

With the assistance of Shakespeare (Hamlet, II, 2) the translation is my own; it is no less exact than the "German Shakespeare" (the celebrated Schlegel-Tieck translation) which dictated every detail of this passage in the original. Every detail, that is, except its person and tense. For, as is immediately apparent, this is *Hamlet* with a difference: third-person pronouns have replaced first-person pronouns, the past tense has replaced the present. The result is not "Shakespeare" (a quotation of Hamlet's monologue<sup>2</sup>), but "narrated Shakespeare" (a narration of Hamlet's monologue). What is the meaning of this transformation?

The Shakespearean language in this passage cannot be attributed to the narrator of *Papa Hamlet*, who speaks—in the purely narrative portions of the text—the neutrally reportorial language typical for the narrator of a Naturalist story. His protagonist, by contrast, habitually declaims Shakespeare to himself and others, and by this professional deformation feeds his need to dramatize and euphemize his sordid experiences. Even a reader of this story who has never heard of the technique of the "narrated monologue" will recognize that the above passage renders what Papa Hamlet thinks to himself rather than what his narrator reports about him. He will instinctively "redress" this text to mean that Papa Hamlet "thought to himself: 'I have of late—but wherefore I know not—lost all my mirth. . . .'"

A transformation of figural thought-language into the narrative language of third-person fiction is precisely what characterizes the technique for rendering consciousness that will occupy us throughout this chapter, and that I call the narrated monologue. It may be most succinctly defined as the technique for rendering a character's thought in his own idiom while maintaining the third-person reference and the basic tense of narration. This definition implies that a simple transposition of grammatical person and tense will "translate" a narrated into an interior monologue. Such translations can actually be applied as a kind of litmus test to confirm the

validity of a reader's apprehension that a narrative sentence belongs to a character's, rather than to a narrator's, mental domain.<sup>3</sup>

But before I discuss this and other critical problems attending the narrated monologue, I will add to the rather far-fetched initial illustration others taken from the mainstream of the modern narrative tradition. They will show that, even when fictional characters have less idiosyncratic thinking styles than Papa Hamlet's, their narrated monologues are easy to identify. I provide a minimal context in each case, and italicize the sentences in narrated monologue form.

1. Woolf's Septimus in Regent's Park, after Rezia has removed her wedding ring:

"My hand has grown so thin," she said. "I have put it in my purse," she told him.

He dropped her hand. Their marriage was over, he thought, with agony, with relief. *The rope was cut; he mounted; he was free, as it was decreed that he, Septimus, the lord of men, should be free; alone (since his wife had thrown away her wedding ring; since she had left him), he, Septimus, was alone, called forth in advance of the mass of men to hear the truth, to learn the meaning, which now at last, after all the toils of civilisation—Greeks, Romans, Shakespeare, Darwin, and now himself—was to be given whole to. . . . "To whom?" he asked aloud. [Woolf's ellipsis]*<sup>4</sup>

2. Kafka's K. walking through the night with Barnabas (the messenger from the castle):

At that moment Barnabas stopped. *Where were they? Was this the end of the road? Would Barnabas leave K.? He wouldn't succeed. K. clutched Barnabas' arm so firmly that he almost hurt himself. Or had the incredible happened, and were they already in the Castle or at its gates? But they had not done any climbing so far as K. could tell. Or had Barnabas*