annotation which foregrounds the failure-in-advance of any translation.

If the English *Annotated Lolita* repeats the exegetic procedure of *Onegin* as its own paratext, then the Russian *Lolita*, as George Cummings observes, “has exegesis right in the body of the text,” with explanations to references embedded in the very text of the novel through Humbert Humbert himself, teaching English and American literature to the Russian reader (Cummings 354),<sup>19</sup> all the while preserving French as the untranslated, shared knowledge of the English and Russian *Lolita*. Because of this, I believe, the stylistic uniqueness of the original English language – which to this day preserves *Lolita* as a seminal American novel – is processed in Russian much like how English poetry is processed in Pushkin's *Eugene Onegin*.<sup>20</sup> Ultimately, as Cummings concludes, “the interlingual foundations of the original *Lolita* are the historical product of Nabokov's movement from Russian to English as creative medium. The Russian *Lolita* seems a backtracking inversion, an impossible completion of a circle” (354).

Finally, this is precisely why I find that a new translation of *Lolita* is certainly called for, since the only complete translation of the novel in Croatian is a translation twice-removed, translated into Croatian from Nabokov's Russian translation of *Lolita*. For this reason, I will select several fragments of the English text for analysis and offer my own translation into Croatian. Furthermore, I believe that Nabokov's deep philological investment cannot be disregarded in translation, which is why I provide Appendix 2 to this paper, which includes a detailed table of comparison between the English, Russian and Croatian *Lolita*. This serves not merely as a simulation of Nabokov's *Onegin* efforts, but as a necessary preparatory step for if *Lolita* is to be seen in the, very much relevant, Croatian literary and cultural context.

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<sup>19</sup> See instances of this in Appendix 2, Nos. 10, 12, 32, 38, to name a few.

<sup>20</sup> This is all the more highlighted in the fact that *Onegin* reappears in the Russian *Lolita*. I will return to this point later.

### 3. *Lolita* in Traduction

*Osim ovoga posljednjeg kvantitativnog momenta, između poezije  
i proze nema nikakve razlike;  
pjesma je isto toliko ravnopravna romanu,  
koliko je i pripovijest.*  
—Šoljan / Slamnig, Republika 5/1953.

I have shown thus far how philology and translation both (in)form Nabokov's literary and scholarly interests. However, in traducing *Lolita* – being well aware that my any attempt cannot hope to reproduce the poetics and meaning of the novel – I believe that the style of the novel, *how* the novel means, is not perhaps the more important aspect of translation (this would, in effect, be the same circular fallacy as opting for literalism), but it allows, paradoxically, for a more productive investigation into the text than a declarative fidelity to meaning. The four-volume *Onegin* certainly showcases how inadequate meaning is for Nabokov when translating a text which he considers 'a phenomenon of style.' I, however, do not intend to relegate the style and poetics of *Lolita* to volumes of supplementary material. Firstly, because I believe that in doing so, I would in effect be attempting a 'countersignature' not of *Lolita*, but of Nabokov's *Onegin*. Secondly, because I find that *Lolita* is a rare and fortunate instance of the text itself alleviating the choice between meaning and style. To the point, I believe taking as my source text, the 'editio optima,' not *Lolita* but *The Annotated Lolita* is no less than a philological obligation, but it is an obligation which allows my traduction of the text to pursue the same supplementary relation to the novel as it is established in *The Annotated Lolita*.

To put it differently, it may perhaps be said that my task here is not to translate the original, but to translate the *internal relationship* which exists in *The Annotated Lolita*. I believe that doing so is a step closer to incorporating the 'mode of signification' of the original as Benjamin sees it (see above, ch. 1.2.). In such a configuration, if taken in its own right, no single translatory principle need be taken as the absolute dominant procedure; rather, the distribution of stylistic devices can be examined within each chosen textual fragment, subsequently taking the dominant function within this distribution as the main traductory principle – be it meaning, alliteration, literary references, etc.

### 3.1. The Poetry of Prose

My choice of fragments to be translated are first and foremost guided by personal preference and liking. However, I do believe I have chosen the parts of the text which exemplify why Nabokov is routinely referred to as a master of style. If style and poetics entails the *how* of meaning, I believe – following Grayson’s stylistic analysis – that three operable stylistic principles may be initially extrapolated for translation from the American *Lolita*: sound, reference and word derivation.

With regard to the first, I believe that a lot of what I have outlined earlier as Nabokov’s artificiality of language has to do with Nabokov’s keen sense of the *sound* of the English language. Even Grayson in her stylistic analysis of Nabokov concludes that “[m]any other words appear to have been chosen simply because Nabokov likes the sound of them. Words such as ‘crepitate’, ‘susurrous’, and ‘nictate’ have an obvious onomatopoeic value” (204). She further notes how Nabokov tried to achieve in English a metric rhythm which is inherent in the phonology of Russian:

“The examination of Nabokov's developing English style can be carried beyond mere choice of words and their harmonies to larger units and the rhythmical grouping of words. Nabokov is attentive to the rhythm and harmony of his prose. Rhythmic, even metrical prose is a marked feature of his Russian writing, and he carries this feature over into his English production” (Grayson 208).

It is no wonder, then, that Nabokov, preparing for publication his Cornell lectures on select European novels (cf. Nabokov, *Lectures on Literature*), intended the volume to be titled ‘The Poetry of Prose.’ In *Lolita*, more specifically, this auditive aspect of language is almost consistently foregrounded throughout the novel, but nowhere is it as apparent – and well known even today – as the first chapter of the novel:

“Lolita, light of my life, fire of my loins. My sin, my soul. Lo-lee-ta: the tip of the tongue taking a trip of three steps down the palate to tap, at three, on the teeth. Lo. Lee. Ta.

She was Lo, plain Lo, in the morning, standing four feet ten in one sock. She was Lola in slacks. She was Dolly at school. She was Dolores on the dotted line. But in my arms she was always Lolita.

Did she have a precursor? She did, indeed she did. In point of fact, there might have been no Lolita at all had I not loved, one summer, a certain initial girl-child. In a principdom by the sea. Oh when? About as many years before Lolita was born as my age was that summer.

You can always count on a murderer for a fancy prose style.

Ladies and gentlemen of the jury, exhibit number one is what the seraphs, the misinformed, simple, noble-winged seraphs, envied. Look at this tangle of thorns” (Nabokov, *The Annotated Lolita* 9).

I find that this chapter reveals a functional pattern which is consistently employed throughout the novel, and it is achieved precisely through sound. The rhythmical Loleeting, fittingly, propels the novel at once as an invocation and an act of naming. As is evident, what is at stake here is a very elaborate focus on Lolita’s name. Not only is Lolita differentiated from Lo, Lola, Dolly or Dolores – as those shared and thus insufficient names which the narrator has no claim to – but Lolita is also further delineated by the mere sonority of her name. If looked at closely, paragraph one is in point of fact a detailed description of how the name is pronounced. In fact, in the famous 1964 *Playboy* interview, Nabokov explains that his nymphet Lolita had to have a name with “a lyrical lilt to it.” What is more, the name, he says, “should not be pronounced as you and most Americans pronounce it: Low-lee-ta, with a heavy, clammy ‘L’ and a long ‘o.’ No, the first syllable should be as in ‘lollipop,’ the ‘L’ liquid and delicate, the ‘lee’ not too sharp. Spaniards and Italians pronounce it, of course, with exactly the necessary note of archness and caress” (Nabokov, *Strong Opinions* 20). It may be worth mentioning that this is what, in his phenomenological study of music, listening and sound, Jean-Luc Nancy tentatively calls ‘visual sound,’ insofar as “meaning and sound share the space of a referral, in which at the same time they refer to each other” (cf. Nancy 2007: 3, 8), this space being the space of subjectivity that is (always) in relation to itself.

Subscribing to this rationale, I find that the (re)sounding style of the novel paves the way to interpretation quite easily. If Lolita is a name reserved only for Humbert Humbert, if he refers to her multiple times in the novel as “*my* Lolita” and if Annabel is “a precursor” because of whom Humbert “broke her spell by incarcerating her in another” (*The Annotated Lolita* 15), then Humbert, as Boyd says, “appropriates [Lolita] on his own terms, just as he will appropriate all of America to make a paradise for himself and a prison for his little girl” (VN: *The American Years*: 229).

To put it differently, Lolita the signifier can be seen as a simple narrative device, the novel’s structuring *principle*, the object-cause of desire, in Lacanian terms, its fundamental ‘objet a’ – one that enables Humbert to form a narrative, a cellblock confession, in the first person. As a textual principle, Lolita is what structures and establishes Humbert Humbert’s subjectivity and with it his own narrative. It is therefore worth noting that the two texts Nabokov identifies as his primary legacy, *Eugene Onegin* and *Lolita*, both seem to function as legitimation for his knowledge of English, while *Lolita* the novel in turn cemented Nabokov’s authorial authority

as an American writer (much like *Lolita* enables self-narration for Humbert Humbert). In fact, because of his deep anxiety of never mastering the English language, Nabokov is what Gérard Genette in his book on sound symbolism identifies as the figure of the ‘artisan,’ for whom “English (as he dreams of it) is the site and the object not of true *jouissance*, but of regret: the specular image of a lack” (Genette 214), and who proceeds from this unstable position in his artistic endeavors. Viewed thusly, the fact that a Russian foreigner created what may be the ultimate American novel should come to no surprise.

To revert from style to traduction, I believe that this stylistic function of sound needs to be reflected in the Croatian text. Unlike Crnković’s translation, I am inclined to traduce this chapter with this visual sound in mind, which I try to achieve through alliteration (see Appendix 3).

The second major traductory issue is that this chapter inaugurates the *Annabel Lee* theme which remains prevalent throughout the novel. The various references to Poe may, of course, be explained in a footnote in order to sustain the dominant stylistic device in translation (in the above case, sound). Additionally, however, I believe that an effective way of establishing this textual dialogue is precisely by relying on the existing translations of the works which appear – overtly or covertly – in the novel.<sup>21</sup> Although otherwise not a disqualifying factor, it is fortunate (and, I will show, relevant) that the prevalent translation of Poe at the time of *Lolita*’s publication was made by Antun Šoljan and Ivan Slamnig, a translation which is still read today. Therefore, instead of relying merely on phonologically-oriented solutions, I opt for citation of existing translations, even though perhaps a more blatantly Nabokovian strategy would be to disregard existing translations and invent my own literal one.

Thirdly, Grayson has shown (194-203) how various word-formation processes are uniquely employed by Nabokov. He routinely reaches for the derivational potential of English morphology to create, for instance, diminutives (‘nymphet,’ ‘tearlet,’ ‘ringlet’ etc.). In this sense, I firmly believe that this is one of the main underemployed tools available to Croatian translators, most likely due to strict norms of standardization which affect literary translations in publication. The morphological system of Croatian, it may be pointed out, is, at least in comparison to English, extremely productive in terms of derivational affixes (cf. Marković 124-141), which is why I believe that the various word-formation process

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<sup>21</sup> Crnković’s translation from the Russian *Lolita* differs substantially in this respect. See Appendix 2, No. 4.

available to Croatian should be utilized when translating Nabokov, particularly by resorting to neologisms and hapaxes. In the first chapter (quoted above), for instance, the ‘princedom by the sea’ may be translated by way of analogy to ‘kraljevstvo’ as ‘prinčevstvo kraj mora’ (see Appendix 3).

### 3.2. Noting the Annotated

As I have said, Nabokov and Appel worked on a meticulously prepared annotated edition of *Lolita*, but translating such a text into Croatian may be slightly unorthodox. Not counting the pedagogically-oriented editions of certain historic writers – usually Croatian – intended for assigned reading in schools, the tradition of the annotated edition – like the Broadview Press editions or the Norton Critical Editions, to name a few – has not really taken root in Croatian publishing strategies. In fact, even the practice of footnotes or endnotes is often taken as a necessary evil within the current (largely implicit) norms of publishing and translation.<sup>22</sup> Presumably, this is due to the ever-popular idea that footnotes distract the reader or that they intrude on the reader’s immersion into the text. Naturally, there are legitimate issues with regard to annotation, namely the issue of ‘refraction’ and ‘rewriting’ (see above, ch. 1.1.) and imposing a particular line of interpretation for the receiving literary system. However, as I have shown thus far, if Nabokovian commentary is to be taken as an integral part of the text, then the Croatian translation needs to incorporate commentary precisely as that mode of signification which warrants translation, even if this mode does not correspond to the Croatian translation norms. True, I do recognize that the material requirements and additional costs of annotation would be the ultimate factors against extensive annotation, but in the age of digital editions which both offer a plethora of options and avoid the problem of constantly leafing back and forth through the pages, this should no longer be considered such a difficult issue.

With all of this in mind, annotating *Lolita* in Croatian does bring back the problem of synthesis as I have outlined above. Unlike the text of the novel, annotation and commentary are much more dependent on the target readership. For one thing, some of the notes in the *Annotated Lolita* pertain precisely to the linguistic points of the text which would undoubtedly disappear in translation, or which would, thus translated, not be an issue in Croatian even if they are in English (for instance, at random, the lexicographic notes 41/1, 41/2, 43/4, etc.)

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<sup>22</sup> I recall, incidentally, a running joke throughout my university study of English, saying that the abbreviation ‘prim. prev.’ (primjedba prevoditelja, ‘translator’s remark’) in the footnotes stands for ‘primitivni prijevod’ (‘primitive translation’).

Another issue has to do with *Lolita*'s place in the canon of world literature. Undoubtedly, as I have outlined in the first chapter, an annotated edition in Croatian (as any retranslation) participates in what Damrosch called 'elliptical refraction' (see above), with the Croatian literary system thus occupying both the regulatory and participatory positions; firstly, by perpetuating the novel's status as world literature, and by placing *Lolita* in connection with the Croatian context, since, to repeat, even a global perspective is a perspective *from* somewhere. In this sense, following Auerbach, the annotated translation would only be noteworthy if the textual potential for commentary is employed for the sake of synthesis, which would foreground the *historicity* of the novel for the present, that is, for the present of Croatia. Therefore, the notes in the *Annotated Lolita* elucidating the intertextual references, to, say, E. A. Poe, Flaubert or T. S. Eliot may prove to be far more important in a Croatian edition, especially if commentary is to have a similar pedagogic aspect as Nabokov's *Onegin* does (for instance, notes 9/1, 12/1, 145/3, etc.)

It further follows that the third major problem needs to be considered, and that is the connection between the American annotated edition and the Russian translation, and the relevancy of both texts for the Croatian context. It is by no means easy to answer whether Nabokov's Russian *Lolita* should figure into annotation. On the one hand, the differences between the American, Russian and Crnković's only complete Croatian edition (see Appendix 1) may be relevant only in a contrastive translation, which by definition exceeds and obfuscates the textual logic of *The Annotated Lolita*. On the other hand, it may be considered whether only in exceeding the text of *The Annotated Lolita* can the annotative 'mode of signification' be positioned in a supplementary relation with the novel, firstly with Nabokov's Russian translation (and its Russian afterword), and with the Croatian translations of the text, ultimately foregrounding the textual relationship between the various originals, as it were, and also – paradoxically – arriving much closer to the supplementary logic of Nabokov's philological efforts in *Onegin*.

Finally, all of the above actually shifts the focus back to the beginning, and that is the matter of choice and selection. Reading Nabokov's four-volume *Onegin*, one soon comes to the conclusion that, in commentary at least, Nabokov, opting for ceaseless and excessive addition, consistently shunned selection, presumably for fear of sacrificing the original (see above, ch. 2.1.1.). I recognize, therefore, the temptation which exists in annotating a text,



particularly one such as *Lolita*.<sup>23</sup> Since I do not think that four volumes of annotation is warranted (perhaps for any text), I opt for the following restrictions: firstly, the annotations are based on and derived from the endnotes in *The Annotated Lolita*; secondly, I omit any annotation which proves to be irrelevant for the Croatian text (i.e. annotations which refer specifically to the English language); thirdly, I refer to other translations of the text only if they substantially differ from the American text of the novel; and lastly, any additional information I may provide relate to the reception of *Lolita* in Croatia (or more relevantly, the then Socialist Republic of Croatia). To validate this last point, I will now finally turn to the history of *Lolita* in and for Croatia, since, it will show, Nabokov's place in Croatian literary history is much larger than publication history would show.

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<sup>23</sup> It will be marked that the International Nabokov Society runs *The Nabokovian*, a paid-access website dedicated to Nabokov research, where the scholars engage in communal annotation of Nabokov's writings (<https://thenabokovian.org/annotations>).

#### 4. Betraying Translations: Šoljan and Nabokov Running in Circles

*Naslovom treće priče Izdajice, kao i naslovom cijele knjige, pokušavam prizvati u svijest čitaoca vrlo popularnu modernu narodnu poslovicu »Tko nas izda, taj je...izdajica«, karakterističnu za duh pojedinih društava koje sam poznao.*  
—Šoljan, Napomena uz tekst, 1961.

Zlatko Crnković translated *Lolita* in 1967, having its first printing in 1968 (Otokar Keršovani, Rijeka). This being the first and as of yet only complete translation of the novel, it stands to reason that my analysis should focus on this text if *Lolita's* reception in Croatia is to be considered. However, even though Crnković's translation still remains the only foothold for discussions of *Lolita* in Croatia, and although it has been reprinted multiple times since (<sup>2</sup>1971, <sup>3</sup>1998 (SysPrint), <sup>4</sup>2004 (Biblioteka Jutarnjeg lista)),<sup>24</sup> this translation has little to do with either the American novel, or in fact the reception of it in Croatia.

Presumably due to the typological kinship between Russian and Croatian, Crnković translated the novel from Nabokov's Russian translation at the author's own request. This would be in line with Nabokov's excessive editorial oversight when it comes to publishing his works (like his detailed remarks about the abandoned Swedish edition), but it would also be in line with the postscript Nabokov appended to the Russian *Lolita*, which was published in America (Phaedra, New York, 1967) due to strict censorship in the USSR. In the Postscript, Nabokov laments what he sees as the basic discrepancies between English and Russian, and even more fervently, his own ineptness in Russian. "The history of this translation," Nabokov says, "is a history of disillusionment:"<sup>25</sup>

"Alas, that 'wonderous Russian tongue' that, it seemed to me, was waiting for me somewhere, was flowering like a faithful springtime behind a tightly locked gate, whose key I had held in for safekeeping for so many years, proved to be nonexistent, and there is nothing behind the gate but charred stumps and a hopeless autumnal distance, and the key in my hand is more like a skeleton key" (Nabokov, Postscript 190; translated by Earl D. Sampson).

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<sup>24</sup> It will be marked that I am using the latest, 2004 edition for this paper, which is a reprint of the 1998 edition. The 1998 edition, furthermore, seems to have minor revisions compared to the first edition. It should also be noted that Crnković's translation explicitly states 'translated from the author's Russian translation and compared with the English original by Zlatko Crnković.'

<sup>25</sup> 'История разочарования' in the original (Набокков 358), which can also mean 'disappointment.' For the sake of consistency, I do not stray from Sampson's English translation.

The Russian – and therefore Croatian – *Lolita* is locked in a distinct cultural and historical difference, Nabokov continues, “between the green Russian literary language and English, ripe as a bursting fig” (191). Opening thus the Postscript with the two schizoid *Lolitas*, Nabokov seems invested in fashioning his Russian translation as an artifact of and a testament to the Cold War. Firstly, Nabokov exhausts most of his Postscript tracing the novel’s history of publication, translation and censorship, and wonders about the target readership of the Russian translation, the question of which, he says – due to his fervent anti-Soviet and anti-socialist politics – “belongs to the sphere of metaphysics and humor” (192).

This focus on the target readership is important for *Lolita*’s Croatian case history, as Nabokov seems to imagine his Russian *Lolita* as existing, at once, both outside and within the cultural regimes of “the puritan countries behind the Iron Curtain” (192). In fact, precisely because of the fundamental political aberrancy of his Russian *Lolita* – an aberrancy, to repeat, which first and foremost begins as an aberrancy of language, insofar as language entails the political (and vice versa) – Nabokov stresses that his Russian *Lolita* is a mere “whim of a bibliophile, no more” (192).<sup>26</sup> He finally likens himself to a magician and identifies as the audience member who jumps to the stage to see whether the magician is cheating. Extending this imagery, more importantly, Nabokov finishes the Postscript with a peculiar gesture of clairvoyance, filtered once more through one of the final lines of *Eugene Onegin*,<sup>27</sup> where Nabokov imagines ‘the other, normal, readers’ behind the Curtain:

“In my magic crystal rainbows play, my glasses are reflected obliquely, a miniature scene of festive illumination begins to take shape—but I see precious few people there: a few old friends, a group of émigrés [who on the whole prefer Leskov], a visiting poet from the land of the Soviets, the makeup man from a travelling troupe, three Polish or Serbian delegates in a mirrored café, and far from the back—the beginnings of a vague movement, signs of enthusiasm, the approaching figures of young people waving their hands ... but they’re asking me to move aside—they’re about to photograph the arrival of some president in Moscow. —Vladimir Nabokov, 7 November 1965, Palermo” (193).

It follows therefore that the Russian *Lolita* – already linguistically, geographically and politically displaced – should, to Nabokov’s mind, fall victim to the regimes of repression, inly

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<sup>26</sup> It seems to be much more than that, even, as Phaedra, the New York publishing house which accepted the project, was at the time having major financial difficulties, and Nabokov personally helped finance the production costs so the translation could be published in Russian. Later he would try to help Phaedra avoid bankruptcy so that the Russian *Lolita* could stay in circulation (cf. Boyd 501-510; Selected Letters 426, 442-443).

<sup>27</sup> Rushed by have many, many days / since young Tatiana, and with her / Onegin, in a blurry dream / appeared to me for the first time— / and the far stretch of a free novel / I through a magic crystal / still did not make out clearly (*EO* Vol. 1, Ch. 8, L:8-13).

and overtly political, and characteristic of the Soviet Union. True, it wasn't until 1989 that the first Russian printing appeared in the USSR; however, it is perhaps a convenient coincidence that Nabokov's dismissive subsumption of Yugoslavian socialism for the Soviet Union would in turn delete from history an entirely different translation of his own novel.

It so happened that in July 1960 in SR Croatia, in *Telegram, Jugoslavenske nedjeljne novine za umjetnička i društvena pitanja* (*Telegram, The Yugoslav Weekly Newspaper for Artistic and Social Matters*) under Fadil Hadžić as the editor-in-chief, the newspaper began reporting on the *Lolita* controversies; particularly, on Nabokov's copyright claim in the French courts for the English word 'nymphet,' which had been used freely in production of a film titled *Les Nymphettes* (for more on this, cf. Boyd, *The American Years* 404-407). Building on this, two weeks later, on July 23<sup>rd</sup>, 1960, *Telegram* began publishing its weekly installments dedicated to *Lolita*, which included a small overview of the international reviews of the novel, and – more importantly – the first-ever 'page 12' Croatian translation of the novel.<sup>28</sup> The translation, made by Antun Šoljan, who was part of the *Telegram* editorial board at the time, is made up of seven large select fragments of the novel on A3 tabloid paper (roughly 45 pages, collected here as Appendix 1).

Šoljan's translation – in addition to it being a historically valuable document – is significant for this paper not only because it is the only Croatian translation of *Lolita* made directly from the English original, but also because the accompanying textual material – also compiled by Šoljan – shows traces of the same exegetic procedure as the *Annotated Lolita*, which was at the time not even planned, let alone completed.

If *The Annotated Lolita* relies on a particular paratextual effort, through detailed endnotes, Šoljan's editorial work on his *Lolita* installments employs the limited allocated space around the text to provide as much relevant information for interpreting the novel as possible. The first installment, containing the famous first chapter as well as select parts of the subsequent chapters, a short biographical note on Nabokov, as well as Šoljan's introductory piece titled 'The Character of the Novel.' In it, Šoljan briefly introduces the plot and compares Humbert's suffering to history of Héloïse and Abélard (a comparison Nabokov would consistently return to in his, at the time still unfinished, *Onegin*). Further, he presents the novel, among others, as a "depressing image of an émigré-pariah, a man without a homeland, who cannot find his place in contemporary American life, but who hides his wounds like a lone wolf, just as he hides his

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<sup>28</sup> *Lolita* being the first in the series, the *Telegram* page 12 would for a period routinely be reserved for Croatian translations of foreign literary texts.

honest and unconventional love toward Lolita,” before finally quoting Saul Bellow saying that after Joseph Conrad, it is once again a Slavic writer who rediscovers the English language (see Appendix 1). Right beside the *Lolita* introduction, moreover, Šoljan provides the complete text of Edgar Allan Poe’s *Annabel Lee* – translated by himself and Ivan Slamnig – stressing that the poem is an important leitmotif in the novel, and that the poem will make the reading of the novel easier.



At this point I wish to introduce the following idea: I believe that Šoljan's translation of *Lolita* needs to be viewed not merely as part of *Telegram*'s textual production; rather, I believe that Šoljan's inclusion and translation of Nabokov – via Edgar Allan Poe – needs to be considered as a continuation of the literary and translatory practices of Antun Šoljan and Ivan Slamnig, the exemplary pair of the so-called 'Krugovaši,' a group of writers formed around the magazine *Krugovi* (*Circles*; 1952–1958). This formation, in turn, established a very much distinct cultural politics and poetics in the Croatian 1950s.

If I do use here Šoljan and Slamnig as an *exemplary* pair, replicating perhaps the synecdochal designation of Nabokov's Soviet socialism for what were in fact distinct *socialisms*, it is because, firstly, this inclusion by way of exclusion is absolutely necessary in order to bring my argument to a close, or otherwise, to the closure implicit in any synthetical conclusion, as it were. Secondly, because this synecdochal rationality is relevant for the translatory and literary practice of Šoljan and Slamnig.

Recognizing the inseparability of literary writing and translation with regard to Šoljan and Slamnig, as well as the historical repression through which linguistic exclusion in Yugoslavia was made systemic – from the dominant function of German and Italian during World War II to the dominancy of Russian until 1948, and further the complex status of constituent national languages in Yugoslavia – in her analysis, Tatjana Jukić takes up these same mechanisms of exclusion as the vital point of departure in examining the role of English and American literature for Šoljan and Slamnig. The exclusion of other literatures in favor of literature in English, Jukić argues, provided for a much smoother entry into the Yugoslav cultural framework than as had been the case with German, Hungarian or Italian imports (Jukić, *Hrvatske pedesete* 51). From this perspective, Jukić shows how the whole of Šoljan and Slamnig's translatory practice is habitually excluded in favor of singling out their translations of Hemingway and T.S. Eliot. In this respect, Šoljan and Slamnig's anthology *Američka lirika* (*American Verse*; 1952), being an imported selection of exemplary American poetry, functions as the tradition which produced (its own) T.S. Eliot, or as "that tradition which is redefined each time over by the import of 'the new,' that is, by precisely that material against which tradition is defined as such, tradition not of 'what is dead,' but of what is 'already living,' to paraphrase the last sentence of Eliot's essay" (Jukić, *Hrvatske pedesete* 52; translation mine). In such a configuration, furthermore, Eliot and Hemingway – themselves marked by a fundamental difference in relation to the tradition which produced them – become the analogous situation for the *Krugovi* formation in the Croatian 1950s, in that their distinctness or their difference relies on excluding and repressing large parts of their own genealogy.

The anthology *Američka lirika*, therefore, enters into the Croatian fifties not only as a significantly new poetic corpus for the Croatian cultural context, but as a corpus with a marked distinctness and otherness of its own literary history. Consequently, as the tradition presented in *Američka lirika* appears in Croatian (that is, in translation), this inherent literary history remains suspended between two cultures. “It is this imported difference,” concludes Jukić, “which makes [the anthology] a valuable statement in a situation where the culturally familiar Others are designated as a threat, or as bearers of the trauma of enunciation” (Jukić, *Hrvatske pedesete* 52-53).

Relying largely on the assumption that Šoljan’s *Telegram* translation of *Lolita* was not merely excluded, but completely erased from his translatory history – since, thus far, I have found no mention of the translation in texts about Šoljan, or about Nabokov (for the one exception, see footnote 37 in Appendix 1) – I find it fitting to conclude my paper with a series of propositions, or a synthesis, which would finally connect all the major topics I have opened thus far.

Firstly, the *Annabel Lee* leitmotif in *Lolita* is indeed a well-known interpretive key for the novel (cf. Nabokov, *The Annotated Lolita* 9n1). ‘Annabel Leigh’ is the ‘precursor’ for *Lolita* and the model which *Lolita* ultimately surpasses. Poe’s poem of the ‘kingdom by the sea’ serves as the reference story for Humbert Humbert’s traumatic history, an account of a pivotal *coitus interruptus*. Humbert Humbert’s Poe-infused Annabel proves to be the only adequate point from which he can (re)construct his own history, “until at last,” Humbert says, “twenty-four years later, I broke her spell by incarnating her in another” (*The Annotated Lolita* 15). Proceeding from this point and placing Šoljan’s *Lolita* within the regimes of exclusion which mark Šoljan and Slamnig’s work, I believe that it is a logical analytical step to see how *Lolita* relates to Šoljan’s literary writings. In this respect, I have in mind Šoljan’s essay *Pisac kao prevodilac i prevodilac kao pisac* (*The Writer as Translator and the Translator as Writer*), written in 1980, much later in his career, where he examines the injunction of every writer to act as translator (and vice versa), and thus shape the literary tradition he or she is active in (cf. Šoljan, *Izabrana djela* I, 451-465). I believe it is more than valid, therefore, that at least in Šoljan’s case this *and* of translation and writing needs to be considered when discussing Šoljan the translator and the double role he assumes.

In this respect, the chronological correlation between his *Lolita* translation (July–September 1960) and his first and major novel *Izdajice* (*The Traitors*; 1961) cannot be overlooked. *The Traitors* is a hybrid novel consisting of eight loosely connected stories, held together by a uniform narrator and focalizing consciousness, Petar Mogoerović ‘Mogor.’ Its eight stories all



share a personal or collective traumatic experience which never succeeds in being fully expressed but is otherwise mediated through a deep sense of linguistic and cultural displacement, which is particularly evident in the first story – *Vrt slavuja (Nightingale Garden)* – in which (the then still nameless) Mogor enters into an intense and short-lived love affair with Gerta, a tourist from Germany, whose German background provokes a scene in the community. In terms of linguistic and cultural exclusion and repression, in writing about the novel Jukić shows how fragments of American poetry, particularly Poe’s *Annabel Lee* function in the novel as the position from which the breakup of the affair, and the linguistic and cultural war trauma, can be expressed from within narration, since Mogor, who knows German, cannot speak German with Gerta as it triggers traumatic recollections from the War (Jukić, *Hrvatske pedesete* 55-56). *Annabel Lee*, in this sense – placing Mogor in an explicit ‘kingdom by the sea’ where the community are the ‘winged kinsmen’ – serves as the frame and the interpretive key which circumscribes the narrative expression of trauma; trauma which, furthermore, both facilitates and connects the narrative logic of the eight separate stories which constitute *The Traitors* as a novel.<sup>29</sup>

If the correlation between Šoljan’s *Traitors* and Nabokov’s *Lolita* still seems little more than a chronological coincidence, the fifth and seventh story from the novel, which form a uniform narrative of its own, should serve as corroboration. The fifth story, *Sjećanje na Tanju (A Remembrance of Tanja)*, which can be taken as the short analeptic introduction to the seventh story, recounts Mogor’s childhood recollections of Tanja, an *Annabel Lee*-like character, a girl who stood out in the provincial community and with whom Mogor the narrator has an implied infatuation. Tanja’s innocence becomes the focal point of the story when she loses her virginity to her gymnastics teacher Lipicaner (Lipizzaner) on a river island:

“...where it then happened on the cold gravel, in the evening humidity, as he, nailing his fishing rods in place both before and after, with the stiff face of a horse, went on about his boring wife and his unhappy self while she was putting on the wet tight bathing suit over her naked body, focusing on the deed, struggling with the wet fabric, pinching herself by the thighs as she dressed, and finally jumped into the freezing water to wash herself with the cold pain, bitten alive by mosquitoes, sore from the gravel, sticky from the alien touch, but utterly innocent, utterly innocent, utterly innocent” (Šoljan, *Izdajice* 100; translation mine).

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<sup>29</sup> The *Nightingale Garden* story being just one example. The intertextual link to Poe is prevalent throughout the novel, but in the first and last story (Rođendan (*Birthday*)), this link is blatant and is perhaps the most important (see Jukić, *Hrvatske pedesete* for a more detailed analysis).

When Tanja loses her virginity, furthermore, she is depicted as ‘bitten alive by mosquitoes,’ an image which within the novel serves as a signal for a deeply traumatic event which cannot be made explicit.<sup>30</sup> After this, Tanja’s sexuality and her relationship with the ‘Barbarian’ boy named Grabež (Snatch)<sup>31</sup> become disruptive for the community. Because of this, Tanja is expelled from school, described now not as an innocent, but what in the detailed classification of girls in *Lolita* is described as ‘a wayward child’ (Nabokov, *The Annotated Lolita* 19), or what popular culture and dictionary entries post-*Lolita* literally term as ‘a Lolita.’ Taško, one of Tanja’s voyeur teachers, says: “She has no father, and her mother...we may consider her, to put it that way, a prostitute, the mother. It is not in the least bit curious, therefore, that the daughter should veer astray” (Izdajice 103). In point of fact, the school faculty meeting where the teachers discuss Tanja’s expulsion soon turns into a debate about preserving moral in the community as a whole, and in the wording alone, the meeting becomes strikingly similar to the John Ray faux-foreword to *Lolita*: “for in this poignant personal study there lurks a general lesson; the wayward child, the egotistic mother, the panting maniac—these are not only vivid characters in a unique story: they warn us of dangerous trends; they point out potent evils. ‘Lolita’ should make all of us—parents, social workers, educators—apply ourselves with still greater vigilance and vision to the task of bringing up a better generation in a safer world” (*The Annotated Lolita* 5-6).

On the other hand, transforming Tanja from Annabel to Lolita would not in itself suggest a correlation with *Lolita*, most notably because it is not Mogor the narrator who takes Tanja’s virginity nor is he Grabež, with whom Tanja elopes. It is actually once again, as in the first story, the community which acts as the highborn kinsmen and which bears Tanja away from Mogor. This is why this fifth – and shortest – story needs to function as the foreword to *Lolita*, or as the foreword to the seventh story in the novel.

The seventh story, divided in two parts – I. *Susret sa starim prijateljima* (*Meeting Old Friends*) and II. *Poljubac za tratinčicu* (*A Kiss for a Daisy*) – brings Mogor into the narrative, this time

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<sup>30</sup> As in the concluding sentences of the first story, where Mogor describes lying in bed, wide-eyed and unable to fall asleep because he cannot suppress flashbacks from the war: “One mosquito carefully sounded the commencement of the night battle, closing in on me in irregular circles. I tracked it, in the dark, surmising by the sound it was wavering and that it was finally preparing to strike. (...) Getting up and lighting the tablets was in order. That would surely chase them all away. I didn’t have the energy to move. I kept repeating, in a cold sweat: That will surely chase them away, that will surely chase them away, surely, every single one” (35).

<sup>31</sup> The twofold nature of the name cannot be fully translated in English. ‘Grabež’ in Croatian signifies the act of grabbing – implying that it was Grabež who snatched Tanja away (from Mogor) – but it can also signify by metonymic extension that which is taken in the act of grabbing. The difference between the Snatcher and the Snatchee.

as an active character, years later as he visits at Tanja's and Grabež's home, with the long passage of time in between achieved with the structural interruption of story number six, *Neravnopravna partija pokera (The Unfair Poker Game)*. Right away, the opening sentence connects the story with the earlier recollections in such a way that it positions Mogor in relation to Tanja as Humbert Humbert is in relation to Annabel Leigh, that is, as the unattainable unattained object which structures his narrative subjectivity: "Remember Tanja? Remember Grabež? Remember them and you'll remember your own self as you never got to be. You'll remember the desires you never got to fulfill; the chances you never were prepared to take; the freedom you never were prepared to enjoy" (Šoljan, *Izdajice* 121). True, unlike *Lolita*, the Annabelian character is alive and wedded; however, it is in this story in particular that Šoljan establishes an Arcadian setting, a place of phantasm and possibility, a place where personal history can seize to be traumatic, but a place which can only be temporary and in which Mogor is consistently reminded he does not belong. Before finding his Arcadia, however, Mogor visits Tanja and Grabež in their house by the sea, and there he first meets their four-year-old daughter Tikica, an encounter which would serve as the trigger for reconstitution, both of subjectivity and narration.

Unlike Humbert Humbert – who sees his nymphets as "sisters of Annabel" (18) – Mogor sees Tikica as the daughter he would have had with Tanja, and it is the express confession of this to Tanja and Grabež which starts to threaten his own personal history, to the point of Mogor fearing the loss of his own memories (*Izdajice* 126).

This is also the moment when the structural divide in the seventh story occurs. Part two, *A Kiss for a Daisy*, revolves around Mogor and little Tikica taking an early-morning walk and finding a hidden clearing in the woods, a daisy field where they spend the day. Besides being secluded and pointedly excluded from the usual maritime surroundings, the woodland Arcadia which Mogor and Tikica come across also serves as the space where the familiar rules do not apply. The sexually charged game they play is predicated on the assumption that the Arcadia is not real; it is outside of any frame of law and kinship, and it is the two of them which make up the contractual terms, plucking daisies in exchange for kisses:

"But she took the flower very seriously, taking me in it for a brother or father, lover or son, unconsciously cruel, prolonging the game which could have so easily turned dangerous for me as well as for her. And everything seemed so terribly real, so sickeningly beautiful, that I feared even my love was real, true and unredeemable, and a cold sweat ran over me and I wished to hold back the lies I had told, to take back the promises I had so lightly given.

For, child, this is not reality, this is happening in a nonexistent world, in a made-up Arcadia in which everything was possible but reality itself' (Izdajice 133).

The game soon turns into a masochistic spectacle of repetition and deferral ("Pluck me another one,' she said seductively" (133)), as not any daisy would qualify for a kiss: "And once more and again the game would delay, the game which was getting harder to handle. Every time she kissed me, I would shudder to the last little vein (...) I was verging on the very edge" (134). Furthermore, Mogor soon realizes that the point of the game is not the bartering for kisses, but the repetition itself, and that his inability to pick the right, exceptional flower only signals his inability to take action outside the Arcadian 'green world,' to borrow Northrop Frye's term. Mogor therefore decides he must leave both Tikica and Tanja behind, telling the girl that he has his own 'winged cousins,' who would be angry if he stayed. Ultimately, he leaves the Arcadia only after convincing himself that his leaving means that Tikica would stay confined in the place where reality was not possible, where she would never change, grow up or leave him. Like with Humbert Humbert, who shares with Mogor this ultimate realization that their Arcadian nymphets cannot coexist with the "spatial world of synchronous phenomena," as Humbert calls it (The Annotated *Lolita* 17), I find at the very least a peculiar likeness of the ending of the story with the ending of *Lolita*, where Humbert Humbert, accepting his fate, confines the 'life' of Lolita to the minds of later generations: "I am thinking of aurochs and angels, the secret of durable pigments, prophetic sonnets, the refuge of art. And this is the only immortality you and I may share, my Lolita," ends Humbert (309), as Mogor departs for the train station to check the timetable 'for the train beyond.'

#### 4.1. Traitors in Synthesis

Speculating on the history of literary and textual influence is an endeavor which is generally as endless as it is pointless. I do therefore recognize that connecting *The Traitors* with *Lolita* may easily morph into inferring historical causation from correlation. However, to veer on track with the task of the translator, especially as Walter Benjamin and Erich Auerbach have been invoked, dismissing history for the sake of something which may seem as pure philology is all the more misguided. Namely, if the histories of *Eugene Onegin* and *Lolita* are to be seen in equal terms, that is, if both texts are readily assembled for inclusion in any serious discussion on Nabokov, then the Šoljan *Lolita*, ultimately excluded from history, cannot but be included in the final analysis as that factor which legitimates and confirms the assemblage of these seminal texts (with, moreover, Nabokov's *Onegin* being a staple for the history of translation, and *Lolita* for the history of world literature). If this is so, then as a 'rereading reader' I will recheck my own

readerly experience (now of both Pushkin, Nabokov and Šoljan together) and present a few final remarks in order to bring my analysis close to closure, or to an attempt at synthesis, if this paper is to be anything more than a compendium of references.

Firstly, I find that it is Šoljan's *Lolita* and his *Traitors* which accentuate one of the differences which exist between the American *Lolita* and the Russian *Lolita*. To elaborate, if a connection between Pushkin, Poe and Nabokov, that is, between Tatiana, Annabel and Lolita – respectively – still seems just a matter of dismissible comparison, it is only because the relationship between an original text and a translation is most often seen as compensation for a lack, or a metaphor. To counter this, here more as a Nabokovian annotative gesture, I point to a moment in the text of *Lolita*, Appendix 2, example No. 274: “No matter how many times we reopen ‘King Lear,’” the American *Lolita* reads, “never shall we find the good king banging his tankard in high revelry, all woes forgotten, at a jolly reunion with all three daughters and their lapdogs. Never will Emma rally, revived by the sympathetic salts in Flaubert’s father’s timely tear.” For all the translatory challenges (Russian or English or Croatian), illuminating literary references is not one of them in this example. And yet, in the Russian text Nabokov adds a juncture between King Lear and Emma Bovary in the form of ‘Princess N.’ (княгиня N.), saying that Princess N. would never leave for Italy with Onegin (Набокков 302), thus placing Pushkin’s married Tatyana in the fairy-tale setting of *Lolita*. Clearly, the Pushkin connection to his novel seemed important enough for Nabokov to alter the text of the novel (a method reserved, for example, for explicitly explaining the references to Poe in his Russian translation). If, therefore, Pushkin seems to be the tradition or model which is repressed in the American text, I find it at least symptomatic that both Tatiana, Annabel and a tentative Tikica would surface in Šoljan’s *Traitors*, a text undeniably linked to Šoljan and Slamnig’s (quite literally) historic investment in translation.<sup>32</sup> Furthermore, adding to this, if the Tanja character in Šoljan can hold merely an iconic relation to Pushkin’s Tatiana – implied, that is, by name alone – yet another historiographic happenstance would place her once again in this same translatory history. Namely, in 1987 Ivan Slamnig would publish his own Croatian translation of *Eugene Onegin*, modestly annotated and translated from the Russian – with these annotations expanded for the

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<sup>32</sup> It is also worth considering also that both Nabokov (in 1922) and Šoljan (in 1985) translated Lewis Carroll’s *Alice in Wonderland*, the history and composition of which work may easily be read as the Humbert scenario acted out in Victorian England. Trubikhina’s analysis of Nabokov’s ‘Ania’ translation, furthermore, finds an ‘unexpected eroticism’ to the Alice character, suspended between a Russified paraphrase and Victorian England (Trubikhina 38-85). A more detailed analysis is needed (see Vladislavić for an analysis of translated wordplay), but a crude look at Šoljan’s *Alica u zemlji čudesa* would suggest that Šoljan’s translation is also marked by a particular blend of Victorian England and Croatian paraphrase, if anything, in the name alone.

second, 1991 edition – but in any case explicitly relying on Nabokov’s edition of *Onegin* (cf. Slamnig 205-207), a relation which arguably warrants an analysis of its own.

Secondly, with regard to annotation and paratextual information, Šoljan’s *Lolita* certainly holds traces of this, but traces nonetheless. However, out of his deep admiration for Nabokov’s *Pale Fire*,<sup>33</sup> Šoljan would replicate this method later, likely in the seventies or eighties, in a text called *Život i rad Šimuna Freudenreicha, hrvatskog Joycea (1900–1975) i njegovo kapitalno djelo „Buđenje Smail-age”* (The Life and Work of Šimun Freudenreich, the Croatian Joyce (1900-1975) and His Seminal Work ‘Smail-Aga’s Waking’).<sup>34</sup> Šoljan praised *Pale Fire* on multiple occasions, most notably in a 1963 essay ‘Rebus-roman pisca *Lolite*’ (The Rebus-Novel from the Author of *Lolita*) (Šoljan, *Lično i literarno* 95-105). In fact, in what may well be the longest two sentences Šoljan ever published, he praises Nabokov’s style, which exempts *Lolita* from any reprimand, and which enticed his excitement for *Pale Fire* (and if excitement for style may be measured in excitement of style, Šoljan’s syntactic fervor is a good indication), but he also manages to summarize, in the second sentence, the key stylistic aspects of the novel:

“And when to my respect toward that virtuoso style [of *Lolita*], practically lexicographically cold, constructed like a crossword puzzle, and yet filled with implicit poetry (which gives away the Russian origins of the author), I add the diametrically opposing reviews of Nabokov’s new novel [*Pale Fire*], which, as with *Lolita*, oscillate between panegyric analysis, as given to us by the famous sharp-tongued and hardheaded madame of American literature Mary McCarthy (...) all the way to the almost sweeping negation by American critic Dwight Macdonald (...) or English critics Philip Toynbee (...) and Laurence Lerner (...) then it will be understandable that I rushed to reach for *Pale Fire* immediately following its publication in America and England” (Šoljan, *Lično i literarno* 96-97).

Ivo Vidan (239-252) offers an extensive analysis of Šoljan’s *Šimun Freudenreich* and studies the intertextual relation between the text and Joyce’s *Finnegan’s Wake*. True, Šoljan (or perhaps Šoljan’s fictive scriptor) explicitly assembles the text of ‘Smail-Aga’s Waking’ in the wake of Joyce’s text and offers detailed editorial endnotes explaining the various wordplays in the text, but it is precisely Nabokov’s annotative strategy which is employed: “*Pale Fire*, a novel by Vladimir Nabokov, is composed in a similar way,” remarks Vidan, “another linguistically very consciously organized whole. Besides the narrative prose, there is the epic poem, not by the

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<sup>33</sup> Generally considered Nabokov’s literary employment of the excessive annotative strategies of his *Onegin* (see for instance Alexandrov 571-586 or, more related to translation, Trubikhina 86-140).

<sup>34</sup> Surprisingly, although the text was reprinted at least twice, in 1987 (cf. Šoljan, *Izabrana djela* I 466-482) and 1989 (in *Hrvatski Joyce i druge igre*), it remains unclear when the text was first published. Vidan (239-240) mentions that it first appeared, largely unnoticed, in the Osijek magazine *Revija*, but no mention of the date.

narrator but by the reader and distant protagonist, and the commentary. In both Nabokov and Šoljan, what is at stake is an intervention into that which is another's" (243). In this respect, I believe that emphasizing the Joycean aspect of the Freudreich text – and Vidan is by no means the sole culprit – is done at the expense of the Nabokovian. It is precisely the annotative logic of the text which takes the dominant function, with Joyce – like in Nabokov – serving merely as an entry for the ‘game of parody,’ to paraphrase Nabokov. In any case, at the very least, I propose that Nabokov figures in Šoljan's writing much more prominently and even continuously than believed thus far, since other than Vidan's brief remark, I have found no mention of Nabokov in texts on Šoljan.

Finally – and to end on translation – Zlatko Crnković, who translated *Lolita* from the Russian, recalls in a 1996 piece for Vijenac titled *Američki Rus (The American Russian)*, later assembled in his book of editorial recollections (Crnković 87-90), how he was asked in the mid-sixties to translate the novel at the initiative of Omer Lakomica. The conditions for the Croatian edition, Crnković says, clearly stated that *Lolita* be translated from Nabokov's Russian translation (Crnković 88). In these matters, as Nabokov correspondence shows, he never relegated his editorial control – even if it came to such contractual terms – to a third party. Crnković, moreover, says he found it easier to translate the novel from Russian because of the license Nabokov took while translating it himself, but that he found the English original to be indispensable (89). In fact, Crnković goes on, admitting that “I can freely say (Nabokov is no longer living anyway!) that I stuck to it more than the Russian translation. I remember being proud when I had, in my humble opinion, translated some things better from English than the author himself had done into Russian. But perhaps it had only seemed to me so<sup>35</sup>” (89). Crnković himself notices the discrepancy between Nabokov's stance toward his own translation and his injunction to have it translated further into Croatian, and he seems to be aware of the extent to which the ‘disappointment’ (disillusionment) of the Russian *Lolita* would reflect in Nabokov: “It seems to me,” concludes Crnković, “that Nabokov, after the disappointment he found in his own translation of *Lolita*, never translated his works into Russian again” (89). This disappointed and disillusioned Russian *Lolita*, consequently, certainly occupies a peculiar position within the cultural and literary history of Croatia. In fact, when Nabokov predicts that his own translation of *Lolita* would be lost on the audiences behind the Iron Curtain – tentatively excluding these countries from his economic interests – he implies that his translation – and the

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<sup>35</sup> A look at Appendix 2 will confirm that it indeed had only seemed so, as the English original – at least in the points in the text where differences do appear – is never decisive for the Croatian translation.

disillusionment therein – would remain inaccessible to the Eastern Bloc. However, the Croatian translation by Zlatko Crnković would not only become the first Slavic translation of *Lolita* in Europe (including Nabokov's Russian translation, as it was published in America), but it would also replicate Nabokov's ultimate exclusion of the English original in favor of the Russian. Further, it is not simply that Šoljan's fragmentary bootleg translation in Telegram would be succeeded by Crnković's version, but that Šoljan's translation would be excluded from his own translation history. Granted, this may have been a simple bibliographic oversight, but it was Šoljan himself who compiled and edited, in 1982, the anthology *100 najvećih romana svjetske književnosti* (100 Greatest Novels of World Literature), consisting of brief introductory texts and exemplary fragments of the selected novels (coincidentally, much like the Telegram 'page 12'). Including *Lolita* among the hundred select, Šoljan uses Crnković's translation from Russian, while in the introduction he warns that the translated examples are just one of the possible forms (due to non-existent or else unavailable translated editions) that the reader is presented with, since "it is often that lasting values are obstructed from the reader's view by cheap daily sensations. This selection has the goal not only to inform the reader about a given author or novel (...) but to point him to an existing translation of the novel — if there are more than one, to the best or else the most recent edition" (Šoljan, Predgovor VIII-IX).

Framing his anthology thusly, Šoljan the anthologist may as well be pointing to the disillusionment or disappointment inherent in (the history of) any translation, not just *Lolita*, well aware that translation alone can only function in the form of constant referral to another text, another translation, another selection and ultimately another refraction.

Ultimately, I believe that by anthologizing precisely the Russian *Lolita* as one of the hundred greatest novels of world literature, Šoljan inadvertently highlights this relation to the original as the relation of treason or betrayal. This betrayal legitimizes the text (in this case, as an essential work of world literature) by excluding its own local history – and for Šoljan this history is quite literally *his own* – in order to compensate for the lack and "the need of an entire cultural community for the skipped chapters of its own history" (Šoljan, Izabrana djela I 454). Ultimately, these skipped chapters, it turns out – at least as far as the Croatian *Lolita* is concerned – illuminate, precisely by way of translation, as much about the genealogical history of the American novel as they do about its literary legacy in Croatia (or, in Croatian). It is precisely therefore that this history can be read on the plain of literature, or otherwise be read as that historical dialogue which constitutes 'Weltliteratur.' That this dialogue should be assembled, synthesized and *read* here, for the present, as it were, only highlights the fact that a



work of world literature is actively present in a given community only after this presence is established in the first place, and never without consequence, even if in a paper such as this one. Consequently, if I do betray Puškin, Nabokov and Šoljan as my main points of departure, it is only because of the unsteady point of destination implied in any, and very much unavoidable, conclusion. Since evidence can only ever precede conclusion, I can only conjecture, without conclusive evidence, whether Šoljan the traitor, perhaps, in his translation of *Lolita* reveals the precursor he would have needed to exclude in order establish himself as a writer of fiction. Much like Nabokov would reveal his own, after the fact, by reintroducing Pushkin into his Slavic *Lolita*.

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## Appendix 1: Antun Šoljan's Translation of *Lolita*, 1960

In this appendix I provide the collected texts of the first ever Croatian translation of *Lolita* (thus far unavailable). These specific texts are thorough transcripts of seven consecutive issues of *Telegram*, a Yugoslav weekly, where Antun Šoljan worked on the editorial team in the early 1960s.

Other than it being relevant for my thesis, I provide here the complete and unaltered translation because of its cultural and historiographic value. It will be marked that this is the only existing translation of *Lolita* made directly from the English original, translated by Antun Šoljan.<sup>36</sup>

Because I have treated the texts as documents, I have decided not to correct any of the errors that exist in the publications. It is not clear whether the texts themselves were proofread before publication (judging by some orthographic errors, this seems unlikely), but the pages that follow should be an exact copy of the printed texts.

For consistency's sake, however, some minor alterations were necessary. These mostly come down to a typographic choice: for instance, while in the printed edition textual emphasis within the text of the novel is achieved mostly through `expanded spacing`, there are instances where this is achieved either through **bolded lettering** or ALL CAPS. In this appendix, expanded spacing is used throughout. *Italics* is also used in the printed text, but never for the main text, so it is used here only for paratextual information and for the complete text of *Annabel Lee* that Šoljan included alongside the *Lolita* translation.

Other interventions include correcting mis[s]ing and misprinted letters or words accidentally left [out]. There are a few instances where it was simply not possible to ascertain what a part of the text is supposed to read (or is otherwise missing); in such cases, the presumed text is indicated [?like this].

Furthermore, because it is likely that even this appendix has errors of its own, wherever there is a grammatical, syntactic or orthographic error in the printed text, I have indicated it with '[sic!].' For this same reason, I have not interfered with the orthographic conventions of the time (i.e. punctuation) – or with the apparent manual of style the paper seems to have followed.

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<sup>36</sup> Magdalena Medarić states that the translation presented here is a translation by both Antun and Nada Šoljan (cf. HKE, vol. 3: 156). Although this may have been the case with other translations, there is actually no indication that Nada Šoljan was involved with this particular project. For one thing, Nada Šoljan's name doesn't appear in any of the issues presented here, while Antun's name does. True, her contribution may have gone uncredited (not unlikely, although in certain other issues of *Telegram* her translations are explicitly signed). However, based on the textological analysis necessary for the preparation of this appendix, I find that the texts are more than likely the work of one author. This is evident in certain consistent lexical choices and collocation use, but most glaringly in some consistent orthographic mistakes throughout the texts (e.g. the so-called 'ije/je' rules). Because of all this, I believe it's safe to say that the translation is actually solely Antun Šoljan's.

Lastly, although the published translations are merely selected fragments with brief summaries interspersed before and after each fragment, there are numerous instances where the translation omits, alters or otherwise deviates from the novel with no indication. In such cases, I have indicated the changes with a footnote.

As mentioned above, the seven sections that follow are reprints of seven consecutive issues (I.13—I.19) of *Telegram*: 7/22/1960; 7/29/1960; 5/8/1960; 8/12/1960; 8/19/1960; 9/26/1960; 9/5/1960.

**KARAKTER ROMANA.** LOLITA Vladimira Nabokova postala je u vrlo kratkom roka svjetska senzacija. Preveli su je na desetke jezika i može se slobodno reći, da je to knjiga oko koje se poslije rata najviše lome koplja.

U LOLITI se govori o tragediji nastrane ljubavi starijeg čovjeka prema jedanaestgodišnjoj djevojčici. Tema je, da tako kažemo, šokantna, i brzo au se našli mnogi puritanski branitelji građanskog morala, koji su ustvrdili da je to pornografija. Međutim, Nabokov je pisac velikih kvaliteta i njegov ozbiljni i duboko humani pristup junacima djela ni u jednom času ne dopušta da jedna tako osjetljiva, suptilna, lirski analiza ljubavi pređe granicu ukusnog, estetskog, ljudskog.

Ali LOLITA nije samo to. Ona je osim svega deprimantna slika emigranta-prognanika, čovjeka bez domovine, koji ne mole naći svoga mjesta u suvremenom američkom životu, nego poput osamljenog vuka krije svoje rane, kao što krije i svoju iskrenu i nekonvencionalnu ljubav prema Loliti.

LOLITA je zatim realistička, doživljena panorama američke mehaničke stvarnosti motela, jeftinih prenoćišta, prljavih restorana, automobila, života bez cilja, neljudskog društvenog morala, panorama, kakvu je mogao doživjeti i opisati samo Evropejac, stranac.

LOLITA je jedan od rijetkih istinskih ljubavnih romana našeg stoljeća. Ljubavna patnja Humberta Humberta poziva nas da usporedimo ovo djelo s historijom Abelarda i Heloise.

Pisac LOLITE je u svom stilu stopio najbolje iz ruske tradicije (nesumnjiva je prisutnost Dostojevskog) i iz suvremenog francuskog i američkog načina pisanja. Kako je rekao američki pisao Saul Bellow: »Nakon Josepha Conrada opet nam jedan pisac slavenskog porijekla ponovo otkriva engleski jezik.«

**ANTUN ŠOLJAN**

**PISAC »LOLITE« VLADIMIR NABOKOV.** Vladimir Nabokov se rodio u Lenjingradu, 1899. Djetinjstvo je proveo u Rusiji, ali od 1925. živi u Njemačkoj i Francuskoj, gdje je napisao osam romana i velik broj pripovijedaka na ruskom. 1940. odlazi u Ameriku i počinje pisati na engleskom jeziku. Lolita mu je drugi roman na engleskom jeziku. U Americi radi na sveučilištu kao predavač ruskog jezika i literature. Osim toga bavi se zoologijom, sakuplja leptire, i do sada je otkrio nekoliko novih vrsta i podvrsta.

**ANNABEL LEE.** ANNABEL LEE (Li) smatra se posljednjom pjesmom Edgara Allana Poea (1805—1810.), poznatog američkog pjesnika. Napisao ju je uspomeni svoje supruge Virginije, koja je ustvari bila dijete. Ta se pjesma provlači kao lajtmotiv kroz LOLITU i donosimo je

ovdje da bismo čitaocu, koji je do sada nije poznao, olakšali razumijevanje teksta. (Prijevod I. Slamniga i A. Šoljana iz AMERIČKE LIRIKE, Zora, 1952).

*Prije mnogo i mnogo godina,  
U carstvu kraj mora to bi,  
Djeva je živjela, koju su zvali,  
Imenom Annabel Lee;  
S tek jednom je živjela mišlju  
Da voli, i da se volimo mi.*

*Bio sam dijete i bila je dijete  
— U carstvu kraj mora to bi —  
Al više neg ljubavlju mi smo se ljubili,  
Ja i Annabel Lee —  
I zbog toga nebeski krilati serafi  
Bill su zavidni.*

*I to je razlog, što jednom davno  
— U carstvu kraj mora to bi —  
Vjetar se spusti iz oblaka, noću,  
Sledivši moju Annabel Lee.  
I došli su plemeniti rođaci njeni,  
Meni je oteli,  
Da je zatvore u grobnicu tamnu  
U tom carstvu, što kraj mora bi.*

*Zavidjeli su nam anđeli s Neba,  
— Ni upola sretni ko mi —  
Da! To je razlog (kao što znaju  
U tom carstvu kraj mora svi),  
Što noću je vjetar iz oblaka došo  
I sledio, ubio Annabel Lee.*

*Al ljubav nam bila je jača od ljubavi  
mnogih  
Što su stariji bili neg mi —  
I mudriji mnogo neg mi —  
I niti anđeli, gore na nebu,  
Ni podmorski demoni zli  
Ne mogu mi razdvojiti dušu od duše  
Lijepo Annabel Lee.*

*jer mi ne bljesne mjesec da sne ne donese  
O lijepoj Annabel Lee;  
Kada zvijezde se stvore, vidim kako gore  
Tek oči Annabel Lee.  
Tako ležim pored svoje drage do zore  
Svoje drage, — drage — , života i mlade  
U njezinoj grobnici uz more,  
U njenom grobu uz šumorno more.*



**L**olita, svijetlo [*sic!*] mog života, vatro mojih slabina. Ti si moj grijeh, moja duša. Lolita: vršak mog jezika prelazi put od tri stepenice niz nepce, da bi, na tri, taknuo zube. Lo. Li. Ta.

Zvala se Lo, samo Lo, ujutro, kada je stajala s jednom čarapom, visoka sto četrdeset i sedam. Zvala se Lola, u hlačama. Zvala se Dolly u školi. Zvala se Dolores na službenim formularima. Ali u mom zagrljaju bila je uvijek Lolita.

Da li je imala predšasnika? Imala je, zaista je imala. Ustvari, možda Lolite ne [?bi ni bilo da ja]<sup>37</sup> nisam volio, jednoga ljeta, izvjesnu djevojčicu, koja je početak. U vojvodstvu kraj mora. A kada? Otprilike baš onoliko godina prije nego se Lolita rodila, koliko sam bio star tog ljeta. Možete uvijek računati da ubojica upotrebljava ovako kićeni prozni stil.

Gospođe i gospodo porotnici, svjedok broj jedan jest ovaj, kojemu su serafini, krivo obaviješteni, prostodušni, krilati serafini zavidjeli. Pogledajte ovaj splet trnja.

*Humbert Humbert proživljava djetinjstvo u Francuskoj. U jednom ljetovalištu zaljubljuje se u djevojčicu svojih godina, ali ne uspijeva ostvariti tu ljubav.*

Jedne noći uspjela je zavarati zlobnu budnost svoje porodice. U nervoznom šumarku mimoza vitkoga lišća, iza njihove ville [*sic!*], našli smo gnijezdo na ruševinama niskog kamenog zida. Kroz tamu i nježna stabla vidjeli smo arabeske osvijetljenih prozora, koji mi sada, dotaknuti rastopljenim bojama osjetljivog sjećanja, nalikuju na karte za igru — vjerojatno zato što se neprijatelj zabavio partijom bridža. Drhtala je i trzala se dok sam joj ljubio kut razdvojenih usana i vrelu resicu njenog uha. Splet zvijezda blijedo se žario iznad nas, između obrisa dugog tankog lišća; to treperavo nebo izgledalo je jednako golo, kao što je bila i ona pod lakom ljetnom haljinom. Gledao sam njeno lice prema nebu, čudesno razgovjetno. kao da je isijavalo vlastito jedva primjetno svijetlo [*sic!*]. Njene noge, njene dražesne žive noge, nisu bile previše blizu jedna drugoj, i kada je moja ruka našla ono što je tražila, neki sanjivi i nestvarni izraz, napola zadovoljstvo, napola bol, prešao je preko njenih djetinjastih crta. Sjedila je malo više od mene, i kad god bi je njena usamljena ekstaza navela da me poljubi, glava bi joj se prignula pospanim, blagim, klonulim pokretom, koji je bio gotovo tužan, a njena bi gola koljena uhvatila i stegnula moje zapešće, zatim ponovo olabavila; i njena bi se drhtava usta, iskrivljena jetkošću nekog tajanstvenog otrovnog napitka, sa sibilantnim uzdahom približila mojem licu. Pokušavala je da olakša bol ljubavi prvo surovo trljajući svoje suhe usne o moje; zatim bi se moja draga odmaknula, nervozno zabacujući kosu, a onda bi se opet tamno približila i pustila

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<sup>37</sup> Text missing, presumably due to a printing error. Judging by the number of character spaces before the next line, this was likely to be the missing part.

da se hranim na njenim otvorenim ustima, dok sam joj sa širokogrudnošću koja je bila spremna da joj ponudi sve, moje srce, ždrijelo, utrobu, dao u nespretnu šaku [žezlo] svoje strasti.

Sjećam se mirisa nekog pudera — mislim da ga je ukrala od španjolske sluškinje svoje majke — slatkastog, jeftinog mirisa, koji je podsjećao na mošus. Miješao se s njenim bis[k]vitastim mirisom i moja su osjetila iznenada bila ispunjena do vrha; iznenadno komešanje u obližnjem grmu spriječilo ih je da se ne preliju — i kad smo se odmaknuli jedno od drugog, i bolnih vena posvetili pažnju nečemu, što je vjerojatno bila zalutala mačka, od kuće se čulo, kako je zove glas njene majke, s prizvukom sve jače panike — i neki Dr. Cooper krenuo je šepavo da je traži po vrtu. Ali taj šumarak mimoza — zvjezdana maglica, trnci, plamen, cvjetni med, i bol ostali su u meni, i ta mala djevojčica s udovima poput morskog žala, i strasnog jezika, progonila me je sve odonda — dok nisam konačno, dvadeset četiri godine kasnije, razbio čari kojima me je držala, inkarnirajući je u drugoj.

*Četiri mjeseca kasnije Humbertova Annabel umire od tifusa na Krfu i ostavlja u njemu ranu neispunjene ljubavi. Humbert raste, ali se ne može osloboditi svoje opsesije. Kao odrastao čovjek ima odnose s mnogim ženama, ali mu nijedna ne može pružiti istinsko zadovoljstvo: ono što traži nije fizičko, nego duhovno spajanje sa ženom. jedinu mogućnost za to vidi u odnosu s nedoraslom djevojčicom, koja bi ga podsjećala na prvu ljubav.*

Ovdje bih vas htio upoznati sa slijedećom [sic!] idejom. Između graničnih doba od devet i četrnaest godina događa se da ima djeva, koje mnogim opsjednutim putnicima, koji su dvaput ili mnogo puta stariji od njih, otkrivaju svoju pravu prirodu. Ta priroda nije ljudska, nego nimfična (znači, demonska); i ta izabrana bića želim ovdje obilježiti kao »nimfete« — nimfice.

Primjetit [sic!] ćete da prostorne pojmove zamjenjujem vremenskim. Ustvari, bilo bi mi drago kad bi čitalac shvaćao »devet« i »četrnaest« kao granice — zrcalne obale i rascvjetane hridi — nekog začaranog otoka napućenog tim mojim nimficama i okruženog ogromnim, magličastim morem. Između tih granica starosti, da li su sve djevojčice nimfice? Naravno, nisu. Kad bi bilo drukčije, mi koji smo u to upućeni, mi osamljeni litalice, mi nimfolepti, davno bismo već poludjeli. Niti lijep izgled ne može biti kriterij; ni vulgarnost, ili barem ono što dano društvo tako naziva, ne mora nužno dati takvom biću one izvjesne tajanstvene karakteristike, vilinsku graciju, neuhvatljivi, promjenljivi unutarnji šarm, koji uništava dušu i koji razlikuje nimficu od onih njenih sugodišnjaka, koje su neusporedivo ovisnije o prostornom svijetu istovremenih pojava, nego ona bića na nedostižnom otoku začaranog vremena, gdje se Lolita igra sa sebi sličnima. U istim tim granicama starosti broj pravih nimfica je upadljivo manji od

broja razmjerno običnih, ili samo zgodnih, ili »dražesnih«, ili čak »slatkih« i »privlačnih«, svakidašnjih, debeljuškastih, bezobličnih, u biti posve ljudskih malih djevojčica, hladne kože, ispupčenih trbušćica, s pletenicama, djevojčica koje mogu ali ne moraju odrasti u ljudska bića velike ljepote (pogledajte ružne šiparice u crnim čarapama i bijelim šeširima, koje se pretvaraju u blještave zvijezde na filmskom platnu). Normalan čovjek, ako mu dadu grupnu fotografiju učenica neke škole ili skautske organizacije i pitaju ga da izabere najzgodniju među njima, ne će nužno izabrati nimficu. Morate biti umjetnik ili luđak, biće beskrajno melankolično, s mjehurom vrelog otrova u svojim slabinama i hiper-pohotljivim plamenom koji neprestano gori u vašoj suptilnoj kičmi (o, kako morate puzati i skrivati se!) da biste mogli smjesta izdvojiti, po neizrecivim znakovima — tek malo mačkasti obris lične kosti, vitkost pahuljastog uda, i druge pokazatelje, koje ne mogu imenovati, jer mi to očaj i stid i suze nježnosti zabranjuju — malog ubojitog demona između normalne djece; Ona stoji među njima neprimijećena i sama nesvjesna [*sic!*] svoje fantastične moći.

I dalje, budući da vrijeme igra tako magičnu ulogu u ovoj stvari, proučavatelji se ne smiju iznenaditi kad saznaju da mora postojati razmak od nekoliko godina, rekao bih nikada manje od deset, a najčešće trideset ili četrdeset, u nekoliko poznatih slučajeva čak i devedeset, između djevojke i čovjeka, da bi potonji mogao potpasti pod čari nimfice. To je prilagođivanje očiju daljini, izvjesna distanca, koju unutarne oko želi prevladati i izvjestan kontrast koji duh primjećuje s perverznom oduševljenjem.

Kad sam bio dijete i kad je ona bila dijete, moja mala Annabel nije za mene bila nimfica; bio sam joj ravan, jer sam i sam bio faunić na tom istom začaranom otoku vremena; ali danas u septembru 1952., nakon što je prošlo dvadeset i devet godina, mislim da mogu jasno vidjeti, da je ona bila početni sudbonosni macić moga života.

Mi smo se voljeli preranom ljubavlju, obilježenom žestinom koja tako često razara i živote odraslih ljudi. Ja sam bio snažno momče i preživio sam; ali otrov je bio u rani, i rana je ostajala neprestano otvorena. i uskoro sam se našao kao zreo čovjek usred civilizacije, koja dopušta čovjeku od dvadeset i pet godina da udvara djevojci od šesnaest, ali ne i djevojci od dvanaest godina.

Brodolom. Koraljni greben. Sam sa drhtavim djetetom utopljenog suputnika. Draga, ovo je samo igra! Kako su divne bile moje imaginarne pustolovine, dok sam sjedio na tvrdoj klupi u parku, pretvarajući se da sam udubljen u drhtavu knjigu. Oko mirnog učenjaka, nimfice su se slobodno igrale, kao da je nekakav dobro poznati spomenik, ili dio sjene i sjaja nekog starog stabla. jednom je savršena mala ljepotica u kockastoj haljini, s bukom stavila svoju teško naoružanu nogu do mene na klupu, da bi duboko zaronila svoje gole ruke u mene i pričvrstila

kajiš koturaljke, i ja sam se rastopio na suncu dok mi je knjiga bila samo smokvin list, dok su joj kestenjasti uvojci prekrili suhonjavo koljeno, i dok je sjena lišća, pod kojom smo se zajedno nalazili, pulsirala i rastapala se na njenoj prozračnoj ruci tik kraj mog kameleonskog lica.

Drugi put je crvenokosa djevojčica na putu prema školi stajala iznad mene u podzemnoj željeznici i pogled na crvenkastosmeđe dlačice pod njenim pazuhom sačuvao se u meni tjednima. Mogao bih nabrojiti mnogo tih jednostranih minijaturnih ljubavnih romana. Neki su od njih svršavali teškim okusom pakla. Dogodilo bi se na primjer da sa svog balkona primijetim osvijetljeni prozor s druge strane ulice i u njemu nekoga, koji nalikuje na nimficu koja se svlači pred suučesničkim zrcalom. Tako izdvojena, izolirana, ta bi slika poprimila naročito snažnu privlačnost i natjerala bi me da krenem svom brzinom prema usamljeničkom zadovoljenju. Ali naglo, đavolski, nježni uzorak golotinje koji sam stvorio, preobrazio bi se u odvratnu, svjetiljkom obasjanu голу ruku čovjeka, koji u donjem rublju čita novine kraj otvorena prozora, u vrućoj, vlažnoj, beznadnoj ljetnoj noći.

Skakutanje preko užeta, igra škole. I ona starica u crnom, koja je sjela kraj mene na klupu, mučilište moga veselja (neka nimfica je upravo poda mnom tražila izgubljeni kliker i upita me, da li me boli trbuh, drska vještica. Ah, ostavite me samog u mom pubertetskom parku, u mom vrtu punom mahovine. Neka [?se] vječno igraju oko mene. Da nikada ne odrastu.

(Nastavit će se)

## [2.] NASTAVAK

*Prethodni sadržaj.* Humbert Humbert zaljubljuje se u ranoj mladosti, ali djevojka umre, i neispunjena ljubav stvara u njemu traumu: on može naći užitak jedino u kontaktu s »nimficama«[.] nedozrelim djevojčicama. On pokušava sve, da bi se riješio te strasti, ali ništa mu ne polazi za rukom. jednoga dana odluči da oženi Poljakinju Valeriju, ne bi li ga brak izliječio.

Ono što me je zaista privuklo Valeriji bilo je njeno oponašanje male djevojčice. Nije se pretvarala da je djevojčica zato, što je nešto o meni naslutila; bio je to ustvari njen stil — a ja sam pao u klopku. Imala je bar trideset godina (nikada nisam točno ustanovio koliko je stara, jer je čak i njen pasoš lagao), i bila je već izgubila djevičanstvo u okolnostima, koje su se mijenjale prema raspoloženju u kojem je pričala svoje uspomene. Ja sam, sa svoje strane, bio naivan kako samo pervertit može biti. Naizgled je bila debeljuškasta i nestašna, odjevena [à] la gamine, širokogrudno je pokazivala prostranstva svoje glatke noge, znala je kako da naglasi bjelinu golog luka tabana pomoću crne baršunaste papuče, i ćubila se, durila, pokazivala jamice na obrazima, prpošila se, skakutala, nosila tirolske suknjice, i tresla svojom kratkom kovrčavom plavom kosom na najdražesniji i najbanalniji način, koji se može zamisliti.

Nakon kratke ceremonije u *mairie* odveo sam je u novi stan, koji sam iznajmio, i pomalo na njeno iznenađenje, zahtijevao sam da se, prije nego je dotaknem, obuče u jednostavnu dječju noćnu košuljicu, koju sam uspio dignuti iz spremišta za rublje u nekom sirotištu. Uspio sam ipak izvući malo zabave iz te prve bračne noći, i u zoru je moja idiotkinja bila već sasvim histerična. Ali stvarnost je uskoro pokazala svoje pravo lice. Oksidirani uvojci pokazali su tamni pigment korijena; pahuljice su se pretvorile u bodljike na obrijanoj bradi; vlažna pokretna usta, bez obzira koliko ih ja kljukao ljubavlju, bezobzirno su otkrivala svoju sličnost odgovarajućem dijelu poštovanog portreta njene žabolike mrtve mamice; i ubrzo, umjesto blijede male besprizorne djevojčice, Humbert Humbert je imao u rukama golemu, naduvenu, kratkonogu, prsatu i praktički stupinu babetinu.

*H. H. je naslijedio strica iz Amerike, pod uvjetom da nastavi njegov posao u toj zemlji. Dok se bračni par Humbert sprema na put, dolazi do raskida.*

Jednog jutra izlazili smo iz nekog ureda, kad su njeni dokumenti bili već skoro gotovi, i Valerija je, trapajući uz mene, počela žestoko tresti svojom psećom glavom, ne govoreći ni riječi. Pustio sam je da trese neko vrijeme, a onda sam je upitao, misli li ona da ima nešto unutra. Odgovorila

je (prevodim s njenog francuskog, koji je valjda opet prijevod neke poljske banalnosti): »Pojavio se drugi čovjek u mom životu.«

E, to nisu lijepe riječi za muževljevo uho. Priznajem da su me zaprepastile. Da je izmlatim na ulici, na licu mjesta, kao što bi poštenu prostak učinio, nije bilo zamislivo. Godine potajnih patnji naučile su me nadljudskoj samokontroli. I tako sam je ugurao u taksu, koji se već dulje vremena šuljao uz pločnik kao da nas poziva, i tu, u relativnoj izolaciji, mirno sam joj predložio da objasni svoje buncanje. Bijes mi se penjao u grlo i gušio me, — ne zato što bi mi ta smiješna figura, M m e H u m b e r t, bila naročito draga,

nego zato što su odluke u stvari legalnih ili ilegalnih veza pripadale isključivo meni, a evo ovdje Valerije, komične žene, kako se mrtva hladna priprema da na svoj način raspolaže mojim komforom i sudbinom. Zahtijevao sam da mi kaže ime svog ljubavnika. Ponovio sam pitanje; ali ona je nastavljala burleskno blebetati, raspravljajući o tome, kako je sa mnom nesretna i najavljujući plan za neposrednu rastavu »Mais qui est [-]ce?« viknuo sam konačno, udarivši je šakom po koljenu; a ona je, ne zatreptavši okom, buljila u mene, kao da je odgovor previše jasan za riječi, a onda je slegnula ramenima i pokazala mi debeli vrat taksija-šofera. On je zaustavio kola kraj male kavane i predstavio se. Ne sjećam se njegovog smiješnog imena, ali nakon svih ovih godina još uvijek ga potpuno jasno vidim — čvrsto građenog Bjelorusa, bivšeg pukovnika, s gustim brkovima i kratkom četkastom kosom; bilo ih je na hiljade u Parizu, koji su se bavili ovim budalastim zanatom. Sjeli smo za stol; Carist je naručio vino; a Valerija, pošto je stavila oblog od mokrog ubrusa na koljeno, nastavila je govoriti — u m e n e više nego m e n i. Ona je nalijevala riječi u ovu dostojanstvenu šupljinu takvom blagoglagoljivošću, da nikad prije ne bih rekao da može toliko govoriti. A svako malo upravila bi eksploziju slavenskog jezika prema svom čvrstom ljubavniku. Situacija je bila nepodnošljiva i postala je još gora, kad je pukovnik taksija, prekidajući Valeriju s vlastim smiješkom, počeo raspredati



Fig. 2 Telegram : jugoslavenske nedjeljne novine, I.14 (29.VII.1960), p. 12

svoje poglede i planove. S užasnim naglaskom u svom brižljivom francuskom, ocrtavao je svijet ljubavi i rada, u koji je namjeravao ući ruku pod ruku sa ženom-djetetom, Valerijom. Ona se već počela dotjeravati, između njega i mene, — mažući ružem naškubljena usta, utrostručujući bradu da bi namjestila grudi bluze, i tako dalje, a on je govorio o njoj, kao da je odsutna, i kao da je neka vrsta nedoraslog štíćenika, kojeg se, zbog njegovog vlastitog dobra, premješta iz ruku jednog mudrog čuvara u ruke drugoga, još mudrijega. I premda je moj nemoćni bijes možda pretjerao i preobličio izvjesne utiske, mogu se zakleti, da je on stvarno zatražio moj savjet u takvim stvarima kao što su njena dijeta, menstruacije, garderoba i knjige koje je čitala ili bi trebala čitati. »Mislim,« rekao je, »da će joj se sviđati Jean Christophe?« Ah, bio je to pravi učenjak, taj gospodin Taksović.

Okončao sam ovo b[a]ljezganje, predloživši da Valerija spakuje smjesta svoje malobrojne stvari, na što je banalni pukovnik galantno ponudio, da će ih odvesti u svojim kolima. Preobrazivši se u status svoga zanimanja, odvezao je Humbertove do njihovog doma, i cijelim putem Valerija je govorila, a Humbert Strašni je natenane raspravljao s Humbertom Malim da li da Humbert Humbert ubije nju ili njenog ljubavnika, ili oboje, ili nijedno.

Sjećam se da sam jednom imao u rukama automatski revolver, koji je pripadao mom kolegi studentu, u onim danima (o njima nisam govorio, mislim, ali ne mari) kad sam se igrao mišlju da uživam njegovu mlađu sestru, prozirnu nimficu crne kose, i da se zatim i sam ustrijelim. A sada sam se upitao da li je Valečka (kako ju je pukovnik zvao) zaista vrijedna da je se ustrijeli, ili zadavi, ili utopi. Imala je vrlo osjetljive noge, i odlučio sam da ću se ograničiti na to, da je samo strašno namlatim, čim budemo na samo.

Ali nismo bili, Valečka — sada već roneći bujice suza obojenih mješavinom šminke u duginim bojama — počela je usprkos svemu puniti veliki kovčeg i dva kovčežića, i kartonsku kutiju u raspadanju, a nagon da obučem svoje planinarske cipele i da joj iz zaleta dadem šut u stražnjicu bilo je nemoguće izvesti, jer se prokleti pukovnik neprestano muvao oko nas. Ne mogu reći da se vladao bezobrazno niti bilo što slično; naprotiv, pokazivao je kao glumac u provincijskom kazalištu, diskretnu starosvjetsku pristojnost, naglašavajući svoje kretanje svakakvim krivo izgovorenim izvinjenjima (j' ai demande pardon ne — oprostite mi — est-ce que j' ai puis — dopustite mi — i tako dalje), i taktično se okrećući, kad je Valečka kitnjasto skidala svoje ružičaste gaćice s konopa za sušenje rublja iznad kade; ali činilo se kao da je odjednom u cijelom stanu, le gred in, prilagođujući svoj stas anatomiji soba, čitajući u mojoj fotelji moje novine, razvezujući spletenu uzicu, savijajući cigaretu, brojeći čajne žličice, posjećujući kupaonicu, pomažući svojoj brojčici da zamota električni ventilator, koji joj je otac poklonio, i noseći njen prtljag u pravcu ulice. Sjedio sam prekriženih ruku,

umirući od mržnje i dosade. Konačno je oboje izišlo iz stana, koji se tresao — vibracija vrata, koja sam za njima zalupio, još uvijek je zvonila u svakom mom živcu, jadni nadomjestak za *backhand-samar* koji sam joj morao odalimiti po obrazu u skladu s filmskim zakonima. Nespretno igrajući svoju ulogu, otapkao sam u kupaonicu da provjerim da mi nisu ukrali moju englesku vodicu za brijanje; nisu; ali primijetio sam s grčem žestoke odvratnosti da bivši Carski Savjetnik, pošto je temeljito olakšao svoj mjehur, nije pustio vodu u zahodu. Ta dostojanstvena lokva tuđe mokraće s natopljenim, žutosmeđim<sup>38</sup> opuškom, koji se u njoj rastvarao, izgledala mi je kao krajnja uvreda, i ja sam divlje pogledao oko sebe, tražeći oružje. Ustvari, mogu reći, da to nije bilo ništa drugo nego malograđanska pristojnost (s orijentalnim dodatkom, možda) koja je navela dobrog pukovnika (Maksimović! njegovo ime došlo mi je naglo kao taksi, kojim je upravljao)[,] uštogljenu osobu, kao što su svi oni, da priguši privatnu potrebu u pogrebnoj tišini, da ne bi naglasio malenost stana svoga domaćina pljuštanjem grubog vodopada povrh njegovog vlastitog pritajenog mlazića. Ali to mi u tom času nije palo na pamet, dok sam režeći od bijesa prevrtao kuhinju, da nađem neko bolje oružje od metle. Tada sam, prekinuvši potragu, izjurio iz kuće s herojskom odlukom da ga napadnem goloruk: unatoč prirođenoj živosti, nisam nikakav šakač, dok je niski ali čvrsto građeni Maksimović izgledao kao izliven od čelika. Praznina ulice, koja nije pokazivala ni traga moje žene osim staklenog dugmeta koje joj je palo u blato pošto ga je čuvala tri nepotrebne godine u slomljenoj kutiji, uštedjela mi je možda krvavi nos. Ali nije važno. Pravovremeno sam dobio malu zadovoljštinu. Neki čovjek iz Pasadene rekao mi je jednoga dana da je gospođa Maksimović née Zborovski umrla prilikom poroda oko 1945.; bračni par se prebacio nekako u Kaliforniju i tamo su ga upotrebljavali, za odličnu plaću, u dugotrajnom eksperimentu koji je izvodio neki poznati američki etnolog. Pokus se bavio ljudskim i rasnim reakcijama na dijetu banana i datulja kad se čovjek nalazi u stalnom položaju na sve četiri. Moj obavjestitelj, neki liječnik, zakleo se da je vidio vlastitim očima debelu Valečka i njenog pukovnika, koji je tada već bio sjedokos i također prilično korpulentan, kako marljivo pužu po dobro pometenim podovima sjajno osvijetljenih soba (voće u jednoj, voda u drugoj, rogožine u trećoj i tako dalje) u društvu nekolicine drugih unajmljenih četvoronožaca, izabranih među ubogim i bespomoćnim ljudima. Pokušao sam naći rezultate tih ispitivanja u *Anthropološkoj Reviji*, ali izgleda da još uvijek nisu objavljeni. Ti naučni

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<sup>38</sup> Because of the line break in print, it is unclear whether it's "žuto-smeđim" or "žutosmeđim." The latter seems more likely.



produkti trebaju naravno dosta vremena da sazriju. Nadam se da će biti ilustrirani dobrim fotografijama kad ih štampaju.<sup>39</sup>

*Nakon rastave i preseljenja u Ameriku, Humbert odlazi na neko polarno putovanje, nakon kojega dobiva napad melankolije.*

Čitaocu će biti žao, kad dozna da sam uskoro nakon povratka u civilizaciju doživio ponovni sukob s ludošću (ako se melankoliji i osjećaju neizdržive potištenosti mora dati tako okrutan naziv). Svoj potpuni oporavak dugujem otkriću, koje mi je sinulo dok su me liječili baš u tom, vrlo skupom sanatoriju. Otkrio sam da je zafrkavanje s psihijatrima neiscrpni izvor zdravog zadovoljstva: lukavo ih zavoditi, nikad ne dopustiti da vide da i ti znaš sve trikove toga zanata, izmišljati za njih komplicirane snove, klasične po stilu (koji natjeraju njih, otimače snova, da sanjaju i da se bude s krikovima); gnjaviti ih lažnim »primanim prizorima«, i nikad im ne dati ni najmanji uvid u stvarne seksualne neprilike koje imaš. Podmitivši sestru dobio sam pristup u arhiv, i s veseljem sam otkrio kartice, gdje me nazivaju »potencijalno homoseksualnim« i »totalno impotentnim.« Zabava je bila tako dobra, rezultati — mog slučaja — zadovoljavajući, pa sam ostao mjesec dana i pošto mi je bilo sasvim dobro (divno sam spavao, jeo kao djevojčica). A i tada sam dodao još tjedan dana tek toliko da propustim kroz šake moćnog pridošlicu, neshvaćenog (i, naravno, ćaknutog) slavnog čovjeka, koji je bio poznat po tome što bi uvjerio pacijenta da je prisustvovao vlastitom začecu.

*Tražeci neko povučeno mjesto, gdje bi se odmorio, H. H. odlazi u provinciju. Udovica Charlotta [sic!] Haze nudi mu sobu, koju on namjerava odbiti, sve dok ne vidi Lolitu, njenu kćerku.*

Vrlo mi je teško izraziti odgovarajućom snagom onaj bljesak, drhtaj, udarac strastvenog prepoznavanja. U tom sunčanom trenutku moj je pogled kliznuo preko djeteta koje je klečalo (oči su joj treptale iznad ozbiljnih tamnih naočara — maloj gospođi doktor koja će me izliječiti od svih mojih bolova) dok sam prolazio kraj nje maskiran u odraslog čovjeka (veliko ljepotansko tijelo filmske muškosti), a vakum [sic!] moje duše uspio je usisati svaki detalj njene sjajne ljepote, koju sam uspoređivao a crtama moje mrtve nevjeste. Malo kasnije, ona, naravno, ta n o u v e l l e , ta Lolita, m o j a Lolita, potpuno će izbrisati svoj prototip. Želim samo naglasiti da je to moje otkriće fatalna posljedica onog »vojvodstva kraj mora« u mojoj mučnoj prošlosti. Sve između ta dva događaja bilo je samo niz lutanja i pogrešaka, lažni rudimenti veselja. Sve što su imale zajedničko povezalo se u jedno.

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<sup>39</sup> This is a truncated version of the original sentence: "I hope they will be illustrated with good photographs when they do get printed, although it is not very likely that a prison library will harbor such erudite works" (The Annotated Lolita 31).

Ipak, nemam iluzija. Moji suci će sve ovo smatrati izmotavanjem luđaka kojemu se perverzno sviđa fruit vert. Au fond, ça m'est bien [é]gal. Znam samo da, dok smo Hazeovica i ja silazili niz stepenice u smireni vrt, moja su koljena bila poput odraza koljena u namreškanoj vodi, usta su mi bila kao pijesak, i...

»Ono je moja Lo,« rekla je, »a ovo su moji ljiljani.«

»Da,« rekao sam, »da. Lijepi su, lijepi, lijepi[!]«

*Humbert se zaljubljuje u Lolitu, a i ona pokazuje prema njemu izvjesne, pubertetske, simpatije. H. vodi dnevnik, u koji bilježi sve o svojoj strasti prema Loliti. Evo odlomka:*

Već nekoliko dana ostavljam vrata otvorena, dok pišem u svojoj sobi, ali tek danas je zamka djelovala. Uz mnogo prenemaganja, struganja, češanja — da skrije zbunjenost što me posjećuje bez poziva — Lo je ušla i nakon kratkog muvanja zainteresirala se za mračne kovrčice, koje sam slagao na papiru. Ah, ne: one nisu bile rezultat pišćeve inspirirane stanke između dva paragrafa, bili su to strašni hijeroglifi (za nju nečitki) moje fatalne strasti. Kad je nagnula smeđe uvojke nad stol, za kojim sam sjedio[, ] Humbert Pohlepni zagrlio ju je rukom u jadnoj imitaciji srodstva; i još uvijek proučavajući, pomalo kratkovidno, komad papira, koji je držala, moj nevini mali posjetilac polako se spustio do polusjedećeg položaja na mom koljenu. Njen divni profil, razdvojene usne, topla kosa bili su ni pedalj daleko od mog ogoljelog očnjaka, i osjetio sam toplinu njenih udova kroz grubo dječeačko odijelo. Odjednom sam znao da joj mogu savršeno nekažnjeno poljubiti vrat. ili stijenj njenih ustiju. Znao sam da će mi to dopustiti, čak da će zatvoriti oči kako uči Hollywood. Ne mogu reći svom učenom čitaocu (čije obrve su, slutim, do sada prešle put sve do zatiljka njegove ćelave glave), ne mogu mu reći po čemu sam to znao; možda je moje majmunsko uho nesvijesno [*sic!*] uhvatilo neprimjetnu promjenu u ritmu njenog disanja — jer ustvari ona više nije promatrala moje škrabanje, nego je čekala s radoznalošću i mirom — o. moja providna nimfice[!] — da slavni stanar učini ono, za čim umire. Moderno dijete, marljivi čitalac filmskih časopisa, stručnjak za sanjivo spore poljupce u gro-planu, ne će misliti da je previše neobično (pogađao sam) da lijepi, intenzivno muževni, odrasli prijatelj — prekasno... Kuća je odjednom zadrhtala od gromkog glasa sluškinje, koja je pričala gospođi Haze — koja se upravo vratila kući — o nečem mrtvom, što su ona i Leslie Tomson našli u podrumu, a mala Lolita nije bila od onih, koji bi propustili takvu priču.

(Nastavit će se)

**Prethodni sadržaj.** Francuz Humbert Humbert zbog neispunjene ljubavi u a ranoj mladosti pati od nastrane sklonosti prema »nimficama« — nedozrelim djevojčicama. Od toga ga nije izliječio ni prvi brak, ni psihijatrijska klinika. On emigrira u Ameriku, nastanjuje se u malom mjestu, gdje upoznaje Lolitu, kćer svoje stanodavke, gđe Haze, i odmah se u nju zaljubljuje, prepoznajući u njoj svoju prvu mladenačku ljubav. On koristi svaku priliku da ostane s njom nasamo.

**G**lavno lice: Humbert Humbert. Vrijeme: lipanjsko nedjeljno jutro. Mjesto: suncem osvjetljena dnevna soba. Kulise: stari prugasti divan, časopisi, gramofon, meksički suveniri (pokojni gospodin Harold E. Haze — bog mu dao duši lako — začeo je moju dragu za vrijeme sijeste u plavo obojenoj sobi na bračnom putovanju u Vera Cruz, i uspomene, među njima i Dolores, nalazile su se po cijelom stanu). Toga je dana nosila dražesnu platnenu haljinu, u kojoj sam je vidio samo jedamput [*sic!*] prije, široke suknje, uske u struku, kratkih rukava, ružičastu, iscrtanu tamnije ružičastim kockicama, i da bi upotpunila sklad boja, našminkala je usta i u sklopljenim rukama držala lijepu, banalnu, poput raja crvenu jabuku. Ali na nogama nije imala nedjeljne cipele sa izlazak u crkvu. I njena bijela nedjeljna torbica ležala je odbačena kraj gramofona.

Srcu mi je udaralo poput bubnja, kada je sjela na sofu kraj mene, dok joj je svježa suknja zalepršala poput balona, i zatim splasnula, a ona se igrala sjajnom voćkom. Bacala ju je u zrak pun sunčane prašine, a zatim je hvatala.<sup>40</sup>

Humbert Humbert predusreo jabuku.

»Vrati mi je«, molila je, pokazujući mramorno rumenilo svojih dlanova. Dao sam joj zabranjeno voće. Zgrabila je jabuku i zagrizla, a moje je srce bilo poput snijega pod tankom purpurnom kožom, i s majmunskom spretnošću koja je toliko tipična za ovu malu američku nimficu, zgrabila je iz mojih odsutnih ruku ilustrirani časopis koji sam bio otvorio (šteta što nije bilo filma koji bi zabilježio čudnovati ritam, monogramsku povezanost naših istodobnih ili usporednih kretnji). Lo je žustro prolistala stranice časopisa, a da je pritom unakažena jabuka nimalo ulje sprečavala, tražeći nešto, što je željela pokazati Humbertu. Konačno je našla. Pretvarao sam se da me to zanima, prinoseći glavu tako blizu, da mi je njena kosa doticala sljepočicu [*sic!*], a njena ruka češala moj obraz dok je brisala usne zapešćem. Zbog zapaljene maglice kroz koju sam zario u sliku, moja je reakcija bila spora, a njena su se gola koljena nestrpljivo trljala i kuckala jedno u drugo. Mutno mi se pojavila pred očima slika: neki

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<sup>40</sup> Truncated: “She tossed it up into the sun-dusted air, and caught it—it made a cupped polished *plop*” (The Annotated Lolita 58)

nadrealistički slikar, koji se poleduške odmara na plaži, a kraj njega, također poleduške, gipsana kopija Milonske [sic!] Venere, napola zakopana u pijesku. Slika tjedna, pisalo je ispod. Odgurnuo sam cijelu tu opscenu stvar. Uhvatio sam je za tanko koščato [sic!] zapešće. Časopis je sletio na pod poput uzbuđene kokoške. Ona se otrgnula, povukla unazad, i legla u desni ugao divana. A onda, sa savršenom jednostavnošću, drsko dijete je ispružilo noge preko moga krila.

Već tada sam bio u stanju uzbuđenja, koje je graničilo s ludošću; ali sam također bio i luđački lukav. Sjedeći ovdje, na divanu, uspijevao sam prilagoditi, cijelim nizom pritajenih

pokreta, moju maskiranu strast slučajnim pokretima njenih udova. Nije bilo nimalo lako otkloniti pažnju male djevojčice, dok sam izvodio opskurne prilagodbe, potrebne za uspjeh cijelog pothvata. Govoreći žurno, zaostajući za vlastitim dahom, stižući ga, pretvarajući se da sam iznenada dobio zubobolju, da bih time objasnio prekide u mom blebetanju — i neprestano uz sve to čvrsto usmjerivši svoje manijakalno unutarnje oko prema udaljenom zlatnom cilju, ja sam oprezno povećavao magično trljanje koje je uklanjalo, barem u prividnom, ako ne i stvarnom smislu, fizički neuklonivo [sic!], ali psihološki vrlo tanko tkanje materijalne pregrade (pidžame i haljine) između težine dviju suncem opaljenih nogu, koje su ležale usred krila, i skrivenog tumora neizrecive strasti. U toku svog besmislenog brbljanja naletio sam na neki divno mehanički ritam, i počeo recitirati riječi neke blesave pjesmice, koja je tada bila popularna — »O moja Karmen, moja mala Karmen, tatata, tatata onih tatata noći, zvijezde i ceste i automobili, i barovi, i barman [sic!];« neprestano sam ponavljao taj automatski tekst i držao sam je pod hipnozom šlagera (naročito privlačnog, jer sam iskrivljavao riječi) — i cijelo vrijeme bio sam u smrtnom strahu, da me ne prekine neki bogom određeni čin i da mi ne skinu ovaj zlatni teret, u osjećanju kojega se sabralo cijelo moje biće, i ta tjeskoba natjerala me da radim, prve minute ili tako nešto, mnogo brže nego što bi bilo u skladu s odmjereno



Fig. 3 Telegram : jugoslavenske nedjeljne novine, I.15 (5.VIII.1960), p. 12

moduliranim uživanjem. Zvijezde koje su sjale, i ceste koje su se vijale, i barovi i barman, sve to je ona odmah prihvatila: njen glas je ukrao i ispravljao melodiju koju sam ja unakazio. Bila je sva poput glazbe, kao slatka jabuka. Noge su joj pomalo treperile, oslonjene o moje živo krilo; gladio sam ih; a ona se ljuljuškala u desnom uglu divana, gotovo ležeći, Lola djevojčica, proždirući besmrtno voće, pjevajući kroz jabučni sok, izgubivši papuču, trljajući petu svoje obespapučene noge o svoj nerazvijeni gležanj, o hrpu starih časopisa, nagomilanih na lijevoj strani sofe — i svaki pokret koji je učinila, svaki strugaj i drhtaj, pomogao mi je da sakrijem i da usavršim potajni sistem opipnog saobraćaja između zvijeri i ljepotice — između moje obrnjicene zvjeri, koja je puna eksplozije, i ljepote njenog rupičavog tijela u nevinoj pamučnoj haljinici.

Pod mojim svevidećim vršcima prstiju osjećao sam sićušne dlačice, koje su se nježno ježile duž njenih goljenica. Izgubio sam se u zagušljivoj, ali zdravoj vrućini, koja je poput ljetne maglice lebdjela oko male Haze. Samo neka ostane, neka ostane... Kad se napregnuta da baci ogrizak napuštene jabuke u kamin, njena mlada težina, njena bestidno nevina i bedra i okrugla stražnjica, pomaknuli su se u mome napetom, izmučenom, krilu, koje je krišom radilo — i posve iznenada misteriozna promjena prelila je moja osjetila. Prešao sam na onu razinu postojanja, gdje više ništa nije važno, osim ispunjenja veselja, koje je kipjelo u mome tijelu. Ono što je počelo kao slatko rastezanje mojih najdubljih korjenova, postalo je sjajna zvonjava, koja je s a d a dosegla stanje potpune sigurnosti, samouvjerenja i samosvijesti, koje se nigdje drugdje ne može sresti u svijesnom [*sic!*] životu. S dubokom vrelom slatkoćom, koju sam na taj način uspostavio, i već dobrano na putu prema posljednjem grču, osjetio sam, da mogu usporiti da bih produžio to žarenje. Lolita je bila u sigurnom neznanju. Zamišljeno sunce pulsiralo je u zamišljenim jablanovima; bili smo fantastično i božanstveno sami; promatrao sam je, ružičastu, naprašenu zlatom, kroz velo kontroliranog oduševljenja, nesvijestan [*sic!*] svega, tuđ svemu, i sunce je bilo na njenim usnama, a njene su usne očito još uvijek oblikovale riječi one pjesmice o Karmeni i barmanu, koje više nisu dopirale do moje svijesti. Sve je bilo spremno. Živci užitka su bili ogoljeni. Krauzeova su tjelešca ulazila u fazu hysterije. Najmanji pritisak bi dostajao da oslobodi u meni raj. Prestao sam biti Humbert Pas, tužnooko, degenerirano kučence, koje grli čizmu koja će ga trenutak kasnije udariti. Bio sam iznad mogućnosti da budem smiješan, s onu stranu mogućnosti da me se vrati. U mom S e r a g l i j u, koji sam sam načinio bio sam poput sretnog i zdravog Turčina, koji namjerno, pri punoj svijesti o svojoj slobodi, odgađa trenutak kad će stvarno uživati najmlađu i najkrhkiju među svojim robinjicama. Viseći na rubu te pohotne provalije (u ljepoti fiziološke ravnoteže, koja se može usporediti samo s izvjesnim tehnikama u slikarstvu) ponavljao sam za njom slučajne riječi —

barman, Karmen, karmin, dar mi, karmen, kamen, amen, ahahamen — kao čovjek koji govori i smije se u snu, dok se moja sretna ruka šuljala uz bijelu sunčanu nogu onoliko, koliko je i posljednja sjena pristojnosti dopuštala. Dan prije toga ona se sudarila u predvorju s nekim teškim sandukom i — »gle, gle«, — govorio sam — »gle što si učinila, gle što si napravila, ah, gle«, jer tamo je bila, kunem se, žućkasto ljubičasta modrica na njenom dražesnom nimfičnom bedru, koje je moja golema dlakava ruka masirala i polako obmatala i budući da je nosila tek vrlo oskudno donje rublje, činilo mi se da nema ništa što može spriječiti moj mišićavi palac da posegne u vruću šupljinu njenog abdomena — upravo kao da ću pošakljati i pomilovati zahihotano dijete — samo to — i: »Ah, nije to uopće ništa«, viknula je ona s iznenadnim kričavim prizvukom u glasu, i zamigoljila se, trgnula, i zbacila glavu, i njeni su se zubi odmarali na blistavoj donjoj usni, dok se napola okrenula, a moja su usta, puna jecaja, gospodo porotnici, gotovo dosegнула njen goli vrat, kad sam uz njeno lijevo bedro pritisnuo posljednji otkucaj najduže ekstaze, koju su čovjek ili čudovište ikada doživjeli.

Neposredno poslije toga (kao da smo se hrvali i kao da je moj stisak olabavio) ona se skotrljala sa sofe i skočila na noge — bolje reći na nogu — da bi odgovorila na prilično glasno zvonjenje telefona, koji se možda čuo već stoljećima, koliko sam j[a] o tome znao. Stajala je ondje i treptala, zažarenih obraza, raščupane kose, dok su joj oči prelazile preko mene lagano kao preko pokućstva, i dok je slušala i govorila (svojoj majci koja ju je zvala da dođe s njom negdje van na ručak) ona je neprestano kucala po rubu stola papučom koju je držala u ruci. Hvala bogu, nije ništa primijetila!

Maramicom od šarene svile, na kojoj su se zaustavile na čas njene odsutne oči, obrisao sam znoj s čela, i utopljen u euforiji olakšanja, uredio sam svoje kraljevske halje. Ona je još uvijek bila na telefonu, svađajući se s majkom (željela je da majka dođe po nju kolima, moja mala Karmen) kada sam, pjevajući sve glasnije i glasnije, uzašao uz stepenice i pustio potop vrele vode u kadu.

Na ovom mjestu mogao bih baš da vam kažem riječi one pjesme u potpunosti — barem koliko se mogu sjetiti — mislim da je nikada nisam znao kako treba. Evo ih.

O moja Karmen, moja mala Karmen!

Tatata, tatata, onih tatata noći.

Zvijezde i ceste, barovi i barman,

O moja draga, zar nikad ne ćeš doći.

Gdje smo sretni bili sjećam se tatata grada.

U srce me gađa naša posljednja svađa,

I pištolj kojim te ublh, moja Karmen,

Pištolj koji u ruci držim sada.

(Izvukao je svoj pištolj kalibra 32, valjda, i prosvirao tane kroz oko svoje brojčice.)

*Dolazi ljeto i Lolita odlazi na školsko logorovanje. Prilike su takve, da Humbert nema drugog načina da ostane s Lolitom i nakon njenog povratka, nego da oženi njenu majku, Charlotte Haze. Kako je Humbert učinio to samo zbog Lolite, tako i u majci traži samo nju.*

Charlotte i ja bismo popili po whisky sa sodom prije nego što bismo otišli u krevet i pomoću alkohola uspijevao sam evocirati dijete, dok sam milovao majku. Ovo je bijeli trbuh u kojemu je 1934. moja mala nimfica bila tek skvrčena riba. Ova brižljivo obojena kosa, tako sterilna za moj osjećaj mirisa i dodira, poprimala je pod svjetlom [*sic!*] lampe u krevetu barem nijansu, ako ne i kvalitet, Lolitinih uvojaka. Govorio sam samome sebi, dok sam kovao svoju frišku-taze ženu a prirodnoj veličini, da je to biološki najbliže što mogu doći Loliti; da je u Lolitinim godinama Lotta bila isto tako poželjna djevojčica, kao što je danas njena kći, i kao što će Lolitina kći biti jednoga dana. Natjerao sam svoju ženu da ispod kolekcije cipela (pok. g. Haze imao je, čini se[,]) strast za sakupljanje cipela) iskopa trideset godina stari album, tako da mogu vidjeti, kako je Lotta izgledala kao dijete; i premda je osvjetljenje bilo loše, a odjeća bez dražesti, mogao s[am] razaznati mutnu prvu verziju Lolitinog obrisa, noga, obraza, prćastog nosa. Lottelita, Lolitchen.

I tako sam ja virkao preko ograda godina, u blijede prozorčice. I kada bi me, uz pomoć sažaljivo marljivih, naivno lascivnih milovanja, ova, plemenitih grudnih bradavica i masivnih bedara, pripremila za izvođenje moje noćne dužnosti, ja sam još uvijek u očaju pokušavao pronaći u zraku miris nimfice, dok sam bludio kroz raslinje tamnih trulih šuma.

*H. H. Vodi detaljni dnevnik o strasti prema Loliti i o neuspjelom bračnom životu sa Charlottom. jednoga dana žena mu otkrije dnevnik.*

Budući da smo se dan prije pomirili nakon dugotrajne svađe, ulazeći u kuću glasno sam i veselo pozdravio.<sup>41</sup> Okrenuta prema meni svojim bijelim potiljkom i brončanom krunom kose, noseći žutu bluzu i kestenjaste hlače, koje je nosila i onda kad smo se upoznali, Charlotta je sjedila u uglu, pišući pismo. Ponovio sam svoj srdačan pozdrav. Ruka joj se zaustavila. Sjedila je trenutak mirno, a onda se polako okrenula na stolici i položila lakat na zakrivljeni naslon. Njeno lice, unakaženo osjećajem, nije bilo nimalo zgodno, kada je pogledala u moje noge i rekla:

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<sup>41</sup> Perhaps in order to resolve any deictic confusion as quite a large section of the novel is skipped over, the original text is altered: "The day before I had ended the regime of aloofness I had imposed upon myself, and now uttered a cheerful homecoming call as I opened the door of the living room" (The Annotated Lolita 95).

»Hazeovica, kujetina, stara mačka, mrska mama, stara blesava Haze nije više tvoja budala. Ona je...«

Moj lijepi tužitelj je zastao, gutajući otrov i suze. Štoga god je Humbert Humbert rekao — ili pokušao reći — nije bitno. Nastavila je:

»Ti si čudovište. Ti si prezira vrijedni, odvratni, zločinački prevarant. Ako mi se približiš, vikat ću kroz prozor — ne prilazi mi!«

I opet, mislim, da se može izostaviti ono što je promrmljao H. H.

»Noćas odlazim. Sve ovo je tvoje. Samo više nikada ne ćeš vidjeti ono jedno derište. Gubi se iz ove sobe«.

Čitaoče, izgubio sam se. Otišao sam u bivši polustudio. Opuštenih ruku stajao sam na čas posve mirno, bez uzbuđenja, gledajući s praga provaljeni stolić, otvorenu ladicu, ključ, koji je visio iz brave, četiri druga kućna ključa na ploči stola. Prešao sam preko stepeništa u spavaću sobu Humbertovih i mirno izvukao svoj dnevnik ispod njenog jastuka, i spremio ga u džep. Zatim sam sišao niz stepenice, ali sam se zaustavio na pola puta: govorila je na telefonu, koji se nalazio pred vratima dnevne sobe. Htio sam čuti što govori: otkazala je nekakvu narudžbu i vratila se u salon. Umirio sam disanje i prošao kroz hodnik prema kuhinji. Tamo sam otvorio bocu whiskija. Nikad se nije mogla oduprijeti čaru whiskija. Zatim sam se vratio u blagovaonicu, i odanle sam kroz poluotvorena vrata promatrao široka Charlottina leđa.

»Upropastit ćeš moj i svoj život«, mirno sam rekao. »Budimo civilizirani ljudi. Sve su to tvoje halucinacije. Luda si, Charlotta. Bilješke, koje si našla, odlomci su romana. Tvoje i njeno ime su samo slučajno upotrebljeni. Samo zato što su mi bili pri ruci. Razmisli o tome. Donijet ću ti da nešto popiješ«.

Nije ni odgovorila, niti se okrenula, nego je nastavila pisati vrlo odlučno. Vjerojatno treće pismo (dva u zapečaćenim kuvertama već su ležala na stolu). Vratio sam se u kuhinju.

Noseći čaše, prošao sam kroz blagovaonicu i rekao kroz vrata salona, koja su bila tek odškrinuta, ne dovoljno da proguram lakat.

»Natočio sam ti čašu«.

Nije odgovorila, bijesna kuja, i ja sam stavio čaše na stolić kraj telefona, koji je upravo u tome trenutku počeo zvoniti.

»Ovdje Leslie. Leslie Tomson«, rekao je Leslie Tomson, koji je volio malo jače trgnuti u zoru. »Gospođa Humbert, gospodine, pregazila su je kola, i bolje bi bilo da smjesta dođete«. Odgovorio sam možda malo jetko, da je moja žena živa i zdrava i još uvijek držeći slušalicu, otvorio sam vrata i rekao: »Čovjek kaže, da te je pregazio auto, Charlotta«.

Ali u salonu nije bilo Charlotte.



*U Charlottinoj smrti Humbert ne vidi ništa drugo nego priliku da ostane sam s Lolitom.*

Vidio sam u tome prst sudbine. Dodirnuo sam samo meso sudbine. Čudesna i čudovišna promjena dogodila se iznenada, a ovdje je bilo njeno oružje. U složenim detaljima situacije (domaćica koja se žuri, skliski pločnik, slučajni pas, strmina, velika kola, majmun za volanom), mogao sam mutno razaznati svoj vlastiti zao prilog. Da nisam bio takva budala — ili takav intu[i]tivni genij — da sačuvam taj dnevnik, tečnost, što ju je proizveo osvet[o]ljubivi bijes i vreli stid, ne bi zaslijepila Charlottu u njenom trku prema poštanskom sandučiću. Ali čak i da su je suze zaslijepile, ništa se nije moralo dogoditi da točna sudbina, taj fantom sinhronizacije [*sic!*], nije u svom destilacionom aparatu smiješala automobil i psa i sunce i sjenu i vlagu i slabost i snagu i kamen. Zbogom. Marleno! Službeni stisak ruke debele sudbine izveo me iz moje tuposti; plakao sam. Gospođe i gospod[o] porotnici — ja sam plakao.

(Nastavit će se)

**Prethodni sadržaj.** Francuz Humbert Humbert zbog neispunjene ljubavi u ranoj mladosti pati od nastrane sklonosti prema »nimficama« — nedozrelim djevojčicama. Od toga ga nije izliječio ni prvi brak, ni psihijatrijska klinika. Tek kad upoznaje Lolitu, kao emigrant u Americi, nalazi opet ljubav. Da bi mogao ostati u njenoj blizini[,] ženi se njenom majkom, koja pogiba u prometnoj nesreći. Kao Lolitin očuh, on je odvodi iz škole, i ne saopćivši joj u prvi mah što se dogodilo, šeta se s njom po cijeloj Americi, od motela do motela.

»Kako je majka?« upitala je Lolita.

Rekao sam da doktori još ne znaju u čemu je stvar. Ali svakako nešto teško. Morat ćemo se neko vrijeme skitati okolo. Bolnica se nalazi izvan grada, kraj mjesta Lepingville, gdje je jedan veliki pjesnik živio u devetnaestom stoljeću i gdje ćemo pogledati sve predstave. Njoj se svidjela ta zamisao i pitala je da li možemo doći u Lepingville prije devet navečer.

»Do večere ćemo stići u Briceland«, rekao sam, »a sutra ćemo posjetiti Lepingville. Kako ti je bilo na izletu? Jesi se dobro zabavljala na logorovanju?«

»Aha«.

»Da li ti je žao što odlaziš?«

»A — a«.

»Govori, Lo, nemoj gundati. Reci mi nešto«.

»Što, t a t a ?« (Razvukla je riječ ironički odmjereno).

»Bilo što.«

»Slažeš se, da te tako zovem?«

»Naravno.«

»Čudno je to, znaš. Kad si se zatelebao u mamu?«

»Jednoga dana, Lo, razumjet ćeš mnoge osjećaje i situacije, kao što su na primjer harmonija i ljepota duhovnih odnosa.«

»Taman!« rekla je cinično nimfica.

Plitka stanka u dijalogu, ispunjena s malo pejzaža.<sup>42</sup>

»Reci, zar majka ne bi poludjela od bijesa, kad bi otkrila da smo ljubavnici?«

»Zaboga, Lo, nemoj tako govoriti.«

»Ali mi jesmo ljubavnici, zar ne?«

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<sup>42</sup> Although this is an actual sentence in the novel, a significant amount of text is conveniently omitted after this line (The Annotated Lolita 112-114; Lolita [2004] 121-123).

»Ne koliko ja znam. Mislim da će opet padati kiša. Hoćeš li mi pričati o tim svojim nestašlucima u logoru?«<sup>43</sup>

»Skrenimo u neku pustu uličicu sa strane i reći ću ti.«

»Lo, moram te ozbiljno zamoliti, da ne izigravaš budalu. Pričaj.«

»Pa, radila sam sve što i drugi.«

»Na primjer?«

»Na primjer, naučili su me da živim sretno i veselo u društvu i da razvijam svoju ličnost.

Bez veze uglavnom.«

»Da. Vidio sam tako nešto u reklamnoj knjizi.«

»Sviđalo mi se kad smo pjevali oko logorske vatre pod zvijezdama, gdje je svaka djevojčica stopila svoj vlastiti osjećaj sreće u glasu cijele proklete grupe.«

»Sjećanje ti je odlično, Lo, ali opet te moram zamoliti da izostaviš kletve. Još nešto?«

»Lozinka djevojaka skauta«, rekla je Lo rapsodično, »i moja je lozinka. Ispunjavam svoj život valjanim djelima, kao što su — svejedno što su — moja je dužnost da budem korisna. Prijatelj sam muškim životinjama. Slušam zapovijedi. Vesela sam. Evo opet policijskih kola. Škrta sam i sasvim prljava u misli, na riječi i na djelu.«

»Nadam se da je to sve, vickasto dijete.«

»Da. To je sve. Ne, pričekaj čas. Pekli smo kruh. Zar to nije strašno?«

»To je malo bolje.«

»Prali smo milijune tanjura.«

»C'est bien tout?«

»C'est. Osim jedne stvarčice, nečega što ti naprosto ne mogu reći, a da sva ne pocrvenim.«

»Hoćeš li mi reći kasnije?«

»Kad budemo sjedili u mraku, i ako me pustiš da šapćem. hoću. Spavaš li u svojoj staroj sobi ili logoruješ s majkom?«

»U staroj sobi. Tvoja će se majka morati podvrći vrlo ozbiljnoj operaciji, Lo.«

»Zaustavi kod onog mliječnog restorana, daj«, rekla je Lo.<sup>44</sup>

»Koliko imaš para?« upitao sam.

»Ni centa«, rekla je tužno, podižući obrve, pokazujući mi praznu unutrašnjost svoje novčarke.

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<sup>43</sup> Another small part of the dialogue is omitted after this (The Annotated Lolita 114; Lolita [2004] 123).

<sup>44</sup> Paragraph omitted after this, in which Humbert narrates a comically eroticized scene of Lolita being served ice-cream in a candy bar by a young waiter (The Annotated Lolita 115; Lolita [2004] 124).

»To ćemo popraviti čim dođe vrijeme«, rekao sam lukavo. »Idemo li dalje?«

»Šta misliš, da li imaju ovdje toaletu.«

»Ne ćeš ići tamo«, rekao sam čvrsto. »Sigurno će biti prljava. Hajdemo.«

Sve u svemu bila je vrlo poslušna mala djevojčica i ja sam je poljubio u vrat kad smo se vratili u kola.

»Nemoj to raditi«, rekla je ona, s neglumljenim iznenađenjem. »Nemoj me sliniti. Prljavac jedan.«

Obrisala je to mjesto o uzdignuto rame.

»Oprosti«, promrmljao sam. »Samo mi se sviđaš, to je sve.«

Vozili smo pod mračnim nebom uz zavojitu cestu, prvo uzbrdo, zatim nizbrdo.

»Pa, i ti se meni nekako sviđaš«, rekla je Lolita rastegnutim mekim glasom, uzdahnuvši, i privila mi se bliže. (Oh, moja Lolita, nikad ne ćemo tamo stići!)

Sumrak je počeo ispunjavati dražesno malo mjesto Briceland, njegovu lažnu kolonijalnu arhitekturu. trgovinu antikvitetima i uvezena stabla aleje, dok smo se vozili kroz slabo osvijetljene ulice u potrazi za hotelom »Začarani lovci«. Zrak je unatoč neprestanog padanja kiše bio topao i zelen, a red ljudi, uglavnom djece i staraca, već se formirao pred blagajnom kina, na kojemu je svjetleća reklama kapala obojene dragulje.

»Ah, htjela bih vidjeti taj film. Hajdemo odmah poslije večere.«

»Možda«, rekao je Humbert, znajući vrlo dobro, podmukli, magloviti đavo, da će u devet sati, kad počinje nje gov a predstava ona biti kao mrtva u njegovom zagrljaju.

»Polako!« zaviknula je Lo, bacajući se naprijed, dok je neki prokleti kamion pred nama stao kraj raskršća, a njegova su stražnja svijetla [*sic!*] treperila.

*H. H. i Lolita dobivaju istu sobu u hotelu, kao otac i kći, i za vrijeme večere Humbert daje Loliti pilulu za spavanje. Nakon izvjesnog vremena Humbert ulazi u njihovu zajedničku sobu.*

Odjevena u jednu od svojih starih spavaćica, moja Lolita je ležala na boku. okrenuta leđima prema meni, usred kreveta. Njeno lagano odjeveno tijelo i goli udovi oblikovali su slovo Z. Stavila je oba jastuka pod svoju tamnu raščupanu glavu; pruga blijedog svijetla [*sic!*] presjecala [*sic!*] joj je gornje kralješke.

Činilo mi se, kao da sam skinuo svoje odijelo i obukao pidžamu onom fantastičnom brzinom, koja je implicirana u filmskim scenama, kada se mijenja kadar; i već sam spustio koljeno na rub kreveta, kad je Lolita okrenula glavu, i pogledala me kroz prugaste sjene.

To je bilo nešto, što uljez nije očekivao. Cijela malverzacija s pilulama (prilično prljav posao, *entre nous soit dit*) bila je namijenjena tome da proizvede čvrsti san, koji ni cijela

regimenta ne bi mogla uznemiriti, a evo ona zuri u mene i kroz svoju pospanost zove me »Barbara«. Barbara, odjevena u moju pidžamu, koja joj je pretijesna, ostala je u nepokretnoj pozi iznad malog somnambula. Blago, s beznadnim uzdahom, Lolita se okrenula u pređašnju pozu. Barem dvije minute sam čekao, napregnut na rubu, kao onaj krojač s padobranom domaće izrade, prije četrdeset godina, kada se spremao da skoči sa Eiffelovog tornja. Njeno jedva čujno disanje imalo je ritam sna. Konačno sam se ubacio na svoj uski rub kreveta, prikriveno sam prikupio krajeve plahte, zgužvane na južnoj strani mojih poput kamena hladnih nogu i Lolita je podigla glavu i pogledala u mene.

Kako sam saznao kasnije od dobroćudnog farmaceuta. Ljubičasta pilula nije čak ni pripadala velikoj i plemenitoj porodici barbiturata, i premda je mogla izazvati san kod neurotika, koji vjeruje, da je to moćna droga, bila je previše blagi sedativ da bi dulje vremena mogao djelovati na opreznu, iako umornu nimficu. Bio sam prevaren. Kada je Lolita ponovo otvorila oči, shvatio sam da je sigurnost, na koju sam se oslanjao, lažna. Ležao sam sasvim mirno na rubu kreveta, zureći u njenu raščupanu kosu, u blistavilo mesa mlade nimfe, tamo gdje se golo rame napola pokazivalo, pokušavajući da procijenim dubinu njenog sna po ritmu disanja. Izvjesno vrijeme je prošlo, ništa se nije promijenilo i odlučio sam, da mogu riskirati, da se primaknem malo bliže tom dražesnom sjaju, koji me izluđuje. Ali tek što bih se pomaknuo prema toploj bliskosti, disanje bi joj se prekinulo, i imao sam mrski osjećaj, da je mala Dolores potpuno budna i da će završnuti ako je dodirnom bilo kojim dijelom svoje pokvarenosti.<sup>45</sup>

Opet je čvrsto zaspala, moja nimfica, ali ja se Još uvijek nisam usuđivao zaploviti na začarano putovanje. *La Petite Dormeuse ou l'Amant Ridicule*.<sup>46</sup> Nema ništa glasnije od američkog hotela; a molim vas lijepo, ovo se reklamiralo kao mirno, udobno, staromodno domaće mjesto. Zveket vrata na dizalu miješao se s udaranjem i grmljavinom različitih stupnjeva kretanja mašine i trajao je dugo poslije ponoći. Svako malo, istočno od mog lijevog uha (uvijek morate pretpostaviti da sam ležao na leđima, ne usuđujući se upraviti svoju poročniju stranu prema maglovitom boku moje priležnice) hodnik bi se napunio veselim zvučnim i nepriličnim usklikima, koji bi svršavali grmljavinom pozdrava. Kad je to svršilo, počeo se oglašavati zahod, koji se nalazio točno sjeverno od mog cerebelluma. Bio je to muževni, energični zahod, dubokog glasa, i upotrebljavali su ga mnogo puta. Njegovo grgoljenje i šumor i dugotrajna rijeka ponovnog punjenja tresli su zid iza mene. Zatim je netko,

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<sup>45</sup> Part of the text omitted after this. In it, the narrator urges the reader not to skip the essential pages that follow (The Annotated Lolita 129; Lolita [2004] 139-140).

<sup>46</sup> The rest of the paragraph is omitted; in it Humbert deliberates how to proceed with the rape the next day (The Annotated Lolita 129; Lolita [2004] 139-140).

u južnom pravcu, ekstravagantno povraćao, gotovo iskašljavajući život s pićem, i njegov zahod se spustio kao prava Niagara upravo do naše kupaonice. I kad su konačno svi vodopadi prestali i začarani lovci pospali, ulica pod prozorom moje besanice, na zapadu moje noćne straže — uštogljena, dostojanstvena aleja ogromnih stabala — degenerirala se u prezrivo boravište ogromnih kamiona, koji su režali kroz vlažnu i vjetrovitu noć. A samo pedalj od mene i mog usplamtjelog života, nalazila se maglovita Lolita.<sup>47</sup> Lolita, okrenuta leđima prema Humbertu, a Humbert, glave naslonjene na ruke, gorio je od želje i dispepsije.

Magla nježnosti obavijala je planine čežnje.<sup>48</sup>

Začuvši njen prvi jutarnji zijev, moj lijepi profil je odglumio san. Nisam znao što da učinim. Hoće li biti šokirana kad otkrije da ležim kraj nje, a ne na nekom rezervnom ležaju. Hoće li pokupiti svoje odijelo i zaključati se u kupaonu? Da li će zahtijevati, da je smjesta odvedem do postelje njene majke, ili natrag u logor. Ali moja Lo bila je društvena djevojčica. Osjetio sam kako me gleda, i kad je izustila konačno onaj svoj ljupki gugutavi zvuk, znao sam, da su joj oči nasmijane. Dokotrljala se do mene, a njena topla smeđa kosa spustila se na moju ključnu kost. Izveo sam osrednju imitaciju buđenja. Mirno smo ležali. Nježno sam je gladio po kos[i], a zatim smo se blago poljubili[.] Njen poljubac, na moje delirično iznenađenje, imao je prilično smiješnu profinjenost i prodornost, što me je navelo na zaključak, da ju je u vrlo ranom dobu trenirala neka mala lezbijka.<sup>49</sup> Kao da hoće



Fig. 4 Telegram : jugoslavenske nedeljne novine, 1.16 (12.VIII.1960), p. 12

<sup>47</sup> Most of the original paragraph omitted after this (The Annotated Lolita 130; Lolita [2004] 140-141).

<sup>48</sup> Larger parts of text omitted both before and after this sentence; in the original, Humbert goes to the bathroom to ease his dyspepsia and then watches Lolita stumbling about in her semi-conscious drugged state. Humbert then proceeds to watch her during the night, listening to the sounds inside the hotel. He then addresses the reader and stresses that he would not have brutally raped her in the night and that it was she, in fact, who would seduce him (The Annotated Lolita 130-132; Lolita [2004] 141-143). This haphazard omission may suggest, however, that the reason behind it was an editorial censure, and not just a matter of formal restrictions.

<sup>49</sup> Omitted after this: “No Charlie boy could have taught her *that*” (The Annotated Lolita 133; Lolita [2004] 143).

vidjeti, kako to primam, i kako učim lekciju, odmaknula se i pogledala me. Obrazi su joj bili zažareni, donja joj je usna blistala, moje je rastapanje bilo na vidiku. Odjednom, s eksplozijom grubog veselja (znak nimfice), približila je usta mom uhu, ali vrlo dugo moj mozak nije mogao razdijeliti u riječi vruću grmljavinu njenog šapta, a ona se smijala i uklanjala kosu s lica, i pokušavala je opet, i konačno čudnovat osjećaj da živim u potpuno novom, u ludo novom svijetu snova, gdje je sve dopušteno, obuzeo me je, kada sam shvatio što ona predlaže. Odgovorio sam da ne znam kakvu su igru ona i Charlie igrali. »Hoćeš reći da nisi nikad...?« njene su se crte iskrivile u degutiranoj nevjerici. »Nisi nikad...« počela je opet. Pokušavao sam dobiti na vremenu, ljubeći je. »Makni se, daj«, rekla je s promuklim zavijanjem, žurno odmičući svoje rame od mojih usana. (Vrlo je čudno, da je smatrala — i mislila je to vrlo dugo, — da su sva milovanja osim poljubaca u usta i najgoljeg čina ljubavi ili »romantički pekmez« ili »abnormalno«).

»Misliš reći«, uporno je nastavljala, sada klečeći iznad mene, »da to nisi nikad radio, kad si bio dijete?«

»Nikad«, rekao sam istinito.

»U redu«, rekla je Lolita, »onda na posao.«

Ipak ne ću dosađivati mojim učenim čitaocima detaljnim opisom Lolitine poduzetnosti. Dovoljno je reći, da u toj lijepoj, jedva formiranoj mladoj djevojci, koju su moderna koedukacija, raspuštenost mladeži, školsko logorovanje i te stvari, potpuno i beznadno pokvarili, nisam primijetio ni traga čednosti. Gledala je na goli čin samo kao na dio potajnog svijeta mladosti, nepoznatog odraslima. Što su stariji radili u svrhu nastavljanja vrste, to se nje nije ticalo. Mala Lo je upravljala mojim životom energično i realistički, kao da je taj život neosjetljiva napravica nepovezana sa mnom. Dok je vruće željela da me impresionira svijetom starmalih, nije bila sasvim pripravna na izvjesne nepodudarnosti, između života djeteta i moga života. Samo ju je ponos spriječio, da ne odustane; jer ja sam sa svojim čudnim sklonostima, glumio potpunu glupost i dopustio sam joj da radi što hoće — barem dotle dok sam to mogao podnijeti. Ali zaista to su irelevantne stvari. Tako zvani seks me uopće ne interesira. Svatko može zamisliti te elemente životinjstva. Ozbiljniji napor vuče me naprijed: da zabilježim jednom zauvijek opasnu magiju nimfice.

*Slijedećeg [sic!] dana, kad ljubavnici nastavljaju put automobilom,  
između njih izbija svađa.*

»Ti prostačino«, rekla je, slatko mi se smiješeći. »Ti odvratno biće. Bila sam djevojka svježija poput cvijeta, a gledaj što si mi ti učinio. Morala bih pozvati policiju i reći im da si me silovao. Ah, ti prljavi, prljavi starče.«

Da li se samo šalila? Zlokobna histerična nota zvonila je kroz njene glupe riječi. Uskoro, proizvedeći usnama čudni prskavi zvuk, počela se tužiti na boli, rekla je da ne može sjediti. Znoj mi se cijedio niz vrat, I gotovo smo pregazili nekakvu životinjicu, koja je prelazila cestu uspravna repa, i opet me je moja loše raspoložena družica nazvala nekom ružnom riječju. Kad smo se zaustavili kod benzinske pumpe, iskobeljala se van bez riječi i dugo je nije bilo. Polako, s ljubavlju, neki stariji druškan slomljena nosa obrisao mi je staklo — na svakoj pumpi rade to drukčije, negdje upotrebljavaju jelensku kožu, negdje četku sa sapunom, ovaj je momak upotrebljavao ružičastu spužvu.

Ona se konačno pojavila. »Slušaj«, rekla je onim bezizražajnim glasom, koji me toliko vrijeđao, »daj mi malo kovanog novca. Nazvat ću majku u bolnicu. Koji je broj?«

»Uđi«, rekao sam. »Ne možeš nazvati taj broj.«

»Zašto?«

»Ulazi i zatvori vrata.«

Ušla je i zatvorila vrata. Stari garažist joj se nasmiješio. Skrenuo sam na cestu[.]

»Zašto ne mogu zvati majku, ako hoću?«

»Zato«, odgovorio sam, »jer ti je majka mrtva.«

U veselom gradu Lepingvillu kupio sam joj četiri knjige stripova, kutiju bombona, kutiju ženskih uložaka, dvije koka-kole, pribor za manikiranje, putni sat sa svijetlećim [*sic!*] brojčanikom, prsten s pravim topazom, tenis reket, koturaljke s bijelim visokim cipelama, dalekozor, portable-radio, gumu za žvakanje, prozirnu kišnu kabanicu, tamne naočale, nešto odjeće — đempere [*sic!*], hlačice, malo ljetnih haljina. U hotelu smo uzeli posebne sobe, ali usred noći ona je jecajući prešla k meni, i učinili smo to vrlo nježno i pažljivo. Shvaćate, ona nije uopće imala kamo ići.

(Nastavit će se)



**Prethodni sadržaj.** Francuz Humbert Humbert zbog neispunjene ljubavi u a ranoj mladosti pati od nastrane sklonosti prema »nimficama« — nedozrelim djevojčicama. Emigrira u Ameriku, zaljubljuje se u Lolitu i ženi se njenom majkom, da bi mogao biti stalno u blizini svoje ljubavi. Nakon ženine smrti on s Lolitom, koja ustvari zavede njega, juri automobilom od mjesta do mjesta. Nakon izvjesnog vremena ipak se zaustave, da bi Lolita mogla pohađati školu.

(Nastavak iz prošlog broja)

Ušla je u moj svijet, sjenoviti i mračni Humberland, s mnogo žustre radoznalosti; pregledala ga je, slegnuvši ramenima, otkrivši da je odbojan; i činilo mi se sada, da je spremna da ode iz njega s osjećajem vrlo bliskim običnoj odvratnosti. Nikada nije zadrhtala pod mojim dodirom, a kriještavo [*sic!*] pitanje »šta misliš, šta to radiš?« bilo je sve što bih dobio za svoj trud. Od čudesne zemlje, koju sam joj mogao ponuditi, moja budalica je više volila najotrcanije filmove, najodvratnije besmislice. Bilo je strašno pomisliti da će ona između hamburgera i Humbergera uvijek, nepogrešivo, s ledenom preciznošću, izabrati uvijek prvo. Jesam li spomenuo ime onog mliječnog restorana, u koji sam ušao čas prije? Zvao se, od svih imena, Hladna kraljica. Smiješeci se pomalo tužno, nazvao sam je svojom hladnom princezom. Uopće nije shvatila u čemu je tužna šala.

Ah, nemoj mi se rugati, čitaoče, nemam namjeru, da dam utisak, da nisam uspio biti sretan. Čitaoc mora razumjeti, da je vladanje i opsjednutost nimficom, pod čije je čari dospio opsjenjeni putnik, kako bismo rekli, s o n u s t r a n u s r e ć e . Jer nema blaženstva na svijetu, koje bi se moglo usporediti s maženjem nimfice. To blaženstvo pripada nekoj drugoj vrsti, na drugom planu osjećajnosti. Unatoč našim svađama, unatoč njenoj zloći, unatoč galami i kreveljenju, koje je izvodila, i vulgarnosti i opasnosti, i užasnoj beznadnosti svega toga, ja sam još uvijek boravio duboko u svom raj, po vlastitom izboru — raj, gdje je nebo boje paklene vatre, ali ipak raj.

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Jednog ljetnog podneva, upravo ispod crte gdje počinje crnogorica, gdje su se cvjetovi boje neba nagomilali uzduž planinskog potoka, Lolita i ja smo našli osamljeno romantično mjesto, oko stotinu stopa iznad ceste, gdje smo ostavili naša kola. Činilo se, da na ovaj obronak nikada nije stupila ljudska noga.<sup>50</sup> Tu nam se opasnost, da budemo otkriveni približila više nego ikada prije, i nije nimalo čudno što je to iskustvo ograničilo moju želju za ljubavlju u majci prirodi.

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<sup>50</sup> Roughly a (rather poetic) paragraph omitted after this (The Annotated Lolita 168-169; Lolita [2004] 183).

Sjećam se da je operacija prošla, sasvim, i ona je plakala u mom zagrljaju — pozdravna oluja jecaja nakon jednog od onih napada lošeg raspoloženja, koji su postali tako česti kod nje u toku te inače prekrasne godine. Upravo sam bio povukao neko glupo obećanje, na koje me je bila natjerala u trenutku slijepe nestrpljive strasti i sada se ona tu pekmezila i jecala, i štipala mi ruku, koja ju je milovala, a ja sam se sretno smijao, dok je užasni, nevjerojatni, nepodnošljivi i vječni strah, koji sada poznam, bio tek tamna točka u plavetnilu mog blaženstva; tako smo ležali, kad sam s jednim od onih trzaja, koji su konačno izbacili moje jadno srce iz kolosijeka, susreo radoznale tajne oči dvoje čudne i lijepe djece, faunića i nimfice, koji su stajali zureći u nas, u plavim odijelima, stapajući se s planinskim cvijećem. Trzao sam za prostiračem u očajničkom pokušaju da se sakrijem — a u tom trenutku nekoliko koraka dalje pojavila se postepeno sve veća i veća figura debele gospođe, koja je brala cvijeće, povremeno gledajući preko ramena, prema nama, zaklonjena svojom dražesnom, kao u plavom kamenu isklesanom djecom.

Sad, kad na svojoj savjesti imam sasvim druge probleme, znam da sam hrabar čovjek, ali onda nisam bio toga svijestan [*sic!*], i sjećam se kako me iznenadila moja vlastita hladnokrvnost. Tiho šapćući zapovijedi, kakve čovjek daje oznojenoj treniranoj životinji čak i u najgorim nevoljama<sup>51</sup>, natjerao sam Lo da ustane, i mi smo dostojanstveno otkoračali, a zatim sasvim nedostojanstveno odjurili do kola.<sup>52</sup> Nadmorska visina je bila dobroano preko 3.000 metara i ja sam ostao potpuno bez daha; i dok smo sa škripom i klizanjem poletjeli kolima, Lo, koja se još uvijek borila sa svojom odjećom, psovala me je jezikom, koji nikada nisam sanjao, da djevojčice mogu poznavati, da ne govorimo upotrebljavati.



Fig. 5 Telegram : jugoslavenske nedeljne novine, I.17 (19.VIII.1960), p. 12

<sup>51</sup> Omitted after this: “(what mad hope or hate makes the young beast’s flanks pulsate, what black stars pierce the heart of the tamer!),” a play on William Blake’s *The Tyger* (*The Annotated Lolita* 169; *Lolita* [2004] 184).

<sup>52</sup> Another longer sentence omitted, probably because it refers to sections not in the printed translation.

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Sada je preda mnom neukusni zadatak da zabilježim ozbiljan pad Lolitinog morala.<sup>53</sup> Njen nedjeljni džeparac, koji sam joj isplaćivao pod uvjetom da ispunjava svoje osnovne obaveze, iznosio je dvadeset i jedan cent na početku — ubrzo zatim popeo se na dolar i pet centi. Bio je to vrlo širokogrudni džeparac, budući da je ona neprestano primala od mene svakovrsne male poklone, i kadgod bi upitala, dobila bi svaki slatkiš ili kino, koji je mogla zamisliti — premda, naravno, zato sam mogao nježno zatražiti kakav dodatni poljubac, ili čak cijelu kolekciju raznih milovanja, kad sam znao da je vrlo jako željela neki predmet mladenačke zabave. Ali s njom nije bilo lako poslovati. Zarađivala je svoja tri penija na dan vrlo ravnodušno, a ispostavilo bi se da je vrlo okrutni ugovarač, kadgod bi bilo u njenoj moći da mi zaniječe neki od onih čudnih, sporih rajskih filtera, koji su mi uništavali život, bez kojih ne bih mogao ostati nekoliko dana za redom, a koje, zbog same prirode ljubavne čežnje, nisam mogao uzeti na silu. Poznajući magiju i moć svojih vlastitih nježnih ustiju, uspjela je u toku jedne jedine školske godine podići cijenu nekog malo neobičnijeg zagrljaja na tri, pa i na četiri dolara, o, čitaoče.

Novac koji sam joj davao, ona je spremala.<sup>54</sup> Ja bih provalio u njenu sobu i pregledavao razderane papire u košari za otpatke, pretraživao bih ispod jastuka njenog djevičanskog kreveta. jednom sam pronašao osam novčanica po jedan dolar u jednoj od njenih knjiga<sup>55</sup>, a jednom u rupi u zidu iza Whistlerove »Majke«, otkrio sam dvadeset i četiri dolara, koje sam mimo spremio u džep, na što je ona slijedećeg [*sic!*] dana preda mnom optužila poštnu čistačicu, da je prljavi lopov. Na kraju krajeva ipak je pokazala toliko pameti, da [je] našla sigurnije skrovište, koje nisam više otkrio; ali tada sam ja već drastično snizio cijene, jer sam je natjerao da na težak i odvratan način zaradi dozvolu da sudjeluje u školskom kazališnom programu; no zato što sam se bojao, da bi me ona mogla financijski upropastiti, nego zato što bi mogla skupiti dovoljno gotovine, da od mene pobjegne. Vjerujem, da je to jadno dijete uža[re]nih očiju izračunalo, da sa pedeset dolara u džepu može nekako doći u New York ili Hollywood — ili u prljavu kuhinju vagon-restorana (u malom oglasniku) u nekoj očajnoj prerijskoj državi, gdje puše vjetar, zvijezde trepću i automobili, i barovi, i barmen [*sic!*], i sve uprljano, rastrgano, mrtvo.

*H. H. primjećuje, da Lolita iskorištava pripremanje kazališne predstave i satove učenja za neke tajanstvene sastanke. On sumnja, da mu je*

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<sup>53</sup> The rest of the paragraph omitted (The Annotated Lolita 183; Lolita [2004] 198).

<sup>54</sup> Not in the original text. After the previous sentence, there is half a paragraph missing, so this presumably serves as compensation (The Annotated Lolita 184; Lolita [2004] 199).

<sup>55</sup> Omitted: (fittingly—*Treasure Island*) (The Annotated Lolita 184; Lolita [2004] 199).

*nevjerna i među njima dolazi do ozbiljnih razmirica. Međutim sasvim iznenada, Lolita. da bi se pomirili, odluči, da napusti školu i da opet krenu automobilom na lutanje.*

»Slušaj«, rekla je dok je gurala bicikl kraj mene, oslanjajući se jednom nogom na tamni blistavi pločnik. »Slušaj, odlučila sam nešto. Hoću napustiti školu. Mrzim ovu školu. Mrzim predstavu. Zaista mrzim. Nikad se ne ću vratiti. Naći ćemo neku drugu. Hajdemo smjesta. Hajdemo opet na dugi put. Ali ovog puta ići ćemo kamo ja hoću, zar ne?«

Kimnuo sam. Moja Lolita.

»Ja biram? C'est entendu?« upitala je, šepesajući uz mene. Upotrebljavala je francuski samo kad je bila jako dobra mala djevojčica.

»U redu. Entendu. Ali sad poskoči, Lenoro, ili će te promočiti kiša«. (Pljusak jecaja ispunjavao mi je grudi.)

Ogoljela je zube i na svoj divni djevojački način nagnula se naprijed i odjurila biciklom, moja ptičica.<sup>56</sup>

Čekala me je kraj sablasnog brezovog stabla.

»Mokra sam do kože«, izjavila je što je glasnije mogla. »Da li ti je drago? K vragu s kazališnom predstavom! Vidiš da mislim ozbiljno?«

U predsoblju, osvjetljenom pozdravnim svjetlima [*sic!*], Lolita je svukla džemper, zatresla kosom punom dragulja, ispružila prema meni dvije gole ruke i uzdigla jedno koljeno:

»Ondesi me uz stepenice, molim te. Večeras se osjećam nekako romantično«.

Možda će na ovom mjestu zanimati fiziologe da nauče, da imam sposobnost — pretpostavljam da je to jedinstveni slučaj, — da prolijevam bujice suza u toku one druge oluje.

*H. H. uskoro otkriva da razlozi koji su natjerali Lolitu da napusti školu nisu sasvim čisti. On ima utisak da ona neobjašnjivo izbiva na mjestima gdje se slučajno zaustavljaju, a zatim otkriva, da ih neprestano prati neki automobil.*

Budući da sam ubojica sa senzacionalnim ali nepotpunim i neortodoksnim pamćenjem, ne mogu vam reći, gospođe i gospodo, točan dan, kada sam shvatio s potpunom sigurnošću, da nas slijedi crveni automobil. Sjećam se ipak, kada sam prvi put jasno vidio vozača.<sup>57</sup> Jednom kad smo se zaustavili, dok sam ja potpisivao račun za benzin i raspitivao se gdje smo, vidio sam kroz prozor ka[ko] neki čovjek širokih leđa, pročelav, sluša Lo, koja se nagnula iz kola i govori

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<sup>56</sup> Omitted after this: "Miss Lester's finely groomed hand held a porch-door open for a waddling old dog *qui prenait son temps*" (The Annotated Lolita 207; Lolita [2004] 225).

<sup>57</sup> A significant part of the original text is omitted after this (The Annotated Lolita 217-218; Lolita [2004] 236).

mu vrlo brzo, pokazujući mu nešto raširenim prstima, kao da mu opisuje naš put. Lolita je proučavala automobilsku mapu, kad sam se vratio u kola.

»Što te je pitao onaj čovjek, Lo?«

»Čovjek? Ah, onaj čovjek. Ah, da, ah, ne znam. Pitao me da li imam mapu. Valjda je izgubio put«.

Nastavili smo vožnjom, a ja sam rekao: »Slušaj, Lo, ne znam da li mi lažeš ili ne i ne znam jesi li luda ili nisi, a osim toga mi je to svejedno; ali ta nas osoba slijedi cijeloga dana, njegova su kola bila jučer pred motelom, i ja mislim da je policajac. Vrlo dobro znaš što će se desiti, ako policija otkrije kako stvari stoje. A sada mi reci točno što ti je rekao i što si ti rekla njemu«.

Nasmijala se.

»Ako je stvarno policajac«, rekla je kriještavo [*sic!*], ali ne nelogično, »najgora stvar koju možemo učiniti jest da mu pokažemo da ga se bojimo. Pravi se kao da ga nema, tata«.

»Da li je pitao kamo idemo?«

»Ah, on to zna«, rekla je, rugajući mi se.

*H. H. skreće sa ceste da bi izbjegao progonitelju, ali kad ih ovaj nakon izvjesnog vremena opet pronalazi, Humbert je uvjeren, da su progonitelj i Lolita u vezi. Kad god se zaustave, progonitelj se sastaje sa Lolitom, ali čini to tako spretno, da Humbert ne može ništa dokazati.*

*U planinama dolazi do vrlo dramatičnog susreta.*

Nalazili smo se u planinskoj zemlji, negdje između lanca Snow i vrha Champion, i silazili smo niz cestu, pod gotovo neprimjetnim kutom, kad drugi put potpuno jasno vidio našeg filmskog detektiva-progonitelja. Siva maglica iza nas postala je tamnija i skupila se u tamnoplava luksuzna kola (u to vrijeme naš pratilac saznao je već od Lolite, da sam ga primijetio i izmislio je sistem iznajmljivanja kola). Iznenada kao da su kola odgovorila grčevima mog jadnog srca, počeli smo klizati s jedne strane ceste na drugu, dok je nešto ispod nas proizvodilo pljeskavi bespomoćni zvuk.

»Pukla je guma, gospodine«, veselo je rekla Lo.

Zaustavio sam se kraj ponora. Ona je prekrížila ruke i stavila noge na upravljačku dasku. Izašao sam i pogledao stražnju desnu gumu. Donji dio gume bio je tvrdoglavo i strašno četverouglast. Naš pratilac se zaustavio pedeset koraka iza nas. Njegovo udaljeno lice izgledalo je kao masna mrlja zloradosti. To mi je bila prilika. Pošao sam prema njemu — s bistrom idejom, da ga upitam, da li ima ručnu dizalicu za kola, premda sam je imao u spremištu. On se malo povukao. Spotaknuo sam se o nekakav kamen — i imao sam osjećaj, da to izaziva opći

smijeh. Zatim je neki ogromni kamion došao odnekud iza kola moga pratioca i progromio kraj mene — trenutak kasnije čuo sam kako grčevito trubi. Instinktivno sam se okrenuo i vidio sam kako moja vlastita kola polako odlaze. Razaznao sam, da se šašava Lo nalazi za volanom, i mašina je očito radila,— premda sam se sa sigurnošću sjećao, da sam je ugasio, iako nisam ukopčao sigurnosnu kočnicu. U kratkom razmaku između dva otkucaja mašine, koliko mi je bilo potrebno, da stignem škripava kola, koja su se konačno zaustavila, svanulo mi je, da je u dvije posljednje godine mala Lo imala dovoljno prilike da nauči osnove vožnje. Dok sam bijesno otvarao vrata, bio sam vraški siguran, da je pokrenula kola samo zato, da bi me spriječila da se ne susretnem s našim pratiocem. Njen se trik pokazao svejedno beskorisnim, jer već kad sam jurnuo za njom, on je energično okrenuo kola u suprotnom smjeru i nestao. Odmarao sam se izvjesno vrijeme. Lo me je upitala, da zar joj ne ću zahvaliti, — kola su se počela sama od sebe kretati i... Kad nije dobila nikakvog odgovora udubila se u proučavanje mape. Ponovo sam izašao i počeo šetati gore dolje, da se umirim. Činilo mi se, da možda počinjem gubiti razum.

(Nastavit će se)

**Prethodni sadržaj.** Francuz Humbert Humbert, francuski emigrant u Americi, pati od nastrane sklonosti prema »nimficama« [—] nedozrelim djevojčicama. Zaljubljuje se u Lolitu, ženi se s njenom majkom, da bi mogao živjeti u blizini svoje ljubavi. Nakon ženine smrti Lolita ga zavede, i oni lutaju automobilom po cijeloj Americi. Međutim, kad Lolita pođe u školu, zaljubljuje se u C. Quiltyja, pisca drame, koju igraju u školi. S njim konačno i pobjegne od Humberta, koji je godinama traži. Kad već gubi svaku nadu da će je naći, dobiva iznenada od nje pismo.

(Nastavak iz prošlog broja)

Dragi tata,

kako je s tobom? Ja sam udata. Imat ću dijete. Mislim da će biti veliko. Izgleda da će se roditi baš oko božića. Vrlo mi je teško pisati ovo pismo. Poludjet ću, jer nemamo dovoljno novaca da platimo dugove i da se izvučemo odavde. Dicku su obećali veliki posao u Aljaski, nešto specijalno za njega, on je mehaničar, ne znam točno kakav. Oprosti mi što ti nisam poslala našu kućnu adresu, ali ti se možda još uvijek ljutiš na mene, a Dick to ne smije doznati. I ovo ti je nekakav grad. Ne možeš vidjeti budale oko sebe zbog magle i dima. Molim te, pošalji nam ček, tata. Progurali bismo s tri ili četiri stotine dolara, ili čak manje, sve će nam dobro doći, možeš prodati moje stare stvari. jer jednom kad dođemo tamo, novac će samo teći. Piši mi, molim te. Pretrpjela sam mnogo tuge[.]

Tvoja trudna

Dolly (gdja Richarda F. Schillera)<sup>58</sup>

Izašao sam iz kola i zalupio vratima. Kako je realno, kako tupo zvučao taj udarac u praznini maglenog dana! Neki pas je površno zalajao. Pritisnuo sam zvono; zadrhtalo je kroz sve moje živce. P e r s o n n e . J e r e s o n n e . R e p e r s o n n e . Iz kojih dubina se rađa ova rebesmislica? Vau, rekao je pas. Žurba i struganje, vrata su škrinula.

Nekoliko centimetara viša. Naočari s ružičastim okvirom. Nova visoka frizura, nove uši. Kako jednostavno! Ovaj trenutak, smrti koju sam tri godine zamišljao, bila je jednostavna kao komadić drveta. Bila je istinski i ogromno trudna. Glava joj je izgledala manja (ustvari su prošle samo dvije sekunde, ali dopustite mi da im dam onoliko drvenog trajanja koliko život može podnijeti), njeni blijedi obrazi s pjegicama upali su, a gole ruke i noge izgubile su boju, tako da su se vidjele dlačice. Nosila je smeđu pamučnu haljinu i bezoblične filcane papuče.

»V — i — d — i!« izdahnula je nakon stanke, s naglaskom čuđenja i dobrodošlice.

»Da li ti je muž kod kuće?« zakreketao sam, držeći revolver u džepu.

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<sup>58</sup> Chapter 28 is omitted after this line; in it, Humbert broods over the letter and proceeds to track down the Schillers (The Annotated Lolita 267-269; Lolita [2004] 290-292).

Ne bih ni mogao ubiti nju, kako su neki već pomislili. Shvaćate li, ja sam je volio. Bila je to ljubav na prvi pogled, na posljednji pogled, na svaki i vječni pogled.

»Uđi«, rekla je izvještačeno veselo. Uz ostruganu površinu vrata, Dolly Schiller se priljubila koliko je mogla (podignuvši se čak malo i na prste), da bih mogao proći, i na trenutak bila je pribijena na križ, spustivši oči. Prošao sam, ne dotaknuvši njeno istureno dijete. Osjetio sam miris Dolly, s malim kuhinjskim dodatkom. Zubi su mi cvokotali kao u idiota. »Ne, ti ostani vani«, rekla je psu. Zatvorila je vrata i slijedila mene i svoj trbuh u patuljasti salon.

»Dick je onamo«, rekla je pokazujući nevidljivim tenisreketom [*sic!*], pozivajući moj pogled iz bijedne kombinirane spavaće sobe i salona, gdje smo stajali, kroz kuhinju, kroz stražnja vrata, do susjedne šupe, gdje je na krovu tamnokosi mladić u radnom odijelu, okrenut leđima, nešto popravljao.<sup>59</sup>

Da li da ga pozove?

Ne.

Oboje smo sjeli na divan. Čudno: premda je njen izgled ustvari izbljedio, ja sam konačno shvatio, tako beznadno prekasno, koliko je slična — koliko je uvijek bila slična — Botticellijevoj crvenkastosmeđoj Veneri — isti meki nos, ista nejasna ljepota. Moji prsti u džepu napustili su držak, i ponovo zamotali cijev u maramicu, u kojoj je ležalo kao u gnijezdu moje neupotrebjeno oružje.

»To nije čovjek koga tražim«, rekao sam.



Fig. 6 Telegram : jugoslavenske nedjeljne novine, 1.18 (26.VIII.1960), p. 12

<sup>59</sup> Truncated: "...fixing something near or upon the shack of his neighbor, a plumper fellow with only one arm, who stood looking up" (The Annotated Lolita 270; Lolita [2004] 294). Half a paragraph omitted and slightly altered after this.



Raspršeni pogled dobrodošlice nestao joj je iz očiju. Čelo joj se namrštilo kao u starim teškim danima: »Nije t k o ? «

»Gdje je? Brzo!«

»Slušaj«, rekla je, naginjući glavu na stranu i tresući njome u tom položaju. »Ne ćemo valjda opet o tome.«

»Itekako hoćemo«, rekao sam i na čas — jedini milosrdni, podnošljiv časak cijelog ovog razgovora — nakostriješili amo se jedno na drugo, kao da je još uvijek moja.

Mudra djevojčica, savladala se.

Dick ne zna ništa o toj cijeloj zbrci. On misli da sam joj otac. On misli da je ona pobjegla od bogate kuće di bi prala tanjire [*sic!*] u vagon-restoranu. On joj sve vjeruje. Zašto da joj otežavam ionako težak život izvlačenjem prljavog rublja?

Ali, rekao sam ja, mora biti razumna, mora biti pametna djevojčica (s golim trbuhom pod tom tankom smeđom tkaninom)[,] mora razumjeti, da ja, ako očekuje da joj pomognem, moram barem imati jasan pregled situacije.

»Hajde, reci mi njegovo ime.«

Mislila je, da sam ga odavno pogodio. To je (s nestašnim i melankoličnim smiješkom) tako slavno ime. Ne bih joj bio vjerovao. I ona je sama jedva povjerovala.

Njegovo ime, moja jesenja nimfice.

Nije važno, rekla je. Preskočimo to. Cigaretu?

Ne. Njegovo ime.

Odlučno je zatresla glavom. Misli da je sad prekasno bilo što napraviti i da ja ne bih vjerovao nevjerojatnom...

Rekao sam da idem, pozdravi, bilo mi je drago.

Rekla je da je sve zabadava, nikad ne će reći, ali s druge strane, na koncu konca — »Hoćeš li zaista znati tko je?«

I tiho[,] povjerljivo, mršteći uske obrve, ćubeći rasušena usta, ona je izgovorila, malo porugljivo, malo stidljivo, ne bez nježnosti, kao prigušenim zviždukom, ime, koje je lukavi čitalac odavno pogodio.

*H. H. saznaje da se Lolita zaljubila u pisca onog kazališnog komada, koji je igrala u školi, Clare Quiltya. On je bio čovjek koji ih je slijedio preko cijele Amerike i konačno odveo Lolitu.*

»I tako si me izdala? Kamo si otišla? Gdje je on sada?«<sup>60</sup>

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<sup>60</sup> A few short paragraphs omitted after this (The Annotated Lolita 275; Lolita [2004] 299).

»Izdala te? Ne.« Upravila je strelicu cigarete prema kaminu, tuckajući je kažiprstom, upravo kao što je radila njena majka, a zatim, opet kao njena majka, o, bože, noktom je sastrugala i uklonila komadić cigaretnog papira s donje usne. Ne, nije me izdala. Među prijateljima sam. Kolegica ju je upozorila da Cue voli male djevojčice, ustvari (krasnoj stvari) bio je zbog toga jednom u zatvoru, a on je znao da ona zna. Da... On prozire sve i svakoga, jer nije poput mene i nje, nego genij. Veliki čovjek. Uvijek zabavan. Praskao je od smijeha kad mu je priznala sve o meni i sebi, i rekao je da je to i mislio. U onim okolnostima, moglo mu se potpuno sigurno reći... Dakle, Cue — svi su ga zvali Cue.<sup>61</sup>

Zakolutala je očima u sintetičkoj rezignaciji.

»Nastavi, molim te.«

Ovako. Zamislili su da će je u septembru odvesti u Hollywood i da će tamo udesiti za nju probno snimanje, neku malu ulogu u filmu, koji se snimao po jednoj njegovoj drami — *Zlatna hrabrost* — gdje je trebala igrati tenis, i možda zamijeniti jednu od zvjezdica koje su se pojavljivale u tom filmu. Nažalost, do svega toga nikada nije došlo.

»Gdje je sada taj krmak?«

Nije on krmak. U mnogim stvarima on je veliki čovjek. Ali upropaštava ga piće i droge. I, naravno, potpuno je perverznan u seksualnom pogledu, a njegovi su mu prijatelji roblje. Ja ne mogu ni zamisliti (da ja, Humbert, ne mogu ni zamisliti!) što su sve radili na tom njegovom imanju. Ona nije pristala da sudjeluje u tim stvarima, jer ga je voljela, i onda ju je izbacio.

»Što su radili?«<sup>62</sup>

»Ah, svašta... Ah, ja, zaista...« izgovorila je »ja« kao prigušeni jauk, dok je osluškivala izvor bola iz dubine, i u nedostatku riječi raširila je pet prstiju svoje uglate ruke, koje se micala gore dolje. Ne, ne može to, ne će ulaziti u detalje dok joj je dijete u truhu.

Razumljivo.

»Sve to više nije važno«, rekla je udarajući šakom sivi jastuk, a onda je legla na divan, truhom nagore. »Luđačke stvari, prljavštine. Rekla sam, ne, baš ne ću (upotrijebila je, sasvim bezbrižno, odvratni šatrovački termin, koji u doslovnom francuskom prijevodu znači *souffler*) tvoje životinjske dječake, jer ja želim samo tebe. Eto, dao mi je nogu.«

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»Lolita«, rekao sam, »možda ovo nije ni zgodno ni nezgodno ali ti to moram reći. Život je vrlo kratak. Odavde do onog starog automobila, kojeg tako dobro poznas, ima dvadeset do

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<sup>61</sup> Paragraph omitted after this (The Annotated Lolita 276; Lolita [2004] 300).

<sup>62</sup> Same as above.

dvadesetpet koraka. To je vrlo mali razmak. Učini tih dvadesetpet koraka. Sada. Odmah. Ovakva kakva jesi. Živjet ćemo sretno i zadovoljno do kraja života.«

Carmen, voulez-vous venir avec moi ?

»Misliš li reći«, rekla je ona otvarajući oči i podižući se malo, kao zmija koja se sprema da udari, »misliš reći, da ćeš nam (nam) dati novac samo ako pođem s tobom u neki motel. Misliš li to reći?«

»Ne«, rekao sam, »krivo si shvatila. Hoću da napustiš tog slučajnog Dicka, i ovu strašnu rupu, i da dođeš živjeti sa mnom, umrijeti sa mnom, sve sa mnom.« (riječi u tom smislu).

»Poludio si«, rekla je, dok joj se lice grčilo.

»Razmisli, Lolita. Bez ikakvih obaveza. Osim, možda — svejedno. Ali i ako ne pristaneš dobit ćeš svoj... t r o u s s e a u.«

»Ozbiljno?« upitala je Dolly.

Dao sam joj kuvertu s četiri stotine dolara u gotovom i ček na tri tisuće i šest stotina.

S oklijevanjem, nesigurno, primila je m o n p e t i t c a d e a u ; a onda joj se čelo oblilo divnim rumenilom. »Znači li ovo«, rekla je u mučnom uzbuđenju, »da nam daješ četiri tisuće dolara?« Pokrio sam lice rukom i rasplakao se najvreljim suzama, koje sam ikada prolio. Osjećao sam ih kako mi teku kroz prste i niz bradu, i kako me pale, i nos mi se začepio, i nisam mogao prestati, a onda mi je ona dotaknula zapešće.

»Umrijet ću ako me dotakneš«, rekao sam. »jesi li sigurna da ne ćeš sa mnom? Da li ima bar malo nade, da ćeš doći? Samo to mi reci.«

»Ne«, rekla je, »Ne, dragi, ne.«

Nikad me prije nije zvala dragi.

»Ne«, rekla je, »uopće ne dolazi u obzir. Prije bih se vratila Cueu. Hoću reći...«

Tražila je riječi. Ja sam ih izgovorio u duhu (»O n mi je slomio srce. T i si mi slomio samo život.«)

»Mislim«, rekla je ona, dok je koverta pala na pod i dok se saginjala da je podigne, — »mislim da je to strašno velikodušno s tvoje strane, što nam daješ ovoliki novac. Time je sve riješeno, možemo početi slijedeći [sic!] tjedan. Prestani plakati, molim te. Moraš razumjeti, Daj da ti natočim još malo piva. Ah, ne plači, tako mi je žao, što sam te toliko varala, ali takav je život.«

Obrisao sam lice i ruke. Nasmiješila se, gledajući c a d e a u . Oduševljavala se. Željela je pozvati Dleka. Rekao sam da uskoro moram otići, i da ga uopće ne želim vidjeti, uopće. Pokušali smo smisliti nekakvu temu sa razgovor.<sup>63</sup>

Konačno sam počeo govoriti o financijskim stvarima. Ta suma, rekao sam, predstavlja manje ili više zaokruženu najamninu od kuće njene majke. »Zar je nisi odavno prodao?«, pitala je. Ne, (priznajem, da sam joj to bio rekao, da bi[h] presjekao sve veze s onim mjestom), advokat će joj poslati potpuni izvještaj kasnije; financijski položaj je ružičast, neke male dionice koje su pripadale njenoj majci dobile su na vrijednosti. Da, siguran sam da moram ići. Moram ići, naći ga, uništiti ga.

Budući da ne bih mogao proživjeti dodir i njenih usana, neprestano sam se povlačio, u rastrganom plesu, kad god bi ona koraknula svojim trbuhom prema meni.

Ispratili su me, ona i pas. Iznenadio sam se (nisam; ovo je retorička figura) da ju je pogled na stari automobil, u kojem se vozila kao dijete i nimfica, ostavio potpuno ravnodušnom. Primijetila je samo da su neki dijelovi malo zarđali. Rekao sam da je njen, ja mogu i autobusom. Rekla je da ne budem glup, oni će otići na Jupiter i tamo kupiti novi. Rekao sam da ću kupiti ovaj auto od nje za pet stotina dolara.

»Takvim tempom postali bismo brzo milijuneri«, rekla je uzbuđenom psu.

Carmencita, lui demandais - je... »Posljednja riječ«[,] rekao sam svojim strašnim, pažljivim engleskim jezikom, »jesi li sasvim sasvim sigurna — ne sutra, naravno, ni prekosutra, nego, recimo, jednog dana, bilo kada, da ne ćeš nikada doći da živiš sa mnom? Stvorit ću sasvim novoga boga i zahvaliti mu krikovima iz dubine duše, ako mi pružiš tu mikroskopsku nadu« (nešto u tom smislu).

»Ne«, rekla je smiješeći se, »ne.«

»Sve bi bilo drugačije«, rekao je Humbert Humbert.

Zatim sam izvukao svoj revolver — to jest, neki čitaoci bi mogli pretpostaviti da ću učiniti nešto tako glupo. Nije mi ni palo na pamet da to napravim.

»Zbogom, zbogom«, skandirala je moja slatka, besmrtna mrtva ljubav; jer ona je mrtva i besmrtna, dok ovo čitate. Barem je takav službeni dogovor s takozvanim autoritetima.

Zatim, odlazeći, čuo sam je kako više treptavim glasom svome Dicku; a pas je počeo skakutati uz moja kola kao debeli dupin, ali bio je previše težak i star i vrlo brzo je odustao.

Vozio sam kroz sitnu kišu u sumraku, i brisači stakla radili su punom parom, ali nisu mogli svladati moje suze. (Nastavit će se)

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<sup>63</sup> Some half a paragraph is omitted after this (The Annotated Lolita 279; Lolita [2004] 304).

**Prethodni sadržaj.** Francuz Humbert Humbert, francuski emigrant u Americi, pati od nastrane sklonosti prema »nimficama« — nedozrelim djevojčicama. Zaljubljuje se u Lolitu, i da bi mogao živjeti kraj nje, ženi se s njenom majkom. Nakon ženine smrti Lolita ga zavede, i oni lutaju automobilom po cijeloj Americi, skrivajući se. Kad Lolita pođe u školu, zaljubljuje se u C. Quiltyja, pisca drama, s kojim pobjegne od Humberta. Humbert je godinama traži, i kad već izgubi nadu da će je naći, Lolita mu javlja da se udala za nekog drugog i traži njegovu pomoć. Ona mu priča što je doživjela s Quiltyjem i Humbert odluči da ga ubije. Dolazi u njegovu kuću i nalazi ga potpuno mamurnog.

(Nastavak iz prošlog broja)

»A tko ste vi?« upita me visokim promuklim glasom, ruku uvučenih u džepove kućne haljine, očiju prikovanih u točku sjeverozapadno od moje glave. »Da niste kojim slučajem Brewster?«

Sada je postalo sasvim očigledno da, on ništa ne zna i da je potpuno prepušten mojoj takozvanoj milosti. Mogao sam uživati.

»Tako je«, rekao sam ljubazno. »Je suis Monsieur Brustère. Hajde da malo proćavrljamo prije nego počnemo«.

To mu je izgleda bilo drago. Mrdnuo je prljavim brcima. Razodjenuo sam svoj kišni kaput[.] Imao sam na sebi crno odijelo, crnu košulju bez kravate. Sjeli smo u dvije fotelje.

»Znate«, rekao je, grebući se glasno po mesnatom i hrapavom sivom obrazu i pokazujući male biseraste zube, dok se cerio jednom stranom lica, »vi ne izgledate kao Jack Brewster. Hoću reći, sličnost nije naročito upadljiva. Netko mi je rekao da mu jedan brat radi u istoj telefonskoj kompaniji«.

Imati ga u klopci nakon tolikih godina kajanja i gnjeva... Gledati crne dlake na hrptu njegovih zdepastih ruku... Lutati stotinama očiju po njegovoj ružičastoj svili i rutavim prsima, zamišljajući proboje i prljavštinu, i muziku bola... Znati da je to taj polu-živi podljudski prevarant, koji je izvirtio sodomiju nad mojom dragom — ah, moja draga, bio je to neizdrživi užitak!

»Ne, nažalost ja nisam ni jedan od Brewsterovih«.

Nakrivio je glavu, izgleda zadovoljnijeg no ikada.

»Pogađa[j] opet, Bijedo«.

»Ah«, rekao je Bijeda, »dakle vi niste došli da me gnjavite zbog onih međugradskih razgovora?«

»Vi ih doista katkada vodite, zar ne?«

»Oprostite, nisam dobro čuo«.

Rekao sam da sam rekao, da mi se čini da je rekao da nije nikada —

»Ljudi«, rekao je, »ljudi općenito, ne optužujem vas, Brewster, ali znate da je upravo nevjerovatno kako ljudi upadaju u ovu prokletu kuću, a da čak ni ne pokucaju. Upotrebljavaju v[ a ] t e r r e , upotrebljavaju kuhinju, upotrebljavaju telefon. Phil zove Philadelphiju. Pat zove Patagoniju. Ja odbijam da to platim. Imate smiješan naglasak, kapetane.«

»Quilty«, rekao sam. »Sjećate li se male djevojčice koja se zvala Dolores Haze, Dolly Haze? Dolly koja se zvala Dolores, iz Colorada«.

»Svakako. Možda je ona vodila te razgovore. Bilo s kojim mjestom. Rajsko selo, Washington, ili Pakleni Kanjon. Vrlo važno«.

»Meni je važno, Quilty. Vidite, ja sam joj otac«.

»Glupost«, rekao je on. »Niste. Vi ste neki inozemni literarni agent. Neki je Francuz jednom preveo moje P o n o s n o m e s o kao L a F i e r t [ é ] d e l a C h a i r . Apsurdno«.

»Ona mi je bila dijete, Quilty«.

U stanju u kojem se nalazio nije ga ništa moglo stvarno preneraziti, ali njegovo bučno ponašanje nije bilo sasvim uvjerljivo. Neka vrsta opreznog predosjećaja rasplamsala mu je oči u nešto nalik na život. Neposredno zatim oči su se ugasio.

»I ja sam vrlo volim djecu«, rekao je. »I ubrajam očeve među svoje najbolje prijatelje.« Okrenuo je glavu tražeći nešto. Lupio se po džepovima. Pokušao je ustati sa sjedala.

»Sjedi!« rekao sam, mnogo glasnije[, ] čini se[, ] nego što sam namjeravao.

»Ne morate urlati na mene, žalio se on na svoj čudan ženskasti način. »Samo sam htio cigaretu. Umirem za cigaretom.«

»Umirete tako i tako«.

»Ah, koješta«, rekao je. »Počinjete bivati dosadni. Što želite? Jeste li vi Francuz, gospodine? Vu-le-vu-bu-ar? Hajdemo u bar i popijmo po jedan čisti...«

Ugledao je malo tamno oružje kako mi leži na dlanu, kao da mu ga nudim.

»Gle!« kazao je razvučeno, (oponašajući sada tupoglavce iz podzemlja s filmova). »Imate sjajan mali revolver. Koliko tražite za njega?«

Lupio sam ga po ispruženoj ruci i uspjelo mu je prevaliti kutiju na niskom stoliću, koji je stajao u blizini. Izbacila je pregršt cigareta.

»Evo ih«, rekao je veselo. »Sjećate li se Kiplinga? U n e f e m m e e s t u n e f e m m e , m a i s u n C a p o r a l e s t u n e c i g a r e t t e ? Sada trebamo šibice«.

»Quilty«, rekao sam. »Želio bih da se saberete. Za koji čas vi ćete umrijeti. Ono iza toga možda je, jer o tome ništa ne znamo, vječno stanje užasnog ludila. Jučer ste popušili svoju posljednju cigaretu. Saberite se. Pokušajte razumjeti što vam se događa.«

On je i dalje rastavljao cigaretu D r o m e na komadiće i žvakao ih.

»Voljan sam pokušati«, rekao je. »Vi ste ili Australijanac, ili njemački izbjeglica. Morate li sa mnom razgovarati? Ovo je arijevska kuća, znate. Možda bi bilo bolje da se izgubite. I molim vas prestanite izlagati taj revolver. Ja imam jedan stari Stern-Luger u sobi za muziciranje«.

Uperio sam vjernog Druga u njegovu opapučenu nogu i pritisnuo obarač, škljocnuo je. On je pogledao u nogu, u pištolj, opet u nogu. Učinio sam još jedan strahoviti napor i uz smiješno slabašan i malodoban zvuk, on je opalio. Metak je ušao u debeli ružičasti sag, i imao sam utisak od kojega sam se kočio, da se samo otkotrljao unutra i da bi mogao ope[t] izaći.

»Razumijete li sada što mislim reći?« rekao je Quilty. »Morali biste biti malo oprezniji. Dajte mi tu stvar, za boga«.

Posegnuo je za njim. Gurnuo sam ga natrag u stolicu. Bogata radost je iščezavala. Bilo je krajnje vrijeme da ga uništim, ali morao je shvatiti zašto ga se uništava. Njegovo je stanje prelazilo na mene, osjećao sam da mi je oružje mlitavo i nespretno u ruci.

»Saberite se«, rekao sam, »i mislite na Dolly Haze, koju ste oteli...«

»Nisam«, povikao je. »Pijani ste kao zemlja. Spasio sam je od odvratnog nastranog tipa. Pokažite mi svoju značku, mjesto da mi pucate u nogu, vi, majmune jedan. Gdje vam je značka? Nisam ja odgovoran za tuđa silovanja. Glupost! Ona vožnja automobilom bila je[,] priznajem[,] blesavi trik, ali ona vam se opet vratila, zar ne? Hajde, idemo nešto popiti«.

Upitao sam da li želi da ga pogubim dok sjedi, ili hoće ustati.

»Ah, da razmislim«, rekao je. »To nije jednostavno pitanje. Usput rekavši, pogriješio sam. Što mi je od srca žao. Vidite, nisam se uopće zabavljao s vašom Dolly. Da kažem turobnu istinu, ja sam praktički impotentan. A priuštiio sam joj prekrasne praznike. Upoznala se s nekoliko izvanrednih ljudi. Da li slučajno poznate[...“]

I sa silnim zaletom svalio se na mene, tako da je pištolj odletio pod komodu. Srećom bio je više impulzivan nego snažan i nije mi bilo teško gurnuti ga natrag u stolicu.

Malo je soptao i prekrstio ruke na prsima.

»Sada imate«, rekao je. »V o u s v o i l [ à ] d a n s d e b e a u x d r a p s , m o n v i e u x «. Već je malo bolje govorio francuski.

Ogledao sam se. Možda, ako — možda bih mogao, ako se spustim na sve četiri? Riskirati?

»Alors, que fait-on?« upitan je promatrajući me pažljivo.

Sagnuo sam se. Nije se micao. Sagnuo sam se još niže.

»Dragi moj gospodine«, rekao je.

»Prestanite se poigravati životom i smrću. Ja sam dramski pisac. Napisao sam tragedije, komedije i fantazije. Napravio sam privatne filmove po Justini i drugim sekskapadama osamnaestog vijeka. Autor sam pedeset i dva uspjeta scenarija. Poznati su mi svi trikovi. Dozvolite mi da ovo preuzmem u svoje ruke. Negdje bi morao biti žarač, zašto da ga ne donesem i da onda iščakamo vaše vlasništvo«. <sup>64</sup>

Iznenada sam primijetio da je on primijetio da ja izgleda nisam primijetio kako Drug proviruje ispod drugog ugla komode. Ponovno smo si počeli hrvati. Valjali smo se po podu, jedan drugome u zagrljaju kao dvoje goleme bespomoćne djece. Bio je gol i prodorao je zaudarao pod kućnim ogrtačem i osjećao sam kako se gušim kad se skotrljao na mene. Skotrljao sam se na njega. Skotrljali smo se na mene. Skotrljali su se na njega. Skotrljali smo se na nas.

U svom štampanom obliku ova se knjiga, pretpostavljam čita u prvim godinama dvadeset i prvog vijeka (1935 plus osamdeset ili devedeset; dugo živi, ljubavi moja); i stariji će se čitaoci sigurno na ovom mjestu sjetiti obavezne scene iz vesterna njihovog djetinjstva. Našoj su borbi nedostajali međutim udarci šakom koji bi omamili vola, pokušstvo koje leti na sve strane. On i ja bili smo dvije velike lutke ispunjene prljavim pamukom i krpama. To je bila tiha, blaga, bezoblična borba dvaju literata, od kojih je jedan bio potpuno rastvoren drogom, dok je drugi bio hendikepiran srčanom manom i prevelikom količinom džina. Kada sam konačno preuzeo vlast nad mojim dragocjenim oružjem, a pisac scenarija bio ponovo instaliran u svojem



Fig. 7 Telegram : jugoslavenske nedeljne novine, I.19 (2.IX.1960), p. 12

<sup>64</sup> Omitted after this: "Fussily, busybodily, cunningly, he had risen again while he talked. I groped under the chest trying at the same time to keep an eye on him" (The Annotated Lolita 298; Lolita [2004] 324).



niskom stolcu, obojica smo bili zadihani, što se kauboju i ovčaru nikada ne događa poslije borbe.

*Quilty pokušava zatim da se riječima i mirom izvuče iz te situacije, ali mu ne uspijeva. H. H. ga ranjava drugim metkom, a dramatičar pokušava pobjeći.*

Iznenada dostojanstven i pomalo mrzovoljan, počeo se penjati širokim stepenicama, i ja sam, mijenjajući svoj položaj, ali ne slijedeći ga uz stepenice, ispalio tri ili četiri puta zaredom, ranjavajući ga svakim hicem, i svaki put kad bih ga pogodio, kad bih ga užasno pogodio, lice bi mu se besmisleno komedijski trgnulo, kao da pretjerano glumi bol; kretao se sporije, kolutajući očima, i svaki put kad bi ga stigao metak[,] zadrhtao bi kao da sam ga pošakljao, i svaki put kad sam ga ranim tim svojim nespretnim, sporim, slijepim mecima, rekao bi bez daha, s lažnim britanskim akcentom — cijelo vrijeme trzajući se užasno, drhteći, kežeći se, ali istovremeno govoreći čudno nezainteresirano, gotovo prijateljski: »Ah, to boli, gospodine, dosta! Ah, to strašno boli, moj dragi prijatelju. Molim vas, suzdržite se. Ah — vrlo bolno, vrlo bolno, zaista... bože! Auh! To je strahovito, zaista ne biste smjeli...« Njegov se glas utišao, kad je došao do vrha stepenica, ali on je čvrsto nastavljao hodati unatoč olovu, koje sam smjestio u njegovo naduveno tijelo — i razočaran, uznemiren, shvatio sam da ja, umjesto da ga ubijem, dajem injekcije energije u toga jadnika, kao da ju meci ampule, u kojima pleše životni eliksir.

Ponovo sam napunio revolver crnim i krvavim rukama — mora da sam dotaknuo nešto što je on obojio svojom gustom stinutom krvlju. Zatim sam mu se pridružio na gornjem katu, dok su ključevi zvonili u mom džepu poput zlata.

»Izlazite, izlazite odavde«, rekao je kašljući i pljujući; i ja sam začuđeno u ovoj mori, vidio, kako njegovo krvlju poprskano tijelo, još uvijek živahno, ulazi u postelju u spavaćoj sobi i zamata se u kaotičnu posteljinu. Strijeljao sam ga iz vrlo velike blizine kroz pokrivače, i on je legao, a veliki ružičasti mjehur s djetinjastim asocijacijama pojavio mu se na usnama, napuhao se do veličine dječjeg balona i zatim nestao.

Možda sam na čas dva izgubio kontakt sa stvarnošću<sup>65</sup> — učinilo mi se da to Charlotte leži bolesna u krevetu. Quilty je bio vrlo bolestan. Smjestio sam se na stolicu kraj kreveta i

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<sup>65</sup> Truncated: “—oh, nothing of the I-just-blacked-out sort that your common criminal enacts; on the contrary, I want to stress the fact that I was responsible for every shed drop of his bubbleblood; but a kind of momentary shift occurred as if I were in the connubial bedroom, and Charlotte were sick in bed” (The Annotated Lolita 304; Lolita [2004] 330).

pogledao na sat.<sup>66</sup> Cijeli ovaj tužni posao trajao je više od jednog sata. On se konačno smirio. Daleko od osjećaja bilo kakvog olakšanja, teret teži od onoga, kojeg sam se nadao osloboditi[,] bio je sa mnom, na meni, iznad mene.<sup>67</sup>

Dolje u salonu bila je gomila ljudi, koji su upravo došli i pili Quiltijevo piće.<sup>68</sup> Zaustavio sam se na vratima i rekao: »Upravo sam ubio Clarea Quiltyja«. »Dobro si učinio«, rekao je neki mladić. »Netko je to već davno trebao učiniti.«

*Uskoro nakon toga policija hapsi Humberta i što u zatvoru, što na psihijatrijskom promatranju on piše svoje memoare, Završava ih ovim riječima:*

Evo, ovo je moja priča. Ponovo sam je pročitao. Ima u njoj slijepijene koštane srži, i krvi, i lijepih sjajno-zelenih muha. Tu i tamo osjećam kako sam klizak sam sebi, kako se utapam u sve dublje i tamnije vode, u koje se ne usuđujem zaći. Kamufliro sam ono što je bilo moguće, tako da ne uvrijedim ljude. Razmišljao sam o mojim pseudonimima, koje bih sebi nadjenuo, prije nego sam naišao na pravi. U mojim bilješkama ima »Otto Otto« i »Mesmer Mesmer« i »Lambert Lambert«, ali s nekih razloga mislim da moj izbor najbolje izražava zloću.

Kad sam prije pedeset i šest dana počeo pisati *L o l i t u*, prvo u odjelu za psihijatrijsko promatranje, a zatim u ovoj dobro ugrižanoj, iako grobničkoj, usamljenosti, mislio sam da ću upotrebiti [*sic!*] ove bilješke *i n t o t o* na raspravi, naravno, ne da spasim svoju glavu, nego svoju dušu. Usred pisanja shvatio sam da ne mogu baratati živom Lolitom. Još uvijek ću moći upotrebiti odlomke ovog memoara na zatvorenim sastancima, ali objavljivanje se mora odgoditi.

S razloga koji se mogu činiti očitijima nego što stvarno jesu ja sam protivnik smrtne osude; taj stav će vjerujem zastupati i sudac, koji će mi izreći presudu. Kad bih došao sam pred sebe, dao bih Humbertu barem trideset pet godina zbog silovanja, i riješio bih ga ostalih optužbi. Ali čak i ovako, Dolly Schiller će me nadživjeti za mnogo godina. Slijedeću [*sic!*] odluku donosim na zakonitoj osnovi potpisane oporuke: želim da se ovaj memoar objavi tek onda kad Lolita ne bude više živa.

I tako, nijedno od nas ne će biti na životu kad čitalac otvori ovu knjigu. Ali dok krv još uvijek kuca u ovoj ruci, koja piše, ti si još uvijek isto toliko dio posvećene stvari koliko i ja, i još ti uvijek mogu govoriti odavde do Aljaske. Budi vjerna svom Dicku. Ne dopusti da te drugi

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<sup>66</sup> Omitted and slightly altered: "I held one of his slippers instead of the pistol—I was sitting on the pistol. Then I made myself a little more comfortable in the chair near the bed, and consulted my wrist watch. The crystal was gone but it ticked" (The Annotated Lolita 304; Lolita [2004] 330).

<sup>67</sup> The rest of the paragraph omitted (see above)

<sup>68</sup> A few sentences omitted after this (The Annotated Lolita 304-305; Lolita [2004] 330-331).

dotaknu. Ne razgovaraj s nepoznatima. Nadam se da ćeš voljeti svoje dijete. Nadam se da će biti dječak. Nadam se, da će taj tvoj muž uvijek postupati s tobom kako treba, jer će ga inače napasti moja sablast, poput crnoga dima, poput poludjeloga diva, i rastrgati ga živac po živac. I nemoj žaliti Quiltyja. Mora se izabrati između njega i H. H.-a, i potrebno je da H. H. egzistira barem dva mjeseca dulje da bi te mogao ovjekovječiti u dušama kasnijih generacija. Mislim na bizone i anđele, tajnu trajne boje, proročke sonete, skrovište umjetnosti. A to je jedina besmrtnost, koju ti i ja možemo dijeliti, moja Lolita.

(K r a j)

**Ovo je posljednji nastavak romana »Lolita«, koji je izazvao najveće polemike u svjetskoj štampi u nekoliko posljednjih godina. U obranu romana ustao je veći broj kritičara, a također i neki ugledni pisci (koje smo citirali kod prvog nastavka »Lolite«), a na koncu je ušao u polemiku i sam autor. Tekst, koji je napisao kao odgovor svojim kritičarima Vladimir Nabokov, štampat ćemo u slijedećem broju.**

**REDAKCIJA**<sup>69</sup>

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<sup>69</sup> Despite this announcement, there is no mention of Nabokov in the next issue. The project seems to have been dropped entirely.

## Appendix 2: *Where Lolita plays with her likes: a table of comparison*

In this appendix I provide below a comparison table between three distinct editions of *Lolita*: The English original (Nabokov 1995 [1955], COLUMN A), Nabokov's own Russian translation (Набоков 1989 [1967], COLUMN B), and Zlatko Crnković's Croatian translation (Nabokov 2004 [1968], COLUMN C). In the table, there are numbered segments that are compared throughout the three editions. There could have been many criteria as to what may be considered a unique segment. However, I am aware that there is a thin line between a loosely 'equivalent' solution on the one hand, and a blatant intervention into the text.

For this reason, I decided to limit my analysis to those positions in the original English text which have either been noticeably altered by Nabokov in the process of translation, or which otherwise simply cannot be related to the Croatian translation (be it because of the translator's own alteration or because of a misreading of the original text). In fact, I do believe that all or most of the segments extracted for this comparison need no explanation for being singled out. Of course, the table could have been much more detailed, but the purpose of this comparison is not actually a minute textological analysis of the various *editions*; rather, it was to pinpoint those positions in the text which collectively form the practical and structural basis for my thesis. In this sense, the table may not be annotated or easily readable, but it was necessary nonetheless. The table, moreover, is rather extensive, but even though the number of differences between an original text and a translation may be overwhelming, it always ultimately *finite*. For the sake of clarity, moreover, each segment contains just enough syntactic context to be readable, comparable and semiotically valuable for this purpose, while the number in brackets is the page number to a given edition. Finally, those segments marked with an asterisk\* indicate those segments the only main difference of which is that they refer to French phrases in the English original, which were replaced and translated by Nabokov in his Russian translation.

The entire table is a product of a thorough and parallel close-reading of the English and Croatian text. Since the only complete Croatian translation of *Lolita* is actually a translation from Nabokov's Russian translation, column C almost always corresponds to B.

Granted, the necessity for such a comparison outside the framework of my thesis is debatable to say the least. I should hope, however, that at its worst, this appendix is seen both as abiding by Nabokov's own philological strategies in translation, but also as the philological fieldwork necessary

for any theoretical discussion on various translations of *Lolita*. At best, though, this table may be seen as the initial step for the preparation of a new, Nabokovly annotated Croatian translation of *Lolita*.

Lastly, however, this appendix would not have been made had it not been for five women: Marta Brajnović, Matea Košutić, Petra Lučić, Jana Miriovsky and Iva Tuđa. Without their incredible help and invaluable insights in compiling table B, my thesis would remain no less dependent on the Russian backbone of the novel, and yet it would be all the more blind to it. If, then, their input really is to my thesis what *Onegin* is to *Lolita*, it is at least a key to it, if not the initial draft.

No.	<b>A</b> English (Nabokov 1995 [1955])	<b>B</b> Russian (Набоков 1989 [1967])	<b>C</b> Croatian (Nabokov 2004 [1968])
1.	"Do the Senses Make Sense?" (3)	«Можно ли сочувствовать чувствам?» (18)	Može li se suosjećati s osjećajima? (5)
2.	"Vivian Darkbloom" has written a biography, "My Cue," to be published shortly... (4)	Г-жа Вивиан Дамор-Блок (Дамор — по сцене, Блок — по одному из первых мужей) написала биографию бывшего товарища под каламбурным заглавием «Кумир мой»... (19)	Gospođa Damor-Blok (Damor po glumačkoj karijeri, a blok po jednom od prvih muževa) napisala je biografiju svoga bivšeg druga pod kalamburskim naslovom <i>Kumir moj</i> ... (6)
3.	As a case history, "Lolita" will become, no doubt, a classic in psychiatric circles. (5)	Как описание клинического случая, «Лолите» несомненно суждено стать одним из классических произведений психиатрической литературы, и можно поручиться, что через десять лет термин «нимфетки» будет в словарях и газетах. (20)	Kao opis kliničkog slučaja, <i>Lolita</i> će svakako ostati jedno od klasičnih djela na području psihijatrije, i može se slobodno ustvrditi da će za desetak godina riječ „nimfica“ naći u rječnicima i novinama. (7)
4.	In a princedom by the sea. (9)	В некотором княжестве у моря (почти как у По). (22)	U jednom kraljevstvu kraj mora (gotovo kao u Poea). (11)
5.	...what the seraphs, the misinformed, simple, noble-winged seraphs, envied. (9)	...то, чему так завидовали Эдгаровы серафимы... (22)	...ono na čemu su toliko zavidjeli Edgarovi serafi... (11)
6.	...such general terms as: "honey-colored skin," "thin arms," "brown bobbed hair," "long lashes," "big bright mouth"... (11)	...как то: «медового оттенка кожа», «тоненькие руки», «подстриженные русые волосы», «длинные ресницы», «большой яркий рот»... (25)	...recimo, „put boje meda“, „velika sjajna usta“... (14)
7.	...a peculiar exhaustion, I am so oppressed, doctor, set in... (15)	...диковинная усталость (надо пойти к доктору,— такое томление)...	...nekakav čudnovat zamor (trebam poći liječniku – tako sam nekako potišten)... (18)
8.	...where pale pubescent girls with matted eyelashes could be stared at in perfect impunity remindful of that granted one in dreams. (16)	...где на бледных, со слипшимися ресницами отроковиц я мог взирать с той полной безнаказанностью, которая нам даруется в сновидениях. (30)	...gdje sam mogao promatrati blijede djevojčice slijepljenih trepavica potpuno nekažnjeno, kao u snovima. (18)
9.	It will be marked that I substitute time terms for spatial ones. (16)	Читатель заметит, что пространственные понятия я заменяю понятиями времени. (30)	Čitalac je zacijelo zapazio da zamjenjujem vremenske oznake prostornim. (19)
10.	When I was a child and she was a child, my little Annabel was no nymphet to me... (17)	«Кгда я был ребенком, и она ребенком была» (всё Эдгаровый перегар), моя Аннабелла не была для меня нимфеткой... (31)	„Kad ja bijah dijete i ona bješe dijete“ (opet prežvakavam Edgara), moja Annabel nije za me bila nimfica... (20)

11.	...amid a civilization which allows a man of twenty-five to court a girl of sixteen... (18)	...в лоне нашей цивилизации, которая позволяет мужчине увлекаться девушкой шестнадцатилетней, но не девочкой двенадцатилетней. (31)	...u krilu naše civilizacije koja dopušta muškarcu da se udvara šesnaestogodišnjoj djevojčici... (20)
12.	Here is Virgil who could the nymph sing in single tone... (19)	Вот Вергилий, который (цитирую старого английского поэта) «нимфетку в тоне пел одном»... (33)	Eto vam Vergilija koji je (citiram jednog starog engleskog pjesnika) „pjevaо nimficu u jednom tonu“... (21)
13.	...among the eighty or so <i>grues</i> I had had operate upon me... (22)	...что из тех восьмидесяти или девяноста шлюх, которые в разное время по моей просьбе мною занимались... (36)*	...od onih osamdeset-devedeset drolja s kojima sam imao posla... (25)*
14.	...she said she would meet me at the corner cafe at nine... (22)	...и она обещала встретить меня около углового кафе... (36)	...obećala mi je da će me čekati u kavani na uglu... (25)
15.	...she condescended to put me in touch with a person <i>qui pourrait arranger la chose</i> . (23)	...она соизволила обещать познакомить меня с лицом, которое «могло бы устроить дело». (37)*	...udostojila se da mi obeća da će me upoznati s osobom koja bi „mogla urediti tu stvar“. (26)*
16.	In the summer of 1939 <i>mon oncle d’Amerique</i> died... (27)	Летом 1939-го года умер мой американский дядюшка... (41)	U ljeto 1939. godine umro je moj tetak u Americi... (30)*
17.	And every now and then she would volley a burst of Slavic at her stolid lover. (28)	...при чем то и дело раздражалась залпом польских или русских фраз в направлении своего невозмутимого любовника. (42)	...a uz to je neprestance zasipala svog spokojnog ljubavnika poljskim i ruskim rečenicama. (31)
18.	...with all sorts of mispronounced apologies ( <i>j’ai demannde pardonne—excuse me—est-ce que j’ai puis—may I—and so forth</i> ) (29)	...неправильно произносимыми извинениями (же деманд пардон... эске же пуи...)... (44)	...krivo izgovaranim isprikama ( <i>j’ai demannde pardonne, est-ce que j’ai puis</i> )... (32)
19.	Quine the Swine. Guilty of killing Quilty. (32)	Квайн-Швайн. Убил ты Куилты. (46)	Quine Schwein. Ubila Quiltija usred birtije. (35)
20.	...paper caps for Christmas. (33)	колпаки из цветной бумаги, чтобы справлять Рождество. (48)	...i šarene papirne kape za proslavu Nove godine. (37)
21.	No temptations maddened me. (33)	OMITTED	OMITTED
22.	...and never allowing them the slightest glimpse of one’s real sexual predicament. (34)	...и не позволяя им даже отдаленно догадываться о действительной беде их пациента. (49)	...a da im nikad nisam dao ni najmanju priliku da se dosjete što zapravo muči njihova pacijenta. (38)
23.	...cards calling me “potentially homosexual” and “totally impotent.” (34)	...фишки, обзывавшие меня «потенциальным гомосексуалистом» и «абсолютным импотентом». (49)	...kartice na kojima je pisalo da sam „profesionalni homoseksualac“ i „apsolutno impotentan“ (38)

24.	...but would fly that very day to the Bermudas or the Bahamas or the Blazes. (36)	...а вылечу в тот же день в направлении Бермудских или Багамских или Чортовоматерных Островов. (51)	...i da ću istog dana odletjeti na Bermudske ili Bahamske, ili bogtepitaj koje otoke. (39)
25.	...whose polished words may reflect a book club or bridge club, or any other deadly conventionality... (37)	...чи отполированные слова могут отразить дамский кружок чтения или дамский кружок бриджа... (52)	...čije brušene riječi možda odražavaju klub prijatelja knjige ili klub igrača bridža... (41)
26.	...a madman with a gross liking for the <i>fruit vert</i> . <i>Au fond, ça m'est bien égal</i> . (40)	...сумасшедшего, попросту любящего <i>le fruit vert</i> . В конце концов, мне это совершенно все равно. (55)	...luđaka koji, prostački rečeno, voli <i>le fruit vert</i> . Na kraju krajeva, meni je to potpuno svejedno. (44)
27.	I spend my doleful days in dumps and dolours. (43) <sup>70</sup>	«Я провожу томительные дни В хандре и грусти...» (58)	„Vuku se dani Sumorni i sivi...“ (47)
28.	Lake of the Rains. (43)	Никаких озер (одни лужи). (59)	Ništa od jezera (samo lokve). (47)
29.	...I composed a madrigal (...) to the blond down of her brown limbs; but I tore it up and cannot recall it today. (44)	...я посвятил мадригал (...) на ее коричневых членах; но я разорвал его и не могу его нынче припомнить. (60)	...napisao sam madrigal (...) o bjeličastim maljama na njenim opaljenim udovima. (48)
30.	...so that her poor mother should keep picking them up, the villainous infant! (46)	...чтобы бедной матери этого подлого ребенка приходилось их подбирать! (62)	...samo da ih njena jedna mati mora neprestano skupljati! (50)
31.	...if I were to quote in my textbook Ronsard's "la vermeillette fente" or Remy Belleau's "un petit mont feutré de mousse délicate, tracé sur le milieu d'un fillet escarlatte" and so forth. (47)	...если бы я в нем привел выражение Ронсара насчет «маленькой аленькой щели» или строчки Реми Бэлло: «тот холмик небольшой, мхом нежным опушенный, с пунцовой посреди чертою проведенной» и так далее. (63)	...kad bih u njemu [priručniku] naveo Ronsardove riječi o „malenoj rumenoj pukotini“, ili stihove Remyja Belleaua „onaj mali humak obrastao mahovinom nježnom i presječen linijom skerletnom“ i tako dalje. (51)
32.	...under the strain of this intolerable temptation, by the side of my darling—my darling—my life and my bride. (47)	...под постоянным напором невыносимого соблазна, около моей душеньки — моей и Эдгаровой душеньки — «моей жизни, невесты моей». (63)	...neprestano izložen nepodnosivoj napasti, pokraj mog zlata, mog i Edgarova zlata — „mog života, nevjeste moje“. (51)
33.	The Curse of the Irish. Falling from the roof. Grandma is visiting. (47)	«Проклятие», как называют это ирландки... Иносказательно: «падение с крыши» или «гостит бабушка». (63)	„Prokletstvo“, kako to nazivaju Irkinje ... Figurativno rečeno: „pala s krova“ ili „tetka joj došla u goste“. (51-52)
34.	...about a dead something she and Leslie Tomson had found in the basement. (49)	...о каком-то мертвом зверьке, найденном ею и Томсоном (соседским шофером) в подвале... (65)	...o nekakvoj mrtvoj zvjerci što su je ona i Leslie Thomson [ <i>sic!</i> ] (susjedin šofer) našli u podrumu. (53)

<sup>70</sup> In prose (unlike the Russian or Croatian translation).



35.	...and mamma (...) denying by implication that she denies those amusing rumors, rumor, roomer, whispering intimately... (50)	...мамаша (...) отрицая и намекая, что не совсем отрицает забавные слухи о квартиранте, ах, перестаньте, и все это нашептывая так задушевно... (66)	...a mama (...) poriče i nagovještava da baš ne poriče zabavna govorkanja o podstanaru, ama prestanite, a sve to šapuće tako prisno... (54)
36.	“And behold,” said Lo (not for the first time)... (50)	«Ло-борохло», сказала Ло (не в первый раз)... (67)	Bit će zlo! — reče Lo (ne prvi put)... (55)
37.	...that the lady decided to keep Humbert’s Choice for the backs of her own shapely ears. (52)	...что она решила оставить выбранные мной духи для мочек своих собственных изящных ушей. (68)	...da je odlučila zadržati miris, koji sam ja izabrao, za svoje lijepe uši. (56)
38.	I began creeping up to her — “crippling” up to her, as pantomimists say. (53)	Я начал к ней подкрадываться «искалеченной караморой» (71)	Počeo sam joj se prikradati iza leđa „kao ubogi Lazar“, što kažu pantomimičari. (59)
39.	...shaking her by the scruff of the neck and that sort of thing to cover my real <i>manège</i> ... (55)	...тряхнуть ее за шиворот, что ли,— дабы скрыть свою настоящую игру... (71)	...da je zgrabim za šiju, što li — ne bih li prikrio svoju pravu igru... (59)
40.	“Pardonnez, Mother. I was not aiming at <i>you</i> .” (55)	«Pardonne, maman. Я не в тебя метила». (72)	<i>Pardonne, maman</i> . Nisam tebe gađala. (60)
41.	This proved to be the last of twenty entries or so. (55)	На этом кончались записи в дневнике. (72)	Tu je kraj zapisaka u dnevniku. (60)
42.	...after all, I had had <i>some</i> experience in my life of pederosis... (55)	В конце концов у меня уже был некоторый опыт за долгие годы обращения с собственной манией. (72)	Uostalom, bio sam stekao neka iskustva u toku dugih druženja sa svojom manijom. (60)
43.	It would have been logical on the part of Aubrey McFate (as I would like to dub that devil of mine)... (56)	Было бы логично со стороны мистера Мак-Фатума (как хочу наречь моего дьявола)... (56)	Bilo bi logično da mi je Mr McFatum... (60)
44.	... firmly supervised by Miss Phalen who had already once had my Lo under her buzzard wing (Lo recalled that 1944 summer with an indignant shudder)... (56)	...под строгим присмотром мисс Фален, которая однажды, в 1944 году, уже имела Ло под своим канючим крылом (Ло вспоминала то лето с дрожью возмущения)... (73)	...pod strogim je nadzorom gospođice Phalen, koja je već jednom, 1944. godine, držala Lo pod svojim jastrebinjim krilom (Lo bi zadržala od ogorčenja kad bi se sjetila tog ljeta)... (61)
45.	...and lo, the purse was intact. (62)	...раз, два, три и сумка осталась неповрежденной. (79)	...jedan, dva tri, i torbica je ostala netaknuta. (67)
46.	She hoped I liked the cold cuts, too. (63)	Хотела тоже знать, по вкусу ли мне холодная говядина. (80)	Zanimalo ju je također prija li mi hladna govedina. (68)
47.	...Must have been an enormous molar, with an abscess as big as a maraschino cherry. (63)	Зуб верно был коренной, громадный, с нарывом величиной с компотную вишню. (80)	Mora da je taj zub bio golem kutnjak, a proces veličine trešnje. (68)

48.	“Are you sure,” I said at last, “that she will be happy there?” (64)	«А вы совсем уверены», проговорил я наконец (...) «что она там не будет несчастна?» (81)	A jeste li sigurni da će ona biti zadovoljna ondje? — prozborih napokon... (68)
49.	...for rainy days at Camp Q... (64)	для дождливых дней в «Кувшинке» — или «Ку», как сокращенно называли лагерь... (82)	...za kišne dane u logoru Cue. (69)
50.	Haze, with a dreary laugh, said she had told Lo... (65)	...она с невеселым смешком сказала: «Признаюсь... (82)	Ona se turobno nasmiješila i rekla: — Moram vam priznati... (70)
51.	A distinguished playwright was solemnly smoking a Drome. He always smoked Dromes. (69)	...известный драматург самозабвенно затягивался папиросой «Дромадер». Он, мол, всегда курил «дромки». (87)	...poznati dramski pisac svečano pušio samo cigaretu „Dromedar“ On je navodno uvijek pušio samo te cigarete. (75)
52.	ADDED DURING TRANSLATION	— как когда-то сказал английский поэт. (89)	— kako ono reče onaj engleski pjesnik. (76)
53.	No, I would not go that far. (71)	Впрочем, я постарался бы не обрюхатить малышки. (89)	Uostalom, pazio bih da ne napumpam malu. (77)
54.	...or it was an incubus. (...) So Humbert the Cubus schemed and dreamed. (71)	...или это был ночной оборотень (...) Так Гумберт Выворотень грезил и волхвовал. (89)	...ili je to bio noćni vampir (...) Tako je Humbert Vukodlak snovao i snatio. (77)
55.	...I might blackmail — no, that is too strong a word — mauvemail... (71)	...я перейду на шантаж — о, совсем легкий, дымчатый шантажик... (90)	...prelazim na ucjenjivanje — ama sasvim nedužno, beznačajno ucjenjivanje... (77)
56.	“The orange blossom would have scarcely withered on the grave,” as a poet might have said. But I am no poet. (72)	«Букет венчальный на могиле едва увянуть бы успел», как выразился бы поэт. Но я не поэт. (91)	„Kita vjenčana na grobu jedva da je uvenula“, kako bi rekao pjesnik. Ali ja nisam pjesnik. (78)
57.	...past old Miss Opposite’s ivied brick house and high-sloping lawn... (73)	...мимо (...) дома старушки Визави и ее пологого луга... (92)	...pored kuće (...) stare Vizavi i njena položena travnjaka. (79)
58.	My <i>soi-disant</i> passionate and lonely Charlotte... (74)	Моя так-называемая «страстная и одинокая» Шарлотта... (93)	Moja takozvana „strastvena i osamljena“ Charlotte... (80)
59.	...called an envelope an ahnvelope... (75)	...произносила в английском envelope (конверт) первый слог в нос на французский манер... (94)	...izgovarala je prvi slog riječi <i>envelope</i> (omotnica) kroz nos na francuski način... (81)
60.	...“several books on Peacock, Rainbow and other poets.” (75)	...«несколько трудов о Верлене, Рэмбодлере и других поэтах». (94)	...“nekoliko djela o Verlaineu, Rimbaudelaireu i nekim drugim pjesnicima“. (81)
61.	... society columns should contain a shimmer of errors. (75)	...светскую рубрику блески опечаток только красят. (94)	...društvenu rubriku krase tiskarske pogreške. (81)

62.	...a resemblance to the lovely, inane, lost look that Lo had... (76)	...сходство с обаятельным, бессмысленным, потерянным взглядом Лолиты... (95)	...sličnost s Lolitinim čarobnim, tupim i izgubljenim pogledom... (82) <sup>71</sup>
63.	...a collection of shoes (Mr. Haze had a passion for them, it appears)... (76)	(у покойного г-на Гейза была, как оказалось, чуть-ли не патологическая страсть к обуви)... (96)	...da je pokojni gospodin Haze imao upravo patološku pasiju da sakuplja cipele)... (82)
64.	...with its chrome glitter and Hardware and Co. Calendar... (77)	...большим календарем (подарком кастрюльной фирмы)... (96)	...s njenim velikim kalendarom (darom tvornice lonaca)... (83)
65.	...little Rosaline Honeck, a rosy honey in a Girl Scout uniform... (79)	...Розалины Грац, грациозной, розовой красотицы в гэрл-скаутской форме... (98)	...Rosaline Grace, graciozne, ružičaste ljepotice u skautskoj uniformi... (85)
66.	...said John, “but on the other hand we are still spared—” “I wish,” interrupted Jean with a laugh, “Dolly and Rosaline... (79)	...сказал рассудительный Джон,— но зато мы до сих пор были избавлены от жи-». Джоана стремительно перебила его: «Как было бы хорошо, если бы наши девочки... (99)	...rekao je razboriti John — ali smo zato dosad bili pošteđeni Ži... — Jean ga naglo presiječe u riječi: — Kako bi bilo lijepo da su nam djevojčice... (85)
67.	There was a woodlake (Hourglass Lake—not as I had thought it was spelled)... (81)	...озеро — так называемое Очковое Озеро (уже упомянутое мной)... (101)	...jezero — takozvani Pješčani Sat — koje sam već spomenuo... (88)
68.	And I told you about Mr. Tomson at daybreak. Next time I expect to see fat old Ivor in the ivory. (89)	И я кажется говорила вам о Лесли Томсоне, который купается нагишом на заре. Я теперь все жду, что после черного атлета появится жирная котлета, Айвор Куильти (наш дантист), без ничего. (110)	A čini mi se da sam vam već pričala kako se Leslie Thomson [ <i>sic!</i> ] kupa ovdje gol u samu zoru. Sad samo čekam da se nakon crnog atlete pojavi onaj debeli kotlet, Ivor Quilty (naš zubar), bez ičega na sebi. (96)
69.	...I said, turning volume C of the <i>Girls' Encyclopedia</i> around to examine a picture printed “bottom-edge” as printers say. (92)	...ответил я, поварачивая открытый на букве «К» том энциклопедии для девочек, так чтобы лучше рассмотреть картинку, напечатанную нижним краем вдоль обреза. (113)	...odgovorih okrećući svezak <i>Enciklopedije za djevojčice</i> što bijaše otvoren na slovu „K“, da bih bolje razgledao sliku kojoj se donji kraj protezao duž stranice. (99)
70.	I was Camping in Scandinavia. (92)	Я был с гэрл-скаутами в Кальгари. (113)	Upravo sam bio sa skautkinjama u Kambodži. (99)

<sup>71</sup> The first of numerous occurrences where ‘Lo’ in the English original is changed into ‘Lolita.’ Moreover, since both naming and this particular name distinction (Lo – Lola – Dolly – Dolores – Lolita) is of great structural and functional import for the novel, any translation change seems rather unfounded. Yet, the name distinction still partly exists in the Croatian translation, with no discernable logic behind these alterations. Of course, due to formal restrictions, only the first of these nominal alterations is listed in the table above, while some other occurrences happen to be included for their close proximity to a more significant change. (It can be noted, however, that there are in total 15 such changes in the Croatian translation, with 14 being Lo into Lolita, and 1 being Dolly into Lolita.)

71.	...several slow pages (Campus, Canada, Candid Camera, Candy)... (92)	...нескольких (...) страниц (Канада, Кино, Конфета, Костер)... (113)	...nekoliko stranica (Kanada, Karamela, Kazalište, Kino)... (100)
72.	ADDED DURING TRANSLATION	Райская передышка! (114)	Blažena odgoda! (101)
73.	“... worse than if it had been a woman you kept ...” (99)	OMITTED	OMITTED
74.	...a conversation with Shirley Holmes. (100)	...разговор с Шерли Хольме, начальницей лагеря «Ку». (122)	...razgovor sa Shirley Holmes [sic!], upraviteljicom logora Cue. (108)
75.	...he would get the Climax police to find the hikers... (100)	...он устроит, чтобы тамошняя полиция немедленно разыскала бы экскурсантов... (108)	...on će zamoliti tamošnju policiju da odmah pronade izletnike... (108)
76.	I would whizz over to Camp Q... (106)	...я решил, что махну в лагерь «Ку»... (127)	Odlučio sam nazvati logor Cue... (114)
77.	I drove up to a gasoline station. (106)	Я пустил опять мотор и подъехал к телефонной будке. (128)	Ponovo sam upalio motor i dovezao se do telefonske govornice. (114)
78.	...came tumbling back to me with a hitting-the-jackpot clatter... (106)	...с тем бряцанием, которое сопровождает крупный выигрыш на игральные машины в Неваде. (115)	...zvečeći isto onako kako zveče krupni dobici u kockarskim automatima u Nevadi. (115)
79.	Oh Lolita, you are my girl, as Vee was Poe's and Bea Dante's, and what little girl would not like to whirl in a circular skirt and scanties? (107) <sup>72</sup>	Полюбил я Лолиту, как Вирджинию — По, И как Данте — свою Беатриче; Закружились девочки, раздувая юбочки: Панталончики — верх неприличия! (129)	<i>Zavoljeh Lolitu ko Virginiju Poe I kao Dante svoju Beatrice; Zavrtješe se curice šireći suknjice: Gačice — vrhunac nepristojnosti!</i> (115)
80.	Humbert and daughter? Humberg and small daughter? Homberg and immature girl? Homburg and child? The droll mistake — the “g” at the end... (109)	Гумберт и дочь? Гумбург с маленькой дочкой? Гомберг и малолетняя девочка? Гомбург и его дитя? Смешная ошибка (...) эта буква «г» в конце имени... (131)	Humbert s kćerkom? Humbert s kćerkicom? Homberg s maloljetnom djevojčicom? Homburg s djetetom? Smiješna omaška (...) slovo „g“ na kraju prezimena... (117)
81.	That must have been around August 15, 1947. (109)	Я поехал за ней этак в середине августа 1947-го года. (131)	Otišao sam po nju negdje usred kolovoza 1947. godine. (118)
82.	“The poor guy looked like his own ghost.” (110)	...на бедняге просто лица не было). (132)	„Siromah je bio više mrtav nego živ“. (119)
83.	...spreading a banknote over it with a bright “... and five!” (110)	...раскладывающая поверх монет несколько ассигнаций, с бодрым возгласом: «и вот еще десять!» (133)	...rasprostire preko sitniša nekoliko novčanica i bodro uzvikuje „I još deset!“ (119)
84.	“Your memory is excellent, Lo...” (114)	У тебя чудная память на цитаты, Ло... (137)	Imaš izvrsno pamćenje za citate, Lo... (123)
85.	I am a friend to male animals. (114)	Я друг всех животных мужского пола. (137)	Prijatelj sam svih životinja muškog spola. (123)

<sup>72</sup> In prose (unlike the Russian or Croatian translation).

86.	“Mr. Potts, do we have any cots left?” Potts, also pink and bald... (118)	«Мистер Ваткинс, как насчет лишней кровати...?» Кроваткинс, тоже розовый и лысый... (141)	Gospodine Bezhai, imamo li još koji pomoćni ležaj? Bezhai, također rumen i ćelav... (127)
87.	I believe one of the ladies was a disguised man [my static]. (118)	Мне даже кажется, что одна из дам была переодетый мужчина (моя отсебятина). (141)	Čak mi se čini da je jedna od tih dama bio prurušen muškarac (moj dodatak). (128)
88.	The two pink pigs were now among my best friends. (118)	К этому времени обе розовых свиньи уже забыли свое гумбергофобство. (141)	Dotle su već obje rumene svinje zaboravile na svoju humbergofobiju. (128)
89.	“What’s the katter with misses?” (120)	«Чем поцелуй пыл блох?» (144)	Nisam te dobro poljubio? (130)
90.	“Show, wight ray” (120)	«Накажи, как». (144)	Pokaži mi kako treba! (130)
91.	...inquired of me how I had liked Dr. Boyd’s talk, and looked puzzled when I (King Sigmund the Second) said Boyd was quite a boy. (125)	...спросил меня, как мне понравилась лекция пастора Пара, и посмотрел с недоумением, когда я (Сигизмунд Второй) сказал, что Пар — парень на ять... (149)	...upitao me kako mi se sviđjelo predavanje pastora Maughama, i pogledao me u nedoumici kad sam mu ja (Žigmud Drugi) odgovorio da je Maugham momak i pol. (135)
92.	...in Lolita’s type of frock, but pure white, and there was a white ribbon in her black hair. (126)	...в платье лолитиноного фасона, но белом, и с белой ленточкой, придерживавшей ее черные волосы. (149)	...u haljini Lolitina kroja, ali bijeloj i s bijelom vrpcom u kosi. (136)
93.	...like that tailor with his homemade parachute forty years ago... (128)	...как тот парижский портной, в начале века... (152)	...kao onaj pariški krojač s početka ovog stoljeća... (138)
94.	Her faint breathing had the rhythm of sleep. (128)	OMITTED	OMITTED
95.	After all, there is no harm in smiling. For instance (I almost wrote “frinstance”), I had no place to rest my head, and a fit of heartburn (they call those fries “French,” <i>grand Dieu!</i> ) was added to my discomfort. (129)	...давай даже улыбнемся слегка. Например,— мне негде было преклонить голову (чуть не написал: головку), и к общему моему неудобству прибавилась мерзкая изжога (от жареного в сале картофеля, который они смеют тут называть «французским!»). (153)	...hajde da se malo i nasmiješimo! Nisam, na primjer, imao kamo staviti glavu (umalo što ne napisah glavicu), a općenitoj neudobnosti pridružila se i grdna žgaravica (i oni se onaj krumpir pečen na masti usuđuju nazvati „ <i>pommes frites a la francaise</i> “ [sic!]). (139)
96.	In the first antemeridian hours there was a lull... (132)	Настало некоторое затишье перед утром... (155)	Pred jutro je nastalo izvjesno zatišje... (142)
97.	...and somewhere in the passage Dr. Boyd said... (132)	...где-то в коридоре рано вставший пастор кому-то сказал... (156)	...negdje na hodniku neki pastor ranoranilac rekao je nekome... (142)
98.	My life was handled by little Lo... (133)	Жезлом моей жизни Лолиточка орудовала... (157)	Lolitica je baratala žezlom moga života... (144)

99.	to redecorate their dining room with murals of my own making, this is what I might have thought up, let me list some fragments... (134)	...мне переделать по-своему фрески в ресторане его гостиницы, вот что я бы придумал (описываю лишь фрагменты)... (158)	...da ukasim zidove u blagavaonici njegova hotela, evo što bih naslikao (opisujem samo neke fragmente)... (145)
100.	...a brute of forty (...) sheds his sweat-drenched finery and thrusts himself up to the hilt into his youthful bride. (135)	...изверг (...) сбрасывает с себя насквозь мокрую от пота праздничную ветошь и въезжает по рукоять в юную жену. (159)	...grubijan (...) zbacuje sa sebe blagdansko ruho skroz-naskroz natopljeno znojem i zbija ga mladoj ženi do balčaka. (145)
101.	“Well, the Miranda twins had shared the same bed for years (...) and Kenneth Knight – who was the brightest – used to exhibit himself...” (136)	«Известно что... Близнецы, Антоний и Виола Миранда, не даром спали всю жизнь в одной постели (...) а спортсмен Кеннет Найт выставлял свое имущество на показ... (147)	Pa zna se šta... Blizanci Anthony i Viola Miranda nisu badava spavali cijeli život u istom krevetu (...) a onaj sportaš Kenneth Knight pokazuje svoju meštriju... (147)
102.	...to carry the boat to Onyx or Eryx... (137)	...нести байдарку из Оникса в Эрике... (161)	...prenositi kajak iz Onyxa u Eryx... (147)
103.	Was pink pig Mr. Swoon absolutely sure my wife had not telephoned? (139)	Был ли мистер Швайн абсолютно уверен, что моя жена не звонила? (163)	Je li gospodin Swine siguran da moja žena nije telefonirala? (150)
104.	“You what?” I asked. (140)	Я не понял и переспросил. (164)	Nisam je razumio pa sam je ponovo pripitao. (151)
105.	It was then that began our extensive travels all over the States. (145)	Тогда-то, в августе 1947-го года, начались наши долгие странствия по Соединенным Штатам. (167)	Tada, u kolovozu 1947. godine, počela su naša duga putovanja po Sjedinjenim Državama. (157)
106.	“Children welcome, pets allowed” (You are welcome, you are allowed). (146)	...приглашаем детей, обожаем кошечек (ты приглашаешься, тебя обожают!). (168)	Pozivamo djecu, obožavamo mačke (tebe pozivaju, tebe obožavaju!). (158)
107.	And do you remember, Miranda, that other (...) den... (147)	А помнишь ли, помнишь, Миранда (как говорится в известной элегии) тот другой (...) вертеп... (169)	A sjećaš li se, sjećaš, Mirando (štono riječ u onoj poznatoj elegiji), one druge (...) jazbine... (159)
108.	...she believed (...) advice that appeared in Movie Love or Screen Land... (148)	...она верила (...) советам, появившимся в читаемых ею «Мире Экрана» и «Мираже Кинолюбви»... (170)	...vjerovala (...) savjetima u <i>Filmskom svijetu</i> i <i>Fatamorgani filmske ljubavi</i> ... (161)
109.	...under Miss Phalen’s bleary eye in a dilapidated Appalachian farmhouse that had belonged to some gnarled Haze, or other in the dead past. (148)	...под тусклым оком мисс Фален, в Вермонте, в полуразрушенном деревенском доме, некогда принадлежавшем корявому, как дуб, Джонатану Гейзу, родоначальнику семьи. (171)	...pod mutnim pogledom gospođice Phalen u Vermontu, u ruševnoj seoskoj zgradi koja je nekoć pripadala Jonathanu Hazeu, osnivaču loze, kvrgavom kao hrast. (161)

110.	...and frantically clutch at my driving hand whenever I put a stop to her tornadoes of temper by turning in the middle of a highway... (149)	...и в безумном страхе хватала мою рулевую руку, всякий раз что я поворачивал автомобиль посредине шоссе... (171-172)	...i grčevito me hvatala za ruku na upravljaču kad god bih počeo okretati automobil nasred ceste... (162)
111.	The rapist was Charlie Holmes; I am the therapist — a matter of nice spacing in the way of distinction. (150)	<i>Растлением</i> занимался Чарли Хольмс; я же занимаюсь <i>растением</i> , детским растением, требующим особого ухода: обрати внимание на тонкое различие между обоими терминами. (172)	Razvratom se bavio Charlie Holmes, a ja se bavim <i>razvojem</i> , dječjim razvojem koji iziskuje posebnu njegu — pazi na tatinu razliku između ta dva termina. (162)
112.	...you will be analyzed and institutionalized, my pet... (151)	...тебя проанализируют и заинтернируют, котенок мой... (174)	...tebe će podvrgnuti psihoanalizi i zatvoriti, mačkice moja... (164)
113.	...to which, though no Kilmerite, I subscribe... (155)	...под чем я, хоть и не будучи поклонником поэта Кильмера, готов подписаться... (179)	...s čime se, iako nisam obožavatelj pjesnika Kilmera, potpuno slažem... (169)
114.	...whose sidewalks, said the tour book, “may [I liked the “may”] feature entertainment by pickaninnies who will [I liked the “will” even better] tap-dance for pennies... (156)	...где тротуары, по словам путеводителя, могут (интересная возможность) служить подмостком для негритят, которые нет-нет (интересный слог) да и спляшут чечотку за несколько пенни... (179-180)	...gdje trotoari (...) mogu (zanimljiva mogućnost) poslužiti kao pozornica Crnčadi što malo-malo (zanimljiv stil) pa otplešu koji čarlston za dva-tri penija... (169)
115.	...children under 12 free, Lo a young captive. (157)	...вход для детей моложе двенадцати лет свободен (за Лолиту уже плати!). (181)	...ulaz djeci mlađoj od dvanaest godina slobodan (za Lolitu sam već morao platiti!). (170)
116.	ART; American Refrigerator Transit Company. (157)	...ART, не «искусство» по английски, а «Американская Рефрижераторская Транзитная» фирма. (181)	ART, ne „umjetnost“ na engleskom, nego „Američka rudarska transportna kompanija“. (171)
117.	The Bearded Woman read our jingle and now she is no longer single. (158)	Придорожные плакаты с рекламными стишками бритвенного крема: «Наши строки прочла бородатая Ната, и теперь она стала женою магната». (182)	Plakati uz cestu koji reklamiraju kremu za brijanje. „Našu kremu uze bradata Kata, pa se uda za magnata!“ (172)
118.	...in a Michigan town bearing his first name. (159)	...в мичиганском городе, носящем его, <i>его</i> имя. (183)	...u jednom michiganskom gradu koji nosi <i>njegovo</i> ime. (173)
119.	...and hardly had I turned my back to go and buy this very Lo a lollipop... (159)	и не успевал я отойти (чтобы купить этой же Лолите сладкую сосульку),... (184)	...i tek što bih se malo odmaknuo (da kupim lilihip toj istoj Loliti)... (174)
120.	...I discovered this <i>tic nerveux</i> because cruel Lo was the first to mimic it... (161)	...(я обнаружил этот нервный свой тик оттого, что жестокая Лолита первая передразнила его)... (185)*	...taj sam svoj tik otkrio tek kad ga je okrutna Lolita (...) imitirala... (175)*

121.	...as glad as an ad... (161)	как на каникульной рекламе, (186)	...radosna kao na reklami za ferije... (175)
122.	...and the quicksilver in the baby folds of her stomach were sure to cause to <i>se tordre</i> — oh Baudelaire!... (162)	...и ртуть в младенческих складочках живота несомненно — думал я, о Бодлер! — заставят <i>se tordre</i> (187)	...i živa u mladenačkim borama na truhu zacijelo [će] — mišljah, o, Baudelaireu! — nagnati <i>se tordre</i> [sic!]... (176)
123.	...came back with two tall glasses of pineapple juice, soda and ice. (163)	...неся два высоких стакана ананасного сока, с газированной водой и янтарным льдом. (188)	...noseći dvije visoke čaše ananasova soka, sodu i led jantarne boje. (177)
124.	...and thrusting my fatherly fingers deep into Lo's hair from behind, and then gently but firmly clasping them around the nape of her neck, I would lead my reluctant pet (...) for a quick connection before dinner. (164)	...и, отеческим жестом глубоко запустив пальцы под кудри Лолиточки, а затем нежно, но крепко обхватив ее за шею, вел мою артачившуюся детку в наш укромный домик для быстрого сопряжения перед обедом. (189)	...i očinskom kretnjom duboko zario prste u Lolitine uvojke, pa je nježno ali čvrsto zagrlio i poveo svoju jogunastu ljubimicu (...) da je prije večere na brzinu obljubim. (178)
125.	...her tender pale areolas. (165)	...нежные, бледные венчики сосцов. (191)	...nježne, blijede kolobare oko bradavica na dojkaма. (180)
126.	...and then would turn to the column Let's Explore Your Mind. (165)	...и затем обращалась к отделу «Посмотрим, насколько вы сообразительны». (191)	...a onda bi se zadubila u rubriku: „Da vidimo jeste li razboriti!“ (180)
127.	...I dubbed her My Frigid Princess. (166)	...я сказал Лолите: «А ты — моя ледяная принцесса». (192)	...rekao sam Loliti: — A ti si moja ledena princeza. (181)
128.	...and whom by now Dr. Humbert has plunged, I trust, into a state of leporine fascination... (166)	...и которого д-р Гумберт успел погрузить, надеюсь, в состояние кроличьего гипноза... (192)	...a kojeg je doktor Humbert uspio, nadam se, opčiniti kao zmija kunića... (181)
129.	...that the search for a Kingdom by the Sea, a Sublimated Riviera, or whatnot, far from being the impulse of the subconscious, had become the rational pursuit of a purely theoretical thrill. The angels knew it... (167)	...что мечта о «Приморском Королевстве», о «Сублимированной Ривьере» и тому подобном давно перестала быть глубинным порывом и свелась к рассудочной погоне за чисто теоретическим переживанием. Эдгаровы ангелы это знали... (192)	...da je san o „kraljevstvu kraj mora“, o „sublimiranoj Rivijeri“ i tome slično odavno prestao biti snažan poriv, i da se sveo na razumno traženje posve teorijskih doživljaja. Edgarovi su anđeli to znali... (181)
130.	Beneath the lap-robe I had spread for Lo, dry flowers crepitated softly. (168)	Я разложил плед для Лолиты. Под ним тихо потрескивала травяная сушь. (194)	Prostrh pled za Lolitu. Ispod njega je tiho pucketala suha trava. (183)
131.	It was then that we came closer to detection than ever before... (169)	Вот тогда-то мы едва-едва не попались;... (194)	Eto, tada umalo što nismo nadrljali. (183)
132.	Finally there was the mahogany landscape (...) the prim pretty schoolteacher arriving in	Были, наконец, фильмы «дикого запада» (...), чопорная, но прехорошенькая	Bilo je, napokon, mitova o Divljem zapadu (...) izvještačena, ali vrlo zgodna učiteljica koja je



	Roaring Gulch, the rearing horse, the spectacular stampede... (170)	учительница, толькочто прибывшая в Гремучее Ущелье, конь, вставший на дыбы, стихийная паника скота, (196)	netom stigla u Hučnu klisuru, konj što se propinje, stihijska panika stoke... (185)
133.	<p>Another jolt I remember is connected with a little burg we were traversing at night, during our return journey. Some twenty miles earlier I had happened to tell her that the day school she would attend at Beardsley was a rather high-class, non-coeducational one, with no modern nonsense, whereupon Lo treated me to one of those furious harangues of hers where entreaty and insult, self-assertion and double talk, vicious vulgarity and childish despair, were interwoven in an exasperating semblance of logic which prompted a semblance of explanation from me.</p> <p>Enmeshed in her wild words (swell chance . . . I'd be a sap if I took your opinion seriously . . . Stinker . . . You can't boss me . . . I despise you . . . and so forth), I drove through the slumbering town at a fifty-mile-per-hour pace in continuance of my smooth highway swoosh, and a twosome of patrolmen put their spotlight on the car, and told me to pull over. I shushed Lo who was automatically raving on. The men peered at her and me with malevolent curiosity. Suddenly all dimples, she beamed sweetly at them, as she never did at my orchideous masculinity; for, in a sense, my Lo was even more scared of the law than I — and when the kind officers pardoned us and servilely we crawled on, her eyelids closed and fluttered as she mimicked limp prostration. (171)</p>	OMITTED <sup>73</sup>	OMITTED

<sup>73</sup> An accidental omission on Nabokov's part, it was translated by Dmitri Nabokov for the 2007 Russian edition.

134.	...and though theoretically willing to enjoy A Girl of the Limberlost or the Arabian Nights, or Little Women, she was quite sure she would not fritter away her "vacation" on such highbrow reading matter. (173)	...и хотя она была не прочь когда-нибудь попробовать Сказки Шехерезады или «Маленькие Женщины», она категорически отказывалась тратить «каникулы» на такие серьезные, ученые книги. (199)	...i, premda nije imala ništa protiv da pokuša čitati <i>Tisuću i jednu noć</i> ili <i>Male žene</i> , odlučno je odbijala tratiti „ferije“ na takve teške, učene knjige. (188)
135.	...instead of somehow scrambling across the Mexican border while the scrambling was good... (173)	...вместо того чтобы каким-нибудь образом перебраться через мексиканскую границу, благо было так близко... (199)	...umjesto da smo se nekako prebacili preko meksičke granice kad smo već bili tako blizu nje... (188)
136.	...strong enough to distinguish (...) bizarre, tender, salivating Dr. Humbert, practicing on supremely lovely Lolita the Third the art of being a granddad. (174)	...хватало силы различить (...) странноватого, нежного, слюнявого д-ра Гумберта, упражняющегося на бесконечно прелестной Лолите Третьей в «искусстве быть дедом»,— воспетом Виктором Гюго. (200)	...mogao razabrati (...) čudnovata, nježna, „slinava doktora Humberta kako iskušava na beskrajno ljupkoj Loliti Trećoj „djedovsko umijeće“ koje je opjevao Victor Hugo. (188)
137.	I find some jottings that help me compute the following. During that extravagant year 1947-1948... (175)	...я нашел кое-какие набросанные мною выкладки, из которых следует, что за экстравагантный 1947—48 год, (201)	...pronašao sam neke svoje bilješke iz kojih slijedi da su nas u toj ekstravagantnoj godini dana... (190)
138.	...where girls are taught, as he put it with a foreigner's love for such things: "not to spell very well, but to smell very well." (177)	...где, по его выражению (как иностранца его тянуло к таким фразам), «учат правилам не столько грамматическим, сколько ароматическим». (203)	...u kojima se, po njegovim riječima (kao stranac volio je ovakve fraze) „ne uče toliko gramatička koliko aromatička pravila“. (191)
139.	...and then (...) she wrinkled her brow in a kind of <i>receuillement</i> and said... (177)	...а затем, (...), она наморщила лоб, как бы собираясь с мыслями и после паузы начала так: ... (203)*	...a zatim se (...) „namrštila kao da se pribire“ i nakon kraće stanke počela ovako... (191)*
140.	This is why we stress the four D's: Dramatics, Dance, Debating and Dating. We are confronted by certain facts. Your delightful Dolly will presently enter an age group where dates, dating, date dress, date book, date etiquette, mean as much to her as, say, business, business connections, business success, mean to you, or as much as [smiling] the happiness of my girls means to me. (177)	Вот почему мы придаем такое значение танцам, дебатам, любительским спектаклям и встречаем с мальчиками. Перед нами встают некоторые факты. Ваша прелестная Долли скоро вступит в возрастную группу, где такие термины как «кавалеры», «выходить с кавалером», «выходное платье» и тому подобное будут так же важны для нее как для вас, скажем, «коммерческие дела», «коммерческие связи», «коммерческий успех», а для меня	Eto zašto pridajemo toliku važnost plesovima, debatama, amaterskim predstavama i sastancima s dječacima. Mi smo suočeni s određenim činjenicama. Vaša dražesna Dolly uskoro će stupiti u starosnu skupinu u kojoj će joj takvi izrazi kao što su „momak“, „hodati s momkom“, „izlaziti s momkom“ i slično biti isto toliko važni koliko vama, recimo, „posao“, „poslovne veze“, „poslovni uspjeh“, a meni (tu se usiljeno osmjehnu) dobro mojih učenica. (191-192)

		(тут она фальшиво улыбнулась) — благополучие моих учениц. (203)	
141.	Had he discovered <i>mes goûts</i> and Lolita's status, it would have interested him only insofar as throwing some light on... (181)	Если бы он узнал <i>mes goûts</i> и статус Лолиты, это его бы заинтересовало только, поскольку оно могло бы бросить некоторый свет на... (207)	Da je doznao za <i>mes gouts</i> [ <i>sic!</i> ], njega bi to zanimalo samo utoliko ukoliko bi rasvijetlilo... (196)
142.	Harold D. Doublename (a misty-eyed left-wing professor at a Midwestern university) and Marcel Proust. (182)	...Гарольда Эксэкса (мечтательно- левого профессора в среднезападном колледже) и Марселя Пруста. (208)	...Harolda Iksiksa (ljevičara sanjarskih očiju, profesora na nekom koledžu na Srednjem zapadu) i Marcela Prousta. (196)
143.	...with a slow old-dog woof that had a gargling sound at the back of it which made his jowls wobble... (182)	...с замедленным гавканием старого пса, кончавшимся звуком какого-то полоскания, от чего его брыла тряслись,... (209)	...režeći polako kao kakvo staro pseto i grgoljeći na kraju tako da bi mu se sav podvoljak sav zatresao... (197)
144.	Her weekly allowance, paid to her under condition she fulfill her basic obligations, was twenty-one cents... (183)	Ее недельное жалование, выплачиваемое ей при условии, что она будет исполнять трижды в сутки основные свои обязанности, было (...) двадцать один цент... (210)	...tjedni džeparac, koji sam joj davao pod uvjetom da tri puta na dan izvršava svoje osnovne dužnosti (...) iznosio dvadeset i jedan cent... (199)
145.	...but by that time I had brought prices down drastically... (184)	...но к этому времени я произвел экономическую революцию,... (211)	...ali sam u međuvremenu proveo privrednu reformu... (200)
146.	...with the wind blowing, and the stars blinking, and the cars, and the bars, and the barmen, and everything soiled, torn, dead. (185)	...где дует ветер и мигают звезды над амбарами, фарами, барами, парами, и все вокруг — мразь, гниль, смерть. (212)	...gdje puše vjetar i trepću zvijezde nad barama, parama, šarama i žarama, a sve je naokolo smeće, trulež i smrt. (200)
147.	<i>Why not treat the young fellows as guests in your house?</i> (...) Welcome, fellow, to this bordello. (185)	«Почему бы вам не смотреть на этого Тома и Джона, как на гостей у себя в доме? (...) Входи-ка, Том, в мой публичный дом! (212)	<i>Zašto ne biste primili toga Toma i Johna kao goste u svojoj kući?</i> (...) Dobro došao, Tome, u moju javnu kuću! (200-201)
148.	<i>If she breaks the rules don't explode out loud in front of her partner in crime.</i> (185)	«Если она нарушает правила, не устраивайте ей скандала в присутствии ее «сообщника». (212)	<i>Ako ona prekrši neka pravila, nemojte dizati dreku pred njenim sudionikom.</i> (201)
149.	I cannot be absolutely certain that in the course of the winter she did not manage to have, in a casual way, improper contacts with unknown young fellows... (186)	Я не могу поклясться, что в течение той зимы (1948— 1949 г.) Лолите не удалось войти мимоходом в непристойное соприкосновение с мальчишками. (213)	Ja se ne bih mogao zakleti da tijekom zime (1948./1949. godine) Lolita nije uspjela mimogred stupiti u nedolične odnose s nepoznatim momcima. (202)
150.	...from the perspiring nincompoop (...) to the self-sufficient rapist with pustules and a souped-up car... (187)	...от потеющего болвана, (...) до самодовольного насильника с чирьями и	...od uznojenog klipana (...) pa sve do uobraženog napasnika s prištevima i starom krtijom... (202)

		усиленным до гоночной мощности автомобилем... (214)	
151.	(Sublimating her mother, eh?) (189)	(Изволишь, милочка, сублимировать маму?) (216)	(Uzvisuješ mamu, srce moje, a?) (204)
152.	Monsieur H. H.'s musical little girl on her father's right, and the musical little boy of Professor W. (...) on Monsieur G. G.'s left. (189)	...мосье Гумберт с музыкальной дочуркой и мосье Годен с не менее одаренным сыночком профессора В. (217)	<i>Monsieur</i> Humbert sa svojom muzikalnom kćerkicom i Monsieur [ <i>sic!</i> ] Godin s isto tako nadarenim sinčićem profesora V... (205)
153.	I am anticipating a little... (191)	Забегая немного вперед,... (219)	Malo se zatrcavam u pripovijedanju... (207)
154.	...Dolly is not much concerned with mere boys. (191)	...Долли вообще не думает о желторотых мальчиках. (219)	...Dolly uopće ne mari za te žutokljunce. (207)
155.	Oh, not a frightful lot, just as much as she could stand. (191)	«О, не так уже страшно много — ей скоро надоело». (219)	Pa nije baš previše — uskoro joj je bio pun kufer. (207)
156.	...and that raw wound among the unstained rectangles and its asymmetrical position — a knight's move from the top — always strangely disturbed me. (192)	...и эта кровотокающая рана среди других бесцветных клеток, а также ее несимметричное расположение (ход коня, бе восемь — це шесть), всегда меня глухо тревожили. (220)	...i ta živa rana među ostalim bezbojnim kvadratima i njen asimetričan položaj (potez skakačem b 8 — c 6) svagda su me nekako čudno uznemiravali. (208)
157.	Sometimes . . . Come on, how often exactly, Bert? (192)	Иногда... Ну-ка пожалуйста, сколько именно раз, товарищ? (220)	Ponekad... Pa dobro, koliko zapravo puta, prijane? (208)
158.	...and had to fortify myself with a pint of my "pin"... (193)	...и должен был подкрепить себя пинтой джинанаса, (221)	...i morao [ <i>sam</i> ] se okrijepiti s pola litre džinanasa... (209)
159.	"She is still shuttling," said Miss Pratt, showing how with her liver-spotted hands, "between the anal and genital zones of development. (194)	«Она все еще маячит», сказала мисс Пратт, представляя это маячение соответствующим движением корицей усеянных рук, «между двумя зонами, анальной и генитальной. (222)	Ona još oscilira — reče gospođica Pratt pokazujući zorno to osciliranje prikladnim pokretom ruku kao da bijahu posute koricama cimeta — između dvije zone, analne i genitalne. (210)
160.	Now here is one of our special research reports (...) Type of by-words... (194)	А вот доклад одной из наших специальных научных работниц: (...) В рубрике обычных словечек: (222)	А evo i izvještaja jedne naše specijalne znanstvene radnice (...) U rubrici „Rječnik kojim se služi“... (210)
161.	Making a princess of your Dolly, Mr. Haze, eh? (194)	Вы, мистер Гейз, видно хотите, чтобы ваша Долли росла принцессой. (223)	Vi, gospodine Haze, očito želite da vaša Dolly odraste kao princeza. (211)
162.	...while according to Miss Cole Dolly's metabolic efficiency is superfine. (195)	Мисс Дутен считает, что Доллины органические функции выше всех похвал.	...a gospođica Cole smatra da Dollyni organi funkcioniraju besprijeckorno. (211)

163.	“Oh no doubt, no doubt, but Miss Cormorant thinks, and I am inclined to agree with her, that Dolly is obsessed by sexual thoughts for which she finds no outlet, and will tease and martyrize other girls, or even our younger instructors because they do have innocent dates with boys.” (196)	Но мисс Зелва и мисс Дутен думают,—и я склонна согласиться с ними,— что вашу Долли преследуют сексуальные мысли, для которых она не находит выхода, а потому не перестает дразнить и мучить других девочек — и даже кое-кого из наших учительниц помоложе, и бессмысленно выворачивать задом наперед их имена,— потому что у них-то бывают невинные встречи с кавалерами». (225)	Ah, ja i ne sumnjam u to! Ali gospođica Horn i gospođica Cole misle — a ja sam sklona složiti se s njima — da vašoj Dolly ne daju mira seksualne misli kojima ne nalazi oduška i zato neprestano draži i muči druge djevojčice — pa čak i neke naše mlade nastavnice izgovara [ <i>sic!</i> ] im naopako imena zato što idu na nevine sastanke s momcima. (212)
164.	I notice she is one of the few teachers that seem to like — I mean who seem to find Dolly manageable. (197)	Между прочим, она по-моему одна из немногих учительниц, которые как-будто относятся хорошо — т. е. я хочу сказать, которые как-будто умеют подойти к трудной Долли. (225-226)	Ona je, između ostaloga, jedna od rijetkih nastavnica koje dobro postupaju, odnosno hoću reći koje nekako umiju pristupiti teškoj Dolly. (213)
165.	We are in trouble again. (197)	Мистер Гейз, ваша Долли опять напроказила». (226)	Gospodine Haze, vaša je Dolly opet nešto skrivila. (213)
166.	Beardsley School, it may be explained, copied a famous girls’ school in England by having “traditional” nicknames for its various classrooms: Mushroom, Room-In 8, B-room, Room-BA and so on. Mushroom was smelly, with a sepia print of Reynolds’ “Age of Innocence” above the chalkboard... (197-198)	Объясню, что Бердслейская Гимназия подражала знаменитой школе для девочек в Англии тем, что надавала разных, будто бы «традиционных», названий классным комнатам, как например: Класс-Раз, Класс-Два-с, Класс-Алмаз и прочее. «Квас» оказался дурно-пахнущим, с коричневой репродукцией «Годов Невинности» Рейнольдса над черной доской и с несколькими рядами корявых парт. (226-227)	Da objasnim da se gimnazija u Beardsleyju ugledala na glasovitu žensku školu u Engleskoj time što je prišila različne „tradicionalne“ nadimke pojedinim učionicama, kao na primjer: „Klasa Kobasa“, „Klasa Masa“, „Klasa Bez Asa“ i slično. „Kobasa“ je bila smrdljiva i u njoj je visila smeđa reprodukcija Reynoldsova <i>Doba nevinosti</i> nad crnom pločom... (214)
167.	At first she “ran a temperature” in American parlance, and I could not resist the exquisite calorificity of unexpected delights— <i>Venus febriculosa</i> ... (198)	Сначала у нее была высокая температура, и я не мог отказать от зноя неожиданных наслаждений ( <i>Venus febriculosa!</i> )... (227)	Iz početka je imala povišenu temperaturu pa nisam mogao odoljeti vatri neočekivanih naslada ( <i>Venus febriculosa!</i> )... (215)
168.	...she wanted to know if the guy noon-napping on Doris Lee’s hay was the father of the	...она хотела знать, надо ли считать фермера, дремлющего после полдника на сене (кисти Дориды Ли), отцом нарочито	...nju je zanimalo je li farmer koji drijema nakon objeda na sijenu (slika Doris Lee) otac tobože razbludne cure u prednjm planu... (216)

	pseudo-voluptuous hoyden in the foreground... (199)	сладострастной дивчины на переднем плане... (229)	
169.	...a form that smacks of stone-age rites and communal nonsense despite those individual injections of genius, such as, say, Elizabethan poetry which a closeted reader automatically pumps out of the stuff... (200)	...примитивную и подгнившую форму искусства, которая отзывает обрядами каменного века и всякой коммунальной чепухой, несмотря на индивидуальные инъекции гения, как, скажем, поэзия Шекспира или Бен Джонсона, которую, запершись у себя и не нуждаясь в актерах, читатель автоматически извлекает из драматургии. (229)	...umjetnička forma koja miriše na obrede iz kamenog doba i ostale komunarne [sic!] besmislice, usprkos individualnim injekcijama genija kao što su, recimo, poezija Shakespearea ili Bena Johnsona [sic!], koju čitalac, zatvoren u kuću i bez pomoći glumaca, automatski crpi iz dramskih djela... (217)
170.	...the accursed playlet belonged to the type of whimsey for juvenile consumption (...) such as <i>Hansel and Gretel</i> by Richard Roe, or <i>The Sleeping Beauty</i> by Dorothy Doe, or <i>The Emperor's New Clothes</i> by Maurice Vermont and Marion Rumpelmeyer... (201)	...проклятая пьеса принадлежит к типу прихотливых пустяков для детской аудитории (...) например, «Гензель и Гретель» такого-то или «Спящая Красавица» такой-то или «Новое платье короля» неких Мориса Вермонта и Марионы Румпельмейер... (230)	...taj prokleti komad pripada onoj vrsti fantazije za djecu (...) na primjer, <i>Ivica i Marica</i> toga i toga, ili <i>Trnoružica</i> te i te, ili <i>Kraljevo novo ruho</i> nekog Maurice Vermonta i neke Marion Rumpelmeyer... (218)
171.	...original composition which had been produced for the first time only three or four months ago by a highbrow group in New York. (201)	...самобытное произведение, в первый раз поставленное всего месяца три-четыре тому назад в фасонистой нью-йоркской студии. (230)	...izvorno djelo koje je prvi put izvela prije svega tri-četiri mjeseca neka avangardna družina u New Yorku. (218)
172.	(you see the possibilities!)... (201)	(драматические эффекты тут самоочевидны)... (230)	(to su dramski efekti očiti sami po sebi)... (218)
173.	...I had permitted Lo to take piano lessons with a Miss Emperor (as we French scholars may conveniently call her)... (202)	...я позволил Лолите брать уроки рояля с мисс Ламперер (как мы, знатоки Флобера, можем ее для удобства назвать)... (232)	...dopustio sam Loliti da uči svirati klavir kod neke gospođe Empereur (kako je mi, poznavaoći Flauberta, možemo uvjetno nazvati)... (219)
174.	...after the very special rehearsal Lo had not had me attend)... (202)	...после той особенной репетиции, на которую, как и на прочие, я не был допущен)... (232)	...nakon onog posebnog pokusa kojem nisam, kao ni ostalima, smio prisustvovati)... (220)
175.	...the telephone in my study, where I was in the act of mopping up Gustave's—I mean Gaston's—king's side, rang and Miss Emperor asked if Lo was coming next Tuesday... (202)	...завонил телефон в кабинете, где я кончал подчищать королевский фланг Гастона, и голос мисс Ламперер спросил, придет ли	...zazvonio je telefon u mojoj radnoj sobi, gdje sam upravo čistio Gastonovo kraljevo krilo, i glas me gospođice Empereur upitao hoće li

		моя Эмма — то бишь Лолита — в следующий вторник... (232)	moja Ema [ <i>sic!</i> ] — hoću da kažem Lolita — doći u utorak na sat... (220) <sup>74</sup>
176.	(who knows if it did not teach him certain later audacities?)... (203)	(не научил ли его этот случай той опасной смелости, которую он потом стал выказывать в другой области?)... (232)	(da mu nije ta zgoda ulila onu opasnu smionost koju je poslije počeo pokazivati na drugom polju?)... (220)
177.	Or had this happened during those last two weeks? <i>Tendresse</i> ? Surely that was an exploded myth. (204)	Или перемена случилась за последние две недели? Где была моя нежность к ней? Разрушенный миф! (233)	Ili se promijenila u posljednja dva tjedna? Gdje je bila moja nježnost prema njoj? Srušeni mit! (221)
178.	...and who had just such flushed prominent <i>pommettes</i> and a dead <i>maman</i> , and big front teeth... (204)	...и у которой были точно такие же горящие маслаки, и умершая мама, и крупные передние зубы... (234)	...i koja je imala baš iste takve zažarene jagodične kosti, i pokojnu mamu, i velike prednje zube... (222)
179.	With people in movies I seem to share the services of the <i>machina telephonica</i> and its sudden god. (205)	С персонажами в кинофильмах я, повидимому, разделяю зависимость от всеильной <i>machina telephonica</i> и ее внезапных вторжений в людские дела. (235)	Čini mi se da me s filmskim junacima veže zavisnost od svemoćne <i>machina telephonica</i> i njena nenadana upletanja u ljudske poslove. (223)
180.	Mr. Hyde almost knocked it over. (206)	Как изверг в стивенсоновской сказке, я был готов всех раздавить на своем пути. (236)	Kao Stevensenov [ <i>sic!</i> ] gospodin Hyde, bio sam spreman zgaziti sve što mi se ispriječi na putu. (224)
181.	It may interest physiologists to learn, at this point, that I have the ability—a most singular case, I presume—of shedding torrents of tears throughout the other tempest. (208)	Физиологам, кстати, может быть небезынтересно узнать, что у меня есть способность — весьма, думается мне, необыкновенная — лить потоки слез во все продолжение другой бури. (237)	Uzگرد budi rečeno, filozofima će možda biti zanimljivo čuti da ja imam sposobnost — koja mi se čini prilično neobična — da lijem potoke suza za sve vrijeme one druge bure. (225)
182.	...not very mechanically-minded but prudent papa Humbert... (208)	...не ахти как много смыслящий в механике господин Гумберт... (238)	Gospodin Humbert, koji se nije mnogo razumio u tehniku... (225)
183.	...chief consultant in the production of a film dealing with “existentialism,” still a hot thing at the time)... (208)	...консультантом на съемку фильма, изображавшего «экзистенциализм» — который в 1949 году считался еще ходким товаром). (238)	...glavni savjetnik pri snimanju filma o „egzistencijalizmu“ koji je 1949. godine imao još dobru prođu)... (226)
184.	...and then, addressing me, effusively, edusively (placed!), stressing certain words, said... (208)	...а затем, обратившись ко мне, необыкновенно жарко, «жанна-дарково» (ага, вспомнил!), крикнула... (239)	...а onda se obrati meni neobično žarko, „žandarkovski“ (aha, sjetio sam se!) i doviknu... (226)

<sup>74</sup> Probably just a transcription error (Emma Bovary).

185.	...said Lo under her breath, and simultaneously, waving in bright adieu a bangled arm, Joan of Arc (in a performance we saw at the local theatre) violently outdistanced us to swerve into Campus Avenue. (208-209)	...проговорила Лолита вполголоса, и одновременно, красочно жестикулируя на прощанье многобраслетной рукой, Жанна д'Арк (мы видели ее в этой роли на представлении в городском театре) энергично перегнала нас и одним махом повернула на Университетский Проспект. (239)	...reče Lolita u pola glasa i u isti mah Jeanne d'Arc (gledali smo je u toj ulozi u gradskom kazalištu) odlučno nas preteknu i naglo skrenu u Sveučilišnu aveniju... (226)
186.	Some old woman, Clare Something, I guess. (209)	Да какая-то старуха, Клэр что-то такое, кажется. (239)	Pa neka baba, čini mi se da se zove Clara i još nekako. (227)
187.	The tour of your thigh, you know, should not exceed seventeen and a half inches. More might be fatal... (209)	Объём твоей ляжки не должен, знаешь, превосходить семнадцати с половиной дюймов. Чутьочку набавишь,— и всё кончено между нами... (239)	Opseg tvojih kukova ne bi smio biti veći od četrdeset i pet centimetara. Ako se malo udebljaš, bit će svršeno među nama... (227)
188.	I remember as a child in Europe gloating over a map of North America that had “Appalachian Mountains” boldly running from Alabama up to New Brunswick, so that the whole region they spanned—Tennessee, the Virginias, Pennsylvania, New York, Vermont, New Hampshire and Maine, appeared to my imagination as a gigantic Switzerland or even Tibet... (209-210)	Я помню, что ребенком, в Европе, я грезил над картой Северной Америки, на которой «палач» т. е. средняя часть «Аппалачских гор», крупным шрифтом растянулся от Алабамы до Мэна, так что вся охватываемая область (включая Пеннсилванию и Нью-Йорк) являлась моему воображению как исполинская Швейцария или даже Тибет... (240)	Sjećam se kako sam, dok sam bio dijete, u Evropi snatrio nad kartom Sjeverne Amerike na kojoj se Apalačko gorje protezalo, tiskano krupnim slovima, od Alabame do Mainea tako da se cijelo to područje (uključujući Pennsylvaniju i New York) činilo mojoj uobrazilji kao kakva golema Švicarska ili čak Tibet... (227)
189.	...more than a week to reach Wace, Continental Divide... (210)	...у нас была целая неделя, чтобы достичь Уэйс, городок в Скалистых Горах... (240)	...tjedan dana da stignemo u Wacem gradić u Stjenjaku... (228)
190.	...a huge St. Bernard dog with orbits like pansies. (213)	...величественного сенбернара с глазами как громадные бархатные фиалки. (243)	...golem bernardinac s očnim dupljama poput cvjetova dana-i-noći. (231)
191.	...when this homeward-bound little pilgrim appeared on the winding road leading to Chestnut Castle. (213)	... и вот крохотный пилигрим Гум-гум появился опять на дороге, ведущей назад к Каштановому Двору. (244)	...kad se sićušni hodočasnik Hum-Hum pojavio opet na cesti što je vodila do Kestendvorca. (231)
192.	...and nearby a young woman, far gone in the family way, had seated a rapt baby on a swing and was rocking it gently, while a jealous boy	...а рядом молодая женщина, на сносях, посадив оцепеневшего от блаженства младенца на качели, тихо качала его, меж	...a nedaleko od njega mlada trudnica je bila posjela ushićeno dojenče na ljuljačku i polako ga ljuljala, iako joj je ljubomorni mališan od dvije-tri godine smetao... (232)



	of two or three was making a nuisance of himself... (213)	тем как ревнивый ребенок лет двух или трех все мешал ей... (244)	
193.	...and I felt <i>adolori d'amoureuse langueur</i> , to quote dear old Ronsard, as I reached the cottage where I had left my Dolores. (214)	...и я почувствовал себя <i>adolori d'amoureuse langueur</i> , когда наконец добрал до коттеджа, где я оставил мою Долорес. (245)	...pa sam se čudio <i>adolori d'amoureuse langueur</i> kad sam naposljetku stigao do kućice u kojoj sam bio ostavio svoju Dolores. (232)
194.	I ripped her shirt off. I unzipped the rest of her. I tore off her sandals. Wildly, I pursued the shadow of her infidelity... (215)	Я сорвал с нее майку. Под треск застежки-молнии я содрал остальное. Я мигом разул ее. Неистово я стал преследовать тень ее измены... (246)	Strgoh majicu s nje. Zderah i sve ostalo povukavši za patentni otvarač. U hipu je izuh. Pomamno uzeh tragati za sjenom njene nevjere... (233)
195.	...it was one of those cheap money boxes called for some reason "luizettas" that you buy in Algiers and elsewhere, and wonder what to do with afterwards. (215)	...дешевую шкатулку для денег, зовущуюся почему-то «луизетта», которую мимоходом покупаешь где-нибудь в Малаге или Алжире и с которой потом не знаешь, что делать. (246)	...da je to jedna od onih jeftinih blagajni koje se, ne znam zašto, zovu luizette i koje se uzgred kupe negdje u Malagi ili Alžiru, i s kojima poslije ne znaš što ćeš. (233)
196.	"Particularly well adapted for use in the home and car as well as on the person." (216)	«так же хорошо применим в отношении к дому и автомобилю, как и к персоне». (247)	„Veoma je prikladan za kuću i auto, kao i za osobu“. (234)
197.	...in the pine forest around my and Charlotte's glass lake. (216)	...в сосновом бору около моего и шарлоттино-го, похожего на песочные часы, озера. (247)	...u boriku nedaleko od mog i Charlottina jezera nalik na pješćani sat. (234)
198.	...there stood a man holding before his face the mask of Jutting Chin, a grotesque sleuth in the funnies. (217)	...человек державший перед лицом маску, изображающую Чина, гротескного детектива с выдающимся подбородком... (248)	...čovjek koji je držao na licu krinku što predstavlja Čina, grotesknog detektiva isturene brade... (235)
199.	...bearing the idiotic sign: The Bustle: A Deceitful Seatful. (218)	...с идиотской вывеской: «ТУРНИЮРЫ», а пониже: «Протанцуйте тур с Ньюрой». (249)	...na kojoj je stajao idiotski natpis: „KOLOTUR“, ispod kojeg je pisalo: „Otplēšite kolo s Turom“. (236)
200.	...same smoothly tanned face, fuller than mine, with a small dark mustache and a rosebud degenerate mouth. (218)	...с таким же как у дяди Густава ровно загорелым лицом, более округлым, чем мое, подстриженными темными усиками... (249)	...isto onakva ravnomjerno preplanula lica, okruglijeg od mojeg, kao u strica Gustava, potkresanih tamnih brčića... (236)
201.	We were many times weaker than his splendid, lacquered machine... (219)	...во много раз слабее его роскошно-лакированного Яка... (250)	...slabiji od njegova raskošno lakirana Jaka... (238)
202.	...and heeded speed limits, and spared slow children... (219)	Мы слушались указаний дозволенной скорости. Мы давали возможность перейти — в следующий класс — детям. (251)	Pridržavali smo se dopuštene brzine. Puštali smo djecu da prijeđu — u viši razred. (238)

203.	We had breakfast in the township of Soda, pop. 1001. (219)	Утренний завтрак мы ели в городе Ана, нас. 1001 чел. (251)	Doručkovali smo u gradu Ani, br. stan. 1001. (238)
204.	...the two post offices given to the Beardsley postmaster as forwarding addresses were P.O. Wace and P.O. Elphinstone. (222)	...я (...) велел бердслейскому почтмейстеру посылать наши письма до востребования сначала в Уэйс, а после пятнадцатого июня в Эльфинстон. (253)	...zamolio [sam] ravnatelja pošte u Beardsleyju da nam šalje svu poštu do petnaestog lipnja na poste restante u Waceu, a nakon toga u Elphinstone. (240-241)
205.	Handsome Bryan Bryanski, alias Anthony Bryan, alias Tony Brown, eyes hazel, complexion fair... (222)	Красавец Анатолий Брянский, он же Антони Бриан, он же Тони Браун, глаза — карие, цвет лица — бледный... (254)	Ljepotan Anatolij Brjanski, iliti Anthony Bryan iliti Tony Brown, oči smeđe, boja kože svijetla... (241)
206.	If you want to make a movie out of my book, have one of these faces gently melt into my own, while I look. (222)	Если вы хотите сделать из моей книги фильм, предлагаю такой трюк: пока я рассматриваю эти физиономии, одно из них тихонько превращается в мое лицо. (254)	Ako želite snimiti film po mojoj knjizi, predlažem vam ovaj trik. Dok ja razgledavam ta obličja, jedno se od njih polako pretvara u moje lice. (241)
207.	...a smudgy snapshot of a Missing Girl, age fourteen, wearing brown shoes when last seen, rhymes. Please notify Sheriff Buller. (222)	...залапанный снимок Пропавшей Девочки: четырнадцать лет, юбка в клетку и, в рифму, берет, обращаться к шерифу Фишеру, Фишерифу, Фишерифму. (254)	...jedna mutna slika izgubljene djevojčice: četrnaest godina, kockasta suknja, čista blondina (ovo se rimuje). Obavijestiti šerifa Fišera, Fišerifa, Fišerimu. (241)
208.	“Now that everything is over, school, play, the Roy mess, mother’s confinement (our baby, alas, did not live!)...” (222-223)	Теперь, когда все кончилось — школа, спектакль, моя история с Роем, беременность мамы (увы, ребеночек долго не прожил)... (254)	<i>Sad kad se sve to svršilo — škola, predstava, moja ljubav Royem, mamina trudnoća (dijete nije, nažalost, dugo živjelo)...</i> (241)
209.	“With one thing and another, one being you know who, and the other not being who you think you know, Dad wants me to go to school in Paris for one year while he and Fullbright are around.” (223)	Об одном моем романе ты знаешь, о другом ты только думаешь, что знаешь,— но как бы то ни было, мой отец вмешался и хочет, чтобы я поехала учиться в Париж на один год, пока он сам будет там, благо я удостоилась фульбрайтовской стипендии. (254-255)	<i>O jednoj mojoj ljubavi znaš, o drugoj samo misliš da znaš, ali kako bilo da bilo, tata se upleo i hoće da idem na godinu dana u školu u Parizu dok on bude ondje zahvaljujući Fullbrightovoj stipendiji.</i> (242)
210.	“As expected, poor Poet stumbled in Scene III when arriving at the bit of French nonsense.” (223)	«Как и ожидалось, бедный ПОЭТ сбился в третьей сцене, в том месте где я всегда спотыкалась — на этих глупых стихах. (255)	<i>Kao što se moglo i očekivati, jadni Pjesnik se zabunio u trećem prizoru, na onom istom mjestu gdje sam se svaki put ja zabunila — kad god sam izgovarala one glupe francuske stihove.</i> (242)
211.	Remember? <i>Ne manque pas de dire à ton amant, Chimène, comme le lac est beau car il</i>	Помнишь? Пусть скажет озеро любовнику Химены,	Sjećaš li se? <i>Ne manque pas de dire a ton amant, Chimene</i>

	<i>faut qu'il t'y mène.</i> Lucky beau! Qu'il t'y— What a tongue-twister! (223)	Что предпочесть: тоску иль тишь и гладь измены. Я тут подчеркнула спотычки. Завидная тишь! (255)	<i>Comme le lac est beau car il faut qu'il t'y mène.</i> <i>Sretna li kavalira! Qu'il t'y — da slomiš jezik!</i> (242) <sup>75</sup>
212.	There was no Lo to behold. (223)	...нет Дианы! (255)	...nije više bilo Dijane! (242)
213.	Took advantage of my utter helplessness. I peered into all the stores. I deliberated inly if I should talk to any of the sparse foot-passengers. (224)	Воспользовавшись моей полной беспомощностью! Я обсуждал про себя вопрос, не заговорить ли с одним из немногих пешеходов. (256)	Iskoristila je moju potpunu nemoć! Pomišljao sam da porazgovaram s nekim od rijetkih prolaznika. (243)
214.	“Dignified Funeral Service.” (225)	Благородное похоронное бюро. (257)	Gradsko pogrebno društvo. (245)
215.	All I knew was the state—one adjacent to the state Beardsley was in. (226)	Единственное что я знал, было то, что мне говорила запомнившаяся литера: мой враг был из штата смежного с тем, где находился Бердслей. (259)	Jedino što sam znao bilo je ono što mi je govorilo upamćeno slovo — moj je neprijatelj bio iz države koja je graničila s državom u kojoj se nalazio Beardsley. (246)
216.	...when I had my next distinct view of Detective Paramour Trapp. (228)	...мне удалось вторично ясно разглядеть Влюбленного Сыщика. (260)	...uspio sam po drugi put jasno vidjeti Zaljubljenog Detektiva. (248)
217.	...though I remembered I had cut it but had not applied the emergency brake... (229)	...хотя я помнил, что выключил его. (261)	...iako sam se sjećao da sam ga ugasio. (248)
218.	Imagine yourself picking up and holding: a pingpong ball (...) a puppy, a horseshoe, a feather, a flashlight. (230)	Представь себе, что берешь и держишь пинг-понговый мячик (...) подкову, карманный фонарь цилиндрической формы. (262-263)	<i>Zamisli da uzimaš i držiš u ruci lopticu za stolni tenis (...) potkovu, okruglu džepnu svjetiljku.</i> (250)
219.	...were more like those of a football cheerleader than like the languorous and jerky motions of a Parisian <i>petit rat</i> ... (230)	...не столько напоминали томные и вместе с тем угловатые движения парижских <i>petits</i> <i>rats</i> , сколько прыжки тех голоногих дивчин в коротеньких юбках и толстых свитерах, которые организованными воплями и гимнастическим беснованием поощряют студентов, играющих в американское регби... (263)	...nisu toliko podsjećali na trome i ujedno nagle pokrete pariških <i>petits ratsloo</i> koliko na đipanje onih golonogih djevojaka u kratkim suknjicama i debelim puloverima, koje složnim uzvicima i gimnastičkim vratolomijama bodre studente što igraju američki nogomet. (250)
220.	Dolores, with two rackets under her arm, in Wimbledon. Dolores endorsing a Dromedary.	Долорес, с двумя ракетками под мышкой в Вимбльдоне (1952), Долорес на рекламе	Dolores, s dva reketa ispod ruke, u Wimbledonu (1952.), Dolores na reklamama za

<sup>75</sup> In the English original, the French part is in prose; the Russian translation has it in verse (with the French translated), while the Croatian text seems to be an amalgam of the two.

	Dolores turning professional. Dolores acting a girl champion in a movie. Dolores and her gray, humble, hushed husband-coach, old Humbert. (232)	папирос «Дромадер» (1960), Долорес ставшая профессионалкой (1961), Долорес, играющая чемпионку тенниса в кинодраме (1962). Долорес и ее седой, смиренный, притихший муж, бывший ее тренер, престарелый Гумберт (2000). (265)	cigarette „Dromedar“ (1960.), Dolores profesionalka (1961.), Dolores igra tenisku šampionku u filmu (1962.), Dolores i njen sijedi, smireni, utihli muž, njen bivši trener, ostarjeli Hubert (2000.). (252)
221.	...his tight wet black bathing trunks bloated and bursting with vigor where his great fat bullybag was pulled up and back like a padded shield over his reversed beasthood. (237)	...мокрые черные купальные трусики чуть не лопались от здоровой силы там, где выпуклым очерком обозначалась чудовищная мошна, круто подтянутая кверху и толстым щитом находившая на запрокинутую снасть сатира. (271)	...mokre, crne kupaće gaćice samo što nisu pukle od zdrave snage ondje gdje se ocrtavao izbočeni obris čudovišne mošnje zadignute gore, poput debela štita na stubokom okrenutoj sramoti. (257)
222.	Mrs. Hays, the brisk, brickly rouged, blue-eyed widow... (239)	Фамилия хозяйки мотеля произносилась так же, как Гейз (но писалась иначе). Эта бодрая (...) вдова... (273)	Prezime vlasnice motela izgovaralo se isto kao i Haze, ali se pisalo Hays. Ta čila (...) udovica... (260)
223.	With a heterosexual Erlkönig in pursuit, thither I drove... (240)	Словно меня преследовал лесной царь, как в гётевском «Короле Эльфов» (но на сей раз любитель не мальчиков, а девочек) (274)	Baš kao da me progoni šumski kralj iz Goetheova <i>Erlkoniga</i> [sic!] (ali ovaj put nije bio ljubitelj dječaka nego djevojčica)... (261)
224.	...and guided by a little old woman, a portable witch, perhaps his daughter... (240)	Моим проводником была маленькая старушка вроде портативной ведьмы (может-быть, одна из кузин Erlkonig'a) (274)	Vodila me je neka sitna starica, nešto kao portabl-vještica (možda Erlkonigova rođakinja?)... (261)
225.	...and the jagged silvery ramparts of the <i>haute montagne</i> where (...) lonely Joseph Lore, was dreaming of Oloron, Lagore, Rolas— <i>que sais-je!</i> —or seducing a ewe. (241)	...то на дымную россыпь звезд и серебристо-зубристые горные высоты, где об эту пору отец Марии, одинокий Ж озеф Лор мечтал о ночлегах в Олороне, Лагоре, Роласе — или совращал овцу. (275)*	...i srebrnaste nazubljene gorske visove, gdje je (...) osamljeni Joseph Lore sanjario o Oloronu, Lagoreu, Rolasu — ili navodio ovcu na zlo. (262)*
226.	...the Deseret News... (244)	...с газетой «Дезерет»... (278)	...s novinama Desert [sic!] News... (264)
227.	...(next time it will be <i>une belle dame toute en bleu</i> floating through Roaring Gulch)... (244)	...(в следующий раз ей померещится <i>une belle dame toute en bleu</i> , проплывающая по Гремучей Яруге в Нью-Лурде)... (279)	(drugi put će joj se pričiniti kako <i>une belle dame toute en bleu</i> lebdi u Paklenoj jaruzi u New Lourdesu)... (265)
228.	...and lay as quiet as a saint... (245) [ADDED]	...и долго лежал, тих и свят, как сказано — цитирую не совсем точно — у Роберта Браунинга... (279)	...mirno kao svetac, kako ono kaže — ne citiram sasvim točno — Robert Browning... (267)

229.	...and would get into touch with my daughter sometime tomorrow if I felt probably Polynesian. (246)	...и позвоню моей дочери в течение завтрашнего дня, если только буду себя чувствовать вероятно полинезийского происхождения (в мыслях у меня еще попадались опечатки). (280)	...javiti telefonom kćeri, samo ako se budem vjerojatno osjećao polinezijskog porijekla (u mislima su mi se još potkradale omaške). (267)
230.	...and a smile for everyone, and a black Caddy Lack... (246)	...и приветом для всех, на черном Кадили Яке... (281)	...i sve je lijepo pozdravio, u crnom Kadill Jaku... (267)
231.	...whom I had mistaken for Dr. Blue... (246)	...на принятом мною за доктора Нелюблю... (281)	...za koga sam mislio da je doktor Nevolim... (268)
232.	...what a very quaint name for a home town, Kawtagain. (248)	...на какой смешной улице города живет этот мистер Кук... (283)	...kako se smiješno zove ovo mjesto: Pikusral. (269)
233.	...one of which yielded a shadow of the fiend ("N. Petit, Larousse, III")... (248)	...из которых одно подарило мне несомненную тень беса: «Роберт Роберт, Мольберт, Альберта». (283)	...a u jednom sam od njih neosporno otkrio zloduhovu sjenu: „Robert Robert, Molbert, Alerta“. (269)
234.	...he had foreseen my investigations and had planted insulting pseudonyms for my special benefit. (248)	...подбросил мне на поживу ряд оскорбительных псевдонимов, каламбуров и прочих вывертов. (283-284)	...posuo [je] svoj put cijelim nizom uvredljivih pseudonima, kalambura i drugih iskrivljenih riječi. (270)
235.	...Dr. Gratiano Forbeson, Mirandola, NY. Its Italian Comedy connotations could not fail to strike me, of course. (248)	...Адам Н. Епилинтер, Есноп, Иллиной. Мой острый глаз немедленно разбил это на две хамских фразы, утвердительную и вопросительную. (284)	...“I. Deli, Up, Arizona“. Moje je oštro oko odmah zapazilo da je posrijedi upitna rečenica. (270)
236.	He was versed in logodaedaly and logomancy. (249-250)	Он знал толк в дедалогии и логомантии. (285)	Razumio se u dedalogiju i logomamhiju. (271)
237.	...but he could not disguise, no matter how he slanted them, his very peculiar t's, w's and l's. (250)	но не мог замаскировать, несмотря на все попытки переодеть их, некоторые буквы, как например его очень своеобразные «т» и «у». (285)	...ali nije mogao zakrinkati, ma koliko da ih je iskrivljavao, neka slova kao, na primjer, vrlo osebuje „t“ i „u“. (271)
238.	...the trite poke of “A. Person, Porlock, England.” (250)	пошлую подковырку в адресе: «П. О. Темкин, Одесса, Техас». (285)	...šala sadržana u adresi: „P.O. Temkin, Odesa, Teksas“. (272)
239.	...assumed names as “Arthur Rainbow”... (250)	...вымышленные имена, как «Эрутар Ромб»... (286)	...izmišljena imena i pezimena [sic!] kao što su „Ataturk Romb“... (272)
240.	...and “Morris Schmetterling,” of <i>L'Oiseau Ivre</i> fame ( <i>touché</i> , reader!). (250)	...или «Морис Шметтерлинг», известный своей пьесой “L’Oiseau Ivre” (что, попался, читатель?). (286)	...ili „Morris Schmetterling“ koji je poznat po svojoj drami <i>L’Oiseau Ivre</i> (što, nasjeo si, čitaóče?). (272)

241.	...An ordinary encyclopedia informed me who the peculiar looking "Phineas Quimby, Lebanon, NH" was... (250)	Из невинных Бермудских Островов он сделал остроту — каламбур, который пристойность не разрешает мне привести... (286)	Od nedužnog Bermudskog otočja napravio je kalambur koji ne mogu ovdje iz pristojnosti navesti... (272)
242.	Who was "Johnny Randall, Ramble, Ohio"? (251)	Что такое, например: «Фратер Гримм, Океан, Келькепар»? (286)	Tko je, na primjer, bio: „Frater Grimm, Ocean, Quelquepart“? (272)
243.	And what about "James Mavor Morell, Hoaxton, England"? "Aristophanes," "hoax" — fine, but what was I missing? (251)	А что это: «Джемс Манор Морелл, Каламбург, Англия»? «Аристофан», «Каламбур» — прекрасно, но чего я не допоял? (286)	A što je ovo: „James Manor [sic!] Morell, Kalamburg, Engleska“? „Aristofan“, „Kalambur“ — u redu, ali što se još tu skriva? (272)
244.	"Aubrey Beardsley, Quelquepart Island" suggested (...) that the starting point of the affair should be looked for in the East. (251)	Комбинация «О. Бердслей, Лолита, Техас» доказывала, несмотря на существование такого города в Техасе — (и притом яснее, чем исковерканное в Чемпионе телефонное сообщение), что следует искать начала всей истории на атлантической стороне Америки. (286)	Kombinacija „O. Beardsley, Lolita, Teksas“ dokazivala je (...) iako zaista postoji takav grad u Teksasu, da početak cijele afere treba tražiti na istočnoj strani Amerike. (273)
245.	"Lucas Picador, Merrymay, Pa."... (251)	«Лука Пикадор, Мерри Мэй, Мэриланд»... (286)	„Lucas Picador, Merrymay, Maryland“... (273)
246.	Horribly cruel, forsooth, was "Will Brown, Dolores, Colo." (251)	Три раза повторен был адрес: «Боб Браунинг, Долорес, Колорадо». (286-287)	Tri puta se ponavljala adresa: "Bob Browning, Dolores, Colorado". (273)
247.	The gruesome "Harold Haze, Tombstone, Arizona"... (251)	Безвкусное «Гарольд Гейз, Мавзолей, Мексика»... (287)	Neukusna šala "Harold Haze, Mauzolej, Meksiko"... (273)
248.	...suggested (...) that my quarry was an old friend of the family (...) ("Donald Quix, Sierra, Nev."). (251)	...мысль, что «Дональд Отто Ких» из городка «Сьерра» в штате «Невада» — старый друг семьи... (287)	...misao da je „Donald Otto Quij“ iz gradića Sierra u državi Nevadi stari obiteljski prijatelj... (273)
249.	...the anagramtailed entry in the register of Chestnut Lodge "Ted Hunter, Cane, NH." (251)	...кошунственная анаграмма нашего первого незабвенного привала (в 1947-ом году, читатель!), которую я отыскал в книге касбимского мотеля, где он ночевал рядом с нами: «Ник. Павлыч Хохотов, Вран, Аризона».	...svetogrđni anagram našeg prvog nezaboravnog hotela (1947. godine, čitaće moj!) koji sam našao u knjizi motela u Kasbeamu gdje je on spavao pored nas: „Ivo Lačar, Cazin“. (273)
250.	...somehow forming interrelated combinations (such as "WS 1564" and "SH 1616," and "Q32888" or "CU 88322")... (251)	...комбинации этих цифр как то перекликались (например, ВШ 1564 и ВЦ 1616 или КУ 6969 и КУКУ 9933)... (287)	...kombinacije su tih brojaka imale nešto zajedničko (na primjer VS 1564, i SH 1616, ili CU 6969 i CUCU 9933)... (273)

251.	But on two occasions... (252) [ADDED]	Но два-три раза в течение учебного года (1948-49)... (288)	Ali je dva-tri puta u toku školske godine (1948./1949.)... (274)
252.	...I sat on a marble bench of sorts donated by Cecilia Dalrymple Ramble. (252-253)	Я сел на мраморную скамью (дар некой Цецилии Рамбль)... (288)	Sjeo sam na mramornu klupu (dar neke Cecilije Ramble)... (274)
253.	...was hiding my Lolita in his Beardsley home, 24 Pritchard Road. (253)	...держит мою Лолиту под замком у себя на дому, 69, улица Линтера... (288)	...drži moju Lolitu zaključanu u svojoj kući u Delovoj ulici broj 69... (274)
254.	...and for two years—two years, reader!—that imbecile... (253)	...и в продолжение двадцати месяцев — двадцати месяцев, читатель! — болван занимался тем... (289)	...i u punih dvadeset mjeseci — dvadeset mjeseci, čitaoče moj! — taj je klippan... (274)
255.	...that an eighty-year-old Indian by the name of Bill Brown lived near Dolores, Colo. (253)	...что Боб Браунинг действительно живет около поселка Долорес в югозападном Колорадо, и что он оказался краснокожим киностатистом восьмидесяти с лишком лет. (289)	...da Bob Browning zaista stanuje nedaleko od naselja Dolores, u jugozapadnom dijelu Colorada, i da je crvenokožac, filmski statist, te da mu je više od osamdeset godina. (275)
256.	...now that I have reached the part which (...) might be called “Dolorès Disparue,” there would be little sense in analyzing the three empty years that followed. (253)	...когда дохожу до той части, которую я бы назвал (если бы меня не предупредил другой страдалец, тоже жертва внутреннего сторания) “Dolores Disparue”, подробное описание последних трех пустых лет, от начала июля 1949 до середины ноября 1952, не имело бы смысла. (289)	...sad kad dolazim do onog dijela koji bih najradije nazvao (...) <i>Dolores [sic!] Disparue</i> , potanko opisivanje posljednjih triju praznih godina, od početka srpnja 1949. do sredine studenog 1952., ne bi imalo smisla. (275)
257.	That complex ghost would come to me... (254)	Эта Лже-Лолита (и Лже-Валерия) вяло приглашала меня (290)	Ta pseudololita (i pseudovaleria) mlitavo me je pozivala... (276)
258.	...in horrible <i>chambres garnies</i> where I would be entertained at tedious vivisection parties... (254)	я попадал в гнусные мебелирашки, где для меня устраивались скучнейшие вечера вивисекции, (290)	...u jezivoj podstanarskoj sobi u kojoj bi se priređivale neobične dosadne seanse vivisekcije... (276)
259.	Invite Romance by wearing the Exciting New Tummy Flattener. Trims turns, nips hips. Tristram in MovieLove. (254)	Привлекай сердца ношением нашего Нового Животикоскрадывателя: ни бочков, ни брюшков. Тристан и три женских стана в кино. (290)	Osvajaj srca noseći naš novi potiskivač trbušćića — i nećeš više imati ni bokova ni trbuha! Tristram [sic!] i tri ženska stasa u filmu. (276)
260.	The Squirl and his Squirrel, the Rabbits and their Rabbits Have certain obscure and peculiar habits. Male hummingbirds make the most exquisite rockets.	Пролетают колибри на аэропланах, Проходит змея, держа руки в карманах... или: Так ведет себя странно с крольчихою кролик,	<i>Lete kolibrići u helikopterima, Ide zmija s rukama u džepovima...</i> Или: <i>Zec i zečica se čudno nekako ponašaju,</i>

	The snake when he walks holds his hands in his pockets . . . (255)	Что кролиководы смеются до коллик. (291)	<i>Uzgajivači se od smijeha za trbuh hvataju. (277)</i>
261.	<p>Wanted, wanted: Dolores Haze. Hair: brown. Lips: scarlet. Age: five thousand three hundred days. Profession: none, or “starlet.”</p> <p>Where are you hiding, Dolores Haze? <i>Why</i> are you hiding, darling? (I talk in a daze, I walk in a maze, I cannot get out, said the starling).</p> <p>Where are you riding, Dolores Haze? What make is the magic carpet? Is a Cream Cougar the present craze? And where are you parked, my car pet?</p> <p>Who is your hero, Dolores Haze? Still one of those blue-caped starmen? Oh the balmy days and the palmy bays. And the cars, and the bars, my Carmen!</p> <p>Oh Dolores, that juke-box hurts! Are you still dancin’, darlin’? (Both in worn levis, both in torn T-shirts, And I, in my corner, snarlin’).</p> <p>Happy, happy is gnarled McFate Touring the States with a child wife. Plowing his Molly in every State Among the protected wild life.</p> <p>My Dolly, my folly! Her eyes were <i>vair</i>, And never closed when I kissed her. Know an old perfume called <i>Soleil Vert</i>?</p>	<p>Ищут, ищут Долорес Гейз; Кудри: русы. Губы: румяны. Возраст: пять тысяч триста дней. Род занятий: нимфетка экрана?</p> <p>Где ты таишься, Долорес Гейз? Что верно и что неверно? Я в аду, я в бреду: «выйти я не могу» Повторяет скворец у Стерна.</p> <p>Где разъезжаешь, Долорес Гейз? Твой волшебный ковер какой марки? Кагуар ли кремовый в моде днесь? Ты в каком запаркована парке?</p> <p>Кто твой герой, Долорес Гейз? Супермен в голубой пелерине? О, дальний мираж, о, пальмовый пляж О, Кармен в роскошной машине!</p> <p>Как больно, Долорес, от джаза в ушах С кем танцуешь ты, дорогая? Оба в мятых майках, потертых штанах, И сижу я в углу, страдаю.</p> <p>Счастлив, счастлив, Мак-фатум, старик гнилой. Всюду ездит. Жена — девчонка. В каждом штате мнет Молли свою, хоть закон Охраняет даже зайченка.</p> <p>Моя боль, моя Долли! Был взор ее сер</p>	<p><i>Traži se, traži Dolores Haze. Kosa: smeda. Usta: rumena. Starost: pet tisuća tristo dana. Zanimanje: manekena.</i></p> <p><i>Gdje li se skrivaš, Dolores Haze? Zašto se skrivaš, reci mi, reci! Buncam, tumaram, 'Izići ne mogu’ — Ponavlja čvorak u krleci.</i></p> <p><i>Kuda se voziš, Dolores Haze? Koje je marke tvoj čarobni sag? Je li 'jaguar' — posljednji krik? Gdje li si parkirana sad?</i></p> <p><i>Tko ti je idol Dolores Haze? Je li još neki strašni dasa? O, divni dani kad bjesmo pjani O, Carmen moja nezaboravna!</i></p> <p><i>Kako me bole uši od džezā! S kim li sad plešeš, draga? Sjedim u kutu i hvata me jeza Gledajuć tebe i onog vraga!</i></p> <p><i>Sretan je, sretan McFatum stari Putujuć sa ženom malodobnom, I gnječi Molly u svakoj državi Gdje su i zvijeri pod zaštitom.</i></p> <p><i>Moja Dolly, moja boli! Oči boje oker Kad ih gledam sasvim izbliza. Znate li stari parfem Solei! [sic!] Vert?</i></p>



<p>Are you from Paris, mister?</p> <p><i>L'autre soir un air froid d'opéra m'alita: Son fêlé—bien fol est qui s'y fie! Il neige, le décor s'écroule, Lolita! Lolita, qu'ai-je fait de ta vie? Lolita, qu'ai-je fait de ta vie?</i></p> <p>Dying, dying, Lolita Haze, Of hate and remorse. I'm dying. And again my hairy fist I raise. And again I hear you crying.</p> <p>Officer, officer, there they go— In the rain, where that lighted store is! And her socks are white, and I love her so, And her name is Haze, Dolores.</p> <p>Officer, officer, there they are— Dolores Haze and her lover! Whip out your gun and follow that car. Now tumble out, and take cover.</p> <p>Wanted, wanted: Dolores Haze. Her dream-gray gaze never flinches. Ninety pounds is all she weighs With a height of sixty inches.</p> <p>My car is limping, Dolores Haze And the last long lap is the hardest. And I shall be dumped where the weed decays. And the rest is rust and stardust. (255-257)</p>	<p>И от ласок не делался мглистей. Есть духи — называются Soleil Vert... Вы что из Парижа, мистер?</p> <p>L'autre soir un air froid d'opéra m'alita: Son fêlé — bien fol est qui s'y fie! Il neige, le décor s'écroule, Lolita! Lolita, qu'ai-je fait de ta vie? Маюсь, маюсь, Лолита Гейз Тут раскаянье, тут и угрозы. И сжимаю опять волосатый кулак И вижу опять твои слезы.</p> <p>Патрульщик, патрульщик, вон там, под дождем Где струится ночь, светофорясь... Она в белых носках, она — сказка моя, И зовут ее: Гейз, Долорес. Патрульщик, патрульщик, вон едут они Долорес Гейз и мужчина. Дай газу, вынь кольт, догоняй, догони, Вылезай, заходи за машину!</p> <p>Ищут, ищут Долорес Гейз: Взор дымчатый тверд. Девяносто Фунтов всего лишь весит она При шестидесяти дюймах роста.</p> <p>Икар мой хромает, Долорес Гейз, Путь последний тяжел. Уже поздно. Скоро свалят меня в придорожный бурьян, А все прочее ржа и рой звездный. (291-293)</p>	<p><i>Šta, mister, vi ste iz Pariza?</i></p> <p><i>L'autre soir un air froid d'opera m'alita: Son fele — bien fol est qui sy fie! [sic!] Il neige, le decor s'ecroule, [sic!] Lolita! Lolita, qu'ai je fait de ta vie? [sic!]</i></p> <p><i>Mučim se, mučim, Lolito Haze, Muči me kajanje u mraku, I opet te gledam kako plačeš, I opet stežem kosmatu šaku.</i></p> <p><i>Policajče, policajče, eno ih Na kiši, ondje uz prostor za ples! Čarapice su joj bijele, i volim je, A zove se Dolores Haze.</i></p> <p><i>Policajče, policajče, eno ih, Dolores Haze i ljubavnik njen! Izvadi kolt i tjeraj za njima, Ne daj da ti pobjegne njihova sjen!</i></p> <p><i>Traži se, traži Dolores Haze. Nikad stidljiva nije bila. Nije viša od šezdeset palaca. I nema više od četrdeset kila.</i></p> <p><i>Kola mi hramiju, Dolores Haze. Na kraju je nastupio krah. I mene će bacit na smeće kraj puta Sve ostalo je hrda i zvjezdani prah. (278-279)</i></p>
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262.	I picked her up one depraved May evening somewhere between Montreal and New York... (258)	Я ее подобрал как-то в мае, в «порочном мае», как говорит Элиот, где-то между Монреалем и Нью-Йорком... (294)	Pokupio sam je u svibnju, u „poročnom svibnju“, kako kaže Eliot, negdje između Montreala i New Yorka... (280)
263.	When I first met her she had but recently divorced... (258)	Когда мы познакомились (в 1950-ом году), с ней недавно развелся третий ее муж... (294)	Kad sam se upoznao s njom (1950. godine), ona se bila nedavno rastala... (280)
264.	...and in it we traveled to California so as to give my venerable vehicle a rest. (259)	...и в нем-то мы ездили в Калифорнию, так как мой маститый Икар нуждался в отдыхе. (294)	...kojim smo krenuli u Kaliforniju, jer je mom časnom Ikaru bio potreban odmor. (281)
265.	In comparison to her, Valechka was a Schlegel, and Charlotte a Hegel. (259)	По сравнению с ней, Валерия была Шлегель, а Шарлотта — Гегель! (295)	Prema njoj je Valeria bila Schlegel, a Charlotte Hegel! (281)
266.	...the fiend was either in Tartary (...) but certainly not having Dolores Haze play champion tennis on the Pacific Coast. (259)	...бес либо находился в Тартаре или весело горел у меня в можжечке (...) но во всяком случае никакого не имел отношения к турниру тенниса, в Сан-Диего, где в женском разряде первый приз взяла шестнадцатилетняя Доротея Гааз, мужеподобная дылда. (295)	...zloduh je bio ili u Tunguziji (...) ali u svakom slučaju nije imao nikakve veze s turnirom u San Diegu gdje je među ženama prvo mjesto osvojila šesnaestogodišnja Dorothy Haas, neka muškobanjasta duksa. (282)
267.	...my publishing in the <i>Cantrip Review</i> an essay on “Mimir and Memory”... (260)	...я напечатал в ученом журнале «Кантрип», что по-шотландски значит «колдовство», этюд, озаглавленный «Мимир и Мнемозина»... (296)	...u učenom [sam] časopisu <i>Cantrip</i> , što na škotskom znači "čarolija", objavio studiju pod naslovom "Mimir i Mnemozina"... (283)
268.	I now attempted to fall back on old settings in order to save what still could be saved in the way of <i>souvenir</i> , <i>souvenir que me veux-tu?</i> (261)	...я теперь пытался ухватиться за старые декорации и спасти хотя бы гербарий прошлого: <i>souvenir</i> , <i>souvenir, que me veux-tu?</i>	...pokušavao sam se uteći starom dekoru i spasiti bar herbarij prošlosti: <i>souvenir</i> , <i>souvenir, que me veux tu?</i> Verlenovska jesen zvonila je u zraku koji kao da je bio od kristala. (284)
269.	The Enchanted Hunters NEAR churches NO DOGS All legal beverages (261)	ПРИВАЛ ЗАЧАРОВАННЫХ ОХОТНИКОВ ВСЕ НАПИТКИ (кроме спиртных) ЦЕРКВИ СОБАКИ на удобном расстоянии для верующих СОБАКИ не допускаются (297)	ZAČARANI LOVCI SVA PIĆA (osim alkoholnih) CRKVE u blizini za vjernike ZABRANJEN PRISTUP PSIMA (282)

270.	...I hoped to find preserved the portrait of the artist as a younger brute. (262)	Страстно мечталось мне, чтобы сохранился Портрет Неизвестного Изверга. (298)	...Strastveno sam priželjkivao da se sačuvao „Portret nepoznata izroda“. (285)
271.	The place was called <i>Enchanted Hunters</i> . Query: What Indian dyes, Diana, did thy dell endorse to make of Picture Lake a very blood bath of trees before the blue hotel? (263)	Палитра кленов в озере, как рана, Отражена. Ведет их на убой В багряном одеянии Диана Перед гостиницею голубой. (299)	<i>Klenovi se u jezeru kao rana Odražavaju. Na klanje ih vodi U grimiznu ruhu božica Dijana — Ispred plavog hotela krv u vodi.</i> (286)
272.	... a half-naked nymphet stilled in the act of combing her Alice-in-Wonderland hair. (264)	...полуголую застывшую, как на киноленте, нимфетку с длинными волосами Алисы в стране Чудес (маленькой прелестницы более счастливого собрата)... (300)	...napola голу, ukočenu kao na filmskoj vrpci nimficu duge kose, poput kose Alise u zemlji čudesa (male čarobnice sretnijeg kolege)... (287)
273.	...from Rita’s mother (...) who kept writing me to my various addresses... (265)	...от ритиной матери (...) и которая с тех пор, в частых письмах, пересылаемых с постоянного адреса моей Нью-Йоркской конторы в различные места моего пребывания... (301)	...od Ritine majke (...) koja je otada u čestim pismima, što ih je moj ured u New Yorku slao u različna moja prebivališta... (288)
274.	No matter how many times we reopen “King Lear,” never shall we find the good king banging his tankard in high revelry, all woes forgotten, at a jolly reunion with all three daughters and their lapdogs. Never will Emma rally, revived by the sympathetic salts in Flaubert’s father’s timely tear. (265)	Сколько бы раз мы ни открыли «Короля Лира», никогда мы не застанем доброго старца, забывшим все горести и подымавшим заздравную чашу на большом семейном пиру со всеми тремя дочерьми, и их комнатными собачками. <b>Никогда не уедет с Онегиным в Италию княгиня N.</b> Никогда не поправится Эмма Бовари, спасенная симпатическими солями в своевременной слезе отца автора. (302)	Ma koliko puta otvorili <i>Kralja Leara</i> , nikad nećemo zateći dobrog starca kako, smetnuvši s uma svoje jade, diže čašu na velikom obiteljskom skupu sa sve tri svoje kćeri i njihovim psićima. <b>Nikad neće kneginja N. otputovati s Onjeginom u Italiju.</b> Nikad se Emma Bovarv neće oporaviti, spašena samilosnim solima u autorovoj pravremenoj očinskoj suzi. (288)
275.	I had glanced at her as she smiled in her sleep and had kissed her on her moist brow, and had left her forever, with a note of tender adieu which I taped to her navel—otherwise she might not have found it. (267)	Я взглянул на нее: она улыбалась во сне. Поцеловал ее в мокрый лоб и навсегда покинул: на-днях бедняжка хотела меня навестить тут, но я не принимаю выходцев с того (для вас «этого») света. Нежную прощальную записку я прилепил пластырем к ее пупочку — иначе она, пожалуй, не нашла бы ее. (304)	Kad sam je pogledao, smiješila se u snu. Poljubio sam je u mokro čelo i zauvijek ostavio. Neki dan me je sirotica htjela posjetiti ovdje, ali ja ne primam posjetioce s onoga (za vas „ovoga“) svijeta. Nježno oproštajno pisamce nalijepio sam joj na pupak, jer ga inače možda ne bi našla. (290)

276.	“Alone” did I say? <i>Pas tout à fait.</i> (267)	Я написал «один»? Нет, не совсем.*	Napisao sam „sam“? Ne, nisam bio posve sam. (290)*
277.	I had found a very old and very dirty gray sweater of mine in the back of the car, and this I hung up on a branch... (267)	В багажном отделении автомобиля — неиссякаемом в смысле сокровищ — я нашел свой самый старый и самый грязный свитер, и его-то я повесил на сук... (304)	U prtljažniku automobila —neiscrpnom što se tiče blaga — našao sam svoj najstariji i najprljaviji pulover i objesio ga na granu... (290)
278.	The letter was dated September 18, 1952 (this was September 22), and the address she gave was... (267)	Письмо было от сентября 18, 1952 года, и адрес, который она давала, был... (304)	Pismo je bilo od 18. rujna 1952. godine, a adresa na njemu glasila je... (290)
279.	...he did know a Richard, the son of a cousin of his, and his address was, let me see, 10 Killer Street (I am not going very far for my pseudonyms). (268)	Поль ответил, что Ричард существует, что это его племянник, а живет он — сейчас посмотрю — Улица Киллера, номер десять (все это, конечно, первые попавшиеся псевдонимы). (305)	...Paul mi odgovori da poznaje Richarda, da mu je to sinovac, a stanuje — sad će pogledati — u Killerovoj ulici broj 10 (sve su ovo, naravno, izmišljena imena). (291)
280.	Yes, Dick Skiller had lived there... (268)	Да, действительно, Дик Скиллер жил тут одно время... (305)	Jest, zaista, Dick Schiller [ <i>sic!</i> ] je stanovao tu neko vrijeme... (292)
281.	...said a bass voice from an open manhole... (268)	...сказал низкий голос из дыры в панели (что-то там чинили)... (305)	...reče nečiji dubok glas iz otvora u pločniku (nešto su popravljali)... (292)
282.	...a woman’s voice from some wooden abyss in the floor, the manhole’s counterpart, cried out... (268)	...дух женщины громко ответил из подвальной бездны (повторившей тему мужского духа в панельной дыре)... (305)	...ženski duh koji je glasno odgovorio iz podrumskog ponora (ponavljajući temu muškog duha iz otvora u pločniku)... (292)
283.	She took him for repairs to the kitchen. (273)	Она повела его чиниться на кухню (ванной не было). (311)	Odvela ga je na popravak u kuhinju (kupaonice nije bilo). (297-298)
284.	...that Cue liked little girls, had been almost jailed once, in fact (nice fact), and he knew he knew. (275)	...что Ку не равнодушен к маленьким девочкам — его раз чуть-ли не в тюрьму посадили, между прочим, и он знал, что она знает. (313)	...da Cue nije ravnodušan prema djevojčicama — jednom umalo što nije dopao zatvora zbog toga, i on je znao da ona to zna. (299-300)
285.	...when she confessed about me and her, and said he had thought so. It was quite safe, under the circumstances, to tell him . . . (275)	Катался со смеху, когда она ему призналась в моих с ней отношениях, какое же тут предательство, раз было вполне безопасно ему рассказать? (313)	Valjao se od smijeha kad mu je priznala o meni i sebi, pa kakva je to onda bila nevjera kad mu je mogla slobodno sve ispričati? (300)
286.	Did I remember the redhaired guy we (“we” was good) had once had some tennis with? (276)	Я, может быть, помнил рыжего типа, с которым мы ( <i>мы!</i> ) как-то играли в теннис? (314)	Možda se sjećam onog ridokosog tipa s kojim smo (mi!) igrali jednom tenis? (300)

287.	...all of us to tangle in the nude while an old woman took movie pictures. (276)	...проделявали все вместе в голем виде, пока мадам Дамор производила киносъемку. (314)	...svi skupa koješta goli radimo, a gospoda Damor je sve to filmski snimala. (301)
288.	...[she used, in all insouciance really, a disgusting slang term which, in literal French translation, would be <i>souffler</i> ] your beastly boys, because I want... (277)	...(она наивно употребила непечатный вульгаризм для обозначения прихоти, хорошо известной нам обоим) твоих мерзких мальчишек, потому-что мне нужен только ты... (315)	...(bezazleno upotrijebi ružnu šatrovačku riječ koja označava prohtjev koji smo oboje dobro poznavali) s tim tvojim prokletim balavcima, jer meni si potreban... (301)
289.	That winter 1949, Fay and she... (277)	В ту зиму (1949— 1950), Фэй и она... (315)	Te zime (1949./1950.) Fay i ona... (301)
290.	It was so strange, so strange— (277)	Это ей показалось так странно, так странно... Что ж, у Мак-Ку было тоже похожее имя, и тоже сгорел дом. (315)	Njoj je to bilo čudno, zbilja čudno... I McCoo se slično zvao, a i njemu je izgorjela kuća. (301)
291.	...Ohio? The wild of Massachusetts? No matter... (278)	Огайо? Дебри Массачусетса? Мерри Мэй? Все равно... (316)	U Ohio? U divljinu Massachusettsa? U Merry-may? Svejedno... (302)
292.	Make those twenty-five steps. Now. Right now. Come just as you are. And we shall live happily ever after. (278)	Сделай эти двадцать пять шагов. И будем жить-поживать до скончания века. (316)	Prijedi tih dvadeset pet koraka! I živjet ćemo lijepo i sretno do kraja života! (302)
293.	...they would fly to Jupiter and buy a car there. (280)	...они отправятся на самолете на Юпитер или Юкон и там купят машину... (318)	...oni će odletjeti avionom na Jupiter ili Yukon i ondje će kupiti kola... (304)
294.	...my old and weak Melmoth got stuck in deep clay. (281)	...мой старый, слабый Икар застрял в глубокой глине. (319)	...moj je stari slabi Ikar zaglibio u duboku ilovaču. (306)
295.	On the other side of the street a garage said in its sleep—genuflexion lubricity; and corrected itself to Gulflex Lubrication. (282)	По другой стороне улицы гараж сквозь сон говорил «Автора убили» (на самом деле — «Автомобили»). (320)	Na drugoj strani ulice automobilski je servis govorio u snu: „Autora ubili“ (zapravo „Automobili“). (306-307)
296.	We made shadow graphs. (282)	Мы делали рентгеновские снимки, это считалось страшно забавным. (321)	Pravili smo rendgenske snimke i to se smatralo nečim strašno zabavnim. (307)
297.	To quote an old poet: The moral sense in mortals is the duty We have to pay on mortal sense of beauty. (283)	Закончу эту главку цитатой из старого и едва ли существовавшего поэта: Так пошлюю нравственности ты Обложено в нас, чувство красоты! (321)	Završit ću ovo poglavlje citatom iz starog pjesnika koji jedva da je i postojao: <i>Moralni osjećaj u smrtnika je dažbina Što je plaća svak tko osjećaj za ljepotu ima.</i> (308)
298.	...and caress her at random and mutely ask her blessing... (285)	...и поглаживал ее наугад и как Лир просил у нее благословения... (324)	...i milovao je nasumce, i kao Lear preklinjao je da me blagoslovi... (310)

299.	Once when Avis's father had honked outside... (285)	...когда отец одной из ее подруг (толстенькой Авис Чапман) громким гудком подал с улицы сигнал... (324)	Jednom, kad je otac jedne njene kolegice (debeljuškaste Avis Chappman [ <i>sic!</i> ]) glasno zatrubio na ulici... (310)
300.	...and while we conversed. Avis, a heavy, unattractive, affectionate child, drew up to him and eventually perched plumply on his knee. (285)	...и пока мы беседовали, Авис ластилась к нему и в конце концов грузно примостилась у него на коленях. (324)	...dok smo razgovarali, Avis mu se umiljavala i napokon, onako teška, sjela mu na koljena. (310)
301.	Gee, Ed, that was bad luck—referring to G. Edward Grammar, a thirty-five-year-old New York office manager... (287)	Эх, Эдя, не повезло-же тебе, подумал я, обращаясь мысленно к некоему Эдуарду Граммару, тридцати-пятилетнему заведующему конторой в Нью-Йорке... (326)	Eh, Ede, nije ti se posrećilo, pomislio sam obraćajući se u duhu nekom Edwardu Grammaru, tridesetpetogodišnjem poslovođi iz New Yorka (312)
302.	I took a room, made two appointments by telephone... (289)	Взял комнату с ванной, назначил по телефону два свидания... (328)	Uzeo sam sobu s kupaonicom, ugovorio telefonom dva sastanka... (314)
303.	...for a wedding party. Murphy-Fantasia, this time. (289)	для свадебного приема (Мурфи, этот раз, сочетался браком с Фантазией). (328)	...za svadbeni pir (ovaj put se Murphy vjenčao s Fantasijom). (314)
304.	"The poor boy has just been killed in Korea." I said didn't she think "'vient de," with the infinitive, expressed recent events so much more neatly than the English "just," with the past? But I had to be trotting off, I said. (290)	«Бедный мальчик пробивал нежнейшие, невозстановимейшие перепоночки, прыскал гадючьим ядом — и ничего, жил превесело, да еще получил посмертный орден. Впрочем, извините меня, мне пора к адвокату.» (329)	„Taj je jadni dečko upravo nedavno poginuo u Koreji.“ — Ma nemojte! — rekoh (koristeći se onom divnom slobodom kao u snovima). — Eto što vam je sudbina! Taj je jadni dečko probijao sasvim nježne, neobnovljive opnice i uštrcavao zmijski otrov — i nikom ništa, lijepo je živio i još je dobio posmrtno odlikovanje! Oprostite, moram poći k odvjetniku. (315)
305.	"Réveillez-vous, Laqueue, il est temps de mourir!" (290)	Reveillez-vous, Тропман, Il est temps de mourir!" (329)	"Reveillez-vous, Tropman, Il est temps de mourir!" (316)
306.	...the face of Clare Quilty—as represented, with artistic precision, by an eased photograph of him... (291)	...его полностью поглотило лицо драматурга Клэра Куильти, таким каким он был представлен, с художественной точностью на рекламах папирос «Дромадер» и на кабинетной фотографии... (330)	...lice dramskog pisca Clarea Quiltija, kako je bilo umjetnički vjerno prikazano na reklamama za cigarete „Dromedar“ i na uokvirenoj fotografiji... (316)

307.	It is a delicious dream feeling. (291) <sup>76</sup>	Я уже испытал это дивное чувство сонной свободы в разговоре с госпожой Чатфильд. (330)	Ja sam već bio osjetio onu slatku slobodu kao u snu dok sam razgovarao s gospodom Chatfield. (317)
308.	My Lolita! There was still a three-year-old bobby pin of hers in the depths of the glove compartment. (293)	Моя Лолита! Еще валялась с 1949-го года одна из ее заколочек в глубине «перчатного» отделения. (332)	Moja Lolita! Još se od 1949. godine duboko u pretincu za rukavice krila njena ukosnica. (318)
309.	A thunderstorm accompanied me most of the way back to Grimm Road, but when I reached Pavor Manor, the sun was visible again (...) [ADDED] (293)	По дороге меня настигла гроза, но когда я доехал до зловещего замка, солнце уже горело (...) Гости разъехались. (333)	Putem me je pratila oluja, ali kad sam stigao do zlokobnog dvorca, sunce je već gorjelo (...) Gosti su se bili razišli. (319)
310.	...Dolly Haze? Dolly called Dolores, Colo.? (296)	Долли Гейз? Долорес в Колорадо? Гейзер в Вайоминге? (335-336)	Dolly Haze? Dolores u Koloradu? Hazena u Wyomingu? (322)
311.	...she may have made those calls, sure. Any place. Paradise. Wash., Hell Canyon. Who cares? (296)	вполне возможно, что это она звонила во все эти места. Но не все ли равно? (336)	...moguće da je ona telefonirala u sva ta mjesta. Ali zar to nije svejedno? (322)
312.	A Frenchman once translated my <i>Proud Flesh</i> as <i>La Fierté de la Chair</i> . Absurd. (296)	Один француз перевел мое «Живое мясо» — как «La Vie de la Chair». Какое идиотство! (336)	Jedan je Francuz preveo moje <i>Živo meso</i> kao <i>La Vie de la Chair</i> . Kakva glupost! (322)
313.	She met some remarkable people. (298)	Она познакомилась в ехасе ными людьми. (337-338)	U Teksasu se upoznala s nekim izvanrednim ljudima. (324)
314.	“Vous voilà dans de beaux draps, mon vieux.” His French was improving. I looked around. Perhaps, if—Perhaps I could—On my hands and knees? Risk it? “Alors, que fait-on?” he asked watching me closely. I stooped. He did not move. I stooped lower. (298)	«Ну вот, доигрались. Vous voilà dans de beaux draps, mon vieux.” Я наклонился. Он не двинулся. (338)	<i>Vous voila</i> [sic!] <i>dans de beaux draps, mon vieux</i> . Prignuh se. On se i ne pomaknu. Još se niže prignuh. (324)
315.	Il of a sudden I noticed that he had notice that I did not seem to have noticed Chum protruding from beneath the other corner of the chest. (298)	Вдруг я заметил, что дружок торчит изпод радиатора близ комода. (338)	Odjednom opazih da moj druškan viri ispod radijatora uz komodu. (324)
316.	...were panting as the cowman and the sheepman never do after their battle. (299)	...мы оба пыхтели как королю коров и барону баранов никогда не случается пыхтеть после схватки. (338 – 339)	...obojica smo dahtali kao što kralj krava i barun brava nikad ne dašću... (325)

<sup>76</sup> Used in translations of No. 306 above.

317.	...I have not much at the bank right now but I propose to borrow — you know, as the Bard said, with that cold in his head, to borrow and to borrow and to borrow. (301)	...у меня сейчас маловато в банке, но ничего, буду жить долгами, как жил его отец по словам поэта. (341)	...sad nemam bogzna što u banci, ali ništa zato, živjet ću od dugova, kako je Pjesnik rekao da mu je otac živio. (327) <sup>77</sup>
318.	...she examined and measured in 1932 on Bagration, in the Barda Sea... (302)	...осмотрела и измерила в 1932-ом году на острове в Бардинском Море... (341)	...pregledala i izmjerila 1932. godine na tom otoku u Bardskom moru... (328)
319.	...like old, gray, mad Nijinski, like Old Faithful... (302)	...как в сумасшедшем доме старик Нижинский, как «Верный Гейзер» в Вайоминге... (342)	...kao stari Nižinski u ludnici, kao „Vjerni gejzir“ u Wyomingu... (328)
320.	Then I rejoined him upstairs, the keys jangling in my pockets like gold. (303)	Затем я поспешил присоединиться к нему на верхнем этаже. (343)	Zatim pohitah za njim na kat. (329)
321.	...as if I were in the connubial bedroom, and Charlotte were sick in bed. Quilty was a very sick man. (304)	...я сидел в супружеской спальне, где в постели лежала больная Шарлотта. Куильти умирал. (344)	...sjedio sam u bračnoj ložnici, a u postelji je ležala bolesna Charlotte. Quilty je umirao. (330)
322.	“I believe, he’s still—” (305)	«По видимому, после вчерашнего — не так-то скоро...» (345)	Sve bih rekao da poslije onog sinoć neće tako skoro... (331)
323.	...by reviving quilted Quilty, Clare Obscure. (306)	тем, что воскресит Курилкуильти, Клэра-Дромадера. (345)	...time što će oživiti Ouiltija, Clarea-Dromedara. (332)
324.	A kind of thoughtful Hegelian synthesis linking up two dead women. I was soon to be taken out of the car (Hi, Melmoth, thanks a lot, old fellow)... (307)	Нечто вроде заботливого гегельянского синтеза соединяет тут двух покойников. Меня сейчас должны были вынуть из автомобиля (прощай, Икар, спасибо за всё, старина!)... (346)	Ovdje nešto kao brižljiva hegelijanska sinteza povezuje dvoje pokojnika. Tada su me morali izvući iz automobila (zbogom, Ikare, hvala ti na svemu, starino!)... (333)
325.	...of one nature, that no other sounds but these came from the streets of the transparent town, with the women at home and the men away. Reader! (307-308)	...принадлежат к одному роду, и что никаких других звуков, кроме них, не поднимается с улиц прозрачного городка. Читатель! (347)	...pripadaju istoj vrsti i da se nikakvi drugi glasovi ne dižu s ulica prozračnog grada. Čitaoče! (334)
326.	There are in my notes “Otto Otto” and “Mesmer Mesmer” and “Lambert Lambert”... (308)	В моих заметках есть и «Отто Отто», и «Месмер Месмер» и «Герман Герман»... (348)	U mojim bilješkama spominju se i „Otto Otto“, i „Mesmer Mesmer“, i „German German“... (334)
327.	...and I can still talk to you from here to Alaska. (309)	...хотя я в Нью-Йорке, а ты в Аляске. (349)	...iako sam ja u New Yorku, a ti na Aljaski. (335)

<sup>77</sup> Likely a reference to *Eugene Onegin*, ch. 1, stanza III.



328.	And this is the only immortality you and I may share, my Lolita. (309)	И это — единственное бессмертие, которое мы можем с тобой разделить, моя Лолита. (349)	A to je jedina besmrtnost koju mogu podijeliti s tobom, Lolito moja! (335)
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### Appendix 3: *Lolita* u prijevodu (uzorak)

#### PRVI DIO, POGLAVLJE 1 (Annotated *Lolita* 9). POČETAK ROMANA, INVOKACIJA LOLITE:

Lolita, svjetlo mog života,<sup>78</sup> vatra mojih prepona, moj grijeh, moja duša. Lo-li-ta,<sup>79</sup> vrh jezika prati put triput put nepca pa pucne, na tri, o zube. Lo-li-ta. Bila je Lo, obična Lo, ujutro, stojeći sa svojih sto četrdeset osam centimetara u čarapici. Bila je Lola u hlačama, bila je Dolly u školi, bila je Dolores na istočkanjoj liniji.<sup>80</sup> No u mojem naručju bila je uvijek Lolita. Je li imala predšasnicu? Jest, odista jest. Zapravo, možda nikakve Lolite ni bilo ne bi da ja nisam volio, jednog ljeta, određeno inicijalno djevojčice. U prinčevstvu kraj mora to bi.<sup>81</sup> Dame i gospodo porotnici, dokaz broj jedan ono je na čemu su serafi—dezinformirani, skromni, krilâ plemenitih serafi<sup>82</sup>—zavidjeli. Pogledajte ovo oplelo trnje.

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<sup>78</sup> Lolitino ime prva je riječ i u predgovoru Johna Raya i ujedno je prva i posljednja riječ romana. Takve simetrije i pomno domišljene ritmične aliteracije dovode u pitanje vjerodostojnost H.H.-ova gledišta, s obzirom na to da se čitatelju priča predstavlja kao nerevidiran i grub nacrt, bez ikakvih intervencija u pogreške. Taj se nacrt predstavlja i kao produkt posljednjih pedeset šest mahnitih dana H.H.-ova života, započet na psihijatrijskom odjelu i dovršen u zatvorskoj ćeliji

<sup>79</sup> Eng. 'Lo-lee-ta'. Ovo srednje ime aluzija je na *Annabel Lee* (1849) Edgara Allana Poea. Na Poea se u romanu referira više od dvadeset puta (u što se ni ne broje aluzije na 'svoju dragu'), više nego na bilo kojega drugog pisca (slijede ga Mérimée, Shakespeare i Joyce, tim redom). Ne začuđuje što se i u literaturi i u čitatelja najčešće primjećuju upravo aluzije na Poea. Poe je toliko upadljiv u romanu da valja zabilježiti nekoliko općenitih primjedbi: Prvo, Poe je autor priče *William Wilson*, u kojoj su vidljive paralele s odnosom Humberta i Quiltyja, a Poeovo je „potomstvo“ upravo i detektivska priča. Nabokov se u svojim djelima često poigrava sa zakonitostima detektivske priče (npr. u *Očaju*, *Stvarnom životu Sebastiana Knighta*, *Loliti* i dr.). Čitatelja *Lolite* poziva se primjerice na provlačenje kroz labirint tragova ne bi li razriješio misterij Quiltyjeva identiteta.

<sup>80</sup> Istočkana linija poput one za potpis na dnu formulara, karakterističnih i za Ameriku 1950-ih.

<sup>81</sup> Inačica najpoznatijeg stiha iz *Annabel Lee* – *U kraljevstvu kraj mora to bi* – prema prijevodu Antuna Šoljana i Ivana Slamniga. Poeovo je „kraljevstvo“ prilagođeno činjenici da je H.H. vječiti aspirant, nikada zapravo apsolutni monarh. On k tomu naziva Lolitu svojom „Frigidnom Princezom“.

<sup>82</sup> Pastiš prema sintagmi u jedanaestom stihu *Annabel Lee* i glagola u dvadeset drugom stihu. „Serafini“ su najviši od devet redova anđela; u Bibliji oni imaju šest krila, ruke i noge te ljudski glas (Iz 6:2). Upravo se takav seraf(in) pojavljuje i u *Blijedoj vatri* u poemi Johna Shadea (stih 225).

**PRVIDIO, POGLAVLJE 10 (Annotated Lolita 38-40).** HUMBERT HUMBERT DOLAZI U RAMSDALE U NOVOJ ENGLJSKOJ, GDJE JE PRIMORAN NAĆI VLASTITI SMJEŠTAJ. U OVOM POGLAVLJU DOLAZI POGLEDATI SLOBODNU SOBU U KUĆI CHARLOTTE HAZE, LOLITINE MAJKE. I PRECIJENJENI SMJEŠTAJ I NAPASNA GAZDARICA ODBOJNI SU MU, ALI IPAK PRISTAJE ODRADITI RAZGLEDAVANJE DO KRAJA. OVDJE ĆE MEĐUTIM PRVI PUT UGLEDATI LOLITU:

Starosvjetska pristojnost međutim ponukala me da ne prekidam tu grozotu. Uspeli smo se na odmorište na desnoj strani kuće (gdje „Ja i Lo imamo svoje sobe“—pričem je Lo po svoj prilici služavka), a ljubavnik-stanar teško si je skrio srsi kad mu se, njemu, vrlo probirljivu mužjaku, odobrio uvid u jedinu kupaonicu, sićušnu jednu duguljinu smještenu između odmorišta i te „Loine“ sobe, s mlohavim vlažnim stvarima što vise nad dubioznom kadom (u kojoj je dlačica u obliku upitnika); a tu su i očekivani namotaji gumenog crijeva, te njegova dopuna—ružičasto pokrivalo koje je kriomice prekrivalo zahodsku dasku.

„Vidim da i niste nešto naročito naklono impresionirani“, rekla je gospodična pustivši da joj se ruka na trenutak osloni o moj rukav: spojila je svojevrsnu glatku izravnost—ono prelijevanje nečega što mislim da se zove 'staloženost'—sa sramežljivosti i snuženosti zbog koje joj je to distancirano probiranje riječi djelovalo jednako neprirodno kao i intonacija profesora 'izgovora'. „Ovo nije uredno kućanstvo, priznajem“, nastavila je nesretna dušica, „ali uvjeravam Vas [pogledala mi je u usne], bit će Vam vrlo ugodno, vrlo ugodno, doista. Dajte da Vam pokažem vrt“ (ovo posljednje nešto vedrije, sa svojevrsnim pobjedonosnim zabacivanjem glasa).

Nevoljko sam je popratio ponovo u prizemlje; zatim kroz kuhinju na kraju hodnika, na desnoj strani kuće—strani na kojoj su također bili blagovaonica i salon (ispod „moje“ sobe, slijeva, nije bilo ničega osim garaže). U kuhinji crnkinja služavka, punašna mlađahna žena, rekla je, uzimajući svoju veliku sjajnu crnu torbicu s kvake na vratima koje vode na stražnji trijem: „Idem ja sad, gđo Haze.“ „Da, Louise,“ odgovorila je s uzdahom gđa Haze. „Razračunat ćemo se u petak.“ Prošli smo dalje uz malu smočnicu i ušli u blagovaonicu, usporednu sa salonom kojem smo se već divili. Primijetio sam bijelu čarapicu na podu. Prijekorno gundajući, gđa Haze sagne se bez stajanja i baci je u ormar pored smočnice. Letimice smo proučili stol od mahagonija sa zdjelom za voće sredini, u kojoj nije bilo ničega osim friško blistave koštice šljive. Napipavao sam vozni red koji sam nosio u džepu i potajno ga izvukao da čim prije provjerim kad će neki vlak. I dalje sam hodao iza gđe Haze kroz blagovaonicu kad se, podalje, pojavio iznenadni nalet zelenila—„evo i piazza“, propjevajući moja vodilja, a potom, i bez najmanjeg upozorenja, plavi se morski val uzdigao pod mojim srcem kad ondje, s prostirke

okupana suncem, polugola, klečeć, migoljeći se na koljenima, eno me moja rivijerna ljubav gleda preko okvira crnih naočala.<sup>83</sup>

Bilo je to isto ono dijete—ista ona krhka, medobojna ramena, ista svileni svijena obnažena leđa, ista kestenasta kosa. Tufnast crn rubac svezan joj oko prsa krio je od mojih ostarjelih majmunskih očiju, ali ne i od pogleda mlade memorije, one mladenačke grudi koje sam bio milovao jednoga besmrtnog dana. I, kao da sam dojlja iz bajke nekoj maloj princezi (izgubljena, oteta, pronađena u ciganskim dronjcima iz kojih se njena nagost smiješi kralju i njegovim psima),<sup>84</sup> uočio sam sitni tamnosmeđi madež na njenu boku. Zadivljen i zanesen (kralj kliče od veselja, trublje trublju, dojlja napita) ugledao sam ponovo njen ljupki uvučeni trbuh ondje gdje su moja jugu usmjerena usta kratko bila zastala; i one djetinje bokove na kojima sam bio ljubio krenelaciju preostalu od elastike njenih hlačica—onoga posljednjeg ludog besmrtnog dana iza „Roches Roses“.<sup>85</sup> Dvadeset i pet godina koje sam odonda živio dosegle su opipljivu točku, i nestale.

Vrlo mi je teško dovoljnom silom izraziti taj bljesak, taj drhtaj, taj udar strastvenog prepoznavanja. Tijekom toga suncem ošinitog trenutka u kojem je moj pogled progimizao preko djeteta u kleku (oči joj trepću preko tih crnih naočala—mali Herr Doktor koji će me izliječiti od svih mojih tegoba) dok sam prolazio pokraj nje u svom odraslom kostimu (visoka stasita naočita faca filmovite muškosti), vakuum moje duše uspio je usisati svaki detalj njene briljantne ljepote, a tê sam detalje ovjerio o crte moje mrtve mladenke. Nešto kasnije, naravno, ta *nouvelle*, ta Lolita, *moja* Lolita zasjenit će potpuno svoj prototip. Sve što želim naglasiti jest da je moje otkriće nje bila kobna konzekvenција onoga „prinčevstva kraj mora“ moje mučene prošlosti.

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<sup>83</sup> Pretapanje sunčanih naočala i H.H.-ove rivijerne ljubavi povezuje Lolitu sa sunčanim naočalama koje, u trećem poglavlju romana, bile „jedini svjedok“ Humbertova i Annabelina pokušaja seksa.

<sup>84</sup> Elementi i aluzije na bajke prožeti su kroz cijeli roman, od raznih nimfeta pa do formulaičnog završetka romana. Primjerice u poglavlju u hotelu, nakon prvog seksa s Lolitom, Humbert uspoređi tragove na njezinu vratu s otiscima zubâ „vampira iz bajke“. Quiltyjeva se rezidencija na kraju romana nalazi „Cesti Grimm“, a kada ga Humbert dolazi ubiti, vrata se otvaraju kao u „srednjovjekovnoj bajci“. Nabokov bi nadalje svoja početna predavanja na Cornellu započinjao rečenicom: „Veliki su romani iznad svega velike bajke... Književnost ne govori istinu, već je izmišlja. Veli se da je književnost rođena onom basnom s dječakom koji viče 'Vuk! Vuk' dok ga goni životinja. To *nije* bilo rođenje književnosti; dogodilo se dapače na dan kad je mali zavikao 'Vuk!' a prevareni lovci vuka vidjeli nisu... Čarolija se umjetnosti manifestira u snivanju o vuku, u sjeni izmišljenog vuka.“ U cjelini romana može se reći da Nabokov nastoji pokazati čitatelju da dječak otpočetka dojavlja o izmišljenom vuku te da je autorov odnos s umjetnošću dijelom zapravo onaj odnos između tog dječaka i izmišljenog vuka (Humbert će reći „Samo se riječima mogu igrati.“).

<sup>85</sup> Hrv. ‘ružičasto kamenje’. Isto ono ružičasto kamenje koje se spominje u epizodi s Annabel. K tomu iako se u romanu ružičasta boja dosljedno pripisuje Annabel, a crvena primjerice dijaboličnomu Quiltyju, Nabokov na ovome mjestu izričito i naširoko brani svoje antisimboliističke stavove. Nabokov naime upozorava da se boje ne smiju shvaćati u simboličkom ključu: “Kada se intelekt ograniči na općenite ideje, ili na primitivne nazore o određenoj boji”, piše Nabokov priređivaču *Anotirane Lolite*, “tada se osjetilima uskraćuju sve njezine nijanse. U različitim su se jezicima različite boje koristile u općenitu značenju prije nego što su se počele razgraničavati nijanse (...) Za mene su nijanse, ili točnije boje, recimo, jedne lisice, ili rubina, mrkve, ružičaste ruže, tamne višnje ili ozarena lica jednako različite koliko je i plava od zelene...”

Sve između tih dvaju događaja bio je tek slijed opipavanja i pogrešaka, i lažni rudimenti veselja. Sve što su one dijelile činilo je od njih jednu.

Ne gajim iluzije, doduše. Moji će suci sve ovo smatrati najobičnijom gizdarijom jednog luđaka s odurnim sviđanjem prema *fruit vert*.<sup>86</sup> *Au fond, ça m'est bien égal*.<sup>87</sup> Znam samo da dok smo Hejzara i ja silazili stubama u bezdahni vrt, moja su koljena bila poput odraza koljena u namreškanoj vodi, a moje usne poput pijeska, a—

„To je bila moja Lo,“ reče, „a ovo moji ljiljani.“

„Da,“ rekoh, „da. Prekrasni su, prekrasni, prekrasni!“

**PRVI DIO, POGLAVLJE 13 (Annotated Lolita 58-62)..** HUMBERT I LOLITA SJEDE U KUĆI, HUMBERT MAMI LOLITU UZEVŠI JOJ JABUKU DELIŠES S KOJOM SE IGRALA. LOLITA MU POKUŠAVA UZETI JABUKU I NAKRAJU SE SMJEŠTA PORED NJEGA NA SOFU TE ISPRUŽI NOGE NJEMU U KRILO. U OVOM DIJELU HUMBERT POKUŠAVA PRIKRITI SVOJE MASTURBATORNE MANEVRE, PRIČEM SE U ROMANU PRVI PUT DETALJNIJE RAZLAŽE MOTIV CARMEN, KOJI ĆE SE PROVLAČITI KROZ NARACIJU KAO NAGOVJEŠTAJ DOGAĐAJA.

Do tog sam trena već bio u stanju uzbuđenosti koja graniči s ludilom; no također sam posjedovao lukavluk ludih ljudi. Sjedeći tako, na sofi, uspio sam uštirati, nizom skrovitih kretnji, svoju zamaskiranu požudu s njenim naivnim udovima. Nije bio nimalo lak zadatak odvratiti pozornost toj maloj djevi dok sam ja izvodio sve opskurne prilagodbe potrebne za uspjeh tog trika. Govoreći brzo, kaskajući za vlastitim dahom, sustižući ga, izvodeći naglu zubobolju koja bi objasnila stanke u mom blebetanju—a sve vrijeme držeći unutarnje oko manijaka uperenim na svoj daleki zlatni cilj, oprezno sam ubrzao ono čarobno trenje što je uklanjalo, u iluzornom ako već ne faktičnom smislu, fizički neuklonjivu, ali psihički vrlo trošnu teksturu te materijalne pregrade (pidžama i ogrtač) omeđene težinom dviju nogu izgorjelih na suncu, poprijeko polegnutih preko mog krila, i tog skrivenog tumora neizrecive strasti. Nabasavši, u svom neprekidnom blebetanju, na neki zgodni mehanički niz, recitirao sam, pomalo mumljajući, riječi blesave jedne pjesme koja je tada bila popularna—O moja Carmen, mala moja Carmen, nešto nešto, te nešto noći, i kola, i bar, i barmen; samo sam ponavljao te automatske stvari i držao je pod posebnim urokom melodije (urok jer mumljanje), a sve vrijeme bio sam nasmrt prestravljen da će me se nekim djelom božjim prekinuti, da će mi odstraniti taj

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<sup>86</sup> Zeleno, nedozrelo voće. U zastarjelom francuskom slengu 'fruit vert' označava nedozrele mlade djevojke privlačne starijim muškarcima.

<sup>87</sup> Zbilja, meni je svejedno.

zlatni teret u osjećanje je kojega cijelo moje biće bilo koncentrirano, i ta me anksioznost tjerala, prvu minutu otprilike, da radim užurbanije no što je bilo sporazumno, s namjerno moduliranim užitkom. I zvijezde koje su svjetlucale, i kola koja su parkucala, i barovi, i barmeni, sve ih je ona uskoro preuzela, njen bi glas krao i ispravljao melodijicu koju sam ja unakazio. Bila je muzikalna i jabučno slatka. Noge bi joj se pomalo trznule dok su tako ležale preko mog živog krila; milovao sam ih; ljuljala se tako Lola ondje u desnom kutu, gotovo opružena, Lola, mala bobby-soxerica,<sup>88</sup> proždirući svoju primordijalnu voćku, pjevušeći joj kroz sok, zbacivši papučicu, trljajući petu svoga bespapučnog stopala s traljavo nataknutom soknicom o hrpu starih časopisa nagomilanih meni slijeva na sofi—i svaki pokret koji bi napravila, svaki mrdaj i komešaj, pomogao mi je prikriti i poboljšati taj tajni sistem taktilne korespondencije između zvijeri i ljepotice—između moje zvijeri, sputane pred prsnuće i ljepote njezina rupičastog tijela u svojoj nevinoj pamučnoj haljinici.

(...)

Rupcem od višebojne svile, na kojemu su njene osluškujuće oči usputno zastale, obrisao sam znoj s čela i, zadubljen u euforiju olakšanja, namjestio svoje kraljevske odore. Još je bila na telefonu, cjenkajući se s majkom (prohtjelo joj se da se po nju dođe kolima, mala moja Carmen) kad sam se, pjevajući sve glasnije i glasnije, uspeo stepenicama i pustio poplavu kipuće vode da gruva u kadu.

Sad kad sam već tu, mogu valjda navesti riječi one hit-pjesmice u cijelosti—barem koliko me pamćenje služi—mislim da je nisam nikad skroz znao. Evo je:

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<sup>88</sup> Iz engleskog *bobby soxer*, što je četrdesetih i pedesetih bio ustaljen naziv za (uglavnom tinejdžerske) obožavateljice tadašnje pop-glazbe. Naziv potječe od tzv. 'bobby sock' čarapa koje su bili u modi i u kojima bi djevojke često plesale.

O moja Carmen, mala moja Carmen!

Nešto nešto te nešto noći,

I zvijezde, i kola, i bar i barmen—

I, čari moja, kob nam znala doći

I nešto mjesto gdje smo veselo, ruku pod

Ruku, znali poći, i zadnji naš sat

I pištolj kojim sam te ubio, O moja Carmen,

Pištolj što ga držim sad

(Izvukao svoj .32 automatik, valjda, i miloj maloj svojoj zašiljio metak kurvi u potiljak.)<sup>89</sup>

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<sup>89</sup> Ovdje i u ostatku romana motiv Carmen često se koristi u vezi s Lolitom. Međutim aluzije na Carmen nemaju veze s Bizetovom operom, već se odnose na njezin predložak, novelu Prospera Mériméa (1803–1870) iz 1845. Fabula novele naoko daje naslutiti događaje u *Loliti*: Carmenin napušteni i tragični ljubavnik José Lizarrabengoa također prepričava svoju priču iz zatvora, ali u ovome slučaju jer je ubio samu Carmen, a ne – kao u *Loliti* – njezina ljubavnika. U *Loliti* se nekoliko puta javljaju igre riječima na Carmen i na Mériméa, čak i izravni citati, i to često u službi poigravanja s čitateljem koji, u skladu s novelom, predviđa ubojstvo Lolite.

Etimološki se preko latinskoga ime Carmen može dovesti u vezu s „pjesmom“, „poezijom“ ali i s čarima, a u engleskom se tekstu romana iznova koristi riječ „charm“ upravo u izvornom engleskom značenju bacanja čari ili čini. Zanimljivo je da je jedan od izvora za Mériméovu novelu Puškinova kratka poema *Cigani* iz 1824, koju će Mérimée prevesti u prozi. Sama pjesma koje se Humbert pokušava prisjetiti ne postoji, iako su se zbog sve veće popularnosti romana od šezdesetih naovamo počele snimati slične pjesme. Najrecentniji takav primjer može se čuti na albumu *Born to Die* Lane Del Rey iz 2012, koji uvelike ovisi o vizualnim i tekstualnim aluzijama na *Lolitu*.

## Summary

Discussing the study of translation as it relates to various disciplines, from comparative literature to philosophy and stylistics, in this paper I examine the philological and translatory practice of Vladimir Nabokov. Specifically, I discuss how translation and writing, for Nabokov, is inseparable from a specific philological engagement in annotation and commentary. This is further examined in the case of Nabokov's two seminal works, his translation of Pushkin's *Eugene Onegin* and his novel *Lolita*. By viewing these two works as exemplary texts which blur the line between translation and writing, or between analysis and synthesis, I further examine how Nabokov's *Lolita* and Nabokov's self-translation of the novel into Russian is reflected in the Croatian literary context. A detailed comparison of the Croatian translation of *Lolita* is provided, and a new, annotated translation of *Lolita* is proposed. Lastly, I provide a comparative reading of Nabokov's *Lolita* and Antun Šoljan's novel *The Traitors* in order to illuminate a thus far unacknowledged correlation between the two writers and translators.

**Key words:** translation, philology, theory, style, Nabokov, Pushkin, Eugene Onegin, Lolita, Šoljan, Crnković

## Sažetak

Promatrajući prevođenje iz pozicije različitih disciplina, pa onda i adresirajući problem disciplinarnog opredjeljenja, bilo da je riječ o eksplicitno komparatističkom, filozofskom ili stilističkom čitanju, u ovome radu promatram filološku i prijevodnu praksu Vladimira Nabokova, posebice na primjeru njegova ključnog engleskog prijevoda Puškinova *Evgenija Onjegina*, te na primjeru njegova romana *Lolita*. Točnije, u radu promatram načine na koje prijevod u Nabokova ovisi o praksi anotacije i komentara te kako se ta ista anotacijska praksa zauzvrat instrumentalizira i u njegovu književnom radu. Nadalje promatram Nabokovljevu *Lolitu* u hrvatskom kontekstu i donosim usporedbu jedinoga cjelovitog hrvatskog prijevoda *Lolite* sve ne bih li istaknuo nužnost nova i anotirana prijevoda romana. Nakraju otvaram moguće dodirne točke između Nabokova i književnog i prijevodnog rada Antuna Šoljana te nudim usporedno čitanje *Lolite* i Šoljanova romana *Izdajice* s pretpostavkom da između tih dvaju autora i prevoditelja postoji dosad neuvažena poveznica.

**Ključne riječi:** prijevod, filologija, teorija, stil, Nabokov, Puškin, Evgenij Onjegin, Lolita, Šoljan, Crnković