

Utdrag fra OCR-lesningen av Gengangere, siste akt, i William Archers oversettelse fra 1890.

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Jeg kommer til å bruke dette som eksempel når jeg diskuterer OCR-feil og andre utfordringer ved å jobbe digitalt i NB's digitaliserte boksamling i mitt doktorgradsprosjekt om engelske oversettelser av Ibsens moderne dramaer.

<p>OswALD. [I've scraped together twelve pilules</p>

<p>MRS. ALVING (szatches at 7 ¢). Give me the box, Oswald.</p>

<p>OswALD. Not yet, mother.</p>

<p>(He lides the box again in his pocket.)</p>

<p>MRs. ALVING. I shall never survive this!</p>

<p>OSWALD. It must be survived. Now if I'd had Regina here, I should have told her how things stood with me, and begged her to come to the rescue at the last. She would have done it. I'm certain she would.</p>

<p>MRs. ALVING. Never!</p>

<p>OswALD. When'the horror had come upon me, and she saw me lying there helpless, like a little new-born baby, impotent, lost, hopeless, past all saving:</p>

<p>MRS. ALVING. Never in all the world would Regina have done this.</p>

<p>OSWALD. Regina would have done it. Regina was so splendidly light-hearted. And she would soon have wearied of nursing an invalid like me.</p>

<p>MRs. ALVING. Then heaven be praised that Regina is not here.</p>

<p>OswALD. Well then, it's you that must come to the rescue, mother.</p>

<p>MRS. ALVING (screams aloud). 1!</p>

<p>OswALD. Who is nearer to it than you?</p>

<p>MRS. ALVING.! your mother!</p>

<p>OswALD. For that very reason.</p>

<p>MRS. ALVING. I, who gave you life!</p>

<p>OswALD. I never asked you for life. And what sort of a life have you given me? I won't have it. You shall take it back again.</p>

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<p>MRs. ALVING. Help! Help!</p>

<p>(She runs out into the hall.)</p>

<p>OSWALD (going after ker). Don't leave me. Where are you going?</p>

<p>MRS. ALVING (iz the hall). To fetch the doctor, Oswald. Let me go.</p>

<p>OSWALD (also outside). You shall not go. And no one shall come in. (Zhe locking of a door is heard.)</p>

<p>MRS. ALVING (comes in again). Oswald — Oswald! — my child!</p>

<p>OSWALD (follows er). Have you a mother's heart for me, and yet can see me suffer from this unutterable dread?</p>

<p>MRS. ALVING (after a moment's silence, commands herself; and says;) Here's my hand upon it.</p>

<p>OSWALD. Will you.?</p>

<p>MRS. ALVING. If it's ever necessary. But it will never be necessary. No, no; it's impossible.</p>

<p>OSWALD. Well, let us hope so, and let us live together as long as we can. Thank you, mother.</p>

<p>(He seats himself in the arm-chair which MRS. ALVING / as moved to the sofa. Day is breaking. The lamp is still burning on the table.)</p>

<p>MRS. ALVING (drawing near cautiously). Do you feel calm now?</p>

<p>OSWALD. Yes.</p>

<p>MRS. ALVING (bending over him). It has been a dreadful fancy of yours, Oswald — nothing but a fancy. All this excitement has been too much for you. But now you shall have a long rest; at home with your mother, my own blessed boy. Everything you</p>

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<p>point to you shall have, just as when you were a little child. There now. That crisis is over now.

You see how easily it passed. Oh! I was sure it would And do you see, Oswald, what a lovely day we're going to have? Brilliant sunshine! Now you'll really be able to see your home.</p>

<p>(She goes to the table and puts the lamp out. Sunrise. The glacier and the snow-peaks in the background glow in the morning light.)</p>

<p>OSWALD (sits in the arm-chair with his back towards the landscape, without moving. Suddenly he says:) Mother, give me the sun.</p>

<p>MRS. ALVING (by the table, starts and looks at him). What do you say?</p>

<p>OSWALD (repeats, in a dull, toneless voice:) The sun. The sun.</p>

<p>MRS. ALVING (goes to him). Oswald, what's the matter with you? (OSWALD seems to shrink together in the chair; all his muscles relax; his face is expressionless, his eyes have a glassy stare. MRS. ALVING is quivering with terror) What is this? (Shrieks.) Oswald, what's the matter with you? (Falls on her knees beside him and shakes him.) Oswald, Oswald! look at me! Don't you know me?</p>

<p>OSWALD (Zonelessly as before). The sun. The sun.</p>

<p>MRS. ALVING (springs up in despair, entwines her hands in her hair and shrieks). I can't bear it (whispers, as though petrified); I can't bear it! Never! (Suddenly.) Where has he got them? (Fumbles hastily in his breast) Here! (Shrinks back a few steps and screams.) No; no; no! Yes! — No; no!</p>

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<p>(She stands a few steps from him with her hands twisted in her hair, and stares at him in speechless terror.)</p>

<p>OSWALD (sits motionless as before and says:) The sun.</p>