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Albert Camus' Les justes: a descriptive approach to the analysis of a drama text in translation.

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Passage taken from ACT III of the TT, pages 154 - 155.

DORA: Stepan, say 'hate'.
STEPAN: What?
DORA: I just want to hear you say that word . . . 'hate'.
STEPAN: Hate.
DORA: Yes, that's right . . . Yanek could never say it well
STEPAN (*after a short silence, coming towards her*): I see . . . you despise me . . . Are you sure you're right though? (*Pauses and then continues with rising passion.*) You're all the same, grudging what you do in the name of your despicable love! . . . *I* don't love anything . . . I *hate*, yes I hate, my fellow men. Why should I want their precious love? I knew that three years ago in prison . . . Three years I've borne its marks on me . . . and you want me to turn sentimental and carry the bomb like a cross! Oh, no! I've seen too much! Look! . . . (*He tears his shirt open . . .* DORA, *horrified, shrinks away at the sight of lashmarks on his back.*) There you are! There are the marks of their love! Now . . . do you still despise me? (*She quickly embraces him.*)
DORA: Who could despise suffering? I love you too.
STEPAN (*he looks at her . . . murmuring*): I'm sorry, Dora. (*A pause . . . he turns away.*) Perhaps I'm just worn out. All those years of struggling and suspense, of police-spies and prisons, and finally . . . (*points to the scars*) . . . this. How could I have the strength to love? At least I've got the strength to hate . . . that's better than feeling nothing.
DORA: Yes, it is better. (*He looks at her . . . seven o'clock strikes in the distance.*)
STEPAN (*swinging round*): The Duke will be going by . . . (DORA *runs to the window and presses her forehead against it . . . a long silence . . . then in the distance a carriage can be heard . . . it draws nearer and then goes by the window.*) Let's hope he's alone! (*The noise of the carriage grows fainter . . . then a violent explosion . . .* DORA *starts violently and buries her head in her hands. A long silence.*) Boria hasn't thrown his bomb . . . Yanek has done it! The people have triumphed!
DORA *in tears, she flings herself against* STEPAN): It's *we* who have killed him . . . it's *we* who have killed him! *I* have killed him!
STEPAN (*with a shout*): Who have we killed? Yanek?
DORA: The Duke!

CURTAIN

APPENDIX G

Passage taken from ACT IV of the ST, pages 97 - 101.

Quand le rideau se lève, Kaliayev est dans sa cellule et regarde la porte. Un gardien et un prisonnier, portant un seau, entrent.

LE GARDIEN

Nettoie. Et fais vite.

Il va se placer vers la fenêtre.
Foka commence à nettoyer sans regarder Kaliayev. Silence.

KALIAYEV

Comment t'appelles-tu, frère?

FOKA

Foka.

KALIAYEV

Tu es condamné?

FOKA

Il paraît.

KALIAYEV

Qu'as-tu fait?

FOKA

J'ai tué.

KALIAYEV

Tu avais faim?

LE GARDIEN

Moins haut.

KALIAYEV

Comment?

LE GARDIEN

Moins haut. Je vous laisse parler malgré la consigne. Alors, parle moins haut. Imite le vieux.

KALIAYEV

Tu avais faim ?

FOKA

Non, j'avais soif.

KALIAYEV

Alors ?

FOKA

Alors, il y avait une hache. J'ai tout démoli. Il paraît que j'en ai tué trois.

Kaliayev le regarde.

FOKA

Eh bien, barine, tu ne m'appelles plus frère ? Tu es refroidi ?

KALIAYEV

Non. J'ai tué moi aussi.

FOKA

Combien ?

KALIAYEV

Je te le dirai, frère, si tu veux. Mais réponds-moi, tu regrettes ce qui s'est passé, n'est-ce pas ?

FOKA

Bien sûr, vingt ans, c'est cher. Ça vous laisse des regrets.

KALIAYEV

Vingt ans. J'entre ici à vingt-trois ans et j'en sors les cheveux gris.

FOKA

Oh ! Ça ira peut-être mieux pour toi. Un juge, ça a des hauts et des bas. Ça dépend s'il est marié, et avec qui. Et puis, tu es barine. Ce n'est pas le même tarif que pour les pauvres diables. Tu t'en tireras.

KALIAYEV

Je ne crois pas. Et je ne le veux pas. Je ne pourrais pas supporter la honte pendant vingt ans.

FOKA

La honte? Quelle honte? Enfin, ce sont des idées de barine. Combien en as-tu tué?

KALIAYEV

Un seul.

FOKA

Que disais-tu? Ce n'est rien.

KALIAYEV

J'ai tué le grand-duc Serge.

FOKA

Le grand-duc? Eh! comme tu y vas. Voyez-vous ces barines! C'est grave, dis-moi?

KALIAYEV

C'est grave. Mais il le fallait.

FOKA

Pourquoi? Tu vivais à la cour? Une histoire de femme, non? Bien fait comme tu l'es...

KALIAYEV

Je suis socialiste.

LE GARDIEN

Moins haut.

KALIAYEV, *plus haut.*

Je suis socialiste révolutionnaire.

Passage taken from ACT IV of the TT, pages 156 - 157.

ACT IV

Scene: A cell in the Pougatchev Tower, Boutirki prison. It is morning. When the curtain rises, KALIAYEV *is in his cell, staring at the door. Enter a guard shoving a prisoner, who is carrying a bucket.*

GUARD: Get on with it. (*He stands by the window. . . .* FOKA, *the prisoner, begins to clean without looking at* KALIAYEV . . . *silence.*)

KALIAYEV: What's your name, friend?

FOKA: Foka.

KALIAYEV: Are you a prisoner?

FOKA: Looks like it.

KALIAYEV: What did you do?

FOKA: I killed a few people.

KALIAYEV: Were you hungry?

GUARD: Keep it quiet.

KALIAYEV: What?

GUARD: I said keep it quiet! You're not really meant to talk—so keep your voice down like 'im.

KALIAYEV: Were you hungry?

FOKA: No, I was thirsty.

KALIAYEV: What happened?

FOKA: Well . . . there was this hatchet lying around, and I really laid about with it good and proper: I killed three people, so they tell me. (KALIAYEV *looks at* FOKA.) Aah, my young gentleman, I see you aren't calling me friend any more. Gone all 'aughty, eh?

KALIAYEV: No . . . I killed someone as well.

FOKA: How many?

KALIAYEV: I'll tell you if you like, my friend . . . but, tell me, you regret what you did now, don't you?

FOKA: Gawd! Do I regret it? Huh . . . twenty years, it's a long time . . . enough to make anyone regret it.

KALIAYEV: Twenty years! I come here when I'm twenty-three . . . I'd be an old man by the time I got out.

FOKA: Well, it probably won't be so bad for you. You never can tell with these judges; depends whether he's married and what his wife's like . . . and anyway, you're a gentleman, and it ain't the same for you gentlemen and us poor buggers. You'll get away with it.

KALIAYEV: I doubt it . . . I don't want to get away with it anyway: being ashamed for twenty years . . . I couldn't stand it.

FOKA: What yer mean, ashamed? That's just the sort of thing a gentleman like you would say . . . How many people did you kill?

KALIAYEV: Only one.

FOKA: Only one? Well . . . that's nothing.

KALIAYEV: I killed the Grand-duke.
FOKA: The Grand-duke, eh? Go on! Typical of you gentlemen . . . You're really in trouble then, aren't you?
KALIAYEV: Yes . . . but I had to do it.
FOKA: Why? You lived at Court, didn't you? A woman, eh? Was that it? Yeh . . . a good-looking young lad like you . . .
KALIAYEV: I'm a socialist.
GUARD: Not so loud!
KALIAYEV (*louder*): I'm a revolutionary socialist!

APPENDIX H

Passage taken from ACT V of the ST, pages 149 - 152.

STEPAN

Il est monté. Il s'est enfoncé dans la nuit. On a vu vaguement le linceul dont le bourreau l'a recouvert tout entier.

DORA

Et puis, et puis...

STEPAN

Des bruits sourds.

DORA

Des bruits sourds. Yanek! Et ensuite...

Stepan se tait.

DORA, *avec violence.*

Ensuite, te dis-je. (*Stepan se tait.*) Parle, Alexis. Ensuite?

VOINOV

Un bruit terrible.

DORA

Aah. (*Elle se jette contre le mur.*)

Stepan détourne la tête. Annenkov, sans une expression, pleure. Dora se retourne, elle les regarde, adossée au mur.

DORA, *d'une voix changée, égarée.*

Ne pleurez pas. Non, non, ne pleurez pas! Vous voyez bien que c'est le jour de la justification. Quelque chose s'élève à cette heure qui est notre témoignage à nous autres révoltés : Yanek n'est plus un meurtrier. Un bruit terrible! Il a suffi d'un bruit terrible et le voilà retourné à la joie de l'enfance. Vous souvenez-vous de son rire? Il riait sans raison parfois. Comme il était jeune! Il doit rire maintenant. Il doit rire, la face contre la terre!

Elle va vers Annenkov.

DORA

Boria, tu es mon frère ? Tu as dit que tu m'aiderais ?

ANNENKOV

Oui.

DORA

Alors, fais cela pour moi. Donne-moi la bombe.

Annenkov la regarde.

DORA

Oui, la prochaine fois. Je veux la lancer. Je veux être la première à la lancer.

ANNENKOV

Tu sais bien que nous ne voulons pas de femmes au premier rang.

DORA, *dans un cri.*

Suis-je une femme, maintenant ?

Ils la regardent. Silence.

VOINOV, *doucement.*

Accepte, Boria.

STEPAN

Oui, accepte.

ANNENKOV

C'était ton tour, Stepan.

STEPAN, *regardant Dora.*

Accepte. Elle me ressemble, maintenant.

DORA

Tu me la donneras, n'est-ce pas ? Je la lancerai. Et plus tard, dans une nuit froide...

ANNENKOV

Oui, Dora.

DORA, *elle pleure.*

Yanek! Une nuit froide, et la même corde! Tout sera plus facile maintenant.

RIDEAU

Passage taken from ACT V of the TT, pages 177 - 178.

STEPAN: He climbed the steps and was swallowed up by the darkness. You could just see the shroud which the hangman put over his head.

DORA: And then? (*A pause.*) What then? (*A pause.*)

STEPAN: Muffled sounds.

DORA: Muffled sounds! Oh, Yanek! And then? . . . (STEPAN *says nothing . . . violently.*) Tell me what happened next! . . . go on . . . (STEPAN *still says nothing.*) *You* tell me Alexis!

VOINOV: A . . . a horrible thud.

DORA: Aah! (*She flings herself against the wall . . .* STEPAN *turns away . . .* ANNENKOV *weeps, expressionless . . .* DORA *turns round and looks at them . . . leaning against the wall . . . in a changed, distraught voice.*) Don't cry . . . no, no, don't cry. Don't you realize . . . that today is the day of our justification! Something has been born today which is our testimony, the testimony of us revolutionaries. Yanek is no longer a murderer! A horrible thud! That's all it took . . . one thud and he was plunged back into the joys of childhood! Do you remember his laugh? He used to laugh sometimes . . . for no reason at all . . . How young he was! He's laughing now . . . I know he is, his face pressed to the earth . . . (*She goes towards* ANNENKOV.) Boria? . . . you are my brother . . . you'll help me . . .

ANNENKOV: Yes, of course I will.

DORA: Then do this for me: let me throw the bomb . . . (ANNENKOV *looks at her.*) Yes . . . the next time, I want to throw the bomb . . . I want to be the first to throw it!

ANNENKOV: We don't let women throw the bombs.

DORA (*with a shriek*): Am I a woman . . . now? (*They all look at her in silence.*)

VOINOV (*very quietly*): Let her, Boria.

STEPAN: Yes, let her.

ANNENKOV: It's your turn, Stepan . . .

STEPAN (*looking at* DORA): Let her . . . She's . . . like me . . . now.

DORA: You will let me, won't you?

ANNENKOV: Yes, Dora.

DORA: I shall throw the bomb . . . and then one cold night . . . (*She cries uncontrollably.*) Oh, Yanek! . . . yes . . . one cold night . . . the same rope . . . everything will be easier . . . now. . . .

CURTAIN

P 110 omitted in the pagination

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